

January 1st. Monday. Quod bonum felix faustumque sit hoc annum me et meis delictis amicis et genere humano.

Ran out nearly about my reception. My reception was pleasant. My daughters were charming. I saw many friends and some acquaintances. Among the first dear Dr. Cogswell, Alger, Governor.

January 2nd. Tuesday. Hunted Grote's Plato for Triads. Read over Longfellow's note which is on the whole a very friendly one, though he might have said a word about my poems.

January 5th. Business meeting of the L.S. (Ladies' Social) at Mrs. Quinoy's. It was decided ~~xxxxxx~~ that the club should vote on the admission of members to fill vacancies, also that we should elect our directors, two annually, of whom one should go out of office the second year. Paid for M's muff, \$2.50. It is made over from an old tippet.

January 6th. Saturday. Discouraged about my book. Read Plato, visited Mrs. Winthrop, formerly Mrs. J.E. Thayer. Think of going to New York to advance the interests of my book.

January 7th. Letter from dear Laura, who will return on Monday or Tuesday. A severe snowstorm. Sermon on the diversity of talents in one parable and the identity of reward in another (the hirelings and the vineyard). J.F.C. showed the correspondence of these in the fundamental unity of value of human nature underlying all its diversities of individual power and attainment. One thing he did not say, which I have often felt, there is neither more nor less in God. He is absolute good, whenever we contemplate Him, whether for a moment or a century. The more we contemplate Him, the more we enjoy of His good. But in itself it changes neither quantitatively nor qualitatively. The talents then signify the multiplication of human powers by their efficient use. The one penny of reward symbolizes the divine gift which is always the same, the difference existing in its recipients.

What I read in Plato yesterday made me recognize that there are three degrees of knowledge as well as of law.

January 9th. Tuesday. I began a paper on Jews in Rome for Childs.

January 12th. Friday. A very busy day. Wrote and studied, attended class of Comparative Theology. Club at Charlotte Dana's in the evening. A pleasant occasion. R.H.D., Jr., read notes of his travels in the Sandwich Islands. O.W. Holmes read his last class poem, with more ring than reason in it, quite felicitous in expression, and poor in thought. Frank Boett's music was performed and some other, none very well, yet enjoyably. Having no escort I escaped and ran home alone, crossing the Common by the new lamps, meeting only a man who clucked to me as one does to a horse. This on account of my speed, for I walked with might and main. Got home without trouble, yet thinking it better another time to have a carriage sent. Holmes had not read my new poetry. It does not matter.

January 13th. Saturday. Attended a reading of Carroll's. He read selections from Pope and Tennyson. Of these Pope is by far the greater thinker. His poetical phraseology appears careless to us in the present day. In fact much that he utters is rhymed prose, but very high and sententious. He does also rise to poetry, but not always. Finished second paper on the Jews in Rome for Childs. A dinner with Sebastian Schlesinger at Hotel Pelham. Mrs. Slade, a pretty naive little woman made us laugh a good deal, but I could not help observing that such persons are often encouraged by the bad taste of society to exaggerate their natural qualities which give pleasure into tasteless defects. She was careless and sometimes used rather vulgar expressions.

January 14th. Sunday. Sam Osgood preached a sermon on the supremacy of Christ which made me cry out "Preserve us from our friends." For he failed to distinguish the true philosophical element of the identity of direction of truth which is absolute. In human knowledge a small proportion of such truth is mingled with ~~much~~ a much greater proportion of relative truth and absolute error. The quantitative limitation of our knowledge does not lower the qualitative value and absoluteness of this, its smallest and most precious ~~proportion~~. This is the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. But this absolute truth is what imparts dignity to its possessors, not they to it. Truth makes Christ great, not he it. Truth also made Moses and Plato great. If they had less truth than Christ, they were the less great. But truth is none the less supreme and though all our knowledge be in itself relative and limited, the recognition of absolute truth is the foundation of human thought and the pursuit and verification of this recognition makes the difference of value between one man and another.

Osgood's sermon smacked of the reactionary influence of a business community. He speaks to men who wish to be excited and who need to be aroused, but who have not leisure to carry out the mental operations requisite for religious thought. But I should have been on that account more careful to give them my theorem very straight and exact. The intention of the sermon was liberal, religious and good. Osgood also disparaged the autonomy of virtue, to bring out the inevitability of tradition and transmission. But these doctrines are complementary, not antagonistic. The order of tradition is the phenomenal series of human knowledge, the individual conviction and effort is the ideal source of moral life. "Paul in the light of the Ideal Philosophy" would be a good study.

January 15th. Monday. Finished third paper on Jews in Rome.

January 16th. Club meeting. I weakly promised Miss Bigelow a charade for Monday next. Spent forty cents for Flossy's crochet needle. Bought braid.

While we are inwardly under the dominion of our passions and outwardly under the fear of ordinances, we are slaves both to law and to passion. But when our reason voluntarily consents to the moral law, we are free alike from the outward ordinance, which is no longer the power that restrains us, and from the inward slavery of our own ungoverned impulses. Perhaps liberty is intelligent and voluntary obedience.

January 20th. Saturday. Flossy and I decide to go to New York for Mary's reception. I go to see Mary Bigelow, who very kindly releases me from the charade. Carroll will read a selection from my new volume.

Chev had a state-room for us, which he called the luxury of travelling. We found it otherwise and passed a wretched night, suffering much from cold and confinement. Arrived in New York between 6 and 7 A.M. Carriage \$2. with all trunks. Had some difficulty in accusing them at Charley's. The cook at last opened the area door and ordered me to walk down there. I told her who I was and she opened the hall door and admitted us both. Mary soon came and gave us a hot cup of tea. Charley and Mary welcomed us kindly.

January 21st. Sunday. I have partly anticipated this day's experience in yesterday's recital. After breakfast I went to Bellow's church to hear Alger preach. "What shall it profit a man?" etc. Saw some acquaintances.

January 22nd. Monday. Mary's reception numerously attended and very elegant. I talked with Bristed and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring, Eric Parmelee, P. Ackermann, and many others. Music, flowers, table, all superb. Company fashionable and full dressed.

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January 23rd. Wednesday. Rev. Osgood came and talked with me of my reading. He was kind and appreciated my wishing to read. Promised to see Bancroft about my reading at the Century Club. Kate Hunt came and brought me tickets for the

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French plays at Jerome's theatre, and took me to drive in her carriage. We visited Tiffany's, a flower store and Bierstadt's studio, where we saw his last picture, - a storm in the Rocky Mountains. I took Mary Ward to French plays, which were vile. All New York there in ermine and lace. Afterwards to Sam G. Ward's, where we passed a pleasant hour.

January 25th. Saw dear Sister Annie who left for Bordentown. Dined with Uncle at 3 P.M. Returned to find the Wards still at table with F. Rackham. Mary and Ward made charming music, and we three played whist. A note from Rev. Osgood told me that I should read at the Century Club, probably on Monday.

January 26th. Dined with Mrs. Bancroft, 6.30 P.M.

January 27th. To dine with Mrs. George O. Ward at 6.30 P.M.

January 28th. Saturday. I received this morning news of my brother-in-law's death. Poor Joseph has always been kind to me. Oh, wishes me to come home for the funeral, which I intend to do, leaving my reading for the present.

January 29th. Monday. My journey was utterly solitary, but was made amusing by the loquacity of a group behind me who talked of many people known to me, Bellows, Barlow, Frothingham, etc., and let me into many secrets of the shoe and leather business. One of the authorities of the occasion insisted that the best work pays best, and will always command the market. Home by 12.30, midnight, much chilled.

January 30th. Tuesday. Joseph's funeral. I went early to the house and found him lying very serenely in his coffin in the drawing-room. The family sad, as was to be expected. I was out early today to buy my mourning, got a very good silk dress and an alpaca. (List of purchases) Bought two rosebuds. Funeral at Stone Chapel at 12. Church well filled. Service by Mr. Foote pleasantly performed. Drive to Mount Auburn long and chilly. Got out at the grave: ~~and~~ looked in and saw dear Sammy's place, his little casket enclosed in a deal box. The two rosebuds were for him. God rest him! I saw Joseph laid in his last earthly abode. I regret his loss sincerely. In remembrance of his character assumes a certain pathos and dignity. A pure, devout, honest, sincere man, friendly and useful. A Dieu.

February 1st. Thursday. Began the first of two letters for Commonwealth. This is for money.

(No entry until --

February 6th. Bellows gives me comfort. Undertakes to help me about reading and so on.

February 7th. New York. Family party at Aunt Maria's. Uncle John came. He was the eldest, my Harry the youngest member. I made a charade, Shoddy, in which Mary (Ward) and Flossy took part. Mary did very well. Flossy always does well. I enjoyed this family gathering more than anything since leaving home. It is so rare a pleasure for me. Family occasions are useful in bringing people together on the disinterested ground of natural affection, without any purpose of show or self-advancement. Relatives should meet on more substantial ground than that of fashion and personal ambition. Nature and self-respect here have the predominance. In my youth I had no notion of this, though I always clung to those of my own blood.

February 8th. To Bordentown.*****

February 9th. Finished and sent my second New York letter to Commonwealth newspaper.

February 11th. Sunday. Went to church, heard Bishop, a poor sermon as was to be expected. I feel much discouraged about my visit to Washington, but think I will go and see what I can do. The weather very warm and springlike.

February 12th. Monday. Kant in speaking of the superfluousness of hypothesis in those extra-sensible facts in which experience is impossible, says as to the doctrine of a future life, that as all noble men desire immortality, it is much safer to ground the anticipation of a future life upon the feeling of noble natures than to endeavor to base the good behavior of men in the present life upon the anticipation of a future one. Is it, says he, good to be virtuous only because there is another world, or will not actions rather be rewarded there because they were good and virtuous in themselves?

February 14th. Wednesday. (Washington) Bescher is to speak in Boston. Left Bordentown soon after 9 A.M. Mailliard's servant accompanied me to Trenton, where I took the train for Washington. Passed the day endurably, - arrived at 6 P.M., reaped the reward of my bad arrangement, luckily took a carriage, - the weather rainy, found no room at Ebbitt House, none at Willard's. Got in at Kirkwood's, a respectable but most distasteful house. The Count (Gurewski) soon came round for me, to my great comfort. I got tea and he took me to Mrs. Eames's, who will have me come on Friday to stay with her.

February 15th. Thursday. The weather changed suddenly to extreme cold. The hotel was bitterly cold and uncomfortable. I went to Anne Hooper's. She took me to the Senate in her comfortable carriage, and asked me to dine and meet Sumner. Nothing of interest at the Senate. Dinner was very pleasant. Arranged to go with her next day to the Senate. Spent the evening most pleasantly at her house. Anna Lodge came out to dinner with Sallie Austin and F.O. Prince.

February 16th. Friday. Went to the Senate, heard Hendricks of Indiana. Felt very unwell. Saw V.P. Foster, who took me into his room and gave me some water. Met also Cousin Howe and my brother. Felt very ill. Constant bilious diarrhoea. Severe pain in my back. Went to bed. Suffered greatly for what seemed to me a long time. This turned out to be a regular attack of chills and fever, the agonizing pain in the back being a symptom.

February 17th. All day in bed, very miserable with fever and headache.

February 18th. Sunday. Got up and found myself much better but weak and dull. V.P. Foster called. Governor Andrew arrived, at Mrs. Eames's, saw a number of people. Banks came, also Kappnitz, with whom I talked, also Andrew (Governor). Gibbs of New York.

February 19th. Monday. Weather rainy, so stayed at home. Eyes weak, so could do little but lie in my easy chair, avoid cold and hang on to conversation. Today the President vetoed the bill for the Freedmen's Bureau. The reading of the veto was received by the Senate with intense thought suppressed excitement. Governor Andrew read it to us. It was specious, and ingeniously overstated the scope and powers demanded for the bureau, in order to make its withholding appear a liberal and democratic measure. Montgomery Blair is supposed to have written this veto.

February 20th. Tuesday. ***** Took my first walk to Anne Hooper's and home. She called soon after 12 to take me to the Senate. All galleries full except the diplomatic. V.P. would not order our admission there, though it lies within his power to do so. We stood and sat by turn near the open doors on the first floor. I saw Kappnitz in the diplomatic box, wrote a note and asked him if he could let us in. This he did. We heard endless tediousness from Garrett Davis, after which Trumbull of Illinois got the floor and made a good strong plain speech, of which I heard more than one hour. After I left the vote was taken and the two thirds vote necessary to

carry it in spite of the veto was failed of by two votes.

February 21st. Wednesday. Called on Mrs. Johnson, who never got my letter asking about her rooms. She invited me to read at her house on Friday. Thus I shall probably leave W. on Saturday morning. I do not anticipate a large audience this evening.

I had, however, an excellent audience. The rooms were well filled, and there were many men of note there, such as Deming of Connecticut, C.I. Chase, H. Wilson, Banks, General Garfield and Prof. Henry. Vice President Foster, also Roscoe Conkling. My brother was there. Governor Andrew brought me in. Sam Cooper was there. I read *The Fact Accomplished*. They received it very well. I was well pleased with my reception.

