

Acheron ultra Styx -
Hades, Ides of September -
A. W. C. 1892.

My friend of the Upper World,
I passed to the shades on
Wednesday last. While waiting
for Charon I botanized the banks
of Styx, finding *Juncus stygius*
and other characteristic plants. As
these specimens partake of my present
spiritual nature I cannot regard
duplicates. By the by, Le Page's glue
is used even in Hell.

The act of execution was easy;
the suffering was wholly in antici-
pation. As I have often respected
there is no flesh, no bones, between
the two lives. One drops them, and
rises up in the other without sur-
prise. I perceive at once an ad-
vantage, however, in the advanced ex-
istence. Hell-spirits tell me they
have no pain. Possibly because the
mortal cements still cling to me.
I myself have Pluto's own twinges
of facial neuralgia. I have tried
to get a further reprieve at Persephone
but cannot find the cur Gertunus
chained up. Will fetch it yet!

To return to earth; College opened
in due form on Wednesday, with
an entering class of 140, ex-
clusive of the Woman's Ad junct,
which admits 30 or 40. I have
50 men in my department of
Botany and carry 15 hours a
week of class-work. My rooms
are too small to hold them, I
have chidlet myself, compressed
myself, etherized myself, and
still I am puzzled how to handle
such a crowd. I have a good
assistant with the advanced men
but oh! the prospective rush with
the primaries. The Prof tells me
I owe it to him, that he "was
an apostle of Botany". Be-
sides the question of room, is the
one of application, of reading the
multitudinous papers etc.

I see by the August number
of the Gazette, and Britton's ar-
ticle, all the elements of a nice
little war except the absence of
the parties of the second part!

S. James Gray's Benedictine here in the Conference,
How neatly he could imitate an auto-didactic and
lascive him angustus in the sun, hell; I am out of
it all and shall sleep out. Have you seen my
wife for my Father's day? She interested me much.
I am at work on my Black Island notes, and 10,
over other botanics, & I my hand smuth, henceforth, and
that should make a racket, I tell you,

When are you coming to see my new
hut? They are simply fine, though simple, so far
the Lady is so perfect and so haughty "she is con-
founded" of every creature's taste,

While the sun sets she's

far always there.

Mr. W. Bailey,



Bailey, William Whitman. 1892. "Bailey, William Whitman Sep. 13, 1892."
Walter Deane correspondence

View This Item Online: <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org/item/164802>

Permalink: <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org/partpdf/300493>

Holding Institution

Harvard University Botany Libraries

Sponsored by

IMLS

Copyright & Reuse

Copyright Status: Public domain. The BHL considers that this work is no longer under copyright protection.

This document was created from content at the **Biodiversity Heritage Library**, the world's largest open access digital library for biodiversity literature and archives. Visit BHL at <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org>.