

Providence, May 11, 1890,  
Dear Sir & Brother,

In answer to your most fraternal letter, I should ever have told you of the Convention, It was in most respects a great success, though some of those we had hoped for, were not self among the number, were not here. I think all of us old fellows who were present entered upon a new lease of life, to hear those songs would have done your soul good, to listen to our immortal boatmaster, Col Anna, would have warmed the cockles of your heart - whatever those may be. The Ball was the grandest I ever saw, and as a West Point boy I have seen a good many. The girls were so numerous and so pretty that I

with a matron "I wished they  
were all mine!" She told me  
I was a perfect Caligula, a Nero,  
a Young - as I had a wife al-  
ready, Mrs Bailey laughed,

The literary exercises were  
capital - especially Green's pro-  
se - an unusual production  
for an occasion, he had present  
Governor Rice, Hon W. C. Robinson,  
Prof Goldwin Smith, Walter Allen,  
C. J. Catlin, Dr C. H. Hall, E.  
H. Coward, Pres Andrews - etc,

I sent you my lines written  
to fill a gap, which, luckily did  
not occur. As Mr Plaine is  
reported to have said on a  
noted occasion, "Even after read-  
ing!" I shall have to stop this  
sort of thing. No dinner of G. P.  
on the G. A. R. occasion, but  
what nobody writes "Give us a  
poem!" At this moment I have

promised two. All I under-  
take to accomplish here, is to  
relieve the strain and make  
the Long Laugh. You know the  
punch about the clown in the  
circus, while I am not always  
out of town, I am not al-  
ways in the mood for rhymes.

But enough of the "Long  
Laugh" as Thackeray calls it,  
Not the least of my pleasures  
in this "Convent", has been the  
correspondence, I feel as if I had  
made a lot of new friends -  
the very best - those who, like  
you, sign the old letters

Yours  
W. Whitman Bailey

1  
My Uncle's Book,  
Bought for May 2, 1870.  
Where was Miss Gamp?

The patriarchs of olden days,  
Whose names the sacred pages number,  
Were most peculiar in their ways,  
With wives and children without number.

Psi Upsilon, more virtuous far,  
Has not attained their years nor station,  
But yet she shines, the faint star,  
That beams above the Yankee nation.

Like them, she counts her myriad tops;  
Her Cassia, too, "the Psi Upsilon",  
To whom we drink with such a noise,  
A Liberty very precious word is!

Old Sigma seems in lively health,  
Though verging on the age of fifty,  
She is rich in worth, if not in wealth,  
We hope to see her still more thrifty.

2.

No can be doubt, when here we see  
Such youth and beauty so surrounding,  
That future ages will agree,  
Her general growth is most astounding.

There are no Chieftains here tonight,  
But one composite constellation,  
Which, when she rises up to fight,  
Can easily whip the whole creation.

Then let us fill our glasses up,  
With sparkling wine, each loyal bottle,  
And quaff from every remaining cup  
A toast, "To thee, Our Dear Old Mother!"