

1867.

January 1st. Tuesday. Up in better time than usual. Ran about to order things for reception till 11:15, when I dressed for the same. * * * *

My reception was, as I wished it, cheerful and friendly, not fashionable. My dear daughters, Julia and Flossy, enjoyed it much, and appeared very well, I thought. Guests continued to drop in, till nearly 5 P.M., when Professor Rogers came to dine, to meet Baron Donald McKaye and Arthur Sedgwick, who soon came. The dinner was simple, the conversation very interesting to me and to the girls. The time passed rapidly, till about 9:30, when the pleasant young men took leave.

January 2nd, Wednesday. A little depressed this morning with personal matters. A little study sets these things out of sight. * * * (A quotation from Fichte)

To Church meeting, where the temptation of Christ was discussed. I had to speak of the nature of this temptation, as to whether it was dream, vision, or fact. I thought it a powerful embodiment of a spiritual experience. Christ did not for a moment contemplate anything but the propagation of his doctrine. His temptation was to attempt this in a large and efficient, not in a limited and concentrated form, intensive, instead of extensive. We all arrived at this conclusion, - remembering the similes of the leaven and the mustard seed.

January 3rd, Thursday. After some hesitation, I proposed to Mary Dorr that I should read an essay at her rooms, wishing to invite Baron McKaye and a few others. She assented, and I wrote, asking the Baron to fix upon either Saturday or Sunday evening.

January 4th. Friday. The Baron chooses Saturday evening. Ran about much. At 12 went to the State House, where I heard Gov. Bullock's message and made his acquaintance. Message very good and well delivered. In the afternoon, saw Gilmore and Rand. The former brought cheque for \$60., the latter and I are to do more work. Very weary at last.

The individuality of Christianity is moral and intensive. It is an inward experience, not an outward assertion. Our American individualism is the latter, and is much at the expense of moral and personal integrity. Maurice's book is unsatisfactory, but it speaks of the benefits of organization. This makes me think that freedom of organization is, after all, the great point in modern politics. The proximate objects of organization are often unsound and delusive, its ultimate use is certain. It is the first step out of chaos, and the continuing condition of all human and social results.

January 5th. Saturday. Paid \$10. for band of hair, which I bought to help the poor mother who cut it off, being left with young children and no means.

Rested myself with half an hour's Fichte. Read over my essay on Distinctions between Philosophy and Religion, which I am to read at Mary Dorr's this evening. I had to give many of the invitations for this reading, which was quite right, as I had myself proposed the matter. I was nervous about it all day. * * * *

January 6th. Saturday. My reading proved auspicious and happy. I had a mingled, but quite select and attentive audience, and received many kind words, when the exercise was over. Quite grateful for these, I had yet a greater satisfaction in feeling that I had obeyed an inward dictate and had been able to make the bond of thought a sympathetic one. As to whether I shall read much or little, often or seldom, I can only say, God's will be done. My old friend, Sam Eliot, was among my hearers, and was very sympathetic and kind in his comments. So were Mr. Winthrop and Charles Norton. I slept ill from over-fatigue. Worked at Owl Sciree all the morning. Finished Maurice on Education and Representation in the afternoon.

To Communion in the afternoon. Heard manuscripts read from 5:30 to 6. Maggi and Dwight in the evening.

January 7th. Monday.. Finished the Owl's Scirée, at least the first writing of it. Had an intensely busy and interrupted and weary day.. Saw Rand, and also Gilmore. In the evening, attended meeting in behalf of Crete, at which Chev presided and spoke. Excellent as to matter, but always with defective elocution, not sending his voice out. He was much and deservedly glorified by other speakers, and, indeed, his appearance on this occasion was most touching and interesting. Phillips was very fine, Huntington careful, polished and interesting. Andrew read the resolutions, with a splendid compliment to Chev..

January 8th. Tuesday.. Took up Fichte again, but found that two days of not reading him made resumption very difficult. Saw Mrs. Robeson for whose club I will read the Owl's Scirée.

The poet is the poor man's valet.

God is object absolute to us. What he can be to himself is not, I think, cogitable by us.

January 9th. Wednesday.. Thought of a good essay on the deceitfulness of riches, showing that the good rich man holds all his wealth subject to the demands of all who need it more than he does. Also something on analysis and synthesis, the mingling of questions and interests in society, the necessity of their simultaneous promotion and consideration.

The world is all illusion, if we have not truth in ourselves. Virtue makes wise because her name implies an unending series of experiments founded on just principles.

January 11th. Friday. Fichte. The ego, absolute, practicable and intelligent. Also the centrifugal and centripetal ego. This reminds me of my "Polarity" but is less tangible and not popularizable, which mine is. The philosophical merits of the two elaborations, I must not dare to compare. I find Fichte instructive and interesting, but readable only to the practised and determined student. What I have done can be read by anyone who is willing to read thoughtfully.

January 12th. Saturday. A busy and studious day. Had the neighbors in after tea. Want olumers for relief, but calls for cure, which begins in discipline.

January 13th. Sunday. J.F.C. A sermon on Childhood, with quite a profound study of the old myth of Adam and Eve, the serpent, etc. I am to lead the Wednesday evening meeting. Mr. Clarke will be absent. Subject, the Kingdom of Heaven.

January 14th. Monday. Humanity itself is only representative, the two sexes are its two terms, the ideal of humanity the third, explaining and including the two others. Hence men and women are not properly compared with each other, but with that ideal which the two are bound to represent, and which difference of constitution enables the man to represent in one way, the woman in another. Hence, in another way, the defect of the Pharisee's prayer. He compared himself with the Publican and found himself superior, but the Publican compared himself with the divine standard and found himself wanting. Therefore, the exercise of prayer, which in the one resulted in self-assertion, in the other resulted in humiliation and self-rejection, and so the one profited and the other did not.

After bestirring ourselves to elect those who are to represent us, it becomes us to elect what we ourselves will represent: Whether justice and progress, charity, mercy and effort, or sloth, luxury, and self-indulgence. For our lives are after all only figures of what we intend. Our representation can be either strenuous

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and sincere, or careless and hypocritical. Its intellectual grasp is measured for us by nature, its moral appropriateness and efficiency is determined by our own will exercised at once in energy and discrimination. ~~X~~ Should like to append a few pages on this theme as a coda to my essay on Representation.

January 15th, Tuesday. Contradictions mark our limitations. We cannot grasp the whole truth, but see first this side and then the other, experience sometimes, but not always, making clear their points of compatibility. One man has one partial glimpse, that of another seems to contradict his own. We see, too, one aspect in youth, another in age; we cannot anticipate the extension of mental vision, which length of life gives. Inclusive superiorities are the rarest and most precious, working by the subtlest and widest sympathy. Exclusive talents and convictions are more common, operating by antagonisms and mental strife, which stirs but does not solve. Christ's was an inclusive eminence. The Supreme is supposed to include in one knowledge all times, successions, individualities, and experiences. This is the ideal of truth as one, static in itself, dynamic in its influence.

January 16th, Wednesday. Out early. Worked at the Owl Club from 11 to 1:30. Got it finished again, but it is not worth so much trouble, being only intended for a jeu d'esprit. It made me realize, however, the justice of Horace's remarks on the greater difficulties of comic composition, as compared with tragic. Headache all day, which became severe under pressure of prolonged work. Gilmore in the afternoon, to say that the magazine is unprosperous, and that he cannot afford to pay me any salary, but will pay me for my contributions, which I doubt. Our bargain is thus at an end. I have received ninety dollars, which I have surely earned. I offer to edit for one month longer with pay only for contributions. Am scarcely surprised, for I have expected this. At 7:30, I went to Indiana Place to conduct the meeting in the vestry. Subject, the Kingdom of Heaven. The situation was most novel for me, - having been ill and at work all day, I was feeble, but did my best. Mr. Shackford helped us, and Mrs. Dall. A Transcendental lady talked stuff about Peter, vitality and sincerity.

January 17th, Thursday. The worst snowstorm I ever remember to have encountered. I went out, but was forced to put in at the Masonic Temple for a moment of rest and shelter. Had to take a carriage to get home, price one dollar. Gloves 1.25, to wear at the Winthrops', where I am to dine. Fashionable invitations frighten me, as I can't give the necessary time and attention to dress. Read in Fichte. Mrs. Bansenau and Perabo came to dinner at 2 P.M., and were very pleasant. A little before six I went to the Winthrops', had to walk to Beylston St., the Court being blocked up with snow. Only by vigorous spading was the access to the Winthrops' house kept clear.

January 18th, Friday. (A list of purchases.) Studied as usual. Symphony Concert in the afternoon. Carl Rosa and Dwight came home with us dinnerless, the eatables quoted above were hastily purchased by me for them. (Beefsteak, etc.) Our tea table was very merry. Dressed and went to Mrs. A Robeson's, where I read the Owl Club, which was better received than I ^{had} expected, in fact very well. I feared it might prove dull. Moses Jenkins of Providence made an excellent recitation of supposed adventures of Mrs. Brown in Paris, at a play.

January 19th, Saturday. Read Fichte with little profit, the part * * * being dialectic and bewildering.

January 20th, Sunday. To church in the morning. An interesting sermon. After coming home, I wrote a few verses which came to me in church. Then I began a second Owl Club, which promises to be better than the first. Wrote nearly all the rest of the day upon this, leaving off sadly tired. Visited Helen Bell. Before tea, heard manuscripts. Afterwards received a visit from E. George Squire, an American

nondescript, former minister at Nicaragua, graduate of Yale, traveller and explorer in Peru, director of Frank Leslie's publications, and now lecturing at the Lowell Institute. He seemed a little confused with plinium deus (vide Virgil, whom I quote incorrectly.)

January 21st. Monday. Resumed Fichte, but am floundering about, finding his meaning more and more difficult of interpretation.

The twelve apostles shall judge the twelve tribes, inasmuch as the Christian doctrine judges the Jewish.

January 22nd. Tuesday. After reading Fichte. Contemplation (Anschauung) is empty and feeling blind. The conjunction of the two constitutes our normal consciousness. The ideal is always negative of what is. It asserts only that the thing realized is not the thing sought.

This seems to me to account for the negative character of criticism and the antagonism of reform. Skepticism, in this point of view, may often be the mere negating of form in behalf of substance, an abortive and immature idealism. Religious idealism, nevertheless, remains a higher stage alike of thought and of consciousness. What element adds itself to the negative perception of the insufficiency of what is, to constitute the energizing faith in what shall be, I feel scarcely able without much study, to define. I should think it was the element of practical sympathy, with the needs and goods of human life, glorified by that ultimate and complete sympathy with the absolute perfection, which is the highest result at once of feeling and perception.

January 23rd, Thursday. N. P. Willis's funeral. Chev came home quite suddenly, and asked me to go with him to the church, St. Paul's. The pall bearers were Longfellow and Lowell, Drs. Holmes and Howe, Whipple and Fields, T. B. Aldrich and I don't know who. Coffin covered with flowets. Appearance of the family interesting. The widow bowed and closely shrouded. Thus ends a man of perhaps first rate genius, ruined by the adoption of an utterly frivolous standard of labor and of life. George IV and Bulwer have to answer for some of these failures.

My tea party was delightful. Friendly, not fashionable. We had good talk, and a lovely, familiar time.

January 25th. Friday. Received notice today that, on my return of two receipts enclosed, I shall receive \$1428.57 from Uncle's estate, being my half yearly income from the same. Received at same time \$26.97 from Stonington stock. The larger of these sums makes me a rich woman, and I am frightened to think how I might waste this money and relax my exertions to make the most of time and other gifts. I pray God that I may not do so.

January 26th. Saturday. Opposition. Chev's is one of the characters based upon opposition. While I always seem to work for an unseen friend, he always sees an armed adversary and nerves himself accordingly. So all of our lives turn somewhat upon what I may call moral or personal fictions, which are to us what mathematical and legal fictions are to the operations of their respective sciences.

This subject of opposition deserves to be worked out further.

January 27th. Sunday. Heard J.F.C. Took my dear Franciscan (Marion Crawford) at his request with great pleasure, feeling that he would find there a living Jesus, immortal in influence, instead of the perfumed and embalmed mummy of tradition and orthodoxy. Sermon had less continuity than usual.

Thought that the whole language of passion in literature, art and religion is but an argumentative expression of the simple, sober truth. The Catholics' rarefied and variegated experience is not greater in solid contents than the Quaker's denuded faith, less perhaps, since much of the power of moral resolve is often wasted in emotion. There is negative and positive in all religion, as in all thought.

Fichte's word about the negative character of the ideal was new to me. It is most helpful in connection with existing phenomena. But Christianity has a positive ideal, and this is its greatest comfort.

January 29th. (Criticism on Fichte.)

January 30th. Wednesday. Of that which is not clear, one cannot have a clear idea. My reading in Fichte today is of the most confused.

February 4th. Monday. Headache. Some study. Saw Gilmore. Chev had a pleasant and primitive little supper, which we all enjoyed.

February 5th. Tuesday. Studied somewhat, revised critique on George Sand's "Dernier Amour". Corrected proof of Owl Club No. 2. Saw Gilmore; proposed that I should write a serial for N.L. at \$5. per page less than the Tribune would give me for my easiest writing. I may do it, but think not.

February 6th. Wednesday. Freedom is God's equalizer.

February 7th. Thursday. Chev came dancing in to tell me that Flossy is engaged to David Hall. His delight knew no bounds. I am also pleased, for David is of excellent character and excellent blood, the Halls being first rate people and with no family infirmities (insanity or blindness). My only regret is that it must prove a long engagement, David's father not having been a prosperous man, and David himself being but a very young lawyer.

(I omit two passages about Fichte, which seem unimportant.)

February 12th. Tuesday. Finished Fichte's Grundriss des Wissenschaftslehre, and read also his brief address Über die Würde des Menschen. The latter is quite a cordial after the former. Ferrent, sympathetic and religious. I wish I could write a good study of Fichte, but fear my brain would give out. To read him has been a great fatigue. To review him would involve a painful retrospection of the ground gone over. I may yet endeavor to do it.

