

Crocker, and they live on Mt. Vernon  
Street. She was one of the dearest friends  
of Whitman and for years they had  
had long correspondence. But you  
know what a school of 350 boys is  
like, the demands on one's time, the  
never ending job, so that all the  
time seemed filled <sup>this winter</sup> and the  
choice glimpse of you and of Mrs.  
Howland dwindled monthly.

Perhaps next year I shall learn  
to snatch a holiday and have the  
real grasp of your hand and hear  
the real sound of your voice and  
talk to you of Whitman.

I do so hope that you are better  
from the rheumatism, really well -  
and that the year has been one of  
great comfort to both you and  
Mr. Rand. Please tell him he  
is in my thought.

Margaret & Whitman if they

were with me here, would, I know, wish to  
send the warmest affection to their father's  
friend and always, my dear Walter  
Drane, we all hear you very closely in  
our hearts.

recd  
Aug 13/92

always devotedly yours  
Eliza R. Baird

My dear Walter Drane, [Providence R.I.  
Aug. 10/92]

I have been lying  
in bed, resting up, these last few  
days thrilled by Strachey's Life  
of Gen. Gordon and consoled by  
Henry James' Letters. Consoled I say,  
because every letter almost, like  
mine, is months belated. Naturally  
one would welcome a letter from  
"the master," even at two in the  
morning; still I hope that you  
have a corner of interest left  
somewhere for my eight months

belated Christmas letter.

I was deeply touched by the stories of Irish life that greeted me from you on Christmas. The little card that always comes is truly and should be all sufficient, for as the years pass, to know that some one really remembers, carries closely in his friendships the unusually simple and rare personality of my dear Whitman, and because of this reflects a thought towards me, means more than the riches of the world.

I did, however, enjoy the wild Irish farms with their spookiness and quaint finalities; and it was so exceedingly good of you to send it; which kindness should have been promptly rewarded by letter

The winter for me was an awfully busy one. I passed through the ordeal it seemed to me better than usual until March; then resumed after a brief pause. At the present moment I am lying in the Rhode Island Hospital - such a grand place for working letters - being X-rayed and generally overhauled to find nothing at all the matter but time. I go back home to-morrow after a week's rest and quiet. I do wanted to get to Cambridge in the spring to see you; also to see a dear, delightful lady - a Mrs William Howland, who lives at a beautiful place in something on Brattle Street. I hope that you may know her in her son married Elmore Crocker, the Boston



Bailey, Eliza R. 1921. "Bailey, Eliza R. [Mrs. W.W. Bailey] Aug. 10, 1921." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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