

hold and are very much needed. There
a friend at Ellis Is. who as a little Turkish
girl has taken to Greece where she married.
she has a great gift for languages and
dialects and is most useful at the same
grants receiving money, and they are
dispensed through her so that I know they
reach their destination - and I permit
them in various bright, pretty colors, they
are quite interesting -

Thence says "Stop writing before
you are overtired" So I suppose I must.
She had the grippe in the winter and
has pretty sick for her days but is all
right now, though she has has the remains
of a slight cold - We have had a broad
spring, cold & wet, after a very cold
winter, we both send you & all our very
cordial greetings, also to Miss Brown.
Aff. from old friend -

H. W. Audubon

recd
June 15

Salem, N. H.
May 29, 1925

My dear Mr. Keane

No longer do I begin my
letters by saying anything about the
date when they were written, because
I hope my correspondent has forgotten
them. I did not realize you were seventy
nine; well the years go by, I shall be
eighty two next August if I live till
then. It is hard, in some ways to
give up the old occupations and
feel oneself laid aside but it is all
right: "Seers have their time to fall"
Why not? Certainly our very much
mixed up world is wonderful, but as
regards human beings, not attractive;
I read the daily papers partly with horror
partly with wonder - and doubtless you

do the same; when I was quite a
little girl Mr. ~~Farmer~~ ^{Farmer} & Mr. Webster
made a great sensation, and we children
were not allowed to read about it, but
today the more it is, the more the children
read it. We are glad to know you &
yours were fairly well when you wrote &
that you keep so, we heard of you nothing
since when Florence had a letter from
Mr. Fittow Deane, not so long ago.

Well we are emerging from the
hardest winter I have ever known
with one exception, & even then I had
the strength & freedom from pain; from
the latter I am rarely free and
the former had I suppose forever gone.
However I have every comfort and
healing, my sight & eyes a very nearly
as good as ever - my mind clear, except
that I do forget names sometimes &
and my mind holds its own. The pain
is largely arterial cragitation & is pretty
bad, but it is, as a white friend told me

the other day, "neither smelly nor does it
show" not a very elegant speech, but
quite true. It is a real regret to me
that I can rarely walk farther than the
farm, but I can see the lovely spring green
& Florence keeps the house full of flowers
& tulips, jonquils, lilacs of the valley, lilacs of
many kinds & yesterday a lovely bunch
of white tulips one of ^{your} favorites, and
this morning twelve lovely pink Symplic-
imus (I'll miss) was handed in. You
can never be grateful enough that I
live in the country and that you are
beside me, I have taught to love all
sudden things, and books. By the way
have you read Hamlet's "A vagabond harney
round the world" and Thel's two volumes
"By camel & Car to the Peacock throne" and
"The Purple rain". If you have not you
have a great treat before you. I used to
spend a great deal of time embroidering,
but now it tires me, so I do "charity
knitting", mostly baby hoods & childrens
scarves, for Ellis Co., N. Y.; they are light to



Audubon, Maria R. 1925. "Audubon, Maria R May 29, 1925." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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