

Monday, January 11, 1864. First meeting of the new club, the Ladies' Social, at Mrs. Quincy's, 4 Park Street. Hour, 8 P. M. Entertainment, a French play, well performed by R. E. Apthorp, Mary Quincy Gould and Charles Carrol, Willie Apthorp taking a small part, that of a servant. Frank Barlow was there. I talked with him a little and he took me home in company with Mrs. Gov. Andrew.

Friday, January 15. Worked all the afternoon at my essay on "Difference between Philosophy and Religion". Got a bad feeling from fatigue,--a sort of trembling agony in my back and left side. To the opera in the evening with Frank Barlow and mother, Julia and James Davis. Gounod's "Faust", a composition with more faults than merits. The quatuor, in Act second, song of Marguerite, serenade of Satan, and a chorus of soldiers in the act before the last, good enough to be praised. Dilige et relinque is a good motto for some.

Saturday, January 16. Some illusions left me today, giving place to unwelcome facts. Studied and wrote as usual. Governor and Mrs. Andrew to dine at half past five. Spent the evening.

Sunday, January 17. To church as usual. Mr. Clark's excellent sermon was upon the "Unobserved Entrance of Great Things in the World of Men and in the World of Mind; the Still, Small Voice." It was announced from the pulpit that an essay on the "Soul and the Body" would be read by a friend at the Wednesday evening meeting. That friend was myself, that essay my lecture on Duality. This would be an honor but for my ill-deserts. Be witness, Oh God! that this is no imaginary or sentimental exclamation, but a feeling too well founded on fact.

Mr. Clark's preaching is perpetual hope. I said to myself last night "While there is God there is hope."

Monday, January 18. Worked hard at Philosophy and Religion, reading in Spencer's First Principles, Mackay's Tübingen School, and L. M. Child's "History of Religious Ideas."

Wednesday, January 20. Read my lecture on "Duality of Character" at the vestry room of the Indiana Place Church. Mr. Clark introduced me very charmingly. I wore my white cap, not wishing to read in my thick bonnet. I had quite a full audience; among them was surprised to see Mary Dorr, the Dresels and Mrs. Lehmann. I consider this opportunity a great honor and privilege conferred upon me.

Thursday, January 21. Am working at Religion and Philosophy all these days. Today went to visit Mrs. Barlow, the general's mother, the second time this winter that I have been to see her.

Sunday, January 24. Mr. Clark read copiously from Ecclesiastes and preached a sermon on the text "Everything is Vanity", very noble and beautiful. I went to church very sad and was much comforted.

Thursday, January 28. At a quarter past two P. M. finished my essay on Philosophy and Religion. I thank God for this, for many infirmities, some physical and some moral, have threatened to interrupt my work. It is done, and if it is all I am to do, I am ready to die, since life to me now means work of my best sort and I value little else except the comfort of my family. Now for a little rest!

Saturday, January 30. This day I feel a clearer purpose than ever before to try to do every day with some system what will be best for all, all things considered.

Sunday, January 31. Conway arrived just after breakfast, always warmly welcome.

Saturday, February 6. All these days I have feasted myself in talking with dear Martin Conway, whose rich mind is one of my most valued sources of inspiration.

Sunday, February 7. Judge Russell invited us to go and hear Colonel Taylor, of East Tennessee, speak at the Ship. Went to the Revere House for the Tuedys, who concluded to go with us. We found at the wharff Colonel Goodrich and Julius Rockwell with their wives, also J. H. Stephenson. Colonel Taylor gave quite an interesting address with accounts of the sufferings of the East Tennesseans. Being desired by Judge Russell and Stephenson to speak, I felt it incumbent upon me to do so and made the best work I could out of the occasion, being entirely unprepared.

Missed today's communion to my sorrow.

Friday, February 12. Entertained my club with two charades; Pan-demon-ium, was the first, Catastrophe was the second. For Pan, I recited some verses of Mrs. Browning's "Dead Pan", with the gods she mentions in the background, my own boy acting as Hermes. For Demon, I had a female Faust and Female Satan. Was aided by Fanny MacGregor, Alice Howe, Hamilton Wilde, Charles Carroll and James C. Davis, with my Flossie, who looked beautiful. The entertainment was voted an entire success.

Saturday, February 13. Very weary all day. Put things to rights as well as I could. Read in Spinoza, Cotta and Livy.

Sunday, February 14. Clark preached to a text we have often spoken of together, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," "He is not a Jew who is one outwardly" etc., "much less a Christian," said J. P. C.; also that Socrates was a better Jew, according to this standard, than Caiaphas. I begin today to hope that I shall recover my lost ground.

(Note. Here follow several pages of household recipes for waffles, etc. No entry till

Sunday, March 6. I have suffered a good deal with relation to my intended reading in Washington. Mrs. Gov. Sprague having been written to on the subject, gave me a kind invitation to read thrice (? twice) at her house. I wrote thanking her and requesting her to fix the time. Not hearing again, after long waiting, I wrote proposing a certain time. Finding that Charles Sumner had gravely dissuaded her from having the readings at her house, I wrote him a very warm letter, but with no injurious phrase, as I felt only grief and indignation, not dis-esteem towards him. Yet the fact of having written this letter became extremely painful to me when it was once beyond recall. I could not help writing a second on the day following to apologize for the roughness of the first. This was a diplomatic fault, I think, but one inseparable from my character. Charles Sumner's reply, which I dreaded to read, was very kind. While I clearly saw his misapprehension of the whole matter, I saw also the

thorough kindness and sincerity of his nature. So we disagree, but I love him.

Thursday, March 10. Began today my essay on Sex which may run into a treatise on Limitation as the two subjects run together in my mind.

Sunday, March 13. Ill with headache, cold and sore throat. Starved and took hep-ar sulphur. A little afraid of diphtheria. Rain in the afternoon. I could neither walk nor work. For a wonder I laid down on my sofa in afternoon. In the evening came Bandman, J. F. Clark, Barlow and wife, the Thaxters from Watertown and one or two others. A pleasant evening.

