

Count of the old Harwood
valuable History Club one of the
finestest things I ever read. I
was glad to hear from Boston
that he represented you at the
St Botolph meeting. I suppose you
were in order. I did no collect-
ing at Conway; in fact was not
at all well there. Hot as I am
I feel better at home. I wish
(Dog still at it, I wish
he were with his third ac-
cused horse in Egypt - and
Kitchener after him.)

My regards to Mrs. Davis
Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Dog still yapping - on some
insane Ray, & there in
nature a lizard as clean as
silly dog?

No 6 Cushing Street -
Providence - Sep 4, 1894.

My Dear Deane,

We 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 manure to
their thermometers; those I mean
who are not decussing for ice-
drinks and a sponge on the fore-
head. If I walked that perfect
hiss once famous book on this
suffering city in this month of
grace, the answer would be "be
gine it up; life is not worth a
thought." I suppose you are refriger-
ating on the glacial slopes of
Chautauque - and I envy you your
pig. Keep cool, old man. Don't let
your dander 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 have
come up under it. As long ago as

1880 I nearly died from the fatigue of an Association meeting.
(In parenthesis allow me to remark it is hot - and the humidity at the point of paper estimation). I have been much troubled this week to receive an announcement of my election to membership in the Rhode Island Seaside Club - and of appointment as poet laureate. It is in recognition of my having received my professional education (though I have no degree) from that institution, May Brown-Harvard friends did the "poet" business, knowing how in Psi W I have turned on the Pierian spring. This time, I fear, they have got me into water deeper than the hell of the muses. Indeed it is not well at all!

(In parenthesis, damn those yapping dogs! There are at least 40 un-hung mongrels on this hill; eternally yapping.)

I told you, did I, that May 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 seemed to enjoy every minute.

Our people here have taken a haul, Col R.H.S. Goldswold fitted out a vessel, and to-day 65 poor sick soldiers, mostly Bay-View, come to the Rhode Island and St Joseph's hospitals for treatment. This afternoon of work, and management, and recreation following each death of heroic valor, is sickening. If any body is to blame I think it will be the colored and Jeweled expert,

(In parenthesis - the D.D. is still yapping, drag a curse light on this grand-mother's nose - the son of a dog!) The locusts are going - trying to beat the thermometer on high water. One has become so lofty that my ear fails to follow him, "Who can follow the flight of song?" Was not Parolna addressed amusing? I think the ac-



Bailey, William Whitman. 1898. "Bailey, William Whitman Sep. 4, 1898." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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