

No 6 Cushing Street,

Providence, Apr 5, 1888.

Walter Deane Esq,

Dear Sir,

I write to inform you that my article on Dr Gray in the Providence Journal, has been copied by the "Pulse Cross" and you can obtain it in this way.

Your remarks on Lotman's correspondence I can well understand. Some of my dearest friends have seen made in this way, and not a few of them, in this country and in Europe, are personally strange to me. In the first few words of a man's letter I generally know if he is a good fellow. My style of reply is adapted to that interpretation, I can be as formal as the white stick-writer, if need be.

My health is miserable. I caught cold in your Cambridge horse coach, and I begin to think that rheumatism has come to stay. It lasted it has abated now two months, accompanied by extreme languor. My work has been sadly broken off.

well! after 45, I suppose a man
must expect it, and I have had a
direct experience first and last,

My crotch-rod is in full
flower - and Nostrum is prophetic!
I wish I saw a little profit of mine
own!

Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Crashing St,

Providence, Ap 16, 88

My Dear Mr Deane,

I shall be happy to
send you a photo - as soon
as the Sun - you can help
the artist, This free is
now concealed by a north-
west cloud - and it is cold
and dreary withal, To de-
scend abruptly from metaphor,
I at present have no extra
pictures and must sit a
gain, I was pleased to learn
yesterday from my cousin
Mr T. B. Bailey - that he has

you, this gives you a local
habitation as it were. You
is a point of crystallization,
as it were, around which
I can gather various floating
ideas, and give 'em form,

Chas Bailey of Manchester
England, sends me a charming
notice of Dr Gray. He quotes
part of my own.

You should join me
this summer on a trip to
Worcester Park in the State, for
Rhododendron, Yucca, Lovers-
manches etc! Don't that bill
of fare tempt you withal? And
the Chem (!!!). What shall
I say of that excellent and
excellent li-valve?

Show a spot where Hepaticæ grow - and
on a rock near it - Campitum. Think you
don't that the 25th visit, - with the records
and the chapters - and the all measure
features that the world - fore any learner,

Your ever cordially
M. W. Bailey

Providence, April 19th 1888

My Dear Sir, The woods are full of 'em; I mean those articles of mine you refer to, I have at it, in "prose and verse" for over twenty years, I send you one or two except I happen to have by me, I have three big scrap-books full. Of course I know Mrs. Morgan, and am pleased to learn that she is so emphatic in re calling me. Now you have found me, no doubt I shall haunt you like a Frankenstein, or a McHyde, or some such unmeaning creation. Better take warning at once and swallow the preventive powder.

Yours truly
W. Whitman Bailey

for the Providence Journal, mostly
on botanical matters, since 1868,
I have been a contributor also to
the American Naturalist, Appalachian
American Entomologist, The Atlantic,
Appleton's Journal, The Independent,
Xm Union, Conting, Lucia Cross,
N. E. Journal of Education, N. E.
Teacher, Post Gazette, Torrey Bulletin
Johnson's Encyclopedia etc, Most of
my work (in quantity) has been in
the Prov daily papers. The best
quality perhaps, in the Gazette
and Bulletin, But certain poems,
like "Coccyzus", "Hepatica" etc, have
had a wide circulation, and keep
cropping up. My work is very un-
equal; perhaps the worst of my
having to grub for a living. Pay-
ment will not always tell.

There is enough of per-
sonal matter, except that I want to
tell you that the next Gazette
will contain a sketch of my further

Cushing St,
Providence, May 1, 1888.

Dear Mr Deane,

I am glad that my
"straw" tickled you. Perhaps you
are not aware that I am the
creator of the Olney Herbarium
- as well as all others that be-
long to Brown Univ. The duplicates
I sent you are the partial cleanings
of the Exsiccatae he was issuing
in the last days of his life. I can
add many more if you care for
them. It is more blessed to give than
to receive, and every botanist knows
the delight of seeing a new prob-
age of good specimens. Conserve,
who can tell his horror at a bad
lot! My expenses include both
conservation, since 1882 I have collec-
ted very little. In that year, I

spent the summer with my
young wife (Hesed days never
to be forgotten!), at my old home
at West Point, N. Y. And after-
wards at Farmington, N. H., and
both places I collected abundantly.
My wife and I had a red-letter
day on Mt. Lafayette, Herk Co.
How long ago it seems! and now,
to think of it, I am whiskered out
in a mile. I have been in wretched
health ever since my sad visit
to Cambridge. Besides chronic
muscular rheumatism, I am
troubled with extreme weak-
ness. Some days I can barely
write a letter. I begin to feel blue
about it, especially as my little
family are wholly unprovided for.
This winter, indeed, I have been
in extrema - as to means, my
college salary - \$1350 - is not

adequate, but I see no hope of
betterment. I wish some other place
would only dangle a handsome
bit before mine eyes. I need
I ric to the book? Oh no! Per-
haps not, but I am getting old
and antiquated in my thoughts
and methods - and am not of
the cast. If, however, I had the
spark of ten years ago, I would
strike a little fire still.

With me the Spring in such
ward. Still, we now have Hæmaturia
Cæmæsa, Hepaticæ, Flood not etc.,
I have had two short walks, but
the Dr says I must go it carefully
and slowly. These two completely
exhausted me. You sometimes ask
about my published work. Come
proper you may like to see, published
in "Education" (3 Tomes at 4, Boston)
last summer - on the "Classics of
Botany". I have written Arctostaphylos

which I hope you will see. If you
desire autographs - perhaps I can
give you ~~them~~. My own list of
autographs contains personal letters
from Charles Darwin, Asa Gray,
James D. Dana, James Hull, Dr
Chester, Wm. H. Brewer, D. C.,
Eaton, Tuckerman, Leeper, Christ,
Crispin, J. W. Higginson, W. D. Howes,
R. H. Stoddard, (Allan Cunningham
- auto in a book) - and a host of
others. I think by application to
Mr Frank J. Olney, Providence
you can either obtain a history of
S. I. C. or learn where you can
get one. If I can in any way do it,
I hope this summer to re-visit
my always dearly loved home
- West Point, a change of air
of some sort has become imper-
ative, my native scene I think
will help me.

I had the jolliest kind of a
time last night at Pawtucket
at a G. A. R. meeting, I made,
as a visitor, my second speech
of my life, as it doubled up the
house - I don't feel so bad as
I did, I enjoy this organization ex-
tremely, I belong to it in virtue of
service in 1862 in 10th Re. I, Vols.

But, concerning it, there
I am talking again - in what
Thackeray calls the "long
winded", But, after all, I know
none about that elevated letter
than any other, and a rule of
composition is to confine yourself
to your knowledge - unless pos-
sessed of some imagination, I may
forgive me then, I have scribbled
too much about you ever
W. W. Birney

Providence, May 19, 1868.

My Dear Friend,

You emphasize the fact that all men who are born free and equal, untrammelled by previous conditions of servitude, and ambrosial with Paxon the Flood, have, at some time, either lived in Rhode Island; or emigrated there from; or had parents who resided there; or fed of all, picked up their names there, for what is like a Rhode Island lassie when all is said and done? Witness my hand and official seal!

Remember well when Dr Coolidge was here, I used - at that time, to attend Grace Church, but often went to St John's.

Yes! the I in Olney is silent. Pressters, Thus, we have a silent Olneyville, "Alon" in Pawtucket, is always "Ebb", as to my service in the Army - I was born in it, but in the war I was a private in the 10th Co, I, Vols, a three months regiment, I am a member of the the G. A. Co, Never was in action.

I am glad to hear of my friend Bailey's good luck, according to Tolstai

genius has nothing to do with it; even
Napoleon did not influence his father's;
it was the men, and circumstances,
Somehow, although I despise the Great
Emperor as a man, I cannot help
thinking he had a vast deal to do
with military matters, and that the Johnny
Cropsuds - had it not been for them,
would have stayed at home - or gone to
the devil (as they then seemed anxious
to do) in some other way.

I send you a sketch of my
father. I should feel better about it had
Coulter alluded to my distinguished father
and less to

Yours truly
W. Whitman Bailey

Dear Friend,

I send you a sketch, which
please return, the blank leaves
at the end were of no consequence,

Thanks for Bailey's letter, which
I transmit, am rich as death
with a living head - we, dry
head is left - but my heart
(Verily!) heavy as lead,

Yours ever

(W.W.) Bailey

May 25, 1888

G. Cushing St

Providence, R.I.

No 6 Cushing St.

Providence, June 11. 58.

My Dear Mr Deane,

I wish you had copied my paper, some one would then have the facts correctly put. It is surprising what errors creep into such a simple thing as a narrative. In the recent Psi Upsilon Catalogue, all the dates of events in my life are wrong - and the editor, too, had them right before his eyes. Rather suggestive tho. of the falsities of history, whom are we to believe?

Do not think I brood over the past. No man, when well, is of a happier disposition than I. Lately I have been ill, very ill, and that may color my remarks. One cannot endure general neuralgia for ever!

My position here, too, gives me
much anxiety. No one in au-
thority thinks Botany of any
consequence. I am poorly paid
- and, except by the students, little
valued. Nor do I see any hope
ahead. I asked for increased
pay lately - and my request was
met almost with contempt. Here
I a young man - they should
hear from me yet!

I am going for the summer
to my old home, West Point on
the Hudson. I may be gone
two months. I expect to leave
here about July 1st with my
friend Denton. I shall scour those
old hills. Look for reserpts in
the Gazette & Bulletin.

I shall endeavor to hunt
you up a letter of my Father's.

Perhaps I have others that
I can spare. Our Class Day
comes next Friday and I am
virtually through my work, now
for novels and Virgins.
I have seen very little of the
books this Spring - no strength.
But I hope it may come.

Your letters are always
welcome and will be answered
promptly - if not to the purpose,
by Yours in the Temple
of the Fair Science
W. Whitman Bailey

No 6 Cushing Street,
Thanksgiving Day,
1866.

My Dear Friend,

I did indeed forget
to answer about the plates.
Please send me a list of
your desiderata - and I will
see what I can do. Our list
of duplicates is large; am
only too happy to make them
useful. I have just done up
for you a picture of my two
children and myself. They
are creatures of rare promise
and the delight of my life.
I was sorry to learn
that your wife had been ill,
I trust all is well with her now.

In the first of these days
"may good digestion wait
on appetite, and health on
both". As for me, I am never
so cautious as on these days
of festivity, sickness lurks for
us in all pies, puddings, and
pastry. Let me know, please,
if the picture turns up. I
do not require you to praise
'em.

Truly yours
W. W. Barry

at West Point, but was ill much
of the time, I left my family
at home, Mr E. S. Denton and
myself had a few chairs,
Every thing was done to make
it easy for me, The Post Sur-
geon advised me to do no
work or study, I looked, read
novels, letters, and wrote to
my wife and Fessel Tobias,

All are well at home -
the little ones - Lord Haunt-
Croy and his sister, grinning
in all grace and interest, By
the by - did I ever send you
my picture or theirs? Reply,
at once ere I send 'em to some
other omnibus,

Yes! It did rain and
flow here last night, and is
raining now, The Captains,
Denz & Mason the pumps, It's

wough on the passengers,
Yours ever W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing St.

Providence,

Nov 26, 1888,

My Dear Friend,

Fanny, is it not?
who says that there are
not mysterious chains, and
affinities and sympathies?
The Fox people are Hum-
bugs, and all that mental
cure business is a farce
and a Hoax Henry! But please
tell me how I should happen
to think of you just when
you did of me, Don't for a
minute credit me with any
service belief in influences
and all that, I am the
most sceptical and ardent
believer of men, It was true in

me, well; to answer your kind
query, I am, after a poor
fashion better, as contrasted
with last Spring, much better,
but not my old self. I doubt
if I can see again Clint Mt,
Lafayette or do my fifteen
miles a day. I am never free
from some pain, mostly in the
back of the head, often it is
intense, I should say the
neck, rather than the head,
with this I have an annoy-
able tugging of one ear; the
sound of a big saw or mill
wheel. I do my lecture work
generally, but missal two
hours this week, Extra work,
which I once could do easily
now tells on me. There is
an accursed language ac-
companied the lecture, but

the great difficulty, after all
is pain. Had you not asked
me I would not have in-
ferred upon you the story of
my woes. Last week I read
before the R. S. Tailors and
Soldiers' Hist Society - a paper
on "My Boyhood at West Point".
It took amazingly, next week
I read an essay before the
"Pomaria Club" on the Flora
of R. S. By the by, Mr J. L.
Blunnett's Centurion of R. S.
Flora just out, is obtain-
able of "Gillette & Preston, Penn".
I hope sometime, to take
you to Warden's Pond, and add
a rubrical day to your life.
"O Botany, delightful of
all sciences, there is no end
to thy gratification!"
I spent the summer

My Dear Friend Deane,
Whom I have not ~~yet~~ seen,
You will think it quite mean,
Absurd, too, I mean,
That I forgot quite -
When last I did write,
To ask you, who might
Have a picture to spare,
To send it "with care" -
To fill a neat niche
In my album for "Dieh" -
Believe me for which
I beg in advance -
If you ~~will~~ ^{are} ever chance,
In the holidays, too,
I should hope to see you,
I'd thank you! So Adieu!
W. W. Bailey

Providence, Dec 3, 1888.

P.S. I have just written, by request,
a paper on the "Flora of the Battle-field" for
a G. A. R. paper, I alluded to some time since.

He's all my fancy painted
him; he's (perfectly) lovely!
The niche is filled, Vive Le roi!

As to the dates of mine,
The "lots" were taken last spring,
Whit was taken April 2d - 1885,
Mey " " Oct 12th 1885

My picture was taken a year
ago this month, I shall be
46 on the 22^d of Feb next,

Your pet cat shall be
returned soon and safe. Your
chrysoa show the offshoots, they
trebled my displacement (?) - which
are and fell responsive to the
caesura, So glad about the
Manual, Every thing is now
without one, I am tired - and
a-protoplasmie, Thine -

W. W. B.

Prov. Dec '7, 1885.

Cushing St, Providence, Dec 23, 88

Just up from a serious illness, or I would have answered your question. Will be delighted to see you. Come Friday on the 10' clock Shore Line. It reaches here about 2.30. That will give us the afternoon.

Very truly yours

W. W. Bailey

This has been the worst of many full-backs; my old enemy - ~~neuralgia~~ neuralgia.

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.



Walter Deane, Esq.
5 Breerton Place,
Cambridge -
Mass.

No 6 Cushing Street,
Providence, Dec 26, 88,

Dear Friend Deane,

I shall ever welcome
thee Friday or any other day
thou shalt come. But look out
for the mermaids on Friday,
Domestic difficulties made me
cancel Thursday - one of those
things "those stupid men" never
think of till they consult the
women. Thursday I presume is
sneering day - and Galnie with
his horn would not interrupt those
proceedings. Yes! I have seen
rick enough. But I look forward
with joy to your visit and personal
acquaintance. I wonder if we'll
fight after we know each other!

Your compliment on resiliency
of resorce, try me over on math-
ematics - and see my Hylectone's
contrast, In place of the Crab

of figures - my Crabum con-
tains a vast sailing - or if the
space is filled at all, it's with
some of Joseph Cook's (not the
actual) prose-pleas; He doesn't
understand him, and I don't mind,

Goodale and J. Donnell
Smith at a dinner, to hear!!
"Would I had been there!" I
don't know Smith, but I do Goodale,
and can swear he shines over
the board as the setting sun
on the horizon;

ye all had a
fine Xmas - especially Whit
and Peg - though they may tickle
a little over the parquits,

I shall expect you then
at 2, 30, my house stands
as an acropolis - at top of hill
- just off from Prospect Terrace.
Bring an axe with you.

Do you smoke? Thank
you, yes! I care little a cigar?

Yours truly
W. W. Bailey

Jan or Feb - 1859

My Dear Deane,

I am able to gather up a few of the missing data, "My muse Cataca and thus she is delirious". See Mr Jago Bennett Booth,

- > *Carex stricta* - New Jersey, C. F. Parker, (S. A.)
- > " " *polymorpha*, Providence, June 25, 1868, Olney
- > " " *Schweinitzii*, New York, Cowles, (S. A.)
- " " *flaccosperma*, III. 17, Cat. Bor. Am.
- " " *Chesapeakeensis*, Alabama, Peters (S. A.)
- > " " *milicea*, Oriskany, N. Y. Vasey (S. A.)
- > " " *reticulata*, Providence, Olney 1871,
- > " " *heptocina*, Lily Lake, St. John, N. B. Parker, (S. A.)
- > " " *Grayii*, Hubbardston, Mich., C. F. Wheeler (S. A.)
- > " " *Halei*, Texas, Hall, (S. A.)
- > " " *Boottiana*, Worcester, Alabama, T. M. Peters (S. A.)
- > " " *sternina*, Providence, Olney (S. A.)
- > " " *straminea*

Sonna intermedia, Hob., with the typical plant; more frequently growing on same rootstock, with both globose and clavate spikelets,

Bellii, sp. nov., Olney, MSS, Bor. Am -

2. *Hob.*, sub-arctic America, Ohio, Charleston and
Kinsieutt, Rocky Mts., E. Hall, Madison
Wisconsin, I. J. Hale, Frontenack, Ill., Bell,
Owen Sound, Canada, Mac Roy. (S. A.),

> *Carpopholis*,

E. Providence, July 16, 1871,

> *grisea*, Wake 1803, Gray, Gr. Man 552, 1848,
C. laxiflora, Schk non Lamerck, Pucob 1, 43,
1814, *Hob.*, Penn Yan, N. Y., Sartwell,

> *platyphylla*, (my specimens are from Geo Hunt,
Legit, Crown Lake, Adirondacks, N. Y.)

> *untellata*, Providence, Oreg.

All these I have looked up in my
own set, but must run over the B. W. Herb for the
others, stupid in me not to think of it. But then
my gray matter is not what it once was, and
ex nihilo nihil fit.

> *Briza media*,

J. L. Bennett, Legit,

Fort Monroe, Va. (S. A.),

If you are up on Libris & Cataloging (I don't do it
in deference to the times) you will know that S. A. means
sure anam. But I find it is impossible to calculate

upon what any man don't know, You seem to be of much the same opinion, as you give me detailed instructions for prebing and sending Labels, I laughed, My question merely referred to the present mail subscription, They are never the same two years in succession, My trouble was ill put up, but then so am I, and God help us all!

As to Scipua Cliftoni, I took the Label in the paper without comment, I will see what is the matter.

I was taken (metaphorically) off my legs the other day by a letter from Mr. Moore, Manager of the Garden & Forest, saying it would be sent me for the year free. Allah il Allah! "They sin who see us Love can die," Blessed is charity, and mankind is a much multiplied race, There are men that are righteous, One of 'em lives in Cambridge, but I won't mention his. Discipline must be maintained!

Thine & yours
W. W. Bailey

Reading List, No. I. 1838-9.

1. Flowers, their Origin, Shape, etc. Taylor.
2. A Tour in Lapland. Linnaeus.
3. Scripture Natural History. Trees and Plants
Mentioned in the Bible. W. H. Groser.
4. Les Sciences et les Savants. De-Candolle.
5. The Colors of Flowers. Grant Allen.
6. Plant Names. Earle.
7. The Voyage of the Beagle. Darwin.
8. Shakspeare Flora. Griadon.
9. The Orchids of New England. Baldwin.
10. Himalaya Journals J. D. Hooker.
11. Natural History of Selborne. Gilbert White
12. Animals and Plants Under Domestication.
Darwin.
13. Life of Charles Darwin, by Francis Darwin.
14. Life of Agassiz, by his wife.

Reading List, No. 2. 1883-9.

1. Flowers, their Origin, Shape, etc. Taylor.
2. A Tour in Lapland. Linnæus.
3. Scripture Natural History. Trees and Plants
Mentioned in the Bible. W. H. Groser.
4. Les Sciences et les Savants. De-Candolle.
5. The Colors of Flowers. Grant Allen.
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7. The Voyage of the Beagle. Darwin.
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Reading List, No I 1888-9.

1. Travels in South America, Ball.
2. Morocco, Hooker and Ball.
3. "Origin of Floral Structure" Henslow.
4. A Voyage to Ceylon, Hœckel.
5. A Naturalist in Nicaragua, Belt.
6. A Naturalist on the Amazons, Bates
7. The Geographical Distribution of Plants.
by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer.
8. Movement in Plants, Chas Darwin.
9. "Darwiniana", Asa Gray.
10. Origin of Cultivated Plants, De-Candolle.
11. Address by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer, before
British Association, 1888 Nature, Vol.
38, Sep. 13th.
12. Wanderings in South America by Waterton.

Reading List. No II 1888-9.

1. Travels in South America, Ball.
2. Morocco, Hooker and Ball.
3. "Origin of Floral Structure" Henslow.
4. A Voyage to Ceylon, Hœckel.
5. A Naturalist in Nicaragua, Belt.
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11. Address by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer, before
British Association, 1888 Nature, Vol.
38, Sep. 13th.
12. Wanderings in South America by Waterton.

List No. 3, 1888-9.

1. Vegetable Mould and Earthworms. Darwin.
2. Out Door papers. T. W. Higginson.
3. Walden, H. W. Thoreau.
4. The Maine Woods. Thoreau.
5. Birds in the Bush, Bradford Torrey.
6. Waste place Wanderings. Abbott
7. Byways of New England. Wilson Flagg.
8. Flowers and their Pedigrees. Grant Allen.
9. The Life of Frank Buckland.
10. Hortus Inclusus. John Ruskin.
11. Aspects of Nature, Humboldt.
12. Goethe's Theory of Metamorphosis of the Flower
Vol. I. Journal of Botany.
13. Life of Goethe Lewes.
14. China, Tartary, and Thibet. Huc and Gabet.
15. Travels in Madagascar. Ellis.

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1. Vegetable Mould and Earthworms. Darwin.
2. Out Door papers. F. W. Higginson.
3. Walden, H. W. Thoreau.
4. The Maine Woods. Thoreau.
5. Birds in the Bush. Bradford. Torrey.
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14. China, Tartary, and Thibet. Hue and Gabet.
15. Travels in Madagascar. Ellis.

Dear Friend, Prov., Jan 5, 1889,

The photos came all right, 1000
thanks! Glad if you had a good time.
He did in receiving you, Yea! I can
load you with clippings. Dr. Jefferson was
as fine as ever, I wanted to look at 'one
conventional' restriction plate.

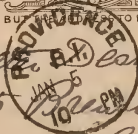
See Goodale in to give Garden
& Forest a dose of Physiology; I wish I
could take it, my first lecture in Carl's
course not much approved.

Yours W. W. Bailey



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

Walter B. Lane
5 Water Place
Cambridge
Mass



of posterity, for the rectitude of an
intention, do I only declare that
said package shall in good time
be forthcoming, done at Providence
- and signed with our official seal
- a Bantock passport;

I wish I could see by when
you open the bundle, what a like
the receipt of a package of plants,
How the recipient trembles and
pines, how the red corpuscles
dance through his arteries; how
vibrant becomes his system and
chirits! I mean, of course, if he
does not find a pile of disintegrated
leaves and inflorescences, mil-
dewed and "washed", with the labels
tied to 'em with pack thread, and
no weights or data given, (yes, I
have seen these, and through know-
ing as a mercenary man, I would de-
spise such a correspondent to peine et
fate - and six months in Cranston,
May you sleep as sweetly as any
Mormon! Yours in the Gay Science
W. W. Bailey

Providence, Jan 17th 1889.

My Dear Deane,
Your letter reminds
me of a common experience, Did
it ever happen to you, that when
dinner was all around, John
Chinaman clamored for "two little"
for washing your single shirt, and
smokers threatening you with their
little awl; tails boycotting
you at the grocery; the grocer
spearin' eggs and butter, and, as
with Colchester Little, the shy fall-
ing generally, to have some judicious
send you a note in this vein,
"I enclosed please find \$20.00
for your poem on 'Spring'!"
You jump with joy at the figures
- but find the artist has failed
to sign the cheque, and you are,
so to speak left; such was the ef-
fect of your recent despatch from
your dotting friend, so careful in
those days that Bailey - was

Lifted up his voice, and did
prophesy - saying - ' Much we
shall descend upon them of
Cambridge, you and unto the
streets within his gates, In the
time of the Retcher Grose he
shall peak and pine, and in
the reign of Benjamin shall he
Tornish, was much as he dealth
thus with the righteous!

But seriously - I wondered
if my great ancestor's letter reached
you, I cared not a whit for mine,
As "my Pa", as Miss Lysons says
seldom signed his full name, I
was lucky to secure this for you,
"I would I had seen thee!" I
mean at that supper where you sat
at the Column Pavilion, you and
Mr. Holmes. Last night I had
a pain again; my meningitis
"fletes me" - and today I have
lugged the horse, indeed, every
body has left all out-of-doors
to Bressa today, and he took

advantage of his freedom, my
Louse shook like an Arumb.
You see I am nothing if not tacti-
cal. And "Ain't I wretched!" What
will your wife think of me? Tell her
of the good clown in the circus, who
threw some saucets on the crowd,
spits the ribs of the (many-sided)
public - and then goes home to a
quint and extra premium - when his
wife can extract no hard pan
him. He is the earliest man at
his! When in the course of human
events it becomes necessary for one
man to explain why he delays send-
ing Carica to another, a decent re-
spect for the opinions of the Potomac
will compel him to declare the
causes of the detention. These are
1st Meningitis - or something
compounded with it,
2^d Chronic inertia, Incurable,
3^d Other business, domestic and
academic,
4th A desire to add to the Summa,
Praxis,
he therefore, relying on the judgment

No 6 Cushing Street,
Providence, Jan' 24th, 1889.

My Dear Deane,

I spent all the morning in a
chase after your remaining data. The mountains
Colred and these little rodents are the insignif-
icant sort,

- 1) Amphispeta, as yet nothing
- 2) sterilis, Cedar Swamp near Waterford, d. f.
Parke,
- 3) Schweinitzii, New York, Carles, (State
or city - which?)
- 4) sub-fusca, Summit Camp, Green Oc-
veda, Kellogg, 1870
- flaccosperma, near Catela, but no data,
- equanosa, nothing!!
- gymantra " "
- ampullacea " "

The regular herbarium I have not yet consulted, ^{it}
this may bring the information, often the range
is given but not the special locality, I understand
a lot of stuff I have not sent you, from Scholten,

→ Junco phaeocephalus, var gracili, Herin, ser.,
Summit Camp.

And now, as this is College Week, I must
ask for a return, what shall it be? Well, if you
can raise Phoenicurus phoeniceus, we have it not,
then send me any bona Mississippi stuff, or
foreign, Mexican, Central American, Europe, and
Samoa, if the Junco don't gobble it before our
big-brother gets there, By the by, I should like to
see those Dutch-men hollered; they are getting
Two-tone!

What I have suffered for these days
no man knows, Ask your medical friends
what is the matter with a man who has a per-
manent ache in his neck, often extending over the
head, down the spine, and get the credit of cur-
ing a bad case (in consequence of the work, God
help me!) At this moment I write smattered in col-
ton ink with Veronica L. Campbell, Yes! it
stings, even beyond the forgiveness of first love
a the fellow with the "steel snail vice",

As to the Reading Lists, they are those

that I pass from time to time for my students
 - as outside reading; A few appreciate them,
 I think they are good; then another no doubt
 conceived them excellent; I don't hesitate to add
 a novel - if, as in some of Kingsley's, science is
 skillfully interwoven.

I cannot stand it any
 longer, then!! Belong to a stiff-necked, if
 not the other and worse generation; my knee
 bones are wilying, my root-hairs are falling
 off; my stomach clogged. My inflorescence is in
 detriement - possibly in capitula. Each cell
 has contracted to protoplasm; fungi have
 copretobled themselves in all sorts of places;
 Leichers increase my task. The little tublets
 are, however well, like the algae - I am
 proliferous to that degree, the main stem
 perishes; the young plants thrive upon it.

In agonizing ~~travels~~,
 I throw down the pen -
 Thine W. W. B.

My Dear Deane,

I send you herewith an autograph of Professor Henry L. Remick ("Old Dad"), my father's successor at West Point, one of the greatest and best of men, and the bravest of soldiers. He is known all through the old Army, and now lies at Union League Club, N. Y.

I also send you, and please return it after perusal, a letter of Dr. Christie. It will tickle you very cozily.

C. flaccidifera, as near as I can make out, is C. grisea, Porter Exp., Franklin Co., Pa., 1850.

As to your question - there is no objection to money recompense; we have a thousand needs for it, and I don't know what to ask. I will leave that to you. I think I could find you some few new Canis!

Soraythia suspensa has floored here all winter out-of-door, on Francis St. Was very ill yesterday - though kept around. Better today. Miss B. and the "Zeta" are well. I

Dear now than delicious justice,

Yours ever-

W. W. Bailey

Providence Feb 2^d, 1889,

P.S. On the 22^d George S
I will celebrate our birthday,
He will be a hundred and
some considerable odd, and
I 46, The discrepancies, of
course, clear there.

question, But they are getting
interesting. Read Lucha, I do
"Keep his finger in me!" all the
way, He is quite a chief, but
to Anglo-Taxon eyes this per-
fect horn-Horn is offensive.
But are the poor French under
Boulanger any kind of opponents,
I fear not. This is an answer to

some 1/2 dozen of your letters,
their reproachful press - if letters
can be thus personified, look at
me from all corners of the letter,
Had I your pen of a "ready
writer" - it should not be thus,
I would keep square with you.

The dear, God blessed two
are well; two thirds of them
asleep, the other decimal of
their vulgar fraction - are die-
charging felicitous obligations, Con-
sider me paid!

Who's a dog-dog!

Yours in - W. W. Bailey

Dear friend, Provo, St. Valentine's,
1889,

Translation of the Cunei-
form inscription - supposed to
have been engraved by one
philosopher, year a student of
yours in the 4th year, last
month of Greece the Demo-
crat, his met!

Carex grisea.

Texas.

Hall, Legit,
cc "Nearer the type of the species,
having the long indented peri-
gynia," Olney.

The accompanying label is
unmistakably Kellogg's.

I am still in some fog about
that Carex flexuosperma.

By the way, my friend Dr Christ
is a Carex "sharp." Funny how
these worthless creeds have attracted
at great minds. There is something
in it more than common," if philosophy

could print it out!

The simple wish of your desiring to join a class of mine, you who sit as it were at the feet of the Gamalies of the Botanic Garden, why! my dear fellow, my lessons are the least rudiments. I presume, I know but little more. If I state any - say the "Anatomy of Botany" - I am stammered. No, it is lucky that I am so soon to pass on and leave the guidance of youth to better hands. I have had my little day.

Yes! the last number of Gazette & Bulletin look fine. To tell the truth I have not yet read them. I skim first; peruse afterwards. I have lately had a superb lot of plants from E. Wilkinson Mansfield Ohio; all from Christmas, Baileys & several up asain!

Abarons, according to your extract appears to be hearing the

part of time that I presume Felipe Noah. But - I forget, that former navigator had only two of a kind. With you \$4.00, I purchased some mounting paper headed in the Herb.

I have had no more read my lists of late. I am myself, Charles Boyce's American Compendium. I have always had their curious crossing of purposes. I have been a truly immense reader; not omnivorous either, for I always ascribed what I considered trash. But desultory is no word for me. I should have been a literary man. I know that I mix both my vocations. Not that I do not love science dearly, but very poor wretched cannot grasp all their modern stuff of the German school. By the by, is it not time that the Germans were well walloped by somebody; who is to do it! That's the principal

My Dear Friend,

Your ticket-paid is at hand,
Many thanks! Am glad to surmise, if not
to definitely know, that there is a hope of
receiving the Gazette anon, Notice the new
spelling below, Oh! these type-setters; they
will craze me yet, "I am not mad, but soon
shall be!" Truly yours ever

PROFESSOR W. WHITMAN BAILEY,

will organize a class for the study of Botany on
Saturday, February 16th, at 11 A. M.

The course will embrace twelve practical lessons,
with lectures and laboratory work. All instruments
and material provided.

Terms, \$5.00 per individual for the course.

For place of meeting and all other information,
apply to No. 6 Cushing Street.

Feb. 1889.

Providence, Feb 6. 1889,

Dear Mr Deane,

Yea! \$4.00 will be satisfactory, I am sorry the things were not properly localized, but, as you see, they are very random now. Please tell me at once, if convenient, whether you have rec'd the January number of the Gazette, I have not though I paid in 4 weeks for money-order, I wrote the other day to Conley by errand but am not sure that I posted it, what is life or home without the Gazette? As Packard says "The newspapers are our inspiration";

I don't feel at all funny, nor even fretting this morn-
ing. So Ta! Ta!

Yours truly
W. W. B.

Providence, Feb 22^d, 1859,

My Dear Friend, It was thoughtful
and kind to remember my natal day,
46 eyes look down upon you, as
Napoleon said, from the summit of
my pyramid of years.

I have celebrated, first, by walk-
ing out to Cat Swamp, my botanical
Museum, and getting some pursies
and elder tops (Hera com!), and
then taking whit down to see the mil-
itary procession. Wif they had a cold
and couldnt go, w he might be a
miniature of the dear old fley. May
all its stars shine undimmed on my
children and theirs! Tonight - Comman-
der Bartlett (late W. S. Hydrographer)
is to read before Pileate Post, G. A. Co.,
about the "Passage of the great fellow
New Orleans" by Farragut, "part of
which he was", My niece is to play
on the violin, My part is as an
Irish claqueur, to applaud at in the
proper places. Mrs Bailey says that my

class has become the "joshie", A
a matter of feet many ladies of the hon
jined. The more the merrier; it means
sequins, you dreads, and perhaps I
didn't need 'em, eh no?

I have the King Devil, Awar
the newspapers, Yea! the Gazette &
Bulletins here fine. My new Gazette
turns up to day

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No 6 Cushing Street,

Providence, Mass. 10, 1889,

Yes, My Dear Deane, I could no doubt
send you many things, for instance, I have
quite a number of Garcia's duplicates, all fine,
from Florida, Possibly some of Conyers' (not
so fine) from California, and elegant ferns
from the Stout duplicates, I dare say, too, there
are other Canicas, what you ought to do is to
come down here and look 'em over, Do you
carry any dopa yourself? I should like to see
my personal thanks.

When old Dr Torrey was nearly 80, and
I was with him in N.Y., he came in one
day with a lot of chandeliers, shepherd's-purse
and the like, He said he had put off col-
lecting them all his life, because they were
right at hand, Now, he must have them,

Gambler's of age! I find myself growing
increasingly remissive, Well, it is a harm-
less folly, As the poets say - "Let it pass!"

Last eve I had a little reception at my house for my college Botany class, Mr Bailey shone as hostess; my niece as star of the 2^d Magnitude, and he had three Pleiades besides. I took the part of erate's comet, with wild hair and (swallow) tail, he had a milky way of cream, and a meteoric shower of other wofficiencies. Music of the spheres, he responded dangerously near the Lord's day - and that too, in Lent, Peck-hare I.

I am reminded of a funny joke on our Pur-
Journal. You must be up in your Cornment-
ments to appreciate, my brother, a good
churchman, too, from such ignorance, how we
point. The article read somewhat in this
wise, "The clock on Grace Church, which
for some months has caused passage by
to break the seventh commandment, is now
mended." Now, you will own here in a sad
state of things. Since Tristan Phiney there is
nothing like unto it,

La! ta! from
W. W. B.

My Dear Deane,

If I may be thus familiar, allow me to exhibit some pretty specimens of English as she is printed by ye ambitious German. Nothing could be more rich, unless, alas! you and I perchance, should essay the Pentateuch, "Speak for yourself, John!" I hear you say, "But what a jolly mess I should make of it!" Now do let me have these back.

My Spring recess will begin on Thursday next - and last about ten days. Can you not then come down and struggle with Carex?

Now I am going to make you envious, yea, I shall gloat over you - and winet (i.e. dance upon) you and jibe you. I found today - in FLOWERS, March 26, 1889, Houstonia caerulea!

This is my earliest recorded date of 26 years collecting. Dear little beta, how I love 'em! Did'nt you?

Can Mass^{ts} that furnished
Roger (and served him right!)
equal this? Are not Adams
and Phelps better than the
Charles, the Core superior to the
Frog Pond? Come and see!

One thing I do envy you, I
want to hear the German opera,
but then, if it were here I could
not. I am flat broke; have not
horse-car fare to Pawtucket. I spent
my last Newton penny on Booth
and Barrett last week.

For the same good and suffi-
cient reasons I cannot run down
to see you, with whom my soul
abides, I think of me oft, I am
daily on my ace terrace, not breathing
but mine air, drinking in Hiss
from my cocoon-cups. They are
in their glory.

Confidingly yours
W. W. Bailey

Mar. 27, 1889. New R. F.

Providence, Mar. 30, 1889,

My Dear Deane,

I have now for some years noted certain indications in myself of molluscous cerebriation. But then to think of the post-man ever thinking that there was a place called Cambridge - and under its bushel a light hidden from the world called Deane! Well, I forgive you. Don't come on a Friday - and above all on Good Friday. The day you know is unlucky since Pharoah started on his travels to the time of the ancient Mariner, and the Mermaid with the glass. Come when thou wilt, however, and thou art welcome, (Style derived from recent attendance on Ethelw, the Fool's Revenge, etc). Have any one sent you the little Pipidanthus this year? It is one of the loveliest things in Jersey. It is a mistake that we don't have it.

I promised Mrs Robinson,

2.
our President's wife, who is of my
Botany class, to show the numbers
how to analyze by the Fifth Lesson,
I did it in the 5th and botany
book of Copposite, and had them
and no, describe, and name
for themselves Cupressin agratilis,
Quercia mormonorum mormon
circumspice! It is erected by the
grateful hands of such classes.

There grows in the Botanic
Garden - very early, a species of
Saxifraga, I forget its name, and
am too lazy to cross the room
and look it up, of which I should
like a few fresh specimens when
they are out. Buzz Goolala for
them. I rec'd from the Council of
the Victoria Inst of Gt Britain the
other day - a pamphlet by Rev Dr
Post on the Flora of Syria and
Palestine. Have you seen it? I
have often desired to read Hooker's
Journal Botanicum to the Flora of
Tasmania, he now has it and
I am deep in it. If I only loved
peri-deum, and corticalis Spiderum and
all the stuff the magazines are full of

3, new-a-days! But I don't, and
the truth is all, Ignorance no
doubt engenders their dislike, for
it amounts to that, when I come
to a paper on the development of the
Corky wings on the stems of trees,
skip, But don't tell any-body.

I have been constrained today
to resign my position as Asst. Dept
Inspector of the G. S. R. The state of
my health must occasion my leaving a
tired seat, I never know a moment free
from pain, It is often more but never
less, Last night I re-read my
paper on the Point, at another place,

Do you see "Common School
Education" - published in Boston? I am
writing some elementary Botany for it,
Please get it - and tell me if it has
critics; the faultes I know, I shall
not, as the Bishop did to Gil Blas
course" you thereafter.

I have been
reading with huge interest, Poy's
American Commonwealth, To illu-
strate it, I went down twice to the
State House to see them vote (to my
purpose so far) for W. L. Parson, in
consequence, I am very behind in
my science reading, I have heard
that Lincoln is dead, Is it so?
Do you think his system will stand?

4 What has become of his interest
my interest? He left a son, did he
not?

Goodbye, and when you feel
in merry mood — and may
that be often! — write to me, I
like to feel the rapid pulsations of
the diaphragm which the learned
call laughter, tickle me!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

P. S. when the Spring is confirm-
ed (it is hardly yet established!)
and the weather is warm, my son
(oh, my I shall see you in Can-
tab, I need attrition, Love to

Goodbye
Watson
Fisher
Seymour
and
D. E. A. N.

Providence, April 22
1889.

My Dear Deane,

One of my classmates, a
wicked fellow he was - I know
him Horatio; - he is now dead
and I must forgive; used to say
"Bailey - you are full of dry Hell".
I have sometimes had an idea that
he meant I was pretentious; if not
that, what could he have meant?
Be that as it may, I feel suffi-
ciently full to allow of some over-
flow this Monday after Easter,

A man of a lawyer I know,
used to say nothing could induce
him to attend Grace Church on Eas-
ter; he was always so proud to
see Bishop Clark's consecration after
forty days of rigorous fasting. Now,
on the whole, I think he was more
wicked than my first friend, Rev. Deane,
you must be careful that
I don't mention you in my anec-
dotalage! Well! I was to Grace
Church yesterday - and was really
pained to see and hear the Bishop

I have a year or the other with at the S. A. Co.,
when you were in Providence the boys use "nothing's free",
as the Captain would say - you can't see it.

Am not Protestant had you see that the great
handkerchiefs, the hair a good dinner and must suppose -
though the end the best one that could, after supper
the two will, "Thank you" the first you were of
you, "All the way to you" "So of the great dinner

What must show it, dropped into the
- and, perhaps the other than the "nothing's free"
wonder how, "So the dinner and must one, but
"I will, the first of the first";
that is, the first of the first";
How! How!

"From the bakery!"

Reverend Father,

He is every the wreck of his
self, feeble, melancholy, broken,
And he will neither give up nor
take an assistant,

I took little delight with
me, He was never in an Episcopal
Church before, I much desired
to let him see Somerset besides
the so-called Orthodox, He behaved
very decently - and in no serious
way scandalized his Pop, He
was troussé!!! Just think, fellow
patent, when you first did that!
He is as proud as a Big Sun-
flower, you Helsinthus Annus,
when it meets a fence, and turns
away from the sun, The poets
will insist that it wiggles the other
way, Thus do I wear my humble
patent, Be easy Tom Moore!

What says "Paper! I've pockets
for money and all sorts of things,
"I'm a soldier, Soldiers have pockets,"
And then, alas! show! oh expect
Carrick, Tere wife and niece
The remarks "No arms, why isn't
that a hole in our?" "Why indeed!"

Ever the mightiest Julius died -
When Rome and I were young, that
used to be such an aperture, It
had not one finger, but the finger
of the times, Then the dear fellow
- more like a picture of Haunting
than ever, but not so good as
that immaculate youth - says
"Nay, lets go play on the piano!"
Here is the Le-Dieu after victory!

They is as proud as if she
too were the treacher, Flere is
Julia that she do! I have seen
by Mary Walker - and I don't
like the style, I and I is in
many ways better than I, Could
Chester Althor appear, this
rather in more modest terms, and
withal so resistant?

"Cris I tolerate, the
Copperfield," "Nay! let our hands
in make," and Helia me thus
set in my "Leats eye, age in
my head of Leats,"

Nearly in Amantiel's
Yours
W. W. Burley
Over,

I hope you can read my writing, I find it hard to do so.

6 Cushing St.,

Providence, May 12, 1889.

My Dear Dana,

Your letter finds me as usual non compos corporis, if there be such a phrase. I have been seriously ill with the same old cerebral rheumatism, so rich indeed, that my Doctor has put me on milk diet and forbade all work for a time. I had three days of horrid pain & it scarcely yielded to analgesia. I have my finger a fear, but Mrs Bailey says "No! An old love!" I only said damn four times, and but twice resorted my neighbor's yapping dog to Gehenna. (I feel in the literal sense).

Did you - I mean since the latter years of Wisney - ever live solely upon a diet of milk? I think it is tiresome. No wonder Collier squalls and has stomach ache! Duce! I like milk when I am not obliged to drink it, for Milton's treats increases contempt.

Ha! ha! And I love the sight of all the milk flowers in their native haunts. Fortunately, I have an

old friend near by who grows many
of them in his garden, that I can
see them, from my window, too, I
look out upon a wealth of pear
and cherry-florones, and apple-
florones; or rather I did; all are gone
but the last. Now the Western is
coming - great Louisiana roses,
a delight of gods and men.

What has become quite
used to his house, he is as true
as a nut. The other day, while my
wife was talking with the children,
a strange gentleman accosted him,
"Little Lord Bountiful, how do
you do Sir? I was expected to meet
you." And, indeed, he does look
singular like that nobleman.

Phil says "Mama, God made
horses and dogs and U.S. - and
every thing. Then he dies, and
don't think there's any fun in
that." I never saw, but herein
is the exegetical's puzzle, no easier
of solution as the year well on,
and what which, in the pulpit and
out, there is an immense deal of

household talk.

Assis, he says "Mama, I
know the Lord didn't
make the plants! They come up
from the seed, and then they have
other seed. The Lord didn't make
them!" Sometimes when studying Polaris,
or Cancer, Polarisque, and most of
all Euphorba, I am much of this
fession. Indeed, I could hazard a
guess as to whom they were made
by. I am glad to hear about the
Moanum. But why did they not
come at their Spring? I suppose they
want to work off the old stock.
I shall send you with this a paper
with some of my effusions. Blank
the life-setter! He has made a
horrid mess in one of them, and
that my favorite, I hope to mention
they; she is fat and heavy, you
must come and see her all again,
Sometimes, in the dim future, I hope
to have a collecting trip with you,
Othman's what do we have for?

Truly yours
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Custom Street,

Providence, July 15, 1889.

My Dear Mr Deane,

Do you recall the picture
on Doris' Wandering Jew, which repre-
sents the least judicious? While the
ambrosian ruinera are Felix consigned
to us in a horrid and orthodox punish-
ment, the Jew, at length through with
his tottering, sits calm in the midst
of the confusion, kicking off his boots
and smiling serenely. He's made his
"little go" and there's nothing to fear.
After "Liza's pitiful pen" - he proposes to
set, Like Ahasuerus - I think that
has his name, my wanderings have
administered in vacation, I don my slippers;
I shut my eyes to sin; I take my dolce
parments. And what are you doing,
Bonavikos, friend of my tata delop,
who seek you the weed, I do not
mean the Nicotian, but the composite
and the Amaranth, or may be the
asphodel? My plans for the summer
are not fixed, I shall be compelled
to "skip" in August as my wife is
going away with the tubers to Seekount.

Now, it happens that I am unable to go to the shore; the sea does much aggravate my complaint, I have to go inland, I am now awaiting news from West Point, if I can get access to it, I will go there; if not, I must seek other quarters, know you a tank wherein I can deposit some seeds? Give me the wisdom of your wife's experience.

It is to have a new President, and then in the the house of Ward, the new man, Prof. Andrews, is my warm friend, a strong man, and I have great hopes of his, and for the college. As to the reported "de mortua nil nisi to-mum" I closed the term with an illness that confined me to my bed, indeed, I was unable to conduct my examination, despite these fruits of sickness, I am better than I was a year ago, stronger at least, and more hopeful, love to your wife,

I am reading with great delight, Mr. Wallace's new book on "Dammier" It is full of Botany, read it, if you

can. Are they suspicious in the same + think Composite self fertile being, I thought Gray had announced them body of the reverse, I should say most of them were pterocarpium, Prof. Chen - a man cannot know every thing, I am sure Wallace is wrong in them. In a work last I have they I found lots of Geranium flavum, Widelya order was just in flower, does not this seem autumnal?

If you are at home, why cannot we frequent some time this summer? Like Massachussetta - "New Year, I shall see" Boston and Providence are now connected by rail, Profit by this circuit thence and thence to exhibit your manuscript near to you Long Call
Bailey

Providence, July 22, 1889.

Dear Deane, D.D., "If you be
Capt Martin Scott," said the ex-
periential com, "you need not draw
a bead on me; I'll come down at
once!" So, I knew, that if I but
figuratively cocked my gun, Deane
would appear from somewhere. Leo!
and Schell, he is, like Jephtha's daughter,
or her companion rather, in the
mountainous Peninsula his virginity!
Would I see there too! And, by the by,
as I hear nothing from West Point
as to quarters, can you recommend
a place? Do must have all the
luxuries at the reasonable price,
Dogs and mosquitoes are considered
imperable objections, It is enough to
have both these nuisances at home,
Dogs - I hate 'em all! - have kept
me awake three nights. Some people
seem to like their music, as no
doubt reptiles like his own smell,
There's no accounting for tastes, as
the old lady said who hired her
cow. Seriously - I want a place for
just three weeks in August, for

self alone, Mex B, and the totos will
go to the shore, where I cannot
stand the breeze, This letter and
others I have written today, will, no
doubt, have the effect of an umbrella
on a threatening day, and bring my
West Point letter. Here, beside your
feast, we enjoy the succulent and
nutritious Musa aenaria, the pulpy
acaulis pepo, the indigestible acuminis
melo, the Cucumis citrullus melonaria,
the appetizing Lycopersicon Esculentum,
together with Vaccinia and Galglus-
acini ad lib. The next mental
probulum I utter, will be Weissman's
Heralty; I shall not get to the Toronto
meeting. No Canada in mine,

Does Google have a class
this summer? Tell me all the news,
How we learn of nothing but cotton
and wool, Prudencia in the vast
pool of Infusoria - and one-celled
organisms. In other words, it stag-
nates, Oh! for a sound of some
cheer horn; not Galileo's, but that
"by Antiochian echoes tone", to wake
this sleeping generation.

Yours muchly
W. W. Bailey

Hillside Farm, Sugar Hill, N. H.,
August 9th 1889.

To the High & Mighty,
Walter, Cardinal Dean,
Grand Vicar,

Sir, It was in the
first year of the reign of the Caliph
Benjamin (may his turk increase!) - in
the 8th month, that Bailey-am, a herb
gatherer and seer, gathered his garments
about him, and retired to the mountains.
In that land there were exceeding high
hills. The valleys likewise flourished with
milk and maple syrup. The damsels
were comely in the land, and great was
the wisdom of the elders. Bailey-am saw
that it was a goodly heritage - and his
heart rejoiced. "You!" said he, "I will a-
side herein and flourish like the bay tree."
The land of the Narragansetts shall never
yet awake - and its daughters shall find that
their prophet is departed!

On the seventh day of the eighth month,
 Bailey - an heroic man of mighty gifts, was
 moved to climb the exulting hills, you
 the peak of Lou-Fayette that toucheth unto
 heaven, youthful men and maidens gathered
 round him - and his face shone as the
 full moon.

In those days there was a goodly
 driver - known as Leonard - of the vigorous
 tribe of Smith, whose dominion was widely. He
 handled the reins like Jehu, and to ^{some} ~~some~~
 jostled him upon the road. He brought us
 mightily to the Carrausene's - you to the
 hostel and camp of the house of Benjamin,
 to the house called People. Here gathered
 we one upon another - and ascended into
 the hills. Beautiful upon the mountains was
 our feet as those of the messengers of
 peace. Here and there we stopped at an
 oasis to quaff the ever-living waters.
 Pardon my Har - ried style,
 I will descend to Anglo-Paxon, while I

take you to the summit, I found I could make
 the ascent easier than in 1882 when I last
 went up. This is funny after my long illness,
 Mosses abound - and meet in great billowy
 masses over windfalls and rocks, How fascin-
 atingly beautiful they are! The chief flower
 below the hot-spring region was Solidago Chry-
soidea, now in its glory, Veronica viride grows
 very high up on the mountain. Of the true al-
 pines, I collected the two species of Picea,
 the ubiquitous Arenaria Greenlandica, the Geum
carolinianum, Var Peckii, Vaccinium Vitis Idaho, Juncus
tupifolius, Agrostis canina, Var aspinus, All other
 things new to me. It was so cold on the top
 that I felt my very marrow congeling. Des-
 pite the glorious view, I had to turn tail,
 like the little bull in the old Howard song,
 and retreat to a lower declivity.

Yes! I have been here since the 7th and
 expect to remain till the 22^d. It is a delightful
 place, with excellent board, and jolly company
 - all at a reasonable figure, Henry ad lib.

4.

