

Bac-

Miss Garrett

Miss Garrett
101 West Monument St
Baltimore
Md

Please forward





PHILADELPHIA PA
NOV 22 1891

Nov 11-1887

Bryn Marw
317 MADISON AVENUE,
BALTIMORE.

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Dearest Mary,

It is hard to believe that this is the second Saturday evening since you left - three weeks all to day - and my first letter ~~is~~ still unwritten. The first week I did not write because my surroundings were too uncongenial, the 5th cook had not arrived, my range was torn out, the furnace had to be re bricked, the pump had burst, flooding the cellar, every thing wrong had happened and I did not wish to show you what a bad temper I was in. Last week Beese wrote that

(2) she had been ordered South on the 11th and I went home to find her not at all well. A talk of one hour and a half over the Salon pictures (I had brought down Figaro's large illustrations) gave her a headache that lasted half the night. Anne Harrison came in while I was there. She says she cannot afford a separate studio, that she disturbs Mr Morse by working in his, that it matters less as she has not been well enough to paint for more than a year. I had seen her last in Phil^a, in her studio, very eager and enthusiastic, so I felt ~~a~~ mournful over my two inviolated artists and returned home very much discouraged. Bessie is very sweet but not very cheerful and it seemed scarcely worth while to begin what wd soon be broken off in the way of conversation, so we snipped off only rough edges and did not plunge the scissors into the whole cloth. This unsatisfactorily is my three weeks accounted for. In between has been study and lecturing and some quiet hours of work. I get up now at six, work an hour before a half past seven breakfast, and then on till eleven (4 hrs), write business letters or dictate them for an hour, or a half hour more, in the afternoon; and get two and a half hours more work in the evening - all on my lectures and graduate students and fellow - but after this year - there are but ~~one~~ five full months left - I shall, I think, have time for my own study; the year after next, it will be only the time of lecturing I hope and all the rest my own time. Then I think I shall be perfectly happy and even now the ~~work~~ work this year is far nicer than last because

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it is so much more advanced, that is, so much of it is graduate work, & much of it new work to me, because my fellow is philological and I enjoy being philological with her, and I believe roots & Indo-European changes and ur Lentic forms just as seriously as if I cared two pines one way or the other. It is a good mental drill & intellectually interesting — that is all, but after all that is a great deal, and I enjoy it. Do you know I have changed about my study so you wd. scarcely know it. I have the Meryons all by themselves over the sofa (and by the way that those two autotypes that I think so good are unendurable beside the real Meryons on the wall — I am half glad & half sorry, for one wd. like to have desirable things easily obtainable. Then when I bought the pleasure for you Mamie insisted on buying one too, but accepted my condition

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of not putting it in her study for
three years - The time being up she has
let me have it in the alcove and
It has a double charm for me
and I hope yours will not have less
for you because the same figure
sympathizes with my despondencies.
My room is very melancholy now -
the *Mary* one are black with despair,
the *Parvise* like a sweet fantastically
moody flower stalk, Michelangelo's
slave like all of his things makes
one feel as if one might as well give
up before beginning, the *Mona Lisa* is
not gay, and the new cast of
the Olympian Victory that I have
over the fireplace like all really
Greek poetry or sculpture comes
laden with an "I am different" - &
much nicer than you can ever

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be" that always seems to me like a yellow London fog. I see it now peering out of my Victory - It comes I suppose by a trick of association that is very strong with me - from the day that I think I told you of when I was prowling up and down before the Elgin Marbles feeling just a little shud out in the cold, so far away in my wet feet & starved American mind & soul from their unrevealedness, when thro. the yellow fog that enfolded us both me an them - came a thrill of union, and like a Jewish prophet I saw a vision, so ever since then any really splendid subject Greek cast or original seems to be seen thro. a fog, and even my Victory is a little yellower than an oiled cast ought to be, and it too is not gay. Then comes the ~~flurence~~ flurence and sums up all the notes of melancholy in a Medieval Medieval fashion. I have a bookcase in the above, another bookcase at the other end & my table in front of the long porch window. I like it much better. Bessie McCall lunched here yesterday. She seemed embarrassed and was not very natural. I can't tell why. So it was not very enjoyable. I enclose you her note about the spoons; it is pleasant to have a two years business relationship end so pleasantly and there were several hard strains, I th't. Of course Bessie McCall can't mean what I mean by "found" but there are many different ~~sense~~ ^{I suppose} senses. I send you the note because I always regarded her librarianship as your appointment. I wish you wd. make some more - we have so many places to fill

