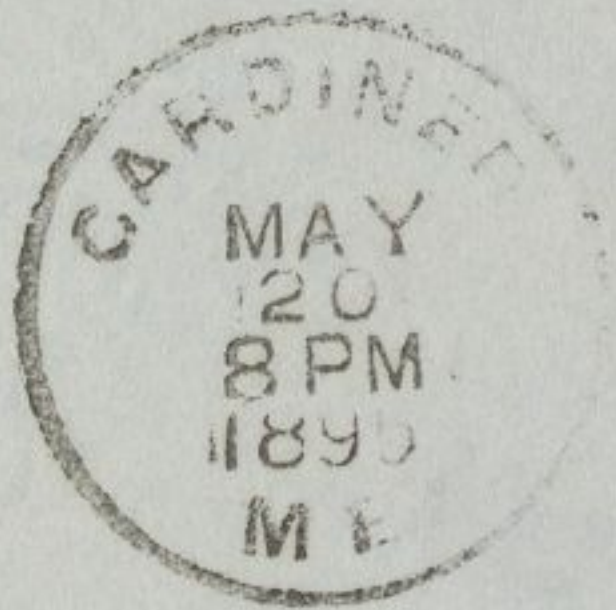


①



Mr. H. De Forest Smith,

Rockland, Maine.



129



My dear Smith,

The man I read of Mr. Mabie
in the Bookman the man I think of him.
It is not a safe thing to damn a man for
one short piece like that of his in the Chap-
Book, but I am afraid that ~~now~~ we are both
too liable and too willing to do it. I am,
at any rate, and hereafter shall try to im-
prove my ways and conquer some of my pre-
judices. When circumstances favorable I should
immediately take up Mr. Mabie's books and
then those - or some of them - of Mr. Cable
and Mr. Howells - two men, and good men,
as men for nowadays, of whom I know next
to nothing. In spite of his weak whiskers
I am beginning to believe that there must be
something to the author of "The Grandissimes"
and "Dr. Sevier"; and Howells, I don't see,
is really good for something, even if he does
write "literary parodies" for the Ladies
Home Journal.

I am in the middle of St. Luke
now and find him magnificent reading.
I am going through the New Testament and
then I shall probably go back to the
old. It is best time I knew something

about the Bible, if only for the sake of mental
easiness and I am positively glad to find that my
conscience, or rather pride, has at least turned a-
gainst me. There seems to be no plea in my
favor for such reverence but the reading can
scarcely do me no harm. - Yesterday I raised
forty cents and sent for *Tipens* *Vis de France*
(edition populaire in 12). That may not be the
most advisable accompaniment for the reading
I have laid out for myself but I have always
wished the book and now am going to have it.

You had better keep a good eye out
for translations of "L'Architecture" by Paul
"Hervieu," "En Route" by Huguano and "Le
Desert" by Loti. They are all attracting
an unusual amount of attention and there
must be something in them.

For now I must not to see you further
and matter. They have been to the re-
dedication of the White Meeting House and
you further describe the whole occasion as
a hell of a time. The most interesting
feature of the thing was, according to the de-
scription, the attitude of Leg John
Henderson who stood facing the congregation
and raised a large hand of welcome to
all who came in.

(2)

Specdy of the Bookman and Mrs. Mabel, can you tell me why the failure of Mr. Lowell "Among Sludges Darts," with a magic ring of books around him, is not a pleasant thing for me to consider? I am afraid I am a little sour on Lowell, or of it of all that I can do. I cannot take him for a great man as I can Bryant, or even Longfellow - who, were it not for his sonnets, would immediately find in my estimation, to second rank of American poets.

I sent my quatrain to the Chap-Book the other day but do not anticipate its acceptance. (But it seems more natural to him to "out" somebody and I am one of those happily constituted people whom declinations do not disturb. I have had too much practice in that line.

I am now turning over from "Shadow" inside out, completely rewriting them. I do not expect to do any more original work until next winter - mainly now but copying and tinkering with an uncomfortable feeling that I am not yet ready to publish anything. If I start by it - all the same, even if I have not much hope.

Sincerely,

E.A.R.

Gardner, Mr.

20 May, 1895