My family are at the sea-side near Leamouth,
Re. I. I miss them immensely,

Rev C. A. L. Richards of St John's, Prov, is here;
indeed, it was through his family that I learned
of the place,

I regret to hear of your Father's illness,
I hope my letter will reach you either at Jaffrey
or Cambridge, Can I control any thing for you
here? Would you like any of the alpine men-
tored Series? They are at your service, Earth
may have a finer mountain than Lou Salette;
I have not seen it, (Izard Walter amended),

"Be thus familiar, but by no means
 vulgar,

+ +
The friends thro' best (I'm one
of em), grapple them to the soul"
Polisiously thine,
Baileys (W. W.)

Hillside Farm, Argus Hill,
N.H.

Aug 20, 1889.

My Dear Dear,

Despite your kindly ad-
miration of my Ruby Throat, he came
back to me rejected by the Independents,
which goes to show that we cannot be
guided by the approval of friends, I read it
here and all liked it, I have now sent it
off to Boston, getting a publisher, I take it is
as bad as "harping"; "Do do best all, he-
ow it do rain this summer," In the same
way, we cannot calculate on the editorial
weather, I had the manager enter Com-
p's Fall article that they are damned,
flawed, as contraries, confided himself to rice
pudding, the second time it accepted, but
was my poem in the Independents of Aug 1st!

What is Aster Lodivillay and, Do, for the
sake of old John, tell me, I have not the spec-
imen with me, and I don't know him, I had
him!! Found fine lot of Antisemia palmata,
of course not in flower, "Pudra" of Amthauptia,
Gunning! I never collected it before, when
Gray says "not uncommon", I feel a little
uncertain if ever seeing the thing, I write quite
a little note to the Whay today, would like to
go to Montreal, but have not the luck of
Midea, I expect to be here till Friday, the
30th My "Crosses and Liebson" came out
in a paper of the P. S. Society for the
Prevention of Domestic Industry - and
Increase of Cruelty to Animals, - G. V.
This outing has done me good, I reach my
ten miles a day - and what walking it is!

in these glorious woods, where every
scene is new. Think of going back to the
bread-mice! No! I won't think of it,
what is September to me, or I to Heaven?
September unto August are the days
whereof - Charity one of 'em, and all,
upon my hand, rest.

I long to see my wife and
Babies - God bless them! a doe,
I could have had the snow flös,
I have a nice big, quiet room, and a
store of my own. I sleep away, I read,
think, dream, wander the streets of Bay-
dad, stroll the paths that lead
to Lyonsese, Lotus-est, and your fat,
Blessed be New Hampshire! A Loa
your nasty "elixir of life", or death;
Give me the tonic, which is not
the tonic of France's air!

In testimony whereof I hereunto
set my name -

W. W. Bailey

Di! How did you leave Apollo! Did
little Cope sleep well last night?
How is poor Vulcan's back?"

Your writing got lost in the trunk
of Ophiochasma. It made me laugh,
for John Robinson and I once walked -
I don't know how far - but a long
way - for two or three miles. It is, I
assure you, something to have had a
walk with J. R. - the very prince of
good fellows! How well I remember a
Sunday - he and I, and poor old
Caleb Cook, he is gone, alas! part
at Nonham Lake, taking in the Potomac -
I since then the years have not
faded; the hair of my forehead has
thinned o' a with the pole east of
Glen, and my "legs are so queer!"
Gee! I meant what I said; I always
loved my arroyo of walking, has been
ready to walk a day, though through
to good, but the old ache in the
back sticks like the lines of Bidan
on the peaks of Desmodium. Did
you ever stop and calmly try to brush
off a whole leg full of the latter?
After ice, the little *Tegonia* comes
to me; most delightful bears; they
grow in such charming places,
My good chameleon and *Phryganium*
and so on of *Pteridaria*, with me

Sugar Hill, N. H.,
Aug: 29th 1859,

My Dear Dear
Today I am making my
P. P. C. to all the presb. and I
must say they have been most pro-
lite, Even old Gorse, who rarely un-
wore for us city people, has taken
off his cap, and the Mariposa yule
is smiling with his Chaparral. The
smell is at; For home tomorrow, to
the fertile valleys and umbrageous
woods of the Massachusetts, I have
with a little mother - and two fair
Lakes, popoosa that are the pride
of this leaf to Injun, and I must
haste me by the way twice, to make
warpen for them! Scalpa have I to
bring down - trophies of many fights, and
the will be feasting and jig in my
vignettes. The other day I used think
of a valued botanical correspond-
ent of mine, Dr. Ferdinand Planchard
of Poreham, Vermont, I thought how long it
has since I had heard from him; six
or seven years at least, what do you
think? Next day I had a letter from
him, in which he said he was up
on *Saxifraga* in July (Pelak!) - and had

After collecting Monday afternoon in a
pouring rain. He proposes now, it
seems, to permanently join the service
of Worcester Blackburn, and de-
sired a "reimbursement" from me, I was
only too happy to speak a good word
for one of the best collectors I know,
about his collecting capacity of course
I know nothing; but if you can desire
good specimens from Vermont, he is
your man - as good, I think, as
Hosford or Pringle, I had a brief
note the other day from Dr. Britton,
who was just about to ship for
Canada I beg his pardon; he is
going voluntarily - to the A. A. S.,
when they next meet in Boston, Salem,
Newport, or even New Haven, I may
go too. No Canada in mind, thank
you! I have excited the Curiosa ad-
miration (old English sense!) of the
Abores-gyna, by calling all the Eastern
in Pennsylvania and Sugar Hill, in Little-
ton and Locuston, No Vermont need
come here in future seasons; the genus
Aster has perished from the region,
it will be found in my museum alone
only, whether I have "collected" the

Locustonanno, I know not, Let us hope,
No! I find no flowers of Maianthe-
ma, but its tri-white lilac Cereus
appears all the time. The other day
I was down on the Locuston road
by the Palmer Hotel stream, when I
was met by Mr. Moorehead - the great
self-publisher, he walked along together
a bit, and he remarked that some-
one - to his surprise (?) had brought
in the closed geranium, I said "Yes!
it is very common here", The old
man's enthusiasm dropped two de-
grees, then he added - "but the
spring geranium does not grow here"
No, I said, cautiously, "I have not
seen it, but I think that we would
find a better find!" and, by Jupiter,
a better of gold and man, to whom
our ignorant Professor turned witness,
- that was Geranium quinquefolium.
I never gathered it before, I have since
scoured the whole road, and only
found it there. Excellent Olympus has
one in its center keeping, it - after
the two great events described in the
butcher paper - I should see Diana,
known it once by her gait, you know,
as a true goddess - I should not feel
a bit surprised, but never say "Morning

That he is disappointed in the
"Elixir"; he expected it would give
just a man with new liver and
spleen, and lights; new lungs and
a heart, growth; and now they say
it's "poison". I propose to console him,
as the Arabian Nights (Lacour's edition)
would say, by "reciting the following
verses": The Elixir.

Brown Sèquand got up an Elixir,
And thought it an excellent trick, Sir,
He gave it to such
As loved life overmuch,
And (oddly) desired to stick, Sir,

Alas! for that little Elixir!
Unless one shall carefully mix, Sir,
It causes abscesses;
The heart it oppresses;
And sends the poor patient to Nick, Sir,

I hope, if by chance, I am sick, Sir,
(The Power, you play? Is the trick, Sir),
You'll not think it fun
To visit your pop-gun,
And fill me with Hammond's Elixir,

I'd rather continue to tick, Sir,
And go my own way (that's on tick, Sir),

Then old age, to rest it.

By piece of a white
Or pig - in the previous Elixir!

And now, I think, you have
had quite enough of me for one
day. Let me hope that you will re-
turn to the dry bones of grammar
and geography - ennobled in health,
enriched by summer sun, and
from New Hampshire with!

Though the world fail me -
I am Thine - W. W. Barry -

Providence, Nov-12, 1889,

Where, O where, is my jolly friend Dean?
When, O when, can he be?
Is he chasing some Potamogeton down,
Or bot in Potamogeton's spree?
Has he gathered a Garax of many names,
Inflated to trusties beside,
Or has he the Phylloporoemi strings
Connecting the cello descrid?
How's this? Presumably's utuole,
I'd really like to know
And whether this Chlorophylla grows, seen
In a quite proper fashion to flow?

As for me, give me Liberty!
I have not seen so division for years.
My course is much increased in
time and quantity, not to say quality,
Pay the same, thank you! It was
well thoughtful to inquire.

Among other things, as I now have
an abundant class, I have taken up
the study of Histology with a vengeance.
I am using Bowser's book - and like
it. My fellows like well, I am
immaculate in preparation, my cellulose
well developed, and my tops ready
to refute or substantiate any statement
of Sack or Nägelli. Some of them

have recognized extraordinary, circles
and bodies called tubules; others
have fine exhibits of cell structure
which prove to be epithelial, in fact,
we are doing finely.

Did you know that I am to
lecture, Jan 2nd before the Torrey
Club? No? Well, I am, and I shall
talk on the safe grounds of the
flora of Rhode Island, I claim to know
something of it. Britton wrote me a
jolly note today, not about that, but
cheap. Have you seen the new
Memoria?

Our new President, Dr
Andrews is a Trump, he all
like him; I was going to say love
him, but that would spoil, he
gave him a big send off eleven
two weeks ago. It was an oration,
De mortuis nil nisi bonum,
Representants in pace, Dum vivimus
vivamus! Ara Cuique!

A funny thing occurred at
Faculty meeting just now. The Sec-
retary said "Gentlemen, if they desire,
can step their way and see the
new catalogue in gallery - from or
in page form." Whereupon, I re-

marked in a stage whisper that
I preferred mine in chloroform, and
doubled up a possible third of
the dose. What is life without the
little joke? Yet, as I saw these
things the thought occurs to me that
you may be in no mood for my
humour; that since I heard
from you some may have doubted
your power. Believe me, I am not
the battle-pate I seem. There is a
corner in my heart that is very
for the still. But friend, if I should
put a weight on my valve, and
not let my vapor escape, my own
pain would rend the tissues, the
only relief to rattle,
The mother and the babe
are well. "As King Lear said, God
Hears us, everyone."

Yours truly,
The Bailey

THANKSGIVING.

BY PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY.

Thanks for the crimson apples,
Thanks for the golden grain,
For summer's pleasant sunshine,
For April's genial rain!
Give thanks for all the flowers
That God in beauty sends,
But most of all show gratitude
For kind and generous friends!

What matter if the forest tree
No longer wears the leaf!
Our kindly mother Nature
But tries our unbelief,
And she herself in thankfulness
Now seeks a brief repose,
And smiles upon us lovingly
From out her robe of snows.

Thanks for the nation's liberty,
Thanks for our wealth's increase,
For faith, for hope, for charity,
And, most of all, for peace!
Blow, winds, our glad Thanksgiving,
Ye ocean billows roar,
And swell the hymn of gratitude
To God forevermore!

Providence, Dec 5, 1889,

My Dear Friend,

I have been wondering what had become of my active correspondent, and thought of writing again. Your letter explains your silence, I am pained that it was occasioned by so sad a cause.

Your account of your father, the student and lover of his book, is most interesting. Happy the man who has a father through his youth and manhood to counsel and advise! That treasure, and the sacred memory is yours forever.

Sately, I have been most miserable in health and low in spirit. But I propose to push that last fellow and raise him up. I am to lecture before the Torrey Club, Jan 29th - subject the "Flora of R. I." which is, as the men said, "small, but oh! Lord!!" I shall have to feel better than I do now. I have an advanced course this term; perhaps I told you before, and shall have to look up all my scanty knowledge of histology. It is, however, most interesting work, and my class

work well.

As I write my wife sits by me - estimating the height and depth of our mounting bill. They threaten to overwhelm us, "horse and rider together", even as the Egyptian boatmen of old before the surge of the Red Sea. In your botanizing have you found the Desert tree and will you give me a cutting?

Dr. Morous appears to be having a time during Beechnie, I do not envy him the job, yet how jolly, it must be to have his energy.

I hope in a few days to send you our new Brown catalogue. If I don't, please den me. I cannot write while mixed up with these cursed money accounts, so good-night and God bless and comfort you.

Your friend ever
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing St.

Providence, Dec 27, 1889.

My Dear Deane,

All happened to me that should not and there is no health in me. I went to bed sick last Monday eve, and have just emerged from Crispian with dangerous rings and small desire for flight. I did man-
age, with much heroic bolstering up of my will to crawl down to see the children's Lovey tree. From thence I "sluggish and sadly laid me down" to the grip of Old-ralgia. I am down to milk and back - the Camden, cohex, piece and "pigeon" of the holidays are not for me.

Thanks for your pleasant reminder. I am much excited over the promised gift from overseas; I hope it isn't now half seas over! I have lots of just such letters to write, so pardon my Levity, pity my Levity, give you longevity. God save the President! and a Happy New Year to the Deane!

Yours fondly,
W. W. Bailey

with "I," "There are still people in the
Cave, or, as modern tactics might
suggest, a cylinder in the field, will
obtain some of these independent fragments
yet. Ah! I forgot, my little note in
the Bulletin, was a classical baby,
the little called forth a most delightful
letter from Bradford Torrey, who danced
with joy apparently at my finding a
harmless bird in *La Fayette*. Do you
know him? As soon as I got over the
examination (what a love they are!)
I'll send you some of my callings, just
think, what an *Diopatra* and the
rest of em, the little *Cumpra*, being just
now. *Glyce* Hunt found here, Dec
22d, *Homotrypa* *truncata* and *Potentilla*
Coccardaria in flower, Let *Ingruella* be
forever silent; the Lord reigneth!

Poor little Bailey,
suffering, dear,
in his upper attic's
puffa with rheumatics -
who with any goodness
thrusts his pig in "free",
Here, above, we see,
Writes to Walter Dean
And signs, you see, by "Hummer"
His happy letter under,
W. W. B.

Send your letter right away,
the note on page 300 for
that the same.

In this week's *Indep.* sent, please see my poem "Meg's
Good!"
No. 6 Crushing St.
Providence, Jan 12, 1890.

My Dear Friend,
I do not know how it happened
that the pamphlet you sent me about your
good father escaped my notice till today.
This morning I sat down and read all
the speeches with utmost delight, to find a
charming character they picture, and with
what interest they all speak of their
kindly scholar and gentleman! I wish I
could have known him! I thank you ever
so much for believing that I was one to ap-
preciate this beautiful life. Indeed I do,
and, in his character as here delineated
I can see much that recalls my own fa-
ther, being I loved utterly!

We have been having a sick house-
hold. Little bobit was very ill for several
days, and we not up to fighting point yet,
except in his temper, which is ex *Dieter's*
character said of his wife, "a little wearing".
Poor Chippy! He feels bad, and he talks
it out in *Mes* and the rest of us. The
Cassie, too, has a bad cough. Least Ned
wisdom - I got up all right, as I supposed,
eat my usual breakfast, polished my
boots, and was about to seek the ac-
ademic shades, when husband seized me,
and I have been in the house north to
day. I now feel fine, well again &

for I have escaped the "griffe" with
whisk, or with something, so many are
down. Half our Faculty and one third
of the students have been ill. Horse
Coxe men that haul; police men
are so desisted, that the women beg
to be taken in. I hear that Mephisto
himself has turned out a lot of wet
Bantons, and some moribund. Some
folks are so purgative.

If my health hangs at I propose
to visit the metropolis on the 29th to
Canton - as I told you, on the "Sera of No. 3".
Pittman writes me most jolly letters. Did
I tell you that Dr W. C. Rivers of N. Y.
sent me a Xmas box, Gray's "Sci-
entific Papers". How is that for a perfectly
unlooked for present? The Penn Alumni
had a dinner in N. Y. for Post Ambrose
this week. Sunday, the Pres's speech
was in print here. Hope he had de-
lighted it. That reminds me of a rhyme
I had last year at Pleasant Post
G. U. R.

"And Spicer, too, are most con-
-summate Vice
Peperal (ex Tempore) with something nice,
How many essay sounding speeches
are carefully pre-elaborated, & worded?
Another royal Xmas present I had
- I may have told you all this before
- was the 2nd vol edition of The Chamber

Faun, with photographs, a work of
which Cambridge may well be proud,
and she may of my friend I came, of
the Washington Club, and other antiquities.
Do you ever read novels? I do; please at
times, I do all things by spurts. The
last one I read was Walter Besant's
"Bells of St Pauls" a very unique, and
interesting little tale. The heroine herself
is worthy the prize of admittance.

You speak of L. H. Bailey's mar-
velous capacity for work, and actual
performance. How do some men man-
age to run the engine so at top speed
all the time? My small "stationary" is
only warranted to run a limited number
of hours. But there are Bailey, and
Green, Goodale and many others who
keep up a full head of steam all day
and night, the stokeholders, the
division with heart on valve; the eccen-
trics - that is, they have no eccen-
trics, they give her run away with
her. I might mean, how the dance
do they do it? Don't remember, when I think
of other men's record, their daily en-
deavour and exertion, feel that I ought
to be kicked at an an mesopel, but
that these men Britton and Cambry
- all our, forsooth, for my doing, feel,
I hope he is not so young - as I believe
he is; they men prefer to be well
- interested in the adulteration, is not too
- pilsona, it is stimulating; "Up gauntle"

My Dear Deane,

This is to introduce
my nephew - Mr Joseph Whit-
man Bailey - who is a fledgling
lawyer in Boston. He cannot
have too many friends, and you
are one of the nearest of mine, so
I take this liberty, hoping your as-
sistance may be to his ad-
vantage, Give him a word of cheer now
and then, put him on the track of
business if you can, and remember
that anything done for him is also
for

Yours most cordially

W. Whitman Bailey

Providence, Jan 18, 1890,

My Dear Deane,

I will certainly look up
that *C. fluceo-perma*. Tomorrow,
perhaps I heard Horatio say,
I hope we may find a date on it,
although that is queer fruit for a
Carex. We are in lots of trouble,
Now that tobit is fairly well a-
gain, little Max is down with dipt
heria, and you can easily imagine
our anxiety. The case is not
malignant. and so far she is do-
ing well, but the cure is immense,
My wife's little school, too, is moved
to other quarters, and my own classes
interrupted. Moreover, of course my
peculiar disease, is much augment-
ed by the imprisonment and anxiety,
and my lecture is due in N. Y.
next week, and what to do, I don't
know. Mesurable - the doctor's bill,
like the poor, are ever with us, and
are unpaid, and the deep waters
compass me about,

Truly yours
Providence, Jan 20, '90, W. Whitman Bailey

Providence, Jan 26 1890.

My Dear Friend,

I do hope you will pardon the very great liberty I took in sending my nephew to your door.

Let me say a few words concerning him. He is a boy of excellent ability, but at home has been a sort of king to rule over all the rest of the family. He has, too, considerable false pride and 'ham aristocracy, combined (amusingly to us!) with Canadian uneasiness. As his grandfather, on the mother's side, was a Chevalier de St Louis and a Baron of France, he feels a little high. I think a good deal of absurdity and rubbing, hard knocks and kicks, and a smel or two from the unmoderate world, may temper these unsham least. With all I have said, I desire the boy to do himself and his father credit, and like to have him know real good fellows, like W.D. But don't, on any

account, allow him to bore you. He does
not always realize times or places
or customs, but I think I notice signs
of improvement. If only he can become
less self centered, and ^{more} considerate of
others! "But Lord!" after a man in twenty,
the chance is poor. Again, I say, doit
à son trespass, and on my "unaccustomed
knees" I beg, you will pardon my intrusion.

My little girl is much better, sitting
up in bed. Poor Whit is still very miserable
with a sympathetic sore throat, and is at
his grandparents. My "plumbago" is a
real black lead; it has caused the post-
ponement of my N. Y. Lecture till March
24th. In the mean time I shall be a year
older, as on the 22^d of Feb, George and
I five gettings for our native hour, 47
I shall be, if neuralgia, rheumatism, grip,
lolly ache, tic douloureux, lumbago, et cetera
omne genus, spare me till that time,
C. fluorescens is yet to be found. And,
by the by, why not come down some Saturday
and perhaps our duplicates, I have
no doubt you would find good things among
'em. I send you specimens of my last week
quint, Shakespeare says (Midsummer Nights Dream
act III, scene II, "The whole earth may be loved",
I can honestly testify to a fixation of the orb.
Truly yours
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing Street.

Providence, Jan' 29. 1890

My Dear friend,

It was in the early morning of a bright winter's day, when a letter carrier might have been seen laboring, climbing the steps of a paraded, but too modest residence, I honestly appreciated his comely features, and in his countenance he bore a powerful gradational, much had he been tossed about by the power of the gods, ere he made his object sure, I then was to deliver the gift of Deceit into the hands of Baileys, I thereafter retired offering thanks to Apollo and deprecating the Labors of Hercules. In modern English and devoid of metaphor, Miss Bailey says she never saw a more discouraged journeyman, well; we knew at once that so large a package must come from you. You opened it - I at once knew, as by the prescience of genius, what it was, and where, and when, but the whom coronated me, Indeed I was in the position of the animal in the messenger's "whose voice so closely resembles that of the human being, but travellers often mistaking these for those, get devoured by them, to the great con-

Why or commission professor may appear easy to you, they didn't to the fellows, it being they happened in my former place; one man came to me and said "I saw editorial but for the year space but to be?" "I said "space of me; known," "I'm after another man, 'from the other end of the room from after, another man, 'from the other end of the room - could one for to space me known, I believe "space of last - start!" "I'll say, 'fancifully says me, could not be more a part of, from me, any others, neighbors, newspapers, magazines, advertising, but to be, a newspaper, as I say, I that that eye full, in my library to want to the steady looking, it always makes a part of me,

Very your obsequious friend
W. Whitman Bailey

fusion of Democratic promises,"
Later in the day came your ex-
planatory chart - and now I find
my way through the maze of lines
without difficulty. In the group there is
a correspondent and namesake of mine,
Charles Bailey of Manchester.

And one thing is lacking to make
the group complete - viz, the seaming
face of W.D. in our corner.

I cannot thank you enough for
their thought and truly valuable
gift. Nothing could thrill me more, in
the language of a typical opera "How
did you come to do it?" Does it not stag-
ger you to look on all that wealth of
talent? If only we could (a la alcohol)
"steal away their brains" I shall re-
main your debtor for many a day, in
my exuberance I want to poke you in the
side and drop into the "old fell" style
of address. I am appalled and char-
grined that my young relative's lineage
is long. I feel that some influences
are thrust at fault with him, as well
as Canadian back woodsian, I am
not in favor of annexation, - but I do
believe in "manifest destiny". If they
get high up there Uncle Sam will have
to shake 'em, but I don't want any closer
relations, if my nephew stays too long, but

his art; a snub or two will do him
good. I think, indeed, I see a little
improvement, but he is, I know too well,
inconsiderate. It was to help him
in good example - that I gave him a
letter to you, (but you must feel no obli-
gation to entertain him, He has, I fear
given it, at times been too much for my
wife and myself, I think he is apt to
consider civilities as his inherent
right, not as gentle attention's reward.
His ideas have not always met my ap-
proval - but I have had no talk with
him, and my letter is simply unap-
proachable, and his own sworn, So per-
haps will I be about mine!

Dear old Whit! he seemed
so well and jolly again today, full of
his fun, and with his impossi-
ble face seaming with winsome mis-
chief. They too, in almost her exact simi-
self again, the most bubbly and lovable
of all the maids - who are taken to the
Master's knee. I run myself in their
bath. Tomorrow is the day of prayer
for colleges, when they have a similar
day for professors, I shall visit a
special class in my Lottery (a thing
Baptists - I'm bet, don't have), to bring it
myself; at present I feel as if my
better days might be spent in the
Soldier's Home. I have your Carex on my
mind, at present it is with me going.

Providence, Feb 3^d, 1890.

There was a fine fellow named Deane,
A botanical sharper, I ween,
He struck terra firma -
And cried "flaccosperma,
Thy label's complete now, I ween!"

Here it is; in Gray Herb. } No. I,
in Gray's }
sheets.

Plantae Texanae.

No 744.

Carex flaccosperma, Dewey
Wet woods, Houston, April 12.
Eastern Texas, Coll. Elmer Hall, 1872.

(No 2, in Gray). Same
from Louisiana.
Hall, legit.

Comm. by J. C. Porter.

Both ~~two~~ these are included with one, apparently the
same, marked "*Carex grisea*, Wahl. B. mutica
C. flaccosperma, Dewey.
Hall, legit. Red River, Louisiana.

No 6 Cushing St., Providence, Feb 15, 1890.

My Dear Deane,

Your valentine in the shape of Bailey's useful key to the picture, arrived today, Mary thanks for it. You are piling Pelion upon Ossa, to what shall I do to properly express my obligations,

The picture continues to excite interest and envy. I go, like the Cozar of Russia, in chain chemise, but I feel fairly despatched with by the coroner. Mr W. W. Mason, who is the best microscopist in these parts (Goodale will confirm my words), desires me to ask you when he can secure a copy? He will gladly pay all expenses, I find in a paper of Chas Bailey relating to Dr Gray, almost two years ago, that he even then refers to the picture as famous. I do wish, though, they had recalled old Hooker and made him see.

The last two nights I have spent on the new Manual, I have written a notice of it for the Independent, but no doubt some sharp is ahead of me, so it may never see light. I suppose only field pictures will equal all the novelties of the Revised edition,

I am gratefully, and prayerfully, laying out for you a
lot of duplicates; one thing and another, ~~as usual~~
Green says, "if you don't like 'em, throw 'em out o'
minkus". Have you seen a little book Ellswege's "Gar-
den's Story", It is quite fresh and nice, though often I
disagree violently with the author.

I have an article in this week's Independent
on the "Natural Defences of Plants"; an old story to the
initiated, but fun to the universal, so we it means
the practical part of domestic, these do I lack as
bear did soldiers, My cresses are in flower; not an
unusual thing; I have earlier dates, but what is green,
is that all my prinzips are in bud, As long as the
wind is howling, I have troublesome doubts as to their
ultimate development.

Ex cathedra herbarii.

I shine

W. Whitman Bailey,
P. S. We have again had a sick time of it, my children
are not yet all right, though up and about the house,
I myself have been laid out 2 nights and one whole
day this week, Bradford Torrey "allows" that he doesn't
know W.D., but he'd like to, I asked him to join me in a trip
to Woburn Pond this summer, Hunt and I are Cicconi,

Providence, Feb 27, 1890.

My Dear Deane,

When you laughed "Ho!
ho!" in your recent letter at the
mere suggestion of my sending you
duplicate plants, was it in joy or
derision? If the latter, I shall have
with substitute Chenopodia for every
rare and precious plant, and leave
the whole lot unpossessed! Heavens!
be the gods my - when create, Bless
their sweet hearts! to think they
should ever yield to such equivo-
cal impulse, after the classic example
of Juno! My excursions are well
and sunny - thank you! How are
you? A letter from West Point, N.Y.,
tells me that over a week ago, Carl
(Prof) Mercur, brought in a bunch
of flowering Hepatica from the base
of Lewis West, Home land? Does
it not warm the cochlea of your
little heart? Why on that happy
day - Tuesday was it? I found myself
reality growing credulous. The miracle
of Lourdes, or a mind-cure tract
might almost have passed with us.

I have Dring's orthology. Did you get a view of this tropical glow down in your sub net?

Now, to answer your last letter. My own impression is, that in the absence of direct heirs, the memorial case had best be kept in some way at Harvard; this I presume that it can be rendered as easy. A lot of choice silver is a temptation to me, and I should like to know that this was safe. Next to Harvard, I should choose the Boston Fine Arts Gallery - as the fitting depository, a package letter got, the National History Society. After all, you see, my notion's no rotten one, and of little value, but I feel very grateful to Miss Gray for convincing me at all in the matter. I hate, however, to think of my old friend as looking after to the net.

For that matter, though, we all are, I suppose, least Saturday, the 22^d was my 47th milestone, and I shall hardly duplicate it. George's Janes Russell; W. W.!!! Here's a

bro for you! Well is it, that the chess board, and the big guns Larry, and the flap were. I shall shall we see that like. The descent - my scale, too, is so pretty - G. T. W. - quite a sympathy! Don't let my infant nephew walk away with you, or talk you to death.

Keep Bradford Torrey in mind - and he will buy Worles's Pond this summer. Almost as I try again to think of such a jolly day, plant-hunting, wet feet, (dry one off again!) - hungry; jolly lunch, "heat pie + + he knows the lady as made it" - a good drink of lemon water; a vesicular full; gurgling water, pines, jokers, grapes, cranberries (especially the latter). Glass a pulchritudine day for you, "Such Carbs, Pip, old fellows" and it is written we shall have in. Always

and ever
thine

W. W. B.

Providence, May 30, 1890,

My Dear Deane,

After turning out with the G. A. R. for Memorial Day, and mending mills, I am hardly ready for a very heavy or funny letter.

Best love; like yourself, too, I long for vacation. I hope to spend it with my little family at Balthamwood Beach near here. Had hoped to go on the Board of Visitors to West Point, but Prof. Harrison evidently preferred another fellow. I never did care for the spirit of Vitia, when high and acid!

My paper went off with the usual conventional compliments in N.Y. Among people, those Columbia's! Entirely wrong, I didn't hear a good word of any body, unless Eaton, this side of the Metropolis. The criticism of the Manual is in keeping, but I imagine Watson can stand it. I don't know when I was so trashed the hard way, but I had to smile, and grin, & be a villain, for I was guest. But I felt justified.
(Ha! Ha! - - - - -) yours
Jusell

arrives all the time. (How'd we I, or two?
 Better spelling?)

My old enemy sticks to me, like sin, or
 the conventional mother-in-law. My Luke's
 lately had chicken-pox, and now has colds.
 Mrs Bailey is well, and joins me in tender
 regards to him of the Strawberry marsh,
 they long but, but never-forgotten Chummy;
 Thine -

W. W. Bailey

P.S. See "My Violets" in last
 week's Independent, You'll like 'em!

Ballymoola - R. I. July 7, 70

Dear Deane, I believe I owe you a letter, but am not certain of your whereabouts, and hence send this agent - courier, Please reply. Here I am by the "much assuming sea", with plantina shy view, sea-scope, and tottering. Also, with my old neck-pain, be hanged to it! Hurrah for Botany - and Prof Andrews. At my request Bennett is made Curator of Herbarium. Without my request my wages "in viz", and Prof Burpura comes as assist to Pughard and myself. We have a chance, too, of better quarters. So you will perceive that the sack of the tightness is not freshen. In early June my little whist was so ill that he never expected to save him, may he had needed - and with him it went to Lewis. Both are now well - and turned to the color of Chestnut, Benedict's Tale; Tale! Tongue wire! June - Baker. W. W.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

Walter Deane - Esq.

Jaffrey -
N. H.



Buttwoods. P.S.
July 22, 1890

Dear Deane,
I am informed by one
in authority, one well up on all
the latest Anglo-Yarber fuba, that
I must not say "my Deer" to an
intimate, and never, no never, write
"Yma only." All of which is aside from
the purport of this letter, which is the
aspiration of the sea for the Cream moun-
tains. Lord! how I should like to be
with you, culling simples, watching the
clouds, forgetting school, escap'd from
fiery duns. After all, this is what
my life here. I am practically camping
out, while Mrs Bailey and the tot,
and the grandparents inhabit a little
cottage, I am a woman, and dwell in
a small wot house. My shirt is just
big enough to hold me, my hat, a stove
for hot weather, and a writing table,
Yea. I have my collecting material,
magnifying glass and a few books,
what books have I? well, impium
Grain much-be-damned (by Britton),
new Manual; Darwin's Voyage of the
Beagle; Burleigh's Gardens of the Sun;
Gibber's Origin of Life, Walter Besant's Ar-

moral of Loqueness, Emerson's Guide
to Sea-side Life; odd numbers of
Nature, Garden and Forest, Army &
My Journal etc, You see I am quite
catholic, if not theological.

On my wall are various prints a
proper and most apropos, called
from the Art Amateur and Harper's
Journal of Civilization and Progress, I
have a tin horn - with which to trouble
the formalism school, in case a strong
opposite should disturb me a night,
I read, I write, I dream, A death watch
ticks in my wall, Early in the morn-
ing little birds hop on my roof. In
the silence of the night I often hear
the keening on the shore, or the wailing
for white on the Bay. My recollection is
a coming of cross. I sometimes must say
day; am laying in a raft of R. I,
things for the exchange heap of
College. It seems funny to come back
to my old loves, *Chrysothrix*, *Poleston*,
Utricularia cornuta etc, I also pull
Cattalpas for toilet, also, like two Po
Pope him, has developed a young
cruze for these serpentine creatures of
a day, His whole talk is of Danais,
Pieris, Colona, Argynnis, Graphis, etc,

My help, the dear Tom Bug! Proth
the children are true as the mite
of Coughlin or Castovan, I myself often
take a dip in the Bay, It is delicious
bath, as if heated up on purpose.
By the way, a little country girl told
me the other day that her mother did
not let her go in at high tide. "The
messing tide being a blessing; the
outgoing carries it away." This in the
19th century, almost the 20th and
when the Universal Peace and Gen-
eral Pop and Disper Societ is in session
in London! "A man thing is nature!"

A story is going the rounds of
the papers; how much there is in it
I don't know - but Brown is to have
a new \$500,000 Technical School!
Send that if may be so!

When you climb the mighty
Hellslop or any other pursuit, pray
think of me, much do I long for my
Deane, Parker etc "my" I thought; one
must not in any way - descend to so
spooney a level, A true old pronoun!

Thine

W. W. Bailey

Poem in this week's Independent - "The Least Thank",
Read it,

Oct. 1890

Buttonwoods-sur-Corvett,
Warwick, Kent Co., R. I.

Go to, Dear Deane, go to! Do you suppose
you can outdo me by piling Cassa on Pelion
and talking of Lobelia cardinalis up in the
middle of New Hampshire? Did I not, only yester-
day see whole regimental regiments of it right
here in little Rhode? Go to!

Well! I am glad to hear from you despite
your hyperbole of expression, and general
tendency to pile it on. I am ready to pardon any
thing in a Bostonian after the great reception.
They gave us of the G. A. R., this week, Yea!
I was in that big procession, and never in
my life enjoyed anything more. I tell you it
was inspiring - the march, Rees's band,
and the universal ovation, then, to think that
I was 39,999th man in that parade of
40,000 real old vets! Bah! bah! By Jove!
they were a splendid lot of boys; I was proud

of them. To end up a good week, my friend
General Veasey was elected Commander-in-
Chief - and I am happy.

Aren't you, about this time, just longing
for school to begin? Don't you itch to apply
the female? urge to turn up the small top?
I find that I can hardly restrain my in-
terference to be explaining to gaping Freshmen
the recumbent elements of Botany. A dissem-
ing, evolution cuts me up. Nothing could tempt
me longer to toll in hammocks, to gather
posies, to read novels, to dream dreams, to
sport with my little ones. Ah! no! work is all
that I seeh - "cursed energy" eggs me on!
You know how 'tis yourself, you say, Do not
the best grades of recreation hang high
above your vulgar aspirations? Go to!
Adieu, it's a long rule -
From Bailey (W. W.) -

Sophomore Botany.

Reading List. No. I.

180-91.

1. Macmillan. *H*, The Beginnings of Life.
2. De Candolle Origin of Cult. Plants.
3. Grant Allan, Flowers & their Pedigrees.
4. Henslow. Origin of Floral Structure.
5. Weissman. Heredity.
7. Geddes. Origin of Sex.
8. Darwin. Movement in Plants.
9. Darwin. Climbing Plants.
10. Sachs's Lectures Veg. Phys.
11. Vines. " " " "
12. Goodale. Veg. Phys. (Vol. II. Gray's
Text-book)
13. Linnaeus. Philosophia Botanica.
14. " " Lachesis Lapponica^d or. Journey
in Lapland.
15. Grisebach. Vegetation der Erde.
16. Masters Vegetable Teratology.
17. Bailey L. H. Talks Afield.
18. Kerner. Flowers and their Unbidden
Guests.
19. Darwin. Insectivorous Plants.
20. Himalayan Journals.

Themes.

Sophomores in Botany.

1. Roots: their positions mode of growth, usual and less frequent functions.

References.

- Goodale, Prof G. L, Phys. Bot. (2d Vol. Cray's Text book) Page 106.
Gray, Prof Asa. Bot. Text - book. Vol I. page 106.
Bessey. Prof C. E. Essentials of Botany. Page 63.
" " " " " Larger Botany.
Henfrey's , Botany - Page 14.
Oliver. Prof Daniel. Elementary Bot.
Sachs. Prof J. Von. Bot. Text-book.
" " " " Lectures on Veg. Phys.
Vines. Prof " " " " ,
De Bary - Prof Anton. Camp. anatomy of Phanerogams and Ferns. Page 315.
Strasburger. Mic. Botany. Page 129. 1
Goebel's Morphology
Le Maout and De Caisne's Treatise on Bot.

Darwin, Chs. Movement in Plants.

" " " Earthworms and Veg moulf.

2. Carnivorous Plants.

References.

Darwin, Chs. " Carnivorous Plants"

Sachs Text-book of Botany.

" " " " " Veget. Phys.

Gray's Bot Text-book. Vols I. II.

2. Reports of Ann. ASS. Adv. of Science. Vol. Nature. Vol.

Vines's Veg. Phys. Page.

Gray. Prof Asa. How Plants Behave.

3. Climbing Plants.

Darwin. Chas. "climbing Plants"

" " " " " Movement in Plants.

Sach's Veg Phys. Page.

4. Early Days of Botany.

Sachs History of Botany

Figuiex's Veg world.

Biographie Universelle. Art. Tournefort

" " " " " Art. Dioscorides.

Nov 9 1890

Dear Sir,

Inclosed please find
invoice of goods in hand, to be
delivered C. O. D. Soliciting your further
orders, and with sentiments of disting-
uished regard, I am Sir,

Most respectfully

W. W. Bailey
for Brown, Bosc & Co.

All orders promptly attended to,

December 27th 1890

Walter,

Dean of the Botanical Chapter,
explorer of Conway, and the heights
of New Hampshire, dweller in darkest
Suffolk, all hail and greeting! Please unto
you - and much fat cattle, milk, kase,
and the fermentat juice of the grape! May
you posterly be as the sands of the sea
in number, yea, as to multitude, like the
ovules of Nivestium! Many and hearty
thanks for your counterfeit presentment,
so horridly like myself when in rig, as my
Hessel two-thirds implies. Do you know
I have an idea! If ever I get out a new
edition of my Guide, as I sometimes threaten,
I think I shall put this photog of yourself
as frontispiece, introduction, and preface.
You face beams like the disk of the
moon in Ramadan. As an old German
here used to say "Never saw I in Providence
so face happy, damn!" By the by, and a

² profess, my wife, her Assistant, and my-
self, are this winter studying German, ab-
initio. I too, took up my French again, but
I have only scraps of time to put into it,
and my proficiency is no longer active,
or my tissues meristematie, Turig?

Pitt Andrews, who is a "Prestler", has
my down for a course of twelve lessons
in his new University extension scheme. I
begin at Pawtucket early in January, and
am promised \$100 for my efforts. Of
course you have heard of the, so-for,
unexplained, disappearance of our Professor
Bancroft. It is a most unmeaning thing.
Dead or alive, his exit is weird. How
unpleasantness supposed to be at bottom
of it all. "The Crime is a little meaner"
but — You know the rest of it. One
had you inspection, and when found
make a note on. As Horace Walpole
says — "Give human nature scope, it can
still be sublimely abominable".

The appointment of Morse to Columbia
is great. My colleague Bennett is be-
ginning a big work here, an economic
exhibit, namely of all woods, fruits, seeds,
famines, products, he can raise. The Pres

3.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Ha! ha! English Herabty,

Looks as ~~if~~ ^{if} we are filling our small
 quarters so full, that we will have to
 have new and ampler ~~quarters~~ ^{apartments}, I fear
 their coming - while yet I breathe this ¹⁸⁹
 phlogisticated air. If you have any
 syzygite products, or can locate any
 Philanthropist to send us such, we will
 set you dollars. Be you of Rhode-
 Island ~~and~~ ^{and}, you are sending coals (ex-
 cellent, however) to Newcastle, he can, in
 Kingston, beat all New Hampshire or
 than. My "swellst" Christmas gift, was
 sent by Col. Lo. R. Bliss, W. S. A., from
 Fort Bayard, New Mex. It is a stalwart
 case of *Cereus giganteus*, surmounted
 with an elegant carved handle of the
 new miracle Rieselite. Now I have it,
 as Punch says, "I hope I may live up to
 it", he had, on Xmas-eve, a beautiful
 tree, in which I saw see the angelic
 choir formed with delight, in their
 presence from Hallelujah and Hallelujah
 And to see the children? Such carols!
 There was a large family party, and
 the "presents were numerous and costly".

4. My wife took me by surprise by
some elegant photos of herself, and I
think you will allow she is ornamented.
Little Whit has lost the main part
of his golden mop, but he is a dear
old beauty still. As to May, she is the
sweetest, cuddliest, snug-up-cuddler,
Coziest, little mädchen in all the
Union! You should see her with her
fourteen dolls! But I leave, what does
another care for my swans? Pax to can
and a happy New Year, increased pay,
and diminished work, expanded fligh-
acteries, coupons innumerable, and dis-
tributed to men New Hampshire
emergencies - to you in 1891!

I send you a bit of "rod", "Make
Fisher say 'rod'" - like the Marchioness
with her Corn feet, and almost will
you see the high ways - and know that
you love - or ought to,

I have a Chamberlain's big mind to
run down and see you next week, but
the muse may delay - and may miserr
Thine ever -
W. Whitman Bailey

Cushing's Lt.

Providence, Jan 11, 1891

Dear Friend,

I have not sent you a send-off for the Year, Here it is, I look towards you, and town!

Mr Bennett, our Curator, and myself, are desiring of adding to our rapidly growing exhibit of vegetable products, we want to so fill our present limited quarters as to compel a new building, Can you in any way help me to seeds, fruits, wood-sections, fibres, drugs, fabrics - any and every thing vegetal, Pray bear us in mind, we must have a new building, The President is in full sympathy with us, Among other things Mr Bennett has already put up in uniform bottles - over 1000 seeds, fine for embryologic study, He is beginning to arrange them by orders

What's new
Jan 11

Archie

Constance

Doylecham

Of course I was delighted with the pictures; I only poked a little fun at you about the Rhododendron - as we claim that R. S. Pesta the whole North on it, Clams, green-corn, turkeys and Rhododendron, are our "staple production," as the geographers teach in my dear old 50s, used to say, by the by - on Feb 22 next, I attain the ripe age of 48, - so many cycles have passed over my youthful brow. The last ten numbers of Nature have been full of botanical matter of much interest, Do you see them? What is heard of Goolala? I suppose he will return laden with wives of Australasia. I wish I had his rare opportunity, Over Harvard send any one to the Javanian exhibit!

Next Wednesday eve - at 8 o'clock (at which time our pro mihi!) I begin my lessons in the Univ Extension course at Pawtucket. I give 12 lessons and will receive \$100.00

On the whole - my health is better than for several years. It has been a glorious winter - and it makes me buoyant to think of the cheapening of cock-tails, claret cup, coddles, and all the snob's coolers in which I indulge so extravagantly.

To - ta!
Your little friend
Whitney Bailey

January 31 1891

Dear Deane, How are all at the Deanery? For the past week I have been hearing a "demonstration" at the examinations, I attended six Freshmen, three of whom are crabs and the others careful. One man has contributed "sideral presentation" to the kinds hitherto recognized by science. I also learn that "poly-petala" means "without petals".

"Bracts" - mark you "are the parts of a plant that when the outer covering falls off of the leaves grow out of them".

"A compound pistil is one having two or more pistils".

"When a flower prolongs the stem by flowering it is said to be indeterminate!"

Very, I should think!

"Lancea serve as a protection to the young flower." The question was as to their function. Another function is

"to catch the moisture or rain, to shade the plant". O shade of St Pierre! who himself was fanciful enough. But my English

must miss twice, I am moribund & expect momentarily to hear the passing bell and mine Adiutis!

Just as I was going into the hall to give my first Lecture at Pawtucket the other night, I fell over a little step in the yard, alighting on the tip end of my quignus fingers of the left hand, during the rail back nearly half a mile! I wittled in, however, cracked a joke or two, and then found I was going to faint, I crawled into the cloak room where some Samaritans soon came to help me, but alas! - and stupidly, did not pour in mine, Although in Test Tib and Sunday Auchen, I lay on my back on the floor till I could walk. I then got up, and went through the Lecture grandly. But didn't I pray for it? How I got back to Paw I hardly know, but I shall never forget my night in Feb. "I would not pass another such a night?" I thought Long experience had made me familiar with pain, but there are depths and resources of anguish possible to the quick of the finger beyond any wildest imaginings. After holding out two days - the pain re-acted on my old neck and sent me to bed, Narcotic has

Kept up ever since, then a little business transaction upset me, and then the examinations, I showed 189 like to go to Jamaica and leave all the behind, Aw Contrain, the dear wife and Louie's takes as well, thank God! my furnace is mental, the coal-train full, and water-tap fixed. The idea of having to pump for blessed water!

Bennett is filling our rooms so full of boxes, drugs, files, bottles of seeds etc, that every one says "you need more room!" Now send on the Astor, or Clark, or Vandertilt, or Shantaul Oil fellow - and build us a lab and museum! Morong's appointment to Columbia is tip-top.

Come and see us! Do!
Your acrobatic friend -
W. Whitman Bailey -

BROWN CORPORATION,

Highest of all in Leaving Form

ADJOURNED MEETING IN UNIVERSITY HALL YESTERDAY.

Annual Report of Pres. Andrews—Review of the Work of the Year.

An adjourned meeting of the Corporation of Brown University was held in University Hall yesterday at 9:30 o'clock. The minutes reported by the President, Dr. F. B. Andrews, was read.

Since the last meeting of this body only one member of the Corporation has died, Rev. Daniel Leach, D. D. He graduated from this University in the class of 1830, and studied theology two years at the Andover Theological Seminary. After reviewing the chief events in the life of Dr. Leach in eulogistic terms, Dr. Andrews referred to his administrative and scholarly ability and his kind-heartedness and devotedness to the Alma Mater. The report recommended that leave of absence be granted to Professor Almon W. C. Pond at the coming academic year. Such vacations have often been granted heretofore, but there has never yet been a year of them. The following enactment was recommended: That when any gentleman has served the University as a professor for six consecutive years, whether an assistant, associate or full professor, or partly in one of these grades and partly in another or the other way, and if he chooses to leave for the next, or seventh year, a leave of absence on half salary.

The absence of professors, of course, involves at the time some detriment to the work of the University, but this, it is believed, will be more than offset on the whole, by the addition which the privilege would make to the accomplishments of those availing themselves of the same. The number of students the past year has been decidedly larger than ever before. Three hundred and fifty-eight were in attendance at first half year, three hundred and fifty-four the second.

One hundred and sixty-four candidates for the degree of Master of Arts, and the remainder in residence. Of the undergraduate students during the year, one hundred and fourteen were in courses for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, fifty-four in courses for that of Bachelor of Philosophy.

Dr. Andrews briefly touched upon the work of the students which, although perhaps as good as at any previous time, are a large number who to their loss and achieve splendid results. A great enlargement of this class and a benefit to the college community in general will probably result from the presence of the graduates seeking critical investigations. The faculty have also displayed unwearying zeal.

Large preparations for the examination marks nearly our whole teaching force. Much literary and scientific writing has been done by members of our faculty. Especially nice references be made to the amount of loyal feeling for the University, aside from many, has been done by so many, making the catalogue and the annual directory, and the new buildings which are being completed. The announcement of the completion of the new buildings by the Philadelphia Alumni Association have also undertaken to raise \$10,000 for the same.

G. A. R. fellowships was also made. The Philadelphia Alumni Association have also undertaken to raise \$10,000 for the same. The report of the committee on the weather bureau, which will probably amount to about \$500, be made in a library fund. No other of the many needs of the University is at present so pressing.

The report of the committee on the detailed facts concerning the agricultural fund. In regard to University Extension, Dr. Andrews spoke enthusiastically, and an opportunity was given to increase the fund and increase by his extra fees.

Dr. Andrews also spoke of the need of the Lincoln fund, and the need of the Lincoln fund, and the need of the Lincoln fund.

The report of the committee on the need of the Lincoln fund, and the need of the Lincoln fund, and the need of the Lincoln fund.

The report of the committee on the need of the Lincoln fund, and the need of the Lincoln fund, and the need of the Lincoln fund.



be ready for use by the opening of the college year.

During the summer the east end of Rhode Island has been entirely renovated and Prof. Jenks will fit it up as an anthropological museum, defraying the expense on his own pocket. It was voted by the corporation to name this the Jenks Museum of Zoology, as a memorial of the generous donor. The vacancy in the corporation caused by the death of Rev. Daniel Leach was not filled at 4 P. M. The body adjourned to convene again at the regular meeting in September.

Entrance Examinations at Brown,

The entrance examinations to Brown University were held yesterday, and will be continued to-day. The number in attendance is rather small, one taking the finals for the B. P. course and three for the A. B. course. There are nine taking their preliminaries. The number taking the examinations is no criterion by which to judge the class of next year, for all the best preparatory schools enter students on certificates. Dr. Andrews considers the outlook for the entering class very favorable, and only yesterday morning said that it will undoubtedly be a large one.

Gender Colby of New York, Treasurer of the Lincoln Fund, has presented some very interesting statistics in connection with that fund. The total amount is \$200,477 33, made up of 292 subscriptions from the annual and 77 subscriptions from friends of the college. The class of 1894 has the largest number of individual subscribers, 10. The class of '93 ranks first, amounting to amount of subscription, \$19,050. The largest subscription was \$12,000.

The book box has not yet a very good sale, between 400 and 500 having been disposed of.

F. G. Cressley of the graduating class intends to spend the summer at Block Island, and in September will return to his home in Los Angeles, Cal.

It was recommended that the extension of University teaching into the larger communities of and near Providence be adopted as a department of the work of Brown University, and that certificates be given to members of the faculty engaged in it, subject to the condition that they first fully and faithfully discharge their college duties. It being understood and provided that the University is to be put to no expense whatever for any of these purposes, and that the Advisory and Executive Committee recommend that Wilfred Harold Munro be made Associate Professor of History in the Extension, having from the University no salary for the latter function. Mr. Munro is admirably adapted for this office. A Rhode Islander, graduated from Brown University in the class of 1870, he has had many years of experience in teaching and in responsible school management. He has travelled much, and knows this State well, and is a lively speaker and teacher.

Dr. Andrews also discussed the advisability of establishing co-education in connection with the University. At the recommendation of the faculty, printed in 1878 to examine the feasibility of this movement, the faculty has prepared a scheme by which women might be admitted to college examination and receive certificates of proficiency. The conditions embodied in the faculty's report are as follows: First—They shall make the entrance examinations at the same times and places and under the same conditions as young men. Second—The advanced examinations they shall take at the college. Third—in order to be admitted to advanced examinations, candidates must have passed all the entrance examinations and all examinations which cover the work of previous terms; but candidates may present certificates in place of entrance examinations, subject to the same conditions as regards the young men. Fourth—the subjects for women's examinations, when not identical with those in the courses of instruction given in college, shall be cases closely correspond to them. Fifth—For an entire course of entrance examinations shall advance entrance examinations shall cost \$10. For any extra examinations the fee shall be at the rate of \$20 per subject. Reports of the students will be given after all examinations. Upon the satisfactory completion of any course of study, candidates will receive certificates of their attainments.

The corporation adopted the recommendation of the President in regard to the University extension.