February 22nd. Thursday. Washington's birthday. Walked about a good deal to see the people of whom the streets were full. Brove with Mrs. Eames to return visits. Found no one in but the Quackenbush ladies. Dined with Anne Hooper. Met Sumner and the Marquis of Chambrun. So weary I fell asleep while the latter was speaking to me. He accordingly took leave. I soon brightened up, had a talk with Anne tête-à-tête, two hours at ten.

February 23rd. Today we learn the particulars of President Johnson's disgraceful speech which awakens but one roar of indignation. I am to read tonight but can do little about an audience. Anne Hooper takes me to the Senate at 11.30. When the business hour is over, Fessenden moves the consideration of the House resolution postponing the delay in the admission of members for the Southern States until the whole South shall be in a state for readmission. Sherman of Ohio moves the postponement of the question, alleging the present excitement as a reason for this. He probably does this in the Copperhead interest. At this Fessenden shows his teeth, and shakes the Ohio puppy pretty well. Howe of Wisconsin also speaks for the immediate discussion of the question. Doelittle of ----- speaking against it. Trumbull calls him to order. Reverdy Johnson pitches in a little. The Ayes and Noes are called for and the immediate consideration receives a good majority. Fessenden now makes his speech, reads the passage from the President's speech, calling the committee of fifteen a directory, - comments fully on the powers of Congress, the injustice of the President and his defiant attitude. I left at 3.30, having heard a good deal of the speech and having much to do. He has force as a debater, but no grasp of thought. His speech was positive in statement, but poor in thought and illustration. I had supposed him to have been a man of more ability.

In the evening I read the first part of *Limitations* to a very small circle at Mrs. Johnson's. Prof. Henry was there, Dr. Elder and Alex. Bliss, about a dozen in all. A republican caucus took all the members of Congress. Garrison also lectured. I was sorry, but did my best and said, "God's will be done", but I ought to have worked harder to get an audience. On Saturday, I left Washington, thanking Mrs. Eames sincerely for her kindness and hospitality. Rode with Lieber as far as Baltimore. He heard Hegel in his youth and thinks him as I do, decidedly inferior to Kant, morally as well as philosophically. The rest of my journey was solitary. I arrived safely in Bordentown at 3.30, and walked in a pouring rain to my sister's, where I got ~~max~~ heart-welcome.

The laws and duties of society rest upon a supposed compact, but this compact cannot deprive any set of men of rights and limit them to duties, for if you refuse them all right, you deprive them even of the power to become a party to this compact, which rests upon their right to do so. Our slaves had no rights. Women have few.

February 25th. Bordentown. Did not go to church, but took up Kant instead. Reason must always be considered as a priori and authority as a posteriori. For authority founded upon experience and experience upon reason, therefore in comparison with reason, authority is a posteriori. So the ideal philosophy appears to me founded upon a priori truth, the materialistic upon a posteriori observation.

Induction obtains equal in both, but that of the ideal philosophy starts with a *priori*, that of the materialistic with that of a *posteriori*. Relatively, the Kantian and Comtean methods appear to me scientific and empirical. Agassiz's mode of inferring the divine from the harmonies and economics of animal life belongs to the latter method. It is demonstrating by a *posteriori* method what can only be known by a *priori* method. For if you had not the idea of God in your own mind, you would not find it in nature.

February 26th. To New York, promising to return and read, if my arrangements in New York should allow of it. Uncle received me most kindly and we played whist in the evening.

February 27th. Tuesday. I returned to Bordentown. Warmly received, the village all astir. At 8 read my distinctions between philosophy and religion to a pleasant audience. The large parlour was well filled with friends and neighbors who listened very quietly and responded very kindly when the reading was ended. I was much pleased with the occasion.

February 28th. Received \$15 from the New York Tribune, the price of one letter from Washington.

March 2nd. Friday. Was busy all day. Had an appointment with Dunning at 8 A.M. I then made several visits all with a view to my reading. I did not feel sanguine about this, but dressed and read my manuscript. Had a nervous headache all day. Dunning came at 7 and took me home to tea. I began to read by 8:15 and read 55 minutes. My audience was excellent, the Burdets, the Youmans, Fields, etc., etc., not less. I should think, than forty people, perhaps more. I read the Distinctions between Philosophy and Religion. Many kind words were said after the lecture. Mrs. Betta brought me roses and laurel. I was glad and thankful.

March 3rd. Saturday. ***** Got home without loss or accident, a little before one A.M. Can scarcely believe that I am safe at home again after this long journey.

March 4th. Sunday. Came down in pretty good time. Chas was kind, the family loud in their welcome. After so long this separation ends without misfortune to my great relief. Went to church and sat in my old seat with great contentment. Sent second letter for Tribune.

March 5th. Monday. Kant says that resistance to an established government can never be justified on moral grounds, even if the government should appear to be oppressive. This is because in case of controversy between government and people neither can be judge in his own case and there is no third party to judge between them. Therefore, the people has no right of compulsion over the government which must always be supposed to stand in virtue of an original social compact, express or implied. But the people have their individual right, thought not right of coercion, the freedom of the press will best guarantee the enjoyment of this, as all governments must be considered as fallible. This allows the people the fullest and safest expression of their will in virtue of which the sovereign is entitled to govern. Where the sovereign violates the rights of the people, the people will invade his rights.

March 6th. A visit from John G. Saxe. Club at Mrs. William Greenough's. Sent third letter to Tribune. Not very sanguine about these.

March 7th. Wednesday. Artists' reception with Julia. Saw many friends and made some pleasant acquaintances. This in the evening. In the morning walked and studied. In the afternoon finished memoirs of Mme. Swetchine, whose piety and intelligence impress me, but who seems to me to have had no literary genius.

March 8th. (Only entry a quotation from Kant).

March 9th, Thursday. Long visit from Alger. We sympathize as to want of social efficiency in Boston.

March 10th, Saturday. Kant's Anthropologie is rather trifling after his great works. I read it to find out what Anthropology is.

March 11th, Sunday. Had a letter from her Grace of Argyll, acknowledging receipt of a copy of Later Lyrics which I sent her. Mr. Clarke's sermon, "More blessed to give than to receive", was genial and excellent. My trip to England grows clearer to me today. In church it seemed quite easy of arrangement, and I felt that I should go with a feeling of inward satisfaction. Kant calls the senses of touch, hearing and seeing, mechanical; taste and smell, he calls chemical. The three first objective or outward in their function, the two latter subjective and inward, - more difficult, therefore, to predicate of with regard to individuals. He distinguishes also between organic sense and vital sense, the first depending upon the several external organs, the second upon the impressions received by the whole organism. The exhilaration of music belongs to the latter, the discrimination of language to the former.

I have written somewhere, "Good is a direction, virtue is a habit"; the first I still think true. The second Kant will not allow. The mechanical repetition of actions, even good and useful, savoring of the rutinistic instinct of the animal. Virtue is something more than this, a human effort that transcends the habitual. I suppose that the victories of principle in the struggles of our lives require virtue. She does not derange good habits, but she does not rest in them.

March 12th, Monday. Found that Minnie Temple would like to come to us this evening, so "flew round", as we say, to gather some friends to meet her. This took up most of the morning.

Kant says that contrast gives us pleasure, not contradiction. Contrast is a combination of two appearances not usually yoked together, as a fair garden in a desert, convenient furniture under a straw roof, etc. Contradiction is the juxtaposition of two ideas which cannot agree, as dirt with diamonds, splendid appearance with sordid facts. This distinction is nice but just.

March 14th, Wednesday. Wearied by endless running about to find help for my charade, J.C. Davis having disappointed me, Charles Dorr ditto. Determine to undertake nothing more of the kind. Kant says "Because imagination is richer in representation than sense, so is she, in juxtaposition with a passion, more intensified by the absence of the beloved object than by its presence, when something happens to recall the association which appeared to have been destroyed for a time by change of scene". He says, "A political artist as well as an authentic one can through imaginations which he knows how to present, either of freedom or of equality, which entirely consist in forms of speech, lead and govern the world." He says, however, that it is better to have the illusion of these possessions than the certainty of their privation.

March 15th, Thursday. Masonic Banquet to which I am bidden by Rev. Alger. The day was a busy one, heavy with the silly duties of the charade, which if done must be well done. I had a visit from Snell, to whom in my despair I betook myself. He will do everything in his power. Dressed and went to the Masonic Banquet, which was preceded by a long ceremony, the consecration of three new banners, presented to the Lodge of St. Remond (?) by my neighbor, Mr. Ames. The forms were curious, the music good, the occasion unique. The association appeared to me a pale ghost of knight-hood, and the solemnities a compromise between high mass and dress parade. The institution means now nothing more than a military and religious toy.

March 16th, Friday. Very busy for the charade. Ran about as usual. Read Kant a little. 4 P.M. rehearsed charade at C. Grant's, with Snell and Carroll. The getting up of costumes occupied much time. At 8 went to Charlotte's and began at once to dress. My first syllable Be was a comic "to be or not to be", composed and recited by me in a Hamlet costume, consisting of a rather narrow, short black skirt,

a long black cloak, a black velvet toque, splendid lace ruff and amethyst necklace. It was very effective, and the verse gave reasonable pleasure. The whole word was Belabor. It was a decided success, but M.G. Doer took offense, I am told, at a little pleasantry introduced in the last scene.

March 17th. Heavy with fatigue.

March 18th. Sunday. To church, a pretty good sermon from H. Foote. I thought today about the interlimitation of doctrine. When David says, "In thy back were all my members written," and when Christ says "The very hairs of your head are all numbered", they both say what may be supposed to justify fatalism and the doctrine of mechanical necessity in all that befalls. Taken however in connection with the sum of their sayings, it proves not to have that aspect. Men, remembering this, should be equally just to the philosophers, judging them according to the sum of their scheme of thought, not isolating those contradictions of expression which all doctrines, more or less, contain. Judged after this manner, Spinoza should not be called a pantheist. Kant I have heard called fatalist and atheist, but I do not know why. No one who reads him thoroughly will call him so. I find today that Kant thinks as I do about the cause of woman's political disability. I have been suspecting for sometimes past that women's exemption from voting has some connection with her military position as a non-combatant. For voting seems to me at bottom a military measure, a bloodless contest between wills, at least between voluntary forces. It cannot take place without an organization much like a military one, in which skill, experience and sagacity are necessary to combine individual wills into a possible unity. We cannot imagine voting upon moral principles, or fundamental civil rights and duties. Voting goes back to the natural law. It is a bloodless contest of individual wills, marshalled and combined with many mutual sacrifices and concessions, - minor issues in which many differ yielding to major issues in which all agree. I suppose, therefore, that the social propriety which entrusts ~~xxxxxx~~ to man the military defence of woman intrusts to him the representation of her will (ideal if not actual) in the contests of the political arena.

March 20th. Tuesday. I brought home Hobbes's Leviathan today, thinking that I ought not to consider my paper on the Ideal State complete without a notice of this work. But I find it not an ideal creation, but a reasoned justification of the state as he found it constituted, with critical suggestions indeed, but with no original features.

March 23rd. Friday. Have read Kant all these days. Wrote also an outline of a dialogue for the club, between J. Turner Sargent and myself on the subject of his late visit to Cuba.

March 24th. Saturday. Mr. Sargent came to try over our dialogue.

March 26th. Monday. Worked for my club party all day. Copied and corrected a comic poem for the same. Had much fatigue and much trouble about household preparations. The entertainment proved successful. I presided, read my poem, which was not much, introduced Apthorp's comic song, and announced the arrival of a distinguished stranger, who was T. Sargent disguised. Our dialogue proved very funny. My supper was late, confused and ill served. I had provided everything requisite for a handsome entertainment, but a series of small blunders on the part of the servants made this part of the occasion a failure. I suffered much in seeing this, as a little common sense downstairs would have made all right.

March 27th. Tuesday. Glad that my foolish club work is over. My visit to New York still hangs over me. I consulted J.F.C. today, who says that having promised I must go. Visited old Mrs. Sumner and took her the fine bouquet that Charlotte Grant sent me yesterday. She was much pleased with it.

March 28th. Wednesday. Visited my old preceptor, J.G. Cogswell, whom I found infirm with a badly swollen foot. Dropsical trouble, but working hard at a catalogue for the Astor Library.

April 1st. Sunday (New York). Arrived late. Charles told me that Uncle was dangerously ill, scarcely any chance of his recovery. After breakfast we walked to the house, and saw the black crêpe on the door and the undertaker's cart, with ice before the door. We found that he died last night at 11, very quietly, after much suffering. I was much grieved that they had not sent for me. I found my sister utterly confounded by this, to us, sudden event, and much wearied with nursing and watching the sick man. Passed the day with Annie and stayed all night. In the afternoon went to Mary's for a little while and met Mrs. Viélé, much troubled on account of my inevitable failure to appear at her *matinée* tomorrow. At her request, wrote a note of excuse to be read in my behalf on that occasion.

April 2nd. Adolphe came and did Annie much good. She went to bed and seemed much quieter in the afternoon. I went out in a carriage with Mary to get a new mourning bonnet. Paid 14.50 for bonnet and crêpe veil. I hate these trappings. Took tea at No. 8 and slept at Mary's, Mailliard taking me there.

