

Jesse Lowe Smith

Diary

1888 - 1899



Photo by Hecketsweiler

Transcribed by

*Julia A. Johnas
Highland Park Public Library*

Forward

The Author: Jesse Lowe Smith was born in Macon, Illinois, on 23 November 1869, to the Rev. Leonard Francis Smith (1838-1874) and Bridget Ann Lowe Smith (1842-1941). His father's diary for that date: "At 5:30 wife bore me another child, a boy weighing 10 lbs when dressed. Dr. Tobey was the physician..." Jesse's father, Leonard Francis Smith, son of Jesse Smith and his second wife, Sophia Lake Spencer, had married Bridget Ann Lowe, daughter of William Fletcher Lowe and Elsea Aquila, on 10 September 1863. They had six children, Elsie (1864), Kittie Grace (1865-1932), Clarence Bruner (1867-1943), Jesse Lowe, Edith (1873-195?), and Lennie Francis (1874-1976).

Jesse Lowe Smith attended grade school in Macon, Illinois. With a passion for books and nature study, Jesse saw his life as a teacher. He attended the Academy in Benton Harbor, Michigan from 1884-1887, living with his Great Aunt Margaret Crooks. In 1888 he returned to Macon where he taught for three years. Teaching and studying independently as he taught, Jesse, at age 21, qualified for entrance to de Pauw University in September 1891. After one year at de Pauw, he returned for one term at Macon, and then, with his mother and sisters, went to Lexington, Illinois where he taught for four years from 1893-1897, followed by five years in Park Ridge, Illinois. In May 1902, Jesse came to Highland Park as principal of the Elm Place School. He was Superintendent of Schools for District 107 at the time of his death on 21 April 1934.¹

His diaries reveal Jesse Lowe Smith as a man of many interests and great influence. He was widely known and respected throughout Illinois as an innovative educator and avid naturalist and in Highland Park as an educational, cultural and civic leader. He inspired the Elm Place School teachers to higher ideals of education and the students to a deeper understanding and appreciation for the world around them. He left a lasting impression on all who knew him in life and continues to inspire many who make his acquaintance through his diaries and his legacy in Highland Park.

Identifications: In his diaries, Jesse frequently refers to members of his family. During his years in Highland Park, Jesse provided a home from his mother and sister, Kittie. They are often referred to in the diaries as M. and K. His brother Clarence Bruner is referred to as Clarence B., and Clarence's two sons, Leonard and Clarence, Jr. (Bruner or Junior) are also mentioned. Jesse's sister Edith married Clarence Danforth (Danforth or Clarence D. in the diaries). His sister Lennie married Arthur Enders, and their children, Robert and Ruth Anne, are mentioned in the diaries.

Transcriber's Notes: Every attempt has been made to provide an accurate transcription of the diary entries with respect to spelling, grammar, and punctuation; therefore incorrect or inconsistent (Mr. Smith spelled the same word in different ways at different times) usage is retained without the use of [sic]. When words were added above the line, they have been inserted into the text. When words were inadvertently repeated, the second

occurrence of the word has been dropped. Margin notes are indicated as such and are placed following the text that they appeared adjacent to in the diary. When words were illegible, brackets have been supplied enclosing a blank space []. Words that could not be deciphered with certainty have been placed in square brackets followed by a question mark [like this?]. Transcriber's notes are indicated by brackets [like this – ed.]. Clippings that were pasted into the diary are described in a transcriber's note, but are not always transcribed.

¹*Diaries 1859-1874 of The Reverend Leonard Smith, Circuit Rider* by Blanche Beal Lowe.

February 26 (sic). Saturday.

Finished about a lesson in Latin Prose. Suscribed \$100 to the Library. Joined the "Young Men's Republican Club." I see no better way than to be a straight Republican through the next campaign.

Looked up selections for school exercises.

Weather was very blustery & raw.

Young folks practiced a glee at our house in the evening.

Feb. 26. Sunday.

Blustery day. Went to church & S.S. Ate turkey at Aunt Sue's. Wrote letters to Ayres W. & Jessie S. Read some in Todd's S.M., the Bible, & also read Depew's speech.

Monday Feb. 27.

Very raw wind in the morning. Walked to school & led the horse. Got along fairly at school.

Studied lessons & read Caesar & newspaper in the evening. Believe that with Democratic unity & Cleveland as standard-bearer, the Republicans will have great obstacles to success. Spent the night at Willoughby.

Feb. 28. Tuesday.

Came in Town at night. Walked. Went up to borrow Recitation Book from Mrs. C. Looked over books, hunting selections. Made out report list from last Examination. Pulled one boy's ear today. Seems rather a queer performance. Did some good.

Feb. 29 – Wednesday.

At Mr. W's. Four of the Turner scholars there. Noisy evening. Got along rather well heute. Walked to school.

March 1. Thursday.

O.M. left school. Was the best scholar. Had some trouble giving out selections. At Willoughby's. Got a letter from Grandma. Paper from Omaha & from Chaddock.

March 2. Friday.

Rained some. Fairly well session of school. Anticipate a little trouble with some of the boys over the Memory Gems. Note. A teacher should know how to obtain good results from Examinations. - Literary Exercises should not be neglected in a school. Query. How can good literature enter the school when the scholars can not be coaxed to use it? "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has gone begging. Heard Dr. Reed's Lecture on the French Revolution! Very good. Very very muddy. Could hardly get in town.

March 3. Saturday.

Morning—Wrote to Mr. Page, Phillips & Hunt, E.O. Vaile, & Curtis Pub. Co. Also thought some on a reply to the article by W. H. about our Rep. Club. Afternoon.—

Read *Daily News*, entertained Gage half an hour, finished a letter, went up town, got chickenfeed & oats, wrote on the Lyceum paper. Evening—at Lyceum. Read the paper. Fair meeting. Afterwards. Went to the bank with other young Republicans. Taylor, Hallie, & I were appointed to answer (W.H.'s article) it. Read Mr Culbertson's Essay, washed all over.

March 4. Sunday.

Went to Church twice. At dinner at Mr. Reasoner's. He asked me if I did not intend to be a preacher.

Read in the *Century & N.A. Review* all afternoon. Am in good health & enjoying many blessings.

Monday, Mar. 5.

Rode old Joe out. Tramp had been in schoolroom. Left a litter & a broken window pane. Had trouble with I.C. about Examination. Walked in at night. Went to a Republican Club & acted as Secretary. Found a letter addressed to Lincoln [Knisely?] almost 1 mo. old. Added to it & sent it.

Mar. 6. Tuesday.

Walked to School. Had some trouble with I.C. Saw Mr. G. Came home at night. Got letter from G.F. James. Very tired from walking.

Mar. 7.

Directors did not sustain me on the question whether the boy had to recite or not. Gave Mary W., Isaac Carr, Arthur G., a "Central Examination". Their papers were very poor. Have been very tired all day. Am at home. Pessime. Think the tendency of scholars is to side with the punished without regard to the right or wrong. – Parents should visit the school.

March 8. Thursday.

At Willoughby's. Drilled scholars for Exercises. Worked late at school. Talked at night about "trouble". Feel rather worried darüber.

March 9 – Friday.

At Home. School exercises went off well. Rained nearly all afternoon. Had 7 visitors. Sorry to see all the boys leave. Read about Kaiser William. Think European politics are very interesting right now. Got a letter from Aunt Eva. Item. – Map drawing should not be slighted in schools. Insist upon it. Read some in the *Intelligence*. Think it would be a good idea to cultivate broad shoulders.

March 11. Sunday.

Yesterday. Finished Lessons XXIII & XXIV in Latin Prose Comp. Rainy & Blustery.

Heute. Cler Weather. Church 2 & S.S. Read in "Self Help", "About the Memory", & the *Century*. Often think how little those who are not interested in current history & do not read the papers & magazines, know of the size of this world.

Think old men are too loose in their talk before boys. Girls lack either common decency or moral courage to prevent loose talk in their presence.

March 12. Monday.

The first day of my three weeks' vacation. Studied Latin Prose. Read some. Kittie's S.S. Class spent the evening. Did not get to bed until 12. Got a letter from Mr. James. Find it hard to study continuously.

Mar. 13 – Tuesday.

Finished two lessons in Latin Prose. Slept two hours before dinner. Attended Young People's Prayer Meeting this evening. Was benefited by it. Got a letter from Eva Crooks; also Whitten. Both very good. Eva mentioned Edith L.

Think I do not have near enough charity for other people. Will try & cultivate more. do. Faith. Need the latter badly. May it be granted!

March 14. Wednesday.

Studied Latin Prose & Caesar. Read some in the evening at the Reading Room. Got a letter from Cous. Maggie.

Am much dis-satisfied with the way the Repub. Leaders are doing. Am afraid they will get the party on the wrong side of the question.

Spent the evening of March 15 at Mr. Willoughby's. Next morning rode up to Miller's & got check for 1 mo's salary. Rained a little this morning (the 16th). Came in town in the afternoon. Some one got up a "leap year" party at Mabel Cole's & I was invited & taken by L.C. Had the usual hoe-down in which I took no part. Enjoyed myself some. Did not get to bed until One O'clock.

March 17 – Saturday.

Slept some this morning. Finished one lesson & part of another in Lat. Prose. Talked politics with A.W.B. on the streets in the afternoon.

What a terrible thing impure thoughts are!

Sunday, Mar. 18.

Attended services in the morning & took sacrament. Read in "Self Help". It has been of very great value to me. Pessime. Missionary Program this evening at the church. Was very well rendered.

March 19. Monday.

Nice & warm. Rained a little now & then. My crocuses are coming up. Studied Greek & Latin Prose. Have had sleepy attacks all day. Worked some in the yard. In general, am in good spirits.

March 20, Tuesday.

Worked somewhat diligently on Greek, some school-work, & Latin Prose. Attended Prayer-Meeting this evening. What a grand song will be the new song! Am

still undecided in Politics. Believe with C.H. Payne that it is not to easy to say whether a third party is needed. Must wait & see.

Wednesday; Mar. 21.

Blustery, windy day. Studied Greek, principally. Read 60 pages in "Teaching". Heard Dr. Moore's lecture to boys. A subject of vast importance to boys. How terrible is the result.

Thursday, Mar. 22—

Studied Greek nearly all day. Read some Caesar. Have felt little like study. Constant study makes me feel giddy. Attended prayer meeting & choir practice this evening. Was a good meeting. God granting, I will henceforth be pure & devote my talents to serving him. May I always be & do thus!

Friday – Mar. 23.

Weather moderated. Worked at Greek all day. Got along well. Got seeds from Vick. Evening at home, studying. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee".

Monday, Mar. 26, '88.

As I was not at home, I neglected writing in this diary, Saturday & Sunday. Saturday morning I went to Decatur & took my first Greek lesson of Mr. Geo. F. James. I liked his appearance & manner very much.

I got along tolerably well in the lesson. Paid him \$5.00. Got a shave, hair cut, & shampoo in Decatur. Came home at noon. Read of the death of Chief Justice Waite. Think him a great man. Saturday Evening I went down to Moawequa. Raining & freezing all night. Did not enjoy myself very much at Aunt Hannah's. Went to church morning & evening & heard two good sermons. In the afternoon called on Oscar Frazee & wife. A nice appearing woman. Wanted to come home on the morning train but was not called in time. Wrote a letter to Eva Crooks in the morning. Came home on the afternoon train. Have about finished one lesson in Greek.

Divine assistance is wonderful. Faith is powerful. Just heard of Nellie Wood's run-a-way match.

Tuesday, Mar. 27.

Studied nothing but Greek today. Worked some. Potted Geraniums, etc. Attended prayer meeting at night. A good meeting. Must try & not giggle at every little thing. Am quite silly at times. Feel tolerably well & in good spirits.

Wednesday, Mar. 28.

Cleaned trash out in the coal-house. Helped pack Uncle Vin's goods. Studied Greek all day. Felt so tired by 8 oclock at night that I quit & went to reading Pickwick. Have read it three or four times but enjoy it as ever.

Thursday, Mar. 29.

Washed carpet with mother all morning & some after dinner. Then read a paper, had a visit from John Reasoner, & slept a little before supper. Studied Greek ~~before~~ after

supper. What a great pity that Dickens was not religious. He portrays no true Christian in his writings.

Friday, March 30.

Raked the yard & studied Greek until dinner. Visited Miss Neil's room in the afternoon. She runs a good school. Helped mother fill the new book case. Studied Greek all evening.

My bulbs, all seem coming up. The day was very nice & warm.
The ground dried rapidly.

Sunday, April 15.

Quite a long neglect. But have almost been justified in neglecting to write. School commenced April 2 & I have worked hard at my school work & Greek. At nights have been so sleepy that I could hardly do anything. I have at present twenty scholars. Have got along fairly well. One trouble I have is I have so much to do. I must try & combine the classes in the First Reader Grade. I took my fourth lesson in Greek Saturday. Mr. James has been very kind to me & genial. I have finished 20 Lessons so far. I think it is hard but like it very well. I spent all day Saturday in Decatur. I heard Prof. DeGarmo lecture in the morning at the High School.

It was very good but very heavy. Right after dinner took my Greek lesson & went to Teacher's Meeting. A Decatur teacher had her Second Reader class on exhibition. I got some points. In the morning I went down to Mr. McKenzie's & also took dinner there. Met Miss Lowther & Miss Lewis, two young ladies boarding there & taking music lessons. Nice appearing young ladies. At evening did some work at home & went to bed very sleepy. Attended Church as usual today. Has been a very fine day. Garden stuff is up & my hyacinths, tulips, daffodils, & yellow-bells are rapidly growing.

June 23.

A wonderfully long time since my last entry.

My school closed June 1. We had some exercises and two visitors. I regretted saying good-bye to the scholars, especially those of the Primary Grade. Next day I went to Decatur & took the Teacher's Examination. I worked vigorously all day & just got through in time for the train.

In a week I got my diploma marked "95+". I have done a great deal of physical work so far in my vacation & been permitted to do comparatively little mental work. Thursday (June 21) I went fishing with Edith G., Lizzie S., Clara H., Annie S., Edith & Lennie, & Mr. Hight. We went as far as the Harristown bridge. Started home a little after two o'clock but were caught in a heavy rainstorm that lasted almost until we got home.

I was unwell all day & that evening I vomited several times. I do not feel just right yet.

I have watched the Republican Convention's proceedings in Chicago with great interest. They balloted three times yesterday. I was at the telephone office waiting when the news came. Today I waited around & heard of the fourth & fifth ballots.

I do not like some things about the Republican platform.

August 26. Sunday.

This has been a damp day. Had Sunday School but no Church. The new church (M.E.) at Blue Mound was dedicated today & a number of Macon people went over. I read today in Physical Geog., and Porter on Books and Reading. I like this latter work well.

The Macon Co. Teachers' Institute commenced Aug. 13. Kittie and I went to Decatur Saturday, Aug. 11, spent the Sunday with the McKenzies. In the morning went to the First M.E. Rev. Miller preached. Afternoon walked in the Cemetery. Evening went to Stapp's Chapel. Rev. Scrimger preached.

Miss Hall, Miss Minnie and Miss Flora Pitts, & Mrs. Pitts came up & spoke to Kittie and I.

Next day Institute commenced at 2 P.M. Dr. Edwards spoke.

Evening train was late so I went back to Dr. Buck's where Kittie was & ate supper. Went back to depot, then Hiram Kitch and I went back up town, stayed a little while, watched the Y.M.R.C. form, then went back to the depot. Train came at 9 P.M.

Next morning train up was crowded with Macon folks going to Indianapolis. Five trains left Decatur. The Decatur Club made a very fine appearance at I.

I wanted to go very badly & folks told me to go. But I thought I ought not leave the Institute, & I wanted to save the money, as I wanted some books this Fall.

We had a good Institute this year. Cook of Normal taught Pedagogy, Arithmetic, & Reading. Miss Vaughan – Grammar, Gastruan—History, Spelling, & Geography. Coonradt—Science. Prof. Little of Washington – Drawing.

I went up & came down nearly every day. We had a general meeting Thursday Evening Aug. 23, & I stayed up at McKenzies. A very excellent meeting. Gastruan, Evans. & Cook spoke.

Cook's talk was especially good.

Kitch, Davidson, and I came home on the morning train, the next day.

At the Institute, I paid out - - for the County School Council \$1.50. - - - Macon Co. School Journal \$.50, & Popular Educator - - \$1.00. Also Drawing Book, \$.50.

At the Institute I became acquainted with Messrs. Harper, Briggs, Armstrong, Colman, & others: Also, Miss Ebert. I met Lillie Connover of Harristown there. Aug. 22, I met Mr. Burres. He did not attend the Institute regularly. He's a whopper.

Saturday night, Aug. 18, I went to a rally at Dalton with Uncle Lew Webb. A number came over from Macon in wagons etc., including several girls. Taylor, Clarence, Flemming, & I sang two songs on the platform. Thomas Lee & a Mr. Cochran spoke. The first badly. The second well. After we sang, we left the platform. Then I & Kitch & others shouted & halloed at a marvellous rate. We were away from home.

I have never enjoyed myself better at a rally than I did that night. We did not get home until 1 A.M. Sunday morning.

I have not been able to do near as much this summer as I intended to do. I finished Caesar, all forty lessons in Latin Prose, White's Pedagogy & so far – 35 Greek lessons, 40 German lessons, & some General Reading. *As---* *Character* by Smiles, - - *Through the Dark Continent* – Stanley, - - *Little Dorrit*, *Hyperion*, *Life of Dan'l Webster*, etc.

I have read quite largely in the magazines – especially the *Century*. I much admire the Lincoln Life and Kennan's Siberian papers.

1888

I read perhaps too much in the newspapers.
A fault I must correct is to read a little in one book, then in another, & so on.
I failed to get Turner School, owing to Carr's opposition, but was hired by the Macon Directors for the 2nd Intermediate room.

[Entries dated Sept. 8, 1888 through Feb. 15, 1891 appear in a second diary. The following letter was inserted between its pages. – ed.]

Omaha
February 24

Dear Jesse your letter
J. received was glad you
remember me I am well
and like my new hom very
much uncle and aunt has
gone to church your grand
pa gon Speak the words of
truth and holiness may god
bess his eforts his health is
good This is healthy place
to live you are in School yet
I wish you well thought of
you the night of the storm
i never seen such a wone it was
fearful your aunt said I was
making my will I will you
one thousand dollars and as
much more as you can get
give my love to your
mother and all the rest
of the dear ones I remain yours
Elsa A Lowe
And I was born 1813

[Elsa A. Lowe was Jesse's maternal grandmother. Jesse's grandfather, William Fletcher Lowe, was a minister. – ed.]

Sept. 8, 1888.

I feel confident now that Harrison and Morton would be elected if the elections should come off next week. But I'm afraid some blunder may occur that will materially injure our prospects.

I am taking the "Daily News" regularly. I think it as nearly independent as a paper can be. Through the kindness of Dr. Kyner, I get a copy of the N.Y. *Tribune* each week. It is the best Republican Paper I have ever read.

I was much dissatisfied with one or two statements in our Republican platform made at Chicago.

I didn't like the position it took on the Tariff Question; and thought it was rather milk-and-waterish on the temperance question. I thought then & still think that the tariff plank does not represent the sentiment of the mass of our party. But I favor tariff reduction and not free-trade. I detest the Mills Bill and am heartily glad the Senate will not pass it.

I hope the Republican Senators will bring out a tariff bill before the election. In Iowa & Minnesota, many of the farmers are complaining over the tariff; and I think the Senate bill would make Republican prospects brighter in the Northwest.

I predicted early this year that the Republicans would be badly defeated in November; but I think we now have a very good show for success.

Dec. 31 – 1888.

The result of the election was a happy surprise to me. For days afterward I could hardly realize the extent of our victory.

I believed before the election that Palmer would receive a great many Prohibition votes and I expected a close election of Fifer.

Two days before and one day after the election I feared Palmer's success. Results showed that my belief in the course of the Prohibitionists was well founded. I was delighted at Fifer's success as I look on him as an honest man and Palmer as merely a demagogue.