The report of the Treasurer Arnold B. Chase shows a balance of \$129,904 20 in his possession. The funds of the University have, during the year, been largely increased by the John Larkin fund, of which \$26,406 73 has been paid in. If to this sum is added the value of the land given to the Messrs. A. B. South Manchester, Conn. the total \$100,000 has been raised. Another source of income is the gift of the late John Nicholas Brown of \$1200 toward the salary of the Assistant Professor of Latin for the next four years. The most notable increase of income of the common fund has come from term bills falling from the greater number of students. There have amounted in the last year to \$43,349 31, against \$35,226 52 in the previous year, and \$20,244 less six years ago.

This increase has been offset by the increase in the salaries of the officers and other running expenses of the college. Owing to the increase in the common fund, the Treasurer recommended having a permanent office of the Treasurer and a salary.

The corporation voted to increase the tuition from \$100 to \$110.

At a body adjourned to the University Hall, where a convocation was served.

The corporation proceeded with the regular business. Ten new professors and instructors were appointed. Charles E. Johnson, who graduated from Brown University in 1875, will be called to the chair of class.

to the same conditions which apply to young men. Fourth—The subjects for women's examinations, when not identical with those in the course of instruction given in college, shall in all cases closely correspond to them. Fifth—For an entire set of entrance examinations or of advanced examinations, each candidate shall pay \$10. For any extra examinations the fee shall be at the rate of \$20 per set. Reports of proficiency will be given after all examinations. Upon the satisfactory completion of any course of study, candidates will receive certificates of their attainments.

The corporation adopted the recommendation of the President in regard to University extension.

The report of Treasurer Arnold B. Chase shows a balance of \$103,904.20 in his possession. The funds of the University have, during the year, been largely increased by the John Larkin Lincoln fund, of which \$95,406.73 has been paid in. It is to this sum is added the value of the land given by the Messrs. Cheney of South Manchester, Conn., the full \$100,000 has been raised. Another source of income the last year has been the gift of John Nicholas Brown of \$1200 toward the salary of the Assistant Professor of Latin for the next four years. The most noticeable increase of income of the common fund has come from term bills arising from the greater number of students. These have amounted in the last year to \$43,349.21, against \$35,226.85 in the previous year, and \$20,248.72 six years ago. This increase has been offset by the increase in the salaries of the officers and other running expenses of the college.

Owing to the increase in the common fund, the Treasurer recommended having a permanent office of the Treasurer and a salaried Treasurer.

The corporation voted to increase the tuition from \$100 to \$110.

At 1 p. m. the body adjourned to University Hall, where a collation was served.

The corporation convened again at 2 o'clock, and proceeded with the regular business. Four new professors and instructors were appointed: Charles F. Bennett, who graduated from Brown University in 1878, will be called to the chair of classical philology, which will be a new department in the Brown curriculum. He is at present at Wisconsin University, where he holds a high position. H. P. Manning of the class of 1883 was made an instructor in mathematics. Prof. Wilfred H. Munro of the class of 1870 will be associate professor of history and director of university extension. Mr. Munro is ex-President of De Vaux College, New York, and has been studying in Germany the last year. Edward B. DeLamarre will be associate professor of psychology. Mr. DeLamarre graduated from Amherst in 1880, and since that time has been studying his specialty under prominent professors in this country and abroad; Adrian Scott of the class of 1870, instructor in German; Augustus T. Swift, instructor in German; J. M. Manly, who was called to Brown from Harvard the first of this year, was made associate professor of the English language and literature; Walter M. Saunders, instructor in chemistry; George G. Wilson, '86, instructor in social science; Odis E. Randall, associate professor of mathematics and civil engineering; F. T. Guild of the class of 1890, who has been instructor in chemistry this year, was made registrar.

The faculty report on the granting of certificates to women after passing certain examinations was referred to a committee which will report upon it at the regular meeting of the corporation in September. At that time it will be made a special order of business.

The Land Grant Fund was disallowed and it was understood that the committee on this question should act with full power in this matter, and should decide upon the disposition of the fund.

As to Hope College, it was voted to proceed at once with the renovation of the whole building. The plans were submitted to the inspection of the members of the corporation. Work will be begun immediately, so that the dormitory may

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My Dear Dean,

I inclose an extract from
the Brown news in the "Boston
Budget" which is simply phenomenal
in its blundering - Here surely is
the champion idiot; he ought
to vote the Democratic ticket and
I presume does. I need not say that
it was in 1867 that Mr Watson
joined us - that Dr Gray was
was not Elisha - and that we
were somewhat south of the 14th
parallel! I've seen the time, when
for a less matter that reporter's
life would have been in danger.
Now, now, so poor to do me
reverence! In all humility

Your true friend
Briley

Providence Mar 31. 1841-

P.S! Dear me. I forgot Dr Gray
in command of the Expedition. Do
hold me, 200. ebody!

April 25 1891

How are you, young man? Give
an account of yourself -- say why
sentence of death should not at
once be pronounced upon you? Will
you take the trustful boat of Columbus,
or the electric chair of King-King?
April! I send herewith a few draw-
ings for your edification, I hope you
can answer the questions better than
did the Cop. This morning I had some
"pupae" from New Jersey, I wish it grew
here, Yesterday we rec'd a big melon
cactus, and a section of *Cereus* from
New Mexico, they were so long on
the way that they took (and stung
and 's - k) like dead muleskin,

Yours confidently
W. W. Bailey

May 12th 1891

My Dear Deane,

I had not heard of poor Goodale's affliction till your note - and I grieve for him. I will try to tell him how much he is especially affectionate in his nature - and how proud of Kitty - who, I suppose is the one who died. I recall her as a very bright and promising girl. I too was in N. Y. during my Easter recess. It would have been funny had I run afoul of you, but I avoided shop, and saw neither the Brittons nor Morong, nor anything floral, except flowers.

I found that Bennett knew of and had ordered the revised manual. Now send me on a flexible covered and interleaved copy!

I hope to spend six weeks from May 18 - at Sakonnet Point, Little Compton, R. I. It is said to be fine!

I have never seen them, I recall that
Largent picked up some new
things (for the region), near there,
May such smile on me!

A week ago to-morrow night
I dined in Boston with the Local
Legion - at the American Hotel, How-
den St. We had a big time, I
was a great mercy - as I am not
eligible to membership, having several
only in the ranks, Bennett is raising
a fine lot of things for an occasion
in botanical museum, Please
bear this in mind and help us
when you can. *Nallum vegetabilium
alium est, fues!* though I'm
doubtful of my Latin.

Yes! that *Lochner* of
Pollexia is fine - apparently,
I have not studied with it; but,
after all, is the crucial test.

Am no letter, but I hope no
worse, and I am always

Very cordially yours
William Whitman Bailey

My Dear Dean,

I meant to give the address of Noyes & Cobb for the portrait, My train ran me off to
Dorchester, Softening food!

W. W. B.,

Providence, M 15, 1891,



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Esq
5 Brewster Place
Cambridge
Mass

Dear Dear

You may like to take
your wife to see the portrait
of my ^{3rd} ~~be~~ at Dodsie's, when
it is on exhibit; painted by
C. Walt Nelson. Go and see it,
The artist has given it to me.
So, with the original, I am well
set up.

Ta! ta!

Your friend
Bailey, W. W.

Providence, Nov 11, 1891

Providence, June 20, 1891

My Dear Deane,

"Your esteemed favor"
is at hand, "contents noted",
and I hasten to reply that I
have need of a "line" of the
same goods, viz vacation. Do you
know, if it were not for the cost
I would run down either to Q. B. K.,
or Commencement at Harvard.
But I'm as poor as Job's crew
- and couldn't raise enough to
carry me beyond Noansfield.

Both my Colies are barking
with whooping cough - about 3
weeks into it, and we are all
thinking it a much under-estimated
disease. My, a part of
the time, has been seriously ill.
Both of them, now, however, seem
to have "bumped" to the trick of
it, and come up after a spasmodic
(comparatively) tearing.

The Chis may have the secondary effect of estopping us from going to Little Compton, though we hope not. As for me, the phenomenal drop in the temperature has developed in my bones more pains than were known to Coliban, son of Satebas. The mischief of it is, that I was full of sense of work. It is two years since I've touched my herbarium. I am sure than doubtful if I ever can again. In many respects my department is lowing up. Please bear in mind that you can aid us with any respectable exhibits; tree-trunks, fruits, seeds, fibres, drugs, etc. Please tell Goodale of this.

I hear that Barnea is going West again - for heaper, is it so? The Brittons, I believe, have gone over the water; I send

you herewith a report - which may interest you.

I am in such con-
founded pain with my neck
that I shall have to pull up
- not the neck, but my pen.
You'll write this sum-
mer - and if I do so hereafter
with a stub pen, may my right
hand freeze to its cunning! One
might as well use a Linnæus
pole. With regards to Mrs
Deane, Dr. Watson, Goodale,
Barnea, Ganong etc.

Your fellow tourist

W. W. Bailey,

P. S. The smell of burning
resoline, adds to my joy. In
fact I am incensed.

Sep 5th 1891

My Dear Deane,

Yours reached me in Sea
Connet where I have spent the
last six weeks, practically out at
sea. We had fine weather all
the time; indeed, ~~the~~ good, for a
drouth was the result. A more
equable climate I never knew;
a tropical island could not be
more delightful. The air did me
immense good. I am hunger as
the time as a shark or a school
boy. I grumbled every day that passed
and now would like to try
the Congressional trick of putting
back the hand of the clock.
Oho! the 17th of Sept is near as
to what the "demonstrations"
will commence; I have not yet
the resolution to take part in the

Course you do, All good pedagogy
 are supposed to bear vacation,
 but I am out of the elect,
 By the by, I had in the same
 house with me - Mr Collar, Prin-
 cipal of Roxbury Latin School,
 Kennest them? What can
 you tell me of Goodale? I wrote
 him just after you told me of his
 daughter's death, but I never
 had any reply, what chance did
 he have for this presidential ad-
 dress? I did not Botany to speak
 of this summer, President plants
 were Discochloa capillacea, Hypoc-
 otyle umbellata, Mikania decolor,
Callisneria spiralis, Amegallia
 menziesii, Hemizonia etc,
 I spent the whole time in read-
 ing or writing, I did not work
 in the store, and am proud to con-
 fess it, I lost no opportunity to
 neglect a duty, Wife and babies
 are gloriously well - and have as

Geronimo, late of Arizona, Sweet,
oh no! perhaps not! What keeps
up his craze for butterflies, 189
— he is never without his net
and his paper bottle, His whole
business is of *Danaus*, *Pieris*,
Argynnis etc. I do wish I could
get the log into the mountains some
time. There is every prospect of a
trip class at Bryn Mawr, things are
blooming here. I send you the
Preys report, you will see he
smiles on our fair science. In-
deed, who can resist the smiles
of Flora - Hoyle through the net?
I planned to go to look up
lots out in the woods, but a
North-easter disposed when I
sent proposed, the transit glides
Saturday, I found a perfectly
fresh stock of rubbish to make
change on my return, they beat of

Call it at the Post Office, my
 "Henry" mail, when do you re-
 turn to the many-gated Cantata,
 I venture to send this to Joffrey
 to find that you may still be
 cramping under the screwing
 of law of Monarchical.

What a "swarm" of Rhode Is-
 land people were with you! I know
 most of them - and love some,
 Give all my regards and keep
 for yourself a just measure of
 affection.

Yours most kindly
 W. Whitman Bailey

September 12 1891

Dear Deane,

I think of me next but
nearly none. Led reluctant, but
still obliged, to exenter. How!
so young - and so unhappy. Think
of the sorrow, of the captured
peace, the pity's tears, the
marked exenterer, the shock,
the axe, the agonizing struggle,
Ah me! that a righteous life
should thus end, Bear me not
down, I have toiled for my kind
and this is the result. To drop a
marked ghastly figure -
I would perhaps for your sym-
pathetic notice, College begins at
this time, Penitence desired, Count
it all, I have to now write, Lord, I
don't know I could recall so
much of the dead to you of heaven,

I have not at all of the
 Bona's flesh-pots, which to a
 or beside the hill, "my sheep
 with herbs and fruits supplied"
 Your good perogona may turn for
 the harness - Peonua and I
 prefer clove, My Boy, little bit,
 sail today, "Papa, at the end of
 invention" I wish change it was to
 yours" Out of it neither of these
 provideth neither, This immediate
 ancestor cherishes a similar un-
 sorry regret, (Laz! & how!

"It was not change then" but
 a pain as if Philip's inscription
 change in men's head, is not an
 desire to a desire for much brain
 work. Under the impulse of duty, I
 shall, however, no doubt, stem the
 tide, So you know, I think some-
 what of getting at a new edition
 of Bailey's "Collector's Handbook"
 it was a treat - So you know it,
 I had the devil's own trick with
 it, but edition owing to a sort
 of haste, I hope is a better

things. The book had the in-
crease of Gray, Eaton, Goodale,
Baker, Chas Wright etc. Even 189
how it is in constant demand, but
I never asked more than \$25.00
for it and a number of
dramatic and other, 'The Grand
gloria' 'Gloria' I write with a
glorious sketch of huge old Red
beecher trees before me, Lute
but ever splendid. By the way, I
collected yesterday Bretnin's *Leopha*
va magna. The trees were so
big that I could not credit my
own senses. If you alone make a
species, and species have been
created in this valley, you are
a good one. Saw pile of Gold
and potatoes today - and related
and and the delight and
pretty and and and. They
collect me the necessary books

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for my classes. No more such
a case shall I put in on herbium
note. Let the galled jade receive,
my wither, henceforth are we
new; In Christ of Bille, a fine
old fellow, but now give them
your best, send us a few nice
specimens for Tweedie, He writes, in
French, very good, very nice
and amiable, Send us any and
all seeds that you can. Mr Russell
is putting up all American seeds
in bottles, with a view to entomology.
He gives his whole time and thought
to the economic business - and naught
to the herbarium, but at any rate, it is
off my mind, I am only responsible in
the point that I recommended this, He
is a queer stick! Let us hear from
you on the tank of Charles, when the
apple tree comes down to the
shores of Massachusett, "We'll teach
you to drink deep ere you depart,"
(On the steps of the scaffold
You will surely be present
H. N. Bailey)

September 22^d 1891

This from beyond the Styx to
him who dwelleth by Charles-
greeting's; Be good while ye have
yet time, Envy no professor his
salary, Take care of turdsch's,
Avoid sedges, Shun Desmodium,
Skip Potamogeton, Trip lightly
over the grasses, and you may
yet reach these elysian fields.

Ye who are here, mind little
now of the throes of our judicial
number, Could ye abide the time
when all shall meet Cheron at
the brink, Ah friend, if you only
knew our joy, gladly would you
lay your head upon the Fete-
ful neck! Honest vijan, I
have 53 shuttles in Botany;

Whom can I stir up to endow us
and give me new rooms and a
modern equipment? Dr Andrews
is after such a man. So am I.

Yes! I could tire idly, in
the view of holdings, and yet
do mankind rich service. I am
sure of it. Instead - I must, like
Pygmaea, toil in galling harness
or kick my shoes off on the
dash-board - or the devil in it!

But Lord! how eloquent I grew
in Lecture I over the Claims &
advantages of old But! I could
feel the heat of my back bone,
and the "hystericus passio" of a
noble emotion. The tops "rob!
whed!" or rather clapped to the
ceps, and by force, I knew my
"ain sel" that it was good,

Yours ever

Bailez - W. W.

Oct 26th 1891

Dear Deane,

Yes! I have been in a
very Nephitic of a state, sick in
bed every Saturday and Sunday
for three weeks - the last time
with acute typhoid, but cease to it!
For my sin? Perhaps! Well, I have
not lost a single class, though I
had to rouse me from my bed for
two extensive lectures. I have 25
women, God wot, in this same course,
tell me, my girl, why the ♀♀ so
cling to Botany? You speak of
working in your herbarium, happy
man! I have not touched mine for
three years. Is it a shame to
be so lame, when all the same,
there's lots of game, and every day,
her eyes aflame, tries hard to tame
him whose name
is - as ever
Affly yours
W. W. Bailey

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. 1891.-2. LECTURE V.

Saturday, November 14th 1891.

Subject - Compound Leaves

1. They consist of one, several, or many leaflets.
2. The kinds of Composition dependant on the venation of simple Leaves.
3. The degrees of Composition - as.
 - (a) Uni - pinnate
 - (b) Bi - pinnate e t c.,
 - (c) Uni palmate or digitate
 - (d) Bi - palmate etc.
4. Pari - pinnate, Im - pari - pinnate, Cirrose - pinnate.
5. Leaflets described like simple Leaves.
6. Pairs of leaflets known as Juga - hence
 - (a) Uni - jugate pinnate or Binate
 - (b) Bi - pinnate, the pinnae uni - jugate etc.
7. The Rachis, Partial petioles and Stipels,
8. The Decomound and Dissected Leaves.
9. The Expression " Ternate "
10. Palmi - pinnate conditions -
11. Texture, as Mem'anus, Coriaceous, Filmy, Succulent
12. Leaves of Peculiar Conformation - as vertical and Equitant Leaves, Perfoliate and Peltate Leaves.
13. Leaves with no distinction of Blade and Petiole
14. Froids and Thalli -

SURFACE TERMS.

- Glabrous - smooth
Glabrate - nearly smooth
Scabrous - rough to the touch.
Pubescent - soft - hairy or downy
Pulverulent - dusty or powdery.
Glaucous - with waxy bloom.
Setose - bristly
Pilose - hairy - as distinguished from woolly or downy.
Hirsute - beard - like
Floccose - woolly
Arachnoid - webby
Velutinous - velvet
Villous - with long, weak hairs
Sericeous - silky
Tomentose - hoary
Hispid - with scattered stiff hairs
15. Vernation or Praefoliation
Inflexed Reclinate.
Complicate, Plicate, Circinate.
Convolute, Involute, Revolute.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. 1891 - 92.

ELEMENTARY COURSE in BOTANY
LECTURE I.

The Purpose of the Science

Its Power in Education.

Its Relation to Kindred Sciences

A Study which inflicts no pain.

(Ha! ? ?)

An In-expensive pursuit.

The abundance of materials.

Simplicity of Elementary Facts.

Relation to foreign languages.

The technical language of Botany.

Aesthetic aspects of the Science.

Yum, yum!

Extreme finish in Nature.

Friendships of Science.

e.g. Walter Deane

Botany's Relation to the Microscope:

More Practical Objects.

e.g. Insects, microbes!

Relations to Horticulture. Agriculture, Floriculture.

Medicine and Commerce.

Lambago etc

The great influence of Kew Gardens.

Practical work of Botanists. Uses of the Botanic Garden.

Uses of the Herbarium. The Scope of Botany.

*for
nurse-marks etc*

*As a hobby +
place for Bores*

Definition of the Term. What is a plant?

Nature draws no sharp lines of demarcation between animals and plants.

Some Motile Plants considered, as Diatoms; spores of Algae.

Some movements of plants parts as Leaves ^{of} Mimosa, Desmodium

Root-tips. Tendrils. Flower-parts. Fruits.

Some carnivorous plants considered, as, Dionaea, Drosera, Sarracenia, Darlingtonia.

Other Vanishing Tests.

Close observation required of the Student.

Division of Labor necessary- Definitions of Morphology,

Physiology- etc.

Primary Divisions of the Vegetable Kingdom.

Phanogamia, Cryptogamia.

Nov 1891

W. W. Bailey

Nov 2 1891

December 28 1891

Dear Deane,

If Watson, which
God forbid, should pass away,
let me know at once, that I
may editorially do him justice
in the Providence Journal,

Goodale reports he's well
Lette.

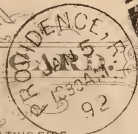
Your friend

W. W. Bailey

Dear Deane, I am delighted to hear con-
tinual good news of P. W. Goodale also
kindly keeps me informed, he could not
find P. W. all the crabs and species
mongers in the country would be injured
to see upon us, By the by I am the first
person who ever knew P. W. ex such, he
met on King's Expatⁿ - July 1867 - and that
is a long time ago, my Lord's

Hope you will have as many New
Years as you yourself may wish,
Wife and I are well, Self crabs,

Yours in P. W. P.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Esqr -
5 Brewster Place -
Cambridge
Mass.

the best, tell her, I
want like the cat birds, to
visit the old nest, and
tumble by the ancient roof
tree of our race, As to John
Bull, he is a more incident,
to the time and interest, I
do not think Europe could make
an ass of me, I am more
and more devoted to the
old plus every day, I am be-
lieve that in this recent
weather the Prisk kept a stiff
upper lip - and insisted upon
my honor and dignity, it is
high time he re-asserted our
rights. Excuse all Frenchy
here etc - and believe me

Ever sisterly yours
till the crack o' doom
W. W. Bailey

Providence Jan 24, 1842

My Dear Dear,
I know I am treating
you shabbily, while you, excellent
Samaritan that you are, are
heaping coals of fire upon my
poor head, That was not, after
all, what was done by the ex-
cellent citizen of Samaria, to
let that pass, You can find in
the mine when you meet me,

I am rejoiced that my good
friend Watson is doing well,
we cannot at all afford to lose
him, If you see him, do let him
know my interest, This was a
collage of many a long ago memory,

I am myself but indifferent
well, as Howlet might say, My
note is one extantial lecture -
I mean in time, not space, for
but by the alteration of its
grasp is not mine, and a 14
lines) you will do, Paper rejected

To be a cold day of June
for Coconino, but I will not let
the so-called religious exercises
and devote myself to my
children and to her, giving de-
votion thanks at the same time
for the picture. I should like
to put up a page of my own
for college; my library, while
properly sententious, would em-
brace many assessments.

By the by, this reminds me
of a funny thing told by Dub-
lava in a letter to William Collins
of a small parish boy, who
when questioned by the prefects
of school persisted in the
bomastic assertion that Jesus
was "the only forgotten son of
his father," forgotten before
all others. It strikes me as
extremely whimsical, as I
have Episcopal antecedents.

A very different kind of

activity, but equally rich, is
given the whole text. So
with that one of our true
children's authors, in this
letter and truly Rotella's
position, "Our parents are
way down; come and ex-
amine!" Naughty - but
very facetious withal.

My little ones have
been having incessant at-
tacks of "bad-cold", "croup",
"croup", "croup", and all
the rest range of "croup"
by which medicine expresses
his incompetence, when some
fellow cures my neck - I'll
use and will this receive
Hoped. Don't you want to
skip over the thing with me
next summer for the matter,
I'm rather seriously of it,
if you raise the early
find the possibility of it.

Providence, Feb 7, 1892

D.D. - I wish it imaginable that this pulse
beats at that elevation? How do you accet
for it? I thought we had the yuffs, and
criticized over it soon - or greeted at once. Such a
long time must reach the system awfully. As for
me, my only comfort is that my neck is not a
yuffe. I wonder if the Comelopard ever has
responsible you o' the neck! Can you not get in
with by some fine fellow to the Bunn, Almon's
drink next Thursday eve at Yungo? I hope to
be there and to fresh over the remains, like
Ward Anthony, I don't mean to spout like W.
A, but like him, to fresh, Love? See me at
Yungo anyway - at about 4.30 P. M. or five. I shall
induce. Yrs with deare, J. W. C. M. M.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



PAID
1030AM

Walter Deane Esqr
5 Brewster Place -
Cambridge -
Mass -

Providence -
"Eve of St. Valentine's"
1892.

Dear Dean,

Note my adoption of *per-
villus maliosus* within in the
above caption. I always knew that
wrens to be wool-gathering fel-
low - and lo! here is the proof.
And it was, after all, an untidy
night, that of Thursday last,
and you did well to stay at home,
I can now assure however, for
the "puckers of my thumb" - at the
precise moment when you confessed
to possessing our correspondent.

I never in all my life saw such
warty spectators as Boston showed,
never, I live to speak of them, I think,
he had a royal good time, with
songs, music and speeches, not to
speak of an incomparable menu,
my appetite was dulled to some
extent by the fact that I expected
every moment to be called on for a
speech. I had the singular experience
of being prepared to wait, but not
being called up, I then lost my
zeal, I was pined for a good one.

Feb. 13

had a funny time or two, all
silly and had possessed the
time for the escape of much
business, the transit gloria
Hawkeye! My unwholesome neck
was not so tight as usual -
we thought for instance, I got home
about 2 o'clock in the morning,
seven of my old class (1864) were
present, all but myself. Truly fellows
with good copon livel, and show-
ing evidence of worldly success, in-
deed, my classmate, John Yellow
presided.

Don't forget that prom-
ise to come down some day, the
wildfire heifer shall be slain,
the old Madeira topped, and
you shall smoke of my tupples-
cuttle, I will show you also two
juize serins.

By the by, I must
tell you a good one of my little
daughters. I told her the other
night the story of Pinard the Sailor,
she next night she said "Papa
I'd like to hear more about
David Bal", which I think isn't
bad at all, the name lots of

that sort. At least 10 of dollars
over New Spain mine, I think,
your my voice of the efforts of
C. L. Stone, Britton and others,
to first open up a lot of pre-
terrestrial mines, I believe to be
left then, How Gray would have
gone for some recent utterance!

If you can find any time
compensate in the Boston market
etc. than Copartown or Poirier
if you can't see on, I am a C. O. D.
I want then this week like all
the other. If you know of a case
for insurance you, confine it
to

Your suffering but
still patient friend
W. W. Bailey,

Feb 17th 1891

My Kindly Dear,

Of course I want *Compositae*.
Lots of em! Any indeed, except
Eupatorium and *Piqueria*, the
latter the gardeners call *Stevia*.
I especially want some *radiatae*.
Goodale sent me some, but alas!
I was flat o' my back and couldn't
use 'em, and they are now dry,
then, too, I am still in the house
though *cervice volente*, I hope to
be up and out tomorrow.

I fear from what Goodale
wrote that Watson was not so
well. Still, I shall hope on.
I must be well on Saturday to
meet some Univ Extension classes.
The Journal announces (I think)
will meet them at 10 P. M.,
with a proper regard for the af-

pro-rebeling "Far-luth", as well
as the due demands of civi-
lized Nature - under that form
out o' the question,

Consider this my Valentine
and I - Thine -

W. W. Bailey -

Providence, Feb '19th 1892.

Honest Dean,

I am better. I was e'en flat
o' my back from Sunday noon till
Wednesday ditto, Saw Jones in at-
tendance. At present I am far from
gay but am still Sapley-ish, thank
you!

I write to say that I
have just come into possession of a
very good copy of Vol V. of the U.S.
Geology - Explor of 40th Parallel, As you
no doubt are aware, this is Watson's
Botany and is a scarce book, I would
like to sell it for a consideration, Can
you ascertain for me what it ought
to bring - and perhaps find a pur-
chaser? Have you it yourself? If
not you can have it cheap; any
other fellow must pay full price.
See what you can find out, for I lack
directions.

In spite the fact that I have

I have a book of Watson's

old Otto Kuntze, I ordered two books
for college, See Britton in review thereof
in last Torrey Bulletin, I have ordered
also the new Flora Africana, and
the publication of the Britteny
Botanic Garden.

Tomorrow, Cervicæ vlcute, I begin a
second course of Univ Extension Classes,
The proper advertisement them at 10 P.M.,
A fraternal respect for the Lord's
Day, and certain physiological reasons
have compelled me to put them earlier
in the day than announced, I am
sorry - but flesh is weak.

Ah! you young fellows, what a
delightful time you are having, Now
is the high-day of your youth, Let
folly fly, and the cannikin clink!
Consider, why next Monday, the
22^d the natal day of the nation
pastor, I shall be 49. Ponder it;

think of it, dissolute man! I shall
 fancy you on that day dodging
 justly down some Cambridge
 alley, or the one of Boston (there
 is such that end nowhere), and
 calling for Lager, what for? Why
 to cry "O!" for your friend Bailey.

Did you hear about
 those girls at Wellesley - who ac-
 cording to a Boston paper, have
 improved their gymnasium facil-
 ities as to manfully develop
 the biceps, the triceps, and the
gluteus maximus. Their ignorance
 is their folly!

I had occasion today to clean out
 some dust boxes - and incidentally
 turned over some of my white Mt
 findings. There were Cephalosporium,
 and Sclerotium so narrow, and Aspergillus
fuscus trifidus etc. All at once the

seen before me vanished - and I
 saw in succession the meadows
 of Sugar Hill, the distant Greens,
 the slope of noble Lafayette! Shall
 I ever again behold them with the
 meditating eye? You later? for they
 say angels weep not,

If you had heard me go for a
 bit of Cay galvota yesterday, in well
 set terms of sarcasm, you would ^{have} said
 "No chance for Bailey as an angel; his
 place is between a ^{ghost} or the Devil." He
 I did put it to me! Do you know, Ho-
 restio, there we men walking between
 Heaven and earth - and fragmenting
 college in the outward guise of stu-
 dents, who should, in good sooth, be
 serious hood or flashing boots, as
 you! "Something too much of this," Re-
 member me! "Ay, for ghost, I hear
 you say - and the best, and the Confite
 Day - dex! Mine - W.W. Bailey"

about Vol V, but I thought it
was worth mine,

If poor Watson does prove
wrong, when had I better send
my notice? Shall any Boston
paper print it? I fear the Journal
has would not, I want you ab-
solute, I hate to think even of
such a thing - but one must, and
promptness is demanded,

My neck cries out and
aches each artery in my cervix
as cranky as a Polonian
Antera Curra, Shakespeare?
No? Then, pray what is it?

Your Topsy-ish
Friend
Bailey

Providence - Nov 2^d, 1892 -

A Rejected Address

Received from the East - the
of Henry - and a dedication to
Walter Dean, Magister, 1892
by the March Home the sacred
Bailey

When Flora glories mail, was
young,

The walk in her own way,
With Medicine, her chosen claim,
Who in those primitive days,
Sought "yerbs" and roots
with which to cure

The ill man said he'd not endure,

And oft-times, though they sought
their rest,

And frowned upon his art,
Came Aesculap with pen and pot,
And sought to form a part
Of their alliance, but no whit
Was he allowed to enter it,

Erastus a politician, too,

Intent on fell design
Would follow them, to learn perchance
Some lines for the scribe

x8. early two: on these days filled hand paper
with lines.

With which to ease a patient's disease
Some myriapod asked to dine,
They had. Those pleasant little
In those three days of old,
A pest time which had wholly
Or nearly so, we'd told -

For now they chase away our ills
By some harmless sugar pills,
So down the medicinal path
Did these two friends advance,
And felt the guiding influence
Of later Renaissance

Which taught them much
Than those of Galen's ancient
schools,

Today we find them comradely
But now with Care in hand
They seek with new and skill

The ills of the land,
Ever truly when they cannot
And toiling less, you may be sure,

And he, who sees sweet Helen
And over her potent sway,
Acknowledges that to Medicine
Is one our great array
Of names like Torrey, Engelmann
Pasteur and Koch and Gray!

These "vill and whirling"
words were the first snow-flakes
of a prose-storm with which I
oftenments descended upon the
R. D. Club Society, The same
were too tall, so I became very
serious - and my paper be-
amended (not this) is now
fretful and in the 6th month,

I await with great anx-
city your next note about poor
dear old Watson, I have written
out my remembrance of him, my
little tribute, but I hope he may
live to write mine (provided any
one cares for it),

Much obliged for the news

Providence, Nov 4, 1892

My Dear Dean,

I have felt fearful since I wrote my last that you might think me flip pant and heartless. You know the old saying, that the clown in the circus is the saddest man of all. If I did not joke - I should trust, for "How kindest not to hurt", has said all in here about my heart!!

Poor Watson! I grieve to think that I may never see him again, I was the first to let him make his acquaintance - and our friendship grew and ripened with the years. To think, too of those old days when I studied at the Garden; Halcyon days, every minute of

Which was crammed full
of joy, I can see those sum-
mer-composites in the garden,
(I wish I had 'em, by the
way) - and the gentle face of
Dr Gray, Ah me! Here's
one for sad thinking.

But - I must not
go on the other tack and
depress you, I think some-
what of the Independent
in case I have sad reason
to use my poor wit; or
perhaps the Tribune -
but I don't want it to be
thrown into the basket,
Thia Pew, I mean, for
which I wrote for 20
years, is now a d-d
Democratic sheet, or a

the force, 'tween is worse, It can't be
longer for aught of mine, Or, at least,
I am sure at all now that anything I
should write to read, I hate the sheet
- with that I am sure that no publisher
or printer can get round that paper
account, What; took out for yourself,

Wm Bailey and I are so sorry
to hear that you are ill, the
lives of the wife and the children to the
Knox - as so good a husband de-
liver, I am sure
W. W. Bailey -

like myself in gladly denouncing,
of the horror I am in of low
fasting this new dog by day!
I could with better grace march
up to a well-defended redoubt.

In conclusion, let me beg
you to hold your tongue about
all this. My prayer is that
the offender will - as our
Western brethren say - "git!" In
the mean time, the nervous
strain is too much for me. I
dread tomorrow as did Fagin
the Jews, whom have they in
mind for the curatorship? Had
Donald Smith do? His is the
only name that now occurs to
me since Barnum shook off
the Cambridge dust. Rumour
says that this was the result
of a feeling that your good people
were cold, desirous, inhospitable,
in their words that Mrs B.
was at the bottom of it. Alas!
Occupation - lost Action! I never
saw any such thing either in Boston

or Cambridge, perhaps because I never
cared to be hurt, pray to me!
Yours ever
W. W. B.

Providence, Dec 14, 1850

My Dear Dean,

I am so sorry that I
was unable to pay the last
sad honours to my much loved
old friend. He was one who knew
no shadow of turning, was per se
et sua reprobis, Quillet's ship
- I don't mean consanguinity -
was almost affectionate. Some his
loss is irreparable, and so it is to
science. Who is there now to hold
in check the Legion of Curators who
are championing at the lot, kicking
over the dash board, casting mud
on the wheels? How his figure comes
back to me, and his quiet slip-
pered step in the herbarium. Then
again, I think of him and Charles
Wright walking single file, as
they always did (possibly owing
to Cambridge mud!) - as they
went to dinner, Gloriana days here
I had at the old Garden, days

in which Watson figures prominently, bright runs among the Composites; stolen walks down by the little spring, and delightful study sufficing all!

The first year, however, that I was here - I was in deep trouble - my hip was indeed stolen. To-day again the job is all out of me, and I feel Love and torn, Like the Hemans King, if may be written of meth be remembered again!"

The trouble now is an emence - or parrot and making time I have seen being at college, and the end is not yet. The man, Bennett, who I got in as Curator, has neglected the park, till it is over run with mice, and infested with vermin, dirt and ill kept. Yet, all the time he has roared like thunder at Amos's side, trying to prevent

3 for preservation of colors of flowers etc, see how then a dear & bold man and a sort of money, or deputation I had finally to show the President the case; this point was before his very eyes, and he has with him the list of scholars, the list of one appointed Papa Packard, Bangs, and myself as other committee to examine and report, I thought - when as I felt, that I must explain when Packard sent of the mice - "they look as if in there, now - with their very teeth, the the don't know, it'll be done up a report; as I hate it you may guess it was injurious; the Dr. now Bennett - and he told me that might be "good he'll repair" - the father's name, of the my name, the other, then see, then - several ones

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

P.S. See Stanley Coulter wants Polyporus, for
a mail to send him.

April 10th 1892

Dear Deane, Your letter must
have been addressed before I went
to Blair, met Dr Keeley, and
tried the tri-chloride of gold, since
then I have had several intervals
in which my letters have all gone
right. Now that you have found a
price for Vol 5, please tell me
also of a purchaser, I should like to
resign. In looking at my Moss
Namee yesterday I was delighted
to find that I had printed in letters
from Lesqueroux and James both,
this is a habit I have, and it, of
course enhances the worth of the
volume. There I have engraved vol-
umes of Darwin, Galton, Dana,
May, Watson, Holmes, R. H. Whittard,
C. C. Hutton, H. Conklin etc, All the

Letters come to me, too, in regular
correspondence, I have many vol-
uble autographs.

Alas! and ah! I have not
checked my herbarium in four
years. The cruel pain in my
head is especially intolerable with
just this sort of work.

The Boston Budget very courteously
has asked me to correct the errors,
and I suppose published my notice
this week. I read yours with much
interest. The Independent would not
publish mine so I sent all my
notes to Goodale.

Specimens so far

Symphoricarpos foetidus

Horsetonia caerulea

Ulmus incanus

Salix - - - - -

Populus - - - - -

Grabo serena

Turaxacus - Dougl. - Cervi's

Viola odorata

Cucurbita serena

Hyacinthus orientalis

Scilla

Helleborus viridis

Could we Christify to day, Whittier as
a Democratic word politician! Rightly say-
ing next embodiment, Progress
Bailey

I Dear Deane, Providence, May 10th 1842

I have not a stamp to place myself withal - hence resort to the scheme of a pious friend of mine and make chapters of my cards. This is F. & I. No: I had not heard of Bro. L. H.'s illness. It is too bad, but I am so glad to hear that is out of danger. I depend upon him in these degenerate days to keep up the family name. Good-bye unless we be enabled use my notes in his obituary of S. W. in the American Journal. Instead, Brewer writes the notes. I feel disappointed. Nature says We will begin in 1872. Dear me! how about 1867? I have a mind to set 'em right, if an Englishman can be set right except by a down-right New Orleans or Lake Erie. I hope you are having good health -



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Esqr -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.

II and the meua sama which accompanies
a round body. As for me, I know my best
days are over. It is hard to keep against
the pricka - when these are in the neck, I think
little body is a heavy. As to summer, my pres-
ent hope is to go to Bloch Island. Do you know
always had a fancy for examining the flora of
some such island. And of all islands, that is the
one, as it belongs to my own presence.

I have not been really out in the woods. Don't
know how I could stand a week, am in bad
shape. Shall we ever meet in this state or
another? If you are good, perhaps so.
Humbly Thine W. W. B.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

Walter Deane - Esq -
9 Brewster St -
Cambridge -
Mass -

Providence, May 15, 1842

My Dear Deane,

I have spent this blessed
Sunday in writing to my beloved
friends (mostly females!) of
whom you are one of the very
best. There has been a de-
lightful down-pour - of rain, not
the spirit - all day. All Nature
rejoice. The many seedlings
left their seed leaf buds in
prayer. There are two two
indeed, leaf them, the Monarchs,
you are a good creature, can
with raise a pitiful faint, I can
from my window, with "my mind's
eye, Horatio", all the Monarchs on
the Alma you and shut with joy.
No more March or November
or new Class Day rain in this,
but a nourishing, genial shower,
I devoutly return thanks for it!

Yesterday I went out for
walking about 12 miles with my
Union B. L. C. Class. The party

Quantal 21 - and included
my dear old friend Mr
George Hunt, who was eighty
last January, but who came
with me off my trail legs.
I will not speak of what he
could do in that way with the
rest of the party. As they were
Cubias, you know, propriety pre-
vents me from mentioning any
thing but their timber, and that
God save the mark! with
Luteal breath, he found Polypus
principis, Columbica, guttat, trunc,
Coltr (with the acc) - Banana
verulosa etc, In the swamp
the white shell timber stood
like spectral ghosts. The red
mosses were in full bloom. So
was a "phoba" which I traced
by imitation, or rather, to Paul
modesty - monkey.

I have nearly had a new

delightful day. I creaked files
like a school boy (or master?)
- and skinned up weeba in a
receptive manner after Capt. Pitts'
or Dispolim. The party voted
the excursion a huge success
and we will have another in
two weeks. Come and join us!

And now, please tell me
of poor L. H. How is he? I
have thought of him much. The
loss of such a man would be
great. Ah me! how many I
have known who are gone, say-
ing, W. B. Rogers, Baird,
Henry, Gray, Faray, Watson,
Chas Wright, Hunter, Strong,
Hunt, Leggett, Leroy, and Jones
etc. But what a jinx it is to
have seen such men! What
friends some of them have!

Did I send you my poems
"Crown Imperial" and "The Prae-
terite's Chair"? Really, my dear
"Gentle" - I should like to hear
from you on the subject.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BY W. WHITMAN BAILEY.

I FOUND a camp-meeting of teachers,
Most wonderful ever was seen;
Such quaint and prim little preachers,
In pulpit of purple and green.

I knew not the words they were saying:
The sermon did not understand,
But saw all the flowers a-praying,
And hid my own face in my hand!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*N. Y. Independent -
June 9, 1892*

*Am in the throes of the reading of
examinations papers. Beyond in the
quiet sea, the blue sky — Heaven!
May we all deserve it,*

Yours,

The Author —

Providence, June 24. '92.

My Dear Deane,

I hope to be present next week at the Harvard Commencement as the guest of a friend in the class of 1879. Look out for me in that part of the procession. I shall grieve if I fail to meet you.

Watson's post mortem article in the Gazette I should think would be worm wood to Britton. How clean-cut the article is though! Well! the academic year is over; the vacation days are here, and Lord! how I do enjoy the sweet rest from responsibility. Via Chia that kills! Hoping soon to see you in the spirit, I rest you in the flesh - or "wisay-neray".

Horn's L. H.?

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

On the Old Chair
In the First Baptist Meeting House; a Ballad
a la Dobson,

Ancient, mellow and Crown,
Flat-bottomed, level and grand,
Here flows the dignified gown;
Here all the candidates stand,
Tell me, now, is it not grand?
Maidens in beauty are there,
Think of them, man, if you will —
This is the President's Chair,

Think of the crowds it has seen
Pass as the doornails unfold,
Gather to talk on the green,
Ah! we are all growing old,
Most of our story is told;
None with the tops can compare,
Bop whom we knew once at Brown —
This is the President's Chair.

No graduates longer salute,
Nor tearful express a farewell;
Philosophy fails to compute
Errors that science must tell,
All has been changed by a spell,
Latin itself does not dare

Utter itself as we knew—
This is the President's Chair,

Envy,
If we its' record could scan,
Whom would our scrutiny spare?
Each President was but a man—
This is the President's Chair,

—o#o—

Two Crowns Imperial

Two crowns imperial for me!
To part with either I am loth,
And yet I think you will agree
I scarcely cannot wear them both,

Were I Germania's Kaiser boy
I might perhaps the thing contrive,
The dual crowns to enjoy
And make my double Kingdom thrive,

But as a child of Yankee birth,
These coronets of fatal gleam,
Excite my democratic smite,
But not ambitious vanishing dream,

I'll keep them for the graven sake
Spent upon my curio shelf,
No tyrant hand the crowns shall take;
Ere that I'll wear them both myself!

Providence, June 30, 91

My Dear Old Walter,

If I have sent you those two
—one, and in print, I will go and hang my-
self ineffectually, I think I have not, and as
one of them is a proof of yesterday's jigs (Lord!
what a good time I had!) I send them now,
and chance it.

The fact is, you and Binney
must come down to some Brown racket, "he
will teach you to drink deep ere you depart",
And then, Kennedy — he must come too. In-
deed, you can bring the Præses Magnificus
and all the Senate, he'll look out for 'em,
To use to Harvard!

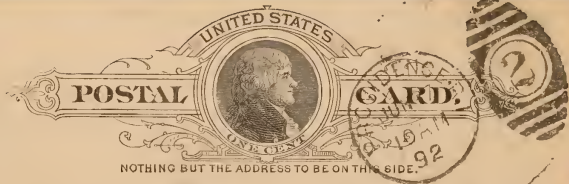
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W. W. Bailey

June 26 1892

Dear Deane, O Cushing St., Prov., R.I.,
June 27th 1892.

I expect to be the guest on Com-
mencement Day - of Mr Amos Pinney
179, I thought all Cantab revolved a-
round Harvard? How dare you keep
school on that day. I want you to be present
when I receive my L.L.D or D.Sc, that I
may hide my blushes on your waist-
coat, May Wachuset (whose soul is in
peace!) have you in his keeping! Diamond
W. W. B. —



Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass -

No 6 Cushing Street -

Providence, July 7, 1842 -

My Dear Friend,

Your little creep from the mountains found my general law - what time I ripen the natural coffee. How I should like to take a fruit with you! What the *Pluto* do you mean by *Ullian simplex*?

I had a nice note from Kennaly the other day, acknowledging such in the Pulpit, My Muse does not at present narrate to me the causes etc, which induce such poems. I am hopelessly ill. Had all this morning in clearing out my college room for the printers and planters, a devil of a job. Yours, Collins and myself, I returned over the filled in Cove Landa the other day. Found

Arachis hypogaea

Antennaria biennis

" *Louisianensis*

Eriocaulon parviflorum -

Alisma plantago - 4" high!

Anagallis arvensis (blue!)

Lectia corniculata
Galium trichome
Alycaeus prostratus (L'Herminier)
Papaver dubium -

Tomorrow we are to try the
lowest heaps near the coal
wharves. Nothing is more fun
than a dump heap if you can
start the various strata, as of
solid lichen and open cessa-pools;
and the unceasing mingling of
broken coal blocks, with paper col-
lars, tin-cans, and cast-off
crockery; I hope to go to my island
- my St. Helena, in about ten
days. In the mean time, as I
say, I am toying - and thinking;
my thoughts run much on the
wiped surface of time, and the ap-
proaching solution or dissolution.

My lots grow apace - fine
quills both - at least I, find
would think so.

In some number of
the *Forney* so long, look out for
an entertaining letter by my Pa,

written in 1835, and telling of
his first meeting with Dr
John Forney - 'Tis a novel topic
in my recollection of Water.
Is it - tell me? too late? There
was a man indeed!

You must know young
Perrin's letter; he is so square,
honest, upright, open, cheerful
- one of the Brahmin type with
all - and with O generative's or
so much, Holmes is right; it
lets (often). Give my love to the
"Sly" Linnæus, the double Oxalis,
and the ascertained bush fern.

Yours in smile-like
wishes
(*multifida stipula* !!)

Bailey
W.
W.

Δ. Δ.

Providence, July 12, 1842,

We will try to catch *C. triseriata*; also keep our eyes peeled for *Tillandsia*, Plant on college campus thought to be *Scyphularia nodosa*. We found *Silene armeria* and *Xanthoxylum spinosum* the other day; *Echinops* by the ace. Here I am with the mercury in the higher 90s, and you dare to tell me of walking in cool mountain streams. Methinks in my mind's eye, I note the nymph-like progress. There is a stream, the Copper Mine Run in *Trichonia*, on which is the Bridal Veil Fall, Ah me! the sweet times I had on it in 1832, and "jud the gonna fine". Never again will return these days of life and whimsy, and have sultron, sluch and alas! I am mortal now for two days in a most unexpected and discomfiting manner. Nothing serious, but a complete stopper to gymnastics of all kinds. Remembrance my address is permanent - and fate cannot conceive
Thy W. W. B.

to all our friends



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - A.M.,
Jaffrey, N.H.,
Mrs Phattucks,

Pock Island, July 31, 92

Care Wm G. Sands,

Dear Dean,

You will notice from the caption that I properly recognize our affliction and follow the Blessed Law of priority in women-clature, for they do say that the crew of the Palatine were afflicted with the dread disease - However that may be, we, that is they, viz, some weak women of Hotel Macamias had it, At once all the boarders at all the hotels flew like fleas - birds at the time of migration, for a few days the island was left unto me desolate, for I held the fort, I had preceaded my family by a week, As soon as Mrs Baxter heard of the danger here she was impressed by a mighty scare, but when I represented the real facts, and the precautions taken, she came on with the Wts, These we now considered to be no danger, but the thing gave a jolt of fire to the Island for the summer, we are here a mile away from the disturbance, The infected ones were at

once removed to a remote part
of the island and quarantined, and
the hotel and outhouses where the
disease appeared were also quaran-
tined, It is now 14 days and there
are no new cases, such is the history
of the very natural cause.

When I laid upon myself the
task of botanizing this island, I
undertook a big job; more than I
alone can handle, It's circulating
swamp is full of ponds and bog
holes and there abound in plants,
Such pond-lilies! almost as fine
as Victoria, I find tufts of *Botanidium*
lacera and *miscana*; *Phasia* *vir-*
ginea, *Pogonia* *phloglossoides*, *Euph-*
ora *guadalupe* etc. On the shore I was
delighted to gather what I take to be
Arenaria *peplorides*, *Solidago* *marit-*
ima is very large, *S. nemoralis* and
Candensia also occur, I found
Cladonia *viridifolia* *thia* *maris*; but not
in bloom, Some of the pond-holes
are full of *Cephalanthus*, the only
tree is *Populus* *alba* and a few
Coccoloba about the houses, I have
seen the following ferns, to wit-

Aspidium *Noctua*, and *Thelypteris*;
Asplen *Gilix* *goen*, *Dicranum*, and
Cornucopia *cinamomum*, and *Onoclea*,
I find also *Sphagnum*, and a
Polypodium - and several lichens,
Sea algae are scarce.

I find myself speculating
widely as to the ancient history
of this island, which is all of
drift formation, Limestone, clay
and sand, where did the plants
and seed, where did the plants
come from and how? How a-
bout the butterflies - *Papilio* *Aster-*
cia, *Argynnis* *Aphrodite*, *Cynthia*
carolin, *Happarechia* *alpe* etc?
How did they get here, I please
for a reply? Got on the *Moffitt*
until today, Mercury at 90 here
10 miles at sea and no breeze,
Today the shore boat in atten-
dant the refreshing gale, -
Continue to live and write to
you always

Admiring friend
W. W. Bailey

Care W. W. B. -
Black Island, R. I., Aug 10. 92

Dear "Waller", Yes! I will try to recall *Hab. virginicus*
in fruit. Today I find a *Spiranthes*; am not sure
yet which it is. So far I have recorded about 190
species of plants here, exclusive of algae & fungi, which I
don't know. Do you save them? Got at a faculty meeting
here today. Just took a dip in the ring - g - a - lions.
Beats your little runlets all hollow. I have a plant
on the shore here, with thick, fleshy, opposite leaves. I'll
die in my tracks if I recognize it. Can it be *Glaux*?
There are no flowers on it. It forms dense, circular
mats. The stems are pale yellow; leaves opposite, ovate
and trigonous. Do you me a hint. Arent you laughing
for the "flask-puta of the clean-room, the "whol-try-creech-
ing like snail etc." Ah! had we only been born to fortune
and not to Genina!!
Yours ever W. W. B. -

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States American

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq
At Mrs Phottucks
Jaffrey -
N.H.

Care W. G. Seward - Exp
Block Island, R. I.

Aug 18, 1892

Dear Deane,

I now have young Col-
onia of Providence walking with
me for a few days. Yesterday
he added 50 to a list which
now embraces 250 species. Among
these were Pluchea esophorata
and he thinks Habenaria frutescens
Yes: no doubt my Psidium plant
is Arenaria peplosides, he had
no conclusion. On the beach, in
one spot only, we pick up a quite
late Laguncularia plant, with blue
flowers, and pinnate, tri-foliate
leaves, and coiled pods, like a
Medicago. So far it tests us,
the find Gaylussacia dumosa, var
mitellii, in R. I. for the first time,
No Beliaceae as yet.

You should have been with us
yesterday as we explored the bog
holes, and marshes, and finally

Amchel on the top of a sand
dune by the multitudinous sea,
Crackers & cheese was the chief
of our diet. After this, ever & over
e-geda wrei saw trapasargas to
the Great Salt pond, around
whose shores we found lots of
good things. I never saw *Ba-*
numenkia cymbalaria so abund-
ant. Here, too, I added a rare
buttress for white, something I never
saw in the State, though just here
it appeared common. By the by, if
you can catch the *Liaisonites* black
with white bands, so common up
your way, food them with winged
to fresh, pinch 'em 'em, and send
them to me. I expect after being
here to go to Princeton for a week
— to see what mountain air will
do for me. I am suffering horribly
here — and dread the new term
consummally. But then, I always
do. Your cycle would be of little
use here, *thanka mare* is the
best, *ceteris paribus*.

