

September 22^d 1891

This from beyond the Styx to
him who dwelleth by Charles-
greeting: Be good while ye have
yet time, Carry no professor his
salary, Take care of turdsches,
Avoid sedges, Shun Desmodiums,
Skip Potamogetons, Trip lightly
over the grasses, and you may
yet reach these Elysian fields.

He who are here, mind little
now of the throes of our judicial
murder, Cough he while the time
when all shall meet Charon at
the brink, Ah friend, if you only
knew our joy, gladly would you
lay your head upon the fete-
ful block! Honest virgin, I
have 53 shuttles in Botany.

Whom can I stir up to endow us
and give me new rooms and a
modern equipment? Dr Andrews
is after such a man. So am I.

Yes! I could live idly, in
the view of holdings, and yet
do mankind rich service. I am
sure of it. Instead - I must, like
Pegasus, trot in galling harness
or kick my shoes off on the
dash-board - or the devil in it!

But Lord! how eloquent I grew
in Lecture I over the Chances &
advantages of old But! I could
feel trembles up my back bone,
and the "hysterical passion" of a
million emotions. The tops "rob!
robed! or rather clapped to the
echo, and by force, I know my
"ain self" that it was good,

Yours ever

Bailez - W. W.



Bailey, William Whitman. 1891. "Bailey, William Whitman Sep. 22, 1891."
Walter Deane correspondence

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