

O'Berlin, April 3rd 1881.

We have been having an unusual run of weather. Snow is 14 inches deep, though melting. The storm I spoke of continued with but little interruption for 4 days, though the snow only drizzled down the last two days. Yesterday morning the therm. stood at 23°. But it rose by noon and is about 40° today. There was a stiff N.E. and N.W. wind during the storm. I received your valuable letter of the 20th ult. W. yesterday. The contents I have duly read and noted. You speak of Carlyle. I do not think it so strange that he sympathized with the South. He looked upon the North as a people of pernicious Yankee traders sunk in sordid cares for gain, hard, coarse-fibered, practical; without sentiment, without an eye for truth or liberty except to make them pay; with a coarse sentiment that they called "freedom, liberty" meaning nothing ^{by it}, but "I am as good as you"; their politics run by bribery and loud-voiced demagoguery; opinionated, crabbed, irreverent. He was fond of calling Washington a little man. He thought American liberty was mostly froth and flummery. He had some singular notions

written up in itself considered. But then again he would say some thing that was dazzlingly true. The great value of his book is not in what they say, but in what they suggest. He takes you right into the thick of life, and though you may reject every utterance he makes, you cannot help thinking right on these huge questions. There is probably more solid mental pasturage in his books than in any author - exclusive of the Bible. He takes one for enough so that they be can see the dusky forms of problems of life. Very few authors try to do that even, and most that try either point to some low hill near by as the Kunchinjinga of the ~~cupid~~ ~~Ybin~~ ~~mel~~ ~~laga~~ range of truth; or else indicate a cloud; when he says "There is the mountain!" you may be sure that it is not a dusty hill, nor a vaporous cloud, but the real peak.

The only value of books, anywhere, is to lead us to use our own faculties. A physiology, read, helps us to abuse our own bodies. So of all the scientific ^{books} they contain, of course, a great many facts gleaned from persons in position to observe, but unless we can take those facts and make use of them just as if we had gobbled them ourselves, they are of no use. This is more especially true of historical, philosophical, and religious books. Unless we take the golden

rule, and steep it in our own souls' sincerity, to see if it corresponds to the kind of juices that our hearts are boiled down from, it will be no good to us.

All the ground is white with snow.

But it drips and thaws betimes,

I hear the trickling water flow

As the small drops, oozing, go

Spilling off the First Church's eaves.

I must say that I am rather dry today.

Your paper was a consolation. I have observed in the End, that you had interested the students in your lectures on art, Good.

Our vacation is over next Tuesday. I shall have Greek, Latin, Horri-etics, and Ch. Hist, next term, besides German. In the latter we read Schiller's W^m Tell. I plan to make thorough work of Ch. Hist, writing at least one lecture a week on some topic connected therewith. I hope to write such lectures well enough so that they may be fit to deliver some time, though that is not my purpose in writing them. I wish to get a substantial comprehensive view of the subject, and I can do it better in this way than in any other. I have ^{less} the opportunities that I may not have elsewhere. I think I said a while ago that I had got

that money order of \$20. I sent a line
since a careful estimate of Mr's expenses,
if she comes here, I will leave you to
double, etc. And yet I don't see where
you want to double for. People here drop
quite plain, quite inexpensively, though
in good taste. You might have ducks enough
on hand to last you over, though a
travelling drop might be necessary. Your
clutter here, I presume, taking into account
that you would have more time to make them,
would be about 40% less than at home.

I wish, Sarah, to propose several general
questions for your consideration: 1, what is the
best strawberry for your climate? 2, How
are the fuselias at the east end of the house
growing? 3, How many bands high is Vermont
4, How ~~do~~ would it pay to raise pumpkins
and beets, at home, for fodder for cows?
5, What is the best time to prune trees?
6, Would chickens be a paying crop? 7, How
much do you weigh? 8, What time do
you get up? 9, Do you think it would
pay to set out some evergreen black berries,
black-cap raspberries, cherry currants, and
young cherry and plum trees at home?

I would like to have you investigate these

questions personally, and answer soon,

You had better go into the horticultural business. If you cannot do much garden work yourself, on account of hours work, you can take an interest in the garden and orchard, so as to learn practically all about fruit and vegetables. You will be interested in botany, no doubt. This year, as of old, I shall, if I can, collect some specimens here and send to you. It will not be so very long before I am at home again and then we shall make things spin.

I am going to take a greater interest in things than of formerly. One who goes about without interest in things, is a clod. I hope to be interested in things. That is one reason why I should think of marrying. A married man has ten motives to virtuous activity where a single man has one. But oh the wretched state of the man who cannot feel in love! I should think it an insult to say to any woman "I want to get married." I don't adore you, You are not the chief woman among all I know. I wish to marry you chiefly on my own account, not because I have any special interest in you. I have selected you because on several

