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 McKay 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 effective, 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 send an essay at her request, wishing to invite Baron McKay 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 Burd. The former brought cheque for $60, the latter and I are to do new 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 prepared 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 bend of thought a sympathetic one. As whether I shall read much or little, often or seldom, I can only say, God 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 Nason. I slept ill from over-fatigue. Worked at Owl Scissors all the morning. Finished Maurice on Education and Representation in the afternoon.
To Cowan Inn in the afternoon. Heard manuscripts read from 5:30 to 6.
Maggie and Dwight in the evening.

January 7th, Monday. Finished the Owl's Skird, 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 Grant, 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 trucking 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. Robinson for whose club I will read the Owl's Skird.

The priest is the poor man's valet.
God is object absolute to us. What he can be to himself is not, I think, executable by us.

January 9th, Wednesday. Thought of a good essay on the desultoriness of riches, showing that the 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 practical 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 clammers for relief, but calls for ore, 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 other two. 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 in the one profitable and the other not.

After beating 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 thel, luxury, and self-indulgence. For our lives are after all only figures of what we intend. Our representation can be either strenuous...
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, executed at cost in energy and discrimination. Should I like to append a few pages on this theme as a sequel 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 superfluities are the rarest and most precious, working by the subtlest and widest sympathy. Exclusive talents and convictions are mere commons, 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 we, 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 joke. It made me realize, however, the justice of Horace's remarks on the greater difficulties of comic composition, as compared with tragedy. Headache all day, which became severe under pressure of prolonged work. Filled in the afternoon, to say that the magazine is un-prosperous, and that I 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 sensibly 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. Shadford helped us, and Mrs. Dull. A Transcendental lady talked stuff about Peter, vitality and sincerity.

January 17th, Thursday. The worst snowstorm I ever remember to have confronted. I went out, but was forced to put up 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 Winthrop's, where I am to dine. Fashionable invitations frighten me, as I can't give the necessary time and attention to dress. Read in Fichete.

Mrs. Buma and Perace came to dinner at 2 P.M., and were very pleasant. A little before six I went to the Winthrop's, and to walk to Reylston St., the Court being blocked up with snow. Only by vigorous shoveling was the access to the Winthrop's house kept clear.

January 18th, Friday. (List of purchases.) Studied as usual. Symphony Concert in the afternoon. Carl Ream and Dwight came home with us dinnerless, the entrees 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 expected, in fact very well. I feared it might prove dull. Mrs. Jenkins of Providence made an excellent recitation of supposed adventures of Mrs. Brown in Paris, at a play.

January 19th, Saturday. Read Fichete 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
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 more negative of form in behalf of substance, an abrasive and immature idealism. Religious idealism, nevertheless, remains a higher stage, like thought and of consciousness. What element adds itself to the negative perception of the insufficiency or 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 29th, Thursday. N. P. Willia's funeral. Chivy come 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 Field. T. D. Allrich and I don't know who. Coffin covered with flowers. 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 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 $1426.57 from Uncle's estate, being my half yearly income from the same. Received at same time $26.97 from Stenington 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. Chivy'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. P. C. Took my dear Francesco (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, actual truth. The Catholick's 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 reaction is often wasted in affectation. There is negative and positive in all religion, as in all thought.
Fichte's word about the negative character of the idea 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 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.Y. at $5, per page less than the Tribune would give me for my earliest 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 Flessy 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 faulty 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 der Wissenschaftslehre' and read also his brief address over an Abend der Wissenschaften. The latter is quite a cordial after the former. Fervent, 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 Orphanas. 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. Please send the note of preparation, and the prospect of change and separation makes us feel how happy we have been. In passing this winter together. God send us many more.

February 24th. Sunday. Rev. S. Cogdell 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 Creta at Indiana Place Church.

Found matters at a standstill, waiting for Chew, who was not able to be present. My

speech explained this. Ossian then began by reading Chew's appeal, a very good
document, which pleased 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 Cretans, 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. Hasby came and was
very pleasant. Earnest, honest and intelligent. (Petroleum V. Nasby.)

February 26th, Thursday. The Winthrops met me in the street and would not
come to see me. Perhaps because in my recent article on 'Reactivity', I mentioned
'state dinners', having recently dined in state with them. They would hardly, however,
be ill bred enough to shew displeasure in this way, where they have no occasion to
feel it. That dinner was very agreeable indeed.

March 1st, Friday. To club at the Brewers'. Met the Winthrops, who were
very cordial and usual, so that the circumstance noticed yesterday was probably an acci-
dent. "The Morning Call", noted by Sun Eble and Mrs. Col. Bichie, entertained the
club-thirstingly. The Brewer house was superbe and really very fine. Lighted
deep, 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, ample spread.

March 7th, Thursday. Journey to Providence and back. The day being de-
spicable and the streets almost impassable 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 Hartshorne's was most pleasant;
they are very friendly and hospitable. Met Sam Quincy in the cars. Got home safely.

March 9th, Saturday. Ran about much. Saw Miss Roger's deaf mute pupil
at Mrs. Lamon'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 Fitches.

