

1863.

Note. The journals proper begin with 1863, the only thing before this being the partial journal of our mother's wedding journey in 1843. The 1863 journal is in two small volumes. The first contains nothing but items of expenditure, lists, etc. The second begins in the same way, but in May, with the illness and death of her youngest child, Samuel Gridley Howe, Jr., our mother begins the record of her life, which was to be continued until her death. The first entry is on

Wednesday, May 13th. Appleton and Stout to breakfast. Walked out with dearest Sammy, his gaiters and scarf forgotten. Bird and Pierce dined. Sammy came in after dinner to eat some orange. Sent him to drive with Mrs. McDonald. He did not seem quite right.

Thursday, May 14th. Sammy not well. Heavy in the morning. Slept on my bed. Sent for Dr. Clark - throat not examined. Laid on his little sofa. Say, "I are better". Croupy symptoms at 9 o'clock. Go for Clark, then for Talbot. Pass the night with him giving the medicines. No improvement.

Friday, May 15th. Clark at 8 o'clock. Baby sleeping and not breathing better. Ordered byonia and belladonna. Returned at eleven. Examined the throat. Pronounced it diphtheritic croup. Very alarming, scarcely any hope. Gave iodyde of mercury all day. No improvement. Telegraph at once for Chev, who arrived at midnight. Clark stayed all night.

Saturday, May 16th. Clark gave up at 7 A. M. Sigelow sent for. Said scarcely any change. Told us to try steam and give a little nourishment. Baby gets worse all the time. Moved constantly. 4 P. M. Talbot and Neilson to consult. Wet cloths ordered. Beef tea and brandy and water. Injections of beef tea and oxydated water. Some sleep. No remission of symptoms.

Sunday, May 17th. Dear angel Sammy much worse at 4 A. M. I run for Talbot, who comes. He dies at five with no final struggle. I hold him once more in my arms. Julia arrives a little before six.

Monday, May 18th. William Hunt came and made a sweet little sketch. Photographer came also. I sat up till 2 A. M. watching, waiting to talk with him. Good night, dear Sammy.

Tuesday, May 19th. I and McDoland dress dear Sammy in the little blue suit made by Cousin Lilly. Funeral at 3 P. M. I take his dear little body in my carriage. Chev can't go with it. Clarke (J. F.) goes. I kiss him and talk to him all I can. Vale.

Wednesday, May 20th. I sit in the room where he died and read Gospels and Epistles from the book of common prayer. Drive in the afternoon to see Mrs. Hunt and stop at South Boston almost strangled with grief. Waterstons come in the evening.

Thursday, May 21st. We decide to go to New York by Stonington boat. Packing. Lyman (Joseph) called. Also Stoddard, who had not known of our sorrow. We are all hurried off, not very willingly. Stoddard goes with us. I talk with him. Find him very sympathetic,



2

but without religious ideas. Stonington boat. Children enjoy the supper. Get to Uncle's. Kind reception. Don Samuel. Go to Dunning's. Find children's teeth in a very bad condition.... Mary Ward comes and is most kind.

Saturday, May 23rd. Children go to Academy of Design. I stay at home for Beecher, who does not come. Read Psalms and First Canto of Paradise. All hands improved by the journey. The horrible picture of the croup fades a little, but the sorrow will ever remain.

Sunday, May 24th. Go with Julia and Flossie to hear Beecher. Great crowd. We get seats after a while. Sermon on the importance of "Variety of Opinion in Minor Matters of Religion," not at this moment of special interest to me.

Monday, May 25th. All the paraphernalia of childhood in the shops ~~windows~~ afflicts me. Annie M. comes to stay two days. In the evening come Edwin Booth and Stoddard, the first very sympathetic; also H. Tuckerman.

Tuesday, May 26th. All these days have corresponded to well remembered days of last week. Today is a week since the funeral. I find temporary forgetfulness, but no comfort, no enjoyment. A fortnight ago today I sat in Sammy's nursery and read Sully while he played.