Ja-
to
J. H. Bailey

Block Island, Aug 27, '71

My Dear Deane,

I can appreciate the feelings of the late R. Cruise, mariner, when after seven years' residence on a "dissolute island" in conversation with Friday and his parrot, he lamented the insufficiency of our facilities at Juan Fernandez. I was already to go home this season when, lo, a westerly gale upon the coast and the Providence steamer failed to put in an appearance. So, here I am still, literally, isolated, I uttered not a single D, however, but with botanic philosophy, settled down to the in-devil-stalk, when I think of the jingy sleek awaiting me in Providence, my quivering gut, my own cozy bunk, nostalgia gets the better of me - and I could, like the Orinda chief in Campbells' poem, "weep." It is cold here, too, and I have donned my thick underclothes and begun to grow my beard. I assure you an island is a mistake in geography; a peninsula is tolerable but an island not to be borne. Enough of water to eat (how, poor Cephalopod - and enough of fish. Hereafter I shall hate men to end a novel, where Fern is at the end!

There is no sign of fire in the house
and I lay for the domestic hearth
and the Penster,

Now, I shall have to take a
little cut over to Newport on Sunday
morn, change to another steamer, and
thence to Prov, only to return here next
day for my family; I have but \$1.00
and my honor, the second will hardly
bribe me or ship-board, and may
not the first, The devil is in it!

But I should not complain, for
the whole, I have had a good time
and pulled about 250 plants, among
them Elatine, which I never gathered
before, a quaint little darling; I have
got so used to noting all I see that I
expect I shall be jotting down the plants
of the mainland; my eye has acquired
it's old acuteness, The Clinists, however,
has been "agin" me, my neck is worse
than ever. I expect on Sept 3d to run
up to Washusett for a week - and
will hope a visit to Joffrey; my Dr
thinks it will do me good; not the kiss
but the mountain, Bolivia and I had
great fun here together, he left little
undiscovered, I think you could have
been with us and gathered Phragmites,
Puckee, Discopleura etc, I have
had red-letter days - in youth

Sunday the 28. Aug

After sleeping upon the above I see
no cause to change a line, An Browning
wrote me - "Get it press." The mercury this
morn stood at 58°, it is now, at 11 A. M.,
about 60°, Feb, Here is a change for you!

I still pick up a few needles, Only a
moment since I found Loimia usitativum
which has escaped me all summer, I shall
eventually make up an article on my own-
made work, Indeed, I sent some notes to the
new Botanical Section of the A. A. A. S.,
H. Holsted writes me they had a good time,
What do you think of their publication
on poor old nomenclature?

I have found seven Solidago here -
viz - S. pinacea, Canadensis, rugosa, neurolepis,
serotina, concolorata, tenuta, So far I
have found only one Aster in flower, viz
tridentatus; a Et. nuda are on the stove,
the species of Bidens, two, are not yet
ready, I wrote the Pres the other day
about in my opinion: 15 years faithful
service merited an increase of pay. He
promised to see it in the same light of
hope for something - so he says.

I feel melted to day with an attack of
acute indigestion, I shall be glad to get
to my customary course, Love to all
who cherish the memory of

Yours well-attached friend
W. Whitman Bailey

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Princeton Mass

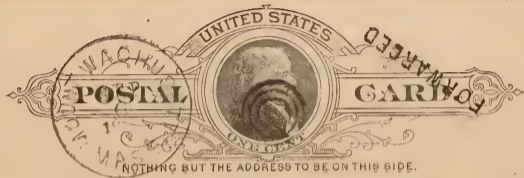
Dear Mr

EADEY,

Sept 7, 1892 -

I imagine you in harness to-
day, yet I hope not, It is a day of days
- full of autumn and Solitudes - blue
sky and freeze. You must to be here
with me, I shall be here till Saturday
or Monday next - alone, The dam and
the little ones are in Pew, All well,
271 species from Black Id, with some to de-
termine, Write me here -

W. W. B.,



Walter Deane Esq. -

~~9 Brewster Street -~~

~~Cambridge Mass -~~

Waltham Mass

Jeffrey St. N. H.

4
I had suggested around the corner,
I was passing the little district
school house the other day, with a
party - when one of the ladies called
out to a man who was un-loading
the window, and asked him if it were
the school? so just he did not an-
swer, but finally became quite, like
Nook with the disarming seniors who
clung to the ark, and said, "What
did you think it was? the goal? It
ought to be by by - when people stand
all our doors and windows!" There
were melon-pots, a reserved impli-
cation that such outrages were due
to summer tourists, he passed on,
we did the ark - similarly,
Again, on the summit, I met with a
young man devoid of humor, one of
the rabble of amateur publishers, a
friend stepping up to the sovereign
counter asked the clerk "How much
do you wish?" him for some trifle,
The reply was - "There is no extortion
Law", I dabbled up - in my secret and
internal manner, like the hells,
and nearly burst with suppressed
laughter, he could not get any thing
but desist from the youth,

Then I met her an old fellow
who never, summer or winter, he
said, ~~the~~ never any thing but an
alpen suit; no umbrellas, hats,
The alpen, too, is of that peculiar,

1
Grand New House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass -
Sept 9, 1874.

My Dear Deane,

You are at hand, but you
are entirely mistaken about the position
of my house, I am not astride of the
summit as you graphically depict me,
but am (without being so if spoken) on
the slope. My house does not com-
mand Mount Wachusett. It is only by climb-
ing the mountain that I can even see
the view, which I did yesterday, near
Spring the ascent by a ravine in half
an hour, and descending by the
road in $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. The view from the
top is grand; one of the finest that I
know of anywhere, but the whole here
always seemed to me meagre in Ma-
chusett itself. It is good in the valley.
On the top there is a carpet of Potentilla
bidentata. Just now, too, all along the
carrriage road, there is a deal of Sol-
ilago puberula and Licula, with an
astonishing lot of Saxifraga umbellata,
There are many investiti and triss
and Acer spicatum. I have seen not
my rare or peculiar in the region, though
lots of pretty familiar things, I walk
considerably - five or six miles a day,
and am in good pedestrian trim.

2 I wish I had you with me, as
present there are my two oldest
grandsons here, though there are some
forty at the Mountain House opposite,
My wife and two are at Warren
R. I. I myself expect to return to
Providence on Monday, the new grind
beginning on the 21st. Somehow I do
not dread it as I did last year,
though in good truth I hardly not
after it, I think, on the whole I am
in rather better shape than this time
last year, what a terrible thing
this cholera business is, I suppose
it keeps up; will it not put an
end to the Chicago Fair? I have a
friend in quarantine on the Cabot
grove at N. Y. She has been about
some years and accumulated a
vast amount of plunder. This has been,
or will be, all fungated, steamed,
and played the very devil with, and
he says he would as soon have
had the cholera and died, it is
indeed hard luck.

I have been seized out play-
ing whist two nights here, I told the
party I was only a fair dunning, but
I have beaten each time I played.
Fortune never deserts her chosen
sons. I grudge every day that
Russell, just such, he had

3 had about ten days of unintermised
fine weather, such skies, as the gods
love, and which September only yields.
The world seems young, the golden-
worlds are new-luminated; the waters
have an extra glow; the gardens
have stolen the hue of heaven; and
such green meadows and valleys as
could delight an artist, Every bird
presents a picture complete in itself,
I am enraptured with the place,
I say would I might see for months,
I say would I might see for months,

I am so glad that you are not
yet in heaven. Poor Pegasus, I
grieve for you, misplac'd sympathy
for those you are death the sharer
of gloom, Mornadweh, prince of
Pasha, what a country, terra of
mea, fight for it; of course I would,
"I love it's welch and hills; it's worth
and capital bulls."

It seems like an age, —
a golden age, since we met in
Cambridge, oh! that was a day to
remember! What with Jiril Biney,
Jolly Dean, and Keenly, what a
good time I had!

And now I must tell you of
some funny experiences I have had,
I saw a wood-chuck today, a jolly
fat fellow, wallowing for home, but it
was not of him I propose to speak,

6
It occurred, a mile to play cards,
so that he looks grieved in spirit
when I take a hand at whist, "I'm
a corner of my heart that is sorry
for him still." He too, speaks of "a
rite of the church, clop-art and
ferent in prayer," "Stuff! Of course
he cuts with his knife and spoons
of the Sabbath" - Gold is a beautiful
Sun-day and day of rest, I have; now
I feel better, for the first time in
my life that I can now recall, I for-
got to bring with me any book to read,
I had one number of the Independent
and six Nature, but soon went through
them all, then I was in despair, but to-
day - oh joy! I found "Shakespeare -
Fenaja Child" and he says me the
"word-rites" of Ardan and the poets
of Athens. He has been my companion
of many years, by the shore, at the
mountain, in the deserts of Arabia
and "far, far at sea."

There is a young lady here
to copy the names of Fenaja's native
Mt. Occalito; I know, we have the
"Hlone" and "Coho Lake", as much
like the originals as I do Hercules,
though pretty and sweet, and small, I
handed this morning through a milk of

universal ferns - and I am, methinks,
sufficed with their mellow glow,
"Was ever so fine a neck human on
earth!" In every glow I expect a night
or maid, in every glow a day, as
when death was young and the
morning stars were together, City life
is a mistake althogether, Mine is the
top of birds, the odour of pines,
the sweet smell of gale and fern!

No doubt you think I am wild,
I am, I am intoxicated with this
free serenity of mountain air, and
I doubt not you are boozing. How
at these old memories, people do
not that the way it men.

This house, though not at
the summit, is a top-top house,
"This was sometime a paradise, but
now the time doth give it proof."

Oh! I forgot, we have an old fellow
near by who secured his wife from
Pensylvania by advertising, she was
a lecher, He married her out there, then
came home, and after months, heart and
spleen her, she has a little bit of a peace,
and further or further to take, she
is shiftless; she acts, she becomes
wiser and he took her up, now
she is all that and supports both
by washing! Her old parents came

4
with her, but had to be supported
by the neighborly-until relative, came
and with them back to Pa. Here's a
story for you! Another local tale is
of a child that disappeared, showing
years after, a man dying in California
confessed that, to spite the father, he
had killed the child, here I Scott
or a Dickens, or even a Barrie, I need
make somewhat out of these legends,
The plot you see, is all cut and dried;
it needs but the skillful working up.
I often wish my fate had led me into
authorship. I am never so proud or
happy as when one of my little literary
children is trotted out the head by
critics and public. I value the money
that encircled for above my hand
wrote for selling, I think, two, my talent,
if I have any, lies in that field.

Now, an up, go well, bad man,
that I have given you a good long
scream. You are not compelled to read
it. Even do as you like, but believe,
when all else fails, that I am

Ever I live -

W. W. Bailey -

5
hair-to-pa complexion, that makes
him look like a new-jubilated stone
jube; positively grandly! This image
haunts me, And just a dietitron
old chap! Dogmatic is no word for
him! Learning that I was from Brown,
he opened on me with the startling as-
sertion that our college allowed no one
to enter who was not orthodox, I assumed
him to be entirely mistaken; that no
questions of a religious kind were ever
asked; if they had been, I would not be
there, - hell - "he was so informal"; whereupon
I replied - "That's funny; I am a professed
theist, and I am not orthodox!" "What are
you then?" he said, Remembering dear old
Potter Dick I replied that "my religion
was that of all sensible men, and sensible
men never spoke of it!" Then he said -
"You don't mean to say that a Universalist
could enter Brown?" "Yes I do." "Pre-
ferral or a Unitarian, a Quaker, a Metho-
dian or a dweller in Massachusetts!"
By this time I was, you see mad, such
but in their day and generation - and to a
teacher of science, one who daily shouts
in and before the noise of the ill-
feather! I have no patience with them,
whip me such theories!

Again, there is another great man,
a fair set of fellow, but a "Methody" and
narrow as the field of Galaddeus's
bar, He's a prohibitionist, and trusts

William Whitman Bailey -
to Walter Deane,

Greeting -

I would be glad to
sell my duplicate Watson
at \$5.00, Do you care to
purchase? If not can you
put me on the track of any
one, I'm callously W.P.

W. W. B. -

Providence - Oct 10, 1892

Acheron ultra Styx.
Hades, Isles of September.
A. W. C. 1892.

My Friend of the Upper World,
I passed to the shades on
Wednesday last, while waiting
for Chalon I botanized the banks
of Styx, finding *Juncus stygia*
and other characteristic plants. As
these specimens partake of my present
spiritual nature I cannot reserve
duplicates. By the by, Le Page's glue
can hold even in Hell.

The act of execution was easy;
the suffering was wholly in an-
ticipation. As I have often remarked
there is no break, no lacuna, between
the two lines. One drops the one and
makes up in the other without our
prize. I perceive at once an ad-
vantage, however, in the adverse ex-
perience. Hellish spirits tell me they
have no pain. Possibly because the
mortal elements still cling to me.
I myself have Pluton's own twinges
of facial neuralgia. I have tried
to get a further peek at Persephone
- but cannot find the cur Cerberus
channel up. I'll fetch it yet!

To return to earth; College opened
 in due form on Wednesday, with
 an entering class of 140, ex-
 cept of the Woman's Ad. fund,
 which admits 30 or 40, I have
 50 men in my department of
 Botany and carry 15 horses a
 week of class-work. My rooms
 are too small to hold them, I
 have diluted myself, compressed
 myself, etherized myself, and
 still I am puzzled how to handle
 such a crowd, I have a good
 assistant with the advanced men
 but oh! the prospective work with
 the primaries, The Prof tells me
 I owe it to him, that he "has
 seen an apostle of Botany!" Be-
 sides the question of room, is the
 one of apparatus, of reading the
 multibinding papers etc.

I see by the August number
 of the Gazette, and Britton's ac-
 ticle, all the elements of a nice
 little no, except the absence of
 the parties of the second part!

S, January 29th George's breakfast here in the embryology,
 you really do excel in your on antagonism and
 those thin anything on the pair, hell, I am not of
 it all and still keep out, please you see my
 note for my father's diary, it indicated one month,
 I am at work on my Black Head chapter, and 10,
 one other chapter, it says had youth, fourth, and
 lateral - please make a packet, I tell you,
 when are you coming to see they want
 what? they are saying fine, things make, do for
 the book" or repeat what is possible "the is en-
 forced" of every creature's head"

While the sun with their
 I am always there -

W. W. Davis

Providence - Sept 20, 1892,
The Eve of Execution,
From the Old Bailey -

My Dear Dean,

I appreciate and keenly feel the kindness of your farewell card, My grocer allows me to pen these few lines in reply. The fatal ax will drop at 8-45 A.M. tomorrow. I have gratefully nerveed myself up to the ordeal, I assure you I die an innocent man - and "these few precepts in thy memory look thro' character", If in after life, you should ever meet my dear boys, be good to em for their Father's sake, I can command them also for their own, If my boys should show any inclination towards teaching, pray remonstrate with their minds, "For this sin fell the angels", being thump gently, lead him to pasture new, If you should hear that my daughter had contracted an alliance with a sinner, do, I beg you, see it is too late, warn her of the doom of such contract, As for yourself, be virtuous, and you'll have a soft thing, then to wear; former class-day preaches,

especially, omnidivine are those of
Hansen. I die content, my heart
in charity with all men, Be
thou my eulogist, Friends are
kindly requested not to send
flowers, or if any, a few geraniums
only. An opportunity will be given
to view the remains. An autopsy
is considered unnecessary.

It comes over ^{me} that as the
years go by, and my record
is examined, posterity will ex-
claim me a martyr, Jesus will
be shed, and people even will
say Cold Blood killed him - poor
fellow. Pray ask my wife for a
coat that hangs in my upper
chest. It is there with my pass-
ing - The last in my taking
off

W. W. B.



Happiness
be thine this
Xmas Day

"Hove's Mal'ia? Deal-
quit de?"

Plant - Hovei a
Merry Xmas to him

From
D. Bailey - W. W.

1892

Dear Dear,

Därr wear in wñ tw wake
gor may ðñ expressayē. fakt is
διδύτ αγε, αρεδ! Χρόνικα χτυ
εαδ γπ. Ωπτε γ'λλ λικε ðñ Book
As γ'λλ says - "Iw γελλ; Mey's
γελλ; π'άπας γελλ;"

My epistle tu thy carta
Bridgears πως ανθεου

Θίνη φουδχη

Bailey

Οκτ. 18-



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Eyr
9 Brewster St -

Cambridge -

Mass -

Providence, Jan 23, 1893

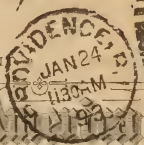
My Dear Dear,

Your letter finds me in sore distress, My little daughter, my precious darling, is very ill, and has been for a week, with inflaming chancetion, she is today, thank God, a trifle better, I can move out, and feel as in a trilem-dream, Mrs Bailey, too, is in bad shape, But today I have hope. Again let us thank the "All Father" More anon,
Yours ever - W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



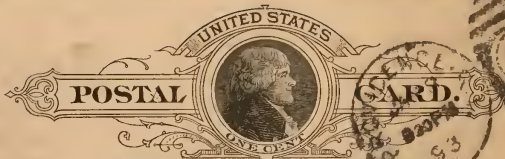
Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass



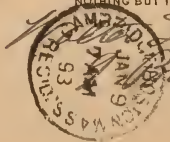
Bro - Jan 8, 93

My Dear Deane,
Absence in N.Y. for the
holidays will account for my sphere-
like silence, Mrs B. and I saw Morong,
Britton & Rusby. Froze my nose in N.Y.
May all the possible joys suggested by a
fruitful - but well regulated fancy, be
yours in this pseudo year, May sweets
come in jubilees plenty; may your cycle keep
lubricated - and you grateful to free from
aches, Paddle the top if necessary. Re-
member I guess to Miss L.

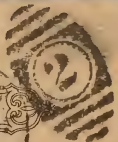
Yours ever
W. W. B.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.



Dear Eyr-
Plover to Street -
Cambridge -
Mass -



Dear Deane,

What do you do about your collect-
ing papers, diaries etc? They are bulky
and heavy. Do you take an empty trunk
or express to destination, I do not think
they can go as luggage. Please tell me
-and smoothen out the corrugation of
my tumbled brow. Sitting at Opera Day in
Mansfield Hall, a girl asked me why that
cattle picture was placed on the walls of
such a place, my answer was "Evidently a
bull!" Seat, if not guilty; and she
looked, as I hope you ^{may} ~~will~~
Philadelphia June 26, 93 Butler



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Egan
9 Brewster Street

Cambridge
Mass

Providence, Jan 25, 1893,

My Dear Love,

Our darling is much better & if nothing superfluous, will recover, all thanks to the Unit. Our Doctor, a classmate of mine (his name is Ham) is a trump. Miss Cooley was here to see me yesterday and when I learned she knew W.D., I rec'd her as the French might say (Toute politesse), with em-
provement. Thanks so much for sympathy,
Phil Bailey -

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane Esq
9 Beluster St
Cambridge
Mass.

A.A. I learn from Exam papers that
a perennial plant "blooms at diff. times
throughout the year, while a bi-ennial
blooms twice a year", "Buds are protected
by the floral envelope", "Pollen drops in
pellets through the hollow style", "Cotyledons
are made in order to distinguish three
classes of Plants", The last is delicious

Dear Philip was awfully ill last
week - but he and they are now
feeling well, An anxious winter, I am
To mine I write
Yours
Parr. Feb 24 - ^{Young are} Buds



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

Walter Deane - Esqr -
9 Brewster St -
Cambridge - Mass.

Dear Dear,

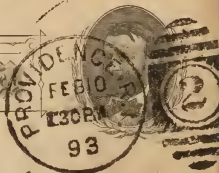
Plowville, Feb 9, 1850.

Thanks for yours. Yes, we are all right
and feeling quite well again - and oh so
glad to hear of you. You should see Aunt
Mary and her boys now on your last night. I
had a jolly party to meet him - were present
Mrs. Pugh, Mrs. Pugh, Pugh, Pugh, Pugh, Pugh,
Delaware & Bury, Dr. Ham, Mr. Edwards, Cap. Larkin,
my wife and a Miss Cook. My cheeks ache with laughter
now. Pugh he had been here 10 minutes. More had
the children all over him. He is giving a lecture on Evolution
at Colley to immense audiences. I want to tell you about
the man & to sleep at 5 A. M. price of ticket, "to
sleep that knitted up the wrinkled sleep of Eve" why
did you trace my of lets - etc. etc. Could you W. S.,
and make a note on. Materials already - I "saw the
morning air" of April. All rights in Herring line. Re-
member that on the 22. I shall be 50. WMB.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - & M.

FEB 10 1903

9 Brewster St -

Cambridge -

Mass -

Providence, Mar 6. 1893.

Dear Walter,

Yours is at hand, "All doth it become me, O citizen of Rome", to envy my neighbor his wife, ox, or ass, but I do confess me to a jealous citizen to gaze at his barbarism. I shall soon have a recess, from Mar 24th to April 2^d. Is there any just cause or impediment to prevent my seeing you in that sensual Easter season? Think well of it and report.

Did you ever catch a fellow cribbing? I did the other day, and he is now pulchra ex-wife. Your Latin grandfather is good. I had like Virgil's Turnus, that he has translated "Excursion Turner" but the funniest thing I ever knew of, that kind happened years ago when I was a boy at Merrimack Latin school, March the same, for the job is Latin in nature. Instead of rendering the Greek fable, "The Lion is terrible to the wolf" one brilliant boy read "The Lion's cock is terrible!" J. P. Lewis.

Wife, and now I am as purple as an old cat, and wonder if you the same man to whom every flower was an inscription, why not tell the sweetest part of an abstract, (only music, however much), in this letter in the old classic's study, (Psalms - if the fact you some what with me, I never at 5-0 return here then,

But overboard, I am growing too thin for a hypothesis, metaphysical correspondence, let me hear from the other side - and I am dead" for the

Very from someone
and fellow Providence Teacher

W. M. Bailey

Here is a good one on me,
I spent the other day to college
to get my mail, and pulled
out an envelope addressed to
Mr Bailey, Penn Univ. Think-
ing it mine, I opened it - and
found a bill in this wise -

"March 14th for use of
four women two nights \$4.00,
March 15, for use of two
women one night - \$2.00"
With profanely solemn
face I took it to the Registrar
and said - "Manifestly this is
not for me; I never know the
commodity so cheap!" The sub-
sequent proceedings interested him
no more. He clasped his ab-
domen and collapsed.

It seems the bill was from
a costumed costume - and meant
for the manager of the college
club for "nights" funny eh!

By, as we say the new laws
should to unite Carolina, Hickman

et id omne genus, according
to Britton? I am myself indiffer-
ent honest - but if I could crawl
out of that I'd like it, As I once
told you, I think since the death of
Dr Gray, and Leta Watson, the
safely, & some are off - and the "ec-
centrics" playing the devil,

well again, thank God! but we
have had an anxious winter
with both children, and what
a winter it has been. Even now
I have Pelin pined on Grass in my
back yard, Hancock have to be
due to the cloths, lice, parasites
of opprobrio constructed for the ash
bin, and what to do with what
is dug out is a problem, all this
in March in the 13th year of the
2^d reign of Grover the Tetrach,

Gardnera tell me it is a
good year for Sulla, and as I
love the Hoffman, hyacinths, cro-
cus, and tulips, here is to the
season, I mean you about now of ol-
der-tugs and jessie-willow, and
the hepatitis, and sunny Flork-
wota! oh! me what an un-
mistri I once had, and how full
I was of the wine of poetry and

My Dear Deane,

It is so long since I
have heard from you that I
fear you are ill, I do hope not,
Tell me of your welfare, I was
in Boston last Friday with my
wife - to meet Prof Morse, I
sawed - A deal!

"The death of Vasey was
a shock to me; I had not
known it till the official no-
tice, Now I see that De Can-
dolle is gone, and Mortantale,
White thus are left, however,
my soul will rest in the land
of quiet - and I am

Thy attached friend

Bailez

Providence, Apr 14, 1843,

Providence, Apr 12, 1893

My Dear Deane,

I am tickled to hear from you, I seem to fear all sorts of things, and my worst dread was, that I might have given offence by some too French story, I had almost made up my mind that if such were the case I'd never tell another, A big weight is off my mind, welcome back to the fold!

No, I have never seen the glass flower, and I think it a shame, for this reason, I write to both you and Goodale that I might come down in my Easter week, I heard nothing from you, and Goodale only wrote the week after, and so I did not go.

Last week I went with my wife to meet Prof Morse at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, & he had a high, or a low Morse himself would say, a "he" time, afterwards we all dined with Mrs.

Wm B. Rogers, Then did the
gods assemble, By the by, it
was last Friday - when it should
be. My latest examination
year was one in which the
partil was uniformly spoken
of as the "pistickel", which,
considering its nature and func-
tion, appears to be a heaven-
directed error. But let it pass
- as Presuming would say.

I would I could wheel,
too, "what fun we will have,
Alas! I am as rheumatic as
ever, I trust you were a Psi W,
he are going to open our superb
new Chapter House on Friday
he - and I shall read some
"prose or worse" - as Theo
Hook used to say.

Do you read French can't?
If so get Verlot's "Botanist's
Herborisant"; it is delightful,
and will show many a scene
of your (continues) youth,

My children, who grow like
Chenopodium, have the stamp
craze, so if you have any
postage-stamps of out-of-the-
way character, old or new do
send in on, I'd care not expose
how deep I am myself in the
same phrensy,

And now, in the sweet
halls of the dewy old literary
of my youth and innocence, when
Rome was young - and Piers
and Buchanan leered in the
land - "the Land the with thee,
and with thy spirit!"

Truly ever
W. W. Bailey

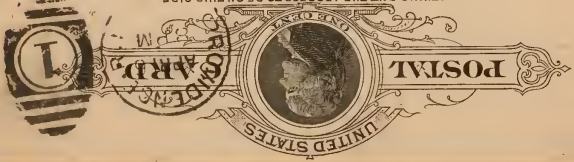
Plover, Apr 15, 1883

My Dear Deane,

Among the many bright things of
our Plover house during the other night
- i.e., last night, I heard of some Mrs. Deal
a prof who was accustomed to get her prom-
ise confirmed - and on one occasion produced
this - "Evil communications corrupt two
in a truth" - which from certain suburban
observations of mine are - I conclude to be
true, he had a royal time; my ribs ache
now with the thought, such nights redeem
many days of despondency & head-ache, I feel
my home & heart down the house -
Yours ever Bailey

Walter Dean - Eng -
of America -
Cincinnati
Ohio -

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.



The memories of that older den,
So long familiar in our story,
And all the hosts of former men,
I've known in days of former glory,
Will dim my sight, but not for long;
My voice is not attuned to sorrow,
Come, let us have our stirring song,
Though care should claim the coming
morning,

I love "The Boy!" both young and
old;
I rank myself with those of twenty;
I hope the Legion's banner may
hold
Certificates in fountain plenty:-

That not a dollar she may
lack
To make replete her secret coffers,
For thine we all are holier
Lack;
Our Treasurer shall wait for
Hear!
Yours ever W. W. Bailey

Providence, April 19, 1893.

My Dear Deane,

You are an old trump;
the children are blessing you for
those stamps, and their dean those
canonical you - and your place is
to the right in the Kingdom -
check in the back of the chair!
I am in that state of per-
fectly, seriously influenza - when,
as all the world becomes "dem-
ned morbid and unpleasant"
and handkerchiefs by the dozen are
put to dry over the register, and
all instead of affairs to be discol-
ored by a rolling up like a scroll, it
becomes a delight to recognize so
domestic a rule as that "prohibit
philatelic prizes, govern the the date"
- if they do. I know they do some
thing arbitrary, I am just in favor
an extension class in Providence -
a city on the confines of Massachusetts,
I told them there what a sweet study
was Boston - but in my mind's eye
I saw the new "Metropolitan" and

Cursed my fate that I was born
in this transitory age, Dada is
all! wasn't Beethoven and Schubert
good enough? Duola serena is all
that I have yet seen of the Spring
flowers, though doubtless we might
have a Conostyge or a shame-
less Anemone. I have had a
rough winter, I must send you
my Poe to poem - as it brought
down the house, I have given

At the Opening of the
Siquia Chapter House, Psi Upsilon
April 14, 1893.

O, had I in my freshman days
Once dream'd of such a vision splendid,
That e'er my material gaze
Should rest on this fair pile ma-
pendant;
I would have thought my sober sense
Had suddenly been throne frozen;
That for society's defence
I should to some relief be taken,
I dream'd, of course; what boy does
not?
But in meat, requested favour.

My Pegasus would sometimes trot,
But now, in age, behold the
presence!

I cannot longer hold him in,
For Siquia looks him by the middle,
With splur she prods his glossy
skin,
And will not let him use the utter,

I fear tonight, from what I see
The Hippogriff is due to stumple;
He feels, you know, so full of glee,
This gritty master he may tumble,
Who, in these wicked times,
Endeavors then to show his
pleasure,
And here his simple chaplet
twines,
In view of our enduring treasure,

Oh me! despite of all I do
Within this fair and goodly palace,
I carry off of old Psi U,
And keep the Upsilon from out my
choice,

April 25th 1893,

My Dear Deane,

Your astounding youth and vim is my envy. When you speak of riding your wheel from Laurel Hill to Cape Cod, and of working on your herbarium by night and day - "I smile and say - 'That is no feat - 'em!" How the sense does he do it. "Horatio, how know'st not how red all is about my heart" so thick that I am practically debarred from excursions, and that I can no longer, without extreme pain, do herbarium work or any writing, I feel very downy. Still, I keep up a message of hope.

Last week I was miserably sick with influenza, and lost flesh, hearing, smell, I was sore everything. I am better - but by no means gay. Today - I enter -

discuss the subject of grasses
to my class, I found my
decline and fall off, as Sir
Neyy would say), and will they
not sigh when they reach the
div. Reality, with glumes, proleta,
Columella etc. By the by, what does
the Nation mean by so high
praise of such a book as the
late one of Davis? It seemed to
me poor stuff. Tell me, O Belmont,
do not thus arrange the Herald
by the new system of Britton and
the rest — all honourable men?
Must I, too, come to it?

The stamp craze still persists,
my brood — all my lobes and
their dam. Many thanks for
your kindly contributions.

My Assistant — Orlinot, is to
visit Prof Seebell at Wood's
Hall this summer. Brown is
pretty strong down there, with Ben-
jamin, Orlinot, Gray, Walmsley,
Dexter, Strauss etc.

I have not seen out as yet, ¹⁸⁹
but I do hope I may yet see
my loved *Hepatica*. I know a
bank where it grows, and
near by the *Camplosorus*, and
in the swampy ground just there,
the *Polypod Virg.* Do you love the
red-muffle? The smell of its flowers
is as the salt to the
bar-horse with me. It is the
crispy and quite different odor
of some mosses.

But I feel comfortably
rich tonight & must pull up.
I am always

Your charming
W. W. Bailey

Providence, June 20, 1893

Dear, Old Blessed Dean!

The Lord be thy comfort and make wide thy phylacteries! Isn't it hot? I snatch a parenthetical moment from reading some hopeless ex-amination papers, to take a metaphorical cooler with thee. I wish it could materialize in form of claret, lemonade, and the permissive straw.

And here I have seen an
my little back, helpless with
blows and scishees, and no
Dean to comfort me. I did have a
pull of it, but am up, and, as
my pericardium, volatile. But my Stair-
Cousin says I must get off to Prince-
ton as soon as possible (he will
sooner, but I told him to go to?) and
I expect to start on June 29th for
my old Aunt on Washnet.
My family will go to New
York for some weeks, then to West

Hampton, L.I., and later to
Sakonnet, R.I., where I may
join them. It is a case of Jack
Frost - one for the sea, and
another for the hills that flesh
is held to. I love the FroigBoiar
too, but Neptune pulls my
Cox and makes me "green" -
as Jenny Wren says.

Of course my old neck
never lets up - and now my
leg is rather lame - and I
am ill, father Walter, and my
miss are as scarlet.

The lots, dear creatures, are
happy as grigs - whatever they
are. So I shall be when I
escape the visitation of decapit-
ated students - 14 ghouls of
whom now demurely and o'
nights, haunt my rest. I think
I shall have to run.

14 gory heads now lie

in my basket - and still
the sound of the bundles
resurrounds along the Via
dolorosa. My article on

Block Island will be out
in this month's Bulletin. Pe-
ruse it. If you are to be at
Concord, why not run over
to Wachuset and see

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Grand View House -
Dear Deane, Mt Wachusett, Mass,

July 2, 1893.

Please note that the above is my proper address, without the word Princeton, have my just discovered it - and found my mail delayed - an accused nuisance.

Yesterday I took my game bag and climbed the dark brow of the mighty Wachusett - and hoisted my hand towards Heaven, Berries of Dear Bunch absolutely gorgeous, on the top Potentilla tentacle in full feather, Not much on the slopes I combled with Harrow & hope yet to see the crimson vine the blue -
Thine
Bailey

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT. JUL

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane Eyr
Care Miss A. E. Buttrick -
Concord -
Mass.



Grand View House [1898]

Dear Deane, Princeton, N.J., June 30

You never read the papers, so I write to tell you that old Brown honored me with an A.M., at Commencement. I had the glad testimony exultingly. I arrived here last night - and am in bad shape - but hopeful. My flowers are in N.Y. Pepper - the cat, hobbles the fort, and I tell you my bill not? Add me for it; the air is sweet with grape blossoms, the air charmed with cherries, - and God is good!

Yours ever
Baileys



POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.



United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane
Care Mrs A.E. Buttrick
Concord
Mass



GRAND VIEW HOUSE,

W. R. HOWE, PROP.

Mr. Wadsworth -

Princeton, Mass., July 7 1893

Dear Deane,

Both you and Goodale
have now pitched into me about the
nomenclature. I am not guilty, my
Lord! It's Britton's own doing. I
love the old names; but, tell me
pray, what are we to do in this
country with opposing camps, Britton
told me he'd publish my article, but
would fix the names. This is the
result, but why it should be attrib-
uted to me, I fail to see.

Collins and I are pulling the
needs, keep your noses.

Yours ever

Smiley



GRAND VIEW HOUSE,

W. R. HOWE, PROF.

Mt Wachusett

Princeton, Mass., July 17 1893

My Dear Deane,

Just as I was about to
leave here for Lebanon Springs, I
was taken down with a severe attack
of neuralgia, and had to go to bed.
My friend Collins, the boatman,
who was going home, remained by
the ship, which is now again a
float and with all canvas set,
I expect to be here now till the
end of the week, My wife and little
ones are on Long Island. Later I
join them at Nahonset.

Collins and I here pulled lots
of weeds. Among the nice things are
Ophioglossum and *Habenaria Hook-
eri*. The mountain is covered with

Polygonum cilioside,

I don't know if you are still
in Concord, But even if the letter
is lost it is no great loss, Write
me when you can.

One day we climbed Crow
Thiel in Westminister - a mighty climb,
One cliff was 160 feet sheer; you
could dangle your feet over the top,
We got lost in a lot of Kudwin; the
meanest stuff except Larix, in
our northern woods.

I have not yet seen my
Bulletin article, with all the
Britton's wrinkles, I don't like
'em, but what then? Doesn't the
Gazette do the same?

Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Care A. I. Seabury.
Little Compton, R. I.
Aug 14. 1893.

My Dear Deane,

I have been wondering
at the pining of my conscience -
the sense of an unforgiven sin -
and upon delving into my grey
matter I find that the irritation
is caused by a thin tickled Deane.
To drop metaphor - I once wrote a
letter. After leaving Wachuset
I went to Pittsfield, Mass., where
Arthur Garrison met me and drove
me over the Taconic range to Lebanon
Springs, seven stations. There I
abode ten days, Lord! how he
and his brother and I, went
for those old mountains, Erst-
while he had the most com-
plicity of some nice girls, and
pursued sparkled around the luncheon
- and the myth "walsled", at
the fun. See Terzil, passim.

How then the King of the
Amelanchier - six feet around

2
by actual measurement - and
39 feet high; Tolso saw a
Carpinus of equal magnitude,
I visited the Phobos,
but they shook up nothing for
me - and so, in my wrath,
I fed her, by the much-resented
rigor. This is the chosen land
of the Lupinus carnulosa, no
one ever really saw it anywhere
else. Today I came to an army
of it drawn up on the banks of
a stream - deep in a wood
full of Hex opsea! Here, too, I
found a jolly lot of Woodwardia
angustifolia - and Hydrocotyle
umbellata. I see that Hollick
visited my Black Island dots
while they were still in M.S.
Nothing can hide time from me!
I feel the creeping joy
of approaching term-time stealing
over me. To his a fell melody

1
Kinnocut this a cure? And then, the monstrous
outlook is not most - and I see not to explain
in two centuries, they still - now on the sea, there
50 years - some out yet to port, after she is
open - but always on the distant main, still, I
have quite in the Skiff - and they is the ear
for - now then in the 'age', which is a pin,
the end of the sea from the (Plover
can be - and well, (Synopse health,

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Dear W,

Little Compton, R. I. Aug 26

A vast and quiet Cove A. I. Scalery -
my sight! Let the earth hide thee! What have
dwellers by island mountains to show com-
parable to old Neptune's wrath of this reach?
Believe me it was worth the price of admitt-
ance and I am so glad I was invited and
came! It was the best of a full summer,
I can now sing none dimittis, I find here
Woodwardia August, but the plumage thing
is not fruit, also, all forms of Cuculus var-
ieties - var obtusidolus, very queer, also Penhain
coronatus, then - as to Hilicivus - whew! !!
Home - Sept 1st - Tama oceanicus - Bailey

POSTAL CARD

ONE CENT

AUG 20

PROVIDENCE

United States & American

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq -
At Mrs Shattucks
Taffrey -
N. H.

Providence, Sep 27, 1893,

My Dear Deane,

While you have been sporting at Chicago and elsewhere, I have been lying on a bed of painful illness since Sept 6th. It began with malarial symptoms and then ran into acute inflammation of the bladder. I convalesce very slowly and even now am sitting up only a part of the day - and writing is an effort. Often I wished I had put my life down in your hands - so that you not should appear about me. But I am, thank God, still here! Your Assistant is doing all his own and my work. Let it damn - Scott had it - "when pain and anguish seize the brow, woman is an angel, Her use also, as Narcisse would say "co-ect", in adding that at other times she tests Neplixto for Curiosa psychological times.

Please give me the attitude of Cambridge Insula the Madman Convention and this infernal new nomenclature, Am I compelled to murder

Such desperate nonsense as Calutpa
Calutpa - and the rest of it! Does
Robinson submit? Must I?

Drop a line to your
strangled friend - and wretched
wife -

W. W. Bailey -

Oct 5th

1893

My Dear Deane,

Your is at hand, I am
up and out, but frightfully rheumatic
- and somewhat catagorhry. I am,
as yet, doing no work, but keep
my eye on it, I send you what our
college daily says about the Dept't,
All true and more, they might
add that with the increase of men
I remain at the pitiful salary of
\$1600. Your notes on Greave are
just what I expected; none but a
woman would write such unwhitene
stuff over the grave of a man like
Asa Gray. But the whirligig will
catch up with him - and don't
you forget it!

At the time of your King's
Expedition - I know very little, and
it was a happy day for science
when I fell ill - and hear of

Watson took my place, I was
with the party in Nevada, about
9 months, when my health failed
and I resigned. Still, for a time
my work was not so bad, Watson
told me that he adopted my sketch
of the phytogeographic regions in his re-
port. For so young a fellow, these,
I think showed a certain insight,
You will find them in an article
entitled the "Snake & Humboldt
River Valley", in *American Naturalist*,
I kept a complete diary of the Expedition
- which, if occasion requires - you
can get from my wife, for use, I do
seem somewhat like sitting in a
grave-yard - to note about such matters
- but I am not at all awfully,

As to my Army service, it was
in 1862 - when General Sherman's
army went up the Valley, and encamped
at Washington. In 24 hours our
regiment, made up largely of college
and high school boys, started for
Washington. There we were employed

THE botanical department of the university shows a gratifying degree of progress. The recent acquisitions by gift of valuable collections, and the growth of the botanical library give the department new strength and efficiency. The time has long since gone by when the limited quarters in Manning Hall are sufficient to accommodate the resources of this department and the large number electing botany. A building is imperatively needed. Were it not for the fact that the departments of chemistry and physics have individual quarters, these branches would suffer greatly. Quite as necessary now is the need of a building for the department of botany. If such a building were provided, it could easily be so equipped with botanical material as to make it one of the finest of its kind in the country, and it would find such a ready use that no one could doubt that a need at Brown had been supplied.

in the defenses of the City - and ¹⁸⁹
at one time we started to the
front, but recalled to Washington
on the Colleton's defeat on the Pe-
ninsula, he never saw a battle,
but did the whole duty demanded
of us - and at any moment might
have been sent into the thick, I was
a private - and here again my health
failed and I was sent home in ad-
vance of the Regiment.

Yes; at any time you can see
the details of the Henry Clay des-
aster again by asking me, I don't
think my wife knows the book,
Myrtle by, she always makes fine
histories in my age; one reason for
putting matters in your hands,

How did I come to study
Botany? Well, I suppose I was
born to it. After my father's great
loss, I was his sole companion,

sitting at his feet as he worked
at the microscope, accompanying
him in all his walks. Our relation
was especially tender; I was the one
they saved from the wreck; my
two brothers were at college; they
never knew him as I did, & man
far ahead of his time in science
and thought, with this early environ-
ment it was natural to drift into
my father's profession, first Chemistry
and then Botany. Then my next
elder brother, now Prof L. W. Bailey
of the Univ of New Brunswick, Kent
Crest, N. B., did much to guide me
into the same line.

I think I forgot to mention, a-
mong my duties, my Bull Collector
Humboldt - 1881. By the way, I am
re-casting and re-writing this, please
look up your copy - and send me
at once any details, mistakes, sugges-
tions as to field or closet work
that can be added -

Poor Ballard of the Agassiz
has lost his only daughter, my
heart bleeds for him; Glad to hear
good news of Mrs. Deane, W. D. B.

Residence, Oct 25/72

My Dear Dean,

I had a relapse after giving three lectures in one day - two weeks ago yesterday - (the only day I have appeared at college since leaving) - have been improving all the while - but my health came on from Coanville, Nov - while still in hands of Dr. [unclear] - now flat & very weak, I am gaining from day to day. Good luck to you -

Yours truly

Wm. [unclear]

Barry

Providence, Nov 21, 1893,

Dear Isaac,

At last I am sitting
up for a short time, Ehaw, but it
has been a pull, and the end is
not yet, even now I can cry out
slips, a whole term long. But
I have learned that I have troops
of friends — and here's to em!

They tell me that Gray's Letters
are out, I should so like to see
them! I have only the impression
now to sign my name, with much
love —

Faithfully ever

W. W. Bailey —

Nov 23 1893

Dear Deane,

You must have
learned of me in a roundabout
way—perhaps from the land
of Paster John, for your information
is all at facts.

As a matter of fact,
I shall hardly be at work this
term. Have no idea of appear-
ing till January, cannot go
down stairs then; am trying on
milk (no honey!)—and am
thin as the wandering Jew,
but there is of me, however
in—no more

Thine

Buller

Dear Jane, Providence, Dec 15, 93

June - except that my
sneet in lie temper now puts it off in
downy less words, D - n the doctors, pills,
powders, potions, plasters, poultices, and
all the accused yams - fees and
varieties! A la Galen & Hippocrates to
Harden with 'em all - old, new and middle
schools, their place in Germania!

Yes, Do - and the Mexican fellows!
I smile in advance at the new idea of 'em,

June 1863 W.W.B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.



United States of America



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter D. Lane, Esq.
9 Brewster St
Cambridge
Mass

Dear Deane, Providence Dec 16, 93
Pete came all night & I have
gloried over them. Many thanks. Have just
seen the last No. 20. In which Kate Prenda-
gee lay out C. L. Greene for his attack on Dr Gray.
She makes him a would-be man and a pig to the
goat. She wields an expert scalpel. The editor
Britten catches it all though the number. My
soul's cockles were warmed. Have had some
depression spells since you left but feel prime
today. May St Nicholas smile on you and
yours!
Burley - W. W.

Sorry you caught cold in the Plantations,
be sure it's off into anti-tox down here!

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

PROVIDENCE
JEG 18 20
9 30
United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -

9 Brewster St

Cambridge

Mass -

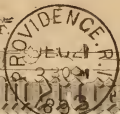
Providence - Dec 21,

Dear Deane,

You evidently have good sources
of information. I have not seen the Post Office
since Sept. I can only say you reporter must
have gone into one of the numerous dream-shops
near that "Lulburio-alul, or emargino" "walkal with
unode in his thence". No; I am still practically
in bed, but improving. I am much disturbed,
It looks as if my recovery might come - if I con-
tinue rich in next year. This seems to me brutal;
what is the Harvard custom in such cases? I
made this Sept. have served 17 years, and I
am deserving of better treatment. Exports, are,
over, possessing, soul-less, Many as to you
Yours ever - W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brainerd Street
Cambridge
Mass

Christmas

1893

My Dear Leese,

You quite overpowered me
all with your generosity. How
can I thank you enough? Come
down here some time in summer
and we'll debate that question over
a shree dinner. It shall be sure,
My mouth waters for it even now.

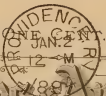
I am steadily gaining, Am
sitting up today, in a perfect tone
of voice, and a deluge of presents,
I feel like unto the bulge grown
or the universal prodigal — you,
like the calf himself,

A Happy New Year to
you and Mrs. Deane, crowned
with joy and the peace of God,

Your obliged friend
W. W. Bailey

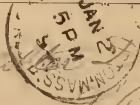
P.S. We send you a calendar
by separate parcel —

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.



United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq
Brewster Lt
Concord
Mass.

Providence, Jan 6, 1894,

My Ain Deane,

I send you today per mail,
the copy of Looe containing the
matter in relation to E. La Grane.
As the late Mrs Gamp might
say, I think the young lady
"Bradasses" a pretty effective
club. You will find I there
marked several things,

Mr Joseph Jackson of Worcester
who is getting out a revised edition
of his Plants of Worcester Co,
wrote to ask me whether to follow
the Manual or Rochester. My
reply was "Follow the Manual
and shame the devil!"

My Assistant, who was at the
meeting of Naturalists at Saw
Horse last week, said that
in an official talk by Eaton,
Farlow, Lettelle etc, the Podista
plan was hooted and scatted,
Farlow was especially acid;
Now it seems to me, with the
Lachins - we can write Myoph-
usa - I what time Macmillan
walks by the polyphloislon
ocean,

I am gaining all the
time, but slowly. My January
sailing came all right, and
saw the authorities a hearty
damning, I walk out ten min-
utes at a time on good days,
Such are scarce.

I was glad to learn
that my Better Two Thirds

had asked you and Mrs Deane
to come and see us, when
the Hylobes rise again, and
Hepatica caught up the glen.

Thank the Lord! I can
read! And I do so omnivor-
ously, My doubts now are
worthy of the cheurute's order.

Mr Garwood has sent
some Purple off, Pulsis ex parte.
I hope Brown will not follow
suit, but the times are hard
and "in the hardness of
our up-ress, down upon us
may swoop the minions
of the law!"

Good luck to you
from the
Cold Bailey -

IN THE TWILIGHT.

We wandered slowly
In the twilight gray;
The West was golden
With the parting day;
Within' the azure
Little stars looked out
And winked upon us
With a laughing doubt.

Not hand in hand,
But close withal together,
We strolled along
Amidst the fern and heather,
Now and then
A little bird would peep
To see my darling,
Ere he fell asleep.

For she was lovely,
And the passing breeze
Sang praises of her
To the listening trees,
All the flowers
In the leafy dells
Played chimes of welcome.
From their tinkling bells.

W. Whitman Bailey.

MY UNCLE'S LEGACY.

Can it be that my uncle is dead?
That his kind face no more I shall see?
Were you there when his last will was read?
Did he leave a few thousand for me?

To be frank, 'tis a very poor joke,
And I scorn all your unseemly mirth
When you say that my uncle was "broke,"
And that all that he left was the earth.

A. A.

THE MIST.

Cold and damp, drear and damp,
The winds from the marshes blow,
Damp and cold, drear and cold
Up from the swamps below.

Bar the casement. let the mist
Drift against the pane,
Hear the wet winds moan without,
See the drizzling rain.

Wrap your cloak across your heart
Lest the chill creep near.
The marshes throw their vapors wide,
Cold and damp and drear.

W. H. J. 1888
NONIAN.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Beneath protecting leaves,
Secure from prying thieves,
Fair Epigæa's face
Reveals its maiden grace.

When cruel winter goes,
When sunshine melts the snows:
She lifts her gentle head
From of her leafy bed.

Half coy, and half slighting,
Her glance is still inviting,
She does not seek to hide,
Nor dares she yet confide.

Sweet blossom, do not fear;
I'll leave thee growing here;
I love thee far too well
Thy whispered thought to tell.

Live safe beside the way;
The spot I'll ne'er betray;
But though I fail to speak,
Thy home I'll often seek.

W. Whitman Bailey.

There may be no mistake,
that while convalescent, I am
not as yet able to assume my
work, Prof. Deussen has con-

cluded to stay - and great
is the joy of the students, My
own affections are set on things
above.

Ja! ta!
Old Bailey

Providence, Jan 15, 1894,

My Dear Deane,

Most transient of all
earthly things ("unless Love," the
modern fair ones just"), is stat-
ionary, Howe's et al Creosote,
supposed to be dew-drop page
at the thought that it is dead,
to explain, my un-ruled or
anarchic paper, is out.

Your story of the Georgia wo-
men and the whiskey, is alone
with the price of admittance.

Yes; I am up, and out, and
around, but it is obvious to
the least observant, and mani-
fest to myself, that I have been
ill.

I am extremely chemistic, or
tumbagic, and, like our cooks
fread, fail to use properly,
then, as perhaps I told you,
my hand is much enlarged
— and some take me for the
ancient mariner.

I visited my class at the
Woman's College today, but said
nothing; let Orestes run it.
It was enough for the dear
gibes to see me.

Whit and Meg have some
writing children down below
— and they sound like the
Abatable. (Note; I have the
proper plural to that word;
catch me saying "the chemis-
tims" — as I heard a min-
ister last summer.

I have lately had

my letter from King's Expedⁿ
come back to me; wonderfully
good too, for so young a chap.
By the by, and don't you forget
it, I have a complete library
of my connection with that
trip; also of journals to New
Brunswick — and from 1876
till now, nearly perfect. Don't
little sentiment in 'em; lots of
facts. My earlier ones are de-
stroyed wherein I used to
write "Met her today; she
loved to me! took my heart!"
Lord! what fools we mortals
be, that she, I need not say,
was not Mrs B.

Don't forget our pencils
for stamps; especially old Amer-
ican.

Let me tell you again, that

Prov. Jan 10. '74,

My Dear Deane, I forgot to answer your
question about Blake. The Faculty - beginning
with the Pres, have been issued, according to
"priority," I come in 1900, if no other fetter
chance - and I hang on myself. Merit they with-
ing to do with it for, of course, I should have pre-
sented the Pres! Have had a bad night. Evi-
dently I am a weak vessel, though I can hold a
good deal. Mrs B. recalls our young Georgia
woman, as she was brought up in the old
orthodox school, but has differentiated widely,
Mrs pious regards.

Yours ever

W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane A. M.,

9 Brewster Street

Cambridge

Mass.

June 25 1894.

My Dear Teacher,

How is it that you write from Boston? Do the "top of the period" creep unwillingly, like snow, across the Charles to the big city? Or have you been called up "Whitter"? It is a lot time for your mesuracous informant, to whom the sins of Anselmus here as white as snow, to inform you that I am on my tack again, for it is not true, I am, thank the Great Unit, up and around, and even visit my classes, my hand is on their pulse, but I do not proceed to anatomize them further, leaving the scalpel still in the hands of Gesterhal. I made quite a melodramatic entrance to one class the other day, the fellows applauding violently; perhaps because they think I live to easier than Gesterhal, as a matter of fact, I

has given on the very level,
but it is good for them, and better
for him, He has got piles of
work out of them.

