

Mex 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.  
There is the Club to  
meet this winter and  
under what auspices!

I sent off type-written  
copy 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  
Aunt Deane. Yours fondly  
Dwight  
So soon you've been ill.

Providence, Sep 7. 1897.

My Dear Deane,

Yours enclosing the  
notice 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 think any  
body left stranded at this  
season in the country. Our  
house at Wachuset was  
nearly deserted when we  
left. I devoted my last  
Sunday there to exploring  
some dams and damns  
up the mountain. Peggy  
went too, to keep me in order,



We are still only in the  
copse in the Andrews  
matter. John Briston  
Walker appears to hold  
the key to the situation.  
Even at Watsja's meeting  
the doctor failed to de-  
clare his ultimate in-  
tention. 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 Miss Hazen of  
Boston - and seems to  
regard the outlook pleas-

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? Yea. My  
niece is the happy mother  
and I had a proxy. The  
wifery is a marriage;  
at least it was concealed  
in Australia. I am doing  
up the catechism as a  
loss sponsor.

Whitman has taken to  
drawing all the time, in  
pen and ink, and wants  
to be a new-paper illus-  
trator. He really neglects  
proper exercise. Dear old



Bailey, William Whitman. 1897. "Bailey, William Whitman Sep. 7, 1897." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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