accounts & think you would be a good wife.
— industrious — well-educated, pious, & good family
etc etc. If you really won't leave me, I
have in mind several others that would
do just as well, or well enough. If you
refuse me, my chief feeling will be a
sense of chagrin. My heart will not
be broken. My feeling for you does not
reach my heart at all! "Yet that is all
I could say to any one. I certainly could
not tell a falsehood in such your business
& could not pour out a flood of affectionate
words. I might say "I respect you, I esteem
you. I am glad when you are aroused
(though I do not miss you when you are gone)
if you would love and honor me, think
of me to be the finest, best, grandest, most
desirable man in the world, I might come
to think the same of you". But I could
say that to a dozen girls. If I could pre-
tend to be in love with some one, until
she were in love with me, I might sort of
work up to it. But I might not, even then.
I think that I should be moved more easily
by some one trying to woo me; but I, despise
the woman that tries to do it! I might
mention these as the signs of true love,
1, constant dwelling upon the object of your regard

so that she seems to be with you at all times. You bind yourself holding in any conversation with her. You look up suddenly, and think you see her. When away from her you accumulate so much to say to her that when you meet you seem to have no lack of talking matter on hand. You dream of her, night after night, and if she be gone for some days, you count the night the best part of your life, for then you seem to enjoy her presence.

2. The whole effect of her influence upon you is to stimulate you to great exertion, but without any sense of weariness. As the sun is to the growing tree, so is she to you.

3. You feel yourself utterly insignificant and little compared with her, and think that any notice of you from her, would be a monstrous absurdity, but you so earnestly regard her, that you do all things in your power to cause her to notice you. You would think it your highest privilege to die for her, and involuntarily imagine scenes in which you snatch her from death or danger, perhaps to your own mangled heart.

4. Her presence makes you tremble, and you talk to her, as much as anything for the opportunity you thus get to look at her

5. The thought that she cares ~~any~~ more for another than for you, makes you feel as if you were dying. You may think her very sensible; you may think no animosity toward the other, and may even think that if it is for her happiness that she prefers the other, you are, in a gentle way - wishing you were more so - really glad of it, but life is to you therefore but as when the sun has set, and the cold dew begins to fall. There are many stars, but only one sun.

Would it be right to have a woman for your wife, toward whom you did not have such feelings? If one could love a lady so, and she loved him so, for them to live together would be paradise. It might not be, if this feeling did not exist. And yet here come the prudent men and say, "Better marry anyhow." Two who are burning with devotion for each other, gradually lose their feeling, as time goes on. Two who have no such mutual devotion, gradually gain it." And yet, how is a man to begin? It is the purposeful business that gets a body. I wouldn't want a woman that did not love me, and a

woman would not have me unless I would
that I loved her. I am probably
not now capable of falling in love in
good earnest, and if I should there is
not one chance in a hundred that I
could win her.

So outside of heaven's walls
I flit a doomed soul
My heart for love and beauty eulls,
But ead echoes ~~are~~ ^{answering} null,

Oh it is a dreadful thing
To long for happy love—

When ^(But) like a bird that will not sing
Your own heart-choords refuse to move!

I mention this, not from any
sentimental reason, but as an interesting
phase of my experience. I might forget it
if I shouldn't. I enjoy people more,
I enjoy society more; there is something
very attractive about a young woman who
good and sensible. When I think of all
the plans, of all the ~~poor~~ growing feelings,
longings, resolutions, thoughts, hopes & deli-
cate, beautiful, prophetic; of all in short that
makes a young's narrow life valuable to herself,
and fragrant to others; and see that all this
is behind that pair of eyes, glowing through

those features, and manifested in the movement
of her body, of course I feel myself
stirred by a pretty profound feeling. But
that is all very general; exceedingly general.

There is a Miss Houston at our
hall, a new comer. She reminds me of
Georgie Brown B.; about the same size, her
hair and complexion almost precisely the same,
her eyes deep gray; her demeanor quiet but
^{and} collected, but impulsive; with that about
it ^{her} which seems to say "To think". Intellectu-
ality predominates in her make up; but be-
cause her other parts are deficient, but be-
cause her intellect is unusually large. She
has a fine bell voice, very sweet and clear,
with enough firmness and modesty in it, ^{when she sings,} to
make it open the gates of our attention,
and enough richness and feeling in it, to
be sympathetic. One could listen to it
a long time, and then sigh to think she
must finally cease. Usually when a com-
mon singer sings, it is the song we think
of. In her case, it is the singer. Her
voice is a good deal like yours, Mary.

Your peculiar I am in a somewhat medita-
tive state of mind, tonight. I am not
sure that I have anything more to say.

but I will add a word. The etymology of
"windows" W. is "wind hole" as we said
I think you disputed it. I guess I mentioned
it before, lately. I have read
Tourge's Foot's Erond and Erond's Empire
since reading Bricks without Straw. Did
you know that Tourge was author of
Trinelle? He is the author of a Trinelle;
multiply the Trinelle. He is to lecture
here in a week or more. So I will
have a pretty good dose of the man. Foot's
Erond is a much more powerful book
than Bricks —. It is more strictly fact,
less a story, and has a certain tough pi-
ciousness about it, indicative of more
purpose. It was Tourge's ^{first} effort to move
the nation and he put all his strength
in it. You write as much as I you
can. Put in your cogitations, as I do.
My letters are merely a trine when I think
with you, for a while. It is so with you,
isn't it, May? More a less so with all.
You I, write your cogitations. Excellent
brother — riper! I say I arrange
my to write less, but I do write more. When
I am writing my histories next term, I
shall have to curtail my letters.
Good Bye, Y. S. S.