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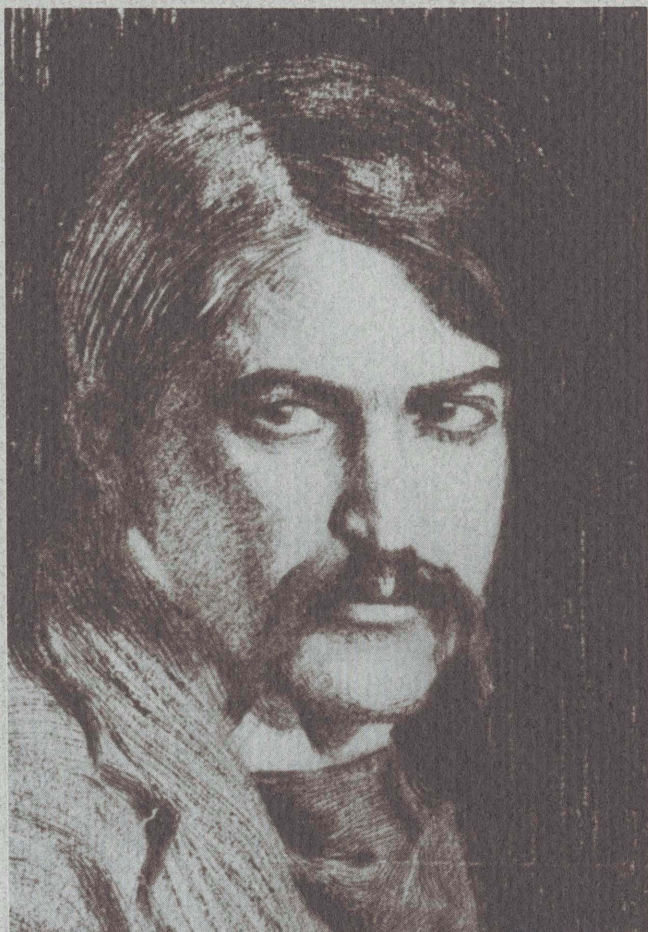
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Newly Discovered Writings of Mary Helen Peck Crane and Agnes Elizabeth Crane

BY PAUL SORRENTINO

Although several members of Stephen Crane's immediate family were writers, scholars know little about their work. Thomas A. Gullason¹ published writings by Crane's parents and brother Jonathan Townley, but other items remain to be studied and possibly printed. Fortunately, Melvin H. Schoberlin preserved holographs and transcripts of documents by Crane's sister, Agnes, and mother, Mary Helen, that further reveal the family's interest in writing. Because the transcripts, which Schoberlin copied from materials once owned by Crane's niece Edith, are unique to the Schoberlin Collection, researchers cannot verify their accuracy. As scholars examine the Collection, though, they will find that he worked meticulously and discovered independently much of the biographical material and many of the Crane stories and articles that have surfaced during the past thirty-five or so years.

A handwritten transcript of a letter to the editor and typed transcripts of two stories by Mrs. Crane are in a folder titled "Crane Family Manuscripts". Until Schoberlin's Collection became available, only a biographical sketch of her husband and an attack on vice were identified as hers.² The new letter, dated 7 February 1887 and listed as having been published in the *Asbury Park Tribune*, 16 February 1887, p. 2, col. 3, deals with the temperance movement in New Jersey. Of more general interest are the stories. "How Jonathan Saved the Ash Barrel", written under the pseudonym Jerusha Ann Stubbs, apparently appeared in the *Monmouth Tribune* but survives only as a fragment. The story describes boys who want to steal Jonathan's ash barrel and use the wood to make a bonfire on election

1. Thomas A. Gullason, ed., *Stephen Crane's Career: Perspectives and Evaluations* (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1972).

2. Gullason, *Stephen Crane's Career*, 29-36.

night, but Jonathan thwarts them by bringing the barrel into his house. The fragment ends with the barrel breaking and spilling ashes on the kitchen floor. Though short, the fragment reveals Mrs. Crane's interest in dialect and presents a husband and wife with comic potential. Although the wife has been giving Jonathan advice "fur nigh onto forty years", it "hed [been] wasted on that man" because he would not take it but would tell her to " 'keep still, I know what I'm about.' 'Ov course I'll keep still' sed I, I always am still when I hev to be. Women hev been toled to be still ever since Adam toled Eve 'To be still and mind the house work while he went out and explored [explained?] that unfortunate apple business to the Lord.'" This time Jonathan refuses his wife's advice to protect the barrel and gives the boys a quarter to buy another one. When he is outside getting the barrel, she comments, "Now that creek that Jonathan got shuvellin snow durin the blizzard got no better fast, while he wus trampin around the campain and I'd bin tellin him 'H'd have something more than cam pains if he didn't stop.' It's so consolin' when a man is bound to do a thing, and knows how it ought to be done better than anybody else to hev somebody to advise him. Now if I hev hed a mission on earth it hez been to advise Jonathan."

"Thanksgiving or Christmas, *Which?*", written for the *Monmouth Tribune's* "Story Corner", carried Mrs. Crane's byline. The story lacks a real plot and rambles on about the date of Thanksgiving, temperance, an upcoming wedding, and the need to count one's blessings. At first the story appears to be a comedy. Jerusha Ann Jarvis explains to Bessie Bennett that "if I should come upon [Grandma Jarvis] at all unawares like, why she'd jump and holler and that would scare me, and then there would be two of us jumpin' around and screamin' like all possess't, and Zekel used to say we was two of the narvu'est critters he ever seed". But the story quickly becomes maudlin as Bessie, while washing dishes, cries "tears [that] fell thick and fast, as if they would wash dishes too", and the prose degenerates into euphuism: "Here and there were still standing shocks of ripened corn, waiting to be gathered in, like human grain when crowned with hoary hairs and the glory of a well-spent life waiting for the heavenly garnering". Little Zekey, the son of the widow Mrs. Jarvis, pledges not to drink. If Zekey is the fictional counterpart of Stevie Crane, whose mother was also a widow, Mrs. Crane's wish for a temperate son was

not granted. The adult Stephen was not deterred from alcohol, tobacco, or gambling by the memory of parental admonishments.³

Like Mrs. Crane, Agnes was an aspiring author and certainly the major intellectual influence in Crane's childhood. She was fifteen in 1871, when Stephen was born. Because their parents were often away on church-related matters, Agnes essentially raised him. A brilliant student who described herself in her diary as having a burning passion "to write", she introduced Crane to literature and encouraged him to write. Probably her interest and example led Stephen to write at age ten his poem "I'd Rather Have—", which was preserved by her and is now part of the Schoberlin Collection. Agnes was independent, rebellious, inquisitive, and temperamental—traits that would characterize Crane years later.