Wednesday, May 27th. My birthday, forty-four years old. God knows whether it was best that this day brought me life. God grant that it may have been more for good than for ill. Job cursed the day of his birth, but lived to give thanks and be happy. But one thing I desire now is reunion with my darling baby boy.

Thursday, May 28th. Chev ill yesterday and today. Better today. I go to stay with him twice and do little else. Booth comes with his baby. Tells about his wife's appearing, leading a dear little boy by the hand -- perhaps my own Sammy.

Friday, May 29th. Fracas with Francois. I go to see Chev, who comforts me. Tuckerman comes and tells me of fatal cases of croup. We go with brother Sam to Islip. Meet Joe Peabody in the cars. Children enjoy the change very much.

Saturday, May 30th. Foggy morning. Visit trout pond on a large scale belonging to W. Knapp. Walk in woods. Talk of Maddie, her husband and baby. Rest in the afternoon. Rev. Riley comes in the evening. We talk theology. I promise to go to hear him tomorrow.

Sunday, May 31st. Go to church. Service pleasant, sermon dull. Walk with brother Sam afterwards. Saw the Bay and Fire Island, where Margaret Fuller's bones lie buried. Sammy died two weeks ago today. Dear, dearest little boy.

Monday, June 1st. Up to town. Left Islip at 5 o'clock, arrive at 8.30. Uncle very kind. Chev is ill, sends for me. I pass most of the day with him, thinking about Sammy. Am nearly choking with grief. Talk with Dr. Harris about croup. Come home to Bond Street alone at 11 P. M.

Tuesday, June 2nd. A fortnight since dearest Sammy's burial,-- the last sight on earth of his sweet face. What would I give now for even that sight! God have mercy upon me, and restore us to each other in his own time! Saw Foster, a medium. Messages rather consoling but nothing very definite.



Wednesday, June 3rd. Chev much better. Up and dressed. Saw sweet photograph of dearest Sammy after death; most precious, and most mournful. Bought plain dress for self and lighter one for Julia. Fright about the window. Great misery in remembering Sammy. An hour's gossip with Mrs. Habicht.

Thursday, June 4th. Chev not so well. Laura's eyes inflamed. Girls go to West Point with Mary and Charles Ward. My fright about them. Maddie and her husband come, also Olmstead and Bache, the sight of whom gives me a feeling of pleasure and comfort. Saw in a shop window clothes which would have just suited dearest Sammy.

Friday, June 5th. Paid McDonald yesterday for the little shirt in which my Sammy was buried - a dear expense; the last money his clothes will ever cost me. Chev better. I choke my tears and try to work. Prayer begins to comfort me, and a feeling of God's nearness in all things. Bellows (Rev. Henry) visits me; a good talk.

Saturday, June 6th. Chev does not go to Boston, being too unwell. I visit him. Get out my essay on Proteus and write a little. Harvey girls and Baron Osten Sacken visit me. Bache dines. Very pleasant. Visit Chev, walking first with the children. Cogswell, Stoddard and Booth in the evening.

(N. B. My father was staying at a house nearby, as there was not room at #8 Bond Street for all the family)

Sunday, June 7th. First communion since my Sammy's death, at Bellow's church. Sermon able and communion service very fine, impressive and comprehensive. But the first tones of the organ made me think that Sammy was praising God in Heaven, and I cried and almost strangled through sermon and service.

Monday, June 8th. Three times to see <sup>Dunning</sup>Channing. Flossie went to Boston with the Dunnings. Annie came from Bordentown..... Began morning prayers with the children and dear Sammy's picture. Worked a little.

Tuesday, June 9th. Maud at <sup>Dunning</sup>Channing's for teeth, then Laura. Worked a little. Read Spinoza. Late to dinner. Found Chev there. In the evening Andrew and Cogswell. Brother Sam went out of the room to avoid Andrew.

