

Oberlin, Sept 15, 1888

Dear Folks,

You see by
the inscription that I have
reached my journey's end.
A great journey, three
thousand miles and more,
a notable event of my
life. I am safe and
sound, in mind and
body. I meant of a cer-
tainly to send a card
from Chicago, but I
guess that you ^{have} ~~are~~ not
been worried as to my
wellfare. As I ex-
plained I could not
stop at Uncle Addison's.
The Chicago and Rock
Island does not stop here

trains Sunday every time,
but the three ~~tra~~ lines
accommodate each other
for by each running a train
every third Sunday. It
was the turn of the
Chicago and North Western
line, and as I had
bought a ticket to Chicago,
which was not transferable,
I had to go on or lose
my ticket, since if I had
waited ^{one day at Council}
Bluffs, ^{for the Rock Island ~~of~~ Sunday train} I should have had
not time to stop at Kellogg.

I planned to leave C.
Bluffs ~~at~~ Saturday at 4:40.
I should then have arrived
at Kellogg towards morning
Sunday. I should then
spend Sunday there, and go
on Monday, my ticket al-

lowing me time for ~~stuck~~
But — you see how it did
not turn out. I did
not get your letter,
Father, asking me to
see about your business,
until yesterday, which was
altogether too late. I
am sorry, but suppose
that it can be arranged
by letter. I will drop a
line at once to Mr
Taylor, which will not be
long in going.

I bought my ticket to
Chicago, as it cost only
\$55.50, while to Omaha
it was \$50.50, and to buy
a ticket from Omaha to
Chicago, by itself, was \$12.50.

We were standing out

on the platform; the
motion of the car had
become accustomed. There
was Starr, tall, wiry,
bobbing around like Sam
Walker. There was Mr Grey,
small, but well framed
and evidently strong, slender
graceful, with a bulging
forehead, and curly black
hair over a symmetrical
head, and a lip like
George Sinderley. Mr
Wilson, a clear faced, large
lady, with smooth hair
and blue eyes, seemed to
be more or less excited, as
were the two Wilson boys.
We were just pulling out
from Omaha, and the
old gentleman Wilson had
us running hard to catch
up, for he had stepped off
and the train had started

sooner than he was expect-
ing. In fact he did not
catch up at all, until we
stopped at C. B.

Miss Sewall was there,
looking out at the windows
to see all that was to be
seen. She was the

dark-eyed brunette, in look-
ing at whom I found
pleasure. In fact I was
tempted to look at her
rather too much, inasmuch
that my acquaintances be-
gan to make light of me,
accusing me of talking her
hoarsely, though her hoarseness
was by no means due to
that cause. ^{but to a temporary cough} She is

really a remarkable young
woman, and should be
labeled "Dangerous". It is
exceedingly odd what influence
it is. Of all my lady

acquaintances there are perhaps
three or four that are at
all fascinating. Usually
when I am talking with
a lady it is myself I am
thinking of, how I talk, what
I am talking about, what
I am thinking about. But
with these exceptions, it is
they that I am thinking of
when I talking with them. The
myself, except as an object of
interest to them, the subject
of conversation, all but
the person I am looking upon,
are matters of comparative
unimportance. In fact the
conversation itself appears to
be of no use except that
it allows me the privilege
of staring without being
considered impertinent.

This feeling is by no means
new to me. I have had
it by spells for the last
ten years. Miss Seaver
was looking out of the window
I was on the platform.
The conductor was saying,
The conductor was saying,
is a that peculiar Redd Redd
voice, cultivated for the
sake of being heard through
the rattling of the car, Foot
Orincha, seated on its
little hills was becoming
a thing of the past. The
great bridge of the Wisconsin
was slowly sliding under
our feet. The Wisconsin
a stream about as wide
as the Willammet, at this
low stage of water, as yellow
and dirty as mud can make
it, so muddy that it is

difficult to tell where the
water ends and the mud of
the banks begins. was flowing
in whirling, slow-winkling,
vortices, about a hundred
feet under the bridge.

When I was first saw the
river I was struck with dis-
appointment "Is that thing
the Missouri river?" was my
involuntary cry. But I
thought better of it as I
saw a little more of it. It
is rapid, sloshy, muddy,
sort of an overgrown Gumball,
eating itself into the clay, and
vomiting forth the surplus.

It was about there ^{P.M.} when
we arrived at Council
Bluffs and we stayed un-
til 5. P.M. Miss
Seamst ^{left the car} at a small
station about 25 miles
from C. B. She departed

into the Twilight, and that
is probably the last I shall
ever see of her. You may
think I am for gone; but
solemnly and seriously I think
it a matter of gratulation
that we have hearts capable
of emotions of genuine admiration.

Very likely if I should see
more of her I should be less
impressed. And I presume
if you should see her you
would not be impressed at
all. But I must
hasten on.

With the falling
Twilight, and the shimmering
moonlight, we went bounding
over the rolling plains of
Iowa. The train went like
a race-horse, I must have
gone more than 30 miles
some hours. It went 488
miles in about 21 hours, and

that included all stoppages.
That time, compared with
the slow trains further west,
seemed rapid.