My opinion of Harrison was at its lowest just before his nomination at Chicago.

It grew steadily in his favor throughout the campaign and during and after the election.

I hope for several fruitful results to follow the accession of the Republicans to power. I look forward to the admission of Dakota as two states & also that of other territories. I believe it will have a tendency to cause the Democratic Party to change their tactics and loosen the bond of the "solid South".

I am much pleased with Geo. W. Cable's article in this month's *Forum* on "A simpler Southern Question".

I admire a liberal but truthful spirit, & I think Cable writes in that style. (To be a liberal man is not to be one who ignores the truth in any question in order not to wound the sensibilities of any).

Sherman's "Old Shady" in the N.A. of this year was grand and liberal.

Halstead's, Foraker's, & Chandler's articles were too partisan.

Hampton's, Watterson's, & Eustis's articles on the other side were slightly contemptible aside from their degrading doctrines.

I would like to see the following in Harrison's Cabinet---

John Sherman (Sec. of State), Warner Miller, Allison, Wanamaker, Hoar, a good Southern man, and a Californian. I would like Depew to be sent to the Court of St. James.

I think Depew's oration on "American Evolution" one of the grandest I have ever heard.

I hope the Republican Congress will act wisely on the Tariff Question and manage the surplus well.

1888

I want Canada to ask and receive admission into the Union. She will be valuable some time but is dependent by her natural position upon us.

I regard Canada as a standing menace to us and the sooner she enters the Union the better for all.

I want Mr. Harrison to remember the Civil Service rules and not only to defend by words but to live up to the principles of Civil Service Reform.

I am a proud to hold beliefs which I think came down from Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Adams, Webster, Lincoln, Sumner, & others. Depew is the exponent of views which I claim as my own.

Feb. 9, 1889.

I am not so well pleased with the idea of Blaine being Secretary of State. After reading in his "Twenty Years in Congress" my opinion of him rose greatly. He is certainly a brilliant man. But I fear he is not so solid as brilliant.

I want to see Sherman's fidelity rewarded and I would like to see him as Sec. of State with Alison at the Treasury. However it is about settled that Blaine will be "premier" and that Alison will not accept a cabinet position.

The Samoan affair has looked rather disagreeable. I think it is our duty to demand a strict neutrality at Samoa and see that it is kept. I believe that Cleveland's Foreign Policy has been rather weak. Cleveland has been, I think, honest and courageous, and I dislike the action of some of his party in condemning him, their superior.

I earnestly hope our Legislature will give us a chance to vote on a prohibitory amendment; but I fear they will not.

It will be a disgrace to our party and the cause of many secessions.

We are poorly governed, I think. Our legislative bodies accomplish so little. There is everywhere too much partisanship. We need more Independents in politics.

June 12 – (Omaha), 1889

I have reached the conclusion that Mr. Harrison is making a very fair President. I admire his independent spirit and his distinct individuality.

Many said that where "Mr. Blaine sat would be the head of the table" but time has proved the incorrectness of that opinion. Of this I am very glad for although I think is very able as Sec. of State I do not want to see him President. I do not know that I thoroughly understand Mr. Blaine. In 1884 I was a Prohib and as such believed it necessary to sneer at Blaine. Afterwards while working in Drinkall's Drug Store I read a portion of Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress" and in connection with this the fact that I came back to the Republican party soon afterwards – all this raised Mr. Blaine in my estimation.

I believe he is a smart, shrewd politician (I use this word in a sense in which I wish the word had hardly degenerated) but never-the-less a patriot and above all a gentleman.

I like the appointment of Lincoln to England, of Reid to France, and of Roosevelt to the Civil Service Commission. I did not approve of Halstead's appointment to Germany and I am glad that the Senate rejected it although I think the arguments brought against him but some of the Senates and which had no doubt the greatest weight in defeating his confirmation – namely that he had bitterly attacked the reputation of some of the Senators in days gone by – were not what should have defeated him; But his personal qualifications alone should alone have been brought in as evidence.

A personal spite should never actuate a public servant in the line of his official duty.

I was gratified at the appointment of Senator Palmer to Spain. I look on him as one of the ideal American gentlemen. Just such a man as George W. Childs, Elihu B. Washburne, Wanamaker, Whitelaw Reid, Chauncey Depew, & others.

I am very anxious to have Judge Gresham elevated to the Supreme Bench. (He was my choice for the Presidential nomination in 1888). I fear Mr. Harrison will not do it

as I think he will be apt to look at Gresham in a personal way, not in a broad, statesmanlike manner.

Egan's appointment to Chili I thought a miserable one. It looks much like truckling to the low Irish element.

I don't have a high opinion of Fred Grant's ability, but I hope he will conduct himself creditably for the sake of our government and for the name he bears.

I deplore the appointment of Clarkson as Asst. Postmaster General. He is but a common (pothouse?) politician; and I fear the numerous removals he has already made have not often been done solely for the good of the service. The removal of Pearson at New York was very unjustifiable, whoever was to blame.

I was and am very much pleased with the President's Cabinet, especially Blaine, Wanamaker, and Windom.

What a glorious day we celebrated April 30th! How bright the virtues of Washington shine before all the world and what a glorious example and noble inspiration he left to his countrymen by his symmetrical life – grandly befitting one who was the first, the typical great man of such a mighty nation as we have become.

I felt that it was a glorious privilege to be alive and one of this great nation on our Centennial Day. It made me proud to think that I was an American and as such ought to be and was inspired by the noble examples – our legacy left us by Washington & his contemporaries.

I gave my pupils not only a strong lesson in patriotism by descriptions of the men and times of the Constitutional Period, but also above all we teachers got up a celebration in which many took part. This came off in the afternoon and we had a big crowd – The old brick building upstairs was jammed. The room was consequently very warm; And as the scholars were not used to reciting in public the entertainment was not very entertaining.

The room looked nice.

Miss Stouffer & myself aided by some of the pupils, wound ropes of arbor vitae around the posts, and we draped the south wall with the American flag with pictures hung in the looping. We also had a flag raised over the building.

I believe we as Americans have good cause for congratulation in the result of the Samoan Conference held at Berlin and I hope it will be an equitable and lasting solution of what was a vexed question.

September 8 – 89.

Just a year since I made the first entry in this book!

I am beginning to really admire poetry.

I have enjoyed reading Tennyson so much this summer. I've read some in Wordsworth today and I believe I shall enjoy it very much.

I saw Modjeska this summer in "As you like it," and Rhea in "Much ado about nothing". I think I got a great amount of good by hearing these plays. I think I will long remember the way in which some of the most important passages were recited.

I haven't much sympathy with a person who appears pleasant to everyone simply as a matter of policy. I like to see persons cheerful and genial simply because they feel well towards everyone else.

July 17 – 1890.

Almost another year since the last entry in this book. This is an illustration of a defect in my character. I am not steady. I do too many things by fits and starts.

I have been prompted to think of this book lately by reading the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. I feel inclined to continue writing in this and put in more personal matters than I have been doing.

No, I am not ambitious of writing a diary to be published after my death. It would require one with a genius equal to that of the poor young Russian artist to write a personal diary so readable.

This Last year passed uneventfully as far as I was concerned. I spent more time upon my pupils and they made more advancement than in the preceding year.

When school closed I had 2 or 3 days' rest and then went to work at taking the census of this township. How hard I worked all during June! Sometimes I felt that the work was wretchedly irksome. I don't want to have such a job again, soon.

July 18

Cora and Bertie Whitmer came down Saturday afternoon and stayed until Sunday afternoon.

I have not enjoyed the society of any young lady so much for a long time as I did theirs. They see and hear a great deal and besides are educated and well read.

I could talk to them with great satisfaction about current literature, magazines, literature in general, the stage, etc. I am in my element when I have educated people to talk and listen to. I enjoyed for a brief while the society of Mrs. Mary V----, for the reason that she had read very widely – mostly fiction to be sure.

However I think I generally wind up any intimate acquaintanceship of the literary kind by making an ass of myself – riding a hobby strongly – displaying too much conceit. Speaking of conceit reminds me of what Carlyle says in Sartor Resartus. "I have heard affirmed by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real increase of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twentyfive".

I have often felt that I richly merited being snuffed out by a barrel covering or something, for a season that I might emerge therefrom at the close of my probation less of an ass and a pedant.

An ambitious young person has such vague yearnings for something better, and a longing for a sphere to display the talent which he fancies he possesses.

I want just now to buy out the _____ and edit it myself. I imagine I could make it a success and a stepping stone to a position on an editorial staff, etc.

I want to be (if my earthly existence by of any duration) an educator --, and that leaves open to me any one of three careers – as a scholar, a minister, or a journalist.

I like school teaching – the power over young minds one possesses as a teacher.

I think the ministry offers a splendid career for a scholarly young man, inspired with heavenly zeal, and an ardent interest in suffering humanity. It is one of my fancies that I could make an orator. Ambition, and I fear it to a great extent alone, prompts me to the ministry. Nor is lacking urgent pressure by friends, ministers, & others to induce me to shape my course that way.

I envy the power that an editor holds. Men's opinions are governed to a great extent by the editorials they read. The extent to which this is true depends upon the partisanship of the reader – a thing which in this day is carried too far. I believe I could make a successful reporter, and as such I believe I would have a spicy life. Journalism as a profession would give me scope for the development of any ability I might possess in the literary line.

I can't help but dislike a rude girl. If there is any disgusting thing in existence I think it is a rude, slang-dispensing girl.

Men admire womanly women and them only. They may praise manly women, and laugh at loud women, but they reserve their true reverence to lavish upon a real woman.

One of the highest ambitions of a young girl should be to cultivate the purest of womanly instincts.

My ideal is a young lady – pretty, possibly beautiful – possessing these qualifications – (1) Womanly. (2) Ladylike. (3). Intellectual. I rank their relative importance in the order in which I name them.

How wise one is at my age! He knows his own frailty, that is knows it must exist but is only conscious of it when he looks back upon some of his past actions.

July 20

How I long to travel! I want to see some scenery. I can hardly restrain myself sometimes. The sight of a picture of a ship gives me a pang, for I want to take a voyage somewhere so bad.

I would be content however to begin in our own state. For instance explore the Illinois from Kankakee to Peoria in an open boat.

How I long for the society of intellectual people!

I have enjoyed the articles of Dr. Holmes in the *Atlantic*. One seems almost to be looking on and listening to the conversation of "The Tea cups".

I can not gratify my taste for poetry as I would like. I like to read poetry out of elegant editions with ample illustrations. I fancy that a week of genuine leisure in the spring of the year would be delightful. A little study, some noble reading, and rambles in the woods and meadows would make out a delightful programme. I should like to take my books of poetry and read them in the woods, beside brooks, or under shady spots in the pasture. Then I would like to stroll around in the moonlight evenings and (If must confess) dream dreams and build airy castles.

Aside from Shakespeare, I believe my favorite poet is Tennyson. I do not read his works very often for I have no copy. "The Brook" is the most delightful little poem! How noble is the poem beginning

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!

Books which I have read up to Dec. 31 – '88.

History & Biog.

Barnes' History of Rome

Gen'l History (partly)

Blaine's Twenty Years etc. (1st vol.)

Barnes' U.S. History
Greeley's American Conflict

Lives of –

B. Harrison (Lew Wallace)
G. Washington (Irving)
Empress Josephine
Goodyear (Pierce)
Webster (Teft)
Columbus (Irving)
Alexander (Rollin)

Fiction

Dickens – Little Dorrit, Little Old

Curiosity Shop
David Copperfield
Martin Chuzzlewit
Dombey and Son
Our Mutual Friend
Nicholas Nickleby
Great Expectations
Pickwick Papers
Shorter Stories

Thackeray

Vanity Fair
Pendennis

Bunyan

Pilgrims' Progress

Lytton

Last Days of Pompeii

Scott

Ivanhoe
Heart of Midlothian

Craik

John Halifax

Ward

Robert Elsmere

Cooper

The Spy
Last of Mohicans
Red Rover - ?

Longfellow

Hyperion

Stowe

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Tourgee

Fool's Errand
Bricks without Straw
Wallace
 Ben Hur
 The Fair God
Roe
 From Jest to Earnest
Eggleston
 Circuit Rider
 Hoosier School Master
Jules Verne
 Tour of the World etc.
 Twenty Thousand Leagues etc.
Duchess
 Airy Fairy Lilian
Porter
 Thaddeus of Warsaw
M.A. Flemming
 Carried by Storm
E.E. Hale
 In His Name
Hughes
 Tom Brown
De Foe
 Robinson Crusoe

 Swiss Family Robinson
Holley
 Samantha at Centennial
 " " Saratoga

 Miscellaneous
Irving (Besides what afore mentioned)
 Brace Bridge Hall
 Sketch Book
 Spanish Voyages etc.
 Conquest of Granada
 Crayon Papers
 Wolfert's Roost
 Knickerbocker
Coffin
 Boys of '76
 " " '61
Smiles
 Self Help
 Character

- Todd
 Student's Manual
- Wilkinson
 Prep. Course in Latin
 College " " "
- Longfellow
 Outre Mer
- Steele
 Political Economy
- Poetry
- Shakespeare
 The Henrys
 Richard III
 Julius Caesar
 Merry Wives etc.
 Hamlet
 Macbeth
 Merchant of Venice
 Troilus and Cressida
 The Tempest
 & others
- Tennyson
 The Princess
 In Memoriam
 "Break, break, break"
 Charge of Light Brig. etc.
- Longfellow
 Hiawatha
 Evangeline
- Burns
 Tam o'Shanter
 Cotter's Saturday Night
 Brigs of Ayre
- Extracts from Poe, Bryant, Whittier, Macauley, Holmes, Cary, Byron, etc.
- Scott
 Lady of the Lake
 Lay of the Minstrel
 Marmion
 Rokeby
- Sept. 8 – '89
- The Caxtons
 Bulwer Lytton
- Lucile
 "Owen Meredith"

1890

Les Miserables
Victor Hugo
Minister's Wooing
Mrs. H.B. Stowe

July 25

I read Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust" this Spring and admired it very much. The conversations are so sprightly and the thoughts of the professor are so liberal and so true. I have a strong desire to read "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice".

How strange a character Marie Bashkirtseff must have been! In reading her "Journal" one seems to see her full of life and ambition but as one condemned to die; and the consummation taking place before one's eyes. Truly this is a work "which no one who has a mind to think and a heart to feel can read unmoved".

"All seasons of the year, all periods of life are equally beautiful." So wrote the unfortunate young artist in 1874. Sometimes I feel the same way but not very often. One's life ought to be so regulated that all seasons all periods would be equally beautiful.

I wonder if Hawthorne has really written anything that I am capable of liking.

I have only read a few of the "Twice Told Tales" and I didn't like any of them. They seem so ghastly and gloomy.

I want to write something but I do not know about what to write, whether a story or something else. It is time that I was beginning to do something in that line. I need to try, to try. It would have been excellent practice (and something that I wished to do) to have written a History of Illinois for Intermediate Grades. A most interesting book could be written on that subject, and if I had the aid of a good library I should attempt it anyway. Do I think it would be accepted if I should want to publish it? There is no limit to the goal which one can imagine he would attain. However there is some such little work extant.

My three favorite magazines just now are *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, and the *Century*.

July 27

I am just reading "In the Tennessee Mountains". I think "Drifting Down Lost Creek" very beautiful.

I have never clearly understood what giving meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, hospitality to the stranger, clothing to the naked, what visiting the sick and the prisoner means where Christ gives the reasons in Matthew XXV for awarding to those on the right hand the "Kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world". Can it be interpreted to mean only fervor in religious exercise and prayer, readiness in class meeting, and zeal in revival meetings? This must certainly be the interpretation which very many put upon it. I think Rev. Hawes almost affirmed it to be the truth in a recent sermon and Rev. Spruill assented with a vigorous amen. I heard Dr. Adams a few years ago, touch upon the same subject and I believe he gave it a broader, nobler (as I think) interpretation. I regret that I did not give him closer attention than I did. He called attention to the fact that the test of worthiness was not "how loud had one shouted in revivals or with how much vigor had one protested his love for Christ." I can remember

no more of his treatment of the subject and often I have wished that that sermon could again be produced.

How sad that such a broad liberal-minded man has left this earthly existence! I did not fully realize what great opportunities were offered me in hearing Dr Adams preach. I feel confident that I should be better if I had only had such a wise noble man to listen to, and to clear away my doubts and unbeliefs.

By the way, I think I have received more good, more spiritual insight and faith in the Holy Scriptures from reading Prof. Fisher's articles on "Revelation and the Bible" than from any other one source.

I think the mightiest, the great invincible argument for the reality of the Christian religion is the visitation of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts and consciences of millions of human beings, "independent of time and place and of peculiarities of race and education," and the relation which such visitation bears to the noblest development of character and worth.

August 10

I have just finished reading "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains". Miss Murfree is certainly a writer of power. Her descriptions of scenery are very fine. She must be a realist, for her characters and plots are common-place, (How could they be otherwise and true to nature?) and not colored with the splendor of romance and unreality. One meets in her stories the primitive race of people that dwell in the coves or on the slopes of the forest-clad mountains of Tennessee. He sees them in all their rugged independence, their uncouthness and pitiful ignorance. The characters are not elevated above the average, but are painted, heroes and heroines alike, in their natural hues, their ignorance, and their sins. There is are found in these portrayals pictures of a people never before drawn by an artist's pen, the sadness and the charms of whose life have been grandly described.

The opening sentence of the Prophet of Gt. Smoky Mts. is felicitous, "Always enwrapped in the illusory mists, always touching the evasive clouds, the peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains are like some barren ideal, that has bartered for the vague isolations of a higher atmosphere the material values of the warm world below." The "prophet", Hiram Kelsey, is a touching character, a young man of violent impulses who, after a heavy domestic affliction, entered the ministry. His fanaticism and his alternating doubts, his gropings through ignorance and spiritual blindness after light when "Satan hunted him like a pa'tridge on the mounting", and his self-sacrifice and tragic death are admirably portrayed.

Dorinda Cayce is pictured with no attempt at idealization, a beautiful patient young woman, destined, as the story reveals, to suffer the shattering of her dearest affections.

How sad such a life must be to a beautiful, sensitive woman, who must ever have her womanly instincts shocked, and spend a life of toil suffering!

I think Chapter XIII is the finest in the book. The stormy night, the visit of her lover, the love scene, the lover's jealousy, the quarrel, and the firm stand of the sensitive girl, her visit to the justice's on the 'morrow, and her sad disappointment are exquisitely drawn.

Although one is almost tempted to think the story closes abruptly, still one feels at its close that these primitive scenes and people, a fertile theme, have received justice from the skilful pen of Mary N. Murfree.

September 14

I had a delightful ramble this afternoon. I went down the wagon-road to Walker and came back on the railroad track. It was truly a rural stroll. – I made the trip leisurely, stopping at bridges, etc. – and I had excellent company – Emerson’s Essays. I sat down on a truck at Walker and had a quiet season of enjoyment with my book. Then I started home about five o’clock. The ditches and banks along the track were lined with golden-rod, button snake-root, and physostogea – it was a beautiful sight. I couldn’t help thinking how much good the study of botany has done me. It has brought to my notice flowers and forms of beauty I never regarded before. The button-snake-root was profusely abundant, and as the rays of the setting sun lit up the purple spikes they seemed to catch the brightness and glowed with a rosy red.

I almost went into rhapsodies over Sartor Resartus. I carefully re-read it, and then wanting some one to share the enjoyment with me, I took it to Mr. Glenn. He says it is too tough for him, that it doesn’t suit him.

November 19

The Tale of Two Cities is second to none of Dickens’ other works in power and pathos. It seems to me that the characters most distinctly portrayed are Jarvis Lorry and Sidney Carton. Sidney Carton – what a pathetic picture! Brilliant talents, handsome form, dissolute habits, enslaved character!

The gloom of his existence is lightened with a pleasing though melancholy tinge by Lucie Manette; by his love for her innocent self, -- a love unrequited (how could it be other?) but responded to by an increased pity and commiseration.