February 14th. Thursday. All's up, as I feared, with Northern Lights in its present form. Gilmore proposes to go to New York and to change its form and character to that of a weekly newspaper. I, of course, retire, and, indeed, despite my title of editor, have been only a reader of manuscripts and contributor, - nothing more. I have had no power of any sort to make engagements.

February 15th. Friday. I had rather die, it seems to me, than decide wrongly about going to Europe and leaving the children. And yet I am almost sure that I shall do so. Chev clearly wishes me to go, on Julia's account mostly, but a little perhaps on his own. Whether I go or stay, God help me to make the best of it. My desire to help Julia is a strong point in favor of the journey. It would be, I think, a turning point for her.

February 22nd. Friday. Busy all these days. Have nearly finished the heavy volumes of Fichte. Wrote to Mrs. Hartshorn, proposing to read in Providence, and to Sarah Clarke, proposing to read in Newport, for the Crestans. Wrote various other letters.

February 23rd. Saturday. Quite busy. Read in Fichte. Chev has taken our passage in the Asia, which sails on the 13th proximo. So we have the note of preparation, and the prospect of change and separation makes us feel how happy we have been in passing this whole winter together. God send us many more.

February 24th. Sunday. Rev. S. Osgeed preached in his discursive and affective manner, quite ably. He gave a very picturesque and interesting sketch of

the Booth marriage, a group of which the assassin made one.

In the evening, had to go to the meeting for Cresta at Indiana Plaza Church. Found matters at a standstill, waiting for Chev, who was not able to be present. My coming explained this. Osgood then began by reading Chev's appeal, a very good document, which placed him and his audience in possession of the facts of the case. He then made quite a long and effective address in behalf of the Crestans, followed by Judge Russell, who did exceedingly well. Last of all I made a brief address of a dozen sentences, and read my poem. The whole was very well received.

February 25th, Monday.. Had a pleasant small party. Nasby came and was very pleasant. Earnest, honest and intelligent. (Petroleum V. Nasby.)

February 28th. Thursday. The Winthrope met me in the street and would not bow to me. Perhaps because in my jocosse article on "Receptivity", I mentioned "state dinners", having recently dined in state with them. They would hardly, however, be ill bred enough to show displeasure in this way, where they have no occasion to feel it. Their dinner was very agreeable indeed.

March 1st, Friday. To club at the Brewers'. Met the Winthrope, who were cordial as usual, so that the circumstance noticed yesterday was probably an accident. "The Morning Call", acted by Sam Eliot and Mrs. Col. Ritchie, entertained the club charmingly. The Brewer house was sumptuous and really very fine. Lighted azure, and with a great display of beautiful things, an interesting portrait of Franklin hung in the third story. Home supperless and in good time. Brewer's table was, however, amply spread.

March 7th. Thursday. Journey to Providence and back. The day being deplorable and the streets almost impracticable from wet snow, ice and rain, my audience was a small one; very pleasant it proved, however, though I could not be quite sure how well I had pleased them. My day at the Hartshorns' was most pleasant: they are very friendly and hospitable. Met Sam Quinoy in the cars. Got home safely.

March 9th. Saturday. Ran about much. Saw Miss Roger's deaf mute pupils at Mrs. Lanson's. Very interesting. Saw a charming little Miss Lippitt, deaf mute from Providence. She spoke quite pleasantly. For the first time in these days, got a peep at Fichte.

March 11th, Monday.. Very busy. Went to Roxbury to read at Mrs. Harrington's on corner Highland and Hawthorne streets, for the benefit of the Crestans. It was a literary and musical entertainment. Tickets one dollar. We made one hundred dollars. My poems were very kindly received. Afterwards in great haste to club at Sophia Whitwell's, where I received a great ovation, all the members greeting me most affectionately. Presently Mr. Quinoy, with some very pleasant and complimentary remarks on Dr. Howe and myself, introduced Mrs. Silsbee's farewell verses to me, which were very cordial in feeling. Afterwards, I read my valedictory verses, strung together in a very headlong fashion, but just as well liked as though I had bestowed more care upon them. A bouquet of flowers crowned the whole. Really a very gratifying occasion.

March 13th. Wednesday. Departure auspicious. Dear Maud, Harry and Flossy on board to say farewell, with Dwight, Warner, and other good friends. Many flowers, a smooth start, with a little seasickness of course, - unavoidable. Still, the best first day at sea I ever passed. Julia rampant, walking incessantly. Laura quiet but not seasick.

March 17th, Sunday. The ship surgeon read the church service very poorly, but without much pretension. A mild, comfortable day, so smooth as to allow me to make all the entries hitherto recordable of the voyage. (N.B. These have been omitted by L.E.R., being very brief and unimportant.) Our acquaintances on board are mostly these, H. Platt of Oldham, his brother Sam, and Newton, friend and agent of

the house, a very large machine manufacturing establishment; J. B. Lawrence, whose pleasant wife stays mostly in her state-room, being seasick, Mrs. Hovey and daughters, Mr. Morse, her son-in-law. The Captain of the steamer is a plain, pleasant Scotchman, very kind to my girls.

March 18th. Monday. A very unpleasant day, being rougher than heretofore. I did not give up to seasickness, but dreamed miserably through the day, incapable of any occupation, except that I gave a lesson in German to Mr. Leavens, an intelligent Yankee, bent on culture, from the second cabin.

(N. B. On first observing this man, we made up our minds that he was a criminal of the worst description, his countenance being singularly forbidding. He proved to be a most harmless and amiable person. L.E.R.)

March 19th, Tuesday. Mrs. Lawrence came up, the weather was quiet. She sits on a cushion on the deck, her back against the mainmast. I come up every day after breakfast, stay on deck until luncheon time, go below, but do not eat. Read Howells' Venetian Life, or Laugel's book on America, as long as I can. Talk with one person and another, dine, go on deck again, - tea at half past seven, then whist with Chev, the girls and the captain.

March 20th, Wednesday. Nothing especial to record. Our English acquaintances are not of the progressive sort. They are sometimes - at least, Newton and the surgeon - quite rude and absurd in their disparagement of things in America. The Platts show a little more breeding and seem hearty and good-natured people. S. Platt makes nightly what he calls "the great brew", a compound of eggs and ale, taken hot. He has a Hogarthian head. Both brothers are very typical of their class. Henry is a regular fox-hunting squire, only twenty-five, but promising to be too heavy for the sport.

March 21st. Thursday. Mrs. Lawrence is my greatest resource on board. She is a pretty, vivacious and natural person with (I should say) a good character and mind. Her husband is pleasant and intelligent.

March 23rd. Saturday. Stopped at Queenstown in the night, and took an pilot. Soundings at 11 A.M. All occupied with the prospect of arrival tomorrow. The weather so thick that we cannot see the shore, which would otherwise have been in sight all day. Spent the latter part of the evening in Mr. Platt's cabin on deck - which we call Plattsville, where Samuel, with a white towel before him, performed the great brew, to our great amusement. Mrs. Lawrence and I did not drink, but various male friends participated.

March 25th. Monday. Arrived safely at Liverpool after the easiest passage I ever made. Had, of course, some dizzy and unsettled hours, but only moments, and not days, of seasickness.

Went to the Washington Hotel. Took cordial leave of friends of the first and of the second cabin. Sent note to Wm. H. Channing, desiring to see him. In the evening, came a Greek committee to visit Chev, afterward Mr. DeKaye.

March 26th. Tuesday. Left Liverpool by Birkenhead Station for Chester. After dinner, went with the girls to the Cathedral. Old sexton fully showed it to us. Cloisters, chapter house, cellar or crypt and monuments. I regretfully gave him 4s.

March 27th, Wednesday. Chester. Began what may be a sketch of our adventures, such as they may prove. Chev ill from chill and fatigue of day previous. I took Julia to walk. * * * *

March 31st. Sunday. London. Lunched with the Bensons, whose palatial residence moved me not to envy. This seems an idle word, but I like to record my satisfaction in a simple, innumerable life, without state of any kind, save my

pleasant relations and good position in any one country. Mrs. Benzon has grown stout, but is otherwise little altered. She asked me to come alone to dinner in the evening. First, however, I called upon Mills at 34 Hyde Park Gardens, thence upon Mrs. Ambassador Adams, who was quite cordial, then in a frantic hurry home to dress. At Benzon's I met Robert Browning, a dear and sacred personage, dear for his own and his wife's sake. He sat next me at table and by and by spoke very kindly of my foolish verses about himself and E.B.B. I mean he spoke of them with magnanimity. Of course, my present self would not publish, nor, I hope, write anything of the kind, but I launched the arrow with the easy petulance of those days, more occupied with its force and polish, than with its direction.

April 3rd, Wednesday. To Lady Stanley's at 5 o'clock tea, where I met her daughter, Lady Amberley, and Sir Samuel Baker, the explorer of the sources of the Nile. Dined with the Benzens, meeting Browning again.

April 4th, Thursday. Breakfast with the Dilberglous, 13 Bursbury Park, where we met Alderman Cotton, who will one day be Lord Mayor, a very pleasant occasion. Took the girls to the Tower. Suffered extreme pain, while there. Tea with Miss Cobbe at 4 P.M. Met the Lyells, and a small pleasant lame clergyman. Dined with the Malas family, Greek, - a most friendly occasion. Afterwards went for a short time to Mrs. Thomas Ralli's, a very wealthy Greek widow, who received us very ill. Heard there Mr. Ap Thomas, the Welsh harpist, who plays exceedingly well. The pleasure of hearing him scarcely compensated for Mrs. Ralli's want of politeness, which was probably not intentional. Saw there Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, the latter wore an upper satin tunic over a white dress, and a necklace of lion's teeth.

April 5th, Friday. Breakfast with Mr. Charles Dalrymple at 2 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, where we met Mr. Grant Duff, Baron McKaye and others. Tea at Lady Trevelyan's, where I was introduced to Dean Stanley of Westminster, Lord Somering, who had been in Greece, Lady Belper, who invited me to call upon her on my return, and young Milman, son of the Rev. H. Lady Stanley was Lady Augusta Bruce, a great favorite with the Queen. Dined at Argyll Lodge. Found the Duchess serene and friendly, the Duke seemed hard and sensible. Lord Lorne, the eldest son, very pleasant, and Hon. Charles Howard and son most amiable, with more breeding, I should say, than the Duke. Chev was the hero of this occasion, as the Duchess always liked him.

April 10th, Wednesday. From Paris to Macon. Chev, and Julia were late, which hurried our departure and caused us to miss Conway. I was in a very ill humor, but did not strike anybody. We had the company of a pleasant young Englishman with a small child. Found Macon disagreeable.

April 11th, Thursday. From Macon to Lyons and thence to Valence, a dirty, out-of-the-way place. Stopped some hours in Lyons. Cazart's Café, Boulevard Imperiale. Equestrian statue of Napoleon I. At Valence, Chev and I happened into a place of entertainment, where we were told that a Conference de philosophes. We found a little man rhapsodizing to a very respectable audience on the subject of the poets of France, Lamartine, A. de Musset, Hugo, and so on. The whole was quite a surprise to us.

At Lyons saw shop with this inscription, "The mister speak English."

April 13th, Saturday. At Marseilles, visited the Church of the Bonne Mère de la Gorge. Climbing a long, steep ascent, all glittering white from the calcareous soil, we came to this church perched on the highest spot in Marseilles. It is new and very singular, high and narrow, with side chapels like a Roman basilica. A particular superstition seems to consecrate the Madonna of this church. The walls of the side chapels are covered with offerings "ex voto", most of the pictures commemorating the occasions of special gratitude which prompted them. Many of these represent small children in cradles, with despairing mothers kneeling beside them, and the Virgin and Child appearing in the clouds as the source of the miraculous deliverance. One picture is of a carriage accident, on the edge of a

precipitous road. The inmates of the char-a-bancs escaping very narrowly, being pitched over. Another shows a successful operation for cancer, the patient lying bleeding and the surgeons trussed on a table beside the bed. Others have such inscriptions as "Monstre te, Matrem, salus infirmorum(?)", "Tous par Marie", "Marie m'a exaucée."

April 14th, Sunday. Today we have left Marseilles, under a most lovely sky and over the smoothest sea imaginable. We hurry on towards Rome, wishing to show the girls something of Holy Week. We shall, at least, make out Good Friday and Easter Sunday. The company on board our little steamer is a motley one: a pleasant French Canadian; two priests are young and amiable; a young Buenos Ayrian, who speaks good English; a group of three Spaniards; ~~two~~ unexplained boys, with red and blue ribbons round their hats, who speak English with their companion. The most religious act I can perform is to take pen in hand. That is, at least, an abstraction from mere reality.

The coast of the Mediterranean, which I have never before been able to enjoy, looks lovely and magical today, with its slight floating mist. The awning is up and we are all comfortable. Conway most jubilant. May this last!

Made the acquaintance of Federico Balparda, a young Buenos Ayrian, very genial and intelligent. Also of a Canadian and of a French priest. The former, travelling in secular clothes and with a lady, was mistaken by me for a good, debonaire husband, and made acquaintance with accordingly. Wrote a little on the sketch of travel which I have begun.

April 15th, Monday. It did last through yesterday, and we dined and took tea in all comfort. But on going below, I had a severe spasm of pain in the groin, so sharp that I could scarcely get my clothes off. My throat also was severely sore all night, so that I slept ill. Ashore today at Genoa. Visited the Brignoli Sala Palace, where we saw a number of Van Dycks, several Guides, pictures by Carlo Dolce, and Caravaggio. At Genoa, I expended 8 francs for linen lace, which we much dearer in America. Chev decided to take a vettura and go to Rome at his leisure via Spezzia and Florence. Laura and I held to the boat and reluctantly parted from the others, Julia and Chev and Conway, the latter of whom came on board the boat with me. The night was very rough, although the sky was beautiful, and the steamer rolled inconceivably. I never remember such a tschu-bohu. I have been suffering from severe sore throat, which the vomiting did much to relieve. I was lonely for the others, however.

