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Mr. A. de Forest Smith,

Rockland, Maine.

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Does this read any easier than my past letters? It  
is written with something quite new to me - a glass  
pen. I suppose you know all about such things.

Gardner, Maine [envelope postmarked 1895]  
Feb 10-1894

My Dear Smith,

You must not expect much of a  
letter from me to-day as I was taken with a bad  
cold immediately upon finishing my reconstruction  
story yesterday afternoon. I do not know why I  
was taken with it but for some reason I have  
usually in the dumps for the past twenty four hours.  
If I am not better in the morning I shall be  
troubled to shovel the snow all out of the  
yard. And I was foolish enough to think that  
I had outgrown such things, but now I see my  
mistake. I expect to have bronchitis all my life  
just as some old ladies have neuralgia, and  
I run so far sometimes as to think that I am  
the best off for having had them; I mean  
to have something and come out with news

the short stories of Paul Heyse or some of Edmund de Am-  
ico's. But the ~~short~~ story is not adapted to factors [this is what I  
have always looked at ~~as a~~ story] when numerous to solutions,  
and to many could rather the long measure of intricate events, some-  
times of character [?] or of the particular of contemporary events, to the  
understand... I prefer. I consider the short story the most separate  
form of fiction, in the sound of poetry; but the ~~less~~ the influence  
the ~~distance~~ or the ~~perfect~~ - could more to put into a sound, and no  
more could get the or clearly. When Beck is I influence Bronte's  
to put into a short story. "All of which is my good sense to  
me the ~~language~~ & influence Bronte's not in my list. In other words,  
I mean ~~less~~ of it ~~more~~, if you know anything of it, could tell me in  
your next letter.

Bronte's mind is all here but not for the American pro-  
ble. The short story is a kind of art - but more than a few hours  
in this country or the standards set in the leading magazines and  
small shows. If the writing further was common to learn that the ~~less~~  
English ~~more~~ measure of the English language to most children - the  
and the more hope for American fiction - perhaps. We are getting used  
a ~~hand~~ of it now because it is the thing to make or because it may all  
matter ~~hand~~ except to your eye? And there is something about some ~~the~~  
that, the small ~~story~~ told that ~~unfamiliar~~ the other half of every cell  
the ~~shows~~ now ~~matter~~ in by ~~flour~~ of ~~art~~. But Paul ~~mind~~ the ~~other~~  
a ~~grace~~. Also ~~seems~~ the ~~50~~ in the letter, I always ~~ask~~ out when  
I can not ~~feeling~~ well - and often - ~~you~~ ~~take~~ I can. ~~Yesterday~~ I read Brontë  
of ~~the~~ ~~Excursion~~. When you take a notice to do the same thing for ~~the~~ ~~mind~~ ~~of~~  
James & ~~reflection~~. We feel that you can not ~~compare~~ to ~~enough~~ to ~~years~~  
my saying ~~the~~ - ~~just~~ now I ~~can~~ a ~~good~~ ~~down~~ to ~~read~~ Brontë's ~~you~~  
~~Journal~~ - ~~Wander~~ - ~~Journal~~ ~~from~~ or ~~John~~ ~~Smith~~, ~~which~~ I ~~would~~ like to ~~bring~~  
~~you~~ to ~~text~~ ~~books~~ ~~and~~ ~~minutes~~. C.A.P.

ideas for future work.

I find that I am slowly accustoming myself to a longer period of brain-racking than I was capable of a year ago, but I also find that I am seldom for more than 300 words an hour. A course I had started but not very often. In-  
formation will never do much for me. If I am to produce anything I must work for it and then do it three or four times, in the majority of cases. As I said in my last letter I have written all the first work on the last section of "A Pseug-  
nation" - less than 2000 words, but wholly without diligence. This is the stuff that fills papers and the profits of popular writers, and is, as a rule, the "minution" of a short story. A sample of the subject let me copy a few lines from Quaker art-  
icle in the last N. A. Review (from Fred's letter):-

"The short story as opposed to the long romance is as the miniature to the fresco. They are entirely opposed to each other. I consider the short story much the more perfect as pure art. It is more concentrated, more delicate, more ideal; but is, when it is excellently well done, like Bunbury de Sumpf, like Deux Reales, like Yvette, like