

Thurheim, May 17. 1889.

My dear Daughter:

I suppose your Mamma will have left you before this winter and you will be exceedingly lonely some without her. I am very sorry for the necessity which takes her from you, but it is a necessity and you must face it bravely. I dread to have her come home, for I do not expect her to be happy here, but it did not need any suggestion to see that when I was earning but \$100 a month it would not do for her to stay and pay out exactly that sum for board. It looks now as if I might squeeze out as much more which would leave us fairly comfortable, but it is by no means certain.

Well, I trust you will enjoy your new quarters. I am sure Mrs. P. will leave nothing undone that is within her power to see

sure your happiness and I trust you will manifest that tenderness and consideration for her feelings and wishes that constitutes the chief reward for kindness. You know her heart is pure gold, but she may not always be ready to take your thanks for granted, as your Mamma would, simply because she is not your Mamma. Do not ever let her think that you are unmindful of her happiness or unregardful of her wishes.

I hope you are getting on well at the Academy. It will no doubt be very sultry and unpleasant in the city during the next month and you will suffer much discomfort in consequence, but I do not doubt your progress will be sufficient to amply compensate you there for.

Remember me to Mrs. P. and to Mrs. Crum also. I trust you will make yourself as agreeable in

the family as I am sure they will seek to make it to you. Remember, my dear, that friends are the nuggets of pure gold which one finds in the "diggings" of life - quite as often when you are not looking for them as otherwise - and so lose no opportunity to pick them up. They are always most enjoyable things to have and the absence of them - did you ever think of the utter loneliness experienced by the French word desolée? It seems always so much more lonely than desolate, to me. One can even hear the wind whistle around the corners as it is uttered. Well, desolée - a lonely woman! God grant you may never know its force! Make friends; please them; keep them! For your own sake, for their sake, for the world's sake, for Dear humanity's sake.

True, the individual may be sweeter than the mass. So too, he may be meaner; but the mass - humanity - have much of hope and fear and

evanescence, it represents. It does not seem to me very much to die for humanity. There are very many Christs who do it - die inch by inch and day by day, through whole lines of toil and sorrow and disappointment, which after all, is the most terrible crucifixion - not knowing that they will save anyone from sin or suffering, but only hoping that they may. Humanity is worth loving, if for nothing else for its influence on the one who loves it. Keep your eyes and your ears and your heart open for its cries.

An artist has a great debt always owing to humanity - he must make it better or worse. How shall he make it better? How shall he keep from making it worse? These are the chief problems of every man's life. The old painter's appealed to the sense of praise and devotion, the Christs and Marys and Magdalens and Saints, that illumine nave and porch and arch in the old cathedrals, what are they? That were visions of ~~sub~~ beauty but

the fervid appeals of passionate hearts inviting the endless burdened populace to come and be at rest - they were sign boards to what they deemed the only way of peace.

Do you know what I should want to do if I were an artist? I should wish to picture heroic things so that they would burn their way into the hearts of generations and inspire to grand achievement! I would wish to picture mean things so that the soul who contemplated them would shrink forever from their stain. I would like to paint John Brown standing on the scaffold in the bleak December with just one ray of sunshine bursting through the cloud and lighting up his face while those around - beneath him - stand in the still shadow and the grey mountains rose cold and dead behind him. Next to the Crucifixion, there is nothing offers such a chance for fame. Brown was no doubt crazed but he was crazed

by the wonderfully benignant thought of
dying for the poorest, weakest and most
unfriended of earth - with the hope but
not the assurance, that his blood would
redeem them from bondage.

There is another historical picture
I would like to paint - the Centennial
Ball in New York. The richly dressed
women; the drunken men with stolen
wine bottles in pockets and
bosoms; the frightened ladies; the be-
dizened brzen-faced congressmen; the
Bacchanal dances, ^{the plays and flowers -} ~~and the~~
and these the police driving
the disgraceful rabble out with
clubs. And then call it - "The
Flight of the Four Hundred!" Heave
what a chance to scourge and blister.
On one night name it the "Gala of
the Republic!"

Remember my dear that it
is such impulses that bring
success and secure fame -
never the idea of becoming

famous. This is always true in
art - whether it finds expression with
pen or pencil. It is perhaps very nearly
true in other forms of life. It is doubt-
ful if mere individual desire for
fame and renown ever brought
renown even to soldier or poli-
tician. The longer I live, the more
I am, that I wrote more truly
than I knew when I indited the
lines:

"'Tis the motive enforces, not the beggarly
The spirit that lives, the base quondam
that dies,
'Tis why and not what, lightens history's gloom,
Not the act but the impulse redeems from the
Tomb!"

Do not in thinking of this mix "im-
pulse" or "motive" with purpose. Mere
purpose is nothing. It is the purpose of
the act achieved that becomes im-
mortal. Skill, power, technique
must attend and accompany
impulse, desire, yearning or it

is valueless in the west as well
as in the east.

I am working in the same old
office now. The sun shines in
the window; the robins are busy
among the sandalwoods on the lawn;
the cherry-tree is full of white blossoms;
the west wind is shaking the leaves;
the old dog comes trotting in from
the back-door shaking the whole
house with his heavy tread
and throws himself down in the
corner with a very firm that
shows how perfectly at home
he feels: a robin on the house-
top is piping a prophecy of rain
and the chickens in the back-
yard are peeping shrilly to let the
cooped mother know they are alone -
don't you wish you were here?
Remember me, of course; Good-bye
to Mrs. P.
A. C. Tanager