

Providence, Feb' 19th 1892.

Honest Dean,

I am better. I was e'en flat
o' my back from Sunday noon till
Wednesday ditto, Saw Bones in at-
tendance. At present I am far from
gay but am still Tapley-ish, thank
you! I write to say that I
have just come into possession^{seem} of a
very good copy of Vol V. of the U.S.
Geolgy-Expl^r of 40th Parallel, As you *
no doubt are aware, this is Watson's
Botany and is a scarce book, I would
like to sell it for a consideration, Can
you ascertain for me what it ought
to bring - and perhaps find a pur-
chaser? Have you it yourself? If
not you can have it cheap; any
other fellow must pay full price.
See what you can find out, for I lack
dues.

Despite the fact that I have

I never think of "Providence";
* funny!

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old Otto Kuntze, I ordered his book
for college. See Britton in review thereof
in last Torrey Bulletin. I have ordered
also the new Flora Africæ, and
the publication of the Britteny
Botanic Garden.

Tomorrow, cerise wrente, I begin a
second course of Univ Extension classes.
The paper advertises them at 10 P.M.,
A traditional respect for the Lord's
Day, and certain physiological reasons
have compelled me to put them earlier
in the day than announced. I am
sorry - but flesh is weak.

Ah! you young fellows, what a
delightful time you are having. Now
is the high-day of your youth. Let
folly fly, and the cannon's click!

Consider, why next Monday, the
22^d the natal day of the nation's
father, I shall be 49. Powder it;

think of it, dissolute man! I shall
 fancy you on that day dodging
 furtively down some Cambridge
 alley, for the one of Boston (there
 be such that end nowhere), and
 calling for Lager, what for? Why
 to cry "foy!" for your friend Bailey.

Did you hear about
 those girls at Wellesley - who ac-
 cording to a Boston paper, have
 so improved their gymnasium facil-
 ities as to marvellously develop
 the bi-ceps, the tri-ceps, and the
glutens maximus! When ignorance
 is thus 'tis folly!

I had occasion today to clean out
 some dust holes - and incidentally
 turned over some of my white Mt
 findings. There were Cephaeglossum,
 and Solidago squarrosa, and alpina,
Juncus trifidus etc. All at once, the

seem before me ramified - and I
 saw in succession the meadows
 of Sugar Hill, the distant Greens,
 the slopes of noble Lafayette! Shall
 I e'er again behold them with the
 meditating eye? You late? for they
 say angels weep not,

If you had heard me go for a
 lot of lazy galoots yesterday, in well
 set terms of sarcasm, you would ^{have} said
 "No chance for Bailey as an angel; his
 place in Congress or the Devil!" How
 I did put it to em! Do you know, Ho-
 ratio, there are men walking between
 Heaven and earth - and frequenting
 colleges in the odious guise of stu-
 dents, who should, in good sooth, be
 running hoot or flacking boots, much
 you. "Something too much of this." Re-
 member me! "Bye, poor ghost, I hear
 you say - and the lost, and the composites
 Day-day! Shine - M.W. Bailey



Bailey, William Whitman. 1892. "Bailey, William Whitman Feb. 19, 1892." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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