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Notes of a Vanished Summer

Worries of a Winter Walk

Summer Isles of Eden

Wild Flowers of the Asphalt

A Circus in the Suburbs

A She Hamlet



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Sawdust in the Arena  
At a Dime Museum  
American Literature in Exile  
The Horse Show  
The Problem of the Summer  
Aesthetic New York Fifty-odd Years Ago  
From New York into New England  
The Art of the Adsmith  
The Psychology of Plagiarism  
Puritanism in American Fiction  
The What and How in Art  
Politics in American Authors  
Storage  
"Floating down the River on the O-hi-o"

#### My Literary Passions

The Bookcase at Home  
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Cervantes  
Irving  
First Fiction and Drama  
Longfellow's "Spanish Student"  
Scott  
Lighter Fancies  
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Tennyson  
Heine  
De Quincey, Goethe, Longfellow.  
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Certain Preferences and Experiences  
Valdes, Galdos, Verga, Zola, Trollope, Hardy  
Tolstoy

## Criticism and Fiction

### NOVELS:

The Rise of Silas Lapham  
An Open-eyed Conspiracy--an Idyl of Saratoga  
The Landlord at Lions Head, v1  
The Landlord at Lions Head, v2  
Their Wedding Journey  
    The Outset  
    A Midsummer-day's Dream  
    The Night Boat  
    A Day's Railroading  
    The Enchanted City, and Beyond  
    Niagara  
    Down the St. Lawrence  
    The Sentiment of Montreal  
    Homeward and Home  
    Niagara Revisited Twelve Years after Their Wedding  
A Hazard of New Fortunes  
    Part 1  
    Part 2  
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    Part 4  
    Part 5  
Their Silver Wedding Journey  
    Volume 1  
    Volume 2  
    Volume 3  
Dr. Breen's Practice  
Fennel and Rue,  
The Kentons  
Ragged Lady, v1  
Ragged Lady, v2  
April Hopes

### PLAYS:

The Sleeping-Car  
The Garotters  
The Elevator  
The Parlor-Car  
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D.W.

## THE KENTONS

[WH#09][whken10.txt]3362

"Well, that's good," said the young man, and while he talked on she sat wondering at a nature which all modesty and deference seemed left out of, though he had sometimes given evidence of his intellectual appreciation of these things.

She was polite to them all, but to Boyne she was flattering, and he was too little used to deference from ladies ten years his senior not to be very sensible of her worth in offering it.

She in turn, to be sure, offered herself a sacrifice to the whims of the sick girl, whose worst whim was having no wish that could be ascertained, and who now, after two days of her mother's devotion, was cast upon her own resources by the inconstant barometer.

It was more difficult for Mrs. Kenton to get rid of the judge, but an inscrutable frown goes far in such exigencies.

## FENNEL AND RUE

[WH#10][whfar10.txt]3363

I used almost to die of hunger for something to happen.

She had downed the hoary superstition that people had too much of a good time on Christmas to want any good time at all in the week following; and in acting upon the well-known fact that you never wanted a holiday so much as the day after you had one, she had made a movement of the highest social importance.

She added, less sharply: "She couldn't afford to fail, though, at any point. The fad that fails is extinguished forever. Will these simple facts do for fiction? Or is it for somebody in real life you're asking, Mr. Verrian?"

## DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE

[WH#11][whdbp10.txt]3364

The neat weather-gray dwellings, shingled to the ground and brightened with door-yard flowers and creepers, straggled off into the boat-houses and fishing-huts on the shore, and the village seemed to get afloat at last in the sloops and schooners riding in the harbor, whose smooth plane

rose higher to the eye than the town itself.

Very probably Dr. Mulbridge would not have recognized himself in the character of all-compelling lady's-novel hero, which Miss Gleason imagined for him.

Dr. Mulbridge smiled, as if he perceived her intention not to tell him something she wished to tell him.

"I believe that if Mrs. Maynard had had the same confidence in me that she would have had in any man I should not have failed. But every woman physician has a double disadvantage that I hadn't the strength to overcome,--her own inexperience and the distrust of other women."

#### THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY

[WH#12][whtwj10.txt]3365

In the distance on either hand they could see cars and carts and wagons toiling up and down the avenues, and on the next intersecting pavement sometimes a laborer with his jacket slung across his shoulder, or a dog that had plainly made up his mind to go mad.

Then it appeared that the cook would not believe in them, and he did not send them, till they were quite faint, the peppery and muddy draught which impudently affected to be coffee, the oily slices of fugacious potatoes slipping about in their shallow dish and skillfully evading pursuit, the pieces of beef that simulated steak, the hot, greasy biscuit, steaming evilly up into the face when opened, and then soddening into masses of condensed dyspepsia.

"No," said Basil, not yet used to having his decisions reached without his knowledge.

In a moment it had come, the first serious dispute of their wedded life. It had come as all such calamities come, from nothing, and it was on them in full disaster ere they knew.

(A reader suggested this additional quote:)

I suppose that almost any evil commends itself by its ruin; the wrecks of slavery are fast growing a fungus crop of sentiment.

#### A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES, V1

[WH#13][wh1nf10.txt]3366

She was a little worn out with the care of housekeeping--Mrs. March



breathed, "Oh yes!" in the sigh with which ladies recognize one another's martyrdom--

He experienced remorse in the presence of inanimate things he was going to leave as if they had sensibly reproached him, and an anticipative homesickness that seemed to stop his heart.

They were at that time of life when people first turn to their children's opinion with deference.

He expected to do the wrong thing when left to his own devices, and he did it without any apparent recollection of his former misdeeds and their consequences. There was a good deal of comedy in it all, and some tragedy.

She expected him in this event to do as he pleased, and she resigned herself to it with considerable comfort in holding him accountable. He learned to expect this, and after suffering keenly from her disappointment with whatever he did he waited patiently till she forgot her grievance and began to extract what consolation lurks in the irreparable.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES, V2  
[WH#14][wh2nf10.txt]3367

"Now, Alma," said her mother, with the clinging persistence of such natures.

Mrs. March asked her husband what a dividend was. "It's a chicken before it's hatched."

"I am not blue, Alma. But I cannot endure this--this hopefulness of yours."

What you want is some man who can have patience with mediocrity putting on the style of genius, and with genius turning mediocrity on his hands.

You know we Southerners have all had to go to woak. But Ah don't mand it. I tell papa I shouldn't ca' fo' the disgrace of bein' poo' if it wasn't fo' the inconvenience."

He had that timidity of the elder in the presence of the younger man which the younger, preoccupied with his own timidity in the presence of the elder, cannot imagine.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES, V3

[WH#15][wh3nf10.txt]3368

Dryfoos complained to his wife on the basis of mere affectional habit, which in married life often survives the sense of intellectual equality. He did not expect her to reason with him, but there was help in her listening, and though she could only soothe his fretfulness with soft answers which were often wide of the purpose, he still went to her for solace.

He began to brag of his wife, as a good husband always does when another woman charms him.

