

No 6 Cushing St, Providence, Feb 15, 1890.

My Dear Deane,

Your valentine in the shape of Bailey's useful key to the picture, arrived today. Many thanks for it. You are piling Pelion upon Ossa, what shall I do to properly express my obligation.

The picture continues to excite interest and envy. I go, like the Czar of Russia, in chain chemise, lest I be fully devoured by the cormorants. Mr W. N. Mason, who is the best microscopist in these parts (Goodale will confirm my words), desires me to ask you when he can secure a copy? He will gladly pay all expenses. I find in a paper of Chas Bailey relating to Dr Gray, almost two years ago, that he even then refers to the picture as famous. I do wish, though, they had consulted old Hooker and made him serve.

The last two nights I have spent on the new Manual, I have written a notice of it for the Independent, but so don't some sharp is ahead of me, so it may never see light. I suppose only Field publisher will need all the novelties of the Revised edition,

I am gradually, and prayerfully, laying out for you a lot of duplicates; one thing and another. Dr. Andrew Green says, "if you don't like 'em, throw them out o' winter". Have you seen a little book Ellengreig's "Garden Story"? It is quite fresh and nice, though often I disagree violently with the author.

I have an article in this week's Independent on the "Natural Defences of Plants"; an old story to the initiated, but fun to the unlearned. To me it means the precious part of duds. These do I lack as Lear did soldiers. My crocuses are in flower; not an unusual thing; I have earlier dates. But what is queer, is that all my primroses are in bud. As long as the wind is howling, I have troublesome doubts as to their ultimate development.

Ex cathedra herbarii.

Shine

W. Whitman Bailey,

P.S. We here again had a sick time of it. My children are not yet all right, though up and about the house. I myself have been laid up 2 nights and one whole day this week. Bradford Torrey "allows" that he doesn't know W.D., but he'd like to. Asked him to join you in a trip to Womels Pond this summer, Hunt and I are ciceroni,



Bailey, William Whitman. 1890. "Bailey, William Whitman Feb. 15, 1890." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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