

Minneapolis
Feb 25 1886

My dear Henry,
You must be dis-
gusted with me for my delatori-
ness in writing. I promise you
to be prompt after this.

I have delayed during the last
few days because I expected to
hear from Pres. Northrop concerning
the matter of the Professorship.

I saw him yesterday but he did
not say ^{and did not} any thing upon the sub-
ject, especially as I was not sure
that he had received your com-
munication or Prof. Ellis'.

The Prof. was delatory almost
criminally so. He knew what
was the condition of things and

what necessity of getting the matter
before the authorities. I trust that
it is now true and has been
true for some time.

I am very doubtful in regard
to your securing the place, espe-
cially in one respect. Pres. Nor-
throp a while ago, not to the last
time I saw him, said he wished
the person who filled the place
to have decided views upon
religious subjects. I have
no doubt that you have de-
cided enough views but doubt
whether the decision is all that
the Pres. means. I did not
pursue the subject for this.

Still I should not be surprised
if you obtained the position
for a year. And I am satisfied
that men in the place they
would not let you go.

I do not see when I shall ever
get abroad Henry. I am not
a cent a head now. I have
had large expenses in getting
started. Still I do not think
that I should have much dif-
ficulty in laying up 2000 in
three or four years. But I am
not alone you know. My mo-
ther enjoys teaching now and
would not care to give it up
and stay with me. But this
will not last more than 3 or
4 years at the most probably,
anyway not with my consent.
But with her of course I must
not think of going abroad
at least for ten years. Within
that time I may find myself
in a such a position that
it will be right for me to attempt
it, but I cannot look forward

to its happening within a shorter
time. So Henry you must come
to me. I cannot go to you.

My work is teaching Latin Greek
and mathematics to separate
scholar. In some respects it
is very pleasant. In others it
is dull, and requires determina-
tion to put life into it, some-
times more than I possess. I am

not you know a powerful person.
I have not much creative energy.
I am influenced not an influencer
to a large extent, rather of a femin-
ine cast of mind I am afraid.

Now it takes individuality in a
large sense to make a success-
ful teacher. I feel the lack of it
constantly. I have to sometimes
bring myself to the painful position

of confessing to myself that I am
balking in aggressive force. So
now I make the confession in
compliance with my conscious-
ness of myself which I of course
hope is mistaken. It is
not in human nature to ^{walk with} a confes-
sion in regard to oneself which
one does hope and expect is cor-
rect. If I was another and had
as perfect knowledge of him as
I have of myself I should set
him down as one who would not
progress but might be drawn on,
who would originate but perhaps
step into other requisitions
mental and moral with a demand
and ownership. Who would
never be satisfied with his own
researches but would always look

to another who should classify and stamp them for him. whose mental processes would be a series of surreptitious of his thoughts and opinions to the supposed views criticisms and dicta of others whom he respected. One who lacks original force confidence in himself. And yet I always hope must and expect that if I could see myself with the eyes of another I should see possibilities and probabilities which are hidden to myself. You are not expected to answer this part of the letter. It is confidential. *Begin new sheet*

I had asked for seven least Counselors. I was disappointed. At the first I was very much taken with her character until she was enveloped in the mysteries of the court

of Ruldaalstadt. It steadily grew
in reputation but from that
point it decreased. Hers
is a beautiful character. It
is symmetrical as even Fro. Stieg
are not. There is a perfection
of sympathy with every side
of life a healthful wholesome
adaptation to every phase of
enjoyment and suffering which
a human creature is called upon
to go through, that is infrequent
ly found in works of fiction.

She is not as strong morally
as Romola. I do not respect
her as much as Romola but
she is in many ways more perfect.
But when the story becomes
clouded with the vague mysteries
of the hypochondriac, with the
vagueness of his views - the
unrealness of the machinery

part
of the society, - The constant
stimulus to expectation contrasted
by disappointed as the mystery
mes are partially unravelled -
the evident insufficiency of
Troskaus's conceptions of moral
realities, by the ideal which as-
sumes to meet the demands of
the world - she destroys the artistic
effect and takes from the effect
of the novel. For one needs in
clude The Countess of Rudolstadt
- Consuelo does not end in a
short that implies completion
One must go beyond to finish
out the unfortunate mystery
which is entered upon in
Consuelo.