How exquisitely drawn his end! The night before the trial, the walk in the moonlight and the shadow, the thoughts of childhood, the recurring lines of the burial service heard of old at his father’s grave, – the scene after the trial, the innocent farewell to the insensible mother, -- the desperate scene at the jail, -- the recognition of his noble self sacrifice by the poor little seamstress, and her innocent clinging to him for strength, - - the parting at the scaffold, -- again the lines, “I am the resurrection and the life: whosoever believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die” – the sea of faces – the blurred picture, -- and the sacrifice is completed. The wasted career is atoned for at its close. I count among the striking passages – in addition to those already named – the opening chapter – the opening lines – The Mail Coach – its stoppage – “Recalled to Life” – the night shadows – the constant repetition of the mysterious dialogue – the broken cask of wine in the street – the shoemaker – the trial for treason – Monseigneur in Town – In the country – the scene at the fountain – The Gorgon’s Head, the addition of another stony face – the storming of the Bastile – the murder of the commandant – the punishment of “Villain Foulon” – the grindstone, -- the Carmagnole, the Tribunal.

November 23, 1890

I am twentyone today. I have really looked forward to this day for some time, not because of any increased importance to be attained, but because it confers upon me the legal rights of a citizen. I no longer have only an opinion in public affairs, but I have a voice.

Imagine what a blow my dignity received lately when a lady spoke of my face as being that of a child's, while another at a subsequent time accused me of having a baby face. I like to look young. It doesn't always pay for an ambitious fellow to look young though. If I should get to go off to school, I would prefer to look young.

I have had attacks of depression, -- low spirits -- this fall several times. I want to go off to school very badly. Lately I have been building up hopes, perhaps air castles, from a scheme which was once suggested to me. I have been thinking of trying to borrow money enough to run me through one year at Ann Arbor next year. Then probably I could command a position that would pay me enough money in a year to pay off my debt. I could then borrow again as before. Perhaps I could also do by that time some coaching work that would help me out in my expenses. All of this of course presupposes that I live and have good health, and that Clarence make good wages and be able and willing to give the home folks assistance enough to keep them going. I do hope my plan will succeed well. I do not know what will become of me if I have to stay at home another year. I am becoming tired of school teaching and I think one year's intellectual stimulus at college would freshen me up wonderfully.

This is my plan -- if I am spared --

1st to negotiate a loan of 350 dollars before time for hiring for another school year comes around, 2nd -- to dig in and work with might and main, and try to pass the entrance examination at Ann Arbor.

I think such an event as all this would be too good. I almost fear to even hope it, but I do never-the-less hope and pray that it may succeed. This scheme has lately been before my mind, and I have done or can do nothing but dream over it. I have a great amount of ambition. I fear sometimes my ambition and my pride keep me from a nobler development of character, - keep me from an inner communion with God. I do not know how to accomplish the self-renunciation which I feel to be necessary in order to put my will in harmony with the Divine will. But I pray God that he open my eyes and give to me that perfect knowledge which passeth all understanding, -- that he pardon all my worldliness, temper my ambition, and give me the accomplishment of my strong desire -- a full University training.

Feb. 15, 1891

I went to Springfield last week to testify before the U.S. Grand Jury on a case of refusing to answer the questions I as an enumerator, put to James King. I for the first time saw Springfield and the Legislature in session. I spent from eleven until one in the chamber of the House, and was present when the Senate came in and the joint session began. Four ballots were taken while I was there, the result each time being: -- Palmer 101, Oglesby 100, & John P. Stelle 3; no election.

This part of my Springfield trip was very delightful.

I read Howells's "A Modern Instance" recently. I don't like it very well. It is realistic, and no mistake, but I'm not well pleased with such stories. I don't mind a little of the ideal in the novels I read. That's what novels are for; to afford us to retreat from the wearisome real where we can forget our troubles in a should-be-atmosphere.

We teachers organized a Township Teachers' Association last October to meet monthly and discuss school work, and study part of the State Teachers' Reading Circle Work. I have given the latter considerable attention. The first author studied -- Hawthorne -- did not please me. His life in its attitude towards the questions of his day is very disappointing to me. Then I have been unable to derive ~~any~~ much pleasure in any of his works so far. One allegory -- "The Great Stone Face" -- I liked. "Rappacini's Daughter" is horrible, and "Howe's Masquerade" has no excuse for its existence, I think. "The Scarlet Letter" is gloomy and sickening. I can see but small good arising from the contemplation of such a plot.

Emerson has been very stimulating to me. The little I have studied of his life fills me with a great admiration for him. What I have read of his work has given me a mental and moral uplift, for which I can but be grateful.

The reading of two of Lowell's Essays has also wonderfully stimulated me. The life of a scholar has great attractions for me. I want to reach the plane of thought and action to which Emerson and Lowell invite all who are aspiring.

I admire Longfellow's character, his gentleness, his songs for the masses of humanity. I find myself at times, though, regarding his poems, or many of them, at least, as rather weak, and lacking in intellectual force. I like Tennyson. He sings so sweetly and yet with such depth. I never tire of some of his shorter outbursts. "Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O, Sea", I admire very much, while "The Brook" always brings up to my mind pleasant images of delightful nooks and grassy places.

Ruskin has done me much service. I first read "Ethics of the Dust", and the beautiful thought and spirited expression attracted me. I have since read and much admired "Sesame and Lilies".

I believe the past year has been a great one for me, intellectually.

Emerson, Ruskin, and Carlyle, -- each has attracted and stimulated me. Poetry has opened wider to me ranges of beauty, and love for nature and flowers open for me endless sources of delight.

On the other hand, this past year has been in some respects the worst of my life. I have had gloomy attacks, times of galling self abasement, moments of fretfulness over my lot. Sometimes I don't care, seemingly, to live; other times full of hope and enthusiasm.

1891

I need companionship and congenial society. I need to hear good helpful sermons, not empty reiteration. I need some one to advise me, some one whose character would impress itself on mine. I hope this coming year will be full of that which will make me nobler, morally, & intellectually.

[After a gap of approximately two years, the third diary begins with several quotations and undated entries. A clipping of the following poem is pasted inside the front cover of the diary. – ed.]

The Wind

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then, blow it East or blow it West,
The wind that blows----that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone----
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me was favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And, blow it East or blow it West,
The wind that blows----that wind is best.

Caroline Mason.

The question sometimes arises. Should not a picture of some loathsome thing have the same quality said to be resident in such things themselves, namely, a grewsome fascination for the beholder? Then, too, must the villain in fiction be so contemptible that his contemplation disgust the reader?

Uriah Heep is to me so disgusting a personage that I like to skip the pages where he acts his part. Yet I am not entirely justified in calling him an inartistic villain. He had a fascination for David Copperfield which one can imagine but not share.

A farmer's family – needs hired girl. The hired man, a Southdown, says he can fix it all right. So he goes down to his home, marries a girl, brings her back, and settles the vexed question. Girl is 15 years old, big, healthy animal.

Being a young man is an experience. Carlyle painted the true picture in Sartor Resartus, making allowance for his lavish use of color in the way of rhetorical exaggerations. Yet the contemplation of the tendencies of the ferment period makes one alternately a cynic and an enthusiast. - It is a disagreeable, delightful period. The purity of a young man[‘s] ideals is his glory, his hard-to-be restrained conceit is his constant mortification. I have often surprised my other self in the very act of pouring withering sarcasm upon the efforts of young men; e.g. When I have heard of actions of young men which abounded more in zeal than good taste, I have caught myself offering the sage conclusion – He’s a young man.

In commenting today upon a foolish letter one Rev. Agnew wrote to W.R. Goodwin concerning the use of tobacco by W.F. Gilmore, mater familia remarks; “Gilmore is as old as your father would be, were he alive, and Rev. Agnew is but a young man.” “That accounts for Agnew’s foolishness,” was my wise reply, and then I went out and pondered over the inscrutability of my wisdom.

In keeping with what is called the liberal tendency, novelists are not now under any restraint whatever, except, possibly, that of decency, in selecting materials and the dramatis personae for their stories. In fact the broadest range is encouraged, and it is from such a freedom from limitation that the distinctive American novel is expected to come. Many look for such when it does come to be a faithful transcript of – goodness only-knows-what dullness of insignificance itself. Therefore to hasten the coming of the kingdom, few types of American life are left to be portrayed, thought, it must be said, the zeal of the writers is often more commendable than the results of their labors.

Every one possibly has his friend, “Mr. Isaacs”, or one whose outline would be pleasing if genius should pen it, yet it seems that too many of our dear shabby old friends are deprived of the decent oblivion that fate kindly allots. In behalf of these persons and of those for whom all shades of mediocrity are compelled wearily to react their parts in the universal drama, I would cheerfully tender my thanks to those who are trying to stem of the flood of the commonplace. The fiction camera is doing no small amount in the way of laying the foundations of superficial judgments and unsound taste. “Much of our recent fiction is clever reporting,” says one of our critics, and with a secret sense of satisfaction do I see that charge made against Mary E. Wilkins’ work. The critic is none less than Stoddard. The criticized is enjoying a wonderful amount of praise from *Harper’s*, *Century*, and others, but I record my belief that she is the fortunate, and at the same time unfortunate, object of admiration which will be as short-lived as that of any fad. Reporting, her work certainly is, but a reporter is not a novelist. I take the great office of the latter to be that of an interpreter.

How has fiction been enriched by such characters as Jane Field? There’s not a single bit of color in the whole story, not a conclusion to be drawn, nor a single admirable character in the lot. Nothing but a picture of stiffness and severity which is certainly not born of very sane minds – perhaps it is a type of New England insanity; but what a subject for an artist?

As I was saying, we all know a “Mr. Isaac” and do not have to go far to find material for homely romances, if we have the genius to interpret what we see.

Some of my friends here would work up well into stories. There is old Mr. M. With his shaggy head, rough, but pleasant face, his square, thickset shoulders and body with legs wide apart, make him look like an old Tar who has been stranded far inland. He looks as if he had weathered many a rough gale, but he is a tender-hearted man, one of these plain, old-fashioned Methodists who sit on the front seats and punctuate the closing part of the sermon with sympathetic nose blowings. Albeit he is a philosopher too. He is an original thinker, although he has no education. It is delightful to hear him unfold his thoughts with the pleasant satisfaction of one who has made important discoveries, and don't mind giving other folks the benefit thereof.

Then there, too, is my pleasant, sweet-spirited friend Mr. G. With his Quaker belief, in which he is quite consistent, and his quiet, daily practice of what he believes right, he is a very interesting character for study. In fact one can but admire him, and be bettered by his company.

Last Saturday, while waiting my turn to be shaved, I overheard a conversation between two men, one of whom answered to the name of "Andy" while the other was called "Fletch". Fletch was in the chair, and Andy stood by talking to him, while the barber was doing his part. Fletch had been away for two years, down in Kentucky and was now back but for a few days before going "west." As they talked, Fletch said, "You didn't know my wife was dead?" "Why, no!" "Yes, I buried her a few weeks ago." "Is that so! Well!!", and there was a pause for some time, Andy gazing down with genuine sympathy at his friend. Then Fletch broke the silence in a tone full of gentle pathos, "That's why I'm going west, Andy". The genuine sympathy the one rough fellow showed the other by his silent gaze was truly touching, and I noticed when Fletch got out of the chair, his eyes were damp. But man-like, he swept away his emotion in a moment. Pointing to some second-hand revolvers in the show-case, he said, "You must keep a pawn-shop here. You ought to hang out your three balls."

Carlyle's constant theme was, "Now is the accepted time," like the great prophet with whom Carlyle might be compared with respect to outward appearance. He was a shaggy seer, thundering out his warnings, yet with a warm heart, and the noblest of impulses.

There are various species of intolerance. One I have to an unfortunate degree. I can't endure presumptuousness in persons who lack taste. I have such a respect for good books, that to hear shallow folks talk them down has a like effect on me that the red rag has to the bull. I am intolerant in matters of literary taste, and have to struggle with myself to be courteous with would-be authorities. "Verily," says Mr. Stupid, "your Shakespeare is a musty riddle, and I have no stomach for Dickens". Alas, for poor Dickens! "Frank Stockton is tame, quite tame, but for a pleasant book for Sunday afternoons, commend me to Annie Swan or to E.P. Roe." Thus shut out by self-erected barriers, they feed on refuse, and starve intellectually for want of exercise and healthful diet.

Dr. Hohnes advises one to carry a notebook with him and whenever he is in a felicitous mood, to preserve his thoughts for future reference. However, it would be well to store up material to be "delivered upon the mellowing of occasion", as for example when one

is called upon for an impromptu speech. At such times one's brain is apt to seem as "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage," and the moral of all this is concealed in the fact that the best impromptu speeches are generally made up of matter which has carefully been elaborated beforehand, and only awaits the inspiration of occasion to be moulded into pleasing forms.

A Stocktonesque suggestion, apropos of the above: A man of vague dreams and an "abstract ambition" who in anticipation of the unexpected demands upon greatness prepares an impromptu speech which the nonrealization of his dreams gives no occasion for delivery. Burdened by his latent strength of impromptu eloquence, he - - - plays his part.

I got a letter today from W. which was written under the conditions usual to early wedded life. The fair Angelica had looked over his shoulder, and made fun of his efforts; he had revenged himself by introducing her into the letter under a bantering nickname, and probably, by _____ well; it's not for single misery to contemplate; and she had had (of course) the last word by attaching a droll comment.

Query: How much did Hawthorne's long period of seclusion benefit his genius, and how much injury did it inflict?

Feb. 27

Headstrong genius is akin to headstrong folly. How shall one discriminate? The safer way would be to give the benefit of the doubt to the latter.

How can Germans become men when their youth is dwarfed by military service and all the petty tyranny which that implies? No wonder so many brilliant minds are content to emulate the patient stolidity of the ox; yet the ones for whom the ox toils should not complain at the services he bestows.

Feb. 28

The "Evolution of Liberty". "No man is capable of rising above the limitations of his native place." *** Civilization has gone backward as well as forward, but final results have always been forward. *** The Greeks were the most incoherent race of antiquity, for each Greek was a man. He thought for himself, and he would fain act for himself, and in all Greece there arose no mind great enough to unite these self-centered liberty-loving Greeks and make a nation of them. Hence the Greeks were not fitted to sustain a high civilization during the regular sequence of events.

Mar. 1

We need another great prophet who shall cry the gospel of small things. It is so easy to denounce evils that are some distance removed, and feel quite virtuous because of that, and at the same time encourage or even act out the same evils at home, even if upon a smaller scale. [A margin note at this sentence states: Later – see p. 22. This note refers to a quote in the March 8th entry which begins, "Are the executive branches..." –ed.] In

discussing some points of last night's lecture, the question was asked, How are the differences between capital and labor to be adjusted. I answered -- by everyone's living up to the Golden Rule, and I suggested that we hasten the coming of the happy event by observing it ourselves. I told Farmer B. that it was his duty to pay his hired men what the work was worth, whether the men demanded it or not. We had a serio-comic argument upon the subject, but I think the effect was good. My favorite theme is, Reform begins at home. We disregard the very basis of civil service in our local affairs, and at the same time demand of our representatives at Washington what costs tenfold more self-denial than would our local affairs, if conducted justly.

In morals we denounce impure actions from a safe distance, and violate the same laws at home. We denounce the rum traffic which we claim others support, and yet we lift no hand to arrest its progress in our home communities.

Therefore we need a prophet who shall preach to us, that now is the accepted time for reform, and that we ourselves are the actors and ourselves the acted-upon, that all reform must be advocated from reformed standards.

Upward struggle seems hopeless at times, and such a feeling of discouragement is simply dreadful. A stout heart will help one to accomplish much, but unaided efforts bring such feeble results!

Pity the man who is imprisoned in his own conceit. No walls so concealing and so impervious to the light and beauty of progress as those which shut in the man of intense self-conceit. Delighting in the sound of his own voice, he can but be listless while others speak, and be restored to animation only by the pleasant accents of his own voice. Yet it is pitiful to witness the poverty which such false conceit occasions; and this poverty is only the more real as it is unexpected by its unfortunate possessor.

Small towns can not boast of club-houses, yet the stores furnish a fair substitute for the metropolitan luxury. At D. & W's store, the loafer's club is made up of fairly intelligent material, and a pleasant variety in the way of subjects for discussion is kept up. One night it is graveled roads, another, the relation of capital to labor, and again, the use and abuse of pills, and so on. In a social manner, a great deal of information is disseminated, and men receive valuable training in expression. An intelligent man could make himself a power by "loafing" at just such places, taking part in the discussions, and quietly imprinting his teachings upon his auditors. In return for time spent in that way he would receive impressions, and get original views of his fellow men, and occasionally get new truths or old ones evolved from new conditions.

To arrive at the "heights" does one have to serve an apprenticeship to vulgar ideals? We say of a man that he is a striking example of what grit and energy will do, and we admire the man's dignified repose; yet we often find that his success was many times the result of unscrupulous shrewdness, of resort to methods which though successful were not congenial to good taste and refined motives. The moral, some would say, is that refined motives don't pay, and that they belong only to those who can afford such luxuries. Happily this moral is not entirely evident to some of us, or else faith in the success of nobility would not exist.

Mar. 4

A day of miserable loafing – trying to collect what was due me. A day spent in talking with friends and their and my affairs. A chilly day whose setting sun lavished the richest tints on the western sky. Another day's march towards the Unknown.

Mar. 5

“It is idle to ask of critics the abandon, the naïve instinct for beauty or impersonation that still exists in non-Teutonic peoples. For these things we begin to look to nations who are romantic rather than sentimental.” “Criticism is not interpretation, and still less impersonation.” [A margin note provides the following citation: Open Letter, *Cent.* Feb. '93 Fanny Morris Smith – ed.]

The above statements apply as well to literature as to music or art. There is a certain enjoyment, an appreciation of a fine piece of literature which comes from a naïve instinct for the beautiful – which is a synonym for the good and the true --, and in passing from this mood of abandon to naïve appreciation to that of critical appreciation, a certain delicate aroma is lost, however much gain in definiteness is had. [A margin note at this sentence states: See “Prophetic Pictures” Hawthorne. (Apr. 23) – ed.] Great artists have recognized the value of the unconscious criticism of ignorant persons, or of children, for quite often instinct excels reason because of its very simplicity. The frank judgment of children is often wonderfully correct. Not seldom do they discriminate with the inerrancy of revelation. So I fancy sometimes that it is not the critics who guide public taste, but that they follow and define it, and are at best but its servants.

Mar. 6

It is to me a matter of great regret that the soldiers of the late war have come to feel as they do upon their right to demand pensions. It is dreadful to think of the sacrifice of manliness which many must undergo who arrive at the conclusion that even able bodied affluence should receive its stipend at the public trough. I have always been willing to accord an equitable pension to worthy soldiers whose capacity for wage earning and whose resulting income are impaired. I would see no honorable soldier lack the necessaries of life. Beyond that I will not go, and I conceive that true patriotism should halt there. Sad it is that no voice of friendship speaks in tones of affectionate warning and that it is left to an executive elected by an ungenerous enemy to speak the words of truth!

Mar. 7

In moments when financial troubles are harassing one's self, the world appears such a selfish place. It seems queer to be weighed down by debt, while nearly all around one are without a sign of financial trouble. Then to feel one's self so utterly helpless so far as influential friends are concerned, to have both want and greedy ambition spurring one on in a doubtful race, that is an experience which seems hard in the passing through.

“Every fellow for himself.” “It's perfectly natural for one to look out for himself,” says some one, and all the rest nod their heads in approval of such practical wisdom. It is the kind of wisdom which fits citizens for the abodes of remorse. Better

death than to live until one's generous-blood curdles under the force of such common sense.

Mar. 8

Life as seen from the bottom of a cistern.

A would be novelist who can not think up a plot. Has a beautiful sunset scene which he might use if he could work up a plot in which to introduce it.

"Mr. Richard Mansfield concocted the entire play of 'Beau Brummel' to bring out the scene where the Beau, poor and forgotten, talks to the phantoms of his old companions."

Can we carry the hint farther and conceive, for example, that Shakespeare wrote "Richard III" to clothe a single unimportant dramatic situation as, "Stand back, my Lord, and let the coffin pass"?