We rolled into that slot of
human greed, named Chicago,
at about 3:20 P.M. Sunday.

The end at which we came
in is a poor part of the
city. Shanties, dirty, low
ill-favored buildings, with
the appearance of great age,
and the smell of great
decayed things were everywhere.

But that was soon past
and the magnificent stone
and iron structures that
cover the Burnt District,
showed what human skill is
capable of.

The next morning after
sleeping the sleep of the traveller,

at the Atlantic Hotel, I
aimed for the Western part
of the city. I walked ten
miles against a stream of
laborers going forth to their
labor. Did you notice
W. how soon a crowd
gathered at the bridge
across Chicago river, when
swung around to let ships
go through? I noticed it.
All down the street, car
and vehicles of all kinds,
made a long procession, on
both sides from the river,
and the sidewalks were
crowded with a smaller
thing.

When I arrived
at 13, Park Street, I went
to the door and rang the
bell. Mr Galvin came to
the door. I had previously
learned that to be his residence.
He sprang back with sur-

prise, and then bowed
with cordiality, and shook my
hand with immense warmth
and then had me in.

Mrs Gulvin was even more
surprised. "Why Mr Lyman
where did you see me from
How glad I am to see you
etc. I was quite touched
by their warmth. They
inquired first of all if I
had had breakfast. After
numerous questions, Mr
Gulvin proposed that we go
to the exposition which
had just opened. Mrs G.
has a clasp in various things
which comes to her parlor to
visit. They have a very
nice place, three four rooms
on the lower floor, near
a small park.

We went to the Exposition

What interested me most
all was the art collection

Mr G. said that he had never
seen a finer collection of
statues. It embraced casts
of nearly all the celebrated
ancient pieces: Venus, Apollo,
Laocoon, Zeus, etc.

The face of Laocoon impressed
me as much as any thing.
The muscles all drawn into
the most violent forms of effort,
standing out so preternaturally
strong, and the face, con-
verted by the last desperate
struggle: the brow drawn
down to showing the violent
will not yet yielding, but
the mouth in the form of
despair, pain, terror, the
emotion that the soul
must feel under ^{oppressing} ~~an~~ ^{power}
that is crushing it, and, ^{against}
its most frantic efforts are
wholly ineffect: seeing itself
swept right on mercilessly

Toward a fate that it escapes
from as being awful.
The puffed lips, but restless
coils of the serpent, heighten
the effect.

It fills me with an
overpowering emotion to look
at one of those majestic
faces, like that of Zeus, or
Minerva, such wonderful
fullness and symmetry,
calm, not without passion,
but no seething passion, no
littleness: every feature expres-
ive, but none runs above
the level of the rest.

A picture of ^{Fountain} Margaret,
by Hugues Merle, is a wonderful
one. She is standing at
full height, draped in simple
clothing. Her face is regular,
^{complexion} clear, very clear, with
thought and feeling, particularly
sensitivity and modesty.

moving every muscle of her face; violet
eyes, innocent, luminous, but
still a little spirited; and
a sort of ^{Do you speak of her hair?} blond
hair. She is before her is
her mother, looking over the
jewels Fountain has sent, with
the pleased vanity of a doting
old lady. Margaret has
a chain in her hand, and
another in her neck. What
she is thinking of is whether
it would become her, counsel
with her dignity and maiden-
liness to accept them.

Mephistopheles, is behind
her, with a face full of mas-
tiff dignity and devilry; dark,
mouldy, wicked, looking
as if it must rot. The
contrast of the two faces is
almost painful.

I arrived here at 10:30
P.M. yesterday, the 11th. I

repaired soon to Professor
Jackson Smith's. I saw a
man working a lawn mower.
He had on an old straw
hat. His face was thin.
His shirt I was sure fit
the wear around the neck.
He was Jackson Smith.
He greeted me cordially
and sent me to Prof Ballan-
tine. Prof Ballantine is
a mercurial little man,
with sandy hair and beard,
and an ^{a head} enormously tall
head, though not very large
around. ^{He looks like a Heliotropium} I then went to
Mr Hatch, with whom I
made arrangements for boarding
at the ladies' hall. Board
is \$2.10 per week! Think of
it, picture it, disbelieve
man!!

I am now in my room

at Council Hall. It fronts
toward the East. It is sort
of a double room, or rather
two rooms connected by
double doors. The consistency
of music is opposite.

My room is neatly, though
plainly furnished; table
with book-case, three chairs,
bureau and a large fire
stove, in the front room,
and bed and wash stand
in the back room, and a
large closet opening off.

It is a beautiful place here,
in itself considered; trees and
lawns and pleasant houses.

I may get lonesome for a
night of moon, toris and
river and forests, though.

The students here seem to
be a reasonably good set,
some fine heads. I met

President Fairchild. He is
rather a large man, with
immense bald head, bald
almost to the ear from the
crown, something like Mr
Burtis. His eyes are a
blue black and very large
under heavy dark eyebrows
and eyelashes. He has a
pleasant, little of a great way
with him, but at all
affected, though. Prof Mead
is a tall man with dome-
like head in a fringe of
red hair and beard.

Well. Bye, Bye,

W. S. Lyman

In sincerest love,

Wills,