TO GEORGE W. LATHAM

Gardiner, Maine,
Sept. 15 - 1894.

My dear Latham,

My only excuse for not writing before this is that I have [been] so thoroughly out of sorts with the world and all in it during the past six weeks that I had no heart to write to anybody. I think you can imagine just about how I have been feeling the greater part of the time, but you cannot imagine how I felt when, to crown the whole business, my ear ran like a brook for two nights, leaving me as weak as a dishrag—more from disappointment and discouragement, however, than from any physical "collapse". I supposed the thing was all right, but shall never think so again. I am glad to say that I am feeling better now than I have felt for a long time. "Antigone" is good for me, and I have hopes for the future. If my confounded itch for writing poetry would leave me, I could do sensible work with much better results; but something gets singing in my head and the only way to get it out is to write it—which generally takes some time, with my fussy way of doing things, and when that is done there is sure to be something else all ready to bother me. Some of them I can drive away, but others I cannot. If you have never writ "poetry" you cannot appreciate this; and that is your good fortune.
This summer has been a queer season with me. I have managed to make life bearable by looking down upon our prominent citizens and letting my gorge rise at the materialism reflected in the prodigious circulation of Munsey's Magazine. I do not think I care much for "up to date" literature, if Munsey's is a fair sample of it, and the pictures savor too much of the dog-and horse-kind to fill me with any great rapture. Munsey's is very popular in Gardiner and is taken quite seriously. We speak of it as our "favorite magazine" and it lies in state on all our parlor tables. If the end of our century encourages such rot what will the twentieth be like? I am not a pessimist but I think that nine tenths of the stuff that has been written and published during the past ten years might be (to quote from Cosmotheism Thorne of the Globe Review) "be buried in hell to-morrow and never be missed".---I see that Andrew Lang has written a book on ghosts. Have you seen it? The critics speak rather well of it and I fancy it is pretty good reading, though perhaps a little tedious. You know I mentioned "Donaldson's History of the Greek Drama" some time ago? Since then I have read the most of R. G. Moulton's Ancient Classical Drama—a big book in the Clarendon Press Series—and found it magnificent. It is quite different from the other and of infinitely more value to the general student. Above all it is interesting. If it is in your nearest library do not fail to read it—or as much of it as you care to. By the way, did you
carry out your plan of taking an A. M. in the Greek Drama? I hope you have concluded to do so as nothing could so effectively serve to solidify your literary character. I do not mean by this that it needs "solidifying"—but we are all open to improvements. My little experience with Antigone—and that at second-hand—has done wonders for me. If you are inclined to let the matter slip through your fingers kindly do me the favor of thinking of it seriously once more and try to think my words of some account when I tell you that a year's study of the three masters will make a complete transformation in your whole mental and moral life. (Of course I use "moral" in its broadest sense. If I seem to take an undue interest in your affairs, you must remember that my friends are all parts of myself. Although I may never see you again in this world, you have made your everlasting impression upon my mind—or rather upon my life—and I shall always have that interest in your life which I have in all (and they are few) whom I have touched and found warm with congenial fire. All this costs nothing, but it is sincere. There was something in you that I never found before and never expect to find again. I do not know what it was—I do not think there is any name for it. Perhaps, by straining the language a little, I might call it an intellectual conception of a certain kind of humor which sometimes threatens to lose itself in insincerity. For God's sake, don't misinterpret this, for we both have
the same thing. Hence our opposite [?], though symp-
pathetic attitudes toward the "Corn-Cob Club". Tryon
and Butler each had a strain of this quality but it did
not show itself in their words and actions as it did in
yours. In Saben it was wanting even[?] to picturesqueness,
and I doubt if the Semitic element of the C.C.C. had it
to any great extent.—But it was the more serious side
of the thing that interested me the most.—You are one of
my strong men. You have a personality, and you understand
things. Sometimes I wonder if you understand "Ships that
Pass in the Night."

I hope this will answer your former request for a
personal letter, and I also hope you will answer it soon.

Most sincerely,

E. A. R.