Can the minor beget the major? Yes, -- When details are true to art, events of like truthfulness may cluster around them.

There is a beauty of the commonplace. A photograph thereof is but a sorry resemblance unless an artist has "touched up" the negative.

There is a wisdom in the commonplace. It is the province of the philosopher to abstract it.

There is a harmony of the commonplace which is one with the harmony of the spheres.

The spark of celestial fire animates even the clod. The worm has a certain dignity because of it.

The weed has grace. Salvation is not to the Jews alone. A peasant has donned the purple.

"Are the executive branches of our National, State, and municipal governments alone to blame for the spoils system? And in the general community are the bad people solely to blame for it? In fact does not a considerable part of the blame and the disgrace rest upon those who are classed among the "good"? Do or do not these same good people, or a large part of them, whenever there is a chase after a petty office in their neighborhood, join in the hue and cry -- if not in their own behalf, then, in a friendly way, in behalf of some needy neighbor who wants their names to his petition or their influence in his enterprise?" [Margin note citation: Topics of the Time, *Cent.* Feb. '93 -- ed.]

Mar. 9

A fresco on a wall. Night slumbers on the waters. Rocking lightly in his gondola, the lover breathes out his passionate music. Above the terrace, in a balcony, the gentle mistress drinks in the homage of adoration. The glimmer of coming moonlight accentuates the dreamy softness of the outlines. The very shadows suggest the mild scent of shrubbery, and the faint rustle of calm welling waters.

Strangely out of proportion is this spell of Italian scenery with that of unpacked boxes and rejected bales.

At last exigency rules out the contrast, and tinsel wall-paper covers over the scene. But still the gondolier sings and his mistress bends over in gracious compassion, and night breathes softly in her entranced slumber.

Mar. 10

Everything depends upon the point of view, or much does, anyway.

Janitor M. reports that a certain school is better managed this year than for years past. He bases his opinion upon the assertion of fact that less mud is carried in on the heels of pupils than in former years.

During my stay in one of the rooms of that school, Janitor M. was inclined to doubt my ability, because more coal was burned in my room than in the room adjoining.

Mar. 11

Was at Decatur today – loafing with an eye towards getting employment.

Wise reflection: How often one detects himself playing the ass to himself. A merciful dispensation it is that one may conceal his silliest thoughts, if he will, by neither uttering nor acting them.

“When you cannot understand a man’s ignorance, account yourself ignorant of his understanding.”

Coleridge

“We are always pleased to have a wholesome truth presented to us with such genial vivacity, so that we may feel ourselves less edified than diverted, and learn our lesson without the mortifying consciousness of ignorance.” Agnes Repplier [Margin note citation: Atlantic Mar ’93. – ed.]

Mar. 14

Nichts!

Mar. 15

“Inasmuch as the individual, having only a few years, can not wait for the world to become humane and just, he must adorn his own days with those virtues and thus create his own beautiful civilization, just and the traveler at twilight enjoys his own song. As the world will not die with you, it must not live with you. It moves too slowly; you must hasten, for your time is short. You are light armed. You can climb the mountain and see the morning while the valley is still dark.” David [Seving?]

Reading Howell’s Altruria reminded me of some of the perplexing questions put to me by Uncle Crooks and Aunt Margaret. Their questions, however, were not born of frank simplicity, but were rather to bring out weaknesses and satirize Americanism as it has worked out with the Declaration of Independence ostensibly its chart. Yet their irony revealed a measure of disappointment. They must have originally thought that somehow all men were practically equal in this land of the free; and I suspect more than one foreigner fail to realize their ideal in their adopted country.

Mar. 16

Last night I chased after a runaway horse which seem to be dragging an unfortunate being fast in the stirrup; after covering a half dozen blocks at a pace which was anything

but leisurely, I found that the hero in the case was a straw man. My delusion has furnished the wags up town no end of amusement. As a retaliation on neighbor C., I told the tin can-dog story on him, to an attentive audience. [Margin note: It was a sort of Don Quixote chase, in which my motives were as pure as those of the mailclad visionary. Mr. M. played the part of Sancho Panza, sans coat and hat, & like that worthy whight was disillusioned first, but unable to perform the same service for his principal.]

I saw a robin loafing among the bare boughs of an apple tree, and occasionally driving his bill deep into the rotten apples still clinging to the tree.

Mar. 17

Anent the closing of my school, a friend of mine whom I would never have accused of sentimentality said, "Don't you hate to part with your scholars?" This reminds me that boys are keen to such feelings of regret at closing of school, but they would be strange boys who would not conceal them. Last days of school have always been full of regret for me, and sometimes I have felt that too few ever shared the same feeling with me; but it is not so.

The "old-soldier element" has been a detriment as well as a help to the Republican party. The availability of candidates has too often been measured by their influence with the soldier vote. The results have many times been bad, and to the domineering stand of men who worked the "old soldier" dodge, I attribute many of the party's disasters. Our party's crushing defeat may be a source of strength to us, if we bring our ablest material forward to guide our future career. We have often been compelled to subordinate men who would push reforms in order to satisfy G.A.R. clamor for office. That state of affairs must hereafter be done away with.

Mar. 20

"One long quiet summer afternoon shortly after, Whittier joined us for the sake of talking about Dickens. He told us what sunshine came from him into his own solemn and silent country-life, and what grateful love he must ever bear to him." [Margin note citation: Mrs. Fields in *Harper*. Feb. '93 – ed.]

See clipping from The Spectator. (Scrap Book).

Laurence Hutton in the February *Harper's*, pays a tribute to Miss Wilkins' Jane Field, one statement of which is: "Even Hawthorne himself has never surpassed the description of the night of awful lonesomeness and morbid haunting fancies spent by Jane Field in the deserted house she had stolen from its rightful heirs." Yet he turns to another author with the statement: "To turn from the chill of New England piety to the cheerful and expansive charity of Mr. Walter Besant is to face the sunshine. His works have long been regarded in America as singularly healthful and simple." The last sentence is a criticism, though, perhaps an unintentional one, of Miss Wilkins' stories. Yet how can a "chill of New England piety," be healthful?

"He (Curtis) remembered Hawthorne as being quite as recluse at Brook Farm as elsewhere, always aloof and critical, inappreciative of Ripley's character and aims, and

holding him severely accountable for the loss of his own hard-earned investment in the enterprise. Hawthorne's distortions of the truth about Brook Farm in the Blithedale Romance he did not find it easy to forgive." [Margin note citation: J.W. Chadwick in *Harper's* Feb. 93 -ed.]

Mar. 21

Dickens regarded the world as a "humorous stage" whose actors furnish an ever varied amusement, each of his kind. The physical peculiarities of one man, the eccentricity, the hobbies of another, were to him legitimate sources for amused comments, yet the laugh at some halting actor was very sure to spring from a pleasant feeling whose undercurrent was sympathy. "One touch of sympathy makes the world kin". Did not Dickens possess that rare touch?

Mar. 22

I am disgusted with the craze which makes municipal and township offices matters for partisan contest. "We must do some active work for our ticket this Spring", said a friend to me the other day. I said nothing, but thought a little, and allowed a feeling of pity for my friend to have its place. What difference does it make to me who signs the orders for supplying the wants of poverty, only that he be a worthy, and an honest man?

Mar.23

I got a letter from Mrs. F. today which was stimulating and amusing. She said among other things: "Do you know that I think W.D. Howells is merging into premature dotage?" That amused me immensely since her remark was occasioned by "A Traveller from Altruria", over which I have been quite enthusiastic. I have read only two of W.D. Howells' novels, and I must say I received slight edification therefrom. I began them, too, with a very favorable opinion of the author, for I had been one of the constituency of The Editor's study, and had enjoyed his criticisms very much. My note books contain several extracts from the Study. But I did not like his novels, nor did I sympathize with him in his championship of realism. The *Traveler from Altruria*, however, seems to me to be full of valuable suggestions. Already I have planned buying a copy as soon as it has run its course in the *Cosmopolitan*. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* set me to thinking. Mr. G. and I liked it very much – he did not approve of Nationalism – thought true progress would be in the other direction, -- but he "got more satisfaction out of the book than from any he had read in some time". Last winter found me spending an occasional nickel in Bellamy's *The Nation*, while all the time I laughed at the absurdity of a fellow, who could ~~not~~ hardly get a subsistence, entertaining such chivalric notions of the rights of everyone, when existence was to him a clash and a scramble.

The Brook Farm episode haunted me, too, and I read Frothinghams's *Life of Ripley* and made copious notes therefrom, as well as from other sources. Some day I fancied I might write a book upon the subject, revive it with new interest, and assist in encouraging generous ~~ideals~~ aims and lofty ideals.

So that Howell's *Altruria* struck a responsive chord within me. The opinion Mrs. F. entertains of it does not, from my point of view, do her justice, or the work itself any injustice.

Mar. 24

Poverty has the deeper sting for those whose hearts are wrung by their inability to lavish comforts ~~of~~ upon those dependent upon their efforts.

Mar. 31

Last night the frogs trilled the first chorus of the season. It was a pleasure to hear them. This evening I planted my potatoes.

Trifles variegate human experience. They have their significance.

Apr. 13

The frogs have but three cavities in their hearts, I have four. All this cloudy day the frogs have been droning out their contented music; I have been working hard, and dragging around limbs stiffened by the strain of yesterday. As I stopped to rest, the satisfied refrain of the frogs was suggestive.

Apr. 23

A young man's strength is his confidence. The strength of the aged is the wisdom of retrospection.

I can not escape from my surroundings. The old parsonage back from the road at Stumptown is the Rookery at Blunderstone, and strangely enough it is the locality, the very corner behind the precious bit of green where Miss Trotwood lived. I can see Mr. Dick ogling from the upper window. Mr. Wickfield's house has always stood in my imagination where the house next to D. & W's drug store stands. Why I never could tell, nor why the Canterbury Cathedral should pick out such cramped quarters as those occupied by the Ruby Hotel. I wonder why Hilary Heckler's house should intrude in each of Miss Murfree's stories. It is the justice's home where Dorinda Cayce vainly awaits her lover during the long autumn afternoon, and before whose window the bush bears the last rose of waning summer. It is the cabin, too, whose light cheers the blacksmith's apprentice way up on "Lost Creek." Why will these places force their way into the fanciful surroundings of a tale?

I was talking with Henry C. who, by the way, is not credited with a saint-like character. He was telling of his love for flowers and wishing he had space and money to gratify his taste. "A person must have a mean, crabid disposition, that don't like flowers. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and so's flowers." His philosophy is good.

Our Man About Town says that all people may be divided into two classes, (1), Peter Bell and his relations, and (2) those who are not relations to Peter Bell and his relations. Who was Peter Bell? He was a peddler, so Wordsworth says, who traveled over the hills and downs of England and danced with Highland lassies by the mountain rills. Not a bad sort of a fellow he would have been, perhaps, if he had not been blind. He could see to peddle goods, to make change, and to pocket his gains, and to beat his horse, but he couldn't see any of the beautiful things that Nature throws in gratuitously along with the things that are merely useful.

“Nature never could find the way
 Into the heart of Peter Bell.
 A primrose by a river’s brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.”

A primrose, indeed! What good was a yellow primrose to Peter Bell? Not very much, of a truth. They don’t grow for such fellows as he, or the parson in the tale of the “Birds of Killingworth,” who “lopped the wayside lilies with his cane”, as he went to church.

Our Man About Town thinks that no small service the school can do for children is to train them to look about themselves, and to be alive to the wonders in the three kingdoms of nature. The result of all teaching should be to lessen the number of Peter Bells and their relations. He thinks most school boys and school girls belong to the other class. The boy that doesn’t like to catch turtles, or tadpoles, to cage up mice or snakes; to make collections of bugs, or to hunt wild flowers, and who knows nothing about the habits of birds is missing “lots.” He must be some relation to Peter Bell.

Apr. 25.

I am reminded of a dream I had once. In a hazy sort of way I became conscious that I was married – my victim was some abstract personality --, and in the vain effort to solve answer the self-propounded question as to what I should do with a wife; I awoke in a cold sweat of embarrassment.

Apr. 26

“Pray that ye be not led into temptation.” That is the true conservatism. Opportunities for resisting temptation will be numerous even if we never walk deliberately forth to meet them. We should not tempt ourselves with flippant discussions of sacred things anymore than with immoral novels. The theory is the same. “They that touch pitch will be defiled.”

It seems to me that we should hold in great esteem the refined, conscientious man who deliberately takes up the medical profession. He must share the secrets of sinful bosoms; he sees the canker where others see but bloom, and his finer attributes suffer from his perilous knowledge. Our primitive ancestors were fallen when the fruit of the tree of knowledge passed their lips. Even so in the experience of each knowledge comes and we fall farther from instinctive innocence. It is only the man of loftiest purpose and most chivalric feelings who is not debased by his brother’s downfall.

Truly the allegory of Eden is every repeating its abstract truth. “No man liveth unto himself,” and he who shares his fellow man’s worst secrets is contaminated already. Therefore we should recognize the heaven-born mission of the true physician, and pray that his love for truth and holiness be his tower of strength.

Apr. 27

Every now and then I find good illustrations of the truth that human progress is in an ascending spiral. The pessimist would say that history merely repeats itself, and that all

progress is in a circle. The optimist would say that progress is upward forward, but the true wisdom, it would seem, favors neither the one nor the other, but both.

My illustration is this: the greatest honor in uncivilized countries is accorded to feats of strength and manly endurance. Today the greatest honor which one earns under the very shadow of the domes of classic culture is accorded to feats of strength and endurance. Say what one will, no one carries so great a measure of his fellows' admiration as he who excels at the oar, the bat, or the goal. Yet no one avers that such heroes are not on a higher plane than those which lower civilizations honor. Our ideals seem the same, but these of the present are etherealized by the delicacy of the upper stratum in which they exist.

May 7

I spent Saturday night and Sunday morning (Apr. 29 & 30), at Charles Colby's, & the rest of Sunday and Monday until the afternoon at Foster's. Mrs. F. spent several hours reading to me from her *A Nineteenth Century Pagan*. The touching parts of the story seem very real to her, for she could not at times keep back the tears as she read. I scarcely know what to think of the story. The conception, I told her is good, and so I think. But her narrative is not smooth, -- sometimes stilted; its proportions unharmonious; set phrases are repeated; there seems a lack of uniformity in the presentation of details. The "Pagan" is certainly a loving study of Mr. F. I do not think from what I have heard of the story that it fulfils the expectation of the title. One chapter where Kirk George recites his belief or, rather, lack of belief, seems to be intended to show his alleged paganism, but that chapter can be considered nothing more than an incident. As such it is too long, and tends too much to make us suspect that the author seizes the opportunity to air her views. That can not help the story any. In fact the introduction of agnostics into novels has already been overdone. I am reminded at this moment that women and fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and back my statement by the fact that some of the boldest and mistiest of present day skeptics are women.

May 20

Last night after I had taken my bath I lay back in my chair, too lazy for the exertion necessary to go to bed, and looked at my bare feet in all their crooked homeliness. It does one good once in a while to look at his naked body. It gives one a suggestion. Were the conditions of climate and modesty radically changed, I think most of us would have readjusted notions of ourselves, brought about by the greater familiarity with our physical self. "Familiarity breeds contempt," and perhaps that would be the first impressions we would form of ourselves. But a study of comparative anatomy, using our friends and neighbors as models, would possibly keep ourselves in countenance. It reminds one of Carlyle's speculations on the world without clothes.

"Mr. Howells continues to write, and *The World of Chance* is a good specimen of his acquired and cherished style. It is the story of a young writer who comes to New York to try his literary fortunes. Some of the descriptions of his experiences seem unsurpassable in their truth to life; yet, on the whole, the story leaves that unsatisfactory, irritated feeling which we almost always find in Mr. Howells's writings of recent years."

N.Y. Christian Adv. – May 18 – '93

June 18

The grosser phases of materialism better me by the very repugnance they excite in me. One instinctively determines that the types of stupidity, of dullness, and of meanness which the realists hold up as the only true reflections of life are not true of himself nor never will be.

Tolstoi's Kreutzer Sonata is a horrible creation, dreadful because of the falsity of its assertions of the general, and dreadful because of its truth to the particular. In other words it is true to the life of many, but utterly false as a criterion of the life of the whole. If the latter statement is untrue, the noblest attributes of humanity do not exist. Let him believe that who can. I do not envy him.

Yet this book teaches a lesson, and very much in the way that Uncle V. learned to dislike tobacco. Grandfather satisfied his first ambition for the manly vice by presenting him with a pipeful of tobacco, and encouraged him to smoke. The nausea that followed retained a vivid impression in his memory. So can one thank Tolstoi for a healthy nausea of the immorality he paints.

June 25

"I think it is Ruskin who says, 'Ten men can think for one ~~who~~ that can speak, and ten men can speak for one that can see.' Children have in perfection this wonderful power of seeing, and it is only by continued neglect and suppression, that, as we grow older, we succeed in depriving ourselves of this precious gift. Afterward, the power is regained only by hard study and continued practice, and the artist who sees colors, and the naturalists who see living objects, have merely succeeded in recovering the receptive powers of their childhood, with the addition of names for the things seen. They have succeeded also, in conferring on themselves one of the greatest and most elevating of pleasures, something whose delights, and even existence, are unknown to the class represented by that worn-out Roman debauchee, who vainly offered a fortune for a new sensation." [Margin note citation: Ernest E. Thompson – *Scribner*. June '93 – ed.]

Aug. 16

"Along the road which ~~many feet~~ Mr. Howells has pointed out, many feet now follow. It has become easy for the imaginative person to see the pathos, the humor, the tragedy that lie in the ordinary and the commonplace. But it will never be easy to reveal them to the unappointed vision of the commonplace themselves." [Margin note citation: Lawrence Hutton *Harper* May 93 – ed.]

Sept. 17

The existence of appetite proves the existence of food. The longing for God, the spiritual thirst of mankind in all ages, prove the existence of God, and the ultimate satisfaction of the spirit's longing.

To satisfy our highest yearnings, we attempt to embody the Infinite in a finite form. We build up from religious teaching and from our notions of the ideal a conception of a finite infinite being and we call him God. God is he, but something immeasurably more. "It hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive what God hath in store."

Let be the herds and what the harvest brings;

Give to oblivion all that's sold and bought.
 The count of unrememberable things; --
 Our better birthright is this day's report!
 Live our sires in us? Keep we their old skill
 To know occasion's whisper and be great?
 Can our proud blood in one contagious thrill
 Put admiration in the eyes of fate?
 Wide is our realm, the twin seas feel our yoke,
 Aye, and the oarless ocean of the North;
 Are we then mightier than that scattered folk,
 That fringe of clingers by the sea beach froth
 Whose loins begat us? Let tomorrow show
 If their stern arts hereditary grow.

Chas. Leonard Moore

Forum – July '93.

Oct. 27

The sublime sayings, the wonderful deeds of Christ, proclaim his God-like nature. The narratives of the Evangelists carry with them the irresistible power of truth. No man could invent such; no one has ventured to call them tales.

Should a man, gifted with the highest and best culture of this age, be asked his notions of how a God should act were one to come on earth, I believe he would inevitably turn to the records of Christ's life for his answer. The human Christ of the 1st Century satisfies the 19th Century's notions of the divine. Do our churches offer us the Christ, the Christ of the wayside, beside the well of Jacob, at the board of despised publicans; the Christ of the Mount, the Christ of good deeds, of soul moving charity? The Christ of Golgotha alone do we hear. We hear his dying groans; we see him in the agony of an awful death, and we are told that his sole mission on earth was to die to appease our Heavenly Father's wrath toward us. We are forbidden to glory in aught else but the cross of Christ, but what of his loving, his infinite compassion, his tenderness which would alone proclaim his divinity, do these not save also? Did Lincoln's death save the nation? In a reverent spirit, let us ask if Christ's dying agonies, only, save the sinful world?

It is the living, moving, human Christ that saves as well as the Christ who meekly endured the worst that human malice could inflict, and set a solemn emphasis upon his life by dying for his persecutors. Who could not love Christ?