March 11th, Monday. Very busy. Went to Roxbury to read at Mrs. Harring-
ton's on corner Highland and Hawthorne streets, for the benefit of the Cretans. 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
Sphæa Whitwell's, where I received a great ovation, all the members greeting me
most affectionately. Presently Mr. Quincy, 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 handlong 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 Houd, Harry and Flesy
on board to say farewell, with Dwight, Warner, and other good friends. Many flowers,
a smooth start, with a little sickness 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 histricc recordable of the voyage. (N.B. These have been
omitted by L.E.S.A., 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 sick. Mrs. Hevey and daughter,
Mrs. Morse, her son-in-law. The captain of the steamer is a plain, pleasant Scotsman,
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, insensible
of any companion, 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 Langstaff’s ‘Boat on American, as long as I can. Talk with one
person and another, dine, go on deck again, ten at half past seven, then whist with
Chev, the girls and the captain.

March 20th, Wednesday. Nothing especial to record. Our English acquaint-
ances are not of the progressive sort. They are sometmes— 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 nightily what he calls “the great brew,” a compound of eggs and ale, taken hot.
He has a Hogarthian hand. 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 resources 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
anchor. Soundings at 11 A.M. All coupled 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 Plattsylvania, 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 smoothest
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 Mrs. H. Channing, desiring to see him. In the
evening, came a Greek committee to visit Chev, afterward Mr. DeKay.

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

March 27th, Wednesday. Chester. Sought 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. Luncheon 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. Bannister has grown
stock, but is otherwise little altered. She asked me to come alone to dinner in
the evening. First, however, I called upon Misses at 31 Hyde Park Gardens, then
Mrs. Ambassadors Adams, who was quite unkind, then in a frantick hurry to
meet. At Bannister I met Robert Browning, a dear and wondrous personage,
done 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 X.B.B. I mean he spoke of
them with magnanimity. Of course, my present self would not publish, nor, I
hope, write anything of this kind, but I launched the arrow with the easy
patience of these days, mere occupied with its force and polish, thus with
its direction.

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

April 4th, Thursday. Breakfast with the Dilberoglyphs, 13 Burghley Park,
where we met Alderman Futter, who will one day be Lord Mayor, a very
pleasant person. Took the girls to the Tower. Suffered extreme pain, while
t here. Tea with
Miss Cobb at 4 P.M. Met the Lyrants, and a small pleasant lane clergyman.
Dined with the Maltese family, Greek. The most friendly possible. Afterward
went for a short time to Mr. Thomas Hallis, a very wealthy Greek widow, who
received us very ill. Heard there Mr. A. Thomas, the Welsh harpist, who
plays exceedingly well. The pleasure of hearing him scarcely compensated
for Mrs. Hallis's want of politeness, which was probably not intentional. Saw
there Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, the latter were an negro satin tunic over 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 Stanely of Westminster,
Lord Somew-
thing, who had been in Greece, Lady Helpen, who introduced me to call upon
her on my
return, and young Milman, son of the Rev. H. Lady Stanely was lady Augustus
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
Henry Charles Howard and son most amiable. With more breeding, I should
say,
than the Duke. Chey was the hero of this occasion, as the Duchess always
liked him.

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

April 11th, Thursday. From Marseilles to Lyons and thence to Valencia, a
dirty, out-of-the-way place. Stopped some hours in Lyons, Gastez Café, Boulevard
Imperial. Equestrian statue of Napoleon I. At Valencia, Chey and I happened
into
a place of entertainment, where we were told to a conference de philosophe. We
found a little man chaperonizing 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 master speaks English."

April 13th, Saturday. At Marseilles, visited the Church of the Bonne
Mère de la Côte. Climbing a long, steep ascent, all glittering white from the
colonnades, 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 occur on the Madonna of this church.
The walls of the side chapels are covered with offerings "ex votos," most of the
pictures commemorating the consolations 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 in the service of the
miraculous deliverance. One picture is of a carriage accident, on the edge of
a
Freipinus read, The inmates of the char-bunes 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 se, Natrem, salus infirmorum (?), True par Maria, Maria m'n'a envoûte.

April 14th, Sunday. Today we have left Marseilles, under a most lovely sky and over the smoothest seaimaginable. We hurry on towards Rome, wishing to show the girls something of Holy Week. We shall, at least, make it Good Friday and Easter Sunday. The company on board our little steamer is a motley cast—a pleasant French Canadian; two priests are young and articulate; a young Bucanier, whom I speak good English; a group of three Spaniards; two unexplained boys, with red and blue ribbons round their hats, who speak English with their companions. 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 evening is up and we are all comfortable. Conway most jubilant. May this last!