April 3rd. Tuesday. Uncle's funeral. I went to the house by 11 A.M. and found him lying in a very handsome coffin, looking much like his former self in years gone by. We were all of us much affected by this familiar appearance, coming after the keeping on ice, which has a much deathlike appearance. He was laid out in his best black coat with a brand new wig brought just before his illness. His expression of countenance was most sweet and serene. There was a short service in one of the bedrooms for the family, after this I went to St. Thomas', where we sat near the coffin. The face was uncovered, but the rest of the coffin was decorated with crosses, anchors and crowns of fine white flowers. Gertrude and I joined in the funeral hymn. I thought it was the last time that the family voices would sound in his ears, although if he heard them it was not with his ears. Went to Greenwood. Saw Grandpa's coffin.

April 4th.***** (First part merely a visit to Dunning, the dentist.) The contents of Uncle's will are known today. He had made a new one changing the disposition of his property made in a previous will, which would have made my sisters and me much richer. This one gives equally to my cousins, Uncle William's four sons, and to us, largely to Uncle Richard, and most kindly and generously to Bro' Sam and Wardie. We know not why this change was made, but once made it must be acquiesced in, like other events past remedy. My cousins are wealthy already, this makes little difference to them and much to us. God's will be done, however. I must remember my old doctrine and build upon "the fact accomplished".

April 5th. Started to go to see Annie and go to church, but stayed all day with Annie. Read some things from the Bible. Talking a great deal. To Mary's to tea and stayed all night. A pleasant evening. They asked me to recite. I recited "The Flag", "The Day", parable, and read the Vision of Palm Sunday and the Battle Hymn.

April 10th. Tuesday. Safe home, thank God.

April 11th, Wednesday. While society in its laws is obliged to set external limits to the extravagance of human desires and ambition, the office of morals should be to teach the man that inner and finer limitation by which he enforces on himself more and more the wise measure of the good and of the beautiful. For this limitation does not cramp nor mutilate the natural powers of man, which repression from without is too apt to do. Between a man governed by inner and one governed by outer control, there is the difference which we find between a reptile in a shell and a vertebrate. The one has his vertebrae within to support him, the other has them without to contain him.

April 12th. Thursday. Dull, sad and perplexed. My uncle, not having made me a rich woman, I feel more than ever impelled to make some great effort to realize the value of my mental capacities and acquisitions. I am as well entitled to an efficient literary position as any woman in this country, perhaps better than any other. Still I hang by the way, picking up ten dollars here and there with great difficulty. I pray God to help me to an occasion or sphere in which I may do my utmost. I had as leave die as live unless I can be satisfied that I have delivered the whole value of my literary cargo, - all at least that was invoiced for this world. Hear me, great Heaven, guide and assist me. No mortal can.

April 13th. Friday. Feel better today. Made the acquaintance of Aldrich and Howells, and their wives at Alger's last evening. I enjoyed the evening more than usual. Aldrich has a very refined face. Howells is oddlooking, but sympathetic and intelligent. Alger was in all his glory.

April 16th. Monday. A good studious day. Began to try something for the church festival, not much to my mind.

April 19th. Thursday. Very busy all day. Ran about too much and was very tired. Had friends in the evening to meet young Parabo. I did not wish to give a party on account of Uncle's death, but could not help getting together quite a lovely company of friends. Aldrich, wife with him and her sister, Edward Bartol, Professor Youmans, Parabo, Dresel, L.D. Hunt, and others. It was a good time. Aldrich likes Bro' Saul's book of poems. Saw my last cent go. Nothing new till May unless I can earn something.

April 20th. Friday. Began to work over and correct my poem for Church festival, which must be licked into shape, for the gods will give me none other. So I must hammer at it slowly, and a good deal. Chev brought Youmans and Sanborn home to dinner, without giving me notice, - a favorite trick of his. I have quite a little spurt with Youmans after dinner about materialistic and idealistic philosophy, in which I thought the ideal got the better of the material, as indeed it should, even if poorly defended.

To write purely for money is to beg, first telling a story.

April 21st. Much small house work. Summer later. Parabo's concert. One of the Ripleys. Little study.

April 22nd. James Erdman. A marriage at church. Miss Rosegarten to dine, unexpected by me. Worked somewhat at church poem. Chev full of the Greek mission, which I think he cannot get. I wish he might, because he wishes it. Surely a man so modest and meritorious in his public career might claim so small an acknowledgment as this. But as we are, he represents charity, I the study of philosophy. We cannot be more honored than in standing for these things. I may have to go to Washington about this, but hope not.

April 23rd. Monday. Ran about, read, worked at church poem. Mrs. Ames brought Grossmann, a young Hungarian, who wishes to go upon the stage, to recite before me. I have promised to aid in getting up a reading for his benefit.

April 24th. Tuesday. Worked hard, having to invite friends for this evening. Dwight and Parabo dine, very pleasant and friendly. Met Rev. Osgood. Got together some twenty friends for the evening, which was very social and enjoyable. Parabo played delightfully. My fatigue was very great. Osgood told me that Bancroft had spoken disparagingly of my essay on Philosophy and Religion which I read in New York perhaps six weeks ago. Bancroft, he said, was a Kantian, and did not believe that reason had nothing to do in religion. I am more of a Kantian than Bancroft, who has forgotten all his metaphysics, if he ever had any. My thesis takes much higher ground than this, claiming two distinct processes for philosophical study and religious instruction. In this Kant perfectly agrees with me.

April 25th. Wednesday. Headache all day. Very busy with household matters, etc, until 12. Studied Kant. Finished church poem. Met dear old Hedge, who will dine with me next Tuesday, if I do not leave. Miss Rosegarten.

Consulted Governor A. about going to Washington, which he approved. The cook went out and never came back. I waited till 12 at night for her.

I still remember Osgood's talk and citation of Bancroft with surprise and with some displeasure. To be rebuked in the name of the philosophy, one follows and cherishes, by people who have little or no knowledge of the same is to say the least a trial of temper. Ripley joined with Osgood, both taking towards me an overbearing tone and the aspect of superiors. I could not help seeing that in this special branch neither of them had studied what I have. Ripley said that he knew Kant chiefly from his commentators, and insisted that this was the only way to understand him, - the discoverer of a doctrine never having the power to explain it. This looks to me like a very shallow maxim. Osgood is utterly superficial and has learned all he knows of these things from reviews, being neither a thinker nor a student.

Sacred truth, while I pursue thee, thou wilt never discern me.

H. James in the afternoon.

April 27th. A busy perplexed day. Had the hateful business of hunting for servants, which utterly confused me. Went to Mr. Kimball in behalf of Mr. Grossmann. Saw Mrs. Kimball who referred me to Manager Field. I went to the Museum in pursuit of him and found an intelligent gentlemanly young man who said that the Museum Stock (Company) was engaged a year beforehand, but he will see Grossmann. Wrote so to Mrs. Ames. ***** Went to church festival at 8 P.M. Read my poem, which was liked. Enjoyed Harriet Williams' historical sketch, also Clarke's remarks, and the quartet's singing. Left early to see Chev and pack my trunk.

April 28th. Saturday. Woke early. Chev decided at 7.30 A.M. that I should go to Washington. At 8 I left the house, perhaps a little later, leaving behind my comb, hairbrush, and my tooth brush. J.F.C. met me at the depot, also bound for New York. We had a most amiable and friendly journey together. In the cars we made the acquaintance of Rev. Blanchard, a young Universalist minister, very radical, also. I thought, very human and pleasant.***** A little before 11 A.M. Governor Andrew came for me in a carriage and we went to Jersey City Ferry together at 12 and started for Washington. Car to Philadelphia most uncomfortable. Bright gas light in one's eyes, windows open in all directions. At Philadelphia at 3.30. Took stage for Baltimore depot, a long drive. Cars for Baltimore very comfortable, heated axle detained us.

April 29th. Sunday. Got to Washington by 11.30. Fasting since Charley's dinner and tea, all save one orange. Did not get breakfast till 12.30. As I came away from it I met Ward McAllister. Found that dear Auntie is at the hotel. Had a good talk with her. Wrote to Chev, and went to Conway.

April 30th. Monday. Sent in my card to V.P. Foster, who soon joined me in the ladies' parlor. I unfolded my case in a few words, he promised support. Said he would go with me to the President, whenever such action should appear proper. Went to the Capitol with Conway, saw Sumner's hugeness. Did not bow to him. Saw Fessenden speak with him, which surprised me. Dined at hotel with S.B. Ruggles. After dinner unfolded to him my two theories of Polarity and Limitation, which seemed to interest him a good deal. Bought a basket of flowers, \$2.00, which I took round to poor Gurewski, who lies very ill at Mrs. Eames's. After tea Governor A. took me to General Grant's, where I saw the General, with great satisfaction. Prayed at bedtime that I might not become a superficial sham and humbug.

May 1st. Tuesday. Awoke feeling very ill. Got on my feet with difficulty, - a most severe dizziness with utter weakness of the limbs quite mastering me. I washed and dressed and descended, nearly blind with this bad feeling. Got a little breakfast, felt aliquidum better. Had sent Conway to Sumner, finding that the latter had been to Mrs. Eames's to find me. Sumner cannot make a visit at the hotel, but will see me at the Capitol. I know of nothing which exempts a man in public life

from the duty of having in private some human qualities.

May 4th. Friday. Saw Gurewski die, a piteous sight indeed. I had asked to see him, received permission, but came just in time to witness the end. Mrs. Eames was utterly overcome, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~. Helped to bathe her feet and put her in bed. Stayed three or four hours, got a late dinner at the hotel, very poor and horrid. Afterwards went with Ruggles of New York to call upon Secretary Seward who was very ungracious to me. I found that he is usually so when he wishes to throw people off. I left as soon as possible, somewhat discomfited, but having, I trust, said or done nothing of any impropriety.

May 5th. Saturday. Went to Mrs. Eames's at 12, wrote invitations to the pall-bearers for the Count's funeral, which will be tomorrow. Then went to find a Unitarian clergyman, was advised to secure Rev. John Pierpont, which I did after much trouble. Saw Sumner at Mrs. Eames's. He said of the Count, "Rest, rest perturbed spirit". Dined at the hotel. Spent the evening with Mrs. Eames.

May 6th. Sunday. Passed the day entirely with the Eames's. She told me many touching things about the Count. Mr. Eames himself seemed much moved and is most tender and considerate towards her. Dined with them, the funeral was at 4 P.M., a very distinguished attendance. The leading Senators, the foreign ministers, etc. etc. Rev. John Pierpont officiated, reading the chapter from Corinthians, and making an impressive and appropriate prayer. His view of death was so lovely and cheerful, truly Christian indeed. Mrs. Eames wept bitterly, sat near the coffin, kissed the forehead of the poor Count before the lid was closed upon it. The coffin was covered with black cloth, studded with silver nails and adorned with a wreath and cross of lovely white flowers. The countenance showed much character, a little sharpened. I went in the carriage with Mrs. Eames to Georgetown cemetery, where the remains were deposited in the receiving vault, to be removed hereafter. Returning, spent the evening with the Eames's, Mr. Eames requesting me to pass two or three days with them, which I have promised to do, although I had intended leaving town at once for home. When I woke, thought of some verses on the Count's death. Scrawled them as well as I could. Will try to make a poem.

May 7th. Monday.***** Walked with Conway, sat with Mrs. Eames, studied a little, got a telegraphic despatch from Chev, urging me to see the President before my departure. At once determined to do so.***** Saw in the evening Mr. Foster and asked his advice. He told me to see the President by all means. Slept in the room next that in which the Count died. Felt a little bit shaky about it, but said my prayers and thought how he would have despised such cowardice. Slept well.

May 8th. Tuesday. Walked with Conway. Met Sumner in the street, also Mr. Seward.

Mr. Eames saying that Mrs. Carson of New York was an intelligent, but not an original woman, I said, 'She is not a silk worm, but a silk wearer. Nine women out of ten would rather be the latter than the former.'

Mr. Eames saying that he often talked because he could not make the effort to be silent, I said, 'Yes, sir, we know that the vis inertiae often shows itself in motion.' I record these sayings because they interested me, opening to myself little shades of thought not perceived before.

May 10th. Thursday. Walked with Conway. Visited Miss Peck at Willard's, who wanted some account of my beginnings in life and literature. I gave her such an outline as might indicate the direction pursued and the difficulties overcome in attaining a position of literary efficiency, if I have attained it. At 11.45 A.M. J. Hubby Ashton, Asst. Attorney-General, called by appointment to take me to the White House. Here I sent in my card, and was soon admitted into the Private Secretary's room. After waiting there one hour, I was summoned. My prayer was, 'Let me be neither unskilful nor mean.' I found the President not one inclined to much speech.

I made a brief recapitulation of the Doctor's services in Greece and America, touched on L. Bridgman, the Idiots' School, etc., finally asked leave to show the Doctor's Greek Orders and Prussian medal, which was granted. The President said he would do what he could for us, remarked that I must be much younger than the Doctor, and after a few indifferent remarks I left.