Friday, March 18. The last of Frank Barlow, whose fate looks doubtful. He leaves for New York this evening. I never saw a person less orienté in my life.

Let me here put on record that I prefer the poorest and meanest man who has a moral sense and follows it, to the most brilliant and gallant personage who either lacks or violates the same. I ask nothing for my son but that he may keep his thought unpoisoned by inflammatory ideas and his heart free from that venom of falsity which is the inevitable companion of selfishness carried to its highest power. Yet every man stands or falls to his own Master. We can only judge of what compels our approbation or our dis-esteem. The moral value of the man is unknown to us. God forbid that any of us should be judged at our worst, even by high human justice.

Sunday, March 20. To church as usual. Worked hard all the morning on "Polarity". Dined with S. G. Ward, the Dresels being there. After dinner other friends came in and Dresel played the old favorites and some new ones. He was in his best mood and quite held us all bound in his net.

Tuesday, March 22. Maggie ill and company to dinner. I washed breakfast things, cleared the table, walked, read Spinoza a little, then had to "fly round" as my dinner was an early one. Picked a grouse and saw to various matters. Company came a little early. The room was cold. Hedge, Palfrey and Alger to dinner. Conversation pleasant but dinner late and not well served. Palfrey and Hedge read Parker's Latin epitaph to Chev, amazed at the bad Latinity.

Wednesday, March 23. Began to keep a essay on "Polarity". Heard William H. Channing.

(Note. No entry till

Sunday, April 17. Heard Octavius Frothingham, who quoted two verses from "Passion Flowers", beginning "And that high suffering---". An sermon. A man of genius, sympathy, study and religion.

Monday, April 18. Modesty is as much shown in our judgments of others as in our judgment of ourselves. It is in connection with "-----" that I have thought out and formulated this. Did he not believe himself exempt from human errors he could never berate me as he does.

Saturday, April 23. The twenty-first anniversary of my marriage.

(Bordentown, N. J. Written at the house of her sister, Mrs. Mailliard.)

Thursday, April 28. Read my lecture on "Equality" to a pleasant audience of twenty-five or thirty people, my sister's neighbors and friends. I enjoyed the occasion.

Saturday, April 30. To Philadelphia alone to meet Sister Mott. Met also Mrs. Peterson and arranged to read at her house for the Sanitary (Commission) if possible; otherwise for my usual to say my word as well as I can and as often as circumstances call for it.

Sunday, May 1. This being the anniversary of my father's birth, and communion Sunday both in my own church and the church here, I went to communion with my dear sister Annie for the first time in my life, and very likely for the last. (Note. Make this clear.) In the evening heard a fresh, lively sermon by Mr. Buel, the Baptist clergyman, who has lived on North River and has known Mrs. Schuyler.

Monday, May 2. To Philadelphia to visit and dine with Phil Randolph's mother, a daughter of Dr. Ruysick (?), a surgeon of great repute in his time. A very pleasant day.

Wednesday, May 11th. I left Bordentown for Washington with a resolute, not a sanguine heart. I have no one to stand for me there. Sumner against me, Channing unknown to me, everyone else indifferent. I go in obedience to a deep and impulse, which I do not understand or explain, but whose bidding I cannot neglect. The satisfaction of having at least obeyed this is all that keeps me up, for no one, so far as I know, approves of my going. I arrived late, weary and forlorn, driving on a venture to Mrs. Hisbett's, where I find Mrs. Barlow in great anxiety about her husband. She will leave next day for Fredericksburg. Had I not a special object in view I should wish to accompany her, as the wounded from the late severe battles are accumulating there. She sets with me in my room all the evening.

Thursday, May 12. Reverend Channing comes in the morning. He is very kind and cordial but ~~gives~~ gives little encouragement as to my readings. The whole community is hanging on the fate of this prolonged battle, and no one has heart for anything else. He goes, promising to return. Meantime Mrs. Johnson, 505 12th Street, who has offered me her rooms, comes to visit me. She tells the same story. I asked her if we cannot collect some eight or ten people. She thinks we might do that. I tell her that that would be a satisfaction to me. Soon comes Reverend Channing with better news. "I think you may read . The army news is favorable." He is full of incidents of wounded men, etc., but gives me various names of persons to be invited. My heart goes right up as if a great weight were taken off. I go out with Miss Smith, buy note paper, come home and write as many notes as I can. Dine with Mrs. Johnson in the evening. Boarding house table enlivened with many young officers who would amuse my daughters, not myself so much. My reading is fixed for Saturday evening at eight o'clock.

Saturday, May 14. I still write notes. Go to Miss Smith and to the Senate. Sumner sees me. We salute each other. He looks at me a little doubtfully. John P. Hale makes a dash to save a bill giving a

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certain officer's widow fifty dollars a month instead of thirty. The widow is in the gallery. Sumner looks up and smiles. That smile seems to illuminate the Senate. I go home and receive later in the day a kind note from him excusing himself from attending my reading to which I had felt obliged to invite him.

Dressed and went to Mrs. Johnson. At half past eight Mr. Channing ~~came~~ saw me into the room, which was well filled. People also stood in the entry and on the stairs. I read the "Third Party". The audience proved very attentive and included many people of intelligence. Honorable Mr. Julian and lady, Solomon Whiting, Admiral Davis, Doctor Peter Parker, our former minister to China, Gov. Boutwell, Honorable Thomas Elliott, Mrs. Casson, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Southworth, Hayes Goodhue, Professor Bache, Professor Headrigge and wife, and a good many others. All shook hands with me very cordially. My second reading was announced for Tuesday evening.

Sunday, May 15. To church to hear Reverend Channing. Count Gurowski visits me, bringing an invitation from Mrs. Eames to come and stay at her house. She also sends a very kind note. I conclude to go to her.