Agnes graduated as class valedictorian from Centenary Collegiate Institute (founded by her father) at Hackettstown, New Jersey, in July 1880 and began teaching a year or two later in Port Jervis, New York. Frustrated by disobedient students, she quit that job and took one in 1883 at Asbury Park School in Asbury Park, New Jersey, where she was close to part of her family. Her mother had moved there the same year and enrolled Stephen in school, her sister Mary Helen taught art there, and her brother Jonathan ran a summer news bureau. On 10 June 1884, at the age of twenty-eight, Agnes died of cerebrospinal meningitis and left her little brother, as Marston LaFrance has said, "a psychological orphan".⁴ Out of love, her brothers William and Edmund named daughters after her.

The diary covers sporadically the years 1873 to 1880, a period during which Agnes lived in New Jersey. Two segments—from 18 November 1873 to 18 July 1874 and from 11 to 18 November 1880—exist only in transcript copy; the remaining segment—from 10 August 1874 to 3 January 1875—is extant, however, in its original holograph form. Agnes's friend Clara Schmidt, the Clara in the diary, sold the holograph and other Crane documents to Peabody's Bookstore in Baltimore, and Schoberlin bought the material about 1946.

3. See Stanley Wertheim, "Stephen Crane and the Wrath of Jehova", *The Literary Review* 7 (Summer 1964): 499–508, and note 30.

4. Marston LaFrance, *A Reading of Stephen Crane* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), 8. Coincidentally, Crane, who lost the member of the family closest to him emotionally, would also die at the same age.



Mary Helen Peck Crane (1827–1891).

Unfortunately, some of it is missing. In his unpublished biography, “Flagon of Despair: Stephen Crane”, Schoberlin cites passages by Agnes not in the extant material. For example, when Stephen became ill during the winter of 1873, his sister left school to “manage

affairs at home” and to take care of “my baby”. Sometime later, she said, “Mother has hope that her ugly duckling will turn out to be a swan”.⁵

As with diaries in general, this diary is occasionally prosaic and has trivial details and obscure references. Because it was written intermittently over seven years, it lacks unity. Nevertheless, despite its sketchy text it reveals a teenage girl interested in boys, sports, and education—someone comfortable at a baseball game or a reading of Virgil. Especially interested in foreign languages, Agnes sprinkled the diary with French, German, and Latin expressions. A woman wanting first to be “a better Christian” and then “a lady in the fullest sens[e] of the word”, her emotions range from confidence to doubt and self-pity.

As Walter J. Ong, S.J. has explained, “the writer’s audience is always a fiction”—even in a diary.⁶ At first Agnes is aware of two audiences, her imagined self and an imaginary friend named Samantha, with whom she is both cryptic and revealing. When she receives a book as a Christmas present, she teases Samantha by not revealing the giver’s identity: “I shall not tell wouldn’t you like to know!” Yet on another occasion, Samantha is her sole confidante: “I’ll tell you the truth if no else. . . .” By the time Agnes is twenty-five years old, her imagined self is “no longer a sentimental girl in her teens”, though she is still susceptible to looking at life “through the rose tinted, trusting glasses of ignorant youth”. Throughout the diary she muses on courtship and marriage. Because she was not, apparently, attractive to young men—or perhaps because she was ‘different’—she

5. “Flagon of Despair: Stephen Crane”, Schoberlin Collection, pp. 11-3, 11-11. The source for this material may have been Edith F. Crane, who also helped John Berryman and R. W. Stallman with their biographies. Stallman, in *Stephen Crane: A Biography*, rev. ed. (New York: Braziller, 1973), p. 3, also cites the words “ugly duckling” and gives his source as Agnes’s diary; Schoberlin, in his edition of *The Sullivan County Sketches of Stephen Crane* (Syracuse: Syracuse Univ. Press, 1949), p. 3, says it is Agnes’s “journal”. Berryman, in *Stephen Crane* (1950; reprint, Cleveland: World-Meridian, 1962), p. 11, and Stallman, p. 6, quote Agnes’s description of her “oyster-like family”, the source of which is the 11 November 1880 diary entry.

6. Walter J. Ong, S.J., “The Writer’s Audience Is Always a Fiction”, *PMLA* 90 (1975): 9–21.



Jonathan Townley Crane (1819–1880).

remained a spinster, experiencing romance vicariously through the literature she read and wrote. As a girl she enjoyed the domestic novels of Mrs. Julie P. Smith (d. 1883), a writer of popular fiction for children. Agnes would have taken comfort in Mrs. Smith's state-

ment that “there is a dear girl whom you and I know who hasn’t got any husband,—many girls in fact. . . .”⁷

As an adult Agnes anonymously published at least three stories⁸ in *Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Newspaper*: “A Victorious Defeat”, “The Result of an Experiment”, and “Laurel Camp, and What Came of It”. In his notes in the “Crane Family Manuscripts” folder, Schoblerlin initially identified the first two stories as possibly by Agnes, then later wrote “yes” with regard to “Defeat” and “yes this is by Agnes / copy in her effects” for “Result”. A news clipping in the *Asbury Park Daily Journal*, 6 July 1887, p. 1, strengthens his claim concerning authorship of the third story: “In last weeks [sic] issue of *Leslie’s Illustrated Weekly* is a very readable short story, entitled ‘Laurel Camp, and what came of it.’ It was written for that journal by the late Miss Agnes E. Crane, who wrote several other stories for it, after she took the position of teacher in the public school here. After her death her mother, Mrs. M. Helen Crane, found the manuscript of this story among the papers in her writing desk.” The three stories are full of clichés and are sentimental and melodramatic in theme. Agnes populates her fictional world with gentlemen that satisfy her own wish-fulfillment. No longer an “ugly duckling”, she emerges as the thinly disguised heroine who gets her man in the end.

In “A Victorious Defeat” Leslie Gordon is an attractive, snobbish, proud, and rebellious girl who leaves the city and spends a summer on a farm in Vermont. Though she dismisses John Metler, the son of the owners of the farm, as a mere country boy, he startles her when he finishes reciting a poem by Robert Southey begun by her and then proceeds to quote Milton. Gradually, they become fond of each other; and when John saves her from a snake and later from the waterwheel of a mill on a river into which she has fallen, they realize they are in love. Though she fears being involved with only a “mountain farmer”, her feelings change when she discovers he is really the editor of the *New York Beacon*.

In “The Result of an Experiment” the heroine, Avis, is more clearly

7. Mrs. Julie P. Smith, *Chris and Otho: The Pansies and Orange-Blossoms They Found in Roaring River and Rosenbloom* (New York: Carleton, 1870), vii.

8. The first appeared in volume 55 (13 June 1883), 342–43; the second, 58 (17 May 1884), 198; the third, 64 (2 July 1887), 322–23.