May 11th. Friday. Went to the Senate, wishing to speak with Senator Morgan of my matters. Heard Howard of Michigan, who made a long, able speech on the attitude of the President toward the Congress. Did not succeed in seeing Morgan. Conway came in the afternoon, I walked a little way with him. Sumner afterwards came, announcing Bertinatti. Then came Badeau, who made a long visit. Sumner left. Then came Bertinatti, who stayed long. He told me that Ristori was certainly coming here this year. Promised to give her a letter to me, if he should see her in Paris. *****

May 12th. Saturday. ***** Was to dine with Badeau.***** Dressed rather in a hurry and went on foot. Royce of South Carolina guiding me. A long walk, hot and hurried. Arriving, I found myself in ample time. Found a full dress occasion. Sir Fred Bruce, Baron Stoeckl, Miss Carroll, General Amory, Miss Ramsey, and Col. and Mrs. Porter, the latter the presiding lady of the mess. The dinner was sumptuous, more so than I could have wished; the talk was brisk and pleasant.

May 14th. Monday. ***** Called Wilson from the Senate ~~xxx~~ who introduced me to Senator Morgan of New York, - who was a little abrupt on the subject of the mission, saying that Massachusetts could not get another mission. He was, however, kind. Took leave of Mrs. Eames, intending to leave Washington tomorrow. Sent telegram to Chev, asking leave to go to Richmond with the Hoopers.

May 15th. Tuesday. Rose early and was ready long before the Hoopers came for me. They were in fact too late. We drove to the Aquia Creek boat and found her just off. Drove to the Orange and Alexandria Railway depot, found the cars just about to start. Got in. We were to have breakfasted on board the A.C. boat, so I had tasted nothing. The Hoopers had had coffee and a bite. I had fortunately four soda crackers in my pocket, three of which I ate, giving the fourth to Mrs. Sturgis Hooper. I had also a little bit of Annie Hooper's wedding cake, which her mother had given me, which now came into play. We passed many places of interest in the war, Brady Station, Manassas Junction, Culpepper Court House, and others. Saw many earthworks, stockades, and other fortifications. At 1 P.M. reached Gordonsville, where we got some bad cake and coffee, for which we paid pretty well. Reached Richmond at 4.30. Went to the Ballard House, had tea with meat, etc. Sent our letters to General Turner, who waited on us and proposed an ambulance expedition.

May 16th. Wednesday. Soon after 10 A.M., General Turner was announced, accompanied by General Smith. We climbed into a four horse ambulance, formerly used by General Grant, and drove first to Gamble's Hill, whence we had a fine view of the city, James River, and Belle Isle Promontory, where thousands of our prisoners were confined in a narrow space of ground, low and unsheltered. Thence to Blank Cemetery. Thence to see the environs, back by Terrace Row, the aristocratic Secesh region, passing General Lee's house and that of Jeff Davis, where General Terry lives, and has headquarters, a large, square house, with good grounds. Thence to Libby Prison, where we descended and went in. Our people now use it as a military prison. Dick Turner is still confined here. We saw his cell. Saw Crawford's beautiful Washington monument. Left a card at the Van Lee's. Back to hotel. In the afternoon, went with Generals Smith and Turner, to visit Jeff Davis's presidential mansion. To the theatre in the evening.

May 17th. Thursday. Left Richmond on the day at 8 A.M. by Fredericksburg R.R. Passed the old places, familiar in my visit two years since, Falmouth Station, Fredericksburg, Hocker's Camp, where the old flag staff still stands, and finally Aquia Creek, where our buildings and wharves have been burned by the rebels.

Read in Draper's American Polity, an ingenious work on Buckle's plane, showing research and power of illustration and combination, but no nearer to true philosophy than Stern or Carlyle. A belle letterist, on philosophical subjects, merely. Entertaining and perhaps instructive, but neither a performer nor a suggester of philosophical labor. Saw Mrs. James twice, getting to Washington at 3 P.M. Dined at Heepers' with Governor Clifford. O. Summer after dinner.

May 18th. Friday. Having stayed all night at Heepers', rose at 5.30, dressed and got ready. Charles (servant) gave me breakfast, and a luncheon in my basket.***** Met Colonel French, who was attentive to us at Richmond. He sat beside me part of the way.***** Got to Bordentown at 4 P.M., where my usual cordial welcome met me, from Annie, Doc, and the family. Read somewhat in Draper during the day. Slept heavily, being very tired.

May 19th. (Merely details of journey, not interesting).

May 20th. Sunday. Got home in due time. Dhev and the children met me warmly. Found that Laura had had a severe attack of ophthalmia. Maud had a slight attack of the same disease in one eye. Flossy better. Julia well. House in disorder, owing to constant and discouraging change of servants. To church in the morning, and communion in the afternoon, very sleepy both times. Dreamed in church, at communion, that Doctor Christ was shut up in the tower of Strasburg Cathedral.

May 21st. Monday. Ran about getting things to rights. Studied Kant. Finished Draper. He assumes Buckle's antagonism of morals and intellect. Is a man of large talent and culture, but no philosopher. Is misled by the analogy between races and individuals. This has its limitations. Kant's idea is better, that human completeness is to be produced and studied only in the whole human race. D. gives intellect as the great final object of nature, but does not state the object of intellect. It is a misstatement to say that Europe was ever governed by morals, and America by intellect. You cannot have the one without the other, nor too much of either. The supreme interests of the race are vested in ethics, of which intellect is the guardian and discoverer. Wherever morals are wanting in America, there we see developed the agencies destructive to society. These agencies always exist and act in all its stages, true conceptions modifying them. Assumptions of physical science to absolute knowledge are senseless.

May 22nd. Tuesday. The instruments of logic are as necessary for maintaining the mental possessions of the race as the instruments of law for distinguishing and maintaining their material possessions. These two sets of instruments are, each of them, special, and in the manifold exigencies of life, their use, modification, and repair must be confided to special agents. The world is as slow in uttering its syllogisms as its laws, and with as much reason. But it does reform its logic, once found insufficient, while, without logic, it could hardly earn its meals or eat them in human fashion.*****

May 23rd. Wednesday. A broken day. Conway arrived soon after breakfast. I visited the J. N. Howes, and the Aldriches, and took to the latter my poem on Gurcowski. He promised to send it to the Atlantic and to speak to Fields.*****

May 24th. Thursday. ***** Solon pronounces the man, who, in a sedition, took part with neither side, dishonoured and disfranchised.

I don't feel very strong, nor very serene. Much worried about Maud's teeth. Need to earn some money. Much interested in a thorough examination of Kant. I had much comfort in religious thoughts, while I was away. Here, I need all the strength, hope and resolution that great piety could give. Had a few friends in to pass the evening. Very friendly and pleasant.

May 25th. Friday. Dull. Studied Kant.***** Determined to write something for money at once, as I must earn a hundred dollars. But am chiefly interested in Kant's Prolegomena sum Metaphisik, which I transcribe in English, in order to understand and retain.

May 26th. Saturday. A moral necessity must not be confounded with a mechanical necessity. Mechanical necessity antecedes facts, moral necessity waits on acts. The one cannot be escaped from, the other cannot be fully attained. The automatic man is a posteriori to the mechanical necessity, the spiritual man is a priori before the moral necessity.

May 27th. Sunday. My birthday. Forth-seven years old. J. F. C. preached on the "Seed is the word", and gave a significant statement of the seminal power of Christianity. They sang also a psalm tune which I like, so that the day, a rainy one, seems to me auspicious. I have little to show for the past year's work, having produced no work of any length, and read but little in public. The doctrine of the seed does, however, encourage us to continue our small efforts. The most effectual quickening of society is through that small still influence, which creeps like the leaven through the dough. Thought of many things during the sermon, especially of the two necessities touched upon yesterday, and the two views of man, who is a posteriori in the natural order, a priori in the spiritual order. He is a consequence of the mechanical necessity, an originator of the moral necessity. For faith is an original act of will, whereby it consents to recognize the ideal significance of life and experience. Every man does not, therefore, invent the moral law, but from the ground of his moral freedom, as opposed to that of his mechanical subjection, he decides to apply the measures and standards of duty, which are partly intuitive and partly traditional, partly bestowed by birth, partly by culture, to the regulation of his natural instincts and impulses. Virtue is, therefore, never to be found in the mere acceptance of rules of conduct, whose general measure may become mechanical, but in that constant effort and decision of will which energizes the whole man to a degree and persistence far beyond the stimulation of passion and ambition, giving the man's work a value beyond his own life-time, and bringing out the generous impulse of youth, the mature energy of manhood, and the pathetic wisdom of old age.

All religions derive so largely from the reverence paid to ancestors that I am convinced that this impulse of man is a very important element of his religious capacity and culture. The Greek mythologies seem to me to be made up of the worship of wonderful ancestors. For all that was distinguished in Greece claimed descent from god, demi-god, or hero (the trinity of Greek theology). Roman piety was dutiful care of one's relatives. It follows from this that the disregard of parents and elders common in America, is in itself an irreligious trait, and one which education should sedulously correct. It is a contingent, not a logical result, of our institutions, and though generated by them tends to their overthrow.

The directness of moral aims and the indirectness of moral results. In the faith in which I live and worship, there seems to me to be a straight road from the pulpit through the whole domain of business and politics, to the battle-field. One banner is carried all the way, one hymn resounds from end to end, one prayer comes from the preacher and is handed down and accepted through the ranks. But in the opposite wing, the path from the pulpit is devious, winding, and often lost. The true flag is viewed from a distance, poor imitations taking its place lower down, which deform its image more and more. And those in the ranks are separated from the pulpit and get only symbols for truths and repeat observances, instead of studying out meanings.

May 28th. Monday. Thought reconstructs the world. We are all born into nature, but each of us makes the world he lives in.

Began an essay on the Two Necessities, but fear the subject is too great for me to handle fully without more labor than my health and occupations will allow. I will endeavor to write it very slowly, and avoid all chapsodie writing.

May 29th. Tuesday. Mrs. Tudor came to make an afternoon visit, and made

me a little late at the Unitarian Festival, which I enjoyed. Last year I was tormented at this festival by the wish to speak. But I am now grown more patient, knowing that silence also is valuable. Octavius Frothingham made a crooked speech, a little in temper. I invited S. Osgood to dine with me on famille tomorrow. After festival, went to Mrs. Barnard's, Hotel Pelham, where I had a splendid talk with Benj. Pierce, who explained to me the theory of quaternions; that of periodicity was too abstract for my comprehension. Spoke also with President Hill, to my great satisfaction. I said to Pierce that the high mathematicians seemed to me necessarily idealists, and that the physicists, and the mathematicians, are the sources of the modern illusions as to the absolute pretensions of natural science. In this Pierce agreed.

(May 30th is a statement of certain theories of Kant's.)

May 31st. Thursday. Today the blow fell. A kind letter from V.P. Foster informed me that Charles T. Tuckerman had been nominated for the Greek mission. This gave me an unhappy hour. Chev was a good deal overcome by it for a time, but has rallied and bears up bravely. The girls are rather glad. I am content, but I do not see what can take the place of this cherished object to Chev. (List of purchases.) Divide et impera is an old maxim of despotism, which does not look as if States' Rights pointed in the direction of true freedom.

It is only in the natural order that the living dog is better than the dead lion. Will any one say that the living thief is better than the dead hero? No one save perhaps the thief himself, who is no judge.

June 1st. Friday. Woke in a worry about help, company, and so on. Mrs. Major, the expected guest from Montreal, arrived at 9 A.M. I invited the western guests for this evening, and with all these things was very busy, and did not study at all. (List of purchases) Law is after all an ideal study. Its a priori is ideal justice, its a posteriori is tradition administered in an ideal intention.

June 2nd. Walked in the morning with Mrs. Major. Worked somewhat. Found my pearl circlet, long looked upon as lost, in my walnut box of manuscripts. Wrote on the two necessities.

June 3rd. Sunday. Heard J. F. C. Have been thinking lately that lust is more cruel than hate, and that luxury is the father of cruelty. To refuse oneself nothing leads to sins of commission. To constrain oneself in nothing leads to sins of omission. From these naturally follow offense of the rights of others and neglect of duties towards them. The Martha and Mary of the New Testament are domestic types of the natural order and the moral order. Martha is bowed beneath the necessities of the one, Mary is inspired by the objects of the other. Theologians are puzzled between them, sometimes feeling the necessity of both, and not knowing how to reconcile the two.

Skeptics do not find fault with the conception of a first cause, but with dogmatic insistence upon the ability of human authority to understand its features, explain its modus operandi, with absolute statement, in short, where all our processes of thought become negative and inferential. The dogmatism of the church has, however, this excuse. Belief is a positive, doubt a negative. Belief is efficient, doubt abstains from all but destructive action. A mistaken belief compared to the emptiness of indifference is as plus to minus. Therefore, the clergy, measuring disbelief against belief, assume an absolute value in favor of the latter, which under these circumstances, cannot be disallowed. The doubt which heralds in reform is not skeptical, but devout distrust of existing institutions and belief in principles which they inadequately represent.

June 6th. Got time for a very little work. In the evening we received the Social Science Convention. Perkins of Chicago, Alanson of N. J. (near Bordentown), Hon. N. T. Stratton from Mullica Hill, Gloucester County, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs.

Bucalow from Jamesburg, and Mr. Strong of New York, were those who most interested me. Several of the gentlemen were surprised to learn that I am the author of the Battle Hymn, which is very familiar to them.