Monday, May 16. The count brings his black man to take my trunks to Mrs. Eames. I follow them. She receives me very kindly and inducts me into a pleasant room on the third floor. Mrs. Coffin (or Coffee) and Ashton to dinner at four o'clock. Pleasant talk with Mrs. E., very easy and agreeable. Her husband proves an old acquaintance not seen in many years. After dinner a long visit from Charles Sumner who was cordial. In the evening to Mrs. Professor Henry to meet various friends of hers, among others Commodore John Rogers.

Tuesday, May 17. To the capitol to leave notes for the reading, see the librarian, and write to Mrs. Southworth. Saw Bear Crawford's beautiful pediment in its place; a very noble work. Attorney General, and Mr. Jordan, his solicitor, to dinner. Mr. Jordan goes to my reading, which takes place much as before. The subject proves more popular and interesting; "Equality." A third is desired and announced for Saturday.

Wednesday, May 18. To Campbell Hospital with Miss Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. Boutwell, Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Masters. Miss Hatch tormented me by introducing me everywhere as Mrs. Howe, the author of the "Hymn", which she always misquoted. Dr. Mack (or True) surgeon of three wards, took us through them and showed us many painful sights, wounds, amputations and re-sections. Also the amputation tables, not then in use. Saw one poor man sinking from amputation considerably above the knee. The wounded had suffered much by the travel from the front in ambulances and over very bad roads to the Aquia Creek boat. Gaylord, the chaplain, an excellent person, took me into a still worse ward where I saw men with their stumps resting on crutches slung from the ceiling. The stench of these wounds was most unbearable. I talked with one or two of the men who seemed patient and cheerful. Letter from Chev. Changed date for my reading to Friday, being anxious to get home. Foster and Admiral Davis to dinner.

Thursday, May 19. Busy leaving notes informing of the change in the time of my reading. Visit Armory Square Hospital. See Miss Lowell, speak with Captain Rice of Virginia, a loyal man. See several

badly wounded people, among others a lad named Smith and a young man named Kennon, both from Boston. Smith's friends are at 5 Suffolk Place. He wants a box sent on, Kennon's at 4 Milford Street, but he hopes to leave soon, being wounded in the throat.

No one to dinner; but company in the evening. Honorable Gideon and Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Widow Douglas, Senator Foster, Anthony, Mr. Andrews of Boston, Nicolay and Hay, the president's two private secretaries, very pleasant.

Friday, May 20th. To Georgetown to visit Mrs. Southworth with Mrs. Bailey and Miss Donaldson. To the White House to see Mr. Carpenter's picture of the President reading the Proclamation of Emancipation to his cabinet. An interesting subject for a picture. The heads of Lincoln, Stanton and Sewall nearly finished and good portraits. Then came home and rested, then in a carriage on divers errands. Then dressed for dinner where Secretary Chase and Senator Sumner are expected. Secretary Chase is a silent man, very fine looking and rather imposing. He took Mrs. Eames in to dinner. I took Mr. Eames' arm and managed to avoid that of Sumner, whose course towards me has I think been unworthy. I sat by Mr. Chase at dinner. He was very pleasant. After dinner came Mrs. Douglas in her carriage to attend my reading. Senator Foster and Mr. Chase announced their intention of going with me. This might strike Sumner as not exactly fulfilling his sentence of my inability to interest anyone in Washington. I said to him, "I do not importune you, but you are always welcome." He excused himself. Senator Chase put me into Mrs. Douglas' carriage, promising to follow. He brought me into the room at my reading. "Prouteus" proved not less successful than its predecessor. I had many pleasant greetings after the lecture, with regrets for its being the last. Mr. Chase took me in his carriage to his house, where his daughter had a party for Teresa Carreno. Was introduced to Lord Lyons and Judge Harris. Spoke with Bertinotti. Mr. Chase took me in to supper and brought me out. Home, packed my things, going to bed but little before one A. M.

Friday, May 27th. My birthday, forty-five years old. This year, begun in intolerable distress, has been I think the most valuable one of my life. Paralyzed at first by Sammy's death, I soon found my only refuge from grief in increased activity after my kind. When he died I had written two thirds of "Proteus". As soon as I was able I wrote the remaining portion, which treats of affection. At Newport I wrote my introductory lecture, "How Not to Teach Ethics". Then "Duality of Character", then my first lecture on "Religion". Returned from Newport I wrote my second and third essays on "Religion". I read the six essays of my first course to a large circle of friends at my own house, not asking any payment. This done, I began to write a new essay on "Duality", which is only partially completed, intending also to write on "Limitation", and the "Three Degrees", should it be given to me to do so. I had read and re-read Spinoza's Ethics within the last three months. His methods in the management of thought and motive have been of great use to me, but I think I have been able to give them an extended application and some practical illustrations which did not lie within his scope. I have read two of my lectures, "Equality" and "Doubt and Belief", in Bordentown to a very pleasant circle; one, "Proteus", in Philadelphia for the Sanitary Commission; three in Washington, D.C., to a very intelligent and appreciative audience. Of these last I have already given a sufficient account.

Saturday, May 28th. Dreamed of Dearest Sammy. Thought he was in the bed and I was trying to nurse him in the dark, as I have so often done. I thought that when his little lips had reached my breast, something said in my ears, "My life's life----, the glory of the world", quoting from my lines on Mary Booth. This woke me with a sudden impression. Thus Nature remembers.

Sunday, May 29th. To church to hear Reverend Elliott of St. Louis in the morning, and in the afternoon a children's sermon from J. F. C. Very lovely was this sermon and service. When the children sang, marching along, it brought a sudden gush of tears to remember my dear little soldier who fell from the ranks a year ago. Peace to his dear little Being, however existing. ~~and~~ seemed so little pleased all day that anxiety of mind seized upon and quite beset me. His face has the power of emptying my brain of all vitality so that I scarcely know what I am about. It feels like a violent electric shock, and it is irresistible.