A literary man who has no noted friends upon whom to fatten his pen.

The sparrows were the comrades of the leaves in the wind swept gutters. It was hard to distinguish them as they were hurled before the blast.

Busy agencies pry into every nook and corner of the earth, open closet doors, and send out a varied collection which may be inventoried as useful metals, junk, pearls, old iron, flotsam, jetsam; yet underneath all this, in a setting of partisan tints embellished by irresponsible news takers lies current history.

Nov. 12

Took a walk over the fields during a drizzling rain and gathering darkness.

Tumbleweed, rifled corn rows, blades and husks piled along margin; timid rabbits cowering underneath the drift of grass and weeds and blades of corn; the hissing of the rain drops as they fell; the sound from the corn field as the swashing of waters on a sandy shore; the bared trees with here and there a solitary apple clinging to the boughs; the rattling of seeds as they fell from the dry hard seed pods which swayed in the wind and rubbed against each other; the willows still holding their yellow leaves to which the Artist of the Beautiful is yet to add one more and mellower tint, before they fall to the earth; the dripping brush heaps which hide the timorous beasts; the seeds of the boxelder holding fast to the mother twigs; the smell of decaying leaves and dampness; the feeling that there is a beauty in Nature's melancholy mood; thoughts of Thoreau, the mystic and the worshiper of Nature;

Notes made a year ago: Toiling up dry bed of a creek; scampering of squirrel under the hazel bushes; delicious perfume of wild-crabapples; a bend in the creek; a pool sheltered on the north by wild-crab trees, reeds and dry weed stalks on the south bank; the resort of birds; just now a rendezvous of black birds who are making up a party for the south; on-lookers and well wishers; the captain musters his men in the stubble hard by; sparrows and titmice look on from the hedge and neighboring trees, and cheer the evolution of the squadron; a solitary jay criticizes; a crow in a neighboring tree croaks contempt for the concerns of the small fry; pleasant leave takings; wind through rustling corn stalks mimics the roar of the sea. Frost had reaped the colors from the late clover blooms; wheat looked green from undulating swells; weeds stood up with seed-pods wide open, showering their gifts in prodigal abandon. Weed swamps are miniature forests containing prostrate stems and sturdy patriarchs. The pools in the woods cumbered with leaves are deserted by their crawling denizens, save that now and then a strange fellow might be seen capering over the muddy bottoms; crabapples and acorns float in the slime.

Nov. 22

There's a funny side to the experiences of a sick man if he can only put himself into the mood to see it. First there are the remedies prescribed by well wishers. Grandmother advised two asafoetida pills for me and was somewhat ruffled at my refusal to indulge. Then another amusing thing is the custom which prevails here of flocking in on the sick and boring them exactly in proportion as they feel ill. On Tuesday I had four kindly calls at the door and ten persons came in and "sat awhile."

Nov. 26

Our village calaboose has a tenant now, one who is possessed with an obstinate intention to languish there until our village authorities shall compel him to vacate. I say "languish there" – that's the term commonly used --, and I think there is little misery attendant upon such a course when it is pursued in a warm, cozy nest with newspapers, cigars, and the best cookery of the best hotel of the village to fortify the inner (consciousness, perhaps) conscience. In the belief of the prisoner, Painter Phillips, the future has in store for him rich compensation, said compensation to be doled out by the courts of the law. It's all

about a dog license, - the lack of one on Phillip's part, and the value of the edicts of the village council is at stake.

Can our authorities clap an extra tax upon village dogs, and fine the owners of said dogs for refusing to pay it? Andy Mills says they can, and he's a Decatur lawyer. He ought to know considerable law for he stands high in politics, and graces the carriage of distinguished guests at many a Republican rally. Phillip's has legal advice to back him, and speaks confidently of a time when the "city'll pay for this."

In the mean time all good citizens discuss the affair at every meeting, and vote Phillips an obstinate fellow. It has given food for the village wits, and the local paper has written up the matter, not neglecting to call the calaboose "the village Bastile," all of which was to be expected.

If Phillips was of a speculative and observant turn of mind, he might jot down his reflections upon life in a pine calaboose with a fat constable for a turnkey. I think the result would be good reading.

Nov. 30

A four mile tramp to get in touch with nature and put myself in a good humor with mankind in general. Patches of snow on tree trunks or clumps of scattered leaves; the small birds feeding and chattering in a happy subdued tone, which had a far away effect. First in one direction and then another one heard the reports of guns which told that some were giving thanks to God by blowing out the life of some of His most inoffensive creatures. The frost had just been severe enough to form ice needles on the water, and some of the pools had a covering of mosaic - brown leaves and interlacing needles of crystal. The slight fall of snow on the branches, tree trunks, and the ground beneath gave the woods a more fanciful appearance than is their wont. I saw several blue jays. Occasionally one would fly on ahead and spreading out the tails of his blue surtout carefully, alight on a bough with a prodigal display of his light underclothes. One lane had subdued effects in color. There was the dull brown of the hedge rows, the gray and yellow of the grasses and weeds, the white of the snow, and a strip of short spreading weeds which showed purple in the contrast.

Dec. 17

The priest and the school-master envy each other. The one envies the other his bachelor life, his quiet hours of study and abundant time for reflection. The other in turn longs for the fuller, wider sphere of activity. Chants and mumbles long prayers from his missal with nervous speed, and takes his cigar with tremulous energy. Has a secret.

"Men who are very much in earnest can see but the excellence of their side of the question, and all the defects of the other side. They are very disagreeable people to meet." It was Mr. G. talking "Quite true," said I. "The same thought occurred to me the other day (it was on the cars as I train pulled into Decatur), but I stated it to myself somewhat differently. I was struck with the fact that earnestness is usually unpicturesque." There is possibly a compensation in this somewhere. We can not weigh motives, and are not entitled to judge of a man's goodness by his zeal for a cause. Sometimes enthusiasm for a cause is born of a sublime confidence in the value of one's

conclusions. Egotism harnesses men to the chariot of blind reform, and fortunate is it if the blind leaders of the blind do not ditch their sacred undertaking.

But following up the suggestion before made and we conclude that indifference or laxity is picturesque, something I wished to be excused from explaining. I have always enjoyed Pickwick, convivial scenes and all, and never thought of taking umbrage at the immortal Pickwick himself for getting “unco’full”. At least I never did until some one suggested that such conduct was shocking, and I am not sure yet that I feel very sad about the failings of my benevolent hero.

Dec. 24

The death of George William Curtis has not yet ceased to be a personal loss to me. The absence of the Easy Chair is sorely missed. *Harper’s Monthly* is like an old friend from whom one has grown somewhat apart but whom one loves, and wishes to regard as highly as in days of yore.

Then I must confess that I miss Mr. Howells, though he did preach from his Study a doctrine quite at variance with my cherished sentiments. His novels do not “set well” on my mental stomach, and I like castles in the air too well to appreciate the beauty of materialism. Yet – he took such a comprehensive view from his literary watchtower, and preached his favorite theme so disinterestedly!

I owe much pleasure to Charles Dudley Warner’s sketches, but have not yet succeeded in reconciling myself to his elevation to the Study Chair. He brings with him his genial spirit and belief in the essential poetry of things, but, alas, too often he jokes like a newspaper man, and that will never do in cultured old *Harper’s*.

Dec. 31, 1893

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler, than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by
 Life’s unresting sea.

The thought expressed by the Altrurian is that under our social regime it is only women whose labors are altruistic. Little things observed now and then seem to corroborate this. A man is very hospitable, we will say. But it costs him little and his wife much more. One has noble or benevolent tastes, and while the library is augmenting or the cause gaining financial aid, it is usually the woman who recoups the outlay with her self-denial.

The world is not made moral as we fatten capons. This is particularly true of children and youths. Any plan of teaching morals which superinduces indifference is worse than no plan at all.

I read yesterday for the first time from Matthew Arnold’s Essays.

Wednesday and Thursday of the past week I spent in Springfield.

Jan. 21

In Lowell's "Letters," he says, speaking of the French generally; "The French are fearfully and wonderfully made in some respects, but I like them and their pretty ways. It is a positive pleasure (After home experiences where one has to pad himself all over against the rude elbowing of life) to go and buy a cigar. It is an affair of the highest and most gracious diplomacy."

Editor Stead said among other things, at a lecture in The People's Institute, Chicago, Jan 16: "It seems never to penetrate the mind of the average American citizen that anything is wrong that is not illegal, and that he can rightfully persist in any course of conduct that will not land his precious carcass in jail. To go to the extreme limit of the line drawn by the statute, to lean over it as far as possible without falling on the farther side, is to be esteemed a "smart" man in the American acceptance of the term and to receive the plaudits of one's fellow citizens. It is a noticeable fact among Americans and Chicago's citizens that they have absolutely not even the most elementary conception of their duties toward one another, and they deem it the proper course to 'do' their neighbors whenever they opportunity offers. They have become so crusted in conventional ideas that when a plain man, in language no stronger than that used in the scriptures, gave utterance to the truism that the frivolous society woman was worse than the outcast, it was asked if the speaker was not crazy, and he was told there was no longer room for him in Chicago. He said the worst people in Chicago were not the thugs, thieves, crooks, or outcasts; but could be divided into two classes – the idle rich and the predatory rich. He had no word to say against the rich men, and many of them act as if they were stewards of God's bounty. But for the predatory rich, who use their riches like a bandit his carbine, to possess themselves of the riches of their neighbors, and of the idle rich, who, instead of using their wealth for their fellow man, spend it in their own gratification, he had no words strong enough for condemnation.

Jan. 28

A picture in Judge entitled The American Race represents a sober worn-looking American gentleman in flying pursuit of the silver dollar which is rolling down hill ahead of him. This reminds me that we Americans are keenly alive to the humorous side of our frailties. But our humor is indifferent to a serious view of the moral. We take the impudence of spoilsmen and placehunters in goodnatured despair, and submit to gross misgovernment with humorous indifference. We deserve the comment of Max O Rell: "Americans are lions governed by bulldogs and jackasses."

I sometimes think that our custom of speaking jestingly of "having a jagon," or of being "full as a goose" etc., is a serious one. Apathy, good humored at that, is a dreadful thing to combat. The cause which has not passed beyond the point where jests are discarded has still a long road to travel.

Feb. 18

"To match the splendors which science has brought us in this ear of inventions, we need a splendid type of intellectual character. We need a larger apprehension of the full heritage of the human race, a larger understanding that power takes many forms, and that the bank

account is not the only measure of the resources of the man. The one poverty of our rich American life to-day lies in the ignorance under which multitudes of our people labor, that there exist deep and lasting and ever-ready satisfactions which are not matters of money or bodily pleasure; and that the chief aim of our material success is to enable us to command these high resources – that the stately house is built, not for itself, but for the life which is to be lived in it. **** In the impressionable years of youth, before the hard strife for place and power begins, before the conflict opens in which the immediate affair too easily fills the whole horizon, and in which the struggle is for the personal advancement of the individual, there must be a training in which the strife of man with man is reduced to the utmost, in which the activities take the most generous and disinterested form. *** There must be a period, of no hurried compass, during which the chief concerns of the fresh young mind shall be concerns of thought, during which the doctrine that human life is a system of manufactures and the exchange of commodities shall, for good and all, be anticipated by the silent growth of the larger doctrine that modern civilization is a complex system, in which the splendid technical activities of our age are stretching the warp which is to be shot through and through with as fair a thread of the disinterested intellectual life; in which the narrower view shall be forever made impossible by the vision of a broader horizon.

Prof. Wm. Gardner Hale, U. of C.

March 1

It seems to have been the pleasure of an all wise Creator that man should have an environment wonderfully rich in possibilities, but that these should be unfolded and revealed only through the slow progress of ages and by as the result of man's most ardent and disinterested research. It seems peculiarly true, in these days of far reaching discoveries, that one of the greatest gifts from God's bounty is the privilege of serving one's fellow man. What wonderful boons the scientists have conferred in inaugurating the dawn of an electrical era. Yet it seems that one's immediate surroundings, the simplest forces of nature await only the summons to confer undreamed benefits upon us. The trees unfold their leaves and spread their stout roots and millions of tiny rootlets through the dark soil to draw in the supply of nitrogen for use in her green stems, her blossoms and fruit. Every living animal is governed by its craving for nitrogen. The laborer seeks it in his meat, his wheaten bread, his peas, beans, and various other vegetables. Yet the ocean of atmosphere which envelops us and within whose depths we lead a calm and orderly existence is a lavish storehouse of nitrogen which ministers in part to the needs of plant life and serves as a buffer to that active consumer of tissues, oxygen. He who will teach us how to draw from this magnificent store house will serve his race as only emancipators can.

A bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln stands on Colton Hill in the old historic city of Edinburgh. It commemorates the service of old Scotia's sons in the American civil war. It is a grand acknowledgment that the cause Lincoln represented was wider in significance than the rich country it seemed to save. The civil war was fraught with immense good or ill, and its successful prosecution was a triumph for mankind. "It was for the highest interest of the world that America should succeed."

March 11

Last Sunday I was out on the road again. The wind blew steadily from the south. The middle of the road was spongy. The hedge sparrow could be heard now and then. The woods were bare but the creeks were full. At the foot of some of the trees lay shreds of hedge apples, which had been torn the way of the grain. This facilitated the extraction of the seeds, and the hulls with slit sides betrayed the activities of the squirrels who got mealy kernels for their pains. At one place I found undisturbed the very spot where I lay on the grass, and drew up a billet of wood for my pillow.

March 22

I found a sentence which aptly states a thing I have wanted to put into words: "Fiction is nothing but philosophy placed within everybody's reach, and demonstrated by facts." It is a part of a sentence from one George Sand's letters to Mme Bentzon. (*Century*, Jan. '94). In this same letter Mme. Sand states her religious belief thus: "God, a God who knows us, whom we can love, to whom we can pray, and who, while being all things, is also himself, and wishes to see us be ourselves. An active, honest, courageous, and unselfish life; the duty of enlightening and of elevating our soul, which of course is immortal, and which will survive us with the consciousness of itself. No hell! Infinite mercy in the necessary law of progression. Expiatory punishments for the souls which have failed to recognize their own divinity; a more rapid progression toward God for those who have greatly striven after good."

Mr. James reminds us that "there are two kinds of taste in the appreciation of imaginative literature; the taste for emotions of surprise, and the taste for emotions of recognition." ***** Lowell has protested against that zeal which seeks to explain away every myth as a personification of the dawn and the day. 'There's not a sliver left of Odin,' he declared.

Or else the core his name enveloped
Was from a solar myth developed
Which, hunted to its primal shoot,
Takes refuge in a Sanskrit root,
Thereby to instant death explaining
The little poetry remaining.
Try it with Zeus, 'tis just the same;
The thing evades, we hunt a name;
Nay, scarcely that – perhaps a vapor
Born of some atmospheric caper.

From Brander Matthews on Andrew Lang.

[Margin note citation: *Century*, Jan. '94]

Extracts from Lowell's Lecture, "The Function of the Poet" – *Century*, Jan. '94.

"When a great poet has said a thing, it is finally and utterly expressed, and has as many meanings as there are men who read his verse. A great poet is something more than an interpreter between man and nature; he is also an interpreter between man and his own nature. It is he who gives us those key words, the possession of which makes us

masters of all the unsuspected treasure-caverns of thought, and feeling, and beauty which open under the dusty path of our daily life.

Those poets who deal with human character, as all the greater do, continually suggest to us the purely phantasmal nature of life, except as it is related to the world of ideas. Is not Lear more authentic and permanent than Lord Raglan? Their realm is a purely spiritual one in which space and time and costume are nothing. What matters it that Shakespeare puts a seaport in Bohemia, and knew less Geography than Tommie who goes to the district school? He understood eternal boundaries such as are laid down on no chart, and are not defined by such transitory affairs as mountain chains, rivers, and seas.”

“When the poet comes, he always turns out to be the man who discovers that the passing moment is the inspired one, and that the secret of poetry is not to have lived in Homer’s day, or Dante’s, but to be alive now. To be alive now, that is the great art and mystery.”

“The practical is a very good thing in its way – if it only be not another name for the worldly.”

Apr. 5

Leisure is not the least of the gifts of the Gods, nor is it recklessly distributed in my vicinity. I haven’t time to think, to build up, and lift myself up. I can’t do anything by halves, but must perforce throw myself into the breach and dissipate myself most ignominiously.

A journalist should be able to look at things dispassionately. He should have a sense of proportion, and of the fitness of things, so that an indefinable something will distinguish his description of a dog fight from that of a president’s inaugural.

If a man should arrive at greatness unawares, his friends should religiously refrain from brushing aside the bloom of his innocency. The world is cold and cruel, and it has bestowed slight things out of its stores upon many a servant of truth, yet it has discharmed more geniuses by its adulation than it has starved by its neglect.

There is a tendency abroad to regard the monitions of conscience as quite praiseworthy, but not to be taken too seriously.

Apr. 6

In the gathering dusk the robins sang their evening songs, tender and cheerful, with many tones of endearment and gentle admonition. Your true optimist, he is, - so much better a member of society than the skulking fellow yonder, who worships the Virgin Mary and robs his fellow man. Innocent Herr Robin and base Judas! Bipedes both, with feathers the badge of honor, alone.

A fragment: The crows come from their day haunts far to the south east, and make their nightly halt in a grove on the brow of a swell of land on the northwest corner of the town. As they approach the town, they veer around and come in from the south west. Some flocks arrive with precipitation; others come skulking over the swells of land, now dropping down into the seven times pillaged cornfields, running along some distance, then straggling on again behind their hurrying neighbors. On they come in disorderly

files and companies, and battallions, drawing up their forces in the brown stubble and the long meadow sloping down by easy undulations from yon distant farmhouse. Battallion is added to battallion, and regiment to regiment, all drawn up in the fields with scouts far in advance. So numerous do they become from the continual down dropping from the sky, that we must measure them as did Xerxes his mighty army filing down on its way into Greece, - by the acre.

At last the regular evening parade is over, and clouds of black wings flap and flutter, and ten-thousand throats repeat the croak which summons to the roost. Again and again the dark mass circles and seethes above the neighboring grove, losing corps after corps as they settle upon the branches, until at length the last has scrambled to his place, not without a great deal of awkwardness and the deserved imprecations of those already in place.

When the approach of Spring brings northward the first flock of black-birds, the crows yield up the grove to the new comers for nesting purposes, and the haunt knows them no more until the annual winter vacation of the black-birds sets in.

One who has always known a father's presence and faithful care can not realize what the absence of such means, nor can one who for some unfortunate circumstance has been early bereft of his father adequately realize what a father's love means. Yet an instinct teaches the latter something, an indefinable sense of incompleteness of which he is at times vaguely aware. I have felt a certain freedom in my masculine development, a freedom which one would gladly exchange for the solicitous guidance of one in whom he would care to look for the outlines of his ideal. It is a misfortune to be without the constant presence of a manhood which will unconsciously help to shape yours, for otherwise one must needs be a composite of impressions received from varied sources together with self-reliant instinct, which is lonely at its best.

Not until my Grand-father was dead did I fully realize what it meant to be fatherless. I found out then in part and more fully by the lapse of time how much of the feeling one has for a father I had unconsciously reposed in my grandfather. He had been more to me than I knew. Just how, I do not know. We had been to some extent intellectual companions, but not so that my development seemed to have been influenced. I never asked anybody's permission to follow out any line of development. My conditions as well as my habits of thought made me self reliant and somewhat self-centred. Yet the bond between us was strong. I feel at times a sense of loneliness and my impulse at such times is not to revert to a father whose life and mine were so short a time in conjunction, but to the grandfather whose more recent death has revealed what I said before that I had but partly realized, - the fatherly relationship he bore to me.