June 7th, Thursday. Bucalow and wife called early, and I went with them to the Institution. Afterwards ran about. Dwight, John K. Paine, and Mr. Lyman dined with us. A very noisy and disorderly dinner, - between Chev's hurry, who had to leave early, and all the members of the family coming in singly, the parlour girl also plashing the plates badly. It was dreadful. I was not able to address any reasonable word to any of the company on account of the general confusion. Did a very little work at Kant and My Visit to the Army.

June 10th. Sunday. Went to church. A delightful sermon. "I was afraid", from the parable of the Talents. The lessons given was not to fear, to follow the original promptings of our best feeling and conscience. Through the fear which takes the form of conventionalism in some and sloth and inaction in others, of pure cowardice or indifference in others, we fail of our best uses and of our true glory. The good things we neglect are often left aside on account of their apparent littleness. Christ makes these seemingly trifling acts great by his reading of their moral significance.

I thought of a new essay on the true significance of prayer in its two aspects, viz: the instantaneous and the persevering. The moral resolution by which we turn toward the divine is the act and effect of a moment, the moral labor by which we attain all that we ever do attain of moral improvement, is life-long. The moment it ceases, all results are lost and we have to begin over again at a disadvantage. Although these two aspects are familiar to us, the ground upon which they stand is one to be carefully reasoned out. For here is really a puzzle, involving seeming contradictions. If the will to do right is the great thing, why, when I have fervently formed and formulated the volition, have I not done the thing? Also, if the Divine have the the miraculous gift of moral inspiration, when I look to Him, earnestly desiring to receive the gift which He must as earnestly desire to impart, why can I not, in the moment of looking towards Him, receive the gift of a virtuous and perfect life? The answer to this includes the whole sphere of ideal cause and natural order. The wish, or determination, to do well is relatively like the desire to acquire an art, the experience of moral effort is like the labor through which we acquire the art. Besides, the ideal cause has to take effect through the slowness of the natural order, so prayer is instantaneous in its turning to the Divine, endless in its effort to receive and comprehend Him. Moreover, not action alone, but suffering also, the whole variety of life, is necessary for our moral instruction. Therefore, we must submit as well as act, resign as well as acquire. From God, neither height nor depth nor any other creature can separate us. But He can only instruct us in our present connection through the whole order of human life. We ask, therefore, a boon whose reception must keep our whole lives in solution. "Lord, ever more give us this bread." The business of prayer is with the thing in itself (vide Kant), the eternal substance whose being is beyond time and space. But the whole length of moral effort is interwoven with the phenomenal chain of our natural lives. Religion must take effect in energizing and inspiring them, or its value is not allowed by other, or realized by ourselves.

June 13th^o Wednesday. Dreadful hurry as usual on the last day of moving down to the Valley. My last entry here. May I do a good summer's work.

June 14th. Thursday. Got partly unpacked. Began Sumner Maine's work on Ancient Law. The efficient elements of law are three: Fiction, Equity, and Legislation, which I should construe as representing tradition, justice and will. Tradition the past, real and ideal, justice the ideal Future (Future, because ideal justice is unattainable) and will the present, with its real exigencies and determinations.

June 15th. Ideal objectivity is coherence, congruity. Empirical objectivity is fact.

I learn today by telegraph that old Mrs. Sumner died this morning. Funeral on Sunday. I shall go up on Saturday.

June 16th. A very bad night. Sleepless with a bad pain. Afterwards some sort of trouble at my heart, of which I still feel the effects. This may have been the result of indigestion. I wrote and studied in the morning. At 3 P.M. went up to Boston. Found Sarah Clarke in the cars. Chev met me at the depot, and was very kind.

June 17th. Sunday. This day gave me the last look at the placid remains of my old friend, Mrs. Sumner. I went to the house before church time, saw Miss Ford and Charles for a moment. Jones and his men brought the coffin, - a handsome one, covered with black cloth. I went to Indiana Place, where J. F. C. preached on "Blameless in spirit, soul, and body", a good discourse. Afterwards to lunch with Miss Ford. Ran down in the parlour to see Mrs. Sumner in her coffin. Several distant relatives were there, who mistook me for the nurse. I went up again, dressed for the funeral, and came down with Charles and Miss Ford. Foote read the service very satisfactorily. The attendance was good, the flowers and arrangements beautiful. Funeral had purposely not been announced, except to relatives and intimates, Charles wishing to avoid the crowd. C. went out to Mount Auburn in a carriage with Chev, Green and Longfellow. I went with Miss Ford, Mrs. Hillard and Mrs. Lamb. Our talk was pleasant and friendly. Much of it concerned our late friend and family. Returning I dined, by invitation, with Miss Ford and Charles. At 6 P.M. Chev sent a carriage for me, and I returned to the Institution, where I found Harry and Mrs. Major at tea with the Doctor and Julia.

June 18th. Back to the dear Valley and dearer children, leaving, however, my dear Julia with regret.

June 20th. Wednesday. Reason has to correct reason. It must correct its usual employment by the systematic rules which give to its conclusions shape and coherence. I suppose that logic does this so far as the form is concerned. In man it seems to me that the will is the element which is a priori and a posteriori. The moral will is a priori, the natural a posteriori. I think philosophers do not accord the last the dignity of a will, its relative action being passive, enchained in the sequence of nature. But in the antithesis which now occupies me I think we must allow a certain individuality to the natural will. In religion, man conceives God a priori, and consults Him a posteriori. In law he conceives justice a priori, and pursues its prosecution a posteriori. In philosophy he conceives of ideal truth a priori, but to this conception all systems are a posteriori.

In town by cars to Tweedys' party.

June 21st. Thursday. The party was not, as I had hoped, a familiar one, but highly fashionable. I had dressed myself up to the usual standard of the house, and looked rather dowdily. Had pleasant chat with Mrs. Ashurst, Mrs. Heppin, and Ehringer, the artist. Saw George Bradford at Sarah's. (List of purchases). Started the subject of a weekly periodical called, the Bathing Sheet, of which we should issue six numbers this summer, beginning July 15th.

(Several entries, containing quotations from Sumner Maine).

June 26th, Tuesday. The domination of a supreme idea is freedom, the domination of a supreme ambition despotism. The one implies the energetic cooperation of intelligent volition. It crowns an ascending series of mind and conscience. The other implies the abnegation of individual volition and intelligence. It is a descending series of compulsion and endurance. A great personality represents a great idea. The domination of such an one recommends itself to the generous side of human

nature, which loves to believe in heroes. A personal or voluntary ambition attains its ends only by sacrificing the rights of others. The political ambition of noble minds is representative, not personal. In Andrew Jackson an ambition reigned, in Lincoln, an idea.

(More quotations from Maine.)

June 29th. Friday. Little study, having headache and waiting upon Chev, who finds the dull weather hard to bear. To Thomas Hazard's to tea. I was very dull and heavy with headache. J. S. Dwight drove me home, very poorly. Eprouveurs are to Stalos as circumference to centre.

June 30th. Saturday. Chev and Julia left, leaving poor Tukey behind. I will take care of him.

(Note. A short time before this my father and my sister Julia visited the almshouse at Tewksbury. There Julia saw a little orphan boy, a foundling to whom she took a great fancy. She begged and obtained my father's permission to bring him down to Newport to make a visit, - no time being assigned for the length of his stay. She was full of benevolent impulses, and I think her idea was probably to adopt the little boy and care for him herself: but she soon tired of the child, and left the care of him to my mother. My mother was deeply touched by the little fellow's affection, and became in the course of the summer much attached to him. I think she would gladly have kept him, but the rest of the family did not fancy the child, and thought it unadvisable to have him stay longer than the summer.)

Kant's distinction between the Schwere and the Wichtigkeit of a study is one to be borne in mind. Some difficult studies, he says, are not important. Many people suppose that the difficulty of a study is a sure indication of its importance.

July 2nd. Monday. A messenger came to the house, after 9 P.M., to take little Tukey back to Menson. As he was sound asleep, I would not wake him. I promised to send him in some other way.

July 3rd. (Passage from Kant omitted). Picnic at Paradise, not very amusing to me. I took Tukey, who was good. Wrote to Chev, explaining my non rendition of Tukey, which may displease him.

July 4th. Wednesday. Studied and wrote, spent most of the afternoon in preparing for a tea-party, which did not take place, Sarah Clarke and the Point-ers disappointing me.

July 5th. Thursday. The most important thing for anyone of us to secure is a central thought, then be our circumference greater or less, our knowledge still has coherence and a true relativity. Learned at 4 P.M. that the Point-ers would come today instead of yesterday. Was a little discomposed, but made out to give them a comfortable tea in the Valley, which we all enjoyed. J.F.C. was among them.

July 8th. Sunday. A pleasant studious day, the heat intense. Made some progress in my essay. Visited old Mrs. Green in the afternoon, took tea in the Valley. A thunder storm cut short our enjoyment of this. (Rest of the entry is Kant.)

July 9th. Monday. The order of our information is of more importance than its extent. A few facts under a good method more inform the mind than a multitude of data without the power which gives their true coördination.

July 10th. Tuesday. What is true may be taught in such a way as shall deprive the learner of all the benefits of truth. The teaching by precedent and authority, which prevails in the Catholic Church, gives merely historical instruction, not rational exercise to the mind. The more one is taught in such a way, the more

ignorant may one become of true mental experience.

July 11th. (Passage about early Romans omitted) I receive an invitation to report Harvard Commencement for the New York Tribune, which I conclude to accept.

July 12th. Thursday. There are two methods of philosophizing, - the dogmatical and the skeptical. The first springs from a blind confidence in the power of reason to extend her domain by mere conceptions, without critique, the success of which is merely apparent. The skeptical method adds to knowledge without the assumption of absolute certainty. As a method, this is most useful, including, as it does, the trial of all conclusions. It is a perpetual adjournment of absolute judgment. But where skepticism becomes absolute, and all things are resolved into mere illusion, a contradiction is raised, for this skepticism; calling everything illusion thereby postulates a truth as opposed to it, but allows no sign for the recognition of that truth.

H. James and Wilkenson are, both of them, dogmatical.

July 13th. Friday. Intense heat. Thermometer at 89 Fahr. in my room at 3 P.M. To town with Chev. Worked a good deal. Judgments are either categorical, hypothetical, or disjunctive. A categorical judgment consists of subject, predicate and copula, as Sugar is sweet. An hypothetical one consists of antecedent, consequent and sequence, which is the form after which the result waits upon the supposed antecedent. A judgment is disjunctive when the parts of the sphere of a given conception determine each other in a whole or to a whole. In ~~hypothetical~~ hypothetical judgments, the modus ponens infers the truth of the consequent from the truth of the antecedent. Modus tollens infers the falsity of the consequent from that of the antecedent.

No entry till

July 17th. Tuesday. Finished essay on the Two Necessities. Gott sei Dank. The thermometer at 90 in my room. In the afternoon took the cars for Boston with poor dear Tukey, who was feebly glad to go.

July 18th. Wednesday. Heat still intense. John Dee drove me out to Cambridge to attend Commencement. Returned to town by horse cars. Got a bite at Parker's and sat down to begin my Tribune letter on Commencement, of which I finished nearly one half, my hands being wet with perspiration, my eyes dim with heat and fatigue.

July 19th. Thursday. Went to Cambridge by horse cars to attend Triennial Festival of Alumni. Waited an hour and a half at the church. Hedge's oration was happy, practical, excellent. J.F.C.'s prayer and especially his parting benediction pleased me. Back to Boston, ate fifty cents' worth at Parker's, to wit, soup and an ice, hurried back to office and finished my Commencement letter just in time to take the cars for the Valley, having accomplished no business but that of the Tribune. John brought Tukey to the cars to bid me good bye. The parting pained me more than it did him, - he not realizing how long it might be before we should meet again. God bless my poor little pet.

(Note. Tukey was adopted by some kind people, who brought him up as their son and gave him every comfort in his life.)

July 20th. Friday. Worked hard. Wrote the whole notice of the Alumni Festival and sent it to town before 3 P.M., an unusual strain for me. I usually make two days' work of a letter. At Cambridge I saw J. H. Allen, who told me that my essay on the Ideal State is in the printer's hands. He likes it well, he says, and I am very glad.

I miss my poor Tukey.

July 22nd, Sunday. To church, where young Webster gave a rather flamboyant sermon, indicating morality as the substance of religion. The temper of his sermon was vigorous, but its treatment was wanting in nicety of discrimination. The religious

spirit and emotion which gives value to the technicality of morals was not sufficiently illustrated by his discourse.

(Note. L. E. R. here decides to omit many of the Kantian extracts. Their character has been sufficiently indicated, and they can be examined, if it is thought desirable.)

July 30 h. Monday. Received a draft for \$ 50., from the N. Y. Tribune, in payment of my letters on Commencement, etc. Also a request that I would frequently write for the paper. I am to go to Northampton to report the meeting of the American Academy of Science. Worked hard all the morning for my croquet party in the afternoon, which was very pleasant and successful, about forty-eight people besides myself.

July 31st. Tuesday. Acknowledged Tribune's draft. Wrote also to propose reporting the French Exposition. Proposed no terms, think my passage both ways and a thousand dollars for ten letters about right. Took Julia to the party on board the Code Island. She looked charmingly and danced. I was quite happy, because she enjoyed. Afterwards tea with Tweedys and hateful concert.