April 16th, Tuesday. We arrived early at Leghorn. Breakfast on board. Did not go ashore till 10 o'clock. Balparda, our Buenos Ayrian friend, undertook to conduct us to Pisa. Our expenses, with cicerone, carriage, railroad, and all amounted to 15 francs. Laura's Leghorn flat 10 francs. Expedition gay and pleasant. Visited the four buildings, Duomo, Campo Santo, Leaning Tower and Baptistaria, where I heard once more the lovely echo. We returned to the steamer, whither a group of musicians followed us. We dined immediately on our departure. I.e., I tried, but could not. Was sick and went to bed at seven. Arrived at Civita Vecchia at 8:30, where the whole ship's company were long detained, waiting for the permit to land. We were famished, all of us. I paid the stewardess 5 francs, 5 to the steward, 4 sous for a loaf of bread. At 10:30, to my amazement, a commissionaire came on board with a permit for us and our luggage. To our own great amazement and that of our companions, we were at once taken ashore. I have here written, by mistake, two days in one.

April 17th, Wednesday. Seven francs for the thankfullest breakfast at Civita Vecchia, including a tiny chamber, where we washed and ~~rested~~, and where I wrote three pages of my notes of travel. The commissionaire took us to the hotel, where we breakfasted and rested. Took a carriage to the station, 1 franc. Paid commissionaire 5 francs for services. Tickets to Rome about 20 francs. L. Terry had desired the consul to send a commissionaire for me, and had sent down a lasia lasare from Rome who met us at the station most kindly and took us to the carriage, where I found my sister, unseen in so many years. She made me at home at once, and I passed the evening in great contentment.

April 18th. Thursday. At 11:15 A.M. to St. Peter's, to show Laura the Lavanda and the tavola. N. B. They are very carefully washed first. The crowd was great. The ill behaviour extreme. At 2 P.M., the doors of the Sixtine were opened for the ladies, who rushed in wildly. Men were not admitted till 4 o'clock. The office of the Tenebrae did not begin much before 5. In the midst of it, came a pause, during which a door on the right of the high altar opened, and the Pope entered, escorted by the gardia nobile, and took his seat upon his throne. The office then proceeded. The Treni did not compare with those remembered by me in the chapel of St. Peter sixteen years ago. The Miserere, Baie (Raii ?) and Allegro was unique and weird, but, as music, not first-rate.

April 19th. Friday. It is the golden calf of old, which has developed into the papal bull.

April 20th. Saturday. A stroll down the Corso and Via Condotti. A drive and visit to the Villa Borghese and its Casino, filled with interesting sculptures. I forgot Palazzo Schirra in the morning, where I quickly found my old favorites. In the evening to see the washing of the female pilgrims' feet, and their supper, at the Trinità dei Pellegrini.

April 21st, Easter Sunday. To St. Peter's at 9:30. To get a good seat, in one of the tribunes, one must go at 6 or 7. We put Laura, Mimoli in the tribune, Annie and I remaining outside. We wandered a little, saw the crowd with its brilliant and its dingy aspects, found a good resting-place in the right aisle, to hear the music of the office. The important point was the sounding of the silver trumpets at the Elevation of the Host. Heard a Salutaris composed by Mustafa well sung. Met Shakespeare Wood and was introduced to his wife. Met also Edward Metley, Hamilton Wilde, and Louisa and Helen Bangs. Heard and saw the Pope's benediction. The Pope's voice is still wonderfully powerful and distinct. The spectacle was at once gay and imposing. Had a good view of the Abbé Liszt, who has a strong German face..

April 23rd, Tuesday. The Borghese Gallery in the morning, with Louisa and Annie Crawford.

April 24th, Wednesday. Foley's studio. Landscapes. Afterwards, a very little writing. Then a concert, at which I saw the Abbé Liszt. His vanity and desire to attract attention were most apparent. Saw a stately Italian, Prince Gaetano. His fine black hair contrasts with a single white lock, a family heirloom. The music not eminent. A Quatuor of Filipo Filippi (who is he?), a sonata of Schumann for pianoforte and violin, a trio of Ronsard of the Romantic school, fantastic and brilliant. Dinner at Miss Cushman's. After dinner came Miss Skinner and the Coolidges of Boston. She read poems of E. B. B., pleasantly, but not singularly well.

April 25th, Thursday. With the Terrys and Annie Crawford to see the Barberini Library, with precious manuscripts and early editions. We saw a famous manuscript Bible in Samaritan characters, a famous book of Greek litanies, a manuscript Dante, ancient and very fine, an early printed Dante with comments in Tasso's handwriting, and a thin volume of Galileo's autograph letters. To dine with the Story's. A pleasant, informal dinner. H. Wilde was there, with whom I am to breakfast tomorrow.

April 26th, Friday. Breakfasted with Wilde. Breakfasted charming. Afterwards visited Story's studio. Found him greatly improved, but not yet a great original artist. His Medea frowns from without, not from within. Freemans in the evening, and Inman.

April 27th, Saturday. In the morning with Julia and Conway to the Vatican, where we saw the pictures very well, though the Transfiguration ~~was~~ and

Communion now hang in a glaring light, which shows all the ravages of time, particularly in the former. Saw the Nucleo Braccio. In the afternoon, drove with Louisa. Found a most lovely drive between the main road and the aqueduct out of the Lateran gate.

April 28th, Sunday. In the morning to the American service, which was pleasant. The sermon dry, but of the new intellectual type, preaching good works and edification, not sentimentalism and ritualism. In the afternoon with L. Terry to see the Tomba in Piazza Navona. A great and very dirty crowd. Two conspicuous brass bands, with five ophicleids in each, and cornets and other things in proportion. There were drawn a quaterna and quinquina and four tombolas. A priest stood near me with a ticket, anxiously watching the numbers. Many people near me had tickets. The "limonaro chivolo beve ohi a comandato questo limone". He was most industrious in handing his wares about - a quarter of a lemon squeezed in a glass of water. He had also glasses of agente. The style of the Piazza is grandiose, though it is not now occupied by any noble families. Braschi (?) Palace to be drawn in the lottery. We went in to look at a fine marble staircase.

April 29th, Monday. Borghese Gallery with Laura, Julia and Conway. Then to the Corsini, which I have never before seen. Luncheon with Chev, very pleasant. Then to drive with Louisa on the Pincio and out of Porta Pia. A most lovely view of the mountains.

April 30th, Tuesday. In the morning to St. John Lateran. First the church, where we visited the Corsini Chapel and crypt, in which I caught a cold which made me ill. Here is a marble pieta of Bernini. Several tombs sculptured in cardinals and other emblems. Chapel of the Holy Sacrament is splendid, with four columns of antique gilded bronze. Over the tribune, saw an insignificant orwolfix attributed to Giotto. Gave the sexton one paul. Then to the Museum, where we saw many antique marbles, bas reliefs, and fragments from Via Appia. A fine mosaic pavement entire from the Baths of Caracalla. Curious fragments of mosaic pavement, representing the remains of a feast, fish bones, lobster claws, etc. In the afternoon, to the Baths of Caracalla - then to the two colubarii discovered since my last visit, wonderful things to me. Then a long drive on Via Appia. Returned very ill. Went to bed at once. Arose at 9 and dressed for Hecker's strawberry party, where I made the acquaintance of Gen'l and Mrs. King, our minister and lady. In the morning, visited also Mrs. Story and Santa Maria Maggiore.

May 1st, Wednesday. Chev, with Julia and Conway, left for Greece, via Ancona. I am not very amiable about this departure, unwilling to trust Julia without a woman's care in so uncomfortable a country, wishing also much to go myself. * * * * To the Vatican Library at 10 A.M., with Count Gregois, whence we viewed the splendid halls, with sumptuous tables of polished granite, vases of malachite and Sevres china, the baptismal font of the French Prince Imperial in grandiose Sevres. Saw innumerable carvings, a carved wooden cross, said to have belonged to the Knights of Rhodes, ivory and other carvings from the Catacombs, Beccaccio's transcription of Dante, a palimpsest essay of Cicero, De Republica, found in the Vatican by Cardinal Mai and published by him, the Nozze Aldobrandini, fragments of ancient frescoes. (L.E.R. omits further details of interesting objects.)

May 2nd, Thursday. In the Corso to Via Condottii, with Minelli and Laura. Collar and cuffs of very good old lace for \$5., a foolish purchase. Took my bill of exchange to Hecker.

Dined with Charlotte Cushman at 2 P.M., then joined the archaeological society's visit to the old church of San Clementi, descending to the ancient basilica under the church, which was lighted for us, and thence to the building under the crypt, supposed to have been the house of St. Clement himself. The old basilica was a very extensive one, but is now divided by mason-work necessary for the support of the earth and buildings over head. It has been anciently filled in

between these columns, and the walls thus formed are still adorned with curious religious pictures - Saints - Popes - Madonnas - a very rude crucifix - the Crimean legend of the girl found in the subterranean church in which she was accidentally left by her mother, the sea only receding from the spot once in the year, and thus allowing entrance to the church - Christ giving benediction after the Greek fashion and a Pope also doing so.

May 3rd. Friday. Vatican in the morning with Laura, and Minelli. Saw the Apelle Belvidere, Laocöon, etc., etc. Then to the Etruscan museum with an ill-smelling outside. Etruscan sculptures very rude. Tombs with effigies of two high priests - Etruscan and Greek vases, tazzas, and bronzes; a funeral pyre of bronze on which the dead were burned. On it were found bones and ashes. Near it, large bronze braziers for sacrifices. The pyre looks not unlike an iron bedstead. (Further details omitted by L.E.R.) In the afternoon to Castle of St. Angelo. Cagliostro's prison. Beatrice Cenci's, where she stayed ten months. Guide accompanied her confessor in disguise and painted her through a small aperture in the wall. Then Benvenuto Cellini's, and the window from which he escaped. The hall in which Beatrice was tried and condemned, the door through which she passed walled up and on it a fresco of her defender, waiting for her sentence.

May 4th. Saturday. Out early with Laura. * * * * at 11 with Emma Cushman to Villa Escozoki, where we walked, heard nightingales and talked long. I timidly unfolded my desire of reading an essay here, which Emma and Laura talked down. I shall, however, try it. In the afternoon to the Catacombs of St. Calixte. Dr. Smith's extraordinary attentions to Laura. A lecture on the Catacombs, recasting in the afternoon sun. Three miles in extent. Solid contents, one square mile. (Detailed description of Catacombs follows.)

May 6th. Monday. Shakespeare Wood's studio. Great improvement in sixteen years. Saw my old medallion of that date done by him - poorly modelled, as he says, and making me very fat in the face. I asked him whether I could have the room of the British Consulate for the reading. I went home and began some invitations. Propose to read tomorrow. Wood called at 1:30 to say that I might have the room, and to tell me of his affairs with the Black family. In the afternoon, I wrote and left as many invitations as I could. In the evening, Col. McKaye called. My arrangements for the reading were covert, because I did not wish the Terrys to have any trouble or responsibility about it.

May 7th. Tuesday. In perturbation about my reading. Told my sister of it and wrote to Mr. Terry at his studio. They took it kindly, but would have arranged it for me at their own house, which I did not wish them to do. The day was, to me, a nervous one. I was so afraid to have caused vexation to the dear and friendly household. My sister was, however, perfect. Poor Meriu (or Merisi), my old friend, paid me a visit. Not expecting to find him in the house, I did not recognize him for a moment, which wounded him a little. I found him not much changed, except as to his hair, which was quite gray, and formerly coal black. He was sweet, kind and quite pathetic. (Passage descriptive of Villa Albani.) At 9 P.M., found an excellent audience in Palazzo Poli. Many of them much estranged from each other. The Storys, Cushman party, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Freeman, the Woods, Dr. Lyman, Hecker, Miss Stebbins, Mr. Lookyear and many others. An interesting hour to me.

No entry next day.

May 9th. Thursday. Journey from Rome to Naples, something over 14 soudi. (Follows a list of expenses, fees, etc., with the comment, "A ~~series~~ series of miserable impositions.") At hotel (Naples) we order tea for one, bread and butter and strawberries for two.

May 10th, Friday. Carriage to Musec. (List of expenses.) Musec Bourbonico. The old favorites. Many new objects. Mosaics from Heroulaneum and Pompeii. One represents a cock-fight, the genius of the victorious cock, bringing a crown and palm, that of the conquered drooping and turning away. A small bronze from Pompeii finely finished and remarkable. (Detailed description and careful entry of every article of food ordered)

(N. B. Through some miscalculation, we had not brought enough money, and many of the meals are very slight. L.E.R. Account of the visit to Pompeii is given in much detail, but omitted, as there are no personal remarks.)

May 15th. Wednesday. Sorrento. * * * * Beggar's opera. Dagato me qu'ossa murga macaroni. A copper rain. Madame held for a moment this cabbage stalk, which can be of no possible use to me. Madame give me something for having given it to her to hold. One penny! Oh, one penny is little, Signora! The terrible heat made it difficult to visit the ruins thoroughly. The steep ascent, thermometer nowhere. Rook from Tiberius threw his victims. Long sloping way to the sea, a groove running on either side over which, it is said that Tiberius sent his guests in a carriage attached to two cords. At a given moment, the carriage was jacked back, and the unfortunates fell into the sea.

May 16th. Thursday. Enjoying the delicious rest of Sorrento. Rxx A little lonely, but we shall probably find friends, as usual. Wrote up account of Catcombs, and read in Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo. Must look at his David in Florence. * * * *

May 17th. Friday. Memo. to revisit the Sistine Chapel. (Account of various sightseeings).

May 19th, Sunday. The sad anniversary of my dear Sammy's death, remembered by me the evening before with anxious thoughts of those at home. We attended the English service at the Tramontana Hotel. The service ritualistic, the sermon poor in thought, attendance small, the foreign season being over, at Sorrento. The day very fine. Saw Mrs. Story. Wrote and read in Grimm's Michael Angelo. Mr. Green, American consul-general, called on us. Also Miss Laura Redden, an interesting deaf person of twenty-five, nearly dumb from mismanagement, having been sent to Hartford on losing her hearing and educated there without speech. At church, we saw Mr. Richards of Boston. In the evening, we called upon his family at the Villa San Severino and saw the poor young Prince, nineteen years old, deserted by his Russian mother, in early life, and obliged to let his villa for a living. Also a Russian prince.

May 20th, Monday. Farewell, Tasso's Sorrento.

May 22nd, Wednesday. Rome. * * * * Harriet Hosmer's studio. She sees no one there. Her work seems to me vapid and pretentious. A small group of Gibson's contrasted favorably with it for action and intention.