There are few novelists that
are competent to construct

a new religion or a new code
of morals if you prefer to call
it so. Now Fro. said practi-
cally attempts this. She loses
her power for she steps from
the concrete to the abstract.

You are to know what your
constructor philosophy is Henry.

You must not keep it from me.

I don't see the possibility of
putting anything but an agnos-
tic construction upon Kant's
scheme as I faintly understand
it. When nothing is found
outside the mind, when all can
point to nothing that would
be absolutely true if a human
mind did not exist I see no
possible basis for a firm
philosophy. But I shall be glad enough

to meet it. And it is for I shall
welcome it as the thirsty man
does water.

I am now and ^{more} impressed
with the impossibility of the
common conception of God.

It demands simply an
ideal of a perfect man who
shall exist without resistance.
But it is impossible for us to
conceive of such a thing as
human character perfect with-
out resistance, as is witnessed
in Christ, who alone makes the
conception of God tangible to
the modern man.

Suffering can only promote
happiness as it promotes
development and yet it is
assumed that God suffers
and has suffered infinitely.
You have never understood

the objection I made to the argu-
ment from Design.

The argument from Design assumes
that from the section of nature's
activities, we see, we can deduce
that she could never have produced,
by the laws we see about us, the
results we see in nature.

Fractation & the like do not
now in our perception produce com-
plicated adaptations therefore
they never did.

I think that states the whole
difficulty as it lies before my
mind. The fact that the works
of nature are like our adaptations
proves nothing until I know that
these forces see about me cannot
produce such adaptations.

I find a ear with chairs
hollowed out of the solid rock beauti-
ful forms of stalactites but though

adapted to man's use & do not think
of its being the product of intellect
because I know the action of water
upon limestone will produce these
results of themselves.

But I must go to bed. Write all
about your life and thought.

Yours affly.

Fraser Mead.

1507 Hawthorne Ave.

Minneapolis
March 14. '86.

My dear Henry, This last
two weeks has gone without
much to mark it external
ly. I have worked rather
harder than usual though
I cannot point to any dif-
ficult result. I hope my men-
tal ^{power} is increased in compen-
sation. It is a pity that we
cannot measure our men-
tal height as we can our
physical and standing un-
der doopasts say "so many
inches have added to my sta-
ture." But mental and especial-
ly spiritual growth is a very

under Landed Process. You live
in a constantly recurring
set of circumstances you make
continually little slips, you
pass by little opportunities
and can not feel that you are
the worse for the loss. You look
over your mental and physi-
cal powers and they seem-
ingly possess the same power
But on a day when you find
yourself in a great emergen-
cy and you want strength
of character like the eternal
Hills you find that you have
nothing but rottenness under
you and you suddenly dis-
cover that you have decreased
in size ~~of a sudden~~. You discover
the old heart that was moved
before and now know that
you are under it.

That was my condition at
Berlin Heights. I formed no
character in Berlin. I drifted
as you know. I spent four
years preparing to meet my
duties in life and having
a task set before me I found
myself inadequate to it.

And into the bargain I not
only demonstrated my own weak-
ness but I lost an opportuni-
ty to assist to raise and mate-
rially benefit that town and
those boys thrown under my
charge. They or Society does
not look you over and decide
where you can be harmless
at least if not useful, but
you are turned into the
complicated machinery
with threads and far reaching
results entrusted to you

To cause you claim the ability
to manage those Precious Measures
"And some shall awake to
shame and everlasting
contempt." Could not a pow-
erful sermon be preached
from that text Henry?

Took at that situation from
a Fatalists standpoint, and
what a complication of misap-
plications. Trying evil needing
correction, insubordination
needing a strong corrective
hand, nature without influences
for good needing outside
powerful incentive and to
meet this problem your hum-
ble servant was sent.

By the eternal fitness of things
I am selected to make ex-plain

Look at it from the other slanted point. I demand that position I have had opportunities to fit me to fill it and I have wasted them. I knew I was intended to meet such problems and yet I did not prepare.