August 3rd. Friday. Worked somewhat. To town at 5.30 P.M. to take tea with Mrs. Bigelow, and sail with Col. Higginson and O. Frothingham, which was delightful. The evening was very fine, the sun just down, the harbour alive with sails. Two United States ships at anchor, with midshipmen on board.

August 4th. Saturday. Wrote to W. C. Church of the Galaxy, enclosing short poem in payment for the magazine, which he sends me by agreement on this condition.

August 6th. Monday. Left Newport for Northampton. Met Woodman in Boston, who told me of George Russell's death. Met also Alger and invited him to dine with me at Parker's, where, he having no funds, I paid ninety cents for his dinner, to the amusement of both of us. He was to bury, at 3 P.M., poor Mary Lodge's only child, a very fine boy, dead from typhoid dysentery. Took the 2.30 P.M. train for Northampton, and the Barnards, Agassiz, Pierce, Frazer, of Philadelphia, and others.

Met the Rutherfords, against whom I have had a little grudge, because they suddenly seemed to drop my acquaintance, without any reason, unless that I had a marriageable daughter, and they a marriageable son. They, however, were quite cordial and I thought the whole thing not worth remembering.

August 7th, Tuesday. First sitting of the Academy. A short one. Long drive in the afternoon. Tea and sitting on the dismal hotel piazza, while some pretty frivolous-looking girls sang trashy duets. The Barnards invite me to read at their rooms on Wednesday or Friday evening.

August 8th. Wednesday. Interesting session recorded elsewhere. Erastus Perkins invited all Academicians and me also to go to his house this evening for tea. Except, so no reading. We drive early, take early tea, and retire to dress. Just as we have finished my small work in this line comes a knock at my door and dearest Julia, looking half frightened and half pleased, has come to pass two days, bringing her friend, M. Washburn, with her. My consternation cannot be concealed. The W. sees it and tries. I try to be cheerful, get the girls tea, give them my room, take them to a party, where they are well enough amused. Miss Terry of New York gives me half her small bed. Began first Tribune letter.

August 9th. Thursday. Two sessions of the Academy, both interesting. Finished Tribune letter. Heard Lesley's eulogy on Hitchcock in the evening. Julia enjoyed the Academy very much. I find a pleasant room in a house near by, where the girls bestow themselves. We have a row with the landlord about places at table.

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August 10th, Friday. Chev came up for the day, a very busy day. I attend morning session, write in the afternoon, and read over several times my rabbed essay on the Two Necessities, which I determine to read in the evening. I have with me also the essay on Limitations, far more amusing and popular. But for a scientific occasion, I will choose a treatise which aims, at least, at a scientific treatment of a great question. This essay asserts the distinctness of the Ideal Order, and its legitimate supremacy in human processes of thought. I make a great effort to set its points thoroughly in my mind. Go late to the Barnards', the scientific arrive very late. Agassiz gets there at 9. I begin to read soon after. The ladies of our party are all there. I feel a certain enthusiasm in my work and subject, but do not communicate it to the audience, which seemed fatigued and cold - all, at least, but Pierce, Agassiz and Davis. Had I done well or ill to read it?

August 11th, Saturday. I still ask myself whether I did well or ill to read the essay. Time may show. Perhaps I followed a superstition which seemed an inward prompting. I had a chance to make a mark for myself. I preferred trying to make one for the Ideal Philosophy. Some soul may have carried away a seed-grain of thought. I may have done an useless and foolish thing. I think and hope not. To Mount Holyoke in the afternoon. The ascent was frightful, the view sublime. In the evening went to read to the Insane people at the Asylum, had not Later Lyrics, but Passion Flowers. Read from this and recited from the other. Had great pleasure in doing this, albeit under difficulties. Finished second Tribune letter and sent it.

August 12th, Sunday. Passed the morning in the woods, with the Goolds, Woods, Leconte and Agassiz. A charming morning. Began my third Tribune letter, in the afternoon. After tea, visit A. Seegur, and the Barnards at Round Hill. Afterwards in our party at the hotel. We have a pleasant sitting. Miss Torrey and father upstairs. I am in great wrath against Rev. Eddy, who in his morning sermon attacked Mr. Lesley's eulogy very farciously as insidious and irreligious. He ended his pictures with, "May God have mercy on his soul." I wished I had been there to arise and say, "God smite thee, thou whited sepulchre!" I doubt whether Paul said this with better reason.

August 13th, Monday. Left Northampton for home with the scientifics, having first finished my third Tribune letter. A pleasant journey with much talk. Trunk broken open, but nothing stolen. The jewelry was not on the surface. Excellent dinner at Springfield. Found dear Julia and her father well and cheerful.

August 14th, Tuesday. A busy day. Down to Newport in the afternoon.

August 15th, Wednesday. Wrote a whole Tribune letter, one of my best, sent to the Academy and Peter Lesley.

August 16th, Thursday. Locked at Fichte's Wissenschaftslehre, but feel reluctant to commence it in good earnest. Fichte seems to me to run idealism into the ground. Began a new volume of Kant with the accustomed pleasure. (Long German title).

August 17th, Friday. All the sciences gain by the nice discrimination of their respective domains. Kant says this. I have long felt it, and much of my work has been an endeavor to aid in such discrimination. Gertrude Ward arrived.

August 18th, Saturday. Locked over my Three Degrees of Law. Don't know what to do with it. The point of view now seems to me insufficient. Yet there is a great deal of good work in it. Consummate philosophy it is not, nor conceived on so high a plane as my later essays. But as a study in social architectonics it may stand.

August 20, Sunday. Locked again at Fichte, which promises more as one siphons it a little.

August 23rd. Thursday. Made a good study of Fichte. I do not yet at all grasp his system. It is less definite than that of Kant. I fear it will prove to be ideal mysticism. He refines upon the Kantian ideas; he makes thinking and being opposite. This goes further than Kant's noumenon phenomenon, and seems to me to exaggerate a purely metaphysical position, for though our thinking that a thing is by no means makes it to have substantial existence, it by no means necessarily deprives it of the same.

August 24th. Friday. Fichte. Made a good study in the morning. Dined in the Valley. Went to pass the evening with the Barstows, a pleasant visit.

August 27th. Monday. Picnic in the Valley very friendly and charming. Rev. Mills likes my article on the Ideal Church. This gratifies me and makes me hope that my studies may have some value for earnest and religious people.

August 28th. Tuesday. Read at the Tea House my essay on Doubt and Belief, also two poems from Later Lyrics, namely Amanda and "Visit to Clementina". Rev. Mills and Sam Francis came out, also Marion McAllister. They listened attentively. I was satisfied. Afterwards played for them to dance. Sam then produced his banjo and all were very jolly.

August 30th. Thursday.***** Learned the sad news of Jennie Crawford's death, just as Louisa and I were preparing to go into town for Mrs. Stevens's last exception. We did not go, of course, which I regretted for the sake of Louisa and Gertrude, who were to accompany me.

August 31st. Friday. Made a good study. To sail with Higginson and Northinghams. Tea at Mrs. Bigelow's, very pleasant.

September 1st. Saturday. Tired my head with Fichte, who is chiefly useful as illustrating Kant. Still, a very interesting study.

September 2nd. Sunday. To church at St. Mary's, with Louisa, Laura and young Bradford. Lawrence Mills preached. The beginning of his sermon was liberal, - the latter half sentimental and sensational. "The love of Christ constraineth us", at he dwelt far too much on the supposition of a personal and emotional relation between the soul and Christ. It is Christian doctrine interpreted by human sympathy, that reclaims us. Christ lives in his doctrine, influences us through that, and his historical personality. All else is myth and miracle. What Christ is today ideally may be able to state. Of what he is really, Mr. Mills knows no more than I do, and I know nothing.

Stayed to communion, which was partly pleasant. But the Episcopal communion struck me as dismal, compared to our own. It is too literal and cannibalistic. The symbolism of the eating and drinking is too little made out. Our Unitarian communion is a feast of joy. The blessedness of Christ's accomplishment swallows up the sorrow of his sacrifice. We have been commemorating the greatest act and fact of human history, the initiation of the gentler morals, ~~and~~ of the purer faith. We are glad, - not trivially, but solemnly, and our dear Master is glad with us, but not as if he aimed direct personal influence at each one of us. This is too human and small a mode of veneration. He is there for us as the sun is there and the brightness of his deed and doctrine penetrates the recesses of our mind and consciousness. But that he knows each one of us cannot and need not be affirmed.

"The moon looks

On many brooks,

The brook can see no moon but this."

that we see him, it matters not whether he sees us or no.

Spinoza's great word: If we love God we shall not trouble ourselves about ourselves loving us.

September 3rd. ~~Tuesday~~ Monday. Tired my head with Fichte. Nat Green called to prescribe for my girls and hopes to benefit them.

I yesterday spoke to Joseph Coggeshall, offering to give a reading at the school house, in order to start a Library Fund. He appeared pleased with the idea. I proposed to ask fifty cents for each ticket.

September 4th. Tuesday. Worked somewhat on Fichte, Began a little country lecture for my intended reading. In the afternoon drove to town and got very wet and in the evening to the Andersons'.

September 5th. Wednesday. Tea House.***** W. Badeau came out to the tea house. On getting home I found a smart letter from Rev. Zachary Eddy, complaining of my report in the New York Tribune of his sermon.

September 6th. Thursday. Bitterly depressed all day between the remembrance of ***** the letter from Northampton and apprehensions as to Flossy's health and comfort. Worked at lecture. The Halls arrived to make a visit of a week or so.

September 8th. Saturday. Had to work quite hard to finish my lecture, borrowed later lyrics from the Andersons. Read my lecture and quite a number of poems to a country pleasant audience. The little school house was well filled and quite prettily lighted. I enjoyed the occasion. It realized some thirty-five dollars, which will make forty.

September 10th. Monday. Received news of Chev, who was on board of a train which was smashed up. Himself unhurt. A most escaping man. (Note of request for photograph) \$2000. rent and taxes offered for my Boylston Place house. Chev suggests rope. Je suis content du Palazzo Pitti.

September 11th. Tuesday. My eyes were troublesome this morning, so I did little save wander about the place.***** Had half an hour of Fichte, before I went (to town). After an interval of some days, it is hard to renew the intangible sequence of his ideas. Had a pleasant dinner with Aunt Louisa at Milner's.

September 12th. Wednesday. Fichte's analysis of the power and idea of action upon the external world, difficult to follow and to report. Ideal object and real result are first and final members of one thought synthesis. The intervening experience, I should say, represented the third or steadfast element, which we call none in one connection, space in another. Fichte's work seems to me wonderfully subtle and suggestive, but important only to technical metaphysicians, not to specialists or general students. It is more fatiguing than Kant, as detailsome as his work, commanding too a certain scup d'esil, but damaging to brain and stomach.

September 13th. Thursday. I cannot study Fichte for more than 45 minutes at a time. Reading him is not so bad as translating, which utterly overpowers my mind, although I find it useful in comprehending him.

September 17th. Monday. Study. Fichte is, after all, somewhat of a mystic.

September 20th. Thursday. I begin to doubt the availability of Fichte's methods for me. I become each day more dispirited over him. With the purest intention is much less of an ~~ethicist~~ ethicist than Kant. These endless refinements in rationale the ego confuse rather than enlighten the moral sense. Where the study of metaphysics becomes de-energizing, it becomes demoralizing. Subtlety used in a certain way unravels confusion: in a certain other way, produces it. Kant unwinds the silk-man's web, but Fichte tangles the skein of silk - at least, so it seems to me.

Spent most of the afternoon in preparing for a tea party, cutting peaches, preparing bread and butter. At 5.30 arrives Marion McAllister with the Lockes, six, the Andersons'. quite a friendly time.

September 21st. Friday. Laura to Leominster. A great privation to me.

September 22nd. Saturday. The danger of a superficial metaphysical and critical study might be illustrated by an experiment with the mechanism of a watch. It will not be worth while to take the watch to pieces, if you cannot put it together again, as a watch-maker can do. So the scientific critic can so dismount and examine the forms and workings of consciousness, - but he is able also to put them together again, and after having shown you the separate functions and agencies of mental and moral powers, can give you a helpful sense of the harmony and relativity in which they should coöperate. But the unskilful or partial critic dismounts and cannot put together again. The dogmatic skeptics take to pieces (Hume, Paine, perhaps Parker). The philosophical critics take to pieces and put together, analyze and synthesize.

September 23rd. Sunday. I am to dine with the Banerfroths at 2 P.M. Wish to talk with B. about the two aspects of law, architectonic and ideal, also about instantaneous and progressive moralization.

Read 11th and 12th chapters of Mark in the Valley. At some moments one gets a clearer and nearer perception of the thought and personality of Christ than that which we commonly carry with us.

Read also some poems of Shelley. Wrote to Watsie Gilder, enclosing \$16. for Clementina, the price of my essay on the Ideal State. Started a little late for the Banerfroths'. Julia was to have accompanied me, but strayed off to Miss Taggart's, and came back, just as I was starting, not dressed and too late, to her sorrow and mine.

September 24th. Monday. Studied in the morning, to town in the afternoon. sailing party, quite pleasant. Harry sang. Our sail was shortened by the rain.

September 25th. Tuesday. A wet day. Studied as usual. Wrote the second item of this summer. The first was on Jenny Crawford's death. This I may call 'The Architects'.