May 23rd. Thursday. * * * Studios of Mozier and of Rogers, the former quite full. Both have considerable skill, neither has genius. The statues of Miss Hosmer are marble silences. They have nothing to say.

May 24th. (Sightseeing.)

May 25th, Saturday. Maud's pin, \$5. Flossy's locket, \$7.50. My gold pin \$17. Ditto ear-rings \$9. Ditto setting of green mosaics, \$4. Aof these follies I feel quite ashamed, and purpose never to repeat them. In the morning, visited Castellani's establishment with Duke Sarmeneta, taking also Laura. C. gave Laura a little Etruscan vase. (Sightseeing.)

May 26th, Sunday. Early to English service and communion. The latter I much prefer in the manner in which I am accustomed to it, but, even in this, it was a boon, and brought fresh hope and joy into the discontents and perplexities of personal life. I remembered the confusion of my mind when I was here sixteen years ago, and recognized how far more than equivalent for the vivacity of youth, now gone, is the gain of a steadfast standard of good and happiness. To desire supremely ends which are incompatible with ~~no~~ one's happiness, and which promote the good of all - this, even as an ideal, is a great gain over the small and eager covetousness of personal desires. Religion gives this steadfast standard, whose pursuit is happiness. Therefore, let him who seeks religion be glad that he seeks the only true good, ~~off~~ which indeed we constantly fail, and yet in seeking it, are constantly renewed.

Collection five cents, contrasting meanly with my outlays this week in Roman jewelry. I propose to do better (I had no other change). Foley dined. Advised me against reading in England. I carry about my poor enterprise, as Hamlet did the murder of the king; The cross light of two centralities (Chev's and mine) not allowing a clear view of the subject, free from doubt. At 6:30 to the Chiesa Nuova (San Filippo Neri), where I found the filthiest crowd and the best singing I have heard in Rome. (Illegible) to Poggioli was kindly helpful to me. Told me the names of the different pieces. * * * * In the evening, Miss Cushman and the Woods to tea. Mezier and Freemans dropped in. The latter stayed to tea. The charming tea table - my birthday cake was brought in, with forty-eight candles on it, the number of my years. Hocker after tea, and Mezier, who was pathetic. Hattie Hosmer and Mrs. Carr. The whole a pleasant occasion.

May 27th. Monday. This is truly my birthday, kept by anticipation yesterday. Was up until two this morning, packing. Up again at five. Breakfast at 5:45. Farewell to dear Louisa and her interesting family, of whom Nannie is my great favorite. All of them, however, are dear, and L. Terry has been very kind to me. (List of expenses.) A very fatiguing day. Our carriage much crowded with a Cuban family, with a child of two years. They proved very pleasant and knew many persons whom I remember in Cuba. Their father was Jenks of the Caravra (?) (vide "Trip to Cuba"). Florence at 10 P.M. Dr. Appleton met us, most kind and helpful. Lodgings. Tea and strawberries.

(The entries at Florence are largely visits to galleries and details of this picture or that.)

May 29th. Wednesday. In the National Gallery in London is the Madonna which Parmigiano was painting when the troops of Bourbon broke into his studio. They were so much struck by it, that they did not molest him. Mass in Santa Croce for the victims of '48. Wreaths and floral trophies.

May 30th. Thursday. * * * * Visited the two graves - E.B.B. and Theodore Parker. Came also upon the monument of Theresa Pulzki, whom I regret and especially am sorry to have neglected her correspondence.

June 2nd, Sunday. * * * * Attended the Vaudais Church, 51 Via delle Seragliu. Heard M. Gimnat, a Vaudais. The service quite simple, in Italian, - congregation singing "Old Hundred" - ~~ex tempore~~ prayers - reading of Old and New Testament - recitation of Lord's Prayer and Creed. Sermon not distinguished, only tolerable, with little thought, but with a good, sincere tone and fervent delivery, a little nasal. This Italian Protestant service was, for me, in itself very interesting. The denomination (the Waldenses) venerable. I wish them success and the preaching of practical, ideal Christianity.

June 6th, Thursday. Arrived in Venice soon after 8 A.M. Met in the cars a most pleasant Englishman, Captain Rowley, R.N., ~~on~~ his bridal tour with a young and rather pretty wife, less genial than himself. I find that he knew the

Crawfords and Terrys at Sorrento. He spoke warmly of poor Jenny, who had made, he said, many sore hearts on board his ship. We changed cars at Bologna. From Florence, my companion was a most pleasant Venetian lady, who has been five times in England. After waiting some time at the depot, we got into the carriage of the other train. This was nearly full. Captain Rowlet (a stranger) very kindly put out effects (strapped bag and all) upon the shelf above. After some sleep, we entered into conversation. I found him very agreeable, and with a tone of fine breeding. Has been twenty-three years in the Royal Navy. Commanded one of the ships that brought the Prince of Wales to America. Hotel Barbessi. The Fresca (procession of gondolas). My intense fatigue. I sat in the Barbessi balcony to see it and slept most of the time.

June 7th, Friday.. Awoke at 9 A.M., very unwell, with the panorama in my head, which I dreaded so much. Was scarcely able to dress, but breakfast brought me round. Got Chev's letter, inviting me to Greece. Resolved to go. Went to the American consul, who kindly found a lodging for me.

(Venetian sightseeing, two or three days.)

June 10th, Sunday.. Dear L. Terry and family surprised me by sending for me to Hotel Barbessi. They will stay this week, which opens for us a most pleasant prospect. To Scotch Church, where heard Mr. Campbell preach an indifferent sermon, well intended, but poor and narrow.

June 13th, Thursday.. Departure from Venice. * * * * Watched the last of the lovely lights - lamps of the Piazza Tower. Goodbye, beautiful Venice!

June 15th, Saturday. Embarked (for Athens). Sea soon became rough. Incessant rain. Count Lunzi of Zante. His daughter spoke English. Mrs. Hill's school. Mr. Macherohich and sister, she sick, he a Lloyd's agent and American consul at (blank). The Count quite a theologian, understands Baur and the German methods. Has published works on philosophy, which he will send me. * * * *

June 17th, Monday.. Aegean mountains. Shore of Albania. Nothing strikes me. I have been struck till I am stricken down. Sirocco and head wind. Vessel laboring with the sea, I with Guizot's "Meditations", which also have some head wind in them. They seem to me inconclusive in statement and commonplace in thought, yet presenting some facts of interest. A little before 2 P.M. we pass Fano, the island on which Calypso could not console herself, and no wonder. At 2 we enter the channel of Corfu.

June 18th, Tuesday. Much of the day passed in sight of the headlands on either side. We reach Corfu at 5 P.M. Boat on shore with Consul Macherohich and sister. Drive, ices, flowers. Back to steamer. Fresh figs. We take on board Ahmed Pasha and suite, harem and all. Excessive luggage, furniture, kitchen ware, mattresses, and bedding for the women, trunks. Finally the women came on board, showing of their faces only a triangle formed by their muslin veils, which concealed hair, forehead and mouth. Five ladies take up small stateroom intended for four, with five children, one an infant of eight months. Baggage and men came first on board, then women and children. The women had a timid air, and were very awkward. Their beds once spread on the deck, they crouched and conversed more like cattle than like human beings. Some of the children slept on deck with the women. Laura and I were alarmed at this incursion of strange creatures with strange properties of all kinds. We feared cholera and plague. The pasha came last on board, a stout, elderly man of perhaps fifty years of age, in English dress and lavender pantaloons, gold stripe on shoulder.

June 19th, Wednesday. At Corfu, we left old Count Lunzi and figlia en route for Zante, also Signor Lieutrot. We missed their endless talk, for they sat

and gabbled of mutual acquaintance and all the gossip of the day as incessantly as any two women, and worse. Continued to observe the Turks. A slave boy, Ali, brought the pasha's little boy, three years old, to the women on deck. He came on board in a cashmere pelisse, lined with fur, and a dirty pink skull cap, with a large gold coin or medal attached. Very dirty little underdrawers of calico, with large pattern, and wadded under jacket. An Irish servant's child in Boston, got up for Sunday, looks far cleaner and better. Pasha's little girl, six years old perhaps, wore a common and dirty calico dress and trousers, a wadded sack of pink twilled stuff, cotton or wollen, a handkerchief tied about her head. The women mostly appeared wrapped from head to foot in one envelope, like a bedquilt, white and red. Underneath they wore drawers of colored calico. Large shoes, often of man's size, mostly without stockings, some of them barefoot. This morning a portion of the deck was fenced in for them by a canvas. Here they remained, waited on by an old man in a dirty cotton gown, whom they called Baba. We reached ~~Smyrna~~ by 10:30 A.M. I was up very early. The pasha sent me some of his coffee, which I could not refuse, although I had already had my cup. Mr. Sapenzaki came on board, and soon after came Evangelides. Each wished to take us to his house. I went with E., first leaving my trunks on board the boat for Pirée. Then to E.'s house, where Marieje, his good little wife, received us very cordially. E. presently took me to pay visits. (N.B. These visits are fully described in "From the Oak to the Olive", so I omit the description here. L.E.R.)

June 20th, Thursday.. Arrived at Pirée at 4 A.M. Got up and dressed. Found the commissioner sent by Chev. Took carriage for Athens. A long drive on emptiness. At half way, got a sugared morsel and some cold water. The view of the ruins enchanting. Found Chev and Julia well, the latter seems much quieted and was very affectionate and glad to see us.

June 23rd, Sunday. Greek mass on board Russian frigate. Bentikoff, the commander, recognized me at once. Dejeuner afterwards. Talk of the old friends. I thought of the pleasant occasions on board of the Oslaba. Captain M. de Charlemagne qui a l'honneur d'être l'homme du monde. Visited the Stillmans' yacht. * * * *

June 24th, Monday. Drove to Piraeus and went on board the Greek frigate bound for Nauplia, where Chev will distribute clothing to Cretan refugees. We arrived in the harbor of Nauplia by 7 P.M. Harbor shallow. In a boat to the shore. Many people there to see us land. Mere curiosity. The quay made me think of Naples. Crowd in the street. Bandit's head just out off and brought in. We go to the prefect's house, a brisk little man. His sweet wife encouchée. He offers us his roof, sends out for mattresses. A number of people drop in and talk with Chev, prefect and Antoniadès. We sit on the balcony. Very cool. Gliko and water. I had with my mosquito bites. Mattresses on the floor. We women, including Miss Antoniadès, lie down, four in a row, very thankfully. Telegrams. Prefect's excitement.

June 25th, Tuesday.. Up at five to ascend Palamedes, the great fortress built by the Venetians and impregnable save through treason or starvation. A steep and painful ascent. I was much fatigued, but not much worse than the young people. Major Zambacopolus, major of cavalry, waited upon us in uniform. The fortress has a terrible ascent, and many independent bastions, several huge cisterns for rain water, two old Venetian cannon which served in the Revolution of 1862. The Greeks took it from the Turks by treason in the first Revolution. Coffee in a bedroom at the top. Then visited the prisoners, and then the condemned, mostly brigands. One of them a remarkable-looking man, blue eyes and Saxon complexion. Looked up at us pathetically. Probably a very resolute fellow. One begged for two hours of fresh air instead of one, suffering from his eyes. We saw them in a court, commanded by a guard of soldiers from above. ~~XXX~~ Their prison behind looked dismal. Breakfast with the prefect - boiled rice, eggs, olives, cheese and bread.

Then en route for Argos. Morians geminis. Stopped at a delicious garden, with shady trees, seats, flowers, vines and a little fountain, at which the bees drank.

We stopped to see the Cyclopean ruins of Tiryns, Cyclopean walls, a curious cave, in which Chey used to stay somewhat. An inclined roof, forming a rude open arch, without keystones. Large stones, nicely laid, formed the side, open at either end. Some of them very large, some flint.

Plains of Argos. Acropolis of same. We go to the magistracy, and he finds a house in which we can be received. We go and find a good house, neat for these parts. No carpets, a divan in the corner, European looking centre table and chairs. We implore mattresses, which are brought and spread on the floor. We lie down and sleep, 12:30 P.M. At two, we rise, dress and go to distribute clothing to the Cretans. Some extremely bare and ragged, with suffering little children. Our calico skirts and sarques made a creditable appearance. We gave with as much judgment as the short time permitted. Each name was called by a list, and as they came in, we hastily selected garments. The dresses, however, gave out before we had quite finished. Home to dinner at 4 - fish, bread, cheese, olives, wine like a medicine, cherries, very kindly given, salad of cucumbers without vinegar. Then again to the Cretan settlement to distribute clothing. Ungrateful old woman who wanted a gown and would hardly take a chemise. Meddlesome old lady of the neighborhood, bringing in her favorites out of order.

Walked to the amphitheatre, hewn in solid rock. A splendid ruin, far higher than the Coliseum. Seats of the higher classes formerly finished with marble slabs, much better preserved than those of the plebs. Village, goats, children. Four mattresses on the ground. We lie down. I do not sleep for fleas and bugs.

June 26th, Wednesday. Up at four. No coffee. Gliko and water. Drove to visit the (Tomb) of Agamemnon, a singular, Cyclopean structure. Over the entrance is a prodigious stone, twenty-seven feet long. The inclosure is round, formed with large stones, diminishing to the top, which is very small and has an aperture, admitting the light. An inner room is called the Treasury. It seems to be hollowed out of the rock, has only one entrance, no light and no window. The stones have been covered with a sort of stucco. We gathered and lit some dry brush and saw this cave by the light it made. Thence to Mycenae. The gateway of the citadel is still standing, surmounted by a sculptured stone, two monsters, one on each side, with the column between them. This column was the emblem of (blank). Agamemnon saw this gate. It is mentioned in one of the Greek dramas. A good deal of the wall of the citadel is still standing. A wonderful ruin. Poros(?). In the evening, arsenal, a fine one. Back to ship. Washed my fevered hands in brine and felt them healing.

