

No 6 Cushman St,

Providence, Nov 28, 1889.

My Dear Watson,

Pray tell me what this Polyp-
onaceous thing is - from Fort Supply,
Indian Territory, sent me by Col Bliss
24 Infantry? (in 1885). Don't bother to re-
turn; I have more. It rains today - as
did twenty-two years ago, at our
Thanksgiving at Glendale, Nevada.

My wife is in New York; my
children at their Grandfather's, where I
am to dine, and I am rectifying the
fontaines of my herbarium.

I have been in poor health for
two years - a settled and most
obstinate pain in the neck - but, on
the whole, am stronger than last year.
I am very busy. Our new President is
my personal friend, a big-hearted,
inspiring man. The last was no
Lodge's friend; a most exasperating -
get-out-of-his-nose-every-day

Kind of man, I hope never to see
another like him, There is a general
hallelujah at his departure.

On Jan 29th I am to read a
paper before the Torrey Club on our
R. I. Flora. My Lutes grow apace
"Non Angles, sed Angeles" was it
the old Pope said, To be appreciated
but they must be seen.
If Goodale is at home
rememter me to him,

Thine -
W. W. Bailey



Bailey, William Whitman. 1889. "Bailey, William W. Nov. 28, 1889 [to S. Watson]." *Asa Gray correspondence*

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