

30 mar 1896

My dear Elias Tarbell

I am beginning to see
where these heavy discussions you and
I have often indulged in, come in. Heavy
of course in the sense of *figural*. They
come in when we write biographies. I am
reaching you Madame Roland, which is
going to commend one day is terms of
red hot enthusiasm and in your opening
chapter on the early influences that
shaped her life and her early views
and incipient mingled attitude toward

things I am transported to the immortal
balcony of Abbey Hall, and the broken
wall of moon-lit Pierrefonds, and the
comfortable cathedral at Chartres and
other places where of just such questions
have been ably discussed in the presence
of just us two. Now I'm not going to
say that you couldn't have written
something creditable about Madame
Roland's religious life even if we had
never met and never discussed
religious phenomena but of course
you couldn't have written so penetratingly
and sympathetically and even if you

3

could, no doubt I could not have understood you or Madame
Roland as well, or the phenomena themselves either. So I say
I am beginning to see where these weighty discussions come in.
We must have them if we are to keep up with contemporary
literature & critics we seem to be so large a part.

I am home for a few days and am doing little except
gratifying my most primitive and pleasurable instincts - those of
eating and sleeping. I find they both help each other and keep
my time well occupied. For some reasons of course some is

4
exactly the place not to go to for vacation. While you get
back among those who really care for you and who are disposed
to kill all species of faltered cables, material and immaterial,
for you, yet you get back too into all the complexities of the
family life, you have to become a part of the institution. Drab currents
and counter currents - and hardly perceptible forces there are a-working
among work collections of a half a dozen people! If the
individual is wonderfully made, and he certainly is, the
gathering of him into class only complicates the matter.

5

And then if a person wants real rest
he would better go where he doesn't
know people, except perhaps mildly,
and isn't bound therefore to be reintro-
duced into all the tangles of the
hundred lines he has known since he
was a boy. Really things I hear here
and see ~~too~~, depress me fearfully.
You and I certainly don't need to
go to the French Revolution, gazing
for the catastrophes of human lines.
And these things that we know of
right in our own backyards lately told
of us with a grief a good deal more
grim than do these other remote ones.

It seems to me that within my proper circle most things have gone the way of sadness during the last twelve months. Things more or less painful have stirred right and left around us in such a way as never before.

But then if we are torn for any special purpose I suppose it is that we may make the best of things. That is about all that is left us to do and that is enough.

I wrote you Saturday asking if you could come on to Banta about the end of the week or the first of next to hunt up material for your various

biographical enterprises or simply to see the town and me?
You deserve a vacation and I should think you would be in
just the mood for me, having succeeded in throwing off
the heavy weight of a long-premeditated book. I hope you'll
write me that McClure wants you to seek the land of the Sacred
Cool and I shall be disappointed if you don't.

Sincerely yours

Charles F. Warren.

St Johnsbury, Nt.

March 30 1896.