Friday, June 3rd. Dreamed last night that Dearest Sammy was playing in my closet, as he has so often done. He wore a blue dress and white apron and looked radiant and lovely. Presently he was gone. I knew he was dead, and yet saw him and kissed and held him. Thought in my dream that I related the circumstance of his appearance to R. H. Dana, Jr., wondering that I should have had and held him, he being dead.

Went on board one of the Russian vessels with the Admiral's ^{wife} and a large company, not very select. Julia went with me. Sat beside the Admiral's lady at luncheon. She was very hospitable and ~~exerted~~ exerted herself vigorously, helping everyone as far as she could. The nicest officer with us was Lieutenant Lutke, one of the Aides of Grand Duke Constantine. His mother was an Englishwoman.

Monday, June 6th. I had a party for the Russian officers on the evening of this day. We had dancing, for the first time since dear Sammy's death. Admiral Lessowski came with his lady, an elderly woman, kind and ladylike. Chev was most indulgent about wine, music and other items.

Friday, June 10th. On board the Russian frigate Oslava with the blind pupils, at least with a good portion of them. The Admiral was most attentive to them and gave them an excellent entertainment. In the evening I had a little party for Baron Sacken, the Russian Consul General.

Sunday, June 12th. Mass on board the Oslava with the two eldest girls and Chev's nieces. We found the Apthorps on the wharff. The Admiral received us with great cordiality, and conducted us to his cabin, from which he lead us to our seats. As they all stand, and we were seated, Semetschkin was deputed to tell us when to rise. The service was like the Armenian Easter I saw in Rome. It was not unlike a Catholic service, with incense, chanting, Credo and Pater Noster and Elevation of the Host. The Russian sailors sang the two latter very beautifully and sang responses all the way through. The priest is a monk and cannot marry. He explained to me that the hierarchy of the Greek church is taken from the Monastic orders. The bishops never marry. This service seemed very primitive in comparison with ours. It is a sacrifice to God, instead of a lesson from him, which, after all, makes the difference between the old religions and the true Christian. For even Judaism is heathen compared with Christianity. Yet I found this very consoling, feeling out the varieties of religious development. I seemed to hear in the responses a great harmony in which the first man had the extreme bass, and the last born babe the extreme treble. Theodore Parker and my dear Sammy were blended in it.

Wednesday, June 15th. Had a dejeuner for Father Nestor, the Russian priest, at 2 P. M. Spent my last penny and went in debt, but shall get through if Chev will pay me up for various moneys advanced. Our party consisted of the Whipples, Apthorp Quincy, Judge and Mrs. Washburn, Drs. Bartol and Lothrop, J. F. Clarke and Bishop Eastburn, J. P. Quincy, the Admiral, Father Nestor, Officers Sackoonian, Semetschkin, Covaloffsky. My nieces came, and Lieutenant Lutke arrived quite late. We were gay and convivial. The priest wore his strange cap without a brim, and was very touching and primitive. This was our last meeting with them, and the farewells were quite sad, even to me, and quite tragical to some of the young ladies. Sackoonian and Julia stayed together most of the time. I talked with Semetschkin and found him very thoughtful and a man of more reflection and culture than the others. He promised to write to me. I gave ~~my~~ my photograph to him and to the Admiral, also to Lutke. Farewell, pleasant summer guests! God be with you.

Monday, June 20th. Just a week after the pleasant party I go to Joseph's (Howe) to attend the funeral of old Mrs. Harris, his first wife's mother, a woman of eighty-five years. She had thought latterly that it was always Sunday, and when Mrs. Howe came, imagining that she came from church, would say, "Now haven't you had a beautiful preachment?" The morning after the party she said, "There was beautiful singing at the prayer meeting last night", having heard the music of the dance. She died without pain or regret.

Saturday, July 2nd. Today, looking over Agassiz's Methods, I find the statement that the vertebratae, after impregnation, divides into two folds, the one turning upward to form and enclose all the sensitive organs, brain, spinal marrow, and organs of external sense; the other turning downwards to form and enclose the organs of digestion, respiration, circulation and reproduction. This came in with my attempts in "Duality" and marks the dual and co-essential process of the real and

organs for the other. The union of the two being the great condition of life.

Wednesday, July 13th. Washed this week fifteen sheets, seven pillow cases, two table cloths, towels and napkins. I work hard upon "Limitation" and "Three Degrees of Law." Scold when necessary, try to keep things up.

Friday, July 22nd. Today at 12.30 finished essay on "Limitation", the last but one of my series as at present contemplated. Gott sei Dank.

Saturday, July 23rd. Dreamed in the night of Dearest Sammy. Thought he asked me to men a toy-house for him. He said "Tick it (stick it) Mamma." I said, "There, I did 'tick it.'" Felt sad and estranged as if I had not been with him for some time.

Tuesday, July 26th. Began to read Paul's Epistle to the Romans in the light of common sense, and with a view to my essay on the "Three Degrees of Law", which I shall begin to get into shape in these days.

Wednesday, July 27th. Read Paul in the Valley. Thought of writing a review of his two first epistles from the point of view of the common understanding. The clumsy western mind has made such liberal and material interpretation of the Oriental finenesses of the New Testament that the present coarse and monstrous beliefs are far behind the philosophical and aesthetics of natural culture of the age is imposed by the authority of the few upon the ignorance of the many and stands a monument of the stupidity of all.

Paul's view of the natural man are inevitably much colored by the current bestiality of the period. To apply his expressions to the innocent and inevitable course of nature is coarse, unjust and demoralizing, because confusing to the moral sense.

(No entry till

Tuesday, August 23rd. Charles Sumner drove out to visit us. I was much pleased to see him. He had not seen the Valley in ten years, and found it much improved. Would not stay to dinner.

I work hard all these days on my "Three Degrees of Law", which includes the treatment of revolutions.