Agnes in appearance. At a summer hotel resort Voss proposes to Sydney Cowan an experiment to show how jealous Lilian Nelson can become. Chosen as Lilian's rival for the attention of Cowan is her cousin Avis Bentley, a schoolteacher who is an "ugly little girl in white . . . brought here out of charity". Cowan is surprised, though, to discover he is attracted to her mind, her ability to converse, and her eyes, which are "full of sympathy". A passage that befits Agnes in her weaker moments in her diary explains Avis's own surprise:

There were nearly two hundred guests, but not one of them apparently had seen anything attractive in poor little Avis. She had not been included in the various walking and riding parties; she had been neglected on the veranda, and she had heard unpleasant remarks about the paucity of her wardrobe. More than all, she had been a wallflower in the ballroom. How she had envied Lilian the attention that young beauty received! How she wished that she, too, might go circling round and round to the music of the band! And how often she had left the ballroom and run up to her own room on the fourth floor, and there gazed at her ugly little face in the glass until she fairly cried because of the impossibility of ever becoming even one-tenth as lovely as Lilian! . . .

These people had conceived the idea that the little schoolteacher was not worth cultivating, and as she was too shy and proud to make any advances towards friendship, she had been thrown entirely on her own resources for amusement. She had often felt very dull and very lonely, and had more than once wished herself back in her little third-story room in the second-rate boarding house. There, at least, she did not feel so utterly alone.

One day Avis overhears a conversation describing the experiment. In tears, she tells Cowan she hates him. After he learns why, he apologizes and explains that though he had not planned to fall in love with her, he has, at which point they become engaged.

In "Laurel Camp, and What Came of It" Agnes becomes Bess Fleming, an intellectual young lady with three brothers: Hal, Tom, and Stephen ("Steenie"). At first, Valentine ("Val") Graham, a family friend and woman-hater, vetoes her presence on a camping trip with

him and her brothers to “the jungles of New York State”; but when the butler brings “Mr. Stephen” a note from Val saying he cannot go because of “malarial fever”, the opportunity arises for Bess and Martha (apparently her maid) to go. The scene then shifts abruptly to Laurel Camp, a fictional re-creation of a summer camp built by the Crane family near the Mongaup River in August 1878.⁹

After reading “Hiawatha[”],] Bess daydreams that “the lofty trees were the forest primeval, the ‘lodge’ a wigwam, and she herself a dusky maiden awaiting the return of the stately red-skinned warriors from the chase”. Suddenly, a “gentleman” appears asking for directions out of the forest, and Bess, “fully awakened” but “with her thoughts still tinged with ‘Hiawatha’ ”, says “whimsically”: “If the pale-faced stranger tarry by this camp-fire until the warriors return, they will guide him through the forest to the wigwam he seeks”. Understandably confused, he wants to leave but does not when she says “the child of the bald-headed eagle will be obeyed” and when her dog, Czar, growls. As she makes dinner for him, he is impressed with “her occupation”, “slim, lithe young form”, and “rebellious dark hair”. Once her brothers return from gathering wood, she is shocked to learn that the stranger is Val, now recovered from malaria. For the next few weeks, while Bess is spurning him, he falls in love with her. One day he finds her by the river, afraid to come down from the tree she had climbed. At first she refuses his offer for help but melts eventually and experiences “a new sweet light of self-revelation” when he finally confesses his love. The story ends with their returning to camp arm in arm.

Though the diary and short stories show that Agnes enjoyed reading and writing sentimental fiction, her political commentary, “The Cipher Dispatches”, reveals her interest in current events, a more serious side of her character, and a more confident command of her pen. The last of her extant writings, this short piece is based on the disputed Presidential election of 1876. On the first count of the electoral votes, Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic nominee, had received 184, one short of a majority; Rutherford B. Hayes had 165. The electoral votes in four states were disputed but eventually awarded to Hayes. Two years after the election, the Republican *New York*

9. “Flagon”, p. III-8. Agnes named the lodge at the summer camp “Saints’ Rest”; in the story it becomes “Laurel Lodge”.

Daily Tribune published secret, encoded telegrams that revealed an attempt by Tilden's agents first to lobby legally for disputed votes in Florida and then to ask for permission from Tilden's headquarters to offer a bribe of \$50,000. Because the dispatch approving the bribe lacked four words, it was unintelligible. A second dispatch arrived too late, and the vote went to Hayes.

Starting with the 8 October 1878 issue, the *Tribune* made the story front-page news for about two weeks. The dispatches were printed along with translations and commentary as well as a legend that explained the code. For the next month, the *Tribune* capitalized on the story by printing excerpts from papers around the country, letters to the editor, and satirical verse. Though Tilden denied knowledge of the dispatches, their appearance hurt him politically, and he suffered more disgrace when other coded dispatches published on 16 October showed that agents had planned to bribe South Carolina officials for \$80,000.

Agnes signed and dated the holograph on 18 October, though it is unclear whether she submitted it to the *Tribune* for publication. Had she sent it, her last name would have been recognized because her brother Jonathan Townley Crane was a New Jersey shore correspondent for the newspaper.

Agnes displays two characteristics that are, as James B. Colvert¹⁰ has shown, central to Stephen Crane's work: the ironic point of view and the theme of self-delusion. She criticizes such politicians as Tilden who are entrapped by their own "egotistical self-images" and Americans who "refuse to believe that their idol is only clay". Years later Crane, in his fiction and correspondence, scorned people who viewed heroes romantically. In *The Red Badge of Courage*, for example, Henry Fleming joins the Army in the heroic spirit of a Homeric warrior, only to discover that war is not kind. Similarly, in a letter to Elbert Hubbard, 1 May 1899, Crane criticized Andrew Summers Rowan, an Army officer immortalized by Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia". During the Spanish-American War, Rowan dutifully delivered a message from President McKinley to General Garcia of the Cuban revolutionaries. Hubbard glorified Rowan's obedience as exemplifying the Gospel of Work, and leaders in business, govern-

10. James B. Colvert, "Structure and Theme in Stephen Crane's Fiction", *Modern Fiction Studies* 5 (Autumn 1959): 199-208.

ment, and the military quickly distributed copies of the article to their employees. By 1913 more than forty million copies had been printed. Crane wrote to Hubbard:

I have been working up some grievances against you. I object strongly to your paragraphs about Rowan. You are more wrong than is even common on our humble incompetant [sic] globe. He didn't do anything worthy at all. He received the praise of the general of the army and got to be made a lieutenant col. for a feat which about forty newspaper correspondents had already performed at the usual price of fifty dollars a week and expenses. Besides he is personally a chump and in Porto Rico where I met him he wore a yachting cap as part of his uniform which was damnable. When you want to monkey with some of our national heroes you had better ask me, because I know and your perspective is almost out of sight.¹¹

Though no primary evidence suggests that Crane read "The Cipher Dispatches", he certainly was exposed to his sister's ironic perception.

With few exceptions, the diary and commentary holographs are printed without change. The days and dates, despite discrepancies in sequence, have been reproduced as they appear in both the holograph and the typescript. In one or two places, however, punctuation has been added or modified to clarify the text, and an error has been silently corrected. Unfortunately, the diary typescripts present an unsolvable textual problem. When an error occurs, there is no way of knowing whether Agnes or the typist made it; but in a few cases the error is almost certainly typographical, e.g., "sepnt" for "spent" and "especially" for "especially". These kinds of mistakes have been emended without comment, since in no way have the corrections affected the meaning. Brackets and question marks to signify questionable readings are those of the typist. Curled brackets, { }, are used editorially to reconstruct passages torn in the holograph and to supply a missing word in the typescript. The few textual notes appear with the explanatory notes.