His courage hadn't been put to the test, and courage is a matter of proof, like proficiency on the fiddle, you know: you can't tell whether you've got it till you try."

I wish that old friend of hers would hurry up and git well--or something.

Men who have made money and do not yet know that money has made them....

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES, V4

[WH#16][wh4nf10.txt]3369

He seemed to be lying in wait for some encroachment of the literary department on the art department, and he met it now and then with anticipative reprisal.

In the course of his married life March had learned not to censure the irretrievable; but this was just what his wife had not learned....

She was too ignorant of her ignorance to recognize the mistakes she made.

But in these matters we have no right to burden our friends with our decisions."

The Marches had no longer the gross appetite for novelty which urges youth to a surfeit of strange scenes, experiences, ideas; and makes travel, with all its annoyances and fatigues, an inexhaustible delight.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES, V5

[WH#17][wh5nf10.txt]3370

Death is an exile that no remorse and no love can reach. Remember that, and be good to every one here on earth, for your longing to retrieve any

harshness or unkindness to the dead will be the very ecstasy of anguish to you.

"Oh, death doesn't look bad," said March. "It's life that looks so in its presence. Death is peace and pardon.

Does any one deserve happiness?

Let their love of justice hurry them into sympathy with violence.

"Does anything from without change us?" her husband mused aloud. "We're brought up to think so by the novelists, who really have the charge of people's thinking, nowadays.

"Yes, people that have convictions are difficult. Fortunately, they're rare."

To do whatever one likes is finally to do nothing that one likes, even though one continues to do what one will....

SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY, V1

[WH#18][wh1sw10.txt]3371

The wars come and go in blood and tears; but whether they are bad wars, or what are comically called good wars, they are of one effect in death and sorrow.

I don't know. It seems to me that I'm less and less certain of everything that I used to be sure of.

But the madness of sight-seeing, which spoils travel, was on them, and they delivered themselves up to it as they used in their ignorant youth, though now they knew its futility so well. They spared themselves nothing that they had time for.

Men would say anything from a reckless and culpable optimism.

While they all talked on together, and repeated the nothings they had said already....

SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY, V2

[WH#19][wh2sw10.txt]3372

It's so deeply founded in nature that after denying royalty by word and deed for a hundred years, we Americans are hungrier for it than anybody else.

He buys my poverty and not my will.

There was no wild life to penetrate his isolation; no birds, not a squirrel, not an insect; an old man who had bidden him good-morning, as he came up, kept fumbling at the path with his hoe, and was less intrusive than if he had not been there.

He lost the sense of his wife's presence, and answered her vaguely. She talked contentedly on in the monologue to which the wives of absent-minded men learn to resign themselves.

The disadvantage of living long is that we get too much into the hands of other people.

### SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY, V3

[WH#20][wh3sw10.txt]3373

Summoned the passengers to declare that they had nothing to declare, as a preliminary to being searched like thieves at the dock.

It's the illusions: no marriage can be perfect without them, and at their age the Kenbys can't have them.

You expected the ideal. And that's what makes all the trouble, in married life: we expect too much of each other--we each expect more of the other than we are willing to give or can give. If I had to begin over again, I should not expect anything at all, and then I should be sure of being radiantly happy.

She always came to his defence when he accused himself; it was the best ground he could take with her.

### THE ENTIRE MARCH FAMILY TRILOGY

[WH#21][whemf10.txt]3374

The sea-sickness was confined to those who seemed wilful sufferers.

The voting-cattle whom they bought and sold.

There is little proportion about either pain or pleasure: a headache darkens the universe while it lasts, a cup of tea really lightens the spirit bereft of all reasonable consolations.

She has a great respect for your mind, but she don't think you've got any sense.

Uncounted thousands within doors prolonging, before the day's terror  
began, the oblivion of sleep.

She wonders the happiest women in the world can look each other in the  
face without bursting into tears, their happiness is so unreasonable, and  
so built upon and hedged about with misery. She declares that there's  
nothing so sad to her as a bride, unless it's a young mother, or a little  
girl growing up in the innocent gayety of her heart. She wonders they can  
live through it.

#### THE LANDLORD AT LIONS HEAD, V1

[WH#22][wh1lh10.txt]3375

Crimson torch of a maple, kindled before its time  
Disposition to use his friends  
Fear of asking too much and the folly of asking too little  
Government is best which governs least  
Honesty is difficult  
Insensate pride that mothers have in their children's faults  
Joyful shame of children who have escaped punishment  
Married Man: after the first start-off he don't try  
Nothing in the way of sport, as people commonly understand it  
People whom we think unequal to their good fortune  
Society interested in a woman's past, not her future  
The great trouble is for the man to be honest with her  
We're company enough for ourselves  
Women talked their follies and men acted theirs  
World seems to always come out at the same hole it went in at!

#### THE LANDLORD AT LIONS HEAD, V2

[WH#23][wh2lh10.txt]3376

Boldest man is commonly a little behind a timid woman  
Crimson which stained the tops and steeps of snow  
Errors of a weak man, which were usually the basest  
Exchanging inaudible banalities  
He might walk home with her if he would not seem to do so  
He's the same kind of a man that he was a boy  
Hollow hilarities which people use to mask their indifference  
If one must, it ought to be champagne  
Intent upon some point in the future  
No two men see the same star  
Pathetic hopefulness  
Picture which, he said to himself, no one would believe in

Quiet but rather dull look of people slightly deaf  
Stupefied by a life of unalloyed prosperity and propriety  
To be exemplary is as dangerous as to be complimentary  
Want something hard, don't you know; but I want it to be easy  
With all her insight, to have very little artistic sense  
World made up of two kinds of people

## CRITICISM AND FICTION

[WH#24][whcaf10.txt]3377

### Authorities

Browbeat wholesome common-sense into the self-distrust  
Comfort from the thought that most things cannot be helped  
Concerning popularity as a test of merit in a book  
Critical vanity and self-righteousness  
Critics are in no sense the legislators of literature  
Dickens rescued Christmas from Puritan distrust  
Fact that it is hash many times warmed over that reassures them  
Forbear the excesses of analysis  
Glance of the common eye, is and always was the best light  
Greatest classics are sometimes not at all great  
Holiday literature  
Imitators of one another than of nature  
Languages, while they live, are perpetually changing  
Let fiction cease to lie about life  
Long-puerilized fancy will bear an endless repetition  
Made them talk as seldom man and never woman talked  
No greatness, no beauty, which does not come from truth  
Novels hurt because they are not true  
Plain industry and plodding perseverance are despised  
Pseudo-realists  
Public wish to be amused rather than edified  
Teach what they do not know  
Tediously analytical  
Unless we prefer a luxury of grief  
Vulgarity: bad art to lug it in  
Whatever is established is sacred with those who do not think

## MY LITERARY PASSIONS

[WH#25][whmlp10.txt]3378

Account of one's reading is an account of one's life  
Affections will not be bidden  
Air of looking down on the highest  
Authors I must call my masters