As yet I can go but to one
class a day, and that only on
good days, and that only on
"still such days" will come! At other times I stay
at home and read, I have the
angel, or star was it? that pre-
sided over my nativity; perhaps it
was the constellation of Balsania
also! At any rate, I have the
power that made me a reader,
and caused me to love good read-
ing. Yes; the children who were
told right, they had them not be-
fore, and had rejoiced in them.
Yesterday I took me over to college
only to find that it was a holi-
day - or holy-day; the Day of
Prayer for Colleges. I solemnly
wondered that I might have none
it was a religious day of some
sort, as all the theologians were
at work! As to those glass
flowers, which I have never
seen, pray tell me their nature.

value, How, for instance, are they applied in teaching?

Please mark down, in red ink somewhere, that my wife and "chiller" are still at the stamp table. Old W.S. material and prints - especially desired; ditto Canadian, Is there no old stuff in Canton you can research? Prints come in in the 40s, but about that time and before, certain local ones were used, now of great value. Have you read Louisa Letters? Such a treat! There is not a commonplace line in them, they are to me, too, very inspiring and helpful. Lord! how I wish you Harvard men here right to be! I wish my three numbers of study had entitled me to any sort of degree, simply that I might feel a unit in the crowd of alumni. My father's wish was for me to go there, but I never knew enough. I was a sad loafer in my youth, no man has a brighter scope to reckon up with the Record of deeds.

Chapeau.

I send herewith - an old letter
of mine, lately returned to me,
which please read and return
Methodists for a years fellow in
the Minutes, it is not so bad.
Dear old Water was with me
then, tho' great enough, not men-
tioned in the letter.

The two was mine, that of
my training is with Chubb, I used
a little Iron in water - colza,
not - Lawh-a-mercy! I know
letter now, he are glad to hear
such good accounts of Mrs
Joan, Tell her, if we both
of us pull together on the team
of convalescence, you and she
may get alright at our door.
The catch is up to the carrying
men o' the trade.

Yours in Lumbricine

W. W. Bailey

P. S. Give my regards to So. W. B.,
and let me know the prospects
of the Field of Gardens.

Providence, Feb 3. 94

My Dear Deane,

I wish you would look
in the shop windows in
Boston - and see if you
can get me some one flower
in quantity, the following
I do not want,

- Fragaria trivernia*,
- Burseria*
- Cytisus Caursia's*
- Peonia*
- Primula Pincus*
- Hyacinthus*
- Aucubia* -

Some good *Lagunaria*, like
Coronilla - All like, or
Setter Chryseum italicum,
Send to college - and he'll pay
the bills - I am still very
uncertain in my ways, and
may visit a few classes,
Blair to the front again
this week, and a visit to

Several puppy -
Tell me what you hear
of Dr Brown, I hate to
think of his being there
alone. (Our Librarian yesterday

day pointed out to me a
funny thing in one of our
old Massachusetts Reports,
It reads in this wise -

1st Item For the expense of
Prof Diman's funeral -
(20 marks)

2^d for carrying out ashes
(20 marks)

3^d for white washing
(20 marks)

Is not that a conventional
accounting? The climax of
the whitest reputation is
grim and fine -

May is curled up by
me writing. What for washing

The at-don series - and any fine
thing spinning and taking the same
Lester, I see one and I'll love
your dog (think of that in your
copy) yours
C. B. B. B.

My Dear Dear,

If you have sent Coytious I am
(with exception of the late S. T. Paul of
Tarus) of all men most miserable, the
gentleman & hot-house men (I hope they
will bring up in a hotter house, compound
em!) always call it Genista. "My fate
cries out and when such ~~men~~ of this
body are handy as the Roman living nerve,
I could lay out two or three Corticellants
- I'm so mad. Not with you, however when
my heart is yearning as if to my native
Highlands -

Providence, Sep. 6. 1894.

Barley

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esqr -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass -

Dear Deane,
~~Yours at hand,~~ On 2^d thoughts
letter not sent C. O. D., as I might not be
on hand at college, sent to Brown Univ, but
lill to me, Say \$2.00 worth -

Ever yours

William Whitman Bailey -

Monday 8:30 A.M.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States  America



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

Dear Deane, Providence, Feb 25. 1894.

Your Bulletin of today is better, *Chorizandra* is a
thing I especially desire in showing a *Loganum*'s
plant with simple leaves. Tell me, what is the name
of the plant wild in shape as a curiosity - with inflated
petioles & floating called "water hyacinth," some call
it a *Pontederia*, but it has not the ghost of a reser-
vance to me. Took some of my classes yesterday -
on the whole, feel pretty well, would like more time
in form of duets, now I have dolours for my dol-
lars. *Cestrum* & *Collina* see in *Cantab* last week
and saw *Fernald* - who, it seems is to specify on
Coarx. Give my racial love to Bailey - whose name
is quite familiar to me. My hyacinths are up, the
little pots, what will become of 'em, and one the lill
in flower - Mea & the dear two are well, they
equal to your most excellent wife,
Aunt Anna W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States American



THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

*Exhibition
Circulars,*

Mr Walter Deane-

9 Beaverton Street-

Cambridge-

Mass.



Providence, Feb 10, 94

My Dear Lane,
Miss Bailey, niece
in her generation, says
that you are a naughty
boy, though a good, sweet
fellow! You cannot fool
her, says she, on such
stamps as those! You went
and bought 'em!

Now, while we are both
deaf & grateful to you for
this and cannot see the other
kindnesses, we do not want
you to spend money on our
hobby. If now, you can
catch some old academic's
soul-holder with an attic,
some retired proctor or
don, and choke him till
he yields up his stamps,
that is quite another matter
and you none shall be

engrossed with that of
Ben Adhem,

Yesterday I took
hold of one thy class, a
"wrestly class" as the
children say, though you
can exert one too, I got
along nicely - and the
time went like a flash.

I have a raw simile
for you - mine own, as
Longfellow would say -
I speak of a man who
presents thus "He lies
like a college catalogue,"
Experientia docet, meaning
that practice administers
this dose, Yes - Richardson
will do, but who, would
guess it, in the present
state, I hate to have a

thing better even so, for
you smoke? Then think
what a cigar is to a man
so long deprived! I can
whiff again -

To me the odora mestera
is like to some old painted shew
And with them do my fancies

To war beyond the distant
I see you take another meal,
Vanilla? So? I am a
And, with my muse, am
fairly treat,

Yours ever
Wm. Whit" Bailey -

Drish haal! My Birthday, Feb 22, 1894,
Congratulations on my 51st in
order! Do tell me how much I owe you for
the Cystitis, Charizema never arrived from
you but I had a lot from Goodale, would like
more, Miserably sick on Monday - but am
all right again now; that is, as much so
as I ever am. Fifteen hours of class - work a-
head, had great dispute with ser-
vant girl last night, and had to call in
police; drunk or opium crazy - or both!
Lodgement of victim in station, much heart
felt of little family, I'ma ever
W. W. B.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - A.M.,
9 Newater Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.

New-fangled histological botany
and time Crypts - of which I
know nothing, I am beginning
to think, in view of my many
short evenings, that the Specters
were right in hatching old folks
on the head, & giving them a
dose of Cosinum. The stamps were
jolly - from whatever source derived,
The Chorizema (except a lot from
Goodale) never arrived, I cross
plants (not of that) all the time,
But Spring comes, & today the
mercury is at zero - and all
things fore shadow Spring Snow!

Wife -
Bob's
and Self
all send

LOVE -

Yours sympathetically
W. W. Bailey

Providence - Feb 25, 1894,

My Dear Deane,

I could not guess
from your letter of y^es I knew
that I belong to the immortal
bro of Feb 25. In progressive
action it runs thus -

George Washington,
James Russell Lowell,
Wm Whitman Bailey -

I was the recipient of many congrat-
ulations, some bouquets of flowers -
and a book - "Red Jubilee". The city
fell very in my honor - and but
of my confederates and much villain-
ous bolt-pete was turned.

You ask of my "domestic" difference,
It consisted in having an apparently
nice cook - got very drunk on
opium and alcohol. I did not sus-
pect what was ^{the} matter, but found I
could not wear her, or do enough
to have her say with a Coar, "you
make me tird". Then Mrs Bailey
took a hand, but he could do
make her say Moody & Pauley, (more
on these confederal terms!) Then,
feeling an emente at any moment,
I held the girl till Mrs Bailey
could go at and call immediate help

and the police, Of course the telephone must at that moment be out of order, but after a while my cousin Charles came, and soon after the officer and Miss Mowry was lugged to the Station,

We expected that next day when she came for her things, there'd be a scandal; we got in a colored woman with orders to keep her below, but when she came she was jolly, thought it a big joke, and (the morphine part of it!) owned no shame, she said we did right - "just as she would have done" and said she might have cut it rough, she owned, too, that she had taken morphine for six years, A very capable and excellent woman, apparently, in other ways, we have now paper at the other end of the Cheimster's scale - and here a daughter of Africa, "a woman and a sister", I believe she is also a wife, but the luck has not shewn. (O my America! what you do suffer from servants - high and low!

I should judge from your account of Mowing that this day of work was over. I am very, very sorry; we still need these older men.

I am glad to learn that the Garden Botany is really under weigh, and is a success, Lord! how I want it, What are these Gray letters of which you speak? We have a pile of his letters in our Herbarium, I wonder if Mrs Gray would care to see them? They are to Olney - I am trying to rummage from scrappy material, some Greek plants, using Pithopoi's Flora Graeca, Alas! we have not the atlas, It seems funny to read as a locality - "on Mt Parnassos" "at ruin with Byzantium et Buras", etc, or "on the road to Olympos", Herbotomists follow but nothing - of the few, I take it, are gathered by "The King of the Mountains", See Edmund Spenser - for a good story, While still only in the lowest price, I am doing pretty well & have assured most of my work. This week, indeed, I take my old private school teacher, Calcutt in a trap - as he takes all the

Providence, Ma 20, 1894.

My Dear Desne.

Lots of thanks for the stamps. Mrs Bailey is delighted. What do you think, I spent nearly all last week in bed, but now I am up and fairly chipper in this gorgeous weather. Did you ever see the best of it? My cucumbers are a jay gasser, and the dear old black-birds and the fat robins - and the hot-temper-ed wasps my soul to dance.

We have about decided not to go to Joffey - on the principle of learning the "be we have" than flee to others that we know not of. Fact is - I have rather a pull at Wachusett - knowing the land-look now quite well. Then again, it is near my Doctor, who indeed, often goes up there. Glastford, too is rich, and today I had to run a long examination. I made the large "percepive" - little the lassies. They all wish I were in bed again. More anon

W. W. Bailey

Dear D.,
P.W., Mr 3. 1894,
Mulle Samewoha is trying to persuade
us to go to Shattuck at Jeffrey, have you
anything to say for or against? If so, please
report at once, as we must decide, I think
what nuts (cheat, not, kicky & other!)
to visit Monday with you, already
my auto starts at the bright, am now
carrying 15 horse ahead of class
- and bring - Saturday feel us half a
a water Ramus road - There ever
Bailey
(w. w.)



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - Esq
9 Branta Street -
Cambridge
Mass,

Dear D. Providence - Mar 27

"By the preaching of my travels, some-
thing richer than any comes!" he will be sure
than joyful to see you. But let me say that
on Wednesday afternoon only we have an
engagement at Dancing School - the last
day, and it's so pretty I never miss it. If
you should happen around about 8, with
you - wife - we'll love you, at any rate we'll
be on hand in the eve, and all Thurs-
days, the arbutus heifer, cows, and Laura
I will stay for tea, hell my dear!

Thine - Bridget



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass

Providence, April 5, 1894,

My Dear Deane,

Yes; we had a capital time that Saturday in Boston, despite a temporary hitch up that I had, after style of Cardinal Woolsey, like car-
tain "little top" who we bore on Haddock, he
visited toy shops, purchased hats and clothes, di-
ned at Copeland's (where he had delicious ice-
cream!) - next to dentist's (where I had a dozen
on the lounge), strolled through Common (and
dressed Swift and his gang!) - and arrived home
at 6,30, hungry and happy. The 2^d was Whit's
birth-day. He was made glad by a new fire-en-
gine - and some North Boreas stamps, by ice-cream,
Coke and 11 chocolate mice and candies; also by his
new Boston cap and overcoat, Here, except the Casorn,
the hymen, by request, is omitted, Visitation can, if they
think, "step up and see the Ursula" - of the Democrats,

with regard to Mrs. D. Egan Butler

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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass.

Providence, Apr 10, 1844,

My Dear Deane, Am glad you have two copies
of the Valley of the Shadow; I can now give mine
to Lathrop, He went out yesterday collecting, I
am tramping in this cold air, but then I want to
do it in the long run, he we just discharging
another imbecile who would make a good wife
for Coxey or Swift or Schuch - or some other rant-
ing and, rabid fool. Blessed be hemp!
Keep it your strong! I am teaching my classes
Cassipourea, Can get here Cineraria, French
drains, and Esfistoria and Piperia, Is there
any thing else in your markets? If so, please
let me know,

Yours ever
Bailez

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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane

9 Brewster Street

Cambridge

Mass

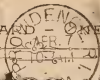
Providence, Apr 7, 1894.

My Dear Dr,

For some inscrutable reason, maybe
for my conspicuous virtues, I have had two
copies sent me of the "Botany of Death Val-
ley" by Coville. Now, if you have it not, I
will be tickled to send you one of them. Let
me know, that I may gather the mantle of
Charity about me, be those red maples and
dandelions down here. I suppose you still thrive
among the Liebens, justovocci, and other fugid
plants. Hunt week of Spring term closed, and
a Te Deum ordered for tomorrow.

Yours ever
W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT



United States of America.



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass.

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

April 22, 1894.

My Dear Old Deane,

I have just done you up a parcel of my Block Island and a few other plants, which, although they may not fill any lacuna, may serve to keep other things from rotting in your pigeon-holes.

My little family all went to Boston yesterday to the Wash-puller, I had intended to accompany them, but was prevented by the rain. I am glad to see that Coulter and Barnes regretfully part company with E. L. Greene on his vagaries. In the last Journal of Botany you will see an article about *Artemisia Stelleriana*, one of the plants I send you. It is by Preschong.

I am simply frightfully Lousy,

seventeen hours a week, I thought
last week I would break down. I
was darn fool enough to remember
like teaching a lot of young boys
in Lyonia school, and, as Dr. Col-
ford says (or acts) - "here's my
tail; just kick me!" I never had
such up-hill work in my life.

On our table we have a lot of
Lolm's Gilsed tubes developing. Pretty!
well, I just think so! With them in
Nemato acrotax - which show pretty
the transition from scales to leaves;
just too cute. The little ♀ flowers, too,
are appearing in most copious fash-
ion, as schosna ♀♀ always.

They say the devil is dead;
Behen it not.

We all send our April greet-
ing and hepatic smiles to Mrs
Deane,

Yours persistently -
W. W. Bailey,

P.S. Read your glass flowers. If I
come down some Saturday (I can't next,
as I lecture at Normal school), will
you show them over?

Providence, April 25, 1894.

My Dear Deane, If you thought to retain
the 30 cent Columbian stamp - I sent on a
purchase of plants the other day, I know a
little girl - named May, who would like it. She
has it not, i.e., not cancelled, and a cancelled
one is valuable, I hope in my trash you found
a pearl or two. By the by, ought a package of
that size to cost so like all quarters? I am
dead feet, lousy with work and have a aw-
ful head-ache. I would not have my "dearest
Henry" as I should say, have one like it
what good zoological purpose do such things
serve, think you? I think Palmy would compare
company with Bailey, whose friend this act of
his I think W. W. B.,

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States America



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass

Providence, May 20, 1894

Dear Little Deane

I believe I owe thee a letter. Please accept this scribble. R. S. V. P.

Last night, J. S. Collins spent the eve with me, I have succeeded in getting him appointed Curator, vice Bennett, and life takes on a more rosy tinge. With two such lieutenant-mentors as Collins and Eschscholtz, I am ready for a campaign even against the author-puff-buff. Bennett was wholly incompetent, treacherous, and disloyal; a man with a crooked heart to his brain.

Last Tuesday eve I lectured in Dudley-church, to the young men and maidens - *originales puerisque*, on Cross-fertilization - a happily chosen subject. I did not, however, see the flock of these sweet-ling any more, I enjoyed my eve ride very much returning over a new road, via Pasewyck to Providence, along side of Walkers Pond, I saw whole flocks, "groves", as I should call them, of Lind's hot violets. I have had

daily that I was made to love Nature
and thus rescued from love-sorrow,

Vacation, like some friendly shore to the
solitary voyager, henna in sight, I see the
palms upon the strand; I hear the birds
(and the flocks), and see strange pictures
sketching through the forest which I long to
visit. My work had been very heavy this
term, and my Civil Eng still more weighty.
Bladder trouble in its acute form, wholly
abated, but I suffer like thunder from rheu-
matic gout. Inquire among your friends who
is the best Boston doctor to see on this line,
and oblige.

Mrs Bailey, and the Gurdahis,
who are well, unite in a remembrance of
you and love to you and Mrs Deane
and - as for me -

I'm another -

W. W. Bailey

June. 1894

My Dear Deane,

All your notes have been rec'd, the stamps enjoyed and appropriated, but the Commencement season and a terrible cold contracted in the confines of Boston, have been too much for me, I'm up and about - I feel like Mephistopheles - late of Leipzig and friend of Faust, Thanks for the doctors, but I had already seen to see Dr Fred Shattuck - of whom all spoke highly - and whom I liked much, He told me I had no functional trouble - but has so far recommended nothing, I ought to correct an impression you appear to have; it is no longer the Shingles trouble I fear after but rheumatic gout, The Shingles gives no more trouble now than for 15 years, nearly making me get up several times a night, "I wear a prayer or two" and then over, He had a fine Commencement, I had Binney with me. After the dinner a very interesting game of football - the Varsity nine against

the Alumni, the letter, with
Sexton in the box, worn by our
print. Two days ago I had
a small but beautiful lot of
plants from Lieut H. R. Lee of
Fort Apache, Arizona, named
mostly. He came here for New
York about July 1st. Work is over
- that is - work for other folks.
With regards to Mrs. Deane
Yours as ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence, July 27, 1844,

Dear Deane, I know you are not here
- but where are you? Just back from
West Point N.Y. - and Woods Hole, Mass.
Gorgeous time though hot, we leave
tomorrow for "Grand View House, Mt.
Wachusett, Mass." - where letters will
reach and be fully perused by
your Secretary and impoverished friend
and well-wisher (as girls say to re-
spectable lovers!) -

W. W. B.

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United States America

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Walter Deane
9 Brewster Street

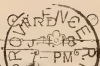
G. R. B. Waterston Cambridge

Whitefield
N. H.

Mass.

Dear Deane,
It is true I was in Canton last
Tuesday; instead I spent Monday and Tues-
day with a friend at Newton, felt it no use
to look you up in day time & consult at night
pent for health and returned with a dem-
oniac cold, I never had a worse - at-
tack at the point of suicide. Saw the flora-
flora, but fatter, saw Robinson & his wife
and baby child, and Mrs Gray and Fer-
nold, Had a canoe sail on the Charles,
rich in full day - but now see a ray
of hope, though that neither taste nor smell
and it is as hot as
Expect Princy on Commencement Day, Off
to N.Y. about July 1st Yours ever
W.W.B.,
June 18, 1894,

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United States OF America.



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esqr
9 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

Grand View House -
Mt Wachuset, Mass -

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug 13, 1894

My Dear Deane,

You indeed distress me in your account of poor Bailey, I hardly see how a man can survive two such devilish operations! How true you describe him! Heroin, perhaps because I have it not, appeals to my faint of hearts. If you write to Bailey do give him a word of cheer from all of us at Brown. You will see our little all at the top of this page - and it is a very effective team even in land harness, we are warranted to reduce the record or "beat",

Collins was with me most of last week and left on Saturday. On Friday we were joined, too, by Joseph Jackson of Worcester, Vice-mist of the County - and now the Cass a good fellow for being a graduate of old Brown, he has got on the steps of this house - and checked off Grip's Manual for the county, printed by print, Jackson is revising this list and we have added only twenty plants to it. Collins and I got idea Bailey to drive us over both of the mountains

the other day, when he climbed it
by a new trail; at least new to
us, it led through a very interest-
ing tract, he took our Luncheon
as a very interesting web - marked
"Come in!" but he didn't care
in our even case even, after
emptying a paper box of its contents,
Collins covered it again, made a
slight hole in it and wrote the
legend, "Drop a nickel in the
slot and see the vacuum ex-
posed!" This he put up for the
instruction of other travellers, in a
conspicuous spot, he went down
the mountain by still another path
- finding two of the rare Potychia,
Since Collins left I have added
three plants to the list, all com-
mon enough. I rather expect my
brother and daughter to join me here
about the 25th inst. He is coming on
to the Brooklyn meeting of the Ass'n,
I am rheumatic. but otherwise
top-top - or rather half way up,
Don't worry - but be a little easier,
Our best regards to dear Dean -

Your cheer in the faith
W. W. Bailey -

up. He says Dr. Strong fully
united his communications
and followed them. I like Perry
say much when I met him,
Hessell, too, has sent me some
good notes. Three books in one
summer - better done or well
under weigh - I think a fair
showing for me so lately on
the dry dock. I am delighted
to hear such good news of
Bailey, he was ill of foot
to lose him; Cass will be
more moderate than ever!

Mr. Bailey joins me in
lots of love to you and yours,
He and the Revines are well
and Hessell is very well, so send
my love to him, and so says

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey -

P. S. My brother and daughter
were with me last week, they are
now at West Point -

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass.,

August 29 - 1894,

Dear Old Deane,

How old men of
the mountain! I sadly neg-
lect thee, but still thou art
on my mind, better than
than on my back - like Sin-
Lode inebria. To my wife;
Collins left me of the lesson
a week's stay - in which he pulled
nipples all left, I think he
must have foreseen this fear-
ful death, I have had seen
nothing like it since the Pagan
Lama followed Joseph into Egypt,
(where Jacob lay had stand!)
The water are knee-deep
in dust; the very air is pul-
verulent, and the woods as dry
as an orthodox sermon. Even
the trees are withering. I am
hard in regard to a week a-
go, and the few that survive,

have prematurely put on
their autumnal colors, no
foliage left by the wayside and
hills now in the woods, all
in parcels, crisp, dry, & with
a chance for a chillbite to
punch chiselbite down; &
for one, am open to conservatives.

By the way, a minute
but not a best thing the
other day, of course as a quo-
latur, "Gleason for Christie;
hell for company!" I wish that
delicious. From Cambridge I
receive a long type-written
copy of a letter by one Allen
(I think his name is), charging
gross mis-management of
the Botanic Garden, and even
more, upon Goodale, & asks
for a commission of inquiry;
in the Army - they do not them-
selves would now be compelled
to ask the same, what do you

know of the whole matter,
why the sense is the thing
sent to us outsiders, cannot
Harvard do its own little
work? Dear me! those are
troublesome times, hell; I am at
last out of Bennett - and have
Collins, I try the first time in
your that I have not decided
the beginning of the term.

Collins is looking like a
horse on the Brown flat. He is
a trump, I, did I tell you? or
long while re-writing my hand
book. If you have any field
notes about vascular, protists,
herp, insect, porosity etc,
let me have em! Rudy sent
me a full account of his
processes in the tropics; very
interesting, in every way, given
enough! I had to sit on him
for poor collecting. Please, and
in strict private, I wish now re-
garded. Must my love to the

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Curator of the Herbarium.

Grand View House -
Mt Wachuset, Mass

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep 3 1894.

Dear Deane,

It is Labor Day
he of the pen must toil, while the
horny-handed parson, such is life.
Evidently you have never read
Bailey's first and only Book, or
have it not with you, or you would not
ask me to insist in a rare edition
the importance of collecting all of a
plant. Compared your idleness; you
steal the idea from me. Then again,
the idea of letting M.F. about the use
of psachets! Buy Bailey's Handbook
and study it; you will find that idea
there set down with much other use-
ful information. Apart from these two
items you give me some very useful
hints of which I shall make use,
Thank you very much. It appears an a-
ppealing undertaking to climb the summit
of that book as I look ahead, but I
suppose like any other peak it can
be surmounted by persistent effort. Ex-
cellent in the city!

My wife Paul dear children

Capt J. R. P. on Saturday and
arrived safely, I expect to be here
till the 10th Jan. Legation the 19th
and the Co. Capt. F. H. meet
on the 14th Jan; Blake is an
awful good fellow, I am glad to hear
that the Allen matter is not more
serious than you say; still, I think
it calculated to do much mischief
among the ill-disposed, and there
are not few, I send my circles to
Columbia or would forward it to you,
In my Prov. Journal articles, I have
allowed for errors of type-setting, e. g.
"a ground view" for "Grand View";
unhappily he has heard that night
after, I was ago - Ready was the
poorest collector I ever knew; he
did not know how to be in New York
his letter of directions is tip-top,
Fennell, too, has sent me some
bits, Do look up the old edition of
help me with hints, Lord! Lord!
how I dread it all, I had for some
time a new book on a new subject,
he too, had the dark Sunday,
Indeed, until today, I have never had

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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

189

Seem like the sacred moment to
Moses; hidden in smoke imper-
ceptible, it continues, too, as day
as a college treasury, like that
of Brown. Britton writes me, say-
ing, that he is too busy to deal
me with notes. Sometimes in the
middle of a chapter I have to stop
and translate from Vahl or Coplin,
to see what they have to say. My
other books are more rapidly looking
for. Those two Botany new-
Nos 3 & 4 of that genus, I believe,
Collins ran off with him. By the
way, he is doing magnificent work
at Brown. No more nonsense: we
intend having a Herbarium.

In haste for the mail -

Yours as ever

W. W. Bailey

I think Allen can do more
harm than you fancy, but
I hope not, he are all well
- despite the fact that my
neck is evil. More anon -
With best regards from
me all to Mrs Deane, I
am as ever

Thy Comrade -
White,

P.S. No thank you! I
do not want Allen's wail
back again. How you see
the Flora of Mt Desert? How
Paul goes for the New-
enish Rochester, Christian -
Bilton-Greene combination,
It narrowed the cables of my
heart.

Providence, Sep 23, 1894.

My Dear Deane,

I wish you would
send me your notes on
mountain (or water on the
mountain either), I do not
fear at all that the publica-
tion of your experience in the
Gazette, would at all take the
wind out of my sails, but you
see - I should like to examine
your ideas in my immortal
book, safe? I seriously, anything
that is as good as your wail
be, I entirely and credit, think
of being in such a Valhalla!
College is now in full blast
with an entering class of about
200. So far 87 men have re-
ported to me alone, I expect by
tomorrow to have many more,
Strange to say, this year I have

not dreaded the opening scene; in fact, I rather enjoy it. My new "Guide to Bot. Practice" will be published this week, I will send you a copy - which you can notice in the Gazette. It is only a syllabus of Lectures - and schedule of work. My two other books will take form more slowly. I was in your interesting city yesterday to see some doctors, but the way - I am losing faith in 'em, and in many other things.

Today I took quite a walk with Whit and May. We saw quite a lot of Panicum millicorn on ash-trees, Asters laevis and fruncens here gorgeous, as they were

yesterday, too, along the railway, together with Linaria foliosa (a dear little species) and cordifolia. In the low-lying marshes the Pilularia chupant was fine.

I came back to find my whole house in turmoil - and still it is chaotic. For three days there was no place to sit down, and navigation was impeded by chairs, tables, coal-beds et al omne genus. I sighed for my bachelor days - which as I recall them, were not unhappy. At any rate, one could stop clearing when he wanted to.

Next Tuesday I lecture at a church here on Cross-fertilization, but I had the honor of "plan"

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Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct 8 1894

My Dear Old Deane,

I was beginning to fear that my little book, my hunting had gone to the office of the Dead, I am so glad you liked it, but you are one of those loyal fellows who stick up for a friend right or wrong.

Neither Barnes nor Britton here yet had a copy, but I will send them one, Satchell has one but is so far east. I don't much if it meets approval - and I see lots of faults of omission in it, but it serves my end.

I am very, very busy on the Book - on which I rest my reputation - the Guide-Book. Have you any field notebooks to send me - say what top, portions, clothes, dyes etc? I have written by those subjects - don't want drop in any "walkable" suggestions. It reads well.

You will be tickled at some of
the Chapter Headings - as
"A Beggars account of empty
boxes" - Thoburn, for Chapter on
Vasculum. I wish you could see
the MS as it progresses - and
help me from your unfeigned
depths of love. My work is easy
and my room is light, I have
gained in height - and feel like
the Pellicore Coberel - thin with
the skull clarion - who wakes
the day (consumed thin!).

Poor dear old Holmes is gone;
Lord how I love him - and he
"heath not left a peer". You Har-
vard men are, and of right ought
to be, a conspired crowd!

A million thanks for the nice
stamp; they gladden the hearts
of my elect. Again, so glad you
love my booklet, I'm as well
as could be expected, but in one
year - three letters rather than a
hundred! Yours ever
white

Write all the exact copy -
Sections and Logical in
array

Mess. Play.
Oct 1864

9 years old

The Robber Case.

At Warren near Mt Hope
Bay,

Enter Mary dressing for a ball,

Oh dear the servant Betsy
will never come, Enter girl

all dressed with a white
gown on They go out

Enter Wether with thick coat
on They go out

What do I spy, some dia-
monds

What do I here a sound
He drops the diamonds & and
runs.

Enter Mary very prettily
dressed

Oh my diamonds on the floor
I thought I saw a shadow
flitting across the floor

I will call the men

"Jobe Bill" come right
 here But the diamonds
 are gone

Scene Two Pottera Case,
 a big case hollowed out
 diamond in one corner
 and various treasures

Enter Robbe pale and
 agitated

I must flee they have
 found me

Some hunters and a fair
 girl are seen in the distance
 the robber try's to flee but
 can not He is caught and
 taken away

Curtains fall -

My Dear Deane,

I learned to make those open envelopes myself; from old Dr. Toney; have always used 'em, I now have notes from Rusby, Eaton, Peck, and Bebb. Collins of Malden is working for me, I have stopped the book, to finish another on R. I. Flora, will take it up soon again, Health is pretty good; I gain weight. You would not know me, Goodale is to give 4 lectures here; E. P. Morse, two, the latter will be my guest one night, Goodale prefers to return home - foolish man!

Peru, Nov 11, 1894.


Yours
W. W. B.

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United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esq.
9 Brewster St.
Cambridge -
Mass -



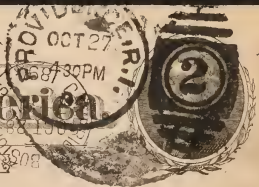
Dear Deane, Providence, Oct 27, 1894,

If you have any troubles on field
or closet work now in your time to forward
them, I am ready for notes, Lord; how busy
I am, and generally speaking well; but to-
day I am a little "offish" from a sleepless
and painful night of neuralgia. I could chew
back-nails and such ten-pennies, I am so
cross. Heard Gilson lecture the other night;
the matter of course like - and the method
too chop-happy, but the diagrams ingenious
and pretty. Perhaps he thought he must
lith up or less w't to school ma'am,
- shute pence and all the rest. Goodbye is to
give us four lectures Hurrah! Love ever
W.W.B.

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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster St -
Cambridge Station
Boston, Mass.

Δεαρ Δεαρ,

Providence, Nov 21, 1894,

Koups is at 2 vs. 8. Yea, of course your notes on mounting were read and will be incorporated. I have not yet seen the Gazette. No doubt they were incorporated more than the booklet deserved. I shouds! I am lollal up with rheumatism today, which is the 999th rainy Wednesday - by actual official count. I feel, with this pain in left breast, like the Amazona. You know those mailers, though often recommending, here in that respect since her. Temporarily stopped The Book, to finish another - which goes to print at once. The little family all well - and send heaps of howdys and love. Δεαρ Δεαρ's pair.

Yours ever - Bailey

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT

United States & America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - et. al.,
9 Brewster St
Cambridge Station
Boston, Mass.



Dear Deew, Providence - Jan 2^d 1895,
Happy New Year from us all! We
are just back from a 10 days visit to N.Y.,
- Grand Opera, Ada Pahan etc, etc, a good
time, All your very nice presents rec'd, and
we thank you and Mrs Deane too entirely
good for this role of leave, but hope, notwith-
standing, you may live a life, cheer, For May
be the right part a bad break - but it
is doing well, She love the setting and all
disappointed like a dear trump a little how
one, what they are delighted with their looks,
stamps etc, again - thanks! I expect to lecture
in W. Newton on eve of Jan 11. Guest of an old friend
Love to you and yours - W. W. Bailey

PROVIDENCE
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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge Station -
Boston, Mass.

Providence, Jan 5th 1895,

My Dear Deane,

You ask of our holiday
analysis, he journeyed to New
York where he stayed about ten
days. It was gorgeous weather,
allowing us to go about in per-
fect comfort, he shopped, and
went night seeing, and visiting.
Saw the Elephant and the Kang-
aroo, metaphorically speaking.

On the Monday eve before Xmas
I was, with the N.Y. Alumni of
Brown, a guest at J.D. Rockefeller's,
whose son is at our college. The
occasion was a concert of the
Brown musical clubs, he had a
good supper and lots of fun; more-
over I had of the fish-photos of
Egypt and Standard Oil.

One night Mrs Bailey and I
went to the Metropolitan Opera
House and heard Melba in
Romeo and Juliet, an immense
audience and vast enthusiasm,
Next day I took the children to
the same house to see Lohengrin
with Nordica as Elsa, I did have
such a good time!

We were called home very
suddenly - losing two days of
our visit, by the death of my
wife's fair young cousin, Elvira
Painson. She was a victim
to the terrible typhoid fever, 27
cases of which have been traced
to one milk-man. The family
are sorely distressed - and will
not be comforted. Mrs. Bailey is
much with you. One daughter
only remains to us - her sister
who was a little older. They were
beautiful girls together.

Our winter term began now
nicely on Friday, the really got
to work tomorrow. I shall do
like a dentist's shop. In the
vacation Collins and I both
moved the herb and botanical
material to the new quarters
in Wrexey. You should see her
and see us in those pastures.
I think of giving a house-warm-
ing. Ah! why is the money
the same for?

I did not know Mr. Bell, but
his daughter married a young
friend of mine from here, Phelton
of Minnesota - was her lady,
and next thing an Astoria,
he calls himself an authority;
is he? This world is full of
vanity and pretence.

Setchell has succeeded in
getting Astoria away from me
- at least I suppose he will go
to California, where he has a
good offer. At present he is at
Bonn. I do not know yet just
what provision will be made to
fill his place. After all it is a
good deal like keeping horses;
get a servant trained and the
leave you, often in the midst
of a dinner party. If we could
only do all this work himself,
I think but! I can rely on Collins
in every way. He is a trump
- and you are another, and
here is to you! Happy New Year
from us all to Mrs. Deane
and your venerable self!

Yours ever
J. W. Bailey

January 10. 1895

My Dear Deane,

Yours rec'd. I write in haste to say that I lecture tomorrow afternoon about 3 o'clock, in W. Norton. I expect to stay overnight with a friend there, Mr. E. R. Blanchard - and will return to Providence sometime Saturday eve. I may find a chance to see you on Saturday. I know that my letters have of late been scruffy. I will "not let it occur again" - as Prof Harkness advised the freshmen whose wife had a toby - and detained from class.

They are doing nicely. I have the dentist's own pain biting in my neck. I approached Macmillan & Co for the New Book. They at once sent for old edition to make alterations. If that firm will take the

matter up I shall feel made
 (even wife and arthur), I'll be
 so content, Look for the Brown
 Cut from me soon if it is out,

Yours ever
 W. W. Bunting

Jan 17th 1895

My Dear Deane,

I am by no means
sure that I have'd your coat, with
the welcome stamps, to do with our
hearty thanks! I am so glad you
had a good time; mine was per-
fectly terrific. I enjoyed so much
having you meet my good friend,
There is no nonsense about 'em, I
have known Ned since 1862 - in
all sorts of weather - and he is al-
ways staunch. His wife was a Miss
Trinity. It rather put me on my toes
to have you in my audience. At one
time I feared Gullale, too might have
come out, Do you know I don't think
now he will have taken me up.

Yesterday I was sick in bed all
day - having been seized in the
night with a most unaccountable
diarrhoea and nausea. I am all
right again now - and perhaps better

for the printing, but I assume it
was no job. As yet I have
heard no more from Macmillan
& Co. I hope for the best.

Brushwell spent an hour with
me on Monday morn - while en route
to New York. You asked some questions
about our college catalogue, but I
have mislaid your card, and
cannot recall what it was. Ask
again. Today I had the girls on
Chryseida and the top on
Myriophyllum. The false leaves
give them pause. As yet I cannot
find that picture of my Pa, for you
- but I feel certain that I had one.
I was afraid of my own at all ages
- from the "infant making and per-
forming" to the undersigned - at the
near approach of fifty-two.

At all ages I am

Yours faithfully

Bailey -

Dear Dean, Providence - Jan 26, 1895

It raining as in the night the 40 days
of Noah. I have telephoned for an ark
and such animals as care, 2 at a time,
to take passage. No response.

Your notes from Hart ve'd. Jolly idea. Marvel
I must do likewise. Macmillan's decline to
illustrate my work; they do not care to let
their light shine before man - unopposed though
my historical pages. I have a dear notion
that you asked me for some plants. Tell me
again. If you read Dante's *Divine Comedy*, I, yes
I will find I am in a sort of way, but that
applies only to 'Ebreu Jews'. Yours ever
W. W. B.

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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq -
9 Brewster St -
Cambridge, Mass.

January 31 1895

My Dear Deane,

Tonia is at hand. I have
seen much of the week on my little
back - warming my cot, and per-
haps only reading novels. I trouble -
enlargement and painful swelling
- till almost I envied Mesrou, the
friend and faithful slave of Haroun
Alraschid who could have no such
affliction here, it is for the time over,
and I am out again, so no more of
that. Today is the day of prayer for
colleges - and I am putting up my
little utterances at home. Asterisk
is working on the sky in the Herb.

So far I can get no publisher to
undertake my book, on the expressed
ground of the previous existence of
the old one. Harvard Univ., either
Macmillan or Appleton would, I feel
sure, take it otherwise, and yet the
book is essentially new.
Under these circumstances, I

return your useful MS - that you
may benefit thereby. Lord knows
when I could use it - great
though my desire, and essent
my purpose, D - n that man
Bates in Salem! I'd like to punch
his head.

Dear Mary is all right as
to her arm, but has a slight
cold, Yea, she is sweet and low,
but is well - but they don't seem
to know how to treat him in
school, He is a curmudgeon fellow -
dey!

Remember me - when they
don't the Father of the Country,
I shall on the 22^d Nov - be
52 - unless Selby or Fladder give
me meanwhile.

You shall have your Genevieve vis-
countess if I have any - The dear
old companion of my mother, Mr
George Hunt, is failing, at 83, I
give to think of it I don't if he
has again leave his house alive,
A glorious man, simple, loyal, brave,
and an old time plant lover, to whom
the correspondence was only a means, not
the computational duty, God rest his soul.
Bates

Providence, Feb 10, 1895,

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand,
Many thanks for your solici-
tude in behalf of my book-
ings, I suppose every firm has
its own customs - and Mac-
millan make it one not to
take over a book, I have been
so disgruntled, for the Appleton
book about the same view, that
I referred the whole thing to
my lawyer, Hon Oscar Lo-
ham, now in Congress, I have
stopped writing entirely till I
can see daylight,

I was in Boston last
Wednesday to the supper of
the Longol Legion - and spent
the night with the Birney
in Dorchester, It was cold
as an old-time school-room,
but I had a long up time,

It happened to be a holiday
at college - in commemoration
of the late Prof Jones, I was
abled to skip away and es-
cape the oration, thought
I can never hear my own
oration or read it.

I have fought fur-
naces all the week - and
wrote the simultaneous and
rapid fall of my thermometer
the cold rain, But
hepatitis cannot be far
off now - or even your pet
Symplectopus, damn them
new names! I want none
of 'em. Yes; your picture of
Beth by the wood-fire
is attractive, this daughter
- Mrs Moon, hung up by
Luke Champion, I should
think would wish she were

with him. My (has seen writing
a poem lately - and prais-
ing dollies, Whit has
closed up certain prints
of foot-ball teams, and
both have been happy. I
have seen reading the me-
moirs of Pierre de Joinville
and comment then to you
as very bright and jolly, there
was stuff in him, though a
Barbon, Do not - on the
approach of 22^d fail to
gruff yourself to my
health, I shall tear up
with Secorn's fifty-two^d,
and an - ten are

Yours to comment
in miniature -
Bridley

Providence, Feb 23, 1875,

My Dear Deane,

I have just returned from the funeral of my dear old friend - Mr George Hunt, the Naturalist of Rhode Island Botanist and Entomologist, until about 18 months ago he had - though 83 years old, earned an almost youthful vigor, this erect pose and springy step gave no sign of fourscore.

He had been the companion of all my father's walks since 1868 and had botanized with my father's eyes & feet. A peculiarly rare, sweet nature was his, He had a true wood lover, with unerring instincts about the flora. The forest unveiled before him, He knew where grew the rarest orchids or most exact civil ferns. You felt that he loved every wild creature - and that they loved him. The shyest blossom hid him even in his city yard. Have you found the yellow lady-slipper and the showy one; the spring hawk and Dutchman's breeches, the persistent white, and erect trillium, Collinsonia,

hydrophyllums, Columbinia, and
Crythronium, It was a Titani
garden indeed, and in it the
dear old man was near his best,
He was at his best in the
uncontracted woods, whose intrusion
here always clear to him, He never
found a Locality, The most charm-
ing spots in the state are prose-
cuted to his memory,

Peculiarly silent and reserved
the multitude did not know
him, He gathered about him a
little band of true lovers, who to-day
are evening, The flock that he
leaves cast open to fillal,
How full he was of honesty,
wisdom and of kindly criticism!
No harsh word ever proceeded out
of his mouth, He never did not
comprehend a lie or an impurity,
His beautiful nature grew sweeter
and sweeter with the years,

A very successful Lucaria's
man, He retired some ten years
ago, and since then has given him-
self up to his wild halberd and
to his garden,

3 That a year ago he broke down with gutta
and since then has been horribly depressed and
ghomy, he who had been all other, the fine
Cabeatista, I learn, came by a fine dim stroke
which proved fatal, I bid him farewell early
in the spring - a head he long among his brother,
the peace of God in our best works,

April as he was (84) - he did know him
that April it was hard to begin him, He was al-
ways ready for the work - surely the wisest coun-
selor and friend we have had, the reputation
of our State that they were here, as do our
own thoughts of their forest, guided, pure, and
happy consolation, it is, in, it that we shall
not meet again!

Yours, my dear friend
W. W. Barz

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,

WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,

Instructors.

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *Mar 26* 1895

My Dear Deane,

Do not totally forget, even in Lent, you most attached and humble, I am now at that part of my Book, where I am treating of insectivores, I found I had some graphic and useful notes of yours which I have incorporated, Now is the time if you wish to say a last word. It is the "heating-time" of the term with me, indeed, the term heated its last on Saturday - yet; Mary went next to Harold at the Western exam, and my roof is in permanent danger, especially from the enemies above. I sleep on nights where I can at once grasp my Thomas hawk. Yes; Bailey's book is a good one, but why did he leave out Erica, and why not mention the white species of Abutilon and Boraginifera? They are not the "all-things" of any

Britain, as said which Dr. Pott
in so neatly arranged,

Did I say it was recreation? At
most am I tempted to run down
and personally inspect the Herbar-
ium. By the way, I was in Cam-
bridge one afternoon - two Saturdays
ago - and did up Harvard with
Kibit. Did you not feel a pinch
any of your throats?

My snow-drops are a Hoop
and so is little Crocus scimus, I
find also, in the muscops, a choice
plant of the Araceae - with curious
truncated spathe - and gnom-like, es-
pect, what can it be? It strikes like
H₂O, Deer claycarpum is in Hoop,
all the little hills rejoice - and floods
clap their hands - you, and the
(female) post-agent is abroad in
the land,

Thine as ever
P.S. The school children perennially -
are singing; sweet as
the song-sparrows, God Quilley
Amen!

Apr. 1895

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

My Dear Deane,

I suppose you saw how near we came to downing the Elis on their own grounds, & fancy the excitement of my kids! Today we play of Woff P, at Philadelphia, which is on tip-top of expectation.

I do hope you are better, or while I'm hoping I'll say, well, Was it not lucky all things considered, that we postponed? There was the "nasty" weather, as the English say, and your kick-up, and then I was in awful shape, also with a cold. Mine is a perfect Abscess, now - derring on freer, and turning up in unexpected places. That special day I had nothing left from the wreck of words and further but

The dogmatic comforts of Latin
syntax, I was consoled - as I doubt
a score of handkerchiefs, to know
that "musci, present, pudent, locust
and puzet" - govern the doctrine, By
the bye - do they? I know they either
do or are done to, and the good
churchmen, they have no health in
them, Eaton, even if he gets well, will
not teach next year, The insult
will fall on Petchell.

Collins came around that Friday
eve to tell me he could go, when
shall we four meet? "Shall it be
the next day or the next year?"
How about Saturday - the 11th - Let
us know, On the 14th I lecture
in Dudley, Mass, we have not settled
yet upon our summer home, The time
is drawing near, Exams begin June 7
and finish June 13th, Today I made an
analysis to Cat Swamp - once my
favorite retreat, The arsenics,
thrombosis etc - are making a
brave effort to hide the tin-cans,
dew-cats, hoop-shirts, paper-collars,
stone-pipes, refuse leather and offal
that now disguise what was once a

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

score of Henry, when shall we learn,
any from the Japanese, to put our
abominations out of sight? After making
a colossal pipe of nastiness, he go,
forsooth, and tuck on it! Then we
expect health in physique and morals.

Dear little Housies, how glad I am
to see their quaker-tourettes everywhere,
Anemones, too, here in their sweetest
rig, just when they are tinged with pink
or purple - and have not spread the
star.

Yesterday I had two articles in
the Providence Journal - one on
"Willows - Pussy and Other" - and one
on "Narcissus"; both headed Con amore.
In my yard I have daffies, Hyacinths,
tulips, blood-root, squills, hepatics
and violets, all in bloom - and I am a
very floral Rothschild -

I do not care what others see

Cop diamonds or of gold -
When I such wealth can ever see speak -
All mine that I behold!

They buy their yachts and ruin the sea
What place have all their games from?

From heights serene
Where dwells my queen,
My Scutens Doffedily -
Where Outfits glow
And Flood-waters grow,
I think their doing silly.

I have coupons as well as they -
All due within the month of May -
While what they have may meet an
I reap perpetual dividend!

Your self-esteemed and never-to-be
obediently - desiguated friend
W. W. Bailey -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,

Instructors.

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 4. 1895

My Dear Deane,

I write you ex cathedra
herbarii. You are voted a triumph
by all hands - and especially by
that dear cuddle Mey, who
into your affection, she is now a
big shopping girl, but was 12
on the 2^d and the day was de-
scribed with becoming ceremonies.

Yes; I have in fact the notes
you sent me. I think, some time
I'll send you my MS, I think the
best way to extract your chunks
of solid wisdom, I flatter myself
you will like my work.

Do you know how very ill
Eaton is? Little chance of his
recovery. My Collins is doing
good work, He and I will be
gone upon you some Saturday.
Tell us when. I am ever
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

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Instructors.

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 9 1895

My Dear Deane,

I am laid up in dry-dock,
the weather being wet - with a fearful
cold and low-chest, Verily the
way of the transgressor is hard, Still,
if I can only quiet my conscience, I
always enjoy a day in my own den and
by my ain tongue, Yes; you just bet
he will come to see you on April 27,
I have not yet seen Collins about it
- and as he is an employe of the gov-
-ernment - he may not be able to fetch
it, But I hope for the best, May is
already in a state of excitement at the
prospect, She is all your Jemey prints
her - my pet! I am reading Geymon-
nering to her just now, and have
read this winter *Memories, the Tale of a Man,*
Dombey, Copperfield, and Oliver Twist, The
boy will listen to none of these, Still, they
say in school he is now doing well, But
Jemey a son of his father not caring to
read - and being an athlete, surely the

mills of the gold are uncommon
green factories. I send you herewith the
photo of my father which I was un-
able to find hitherto, I'm glad of
him. I understand that Coker is fo-
tally ill with some kind of related
disturbance, I suppose Setchell will succeed
him. The college has never yet taken
a new Herbarium.

The other night Mrs Bailey,
Mrs Manley and Delehove and
Mr Oslert with myself, went down
to the Hub to hear Gottenstamming,
he stopped at Junga. This was on
Friday, he got home at 1.20 in the
morning. I have seen heeled up ever
since.

Yours ever
W. M. Bailey -

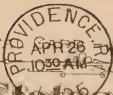
Providence - Friday, Apr 26,

My Dear Deane,

"There is sorrow in the
House of Ward," tears as from the depths
of some divine despair," Mes has put
on sack-cloth and I am fight with (ajay)
ashes, You see next Saturday - May 4 -
Yule plays here - and like the young
married man in Scripture - he can't come.
I wonder if it will be, 'Let us hope,
At any rate, do preserve your health and
sanctity, And Moral opote of meeting you
in Washington, Spring has come here - a -
haz, Good luck to you!

W. W. B.

POST OFFICE ONE CENT



United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esq
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

Dear D, Providence - Apr 24, 1895
Glad to hear from you. I have
seen maesterle all this Spring - and es-
pecially the last three days; May and I
will certainly be on hand, if weather is suit-
able, and Revkinia if he can, he may take
the 9 A.M. train from here, which reaches
the Hub at 10-20 A.M. May has some dentistry
to attend to, Suppose you meet us at the
Shorelight at 12 M; he would like to ar-
rive to catch the 5 P.M. express home,
if it possible. If any thing turns up of a
deleterious nature - bulletin it, Yours ever
W.W.B.

POSTAL OFFICE ONE CENT



United States of America



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esqr
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge Station
Boston - Mass

Providence - May 1, 1895

Dear Deane, "Call me early, another dear",
I am glad to see that true merit is
recognized editorially in the Gazette, Colkins
and I are more than ever of opinion that
he must see that Hortua sees of them.
Expect to see in a few weeks my "Among
R. I. Wild Flowers". Look out for a driving,
I think of a run to Wachusett, May 18, with
Colkins, I need mountain air; as in Tool
shop - and here it not for a certain cir-
presable flippancy - would care, he come
downing to Ellis. Another chance next
Saturday, My regards love,
W. W. B -

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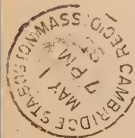
United States America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - A. M.

9 Brewster St

Cambridge - Mass.



Providence, May 5, 95

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand,
Yes, Meg and I intend see-
ing Cambridge - Saturday the
11th if wind and weather per-
mit, Collins can never tell
till the last minute whether
he can go, but he wants to
accept. No; that Brown-Yale
game, by rights ours, was
lost by inexcusable error and
bad coaching, Our men dis-
graced us, Tomorrow we play
Harvard, It was pitiable to
see our noble pitcher white-
do all the work, Today, with Tenney
coaching we beat Colgate 14 to
1. Please do not forget White's
desire for tall pictures; he
does so enjoy making his

album. This ~~the~~ ^{2,} ~~we~~ ^{re-}
just good things of him now.