11. R. W. Stallman and Lillian Gilkes, eds., *Stephen Crane: Letters* (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1960), 220.



Agnes Elizabeth Crane (1856–1884).

AGNES CRANE'S DIARY
18 November 1873 to 18 July 1874
[from the typed transcript]
Stephen was two years old.

Tuesday, November. 18th

The first snow-storm of the season. about four inches of snow fall last night.

Ma received a telegram saying Pa was sick¹² and she left in the 3 o'clock train. Sent a note to Clara's Mother and she let Clara come over.

Wednesday 19th

Clara and I read "Chris and Otho"¹³ all day or more properly speaking I read it to her.

Tuesday 20th

Clara went home early this morning.

Friday 21st.

Miss Cooke staid all night with me.

Saturday 22nd.

Pa and Ma came home in the noon train.

Pa much better than we had expected to see him. I went to Nelli's and came home in the seven fifteen.

Tuesday 23rd

Went to Grace (episcopal) church with Ed.

To S. S.¹⁴ at St. Lukes with Clara and to St. Pauls in the evening.

24th

Kellie came up and we shopped.

Monday Oct. 24th.

Hear Dr. Sims¹⁵ lecture on "My Neighbor and I."

Tuesday. 25th.

Took the "Wideview? Widower?"¹⁶ over to Clara's and read to her all the afternoon and evening.

12. In "Flagon", p. 11-2, Schoberlin quotes the telegram as reading "Dr Crane ill come Grant". Because of illness, the Reverend Dr. Crane found it increasingly more difficult to fulfill his religious duties.

13. Mrs. Smith, *Chris and Otho*.

14. Sunday School.

15. Charles N. Sims (1835-1908), a Methodist-Episcopal clergyman who held a pastorate in Newark and later was the Chancellor of Syracuse University in 1891 when Stephen was a student there.

16. Most likely the typist had trouble reading "Widower". If so, Agnes is referring to Mrs. Smith's *The Widower; also, a True Account of Some Brave Frolics at Craigenfels* (New York: Carleton, 1871).

Wednesday 26th

Clara was over a little while in the evening.

Thursday 27th

John went away this morning.

Went to St. Pauls. Mr. ?Scran?Swan?

A bad omen for Thanksgiving Day none of our big boys or Nellie home but we filled in with Miss Cooke, Clara, and Flet. Walters.

Friday

Made cake.

Saturday 29th

Ma and I spent the evening at Dr. Sims. I like Miss May.

Sunday Oct. 30th

Went with Clara and joined Dr. Sims bible class. Eve. Went to St. Pauls with Miss Cooke.

Monday Dec. 1st

Went to Dr. Sims lecture "Mindmarks of the Century."

Tuesday 2nd.

Clara came to tea made molasses candy.

Wednesday 3rd.

Clara popped in a minute.

Thursday 4th

Went out with Clara both morning and afternoon. Amy¹⁷ had a spell Ma at New York all day.

17. In "Flagon", p. 11-2, Schoberlin identifies Amy as the unnamed girl described by Crane in Thomas Beer, *Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters* (New York: Knopf, 1923), 49: "My mother was a very religious woman but I don't think that she was as narrow as most of her friends or her family. . . . My brothers tell me that she got herself into trouble before I was old enough to follow proceedings by taking care of a girl who had an accidental baby. Inopportune babies are not part of Methodist ritual but mother was always more of a Christian than a Methodist and she kept this girl at our house in Asbury until she found a home somewhere. Mother's friends were mostly women and they had the famous feminine aversion to that kind of baby. It is funny that women's interest in babies trickles clean off the mat if they have never met papa socially. . . ." If this is the same girl, then Crane must have meant "Newark" when he said "Asbury". Unfortunately, Beer is an unreliable source.

Friday 5th.

Spend the day at Nellie's.

Saturday, 6th

Swept.

Sunday 7th

Was out only to the Bible class.

Monday 8th.

Miss Sims called. Clara and I made some calls. Went to Dr. Sims Lecture.

Tuesday 9th of Dec.

Nellie came up this morning and we went to ?visit? Bessie ?Crum? Nellie and Bess left soon after dinner. Went to Dr. Sims to tea. Miss Lewis was there. went to P.M.¹⁸

Wednesday 10th

Stephing and I went to Elizabeth.

Pa and Ma came down and we all took tea with Mrs. Osbern. Pa and Ma. left at ten o'clock.

Thursday. 11th.

Looked for Ma all day but it stormed.

Friday. 12th

Left Nellie's early with my ?baby?¹⁹ found Ma getting ready to come. Emmie Schuetz and Clara spent part of the afternoon with me. Spent the evening and stayed all night with Clara.

Saturday 13th.

Came home early for Ma and Pa went away for over Sunday. Miss Cooke arrive. Clara came over to tea.

Sunday, Dec. 14th.

Went to S. S. but Gen. Runyon²⁰ tonight instead of Dr. Sims.
Heard Dr. Sims in the evening.

18. Prayer Meeting.

19. The questionable reading is unfortunate because if Agnes did write "baby", it would help confirm that she was both sister and surrogate mother to Stephen.

20. Theodore Runyon (1822-1896), Major General of the New Jersey National Guard, was a widely admired career soldier and diplomat.

Monday, 15th

Ma and I went to Jersey City to a meeting at Rev. Lowrie's²¹ Church and then took tea with our friends the Clairs.

Tuesday 16th

Bessie came here from Elizabeth at 4:00.

We went up town. Clara came over and spent the evening.

Wednesday. 17th

Bess and I called on Emmie Schuetz.

?Emmie? and Clara came over and we made candy.

Thursday. 18th.

Bess and I spent the evening with Clara.

Friday 19th

A rainy day. Made cake.

Worked at fancy work for Christmas.

Saturday Dec. 20th

Nellie came up. Went to the depot with Bess. Ban came out to tea.

Sunday, 21st.

Went to Sunday School without Clara who is not well.

To church with Miss Van Ness.

Monday, 22nd.

Had the work to do today.

Went to Clara's to tea.

Tuesday 23rd

Sewing to-day. Went with Ma to Miss Chase's, and to P. M.

Wednesday, 24th.

Clara was over this evening.

"Peace on Earth". Christmas. 1873.

Went to six o'clock Prayer-meeting with Emily.

Received presents of a writing-desk from Clara, a volume of poems from

21. John Cameron Lowrie (1808–1900), a Presbyterian clergyman, author, and missionary secretary who eventually settled in New Jersey.

Ma, an embroidered mouchoir from Emily and pictures from Ed and Lon, and a book from—ah well, I shall not tell wouldn't you like to know!

Took dinner and tea with Clara.

Friday Dec. 26th '73.

Nellie came up to dinner with us today.

Saturday. Dec. 27th.