Made the acquaintance of Federico Balpardi, a young Bucanier, very genial and intelligent. Also of a Canadian and a French priest. The former, travelling in seaman's clothes and with a lady, was mistaken by me for a good, devout, married 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 worse all night, so that I slept ill. Ashore today at Genoa. Visited the Brigioni Saloon Palace, where we saw a number of Van Dycks, several Guidos, pictures by Carlo Delva, and Caravaggia. At Genoa, I expanded 3 francs for linen towels, which are much dearer in America. The ship decided to take a wharf, 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 Chaw and Conway, the latter, whom I saw 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 tchou-bceu. 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. Balpardi, our Bucanier friand, undertook to conduct us to Pisa. Our expenses, with dinner, carriage, railroad, and all amounted to 15 francs. Laura’s Leghorn flat 10 francs. Expedition gay and pleasant. Visited the four buildings, Duomo, Campan Sante, Laerno Tiber and Baptisteria, 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 delayed, waiting for the permit to land. We were conducted, all of us, by the steward, 5 francs, 5 to the steward, 1 for a loaf of bread. At 10:30, to my amazement, a comissaire 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 thankfulness, breakfast at Civita Vecchia, including a tiny chamber, where we washed and had breakfast, and where I wrote three pages of my notes of travel. The comissaire took us to the hotel, where we breakfasted and rested. Took a carriage to the station, 1 franc. Paid 5 francs for services. Tickets to Rome about 29 francs. L. Terry had desired the consul to send a comissaire for me, and had sent down a lecan laman 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 "Invol. N. B. They are very carefully washed first. The crowd was great. The "111" behaviour extreme. At 2 P.M., the doors of the Sistine were opened for the Indians, who rushed in wildly. Men were not admitted till 4 o'clock. The "office" of the Tenebrosa 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 guardia mobile, and took his seat upon his throne. The "office" then proceeded. The "Tram" did not oppose these commemorated by us in the chapel of St. Peter sixteen years ago. The "Misericordia, Balìa (Rall ?) 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 Borghèse and its Casino, filled with interesting sculptures. I forget Palazzo Braccio 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 Palliagradi.

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's Minnelli 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 seating-place in the right aisle, to hear the murmur of the public. The important event was the sounding of the silver trumpets at the Elevation of the Host, heard a Salutaris composed by Mustafa well sung. Met Shakespeare and was introduced to his wife. Met also Edward McVay, Hamilton, and Louisa and Helen Bangs. Heard and saw the Pope's homily. 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 Lizard, who has a strong German face.

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

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

April 25th, Thursday. With the Tarry's 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 commentaries in Tasso's handwriting, and a thin volume of Galilei's autograph letters. To dine with the Story's. A pleasant, informal dinner. R. Wilde was there, with whom I am to breakfast tomorrow.

April 26th, Friday. Breakfast at Wilde's. Breakfast most charming. Afterwards visited Story's studio. Found him greatly improved, but not yet a great original artist. His Medea swarms from without, not from within. Preparations in the evening, and Immolation.

April 27th, Saturday. In the morning with Julia and Conway to the Vatican, where we saw the pictures very well, though the Transfiguration...
The image contains a page of a handwritten document. The content appears to be a journal entry or diary entry, describing various activities and observations. The text is written in English and includes details about a visit to St. John Lateran, the Vatican Library, and other locations. The handwriting is legible, and the page number 154 is visible in the top right corner.
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 sun only ascending 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 M. Miari. Saw the Apollon Belvedere, Lหมวด, &c., &c. Then to the Etruscan museum with an ill-smelling mustache. Etruscan sculptures very rude. Tomba with affligies of two high priests — Etruscan and Greek vases, painting, 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, Cupid's prison, Beatrice Cenci's, where she stayed ten months. Guido accompanied her confessors 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. Cut early with Laura, at 11 with Emma Cushman to Villa Easonho, 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. Callista. Dr. Smith's extraordinary attentions to Laura. A lecture on the Catacombs, reading 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 told 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. McKay 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 Meriv (or Merit), 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 bald black. He was sweet, kind, and quite pathetic. (Passage descriptive of Villa Alboni.) At 9 P.M., found an excellent audience in Palazzo Pell. Many of them much estranged from each other. The Story, Cushman party, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Freeman, the Wood, Dr. Lyman, Hooker, Miss Stebbins, Mr. Lockyear and many others. An interesting hour to me.

No entry next day.

May 9th, Thursday. Journey from Rome to Naples, something over 14 goudi. (Followed a list of expenses, fees, etc., with the comment, "A series of miserable impositions.") At Naples we order tea for one, bread and butter and strawberries for two.
May 10th, Friday. Carriage to Museo. (List of expenses.) Museo Bourbonne-
ce, the old favorites. Many new objects. Mosaics from Herculaneum and Pompeii. One
represents a cock-fight, the genius of the victorius 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 mischandling, 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. Sorrente. * * * Baggar's opera, Domenica me
qu'ova, opera poppa. 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. Rock from Tiberius threw his victims. Long sloping way to the sea, a grotto
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 jerked back, and
the unfortunate fall into the sea.

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

May 17th, Friday. Mamme at a visit to the Sistine Chapel. (Account of
various sightseeing).

May 19th, Sunday. The sad anniversary of my dear Sammy's death, re-
membered 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 Sorrente.
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
dear person of twenty-five, nearly done for by a 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, an early life, and obliged to let his villa for a living. Also a
Russian prince.

May 20th, Monday. Farewell; Tusc's Sorrente.

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

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

May 24th. (Sightseeing.)

May 25th, Saturday. Maud's pin, $5. Fleury's locket, $7.50. My gold
pin $17. Ditto earring, $9. Ditto setting of green mesalica, $4. Of these fellows
I feel quite ashamed. I purpose never to repeat them. In the morning, visited
Castellani's establishment with Duke Sarnenata, 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 discontent and perplexities of personal life. I remembered the renunciation of my mind when I was here sixteen years ago, and recognised how far more than equivalent for the vitality of youth, new gone, is the gain of a steadfast standard of good and happiness. We 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 angry leveller 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, of which indeed we constantly fall, 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). Faley dined. Advised me against reading in England. I carry about my poor enterprise, as Hamlet did the murder of the king. The room light of two centralities (Chev'la and mine) not allowing a clear view of the subject, free from doubt. At 6:30 to the Chiesa Nueva (San Filippo Neri), where I found the filthiest crowd and the least singing I have heard in Rome. (Illegible). I met Pietro, kindly helpful to me. Told me the names of the different pieces. * * * * * In the evening, Miss Cushman and the Weeds to tea. Moxley and Freemens 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. Herker after tea, and Moxley, who was pathetic, Moxley Heamer and Mrs. Orr. The whole a pleasant evening.