Had a letter today from
my old friend J. W. Congdon
of Mariposa - the hero of
Short's. He is a candidate
for E. L. Green's late place,
Agrees with us on women-
clature, Let the bull whip,
but how the wool is going
to fly. Do you know the
greatest proof of nature?

Give it up? So did I. It is
when Mary had a little
lamb, Don't tell any body.

Our regards to the good
Lady of the House -

Yours
All the Buds -

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

May 6, 1895,

My Dear Deane,

Is it expecting us
ye are, next Saturday? We are
all agog for it. Dear me, and alas!
we lost our game, one easily in
our hands, too, to the sons of Eli.
It was a turning shame - and May
it in the shadow of a great grief
like Constance of old.

By the by, if you come across
any tree-bull or football pictures,
say of the Harvard or Boston teams,
or for that matter of any, please do
remember the Boy. He is getting up
an album of such - and putting lots
of work in it. He is doing nicely
at school now we hear.

Damn here flowers are tumbling
over each other in hundreds haste

It is amazing how they come out,
Even wild columbines in Hoon, Ester-
had come in yesterday with Erodium,
which he didn't know till I enlightened
him.

In overhauling my
plants I find some I know you
would like, I will remember you -
as I do always, in my prayers.

Only a few necks more - and we
can throw off the burden of the wind-
mill and breathe the air of free-
dom.

Hoping to grasp thy honest
hand on the Jewish Sabbath of this
week - I am as ever

Thy fellow worker

W. W. B.

My Dear Deane,

I am at hand. Yes; we intend
to see you if the weather holds good,
My Garp she will try to do
so, he will take the 9 A.M. train, ar-
rive in Boston at 10.30, go at once to see
Dr. Hopkins - and get to Shoreline about
11-30 to 12, Meet us there, Collins
will come if he can, Am just through mid-
term test; a lot of papers to read, show;
it's hot!! Yes, our fellows play good
base ball an exparte of men more than
they do.

May 9, 1895,

Yours
Boylston

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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane Esqr
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,

Instructors.

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 12 1895

My Dear Deane,

We arrived home safely - the little one taking sweet rest upon the whole, he found Roy still awake - though in classical mood, he at once found his way to the marital bed of Angy - where and the ground product of Thescoma, Mrs Bailey - and others surprise me with the intelligence that it was unpleasantly cool all day, indeed, I had at once to close my study windows, Moral; there is no accounting for the feminine caprices of Boston - or her unaccountable exhibitions of frost and heat, we all had a tawine time - and the 11th of May will hereafter have a liberal sig-

diffidence. ~~There~~ is enthusiasm
over your book, as well be may
be. Today we are having a glori-
ous rain. All the Doctors are
clapping their cotyledons with
joy - and the nurse (the one-
handed fellow) - holding out a
single palm (joke!) for the drops.
Verily it is a down pour, I just
went out and scattered the cut-
smelling phosphate over my lawn.

Tuesday I go to Dudley to
lecture; would rather take a
whippie - but I get an X. in
stead. A lecture, however, in
one of these little country places
is depressing.

I send you one of Meg's
flange. The family unite in
love to you with, I think of you
quite giving up a day to us!
But your remarks is ^{popular} - with
Abou Ben Adhem, ^{family even}
W. W. Burley

Providence, May 21
1895

My Dear Deane,

My visit to Dudley
was about the usual kind;
a select audience of twenty-
two country boys with their
gibes; a cooperately cold wet
ride; delay on trains - and
a conviction that the thing
didn't pay. I latched on my
Footpath Parallel Jersey ex-
perience; Had I spoken in
Choctaw it would have been
all the same. Now to some-
thing pleasanter, went Fri-
day Collins and I went up
to the Grand View at Mt
Wachusett and remained
till Monday, Saturday it
rained like the Mephisto in
the snow, but he started out
into the woods - "through
knotted juniper, beds of reeds"

and where every little tree
and bush was a protest
shower-bath, he went right
up the mountain, too, regardless
of path - "through brush, thorn-
bush, briar" - over rocks and
crystalfalls, he made a glorious
haul of Tullium erectum, T.
erythrocarpum, Clintonia Woodsii,
Carolyphyllum, Mitella diplycaea
(a beauty!) - Chrysothrix, Acer
Penn., Rhodora - etc, an
ampl. nice time, Saturday
afternoon it did not rain,
but was threatening and cold,
still he climbed to the sum-
mit - and came back by
the carriage road,

In the eve. he sat with
Mr. Hare by a big wood-
fire, "As round in sympathy
with the birds the kitten
cried" he told yarn, while
I was the sole answer,
Collins only needs that ac-

compliment, Blessed is
the man who has a few
small and permitted ideas
and perhaps one to setting
in! Sunday it was foggy
on the mountain but we were
with a "one these days" down
towards the lake, sharply
cold, By noon I was threat-
ened with snow - indeed
had a few electric twinges,
so pulled up and tested my
luck by the arborescence flame
to wit the wolfie of pe-
avid, Collins went off yet again
but added nothing new,

Despite the wind and
grievous weather we had a
fine time - and gained another
subliminal day, Of such is the
Kingdom - I feel sure,

May "Christal" over your
letter and send her love to
Mr and Mrs, we do we all,
I have ever - W. W. Bailey

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 31, 1895

My Dear Deane,

Our Commencement
occurs Wednesday - June 19th
I want you to come and be
my guest at the exercises
and dinner, and sleep at
the hall - Brown vs Ber
own Alumni - great sport!
Do tell me you will come,
we are all in it,

Beautiful game with
Fletcher yesterday, Ames is in high
ornate as a school girl, he
should not have lost to the
division. Come, come, Kegan

Deane
3

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 3, 1895

My Dear Gene,

There is sorrow in
the house of Ward; Rachel
weeping for children, and none
of the family comforted! The
truth hurts so much

But, I never had a Walter Deane
To gladden me with his cheerful gaze
But what he'd up and beat me

mean
On all our Brown Commence-
ment Days

I tried to win him by a game
Alumni versus under-grad

He up and beats me all the

He is a ^{strong} total man and a bold

Poor Me! Nothing left to do
but to hope for the best

has a nice old - and some
crispy corollaries.

Next to love your old school
and all Christian schools. I
pray God, (Cepheia - slightly
deranged). Yesterday I had Peter
Miss Cooley (Ph.D., Louisville) up
for A.W. here. Among other things
I sprung comparative on her, and
shey of metaphors. She gave
very clear, full, lucid answers;
"elegant". Freshmen had topped
yesterday - without an error, a
beautiful game - and with lots
of good turned cluff.

Has it not been warm!!

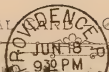
When -

Our love and regrets to your
good wife and self. I cannot tell
you how disapPOINTED I am -

Providence, June 18, 1895

Dear Deane, Your fractional spirit
is a bit, Long - oh! so sorry, you cannot
be with us tomorrow to struggle with
the annual children. Love & see that
game, she will write you about it, what
is going into the country for a few days,
and deliver me from the Fourth! where
will I go? Indeed, we are all adrift
as to the measure, I am in such a position
that I really wonder if it pays to keep
it up now, but G. P. & Antoinette, they will be
at the next meeting. Love - love in
Providence

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9 Brewster St.

Providence, R.I.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 21. 1895

My Dear Deane,

Your carte just pulled up at my door, do not depreciate your mine; there is good stuff in it. Highlands is a primer.

Something at Commencement dinner - either the potatoes or the speeches (the latter were peculiarly irresistible) - laid me out with cholera mucus - and I have been very sick for two days. Last night tried to call for Doctor; thought my last hour had come - and didn't much care. Am better today - but feel the unequalled and dreariness of my present treatment. Lord - how rich I was!

Am I never to have you at Commencement? Why not put it down now? I'm engaged to Bailey next year. I used to have a schoolmate who wrote his diary about in this way: "I see it kinder one independent of the changes and courses of the regular work."

Mrs Bailey is again dead and
the little son stays, neg or
children some-where, white in the
country at Warren, with an Uncle,
Oh! but I am sick yet -
and it is no fun, Eat ice all last
night, Bunn has just issued her

big historical catalogue of alumina
in English - it tells all a fellow
has done (with private exceptions in
the way of pecor-dillies!) No; that
is it up to but let it stand, S2d,

Miss Samewick has asked me
in again for her school next year,
there is no seat for the nichel and
the way of the Transgressor is broad,

Inclined please find my "home"
at the W. G. S. +
With kindest regards
from all of us to your superior practice
I am ever thine
in the mezzanine.

Bailey

* On second thoughts I am not well
enough to copy it, Plead me hereafter.

Life is full of tears 4
inconveniences, This a perfect
day - which the sea gentlemen,
fluffy clouds, cool breeze
scent of honey-suckle and bird
din in the air, and joy in
the heart, "Now, if I can
have perfect days", "Let 'em come!
I'm ready - for all that the
South, my patriotism is
gentler at any other time,

which is still down at Haven
- the dear by, and Pez is
laughing over the Lister Journal
in the well way; it does
not spare man or things, By
the way, our new college tracti-
cal catalogue in English, is
a big success, it tells the history
of every man - as for ashmole
green fee to every alma mater,

With love from us all to
Mrs Deane - and the Deane
family - Yours in deep friendship
Walter

Monday June 23. 95

My Dear Old Deane,

I never shall cease
to regret - as young friends
will say - that you were not
with us at the fatal track,
Still - you escaped some things,
Grib is good - oft times; so
was when pluralized - gribes,
but prefixed by Molly. It
ceases to be a fenestrator,
My injudicious mixture of
lobster salad, a-la noble soup,
Cremor-ade, shrimps, ice cream
sherbet and coffee, resulted in a
bad case of cholera morbus, My
belief is that I came near pass-
ing in those checks, which for
some time I have held ready
for the combustor who becomes
through the train, However,
he only worked as he passed
and said "through ticket," but

3, I hope to be in Paris in
September. Then may I live
up to you - as Punch would
say, I don't know what I will
do without these two young
fellows, Coste, Honore, with
me in Europe next year,
he shall drop out his course,
I know nothing of that side
of Putnam, and it is too late
to begin. A funny thing oc-
curred at the dinner, Prof.
Ware of Columbia, had been
asked to deliver a speech (10
minutes) on Academic Achiev-
ement, He had evidently pre-
pared and talked on Long,
and Law, the alumni got restless,
then loud, then in-attentive
and finally talked about, The
next man who spoke told a
story of a clam that knew a
mouth to shut up; then, he began
to talk half an hour!

was now I am as disappointed
as the traditional bird of
Minerva. So tell me why
the bird of wisdom is not
also a bird of passage.
Give it up? Reluctantly - so
do I, well - after a whole days
intolerable tramps - I had to
send for the doctor in the night
who finally persuaded me
around, but this Binley says
I made great recovery, not
all of them moral - though some
revisions allusion was con-
tained therein, Moral, who
are yourself next Wednesday
and think of me.

Last night I went over
to the Herb and then found
Collins and Edward Lane
after we were joined by Harold
La Garay and seven to study
some of our new room,

Providence, July 1, 1895

My Dear Deane,

I have just heard that the Devil is dead, but I can hardly credit it. The last time I saw him he appeared so well - and in such excellent spirits. Indeed, he showed much of his old fire - and spoke encouragingly of his prospects. He showed me a pair of shoes which partly disguised his natural defect - and spoke feelingly of many good times we had had together. Well; poor Devil - he is dead - and we ne'er shall see his like again. He was so free - so debonair, he could better spare many another. Regret 'em in Heave!

W. W. Bailey

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 18, 1895

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand - full of
yarks and wots, I wish at once to re-
live your mind, The Devil proved to
be asleep - not dead, but he slept so
perseveringly as to simulate death - and
to deceive the Faculty - including myself,
Hot weather, he says, always affects
him so; he desires a change of scene
and climate, but is debarred from circum-
stances - ancestral mainly - from visiting
the irritating heights. It is too bad,

We expect to leave here August 1st
for Conway, Mass, not N. H., we have
engaged a little house for the month,
and I anticipate much pleasure from
pastures new. Joseph Jackson sent me to
name the other day from Mass, which
proved to be an Anthyllis, Collins is bringing
a another new find from this State,

By the way - my "R. D. Wild Flowers"
will be at this week - Preston & Rowland
- Post Road, 12°, price, 75," No family
should be without it and castoria,
You escaped the muddy deluge

of long-travel Endeavour, it must
be a sense of gratification, too fa-
miliar with the Almighty - those people
to suit one whose trump of reverence
(though concealed by his hair) - is large,

Miss Bailey had two days at La-
kewood last week, she is Hoosier,
the little ones are fine,

Did I send you a poem "My Rides",
I want a copy of it - Dad, Am col-
lecting and collating my "prose
and verse", what wants to know
if you have seen his friends - the
Brennan boy at the Overlook, he
is expecting a letter from you - dear
boy, he is - I assure you - a dear
old fellow - very long and true,

I am now reading "The Lead of the
Isles to May", - and she herself is
reading "The Mill on the Floss",

Give our united love to Mrs
Deane - and keep us informal as
to your summer residence,
Ta! ta! I hope a day-day,

Bailey

Potthar's wife here, but is
now in a refreshing and fresh
like state of prudent coolness.
Shall you attempt the Spring
field meet of Holmets; I think
I shall not - though so near
them, it must be few yards
in the scullery - How I should
like a trip with you, say to
N. C. or Colorado, or even
old, her-lord Lofoyette,

One regards to Mrs Deane
Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence, July 25, 1895,

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand, but
will write you again. He is glad
to hear all about your region
where his friends are. By the by
the Pennans are Irish Catholics,
the latter is a democratic politician
and lawyer, finally he never meets
it for all that, they are I take it
pretty good sort of people, and the
boys here lots of "wind". As for
"whee" they could buy me today
and so on, personally - I come of the
old and good stock to be much
"sof up". It does not hurt me to
meet any body who is all right,

Better times "why the devil
did you give that glooming cir-
cular?" Replied - that as the
Catholics say, I am a case of
criminal ignorance; that when I
like the fellow first - etc. I will

Collins and I are in a state
of triumph. Two years ago
Collins had a fragment of a
plant sent from Coahuila &
after careful study and notes
gave it up, I knew nothing of
it, but some three weeks ago
the same thing from some
place was sent to me by another
party, and again, later, by
a third person, he mounted &
wrestled and did not even know
the family. Our pile was
at length broken, and last Sat-
urday he made a days job of
it at the herb, It turns out
to be Taxine montana, and
is all over the island, Collins
will go down Saturday and buy
in some for seeds and I mean
about the same time Joseph
Jensen sent me a plant from
Coahuila.

It is a very pretty Antyllia
See Prof. Jussieu's says "Let the
little flame burn." You see
how useful he are in our
generation, the new book hangs
fire. Lucia promised at end
of next week. My MS of poems
came to nearly 300 pages of
easy paper - and I am sick
of the sight of the unattractive,
Lord! what fools he mistakes
he! But now my occupation is
gone and I realize that it is
hot and "sheets" are plenty,
we expect to get off to Comoy
-Musa- on August 1st - they
want me to talk at a public
meeting - but I think I'll crawl
out. My head feels like a
bird's nest, very noisy - with
phantom phenomena projected
- a la Cucullata, into a mass
of stuff. "I think I shall not see"

Conroy - Mass
Aug 5, 1895

Dear Deane

As 'Whit' is visiting you - I take the opportunity to
include a few lines, he arrived
here on the 1st all well, he has
a nice, commodious house, neat
clean, airy, and all to ourselves,
he dine at the hotel - about 5
minutes off, It is rising a year
since I have been in so romantic
a neighborhood - full of hills, ruins,
water falls, forests and dells, It
is simply a rural paradise, we
have been over to Ashfield, where
we had a jolly supper, have been
to a Chas. W. Clark tube, and
on Wednesday I am to read "Calypso"
at a dinner, The Pottery is raising
very - but I only read, I have you
out of collecting, Am anxious
to see my work, It cometh not,

she said,

At first it was much
too cool here, but today is a
sweater, whit' and I had a walk
and caught a few Lepidopta, they
is supping away minute, the trees
found a lot of other little girls,

Tell us of all your doings
and look, even, for something
less stupid - and more legible
from

W. W. B.

P. G. B. L. Robinson ~~and~~
his picture; good fellow!

Conway Mass, Aug 25. 95

My Dear Deane,

While you have been scaling mountains, cat-topping cornucopias, flitting
air with Flora (how pleasantly at
literature) - I have been flat o' my
little back, physician-attended, with
rheumatic, in high fever. I don't think
it reasonable, but then, it is over,
and I shall not say a word. Today
I was able to walk about two miles
to a most lovely ravine, but it nearly
knocked me up - as the English say,
It is the first day I have been really
out.

Gas cob where Conway is. It
is in Franklin Co, near Deerfield,
Ashfield - and Shelburne Falls -

To get here - you go to Springfield,
then to Northampton, then to Conway
Station. At the last place you take
a trolley car for six miles up a
glorious ravine - and then you are
here, from any of our high ridges
we can see Mount Ash - and fancy
Deserue. As I said in my last, it
is a wonderful country in its nat-
ural beauty, the health of the settlers,
and the very rich flora. Only the
Hudson region can compare with it
in beauty. I do not think our transaction
is in it.

We hire a little house, neat
as a pin, ample in every way, for
\$36.00 a month, to live at hotel
- and the whole thing is under \$100,
for the month,

We shall leave here, if I can crawl
a week from tomorrow, Monday, I hope

to take the children on to Wachuset
for a week - while these B. goes
to Providence to raise carpets and
the devil, I have a lady patron
of the Carpet business, but am
not wholly averse to poor Nicom
- though I know he is in disfavor.

I write the publishers to send
you - free, a copy of my book, it
appears to like, I have had some
unlucky letters - and are since
printed notice. They are pushing
it, I have in mind to try a
more ambitious thing - I have
plenty of notes - embracing New
England, "What say you," says Bro
Russell sup - "Get the little
kept soon."

All unite in a huge kiss
and HUG, Write to what is -
minia of your charming -
W. W. Bailey,

By little stream in front of
my cottage - My and I yester-
day pulled 58 species of plants
in 1/2 hour! I omitted certain
doubtful sedges, grasses, and
willows, Among the things was
Luzula - with its lig leaves,

I never saw Adiantum as
it grows here, I am it is aw-
fully pretty, Asarum Cana-
dense abundant, I have seen
pressed specimens of Orchis
spect, Blood-root, trilliums,
and anemone every where, I
have not seen Chimæa, Does
it not come so far West? I
never been caught it at Ma-
chusetts,

Mrs Bailey joins in love
to yourself and Mrs Deane,
Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey.

Conroy, Mass.

Aug 28. 1895.

My Dear Deane,

I am glad you are able
to attend the Association meet-
ing. I wish I could. I should
so like to see some of my old
friends - Brewer, Riley, Barnes,
Conter - Morse, and the rest,
No use. Junketing and canoe
live me to death, I had rather
read about 'em,

I suppose some relative will
be to the front, Britton says
he is certain I could be con-
vinced of the impurity of my po-
sition, I am dead rich of it all,
while there are live fishes a-
waiting solution.

We leave here Monday next
and, of course, pass through
Springfield, I expect to go up
to Wachusett with Whit and
Meg - while Mrs B. goes home.
Yes; I think Meg got the
dollies. She and Roy often talk
of you.

Am sorry you were not
on the free-list of my book.
It is a thank shame. If af-
ter perusing, you feel the thing
worthy, give it a lift if you can.
I continue to receive pleasant letters
about it.

Make the following corrections -

Page 20, in quotation, read "spring"
for "ring".

Page 52 - fifth line, read "con-
nects" for "links". 12th line "read
"came" for "come". In line sixteen
read "astera" for "violets".

Page 55 "cone flowers" for "corn
flowers".

Page 54, 3^d paragraph - 4th line
reads "Willows", Cross word
"massa" following.

There may be other errors of
commission, those of omission &
consequence are, no doubt, numerous.
Collins little Calista comes out
well on the cover.

I am very slowly regaining
strength. Meg is to give a party
on Friday to a lot of little girls
and is in a high state of ex-
pectancy. Collins reports
the new cases - for new herb
well under weigh, soon the
old mill will be whirring a-
gain. Let me know where to
address you. On and after
Monday - I shall be at "Grand
View House, Mt Wachusett"

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep 29 1895

My Dear Deane,

Louisa is rec'd and contents noted. It troubles me to hear of another man hustling when I have reached a haven of comparative rest, I feel as David represents the Wandering Jew at the Day of Judgment; "While other sinners are being poked down to torment and flames - I am gleefully kicking off my boots," "Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwringing!" On the first day of the term - Sep 18, I was so ill with a cold that I had to take to my little bed. I was - as in the present stage of man, some taste, some smell, some most every thing, now, with the exception of my accused and excruciating neck ache, I am doing well, I have 72 men in my class. He enters 236, Everything is booming. I am in my new loc-

time - 2000, a great improvement
on the old, he expect to get
wholly settled in the Fleet, in 2
month. Yesterday I had a drive
and notel the late exterior,
great favorites of mine, Like the
girls, they grow prettier every year
- God Bless 'em (both!).

May & her mother - and some
other young folks, have gone out
to the park this fine day. I am
writing ex cathedra Collusii.

How sad and sudden poor Riley's
death on the bi-cycle, it especially
shocked me as I had spoken to
him so lately in Springfield, Do
mind your wheel - and take care
of yourself. 'Tis an enormous way
of sacrificing a valuable life, he
could ill spare poor Riley.

With best wishes & kind re-
gards to Mrs Deane -

Always your friend

W. W. Bailey

Providence - Oct 2^d 1874

My Dear Deane,

Knowing your interest in good Prof. Blake, I send you this notice from the Journal of today, I presume the letter is by the President, It is not a bit wrong. As you knew him, so did we all, as the gentle one, merry, genial, able friend and gentleman, I am now within five of the head of the Faculty in seniority, what changes I have seen,

my new women are taking shape, They are hot - hot - from steam, Today I have an off day - and I love such,
Yours ever, Bailey

Providence - Oct 8: 95

My Dear Dear,

Yes; I saw your notice of Book
and was tickled. Goodbye sends me
writing a most enthusiastic letter, quite
overwhelming me with praise, God knows
I need comfort sometimes - and I thank
him for friends, I expect to run down to
the Flat Thursday or to see Irving - a
little free by myself. Saturday will
be dear Papa's birthday and Jay in the
House of Bailey -

3

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United States of America

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Mr Walter Deane

9 Brewster St

Cambridge

Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,

Instructors.

J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,

Curator of the Herbarium.

Must be interested over
the Book.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 7 1895

Beloved Deane,

Since we first fore-gathered
I think we have not encounter-
ed so long an hiatus (an ora?)
of silence, why is this thus?
Echo - answers - why?

I am still to be found at the
old stand - retailing to gaping
hearses the rudiments of our
gay science, I am mentally first-
class - and physically cranky
as usual, Whit is absorbed in
football, He is a tall, handsome
fellow, Our Max is her own
dear self, Tomorrow we expect
to go to dancing school.

I am using my new lecture
rooms - and they are hotter
than Desdemona; 90° with all
the windows open, The herbarium

is not yet moved, Collins and
I are both impatient, Next year
the Prex is to be away, Coster is
away this year, at Bonn,

Mrs Bailey has 35 in
her little school, I have about
80 pupils, I want to get some
outside lectures this winter,
they have one in Norwich,
they are not such as we endowed
with chests, they had a three
million fire in New York the other
day, all that nice tree is
utterly gone, I might just as well
have had it - better - than to
have it burn up,

Write to your co-mate
and anti-re-America-re-women-
clubmist

W. W. Bailey

November 12 1895

My Dear Deane,

Your letter indeed surprised and shocked me. I thought that sickness was my sole prerogative. I always pictured you to myself as an image of health and calm peace, well, I am so sorry! Yet, do you know, that today, after a more than usually trying time in class, and having seen to a funeral, I feel as careworn as a fringed gentian. I can, unless, may you who have shaken off the accursed tremors, As for me, I've got to wear 'em till I die or am kicked out. I am alert to either contingency.

My dear fellow, I had no idea that you ever worried or were "writted". I should like to punch the heads of those wretches who did it! Collins, too, feels as full of intolerance as J. H. Easton and yet well, but let some Squeers

do the boys; you stick to Flora.

Did you see how our Top dorned
the Elis? he had great excitement
character, in which Whit and they
joined, Boy saw the game; the rest
of us didn't go, feeling that it was
no use, Our Top did gloriously,
they tell me Yule was over-travel,
they have been so awfully cozy
that I am glad to see them dorned,

Lord! Lord! but I'm tired,
yet I ought to write, I ^{will} write now
there, as the girls say, No; I shall
send dear old Jean Paul, my jade
will not, as Pi Walter says "goopin",

I planted my tulles today - and
hope to see some posies in Spring,
- if not these, then the celestest
asphodels, All joy and health,
calm peace, and abundant Koivos
to thee; O Friend -

Always abundantly yours
W. W. Bailey

Providence, Dec 3, 1895,

My Dear Deane, Yours is rec'd, Am glad
to know that despite the slaughter in
Turkey, you survive, Now look out for Xmas
Mrs B, went to N.Y. for the festive, and I held
the fort with the children, Madame is of the
return - and the lots are well, Ballard gives
my book a rousing notice in the Observer,
By the way, there is to be an edition de luxe,
Silva Brothers hold the MS of my Hawthorne
and an awful show in deciphering, O soaps for a
Kos 27/8c as to his neck, And I have
to go out this eve to a stag-party, I start
with a jolly letter from Brown - when he starts
with Strashyns -
Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

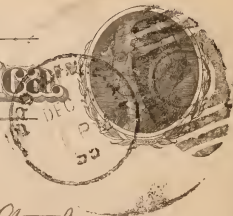
United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane

9 Brewster Street -

Cambridge -
Mass.



Providence, Jan 12, 1896.

Not that I have forgotten thee,
O Deane! Rather shall my
right hand forget it's cunning.
No; but with my visit to N. Y.,
my return; the opening of the new
term; the consecration and occa-
sional payment of January bills;
and last, but not least, the open-
ing of my new college quarters, I
have been well occupied.

I dare say that has both
you of our metropolitan experience,
It was fine, warm weather, and
we all had a good time. As to night
we went to the Opera. One night
Mrs Bailey and I went alone to hear
Melba and Jubet, with Jean de Reszke,
as Romeo. Next day I took the child-
ren to the matinee of Lohengrin, to
see one of the prettiest of Ben Wagner
good time. We were called back
suddenly by the death of a fo-
white and beautiful young
cousin of Mrs Bailey's. She died of
lymphatic fever contracted from milk,
the family were quite inconsolable
by other Religion or Philosophy, and

Mr Bailey near - for several days
constantly with them,
I guess what I did yester-
day! Give it up - Snow! well,
I went skating with the young
people, Margaret and Whitman
Prof Delabarre, and a lot of little
fellows went making through the snow
to Cat Swamp, then the pond
had to be cleared off, and at
last we had our lakes, In in-
tercourse I obtained the receipts of
summer, I think of skating over my
Merryanthorpe. The chances are very
strong that Costerford will go to
Copenhagen to join Setchell, just now
he is now at Bonn,

Gollins and myself are settling
in our new quarters, I think of
giving a house-warming, if I do,
you must come down it and do a
little expense! Mr Vott, late Capt
of our ball team, is now my
chief assistant, By the way since
Deane is at the head of our
winter team, of course he may
look for success, I've seen the
stock, (My Scotch is a tribute to

Jan MacLaren, Of course you
have read the Bonnie Blair
Book! If not, go at once and
buy, purchase or buy it.
Also read a most amusing little
book by Robert Barr, called "In
the midst of Alarm," I will let a
part in glue over it,

I do not think I shall
feel permanently worse for my
skating. (Doubt that jolping
dog under my window and all
the canine race!) I feel rather
lame and sore, but then, when
do I not? The other night Prof
Pumping asked all the faculty
over to hear Post Arborea account
of his southern trip, Maherevale,
if he didn't both two Long-horns,
and yet by Shrewsbury Creek!
had a most dead, wild life, had to
be forced into me, and Costerford's
carefully administered a drop at a
time, and yet the both was in
existence, If ever I buy any body,
I do hope I'll be treated off a
couple down! Signed upon oath
W. W. Bailey,

My Dear Walter,

Please let me know that you are not ill. I fear you are; it is so long since I heard of you. Tell Mrs Deane to write if you cannot, but I do hope it is not as bad as that.

I am in awful pain tonight, or would write more, I have even much to tell thee, but alas! not now. My flesh is weak,

Thine ever

Barth

Pomfret

Feb 24 1770

We have had, and of course
so have you, a most delight-
ful win today; Pitt - hot
on the roof all day; soothing,
somniferous, I have not
stepped out once. My pen
has scratched all day.

Knowest thou the land
where the sweet tree grows?
You must understand
my remark, I suppose,
the tree that with gambacho
Eternally flows,
If you find that rare plant
I beg you will write -
My cousin's enchant
With the marvelous sight,
In hope of which promise
I bid you Good-night!

Your ever attached
And most lame
Baileys

Providence, Feb 29. 1896.

My Dear Walter,

After writing all day
on a new book I am getting
up, I feel as if I must be-
steal a little time to the colla-
borator of friendship; I am really re-
luctant to learn that you are
all right. I had begun to
misgrieve all sorts of horrors.
It is not at all fair that
you should be under the weather.
It is too darned symmetrical.

I have been in agonies
for weeks, months, years,
but I keep peeping on at one
thing or other; then still dream-
ing at times like a youth,
Alas! I was 53 on George's
Birthday - Feb 22^d. Many a
silver thread adorned my once
brown poll.

Brown has all of a sudden
been struck with a furious
whirl-wind, he is reducing
all wood, cutting and chasing
pianos, Personages - it affects
me in the loss of Orestes
and hence of my histologic
and pure cryptog course, I
fear I will have to give it up
- just as I have just since
quarters. All sorts of rumors
are in the air, he shall see
what time comes to reveal.

Hatman, whom I met at
the Psi to dinner in New York
has written most enthusias-
tically to me about my book,
I shall think to tell you
all he says. Max and I are
finishing *Dietsuna* with Mar-
tin Chlitzler. The little one
has now had them all on

Capt Edwin D Wood, who keeps
up his piano music. He
plays them all the time. He
has taken also to writing, or
my body he ever knew. He
will love you to death if you
let him. A fine boy, too.

As I write on my new
book (which embraces New
England), the more names of
the plants set me crazy to
see them over more. I think
of various at West Point, &
slopes of Wachusett; the dear
silence; the rapture of it all,
what a jolly scowle it is, after
all; that is, your side of it
and mine. I that give a little
D. for meniscus, punctum
vegetativum, and all that latter
day wt, I should have lived
forty years sooner; might have
amounted to something. But

Providence, March 7th 1896

My Dear Deane,

Please add to those who, at times, have taught at Brown - with some reference to Botting, Benjamin Waterhouse, and Charles W. Parsons, with Harvard men!

I have rec'd my election to the W. E. Club, many thanks. I join on the understanding that there are no dues except those of initiation. If you will let me off after I dismount from the goat I'll join, but, man alive, I'm poor - though honest.

If you want R. I. men for the Club - vote on these names -

J. Franklin Collins
W. J. V. Osterhout,
Arnold Green
Chas. P. Nott,
H. W. Rice
H. W. Preston -

Hansen Meteself.

Mr H. M. Preston is my
publisher, a graduate of
Brunn - a good amster
Potent, with a herb, the
wants to join. The others
are all great - close men
- and would do honor to
any society. Mes in reading
lyne and send me, Boy
in phisic's piers, Nature,
the they, in raining like
Cater and dog, But in my
graten snow-drops and
Circuses are in bloom -
merit you, and God is
great "throughout the eyes
on eyes!"

Thine ever

Burling

In male lumberjane.

Pwllington Dec 6 1894

Dear Old Deane,

I totally forgot to
thank you for the Bell Me-
moir. I have turned it over
to Mr N. W. Mason - my
excellent friend - whose son
Rob married Betty's daughter.
By the by - Mr Mason would
like a couple of copies, Ad-
dress Corner N. Main & Meeting St.
Pwllington, He is our best mil-
lionsaire - a man you would
like to know, Christ writes me
from Biele - that he lately read
a paper - I think at Zurich,
On the prevalence of South African
types in Switzerland, He sends me
Eric's career as an example,
Funny - those facts of distribution,
Some time there must have been
a wild game of tag among the
plants! You should have seen
the Play that Meg and some

Little girl friends got up and
acted the other day - It was
entitled "The Moorish Merchant's
Vow" and was a Lucena or
non Lucena. There was neither
vow nor Saracenic merchant in
it. I am forcing Magnolia,
Loranthus, and Spirea, my
snow-drops and crocuses are
a-bloom, Selah!

Yours fraternally
W. W. Bailey.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

May 15, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

Your letter to Mrs
goes to show that I "owe you"
- as dear old William Warren
used to say. I do not know what
has come over me in the last
month; I have hardly written
to any one, I have been busy &
miserable, inefficient, besides
college work I have private classes
and my whole time is taken up.

Did you go to the last meeting
of the Club? If so, please report,
I could not attend.

I have arranged for lectures
in Newport in July. Apropos, one
of the Newport papers says "these
lectures are for ladies only" - a
good one on me, I nearly died
with laughter when I read it.
The same mail brought me

the observer with an article
entitled "The Mammals of
Sicily" - which also set
forth my *Cervus-anguli*
oria. My pen has fallen into
the ink. Alas!

Last Tuesday I was the
victim of a series of mishaps.
I was sent by President Andrews
as usual, to lecture in Dudley
Mass. I have to go to Webster
first, owing to General Bridges
I did not reach Webster till 8.30
P.M. - and there was no one
to meet me. Tired, cross, and
hungry, I put up at a hotel
and, of course gave no lecture.
Then I was left alone all
night by a d-d yep dog -
and I am much ill, and
sorely done for. All of this from
the chair of Colchis -

Yours ever
Burling

ROOMS OF THE BOARD OF VISITORS,

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY,

West Point, N. Y., June 5 1896

My Dear Deane,

I had fully intended to have you down to our Commencement - had not "Old Grover" done me the honor to appoint me on this Board, I am Secretary thereof - and will have to resign through this week. I expect to be at our Commencement, but do not wish to ask on an uncertainty,

I am having a real royal progress at my old home, Every possible courtesy is shown me, I have two uniformed servants at my beck, four Lieutenants wait upon me, constant functions are given

and soon the hallonal spot
where I hope, after this
pitiful fever, to lay my bones,

We had our perfect week,
Today the weather is close
and muggy -

Letters today from dear
old Whit - and precious May
report them well,

With regards to Mrs
Deane -

Your old friend
W. Whitman Bailey

for me, and no end of social
pleasures, the officer's club
extends its freedom; every one
calls on us, At present we
have special seats, soldiers
in attendance, and few
officers are our guides and
friends, It is, as I said, a
really royal progress - at
most all expenses paid,

The sweetest thing of it
all - is the sincere welcome
given by the officers to me
- as my father's son, One
told me "His memory is
as a sweet rose here", The
same officer - Col Davis, told
me that when Huxley was
up here - he said "All I
want to see is where Bailey
lived and worked!"

I have been to the cemetery

July 5, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

"The feast is o'er
In Prauxome Tower" -
and here I am, a private citizen
one more - facing fiery
duns, mosquitoes, and other
ills. But nothing can sub-
tract or deduct or cancel -
or play any other mathematical
deviltry with the good time I
had at the God-blessed old
Point. It was olive with the
price of admittance to stand
every one at the dress-parade,
to hear the "star-spangled banner"
as the flag slowly sailed down over
the green trees, and to see every
one rise and un-cover, the wear-
ing of it alone - unweave the taste
of Yellman, Yeller - and the rest of
the crazy anarchists and insur-
anis at Chicago, the Lord keep our
country from their rotten of idiots and

crews get content, Perhaps it
is well to give 'em full rope -
and they will tangle up and
strangle themselves,

My lectures in Newport are
to be from the 13th to the 22^d
- five in all, I heard that, but
Mrs Rogers asked me to stay
at her house - and "Morningstar"
is very near the Paradise of
this earth, From the piazza we
look over twinkling daisies - and
green timothy - and golden lot-
o'lobes - to the white lined of
surf - as with plumes flying, they
charge the beach,

They say Mr Deane really
ought to send her some anemones,
She is as ever, deserving, a lot
A thunder-storm - and the
big rain comes downing to the
North, A welcome relief!

We hope to spend August in
Corryong, Mass. Collins is at
Frankington - Maine, Herwood is
to join him and sweep the State,
Thine - as ever and mine -
W. S. Johnson

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

July 25, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

It is true; you have been as silent as Cathleen Barbour-reen or the Harp that Cwen in Paris's Halls, nor do you offer any good and sufficient reason why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you.

I was ten days, off and on, at Newport, the guest of Mrs. Wm B. Rogers at "Morningside". My lecture audience varied from six to ten persons, who eat a gaffe at my usual mendacious, non-~~the's~~ "middle-aged audience". I derived an income of \$80.00. Alas! I owe it all - and more, for rent, what a happy fellow must be a hermit crab - who pre-empted another fellow's house and dwells therein! Moral; protect your stern, and the prow will take care of itself. There were several stearins hot days here at Newport. Whew! Gee, it is cool today - and sweet Sunday. Not to return to the summer capital,

every day Mrs Rogers and I
had a drive, sometimes inland,
sometimes by the poly-phloistian,
Lord! how beautiful that ocean
drive is, with its wild waves, the
rusty sheen of wet-wooded rocks,
its white herbaceous, its blue horizon-
line, its butterfly-like ships! Won-
der which I love most, the sea
or the eternal hills? At West Point
I thought, the latter, as I used to
watch the play of light and shade
on our Cornic West.

By the way, I am still busy,
and expect to be for some months,
over my Report. It keeps me pleas-
antly in touch, however, with jolly
General Wilson, the dignified Master
Gray, Dr Bryant, George B. Mc-
Clellan - and other good friends on
the Board. All of them are sound-
brave men, as I suppose you are,
Gen Wilson, who is on the National
Republican Committee, writes me today
with full confidence as to the matter.
Personally I feel in doubt, and
wish it were well over. I don't see
the possibility of Bryan, Tillman,
and these other wild, long-haired
Dopases. (See your Verge!).

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Next week we are going from
Beersheba to Dan, or, in other
words are going to visit in E.
Greenwich, at the residence of
Per Dan Goodwin. The G's, who
have no children, are constantly
on the wing. Even now, they are
just back from Europe. They
have lots of money; ~~but~~ wonder
how it seems! My purse looks
like a collapsed jelly-fish, or a
corolla flower next morning. A
serious job, I assure you.

Mary is in dead earnest for
her crest and monograms, state
seals and arms. But she is a
darling, and old Tibet is a fine
merry fellow; a good cyclist, as
is Miss Ma. Miss Bailey is even
now off on her wheel.

Collins writes me from North
Anson - Maine. He appears to be
having a fine time. Next Saturday,
Aug 31 - or rather - ~~at~~ Aug 1st (what
am I doing?) he set sail for Conway.

Almost thro' persusasion me
to be a Xū, and take pupils
in the country, why not? I
love the glitter of gold
And green-taches are good, I am

But 16 to 1, I consider no fun,
That Byzantine a damn sight too
Well!
Well!

Did I understand you that
you were imitating souvets, or was
it an epie? Allow me to com-
mend my publishers, I hasten
to add that today - after long
and painful parturition, I gave
birth to the MS of my new book
- the *Naïve & the*, a "houseing"
Lily - with a few like his darts,
the Gamp - who has discovered
my methylie "spirit" - says he'll
do, and is "disposed" to praise
him, we'll see.

Be good, be true, be true
and "it will follow as the night
the day" - thus cannot not be
false to Your confused well-wisher

W. H. P. P. P.

Providence, July 30, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

The mercury is up
in the nineties; the air super-
saturated; mosquitoes in le-
gion, well may one debate with
"Mallack" "Is Life worth Living?"
I hope we have a rebate on
the August of Hades.

To add one hue unto
the rainbow, I have been in
the dentist's chair all the
afternoon - with a flanked
little wheel spinning around
in my jaw like a rotifer, and
sending urgent telephonic mes-
sages to my central office,
well, on Saturday we expect
to escape to Conway. Haven't
me foraging on that day. I
do so hate it. My travel I
will take mostly in the books
of others from things Park to
Bryant Taylor and Hartley,
there are such a pile of charts
and sketches in three foreign
parts, and then the Pezzer,

and cold deep houses,
I think the greatest mental
and bodily suffering I have
ever experienced - those to be
sprung in some fallen place
from which I could not escape
at once, I was caught so in
Dudley this Spring, and in
Coanchose one night some years
ago - when Ferguson led me
into the mischief! Nothing in
~~the~~ Dante can tell you what
I suffered.

We went down to East
Greenwich on Monday to visit
Rev Dan Gordon and wife,
As had such would have it
I had a perfectly infernal
attack of neuralgia while there
- and was half night crazed
all night, he had two delightful
dinners, Miss Pezzy we left
dinner time and expect her
home tomorrow, dear thing, she
found a lot of little girl friends,

Mrs Bailey has gone out
on her wheel this P. M. day;
I think she must like fun,
I too have an association
with Dolikardoi; the first time
I saw it was in Water-
ville, Maine, I tried to dig it
up - and cut my hand with
a knife! Of such trifles are
made auto-biographies!

By the way, you asked
for the notes of the Henry Clay
disaster again, I will be glad
to let you have them some time,
My new book is not the
Collector, but one on N. E. Wild
Flowers, the Collector hangs
fire on questions of copy-right,
Butt she ready to print - and
I could fetch much to see 'em
as I have dug little notes to the

manuscript, this note is but an
earnest and pre-lude of others
to follow, No human being could
do much in a literary way today,
This of-ray generally
W. Whit. Bailey

what a good time led up
to it! we have had a succession
of magnificent Thursdays, storms
less - which no doubt appeared
on your horizon as heat light-
ning, I never saw such lively
fire works, I did not sleep till
it was all over, but now it
is hotter than ever, and the
health Report evidently says "slowly
rising temperature", well, as
nearly every body has a compensa-
ting side, it's good for corn",

All of us write in love
to you and Mrs Deane -

Yours
The Baileys

Conway - Mass -
Aug 8, 1896.

My Dear Deane,
Many thanks for
the crests, letter-boards etc,
sent to Maryland, The mid-
chen is much pleased, and,
will, no doubt in due time,
thank you herself, She has,
however, inherited from me a
certain chronic and incur-
able inertia, which some call
by a less favorable name, This
extremely humid and hot weather
or adds to the complaint, which
is now serious with both of us,

I send enclosed a circular
showing how English may be
written, It is almost too funny.
One could not, if he tried, be
half so funny, May Brewster
would delight in this,

I do not know when I
have felt heat so much as
this summer, I have not

Learn comfort to the same, I left
West Point in June, the Pear-
dewer we had, besides the
best, clouds of vicine mus-
gritosa, Alas! we return to
two months of them in Septem-
ber. At the risk of a charge
of irreverence, I should like
wally to ask the Supreme, whether
the subtraction of a musgritosa
from the general mechanism
would in any way injure
the machine? Personally I
doubt it. Yesterday - we all
(Chas Bailey, Whit, Hey, Mrs
Simmons and myself), despite
the heat; perhaps rather on
account of it, visited a won-
derful ravine about two miles
from here, It is a wild old place
- and in Spring must be great.
I find here now the largest
Adiantum I ever saw, with

great plumes of *Azaleum*
flexifolium, and white and
blue columb, *Wittella*, *Travella* -
Vitis rotundifolia, *Asarum* etc,
Higher up there is a cave which
one explores with candles. I
have not yet been there, but I
love a moderate cave (except
cave cavern!) - and here quite
a lot of Dick Hatterick and
other sub-terranean scorpions,
Ishaw! But it is hot! And
I came here to get cool and
it "ain't fair" and I won't
stay. I envy you what income
you may derive from summer
teaching, I am, an entire,
spending my principal.
I have practically finished
my best Point Report to Congress
for which I have no proof, but
I have to hold it to publish, and
to embody sub-reports, It is a
long and thankless job, but



A thicket in der Tsch-yant,
Canton - Nov. 22nd 1890

Conway, Mass -
August 16. 1896,

My Dear Deane,

I cannot collect here,
when I started I turned
my bridges behind me; in
other words, I left all ma-
terial except Manuscript, at
home.

In Conway there cannot
be found
of paper, as much as a
pound,
Even that known as "Star"
All comes from afar,
And the natives do the
greatly astonished.
Much do I regret this
unfortunate condition of
things, as the flora is un-

commonly rich, and I
have had rare chances,
But I must draw the
line in August somewhere,
and I do it at collecting.
I set my face resolutely
against any thing that
business looks like.

I had expected Collins
here for a week, but he
writes from Maine that
he cannot come. He may
join me later at Wash-
sett - when, of course we
will collect.

I am especially sorry
about this place - as I much
doubt if he ever get here
again.

I was asked about Post Au-
dewa; Don't quote me,
but he is a crank, and
many think, off his be-
ance. He is now on leave
for a year. Dutta are in
the air if he ever returns
- as he antagonizes almost
every friend of the college.

I should a change,
I'd rather "have the ill,
I have - than fly to others
that I know not of. It
new talent may rule us
with a rod of iron -
and then - good Lord!
he may be a real, live
Baptist. How such, may
Heaven deliver us!

Yours ever
Bailey

dry better water from your
Festiva that he saw two Sulphur
hittorps caught by a Grouse,
Ghost of Daddy Devlin - what
a sight! Mrs Bailey sends
her regards to Mrs Deane,
and we hope you are both
well - and we know you are
good, Of such are the King-
dom,

Yours ever
Faithfully and well -
W. Whitman & Bailey

Conway - Mass -
Aug 27. 1896.

My Dear Deane,
This must be my
last letter from Franklin Co.
You can address me on and
after Sep 1st at "Mt Washburn -
Mass, Grand View House", I shall
be very happy to respond,

Yes! Andrew seems to be
up for Silver Honors, I see he is
elected presidential elector on
that side, That - and a great
many of those infernal fools, the
Universal Peace Societ, are the
two items in to-day's paper that
cause a nasty taste in my
mouth, I agree with old Bismark
that as long as two people re-
main on earth they'll fight about
something; I also agree with Gen
Wooday that a fight is a good
thing for a nation now and then,
Perhaps half our people would
not be willing such damned non-
sense if they had seen killing or
being killed.

My last Post would keep me
in touch with several prominent
politicians, Gen Wilson writes me
very hopefully of the result, He is
on the Republican National Com-
mittee, I am sorry the Democrats
think it necessary to nominate
a third ticket, but I suppose Mr
McKinley is hard to swallow, I
wish Reed had headed our ticket,
I read it here all over, There will
be much bad blood as we get
through - and then as these
civilian looting forces, disarmed
next, danger of rebellion and
militia, There is more danger
in their not than in fighting by
all armies like our with one,
Bob! I hate this Puritany-school
work, Despite my resolution
not to collect, I have been
forced to amuse some ferns
for winter work, I had to use
straw paper - and not enough,
I have a few decent dresses

sent to Wachuset, I hope Mr
Collins will join me there, I
have not heard of him in some
weeks, Tomorrow - Mary and
I to give a party to about 20
little girls, She has now one
of her Providence sisters staying
with her, Of course she and
I will have a nice time,
I got my Report to Gen Wilson
today, I do hope it is well of
my health, Mrs Birley will re-
turn at once to Providence to
raise the dust and the devil,
I expect to be home about the 10th
I do not have my usual dread
of freezing, I am - isn't it?
Have seen quite sick two
days this week - but am now
much better, Melligrub! Do
you know her - or have you
any bonnets of compassion?
I've here knotted up in in-
tricate and principle contradictions
- suggesting apprehensions: Lord!

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass -
Sep 3, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

I found you here upon my arrival, It was, as usual exhibiting, courteous, effulgent, radiant, electric, with good things. How do you do it?

Well - as the men said when about to be hanged - here we are. Mrs Bailey has gone home to ride the treadmill, and carnal mother-in-law with her - Heaven be praised!

Meg has gone off driving today to Fitchburg, Do you know it?

She is a dear old lump of whil, stampted gold. She has a room with me, and when I

robe of delights, as I have
an unceasing habit of doing, I
look out upon her - and
Here the Great Unit,

Whit, the dear old fellow,
has the next room, He is busy
as ever with his horse, he takes
long walks.

Collins is back from dress
clothes with needles - as a pine-
tree with Aspen. He writes that
he cannot join me.

Oh! the Whirls! Aren't they
fine? Such particulars especially,
But then I love them all - and
dear old, intricate, perplexing,
fascinating Aster.

For all my jokes - (how "know'st
not, Horatio, how sad all has
about my heart!" Another year
what will it bring? There - Parsons

Grand View House -
at Wachusett, Mass.
Sep 8, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

Many thanks for the
monogram etc for my Dearest,
The little girl is much pleased,
he had a game last eve
in which questions were to be
handed in and discussed, they
proposed this one, "When a
man marries is he expected
to marry his wife's family?" It
brought down the house, as she
did the night before when a big
boy tried to kiss her - and she
took his case, she is a great
favorite - and as sweet as a June
mild rose, Today she and I
started "the dark row" of the
night Wachusett - and laid in
roots and corns, as of Clintonia,
Trillium, Sanguinaria, and Hepatica.

Yesterday I gathered large quan-
tities of fungal vegetation, growing a-
midst under grass, red-fernial
clap - and blue-fernial, and spruces

Preston, my publisher, says he
will bring out my new book this
autumn - and that it is far
better than the other one, 'Selah'!
Give me a name for it, that
will imply New England and
the ~~selected~~ 'choof', Puritan Posies
is alliterative - but even too much
of Calvin - whom I hate, I believe
there is existent in the word
of Hate just the little I desire
- but will it ever have birth?

Just to really meeting next
Friday, I go home that day,
Gen Wilson implies that mean-
ingful change should be made
in that report - and I wish
the devil had it, in fact, I
should like to bequeath many
persons and not a few things
- and even ideas - to Pluto,

For all that - I am in char-
ity if not love, with all men
and especially with thee -
Thy Lumbagoine Clerk -
W. H. B. -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Sep 17. 1896-

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand. Meg
thanks you for the headings.
She is at this moment playing
with a lot of little girls down
stairs, while Whit is drumming
the piano.

He got home on Friday last.
The same day occurred the first
Faculty meeting, Presit Andrews
is abroad in more senses
than the literal one. Prof Clark
acts in his place. He opened up
yesterday with a class only a little
smaller than last year; about 200.
My class at the Women's College
fills the room. What shall I do
with all these girls? They tell me

I'm popular there, I never made
any till for it. In fact, I should
not know how, well, I like 'em,
and they probably feel it.

The New Gazette is very hand-
some - but, like all modern
historical journals, dull. You; we
must have that book of Britton's
He told me of it several years ago,
that plate of *Lilium* is bad. The
petals look as if made of squeezed
peelings, I dare say, however, that
the original drawing, if by Bridgman,
was fine. I have picked up some
nice children's school answers,
1st where is the holiest place
on earth? Ans; near the cre-
ator,

2^d How did Cleopatra die? She
bit a wasp,
3^d What was the religion of the
ancient Britons? Ans. The
religion of the Dudes!

To which I could add the famous
Latin translation of Insignia Turris,
into English Turner.

Prof Mauley gives me this one -
as a Burn specimen.

The question was on Macbeth,
"What is meant by 'menorah auster
Golgotha?'" And, it refers to one of
Chomwell's famous letters in Ireland,
well said Schiller "That against
shriftulity even the gods contend
helpless". I could grant you many
botanical gems of ass-y very severe.

Armour's beef-rump-que
carré! I am home again. In
my ain time. But, my Deave,
how my old bones ache! Like
Jenny Wren "my back is so queer".