Laura [Clipping]

[Death-notice of Dod Crane, daughter of Fred W. C. and Phebe T. Crane, aged 2 years and 20 days. Funeral from the residence of her grandfather Jacob S. Dod, at Lyons Farms. Burial Evergreen Cemetery.]

Attended the funeral of Fred's little Laura this morning.

John came home. Clara dropped in for a few minutes.

Sunday Dec. 28th.

Went to Bible Class with Clara. Dr. Sims resigned his position as teacher to my great sorrow. Chancellor Runyon is his successor. Heard Dr. Sims in the evening.

Monday. 29th.

Clara was over to tea.

Tuesday. 30th.

Clara and I went to P. meeting.

Wednesday 31st.

Clara and I went up town. Took tea with Clara, and then with William and George we went to Watch Meeting.

Mr. Leary and Mr. Edge called today among others. Clara took dinner with us.

Friday, 2nd

Nellie and Van spent the day with us. George left at noon.

Jan. 23rd

Began going to Miss Chase's school Monday Jan 5th. took tea with Clara that night.

It has rained nearly all the week. have a terrible cold. Have not been absent from school as yet.

March 16, 1874.

Heigho. Here we are again. And how have you been since I parted from you?

I have been to school quite regularly since I first began. was absent a week with the neuralgia.

Joined "George Dunn Division No. 73. Sons of Temperance" on Monday March 2nd.

Visited Newark Division. March 6th. and attended G. D. on the 9th.

That's everything of any importance that has happened. "When will I come again?" Really I don't know perhaps tomorrow or two or three months from now. O! I forgot to tell you I had been to Patterson and Emma and Nora have been there. That's all.

Thursday, 25th.

Attended G. D. D. on Monday 16th.

Thursday 19th

Clara, Mr. Aber²² and Mr. Kalisch came to spend the evening and we had a candy pull.²³ next even went to Newark Division. Went to G. D. D. on the 23rd.

Tuesday 24th?

Clara had a candy pull. Mr. Aber and myself were all that was there.

Wednesday 25.

Ah Bachor and Hi Sieng called in the evening.

Thursday 26th

Nellie spent the day in Newark. I stayed from school. In the evening John George, Will Adams and myself played dominoes all the evening.

Bound Brook.²⁴ Wednesday. May 13th.

We have been here a week today. "Do I like it?" Oh. don't ask so many questions how can I tell.

22. Although the typescript reads "Aber" here and elsewhere, Schoberlin believed that the name was "Abner" ("Flagon", p. 11-3).

23. When Crane attended his sister's taffy-pulls, he received "a small golden glob, which he kneaded and worked until it became the color of slate and the consistency of glue. Disconcerted 'tch-tch's' disturbed him not at all as he divided the last of the pitiful, sticky mess between his own mouth and Solomon's", his Newfoundland retriever ("Flagon", p. 11-4).

24. The Cranes moved to Bound Brook, New Jersey, in May 1874, when Reverend Crane, who was the Methodist Presiding Elder of the Newark district, asked for and received a transfer to the Elizabeth district. As the diary makes clear, living in Bound Brook was unpleasant for Agnes. She was lonely and suffered from neuralgia.

Before I came I was in quite a whirl with the two Divisions. Clara, Jake, Ev and I were often together. I shan't tell you anything about it, Samantha, so you need not say a word. I don't know whether I like them both or neither of them. Will²⁵ has gone to College how do you think I like that? I do not know a soul here so you may expect to see more of me. There's one good thing about you, Samantha you never answer me back.

May 27th. 1874.

I haven't much to say now, Samantha, and plenty of time to say it in. I've received one call for me personally. and—there—I'll tell you the truth if no else—I'd just die here if it wasn't for my letters and studies and the anticipations of Will's vacation and Clara's visit. So now then.

June 5th Friday.

Clara came down with J. Jr. Sat. May 30th. I was very much surprised and delighted to see them especially as Ma was going away on Monday.

Ivanhoe came on Wednesday. Yesterday we went fishing (on a canal-boat) in the Raritan²⁶ and caught a large shad.

This morning we got up at half past four—more fishing.

Ivanhoe and Clara left at eleven this morning. I expected to be lone-
some when they went but I am hardly equal to the task of getting the
better of my feelings. All that's left me now is our two muddy black skirts
and a black curl tied with a piece of rope.

Sunday 7th. JUNE.

I am so tired and disgusted with every one that I've come to you for a short talk. I never wrote, just for the sake of writing on Sunday before, but I feel as if I must do something.

I've nothing to go to church in, and I want to see my Ma. Poor her!

This is a horrid, stupid old place and I hate it and everyone in it.

I wish we'd thought of going to the moon before we ever thought of coming here. we're a precious lot of lunatics ever to have harbored such a suggestion. the next person, male or female, white or black, young or old who says to me "How du you²⁷ like Bound Brook by this time?" will just have their heads amputated.

I haven't felt so ugly and despairing since I was homesick at Wyoming

25. Presumably her brother William.

26. Bound Brook is on the Raritan River.

27. Although the typescript reads "du like", in "Flagon", p. 11-6, Schoberlin typed "du you like". Because it is impossible to know whether the typescript was missing a word or Schoberlin was emending the text silently, I have chosen Schoberlin's version for readability.

Seminary²⁸ and may I be preserved from the memory even of that festive occasion. Au Reservoir.

In looking over this record I can't see that I'm any better than I was when I began over a year ago. I'm just as foolish (if not more so) just as good-for-nothing, and just as horrid generally. When I see people who are homlier than I, I'm glad of it, and when I see better-looking ones (which is often) I try to think they put on airs, or are shallow, or ignorant.

I am eighteen and it's time I learned to be self-reliant & composed and get over being silly, but it seems impossible.

Heaven help me, here and now, to live up to my ideal.

(Quite an outburst: feel better already.) Whew!

Monday June 15th, '74.

Calls today from Mr. and Mrs. Libbey and Mrs. Cone. Miss Stella Baker called on Friday last. I guess I shall like her if ever I become acquainted with her.

Actually "processed" on Saturday with the rest at the S. S. Union. My dignity is vanishing or perchance sleepeth.

Sunday, July 5th.

Emma B. and Nellie came up on Wednesday 24th. Thursday we played croquet home in the morning & went to Will Kingsbury's and played in the afternoon. Ma who went away the day before returned. Nellie went to her Aunt's Saturday and in the evening Will (who came from Wesleyan at noon) John Emma & I went out on the river in the moonlight (and a boat).

Emma and I went to church & S. S. Monday. Emma left in the afternoon & Nellie came home with me.

Tuesday.

Will Kingsbury & Mr. Ned Slaight came over & played croquet. "Pill Willsbury" is muchly superior to Mr. Ned Slaight in my estimation. at least.

Wednesday. July 1st.

Nellie & Will left for E²⁹ this noon.

28. Agnes's maternal grandfather founded Wyoming Seminary in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania, and her mother attended school there.

29. Elizabeth.

Thursday.