Wednesday, June 10th. Went to see Chev as usual. Bache came and stayed to luncheon. Dunning. The rose and the ring. Mrs. Curtiss came to see me. Miss Turner. Annie goes back. Late to dinner. Evening with Chev. Children take tea with us. Mr. to sleep.

Thursday, June 11th. Excursion to Cold Spring with Gov. Andrew, Mrs. D. C. Murray. Talk with Mr. Allen about the new spectrology, & with Dr. Boerkel about croup. Return comforted, as the latter told me dearest Sammy could not have been saved. Gun boat Miami. Parrot gun practice. Shells burst near us. Pilot, and to Bond Street at 3 A. M.

Friday, June 12th. Dunnings at eleven, Laura's filling, Three o'clock, Maud's. She cries aloud. I do an hour's work. Lonely visit to Chev's old room, dear for the sad moments I have passed there thinking of my own lost one. Resolved to take better care of the children's teeth.



Saturday, June 13th. \*\*\*\*\* Left by Fall River boat for Boston, ending this visit of sorrow which has yet had some clouded pleasures. Find Charles Staigg on board. Very kind and pleasant, especially to Julia. Make Mr. Griswold's acquaintance. Bad supper. Good night.

Sunday, June 14th. Sad arrival. Streets common, and house filled with images of my darling Sammy. Chev met us at the depot, still lame, with Harry. Flossie came to breakfast; all but Maud and Chev to church. Clarke preached "If it were not so" etc., a delightful sermon. Friends at church very sympathetic.

Monday, June 15th. Children returned to school. Walked and worked at my lectures. Spent some time in my dear Sammy's nursery. Sat up late for Chev. Something tells me I shall follow Sammy --- no matter when.

Tuesday, June 16th. George Russell came, much better in health and very kind. Read Spinoza and Dante. Very bad war news, some exaggerations. Began a letter to dearest Sammy to put together my best recollections of his little life. Read Emerson's "Threnody" and Channing's "Immortality." Went up to Sammy's room in the afternoon to hear the street music there, as we used to hear it together.

June

Wednesday, ~~May~~ 17th. One calendar month since the Death. It seemed as if Sammy said to me today, "I are better, Mamma", as I lay on his bed in his old "nurtley". Wrote and read Spinoza. Walked with Laura. Agreed to go to Lennox tomorrow.

Thursday, June 18th. Got ready for Lennox in the morning. Carriage not coming, waited till half past two P. M. Saw Charles Dorr. Met Cyrus Woodman in the cars. Tea at Springfield. He went as far as Pittsfield, where I took a carriage and drove to Mary's (Mrs. Charles Dorr). Annie Newton very ill at hotel.

Friday, June 19th. Went to see lodgings. Saw Mrs. Oakey at hotel, and Hind. Annie very ill. Drove to the lake. Sat in the woods and talked with Mary. Read a little Spinoza.\*\*\*\*\*

Saturday, June 20th. Got up before six. Breakfast at 6.20. Stage to depot, cars to Pittsfield. Read Channing at all the stops with great comfort. Many small children in the cars, one exemplary father. Safe home. Mrs. Andrew came in the evening.

Sunday, June 21st. Wanted to go to hear Wasson at Music Hall; little Sammy seemed to say to me, "Go to your own church, Mamma", so I went there and heard Rev. John. A good, thoughtful discourse. Met Sarah Clarke. Had her to dinner; much talk. In the afternoon wrote on my little memorial of dear Sammy.

Tuesday, June 23rd. Read Spinoza as usual. Write on memorial of dear Sammy. Nearly finished. Sarah Russell in the afternoon. Good talk with her. Evening with Chev and the children.

Wednesday, June 24th. Went out early with Maud. Read Paul to Corinthians up in dear Sammy's nursery. Visit from Hedge, very kind and consolatory. Visit also from Alger. Finished my little record of my lost boy -- not lost, but led to God.