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 Louise 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 when I remember in Cuba. Their father was Jenks of the Caravans (7) (vide "Trip to Cuba"). Florence at 10 P.M. Dr. Appletan 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 Parmigianino was painting when the tropes 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 Thearan Pulski, whom I regret and especially am sorry to have neglected her correspondence.

June 2nd, Sunday. * * * * * Attended the Vaudea Church, 51 Via delle Seruglie. Heard M. Gimont, a Vaudea. The service quite simple, in Italian - congregation singing "Old Hundred" - ex jappus 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 cura a next pleasant Englishman, Captain Rowley, R.N., his bridal tour with a young and rather pretty wife, less genial than himself. I find that he knew the
Crawfords and Terrys at Sorento. He spoke warmly of poor Jenny, who had made, he said, many more journeys on board his ship. We changed cars at Bologna. Near Florence, my companion was a most pleasant Venetian lady, who had been five times in England. After waiting some time at the depot, we get into the carriage of the other train. This was nearly full. Captain Revlet (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. He had been twenty-three years in the Royal Navy. Commanded one of the ships that brought the Prince of Wales to America. Hotel Barbetti. The Fregata (passenger craft). My intense fatigue. I sat in the Barbetti 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 hand, 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 Barbetti. 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.


Vessel entering with the sea, I with Guizot's "Meditations," which also have some head wind in them. They seem to me inconclusive in statement and incomprehensible in thought, yet presenting some facts of interest. A little before 2 P.M. we pass Pana, 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 MacPherson and sister. Drive, ices, flowers, back to steamers. Fresh flag. We take on board Ahmed Pasha and suite, karen and all. Excessive luggage, furniture, kitchen ware, mattresses, and bedding for the women, trunks. Finally the women come on board, showing of their faces only a triangle formed by their muslin veils, which concealed hair, forehead and mouth. Five Indians take up small state room intended for four, with five children, one an infant of eight months. Baggage and men come first on board, then women and children. The woman had a timid air, and were very awkward. Their beds once spread on the deck, they crossed and conversed more like cattle than like human beings. Some of the children alight on deck with the women. Laura and I were alarmed at this invasion of strange creatures with strange properties of all kinds. We feared oblivion and plague. The upon once last on board, a stretcher, 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 Lunz and Sigismonde for Zante, also Signor Lucche. 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 men, and worse. Continued to observe the Turks. A slave boy, Ali, brought
the pasha's little boy, three years old, to the woman 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 medallion attached. Very dirty little underdrawers of calico, with large pattern,
and washable under jacket. An Irish servant's child in Scotch, get 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 woman 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 stock-
ings, some of them barefoot. This morning a portion of the deck was fenced in for
them by a canvas. Here they remained, waiting on by an old man in a dirty cotton
gown, whom they called Baba. We reached Sarepta 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. Sazonoff came on board, and soon after came Evangelides.
Each wished to take us to his house. I went with E., first leaving my trunk on
board the boat for Piraeus. Then to E.'s house, where Mariaje, his very little wife,
received us very cordially. E. presently took us to pay visits. (N.B. These visits are
fully described in "From the Oak to the Olive", as I omit the description here.
L.B.R.)

June 20th, Thursday. Arrived at Piraeus at 4 A.M. Got up and dressed.
Found the commodore sent by Chev. Tore earrings for Athena. A long drive on
emptiness. At half way, get a sugared melon 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. Bonticou, the
commodore, recognized me at once. Dejeuner afterwards. Talk of the old friends. I
thought of the pleasant consols on board of the Galaba. Captain W. de Charlemagne
qui a l'air 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. Many curiosity. The quay made me think of
Naples. Crowd in the street. Bonticou himself just out and brought us. We go to the
prefect's house, a brick little man. His sweet wife amiable. He offers us his
roof, sends out for mattresses. A number of people drop in and talk with Chev,
prefect and Antoniades. We sit on the balcony. Very cool. Olive and water. I had
with my mosquito bite. Mattresses on the floor. We women, including Miss Antoniades,
lie down, four in a row, very thankfully. Telegrams. Prefect's excitement.

June 25th, Tuesday. Up at five to ascend Palamades, the great
fortress built by the Venetians and impregnable save through treason or starvation.
A steep and painful ascent. A steep and painful ascent. I was much fatigued, but not much worse than the young
people. Major Zumboceps, mayor of cavalry, waited upon us in uniform. The fortress
has a terrible ascensor, and many independent bastions, several huge cisterns for
rain water, two old Venetian cannons 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 visit the prisoners, and then the condemned, mostly
brigands. One of them a remarkable looking man, blue eyes and Saxon complexion.
Locked up on us pathetically. Probably a very desolate fellow. He begged for two
hours of fresh air instead of one. Suffering from his eyes. We saw them in a sort,
condemned by a guard of soldiers from above. Their prison behind locked dismal.

