

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION

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In Maiden Meditation by Eva Whitthorn Trezevant

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EVA WHITTHORN TREZEVANT

**IN MAIDEN
MEDITATION**

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BY

E. V. A.

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing
but the thread that binds them is mine own."

MONTAIGNE



SIXTH EDITION

CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY

1898

TO

That One

WHO HAS FIXED MY IDEALS, EMBODIED MY DREAMS,
AND DEEPENED MY SENSE OF THE POSSIBLE
BEAUTY OF EXISTENCE.

January, 1894.

AN EXPLANATION.

I HAVE wandered among many ages and climes of literature, and have picked up various bits of knowledge and beauties of sentiment. When, "In Maiden Meditation," I began to record the flying thoughts that have come in the midst of dinings and dances, I was often puzzled to know the children of my own brain from those of my adopted fancy. However, Mr. Emerson ranks the quoter of a good thing next to its originator, and I acknowledge that I have been a very Sabine, both consciously and unconsciously, in appropriating other people's goods. After all, who among us is wholly original? Not Homer, singing the myths and traditions of olden Greece, nor yet inspired Shakespeare, embodying into classic and enduring form the legends of all lands and ages. Our mod-

ern philosophers but interpret the wisdom of Plato, and each succeeding generation of wise men but gives the same answers to the same old questions that still defy solution. And there is no new thing under the sun. I have omitted the "pestiferous quotation-mark," assuming that my readers have wandered as widely as I have. They will recognize, I am sure, without further indication, the rare gems, which, as old friends, flash back smiles of recognition, and they will, I hope, appreciate and enjoy the new ones found on every page, deeming them worthy, if only in a small degree, of the good company in which they are found. It is, after all, only a simple record of a woman's moods, caprices, tenderesses, dreams. May the *mosaic* be judged harmonious, whether the fragments be seized from Diogenes or Dr. Holmes, from Balzac, George Eliot, or Julien Gordon, or whether they are only the dreams and theories of

E. V. A.

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