Mr Preston tells me that my
new book is ahead of the R. I.
Wild Flowers, By-the-way, via,
I want a nice, terse, crisp new
fruit, which will at the same
time satisfy New England, and
Wild Flowers. Help me out!

What a Learning security L.H.,
Bailey exhibits, I have just
ordered three books of his for
the University.

I made more than thirty sketches
this summer - and some of
them I am proud of, I wrote one
poem - on the closed garden,
and in numerous prose pieces,
The Worcester Spy published a nice
long article on Massachusetts flora
written in 1895, and - I am
happy to add - paid me for it,

Oh I don't know the land
where the sweet-tree grows -
I do not understand

It resembles the rose -
And all its rose branches
Bear eagles of gold -

(My rhyme demands cars)
And evergreen I'm told,

Doth know it perhaps?
my Migration? blisful me the
habit - and he'll go shoo on
specimens. I want a twig at least,
They foolish, foul old friend
W. W. Bailey

Sept 27, 1896 -

My Dear Deane,

This is Sunday - and I can fancy you tripping off to the village Church - "with shining moon-
ing face", prayer-book under arm,
and with a serene piety leaning
from your face. For me the Sabbath
fall has only distant attractions,
I let the "galled jule vines; my
litters are un-wrung!"

Collins came in last night,
literally in a great stew. Our herbium
- without using our own pipes, simply
from the steam-gear that heats up-
stairs, stands always from 90° to
105° Fahr. He says he can not stand
it, I myself never more than poke
my head in the door. Some-body, I
should say, would have to pack,

May I think you say much for
the readings. Dry as lay, don't lose
your own head. What is by me, truly
resting foot-hill extracts, will be ever
available to anything literary? This case
bothers me. So this age I had read
Scott, Dickens - and Irving, as they
has now, How is "Wood Notes and"
(from Dublin) as a

People tell me I have a letter my-
self in my writing this summer,
to tell the truth, they rather tickle

me. My health is awful; worse
than ever, I now have most
wretched nights. Still, I love to live
to see Pagan handsomely licked,
though, I confess I fear, can it be
that our country is to be mis-ruled,
by their howling mob? God forbid,
were it not cowardly - I should want
to emigrate. Mrs Bailey is doing
some beautiful decorative work, and
I think it will pay.

No; big classes make no dif-
ference with pay. One thing is nice
though, at the Pomona College I am
allied to order a lot of diagrams and
microscopes - Mrs Bailey was in the
woods yesterday - and says the
actress are finishing, he has been
having divine health for some days -
Ora pro mihi! O. ΣΟΦΟΣ ΒΟΤΑΝΙΚΟΣ
την κεφαλήν ἀγει.

Votre con-frere -

W. W. B.

you met at Goolslee, that
was done at the meeting;
what is the general view
of Britton's work?

What is better than
his dad - and yet, only
yesterday - let me not
assume it - I had him
in his lady carriage, I
grew really diler - my saddle
is silent, my lower jaw
drags, my joints creak, I
smell the mud above the
nose. So you too - pedagogue
a little. I suppose I will
drop in the harness.

With best regards to your
excellent wife - I am

I have devotedly
W. Whit Bailey

Providence, Oct 19, 1896,

My Dear Deare,

Your letter brings me
the first sad news of the
death of the dear little Rob-
inson girl, I have at once
written to her father - to express
in a too feeble way my heart-
felt sympathy. I was a won-
der - this child - a sort of
Maymie Fleming. Her loss
must be well nigh appalling.

We have had the harbor
unfrozen - I mean the pipes
chokef - and reduced the temp-
erature to 71° from 115° Foh! Col-
lins breathes again in peace.

That is a handsome and
a valuable book of Britton's,
but damn his new names!
How will its publication affect
the Synoptical?

Of all the Botany books
published of late, I have had
the greatest delight out of
Kerner. It is full of most -

if I may use so fleshy
a comparison for a purely
vegetable diet,

I am teaching at present
142 persons. I'll bet 30
of these are, in one way or
another, connected with
the college. The thing are
a private class of teachers
on Saturday morning. I have
them at my rooms at Colley
they wife goes! and takes
notes!! She has made me
some superb diagrams, better
than most in the market,
I myself can slip a pretty
literate pencil. Dear May
has a n awful cold and
stiff neck. Her pa always
has the Colter - a complaint
of the Pharynx - if I remem-
ber rightly, I wonder what
they did for it?

My Best Point Report - or

letter, that of Gen Wilson
and Senator Gray with my
counter-sign, is at least in,
Allah il' Allah, and dis-
honored in his way "profit",

My way one is less,
Now put up a good game
against Harrow - but I
am never satisfied with
anything but a victory.

Appropos of the election,
a friend said to day that
he was confident of the
Kimball's election; not over
all the educated people on
his side, but the political
journalists were leaning over
there - and if there had been
any chance for Bryan they
would have jumped to the
filibuster. This shows the
merits of corruption and "good
in every thing".

Just in Boston the
border of your neck, now

My Dear Deane,

Can you answer
this question for me
by a little investigation
at the Herb? I don't like
to bother poor Robinson,

Return the letter to
me, please, with what
you find out,

Leaf ends of the
same Old stems are
avoided,

Yours genl

Wm Baily

Oct 21, 1896

Providence - Oct 23/96

My Dear Deane,

A thousand hearty
thanks for your ever
kindness. You surely are
of the sort, I had neither
means nor energy to run
down such a matter, you
have done it in fine style
- and for your self-sacrificing
trouble deserve a high place
in the ultimate seating, may
I be there - too! but I don't.

I am a constant and
increasing oppressor for my
neck - and good nights
have lately forsaken me.

Mrs Bailey has joined
my voluntary class of teachers.

Meg and I are reading
Scott, but, I cannot
length into our séances,

What sort of teaching
are you doing - "for ladies
only" or for boys?

I really wish I could
go to Club meetings - but I
fear my attendance must
be infrequent.

You are asked to write
more - but

Ever truly

Baird

Providence, Nov 3. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

I am waiting in
breathless suspense - as
the fellow said when they were
hanging him - for the result
of this momentous election. It
appears to me our hour and
perpetuity are depending on the
balance. God grant that the
Winkley union; I will not say
the "right side" - for you see
even Conscience can not make
that other than Ma's side!

I sometimes wish I did not
take things so seriously. Nearly
suffer from un-happened mis-
adventures, Execution is less than
anticipation of the death-chair;
at least, from my quite lim-
ited experience, I should deem
so. I wish I could be with you
all at the Botolph, but I have
a clean early next morn, and

It will not do to miss it,
Perhaps the next!

My physical condition
is perhaps this autumn, yes-
terday I had even to take to
my "vice-driven feel o' dawn",
how! We had a jolly initiation
of Peri to last Friday. An ex-
tra I read some "prose
or worse", Had an ana-
emic oration; felt like a
boy brother of the Warrigan-
sett. Gushing of love, I
have an invitation from
the Republican Committee to
sit on the platform (not of
the party - but Infanterie Hall)
to hear the returns. Come
in and I'm going to take
shit for a while - and
show him the fun. It is
great fun, unless the truth
comes, when nothing is more

utterly dismal. But I have
hope! It occurs to me, however,
that some are in either de-
clined or doing some in-
sane thing. It stands to
reason that some body has
to lose, You see my mind
is choke-full of this matter,
I shall have no peace till
it is over, if ever then!

How does Pittier's book
affect the spirit? Does he
not get an un-brotherly pull?
Shall we have to swallow
all this d-d new theories;
Canning Macmillan and all;
my gorge rises at it, Echow,
and Alas - and Alas me!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Is "rich" procuree? Over my letter is a
fruiting spray of *Abutilon Arvense*, a com-
mon weed here.
Isn't it pretty?

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Yours ever
William Whitman Bailey

November 6, 1896.

My Dear Dean,

Ehew! I do not possess
the Corlett 3^d edition of the Man-
ual. I could have sworn I had
it, but mine turns out to be
the fourth. So, just keep on buy-
ing yourself in your accustomed ex-
clusive manner. Atra cura will
jump up behind yet - and I will
have my chance to gloat.

I have had a jolly big head-ache
all night - due to my car-ride.
I revolved all my sins and omiss-
ions - and recorded a grant (each)
catalogue of good resolutions. One of
these I am now discharging.

What a jolly good time I did have!

Mrs Dean is an angel of light,
How did you happen to find her?
My ain mither could no hie done
main for me, (Influence of the pre-
vailing Scotch school of literature),

I have filled William Bailey
with the greenest envy by my de-
scription of the pyrographa, The soup
it's green such that she, who ought
to have seen 'em, didn't, while I did!
Well - Water is Run, according Dickens
and there is no accounting for such,

My Colletia, Carmichaelia, Asperula,
and other oddities, come all right
- and tomorrow I torment my classes
with 'em, If I hear a squeak - I'll
smile inwardly and say - some one
has provided someone with Colletia!
They will do it, Such a magnificent

day! I pray you up at the garden
- neglecting your less^{er} religious duties
and carrying you worship - when it
should go, without the interposition of
broker or middle-man, "The green
are Gula's first couple" - and even now
I prefer them to the average meeting-
house, My best regards to Mrs Dean,
May send for her and Aunt, what
needs a word - but of the Sabbath team,

run down to a meeting? Perhaps I can
 persuade William to accompany me,
 he will send back agenda to show it
 they is engaged
 in the best album - and in making
 boxes - and come with Clipping. The
 same letter to my father - Jan 1896

BROWN UNIVERSITY
 PROVIDENCE

November 21, 1896.

My Dear Deane

One

the caption of
 tract that Ba
 of the ass - ap
 note that I sp

I do know a great or wood, it
 can recognize the English sp
 row, and now and again have
 eaten crow, but as to the as
 pects of birds I know them not.
 I think there be birds terrestrial
 and those of paradise, and that
 they differ in glory.

As a matter of fact, my
 both case of Birds - and not
 all the aspects of the

PROF. BAILEY SPOKE.

Rhode Island Horticultural Society
 Met Last Night.

The regular monthly meeting of the
 Rhode Island Horticultural society was
 held last evening in the Tillinghast as-
 sembly rooms. There was a very good
 attendance of the members, and those
 present listened to a very interesting
 papers on "Birds in their various as-
 pects," read by Prof. W. W. Bailey.
 The subject was pleasingly illustrated by
 blackboard drawings, and the growth of
 the birds was shown, as, too, was the
 growth of roots and underground stems.
 At the close the president made a few
 interesting remarks, and it was an-
 nounced that the society was invited to
 attend a lecture before the Bee Keepers'
 society at the same place on the evening
 of Nov. 25.

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Jan
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 Nov

run down to a meeting? Perhaps I can
persuade Collins to accompany me,
the all soul kind agenda to Miss Deane
she is engaged
in her best album - and in making
houses - and covers with clippings. She
draws them too; very pretty. Yours ever
W. H. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

November 21, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

One might think from
the caption of the enclosed ex-
tract that Balaam - he
of the ass - spoke! And then,
note that I spoke of Birds. Now
I do know a quail or two, &
can recognize the English spar-
row, and now and again have
eaten crow, but as to the as-
pects of birds I know them not.
I think there be birds terrestrial
and those of paradise, and not
they differ in glory.

As a matter of fact, my
talk was of Birds - and not
all the aspects of those.

tance, there in the Society Row,
if which I hope not at all.
Did I tell you the election story?
It goes that on the eve of Nov
3^d as the returns were coming
in favorable to Bryan, an Irish-
man on Westminister remarked
"Mrs Bryan will sleep in the White
House yet!" "Begorra!" said a
Celtic woman, "And if she does
shall be in bed with McWhiskey,
sure!" Now, it's your turn, Tell
me all the news. West Point down-
ed Penn Wley, "My Lords, I do per-
ceive here a divine duty; I shall
either way. I am glad Harvard
has shown up so well.

What is crazy on the whole
business and keeps a scrap-
book of all the football games
and heroes. Send such clippings
as you run across.

I am more than ever a suf-
ferer - but never gave so fine
a course as I am doing this
year. I have excellent support
in my staff, Collins, Metcalf - and
Lyon, Tell me about the Club, Will
It cost me any thing but my face

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

November 26. 1896-

My Dear Deane,

It is ten years or more since I have done anything with my herbarium - except to keep the bugs out of it, I should think it musted six or eight thousand species, more than half unmounted. All are labelled and localized - and among them are many fine Crawford plants.

I have retained the collection hoping that Whitman might take a notion to follow in my tracks. I see no evidence of such a disposition, In the mean time I am in financial straits, tell me;

is there any chance to see
such a collection - and to de-
rive anything worth while there-
from. Of course it is a weakness
to part with ones life work, but
I am used to all sorts of youks
at my leastest feelings - and am
now a confined invalid. And
as I said I need money - pres-
ently. My Uncle sent a Turkey
Turkey - and he died in Fer-
ville. All are well - except
your old friend - who is as ever

Your friend -
W. W. B. B. B.

Providence - Nov 27, '96.

My Dear Deane,

Almost thro' persuasion
I am persuaded me to be a Christian
and to attend the Club
meeting on the 4th. In fact, I
will now decide to do as you
suggest - and accept your generous
hospitality over night. Let
this, of course, be contingent upon
your own and Mrs Deane's
utter convenience. Also, I see in
mind that I myself am subject
to various mishaps. However -
coetibus paribus, I will be
there. We gobble the gobbler
at home. I am now undergoing
repentant chills. My love

away look on to visit a
cousin, he greatly miss the
Lassie even for that short
time. If my Herb - were any
in shape, I might stand on
show. It needs lots of fix-
ing. This morn I have the
last session of my private
class of teachers. I shall talk
about the Gynocinium -

Our regards to Mrs
Deane. Many thanks for
the crest etc -

What good booker Bulley
is getting out! By the way
I've seen the index of my
new book. It will be at for
Xmas list - found uniform
with the last book - and sold
with or without that. Yours ever
W. W. B.

My Dear Deane -

I will endeavor to reach
your house about 1 or 1 1/2 P. M. on
Friday - the 4th still, in my case
that is means a possible slip, I'm
collins, can't go.

I went botanizing yesterday in
the snow. Lord I meant it pretty!

Dec 1. 1892

Yours
Bentley

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr. Walter Dean -

9 Beecher St

Cambridge -

Mass -

Providence - Dec 13, 1896 -

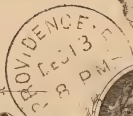
My Dear Deane, My new book, N. E.,
Wed Flowers, came out yesterday. It
is uniform with R. I. Wed Flowers
and can be had alone or with last
book, Price - I think 75cts, Preator
& Rounds, publishers - Providence -

Exams begin this week. Chew!
but then comes a rest. All well but
myself - and I am indifferent toward,
My regards to your excellent Lady.
Yours ever - W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - A.M.,
29 Brewster Street

Cambridge
Mass

Providence, Dec 27, 1896,

Dear Old Deere,

I thank you most
kind remembrance to the Hope-
fula; also for your pleasant
words in regard to my book-kin,
By-the-way, it is full of errors,
See page 149 and correct, in
Cystaria book, too, correct *Asymptus*
also in Index, and change the
Casser *Enotera* to *pumila*. So far
as I know, *fruticosa* does not occur
here. Weston made the Index, but
I should catch the damning.

A new edition of the R. S. Floras
is out, with new pictures; among
them one of your uncle in botanical
guide. Do you know I seriously
propose to run down to the
meeting next Friday? If I do, I
hope to take Colburn with me.

Isn't the weather gorgeous?
How about your crew? Are they
running? Among other nice things
I had for Xmas, was a very
pretty illustrated copy of the
"Mimosa in the snow". How very
delicious it is!

Christmas eve - I had as my
guest one night, Prof James
Leth, now of Cornell, formerly of
Brunn. To meet him we had
in Prof Manly, and we made
a night of it, with much to eat
and something 'ot to drink, there
was much flow of soul withal,
The presents "were numerous and
costly", speaking above of lithograph-
ic errors, etc of our papers.
Lately commended the energy
of our venerable Bishop by saying
that in one year he had con-
fined three hundred ladies. The
notrieties hardly exceeded such
energy as this!

Good luck to you - and
peace be upon your house -
"throughout the egg on eggs",
See the words of Henikowig, es-
pecially Law Vardis!

With salutations to your Better
Two Shirts - I am always
I think at command
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Dec 30, 1894

My Dear Deane,

It seems like a Hobbesian
imposition on you, but of course
I like the idea largely. Yes,
I will accept and let out on
Friday next,

Collins has made
no appearance this week.
His address is 106 East
Ave. No; I never, never, take
room with any one else, but
I feel sure he could not abide
me anyway. I am a fuss-but
get on that point; moreover, a
sick man. A thousand thanks
to you. In haste —

Bailez

Providence, Jan 3, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

I write on this gloom-
ing paper to indicate, so far
as the environment can, my
appreciation of my delightful visit.
I have a down-right sense
of shame - a conviction of sin -
as the Baptists say (and their
experience is vast) - that I failed
to thank your good wife enough.
Do tell her how deeply I feel
all her thoughtful - and tactful
kindness. So from a convict
after all, it is a great surprise
to me, but I think most any-
body on that reckoning ought to
be hanged. I had a nice inter-
view with my friend Carlone -
the florist, he is an awfully nice

follow. On the train I met quite
a number of Providence people;
indeed more than I can see in
Providence itself.

I was up very late last
night waiting for Mrs Bailey
and Prof Felt to get through
bathing - and today I am dead
beat, but want to hear
some music, though, so I am
going over to St Stephen's.

I found the usual deluge
of January bills awaiting me
- but oh! no coffee, Hervis!

All well - and some are
fair -

Thine as

W. W. Bailey

Providence, Jan 6. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

My good friend
and publisher - Mr H. M.
Preston, who, by the way, is also
a good botanist, has invited me
to spend next Wednesday with
him in Cambridge, at the Botanic
Garden. Can you not manage to
meet us? I should like so much
to here you know Preston, I pre-
sume we will be there either in
the late noon, or early afternoon.

I have been desperately ill, but
am now all right again. Chances
of weather were "agin" me.

Preston tells me he is hurry-
ing up my "Botanizing". The
Linn Socy paper and I am full
o' work. It is snowing in Rhode
Island. My regards to you
most excellent Lady!

Thine ever & fondly - W. W. Bailey

PRESTON & ROUNDS,
Booksellers and Manufacturing Stationers,
98 Westminster Street.

Providence, R. I.,

Jan 9 1896. \$

Please send for enclosure to

Dear Deane,
Mr Preston is delighted at the
idea of meeting you and Mrs Deane
at luncheon on Sat at 1 P.M., he
both accept with pleasure - and
hope for health, wealth, happiness,
prosperity, good politics - and clear
follott, Pardon delay!

Very truly,

Barlow
PRESTON & ROUNDS

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -

29 Brewster Street -

Cambridge -
Mass

P. S. A stupid oversight of mine, with
my name, not to have mentioned
him at first;

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

January 14, 1891,

My Dear Old Deane,

You and your wife are
solts of the earth, Lots' wife
was not in it with you. She was
a mere saline pillar; you two
form a terrore atopre rotunditas (or
should I say "i"?)

Preston had a time equally
grozome, and lotta of botanizing
ever in the "Forest of Deane".
By the way, there is such a great
lack of West Point,

And now for a little business
in re the matter of Preston. It
is not my habit to urge the
advancement of my friends, but
I do want him in the Club,

Here are the facts,

- 1st He is a graduate of Amherst of high standing,
2. A fine scholar and literary,
- 3^d. An excellent represented Librarian,
4. The possessor of a good habit-arm, and an active collector in N. E. districts, especially in White Mt.,
5. A man of comfortable means, and with fine library-
6. Lastly, he is a gentleman and of pleasing manners and address,
7. He is the representative bookseller of Providence.

He desires to belong - but I put the thought into his head, "Now there" - as girls say, you have it all - and can present it to the Council, It will be a great thing for me to have a companion who will attempt.

Just back from Danvers School, Goodnight - and goodbye to you and dear Deane - with myriads of thanks, Yours ever - W. W. Bailey

My Dear Deane, ^{Wor. Dec 25, 97} I have
been frightfully ill, and am now
sending my letter, with my old enemy
syphilis, but there is nought "sissy"
about it, I am well-nigh desperate,
but shall attempt to say to you some
of my crosses, My heart is still
true to Poll, Barnes sends me his
glorious boy, Spencer Collins will in-
dorse Plaster, Do you have any
printed for to send me? Or his ^{copy}
safe, safe! Vale, longue vie!
My best regards to Mrs Deane. ²⁵ Bowley

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

JAN 25 10 1917

United States of America.

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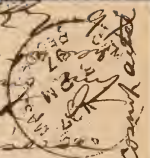
Mr Walter Deane -
29 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass.

Providence - Jan 27

My Dear Deane,

I am up and doing my
work - but ought to be in bed
get no better of my cruel disease
Today I shall try another doctor
Lloyd, Chamber to you, writes that he
sends the Jungi, I went in prospect

I am invited to read a paper at
the Brown Alumni dinner in Boston
next week eve, and then Friday come
Clap, I am so ill that I do not know
if I can do either that Friday - My wife
will be with me at the dentist's, Hollis, we
must go, he all here to return Sunday, what



a girl follow you are, Bailey

my count and the pictures in

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

AN 27 1897

United States America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane Eayr -
29 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass,

My Dear Deane,

No show for next
meeting, I am mostly in Feb,
hope you will all have a
good time - and don't forget

Yours truly -

W. W. B.,

Perrineray Jun 30, 1897

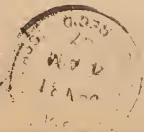
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United States ¹⁹⁰⁷ America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
29 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass,



BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

February 3, 1897

My Dear Deane,

I am tentatively up about the house, after my long and painful illness. The doctor will keep me in the rack,

Your note disturbs me somewhat, though I hardly think my attitude requires so serious attention. The matter is a *vinobell* *in* *tra*,

The Librarian of our Public Library desired a note on the book for the monthly Circular. I thought in standing clear of the discussion of the women's clothing matter, I was on safe ground. I wish it for granted that the plates, made by me

like Bridgman, who had no help
for Farlow, were all right, I never
questioned either, nor did I suppose
anyone did, the accuracy of
Britton's descriptions. The circular
was local - and I thought of no
importance anyway, but to please
Britton, who had always been
very kind to me, I sent it him.
He made use of it, as he had
a right to do, as a puff, and
my smoke became all at once
flame. Henslow's remarks - and
even by you and Robinson were
my first suspicions of mischief.
Now it seems I made a mess
of it, and to review a book one
must read every line - and be
an authority on Carex - and a
skilled draftsman. As soon
as I heard the discussion at the
N. E. Club, I knew I was in for it.
I have "not examined any
"authentic portrait." I wrote in
consequence - but trusting to the
scientific reputation of Britton, which I

had never heard impugned,
Meyra Here and Gotet thus
and their classic work on
China & Tibet, which I have
read,

"The zeal of a writer will not
always suffice to describe coun-
tries in which he has never
set foot + + + Although it
has been the good fortune of
the learned orientalist, J. Klap-
roth, to discover the Potoski
Prepelyan without quitting
his closet, it is, generally speak-
ing, rather difficult to make
discoveries in a country which
one has not visited!"

I plead guilty; I had not
visited the country of Bitter-
-and hence my account does
not hold water. Peculiar!

I am very sorry to learn of
Mrs Deane's illness, I do hope
soon to hear that she is
again well, I myself - have
lost three weeks of valuable
time, and I wish the insurers
say (but they don't know) - in
money, Do not undertake to
deferred me to any body,
My publications are not
worthy of serious consideration -

Yours truly
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

February 10, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

I am up, out, about,
and doing my work, so, as
the diplomats say, that in-
cident is "closed". It did not
come to the desired arbitrament
of war.

So, it has a joke, as Sam
Weller says of his father's in-
terim thoughts, "I wouldn't try
it again". I did not recognize
the symptoms, perhaps on ac-
count of conscience guilt.

In the last Journal of Port-
man read the 'cute account
of Tipay Bear, very jolly; refresh-
ing indeed, after the Lohaw

of recent articles, what is dear
old Botany coming to? Will
she, in her old age, be a
nosy, gossiping old body? Alas!

Thanks for all your kind-
ness to the Madam, I hope
she has responded for her-
self. How much I was not
to be able to join those jolly
fellows at the Botany!

Did you find any plants
of any use whatever?

I hope Mrs Deane is
perfectly well again - and
checking all your little fir-
mites, folios - and grateful
Larkiness, Your friend ever
W. W. Bailey

are, I am still having
mine for over Keener's
big book, does the most de-
lightful professional work I
have done for years; simply
full of suggestions and exhorta-

tion. Examinations begin
next Thursday, I have one
on Saturday, and another
the next Friday; then comes
vacation. After that, Jordan,
Lynch, and the Spring term,
after that - the deluge.
How know you are coming
to our Commencement this
year. It is recorded in the
unmistakable laws.

What, the dear boy, is play-
ing William Tell from memory,
they is with her mother when
he all send heaps o' bow-
diza and love!

Whole circle of regards
to Mrs Deane,
Your friend, Bailey.

P.S. What great about Pastor!

Providence, Mr 7, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

Your Jeremiah ar-
rived this morn, and I can
easily sympathize with your
feelings, when I recall my own
sense of desertion as I stood in
the pitiless ruin as you dor-
step, No Mrs Deane! No Deane!
No both! No walk! Nature her-
self wept as we turned to look
you up at the ancestral man-
sion, but even there we found
no comfort, the place that once
knew you, knew you no more,
then said my wife, who is a
creature of resource "let us find
him, & seek him at the Garden!"
he started to do that - when
Nature oppressed, having quite
made up her mind by this time,
poured buckets of cold water
on our project, Mrs Bailey had
no others, and my shawl of
swiftness did not warrant a
Cambridge exposure, so we in-

continently fled for a car,
where he was soon joined
by Dr Goodale.

I had felt fear-
fully ill all the morning
and concluded I had better
strike for home. At the station
we met Dr Kenzaly in sim-
ilar plight. Now, while eye
has brought in a measure
the "philosophic mind", than
are things that make me
kick like a steer, I find my
mind made up for that
meeting - the both and the
diet, and the smoke, I feel
distinctly deplorable, but I know
I did wish, but isn't it
mean to be so hampered by
health? I don't feel certain but
I can keep an an engagement
made a week in advance;
indeed, the chance is I can
not. Goodale told me one of

Mrs Bailey's, Here's one of
mine ain't, My wife was go-
ing the other day to a con-
tinue party where each one
was to select the name of
some work, she said "White",
how shall I go? "Why" - said I,
"obviously a white Loize!"

As a matter of fact, she
went as "Lost in London"
with H's journal all over
her, and had that, either,

Did I ever tell you how
they had to pack the steam
piper in an Herb? They used
to give us a heat of 115° Feb,
after the fault was remedied
with coverings - I left a note
for Collins - saying "See all
the trace-bands! Had we
should come to their circus!"

My snow-drops are in
bloom - and great in Ma-
homet! How dare they
flutter out in this black
March weather? But don't they

Saturday eve and part
of Sunday forenoon, he turned
his box in Carex,

Goodsnight and
Cordage -
Old shirt,

Providence - April 19, 1867

My Dear Deane,

It is not so warm
in Cambridge today, I fancy,
as it was some 730 years
ago! I always feel a deep
pity for those poor British
soldiers of the line, who had
to be killed at by the far
more from behind fences.

And now war has broken
out between Greece and Tur-
key - a gray situation cer-
tainly, My sympathies are
with the men of Thermopylae,

On Saturday Metcalf and I
took a car for Hanta Mills
- one of the prettiest places
in our environs, he found
Hematomia and Saxifrage, but
will they not feel rich tomorrow,
I wish to promise, It has
been most useful and un-

coming here today, windy
and with clouds of dust,

A windy day, excuses
me, if that be possible,
worse among them other days,
I have had, on the whole,
a miserable winter, As a com-
pensation, the University has
slightly raised my salary, And,
however, no assistance is
provided for next year. I am
still in bad plight, Metcalf
will have to leave, and he
was used to my work and I
to him. Rand writes me very
often, what a nice fellow
he appears to be!

Preston Collins, Metcalf
and myself think of going up
to Mt Washington on Aug 6
to botanize for several days. I
may stay a week, By the way,
the Woodworts, Hepatics, and
Gilliam, I thought from the

are up and in bloom. Again,
I must say, how silly of them!

It has been often re-
minded that we have no
Spring, that's so; but we have
one or two days that are
awful near it,

My parents-in-law, who
have been with us about a
year, left for New York today.
I do like my horse to
myself. Whitman now reads
frequently. He is in high
feather tonight because Penn
beat Holy Cross today in
Worcester. Sweet May - grows
ever sweeter. Bear in mind,
you are mine for Com-
mencement; particularly am,

I hope Mrs Deane is all
right again. Do give her
our sympathy and loving
remembrance. How you see
Selchett's book? Personal about

Grand View House, Mt Wachusett,
Peru, Mass, May 8, 1897,

My Dear Deane, I have had to give
up and run away for a while, Preston
came here with me and put in 2 days bot-
anizing. He went home last night. I hope to
herald the Collins up here, *Trillium erectum*, *Asplenium*
platyneuron, *Viola rotundifolia* & *pubescens*, *Claytonia*
virginica, *Erythronium*, *Asitella*, *Vilum* *lanceolatum*,
Lonicera caerulea, *Clintonia* etc - etc, *Stemodia*
Beautiful, *Tulipia* fine and warm, but
the cold has been sufficing. I can hardly
leave you among *Vicia*. My nearest relative
in the North - Mr Wm. do. Bailey, one my
quarrel had the day I left, I was too rich,
however, to remain, but we here till Saturday next,
Respectfully to Mrs Deane, yours are Bailey

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.

Dear Deane,

On my back again, if
I get up, as I hope, I shall go
on Thursday with Collins & Preston,
to Mt Wachuset, they will re-
main over Sunday, I expect to be
gone a week, So sorry to hear of all
your sorrow, will write again when
stronger and better, Mean two heavy
In neck - a case of wobbles. No; I
can't even grin, may 3, '97

Bruce

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

MAY
United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.

reflecting for half an hour,
Now - I love children dearly
- but there are some that
confine a Lachetia with fix-
ed ideas. I expect to be here
till Monday, and hope to get
two or three fine days after
that rain. By the way, as this
season it is as difficult to
get or send mail as if one
were in Samov or Yessooy,
- Hope it back; there goes du
Home for it now, Bismillah!

Remember that you are
engaged - with Mrs Dean
for Commencement at Brown, you
are to go to dinner with me -
and Mrs Dean is to wait us
feet from the gallery with Mrs
Bailey, then he will go to the
Hall and see the Harvard
Brown game! Eh?

Don't regard this as a festive
thing, I know, of course, your wit-
hness, but will it not do you good?

All the posies unite in
love to him who loves their babies,
Thine ever Bailey

I expect promises to bring out
my "Pala-bark" and "Botanizing" at
once, the last is my collecting book -

Mt Wachuset, N.H.,

May 13, 1877,

My Dear Deane,

I dare say you have
heard from Round that, for
my good, I had to flee "like
a bird to the mountains", Here
I am not only "weary of sin", but
of rain as well. It has now
poured for two days - and the
rain is not yet, fixed, I ought
not to complain, I have seen her
a week and all but those last
days have been superfluous, Mr
Pleton came up with me last
Thursday, Botanizing with me
all Friday - and Saturday morn,
and returned to Providence on
Saturday eve taking my vasculum
full of flowers to our respective
wives. Since this departure I have
seen much diversion in upon my-
self - and realize the wisdom of
the old proverb that I need
"A friend in my retreat"

X Not not Hub but Herb!

whom I may whisper
Solitude is sweet,¹¹
As long as the weather kept
good I had lots of fun in
the woods, I have collected
Trillium erectum & *eruthrocephalum*,
Clintonia borealis, *Rhynchospora Cana-*
densia, *Vitis pubescens* and *robin-*
difolia, *Caulophyllum*, *Paronychia*,
Erythronium, *Urtica Canadensis*,
Antella difflera, *Chaytonia*, *Lonicera*
ciliata, *Epigaea* - etc - etc, Many
of these I have pressed for the Herb.

By the way - let it be known
that I keep a limited supply of
drying paper here for use of real
botanists, and intend to add to it,
Let the Club do the same elsewhere
- say at Joffery, Crossland House etc,
So give a hoop of trouble.

I have made while here some
pretty sketches and drawings of
vegetation in *Carya alba*, there
also been much interest in pollen
protection in our native plants.

It is funny to follow a plant
up this mountain - or hill,
from fruiting at the base, to the
very buds at the summit, as for

instance, in *Acer rubrum* & *spici-*
cation, it is strange that *Linn-*
naea discolor does not occur here, *Oxa-*
lia acelosella is confined to the
north and west of the mountain,
Preston got one specimen in bloom
of *Diervilla cuneata*, it is rare
here, the only plant I have so
far added to the Collins-Bailey
list is *Prunus Penn*,

I had hoped up to the last
minute to have Collins with me,
but fate and business intervened,
It is a shame, so I never saw the
woods more likely - but in, plan
to start late up I spoke of inter-
spective, I am literally alone in
a house of 40 rooms, all the
other people are the property and
his family, By the way, he has
a that that pervades the whole
house - and makes me respect
Herod - King of Israel, when I
could wish it, that is that young
one; when I settle for real before
the park fire, in she come
with a horse, jump into a squeaky
chair, and from that into another
- till I fly in despair to my room -
then I hear "Mama!" in nearby

Providence, May 20, '87

My Dear Deane,

I am awfully sorry
that you and Mrs Deane
cannot be with us in the
last month of June. I
thought it might be good
for you both,

To the regret of
Mr Rowland to send in any
name - if I thought of one
for election to the Club, I
have sent, with Collins, the
name of Mr Haren Metcalf,
my very acceptable Assistant,
he will all be delighted to add
him to the Providence contingent,
See what you can do;

He will soon be an A. M.,
and in addition to my work,
is in charge of the Porting at
Matthew Vinograd Sumner School,
a modest, quiet, gentleman,
with regards to Mrs Deane,
Your every - W. W. Brewster

Summer solstice -
June 21st 1897 -

Yes, my dear Deane, it is utterly true, eh? I have been confined to the house for a fortnight and during the Commencement functions, to my little cot. Yesterday - "to gild official gold", my eyes gave out and I had a most painful time with 'em, they are much better today.

We are quite in the dark about the summer. The financial problem complicated propositions otherwise most easy of solution. 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour, we shall not go to Comury. Can you tempt us to Jaffrey?

My "Note Book" will be out in about 10 days, and Peston from -

csia the "Botanizing" in August. The last of the new edition of my Collector's Book, Metcalf has the MS. adopted by Worcester Academy and the Friend Summer School,

I was very sorry not to see you at the last Club meeting, I was sick then, as usual, when my eyes ached, I read, read, read, the trouble in the eye was not caused by use; it was a cold of some sort, awfully distressing, I was quite nervous from the pain of it,

I hope you and Mrs Deane are now perfectly well, reasonably happy, & palatially happy, and I am now, as you are sure to find me
Yours Place to Command
U. W. B.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

June 27, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

I have managed to stay up and around this week. And what a gorgeous week it has been (especially for Cornell)!

Well, well! What a surprise that we were to every one here-away, I had felt certain that Harrard had it, but spot seemed very little to surprise.

I have now an invitation from my friend Denton to West Point but I doubt if I can go, financial reasons. When we will event wolly bring up this summer is not known at this writing, but probably at Wachusett in August.

My brother's people desire us
in Fredericton, but it is much
too costly a trip. Have you seen
how all the newspapers are
stirred up over Brown, the Board
of Trustees, and their action tow-
ards President Andrews, many
think he must resign. I ex-
press no opinion, I do not see
that a change could much ef-
fect me now. Yes! I was at the
Lest Club meeting (and very
uncomfortable with my peculiar
sorrows!) - I returned to Portland
the same night, I was very
glad to meet Trelease, he
seemed a nice fellow.

My note-book will be out
in a few days, and I hope that
Botanizing will appear in Aug.
Did you ever get a Journal I
sent - with reference to your Herb?

Miss Bailey has given up
her school here - and entered into
relations with Miss Hazard of
Boston, I hope now to have the
semblance of a home, Lots well.
My regards to the Deane, yours are
W. W. Bailey

Providence, July 12, '97,
("Coppers come down!")

My Dear Deane, I write you on
the anniversary of the Battle
of the Boyne, & it is about as
hot here as there. In some
ways I shall be glad to get
out of it, especially as mosquitoes
have come, these are now!

We expect to go to old
Warehasset in August, there
we will be rid of sheets, any-
way. Brown matters are in an
awful whirl - thanks to an
unhindered press! I am trying to
follow Dave Crockett's advice - to
hold my tongue, it is the only
safe attitude! Collins is back
from Maine; I have not seen
him, but he dropped me a note,
Metcalf is at his work at the
Vincenz School. Pastor is here,

He still promises me my book,

I am very busy writing all
the time, trying to chase the
elusive dollar, and only rarely
cornering it. Still, I think it
is well in hot weather (perhaps
not at the hottest!) to keep
busy. Groaning in in itself ex-
haustion, tedium, but it is hot,
and sticky. I don't like it,

To! to!

Pauline

Be all good regards to Mrs
Deane

The children and I go to Wachuset on
Saturday - the 31st inst., write me as per
caption of circular within -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

July 25, 1897 -

My Dear Deane,

You are at hand this
pleasant Sunday, what a nice
time you offer to be having! Is it
not queer that you and I never
yet got-gathered in the field; what
shall we - what of the meadows
of Asfordel?

Yesterday I had a visit from
Prof Mc Dougal of Minnesota; he
offered to be a nice fellow and
with "no li-goul nonsense about
him", he put in an hour or so at
the herb. In the afternoon Collins
and I, with Whit, went botanizing
on our rail-road route, we
found Gnaphalium squarrosum and
Carduus acanthoides in abun-
dance; the latter in flower,

He noticed too the rapid spread
of Laetia scariosa - unknown
here three years ago, By the
way; it is a superb compos-plant,
really very wonderful. If you stand
north of a plant you see nothing
but leaf-edges; broadside on - the
leaves - and especially the white
mid-ribs, are conspicuous, Aw-
fully pretty. In this same meadow grow
Antennaria tuberosa, Glycerhiza-
Plantago Ruzelii, Populus somnif-
erum, etc, etc, he was chased
to sudden cover by a chrysobothris-storm,

As he was passing Brown and
Sharp's machine-shop - he could
look in the window and see the
features of creating. It looked much
like h - L, as the unirginated
sawyer it. The men dipped out molten
flashing metal as if it were drawn
butter for a great salad. Such lights
and shadows were there as would
delight the soul of a really great
painter - a Salvator-ray,

Now - I suppose, I ought to
say somewhat of our children or

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

the bill, but so desperate is the
challenger that even silence is not

safety. All I can say is - Dr
Andrews has resigned, according
to your politics, creed, or other
determining factors, you can de-
cide whether he or the Corporation
have the right of the matter. Cer-
tain professors both of a remonstrance
and desire me to sign it, I refuse.
I can conceive of situations under
which I could support the master's
crown - but this doesn't seem one
of them. However, it is a most
unhappy chance at the opening
of a new college year. There may
fit many souls to Hades.

Tom Keller, an extremely nice
young man in his generation -
says that "when you are shuttle-
cock, and two lamps the battle

does, you had better keep out of
the game," or words to that effect.
It seems to me that the lightning
is apt to be lively - and some-
what focused, on the fellow who
stands between the Trustees and
the President in a row like this.
I may be wrong; I may be craven,
but I sh^d like to feed my
fledglings and their dam -
dam if I don't! Collins has been
up in Maine, up Kinross etc, but
is, as the French say, of the re-
turn, He may put in a day at
Wachusett; Do tell her more about
the birds; dear creatures, all
except the English sparrow and
the mosquito, There is a sparrow
that equanimity on one high-pitched
note from 4.30 A.M. to 7 P.M., every
day of his life, just outside my
window, He really makes life a burden.
For if, for instance a moment, I am
looking anxiously for the next squeak,
Health? Just the same as
ever. Our united regards to Mrs
Deane, Your girl does much desire
letter-boards and cents, Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Walter with cost-like ha-
bit, Mrs. intended to take
up to the hotel, but had
to ride, then - I lost my
luggage - never arrived
the best of times - and called
the highway; no - Achilles,
in my letter! My wife, who
is unwilling if not executive
telegraphed me that the bag
would be sent on next train,
but I could not believe it till
at 10 P.M., I was gloating
over its simple but essential
vicars. Now, the consequence
of all this is, that today
I am wretchedly ill, I think
the abrupt change of air
often so affects me too, But
It is a glorious day - a
rare one of June - astray
in August, Indeed, it a-
lone has this year quite

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass.,
August 1st 1897.

My Dear Deane,
It certainly was a
joy to be welcomed home
as it were by that old
man of the Mountains, Wal-
ter von-Deane. Your letter
was handed to me on the
door-step redolent of hoodlum
odor (I mean your letter, not
the door-step!) - and musical
with bird-notes, the music
and the marks, I think it
is lovely then to develop two
such closely-related sciences,
ontology is the other pillar
on which I wobble in my
two limited empyrean.
How I can here say
'Damn his writings,' or
whatever is the gentlemanly
Episcopal for a similar de-
nunciation of conspicuous
failure - "innocent ignorance"

well, 'It is pretty bad,
but then there is soon the
comfort that you are not
compelled to read it, &
suspension or excludal sen-
sence affects in no way the
sense or continuity;

Margaret - who, by the
way, has gone to Church-
had delighted with her letter-
Laeda etc, she seemed also,
melted, to appreciate
the plea of peace intrusted
to me as proxy, By - the by,
she is a big girl, I had a
awful distressing begin-
century, In the first place,
our house, as perhaps I
write, is in the hands
of the horny-handed, like
Noah's progeny, I literally
had no place to put my
foot, Painted to right
zone; papered to left of me,

vollial and cheerful,
Then came the news of the
sudden death of Prof Delahay's
father, and Mrs Bailey had
to go comfort and aid the
Professor, He came on the train
with me as far as Worcester,

The crew were as hot
as the Anderson - Trustee
now, then - we discovered
we had left behind a trunk-
bag containing the immediate
necessaries for the night; items
three worktrunks; item - three
hair ditto; item three combs;
item four razors - one, at least
unfamiliar to the majority
of folk, I was completely spent,
when Whit spoke of the beauty
of the country - I was cursing
stupidity in general - and
mine in particular, Then we
came to Princeton Station
in a violent shower - and I
got my legs wet, a string I

Agitated Colours Consideration,
Thou fleecy clouds are
rich cumuli of June, and
the depths of blue between
are Heaven, And then the
green of meadows, hills,
and fields, How infinite!
how beautiful, I am not
dear enough to see or write
the fringe of Solitaires along
the walls, It is the "all
the same" - and Autumn
whispers in my blinded eyes!

Mrs Bailey thinks of
coming up next week - when
the magic circle will be
complete, What a comfort it
is to cease, even for a while,
all the irritations, worries,
frets, and frictions, and to
strike into the pathless woods!

My "Note-Book" has been
unaccountably and protri-
ciously delayed & it was not

get out when I left town,
In the mean-time Metcalf
is dependant upon it,

Did I tell you, I have
written steadily ever since
I left my bed the week
after Commencement. Besides
the books, I have pened
any quantity of magazine and
journal articles. I do not
know that they will ever
see light, but there's 'opin'.

And now I must bid
you farewell. Be good, be
happy - and write often to
your friend - and Mrs
Dennis -

W. W. Bailey

the coral of bunch-berry, the
ovary-white base-berry, the
vermillion fruit of the honey-
suckle, the orange clusters of
viburnum, the speckled berries
of Smilacina, Lobelia just now
are scarce in such places, but
we saw glorious ferns - and the
mysterious wreath of Hepatica,
Anemone, Crotaphyllum, and
Mistletoe; It must be closely
to keep over on another science
as you do, and birds are such
charming associates! Do tell
me all you know about them,

Metely writes that he had
his classes at Cottage City, a
good boy that; Collins, I think,
must be in Maine, I do not
hear of him; Honor to whom
honor is due; I sent you
that Note-book, or had it sent,
I really am quite proud of it -
I mean the book, not my merit-
orious charity in forwarding it,
for me it presents quite a flavor
of originality,

Grand View House,
Mt Wachuset, Aug 13, '97,

My Dear Col Deane,

Who at the same time art
forever young, all hail, Salu-
tamus! Your letter finds me on
one of my very worst days, fol-
lowing an almost sleepless night,
fortunately this particular phase
of torture comes but seldom - per-
haps twice in a year, The reason
- no doubt due to indigesti-
on, is of my stomach and vita-
lity and increasingly com-
pressing the vitals; also, without
the "victrola"; It always re-
minds me of that gruesome tale,
the "Iron Throat", when the dis-
paraging prisoner daily sees his
apartment crowded and close
upon him, one murder after another
disappearing; what strange things
"nature gives way to in repose!" Last
night as I "lay a-frogging", I

found myself concocting non-
sense botany - a paper sample-

A botanical living in Britain,
went out for to gather some
dittany,

The pious old soul,
He robed in the whole,
And now offers thanks in adoration,

A lady who once had a visitor
Presented bouquets of marigolds,
Not liking the smell,
He bid her farewell -
Though sadly tempted to shoot her,

Mr Bailey, who has been with
us a week, left for home today -
where carpets are still up, cur-
tains down - and chaise rui-
sevel. She will rejoin us after
braving peace to the troubled
waters. I think I've told you
she has definitely given up the
school and is to teach in Boston,
going and returning each day.
Our Brown matters are such
in a dreadful state, and no man

can foresee the outcome. The
Trustees meet on Sept. 1st when
a new phase of the crisis may
be expected, I decided to put
my signature to the document
of the young professor, I seek
not the crown of martyrdom,
My private belief is that the
men who signed that - or the in-
shogates - are in danger, to me
it seems a sort of mutiny. Mr
Bailey and I differ radically in
regard to the thing, but enough
of it! "Far from the snaddling
crowd" - I care for neither college,
camp - or dook, while I drink
in the elixir of pine, bayberry -
and sweet-fern. Yesterday I took

Mr Bailey and Macdon a
very wild scramble through the
holmsten woods, I shot ten the
day - and we got mixed up in
Kalmia grove, sphagnum bog -
and copse of beech, he was
all thoroughly soaked, but it was
fun too, he saw lots of the
superb blue berries of Clintonia,

for thy benevolent old pliz-
-to advice, It is scribbles a mine
of suggestion, poet, philosopher
discussion, No book since the
Origin of Man has interested
me so much, for light reading
I have Dunbar, Thackeray, Pul-
-ner and Crockett and Rossetti,
I read a good deal to Meg.

I grieve every day that
passes away, Surely there is
peace, and oh! the colors on
these hills, forest, and dale,
and the blue of the skies! If
Lorenzo wrote a more deeply
agree campy - it must indeed
be coarctate, My wife, Uncle
Aunt - and a pretty young cousin,
-Simmons - are here with
us for the month, there are
other pleasant people too, If
any I see well, what has
been to his usual summer
hunt for Sitacna Carvie, He
is very acute in finding them,

A lovely boy to walk with, but
with much less range of
information than Meg, He
loves to play the piano, ball
- anything rather than read
or study, Yes; I have nearly

all the stuff I ever published
in journal or magazine, When
this afternoon I drew heads
for my books, claiming that a
man can surely plagiarize
from himself - or, as Tom
Pich used to say - "has a right
to steal his own work", In-
deed my fancy was much
keener that year ago than
now, I was rarely of late my-
-gesta itself! Good night - Old
Man o' the Mountains! Please
tell me I saw what I think of
you - as the god o' the earth,
for both - which are one - my
best regards, Panlogically, true
best regards, Yes, and cordially -
W. W. Bailey

Do you observe - that on the
fly-leaf Poston commits him-
self to the statement that
"Botanizing" is in press; that
means that possibly I may
yet see it in print, that,
if any thing - in my professional
movement, I have another
popular book at the type-wri-
ter, To what publisher shall
I offer it; Poston thinks of
bringing out a limited edition
of my poems - a selected few,
Of course there is no money
in them, The 1st edition of the
note-book will find - and it is
now out of print.

Before me I have a dish
of growing Drosera rotundifolia,
It has inspired me to write
an article, Did you tell me
you had not read Kerner's
Nat. History of Plants? If so,
drop all else and read it; I,
who have a sneaking fancy

Grand View
House,



W. R. Howe, Proprietor.

Mount Wachusett, Mass., Aug 26 1897

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand, red-
olent as ever of the woods and
fields - and the pipes of Pan,
You speak of receiving my work,
but do not say what you think
of it, Don't you know that a main
body - or perhaps I should say - a
romance - should always be
praised? Seriously, do you like it?
For I do, and think there is stuff
in it.

I expectet Mrs Bailey back here
this week, but she will not come
till next Monday. One would
think she was building Solomon's
Temple by the accounts, well! the

more done now the less there will
be to do hereafter, And a week
from yesterday the Trustees will
meet to decide the fate of An-
drews - perhaps of the University -
a gloomy prospect, I wish we were
all well out of it,

Today - as if I had not enough
of other woes - I have a bad tooth-
ache - perhaps an ulceration, I am
going this afternoon to the village
Dish-puller to see what's up.

How unnecessarily it has rained!
I suppose Whitehall is not exempt,
and how is Joffrey to survive with-
out it's Dean? Can any vicar do
the work? Your account of the
slide fills my soul with envy. The
scenery here is tame in comparison.
I wonder if I will ever see the
White Hills again!

All this more I have been

Grand View House,

W. R. Howe, Proprietor.



Mount Wachusett, Mass.,

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writing on "Beautiful Berries" - a nice subject, By the by - I have here about half of my third popular book - "Wood-patterns" - in type - left, I want to try one of the bigger publishers, Have you pull at Gould & Houghton's - say?

My made a quite admirable sketch of me this morn. As to that he is drawing a good part of the time, Yesterday he and I walked to the Station - five miles, returning by the stage, we corralled the Larvae of Polyphemus, Cecropia - and Turnix - and had a nice walk, he lunched in the woods - and had wespill black-

berries - like the bates in the
woods - between whites, they
are very plentiful here.

Today the weather is beautiful
- and the horizon - line at length
clear. But this lustrous spell will
soon be over - and the grind will
re-begin. Oh! that some benevolent
fairy would now perceive me off!
I've leaching - but I dread in-
expressibly these changes and
chances of college life, Why should
I be mixed up with this? Yet
how am I to escape it? I never
yet could hold my tongue, What,
then?

My regards to Mrs Deane -
I probably leave for home Sept 1st or 2nd
Yours fondly & faithfully
W. W. Bentley

Conway - Mass - Aug 31

Yes, My Dear Deane,

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Yes; simple "Conway" is enough.
Fame cannot be hidden; merit
Lilbainey cannot be concealed under
a bushel. Honesty will shine,
My looks for your letter books; she
wants them for an album - Hot as
a Volting Democrat today, Cool water
desires - Pray on my best Point
Report to Congress - Write often
Hoping ever W. W. Burleigh

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United States of America.



THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
Shattuck House -
Jaffrey -
N. H.

Ha! Ha!

Take some less
intoxicating Letter -

Bailey

Providence - Sep 3 - 1897

This was in reference to a letter
which I sent him, written to
J. W. Batelwood and put into his
envelope - W. W.

Meg is busy with other
little girls, I had a
sweet time with her this
summer - always seeing
her off to sleep. My wife's
parents are now with
her, he always manages
to keep a house full,
where is the Club to
meet this winter and
under what auspices?

I sent off type-writer
copies of new book today to
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I have
little hope that they will
love it, but I know it's
good, Egyptian!

Our united regards to
Mrs. Deane, yours fondly
Dwight
So sorry you've been ill.