Breakfast with the prefect—boiled rice, eggs, olives, cheese, and bread.
Then on route for Argo. Mastic gum生产力.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 surrcele.
cave, in which Chev used to stay somewhere. An inclined rock, 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.
Plain of Argo. Arespea of same. We go to the magistracy, and he points
a house in which we can receive. We go and find a good house, next for these
parts. No carpets, a dais in the corner, European looking centre table and chairs.
We hire matresses, 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 enioke
skirts and gowns 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 chamise. Needless 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, gents, children.
Four matresses on the ground. We lie down. I do not sleep for fleas and bugs.

June 26th, Wednesday. Up at four. No coffee. Okke 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 instructure 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
save by the light it made. Thence to Mycenae. The gateway of the citadel is still
standing, surrounded by a sculptured stone, two mons, two 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 favored 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 within a wooden pack-saddle and a little rope for
a stirrup in case of a rider. I took one, Miss Antonides 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 Bibliothéque. 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 feet. Breakfast on board at 10 A.M.
Heads to Athens and the hotel.

June 30th, Sunday. Went to the exhibition of musical performances at
the Akadémie. 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
externs 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 conspicuousFanueil. Near him sat M.
Malas and M. Nicolas. When the must of (?) 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
Malas, 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 Kalamis, scene of the mysteries. Amagascopolis
went with us. A fine drive. We stopped thrice on the way to water the horses, once
at Eurytus, where Apoll's encounter with the young nymph had place. Here we found
a few trees laureles (clementine) and got some. Part of the drive led by the sea, and
was charming. Kalamis is an Albanian village (colonized). The vegetation quite
picturesque, the women in redingote of white oeil 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 poor. A small fire of sticks, with a pot boiling. The old
groundmother sat on a lot wooden chest. I saw no other furniture. Several women
with infants sat and stood around. The ruins utterly broken in places. 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 & more. Served 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 C. Finlay.

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

July 5th, Friday. Visited the University of Athens, with Mr. Paraskewanides. 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 Mrs.
Mound, 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
contribute 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.
Cher to Syria. Finlay takes us to the museum.

July 8th, Monday. We spent the day mostly in writing up notes, reading
Mrs.'s "Orestles", etc. Went shopping with Mrs. Malas in the afternoon. Visit at
7:30 from young Papasricopolis, who translated into Greek my poem on Crete. He is a
poet, but has been crowned here. Is also a student and reader of Plato and Cicero, the
latter of whom he ever-esteams. Then came Paraskewanides, then Mr. Finlay Amagascopolis 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 Amagascopolis and Paraskewanides. We take coffee. Mrs. Hay and Miss Baldwin met us there by invitation. We
passed an hour here 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 after-
noon 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 Sculpture". The poems were very kindly received. Mr. Macdonal afterwards recited some pleasant poems, two translations of his own from Greek poems. Afterwards we recited about the majestic ruins and enjoyed the prospect. Miss B. regaled us with tea and lemonade. Dr. H. had chairs brought. We stayed till 5:30. The occasion was delightful to me and quite an epoch in my later life, but I was not quite up to it.

July 10th, Wednesday. Up at 5:30, ready for Kephisosia. At 7 came M. Nikolaides to see if we were ready and we set out in the carriage. Shortly after, we started. Three Kephisosian hornbeak accompanied us. On the highroad we met the carriage of the M's and M. Laskerides, a Greek of Asmatinek, from Kephisosia. A most pleasant drive. Kephisosia, a small village - the maid - four peasants playing cards. Scenic mountain air. Kephisosia - fine house built by a wealthy Greek, left to his wife, now dead, now to nephew in Italy. Source of the Kephisosia - Kephalis. Beautiful scene, wine, dancing, Grand piano. Mme. Kkeleski 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. Spectacular views of the house. Portraits of the mistress in blue velvet with rings. Opposite the mistresses with beards and hats. Old lady's gray hair in bureau denver. Dinner at two, wine of Kephisosia. The Greek plane tree. Gossip of the village. People from town passing the summer. Afternoon sleep. Mrs. Browning's poems, "Iseland's Child". Discussion of dances and arias. M. Laskerides talked of himself and his country. The Greek Church cannot be reformed. Pleasant drive home.

July 11th, Thursday. Up at 5:15 to spend the day at the monastery of Hymettus. We start soon after 7, taking some luncnach with us. The Constantines' carriage. Baking bread, had a fine. Arrive soon after 8. Breakfast in a small room in the convent. Some Greek mechanics making a feast in the large court - a lamb roasted whole on a stick in the open air, put up with knives. A few table. They offer us such a bit, saying "Voulaia", 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 gesticulations and movements. At moments the ladies shout, 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. ** * * * * Get out my essay on "Quality". Rent it over twice. Write 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 drawing-room, a larger one than I had ventured to anticipate. I felt quite strongly and read as well as usual. Afterwards, by request, recited my Flag poem. I was much gratified at the reception of my lecture. The peace, too, seemed to give pleasure. Accept, O Divine Master, my efforts to serve Thee! Thou art He that hast said, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

July 14th, Sunday. Up early. To Greek Church with Laura and Choy. A mass chanted through the noise, 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 biretta, 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 older 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, Tuesday. This day we regarded as our last in Athens. I made several farewell visits and arranged a little pool party. We expected to leave the next day for Syra on route for Constantinople. Made the acquaintance of Mrs. Skinner. In the afternoon went with the girls and Amagosta to the Academy. Some of Plato's olive trees are left, not one. Then to the Acropolis, which we did not then expect to see again.