Thursday, June 25th. Walked, read New Testament, St. Paul. Wrote George William Curtiss. Bartol came and made me week, but very kind. \*\*\*\*\*

Friday, June 26th. Chev to New York. Maud and I to see him off. Begin the last head of Proteus.\*\*\*\*\* Maggi in the evening, very bitter against Sumner and everybody. Quite a fight with him. Visit Sammy's nursery as usual before bed time.

Saturday, June 27th. Worked at Proteus. Wrote to Aunty. Dresel brought me some roses. I put them beside Sammy's picture. Today I put some of the books he liked there, with his little pail and high chair before the table -- empty, all empty. The worn off by his little feet.

Sunday, June 28th. Heard Mr. Clarke; "In my Father's house are many mansions". He came to see me in the afternoon.

Wednesday, July 1st. To Swampscott with Maud to dine with the Algiers. Much talk with William Wra. Charles Hickling at the depot, looking very ill. Bell and Pratt ~~and~~ in the evening to tea. We visit Dresel. Salt in the ice-cream.

Friday, July 3rd. Worked all day. In the afternoon went to Mt. Auburn and visited the dear grave with anguish. Sammy not there.

Saturday, July 4th. Went to concert on the Common. Heard Sammy's favorite tune, "Top-Toppin" (St. Patrick's day) with sudden distress. Saw many happy mothers with little children. Fire works in the evening.

Monday, July 6th. Packing, shopping, left Boston for Valley via Fall River. Did not get home until midnight.

Monday, July 20th. In town with Witter (? Hitter). Chev came by Portsmouth Grove. Brought out washing stove, meeting of course all fashionable friends. In the afternoon arrived James Cisson with ~~new~~ carriage and pair, a surprise.

Wednesday, July 22nd. Chev leaves at 11 A. M. for New York. We dine in the Valley, washing at the mill. I blew up Patrick, and Chase's Irishman smashes him up.

Thursday, July 23rd. Study all these days. Pat is paid off and leaves, threatening to sue Dan. Afternoon visits to Hazards, Hemenways and Edith Emerson. Patrick drunk on the road, abusing "old John Brown and old Dr. Howe." (Note. We remember this incident perfectly. Patrick sat on the stone wall, alternately shouting, "To Hell with Dr. Howe" and then mumbling tearfully on, "Oh! no, I don't want the old Doctor to go to Hell!")

Friday, July 24th. Dreamed last night of dearest Sammy. Thought he was sick and asked for "more 'dinking", which was like him. Knew in my sleep that he would not recover.

Sunday, July 26th. All hands to church, women and all. Great sermon by Bellows, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Pleasant greeting from many friends.



6

Thursday, July 30th. Rev. Bellows, wife, son and daughter, with lovely Hemenway. Rest. Working on oats. Finish essay on teaching Ethics.

Thursday, August 6th. Drove women in town. Shops all shut. Come home. Find Mrs. Bigelow in distress, drive her to Portsmouth Grove. Drive back in the dark alone. James' dog seems mad.

Tuesday, August 11th. Charlotte Cushman came out today with James Stuart and sister, and Mr. Knight.

Sunday, August 16th. At home. Conway (M. F.) sick. Visiting at the house. Took care of him. Dreamed of dearest Sammy on night before. Felt his little arms about my neck and his kisses on my left cheek. I said, "Do you want me to stay here, or do you want me with you, darling?" He said, "Oh I want you with me, Mamma." I said, "When shall I come?" He said, "Christmas time." This made some impression upon me.

Sunday, August 23rd. In consequence of sending in for Chev, could not send women to mass. Offered to send to vespers, which M. & A. refused, out of temper, I think. I am much worried at their wrath.

Monday, August 24th. I give Alice warning. She is very angry at first, but afterwards more amicable. Francois arrives in the afternoon. Mrs. Clifford to tea. Sent in for new girl. Calverts to visit me, he very grotesque and agreeable.

Sunday, August 30th. Women to church. I finish essay on Duality of Character, sixth of my lectures. Exegi monumentum. Finished at 1.20. Conway arrived just as I was ending the last lines.