September 29th. Saturday. In the evening arrived Ex-Gov. Andrew.

September 30th. Sunday. A wet evening. Visited the Andersons with Gov. A. whom they wished to see. Drove with the children in the afternoon. After tea drove with Julia and Governor, to pass an hour with the Brooks's. Very pleasant. Coming out, the carriage broke down, owing (I think) to the weight of the Governor, who sat on the same side with the driver.

October 1st. Monday. He who studies well tries to measure his thoughts by an ever-growing standard. He who studies poorly measures all new information by fixed and stubborn standard of his own. The latter is not conscious of growth, because he refers his new experience to a standard that expands but little. The former is conscious of growth because his standard grows.

Had a pretty good study this morning, much interrupted.

October 2nd. Tuesday. Determine at last to push for a little reading which I have wished to make all summer, the proceeds to be given to the colored Manual School in Georgetown, D. C., and to Clementina Haworth. So forsook Fichte, like unwillingly, and went in town with Bradford. Saw Higginson and several others. Think I may manage it. I truly think I ought to make this effort, - else at this moment, it will be most inconvenient.

October 7th. Sunday. Chav arrived last evening.***** I received a letter from Church of the Galaxy, sending back my little poem, which much displeased. Auntie McAllister wrote me of a lady who wishes to adopt Tukey. I have written her at length in reply. A letter from Louisa Terry commends her boy to our care. He will be very welcome. On reviewing the summer, I have little to show for the time

and labor gone through. I have read Maine's Ancient Law, Agassiz's Sea Side Studies, bout's King of the Mountains; Kant or Fichte nearly every day. Have produced three poems, translated much of K. and F., simply as a study, - copied the greater part of "My Visit to the Army of the Potomac". I have spent very little money for dress and entertainment. I wish I had pushed my reading through.

October 8th. Monday. Getting ready to take Julia to New York to visit Mary Ward.***** Took the boat for New York with Julia, met Aunt Francis on board, also S. G. Ward, John Field and John Bigelow, who got me a stateroom for three dollars. A pleasant evening and quiet night. Had a bad fall in the morning, which badly bruised my tibia and made my eyes ache severely, so that I could not sleep.

October 9th. Tuesday. Arrived in New York, went to No. 8, where Uncle Richard received me very kindly. Gertrude was tolerably cordial. Saw Aunt Louisa and old Aunt Bullock, over eighty years old, appearing much older than Mrs. Sumner at the same age. She was educated at Mrs. Graham's boarding school in New York, and has not seen the city in fifty years. Took dear Julia down to the Shrewsbury boat and gave her into Charley's own keeping. Heard of the sad death of Wardie, poor Sam's only son. It took place in Paris, suddenly, i.e. after an illness of forty-eight hours - congestion of the lungs.

October 10th. Wednesday. Called on Mr. Alden, to talk about Tukey, whom he may adopt.***** (Passage about Gertrude and Annie Ward).***

October 11th. Thursday. Safe back at the Valley, D. C. Busy with packing. Suffering somewhat from the fatigue of my journey and too much walking about in New York.

October 12th. Friday. To an auction of the refuse of Miss Gibbs' effects. The heirs having divided all objects of value. Bought nothing. Dined at Edwood, read a little in Fichte. The evening closed in rainy and desolate. I was a little dull, being quite alone.

October 13th. Saturday. Weather cloudy and windy. Worked out of doors in the morning. Studied Fichte. Copied and corrected my poem on G. T. Brooks's return. Worked on my other poem, "Visit to a Rich Man's Library".

October 15th. Monday. Busy packing, read somewhat. Visited the poor house. Took leave of the Andersens.

October 16th. Tuesday. Home to Boylston Place. leaving the Valley with great regret, but feeling more the importance of being with the children, as I grew nearer to them.

October 19th. Friday. Pleasant little gathering in the evening for Annie Halliard, about seventeen persons came.

October 20th. Saturday. Off at 8 A.M. with Frank Crawford for the school at Concord, N.H.

October 21st. Sunday. Back to my old seat in church with joy. J.F.C. preached a good sermon. Annie went with me. In the afternoon, Woodman gave us a oval drive through Brookline and Brighton to Cambridge, where we visited Longfellow. Gertrude Ward came to tea.

I will here put the names of some writers of stories whom I may employ for the magazine. Lucretia Hale, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Whitney, H. James, Jr., L. Noble. C.T. rocks, for some account of his recent travels.

October 22nd. Monday. Annie left for New York. I saw J.R. Gilmour and read with him to do editorial service for thirty dollars per week for three months.

Tuesday.

October 23rd. ~~Thursday~~. Saw Maggi. Wrote notices for him for Transcript and Advertiser.

October 26th. Friday. To write H. James for story, C.T. Brooks for sketches of travel. Saw and talked with Gilmour, who confuses my mind.

October 27th. Saturday. The duality of the ego is of as much practical theoretical importance. Without it, how shall you make the distinction between what you honour and what you condemn in the same individual? In the lowest individual, really considered, you are bound to recognize a certain something worthy of respect, which you honour and to which you make appeal in your strictures upon the other something which, but for this first something, it were not worth while to make. Were the drunkard, wanton, traitor, nothing but what these names represent, were his solid man volition established in these different walks, it is a question in morals how far duty would require or even permit us to disturb him in the mode of life which contents him. Society, then, has a controversy with him, in so far as his habits are irreconcilable with her recognized objects. But the teacher of morals has none. The sole right of ethical exhortation turns upon the fact of the other man or self, against whom the sinner, in whatever kind, offends. No human being of average intellect starts with crime as an object. He is contingently a drunkard, contingently a thief, etc. His better self has a dim and mistaken idea of good in some sort, deformed by selfishness or maimed by ignorance. But the objects of his desire are not criminal. The way by which he proposes to attain them may be so. Ease, natural enjoyment, wealth, power, are all goods, not the supreme good indeed, but legitimate objects of human desire. The thief's idea of wealth, the drunkard's idea of enjoyment, are based upon a misapprehension of the final aims and proximate methods consonant with true humanity. But the thief is a man also, primarily and always a man. The man in him desires something better, stands for something better than that part of him which acquiesces in the modes and objects of crime. So long as the man lives, the religious and moral man who approaches him is bound to make this discrimination and to make it evident to the other, in so far as he has to do with him. How can you correct your child or your brother, if your reproaches degrade him in his own sight and shew him degraded in yours? It is only in proportion as you honour and recognize his better self that you will have power over his weaker one. It was not the Magdalen, nor the thief whom Christ forgave. It was that higher element in both to which he said, "Go and sin no more." "This night thou shalt be with me in paradise."

It is this fine recognition of the true dignity of others which more than ought else makes the gentleman. Brutus's distinction, "I do not love your faults", stands on this ground. The more we are capable of honouring the higher man, the better are we able to show the disgrace of the lower man in all base and unworthy actions. This Sunday Thomas Hill preached, a thoughtful, but inconclusive sermon, a weighty intelligence wanting form.

October 29th. Monday. Chev went with me to Ristori's debut, which was in Medan.

November 3rd. Saturday. All of these days have been busy and interrupted. Maggi has been reading Ristori's plays in my parlour every day except this, and my presence has been compulsory. I have kept on with Fichte, whose Sittenlehre I have nearly finished. Have copied one or two poems, written various letters in behalf of the magazine, have seen Ristori ~~three~~ on the stage and once in private.

November 4th. Sunday. J. F. C. preached as usual at this time upon "All Souls and All Saints", - the church festivals of this season. His cordial sermon seemed to me deficient in stringency and urgency of moral exhortation. He dwelt too much upon the fact that saints were in some respects no better than other people, too little upon the strength and persistence of effort out of which moral attainment comes. This is one of the defects of Unitarianism, it is too easy towards the natural

man, who is, after all, only the first condition of the moral man and in some sense his natural enemy.

Popular government starts with the supposition that all men are capable of becoming moral agents. The supposition of moral efficiency necessarily underlies the idea of political efficiency, the objects of morality being essentially those of society and those in whose pursuit and development its life consists. Now, in morals, we are bound to recognize the moral capacity of every man, since without the universality of capacity there could be no universality of obligation. The power of men, both to appreciate and possess freedom, is a moral power, since freedom is a moral attribute and condition.

With all its immediate mischiefs, therefore, a popular government stands for two great features of civilization: one the potential morality of all men, the other the efficient power of morality in those who are its especial representatives, the validity and sufficiency of their relations to the masses, whose moralization is in great part potential only.

November 6th. Tuesday. Risteri in Macbeth. We had Gov. Andrew to dine. I was much excited by the play, and very indignant at the hissing of Glech by the house. This made me rather savage, I fear, to all about me.

(No entry till)

November 10th. Saturday. Luncheon with Mary Dorr. Levi Thaxter, T.G. Appleton, Helen Bell, Field of Philadelphia, and Kate Field.

Finished copying and correcting my editorial for the first number of my weekly. Finished also Fichte's Sittenlehre for whose delightful reading I thank God, praying never to not quite unworthily of its maxims.

November 11th. Sunday. To church. Heard J. F. C. with less pleasure, than usual, his sermon bearing marks of haste. Afterwards called on Mrs. Charles Sumner and saw both parties, who were very cordial and seemed very happy.

We must worship what Jesus worshipped. This was not himself. There are three aspects in each of us, the natural or empirical self, the ideal or rational self, and the actual or experimental self. The larger the development of the individual, the more clearly can we make out the three elements. This is the Three-fold which the human has, unavoidably perhaps, projected upon the divine.

November 15th. Thursday. Crackers .25, eggs .43, rosewater for Frank, .48. Very weary and overdone. The twelve apostles shall judge the twelve scribes in that the Christian doctrine judges the Jews.

November 17th. Saturday. I lead a weary life of hurry and interruption.

November 18th. Sunday. Weary hearts must, I think, be idle hearts, for it is cheery even to be overworked. My studies and experience have combined to show me the difficulty of moral attainment, but both have made me feel that, with every average human being, there is a certain possible conjunction of conviction, affectivity and personality, which being effected, the individual will see the reality of the ethical aspect of life and the necessary following of happiness upon a good will and its strenuous prosecution.

I began Fichte's Wissenschaftslehre two or three days ago.

November 19th. Monday. Gave a small party to Baron Sacken.***** Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, makes the difference between the beggar and the thief.

November 20th. Tuesday. It is our own trinity which we project upon the divine. Its elements are first, force, second, intelligent will, third, the efficient result of the two united. Thesis, antithesis, synthesis. Fichte's analysis of the ego into the absolute I, the partial I and partial not-I is most subtle and exhaustive.

November 22nd, Thursday.. Corrected the "Burning Steamship" by D. J. Mansell, and concluded to print also "Low Tide" by Henry Abbey. Finished my transcription and translation from Fichte's Sittenlehre. Made a long and good morning's study without interruption. Getting a little into the Wissenschaftlehre.

November 23rd. Friday. A good study, getting ready also for Mrs. Lowell's party. The first symphony concert took place in the afternoon. I was very busy.

November 24th. Saturday. * * * * I made a good study of Wissenschaftlehre and have written a shapsadie raisonnement of the Seventh Symphony for our magazine. Rehearsed St. Paul with Handel and Haydn Society.

November 25th. Sunday. Heard J.F.C. as usual. A good sermon, ended by some verses that sounded much in my own strain. On inquiry I found that the preacher had looked over my Later Lyrics to find something to end his sermon, and after reading my verses concluded to write these, through which my poem peeped so clearly that not only I but Flossy and Governor Andrew saw the resemblance. Wrote to D. Lewis, Maye, and poor Hedge, a letter of sympathy on his late bereavement. Sang the oratorio with the society at the Music Hall.

November 26th. Monday. Very unwell with new troubles, threatening inconvenience and enforced quiet. A good day's work, nevertheless.

November 27th. Tuesday. Better. Last week was too fatiguing for a woman of my age. I cannot remember my forty-seven years, and so run about too much. The oratorios should, I fear, be given up.

November 28th. Wednesday. Will write a little critique of George Sand's Dernier Amour for N.L. (The oftener we repeat that remarkable woman the better.) Dwight to tea. Perabo later, played and prattled divinely. Stayed till near midnight. It was a great time.

November 29th. Thursday. Pictorial Puns for Club. Don pa-squally; bride of Lama- Moor, Risteri, Doctor, dooked-har; Beat-heven (after one); macks-a-million, makes-he-go, Diapason, die of Paysen, My Poll-I-see, Phil-cr-sophy. Aerolite. This nonsense and the comical pictures which attended it kept me from listening to Thanksgiving sermon. (inclinations)

Our natural affections and are not, I begin to think, substantially opposite to the ideal. They fall short of it, just as our uncultured capacities fall short of art. The pursuit of the moral as of the aesthetic ideal is a life-long labor. Christianity formulates and organ in connection between the divine and human; God our father. This necessarily gives religion a new and vital aspect. Literature and art are, like all human phenomena, partly representative and partly creative - representative of what is in anticipation of what should be. The side of life which looks away from progress has no legitimate representation either in art or in literature. Both are bound to give it the merely negative position of a point from which one purposely and gladly departs, ever more and more.

On the same account, crime is excluded from representation in government. There the object of representation is not the mere expression of the natural will of human beings, irrational or without adequate object, but the expression of the ideal will of the race. Representation is not an end, but a means of furthering the true objects of society. Those who openly stand for all that we abhor cannot properly have a place in our government.