Limitation

~~September~~ Saturday, August 27. On this day, the last but three of this summer, I finished my second essay on Religion---"The Limitations of the Law", and at once began my third and last of the "*Limitations* Aesthetics," comprising ~~philosophy~~. If I can bring this well to end my present labor will be ended. "Prosit deus." I read Paul's epistle, a little of Spinoza, whom I have read through already, and Livy in Latin. I have Kant, but as he seems to have gone over somewhat the same ground, I don't read him except a line now and then.

(No entry till

Wednesday, September 21. In the evening learned the sad news of John Q. Thaxter's death by a railroad accident. I first met Thaxter in Cuba, where his intelligent face and courteous manners at once attracted me. I have always cherished a regard for him, and am much grieved at his death. He goes to join a circle of friends to whose numbers these years add rapidly. I shall much miss his genial and innocent company, for he was pure, genial and cordial, and endowed with energy and talent.

Friday, September 23. Finished, so far as I know, my present

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course of ethics soon after 3 P. M. Received a letter from Alger relating the death of his fine boy.

Sunday, September 25. Visited the poor-house in our neighborhood in company with M. C. Paddock. I come to the conclusion today that a heroic intention is not to be kept in sight without much endeavor. Now that I have finished at least one portion of my ethics and dynamics, I find myself thinking how to get just credit for it, rather than how to make my work most useful to others. The latter must, however, be my object, and shall be. Did not Chev so discourage it, I should feel bound to give these lectures publicly, being as they are a work for the public. I do not as yet decide what to do with them.

Friday, September 30. Leave the Valley, sad that the excellent summer is over. My work occupied the three months much as I expected. I am glad to have been able to get through with it. My theory of Limitation must teach me not to lament when one pleasure, like that of the summer life, etc., comes to end. I must also particularly learn what I have so often enforced in writing, viz., to fall back upon pleasures that do not pass, at least satisfactions.

Saturday, October 1st. Our arrival here (South Boston) last evening was rather cheerless, Chev scarcely expecting us, and Julia and Flossie being at the Inst. I busy myself unpacking trunks, etc. Think of writing something on the relative importance of the *Critical Function*. Barker, Miss Cobbe, Kant.

Saturday, October 8. Down at the Valley for two days rustication with Maud, Chev, Julia and Paddock. Have brought Kant's "Kritik der Reine Vernunft" with which I daily bedizzen myself.

(No entry till

Wednesday, October 26. Received an invitation from the New York Century Club to be present at their celebration of Bryant's seventieth birthday, and to contribute a poem to the occasion. I accepted the invitation and at once commenced to try the poem, which I wrote at first in a stanza too short for any phrasing. In the afternoon took cars to the Valley and in the cars recomposed the poem to a longer stanza. Worked on it late at night after my arrival. Found all well.

Thursday, October 27. Enjoyed the Valley, the simple country diet and the company of Chev and Julia. Dreamed of dear Sammy in the night. Thought I heard a loud outcry of grief from the family, and on running to learn the cause found that Sammy had drunk some unwholesome milk which might cause his death. I never dream of the calamity as past, it is always indicated. When I woke, two more stanzas of my poem came to me and I finished it.

Saturday, Nov. 5. After a disturbed night took the eight o'clock cars for New York to attend the Bryant celebration. This required a painful effort, as Chev was much opposed to my going, but the internal necessity conquering the external, I went. Dr. Holmes was my companion, and his ethereal talk made the travel short and brilliant. We got no dinner at Springfield, and had only a few chocolates with us and a cake or two. Arrived in New York. Mr. Bancroft met us at the station, intent upon escorting Dr. Holmes. He was good enough to wait upon me, also carried my trunk -- a small one, himself. He talked about my poem, and then informed me when, in the order of the exercises, it

(no further record till Nov. 21st, when a note is added into the diary, headed national sailors' fair, and conveying the thanks of the managing committee to Mrs. Howe for her great industry and labor in editing the Boatswain's Whistle.

(no entry record until Sunday Dec. 11th)

Dreamed last night of dearest Sammy. I thought that I held him in my arms and kissed him again and again, almost too much for his comfort. . . Oh, my darling little boy, what shall I ever know more of you! Quivis fit patientiae quicquid corrivere est aetas.

Thursday Dec. 22nd: Finished essay on the "Fact accomplished."

Friday, Dec. 23rd. Read ^{to Allen} parts of my essay on Polarity and of those on Religion. He read to me a little of his paper on Emerson.

Tuesday Dec. 27th: Having today cashed half of Ward and Co's cheque for two hundred dollars, I determine to record the use made of every cent of this money and so begin here. Laura's dress \$2.50, to be repaid, Laura's fancy work fifty cents, my bonnet four-fifty (4.50). Saw Alfred who seemed ~~to be~~ bright and serene. He said that he has found the remembrance of my three degrees of law helpful to him in the classifications and judgments, - which it greatly comforted me to hear.

Thursday Dec. 29th: Started alone for Lancaster, where Bird of the council met me at the depot. Dined with the ^{Council} ~~cottes~~ and went afterwards to the girls reform school, where I read a poem of my own, written expressly for this occasion in conformity with a promise made by the governor a year since. It was a pleasant occasion. I thought it right to go.

1865. Jan. 3rd, Came today upon Kant's distinction between culture

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would come. Went to Uncle John's, got dinner, got my head dressed, unpacked my dress for the evening. At eight fifteen drove to the Century building, fast filling with well dressed women. Was taken to the reception room, where those who were to take special part were assembled. Presently these formed a little double line and walked into the great hall. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Bryant and I brought up the rear, Bryant giving me his arm. We took our places on the small platform with three arm-chairs, which were taken by Bryant, Bancroft and myself, I being ordered to do so. I have given elsewhere a partial description of the exercises. Mr. Bryant, in his graceful reply to Bancroft, named me as "She who had written the most stirring lyric of the War." After ~~Mr. Emerson~~ *Mr. Emerson* I was announced. I stepped to the middle of the platform and read my poem. I was full of it, and read it well, I think, as everyone heard me, and the large room was crammed. The last two verses, not the best, were applauded. Boker, of Philadelphia, followed me, and Holmes followed him. This was, I believe, the greatest public honor of my life. I record it for my grandchildren.