John & I went to Mr. Bakers to tea. It rained. When we came home found Emily and little Mary.

Friday.

Went to ?Finderno?. I hate H. H. . . . there.

Saturday.

Cousin William came in the morning and left at noon with Pa and Ma. A very quiet 4th of July.

Sunday 5th.

Went out at night with Will and Grandpa.

Monday 6th.

Went to the depot with William.

Took tea at Mary La Montes. Was very much taken with Mora La Monte, her cousin.

Tuesday. July 6th. 1874.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Stella and Lou were at our house to tea. Had a good game of croquet.

Miss Van Ness came from M.

Wednesday July 7th.

Sewed on our white waists.

Thursday 8th.

Miss Van Ness departed, taking with her the irrepressable Josephine.

Friday 9th.

Hot, Hotter, Hottest. Couldn't keep cool.

Worked like a Trojan on my black dress.

Wednesday 18th.

"Miss Cooke" is a name of the past.

"Emily & Joe Harley" were made one this afternoon & left at six o'clock as did Nellie also.

10 August 1874 to 3 January 1875
[from the holograph]

Camp Tabor.³⁰ Monday Aug. 10th.

A party of us went to the "Rock House". The Baldwin's, Hobson's, Beardslee's & Will and I. (A. L. didn't go because of I. De ho. Ho. ho.)

In the evening the young folks came over to sing but we didn't sing much. Joe Clark spoil'd our evening by acting like a lunatic. I don't see how Mollie Sim's stands him.

Tuesday Aug. 14th.

Played croquet all the morning. Came home (to Newark I mean) in the 3.10.³¹

Newark. Friday. 12th

{Ca}lled on Emmie Schuetz who wasn't home. {I} took tea with Mary Van Cleif and then {H}attie, Clara & I went to Newark Division.

I did not know whether I would be admitted or not, but Mr. Cressy even gave me the pass. I played for them.

Mr. Cressy went down to Hattie's with me & we had "delmonico cream" at twelve o'clock at night. Hoorar!

Saturday. Aug. 13th.

Mrs. Young, Clara and I went down to Elizabeth to spend the day. Played croquet at Mrs. Osbrey's in the afternoon. Mrs Young left.

Sunday 16th.

Were in all day until evening we went to "Quality Hill" for a walk.

30. A Methodist camp. In "Flagon", Schoberlin quotes an unidentified source describing what Stephen and Agnes saw and heard at the Camp: "the preacher stamped and raised his clenched hand to his head, and dashed it down, and, in a voice of thunder, gave a terrific description of the final conflagration. 'O sinner, sinner,' thundered the preacher, 'are you determined to take hell by storm? Are your bones iron, and your flesh brass, that you plunge headlong into the lake of fire?' There was an unbroken roar of fervent supplication, while the awful voice of the preacher resounded above this tempest of prayer." Schoberlin added, "Stevie was frightened; he clung to his sister's skirt, and wept" (p. 11-8). Although Reverend Crane was more liberal regarding salvation, Crane later rebelled in his life and work against the fundamentalist orthodoxy of the angry Jehovah his father worshipped. A traumatic experience in a religious camp would help explain the rebellion.

31. The 3:10 train.

Monday 17th.

Clara, Nellie, Mrs. Fulton and I played croquet in the morning. After lunch Clarrisy and I came to Newark and thence to Roseville to see the great Baseball match betwee{n} Newark and Geo Dunn Division's.

Met Mr. Cressey (he offered to take me to the mat{ch}) & I refused thinking Id not be in Newark and he took us around and rode down with us.

Geo. Dunn beat 52 to 28. Hip—pip—Went to G. D. D. so sleepy I could hardly be circumspect. ran away from Tommie because we were too sleepy to entertain him.

Tuesday. August. 18th.

Left Clara's at 9.10 having been there nearly a week. Met Pa at Elizabeth. Found all well but Alice³² who groans dismally among her pots & kettles.

Thursday. 19th.

Called on Miss Hoagland. Hot. (the weather not Miss Hoagland she's rather icy)

Friday. 21th.³³

Stella Baker's birthday. Went with John to her party. Owing to "circumstances over which they had no control" (I hope) the gentlemen none of them came but Will Pillsbury & John.

After supper Cora Windsor & Aggie Wood {ma}nuvered & got W. P. between them on the sofa {wher}e they staid all the evening. I thought {h}e liked it but heard afterwards he "didn't enjoy himself". Cora W. was very much afraid he would speak to me. Is she his guardian, I dunno. If so, why not?

At any rate he is safe from my 'wiles' for I will probably take a man of my own size if I should trouble myself at all.

Saturday. August 22nd.

Alice & Ma both left. Alice for Newark, Ma for Ocean Grove. Vale! Alice.

Sunday 23rd

Went to S. S. taking Stevie.³⁴ Meant to have gone to church at night but John was sick.

32. Possibly the maid.

33. Agnes first wrote "20th", then wrote a "1" over the "0"; she forgot, though, to change the "th" to "st".

34. In "Flagon", p. II-3, Schoberlin notes that Crane "was enrolled in the primary class [of St. Paul's] and received a gaudy-tinted lithograph each Sunday in reward".

Tuesday 25th.

Orfully tired of the work. Ma came home in the 9.10.

Wednesday 26th.

Stella and Louie to play croquet and to tea. Stella seems to think Aggie Wood was not lady-like Friday albeit they where bosom friends.

Thursday. 27th.

Have come to the conclusion that the "Doctor's Daughter" although fascinating is not a criterion for me. Am going to be a "D. D." of another type but just as good if I can't be pretty or preternaturally smart. Sounds audacious, don't it, Samantha? Don't mention it to any one.

Friday. Aug. 28th.

Stella, Lou & Katie Cone called today.

Sat. 29th.

Ma, Pa & John all going away to be gone over Sunday.

Sunday. 30th.

Went to S. S. & to church in the evening.

August 31st.

Last day of Summer.

"The last Rose of Summer"³⁵

Mamma and Will came at 6 o'clock. Will & I had a long "converse" on {t}he front piazza.

Tuesday 1st of September.

{Tri}mmed my hat in the morning. georgous {?}hold with black silk scarf & scarlet poppies. Made chocolate cake after dinner.

Wednesday 2nd.

Started for "Chimney Rock" at 9 o'clock with the S. S. Took a walk to the falls before dinner. Was with Stella and Katie Cone all day. After we came home Will translated Virgil to me all the evening.

Sept. '74.

Commenced going to the "Bound Brook Institute" today the 9th. Nellie came up yesterday.

35. At this point Agnes pinned a rose to the page.

Saturday 19.

was perfect in all my lessons all this week. rah! Last Wednesday organized a society to be called the "X. Y. Z". I am the President.

Sept. 28th.

Spent Saturday afternoon and evening at Stella's. met her uncle Will, a young fellow of about twenty-three.

29th.

Went to church & Sunday School.

At school to-day. Have been perfect all day this week. (I mean last week)

Jan. 3rd. 1875.