Monday, August 31st. Chev left for Canada. Harry unwell. Girls early to picnic with the Hazards at the grove. I and Judge (Conway) came late, staying to see Chev off.

Wednesday, September 22nd. Judge to town with F. & L. Butler. Read nearly all of essay on Duality to him. He praised it, I was disappointed in it. Drove Judge to town, sick and splinted (he). He took boat at 11 A. M. for New York. Miss Judge very much.

Friday, September 4th. Began essay on the Dynamic Idea of God.

Saturday, September 5th. Worked hard at essay. Company to tea. M. Francis, Willetts, Lieutenant Dahlgren, Hazards. Singing and Virginia reel.

Monday, September 7th. Brooks and Alger to dine. Pleasant conversation. We decide upon the twelve foremost men of history. Tuckerman after dinner. Alger stays all night. Talk of an author's association for publication.

Friday, September 10th. Dreamed of Sammy on night before. Thought I was visiting in a large house with Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and that he was lying on the bed in my room with a great deal of light about him; candles burning about his head. Did not see his face distinctly.

Saturday, September 19th. Went to Elizabeth Chase's funeral. Prayer and exhortation by a Quaker man (Wm. Richardson) and woman. Many people present. I sat next to Anthony the hack driver. Talked with many of the neighbors.



Sunday, September 20th. Bad weather, very cold. Not well. Worked hard at essay on Religion.

Monday, September 21st. Chev came at 10.30 from Canada via New York.

Thursday, September 24th. At 11.53 A. M. finished essay on Religion, for the power to ~~produce~~ which I thank God. I believe that I have in this built up a greater coherence between things natural and things divine than I have seen or heard made out by anyone else after this sort. I therefore rejoice over my work and thank God, hoping it may be of service to others as it has certainly been to me.

Saturday, September 26th. I leave this record of my opinion of my work, but on reading it aloud to Paddock I found the execution of the task to have fallen far short of my conception of it. I shall try to re-write much of the essay.

Wednesday, September 30th. I leave the Valley. Thank God for the good it has done us all.

Monday, October 5th. On Sunday night I was in Sammy's nursery before going to bed. I patted his old rocking horse and said, "Are you Annie's beau now, Sammy?" Just then, looking towards the window, I saw a beautiful meteor shoot across the sky, which foolishly pleased me as an answer.

Tuesday, October 6th. Heard of George Sumner's death. Very quiet.

Wednesday, October 7th. Last night Chev declared that I must read my lectures without compensation. I think he is mistaken, but cannot disregard his wishes in this.

Thursday, October 8th. Go to see Mrs. Sumner. Ordered George's funeral wreath. Attend his funeral at 2 P. M. Simple and pleasant. To Mt. Auburn in a carriage with Whipples, and J. T. Fields. God rest poor George. Death is completion; we forget this.

Friday, October 9th. Eyes very bad since my return to Boston. Head very irritable, hard to do any brain work or read.

Wednesday, October 14th. To Lancaster with Chev, Gov. and Mrs. Andrew and Council. Visit Girls' Reform School. Governor's address very genial and playful. To Worcester by six o'clock train.

Thursday, October 15th. Drive all about Worcester with Mayor Lincoln. Visit insane hospital. Dined there. Kept long waiting.

Friday, October 16th. Looked at houses with Chev, one in Chestnut street, one on Mill Dam.

Sunday, October 18th. To church. Clarke read his essay written for the Unitarian Convention on Optimism, and rather contrary. Charles Sumner to tea; very delightful.

Thursday, October 29th. Anna Loring's lovely wedding in the evening, J. F. Clarke officiating. Charles Sumner there. Wendell Phillips, Asson, et autres. Had my head dressed and wore my diamond pin, which proved my chief credit on the occasion as my head was very dull and absent.