July 16th, Wednesday. Chev was ill with headache and we could not leave. Julia took, na na, faithful care of him. He was better in the afternoon. 

July 17th, Thursday. Cannot recall the day's occupations. Walked to the Acropolis at 6 P.M., a great exertion on account of the heat. Miss Kalloche 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 some Chev's budding firm Clères with all the Cretan news.

July 18th, Friday. Intense heat. We bustled ourselves as well as we were able. 

July 19th, Saturday. We saw Mrs. Finlay, who made an appointment to meet me tonight at the column of Jupiter Olympia. We first took a drive. At the column 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 tisana, something like our pennyroyal, which relieved me much. 

July 20th, Saturday. 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. Parrakevades and Mrs. Skinner came with us. We were very cool and enjoyed the column, although I was far from well. We breakfast just before the little temple of Victory. Came down very für after 8, and began the labor of packing, which was heavy and much interrupted. (L.F.R., omits items of leave-taking, etc.) Soon after 7 we departed. The Aegean was calm and blue. We slung to the last view 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 past 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. General Samfield came with us to Syra and gave us a row in his boat. The last day in Greece - in spite of the heat, an unwelcome 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 coat for two dressers. It doubles 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 prisa going to Janina to take the place of our old prisa of the first voyage, also a boy, his aide-de-camp, also the boy's wife, with several slaves. The woman were kept, as before, in a part of the deck partitioned off by a curtain. They were very sensible. The boy's wife wore a handkerchief of violet crépe 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. Hera 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, Miss Nikrampaz, also with an Armenian niece, very pleasant, Père Isaac of Vienna. The tall Albanian is short as ifpe of vermillion quilted silk, carries about his body, who is teething and ill. I make an inaudible remark about his toilette, not knowing that he understands French. The next time I see him, he is in black dress, as nice as possible, with a new fan. T. Turk of the public suite came and sat in our salon, dressed in white-satin drawers and a long calico nightshirt, bound at the waist by a strip of colored cotton. His costume was far from clean. He also wore glasses and the fan. He is a fanatic, dresses in this way to show us disdain, and will not eat with Christians, so does not come to table.

July 23rd, Tuesday. Went on shore at Corfu at about 5:15, returning at 6:50. Expenses in all ten francs, including boats, ices, and valet de place. 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 Venetian islands are going to ruin since the departure of the English. This is partly the want of capital and enterprise, as 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. The luxury is to be in health and to be satisfied with little. We Wastewers 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, American, en route for Trieste. This is the first day on which writing has been practicable. Much acquaintance this morning with Mr. Triandaphill (Mr. Reas), a Thessalian Greek, educated in Transylvania, speaking Greek and good German. In the evening the old of the two Armenian priests, Père Michel, gave us a discourse on the dominical 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 dominical see and scroolamants. "What has the dominical for his trouble?" asked some one. "The pleasure of rendering men superstitious," answered Père Michel, not raise.

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 view of the dominical.

July 25th, Thursday. Arrived at Trieste at 6 P.M.
I will say here that before going ashore at Corfu the Turkish woman made their toilette, which consisted in putting on clean muslin yashmak and in drawing over their dirty balconies 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 26th, 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 dazzling. The dawn and sunrise ushered in by a rainbow, L. and I grew quite teehful, 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 BarberJs could not take us at our former snug rooms, but Mr. B went round to show us some rooms in Palazzo Cambrico, 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 Malmoosoo this morning, with three hours. The row beautiful both ways. I had to give the man a franc for breakfast at Malmoosoo. 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 were large gold earrings. The houses here lacked 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 it is altar; a small open space with a grate allowing the prisoner to hear mass.

August 4th, Sunday. (Details of sight-seeing.) To Italian Protestant 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 unread entrusted, 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 audihtorium. (Details of sight-seeing.) Before leaving Venice, gave Consul D'Urso 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 evident 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 stromb, bridge, and a short string of houses. Chay 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 willful 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. Summer, of his death and of a parting much like what we made. Left Neuenstein 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 Jeanne Mareau, brought her to the hotel, drove with her to her boarding-place, pension Rindemack, 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 opinion 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 letter place at 8:30. Swan Hotel, good Breakfast. Thunwalden's Limo. Chev, by mistake, took us a dreary round to see this, which was quite near the hotel. Tired me much. But and made a sketch, very poor as usual. At 2 P.M., took the boat for Bungewy (?). At 3:30 or somewhat later, began en horseshoe the ascent of the Nierenberg, 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., Trik held besides. We stepped at the Lava's hotel, which was a mistake. Saw the sun 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 lost 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 disturbed me exceedingly for breath and in the storm of sore knees. My ears also ached through the explosions of the air. Enjoyed a sea and magnificent view of the San Alps. Breakfast at 6 o'clock. Bought an Alpenstack for Laura. Began the descent. We hired a return horse, upon whose back I occasionally got a little relief from extreme fatigue. The road both slipped and kicked at files, as was uneasy and not very safe. Chev gave out badly and rode much of the way horse, We stopped but little to take rest. Renewed Alpenstack very weary, with knee right knee and left ankle. One horse encircling to Sarn (?), where I dined.