The National Sailors' Fair, November, 1864. The Bosun's Whistle, of which J. W. H. was Editor in Chief, and on which she bestowed much labor. She makes no mention of it, but has pasted into the diary a note from the Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Fair, thanking her in the name of the Managing Committee for her "great industry and labor in editing the "Bosun's Whistle".

(No entry till ~~December~~ *December* Sunday, ~~December~~ 11th. Dreamed last night of Dearest Sammy. I thought that I held him in my arms and kissed him again and again, almost too much for his comfort. I thought he said to me in a low voice, "Mamma, General Barlow says the *wildest* things he can to me, but I never laugh at them." This was the unreason of sleep, for dear Sammy could not at his age have thought of said such a thing. Thought I saw Sammy's nurse in bed. Oh! my darling little boy, what shall I ever know more of you?

Levius fit patientia quid quid corrigere est nefas.

See page 45 for rest of 1865

Copy of newspaper clipping describing the death of
Marion Ward, J. W. H.'s youngest brother:

"Among the visitations of the fever in N. Orleans we notice the decease of Marion Ward, youngest son of the late Samuel Ward of this city, and brother of Mr. Samuel Ward of Prime, Ward & Co.

It would seem truly in this case, that the old proverb--
"misfortunes come never alone"--is sadly verified.

Commercial disaster had just overtaken the house here--
and almost contemporaneously death in New Orleans had snatched
from care, and toil, and hope, and affection, and life, this
younger brother.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. on the 3d, he wrote, in accustomed
health to his brother. Before three o'clock of the next
morning he was a corpse.

Young, ingenious, warm-hearted and true--he has been
swept from the face of the earth in the twinkling of an eye.

By strangers honored and by strangers mourned--yet long
to be remembered by those with whom his boyhood was passed in
peace and love.--Courier."

Scrap pasted into the 1843 journal in hand writing more
like that of her brother Sam than anyone else:

"Your visit was like a bright ray of sunshine which, like
the daguerreotype, has engraved your sweet face upon all our
hearts -- with this difference, that our hearts are not metallic
and that the impression will therefore not be effaced.

Has Reeve had his first apoplectic yet?

The president of the U. S. lately passed through Boston,
in the course of a tour through the Northern States. Boston
was civil, but cold as a dog's nose. No huzzahs, no proces-
sions, no concourse of people welcomed to our walls the annexer
of Texas, the father of the Mexican war. The common people
staid in their shops, and scarce lifted their heads from their
work to see him go by. Some one afterwards asked him how he
liked his reception in Boston, he replied "very well, I had
expected brickbats." "Yes, Mr. Polk, and deserved them, too."

Newspaper clipping, pasted into the 1843 journal:

"Dear Friends: I send you a few lines, suggested by the re-
marks of 'H.,' in the Christian Reflector, concerning the
'Prisoner's Friend.' If you think them worth publishing,
pray give them a place in your poet's corner. Respectfully, J.H.

And wilt thou chide the man who claims
That humble name. the prisoner's friend

Scraps pasted in blank leaves of J. W. H.'s partial journal for 1843. The actual journal is very brief, going only from June 28th to July 21st, and it is evident from the difference in the hand writing that these scraps are pasted in at various dates merely to preserve them. It was a habit of hers to make use of every scrap of blank paper.

"Do not fear to let me see thee
Soul-enshrined as thou art,
God said not that thou shouldst flee me,
But thine over anxious heart.

"Pluck for me a passing flower,
Breathe to me a gentle word;
I will ask no more, but bless thee
For the token seen or heard.

"Many a rose-tree stands before thee,
Proud to show her conscious charms,
Spreads her luscious beauty o'er thee,
Clasps thee in her thorny arms.

"I am modest, I am mournful,
Thou mayst crush me 'neath thy feet,
I'll not even say; tread lightly,
Death itself from thee were sweet."

"Yes! I have humbled me before thy wrath,
And thou canst rail at me, & so rail on.
But know, thou canst paint me wholly vile.
My vices may lie deeper than thy virtues,
As far as love is holier than hate,
As resignation is than envy sweeter,
Purer contrition than self-righteousness,
So far, proud one, my virtues rival thine.
Then flout me as you will, take your small pleasure,
For narrow souls lack room to bury grudges."

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Chide then the streams, which, taught of God,
O'er desert sands their freshness send.

Chide then the earth, whose mother breast
Opens to receive her erring son;
Or the kind trees, whose falling leaves
Weep gently o'er the fallen one.

Chide thou the sun and rain of heaven,
That bless the evil and the just,
But not the man whose pitying hand
Would raise a brother from the dust.

A thousand stars shine on thy way,
Shall none his dreary path illumine?
A thousand blossoms crown thy brow,
For him shall no pale flow'ret bloom?

A thousand friends are linked to thee,
They are thy blessing and thy boast;
O miser heart! to grudge a friend
To him who all things else has lost!

The man thy ruthless will condemns
Is of thy lineage and thy blood;
E'en with his weakness and his crimes
Thy heart claims perilous brotherhood.

That heart may be more dark than his,
E'en though thy hands be not so red;
The word of earthly Justice falls
Not always on the vilest head,

Think that a mother gave him birth,
A wife still names him in her prayers,
Children are orphaned by his fall,
God's image is the mark he bears.

Think of the fierce Humimides,
That scourge him to remorse and shame;
Think of his narrow prison walls,
His ruined hopes, his blighted name.

Remember, too, that One to whom
Thy Pharisaic heart must bend,
The Saviour of our faith and love,
Our Jesus, was the sinner's friend."

Written in J. V. H.'s hand writing and pasted on blank leaf:

"Sweet spirit! shrined within my holiest thought,
Deep graven on my heart thy features lie
And often is the cherished tablet sought,
Consulted, and reluctantly thrown by.