I have not written for some time not that there's been nothing to write but I have been too busy to write.

I have studied, read, written, skated, gone to school, called and other things of like import.

I have not said anything of Will since he left College in the spring. He was sick this summer and was not able to go back but after being at home all the fall & part of the winter he is well enough (or thinks he is) to teach a school that was offered {hi}m in Lyons Farms (boarding with Nellie) {and} left with Nellie and Van, who were here {for} New year's, yesterday. Oh, dear.

I am getting along well at school, but am just the horrid creature that I always was. I wonder if it is too late for improvement in my case. I dunno.

I am quite reconciled to B. B. now I am acquainted more, although I do not think I should grieve much if we should leave. Carrie La Monte and Katie Cone are my most intimates at school.

Carrie, May, Katie and myself have each chosen an aim in life and are to meet in five years and report progress.

Carrie will devote herself to elocution, Katie to music and May to capturing a husband. And I? Well I do not know.

First. I want to, must, be a better Christian. That is my first aim. I want to be unostentatious but whole-souled in this if the rest has to go. "Ich dien." Second. I want to be a lady in the fullest sens{e} of the word. My motto for this "Noblesse oblige". And then. Oh dear me, I want a classical & scienti{fic} educ{ation,} a thorough knowledge of the best literature, to {know} how to draw and paint and write.

I have no talents at all, just a quickness and aptness for two or three

things. But I intend to plod on and see what comes. I might as well have no aim as to have a lofty one like May's. Eh, wass?³⁶

Ma often wants to know what I intend to do

11–14 November 1880
[from the typed transcript]

Fort Lee Nov. 11th. '80.

Some wiseacre has said that no one ever writes a journal but with the idea that some one will read it after him and be impressed, I suppose, with the lively character revealed thereby. However that may be with mankind in general, I feel convinced that no such illusion now possesses me and guides my pen. That I am twenty five years old, and no longer a sentimental girl in her teens, ought to effectually banish such a suspicion. It is only that my vexations seem at times too great to be borne in silence. I feel that I must express them and to whom can I? Coming from such an oyster-like family there are few to whom I can speak freely and I have learned, too, that people will talk to me with great vivacity about their own troubles but grow inattentive when a reciprocal confidence—ever so slight, is attempted. Poor Mother has trials enough of her own. I sometimes, during the past summer, have written to Joey B. or to Harvey, when I was in a sad mood. But I always regret such unbosoments(?) afterwards and feel that I have been weak. If they write back sympathizingly it saddens me again and if they write gaily I feel as if someone had shut the door in my face just when I wanted so badly to come in. (Who could indulge in such a simile as that when writing for the public?) So here I am going to give way to my feelings unrestrainedly. Here I can be mildly profane and none the wiser. Here I will not have ever before me the thought that I am a governess and must therefore be a pattern of propriety.³⁷ And just here is one of my present troubles. I am aware that my position here is very uncertain. I know. I feel it in the atmosphere, that I am on probation. What more I can do to interest my pupil in her studies I do not know. It is very hard for us both. Especially so to me in my inexperience is the fact that my pupil has been heretofore so completely unrestrained and uncontrolled.

36. Possibly a misspelling of the German word *was*.

37. In November Agnes began working as a governess for a Mr. W of Fort Lee, New Jersey. As this passage makes clear, the appointment was a mistake. After a week she was grateful when her mother asked her to return home to help manage the household and to nurse her brother Jonathan's wife, Fannie, who was dying of Bright's disease ("Flagon", pp. III-25-26).

If she concludes that she cannot stand the confinement of study I rather imagine that that will decide the matter.

What I shall do if I lose my place is a pleasing conundrum that I shall postpone touching upon until the catastrophe occurs. I am trying my very best to do my whole duty and give satisfaction. My troubles here are not trifling (or do not now seem so) but then situations are so uncertain and the “ills we know not of” to come after may be so much the greater that I am going to stay if possible. Sometimes when Kittie is trying, her Father so ignorantly insulting, her Mother so calmly critical or Miss Abbie so sarcastic I feel that I would not stay another day if I had my Father to go to.³⁸ Oh, my Father! Here is my greatest heartache. Sometimes, often. I can not seem to believe that he is gone beyond where he can hear the cries of his children and see their tears.

I get so tired of being self-reliant. To him I was a little girl. If I could only feel his arms around me and cry all the ache out of my heart on his breast perhaps I could be strong and brace again. I can say here with no fear of being thought sentimental that I do think a woman’s highest happiness is in relying on one she loves.

I honestly believe in true marriages where one soul finds its complement, its need and real happiness in another.

But my ideal union is so high that I think perhaps one couple out of a thousand or so attain it. This makes ones chances small and the risk great.

I could have, I think, liked and esteemed a gentleman I met this summer (I shan’t give any names to be safe I may not risk other people’s secrets) and but for this perhaps quixotic notion been now a fiancee but I could not act against my better nature. If God has for me one of these true soul mates I shall consider it a blessing indeed. If he has not I shall remain all my life a victim to my romantic(?) ideal like an odd slave (sleeve, slave?). Oh, Agnes, Agnes! are you indeed still looking through the rose tinted, trusting glasses of ignorant youth? Which is the truth? Am I wise or is Miss Abbie’s the true wisdom? Miss abbie with her prosaic, practical views of life and love. If I am deluded, may my enlightenment be far distant. “Where ignorance is bliss” or at least, happy trust in the nobler, better side of mankind tis indeed folly to be wise.

Friday Nov. 12.

Feel altogether pretty well satisfied with my weeks work. Mr. W— tried in vain today to trip Kittie on the multiplication table. A signal victory.

Perhaps though if he were to view her essay on “dergs” written this afternoon he would not consider it as finished a production as one might

38. Reverend Crane died on 16 February 1880.

expect from a mature maiden of eleven years. They do expect so much of the child.

Made the fourth pilgrimage to the P.O.³⁹ for this week. It is a strange thing that I cannot become reconciled to that walk. Finished my panel (in pencil) for Mother.

Sunday Nov. 14th

It is a good idea for me to write "Sunday" for it will be one more thing to remind me that there is a Sabbath day.

I wish I was a better girl. Sometimes I feel strong and brave to do right and then temptation comes and away I go.

I ought to have written here yesterday for I was lighthearted then and tonight not. I go up and down like a child on a see-saw.

Tonight it is all because Mrs. W— and Miss Abbie were giving me a going-over because my Mother sent for me. Kittie joined in. I spoke to her and upon her leaving the room, waiving the point at issue, I said that they ought not to have taken me to task before Kittie for she would not respect me. Mrs. W— said "she don't now." Whatever was her motive for that gratuitous insult (and I honestly, believe it an untruth besides) it penetrated my thin skin and I had all I could do to restrain my weeps until dinner was over and I could escape to my room. I never used to be such a baby but now I seem to have lost all control over myself.

A! They seem to mean to be kind to me but they want to put their oars into everything. If my Mother, Bless her! sees fit to make me clothes its none of their business. (I'm safe to speak my mind now.)