June 27th, Thursday. Up at five. On shore at Egina to see the ruins of the temple. We found two donkeys with a wooden pack-saddle and a little rope for a stirrup in case of a rider. I took one, Miss Antoniades the other. As the way was rough and the saddle a small seat without support of any kind, I found it difficult to keep my seat. Somehow, the ass and I scrambled up together. The columns are pure Doric, very fine. Louis of Bavaria took several fine sculptures from here, which now adorn the Munich Bibliothèque. A splendid marble lion was taken from this temple by the (blank), and lowered to the shore. They had to saw it in three parts to get it on board of their craft, which so enraged the peasants, that they came in the night with their hammers and broke it all to pieces, - a deed of savage heroism. View from the temple most beautiful. Came down on foot. Breakfast on board at 10 A.M. Home to Athens and the hotel.

June 30th, Sunday. Went to the exhibition of musical performances at the Arkasien. This is a very large school, instituted by a very wealthy Athenian lady for public instruction. It has many boarders, and more day scholars. The former pay a moderate sum for a good education, the latter little, and some nothing. The externes and internes are educated separately. They have the same teachers, but separate classes. The musical performances were very bad. The girls perhaps much

frightened. Prince John, the Regent, had a conspicuous fautail. Near him sat M. Melas and M. Nicolaï~~skides~~. When the music(?) was at an end, a brief address in Greek was made. Two of the girls were had up for good conduct and after a talk from Melas, Prince John presented the best scholar with a paper representing a prize in money, given from a foundation for the purpose presented by a Greek lady in London. We lunched very early and went to Eleusis, scene of the mysteries. Anagnostopoulos went with us. A fine drive. We stopped thrice on the way to water the horses, once at Daphné, where Apollo's encounter with the young nymph had place. Here we found a few rose-laurels (oleander) and got some. Part of the drive led by the sea, and was charming. Eleusis is an Albanian village (colonized). The costumes quite picturesque, the women in redingotes of white cloth without sleeves and with two heavy strips of black embroidery down the back, their long braided hair falling between the two. I went into one house, asking permission. A white-washed hut, quite cleanly, but rather empty. A small fire of sticks, with a pot boiling. The old grandmother sat on a lot wooden chest. I saw no other furniture. Several women with infants sat and stood around. The ruins utterly broken in pieces. The extent of the temple monstrous, mostly covered by the present village. Two handsome Corinthian capitals. Some blocks of fine marble and some fine pavement of the same. Not a column left in any shape.

July 1st, Monday. I had a party in the evening., (List of names) perhaps twenty-five or more. Gave them lemonade and ice in very good style. A very pleasant evening. The Stillmans were in town and spent part of the day with us. They are very pleasant. To Acropolis with G. Finlay.

July 4th, Thursday. Musical entertainment at Mrs. Hill's school. Performances quite creditable. Prince John, Swedish chargé's lady very pleasant. Danish national song, King Christian, Star-Spangled Banner, God Save the King (Greek). A pleasant occasion. In the afternoon went to Miss Baldwin's and assisted in giving clothes to the Cretans. Went with the American consul to the Botanical Gardens, where we strolled and eat ice in celebration of the day.

July 5th, Friday. Visited the University of Athens with Mr. Parakevaldes. A good structure. A fine library and quite respectable museum, a fine lecture hall, where prizes are given, with side galleries for ladies, etc. Before this, I went to see a small but good collection of antiquities belonging to Mme. Neocast, a widow, who wishes to sell them, her fortunes having declined. She is quite an elegant woman. The collection is very nice. She wishes to get two hundred dollars for it, and will only sell the whole. In the afternoon went to the Greek church to distribute clothing to the Cretan refugees. Laura and I worked three and a half hours, and were very weary.

July 6th, Saturday. Weather grows very hot. We sigh for Switzerland. Chev to Syra. Finlay takes us to the museum.

July 8th, Monday. We spent the day mostly in writing up notes, reading Muir's "Greece", etc. Went shopping with Mrs. Melas in the afternoon. Visit at 7:30 from young Paparopoulos, who translated into Greek my poem on Crete. He is a poet, has been crowned here. Is also a student and reader of Plato and Cousin, the latter of whom he over-esteems. Then came Parakevaldes, then Mr. Finlay. * * * * * Anagnosto was also here. To Mrs. Hill's afterwards, where I enjoyed two hours very much. I mentioned my essays to her. She responded quite cordially. I may possibly read at her house.

July 9th, Tuesday. At 5 A.M. to the columns with Anagnosto and Parakevaldes. We take coffee. Mrs. Hay and Miss Baldwin met us there by invitation. We passed an hour there most charmingly. Miss B. asked me to read at the Acropolis and promised to invite her friends. At about 6 we left the hotel to go there. The afternoon was most lovely. Quite a pleasant company were assembled (List of names). I

read Mrs. Browning's "Dead Pan", my verses on her grave, "Amanda's Inventory", "Philosophy", and recited "The New Sculptor". The poems were very kindly received. Mr. Masson afterwards recited some pleasant poems, two translations of his own from Greek poems. Afterwards we rambled about the majestic ruins and enjoyed the prospect. Miss B. regaled us with cake and lemonade. Dr. H. had chairs brought. We stayed till 8:30. The occasion was delightful to me and is quite an epoch in my later life, but I was not quite up to it.

July 10th. Wednesday. Up at 5:30, ready for Kephessia. At 7 came M. Nikolaidis to see if we were ready, and Magnesto with the carriage. Soon after we started. Three gendarmes on horseback accompanied us. On the highroad we met the carriage of the N.'s and M. Laskarides, a Greek of Asia Minor, from Brussa. A most pleasant drive. Marcoussi, a small village - the café - four peasants playing cards. Breacing mountain air. Kephessia - fine house built by a wealthy Greek, left to his wife, also dead, now to nephews in Italy. Source of the Kephesus - Kephali. Beautiful clean water. Wine factory. Grand piano. Mme. Kolocotroni and her mother staying here, not at their villa. Two children. A walk out. A hot day, but with a refreshing breeze. Table for their breakfast set in a small arbor. Spacious rooms of the house. Portrait of the mistress in blue velvet with rings. Opposite ditto of master with best broadcloth and fez. Old lady's gray hair in bureau drawer. Dinner at two, wine of Kephessia. The Greek plane tree. Gossip of the village. People from town passing the summer. Afternoon sleep. Mrs. Browning's poems, "Isabel's Child". Discussion of demos and aristes. M. Laskarides talked of himself and his country. Why Greek Church cannot be reformed. Pleasant drive home.

July 11th, Thursday. Up at 5:15 to spend the day at the monastery at Hymettus. We start soon after 7, taking some luncheon with us. The Constantines' carriage. Balking horse, bad road. Arrival soon after 8. Breakfast in a small court of the convent. Some Greek mechanics making a feast in the large court - a lamb roasted whole on a stick in the open air, cut up with knives. A low table. They offered us each a bit, saying "Leutharia", offering at the same time a dirty cloth to wipe our hands. We eat the meat with our fingers, finding it good. They offer wine, which we decline. They sing and dance in a grotesque but not ungraceful manner, in a line, holding hands, one leading in the gestures and movements. At moments the leader shouts, leaps up, bobs down and then up. In another dance, they all suddenly lie on their backs and then arise. In another they touch the ground with their noses. In another one goes round pouring wine and putting it to the mouth of each, spilling badly which caused a great shout. They were very merry. In the court a small chapel.

July 12th. Friday. My reading at Mrs. Hill's is fixed for this evening. * * * * * Got out my essay on "Duality". Read it over twice. Wrote also on my notes of travel. At 6 P.M. put on my bonnet and went to Mrs. Hill's, Julia going with me. * * * * * I found a very pleasant audience assembled in the drawingroom, larger one than I had ventured to anticipate. I felt quite strong and read as well as usual. Afterwards, by request, recited my Flag poem. I was much gratified at the reception of my lecture. The poem, too, seemed to give pleasure. Accept, O Divine Master, my efforts to serve Thee! Thou art He that hath said, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

July 14th, Sunday. Up early. To Greek Church with Laura and Chev. A mass chanted through the nose, with no instrumental and scarcely any vocal music. The bishop held candelabra containing, ~~each~~, three or four wax tapers: tied in the middle in a sort of sheaf with black ribbon. The priest in gold brocade, with very Oriental head. One with a head and air like pictures of St. John. Men and women separate. On the women's side, near the entrance, a sort of reading desk and before it a circular row of tapers burning. Two or three elder women stood here and made some motion to me, which I could not understand. We did not stay long. Afterwards to Dr. Hill's service.

July 15th, ^{Monday} Tuesday. This day we regarded as our last in Athens. I made several farewell visits and arranged a little scènes d'adieu. We expected to leave the next morning for Syra en route for Constantinople. Made the acquaintance of Mrs. Skinner. In the afternoon went with the girls and Anagnoste to the Academy. None of Plato's olive trees are left, not one. Then to the Acropolis, which we did not then expect to see again.

July 16th, ^{Tuesday} Wednesday. Chev was ill with headache and we could not leave. Julia took, as usual, faithful care of him. He was better in the afternoon. *****

July 17th, ^{Wednesday} Thursday. Cannot recall the day's occupations. Walked to the Acropolis at 6 P.M., a great exertion on account of the heat. Miss Kalliope went with us. We sat long in the Parthenon. She read to me from the Antigone of Sophocles. We walked slowly home. In the evening came Chev's budget from Crete with all the Cretan news.

July 18th, ^{Thursday} Friday. Intense heat. We busied ourselves as well as we were able. * * * * *

July 19th, ^{Friday} Saturday. We saw Mr. Finlay, who made an appointment to meet us tonight at the columns of Jupiter Olympus. We first took a drive. * * * * At the columns at nine o'clock. No Finlay. We waited with Spire and sent away the carriage. I was suddenly attacked with violent cholera morbus, could scarcely get home. Old woman came and made me tea of idicma, something like our pennyroyal, which relieved me much. * * * * *

July 20th, ^{Saturday} Sunday. Up at 4:30. To breakfast in the Acropolis. Chev could not go, and I had to make the exertion, being very lame and weak from last night's attack. Paraskavides and Mrs. Skinner came with us. We were very cool and enjoyed the occasion, although I was far from well. We breakfast just before the little temple of Victory. Came down soon after 8, and began the labor of packing, which was heavy and much interrupted. (L.F.R. omits items of leave-taking, etc., of little interest.) Soon after 7 we departed. The Aegean was calm and blue. We clung to the last views of the Acropolis. Thus, with great pleasure and interest and some drawbacks, ends my visit to Athens. A dream, a dream.

July 21st, Sunday. We passed the greater part of the day on board the boat which brought us to Syra. Evangelides came in the afternoon. I had written him a note, but had not been able to send it. Consul Canfield came with us to Syra and gave us a row in his boat. The last day in Greece - in spite of the heat, an unpleasant one. I would willingly suffer more to see more, but we have had enough of the hotel at Athens, and Chev would make no further plans for us. He has changed his, and we left him at Syra, to go back to Athens, which seems on the whole best. We embark between 7 and 8, with a stormy sea. I find that the shawl bundle has been left, so I get a boat for two drachmas. It dances so that I can scarcely get into it. I go back to the other boat and find my bundle, finding also Chev, with whom I have a few parting words. The evening is very confused and disturbed. Several shrieking children, the boat greatly crowded. We go to bed betimes. Start at midnight. We have on board a pasha going to Janina to take the place of our old pasha of the first voyage, also a bey, his aide-de-camp, also the bey's wife, with several slaves. The women were kept, as before, in a part of the deck partitioned off by a curtain. They were very sensick. The bey's wife wore a handkerchief of violet crêpe round her head. She was unwell, but pretty. The prettiest woman was the wife of the Albanian, spoken of on the next page (he may have been a Turk). She had wide black eyes and a charming smile. I sketched her and her baby. They all wore loose gowns and trousers of dirty calico. Hers was yellow, another wore pale green.

July 22nd, Monday. Pretty rough. We are well. Many are sick. We make

various acquaintances, among others that of a very pleasant Armenian lady and daughter of Constantinople, Mme. Mikrambeduz, also with an Armenian monk, very pleasant, Père Isaac of Vienna. The tall Albanian in short saque of vermillion quilted calico carries about his baby, who is teething and ill. I make an incoherent remark about his toilette, not knowing that he understands French. The next time I see him, he is in Frank dress, as nice as possible, with a new fez. A Turk of the pasha's suite came and sat in our saloon, dressed in white cotton drawers and a long calico night-shirt, bound at the waist by a strip of colored cotton. His costume was far from clean. He also wore glasses and the fez. He is a fanatic, dresses in this way to show us disrespect, and will not eat with Christians, so does not come to table.

July 23rd, Tuesday.. Went on shore at Corfu at about 5:45, returning at 6:50. Expenses in all ten francs, including boats, ices and valet de places. The steamer was so hot, that it was a great relief to be on shore, Corfu being at this hour very breezy and shady. Everyone says that the Ionian islands are going to ruin since the departure of the English. This is partly the want of capital and enterprise, so it would seem as if people who have no enterprise of their own must be content to thrive secondarily, upon the enterprise of other people. The whole type of Greek life, however, is opposed to the Occidental type. Its luxury is to be in health and to be satisfied with little. We Westerners illustrate the multiplication of wants with that of resources, and vice versa. They seem so far to illustrate the converse. Whether this opposition can endure in the present day, I cannot foresee, but this I can see, that Greece will not have more luxury without more poverty. The circle of wealth enlarging, will more and more crowd those who are unfitted to attain it and must be content with food and raiment.

July 24th, Wednesday. On board the Austrian Lloyd's boat, America, en route for Trieste. This is the first day on which writing has been practicable. Made acquaintance this morning with Mr. Triandephili (Mr. Rosa), a Thessalian Greek, educated in Transylvania, speaking Greek and good German. In the evening the elder of the two Armenian priests, Père Michel, gave us a discourse on the demonic and the divination of future events. Only God, he says, knows what is to happen, but that which is already happening at a distance the demonic can see and communicate. "What has the demonic for his trouble?" asked some one. "The pleasure of rendering men superstitious," answered Père Michel, not unwise.

He is eighty-two years old, has lost his teeth and speaks with a little difficulty. He afterwards began to relate a story of Job in illustration of his views of the demonic.

July 25th, Thursday.. Arrived at Trieste at 6 P.M.