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"Had we not met and loved, ere we had borne
The weary burthen of our mortal mould?
Else why am I to thee so strangely drawn
Else why so desolate when thou art cold?
Perhaps in some bright star thou wert my mate
That star has set, we met on earth too late.

And yet it seems to me, a time must come
When every morn shall find thee at my side;
When placidly, toward our celestial home
Together down life's stream our barks shall glide;
When my sad soul unfearingly may drink
Joy from the deep light of thy lustrous eyes,
Nor deem that joy a crime, nor start and shrink
Lest poison in those stolen glances lie.

And then, methinks, at the calm eventide,
Thou'lt bid me sing my sweetest song to thee
And every hope o'er which my heart has sighed
Shall mingle in one gushing melody,
Till in the raptures lay our souls shall blend
And borne on wings of song, to God ascend.

and discipline. Culture is adding to one's empirical acquisition and accomplishments. Discipline is a restraint imposed upon one's mental processes, whereby their ^{natural} ~~latent~~ excesses are foreseen and their unavoidable errors rectified. America is eager for culture, ignorant and impatient of discipline. The philosophical work upon which I ^{have now been} ~~am~~ now engaged is intended to supply a discipline, though till today I had never seen the distinction just alluded to formu-

lated. (note, the expenses continue to be put down, but I omit them, ^{except} gratuity to the ashman, fifty cents.)

Wednesday, June 28th. Visited the model schools of Dublin in company with Mr. Macdonnell. There are three schools--the infants, the girl's, and the boys--number of the first--- of the second--- of the third---. Rooms large, clean, and well ventilated, teachers active, energetic, and apparently kind--the children a bright looking set, far more animated than those whom we had seen in schools of the same class in England. That is, in the various charity & public schools. The children pay one penny a week. The monitorial method of instruction used. Heard a class of boys read, and answer various questions. The system of combining instruction in grammar, geography, elementary geometry, etc. with the reading lesson, obtains here, as in England. The boys were very ready with their answers, and went through some complicated processes in arithmetic very quickly, without slates. Heard two of the infant class read. There is a nice paved yard for the little ones to play in, with poles, a see-saw, and a double inclined plane, for gymnastic exercises--the little things were very merry, and frisked about like monkeys. Heard the girls sing, and then the boys--each very well-- they are taught on the fingers, in the new method. It was through Morpeth's influence that the singing classes were established. The girls are taught many kinds of needle work--from knitting and plain sewing to embroidery and worsted work. We proceeded to Newgate, an old fashioned and ill-regulated prison, worse even than that of the same name in London--the prisoners left indiscriminately together, with no other separation than that of men from women. It is merely a house of detention, for those awaiting trial--but they are liable to be detained for some time--the women receive religious instruction--the Catholics from the sisters of charity--the Protestants from pious ladies of their own denomination. The fare consists of stirabout, new milk, potatoes and buttermilk--in one yard were several lunatics--one had been there during a year--a very bad feature this of prisoners here, showing a sad neglect of these unhappy creatures. A woman was brought in while we were there, decently dressed--seemed utterly indifferent & hardened--one of the officials made some jests which we could not hear--she laughed. Went to the Grange More penitentiary--surprised to find it entirely under the charge of one woman. All the convicts of Dublin are sent here, sometimes to remain, sometimes to await transportation. The longest term of imprisonment here is two years--the shortest, twenty-four hours--the majority generally for a week. The inspectress complained of these short confinements, "what can we do towards reforming a woman in one week? She leaves the house irritated, hardened, and made desperate by the consciousness that she is branded with ineffaceable disgrace by having been in prison." There are eighteen classes of prisoners--each of which has its own matron and class-room. The women pass the day, each in her own cell--they meet in the class rooms from eleven to twelve, for instruction in reading and spelling, otherwise, they are entirely separated, with the exception of twenty employed in the laundry, six in the kitchen--and the sick ones in the hospital. Among these, conversation is strictly prohibited. Two rooms are fitted up for religious services--the one called church, for the Protestants, the other Chapel, for Catholics. The fare the same as in Newgate--no meat, and two meals a day. Earnings of the prison about \$600 per annum--the greater part make shirts for the military--washing is taken in--some embroider very prettily--those who

prefer this to plain sewing are allowed to do it. They receive a third of their own earnings on leaving the prison-the rest is paid over to the grand Jury. Great pains is taken with those under sentence of transportation, to teach them things that will be useful to them in their new condition, and to teach them good habits. The women are not often refractory & when disobedient, they are kept on bread and water, when violent, ironed & confined in a dark room for a few hours. They seemed very quiet, were generally at work, some had very bad faces. No men are employed in the penitentiary-at night a sentinel keeps guards on the outside, in a position enabling him to hear and give the alarm in case anyone be suddenly ill in the night. The prison owes its existence to Mrs. Fry, Lord Morpeth and one or two others. The directress has eighteen female assistants, and seems a woman of energy and good feeling. In the evening went to see a miserable specimen of rope dancing, at the Portobello or Rotunda gardens-about 100 persons present-the danseuse a rawboned Irish-woman, neither young nor pretty, nor half as much at home on the rope as she would have been in one of her native jigs.

