

4 instant doubt that I can do it.
I suppose if I wanted the sun
to pause a moment, I should
never doubt my ability to do
so. That is the way I am made;
that is ^{not} conducive, however, to
letter writing; no, not even to
such an old family friend
as Walter Traue. I mean to,
oh, yes! I have it in my mind
daily, but I just don't.

First of all let me thank
you for my "Raftery". I am
so glad to be the proud
possessor of it, for I love
Donn Byrne. I have several

ful for your many kindnesses to
us all.

Always yours faithfully
Eliza R. Bailey

41 Cherry St.
New Canaan
Conn.
March 29, 26

My dear Mr. Traue.

Yes, I know! Isn't
it awful the way I do about
letters? But I am trusting
that you have an understand-
ing mind; one that also forgives
and forgets such terrible short-
comings as mine. You see
when I bought this little
house so that I could never
again be evicted as at

2

6 Cushing St. & Touisset because of the sale of both houses, I had to mortgage heavily, that is for me, who has to think twice before buying a hat or a ton of coal. As you get near New York property, it seems, increases in value so that for this ramshackle old house I had to pay \$10,000; of this, ^{even} I mortgaged for \$8000. Now being of New England origin, where the idea of a mortgage means that you are running rapidly down the hill of destruction, I have

3

never recovered from the attitude born into my veins. Here they tell me a mortgage on a house is an asset; it helps to swell your house and profits to wealth. Not so to me. Dire poverty and loss is forever at my heels. I must clear a \$1000 of the mortgage of each year or chide myself for a worthless woman. So far I am keeping the pace; rather difficult to find it, without my teaching salary and nothing but my pen to provide the daily needs of a household plus the \$1000. Of course, I never for one

8
if there is any expense about the articles
let me have it.

him; if he uses them I should
like to buy the book for my
husband's botanical library, which
I have not, as yet, given away.

A publisher in Boston, Padgen
by name, wrote several years
ago and asked the permission
to use Mr. Bailey's poem Calypso
in a collection of poems by
Alice Wilcox. I gave the per-
mission, of course, but some
months ago some one informed
me they had used the poem
but had given another person's
name as the author. Mr.
Bailey loved the Calypso poem
and I know he would

5 of his books now, but not
"Blind Raftery" until you sent
it to me, so it has added
greatly to my pleasure besides
the importance of being sent
to us in loving memory by
my husband's friends. They
say that his new book is
the most beautiful of all.
Padriac Colum and James
Stephens, two Irish poets of
far renown, who live near
me, laugh at me for my
enthusiasm. They say that
Donn Byrne is like

6 Teckla pearls to real ones; in this I do not agree with them.

One of the nicest things about New Canaan is that so many authors and publishers live here, some very distinguished men of letters, so that there is a tinge of the Cambridge atmosphere which makes it so delightful. My husband would have enjoyed it all immensely.

Again I am going to presume upon your friendship for my husband. Several days ago I received this enclosed

7

card which will explain itself. I do not know what became of the Botanical Gazette in the morning process; whether I gave them away or sent them to Brown. Any way I have them no longer.

I do not know even whether there is an instructor at Brown any longer since Prof. Fisk left, so that

I am no longer able to meet the request. I should, however, like to have my husband still quoted and

I wondered if you could in some way get the desired articles sent to

12 ately impressed with the similarity of the lives of the two brothers. This is a very distinguished father with three distinguished sons, Sam Bailey, of course, dying while quite young, but still a man of great promise. I shall miss Dr. Bailey greatly for he had the most affectionate lovely nature and we were exceedingly devoted to each other always.

I wonder if Dr. Lepp's postal card could be returned, eventually to be placed in Mr. Bailey's books of letters.

Peg and Whitman send devoted messages and as always I am deeply thank-

9 deeply resent its being attributed to another. Should something be done about it? Could you find in your telephone book the address? I have never really known how to approach the man.

I was deeply grieved to hear from you of the passing of Mr. Rand; surely a tragic end for so fine a man. I can never forget the affection that existed between him and my husband; they had almost a daily intercourse for

10 many years; a truly lovable man
he must have been and it must
be a great loss to all his intimate
friendships.

Thank you for returning the
little book. I was sorry that
it did not fulfill its message
of gratitude and reverence.

I fear I have exhausted
your patience but I still
have so much to say to
you and a thousand
things that I would like
to ask you for advice. What
a pity that I am no

11 longer in Boston where I could see
you! but you are really almost the
only friend of Voluntano who would
be interested in the Doctrinal side
of the material which he has left
me to dispose of. Sometime I must
write you again about them.

In January his brother Storring
W. Bailey, a Harvard graduate and
a very distinguished man, died in
his eighty-seventh year. In reading
the press notices one was unmedi-



Bailey, Eliza R. 1925. "Bailey, Eliza R. [Mrs. W.W. Bailey] Mar. 29, 1925." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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