I will say here that before going ashore at Corfu the Turkish women made their toilette, which consisted in putting on clean muslin yashmaks and in drawing over their dirty calicoes a respectable-looking over-all of black stuff, a sort of serge, something like alpaca. This being done, they were at liberty to show themselves, and so came up on deck and sat there.

July 28th, Sunday, Venice. Arrived at the Piazza at about 7:30, after a prosperous, but disagreeable voyage. I had a sofa and rested somewhat upon it, but passed most of the time on deck, where I wrapped myself in a shawl and dozed. Julia persisted in remaining up all night, though I often entreated her to lie down. At last, she joined me on deck. Here we saw the moon rise late but de-crescent. The dawn and sunrise ushered in by a rainbow. L. and I grew quite tearful, as we saw beautiful Venice come out of the water, just as we had seen her disappear. At the health-station, we were fumigated with chloride of lime. * * * * The Barbers could not take us at our former snug rooms, but Mr. B. went round to show us some rooms in Palazzo Cambré, which he offered for seven francs per diem. We were glad to take them. * * * * We visited San Marco and then proceeded to install ourselves in our new lodgings. Ordered a dinner of six francs, which proved abundant. Took a long sleep from one to four P.M., not having more than dozed in the night. Our lodgings

are very roomy and pleasant, two large rooms, quite well furnished, two small ones, which we give up to Julia. We expect to enjoy many things here, and all the more as we know something of what is to be seen.

August 1st, Thursday. To Malamocco this morning, with three rowers. The row beautiful both ways. I had to give the man a franc for breakfast at Malamocco. This is a small settlement at the very entrance of the lagoons. It was strongly fortified by the Austrians. We saw little of interest, visited the church, saw a girl stringing beads for sale, with a tray full of beads and a bundle of wire needles perhaps six inches long. Another wore large gold earrings. The houses here looked very comfortable for people of the plain sort. Coming back, we stopped at San Clementi, an ancient church, undergoing repairs. Within the church we found a marble tabernacle with solid walls behind the high altar. It might be forty feet by twenty, and twelve or more in height, divided into two compartments, one a small cell in which any refractory priest was confined in old times, the other a small chapel for the performance of mass. Behind its altar a small open space with a grating allowing the prisoner to hear mass.

August 4th, Sunday.. (Details of sight-seeing.) To Italian Protestant preach (church?). Signor Camba, quite taking and eloquent, criticized the unChristian doctrines of the Romish Church. This is part of his work. I was interested in his discourse. (Further details of sight-seeing.)

August 5th, Monday.. We left Venice this morning per 10:30 train for Verona. Great row with custom house officers. I did not know of this examination, was not prepared for it. Forgot our unmade dresses, did not declare them. Had to pay a fine for smuggling, which I did not intend. I lost my temper and was very angry, to my great mortification all day long. An hour at Verona. Took a carriage and saw the amphitheatre. (Details of sight-seeing.) Before leaving Venice, gave Constbl Colton my last napoleon for the Italian Protestant church. I record this because I am sorry to say that my benefactions in the money line are not large.

August 6th, Tuesday.. Started with vetturino for Innsbruck via the Brenner Pass. Splendid day's journey. Stopped to dine at a pretty village, name forgotten, where I bought some needles. The inn was once a convent for nuns, as was obvious by its form and arrangement. A fine view of the mountains from the back of the house. The little convent garden had a garden house with tables, etc., probably now used as a place for drinking beer. Slept at Mittelwald, a picturesque hamlet with a little church, a stream, bridge, and a short string of houses. Chev wanted to stop at a forlorn place at 6 P.M., but I pushed on, and we were all glad in the end.

(No entry until --)

August 9th, Friday. Munich. Pinakothek, revisited after twenty-three years. The unborn baby of that period now standing beside me, a grown and rather wilful woman, whose future gives me great anxiety. In this gallery the Rubens pictures are the best feature - two fine heads by Rembrandt. (Further details of pictures, etc, in Munich.)

August 12th, Monday. Dreamed much last night of A. Sumner, of his death and of a parting much like what we made. Left Neuhausen at 2 P.M. Bought at Schaffhausen a new umbrella for Laura, 5 frs., and one self, same price. Arrived at Zurich. Walked out in the street. Met Jeannie Marecu, brought her to the hotel, drove with her to her boarding-place, pension Rindenknecht, on a hill, a charming situation. Saw her husband and children, very pleasant. She is entirely like what she always was, sincere, sensitive, with high notions and feelings. Her opinions a little narrow for her intelligence, her character noble and disinterested.

August 13th, (Account of sightseeing at Zurich.)

August 14th, Wednesday. Left Zurich at 6:30 for Lucerne. Arrived at latter place at 8:30. Swan Hotel, good. Breakfast. Thorwaldsen's Lion. Chev, by mistake, took us a long way round to see this, which was quite near the hotel. Tired me much. Sat and made a sketch, very poor as usual. At 2 P.M., took the boat for Hergeswyl(?). At 3:30 or somewhat later, began on horseback the ascent of the Pilatusberg, much higher than the Rigi. The road is very fine and my leader was excellent, yet I had some uncomfortable moments in the latter part of the ascent, which was zigzag and very steep. Each horse cost 10 frs., Trinkgeld besides. We stopped at the lower hotel, which was a mistake. Saw the sunset and moonrise and went early to bed, preparing to rise at 3:45 to see the sun rise from the higher point. Rose by mistake at 12, washed, dressed and called Chev and Julia. Chev looked at his watch. I had no watch and was in the dark. Went to bed again.

August 15th, Thursday. Rose rather late, at 4 A.M., Dressed hastily and started on the upward zigzag, carrying my night bundle, as the guide did not appear. But for this bundle, I should have kept the lead, but it embarrassed me much. The guide took it at last. Our enjoyment of the sunrise was rather short and hurried. I should say that the ascent distressed me exceedingly for breath and in the symptom of severe thirst. My ears also ached through the rarefaction of the air. Enjoyed a near and magnificent view of the Snow Alps. Breakfasted at 6 o'clock. Bought an Alpenstock for Laura. Began the descent. We hired a return horse, upon whose back I occasionally got a little relief from extreme fatigue. The beast both slipped and kicked at flies, so was uneasy and not very safe. Chev gave out badly and rode much of the way home. We stopped but little to take rest. Reached Alpnach very weary, with lame right knee and left ankle. One horse carriage to Sarn (?), where I dined.

August 16th, Friday. We drove to Lugarno, starting at 4:30 P.M. and arriving at 7 P.M. A pleasant road, but involving quite an ascent. Our stopping-place was a pretty little Swiss village, quite hidden in the mountains, with good beds and very dry sheets. Started very early for Brience, finishing the ascent and descent of the Brunig. At Brience took boat for Interlaken, a lovely sail. Arrived before 10 A.M., in a famished condition. Hotel Victoria, much too fashionable. Walked out with Laura. Met Mrs Mary B. Motley, with her three daughters. She greeted me most kindly. Weather became very hot. (Details of small purchases.) Music at the hotel. Saw the silent Duke Gastane of Rome, married, I suppose, with the young English lady, Miss Wilbraham (?), to whom he has been betrothed for some time. At 5, we took the omnibus to steamboat and by this to Thun, with some Americans of the sort that set one's teeth on edge - gold bracelets, diamond earrings, brassy manners. Julia ate naught all day.

August 17th, Bayern. Chev unwell, but not in much pain. Valet du place. Bearpit. Fine green enclosure. Minster - choir very good, also architecture. Two monuments, one carved and painted in wood, like a Swiss toy. Lounge with Laura along the Arcade. Crazy pattern, 50 centimes, Laura's bear, 50 centimes. Organ concert in the evening. The organ concert was made up of music of the clap-trap and trashy order, given mainly to show the power of the instrument, which is certainly a fine one. Perhaps one hundred persons were present. As they came dropping into the dimly lighted church, they had rather a ghostly effect. L. and I walked home rather timorously, but without let or hindrance.

August 18th, Sunday. Left Bayern soon after 10 A.M. Before this we went to the Cathedral, hoping to hear the chorale before the sermon. Bot there too late. Heard instead the sermon, which was dry and wordy, but more instructive than high mass in Latin. A numerous congregation, mostly bourgeois in its aspect. Many of the

women being in costume, which is becoming more and more partial. We did not stay to hear the sermon out, but hurried back to the hotel, took the train. Stopped at Friburg, saw Cathedral, heard another organ concert, also very poor, although the instrument is very fine. Dined. Drove to see the railroad bridge, and drove over two suspension bridges. Left Friburg at 4 and reached Lausanne by 7 P.M. Hotel Richemont, very comfortable.

August 19th, Monday. I leave by 8 o'clock for Geneva to join Louisa. Arrived soon after 11. Find my friends established much to their minds in a first-class Swiss hotel, too expensive for me. Still I take apartments there to be with Chev and girls arrive in the evening by the boat, having visited Chillon.

August 20th, Tuesday. Spent the morning mostly with my sister. In the afternoon drove to the Rothschild villa - very rich and grandiose. A pierced hose for watering the grass, sending up little streams on its whole length. Cage of monkeys. Capucine, Rigole.

August 21st, Wednesday. Visited dear old Dr. Goss and wife and also Mme. Marcel, all very cordial. The old doctor is failing, but seemed as vivacious as ever, his blue eyes quite sparkling. He embraced Chev at parting. I showed him the watch which he helped me to buy (on her wedding journey). He overwhelmed me with brochures of his own composition upon a great variety of topics. He engaged to send his son in the evening. Accordingly, at 8, Goss the younger presented himself; an energetic, decided man of about thirty-five, with a not bad opinion of himself, a great Lacustrine explorer. His time is much occupied, yet he promised to meet us at 9 next morning and to show us at the Museum the Lacustrine remains. He invited the Terry-Crawford faction to accompany us.

August 22d, Thursday. At 9 Goss appeared and we were en route for the Museum. He opened the cases and showed a great many stone tools, which he called pre-historic, and which my sister persisted in calling antediluvian, saying that, as we have the Biblical history of the world before the Deluge, the earlier times cannot be called prehistoric. She will probably persist in this opinion. Goss gave me a hatchet head of a stone called jade. He showed us grains and bread from the Lacustrine remains, also wild apples, and cultivated ones. The visit was quite an interesting one. At 5.30 we went to dine, with good Mrs. Wurtz. The Terrys and Mr. and Mrs. Pollard Urquhart. Found that Mr. U. is a Liberal, friend of J. S. Mill, and has voted for female suffrage. After dinner, at Mrs. Wurtz's request, I recited "The Flag", the lines on Mrs. Browning's grave, and the Battle Hymn. This, which gave them pleasure, pleased me yet more, since I count no joy so great as that of uttering my best inspirations, a joy as great as it is rare.

August 23d, Friday. In yesterday's chronicle I should have said that from the Museum I went with Mme. Pasteur (daughter of Mme. Marcel) to the house of Mme. Erard, who has built a picture gallery and given it to the public. The gallery was respectable, the house very fine, nobly built, with a delightful suite of apartments and garden. Mme. Marcel asked us to dine and I accepted. She invited Louisa, whom she had not previously seen. Louisa declined, but suggested that her daughter Annie should go in her place. The dinner, which was on this day (Friday) was very pleasant, but we drove out in an overpowering rain. Without M. Betan, who went with us, we should never have found the campagne of Mme. Marcel. She and her daughter, Mme. Pasteur, were most agreeable. Her youngest daughter, Mme. de Candelle, seemed a little wayward. Her husband was quite agreeable,

August 24th, Saturday. Ordered to pack for 11 A.M., respited till 2 P.M. This gave us a chance to visit the library with M. Betan. Bust of Henri Quatre given by him to the city of Geneva. Quite a collection of portraits. Some valuable manuscripts, autographs of Erasmus, Calvin, Luther and many others. Portrait of Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri Quatre. Some fine illuminations. Returning, I called upon Mme. Wurtz. At 2 P.M. we took the boat for Lausanne, thence took the train for Yverdon, where we arrived at 8:20. The rain obliged us to wait nearly an hour for a carriage to convey us from the station, a severe exposure as we had to wait outside, but it could not be helped. Supper at last, and bed.

August 25th, Sunday. Travell'd, reaching Basle at 6 P.M. Three Kings' Hotel. Chev very angry about rooms. The people rather cool, but civil enough. We found tolerable rooms in the dépendance of the hotel. L. and I dined at table d'hôte. I had felt unwell all day and grew worse after dinner. Had a violent bilious attack, which lasted all night and next morning, until I saw a homeopath, who gave me arsenic and pulsatilla, relieving me speedily.

August 26th, Monday. Passed the whole day in bed, at first in intense pain - one spot in intestines severely sore. No external applications availed, such as hot water, mustard poultice, nor camphor and laudanum taken internally. The hom. med. cured me very soon.

August 27th, Tuesday. Get up rather late, packed and departed, leaving Basle quite unseen. Stopped at Mühlhausen. Dinner. A dull place, and rainy afternoon.

August 28th, Wednesday. Travelled all day (to Paris). Paris in the evening, and Conway. Drove to Rue d'Argenson, No. 15, near Boulevard Hausman.

August 29th, Thursday. Exposition.

No further entry until

September 1st, Sunday. Notre Dame in the forenoon. At 12 to hear a military mass at the Hotel des Invalides. Dined at a café near the Madeleine. In the afternoon to Bois de Boulogne, and also to see the Jardin d'acclimatation. In the evening called on Mrs. Carr and obtained L. Hunt's address. Mrs. C. lodges on the floor under us and is very pleasant. She told us of C. A. Bristed's engagement to Grace Sedgwick, which much amazed me.

September 2d, Monday. Napoleon's Tomb. Found Louisa Hunt, who was as natural and kind as possible, and invited me to breakfast tomorrow, which I intend to do. Spent much of the forenoon in beginning a piece of tapestry after a Pompeian pattern copied by me on the spot. Walk with Laura Mailliard in the evening, very pleasant.

September 3d, Tuesday. To breakfast with the Hunts at 10 A.M., an interesting visit.

(Entries of the 4th and 5th are details of sightseeing, etc.)

September 6th, Friday. Early with Laura to dressmaker's to see about dresses. * * * Wrote to Apthorpe, not, of course, interfering with Chev's orders, but begging if the house should be sold to look out for something for us. Perhaps I ought not to have written to Apthorpe, but my perplexed mind could not rest without doing something.