Capriciousness of memory: what it will hold and what lose  
Contemptible he found our pseudo-equality  
Criticism still remains behind all the other literary arts  
Dickens is purely democratic  
Escaped at night and got into the boy's dreams  
Fictions subtle effect for good and for evil on the young  
Hardly any sort of bloodshed which I would not pardon  
Hospitable gift of making you at home with him  
In school there was as little literature then as there is now  
Inexperience takes this effect (literary lewdness) for reality  
Kindness and gentleness are never out of fashion  
Kissing goes by favor, in literature as in life  
Lewd literature seems to give a sanction to lewdness in the life  
Made many of my acquaintances very tired of my favorite authors  
Mustache, which in those days devoted a man to wickedness  
My own youth now seems to me rather more alien  
My reading gave me no standing among the boys  
Never appeals to the principle which sniffs, in his reader  
None of the passions are reasoned  
Now little notion what it was about, but I love its memory  
Prejudice against certain words that I cannot overcome  
Rapture of the new convert could not last  
Responsibility of finding him all we have been told he is  
Secretly admires the splendors he affects to despise  
Self-satisfied, intolerant, and hypocritical provinciality  
Should probably have wasted the time if I had not read them  
So long as we have social inequality we shall have snobs  
Somewhat too studied grace  
Speaks it is not with words and blood, but with words and ink  
Spit some hapless victim: make him suffer and the reader laugh  
Style is the man, and he cannot hide himself in any garb  
Trace no discrepancy between reading his plays and seeing them  
Tried to like whatever they bade me like  
Truth is beyond invention  
We did not know that we were poor  
We see nothing whole, neither life nor art  
What I had not I could hope for without unreason  
What we thought ruin, but what was really release  
When was love ever reasoned?  
Wide leisure of a country village  
Words of learned length and thundering sound  
World's memory is equally bad for failure and success  
Worst came it was not half so bad as what had gone before  
You cannot be at perfect ease with a friend who does not joke  
You may do a great deal(of work), and not get on

Aim at nothing higher than the amusement of your readers  
Any man's country could get on without him  
Begun to fight with want from their cradles  
Could not, as the saying is, find a stone to throw at a dog  
Disbeliever in punishments of all sorts  
Do not want to know about such squalid lives  
Early self-helpfulness of children is very remarkable  
Encounter of old friends after the lapse of years  
Even a day's rest is more than most people can bear  
Eyes fixed steadfastly upon the future  
For most people choice is a curse  
General worsening of things, familiar after middle life  
Happy in the indifference which ignorance breeds in us  
Hard to think up anything new  
Heart of youth aching for their stoical sorrows  
Heighten our suffering by anticipation  
If one were poor, one ought to be deserving  
Look of challenge, of interrogation, almost of reproof  
Malevolent agitators  
Meet here to the purpose of a common ostentation  
Neatness that brings despair  
Noble uselessness  
Openly depraved by shows of wealth  
People have never had ideals, but only moods and fashions  
People of wealth and fashion always dissemble their joy  
Plagiarism carries inevitable detection with it  
Refused to see us as we see ourselves  
So many millionaires and so many tramps  
Superiority one likes to feel towards the rich and great  
Take our pleasures ungraciously  
The old and ugly are fastidious as to the looks of others  
They are so many and I am so few  
Those who work too much and those who rest too much  
Unfailing American kindness  
Visitors of the more inquisitive sex  
We cannot all be hard-working donkeys  
We who have neither youth nor beauty should always expect it  
Whatever choice you make, you are pretty sure to regret it

#### NOTES OF A VANISHED SUMMER

[WH#27][whvan10.txt]3380

Not all the houses are small; some are spacious and ambitious to be of ugly modern patterns.

We are still far from the falling leaf; we are hardly come to the blushing or fading leaf. Here and there an impassioned maple confesses the autumn.



The street takes care of itself; the seafaring housekeeping of New England is not of the insatiable Dutch type which will not spare the stones of the highway; but within the houses are of almost terrifying cleanliness.

Jim was, and still is, and I hope will long be, a cat; but unless one has lived at Kittery Point, and realized, from observation and experience, what a leading part cats may play in society, one cannot feel the full import of this fact. Not only has every house in Kittery its cat, but every house seems to have its half-dozen cats, large, little, old, and young; of divers colors, tending mostly to a dark tortoise-shell.

The day's work on land and sea is then over, and the village leisure, perched upon fences and stayed against house walls, is of a picturesqueness which we should prize if we saw it abroad, and which I am not willing to slight on our own ground.

The lounging native walk is not the heavy plod taught by the furrow, but has the lurch and the sway of the deck in it.

STANDARD HOUSEHOLD EFFECT CO.

[WH#28][whshe10.txt]3381

As soon as she has got a thing she wants, she begins to hate it.

I have been thinking this matter over very seriously, and I believe it is going from bad to worse. I have heard praises of the thorough housekeeping of our grandmothers, but the housekeeping of their granddaughters is a thousand times more intense.

At several times in our own lives we have accumulated stuff enough to furnish two or three house and have paid a pretty stiff house-rent in the form of storage for the overflow.

Yes, I see what you mean," I said. This is what one usually says when one does not quite know what another is driving at; but in this case I really did know, or thought I did.

AMERICAN LITERARY CENTERS

[WH#29][whalc10.txt]3382

One of the facts which we Americans have a difficulty in making clear to a rather inattentive world outside is that, while we have apparently a literature of our own, we have no literary centre. We have so much literature that from time to time it seems even to us we must have a literary centre. We say to ourselves, with a good deal of logic, Where

there is so much smoke there must be some fire, or at least a fireplace.

It is not quality that is wanting, but perhaps it is the quantity of the quality; there is leaven, but not for so large a lump. It may be that New York is going to be our literary centre, as London is the literary centre of England, by gathering into itself all our writing talent, but it has by no means done this yet.

Preach the blessings of our deeply incorporated civilization by the mouths of our eight-inch guns.

#### SPANISH PRISONERS OF WAR

[WH#30][whspw10.txt]3383

If we had a grief with the Spanish government, and if it was so mortal we must do murder for it, we might have sent a joint committee of the House and Senate, and, with the improved means of assassination which modern science has put at our command, killed off the Spanish cabinet, and even the queen--mother and the little king. This would have been consequent, logical, and in a sort reasonable; but to butcher and capture a lot of wretched Spanish peasants and fishermen, hapless conscripts to whom personally and nationally we were as so many men in the moon, was that melancholy and humiliating necessity of war which makes it homicide in which there is not even the saving grace of hate, or the excuse of hot blood.

That stupid and atrocious hate towards the public enemy which abominable newspapers and politicians had tried to breed in the popular mind.

How is it the great pieces of good luck fall to us?

#### ANOMALIES OF THE SHORT STORY

[WH#31][whass10.txt]3384

One of the most amusing questions concerning the short story is why a form which is singly so attractive that every one likes to read a short story when he finds it alone is collectively so repellent as it is said to be. Before now I have imagined the case to be somewhat the same as that of a number of pleasant people who are most acceptable as separate householders, but who lose caste and cease to be desirable acquaintances when gathered into a boarding-house.