I shall not forget what I saw the morning after Grandfather's leg was amputated. The amputation was performed in the morning of the preceding day. Grandfather came out of the immediate influence of the anaesthetic in an hour or so, and seemed not much the worse for the operation. But at night time he began to sink, and for the first time in his illness was there anxious watching and a sleepless night at Aunt's house. His system was beginning to feel the shock of amputation. Late in the night his strength began to return, and grandmother was persuaded to retire to another room. The next morning I

came to grandfather's bedside at an early hour, and was gratified to find him, as it were, clothed and in his right mind. Grandmother had just wheeled her chair to his room, and there she sat at his bedside holding his hand. With eyes dimmed with tears the two old people were absorbed in each other's presence, and a smile of happiness illuminated their faces, yet it was pathetic in the extreme. Death had granted a respite, and affection which long years of companionship in vicissitudes had strengthened shone out in all its sincerity and its purity.

Apr. 13

Finished reading "The Heavenly Twins" last evening. It is a good book, for it inculcates such a hatred for vice and a love for good breeding.

"The spring is the pleasantest of the seasons; and the young of most animals, though far from being completely fashioned, afford a more agreeable sensation than the full-grown; because the imagination is entertained with the promise of something more, and does not acquiesce in the present object of sense. Burke on the Sublime

"The age of active indiscretion." – (Apt. – Good!).

"She had never to fight a daily and exhausting battle for her private opinions, as talkative people have, simply because she rarely if ever expressed an opinion.

I like the point made where Evadne finds Mrs Candle's Curtain Lectures pathetic, anything but humorous. "She feels the misery of it, and she had already begun to hold that human misery is either a thing to be remedied, or a sacred subject to be dwelt upon in silence, and she considers Mrs Candle entirely with a view to finding a cure for her case."

"There is nothing very noble, after all, in a hopeless passion for an elderly man of the world who is past being benefited by it, even if he could reciprocate it. Elaine should have married a man of her own age and made him happy. She would have done some good in her time so, and been saved from setting us a bad example. I think it is a sin to make unwholesome sentiments attractive." Evadne preferred Arthur to Lancelot because he was the more wholesome.

Theories should be absorbed in detail as dinner is if they are to become an addition to our strength, and not an indigestible item of inconvenience, seriously affecting our mental temper.

A happy condition of the senses may easily be mistaken for a great outpouring of spiritual enthusiasm, and many an inspiring soul unconsciously stimulates them in ways less pardonable perhaps than the legitimate joy of a good dinner to a hungry man, or the more subtle pleasure which a refined woman experiences while sharing the communion of well-dressed saints on a cushioned seat, listening to exquisite music in a fashionable church.

"They had large genial mouths at that time, indefinite noses, threatening to turn up a little, and bright dark eyes, quick glancing, but with no particular expression in them – no symptom either of love or hate, nothing but living interest.

“It is a superstition of the fisher-folks. They say that when the tide is coming in it pauses always, and remains stationary between every seventh wave, waiting for the next, and unable to rise any higher until it comes to carry it on; and it has always seemed to me that the tide of human progress is raised at intervals to higher levels at a bound in some such way. The seventh waves of humanity are men and women who, by the impulse of some one action which comes naturally to them but is new to the race, gather strength to come up to the last halting place of the tide, and to carry it on with them ever so far beyond.

“Mrs. Orton Begg, her mother, and all the gentle mannered, pure minded women among whom she had grown up, thought less of this world, even as they knew it, than of the next, as they imagined it to be; and they received and treasured with perfect faith every legend, hint, and shadow of a communication which they believed to have come from thence. They neglected the good they might have done here in order to enjoy their bright and tranquil dreams of the hereafter. Their spiritual food was faith and hope. They kept their tempers even and unruffled by never allowing themselves to think and know, so far as it is possible with average intelligence not to do either in this world, anything that is evil of anybody. They prided themselves on only believing all that is good of their fellow-creatures; this was their idea of Christian charity. Thus they always believed the best about everybody, not on evidence, but upon principle; and then they acted as if their attitude had made their acquaintances all they desired them to be. They seemed to think that by ignoring the existence of sin, but refusing to obtain any knowledge of it, they somehow helped to check it; and they could not have conceived that their attitude made it safe to sin, so that when they refused to know and resist, they were actually countenancing evil and encouraging it. The kind of Christian charity from which they suffered was a vice in itself. To keep their own minds pure was the great object of their lives, which really meant to save themselves from the pain and horror of knowing.

Naturalness, however, is a quality upon which too much stress is generally laid. If you are naturally nice, it is all very well, but suppose you are naturally nasty?

First impressions are very precious for many reasons. They have a charm of their own to begin with, and it is interesting to recall them; and salutary, also, if not sedative. Collect a few, and you will soon see clearly the particular kind of an ass you are by the mistakes you have made in consequence of having confided in them.

“Well,” he said, “the clergy have had a long innings. They have been hard at it for the last eighteen hundred years, and society is still rotten at the core. It is our turn now.

(Sir Shadwell Rock – specialist).

June 3

Three ifs: If those who talk so loudly about the safety of the public school, would lavish an equal amount of time and attention in building up a sentiment for better and truer educational ideals, a great amount of good would be accomplished. If the members of the A.P.A. and its friends of the pulpits would give their serious attention to the finding better methods of applying the principles of Christ to present disorders, great would be the gain in the diffusion of sweetness and light. If the violent zeal of some of

our moral reformers could be changed through the application of sober reason into rational modes of procedure, vast would be the upward trend of progress.

June 10

Copied – Notes at The Oratorical. Mar. '92 (Feb 12 – '92.)

Accessories – African brother, lead pencil, and sandpapered head. Spectacled youth. Wriggling orator – sepulchral tones – eyed man in remote corner of left wing of building, carefully surveyed personnel of audience in front, and spent force of expression on man in right corner. “What of the day? Where are we drifting?? What is the outlook???” I trembled at the portentous aspect of the horizon. “The question of capital and labor is rapidly coming to the front.” Intense silence – strong, manly voice --- oracular response as above. Learned that laws were panacea for everything and should be enforced, -- that morality was the only force, --that freedom was not the result of law – that employers and employed should love one another and divide the profits – woes of the working girl – ascertained our place in history. I said, “I shall cherish freedom. I shall cling to my birth-right.” Each orator led his hearers down deep into the valley of fear and humiliation, but pulled them up, at length, happy and gasping, on the other side.

June 11

“It is true to say that modern fiction deals more with experience than character. The novelist is more concerned with certain ideas or views of life, with his own experiences – got too often at second hand from other novels – than in the creation of characters in which life can be seen without his explanations. When we refer to certain great works of fiction we always think of their defined and vivid characters, which take their places in history as visible to our minds as any people who ever lived; whereas in most recent novels we find mostly an attempt to set forth ideas or a state of society, and in thinking of them we recall the study of motives, the sketch of traits, incidents of daily life, stopping short of adventure, and the more or less wide and knowing comments of the author. These are, to be sure, the raw materials of fiction, but until they are embodied in personality, in characters, they fall to create perfect illusion.”

Editor’s Study – *Harper* – June ‘94

“Lowell was not then at the height of his fame; he had just reached this thirty years after when he died; but I doubt if he was ever after a greater power in his own country, or more completely embodied the literary aspiration which would not and could not part itself from the love of freedom and the hope of justice.”

Howells – June *Harper* '94.

“The birds are moulting. If a man could only moult also – his mind once a year its errors, his heart once a year its useless passions! [Margin note: Beautiful! But it is a quotation!] How fine we should all look if every August the old plumage of our natures would drop out and be blown away, and fresh quills take the vacant places! But we have one set of feathers to last us through our four score years and ten, -- one set of spotless feathers, which we are told to keep spotless all our lives through a dirty world. If one gets broken, broken it stays; if one gets blackened, nothing will clean it. No doubt we shall all fly home at last, like a flock of pigeons that were once turned loose snow-white from the sky,

and made to descend and fight one another and fight everything else for a poor living amid soot and mire. If then the hand of the unseen fancier is stretched forth to draw us in, how can he possibly smite any one of us, or cast us away, because we came back to him black and blue with bruises and besmudged and bedraggled past all recognition?

Jas. Lane Allen – A Kentucky Cardinal – *Harper* 6/94.

July 15

Nature knows no half-truths. The rocks are historians of unimpeachable veracity; their stories are colored by nothing less than eternal truth. Man's records are fallible, Nature's infallible, for Nature comes unperverted from God.

I believe there have been few periods in our history which have called for a greater exercise of common sense and earnest intelligence in the people at large than the present does. We need "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform" with Matthew Arnold's interpretation thereof: "Peace to our nonsense, retrenchment of our profligate expenditure of clap-trap, and reform of ourselves." The evils from which we are suffering now will not succumb to the shallow panaceas everywhere advanced. We do not need more law, we do need more wholesome reform of our individual selves. We must fearlessly examine ourselves, and our stock notions. Whatever is meaningless to us we should dispense with. First let us rid ourselves of beliefs, of notions which we hold only in a half-hearted way, because others hold the same, perhaps, and then let us be courageous enough to stand up heartily for what we do believe. Better to renounce dogma after dogma of religious belief, and hold but a simple creed, for simplicity of belief makes all lovers of truth kin.

Oct. 8

Study of Tennyson's Lotus Eaters.

- I. The Picture.
 - a. Follow the mariner's position through
 - b. Locate all the elements of the picture.
 1. Mountains 2. Water 3. Colors etc.
 - c. Explain dominance of mood over the picture.
- II. Prosody of Spencerian Stanza.
 - a. Rhyme scheme, nature, effect.
 - b. Meter, caesura and alexandrian.
 - c. Study nature of vowels and consonants for the prolongable effect.
 - d. Study effect of chief pauses in verse.
 - e. Study striking variations from rhythm.
 - f. Account for the number of participles.
 - g. Study effect of many repetitions.
- III. Choric Song.
 - a. Rhyme scheme; effect, double rhyme.
 - b. Meter, effect, what regularity?
 - c. Arrangement in pairs – why?
 - d. Stanza liked best, and criticism of anyone.
- IV. Vocabulary

- a. Tabulate compounds; number, effect.
 - b. Color words; number; predominant color.
 - c. Sound words, number, nature.
 - d. Connotations of words.
 - e. Happy combinations; quotable phrases.
 - f. Figures and picturesqueness.
- V. General Observations.
- a. Determine the two main effects of the poem.
 - b. Study accuracy of truth to nature.
 - c. Consider when and why Tennyson wrote the poem.
 - d. Consider how the religious ideas of the Greeks are put
 - e. Consider in what way the Greek story makes an attractive setting for the mood Tennyson wishes to express.
 - f. Consider how much knowledge on the poet's part was necessary to the writing of such a poem.

Stir is better than stagnation; better a gale than a calm, though we do not know where it will take the ship. There is an analogy to this feeling in the present reaction against the domestic, the pathological, and the "purpose" novels. Give us something with a "go" in it – a gale of adventure, a lively cruise among barbarous isles, with plenty of love, and plenty of cut and thrust, and plenty of intrigue and a rainbow at the end of the voyage. We are tired of riding at anchor on a mud flat with the pilot stirring up the noxious gases on the bottom of the civilized harbor. [Margin note: W.D.H.?]]

Where there is a demand there is likely to be a supply, and the wide and increasing sale of the romantic novel and the historical romance shows that the demand was general. The reaction has been violent, and in proportion to the morbidness and paralysis of action which it succeeds. It is in no spirit of criticising this reaction – it was inevitable; fiction is always on a seesaw between *The Sorrows of Werther* and *The Three Guardsmen* – that it is here noticed, but to point out the lack of literary quality in most of it, a discrimination which the general public neglects in its joy of movement. Whatever else may be said of the class of novels of which the public seems tired, it is certain that a great proportion of them have high literary quality and are wrought out with literary conscientiousness and knowledge. Most of them try to shun exaggeration, though some of them are chargeable with the worst sort of exaggeration – like a recent story of a New England Community – by selecting all the mean and sordid elements unrelieved by any of the idealization of life which exists in all communities, savage or civilized. [Margin note: Jane Field?]] The intention of most of this fiction has been to be true to material facts and to morbid mental conditions. The claim set up for it was that it was artistic and sincere. Those who have worked in it successfully have been like the "impressionists" among painters who have succeeded; they have been those who were thoroughly trained in the technicalities of their profession. Their imitators, who were not so trained, who thought it did not need any skill to deal with "facts" and "impressions," have failed. It is the admirable literary quality in the successful devotees and scribes of "naturalism" that has distinguished their productions. There has never been anything quite so dreary offered to readers as the novels of "realism" that lack this quality.

C.D. Warner Oct '94. *Harper*

Nov. 4.

Bronson Howard: "The first six months of the construction of a play I spend in smoking and meditating. During that time I make notes on anything which, to my mind, possesses dramatic possibilities. *** I make it an invariable rule never to put a line upon paper till I have thoroughly developed the situations. That is the desired end! Not the plot, mind you, but the situations."

Munsey, Nov. 94

Howells says: "So far as I understand it, the chief part of my ethical experience has been from novels."

"None of Hawthorne's fables are without a profound and distant reach into the recesses of nature and of being. He came back from his researches with no solution of the question, with no message, indeed, but the awful warning, 'Be true, be true,' which is the burden of the *Scarlet Letter*, yet in all his books there is the hue of thoughts that we think only in the presence of the mysteries of life and death. It is not his fault that this is not intelligence, that it knots the brow in sorer doubt rather than shapes the lips to the utterance of things that can never be said."

Ladies Home Journal, Nov. 1894.

Nov. 11

Hedge rows wind-woven with plummy grasses, torn streamers from shattered corn-rows, and weeds that had rolled and tumbled their way until caught and held in the thorny barricade. Timid rabbits snugly sheltered under the drift from the fields. Fields flecked with snow. Leaves clinging yet, mottled with a red which the evening sun deepens. The deep brown of the weed tops which grows ruddy in the thickening twilight. Stray apples venturously clinging to bare boughs which are thrashed about in the November winds.

Nov. 25 (Dec. 16)

Notes: The meadow corner; marshy in wet periods filling little channel which seeped through the hedge, -- swathed and piled up with the wind drift from the adjoining cornfield. The brown weeds, -- the evening sky full of orange splendor -- the reddish glow of weeds -- Venetian red finish to reddish brown: The purple tints of coarse grass -- of tall rusty brown weeds whose stout stems are yet standing though stripped of the heavy coarse leaves which now are muffled about their roots, and share the transmutation which makes rusty brown a softened purple.

The hunt for grass-hoppers -- the ploughed furrows, -- the section hands -- the train on the down grade -- the woman walking to meet it.

The unoccupied house -- the full moon pouring into empty rooms and filling them with a dense haze; silvery, suppressed.

Jan. 6, 1895

William R. Thayer has an (December *Forum* -, '94) article, entitled "The New Story-tellers and the Doom of Realism", in which Mr. Howells receives a drubbing of a mercilessly humorous sort. The present drift of fiction away from realism is gratifying. Dulness and viciousness will no longer be at a premium in fiction. I have just read *Pembroke*. I do not think it a healthy book. It is not proper to treat of the erotic affections, although every community can furnish striking illustrations. Miss Wilkins deems it her duty to write about animality because it exists. It is short-lived nonsense. Every community has its Rose Berry and Rebecca Thayer, but they are not entitled to places in the public esteem, or to be paraded forth in novels. Such stupid idiots as Barney Thayer, and Cephas Barnard, to say nothing of Richard Alger, may have existed, but they are as improbable as the most carelessly outlined figure in Scott's novels. If I am wrong it is because my environment of village life can furnish no hint of the narrow insanity which must be common in New England communities. Perhaps Miss Wilkins is a humorist. If this is the case, she is easily a rival of Frank Stockton. [Margin note: Mar. 2. Rebecca Harding Davis has an article in *Century* for Feb. 95. that corroborates Miss Wilkins & confirms my conjecture.] But to return to Mr. Thayer's article: "Against dulness, the gods themselves have no refuge save flight." "Another product of Epidermism, the dialect story, will soon, we may hope, be banished from the magazines to the transactions of the dialect societies, which have been providentially springing up."

"Realism, or epidermism, passes; but at least the example of sincerity which many of his devotees have given will not be lost. And now, as the atmosphere is clearing, the dear and venerable masters greet us in their majesty undiminished. Shakespeare whose laurel has been prematurely claimed so many times by ardent partisans for the brows of ephemeral idols – Shakespeare and Dante, and the spokesmen of antiquity confer together. Near them, in another group, are Scott, and Hawthorne and Thackeray, unconscious that they were so recently ostracized from Olympus."

Mar 2.

The poor people of this town have suffered unusually for lack of the necessaries of life this winter. Not more than two of the destitute families have been what is known as "deserving." The others suffered from the laziness and dissipation of the men, and the wastefulness of the women. Dirt and deprivation have claimed two victims, and there may be more. While the majority of the people have been warmly clad and well-fed, these unfortunates have been shivering and starving. This condition of affairs comes home to every one of us. What should we do? This can not be easily answered. It is not easy to find out who is suffering, and the way to help without doing harm. When one thinks of the means by which destitution is incurred, -- laziness, drunkenness, wastefulness, etc., and reflects that the people of the destitute class perpetuate these conditions, and worse ones, by breeding, he is tempted to withhold a helping hand, and coldly leave it to the fittest to survive. This is not humanity. It is science.

The scope of a man's benevolence depends upon his interpretation of the word "deserving." Some people lack judgment, foresight, and other essentials of thrift. They were borne short, or possessed latent faculties that were never developed. It is questionable whether a man with some visible bodily defect is more to be pitied than a

man with stunted faculties. In fact it is better to be physically incapacitated than mentally deficient. The former condition inspires pity; the latter does not provoke charity, but is a greater ill. [Margin note: Who are the “deserving” anyway? See Carlyle: “Fancy thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou will feel it happiness to be only shot, etc.”]

Wittingly or unwittingly a man must take one of two positions: That of tacit acquiescence in the ills of the worthless, for these will occasionally cure themselves by exterminating their possessors, or that of sympathetic but discreet helpfulness towards the “undeserving”.

[The following entries are contained in a separate diary from those above. They appear to be mostly quotations dated from 1895 to 1899. These quotations fill the first 72 pages of the diary, the remaining 120 pages are blank. – ed.]

Apr. 14, 1895

It is interesting to observe with what singular unanimity the farthest sundered nations and generations consent to give completeness and roundness to an ancient fable, of which they indistinctly appreciate the beauty or the truth. By a faint and dream-like effort, though it be only by the vote of a scientific body, the dullest posterity slowly adds some traits to the mythus. As when astronomers call the lately discovered planet Neptune; or the asteroid Astraea, that the virgin who was driven from earth to heaven may have her local habitation in the heavens more distinctly assigned her, -- for the slightest recognition of poetic worth is significant. By such slow aggregation has mythology grown from the first. *** This fond reiteration of the oldest expression truth by the latest posterity, content with slightly and religiously retouching the old material, is the most impressive proof of a common humanity.

Thoreau – A.W.O.C. and M.R.

“The ‘art of judicious slighting’ was a household word in his family, a weapon of might; its importance to the really great is equalled only by its perilousness in the hands of the unskillful.”

Lanman’s article on W.D. Whitney

Mar. *Atlantic*

From “Major & Minor Bards.” Mar. *Atlantic*

“Because I am a wanderer
Upon the road of endless quest,
Between the hill-winds and the hills,
Along the margin men call rest.”

Bliss Carman.

“Let him wear brand-new garments still
Who has a threadbare soul, I say.”

“To say that this effect of dreary monotony is produced is to say that Mr. Garland has done his work well; but to join with him in the hope that the Middle West will provide us

henceforth with American literature is to give melancholia the first place as the national disease of the future.”

“The worst is not
So long as we can say, ‘This is the worst.’”

Looking up a few minutes ago I made the discovery that the crab tree in the adjoining yard is so far out in leaf as to cast a shade, flecked with sunshine, upon the grass.

June 30

“He was indulgent towards women and poor people, on whom the burdens of human society rest. He said, ‘The faults of women, of children, of the feeble, the indigent, and the ignorant, are the fault of the husbands, the fathers, the masters, the strong, the rich, and the wise.’ He said, moreover, ‘Teach those who are ignorant as many things as possible; society is culpable, in that it does not afford instruction gratis; it is responsible for the might which it produces. This soul is full of shadow; sin is therein committed. The guilty one is not the person who has committed the sin, but the person who has created the shadow.’”

Les Miserables, p. 12.