29th. Staid at home until 4 P. M. Saw Dr. MacDonald & Mr. Gulson, at about 4 set out on our travels-posted to Mullingar, 38 miles from Dublin-arrived at about 11 o'clock, found a dirty tavern, poisoned with tobacco smoke, slept, breakfasted, walked a little about the village, saw the milk market, ie, two or three women mounted on carts, selling milk to a crowd below, with a good deal of chattering, and some quarrelling-posted to Edgeworthstown, sent a note to Miss Edgeworth, and walked about-visited the Protestant school of the parish-heard the boys and girls read, & the boys cipher-both decently. Returning to the tavern, found a very kind note from Miss Edgeworth, inviting us to come to her at once. We found her, in the midst of her family, in a pleasant old fashioned library, with alcoves, and windows looking out upon a lovely lawn. We entered the room, looking around us for the stately and dignified personage we had expected to find-a lively little person came up to us, and greeted us warmly and cordially. This was Miss Edgeworth. She wore a dress of plum coloured silk, with a belt & gold buckle-on her head was a white lace cap, neatly trimmed-beneath it were a few little old fashioned curls, under which, however, her own white hair was visible-we had heard that her mind had become much enfeebled by age-we were agreeably disappointed in finding her not only cheerful and in health, but sound, coherent, and full of interest in men and things. She talked long, and with much animation, to my husband-they discussed O'Connell-repeal, Irish politics, her own being moderately conservative-Dickens, his American notes, slavery, and various other subjects, while I conversed with a charming Spanish woman-the widow of the late English minister at Florence-Mrs. Robert John Tennant-a very picturesque figure, in her ~~immense~~ widow's cap and black dress-and looking, among her light complexioned friends, like a being from another world-she is the sister of Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, whose four little ones, the eldest scarce five yearsold, we saw. She seemed tenderly attached to her sister, and the children-she had none, herself, poor lady-had nothing but a little dog whom she called Mimi (pet). She gave me the name of her banker, Capt. Perkenham, and begged me to come & see her in Florence. Miss Edgeworth called mother the last of her father's four wives,

an old lady, but younger than herself, the mother of several children. Miss E. said to me what one says to little women in general, this was all my share, and I took it quietly. I am much accustomed to that noncommittal sort of conversation, in which one expresses neither thoughts nor feelings-I weary of it in my heart. She spoke of Laura Bridgeman & praised my husband-this gave me pleasure-after about two hour's conversation we went into luncheon-which was enlivened by many pleasant words- after luncheon Miss E. gave us some engravings, on one intended for my husband she wrote "from a lover of truth to a lover of truth" - we left with some regret, but bearing with us most agreeable remembrances. Posted to Athboy - slept - to Trim to breakfast-where we had a letter to Mrs. Butler, sister of Miss Edgeworth - her husband, the Episcopal minister of the place took us to the workhouse & prison, each good and well regulated - to the ruins of a celebrated castle, destroyed in Cromwell's time, & to his own house, where we had a nice luncheon, and returned to Dublin. Mrs. B. was a vivacious little person, with short, curly hair, & a fair skin. She is strikingly like her brother Francis. Dublin in the afternoon - a quiet evening, and to bed early.

Sunday - wrote letters in the morning - to St. Patrick's at 3 o'clock - heard a pretty good cathedral service, & indifferent sermon - at 7, dined with Mr. Blake, a pleasant widower, some 60 years of age - we were served at a small round table, at which, in addition to ourselves were Dr. Corigan (a charming person) Mr. Macdonell, & a young Catholic priest from St. Sulpice, nephew to Mr. Blake - Annie and I being the only ladies retired early to the drawing room where we had our coffee tete a tete - two Misses O'Connor, one of whom sang for us very beautifully. I have rarely heard a voice more sweet and flexible - her were beautifully distinct & clear - she had a fine natural shake, & the best of this was that she had had few advantages, and had principally taught herself.

Monday - day of the great repeal meeting at Donnybrook - bands of the repealers passed through the streets, with banners and music - went with Mrs. Steele & her daughters to lunch at Col. White's country residence, called Killakee - it was different difficult to get there, as no horses could be had on account of the meeting. The repealers stopped almost all the carmen, took out their horses, & compelled them to mount and go to Donnybrook. Found a pretty house, fine grounds, & hospitable hosts at Killakee - rooms well-furnished, some pretty statues - the lady of the house good looking and well-mannered - luncheon very nice, being, as usual, an early dinner. Drove in a pony-chaise through the grounds - saw Hothe in the distance - was glad to find the company of so good an order, as I had gone thither thinking of Mrs. O'Refferty, in the Absentee. Returned home by half past eight - the Misses O'Connor, Messrs. Blake & Macdonnell came - we took tea round the table, and sang all the evening.

Tuesday - went to the repeal meeting at the corn exchange. It was held in a small room in the third or fourth story. "A shilling sir," said the man at the door to my husband - "What" replied he "do the ladies pay-" "not unless they'd like to become repealers." We passed up - the gentlemen went on the floor of the room - we went to the "ladies" gallery, a close, confined place at one end - we were early, and had good seats, for a time at least - we separated, not anticipating the trouble we should have in finding each other again - for the ladies, comprising orange women, washer-women, and,

This passage appears to have been cut out of a letter.
It is pasted on a blank leaf of J. W. H.'s Journal for 1843.

"Oh! do you know how beautiful that austere vision
of death looks to one quite bewildered with the perplex-
ities of life, how consoling, how soothing the thought
of that sleep of new creation. All the gifts of God are
good - were it not strange if he kept not the best for
the last?"

This passage from a letter to her sister is pasted on a blank leaf of the journal for 1843, between two descriptions of travel. It is evidently of a later date.

My dear little Annie must not be vexed that her poor Dudie has not written. Dudie has not been well, and her natural insanities have returned upon her with more force than usual, so that she has been utterly sad, and disposed to silence. Yet I have often known worse times than this - that living death which I endured for a long time was far more horrible. Now, I have clear perceptions of many things, and am better reconciled with the spiritual world than I have been for a long time. It is strange how, in my days of serious thought and prayer, my fear of ghosts all disappears - this world of spirits is always around us, we live in the midst of it, but when we are living spiritually, the spirits are our friends, we are comforted, not tormented, by the thought of them - when we are living materially, we are at war with them, and shrink in terror from their power and their presence. I have been fitting up an oratory, where I pass some happy moments. In it are my Frie Dieu & crucifix, my engravings of the Madonna di Fuligno, the spozalizio, the transfiguration, and something else - my old chairs, my little couch, and an étagère with my statuettes, complete the furniture of the room *****