I wish that the general reader, with whom the fault lies, could be made to say why, if he likes one short story by itself and four short stories in a magazine, he does not like, or will not have, a dozen short stories

in a book. This was the baffling question which I began with and which I find myself forced to end with, after all the light I have thrown upon the subject.

#### LAST DAYS IN A DUTCH HOTEL

[WH#32][whldh10.txt]3385

But in Europe everything is permanent, and in America everything is provisional. This is the great distinction which, if always kept in mind, will save a great deal of idle astonishment. It is in nothing more apparent than in the preparation here at Scheveningen for centuries of summer visitors, while at our Long Island hotel there was a losing bet on a scant generation of them. When it seemed likely that it might be a winning bet the sand was planked there in front of the hotel to the sea with spruce boards. It was very handsomely planked, but it was never afterwards touched, apparently, for any manner of repairs. Here, for half a mile the dune on which the hotel stands is shored up with massive masonry, and bricked for carriages, and tiled for foot-passengers; and it is all kept as clean as if wheel or foot had never passed over it. I am sure that there is not a broken brick or a broken tile in the whole length or breadth of it. But the hotel here is not a bet; it is a business. It has come to stay; and on Long Island it had come to see how it would like it.

#### THE YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR

[WH#33][whtyc10.txt]3386

An artistic atmosphere does not create artists a literary atmosphere does not create literators; poets and painters spring up where there was never a verse made or a picture seen.

We hear much of drudgery, but any sort of work that is slighted becomes drudgery; poetry, fiction, painting, sculpture, acting, architecture, if you do not do your best by them, turn to drudgery sore as digging ditches, hewing wood, or drawing water; and these, by the same blessings of God, become arts if they are done with conscience and the sense of beauty.

At once put aside all anxiety about style; that is a thing that will take care of itself; it will be added unto him if he really has something to say; for style is only a man's way of saying a thing.

If I were to sin my sins over again, I think I should sin a little more on the side of candid severity. I am sure I should do more good in that way, and I am sure that when I used to dissemble my real mind I did harm

to those whose feelings I wished to spare.

The trouble with success is that it is apt to leave life behind, or apart. The successful writer especially is in danger of becoming isolated from the realities that nurtured in him the strength to win success.

I think that every author who is honest with himself must own that his work would be twice as good if it were done twice.

#### CONFESSIONS OF SUMMER COLONIST

[WH#34][whcsc10.txt]3387

At this function, which is our chief social event, it is 'de rigueur' for the men not to dress, and they come in any sort of sack or jacket or cutaway, letting the ladies make up the pomps which they forego.

They say frankly that the summer folks have no idea how pleasant it is when they are gone.

Well, we calculate to do our work," he added, with an accent which sufficiently implied that their consciences needed no bossing in the performance.

#### MAN OF LETTERS IN BUSINESS

[WH#35][whmlb10.txt]3388

Artist has seasons, as trees, when he cannot blossom  
Book that they are content to know at second hand  
Business to take advantage of his necessity  
Competition has deformed human nature  
Conditions of hucksters imposed upon poets  
Fate of a book is in the hands of the women  
God of chance leads them into temptation and adversity  
Historian, who is a kind of inferior realist  
I do not think any man ought to live by an art  
If he has not enjoyed writing no one will enjoy reading  
Impropriety if not indecency promises literary success  
Literature beautiful only through the intelligence  
Literature has no objective value  
Literature is Business as well as Art  
Man is strange to himself as long as he lives  
Men read the newspapers, but our women read the books  
Most journalists would have been literary men if they could  
Never quite sure of life unless I find literature in it

No rose blooms right along  
Our huckstering civilization  
Public whose taste is so crude that they cannot enjoy the best  
Rogues in every walk of life  
There is small love of pure literature  
Two branches of the novelist's trade: Novelist and Historian  
Work not truly priced in money cannot be truly paid in money

LITERATURE AND LIFE  
[WH#36][whlal10.txt]3389

Impropriety if not indecency promises literary success.

Literature is beautiful only through the intelligence.

Public whose taste is so crude that they cannot enjoy the best.

They say frankly that the summer folks have no idea how pleasant it is  
when they are gone.

The trouble with success is that it is apt to leave life behind, or  
apart. The successful writer especially is in danger of becoming  
isolated from the realities that nurtured in him the strength to win  
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I think that every author who is honest with himself must own that his  
work would be twice as good if it were done twice.

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care of itself; it will be added unto him if he really has something to  
say; for style is only a man's way of saying a thing.

If I were to sin my sins over again, I think I should sin a little more  
on the side of candid severity. I am sure I should do more good in that  
way, and I am sure that when I used to dissemble my real mind I did harm  
to those whose feelings I wished to spare.

MY MARK TWAIN  
[WH#37][whmmt10.txt]3390

Absolutely, so positively, so almost aggressively truthful  
Amiable perception, and yet with a sort of remote absence  
But now I remember that he gets twenty dollars a month  
Christianity had done nothing to improve morals and conditions  
Church: "Oh yes, I go! It 'most kills me, but I go"  
Clemens was sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature

Despair broke in laughter  
Despised the avoidance of repetitions out of fear of tautology  
Everlasting rock of human credulity and folly  
Flowers with which we garland our despair in that pitiless hour  
He was a youth to the end of his days  
Heroic lies  
His coming almost killed her, but it was worth it  
Honest men are few when it comes to themselves  
It was mighty pretty, as Pepys would say  
Left him to do what the cat might  
Lie, of course, and did to save others from grief or harm  
Liked to find out good things and great things for himself  
Livy Clemens: the loveliest person I have ever seen  
Marriages are what the parties to them alone really know  
Mind and soul were with those who do the hard work of the world  
Most desouthernized Southerner I ever knew  
Most serious, the most humane, the most conscientious of men  
Nearly nothing as chaos could be  
Never saw a dead man whom he did not envy  
Never saw a man more regardful of negroes  
No man ever yet told the truth about himself  
No man more perfectly sensed and more entirely abhorred slavery  
Not possible for Clemens to write like anybody else  
Ought not to call coarse without calling one's self prudish  
Polite learning hesitated his praise  
Praised it enough to satisfy the author  
Reparation due from every white to every black man  
Shackles of belief worn so long  
Stupidly truthful  
The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it  
Used to ingratitude from those he helped  
Vacuous vulgarity  
Walter-Scotticized, pseudo-chivalry of the Southern ideal  
We have never ended before, and we do not see how we can end  
Livy: Well, if you are to be lost, I want to be lost with you  
What he had done he owned to, good, bad, or indifferent  
Whether every human motive was not selfish  
"Wonder why we hate the past so?--"It's so damned humiliating!"