No entry of any consequence until

September 11th, Wednesday. Spent the morning with Laura in running

about. Bought 11 francs' worth of laces and ribbon at a mercerie, of which \$1.25 was of her expenditure. Coming home, found Mary Lodge invited to lunch, which became dinner, so long did we wait for it. We then called on the Benzons, finding M. at home and Mme. ill in bed.

Nothing of consequence until

September 15th, Sunday. Versailles, a most fatiguing day. Palace and two Trianons. I felt much the worse for so much work on feet. It must have been four hours. (Details of sightseeing, as are also the entries for the next two days.)

September 18th, Wednesday. Hunt's studio, visited with great pleasure. Much beautiful work. His genius very versatile. Two landscapes from Normandy very individual and charming. Portrait of G. F. Adams. Study of an Italian girl - even a scarlet cactus, beautifully painted.

Nothing of consequence until

September 23d, Monday. Left St. Quentin at 10:45.

September 25th, Wednesday. Left Brussels for Antwerp at 8:25 A.M.. Arrived at 10. Hotel du Grand Labeur. Indifferent rooms and no fire. * * * Public gallery. (Descriptions of pictures.) Here we saw the artist born without arms, who holds his palette one one great toe, and paints with the other. Chev bought his picture for \$100., to my regret. * * * M. Félu, the armless artist, called upon us, brought his photograph and offered to meet us at the Museum tomorrow.

September 26th, Thursday. Went to the gallery to meet M. Félu. He went through it with us to our great satisfaction. (Detailed descriptions of pictures.)

September 27th, Friday. Went to theatre, Les Dragons de Villars. Music by Mailliart. A fine basse cantante, a good soprano in a part much like Fédette. Before, we went with M. Félu to the Zoological Gardens, very fine and extensive. * * *

Evening at home with Laura. Chev and Julia being at Ghent. M. Charles Félu came. He passed the evening, was very pleasant. In moments of deliberation, he put his great toe to his mouth as others put a forefinger.

September 28th, Saturday. Chev and Julia return. I went to the Cathedral, paid two francs to see the pictures, which were most beautiful. I saw today the Elevation of the Cross to special advantage. As I stood before it, I felt lifted for a moment above the mean and foolish pleasures of shopping, etc., in which I have of late dealt so largely. The heroic face before me said: you cannot have these and these, cannot have Christian elevation with heathen triviality. That moment showed me what a picture can do. I hope I shall remember it, though I do plead guilty of late to an extraordinary desire for finery of all sorts. It is as if I were going home to play the part of Princess in some great drama, which is not at all likely to be the case. * * * * * Ghent. * * * * * Cathedral. * * * * * Beguinage. Bought lace, Flossy's wedding handkerchief, 22 frs. * * * * * Beguine service, church quite dark, candles at altar, Beguines in white veils, singing out of tune. We had to contribute to their collection, and also to pay for chairs.

(Further details of Ghent and Bruges.)

October 1st. Tuesday. Left Bruges for London, via Ostend. We had as rough a passage as I ever made anywhere. I suffered extreme nausea. * * * At last got asleep and woke in smoother waters. Chev stood it better than I should have supposed, but Laura was the only one who escaped sea sickness. Charing Cross Hotel, no rooms. Got supper while poor Chev went to various hotels and finally took us to the Langham, where we found tolerable rooms. Dinner at Charing Cross, a very poor one, 9/6!! for Laura and me. By accident we went in Bruges to the same hotel where I went twenty-four years ago, a bride. I recognized the staircase, with a balustrade of swans, each holding a stiff bulrush in its mouth. Chev inquired, found that the hotel had been greatly enlarged and altered, but the swans, the only ones in Bruges, justified my conjecture that it was the same hotel. Made a little verse thereupon.

October 2nd. Wednesday. (Nothing of consequence, procuring of lodgings,)

October 3d, Thursday. Not quite well. Composed a little run of verses when I first awoke.

October 4th, Friday. Saw Edward Twistleton, for the first time since his great affliction. We had not met in twelve years. I found him somewhat older. Mr. Fred Locker called just before him. With both I talked of my Ethics, but only half-heartedly. To neither could I unfold my desire of reading these papers aloud in London before their publication. Called at Smith and Elder's. Left two essays with their reader, Mr. Williams.

October 5th, Saturday. To luncheon at E. Twistleton's, with the girls.

No entry of consequence until

October 9th. Wednesday. Breakfast with E. Twistleton, very pleasant. He started the topic of man's moral inability to do otherwise than as he does. I told him that Kant thought otherwise, whereupon he snubbed me a little, but his obviously not recent in his readings of Kant. Dined with T.B. and J. Wales, L. Woods gave a narrow view of parental discipline. The intervals of the day I employed in packing. In the evening came Twistleton, bringing the four volumes of Boswell's Johnson, his own library copy. A parting gift. I parted from him with great regret.

October 10th, Thursday. Left our pleasant lodgings, 45 Weymouth Street, Portland Square, Mrs. Clark. The Waleses went down to the station with us, very kindly carrying some of our things in their cab. We stopped at Atherstone and took a bus to the Hall, where the Bracebridges, unseen in twenty years, received us most cordially. Both were, of course, much changed, his hair grown white, she very lame and walking with a cane. Luncheon. The girls to drive. Our rooms, mine the south room. Sitting and talking of old times in the library. Wood fire. I asked for the Arab colts and Lebanon cedars. One of the former remains, a tolerably old horse, of the latter only a small bush, the place is too low and damp for them. Walked to convent, ~~xxx~~ lady prioresse - conference about Catholic burying-ground. Grove of Atherstone. Old Roman road. Drove back with dear old Bracebridge. Pleasant dinner, venison, good talk, coffee, tea, bed. We stayed here before, when Julia was a baby, two months old perhaps.

October 11th, Friday. Chev early off for Liverpool. We breakfasted with the family - prayers first, with a show of servants. Second visit to the Convent. The Reverend Mother, Father Bourne, chapel, adoration of the sacrament. * * * Prioreas, Miss de Clifford by birth, an old Catholic family. * * * Dear old Bracebridge drove us down, staid till the train arrived. Affectionate parting. Coventry belts and ribbons which he gave us. Cars to Liverpool. Snell in the train, going to sail with us. Hotel - Anagnosto. We go out in the rain to buy necessities for the voyage. Chev wanted caps, boots, and so on. Gras ingens iterabimus aquor.

October 12th, Saturday. Farewell, England. On board the boat at 8:30 A.M. Long detention; crowd. Reach the steamer and find the after cabin full. We to inhabit the forward cabin. Table; Snell, L. Shaw, G. L. Pratt, J. C. Dodge, all of our mess. Rev. William Thayer of Newport in our cabin. Fog kept us nearly all day in the harbor. Bishop Eastburn on board. Mrs. Dorr (wife of Dr. Hayward) with her son. Sailed at about 4 P.M.

October 13th, Sunday. Service. Snell and I went. Bishop read and preached. "Let us be sorry for our sins." Sermon on repentance, as formal and technical as could be. In connection with repentance, he advised our acceptance of that great remedial oblation! More phraseology. Dined comfortably. Queenstown harbor. When we left the same, head winds, a heavy sea, a rolling boat. I was sick and went below, but not until nearly bedtime.

October 14th, Monday. Rough weather. I dressed and got up in good time, but did not feel well and could eat but a morsel. Despaired of getting used to the motion of the vessel, a screw. (This was the China.)

October 15th, Tuesday. Rough, shipping much water. Julia and Laura sick.

October 16th, Wednesday. I began to feel better, but can eat very little. Julia better.

October 17th, Thursday. Laura well. Our mess very pleasant. Poor Snell is miserably disturbed and heavy. Pratt very jolly, Thayer a great resource.

October 20th, Sunday. The bishop preached a horrible sermon, stood up and mocked at philosophy in good English and bad Christianity. He failed alike of satire and of sense, and talked like a small Pharisee of 2000 years ago. "Not much like the sermon on the Mount," quoth I. Not theology enough to stand examination at Andover. Blue jackets in a row, unedified, as were most of us.

(The notes of this voyage are scarce and brief, owing to the horrible weather.)

October 23d, Wednesday. Halifax, where we left some passengers and took on board as many. A walk on terra firma, woollen stockings and umbrellas. Our walk on shore was short, owing to the wet weather and our late arrival. Dickens's vulgar agent, Dolly, came into our cabin with a party of his similars. They drank, jested with the servants, and laughed in a loud and empty manner.

October 25th, Friday. (Perkins Institution) Arrived early. Judge Russell came, allowed our trunks to be examined at home. House in Beylston Place let for the year. I waited long in Bromfield Street for the officer to come and examine the luggage. He charged us \$56 and odd cents in gold. The dear children came on board to greet us, all well and very happy at our return. I in despair about the house. Learn that Charles Sumner's wife has indeed left him. Paid the stewardess my last sovereign, the steward my last English shilling.

October 26th, Saturday. A propos of Charles Sumner: For men and women to come together is nature; for them to live together is art, to live well high art..

October 27th, Sunday. To church. Saw the old friends and heard the welcome words of the minister. Had I gone to my house in town, this return would have been so happy, so pleasant! As it is, I am much depressed. Governor Andrew came to take me to church, very kind.

October 28th, Monday. Very discontented. I received a letter from Annie Mailliard which does not lessen my irritation against her. Went in the evening to Mrs. Barnard's, where I met J. F. C., Rev. Hale and Charles Hale, Prof. Pierce and some others.

October 29th, Tuesday. Still dismal. Malignant melancholy. I feel at a loss and am not good company for anyone.

October 30th, Wednesday. I have made a great effort for cheerfulness and feel much better. Called with C. Whipple on Mrs. Manning in behalf of the Cretan Fair. Took up my notes of travel to arrange and finish them. Headache. A talk with Chev. Read a notice of Later Lyrics in N. A. Review. It seemed to me mean in motive and illiterate in criticism. No one ~~was~~ of real culture handles in that way a book which, whatever be its faults, is literature and not penny-ballad. Lowell and Norton are both of them responsible for this critique. I should have supposed it too stupid for the one and too bad-hearted for the other. While I sat trying to work at my notes of travel came a mournful message. John A. Andrew stricken down with apoplexy past all recovery. I hastened to the house in town where I found present sorrow and death impending. Saw my poor dear friend, who has been unconscious since his seizure last evening. Thought sadly of his many past kindnesses to me woven into all these years of our later acquaintance. I knew him slightly twenty years ago, but for ten years or near that I think he has been my staunch friend. Dead at six p.m.

October 31st, Thursday. Again to the house of mourning. Mary Dorr was there, and Mrs. Ashburner with old Mrs. Barstow, her mother. The two latter told me that the governor commended me as a travelling companion, saying that I always enjoyed the occasion and gave no trouble. This praise gave me great pleasure. I saw the dead face of my dear governor, not yet quiet from the first discomposure of death. * * * * * Heard from Edward Twistleton. Passed most of the morning at the governor's. Met R. W. Emerson in the street, with T. G. Appleton and J. S. Dwight.

I am glad to know that I never gave the governor trouble. I loved and honored him and he was most genuinely kind to me. In the beam of God's peace I wish that I may find him. He belongs there. H. J. Bigelow came to the autopsy, grimly smiling. He supped full of horrors, once for all.

November 2d, Saturday. Funeral of John A. Andrew, which for me took up most of the day. I bought a cross of fine white flowers, stepped to get gloves and a veil and to borrow A. J. Howe's shawl, and then went to the house. The governor lay exposed in his coffin, dressed in good clothes from head to foot. His face looked quiet enough, but older and graver. The hands seemed shrunken a little. Many friends were there. J. F. C.'s prayer was very consoling. Mrs. Andrew very composed and behaving extremely well. Thence to Dr. Gannett's church (Arlington Street Church) where we found seats reserved. Presently we heard the music of the military escort. J. F. Clarke, Rev. Grimes, Father Taylor and Rev. Gannett all walked to the end of the church to meet and escort the body, which was now brought up the aisle. The whole church was filled in a moment, as it seemed. The grave and stately procession entered escorting the coffin. The governor's former staff - pall-bearers all ex-governors - a marble bust of the governor was on the communion table. Music only tolerable. Sir H. Wotton's hymn appropriate and lovely. J. F. C.

176.

did extremely well, but went a little beyond taste in his praise, not beyond justice. He would have praised more, praising less.

November 3d, Sunday. Just one week ago this morning, the good governor drove out here to take me to church. I went but in my discontent about the house, etc., I did not enjoy him as usual. He seemed to have met me in a dream, and the whole meeting, our last in this world, seems to me like a dream. The service at our church today of course specially commemorated him. We had the purple draperies which we had for A. Lincoln, beautiful flowers, & greens, and a touching and inspiring sermon. I thought much of the departed, mourned here with dear familiar friendship as a private Christian, not as a public man. Thought also of the shameful review of my book in the N.A. Review, which Chey calls insulting and Warner disgusting (Herman Warner, critic and student of philosophy, a familiar friend of the house in these years) Devised some poor verses on it, instead of some on the governor as I would wish to have done. Have thought latterly of some sermons on old texts, addressed specially to the American people.

At 4:30 p.m. drove to Milton to visit Viscount and Lady Amberley at John M. Forbes's. Found my lady in company tête-à-tête with Wendell Phillips, seeing which I did not intrude. I sat and talked with Lord Amberley, Rev. Weiss and Mr. Forbes. As Lady Amberley paid me no attention whatever, I rose to depart after a visit of reasonable length. She now came forward with a little assumed cordiality but it was too late. She had been rude, but probably without intending to be so. I replied quietly to her proposal of visiting me at South Boston, but withheld the invitation which I had intended giving. I remembered that her brother, a young man of uncommon accomplishments, gave much offence while in this country by his want of tact.

November 5th, Tuesday. Wrote Annie a tolerable letter, although not satisfied with her conduct. I thought how much I love her and how painful would be any estrangement from her. Infirm in health. Head bad.

November 6th, Wednesday. Took leave of Warner with real regret. An excellent person, with taste, feeling and real culture.