Providence, Sep 7. 1897.

My Dear Deane,

Yours enclosing the
draft of Mr. Batchelder,
arrived today. He must
be a jolly good fellow. It
is funny that he too thought
you were right; there must
be something in it.

It seems odd to me, who
have been nearly a week
at home, to wish any
body left stranded at this
season in the country. Our
house at Wachuset was
nearly deserted when we
left. I devoted my last
Friday there to squiring
some dames and damsels
up the mountain. Peggy
went too, to keep me in order,

We are still only in the
caper in the Andrews
matter. John Brisson
Walker appears to hold
the key to the situation.
Even at Wotani's meeting
the doctor failed to de-
clare his intentions in
relation. I signed the paper
asking him to remain; I
could do no else, as the
Trustees had so acted,
but strictly between you
and me, I now hope he
won't. This letter about the
classics etc, killed him
for any purpose of mine.

Mrs Bailey is engaged
by a Mrs Hazard of
Boston - and seems to
regard the outlook plea-

antly. At any rate, we
are rid of the school, and
have renovated and beauti-
fied the house. You don't
know how pretty it all
is. Did I tell you I was
a Grand-nuncle and
a God-father? Yes, my
niece is the happy mother
and I had a proxy. The
infant is a marsupial;
at least it was conceived
in Australia. I am doing
up the catechism as a
Toss sponsor.

Whitman has taken to
drawing all the time, in
pen and ink, and wants
to be a news-paper illus-
trator. He really neglects
proper exercise. Dear old

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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Curator of the Herbarium
HAVEN METCALF, A. B.,
Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep 26 1877

My Dear Deane

Welcome back to the
Lowlands! Go work - you jibe!
as Walter Scott used to say.
You have had too much va-
cation; now look up your voca-
tion!

I hope to get to the Saints'
den next Friday eve with Collins,
Preston, and Metcalf, but my mousey
scheme may gang a-gley. I now
have a ^{the ordinary} cold, yea-
lentary I use in bed all day -
and had the medical man.
Today there are symptoms of
dawning intelligence - quite hope-
ful intimation indeed.

The college world is as calm
after the late cyclone - as if its
placid surface had never
been disturbed. I am thankful
that the waves are allayed,
I am teaching about 80 persons
- ten of them women.

I have never felt a keener
sense of intellectual power,
It is a joy to teach and lec-
ture - and I have excellent
help, Time goes like a flash
with me, It has often occurred
to me that it is a curious
paradox that he should not
enjoy the most rapidly passing
time, he - who can plainly see
the guilotine in the distance,
the shouting mob and signs
of execution, one would think might
have felt the briefest moments!
Isn't it all queer?

The Independent of this week
contains a fine piece of mine,
Did you see Constitution since notice
of my New-England? I have not
yet seen any important review
of the Note-book, I don't care
what they say; I know that is good,
I sent an MS' to Hampton, Chiffelin,
of course that will come back;
I expect it - May send a review
and a note, with regards to
Mrs Deane - Yours ever

W. W. B.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I. Oct 3 1897

My Dear Deane,

I was so very sorry to miss you from our Herb Symposium last Friday eve! I heard from Paul that you were on the dry-dock, I hope by this time all business is removed and you are afloat again. Pardon the maritime allusion.

It is too bad that you are not in real, rugged health - as I always used to figure you. It does well enough for "an amateur such as I am" - to be more or less of a cripple, but the world can not spare such as you.

Our dear Meg now goes to school at Miss Downes,

and is very happy to thus
take ring, The parent had
made her first permanent
flight to Boston on the 12th inst.
Her school is Miss Hazards.
Among other things she is to
teach Botany; Melody was
with me in Boston - and had
a nice time, The other fellows
didn't go, I myself did not
stay to the supper; when I do,
It gets me home so very
late, and I do so suffer al-
ways, My sister in-law and
niece from New Brunswick are
with me, but expect to leave
for home tomorrow, Our new
President - whom I fail to dis-
tinguish from the old! - guides
the Brown ship through the year.
We hope to avoid all local
and Cosmopolitan epidemics!

All send love to you
and good Mrs Deane, The
Blessed Power be kind unto you!
W. W. B.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I. Oct 4 1877

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand. Our
trump of a friend, Raul (what
a good fellow!) - was misled
by Metcalf. I was no sicker
than usual, but very tired. So,
when I thought of that long night
train - and of reaching
home at 1 - P. M., I concluded to
bolt. But I shall always regret
that supper that I might have had!
I left the room - thinking it better
not to enter into a Liberal Club
looking. I am just as usual; no
more; a mass of aches and
pains and things infernal, but
doing my work - and better's sing-
ing, ~~what's~~ the use? The crowbe
and Zies are here for keeper; the
only thing is to - in a measure -
ignore 'em. I am so glad to hear
you are out again - and well,
dearest; don't do it any more!

My sister-in-law and niece
from Canada are with me,
but leave tomorrow, By the
way, I've picked up Joe in
Boston again - and he are
very friendly, the boy has a
lot of high-falooty views with which
I do not agree - but I laugh
and get on very well with him,
He seems to be doing well -

Mrs Bailey goes to the flat
on the 12th They is now at school
at Miss Bonner's, Philis at the
Latin Grammar - and I at Mrs
Bonner's, One Andrews is head
master - a fellow with odd
views of the classics, He seems
to have copied them with his
Raphael and Sterne.

I have some summer folks
to send you - All unite in re-
gards to good Mrs Dean -

Yours ever - truly and faithfully
W. W. Bailey -

both pulled - and the
gun across the Hades
now. I suffer most of all from
back, neck, and bladder, but
thank God, the heart is
true to Poll.

Judging from the taste
down Sicilia when the gifts
of the Greeks repose unopened,
we are to have a rich
feast. No telling if the
wooden horse with Sinon
may be there.

That idea of bringing
some Club-ites here is fine,
Mrs Bailey says "we'll
have 'em all to dinner",
You know an idea of mine
is to have the Club hold
a Providence meeting in
an Herb- room if an after-
noon, if mine consent for
return. Then ask Andrews

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Christmas Day - 1897.

My Dear Deane

We all thank you
most heartily for your cheery
remembrances. I am so glad
that my ship came in. I
hope it was well laden with
freight. I know it stopped
at Bagdad on the way, and
loosened at the ports of Cathay.

Now I want to tell you
what I am doing, while ly-
ing sick and thinking. It
was "Come in upon me" - as
dissenters say - that I might
raise somewhat for my De-
partment. Said I, it is as
easy to raise \$1000 as \$500,
so, two weeks ago I set to
work mainly among my friends
and now there about \$200 in

shard or promised, Some
of my class-mates and society
men have done nothing, Neither
Pres nor Corporation know
what I am doing - with the
exception of one of the latter,
a classmate, He tells me
that if I succeed, the Trustees
will literally embrace me!
I am bound to succeed, My
idea is to top every one I
know to be able, I do it in
such a way that any one is
perfectly free to decline, Only
one essay letter as yet; that
from a man down on Dr
Andrews, But "what's Heeb
to him?" The thing is personal
to me, "I'll draw the
plate some service, and they
know it," Hitherto I have
asked no help.

By the way, I need this

money for apparatus, Don't
think I intend to sponge
on you, I know you are not
in the situation to help, but
you can aid me by a hint
or two, Would Dr Kennedy
or Walker help? I wrote
to the Doctor but have had
no reply; would he be likely
to get offended?

I have let up just now
to give people time to recover
from Xmas and New Year;
after that I shall resume
my mission, Pray for me!

I have been more than
usually ailing all the term,
My Physician has sent me
to an eye, ear and throat
specialist, Consequently an
operation on a Cartilage in
the nose, There was no
pain about it - but great
shock. Then I had a d-d

and a few influential parties
to the coffee or dinner -
exhibit the rooms to the
public, and boom the
Department, Give it your
earnest thought!

Metcalf has shipped
for the woods of Spain;
Collins is somewhere about,
I dare say he may all at
least the annual, I shall,
as Whit would say, "make
a fluff at it";

All send love to the
twenty-nine Brewsters!

Affectionately ever
W. W. Bailey

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PROVIDENCE, R. I. Jan 3 1888

My Dear Deane,

This letter will be presented by my excellent friends - of whom you have heard we speak anon, the Harmin Brothers of Lebanon Springs, I know you will enjoy every minute they spend with you. Do show 'em your herbarium, the seedlings - and all you can - for my sake at first - for theirs - whom you will be proud and rejoiced to know,

The fund is growing - but I want lots more help yet. Hope to see you Friday. Our regards to good Mrs. Deane.

Yours faithfully

Bailey -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

January 24, 1896-

My Dear Deane,

I have so far raised
in actual money - \$450
and I have many good
promises - among them
one from Dr. Ambrose him-
self. Now is the time I
want help. Tell me of
any one who cares enough
for our gay science to give
me a gift. He is the fellow
I will embrace, I am not
nigh hand - perhaps too
hand, on this matter, and
my health is Ske-lic,
The little family is
well, but drawing all

the time, and they en-
gaged in many young
romantic or incidentally
occasional, the mother
of the Gracchi goes each
day to the Club. The sun
now rises on her depar-
ture. Can a man tell
his own mot? It is a
counting of the individual
lifetime, but here goes.

At the President's recep-
tion the other day, Judge
Stevens of our Supreme
Court - thinking his arm
about me, said to Dr. An-
drew - "This man, you
know, was a scholarmate
of mine!" "Yes, Judge!"
said I. "The Chief Justice

yourself, and I, all sat on the same
Bench!" Submit that this is not
if not gaudy - Some of us hope to do
at the next Club meeting, with objects
un-spirited - and minute care.

My earnest regards to Mrs
Deane, than proper of hers - however.

By the way - speaking to an abolition Society,
and our reading the next fellow - Quincy, I
never knew this man that Whig was with
him -

Yours in the
Memory - STEVEN CLUB -
W. W. D.

My Dear Deane,

I have been confined
to the house - and mainly
to my bed, since you saw
me. Am now convalescent,

My fund has reached
nearly \$800, A man
wrote me yesterday that
when I got \$900, he would
add the remainder! Now
I am after \$1500, If I
can do that - I shall have
a permanent fund.

Please read the in-
closed and pass along
to any firm man, Damn
it all! I'm mis-pleas'd
the list, All send love -

Yours ever

W. W. B.,

Providence - to Valentine's

Feb. 14.

1896

No 6 Cushing Street -

Providence - Mar 4, 1896,

As I write, My Dear Deane,
I can fancy the Botanical
Boys - old and young, your-
self among the latter, gathered
at the round table of H. Bot-
with discussing cheese, beans,
and botany. It is a regular
Club night - windy, snowy, "a
fine night for a small family
tea-party". Well, I am not there,
no, my medical man says I
mustn't ^{yet} go out o' nights,
He is a Cogan - and I dread
Liberia. Hence I obey his man-
dates. Yes; I had a sort of
relapse into a state of barbaric
illness. Indeed, have had a
hard time all winter, (But, would

enriched in with it - are moments of peace - and even joy. The children are always that.

Again - my friend has proved a working success. I have now practically a \$1000, in promise even more, but I have in bank \$850 - and one more says when I get \$900, he'll finish the score, Now I have promises to take me to about \$1200 - I think. Of course a promise is not like the actual feel of the tin, but the \$1000 is certain.

You shall flush - for me if you could send the letters and come with the money!

My dear fellow - they are then so working and I feel a big profit,

Had a nice letter from Hooper, we both enjoyed our - and a very interesting fellow, the song to miss Dr Kennedy - who is still Zornae, My Galantina muricea is in bloom and it is growing like the very Lucifer! But we are the majority of visitors - Our family regards to the Deans

Yours ever fondly

That Good Worker

W. M. B. B. B.

Providence - Mar 25, 1898

My Dear Deane,

Mrs Bailey wishes
me to ask you if you will
not kindly write and send
her an introduction to Mr
Greenow of your old school;
— or any other teacher here!
She is still full of her hobby
of teaching "slow" children, I know!
I think it hard enough to propel
the rapid. My fund now amounts
to \$1029. I look forward to you
and home. I do hope to be at
the Club meeting next Monday
especially as I am to dine with
Dr Kennedy. Vacation ends to-
morrow.

Paula my eluding too vari-
colored papers and envelopes,
It so happens I have no other
— envelopes at least, tonight.

I am still on the strain
about this Spanish matter. I
hope we will be firm, just,
wise — and un-daunted.
There are worse things ever
than war — for instance — e-
masculation. I don't want to
see my country rapine like
China — a prey to all the
harpies of Europe. How much
would you bet on the loyalty of
England if we were in trouble?

Yours ever

P. S. The writer in regard to Paula
to Mrs. Deane.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, B. F.,
Curator of the Herbarium.
HAVEN METCALF, A. B.,
Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. April 5 1898

My Dear Deane,

Mr Bailey is much
troubled and thanks you for your
kindness. Yes; I was when very
ill last Friday noon - and had
to telegraph Dr Kennedy that I
could not keep my appointment,
too bad, Collins failed him too,
But now the good doctor writes
that he too was unwell - and it
things perhaps resulted for the best.

I am deeply interested in the new
Journal, he ought to get 20
subscribers here, My fund now
amounts to \$1054, I have turned
over \$1000 to the University Pressmen,

Very anxious about tomorrow's drive
in Washington, I am not a peevish
at any price man!

When a man comes and kills
my son on my own doorstep, in
broad daylight - I am not disposed
to heat him calmly - or try his powder

or except dollars for it, If I am
on hand, I shall go for him there
and then, despite Pope, priest, or
Mrs Street Phelps, the police
may even prevent me, Jingo! Hell
if this be jingoism — or Solidari-
anism (notice the politico-botany)
make the most of it!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey -

Providence - April 25, 98

My Dear Deane,

Glad of the action of the Club,
Have sent out all my circulars - got
some 72 dry subscriptions - and expect more,
be all thoughtful over the war, God
lose and save the dear old flag; will
England remain true? or go back on us
as in '61? I am indifferently miserable
- and a pitiable wretch - but my heart
is true to Poe - and to thee -

W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq -

29 Brewster St

Cambridge -

Mass -

Providence - May 8, 1848

My Dear Deane,

At the last moment I was so very ill that I could not go to the meeting. Mr Mason also was hindered by the weather, and Collins could not get off. I begin to despair of my attendance.

It is raining again today as if it never had before. I am feeling painfully anxious about Bewey and his fleet. The silence is oppressive. Still, I have great confidence in their success - gallant fellows!

I hear you have gone and been fifty. Had I but

known I would have slain
the adipose heifer - and
sent you a bit thereof - with
a poem; "Well - Deane, good
and fruitful!" I, who go you
five better, congratulate you
upon your fullness of years,
It behoves you now to forsake
frivolities - and to walk so-
berly all the days of your life,

May good luck attend you,
May Heaven befriend you -
And Happiness send you -
In the prayer of the friend who
would something nice send you
In order to spend time
And make the world bend, too
So that all you desire -
May be had for the price -
We all unite in hearty
good-wishes - Last night Day
and triplet went to a party -
Yours ever W. W. Butler



Providence - 6 Cushing St.
May 30, 1896.

Dear Deane, I am very slowly
but surely, convalescing from
a very painful and dangerous
illness; an abscess at base
of tongue. It was operated upon
twice. I can do no more work
this Academic year. Of course
will not be at the meeting.

My new taken first place
in drawing at the R. I. School
of Design - in a class of forty-
two. Characteristically, she turned
over the money to a poor girl
who stood next! Regards to dear
Deane. See B. cuts up in Boston
knowing. Love ever W. W. Bailey

June 24, 1896-

My Dear Semi-Centurion,

or Centennarian, which is it?
How are you and the birds,² where
are you - in what planet, or what
sphere? What are you about? Can
you not ever be like the rest of us,

I am taking my dolce ferments
up among the elm-branches in my
study. The breeze stirs them to ocean-
like murmurs - and I am set a dream-
ing - and often a-napping.

Did I tell you that I have been granted
leave of absence on full pay - till Jan-
uary '99? Now, if I could but shake
off the whole debt and get out! Here
I shall have an unusual wear &
fend to me for solution, I shall be
neither out nor in.

Shall you go to Joffrey this

Summer? We hope to all get up
to Conway, Mass, in August. We
are well - except your rheumatic
friend. Already I dread heat and
mosquitoes, fleas, flies - and all
six footed varmints,

Now I read, I write, I dream,
I doze, and it is "the best time
of the day" with me. I am deeply in-
terested in the war - as I have
scores of true friends at the front,
Moreover, as I think I have said be-
fore, I believe the cause righteous,
and the time auspicious. If I were
young - I would be there - too.

Your friend Poo has grown out
of mind, with her newspaper engage-
ments I see too little of her - and
she does not care so much for
Pops as once. "Heigho!" "When the
little wings are stronger, baby too, will
fly away."

Thine ever
W. W. Bailey

Conway - Mass.
Aug. 6, 1898,

My Dear Deane,

I chime it that
you are at Joffrey and send
this o'er line late to your old
stamping-ground, we arrived
here - in party of twelve - on
Monday - the first inst, we all
dine but one little - and are
with the exception of two, a fam-
ily party. Those two, however,
Prof and Miss Dodge, are of
our party. My family proper,
consisting of wife and self, the
children and grand parents,
with a cousin of Mrs Parley's,
occupy our old house, which
is well furnished,

We are a hilarious crowd, Peck
of laughter on the table, he laugh-
ing, shout, read Cook - the house
always. Most of the time it has
been piping hot - but yesterday

and today are delightful - 2
cool and autumnal, I see
line of this beautiful country
- where every turn presents a
perfect picture. As to myself
I am a cerebral sufferer, but
I try to discount that and
keep about, It cannot cost
you. By the way, I have
permission from the War De-
partment to buy my horse at
dear old West Point - with my
people - and among the brave
and true-hearted boys and
servants of the Academy and
the Nation, I am much grati-
fied. Over an acre ground
a fine trumpet-creeper, now in
full flower, when humming-
birds hum, sing, and I regret to
say, fight. Even doves do that,
by the way. I suppose you notes
that we lose our Prex: I

I have not received a word of report from any
body. Still, it cannot be denied that the war
when this much for you, this war-fare is over
and we ~~not~~ see feel that a change is needed,
I think I bet you of my long vacation, I have
the January report, I received \$1300 on my fund,
\$1000 of it stands as the Bailey fund, as my
name will live in memory - out of the received other
the part of Dr Ferguson, my old pupil, I will
draw to board October, the 13, and pay my
in time. All are well, -
I have not all our family to the Dear -
I have not all our family to the Dear -
I have not all our family to the Dear -

Conway - Mass
August 10, 1894,

My Dear Deane,

Ticked to hear from
you after so long and oftimes
like a silence. Your letter
finds me housed on a rainy
day. Drip! drip! is heard
abround. The hews stand
on one leg under the shelter
as usual. The hill-tops are
shrouded in mist. Everyone
has taken to reading French
novels or to writing letters.

The worst of it is that
it is Conway's most festive
day - the High-school dinner
day - rivaling the similar
festival at Ashfield. Mrs.
Bailey has gone to it. I, with
the experience of the past,
abstain.

I do not expect to attend
the Boston doings, but am
unwillingly tempted after all, by
your news of the interesting
reception by the Club, I fancy
my consent is done as soon,
I shall be lucky indeed if I
am ever able to attend the
Club meetings. In front of
my window, overlooking the
Piazza - is a beautiful
garden. It is on this that
I see so many humming-
birds. My wife's cousin, Miss
Kate Sumner who is with
us, is a bird-sharp. She thinks
this a fine bird-place. I
can walk to its botanical
riches. No, I am not collecting
any; am too crippled, I trust
to get Collins up - but he
could not get off.

In Miller's *Samolus* with
you this year. Her I ch. was

a total failure. She has
never forgiven me for sending
her elsewhere. By the way,
you should see your girl; she
is a jay for ever, so healthy,
fresh and free.

If I see my old self,
- nearly forgotten, but still
kept for - of twenty years
ago, I should visit in the
botany of this region, its ex-
ploration would require several
seasons. We had an arrival
last eve of a young Lieutenant
of N.Y. Volunteers from Chicago.
He is engaged to one
of Mrs. Bailey's cousins who
is with us. He is a fine, manly,
whiskery looking young fellow
- and has a brief Gurlough.

Let me hear from you now
and then. We all unite in
kind regards to Mrs. Deane
Yours as ever
Wm. W. Bailey

Conway - Mass -

Aug 26, 1898 -

My Dear Deane,

I must count on you to give me a complete bulletin of the Boston meetings. Did you meet all the cranks? Were you able to lubricate any of their Rochester joints? I send you Collins' pathetic reply to my invitation to come up here. However, it is just as well he could not come; I have been too ailing for any field-work.

Today is Mrs Bailey's birth-day and Mrs gives a party in her honor. Great preparations in the house. We expect to leave for home on Sept 1st. The "sheets" are there waiting. Otherwise I shall be glad to reach my own sanctum. Tell me all the news,

With regards from us
all to good Mrs Deane

Yours ever
T. W. Bailey

Account of the old Harwood
valuable History Club one of the
famous things I ever read, I
was glad to hear from Boston
that he represented you at the
St Botolph meeting, I suppose is
here in order, I did not collect-
ing at Conway; in fact was not
at all well there, I feel as I do
I feel better at home, I wish
(Dog still at it, I wish
he were with his three ac-
cused horse in Egypt - and
Kitchener after him.)

My regards to Mrs Deane
Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Dog still yapping - on some
insane Ray, as there is
nature a lizard are then a
silly dog?

No 6 Cushing Street -
Providence - Sep 4, 1894.

My Dear Deane,
He arrived home at four
P.M. on the 1st inst, on the hot-
test day ever, up to that date,
created, since then there has been
arithmetical progression towards a
still higher standard, and now
every one is ordering manometers to
their thermometers; those I mean
who are not declining for coal
dusts and a spore on the fire-
place. If Chalmers had projected
his once famous book on the
suffering city in this month of
peace, the answer would be "he
gave it up; life is not worth a
thought; I suppose you are refusing
ating on the glacial slopes of
Chomelouch - and I envy you your
jig, keep cool, old man, Don't let
your danger rise! I shot a good
time you appear to have had in
Boston. Nice as it all is to read
about, I just could not here
come up under it, as long ago as

1850 I readily died from the for-
tune of an Association meeting,
(In parenthesis, allow me to
remark it is not - and the
humility of the point of paper
estimation), I have been much
troubled this week to receive an
announcement of my election to
membership in the Rhode Is-
land Historical Club - and of-
facement as poet laureate. It
is in recognition of my having
received my professional educa-
tion (though I have no degree), from
that institution, My Rhine-Har-
vard friends did the "poet" business,
knowing how in Psi W
I have turned on the Pierion
spring. This time, I fear, they
have got me into water deeper
than the hell of the muses. Indeed
it is not hell at all!

(In parenthesis, damn those
yep dogs! There are at least
40 un-hung murgels on this
hill; eternally yapping.)

I told you, did I, that they
had a party, there were some

dozen village girls present, they
met and frolic in their light
summer gowns, they played
various games, had prizes,
partook of ice-cream, and seem-
ed to enjoy every minute.

Our people here have taken
a haul, Col R.H.S. Goldard
fitted out a vessel, and today
65 poor rich soldiers, mostly Bay-
anna, come to the Rhode Island
and St Joseph's Hospitals for treat-
ment. This after-much of war,
mismanagement, and recession
this following such deaths of heroic
valor, is sickening. If any body
is to blame I hope it will be dis-
covered and justly executed.

(In parenthesis - the D, D -
is still yapping, draw a course
light on his grand-mother's
gaze - the son of a dog!)
The locusts are gearing - trying
to beat the thermometer on high
water. One has become so
lively that my ear fails to follow
him, "How can I follow the flight
of song?" Was not *Psaralnia ad-*
breca amusing? I think the ac-

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct 3, 1898

My Dear Deane,

I hope somewhat against
Luce, to be down in Boston on Friday
next. I have business in the city
that will detain me till or 3 - P. M.,
after which, if you are home, I shall
love to run out and see you, take
a dish of tea with you - and come into
the solemn conference of botanists, 'tell
me if my plan is feasible'; You can
omit the description of thea if circum-
stances - and all that in consenting
it stands for, seriously - I should like
to rest before the eve - and my so-
far will depend on your patience.

Sick o'fal today - until just now -
5 P. M. Do you know that kind
of a specially compegeous fly that
- as it nest, takes off his coat, rolls
up his sleeves, wades in - and meanders
around all over the room, singing a
"Hot Time." A purposeless, cursedly ever-

My friend Christ of Bible, a genuine Protestant, fills his letters with prayers
that he will visit upon Religion's King in the Spanish Strand. He would
me to intercede
with President
Chick!!!

getic - "horrible pest of a" fly; a de-
mon of unrest; a bother and a
bore? Do you know him? He has
been after me all day, D.D. Devilish

Diptera. Margaret is a glorious
creature - a thing of joy; in the
half-bloom of young maiden-hood,
Innocent & pure as a wild-rose,
a delightful vision.

Mr Bailey begins in
Boston tomorrow, I am reading Plessen-
son's wonderful Letters from Samson,
I wish he had written some more of
'em, Paulus the carnal peer.

Found the other day on a waste
heap a grand specimen 4° & 5° high
of Dipsosaurus sylestris. You know
my love of waifs, the gannets and
strays of vegetable life, sometimes they
are of the Kingdom, often not.

My Dear, goodbye!
Never say die!

Remember me daily -

The Rheumatic Bailey,
Last Liberty B.
Is much then for me,

Yours ever platt,

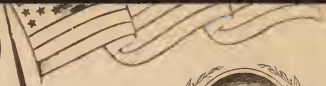
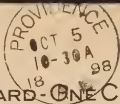
My Dear Dear,

Don't say a word; it is all
right, I shall somewhere find a rest-
ing spot — if I see it all — which is
ever doubtful, I feel as much obliged
as if I were to curl up on your feet
again! I know what it is to have
an earthquake house, I have been there,
I was chiefly to write myself in such
a d-d uncomfortable manner,

Yours ever

Nov. 6th 5, 1894

W. W. B.



POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

*Mr Walter Deane -
29 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass*



Providence, Dec 6, 1894.

My Dear Deane, Since the mountain cannot go to Mahonet, the prophet must come to the acclivity, though profit rarely comes to me in any form. Ever since that ere I last saw you I have been practically bed-ridden - and can even now compare to the house, You, who now take a birds-eye view of the field of nature, must think give me a summary of the occurrences (Chasin, this Cholera? How the Club? How are you and yours? Wax you of use in these latter days? Drop a line to the Arsoning. Anything in prose or worse will do, I hope to receive my darts on Jan 3^d, but just now the prospect is not bright. Mrs B. goes to Boston each day, in all weathers. Regards to Mrs Deane -
Yours ever W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Walter Deane - Esq
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

December 26, 1895,

My Dear Walter,
Peace; goodwill!
I hasten to thank you in the
name of the little family for the
brave words of remembrance, we
also hope that you and Mrs
Deane had a "bloomin'" Christ-
mas - with baskets of good cheer.

Though painfully sick on the
24th I was up yesterday and
managed to eat my turkey, I had
to draw the judicious line at the
turkey, providing I fore-went,

we had no use. but the
usual give and take of presents,
None of mine here of a whimsical
nature; I am now hoping to be
hell enough to take up my duties
on the 2nd prox, It has been pro-
crastinated. A Happy New Year
to you both! fraternally in flora
Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence - Dec 31st 1895

My Dear Deane,

I had a most enthusiastic note of praise from your Better Two-Thinker, which I hasten to prove that I do not deserve, Witness the enclosed answer. My "Long" is nearly at an end, Next Tuesday we nominally begin again on Prospect Hill, but really we do not get under way for several days. There is the new registration to take place of much detail to be attended to, the loose time in getting under weigh - but it seems unavoidable. How have I spent my vacation? I give you a record of one of my hell days - or wellish, as detailed by a skilled reporter, a la Busch with his Bismark,

This distinguished servant, who we understand is also a writer of indifferent verse and a dabbler in water-colour, arrives at 7 - A. M.,

makes his free and hearty,
 dresses - and reads his Journal
 till breakfast, which is at eight,
 At this meal he has one finger
 cup of coffee, a roll, an egg, or a
 muffin. After breakfast, having no
 show, he thakes his toilet, at-
 tends himself in at of love vig,
 and proceeds to the University where
 he secures a part of his mail,
 Here also he passes the news
 and jobs of the day with his
 colleagues. Refreshed by social
 converse and intellectual attrition,
 he next proceeds to the Athenaeum
 to try for some book, which is in
 variety art. Next he proceeds
 to the market of trade - and then
 returns to his humble home.

By this time he is Cap-wearry
 Kai va porava arger, and reposes
 on his lounge to read some
 light novel. Anon, he jumps
 to his desk to catch a Lepid-
 opterite idea, Pinning it to paper

3, He returns his trifling look, It may be that,
 Embrown - like he shunke, but in the hot hour
 is not colored by a stain, At 11:30 - by direction
 of medical man, comes whiskey and milk, at
 1:30 the professor takes a special turn of
 white fish, Scotland or potato, It change has milk
 the afternoon is a repetition of the man; the one
 of the afternoon, By 5:30 P.M. the bed and wash
 got in some very handsome work and the servant
 - a man of few words - let proceed Neurology, botany
 - spanning to bed, 9:30 P.M. to 4 P.M., Germanium,
 books, botany, yphorale, earth-grades in the "Land
 of Conscientious", Fish is the record of a day. - the
 All the nights are unvaried, 'you - you to you bed',
 Good luck to you, Hoping 'you - you to you bed',
 Rainy eve, W. W. Peary

Bygone in certain cases - but when
you say "I'll show you the book."

John W. W. B.

Providence - Jan 9. 1899.

Dear Deane, I am at work again, go-
ing ahead at full steam, fresh draught.
I feel faint late (for me). Today I gave
three lectures - interviewed the acting Pres,
wrote an article - etc, "something attempted,
something done, to win a night's repose", I wish
I may get it. Rhoda is at hand, my
personal belief is - that if he desire to retain
non-professional subscribers, he will have to in-
volve some ecology, exploration; anything to
make it readable. It is all well for us, but
desperately dull for the amateur. Your little piece
has about it that interested me, the explanatory things
are important to

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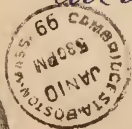


Mr Walter Deane -

29 Brewster Street -

Cambridge -

Mass -



BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

February 10, 1899-

My Dear Deane,

Last night Maxey Hall, B. U., caught fire and the Botanical Dept is temporarily in lud shape. The fire, which was very obstinate, was in the top of the building - and he lost all our economic exhibit, the Herbarium was well wetted down through ceiling and on floor - but only one case of plants was injured and that only slightly. The floor was a pond, Books - some of them fine, like Engler & Prantl, Raven & Oliver, Century Atlas - etc; more or less soiled, he has covered all the apparatus in very fair shape. Our charts are not improved by the washing. The rooma look like the second day out at sea - nasty. The floors are stony with wet plaster and charcoal; beads of cold sweat hang on the walls. Papera litter the floor.

I had a very anxious evening I assure you and thought all was gone, but had cause to be thankful. A week ought to renovate the rooma. I say - wasn't I two percent of 'em? I hope we will not elect a new Pres. often if his absence is to be followed by such a bon-fire. Metney asked about all night - "like a Cassabianca" - "where are all but the wounded and shivering the dying,"
Damn it all; I forget, I saved my trenchon, crackers, ginger-snaps and cheese. Great is Nokomet but where is the profit?
Think how happy we are over the heat! Tell them you

have heard from Cairns Marina, sitting alone
amidst the ruins of Carthage.

Our classes are of course suspended; all
this with the mercury rising the full- and
the wind sweeping around the corner, why
should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Howdy, see thee

Wm Whitman Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

February 16, 1899-

Dear Dear,

Your friend, my air
wife, was stalled in the
big snow-storm, for twenty-three
hours at Sharon, in an
attempt to reach Providence!
Perhaps it is quite un-neces-
sary to add that she has
not had a meal by the New
Haven Company during that
time. Oh, she saw a Provi-
dence man run over by a train.
Her experience is acute and
graphic - I am back at the
opt stand, doing a botanical
picking business. Trade is look-
ing up. We lost all our fruits
folies, and flies. The Parasit
was practically zero. The Coli-
ates had a slight setting, of

parastia reserved in fair con-
dition. Books and charts
suffered, he shall get some-
thing by way of recompense -

Thursday Dr Collins -
Melroy, and myself, met in
solenon conclave over my
new book. I read and they
commented, now and then
the author interpolated notes
which appeared to amuse
his audience. Today I don't
feel at all funny, the wife
called Lumbago here me
by the os coccygia - and
wrenches and pinches as
if it were not my tail she
is pulling -

Lance and
Barney

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

March 3, 1879.

My Dear Walter,

Your little friend,
our darling Margaret, is
ill with scarlet fever - this
week past. She is, thank
the good God! - doing well.
Indeed, she is, for one with
this cruel sickness, very com-
fortable. Always her gentle
self - she calls to me as I
pass through the hall. I can
not see her, I am, indeed,
guaranteed in my attic, so
that I can go to my classes;
this by authority of the health
officers. Mrs Bailey is, of course
cut off from her work in Boston
and our expenses are tre-
mendous, we have a trained
nurse - and Mrs Bailey's mother
is here. Robinson has sent

off to another house - and
is homesick, poor soul, but
all right. Despite the
gloom - the turbulence, the
anxiety - I feel deeply
grateful that our little one
gives good promise of recovery.
She is infinitely dear to me
and to many. God keep her
with us! Personally I am
trying to keep out of bed
to which my aching toes
invite me. I lectured yester-
day on "Cross-pollination"
and never so well. But I
am ill - and there is no
mistake. Collins continues
gives me much anxiety. He
has been hoarse nearly all
winter with bronchitis. If we
could only free him from his
shop duties - and give him
Brazil only! With love to the
Deere
Yours truly & tent
W. M. Bates

Providence - Mr 7, 1889

My Dear Walter, Our little one is doing
very well, is cheerful and happy, except
rather nervous from her fat! I feel too glad
for judicious interference, that is still at a rel-
ative, Mrs Bailey is shut off from Boston
- just what she needs the income, and I am
doing my work as usual, Of course I cannot
see May - but she calls to me, and I do her
errands and visit things to Miss her.

Metcalf is going to leave me - and I hope
to secure Collier in his place and get him
out of the shop. In the absence of a Pres, however,
the authorities often offend to originate anything,
Yours as of W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.



Mr Walter Deane -
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

March 21st 1899,

"The Equinox"
Look out for storms about this
time, Francis's Almanac,

My Dear Deane,

I should have sooner
written for Margaret in reply
to yours which she so much
appreciated. She is doing first-rate,
singing and happy - and en-
joying her meals with a coarse-
textured yeast. Behold it is
I - who know what that means.
One time this autumn I could
have eaten buck-wheat and cream,
Dirt omit the cream. Nails are
poor without it! Mrs has quite
a daily ovation. She sits at
the receipt of many flowers -
and multitudinous notes. Of course
she cannot respond. The other

day her whole school sent her
a big box of flowers, accom-
panied by their autographs
and seals, I repeat for her
in verse - as follows -
Unlike Pandora's box of old
which only grieves sorrow held,
until beneath the weight of sin
Sweet Hope was seen to smile
within,

This box outside a hope reveals,
And naught of evil else conceals,
A casket full of precious rare
And jewels rich beyond compare,
Yet, sweeter than each floral gem
The thoughtful love which comes
with them,

Recalled on the lengthened scroll
all o'er and signal, I now
behold,
though all the heartless souls
may fade
Of this, dear friends, be not afraid,
Henceforth the record that you give
will cause each to rise again.
20 June,

Prudence is still at another house - and
quite homeward bound, Poor boy! I know
how it feels, parted with it early.

The last two days have been a trial
of patience, my poor hyacinths had the
honour to come up; I hate to think what
may have befallen them, & is the only flower
that exists we just, happily is to leave
me for some, I hope to some Corolla
in his hour, saving him from the that I would
see grow and getting the best man I know
in the place, when I had our opinion on in
the hands of justice, his best regards to me
of the dead of sorrow -
Our Riding

not to trouble -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, Ph. B.,
Curator of the Herbarium.
HAVEN METCALF, A. M.,
Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 5 1889

Dear Deane,

I have written to
Fernald to ask him to secure
good words of commendation from
Goodele, Robinson, Greenman - etc
about Mr. J. F. Collins.

I cannot wisely tell you till
the end of next week the whole
of the story. Suffice it that Collins
- to make room for an irrespon-
sible man whom I do not want -
and had no idea of even suggesting,
is threatened with dismissal -
just to get the money to pay the
other fellow, for a week I've been
leading a night and day fight
against this outrage and I don't
see this to a soul - here over
half the Executive Board pledged
to back me up, I think of a man
clothed for a few months only with
the toga, having the gall to make

changes in the personnel of
my Department - not even con-
sulting me; then letting me ten
days after he had written to
Cobden - what he had done,
the Board of confirmation meets
the 12th - Now I want Certificates
from you all - on a set of verbal-
eviden - on Harrow Paper, not
in form of protest, mind; that would
get me into trouble, but letting in
strongest terms what you know
of Collins. I must have the paper
by Wednesday next, Mr Collins
does not, and must not know
of the fight till he be a pos-
sible dead. If he knew
that for ten days I have waked
day and night, in pain and in-
somnia, intervening telegraphing, rais-
ing the very devil, he might as well
dump over all my work, I have
silence is golden, But I count on
the aid of you all, Arnold Green
is in it with me, Good works to the
Dean, "Lord! how this world is given
to lying." Yours ever - Bulsey

Arnold Green testifies to Judge Duffee one of the
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Instructor.

Arnold, that it would take a
Gray himself 2 years to know
what Collins does about R. I. flora!
also that he is a fully competent
lecturer.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 7th 1899

Dear Deane,

Your rec'd, I thank!
I am, with the help of two Trustees,
members of Executive Board, making
an heroic fight, they think they have
three others at least pledged, but
the meeting next Friday will tell, I
am really crazy with anxiety.

The facts in brief are these, two
months ago when Metcalf announced
his intention to leave, I put in an
application for Collins to combine the
office of Curator and Instructor, the
Acting-President told me some one
(I know now it was himself) objected
that Collins was not a graduate
and had not taught, I replied that
he has our degree honoris causa, and
if the degree meant anything, they
expressed competence, Moreover, that
Collins had taught, and of captives
well; on record so in President's Report
for 1897, I had him there!

I then saw my friends, the Exec
letting me nothing would be done
till May 12 - and got promise of
support; Judge then my surprise and

Why do something about; our Copyright is not to blow up on either side
present knowledge of my position; you may read all the Boston W. M. B.
or what a political head has formed; you

indignation when, upon my return
from an excursion on the 29th ult,
to find a letter from Post Clark, say-
ing he had offered the place to G. P.
Wright, a graduate of three years, now
in California - and whom I had said
I did not want; Later I learned that
to get him - he had offered \$1000
and to get the money, would turn Collins
out; I have protested deeply - and
quickly telegraphed to the man him-
self by advice of a trustee, with note
saying "Doubtless you know the
negotiations etc". My reply was "Letter
a surprise to me, not accordant with
my plan." Then I wrote him in full
and now I am writing, half wild, on
my part for the secession of Friday;
I have secured Collins in place ten-
guarantistfully, but that is not all. I
grant, He must have the trustee
brother! If this other man is appointed
- it will be simply hell every minute
I think of it! having to meet a man every
day that you have plainly told he is
persona non grata; Clark's action
would be outrageous for an actual Pres;
for an ad interim - It approaches the
outline of damned impudence, Now
cannot you see one sketch a point, even
if he doesn't absolutely know, in regard
to Collins' aptitude as a teacher; Surely

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

1899

What do you think? After passing
through business trials and the
fire and flood of Maxey, the MS
of my "Botany" was about $\frac{1}{3}$ ^d
destroyed last week in the big
fire in Boston, when Peston showed
the despatch papers - and it came
over me how Mephisto was after me,
I had to laugh; Collins and I
spent all yesterday afternoon in
re-arranging, re-writing, and pre-
paring and we will go again
to press at once, But I do think
that the papers are rather hard
upon a poor harmless devil - who
has done them no great harm,
Rudolf's contribution almost all
destroyed, The illustrations are
safe, I have just been with my
daughter they seven miles into the
country - where he listened to Jack-
in-the-pulpit, saw bell-worts and
four species of violets - and scribbled
sketches in nature and each other,
Yours ever - W. W. Bailey

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Curator of the Herbarium.
HAVEN METCALF, A. M.,
Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 12 1859

Dear Deane,

The nasty riper
whose name is B. P. Clarke, Pres't
profess - Prof of Mechanics, is scolded,
not smothered. I want to utterly
crush his whole veretate system -
if he is of the higher order.

The Cawling letters confirmed
Collins as Curator, my word is
given - and we are left to gather
testimony for him as a Teacher.
Nothing is asked about the other
fellow. I say - their whole thing
is a damnable insult to me. It
is not settled and my friends
still hope. Would you believe it?
Wott had the gall to telegraph
his acceptance - after receiving
my letter - in which I told him no
gentlemen ever do so! I am
my having to meet him every day!
My Board friends have done
nothing and will not let up.
Personally I am almost wild -
Yours always
Wm Bailey

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PROVIDENCE R. I., May 27 1889

Dear Deane,

Prex was hot for Nott,
Nott got when the pot was hot,
Prex would have shot, but now
I want to know the pot was
not a blot - or even dot or
spot that could injure Collins,

After a months campaign
the enemy is routed even beyond
the fear of guerrilla warfare, yes-
terday the Executive and Ad-
visory Board of the Trustees - con-
curred with my entire programme,
Collins was nominated for both
Instructor and Curator, Please
do not give any printed publication
or utter any great airing to the
matter till after June 23rd, Nomin-
ations must be confirmed by the
Corporation, as a matter of fact,
they always are, My dear fellow,
You can have no idea of the
intricacy of my fight, of the pread-

ency with which my friends and
I have contended, of the liter-
ary assistance enquired, of the noble
support I have had.

As old Tackleton says
"I crunch my crickets!" The Pro-
fessor has been so mean, but I
chuckle over his discomfort -
My dear fellow, there is a God
in Heaven!

Yours in haste
Baileys

Woburn House -

East Gloucester - Mass.

August 11, 1899.

Deane-us Mens Carica,

Twe ca rectus, Ili sum,
Toni ad hanc villam yesterday,
Enderver egedauei spadp. was
seventy old, and at Magnolia saw
Mr. Bailey enter the chace and
quite surprised her by a hail.

I am just back from a
three weeks trip with Collins as
far as Chicago - where I was detained
by illness for a week. Otherwise my
journey was a triumph. It had for
its object to see and study the
botanical plant of various institutions,
we put in a day in New York with
Wilton - visiting Bronx and seeing all
things there, outside and in, the fac-
ulty of Columbia, then we sailed by
day of the Hudson, spent a night
in Albany, saw the former state capitol
of etc. Sept day, Aug 21st we took the
Empire State Express for Niagara Falls,
putting in Sunday at the sublime
spot, there we saw all that it
was possible to see, we stayed at the

Cataract House - and can
comment it. Neither of us had
ever seen the big fella, they are
beyond my wildest dream, the
deepest throat extensions - but they
are there still. Leaving Niagara
we went by Michigan Central
through Canada to Detroit, and
west to Chicago. I found Bauer
awaiting me in a down-pour
of rain, with him was Prof. Mark
Loomis of Brown, who took me in
and did for me during my en-
tire stay, Carter, Pillsbury - etc
Saw a big plant, he heard B.
Lecture - and saw all his night,
Participated with Carlos in South
Chicago on the prairie. Collins
also accompanied him on a trip
to the Dunes, By the way, the
flora down me wild with joy,
think of *Amophlaea*, *Eupatorium*,
Petalostemum - etc, growing, not
pressed, funny; all about Lake
Michigan *Colea*, *Lactuca*, *maritima* -
via - *B.*, *Cyrtolabia*, *Antennaria*
complanata - etc, all marine, grow

3 - as they do here at Glenora, How about the
old idea of their reading seat, I was surprised to
see Michigan has been - but managed to see a few
Collected on Seneca Shale - the fragment we took
Spokane basin, then he went to Erie, Pa, where we
took of Gollin's collection we had kept. Locally we
passed by Detroit Valley R. R., along Tower Lake,
through the Alleghenies, Michigan, Green Summit, about
about 1000 ft. Put in his camp at deep of
about 1000 ft, and started Louis' spot with Benton and
Collins' track in my own hand, and myself,
John Jay, that a big party and myself,
have been with me and some on boat, the
the few we were and some on boat, the
have a separate cotage put by the hotel, and this
at latter, Seneca and Green - then to near
among and field notes - then to near
from Louis' road

Rockaway House -

East Gloucester, Mass.

Aug 19. 1899

Amicus Carissimus,

How very funny,
and what a little world it is,
and how few are the elect that
dwell therein! Yea, it is possible
for them to all know each other,
Hence your meeting with DeLobson
who is one of our inner circle and
who is an especial friend of Mrs
Bailey. He is of Belgian origin,
His father, a rich manufacturer,
arrived about all Cornsaw, Mass.,
and left untold descendants,
And himself is rich and a bach-
elor. Those who know rank him
very high as a scholar. Two years
ago he filled the place of Minna-
Lester at Harvard - while at,
and in Germany. At the same
time he filled the chair of Psy-
chology. He is full of invention and

resource, personally I know
him nursing as a jolly fellow
- my intention among a crowd
of such. He helps Babelonia
hold and did live with Mary
till the latter's flight to Chicago;
Mary, Edsborn and Seth - were
an unpeevish crowd, and
only D. remains, Seth is at
Edinboro Univ. His brother and
himself occupy parts of the same
chair - or better, You should
have seen Peggy in "Alice" in
the Mal Jew Party the other
night, she was capital, as
indeed were all the girls, Peg
is now quite a young woman,
two inches taller than her dad,
A splendid creature - and a
great favorite, Is it the habit
for *Ailanthus* fruit to become
deep red near the core? How
it is simply splendid,
"Ernie" dropped in here for an
hour yesterday the 10.4.4

I know, that would be around her, and that
the "Holl" cards and negotiations, started among
I expect as last, among things I was at the
last was Victoria again if a full of Chicago,
It gave me, thought out in France, a doctor that
at Washington and was the largest and, first
? There by historic things here now; banks or 50
first high - the, I should get that answer, and
presents, and others - had not crossed out my
see of the beauty - with regards to your dear

Your son
Percy
10.11.4

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. B.,
Curator and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept 15, 1899

My Dear Deane,

A man's beard may grow
much in five years. Witness the Count
of Monte Cristo, Rip Van Winkle, Frederick
Barbarossa, and other heroes of history.
Beauty, however, shines through the
most fortunate of men, illuminating
and illustrating genius. Collins and
I thought you would be surprised; we
did not anticipate the shock. Cross
reticence certainly does not improve
the complexion. Still, that tramp, with
the pose of Apollo, in Deane as he once
knew him, when Rome was young, does
he forgive us? If not, turn to Page 115
and see how the verses, to which I refer,
have been omitted. Can any excuse be
suggested? My excellent fraction is in
Connay. The children, Ma-in-low, and
I, with the lot, or at least, like the
three ministerial gentlemen, the fraction.
I am just back from the first Faculty
meeting under Dr. Lawrence. Next Satur-
day the annual procession starts up to
appropriate music. This week, in my
wife's absence, I have been celebrating by

an acute attack of apoplexy; some
times I had some years ago, Housen,
Shob, Gopessa and plain Hell, will
not express a demeritate the agony
of it, hell, it had the grace to come
in vacation. You should see your friend
Margaret; great tall, splendid creature;
a ddy queen, Collins and I are full
of plans for our year, Metcalf had
arrived out at Toka, marrying, before
he went, He seems very happy.

So far I like Housen very much,
I hope the pleasant impression will
continue, James Dunson - etc

Very truly yours
Wm Whitman Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, Ph. B.,
Curator and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept 23, '99

My Dear Deane,

Churchill put in last
Thursday with us at the B. W. Hart,
the Bailey and the Collins Herbs,
overhauling the Legumes. He filled
many barrels, then he took his ex-
plorings on the Case Corals and showed
him *Gnidia squarrosa*, *Carduus acen-
thodes*, *Russian Thistle*, *Antennaria Ludov-
icianae* - etc. He was radiant - and
even desirous with delight.

I am very glad to hear again, the
how high hopes of Dr. Fairman - and
may he live and prosper!

You should see your Peggy. Live
Christine though I say as I should it,
Barney writes a note approving the
acid book.

Yours ever

Bailey
W. W.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. B.,
Curator and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep. 28. 99

Tush, never tell me; I like it much
unskilfully. Despise me, if I do not,
'Tis the curse of service, Preferment
goes by letter and affection, What,
have you set your wits? 'Tis better so
it is, where will you that I go to
answer this, your charge? Now what
the business? God be wi' you, I have
done; I humbly beseech you, proceed
to the offence of state,

Coleridge, having run away with
Protector's daughter, a more than
William's Lassie, there also sketched
with my exordium; Hinc, illuc Laevissime,
It is a noble and Rantian idea,
to have your name sub-joined to the
multiple auto-graph of yourself as
furnished by that humor Collins, Al-
most am I persuaded to be a X'n
and here it likewise done,

My hope at present is to see you
and the other Rosi-crucesians at
the shrine of St Boston next week,
Your friend Pezom is dividing tall
and most deservedly fair, By the way

the true goddess is made known.
Chaplain, my son-in-law, is
also one of the Club, but, do you
realize - what the Consolidated has
done for us Pur-members - by missing
of him? Either he must stay to supper
or at the meeting, May I, this one
time, say damn! Did you see that
my old summer home, the Grand
View had gone up in smoke and
flame? It is still doubtful if the
House survive their injuries, I think
many friends were at the time, there
had been there - the Chances seem
good for our roasting the herrings. A
fire took the roof of the summer
hottel - and the end is not yet,

The same day came the news
of the drowning - while botanizing alone,
of my dear friend Mrs ~~Prof. Bates~~
Anthony - of Bates College - Lewiston,
Maine - a very great shock.

With regards to Mrs Deane

Your old - and still older

Friend

W. W. Pursey

Providence - Oct 6. 1899

My Dear Deans,

I had intended as you'd been told
To be with you all this great night,
But 'tis raining and blowing like very -

Hadse,

And going to Boston would not be right,

Last eve I was more than usual ill
As Wayne Fleming perhaps might say,
And so, I could not meet the bill,
I'm little improved in fact today.

The other fellows conclude to go
For they are young and unsexed spry -
Perhaps their characters you know,
I wish for no man, no not I!

Melting her the pot o' beans,
The fair raw oysters done in ice,
The salad of lettuce and other greens,
Tentative potatoes - and all so nice,

What have I done as a Blatant man,
That I too cannot have my fling?
This human life is but a span,
Why must I cease to laugh and sing?

The medical men my pulse they feel,
Look nice, and ask to see my tongue
But lend a bit my neck they feel
I wish the Faculty well hung!

I smoke my pipe, compound it all
And think of Paul and Walter Dean
I wish that they could come to call -
Great thanks to 'em, but we'd have a

scene -

Yours doggedly
W. W. Beechey



BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

December 26, 1899

My Dear Deane,

Many thanks, old man,
for all your pleasant remembrances
for me and mine, I hope you had
a most jolly Christmas - and may
in the New Year flourish like the
green bay horse tree; we had a very
feature time - and in consequence
I lay awake all night counting the
interminable hours; I do not know
when I shall see thee again - but
when I do I shall hug thee as of
old, thy slave to command -

Wm Whitman Bailey
To Miss Deane me: all send good
regards,