A BELATED GUEST

[WH#38][whabg10.txt]3391

Always sumptuously providing out of his destitution  
Could only by chance be caught in earnest about anything  
Couldn't fire your revolver without bringing down a two volumner  
Death's vague conjectures to the broken expectations of life  
Dollars were of so much farther flight than now  
Enjoying whatever was amusing in the disadvantage to himself  
Express the appreciation of another's fit word

Gay laugh comes across the abyss of the years  
His plays were too bad for the stage, or else too good for it  
Insatiable English fancy for the wild America no longer there  
Long breath was not his; he could not write a novel  
Mellow cordial of a voice that was like no other  
Now death has come to join its vague conjectures  
Offers mortifyingly mean, and others insultingly vague  
Only one concerned who was quite unconcerned  
So refined, after the gigantic coarseness of California  
Wrote them first and last in the spirit of Dickens

#### CAMBRIDGE NEIGHBORS

[WH#39][whcbrn10.txt]3392

Cold-slaw  
Collective opacity  
Felt that this was my misfortune more than my fault  
Found life was not all poetry  
He had no time to make money  
Intellectual poseurs  
NYC, a city where money counts for more and goes for less  
One could be openly poor in Cambridge without open shame  
Put your finger on the present moment and enjoy it  
Standards were their own, and they were satisfied with them  
Wonderful to me how it should remain so unintelligible

#### STUDIES OF LOWELL

[WH#40][whlow10.txt]3393

What I have cloudily before me is the vision of a very lofty and simple soul, perplexed, and as it were surprised and even dismayed at the complexity of the effects from motives so single in it, but escaping always to a clear expression of what was noblest and loveliest in itself at the supreme moments, in the divine exigencies. I believe neither in heroes nor in saints; but I believe in great and good men, for I have known them, and among such men Lowell was of the richest nature I have known.

Writing at the distance of Europe, and with America in the perspective which the alien environment clouded, he spoke of her as "The Land of Broken Promise." It was a splendid reproach, but perhaps too dramatic to bear the full test of analysis, and yet it had the truth in it, and might, I think, have usefully stood, to the end of making people think. Undoubtedly it expressed his sense of the case, and in the same measure it would now express that of many who love their country most among us.

It is well to hold one's country to her promises, and if there are any who think she is forgetting them it is their duty to say so, even to the point of bitter accusation.

As I have suggested in my own case, it did not matter much whether you brought anything to the feast or not. If he liked you he liked being with you, not for what he got, but for what he gave. He was fond of one man whom I recall as the most silent man I ever met. I never heard him say anything, not even a dull thing, but Lowell delighted in him, and would have you believe that he was full of quaint humor.

#### THE WHITE MR. LONGFELLOW

[WH#41][whlng10.txt]3394

In Cambridge the houses to be let were few, and such as there were fell either below our pride or rose above our purse. I wish I might tell how at last we bought a house; we had no money, but we were rich in friends, who are still alive to shrink from the story of their constant faith in a financial future which we sometimes doubted, and who backed their credulity with their credit. It is sufficient for the present record, which professes to be strictly literary, to notify the fact that on the first day of May, 1866, we went out to Cambridge and began to live in a house which we owned in fee if not in deed, and which was none the less valuable for being covered with mortgages. Physically, it was a carpenter's box, of a sort which is readily imagined by the Anglo-American genius for ugliness.

Any sort of diversion was hailed, and once Appleton proposed that Longfellow should show us his wine-cellar. He took up the candle burning on the table for the cigars, and led the way into the basement of the beautiful old Colonial mansion, doubly memorable as Washington's headquarters while he was in Cambridge, and as the home of Longfellow for so many years. The taper cast just the right gleams on the darkness, bringing into relief the massive piers of brick, and the solid walls of stone, which gave the cellar the effect of a casemate in some fortress, and leaving the corners and distances to a romantic gloom. This basement was a work of the days when men built more heavily if not more substantially than now.

The ill-will that seemed nearly always to go with adverse criticism made him distrust criticism, and the discomfort which mistaken or blundering praise gives probably made him shy of all criticism.

The memory will not be ruled as to what it shall bind and what it shall loose.

Somewhat shy of his fellow-men, as the scholar seems always to be.



## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

[WH#42][whowh10.txt]3395

Appeal, which he had come to recognize as invasive  
Could make us feel that our faults were other people's  
Hard of hearing on one side. But it isn't deafness!  
Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Autocrat clashed upon homeopathy  
He was not bored because he would not be  
He was not constructive; he was essentially observant  
His readers trusted and loved him  
Men's lives ended where they began, in the keeping of women  
Not a man who cared to transcend; he liked bounds  
Not much patience with the unmanly craving for sympathy  
Old man's disposition to speak of his infirmities  
Old man's tendency to revert to the past  
Reformers, who are so often tedious and ridiculous  
Secret of the man who is universally interesting  
Sought the things that he could agree with you upon  
Spare his years the fatigue of recalling your identity  
Study in a corner by the porch  
Those who have sorrowed deepest will understand this best  
Times when a man's city was a man's country  
Work gives the impression of an uncommon continuity

## LITERARY BOSTON

[WH#43][whbos10.txt]3396

Dawn upon him through a cloud of other half remembered faces  
Ethical sense, not the aesthetical sense  
Few men last over from one reform to another  
Generous lover of all that was excellent in literature  
Got out of it all the fun there was in it  
Greeting of great impersonal cordiality  
Grieving that there could be such ire in heavenly minds  
His remembrance absolutely ceased with an event  
Looked as if Destiny had sat upon it  
Man who may any moment be out of work is industrially a slave  
Pathos of revolt from the colorless rigidities  
Plain-speaking or Rude Speaking  
Pointed the moral in all they did  
Sometimes they sacrificed the song to the sermon  
Tired themselves out in trying to catch up with him  
True to an ideal of life rather than to life itself  
Wasted face, and his gay eyes had the death-look  
When to be an agnostic was to be almost an outcast

## ROUNDAABOUT TO BOSTON

[WH#44][whrtb10.txt]3397

I could only report to him from time to time the unyielding attitude of the Civil Tribunal, and at last he consented, as he wrote, "to act officiously, not officially, in the matter," and the hapless claimant got what was left of his estate.

I was notified that there was a sum to my credit in the bank, I said, with the confidence I have nearly always felt when wrong, that I had no money there. The proof of my error was sent me in a check.

It is one of the hard conditions of this state that while we can mostly make out to let people taste the last drop of bitterness and ill-will that is in us, our love and gratitude are only semi-articulate at the best, and usually altogether tongue-tied.

His honesty made all men trust him when they doubted his opinions; his good sense made them doubt their own opinions, when they had as little question of their own honesty.

His whole life taught the lesson that the world is well lost whenever the world is wrong; but never, I think, did any life teach this so sweetly, so winningly. The wrong world itself might have been entreated by him to be right, for he was one of the few reformers who have not in some measure mixed their love of man with hate of men; his quarrel was with error, and not with the persons who were in it.

He was a believer in the cause of women's rights, which has no picturesqueness, and which chiefly appeals to the sense of humor in the men who never dreamt of laughing at him.

## FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND

[WH#45][whvne10.txt]3398

Abstract, the air-drawn, afflicted me like physical discomforts  
Became gratefully strange  
Best talkers are willing that you should talk if you like  
Could easily believe now that it was some one else who saw it  
Death of the joy that ought to come from work  
Did not feel the effect I would so willingly have experienced  
Dinner was at the old-fashioned Boston hour of two  
Either to deny the substance of things unseen, or to affirm it  
Espoused the theory of Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare  
Feigned the gratitude which I could see that he expected

Forbearance of a wise man content to bide his time  
Hate of hate, The scorn of scorn, The love of love  
Hollowness, the hopelessness, the unworthiness of life  
I did not know, and I hated to ask  
If he was half as bad, he would have been too bad to be  
In the South there was nothing but a mistaken social ideal  
Incredible in their insipidity  
Industrial slavery  
Love of freedom and the hope of justice  
Man who had so much of the boy in him  
Met with kindness, if not honor  
Napoleonic height which spiritually overtops the Alps  
Never paid in anything but hopes of paying  
Not quite himself till he had made you aware of his quality  
Odious hilarity, without meaning and without remission  
Praised extravagantly, and in the wrong place  
Seen through the wrong end of the telescope  
Things common to all, however peculiar in each  
Wit that tries its teeth upon everything

Of Literature--Entire

[WH#46][whlfr10.txt]3399

Authorities

Browbeat wholesome common-sense into the self-distrust  
Comfort from the thought that most things cannot be helped  
Concerning popularity as a test of merit in a book  
Critical vanity and self-righteousness  
Critics are in no sense the legislators of literature  
Dickens rescued Christmas from Puritan distrust  
Fact that it is hash many times warmed over reassures them  
Forbear the excesses of analysis  
Glance of the common eye, is and always was the best light  
Greatest classics are sometimes not at all great  
Imitators of one another than of nature  
Languages, while they live, are perpetually changing  
Let fiction cease to lie about life  
Long-puerilized fancy will bear an endless repetition  
Made them talk as seldom man and never woman talked  
No greatness, no beauty, which does not come from truth  
Novels hurt because they are not true  
Plain industry and plodding perseverance are despised  
Pseudo-realists  
Public wish to be amused rather than edified  
Teach what they do not know  
Tediously analytical  
To break new ground  
Unless we prefer a luxury of grief  
Vulgarity: bad art to lug it in

What makes a better fashion change for a worse  
Whatever is established is sacred with those who do not think

RAGGED LADY, V1  
[WH#51][wh1r110.txt]3405

All in all to each other  
Chained to the restless pursuit of an ideal not his own  
Composed her features and her ideas to receive her visitor  
Hopeful apathy in his face  
Inexhaustible flow of statement, conjecture and misgiving  
Kept her talking vacuities when her heart was full  
Led a life of public seclusion  
Luxury of helplessness  
New England necessity of blaming some one  
No object in life except to deprive it of all object  
Provisional reprehension of possible shiftlessness  
Seldom talked, but there came times when he would'nt even listen  
Tone was a snuffle expressive of deep-seated affliction  
Under a fire of conjecture and asseveration  
Wishes of a mistress who did not know what she wanted

RAGGED LADY, V2  
[WH#52][wh2r110.txt]3406

Didn't reason about their beliefs, but only argued  
Dull, cold self-absorption  
Gift of waiting for things to happen  
He's so resting  
Life alone is credible to the young  
Morbid egotism  
Motives lie nearer the surface than most people commonly pretend  
Real aristocracy is above social prejudice  
Singleness of a nature that was all pose  
Submitted, as people always do with the trials of others  
Sunny gayety of self-forgetfulness  
Understood when I've said something that doesn't mean anything  
We change whether we ought, or not  
When she's really sick, she's better  
Women don't seem to belong very much to themselves  
You can't go back to anything  
You were not afraid, and you were not bold; you were just right

## APRIL HOPES

[WH#50][whapr10.txt]3404

Adroitness in flattery is not necessary for its successful use  
Amiably satirical  
Beginning to grow old with touching courage  
Buzz of activities and pretences  
Effort to do and say exactly the truth, and to find it out  
Habit of saying some friendly lying thing  
Incoherencies of people meeting after a long time  
Little knot of conscience between her pretty eyebrows  
Lived a thousand little lies every day  
Mind of a man is the court of final appeal for the wisest women  
Outer integument of pretence  
Passive elegance which only ancestral uselessness can give  
Satirical smile with which men witness the effusion of women  
She liked to get all she could out of her emotions  
Worldlier than the world  
You marry a man's future as well as his past

## ENTIRE PG EDITION OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

[WH#47][whewk10.txt]3400

Absolutely, so positively, so almost aggressively truthful  
Abstract, the airdrawn, afflicted me like physical discomforts  
Account of one's reading is an account of one's life  
Adroitness in flattery is not necessary for its successful use  
Affections will not be bidden  
Aim at nothing higher than the amusement of your readers  
Air of looking down on the highest  
All in all to each other  
Always sumptuously providing out of his destitution  
Amiable perception, and yet with a sort of remote absence  
Amiably satirical  
Any man's country could get on without him  
Appeal, which he had come to recognize as invasive  
Artist has seasons, as trees, when he cannot blossom  
Authorities  
Authors I must call my masters  
Became gratefully strange  
Beginning to grow old with touching courage  
Begun to fight with want from their cradles  
Best talkers are willing that you should talk if you like  
Boldest man is commonly a little behind a timid woman  
Book that they are content to know at second hand  
Browbeat wholesome common-sense into the self-distrust  
Business to take advantage of his necessity

But now I remember that he gets twenty dollars a month  
Buzz of activities and pretences  
Capriciousness of memory: what it will hold and what lose  
Chained to the restless pursuit of an ideal not his own  
Christianity had done nothing to improve morals and conditions  
Church: "Oh yes, I go! It 'most kills me, but I go"  
Clemens was sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature  
Cold-slaw  
Collective opacity  
Comfort from the thought that most things cannot be helped  
Competition has deformed human nature  
Composed her features and her ideas to receive her visitor  
Concerning popularity as a test of merit in a book  
Conditions of hucksters imposed upon poets  
Contemptible he found our pseudo-equality  
Could only by chance be caught in earnest about anything  
Could make us feel that our faults were other people's  
Could not, as the saying is, find a stone to throw at a dog  
Could easily believe now that it was some one else who saw it  
Couldn't fire your revolver without bringing down a two volumner  
Crimson which stained the tops and steeps of snow  
Crimson torch of a maple, kindled before its time  
Critical vanity and self-righteousness  
Criticism still remains behind all the other literary arts  
Critics are in no sense the legislators of literature  
Dawn upon him through a cloud of other half remembered faces  
Death of the joy that ought to come from work  
Death's vague conjectures to the broken expectations of life  
Despair broke in laughter  
Despised the avoidance of repetitions out of fear of tautology  
Dickens rescued Christmas from Puritan distrust  
Dickens is purely democratic  
Did not feel the effect I would so willingly have experienced  
Didn't reason about their beliefs, but only argued  
Dinner was at the old-fashioned Boston hour of two  
Disbeliever in punishments of all sorts  
Disposition to use his friends  
Do not want to know about such squalid lives  
Dollars were of so much farther flight than now  
Dull, cold self-absorption  
Early self-helpfulness of children is very remarkable  
Effort to do and say exactly the truth, and to find it out  
Either to deny the substance of things unseen, or to affirm it  
Encounter of old friends after the lapse of years  
Enjoying whatever was amusing in the disadvantage to himself  
Errors of a weak man, which were usually the basest  
Escaped at night and got into the boy's dreams  
Espoused the theory of Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare  
Ethical sense, not the aesthetical sense  
Even a day's rest is more than most people can bear  
Everlasting rock of human credulity and folly  
Exchanging inaudible banalities  
Express the appreciation of another's fit word