August 16th, Friday. We drove to Lucerne, starting at 8:30 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 Brienz, finishing the ascent and descent of the Brunig. At Brienz took boat for Interlaken, a lovely valley; arrived before 10 A.M., in a freshened condition. Hotel Viuorn, much too fashionable. Walked out with Laura. Met Mrs. Mary B. McCay, with her three daughters. She greeted me most kindly. We dined at the hotel. Saw the silent Duke Gnaturo of Rome, married, I suppose, with the young English lady, Miss Wilson (?), to whom he has been betrothed for some time. At 5, we took the omnibus to steamboat and by this to Thun, with arms Americans and the sort that send one's teeth on edge - gold buttons, diamond earrings, brass-laced ladies. Julia slept all day.

August 17th, Bayern. Chev unwell, but not in much pain. Valet du place. Bearpit, fine green enclosure. Minster - their very good, dark architecture. Two monuments, one carved and painted in wood, like a Swiss play. 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 organ 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 went 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 organ before the sermon. But the organ was 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 cut, but hurried back to the hotel, took the train. Stopped at Fribourg, saw Cathedral, heard another organ concet, also very poor, although the instrument is very fine. Dined, Drived to see the railroad bridge, and drove over two suspension bridges, left Fribourg 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 here at 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 grandly. A pierced house for watering the grass, sending up little streams on its whole length. Cage of monkeys. Capudine, Rigele.

August 21st, Wednesday. Visited dear old Dr. Goss and wife and also Mrs. Marcell, 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; and energetic, decided man of about thirty-five, with a not bad opinion of himself, a great Lausannian explorer. His time is much occupied, yet he promised to meet us at 9 next morning and to show us at the Museum the Lausannian remains. He invited the Terry-Crawford faction to accompany us.

August 22d, Thursday. At 9 Goss appeared and we were on 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 hatched head of a stone called jade. He showed us grains and bread from the Lausannian 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 Terys and Mr. and Mrs. Follard Urquhart. Found that Mr. Q. is a Liberal, friend of J. S. Hill, 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. Marcell) to the house of Mme. Bard, who has built a picture gallery and given it to the public. The gallery was respectable, the house very fine, newly built, with a delightful suite of apartments and garden. Mme. Marcell 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. Etean, who went with us, we should never have found the house of Mme. Marcell. She and her daughter, Mme. Pasteur, were most agreeable. Her youngest daughter, Mme. de Cundelle, seemed a little wayward. Her husband was quite agreeable,
August 24th, Saturday. Ordered to pack for 11 A.M., respite till 2 P.M. This gave us a chance to visit the library with Mrs. Satun. 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 Mrs. Wurtz. At 2 P.M. we took the boat for Lausanne, thence took the train for Yverdon, where we arrived at 6:20. 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. Travelled, reaching Basle at 6 P.M. Three Kings Hotel. Very 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, or camphor and laudanum taken internally. The homeopath cured me very soon.


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

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 Bels 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. judged on the floor under us and is very pleasant. She told us of C. A. Bristed's engagement to Grace Sedgwick, which much amused me.

September 2nd, Monday. Napoleon's Tomb. Found Louise 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 Persian pattern copied by me on the spot. Walk with Laura. Mailliard in the evening, very pleasant.

September 3rd, 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 Atherope, 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 Atherope, 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 luncheon, which became dinner, as long did we wait for it. We then called on the Benzens, finding Mr. at home and Mrs. 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 foot. It must have been four hours. (Details of sightseeing, as are also the entries for the next two days.)

September 16th, 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 C. F. Adams. Study of an Italian girl - even a scarlet cactus, beautifully painted.

Nothing of consequence until

September 23rd, 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 Laboureur. Indifferent rooms and no fire. Public gallery. (Descriptions of pictures.) Here we saw the artist born without arms, who holds his palette-tons 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 Ursines de Villars. Music by Maillart. A fine basso cantante, a good soprano in a part much like Fadette. 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 puts 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 late dealt at Bargy. 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. * * * Baguirage. Bought lace, Please's wedding handkerchief, 22 francs. * * * Baguirage service, church quite dark, candles at altar. Baguirages in white veils, singing cut off 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 such a passage as I ever made anywhere. I suffered extreme nausea, &c. At last got a haircut and woke in smoother waters. She stood it better than I should have supposed, but Laura was the only one who escaped sea sickness. Changing dresses in the hotel, no return. Got supper while poor Shev wanted to various hotels and finally took us to the Longbow, where we found tolerable rooms. Dinner at Charing Cross, a very poor one, 9/6! for Laura and me. By accident we went to Bruges to the same hotel where I went twenty-four years ago, a bridge. I recognized the staircase, with a balustrade of swans, each holding a stiff bulrush in its mouth. Shev inquired, found 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 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 Lener called just before him, with which I talked of my Ethel's, 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. Wals, 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, 95 Weymouth Street, Portland Square, Mrs. Clark. The Waleas went down to the station with us, very kindly showing some of our things in their car. We stopped at Atherstone and took a bus to the Hall, where the Brounbridges, 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 fires. I asked for the Arab cots 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, saw lady princess - conference about Catholic burying-ground. Grove of Atherstone. Old Roman road. Drove back with dear old Brounbridge. Pleasant dinner, venison, good talk, coffee, tea, bed. We stayed here before, when Julia was a baby, two months old perhaps.
October 11th, Friday. Chew 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. 