November 7th, Thursday. Symphony Concert, which I enjoyed less than usual. Music still very good. Dr. Johnson recommends to those whose religious belief is unsettled Grotius, Dr. Pearson, Dr. Clarke. Of the latter two, I do not remember to have heard before.

November 8th, Friday. Mrs. Apthorp's luncheon for Lady Amberley, who pleased me better than on Sunday last. Society looks cold to me however - everyone is kind, but people have little to give in Boston society. They are absorbed in their own thoughts and pursuits.

Tried my hand at a poem for the public commemoration of Governor Andrew, which Chas. W. Slack invited me to contribute. E. P. Whipple is to give the oration. Was not quite successful.

November 9th, Saturday. Walked out after breakfast and got my poem on the way. I knew it is good because I did not make it. The lines came when I was not trying, nor expecting them. I wish I might be allowed to read them myself on the occasion. This cheers me, like an earnest of divine favor. Please God, the N. A. Review with all Tickner and Field-dem to back it shall not take away my office from me. "Neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

Thirteen years ago my dearest Maud was born in this very room. I sat upright and struggled until the last and direst moment, reading Jean Paul's Hesperus and unable to reach for the dictionary. Donald coming in ordered me to bed. I insisted that nothing was the matter. I was no more than comfortably on the bed when the great, stout baby was born. She was a beautiful child, but not a very happy one.

I regard her with anxiety. Her passions being strong, her intellect one that resists training, I mean of the ordinary kind. God bless her, and make her good and happy when I am dead and gone..

November 10th, SaSunday.. To church. J. F. C. was delightful. I am to go to tea at his house tomorrow evening.

November 11th, Monday. Began Greek with Anagnostis.

November 12th, Tuesday. Mrs. Quincy's levee for the Amberleys, which occupied all the afternoon. Before this a visit from Parepa and Carl Rosa. In the evening Sumner's lecture at the Fraternity: Are we a Nation? A two hours' discourse, with many faults of character but on the whole a valuable and instructive, though partial statement. In his zeal for the concentration of government naturally opposed to state rights, he rather threw into the shade the local substantialities without which a nation cannot long maintain character and freedom. It was a more instructive lecture than Phillips' "Dawdling Congress", and conceived in a much better spirit.

November 13th, Wednesday. Saw dear, kind Hedge, a true friend without caprice. I honor him. Told him my little grievance against the N.A. Review. He said that it did not at all represent public opinion, but was mostly a business matter. Said that we must seek the response for our writings in our own breast - that one rarely has it elsewhere. I knew this.

Lessing write to one friend: "It is really needful to me that you should have some small good opinion of it (Nathan) in order to make me once more contented with myself." To another: "I think you do not know me as a man that has a very hot hunger for praise. But the coldness with which the world is wont to convince certain people that they do not suit it, if not deadly (fatale) yet stiffens one with cold.

November 14th, Thursday. A conversation of Alcott's at Bartol's. I not invited. This rather pained me, as most of the thinkers have, I gather, been asked to meet the Amberleys. Wrote a verse or two in view of my present discouragement. Saw Alger who will come to my luncheon here tomorrow.

At night received Emerson's invitation to take conversation, delayed by some contrivances.

They say that my verses for John A. Andrew's commemoration should be read by a woman. If so, I should be that woman, and shall be, if my husband does not shut the moral fetters(?) so closely that I cannot do it without his serious displeasure.

November 15, Friday. Went in town to see Slack and Dwight about reading my verses. Both approved my intention. Also ordered the fees for my luncheon party. Had a few moments only of quiet. My party was very pleasant as to company, and quite handsome, I thought, as to style. The Amberleys, J. F. Clarke, the Rogers, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Whipple, Mr. Alger, S. Hooper, Prof. Watson, Judge Russell, E. H. Mans, J. S. Dwight. I cannot recall any more. Paid the black waiters \$5.25. Wilson (presumably Henry) came late and I had to leave him, being engaged to dine at Mrs. E. Biddle's 78 Mt. Vernon St. A pleasant occasion. * * * *

November 16th, Saturday. Headache. A pretty cold day. Mrs. Severance invites me to meet the Free Religious Society on Monday at 13 Chestnut St. J.F.C. invites me to read from my notes of travel on Wednesday evening at church meeting.

November 17th, Sunday. Dear J.F.C. announced my intended reading from the pulpit, giving my name in full, somewhat to my consternation. I also hear that I am to read my poem on Governor Andrew before the Fraternity on Tuesday evening, which is an utter invention which would vex my husband much. Felt quite nervous but managed to give my mind to the services which were as usual delightful. Saw dear Sarah Clarke.

November 18th, Monday. Early in town to attend the Free Religious Club at No. 13 Chestnut St. Weiss' essay was well written, but encumbered with illustrations rarely pertinent. It was without neither religion, philosophy nor cosmology, but a confusion of all three showing the encyclopaedic aim of his culture. It advocated the natural to the exclusion of the super-natural. Being invited to speak, I suggested real and ideal as a better antithesis for thought than natural and supernatural. Weiss did all that his method would allow. He is a man of parts, I cannot determine how much, but the Parkerian standard, or a similar one, has deformed his reasoning powers. He seeks something better than Christianity, without having half penetrated the inner significance of that religion. Olcott spoke in the idealistic direction, also Wasson, very well & Lucretia Mott, exceedingly well, a little rambling, but with true womanly intuitions of taste and of morality. R.D. Owen nothing to signify. Took leave of Lord Amberley.

November 19th, Tuesday, To the cars with Chev and Fleasy, en route for New York.

November 20th, Wednesday. Early in town to see people about Cretan Fair. * * * Spent much time in reading over notes of travel in Greece, which I am to read in church tonight. Went to church very distrustful of the occasion and unable either to avoid it or to meet it properly. Found perhaps in the people. Read poorly, selected as indifferently, was not satisfied.

November 21st, Thursday. Melancholy, thinking that I did but poorly last evening; and more so, from my doubts about reading at the Commemoration. Walking out in the morning, I ran against a plank, bruising my right temple rather badly - felt much worried at this proof of absence of mind. At the afternoon concert felt a savage and tearful melancholy, a profound friendliness. In the whole large assemblage I saw no one who would help me to do anything worthy of my powers and life-ideal. I have so dreamed of high use that I cannot decline to a life of amusement, or of small occupation.

November 22d, Friday. Morose from a disagreeable meeting of the club, at which Mrs. Quinoy proposed Mrs. William Greencough, who was elected, to the great regret of some of us and through the inadvertence of others.

November 23d, Saturday. At last I decide not to read my poem, learning that Mrs. Andrew would prefer its being read by some one else. This gives me pain and pleasure. I am glad to have the matter decided for me, as I felt much perplexed about it, yet I feel a natural regret about giving my poem to another, even if that other be my dear J.F.C. Copied the poem for J.F.C. I believe in God but am utterly weary of men.

November 24th, Sunday. To church, where my mental condition speedily improved. Sermon on the good Samaritan, hymns and prayers all congenial and consoling. Felt reconciled and uplifted out of all petty discords and disappointments. A disappointment should be digested in patience, not vomited in spleen. Butter morsels nourish the soul not less, perhaps, than sweet. Thought of the following. Moral philosophy begins with accepting the fact of human life. * * * *

November 25th, Monday. Went early in town on club business (Brain Club). Found that Lizzie Hemans would resign her nomination in order to cancel the whole business of the last meeting. Say M.G. Dorr and I and Anna Dresel were chosen as a nominating committee. We nominated Mrs. Silsbee and Mrs. A. Robeson and elected three new members and two old ones, Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. William Robeson. Saw dear Mr. Clarke, who read me my poem, not so well as I should have expected. Dr. Lothrop thought I might have read the poem. Woodman has probably influenced Mrs. Andrew against it. * * *

November 26th, Tuesday. Aresa quite distracted about the poem. Could scarcely hold myself up and get on my clothes. Was disagreeable to everybody and very glad to be so. Suffered torments of mind both before and after the reading of my poem by J.F.C. It seemed to me less effective than any reading of his which I remember "After the uttermost comes peace". God help me to forgive those whom I blame for today's failure. * * * * Whipple's eulogy elegant, well-balanced and artistic, less forcible than I expected. The marble busts looked well. In self-defence I must shake off the unpleasant feelings which this matter has fastened upon me.

Had another fit of agony at sight of the flowers sent me from the Music Hall. In all of this I confess there was no reason. Chev came home to dinner looking depressed and my friend collapsed and was still. Went to Suffolk Conference meeting. Father Lathrop was glad I had not read the poem.

November 27th, Wednesday. At peace today. Sorry and ashamed of having been in temper yesterday, but great God! what did I not suffer! Standing between the new order and the old, and wishing to reconcile the courage required by the one with the tenderness due the other. Never can I suffer more as to a question of what I shall or shall not do. I said to Laura, "Instead of being transfigured, I was crucified, but not like the dear Christ." The worst of it is that I cannot get rid of the over-excitement caused by this struggle. The quantity of steam generated is altogether beyond anything that the machinery is allowed to do. Today I am not angry at any one, but exhausted and afflicted with headache. All this while I am gaining a little Greek by atom and atom.

November 28th, Thursday. J.F.C. told me that Whipple praised my poem, which somewhat comforted me, but not a great deal.

November 30th, Saturday. I have again taken up Fichte and find a great good even in three short readings which I have made.

We are absolute knowledge but not knowledge of the absolute. Without our axioms we cannot think or reason. We assume in them an absolute judgment, but the application of our cognitive power is always partial.

December 1st, Sunday. Visited Carrie Dehon in her sad affliction Hendie's death (her brother). Found her self-possessed and resolute, but knew the anguish the loss must occasion her, too deep for tears, to relieve, or words to express it. * * * *

December 2d, Monday. Hendie's sad funeral at 12. The church full, flowers and music beautiful. A gush of fragrance made me aware of the approach of the coffin. The number and deep sorrow of the relatives was striking, Carrie the most afflicted was calmer than the others.

Philip G. Rndolph of Philadelphia dined with us. I had tickets for Dickens' first reading, which took place this evening, but I stayed with my good friend, and Chev and Julia took the tickets.

December 3d, Tuesday. (Long quotation from Fichte.) To Dickens' second reading, which I enjoyed very much. The wreck in David Copperfield was finely given. His appearance is against his success, the face is rather commonplace, seen at a distance, and very red, if seen through a glass - the voice worn and blasé.

December 6th, Friday. After the dinner last evening (with T.G.Appleton) I went to the Robescens' party at Papanti's, where was great show of dresses. Saw and spoke with many old friends. Left at midnight and slept at M.C.Dorr's, who was very hospitable and kind. Chev came for me in the carriage.

December 8th, Sunday. I went to bed last night full of mournful discouragement about my family and especially about my two children, Julia and Maud. Today's sermon on patience and against discouragement comforted me much.

(Several long abstracts from Fichte.)

December 13th, Friday. Weather terrific, dark at 12 M, from snow. Sent dear Laura and Maud in, well wrapped, in the carryall. Headache. Got a poor walk on the piazza. Found Fichte quite incomprehensible; after three efforts had to give up. Studied as usual, wrote, Anagnos to dine. Club in the evening, at which my nonsense made people laugh as I wished. The song was well received. My account of Professor Rogers called him up, and he made a pleasant little speech.

December 14th, Saturday. A little intoxicated with the pleasure of having made people laugh. A fool however can often do this better than a wise man. I look earnestly for a higher task. Yet innocent, intelligent laughter is not to be despised.

December 15th, Sunday. Was taken with verses in church. They did not prove nearly as good as I had hoped. My idea had been to compose a Christmas hymn, simple and fervent. The first verse indeed I got at once:

"Let us lift our joyous psalm
To the star on heights Judaeum,
The firmament displays him,
The earth rises up to praise him."

The others after I got home, but they were not worthy of the first idea.

Finished letter to Twistleton - wrote also to Watsie Gilder, acknowledging his pleasant verses on my return. Rehearsal of the Messiah in the evening.

December 18th, Wednesday. (After an abstract of Fichte) But I do ~~not~~ think this work of Fichte is confusing, crazing, and impossible of digestion.

December 19th, Thursday. Worked somewhat. Symphony concert. Our four shipmates to dine. Fear they were not well amused.

December 20th, Friday. Just as I had got well to work came Thomas Hazard, who made a long friendly visit, which I was glad to receive. Went in town and met Frank Crawford. A severe snowstorm, which began just as I started. Accomplished only a Greek lesson.

Julia had a rush of blood to the head, only a momentary flushing, but I felt troubled about it. Dwight came out and read Dickens's story and his own article on Don Juan, of which the writing and musical appreciation are excellent, the ethics, in my opinion, insufficient.

December 21st, Saturday. Dear Maud's neck was well today. The poor little woman has been quite miserable latterly, but today seems more like herself. * * * * We judge for ourselves, of ourselves, and, I may add, with entire freedom, as if we had never judged before. Yesterday's thought is the father of today's, but not it's tyrant.

December 22d, Sunday. A Sunday at home, weather being dreadful. Chev ill all day with severe headache and nausea. Copied one or two poems. Wrote to Baker. Read, worried and wondered what to do for everybody.

December 25th, Wednesday. No service at our church. A pleasant morning, with the children. Their gifts and curs. To town, Visited the Howes. Chev gave me a beautiful book, Harry also a book, Laura a set of bogwood ornaments, Maud a neck arrangement, black ribbon and silver.

(Mostly Fichte.)

December 31st, Tuesday. Studied and worried as usual, Fichte and Greek. Began to copy and correct my interviews with foreign sovereigns for some magazine, perhaps Lippincott's. In the evening to Mrs. Alfred Rogers's party at Pupanti's.

The end of a year which has brought me many delightful interests, Europe, my sister Louisa, Venice and Greece. On the other hand I must set down the winter in South Boston and a slight decline in health. I have begun to receive a comfortable income from dear Uncle's estate, but the Mailliards became possessed of the ranch left to all of us in a manner which we think neither quite fair nor quite friendly. I gave way to excessive disappointment on finding my house let - was too violent about the poem for Gov. Andrew's funeral ceremony - have not been strenuous enough about the Gretan fair. Have lost a dear and good friend in John A. Andrew. Have much to be thankful for, something to regret, something to repent, something to forgive. Julia has distressed me much this year by her uncontrollable and passionate selfwill.