Eyes fixed steadfastly upon the future  
Fact that it is hash many times warmed over that reassures them  
Fate of a book is in the hands of the women  
Fear of asking too much and the folly of asking too little  
Feigned the gratitude which I could see that he expected  
Felt that this was my misfortune more than my fault  
Few men last over from one reform to another  
Fictions subtle effect for good and for evil on the young  
Flowers with which we garland our despair in that pitiless hour  
For most people choice is a curse  
Forbear the excesses of analysis  
Forbearance of a wise man content to bide his time  
Found life was not all poetry  
Gay laugh comes across the abysm of the years  
General worsening of things, familiar after middle life  
Generous lover of all that was excellent in literature  
Gift of waiting for things to happen  
Glance of the common eye, is and always was the best light  
God of chance leads them into temptation and adversity  
Got out of it all the fun there was in it  
Government is best which governs least  
Greatest classics are sometimes not at all great  
Greeting of great impersonal cordiality  
Grieving that there could be such ire in heavenly minds  
Habit of saying some friendly lying thing  
Happy in the indifference which ignorance breeds in us  
Hard to think up anything new  
Hard of hearing on one side. But it isn't deafness!  
Hardly any sort of bloodshed which I would not pardon  
Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Autocrat clashed upon homeopathy  
Hate of hate, The scorn of scorn, The love of love  
He was a youth to the end of his days  
He was not bored because he would not be  
He had no time to make money  
He was not constructive; he was essentially observant  
He might walk home with her if he would not seem to do so  
He's so resting  
He's the same kind of a man that he was a boy  
Heart of youth aching for their stoical sorrows  
Heighten our suffering by anticipation  
Heroic lies  
His readers trusted and loved him  
His plays were too bad for the stage, or else too good for it  
His coming almost killed her, but it was worth it  
His remembrance absolutely ceased with an event  
Historian, who is a kind of inferior realist  
Holiday literature  
Hollow hilarities which people use to mask their indifference  
Hollowness, the hopelessness, the unworthiness of life  
Honest men are few when it comes to themselves  
Honesty is difficult  
Hopeful apathy in his face  
Hospitable gift of making you at home with him

I do not think any man ought to live by an art  
I did not know, and I hated to ask  
If one were poor, one ought to be deserving  
If he was half as bad, he would have been too bad to be  
If one must, it ought to be champagne  
If he has not enjoyed writing no one will enjoy reading  
Imitators of one another than of nature  
Impropriety if not indecency promises literary success  
In the South there was nothing but a mistaken social ideal  
In school there was as little literature then as there is now  
Incoherencies of people meeting after a long time  
Incredible in their insipidity  
Industrial slavery  
Inexhaustible flow of statement, conjecture and misgiving  
Inexperience takes this effect (literary lewdness) for reality  
Insatiable English fancy for the wild America no longer there  
Insensate pride that mothers have in their children's faults  
Intellectual poseurs  
Intent upon some point in the future  
It was mighty pretty, as Pepys would say  
Joyful shame of children who have escaped punishment  
Kept her talking vacuities when her heart was full  
Kindness and gentleness are never out of fashion  
Kissing goes by favor, in literature as in life  
Languages, while they live, are perpetually changing  
Led a life of public seclusion  
Left him to do what the cat might  
Let fiction cease to lie about life  
Lewd literature seems to give a sanction to lewdness in the life  
Lie, of course, and did to save others from grief or harm  
Life alone is credible to the young  
Liked to find out good things and great things for himself  
Literature beautiful only through the intelligence  
Literature is Business as well as Art  
Literature has no objective value  
Little knot of conscience between her pretty eyebrows  
Lived a thousand little lies every day  
Livy: Well, if you are to be lost, I want to be lost with you  
Livy Clemens: the loveliest person I have ever seen  
Long-puerilized fancy will bear an endless repetition  
Long breath was not his; he could not write a novel  
Look of challenge, of interrogation, almost of reproof  
Looked as if Destiny had sat upon it  
Love of freedom and the hope of justice  
Luxury of helplessness  
Made many of my acquaintances very tired of my favorite authors  
Made them talk as seldom man and never woman talked  
Malevolent agitators  
Man is strange to himself as long as he lives  
Man who had so much of the boy in him  
Man who may any moment be out of work is industrially a slave  
Marriages are what the parties to them alone really know  
Married Man: after the first start-off he don't try



Meet here to the purpose of a common ostentation  
Mellow cordial of a voice that was like no other  
Men read the newspapers, but our women read the books  
Men's lives ended where they began, in the keeping of women  
Met with kindness, if not honor  
Mind and soul were with those who do the hard work of the world  
Mind of a man is the court of final appeal for the wisest women  
Morbid egotism  
Most desouthernized Southerner I ever knew  
Most journalists would have been literary men if they could  
Most serious, the most humane, the most conscientious of men  
Motives lie nearer the surface than most people commonly pretend  
Mustache, which in those days devoted a man to wickedness  
My own youth now seems to me rather more alien  
My reading gave me no standing among the boys  
Napoleonic height which spiritually overtops the Alps  
Nearly nothing as chaos could be  
Neatness that brings despair  
Never saw a man more regardful of negroes  
Never paid in anything but hopes of paying  
Never quite sure of life unless I find literature in it  
Never appeals to the principle which sniffs, in his reader  
Never saw a dead man whom he did not envy  
New England necessity of blaming some one  
No greatness, no beauty, which does not come from truth  
No man more perfectly sensed and more entirely abhorred slavery  
No man ever yet told the truth about himself  
No rose blooms right along  
No two men see the same star  
No greatness, no beauty, which does not come from truth  
No object in life except to deprive it of all object  
Noble uselessness  
None of the passions are reasoned  
Not quite himself till he had made you aware of his quality  
Not possible for Clemens to write like anybody else  
Not much patience with the unmanly craving for sympathy  
Not a man who cared to transcend; he liked bounds  
Nothing in the way of sport, as people commonly understand it  
Novels hurt because they are not true  
Now little notion what it was about, but I love its memory  
Now death has come to join its vague conjectures  
NYC, a city where money counts for more and goes for less  
Odious hilarity, without meaning and without remission  
Offers mortifyingly mean, and others insultingly vague  
Old man's disposition to speak of his infirmities  
Old man's tendency to revert to the past  
One could be openly poor in Cambridge without open shame  
Only one concerned who was quite unconcerned  
Openly depraved by shows of wealth  
Ought not to call coarse without calling one's self prudish  
Our huckstering civilization  
Outer integument of pretence  
Passive elegance which only ancestral uselessness can give