I knew the demand or temporal anyway, welfare of soul is to be entrusted to me. I did nothing but undermine the possibility of meeting that demand. I enter the place I do the damage and am punished. I do it with eyes open and suffer consequences that I knew must follow. But in the former case I felt like shaking my fist in the face of a nature that has made me the instrument

of suffering and needs my
own happiness as well.

That I should be let loose in
the midst of such narrow
rings to ruin myself and others
and my every motion calculated
my every thought the irresistible
consequence of the unchange-
able laws this divine universe
my weakness and vice and folly
to be set beside the perfection
of a perfect beauty as the
necessary and legitimate results
of the same laws offends my
moral sense to the quick.

And yet I know that I am il-
logical. I see no necessary
lack of harmony in a deformed
tree a blighted flower, but
my own sense of individuality
which forbids me to look
in myself as merely a factor

an accident in a constant
striving toward an ideal.

I must have the whole universe
shaped to explain my sin, I
must have the highest possible
emanation of my thought a
God come, and die to re-
deem it. I must command
divine sympathy, eternal
goodness and appreciation
in my struggle upwards.

I must make myself the center
of a vast tragedy plotted in
unapproachable confines of
an eternity arranged, acted
and consummated by count-
less myriads of angels minus
and a true God.

To attain perfection of ideal
for my moral nature, I
must stop at nothing, I
can arrest the forces of a universe

and apply the utmost conceptions
of imagination. We make
great demands upon nature.

We must have infinite sym-
pathy and love. The Vikings
imagined a paradise in which
they could drink the blood
of their enemies from their
skulls and they believed in
it.

The man of the nine-
teenth century wants infi-
nite love. All the comfort
and consolation all the tender
appreciation all the most
patient endurance and the
unbounded sea of divine
love which shall surround
him and satisfy every want
and he believes in it. And
the main fact that he wants it

is held conclusive evidence that
it exists. Why should Kenat
want it. It is the most satisfy-
ing thing he can see.

I have not seen or heard any
thing regarding the Professor-
ship. Prof. Northrop does
not say any thing upon the
subject to me when I see him.

What do you hear from him?
I must go to bed.

The pentup reservoir of
what I wish to talk to you
about I am afraid will never
be relieved.

Yours affly.

1507 Hawthorne Ave

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and

Minneapolis
March 28 1886

My dear Henry, I cannot write
much for I must go to bed and
get as much sleep as I can.

My work has taken my time
lately until late at night
and I have to use Sunday
in a measure to make up ^{sleep}

The work is not eulogizing
subjectively. It is Virgil and
the Roman Pronunciation
which makes scanning and
reading a matter of difficulty.
Still I am glad to be out of the
rather ^{worn} fields of Caesar
and Aeneid. Fresh fields and
Pastors new are my wings

rating when successive questions
I might almost say, of scholars
have trodden out all the fresh-
ness and muddied all the ^{brooks} ~~books~~
of those before mentioned authors.
If I could say every month
even Tommorrow to fresh fields,
and Pastures new I could with
pleasure look forward to such
work. But to grind out the
same grit for year after year
is a dreary prospect. I think
lack the pedagogue enthusiasm
is the unfolding of mind of
the pupil.

A yellow pancy on the river bank
A yellow pancy is to him
and nothing more" ^{sic}

Do I don't anticipate enthusiasm
in this vocation. When shall
I ever be able to fulfill our
scheme and tread the athens

fields of philosophy?

I have been trying to remember if I sent you my pictures I had taken lately. I think not so I am going to send one. If I have you can destroy me.

I wonder if one of your letters did not go down in the Oranger. I suspect it did. It would be a most unfortunate chance if it did.

I would not be the best of the steamer's loss if only that letter were saved.

That whole steamer placed in a true balance of values could not make your letter keep the gram.

I saw many children the other day as you like it. She was fascinating as no woman

I never saw was so fascinating. She
was superb. Such a combination
of beauty and grace would be
irresistible met in a social
circle. Because she had only
to interpret a genius as habit
requires our inequality but
if she has a spark of equal
fire in her she would be goddess.
I would like to meet her. Then
are some persons whom you know
~~could answer to you immediately~~
if you met them. So whom you are
to run all the gates of your thought
and feeling would rise. I was in
~~met~~ pressed that way with
her. I have been impressed with
female beauty and fascination but
never in such a way.
I must stop. Good night dear Henry