

Providence, Feb 27, 1890,

My Dear Deane,

When you laughed "Ho!
ho!" in your recent letter at the
mere suggestion of my sending you
duplesta 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! There!
are the girls say - when irate, Bless
their sweet hearts! to think they
should ever yield to such ignoble
impulse, after the classic example
of Juno! My cresses are well
and saucy - thank you! How are
yours? A letter from West Point, N.Y.,
tells me that over a week ago, Col
(Prof) Mercur bought in a bunch
of flowering Hepatica from the base
of Lewis West, Hous. that? Does
it not warm the cockles of your
little heart? Why on this happy
day - Tuesday was it? I found myself
really growing credulous. The miracle
of Lourdes, or a mind-cure tract
might almost have passed with me.

I leave singing orthodoxy. Did
you get a wire of this twinned
glow down in your sub-mind?

Now, to answer your last
letter. My own impression is, that
in the absence of direct action, the
memorial was had best be kept
in some way at Harvard; this
inspired that it can be rendered a
care. A lot of choice silver is a
contribution to memory, 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, or perhaps better
yet, the Natural History Society. After
all, you see, my notes are rather
rare, and of little value, but I feel
very grateful to Mrs Gray for con-
vincing me at all in the matter. I hate
however, to think of my old friend as
looking this to the end.

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

two for you! Tell in it, that the
cheers died, and the big guns
rang, and the flags were. I shall
shall be see that like. The descent
my scale, too, is so pretty - G. T. W.
- quite a symphony! Don't let my
afraid nephew walk away with
you, or both you to death.

Keep Bradford Torrey in
mind - and he will try Warden's
Pond this summer. Almost am I
a boy again to think of making a jolly
day, plant-hunting, not fast (day
am off again!) - hungry; jolly lunch,
"beal-fie" + + he knows the lady
as made it" - a good drink of Canada
water; a vesicular full; genuine teeth,
jaws, jokers, graces, cranks (especially
the latter). Here's a valiant day
for you, "Such Carbs, Pip, old fellows"
Yes, and it is written we shall
have in. Always

and ever

Thine

W. W. B.



Bailey, William Whitman. 1890. "Bailey, William Whitman Feb. 27, 1890." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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