December 1st. Read at Lexington Lyceum for the Monument Fund. Chey was much displeased, for which I was deeply sorry, but his displeasure in my own eyes does not absolve me from the duty of expending my talents.

A husband's authority is relative and contingent. That of conscience is

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absolute. Does a woman abdicate this when she marries? Is marriage moral, as well as civil death? Neither. It is the relation of sex and sympathy, not of soul and substance. Our moral attitude, our divine promptings and inspirations mark the latter. Wee to him who would put the lower above the higher. "Please me", should not be the husband's demand, but "Satisfy thyself and God, and I will make the best of it."

December 8th. Saturday. I came in from Lexington last night after the reading in an open buggy with a strange driver, a boy of 18, who, when we were well under way, showed me a pistol - a revolver, I think - and said that he never travelled at night without one. As the boy's very face was unknown to me, the whole adventure seemed bizarre. He brought me home very smartly to my own house. * * * * *

Am writing on "Representation". * * * * *

Man asks nothing so much as to be helped to self-control.

December 9th. Sunday. ✓ Heard J.F.C. as usual. "She hath done what she could" - a good text for me at this moment. Independently of ambition, vanity, pride - all of which prompt all of us, I feel that I must do what my hand finds to do, taking my dictation and my reward from sources quite above human will and approbation. 2

My lectures on "Polarity" I will call "Man as Object and Subject of Attraction". "Limitations" I will call, "Man as Object and Subject of Social Construction". Should like to call one paper "Man as Object and Subject Absolute", but do not know whether it would be quite fitting.

December 10th. Monday. "Negation and reality are united in quantity," is one of the best words I have found in Fichte.

December 11th. Tuesday. The continuity of quantity is as perfect as the continuity of cause, neither is conceivable as finite, nor comprehensible as infinite. The term, absolute, better applies to God than "infinite", which is, after all, only a transcendent augmentation of quantity. If God is all that is and all that is to be, this statement yet involves a quantity, - unknown, it is true. Absolute cause seems to me a better philosophical formula for Him. Of the two primary abstractions of consciousness, space seems to me the positive, time the negative feature. For space is always present to our consciousness; time always was or is to be present, but is not.

A good day's work, in spite of headache.

December 12th. Wednesday. * * * * * Representation of want and of wealth, of power and of occasion. All the wants and exigencies of man are given to us at once in society. We have no time to attend to one singly, but must provide for all; so we must feed, clothe, moralise and amuse, all at once. Different natures, in their respective plans, provide for these diverse wants. Society at large seems to require the power and leisure which wealth gives to certain individuals; an average of wealth could never be high enough to dispense with individual accumulation. Yet the average, both of wealth and of worth (intelligence and conscience), does rise in the world's progress. But the individual summities still continue.

December 13th. Thursday. My temperament carries me over last night's trouble, as over many previous ones.

I am aground in Wissenschaftslehre, and cannot understand a day's reading. This, however, I do make out: Fichte shows the mixture of action and passion in all of our mental processes, the difference between the two being a reflex one of mode and degree, and the abstraction of the absolute (he says of activity, I should say also of inactivity) entering into our comparison of them. I felt, in reading Spinoza, that his statement of action and passion was too absolute, that passion was a mode of action, though opposed to that which we commonly call action. I wrote a short paper on this. Fichte seems to me to go out of the narrow gate into a wilderness of vague terms.

December 14th. Friday. Have been reading Littré's critique of Mill's critique of Comte. These controversies might be carried on without end. Littré

shows all the weak points of Comte. In claiming that positive philosophy is the only philosophy, they claim an absolute after their fashion, denying that of true philosophy, which is an ~~absolute~~ ideal absolute, necessary to the laws of thought, whose existence we do not attempt otherwise to constatae.

According to true philosophy, it is the order of ideas alone which we are able to prophesy or infer. The actual determinations of human freedom have no absolute ground of determination and are indeterminable. That human progress lies in the direction of this ideal order we know, but its progress therein or want of progress are not to be forecasted.

December 15th, Saturday. The utmost liberty of theorizing is all important to the development of thought. We must not confound this theoretical roominess with practical license. We find this last most unmeasured where thought is cramped and not allowed room for his wide dynamics. American institutions allow more of this liberty than any others. Hence their great practical value for the world, whatever may be their faults in themselves. We shall have no true religion without atheistic suppositions and paradoxes. The dynamic cannot go on without this liberty of contrast and experiment.

Dear Maud's party.

The real good of Protestantism is that it concedes, whether consciously or not, this theoretical liberty without which thought cannot be developed. At the outset, it scarcely contemplated doing so much, and continued much of the old intolerance, - as Christianity has continued much of Judaism. But its courageous maintenance of the rights of human thought had assured to the latter a charter of liberty whose construction grows ever wider. The spirit of Protestantism did not consecrate or repudiate any special formula of belief. It simply maintained the superiority of thought to institutions and the necessity of modifying the latter to suit the progress of the former, and not vice versa. 'He that built the temple is greater than the temple.' Protestantism might be more faulty than Catholicism, both in its logic and in its administration, but this great point would still make it the religion of the future. Something like the present distinction between Catholicism and Protestantism may long continue to exist, but the distinction will become more and more a formal and aesthetic one. The Catholic Church is now obliged, for all superior intelligences, to relax the literality of the symbol and to give the utmost liberty of interpreting the religious ideal. When she claims admission into the spiritual policy of America, in the name of religious toleration, she concedes a mighty point. She tacitly acknowledges the justice of that which she cannot practise. The economy of things in America forces her to uphold the poorer classes at the expense of the richer, the former, not the latter, being her tributaries. This makes her here democratic on the same ground on which she is aristocratic in Europe. She will dwindle in process of time and culture to a sect. As Americans, it becomes us to maintain the utmost liberty of speculation with the utmost strictness and stringency of moral will. In no other way can we multiply the satisfied mind and religious heart. This does not hinder the fact that some modes of thought are less religious than others, but these will bring themselves to naught. Society always seeks religion more than anything.

December 16th, Sunday. Heard J. F. C. repeat the ordination sermon preached by him at Groton last week. "Able ministers of the New Testament, of the spirit, not of the letter", etc. He gave, from his point of view, an exhaustive statement as to the vital element in religion, as opposed to the predominance and identical perpetuation of the formal element. The orthodox ministers whom he quoted as upholding unabated the fear of hell, as the great moralizing agent in religious efforts, are yet consistent in maintaining the integrity of their symbol. These two orders of priesthood always exist, the priests of the symbol and the priests of the idea. The former are numerically as three to one to the latter; dynamically, as one to three. I take these numerals quite at random, for their convenience, - and from perhaps a superstition as to their significance, diameter and circumference being roughly to each other as three to one. The dynamic efficiency probably far more than

compensates the numerical majority. But the relations of the two are beyond our computing. Although I said "his point of view", I sympathized in the sermon much and admired it. Am nominated as one of six delegates from our church to the U. Confederation of Churches.

Reformers too much ignore the inheritance of the old order in the new. The new comes in, but the old remains. Thus with Comte's three periods, the metaphysical succeeds and modifies the theological, which still remains. The positive modifies the metaphysical, which still remains. All that was best in Judaism remains incorporated into Christianity. Mr. Clarke feels this. Rough reformers would insist upon pulling down the foundation of the social fabric instead of raising another story upon it, as it stands. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid" seems to me to apply to the order of the world.

December 17th. Monday. I begin to doubt the practical utility (for me, at least) of Fichte's Wissenschaftslehre. The labor of following his processes is extreme, - nor do I see either use or necessity in the solution of all things into the ego. That we ideally construct the world by the necessities of thought is a great and important fact, important to counterbalance the materialism of the present day. But Fichte does not elucidate the processes by which this is done. His explanations are scarcely cogitable, the fact itself being simple, though scarcely patent without metaphysical study. Got a little foothold today, however. Went to the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches at Hollis Street Church. This was a constitutive assembly. The different clauses of the intended constitution were discussed, votes being taken upon them. The clause most discussed was concerning the formal object of the association as expressed in one of these.

December 18th. Tuesday. Much dispute at the (Unitarian) Conference yesterday concerning the expression, "To promote the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ". The intelligence of the meeting leaned to some more general expression of our Christian belief and intention. The passion carried it. I had much to say, but knew that I must not speak in meeting so soon, if at all. The professional phrases should be avoided by us. They are of another time, reverend, but no longer expressive. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, but do not the things that I say?" The worship of Christ, however natural and useful in its time, has surely, after a certain time, tended to distract the attention of people from the study of his doctrine, and careful following of his precepts. They say "Lord, Lord," and think they have performed a religious act.

December 19th, Wednesday. Read in Fichte, following his curious dismounting of the machinery of thought. The absolute profit of these processes is difficult to ascertain, there being no possible objective verification of Fichte's hypotheses concerning them. They suggest much to me, especially the three-fold form of the ego, the absolute which supposes an I and a not-I, both limited and mutually limiting, both supposed by the absolute I and having in the latter their ideal origin, but I should not commend the Wissenschaftslehre to everyone. It is very confusing, if not confused.

If prophetic sentiment could not overleap the logic of the moment, we should have no progress in human affairs.

Vicomte de Chabrol came. We had a long, and to me, splendid conversation. Were I young, this person would occupy my thoughts somewhat. Very intelligent, simple and perfectly bred, also a coiffeur, - rare feature in a Frenchman.

December 20th. Thursday. * * * * T. O. Appleton called. I think Fichte's Wissenschaftslehre is decidedly dialectic in its execution, - its conception being otherwise. It is intended to be idealistic, but scarcely attains that end. I should call it rather unrealistic.

There is as much diversity in the compass of brains as of (word illegible). All average men have notions, few have consecutive thought, fewer yet, ideas.

December 22, Saturday. "Thus," says Fichte, "totality consists in the entireness of a relation, not of a reality", - a good sentence.

Thesis, antithesis, synthesis. Two things cannot be thought of as immediately contrasting without thinking of a third, - the point at which they meet.

Proofs. An anxious, hurried day.

(No entry till--)

December 27th, Thursday. Let me live until tomorrow, and not be ridiculous! I have a dinner party and an evening party today and night, and knowing myself to be a fool for my pains, am fain to desire that others may not find it out, and reproach me with their discovery.

Got hold of Fichte a little, which rested my weary brain.

----- My party proved very pleasant and friendly.

December 28th, Friday. Some study. Visits from De Chaybrol and Baron McKaye. Finished the political part of my essay on Representation. Saw Gilmore. Am to get my salary from this time, the first payment being fixed for next Wednesday, with one week's allowance for work done hitherto.

Every man is at once equal, inferior, and superior: i.e., he at once represents human equality, and human inequality, whose two terms are superior and inferior..

December 29th, Saturday. * * * * * I read last night at the club a poem, "The Rich Man's Library", which contrasts material with mental wealth, much to the disparagement of the former. I felt as if I ought to read it, having inwardly resolved never again to disregard that inner prompting which leaves us no doubt as to the authority of certain acts which present themselves to us for accomplishment.. Having read the poem, however, I felt doubtful whether, after all, I had done well to read it in that company. I will hope, however, that it may prove not to have been utterly useless. The imperfection of that which we try to do well sometimes reacts severely upon us, and discourages us from further effort. It should not.

December 31st, Monday. Ran about all day, but studied and wrote also. Farewell, old Diary; farewell, old Year. Good, happy and auspicious to me and mine, and to mankind, I prayed that you might be, and such, I think, you have been.. To me you have brought valuable experience and new study. You have introduced me to Fichte. You have given me the honour of a new responsibility.. You have made me acquainted with some excellent personages, among them Baron McKaye, a youth of high and noble nature, Parabe, an artist of real genius. I do not, at this moment, recall others. You have taught me new lessons of the true meaning and discipline of life, - the which should make me more patient in all endurance, more strenuous in all endeavor. You have shown me more clearly the line of demarcation between different talents, pursuits and characters. So I thank and bless your good days, looking to the Supreme, from whom we receive all things. The most noticeable events of the year just past, so far as I am concerned, are the following: The invitation received by me to read at the Century Club at New York. This reading was hindered by the death of my brother-in-law, J. N. Howe. The death of dear Uncle John, on the first of April at about 11 P.M. My journey to Washington, to get Chey the Greek appointment: the failure of this undertaking. Gurowsky's death. Attendance of the American Academy of Science at Northampton in August. The offered editorship of the new weekly, my acceptance of the same. Before this, - my study of Fichte's Sittenlehre and the appearance of my essay on the "Ideal State" in the Christian Examiner. My reading at Lexington for the Monument Association. My being appointed a delegate from the Indiana Place Church to the Boston Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches. My readings at Northampton, Washington, and elsewhere, are all set down in their place, as also the fact that the bitter opposition of my family renders this service a very difficult and painful one for me. I do not therefore seek occasions of performing it, not being quite clear as to the extent to which they ought to

limit my efficiency; but when the word and the time come together, I always try to give the one to the other, and always shall. God instruct whichever of us is in the wrong about this. And may God keep mean and personal passions far removed from me in the coming years. The teaching of life has of late done much to wean me from them, but the true human requires culture and the false human suppression, every day of our lives, and as long as we live.