Pathetic hopefulness  
Pathos of revolt from the colorless rigidities  
People whom we think unequal to their good fortune  
People of wealth and fashion always dissemble their joy  
People have never had ideals, but only moods and fashions  
Picture which, he said to himself, no one would believe in  
Plagiarism carries inevitable detection with it  
Plain-speaking or Rude Speaking  
Plain industry and plodding perseverance are despised  
Pointed the moral in all they did  
Polite learning hesitated his praise  
Praised it enough to satisfy the author  
Praised extravagantly, and in the wrong place  
Prejudice against certain words that I cannot overcome  
Provisional reprehension of possible shiftlessness  
Pseudo-realists  
Public wish to be amused rather than edified  
Public whose taste is so crude that they cannot enjoy the best  
Put your finger on the present moment and enjoy it  
Quiet but rather dull look of people slightly deaf  
Rapture of the new convert could not last  
Real aristocracy is above social prejudice  
Reformers, who are so often tedious and ridiculous  
Refused to see us as we see ourselves  
Reparation due from every white to every black man  
Responsibility of finding him all we have been told he is  
Rogues in every walk of life  
Satirical smile with which men witness the effusion of women  
Secret of the man who is universally interesting  
Secretly admires the splendors he affects to despise  
Seen through the wrong end of the telescope  
Seldom talked, but there came times when he would'nt even listen  
Self-satisfied, intolerant, and hypocritical provinciality  
Shackles of belief worn so long  
She liked to get all she could out of her emotions  
Should probably have wasted the time if I had not read them  
Singleness of a nature that was all pose  
So long as we have social inequality we shall have snobs  
So refined, after the gigantic coarseness of California  
So many millionaires and so many tramps  
Society interested in a woman's past, not her future  
Sometimes they sacrificed the song to the sermon  
Somewhat shy of his fellow-men, as the scholar seems always to be.  
Somewhat too studied grace  
Sought the things that he could agree with you upon  
Spare his years the fatigue of recalling your identity  
Speaks it is not with words and blood, but with words and ink  
Spit some hapless victim: make him suffer and the reader laugh  
Standards were their own, and they were satisfied with them  
Study in a corner by the porch  
Stupefied by a life of unalloyed prosperity and propriety  
Stupidly truthful  
Style is the man, and he cannot hide himself in any garb

Submitted, as people always do with the trials of others  
Sunny gayety of self-forgetfulness  
Superiority one likes to feel towards the rich and great  
Take our pleasures ungraciously  
Teach what they do not know  
Tediously analytical  
The old and ugly are fastidious as to the looks of others  
The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it  
The great trouble is for the man to be honest with her  
There is small love of pure literature  
They are so many and I am so few  
Things common to all, however peculiar in each  
Those who work too much and those who rest too much  
Those who have sorrowed deepest will understand this best  
Times when a man's city was a man's country  
Tired themselves out in trying to catch up with him  
To break new ground  
To be exemplary is as dangerous as to be complimentary  
Tone was a snuffle expressive of deep-seated affliction  
Trace no discrepancy between reading his plays and seeing them  
Tried to like whatever they bade me like  
True to an ideal of life rather than to life itself  
Truth is beyond invention  
Two branches of the novelist's trade: Novelist and Historian  
Under a fire of conjecture and asseveration  
Understood when I've said something that doesn't mean anything  
Unfailing American kindness  
Unless we prefer a luxury of grief  
Used to ingratitude from those he helped  
Vacuous vulgarity  
Visitors of the more inquisitive sex  
Vulgarity: bad art to lug it in  
Walter-Scotticized, pseudo-chivalry of the Southern ideal  
Want something hard, don't you know; but I want it to be easy  
Wasted face, and his gay eyes had the death-look  
We have never ended before, and we do not see how we can end  
We change whether we ought, or not  
We see nothing whole, neither life nor art  
We who have neither youth nor beauty should always expect it  
We cannot all be hard-working donkeys  
We did not know that we were poor  
We're company enough for ourselves  
What I had not I could hope for without unreason  
What he had done he owned to, good, bad, or indifferent  
What makes a better fashion change for a worse  
What we thought ruin, but what was really release  
Whatever is established is sacred with those who do not think  
Whatever choice you make, you are pretty sure to regret it  
When to be an agnostic was to be almost an outcast  
When she's really sick, she's better  
When was love ever reasoned?  
Whether every human motive was not selfish  
Wide leisure of a country village

Wishes of a mistress who did not know what she wanted  
Wit that tries its teeth upon everything  
With all her insight, to have very little artistic sense  
Women don't seem to belong very much to themselves  
Women talked their follies and men acted theirs  
Wonder why we hate the past so?--"It's so damned humiliating!"  
Wonderful to me how it should remain so unintelligible  
Words of learned length and thundering sound  
Work gives the impression of an uncommon continuity  
Work not truly priced in money cannot be truly paid in money  
World made up of two kinds of people  
World seems to always come out at the same hole it went in at!  
World's memory is equally bad for failure and success  
Worldlier than the world  
Worst came it was not half so bad as what had gone before  
Wrote them first and last in the spirit of Dickens  
You can't go back to anything  
You cannot be at perfect ease with a friend who does not joke  
You may do a great deal(of work), and not get on  
You marry a man's future as well as his past  
You were not afraid, and you were not bold; you were just right

End of The Project Gutenberg Etext of Quotations of William Dean Howells

ratitude from those he helped

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We change whether we ought, or not

We see nothing whole, neither life nor art

We who have neither youth nor beauty should always expect it

We cannot all be hard-working donkeys

We did not know that we were poor

We're company enough for ourselves

What I had not I could hope for without unreason

What he had done he owned to, good, bad, or indifferent

What makes a better fashion change for a worse

What we thought ruin, but what was really release

Whatever is established is sacred with those who do not think

Whatever choice you make, you are pretty sure to regret it

When to be an agnostic was to be almost an outcast

When she's really sick, she's better

When was love ever reasoned?

Whether every human motive was not selfish

Wide leisure of a country village

Wishes of a mistress who did not know what she wanted

Wit that tries its teeth upon everything

With all her insight, to have very little artistic sense

Women don't seem to belong very much to themselves

Women talked their follies and men acted theirs

Wonder why we hate the past so?--"It's so damned humiliating!"

Wonderful to me how it should remain so unintelligible

Words of learned length and thundering sound

Work gives the impression of an uncommon continuity

Work not truly priced in money cannot be truly paid in money

World made up of two kinds of people

World seems to always come out at the same hole it went in at!

World's memory is equally bad for failure and success

Worl