Monday, November 2nd. Organ ode of very mediocre merit. Music good, organ gorgeous and out of place. To take leave of C. Cushman at Fields' afterwards. Begin to find that Mrs. F. wrote the ode. Am too much mixed to stay to supper. F. talks very intemperately at Joseph Lyman. I sleep very ill from agitation, thinking the empty verses attributed to me.

(Note. This entry alludes to the dedication of the great organ in Boston Music Hall. J. W. H. had expected to write this ode, and was disturbed at its being ill done by another person.)

Saturday, November 7th. Sumner to tea. Made a rude speech on being asked to meet Booth. "I don't know that I should care to meet him. I have outlived my interest in individuals." Fortunately God Almighty had not, by last accounts, got so far!

Sunday, November 8th. Booth to tea; very charming and natural. Miss Motley also. After tea, C. Dehon, Mrs. Alger, Andrews, Joseph, Leonard, Sebastian. A delightful evening.

Saturday, November 14th. Dreamed last night that dearest Sammy had come to life again. Thought I saw him coming out of a wooden box like that enclosing his coffin and heard him ask for dipped toast. Took him in my arms and wrapped him up so fondly with the hope of his final recovery.

Sunday, November 15th. Did not record Sumner's pleasant visit last evening. J. Stuart came to tea. Rain all day. To church. Study after dinner, and wash Harry's head. No one to tea. Visited the Andrews.

Monday, November 16th. My first reading. A success, as people said. To me, what is more, a satisfaction. Hear article on ode in Commonwealth paper, attributed to me.

Wednesday, November 18th. Received an impertinent paragraph from some newspaper. Go to theatre, Ruy Blas. Booth's attitudes magnificent. To Mrs. Barnard's after the play. Confess authorship of the Commonwealth Critique. Anna Dresel's wedding visit.

Thursday, November 19th. Meet Longfellow, who scolds me about the Critique. His scolding is very genial. One would like to have faults to be so chidden. I do not regret the article, and fear less the anger ~~it may have caused~~ than the pain it may have caused.

Friday, November 20th. Still disturbed about the article in the Commonwealth, but getting quiet. It is painful but useful to stand by ourselves sometimes, if, as I think I do, we stand by the right thing.

Saturday, November 21st. Begin to look over my lecture for Monday. The girls torment me with endless practicing.

Sunday, November 22nd. To church. The subject of the sermon much the same as that of my lecture, "Belief", Mine is "Doubt and Belief". The point of view and treatment quite unlike.

Monday, November 23rd. Work hard all day to fill up chinks in my lecture. A little feverish. A large audience for the lecture, which occupied one hour and three minutes, and was very well received. Make acquaintance with Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Washburn and Mr. Warner.



9  
Monday, November 30th. Read lecture on Equality, cutting out a good deal to give it unity. An excellent audience.

Monday, December 7th. Read lecture on Third Party. Audience increased since last time.

Monday, December 21st. Read my fifth essay, Proteus, at 8 P. M. to a large and attentive audience. Dr. Wilson and family (pre-historic), Thurlow Weed's daughter, Mrs. Barnes, and Richard Messenger, of New York, ~~and~~ were among my hearers.

Monday, December 28th. Read essay on Duality. It proves, I think, the best pointed gun of the six. S. K. Lothrop seemed much pleased with it. Mrs. Bacon, Warner, Dr. Wilson, all spoke highly of it. I think the presentment it gives is helpful.



(Scrap found in back of J. W. H.'s journal for 1863.)

"The danger of doing evil that good may come lies in the deceptive nature of the sophism. Not that (man) can never perform mean acts with noble motives, but that the assumed motive masks from the doer, and from the world, an action in which something personal, base or unjust is after all the primum mobile."

(On the other side of the same scrap is written:)

"The first appearance of A. among us was like the lifting of a curtain upon a new drama. We had had special hints and helps to scientific study, but the largeness of scientific culture now presented to us, though new in our hemisphere. To the effect of this we must add the Professor's admirable accomplishment of eloquence."  
(This is evidently a sentence from an article upon Agassiz.)