“He had to learn that, in the curious, complex interplay of human life, a man may not be able even to bear his burden alone, and drop decently under it when his time comes. Suppose, as the cross-bearer crawls along in blood and dust, that the arm of the coarse wood strikes and bruises the delicate flesh of a woman’s shoulder?” (*A Singular Life* – E.S.P. Ward)

Sept. 1

“Christianity, on the other hand, is human, and in a large sense, radical. So many years and ages of the gods those Eastern sages sat contemplating Brahm, uttering in silence the mystic ‘Om,’ being absorbed into the essence of the Supreme Being, never going out of themselves, but subsiding farther and deeper within; so infinitely wise, yet infinitely stagnant; until, at last, in that same Asia, but in the western part of it, appeared a youth, wholly unforecast by them, -- not being absorbed into Brahm, but bringing Brahm down to earth and to mankind; in whom Brahm had awaked from his long sleep, and exerted himself, and the day began, -- a new avatar. The Brahman had never thought to be a brother of mankind as well as a child of God. Christ is the prince of Reformers and Radicals. Many expressions in the new Testament come naturally to the lips of all Protestants, and it furnishes the most pregnant and practical texts. There is no harmless dreaming, no wise speculation in it, but everywhere a substratum of good sense. It never reflects, but it repents. There is no poetry in it, we may say, nothing regarded in the light of beauty merely, but moral truth is its object. All mortals are convicted by its conscience.”

“ ‘The forsaking of works’, was taught by Kreesna to the most ancient of men, and handed down from age to age, ‘until at length, in the course of time, the mighty art was lost.’”

“ ‘In wisdom is to be found every work without exception.’ says Kreeshna.”

“ ‘Although thou wert the greatest of all offenders, thou shalt be able to cross the gulf of sin with the bark of wisdom.’”

“ ‘The action stands at a distance inferior to the application of wisdom.’”

“ ‘Let the motive be in the deed and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward. Let no thy life be spent in inaction.’”

“ ‘For the man who doeth that which he hath to do, without affectation, obtaineth the Supreme.’”

“ ‘He who may behold as it were action in inaction, and inaction in action, is wise amongst mankind. He is a perfect performer of all duty.’”

Thoreau – *Week on Concord & Merrimac*

“The school-building with its surroundings represents the average culture of the community. Intelligent communities embody in their school-grounds and school-houses the conviction that nothing is too good for children.” J. Baldwin – School Manag’mt

“We have not yet learned to make the best of life, and many are the evils we suffer in consequence; but if once it can sink into the consciousness of the community that education for both sexes should be regarded not as a preparation for a career of mere self-seeking, but as an introduction to all the possibilities of higher mental and moral life, a most important step in the progress of the race will have been won.”

Pop. Science Monthly – Sept. ’95.

Locksley Hall – Sixty Years After

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the Master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread,
There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.

Follow Light, and to the right – for Man can half-control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

Forward, let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the Past.
I that loathed, have come to love him. Love will conquer at the last.

“Joining with a stolid unconsciousness in the tremendous sayings of the Psalms.”

Real Problems of Democracy

1. How to bring the popular will in great democracies to bear ~~upon~~ in filling the offices. 2. To influence, persuade, or inform an immense body of persons. 3. To insure the triumph of any view. 4. To see that the indifferent vote. 5. To conduct the "canvass". 6. To remunerate the workers. "The men who first began to write on democracy towards the close of the last century and the beginning of this, had really a very small notion of its working on the scale which the modern world witnesses." The work of management had not a ~~proper~~ prominent place in any former democratic scheme. 7. How to nominate candidates. "Under this regime the nominating system, of which no theoretical writer had the least idea, has grown into a piece of machinery more complicated than the government itself. 8. How to deal with corporations. 9. The decline of the legislatures. "It is a decline in the quality of the members, in general respect, in education, in social position, in morality, in public spirit, in care and deliberation, and, I think I must add, in integrity also. 10. The transfer of the government to the poor.

E. L. Godkin – *Atlantic* July '96

"Millet recalled in after life that his father would show him a blade of grass or a flower, and say: "See how beautiful; how the petals overlap; and the tree there, how strong and fine it is!""

"The picture, popularly known as 'The man with the hoe', was the cause of much discussion at the time of its exhibition. Millet was accused of socialism; of inciting the peasants to revolt; and from his quiet retreat in the country, he defended himself in a letter to his friend Sensier as follows: 'I see very clearly the aureole encircling the head of the daisy, and the sun which glows beyond, far, far over the countryside, its glory in the skies; I see, not less clearly, the smoking plough-horses in the plain, and in a rocky corner a man bent with labor, who groans as he works, or who for an instant tries to straighten himself to catch his breath. The drama is enveloped in splendor. This is not of my creation; the expression, 'the cry of the earth', was invented long ago.'"

" 'The three fates of pauperism', was the disdainful appreciation of Paul de Saint Victor on the first exhibition of this picture "The Gleaners" while Edmond About wrote: 'The picture attracts one from afar by its air of grandeur and serenity. It has the character of a religious painting. It is drawn without fault, and colored without crudity; and one feels the August sun which ripens the wheat.' Sensier says: 'The picture sold with difficulty for four hundred dollars. What is it worth today?'"

"In his criticism of the Salon of 1850, where the picture, 'The Sower,' was first exhibited, Theophile Gautier thus described it: 'The sower advances with rhythmic step, casting the seed into the furrowed land; sombre rags cover him; a formless hat is drawn over his brow; he is gaunt, cadaverous, and thin under his livery of misery; and yet life is contained in his large hand, as with a superb gesture he who has nothing scatters broadcast on the earth the bread of the future.'"

"To make you feel today that you are entertained, and find tomorrow that you are profited" is the function of a good story.

“We soon agreed that tales of error and shame, while they may easily be as great as any, are at last, wherever faithfully handled, negative presentations of opposite virtues; an engraver’s block set upside down, from which the right emotion is gently printed on our sympathies. Herein, as Smith observed, lies one great value of stories of simple adventure and love, -- of courage and constancy, that is, or their negatives; that, rightly told, they tune the heart to these virtues and keep it keyed to them in the absence of actual experience and trial. ‘Spiritual skirmish drills and sham battles,’ he called them, ‘that help to gird the heart for the real fight which may come any day.’”

“‘But the great story-tellers’, I began to suggest, ‘are not our drill-masters only. Have you not thought at times that as the great preachers (of all kinds) are our moral captains and colonels, the great story-tellers are our spiritual pickets and videttes, who’--”

“‘Sappers and miners, scouts, skirmishers, spies,’ broke in my friend, -- ‘yes; always out on the farthest line of debated ground; some, now and again, venturing too far beyond the outposts and getting captured by the enemy; all of them doing gay, rough service, and hardly so much to be blamed as some other sorts of folks if they do not show up regularly at dress parade. They ought not to be scolded so often as they are for not keeping step with the rear-guard or the center. That isn’t their part in the world’s march’.” -- “‘An alert police in the guise of cheerful out-of-work onlookers in society’s great spiritual banking-house; detectives, for all their happy-go-lucky, playful faces, ever scanning the most honored things with a fresh and wary judgment, and keeping our own moral inquiry and reinquiry perpetually astir.’”

“Fiction presents facts potently to our emotions and affections with a beautiful, supernatural economy of time, effort, and experience.”

Geo W Cable. *Atlantic*. July 96.

“The popular American conception of an artist has been for years that of an individual who paints or models because he has not sense enough to do anything else, and this idea has arisen largely from the modern methods in art schools, which emasculate, instead of stimulate, the invention of the student. The anxious parent who feels that his son will become something akin to a fop or a dandy, if he unfortunately turns his attention to art, forgets that Michael Angelo was an architect and mechanical engineer as well as a sculptor and painter, that Leonardo da Vinci invented the lampshade and the wheel borrow, and also the “Last Supper”; that Giotto created the Cathedral and Baptistry at Florence, besides his numberless paintings. If the anxious parent pursues his inquiry he will find that only since Charles Le Brun and Louis David established the art school, where painting and sculpture were taught as separate things has it become customary for an artist to be only a painter or sculptor. In the old days when Phidias created the glories of the Parthenon and Michael Angelo struggled with the dome of St. Peter’s Cathedral, there were not rules for drawing, and no school where it could be taught. A boy who wished to be an artist entered the atelier of a master, where he ground paints, ran errands, modeled, combined masses, his eyes and ears always open to every creative impression, so that he grew synthetically and he became a master without knowing either how or why. When Charles Le Brun founded the French School of Fine Arts and the Academy

of Belle Lettres, formalism began. From that time there was a code established to which every student must live up, and prizes offered, not for the greatest creative ability, but invariably for the straitest academic perfection.”

Mary H. Ford – *Inter Ocean*. Sept 13, '96. p. 21.

So many gods, so many creeds –
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

When morning comes,
It is as if a hundred drums
Did round my pillow roll,
And shouts fill all my childish sky,
And bells keep saying, ‘Victory!’
From steeples in my soul.

It is such a little thing to weep,
So short a thing to sigh.

Drowning is not so pitiful
As the attempt to rise.

How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul.

God’s residence is next to mine,
His furniture is love.

I sing to use the waiting,
My bonnet but to tie.
And shut the door unto my house
No more to do have I.

Till his best step approaching,
We journey to the day,
And tell each other how we sang
To keep the dark away.

Emily Lowe Dickinson

When we take from history all that gives it color, vivacity, and charm, we lose, perchance, more than our mere enjoyment, – though that be a heavy forfeiture, -- more than the pleasant hours spent in the storied past. Even so stern a master as Mr. Lecky is fain to admit that these obsolete narratives, which once called themselves histories, ‘gave insight into human character, breathed noble sentiments, rewarded and stimulated noble

actions, and kindled high patriotic feeling by their strong appeals to the imagination.' This was no unfruitful labor, and until we remember that man does not live by parliamentary rule nor by accuracy of information, but by the power of his own emotions and the strength of his own self-control, we can be readily mistaken as to the true value of his lessons. 'A nation with whom sentiment is nothing; observes Mr. Froude, 'is on its way to become no nation at all'; and it has been well said that Nelson's signal to his fleet at Trafalgar, that last pregnant and simple message sent in the face of death, has had as much practical effect upon the hearts and the actions of Englishmen in every quarter of the globe, in every circumstance of danger and adventure, as seven-eighths of the Acts of Parliament that decorate the statute-book.

Perhaps these authors yield their finest pleasures to another and less meritorious class of readers, who are well content to forget the vexations and humiliations of the present in the serener study of the mighty past. The best thing about our neighbor's trouble, says the old adage, is that it does not keep us awake at night; and the best thing about the endless troubles of other generations is that they do not in any way impair our peace of mind.

School boards may raise the cry for useful information, and fancy that a partial acquaintance with chlorides and phosphates is all that is necessary to make of a sulky yokel an intelligent agriculturist and a contented citizen; but a man must awaken before he can think, and think before he can work, and work before he can realize his position and meaning in the universe. And it needs a livelier voice than that of elementary chemistry to arouse him. 'The Whigs', said Sir Walter Scott, 'will live and die in the belief that the world is ruled by pamphlets and speeches'; and a great many excellent people in every country will live and die in the belief that the world is ruled by printed books, full of proven and demonstrable truth. But we, the world's poor children, sick, tired, and fractious, know very well that we never learn unless we like our lesson, and never behave ourselves unless inspired by precept and example. The history of every nation is the heritage of its sons and daughters; and the story of its struggles, sufferings, misdeeds, and glorious atonements is the story that keeps alive in all our hearts that sentiment of patriotism, without which we are speeding swiftly on our path to national corruption and decay."

Agnes Repplier

Atlantic. May 1896.

"The evolution of the Hebrew spirit, as a distinctive national energy, from its obscure beginnings in Moses and the patriarchs through those Old Testament ages during which it makes a history of marked individuality and vitalizes a literature the most remarkable in the world; then as it becomes embodied in a Man who 'evidently through the quickening of that spirit, was fitted to stand at the centre and summit of the world's development, and able to take and hold his place there, and to compel history henceforth to revolve around him;' then, still onward, as going forth from him this Hebrew spirit becomes a world-spirit, stamped with his individuality, and progressively conforming the world's ongoings to itself."

“Wherever Greek life extended in ancient times, there it has left the most instructive and beautiful traces of its activity. The antiquities of the other races may be quaint, curious, or even conducive of a certain kind of knowledge; but the remains of Greek genius alone serve now – as they did when still fresh from the Master’s hands – as models of the highest ideals of art, as the richest sources of inspiration, enlightenment, and culture for the entire human race.”

“The rivalry then existing between England and France and the interest in Greek antiquity aroused in England by the Society of Dilettanti, led Lord Elgin, the British ambassador at Constantinople, to procure a firman (1801) authorizing him to remove ‘a few blocks of stone with inscriptions, and figures.’ On the strength of this limited authority he proceeded to employ several hundred laborers, under an Italian painter absolutely ignorant of archaeology or architecture, in removing from the Parthenon, with irremediable damage to the structure itself, almost all the sculptures of the pediments, the metopes, and the frieze, together with one of the caryatides and a large number of inscriptions and other pieces from the Acropolis. This act was severely stigmatized by Lord Byron and has continued to the present day a theme of controversy. On a report by Canova and Visconti as to the merits of what have come to be known as the ‘Elgin marbles’, they were purchased in 1810 by the British government.”

In 1811 two Englishmen, Cockerell and Foster, assisted by others visited the temple of Apollo at Bassae in the Peloponnesus (discovered 1765), removed the twenty three tablets, constituting the frieze of the temple, to Corfu, and sold them to the British government for \$75000. The same year they secured from the island of Aegina the sculptures of the temple of Athena and sold them for the sum of nearly \$20000 to Ludwig, then Crown Prince of Bavaria. They are now the pride of the Glyptothek at Munich.

After the battle of Navarino, Chas X of France dispatched to the Peloponnesus a body of troops in aid of the Greeks. A scientific mission accompanied these troops, the archaeological section of which carried on excavations on the site of the temple of Zeus at Olympia. The explorations of the site continued for about six weeks and remained then incomplete, but a considerable number of sculptures were removed to the Louvre in Paris.

The French government established a School of Archaeology at Athens in 1846. The Germans founded an Archaeological Institute there in 1874, Dr Wilhelm Dörpfeld is its chief. The American school was founded in 1882, the British in 1886.

Explorations

Sir Chas. Wood at Cnidus, Halicarnassus, and Branchidae.

Fellows at Xanthus.

Wood at Ephesus.

Lebas and Waddington in Asia Minor.

German expedition to Pergamos.

General di Cesnolo at Cyprus.

Schliemann on the site of Troy.

“Schliemann misconceived the bearing even of the greatest of his undertakings – the excavations at Hissarlik – because he persuaded himself that he had discovered the treasure of Priam. The munificence of the German Emperor, however, enabled Prof.

Dörpfeld to resume and continue these excavations during the last three years, with the result that the actual Troy of Homer has at last been unearthed. Its walls stand on a higher and more modern level; they are more extensive and of a much finer workmanship than those of the smaller and poorer town found by Schlieman, which is now proved to have been a considerably older foundation, perhaps 2000 B.C. The walls discovered by Dr Dörpfeld are well preserved and answer, in all essentials, as does also the pottery found there, to the remains of Mycenae and Tiryns – strongholds which Homer describes as inferior to the sacred city of Ilium.”

Schlieman sought the footprints of Odysseus in Ithaca (1878) and essayed some search at Orchomenos (1881) and later at Pylos in Laconia.

In Aug. 1876 he began work among the ruins of Mycenae which had been destroyed by the Argives in 463 B.C. Here “Schlieman’s discovery was in itself so marvellous so important in its bearing on archaeology, that it needed no legendary attributes to enhance its merit.” The vast number of valuable objects that S. triumphantly brought to Athens – jewelry, armor, apparel, vases, and the like – and which, according to very ancient custom, had been buried with the illustrious dead and were at the time of this discovery unique of their kind, announced the existence of a civilization and an art hitherto unknown. The wealth and splendor of these tombs spoke both of the high rank of those whom they enshrined and of the advanced state of culture in which they must have lived. The ‘Mycenean Treasure,’ as it may now be seen exhibited in the Central Museum at Athens, shows those heroic skeletons arrayed in diadems of gold, gold belts and baldrics, with leaflets of gold spread over their robes, their richly inlaid armor lying beside them. In one case a pure gold mask, reproducing the features of the dead, was laid over the face; and the stone mould on which similar masks were pressed out was found during later excavations on the same spot. The women lay decked in jewelry of the finest workmanship, with diadems, necklaces, finger-and ear-rings, bracelets, and brooches; and in each tomb, gold and silver vessels, which had held provisions for the next world, were placed within reach of the dead. The actual money value of the gold found reached \$20,000, a sum which must have been equal to untold wealth at that very remote time; while the artistic and scientific worth of the find is simply incalculable.”

“Prior to the discovery of these remarkable objects Greek history was not traceable farther back than the beginning of the seventh century B.C. We have now tangible evidence of an advanced state of civilization at least five centuries earlier, and of the existence of a powerful kingdom in the Peloponnesus long before the Doric invasion. Not only this, but the opinion long entertained is now confirmed that ‘the Homeric poems represent not the beginning but the decay of an old civilization, not the first springing into life of a youthful culture, but the experience, and even the sadness, of men who were heirs to a bygone greatness and felt degenerate in comparison with their ancestors.

In 1884-85 Schlieman undertook the excavation of the ruins of Tiryns and succeeded in unearthing an ancient palace.

“It was a complete and perfect example of such an edifice as Homer describes as the residence of great kings – Priam, Menelaus, Alcinous, -- with its megaron (men’s apartments), gynaecon (women’s apartments), aulae (courts), bathroom, vestibules, porticos, etc; and its dimensions and character fixed its age with unerring precision,

proving it to have been even grander and older than anything mentioned by Homer. Its decorative remains were no less remarkable. Some remains were paved in concrete, ornamented with red and blue designs; portions of the alabaster frieze of the megaron were inlaid with a blue glass-paste forming ornaments such as those of Mycenae and Orchomenos; and fragments of plaster were found with vividly colored spirals, meanders, and rosettes. These attempts at fresco-painting are no doubt, rude and only five colors appear in them; but they are marked by extraordinary vigor of execution and freshness of treatment, especially the remarkable fragment representing ~~the~~ a man in a kneeling posture on the back of a furious bull and holding on by both horns. The pottery unearthed at Tiryns is also similar to that of Mycenae, and the same Phoenician influence, both in ornament and architecture, is manifest. The system of fortifications is the same as that met with at Hadrumetum, Utica, Thapsus, Carthage, and other Phoenician centres. And the blue glass-paste referred to above is none other than the kyanos of which Homer speaks as used in decorating the frieze of the palace of Alcinous. It is known to have been of Phoenician manufacture.”

J. Gennadius

Forum, May '96.

Points from Editor's Table, *Pop. Science Monthly*, Nov. 1896.

“The free public school may lead parents to be indifferent to the formal education of their children.” “Teachers of the public schools feel that they can not take the place of the parent who abdicates from one of the primary responsibilities of parenthood. A child whose father and mother hand over its mental and moral culture to the teacher and librarian virtually becomes an orphan. Neither public school nor public library can do its duty toward its pupils and readers without the hearty and intelligent cooperation of parents.”

From a paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes in *Harper*. Dec. 1896.

“In the things of the world, he had fences, and looked at some people through palings and even over the broken bottles on the tops of the walls; and I think he was the loser by it, as well as they. But then I think all fences are bad, and that God has made enough differences between men; we need not trouble ourselves to multiply them.”

“He was not a man who cared to transcend; he liked bounds, he liked horizons, the constancy of shores. If he put to sea, he kept in sight of land, like the ancient navigators. He did not discover new continents; and I will own that I, for my part, should not have liked to sail with Columbus. I think one can safely affirm that as great and as useful men staid behind, and found an America of the mind without stirring from their thresholds.”

T.W. Higginson in *Cheerful Yesterdays*.

April *Atlantic* 1897.

Prophets only clear the way, and must wait for the slower march of trained though perhaps unprophetic colaborers.

