

Key West,

Dec. 19 '96

My Dear Deane,

They tell me that it is December and show me the calendar to prove it; but I am convinced that the calendar lies. Seaside, the mercury is over 80°, and the streets are hot and dusty. The Cocoa-nuts are hanging from the trees in front of my window, and the gardens are brilliant with many flowers which are utterly strange to me. How bewildered and perplexed I am, and how

These curious tropical plants tantalize me! I am making a serious effort to understand the cultivated things, and I have got the palms pretty well in hand.

To-day I took a sail out to a cluster of keys which are densely covered with mangroves, and took some pictures of these island-builders.

This is the strangest city which I have ever seen. I can't make it seem like a part of my Uncle Sam's property. Spanish is the prevailing language, and the place is a hotbed of the Cuban revolution.

The cows are driven through the streets, and are milked, whilst you wait. The drinking water is all from the clouds and is held in great raised cisterns. The top of the earth is the sewer.

I leave in the morning for the Florida mainland and am going into the Everglades. Feeling well.

Yours ever,  
F. W. Bailey





Bailey, L. H. 1896. "Bailey, Liberty Hyde Dec. 19, 1896." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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