A Mortal Antipathy

Holmes Oliver Wendell
Title: A Mortal Antipathy

Author: Holmes Oliver Wendell

This is an exact replica of a book. The book reprint was manually improved by a team of professionals, as opposed to automatic/OCR processes used by some companies. However, the book may still have imperfections such as missing pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were a part of the original text. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections which can not be improved, and hope you will enjoy reading this book.
By the Same Author.

POEMS. Household Edition. With Portrait. 12mo, $2.00; full
gilt, $2.50.


Illustrated Library Edition. With Illustrations, and Portrait. 8vo,
$4.00.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS. 16mo, $1.50.

ASTRÆA: The Balance of Illusions. 16mo, 75 cents.

SONGS OF MANY SEASONS. 16mo, $2.00.

THE SCHOOL-BOY. Illustrated. 4to, $3.00.

THE IRON GATE, and other Poems. With Portrait. 12mo, $1.25.

ILLUSTRATED POEMS. With etched Portrait and Illustrations.
Royal 8vo, $5.00.

THE LAST LEAF. With twenty full-page phototypes, and other
decorations. Quarto, $10.00.

Crown 8vo, $2.00.

Handy-Volume Edition. 32mo, $1.25.

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Crown 8vo, $2.00.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Crown 8vo, $2.00.

ELSIE VENNER. Crown 8vo, $2.00.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL. A Novel. Crown 8vo, $2.00.

PAGES FROM AN OLD VOLUME OF LIFE, including "Sound-
ings from the Atlantic," and "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," etc.
Crown 8vo, $2.00.

A MORTAL ANTIPATHY. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

THE BREAKFAST-TABLE SERIES, together with Elsie Venner,
The Guardian Angel, Pages from an Old Volume of Life, A Mor-

MEDICAL ESSAYS. (Including "Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science," etc., and "Border Lines in some Provinces of Medical Science.") Crown 8vo, $2.00.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. 16mo, $1.50.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. With Portrait. 16mo, $1.25.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY,
BOSTON AND NEW YORK.
A MORTAL ANTIPATHY

FIRST OPENING OF

THE NEW PORTFOLIO

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1885
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Opening of the New Portfolio. Introduction</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. Getting Ready</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. The Boat-Race</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. The White Canoe</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. The Young Solitary</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. The Enigma Studied</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. Still at Fault</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. A Record of Antipathies</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. The Pansophian Society</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. The Society and its New Secretary</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. A New Arrival</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. The Interviewer Attacks the Sphinx</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. Miss Vincent as a Medical Student</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. Dr. Butts reads a Paper</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. Miss Vincent’s Startling Discovery</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. Dr. Butts calls on Euthymia</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. Miss Vincent writes a Letter</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. Dr. Butts’s Patient</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. Maurice Kirkwood’s Story of his Life</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX. The Report of the Biological Committee</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XX. Dr. Butts Reflects</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXI. An Intimate Conversation</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXII. Euthymia</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIII. The Meeting of Maurice and Euthymia</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIV. The Inevitable</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Postscript: After-Glimpses

510
A MORTAL ANTIPATHY.

FIRST OPENING OF THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

INTRODUCTION.

"And why the New Portfolio, I would ask?"

Pray, do you remember, when there was an accession to the nursery in which you have a special interest, whether the new-comer was commonly spoken of as a baby? Was it not, on the contrary, invariably, under all conditions, in all companies, by the whole household, spoken of as the baby? And was the small receptacle provided for it commonly spoken of as a cradle; or was it not always called the cradle, as if there were no other in existence?

Now this New Portfolio is the cradle in which I am to rock my new-born thoughts, and from which I am to lift them carefully and show them to callers, namely, to the whole family of readers belonging to my list of intimates, and such other friends as may drop in by accident. And so it shall have the definite article, and not be lost in the mob of its fellows as a portfolio.

There are a few personal and incidental matters of which I wish to say something before reaching the contents of the Portfolio, whatever these may be. I have had other portfolios before this, — two, more especially, and the first thing I beg leave to introduce relates to these.
The New Portfolio.

Do not throw this volume down, or turn to another page, when I tell you that the earliest of them, that of which I now am about to speak, was opened more than fifty years ago. This is a very dangerous confession, for fifty years make everything hopelessly old-fashioned, without giving it the charm of real antiquity. If I could say a hundred years, now, my readers would accept all I had to tell them with a curious interest; but fifty years ago,—there are too many talkative old people who know all about that time, and at best half a century is a half-baked bit of ware. A coin-fancier would say that your fifty-year-old facts have just enough of antiquity to spot them with rust, and not enough to give them the delicate and durable patina which is time’s exquisite enamel.

When the first Portfolio was opened the coin of the realm bore for its legend,—or might have borne if the more devout hero-worshippers could have had their way,—Andreas Jackson, Populi Gratia, Imp. Cæsar. Aug. Div. Max., etc., etc. I never happened to see any gold or silver with that legend, but the truth is I was not very familiarly acquainted with the precious metals at that period of my career, and there might have been a good deal of such coin in circulation without my handling it, or knowing much about it.

 Permit me to indulge in a few reminiscences of that far-off time.

In those days the Athenæum Picture Gallery was a principal centre of attraction to young Boston people and their visitors. Many of us got our first ideas of art, to say nothing of our first lessons in the comparatively innocent flirtations of our city’s primitive period, in that agreeable resort of amateurs and artists.