In our walk to the Post this afternoon Miss Abbie sought to impress it on my youthful and unsophisticated (so she evidently considers it) mind that now I had arrived at an age when I would have nothing but sorrow. So it appears.

Sometimes I think I decidedly lack spirit, to take in an apparently resigned way the mean things Mr. W— and now his wife say to me. But it would only lose me my place to answer back.

Green as Miss Abbie considers me, I know that they have not come in contact with enough of the world to have become enlarged and reasonable. Ignorant and narrow-minded, I could only make them raging angry at me—they can not argue.

But in the meantime I wish I were a pachyderm. It's ridiculous how these things wound one. They are not worth a tear, I well know, but—

As Harvey wrote in that (?)heavy, or busy(?) article of his I do not seem to be able to get along without love and sympathy. If they could

39. Post office.

give me that I would never have a feeling of scorn or ridicule for the comical mistakes they make, never. Now, I feel as much alone as if I dwelt in the Feejee Islands with the savages. I believe Miss Abbie to be right in one thing I have been spoiled before I came here. I have never yet been anywheres for any length of time without finding someone who loved me and valued me much above my worth.

What would not an affectionate soul like Stella's or Allie's be to me now?

Well, and so we wag on. "Part the time on foot and the rest of the time walking."

If I'm to be wretched all my life (but I don't believe) here's a good beginning.

Nov. 18th. '80.

Today things are very lovely and I hasten to write before clouds arise in our horizon.

Tuesday was the ninth month since Father died. I kept my courage up all day but when I went to the Post office expecting to get letters from Jo and Harvey and perhaps Walker and was disappointed in all I couldn't feel so brave. It does help me to get bright, pleasant letters from my friends.

Yesterday Mr. W— got as far toward making me comfortable for the winter as to put a stove in my room.

This effort encourages me to think I am to stay; although, the stove-pipe connections not being made, the stove is as yet neither useful nor ornamental.


Finished this morning the pen-and-ink etching of "Tressy" that I began last night. Next week at this time I hope to {be} in the bosom of my family. (?)Newark(?)

THE CIPHER DISPATCHES.

Time passes so swiftly, and yet so monotonously, to the busy students of the Institute⁴⁰ in their routine of duties that they scarcely realize, or heed, the matters that are agitating the busy old world beyond their campus. Just now there is unusual excitement pervading all circles over a huge budget of telegrams, that were captured, in some mysterious way, by the New York Tribune and date back to the time of the electoral count in '76.

These enigmatical messages passed—nearly all of them—between S. J. Tilden's residence and Northern politicians in various sections of the country, and were written in cipher.

40. Possibly Bound Brook Institute, which Agnes attended.



The Cipher Dispatches.

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It is said that a Yankee "guesses" when a Southerner "rectifies" but that the Yankee

Top page of Agnes Crane's "The Cipher Dispatches" with its brass pin fastener.

It is said that a Yankee “guesses” when a Southerner “reckons” but that the Yankee can guess as well as the Southerner can reckon, and here was a task worthy of the yankee ingenuity. Nearly four hundred telegrams of which this is a fair sample of intelligibility—“Nov. 30 '76. To H. H. 15 West 17th. St. N. Y. Fetch Daniel to that see wire Charles private Moses Captain contracts abstain the children. This Jane from is Israel of. Fox.” It seems almost incredible! but keen minds with systematic effort have untangled the whole snarl of words, and the Tribune began the publication of the telegrams, translations, and keys on the 8th of this month.

No one who follows out, step by step, these translations and the methods by which they were reached, can doubt their perfect accuracy or fail to realize that attempts were made to purchase the electoral vote in at least two states only failing, in one instance, through a delayed telegram. Although no truehearted patriotic person can read this record without sorrowing over the fact that an honest, honorable politician is such a rare avis; or feeling very keenly this disgrace of our republic, yet the phases of human nature it has developed are very interesting and even amusing.

Here and there an editor, through the columns of his paper, or a gentleman, in private conversation, stands sturdily up for the right whatever befalls his party. And one can not but admire, while yet wondering if there is on the whole extent of the troubled waters of the political sea a single ship that will ever steer toward the Polar Star of Right.

There are others who are like the boy who being called a thief never stops to deny the accusation but yells lustily “you’re another”. These declare that Mr. Tilden, alias Russia,⁴¹ alias Denmark⁴² is too busy to rise and explain anything that seems strange in these telegrams.

They represent him as being deeply absorbed in deciphering a huge pile of telegrams and preparing to electrify the whole world with unanswerable proofs of someone else’s depravity.

Too busy preparing to shout “you’re another” to clear his own character for truth and honor.

Others refuse to believe that their idol is only clay. They declare pitiously that Russia, Denmark etc. is the soul of honor and hold up their hands in horror at the profane paper that goes so far as to give to the world an innocent man’s harmless correspondence.

A number of the most blackening dispatches are from Manton Marble⁴³

41. “Russia” was Tilden’s name in the dispatches.

42. “Denmark” was Tilden’s nephew, Colonel W. T. Pelton, who was involved in sending and receiving dispatches.

43. One of Tilden’s agents involved in the attempted bribery of a Florida electoral voter.

alias “Moses Mobble” alias “polysyllabic Moses” to Russia. Manton Marble who in sesquipedalian words has been hurling scorching epithets at those who would “offer to the highest bidder the sacred muniments of the presidential title”.

Who strove so frantically to drag out somebody’s fraudulency into the “keen bright sunlight of publicity” and who for days after these developments, the “bright sunlight of publicity” sought in vain. In vain the indefatigable New York reporters haunted his house and office—at his home they were even met by the certainty “he is not at home” and the equally unvarying uncertainty as to when he would be in. His office seemed to know but him as a tradition and fears being entertained that the ark had proved his sarcophagus he began to be spoken of as the “late Moses Mobble”.

At this critical juncture J. G. Bennett⁴⁴ came to the rescue, and, to quote “added to his African laurels⁴⁵ the greener chaplet of the exploration of the ark and the discovery of Moses”.⁴⁶

The feeble voice which emanated from the ark stated that the chief coparcener had been, at last, induced to “look over the Tribune” and indignantly denied being the author of a telegram of minor importance which no one had charged to him.

The ends of Justice ought now to have been met—the ark has been priced open and Moses has admitted that he “has looked over the Tribune”.

44. James Gordon Bennett (1841–1918), editor of the *New York Herald*.

45. Bennett hired Henry M. Stanley to search in Africa for David Livingstone, and the *Herald* reported the story in detail.

46. Once the story about the dispatches broke, news reporters had trouble locating and getting responses from Tilden and his agents. On 16 October, the *Tribune* printed that “Mr. Manton Marble has at last been discovered. James Gordon Bennett is the heroic explorer who adds this greener chaplet to the African laurels he has already won. At Mr. Bennett’s request, Mr. Marble has been ‘induced to look over *The Tribune*’ ” and declared himself “Not Guilty” (p. 6).