There were other men, almost equally gifted, who touched the circle, or might have touched it but that they belonged to the class of which Emerson says, "Of what use is genius of its focus be a little too short or a little too long?" – Alcott, Ellery Channing, Weiss, Wasson, Brownlee Brown, each of whom bequeathed only a name, or some striking anecdote or verse, instead of a well-defined fame.

I had long before noted with delight in Plutarch the tale of the young Cicero consulting the Delphic oracle, and being there advised to live for himself, and not to take the opinions of others for his guide, -- this answer being called by Niebuhr "one of the oracles which might tempt me one to believe in the actual inspiration of the goddess."

Such versatility makes life very enjoyable, but perhaps not so really useful or successful as a career like that of my contemporary, Francis Parkman, who used to be surrounded, even in college by books of Indian travel and French colonial history, and who kept at work for half a century on his vast theme until he achieved for himself a great literary monument. He was really a specialist before the days of specialism. To adopt a different method, as I did, is to put one's self too much in the position of a celebrated horse once owned by a friend of mine, -- a horse which had never won a race, but which was prized as having gained a second place in more races than any other horse in America. Yet it is to be remembered that there is a compensation in all these matters: the most laborious historian is pretty sure to be superseded within thirty years – as it has already been prophesied that even Parkman will be – by the mere accumulation of new material; while the more discursive writer may perchance happen on some felicitous statement that shall rival in immortality Fletcher of Saltorin's one sentence, or the single sonnet of Blanco White.

I once asked Fields which he liked the better personally, Thackeray or Dicken's, and he replied, after a moment's reflection, "Dickens, because Thackeray enjoyed telling questionable stories, and thing which Dickens never did."

Experience brought me to the opinion, which I have ever since held, that such a law is useless except under the limitations of local option, so that the moral pressure of each locality may be behind its enforcement.

From *Hercules, a Hero*

Century, Mar 1888 – H. G. Cone

"Frank had a rather clumsily drawn ideal picture which he called 'A Man'. He was made a by-word among his associates by certain informal lectures on current topics, invariably beginning, 'A man, you know, he don't,' or 'he does, as the occasion might demand."

"Jerry's mind had a liberality not always found in men of more liberal education; he could conceive the legitimate existence of feelings he by no means understood."

"Sarah's few books were principally works of fiction, representing love as a pleasant adjunct to strictly orthodox religion.

[The following three entries appear as clippings pasted onto a page of the diary. – ed.]

There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance: his character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt. *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world. *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

Adam was but human – this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple's sake, he wanted it only because it was forbidden. The mistake was in not forbidding the serpent; then he would have eaten the serpent. *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

From "Art in the Public Schools"

Sarah W. Whitman – *Atlantic* May '97.

"The (World's Fair) buildings there rose in accordance with the great principles of harmonious development. Symmetry and proportion were everywhere observed; the white color of all the outer walls spoke of restraint and unity of effect; the ornament was full of meaning."

"We have to encounter about us the elaborations and affectations of bad art, together with the crude, untutored methods of artisans whose training has been wholly devoid of artistic knowledge; who have not known the elementary traditions of form and finish; who often think it original to change beautiful classic ornament into new and fantastic forms; and who, in the exercise of uneducated taste, have thus produced with wood and stone an altogether unlovely result, to which, alas, the eye has become accustomed."

"Artistic objects introduced in profusion cannot alone put art into the public schools. These objects must be understood, their meaning assimilated, the ideas they embody loved, and their presence made an organic part of the beauty and fitness of the schoolroom, before we can speak of the influences of art as an element in our system of education."

"Do not the sources of beauty lie primarily in the love of nature, of home, of country, and of heaven? Are they not found in tenderness of association and of memory, and in the yet more subtle imaginations of the spirit?---- We must begin at the beginning; the schoolhouse itself must indicate, even if it does not wholly fulfill, the things which awaken affection and loyalty in the hearts of those who go in and out of its courts."

"A thoughtful man, educated in such a schoolhouse in a country town, said once that from a window in the dreary room where he studied he could see a little river which wound along the meadow; and that the sight of it and that the thoughts it awakened had affected his whole life. Through the ministrations of art deeply understood, it is possible to put into every schoolhouse of the land such intimations of beauty as this little river held."

"Within the school every color should be agreeable and harmonious with all the rest. Ceiling, floor, and woodwork, and walls are to be treated as to make a rational and

beautiful whole. All violent colors are to be avoided, all very dark colors; but apart from these, beauty and common sense will direct selections of tones suited to position and use, and always those which from room to room are related to one another. In entrance halls, for example, where no studying is ~~to be~~ done, a fine pleasing red or cheerful yellow is an excellent choice; in bright sunny rooms, a dull green is at once the most agreeable color to the eye, and perfect as a background for such objects as casts and photographs. In a room where there is no sunlight, a soft yellow will be found of admirable use. The ceilings should be of an ivory-white tint, which will conserve light by reflection, and will be refined and in key with all other colors.”

Feb. 27 – 1898.

Generally accepted facts sometimes lose their force by reason of their general acceptance. Truth becomes hazy if its outlines are not now and then marked out from dissenting error. We might avail ourselves of a wealth of illustrations to show that that which is plain or obvious thereby loses some of its meaning. If the magnificent spectacles almost any moment of time affords us in the world of nature were of only occasional appearance, we would value it vastly more than we do now. So it is that when a poet wishes to paint for us a scene in nature he must call our attention to the very obvious facts of nature. He must call grass “green”, the waves “wet”, trees in summer “leafy”. We have all seen the willow by the brook, but the poet must picture all the facts we may well know, if he would truly reproduce for us the willow.

“Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver,
Thro’ the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.”

From *The Mill on the Floss*.

Plotting covetousness, and deliberate contrivance, in order to compass a selfish end, are nowhere abundant but in the world of the dramatist: they demand too intense a mental action for many of our fellow-parishioners to be guilty of them. It is easy enough to spoil the lives of our neighbors without taking so much trouble: we can do it by lazy acquiescence and (trivial) lazy omission, by trivial falsities for which we hardly know a reason, by small extravagancies, by mal-adroit flatteries, and clumsily improvised insinuations. We live from hand to mouth, most of us, with a small family of immediate desires – we do little else than snatch a morsel to satisfy the hungry brood, rarely thinking of seed-corn or the next year’s crop. * * * * *

But that same nature has the deep cunning which hides itself under the appearance of openness, so that simple people think they can see through her quite well, and all the while she is secretly preparing a refutation of their confident prophecies. Under these average boyish physiognomies that she seems to turn off by the gross, she conceals some of her most rigid, inflexible purposes, some of her most unmodifiable characters; and the dark-eyed, demonstrative, rebellious girl may after all turn out to be a passive being compared with this pink-and-white bit of masculinity with the indeterminate features.

What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and loved because it is known? * * These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky, with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedge rows – such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle, inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass today, might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love. * * * * There was no humbug or hypocrisy about Mr Glegg: his eyes would have watered with true feeling over the sale of a widow’s furniture, which a five-pound note from his side pocket would have prevented; but a donation of five pounds to a person in a small “way of life” would have seemed to

him a mad kind of lavishness rather than "charity", which had always presented itself to him as a contribution of small aids, not a neutralizing of misfortunes.

"Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" has been so repainted long ago that only a few traces remain of what it originally was, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment', which, blackened by time, by injudicious technique, and by the smoke of the candles of innumerable ceremonies, is now nothing but a big, obscure drawing.

New Trials for Old Favorites: See Aug. '98, *Forum*, article by Brander Matthews. Quotes from Mark Twain's "Following the Equator" in which he refers to the "Vicar of Wakefield" as "that strange menagerie of complacent hypocrites and idiots, of theatrical Cheap John heroes and heroines, who are always showing off, of bad people who are not interesting, and of good people who are fatiguing." It is "a singular book with not a sincere line in it; a book which is one long waste-pipe discharge of goody-goody puerilities and dreary moralities; a book which is full of pathos that revolts, and of humor which grieves the heart."

Prof. Matthews thinks M.T. has overstated the case as he did with Cooper and *The Leather Stocking Tales*, attributing the comments more to "the glad exaggeration of the wanton humorist than the severe restraint of the cautious critic." The article discusses Goldsmith and Dickens from the point of view of their latest critics, Austin Dobson and Mr. Geo. Gissing.

"'Huckleberry Finn' contains the picture of a civilization nowhere else adequately recorded in literature: it abounds in adventure and in character, in fun and in philosophy. It appears to me a work of extraordinary merit, and a better book of the kind than 'Gil Blas', richer in humor and informed by a riper humanity."

"Victor Hugo, against whom there was a violent reaction after his death, -- a reaction perhaps not yet at an end in Paris itself, -- is coming slowly to be recognized, especially by foreign critics, as the finest lyric poet of France, -- and even as the foremost lyrist of Europe in the nineteenth century. This recognition has been made possible only by the perspective of time, which has revealed the 'Légende des Siècles' looming aloft above the immense mass of Hugo's other verse, and far above his romances and dramas."

"M. de Voguë has recently declared that the list of cosmopolitan classics must finally be restricted to two books, 'Don Quixote', and "Robinson Crusoe'. He tells us that_ 'other masterpieces take higher rank from the perfection of their art or from the sublimity of their thought, but they do not address themselves to every age and every condition; they demand for their enjoyment a mind already formed and an intellectual culture not given to every one. Cervantes and De Foe alone have solved the problem of interesting the little child and the thoughtful old man, the servant girl and the philosopher'."

From the *Choir Invisible*, p 110 et. seq.

"How fine a thing it would be if all the faculties of the mind could be trained for the battles of life as a modern nation makes every man a soldier. Some of these, as we know, are always engaged in active service; but there are times when they need to be strengthened by others, constituting a first reserve; and yet graver emergencies arise in the marchings of every man when the last defences of land and hearth should be ready to

turn out: too often even then the entire disciplined strength of his forces would count as a mere handful to the great allied powers of the world and the devil.

But so few of our faculties are of a military turn, and these wax indolent and unwary from disuse like troops during long times of peace. We all come to recognize sooner or later, of course, the unfailing little band of them that form our stand-by, our battle-smoked campaigners, our Old Guard, that dies, never surrenders. Who of us also but knows his faithful artillery, dragging along his big guns – and so liable to reach the scene after the fighting is over? Who when worsted has not fought many a battle through again merely to show how different the result would have been, if his artillery had only arrived in time! Boom! boom! boom! Where are the enemy now? And who does not take pride in his navy, sweeping the high seas of the imagination but too often departed for some foreign port when the coast defences need protecting?”

p. 138.

“It was his lifelong attitude of victory, his lifelong determination that no matter what opposed him he must conquer. Young as he was, this triumphant habit had already yielded him its due result: that growth of character which arises silently within us, built up out of a myriad nameless elements – beginning at the very bottom of the ocean of unconsciousness; growing as from cell to cell, atom to atom – the mere dust of victorious experience – the hardening deposits of the ever-living, ever-working, ever-rising will; until at last, based on eternal quietude below and lifting its wreath of palms above the waves of life; it stands finished, indestructible, our inward rock of defence against every earthly storm.”

I like Caesar’s “sed---- tamen.” With it he bridged the impossible and crossed safely with his tenth legion.

“That eminent mathematician, Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, used to say that sometimes, when La Place passed from one equation to the next with an ‘evidently’, he would find a week’s study necessary to cross the abyss which the transcendent mind of the master traversed in a single leap.”

For an interesting reference to the theories concerning the dimensions, etc. of the Pyramids, see John Fiske’s essay, “Some Cranks and Their Crotchets”, in the *Atlantic*, Mar. ’99, from which the foregoing paragraph is an extract.

The mullein stalks stripped of their leafage still held up their brown spikes of seed vessels; they much-trampled and tossed thistle stems still stood among their dry chevaux-de-frieze of leaves. Over the wind swept ridges of the meadow came strains of music. The shadows crept over the brown, weed-dotted pastures. Little pools of water reflected the sky from their ruffled surfaces. There was infinite satisfaction everywhere, the satisfaction of a forecast. The birds gave chastened music.

Hepatica thrust its long stemmed, weather-beaten green leaves out from its winter coverlet under which the clusters of buds in fuzzy white wrappings lay hidden. There was the noise of wind up above the tree-tops, a far-away sound; the ripple of the brook; light stirring among the dry leaves; the cawing of crows; the dreamy notes of the phoebe-bird; the tufted-titmouse whistled sweetly while his near relatives sang, “Chick-a-dee-dee”. The pods of the “coffee tree” lay on the ground, each with its iron encased seeds and pulpy salve.

A trail that crossed the sobby boundary-line of the marsh.

The bodies used to float about the guts of the marsh.

See, “No Haid Pawn”. – In Ole Virginia

[The following entries are recorded in a diary dated Sept. 24 – 1899 through April 9 – 1905. – ed.]

Sept. 24. ’99.

Unfamiliar birds are seen flitting about in the trees and bushes. They are impelled by the transient interest of a meal. They are southbound. I saw three such yesterday. One had blue on his breast, white quills in his wings, and black on his throat and crest.

The pee wee’s pensive whistle and the occasional sharp complaint of the jay were the last things I was conscious of before going to sleep this morning, and my dreams were of strange birds and feathered contests in the upper air.

“Our faith comes in moments; our vice is habitual.”

The black birds are preparing for the roost with all tempestuousness and fleet evolutions. A shoal seems the better phrase than a flock. Who knows why the preliminaries to roosting require repeated wheeling, soaring up and down, swift coursing in ellipses, clamor and outcries?

Oct 1.

September ended with cold blasts. The month surpassed the records both for heat and cold.

The birds are still taking their beautiful farewells. The hedge was full of dainty warblers the other evening. Their calls and choruses were bubbling melody. I want to go too.

The first scarlet display of autumn this morning.

Out in an autumn drizzle. The drone of the crickets was yet to be heard along the way but it was subdued in volume. Along the east bank of the Des Plaines in a protected nook were handsome stalks of asters. The thorn apples flamed on the trees already stripped of foliage.

Crows cawed far off, but in the near distance a row sat quietly watching, one to a post, a sable fence decoration.

Sunday A. M. Sept 3

On the grass under the shade of the horse chestnut tree. The foliage is still green and fresh; the spreading leaf with its seven leaflets overlaps its fellow leaf to make a close filter for sun beams. A shy strange bird flitted about among the branches on errands of its own, then flew into the arbor vitae near by and disappeared. It was a small, slender bird the size of a wren, and streaked on its breast like a thrush. A milkweed butterfly hovered over me, fluttered around and around quite close, and finally alighted for an instant upon my shirt sleeve. It would seem that this species is really fond of human society. The last time I crossed Lake Michigan, one fluttered about the prow of the vessel all the way across and preceded us up the Chicago River.

Addison in the Coveley ghosts expresses his delight with the noise of the cawing of rooks and crows which he says, "I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of His whole creation, and who in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him."

This might have suggested the second stanza in *The Birds of Killingworth*.

-- Oct. 15 -- 1899

Such wealth, such profusion, such pomp this season is displaying! A young hard-maple across the way has excelled as a spectacle. First in the topmost branches on one side of the tree crimson tones appeared, each day deepening and spreading, now around the top and spirally downward. No branches were neglected and the thickened dashes of color made one think that the artist had split his pigment pots high above the branches, leaving the colors to drip down by chance.

The hot winds have lately spread a mosaic of leaves upon the grass below.

Oct 22.

Present at sunset on the prairie beyond the Des Plaines. Vespers were chanted by the crickets. Rose-red, violet, purple, gray blue, yellow-green, yellow, brown, gray, drab, -- all were in the sky and some of them touched the grass, the weeds, the bar branches, the rusty red and brown leaves still clinging, and the bare road that wound off into the distance. The soft haze of autumn hung over the near horizon.

The pools gleamed out of a dark background as night came on.

“The free and the true, the few who conceive of a better life, are always the sould of the world. In whatever direction their activity flows, society can never spare them.”
Emerson

“Emerson was not a solitary idealist in a nation of materialists; he was a man of sensitive genius, who disclosed in clear and artistic expression the instinct and the faith of a race which has had to translate its spiritual passion into terms of material energy before it could express them in terms of light and beauty”. Lyman Abbot, *Outlook* Oct 21/99

Nov. 26.

Worshipped this morning on foot and in the open air. Went to Des Plaines by one road and came back by another. The same mild sort of day as those for which this month has been noted, thus far.

Grass still green among the gray stubble. The same display of subdued color. Purple and dark on the horizon, gray, red brown, yellow near and far. The maples were blackened, the poplars ashen in hue. On some oaks the dull brown foliage still stubbornly clings. The river was pretty. It mirrored every detail of twig and branch of the trees on its bank, squadrons of tame geese were afloat.

The thought that it requires only six people thoroughly in earnest to make a good village has cheered me in taking part in more than one forlorn hope.

If we could all agree today, a large portion of our fellow men would be without employment tomorrow. Some one's fancy or whim or foolish notion is a business reality to some one else and gives his children bread.

Susannah Wesley was the mother of nineteen children of whom only six reached years of maturity. Such is the humanity of science today we should expect at least seventeen to survive under similar conditions now.

- Dec. 3 -

Tramped to Norwood Park Thanksgiving Day and there being no service in sight tramped back. Friday afternoon took part in a sunset display at the Des Plaines River. The river makes a pretty picture at the bridge, sweeping down from the north in plain sight for a quarter of a mile or somewhat less, passing under the bridge and not far away bending off and losing itself in a fringe of timber. A pasture slopes down to meet the river by the bridge, its beveled edge green to the margin of brown weed and willow shoots which mark high water. Along the river's edge to the south lean poplar trees with willows between. The wagon road turns to the north, follows the river a ways behind a thin tree screen, and then bends away into the open country. Along the road here, where oak leaves lay drifted and tossed about, the dandelions were making a final but brave and honorable stand. Picked a few and gathered up an oak leaf for a late November display.

The sunset display promised to be meager and I went beyond the bridge to catch an effect the trees might conceal. Great patches of cloud with the tint of polished brass rested upon masses of dark purplish-blue with the clear azure for a back ground. But soon the rose red tints lit up the sky and I hurried back to the river to read the sky's reflected story on the water mirror. The river's placid surface was shadow and glean and rosy glow, soft and rich.

“Thoreau seemed to regard Concord and its vicinity as an epitome of the universe; it was said that on his returning to Mr. Emerson a borrowed volume of Dr. Kane’s ‘Arctic Journey,’ he remarked that ‘most of the phenomena noted could have been observed in Concord’.”

Sic Vita.

I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
 By a chance bond together,
 Dangling this way and that; their links
 Were made so loose and wide,
 Methinks,
 For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
 And sorrel intermixed,
 Encircled by a wisp of straw
 Once coiled about their shoots,
 The law
 By which I’m fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
 Those fair Elysian fields,
 With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
 Doth make the rabble rout
 That waste
 The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
 Drinking my juices up,
 With no root in the land
 To keep my branches green,
 But stand
 In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem
 In mimicry of life.
 But ah! the children will not know,
 Till time has withered them,
 The woe
 With which they’re rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for naught,
 And after in life’s vase
 Of glass set while I might survive,
 But by a kind hand brought

1899

Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year,
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear
While I droop here.

Thoreau
Reminiscences of Thoreau – *Outlook*, Dec 2, 1899.

Dec. 31 – 1899.

The past week!

Monday night at the Auditorium, heard Handel's Messiah – The Apollo Club, Thomas' Orchestra, Middelschulte and the grand organ, Lillian French, M. Marie White Longman, Glenn Hall, Arthur Van Eweyk.

The pastoral symphony, the alto solo "He was despised and rejected", and the "Hallelujah Chorus" impressed me most.

Tuesday night – Sol Smith Russel in "A Poor Relation". It is a beautiful thing. The comedy is not classic but the quaintness and the charm of the acting is. However there is no classic comedy whose humor is pathos and whose pathos is humor. Russel displays the humor of a Lincoln, the humor of the great West which deserves a classic setting.

Frank and happy childhood, always enthusiastic at the prospect of something to eat, ragged and uncared for save by a kind-hearted man who was an inventor, and a book agent! Material here for the American comedy.