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next year, and I know of no one
to fill them with - Since I saw your
Miss Climes wrote such a religious letter
that I was desquered with her either for
the college or the school - for the latter
we are going to struggle on for the
present, and in Merion Hall we have
appointed Beere Lore, an old Howland
graduate. Dr Rhoads wished her and
I knew of no one better. She is here
and it has interested me to see again
as a woman a girl whom I th't the
most attractive girl at Howland.
She dined here this evening but left
at 8 1/2 as I had told her I had
something I must do - write to you,
only I did not mention the pressing
duty. She is still attractive and
she solved for me or rather confir-
ed my opinion of one of the most
curious dramas I was ever an intimate

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spectator of. Let me tell it to you over again, if it is over again, for at 30 it is a comfort to have ones conclusions of 15 proved right. Of course as you know when Beese and I reached Howland devotions were ~~to~~ ripe - Beese was made love to by Harry Tilden and responded sufficiently to make me fly from our room whenever she appeared, and of course I was treated in just the same way by Libbie, who was seven years or more older, and a woman while I was a child of 14, - a few visits from her & a few sentimental remarks and a little teasing from the other girls, and I knew from a slight touch of personal experience what was going on about me. I scarcely saw the object of my childish

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devotion at all, I knew nothing about her, she left after three months, and I did not see her again till five years afterwards in Baltimore when the cholera was sweeping. Still my fancy, for it was nothing more, made me understand the ~~tragic~~ ~~tragedy~~ tragedy of Beere Love's & Mariana Ladd's devotion before all the 70 girls stood aghast. Beere became subject to swoons for the first time in her life, was out of school for three months, came back, only to have Mariana undergo a long illness which forced her to leave school. Then Anna Shufley who roomed with me that term was affected in the same way & lay awake night after night in tears, then she too from sheer misery - for of course Beere Love had no other th't than the grief she suffered from Mariana's absence - became ill ^{left Howland} & did not get over it for two or three years. It was a most extraordinary series of incidents but no one seemed to connect the result with the cause. Beere this evening told me that she knew at the time that it was her illness was simply caused by the fact that she was not strong enough to bear being with Mariana. Her mother took her away but Beere said her misery was so terrible that they had to send her back to school for fear she should ^{have} brain fever. She said that she could tell in a collection room of 70 girls the moment Mariana's hand touched the door outside. For years she was like a burnt child and did not dare to be friends with a man or a woman, lest this unhappiness should happen again. Then she says she realized that nothing ever could be like it, that that once had exhausted her emotional nature, and that nothing was or could ever

② replace, ^{even} the friendship she now feels
for Mariana. As Beecher has just
engaged herself to Mr North, in
Scribner's publishing house, it was
rather amusing, but I was quite delighted
to have my intuitions proved true.
What reminds me of it now is that
I am lamenting over a girl that
I have th'ld one of the cleverest
students in college - she is in my
Adv. G. Saxon, that is, this is the 3rd
year I have had her for five hrs a
week and her work is splendid
from a literary point of view - She
is not entirely a lady, she is
affected, and not a strong character
but when she translates even my
uncouth G. Saxon prose, it is as if
her life had been touched with
Aphrodite's lyre. I have never watched
any thing like this transforming
touch of literary and artistic feeling

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in an ordinary person - well, as you
may imagine I was delighted to
have her elect English as a major
and now what do you suppose
has happened - as ill luck will have
it - on her out of all the college, &
alone in the college, this stroke
of lightning has struck. She is
miserable about a perfectly ordinary
girl whose whole mind is not
with one least corner of her own
& my O Bayon poet is spoiled - I
fear for this year. Is it not too
bad - what shall I do if any
other such case should occur - but I am
glad to be able to say that I see
no signs of it - Have I told you
that there is one girl in College
from Boston - Miss Balch - who

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is now in her second year, and who is a delight without the alloy caused by Mrs Clarke's half—what is it "half" where there ought to be a "whole"—nee, Miss Balch is all round the most civilized girl in college. Never in any quiz has she said anything but wisdom. She is brilliant and earnest and steady and thoughtful, and a lady, and as witty and wise a Sophomore as I ever expect to see again. I wish I were she—beginning over again. I might ~~have~~ avoided so many mistakes; still she would have to be very sure of four years abroad before I sealed the bond of exchange.

Your note was very welcome—, follow it by another when you can. I hope the Yellowstone was splendid and the autumn colouring not quite gone. I am glad you are well, and so sorry to feel you are so far away— you at one extreme— and Beere at the other— and yet it is nice you do not feel quite as far away as Beere. Perhaps it is because we had such a nice, nice talk that Saturday evening. Take care of yourself and do not be alarmed by receiving a Emmette letter from me soon— not an important one only little words & ends. Do you know I have done some thing very brave— Miss Schwicker spent last night here. She seemed a possible secretary & I wished to probe her at leisure.

Goodnight— Lovingly yours

The next letter shall not have a word of college in it I promise you—
is a little debris to be cleared away before one can begin.
Saturday Nov 12th 1883

Minnie C. H.