Pricess, Miss de Clifford by birth, an old Catholic family. Dear old Bridge, drove us down, staid till the train arrived. Affectionate parting. Coventry bells and ribbons which he gave us. Cars to Liverpool. Snell in the train, going to sail with us. Hotel—Anagnote. We go out in the rain to buy necessaries for the voyage. Chew wanted caps, coats, and so on. 

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 keeps us near 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 clause! More pharmacology. 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 ship.)

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 smoked 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. Net theology enough to stand examination at Andover. Blue jackets in a row, unperturbed, as were most of us.

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

October 23rd, 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. (Parkins Institution) Arrived early. Judge Russell came, allowed our trunks to be examined at home. House in Boylton Place let for the year. I waited long in Brompton Street for the horses 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 am despaired of the house. Learn that Charles Summer's wife has indeed left him. Paid the stewardess my last sovereign, the steward my last English shilling.
October 26th, Saturday. A preface of Charles Summer: For man and woman 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 Graton 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 literate in criticism. No one idea of real culture brights 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 struck down with apoplexy past all recovery. I hastened to the house in town where I found present sorrow and death impending. Saw my dear friend, who has been unconscious since his seizure last evening. Thought many of his past kindliness 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 Dorset was there, and Mrs. Ashburner with old Mrs. Barstow, her mother. The two latter told me that the governor commanded me as a travelling companion, saying that I always enjoyed the occasion and gave me 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 bosom of God's peace I wish that I may find him. He belongs there. H. J. Bigelow came to the autopsy, grimly smiling. He supposed 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 basket of fine white flowers, stopped 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 locked up, enough, but older and gravier. 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.
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. Lincolns, beautiful flowers, & greenery, & 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 he calls insulting and Warner disgusting (Herman Warner, critic and student of philosophy, a familiar friend of the house in those years) devised some poor verses on it, instead of some on the governor as I would wish to have done. Have thought lately 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, saying 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 within such limits as she. 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. Hand 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. Athrop'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 Chauncey M. Sillings 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 know 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 Ticknor and Field-damn it back it shall not take away my office from me. Whole 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 direct moment, reading Jean Paul's Hesperus and possible 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 fear of the ordinary kind. God bless her, and make her good and happy when I am dead and gone.

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

November 11th, Monday. Began Greek with Anagnostc.

November 12th, Tuesday. Mrs. Quinby's levee for the Amberleys, which occupied all the afternoon. Before this a visit from Parepa and Carl Rosa. In the evening Summer's lecture at the Fraternity: Are we a Nation? A two hours' discourse, with many faults of rhetoric 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 balance the local substantialities without which a nation cannot long maintain character and freedom. It was a more instructive lecture than Phillips' "Dandling 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 grievances against the N.A.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 know this.

Leasing writes to one friend: "It is really useful to me that you should have some small good opinion of it (Nathan) in order to make me once more contented with my self." 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 (fatal) yet stiffens one with cold.

November 14th, Thursday. A conversation of Alcott's at Bartol's. I was invited. This rather made me, as most of the thinkers have, 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 the conversation, delayed by some contretemps.

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 letters (?) so closely that I cannot do it without his serious displeasure.

November 15th, Friday. Went in town to see Slack and Dwight about reading my verses. Both approved my intention. Also ordered the idea 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, E. Hooper, Prof. Wathen, Judge Russell, E. Hemans, 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 75 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 enumbered with illustrations rarely pertinent. It was fit for neither religion, philosophy nor theology but a confusion of all three hiding the encyclopaedic aim of his culture. It advocated the natural to the exclusion of the supernatural. 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. Clootz spoke in the idealistic direction, also Mason, 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 Fleury, on route for New York.

November 20th, Wednesday. Early in town to see people about German 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 many people, 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 Commencement. 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 torment melancholy, a profound sadness. In the whole large assembly I saw no one who would help me to do anything worthy of my powers and life-ideal. I have 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. Quinney proposed Mrs. William Greenough, 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. Andrews 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 feel much perplexed about it, yet I feel a natural regret about giving my poem to another, even if that other be my dear J.P.O. Copied the poem for J.P.O. I believe in God but am utterly weary of men.

November 29th, Sunday. To church, where my mental condition speedily improved. Suffering on the good Samaritan, hymms and prayers all congenial and consoling. Felt reconciled and uplifted out of all petty discord and disappointments. A disappointment should be digested in patience, not vomited in spleen. Better 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. Gillet and Mrs. A Robeke and elected three new members and two old ones, Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. William Robeke. Saw dear Mrs. Clarke, who read me my poem, not so well as I should have expected. Dr. Lotbrop thought I might have read the poem. Woodman has probably influenced Mrs. Andrews against it. ** **
November 26th, Tuesday. Arose 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 affective than my reading of his which I remember "After the utmost 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 exhaused 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. Hendis's death (her brother). Found her self-possessed and resolute, but knew the anguish the less must occasion her, too deep for tears, too severe, or words to express it.

December 2d, Monday. Hendis's funeral at 12. The church full, flowers and music beautiful. A gust of fragrance made 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. Randolph of Philadephia 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 blazed.

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

December 8th, Sunday. I went to the last night full of mournful discouragement about my family and especially about my two children, Julia and Mary. Today's sermon on patience and against discouragement comforted me much.
December 13th, Friday. Weather terrific, dark at 12 M, from snow. Sent dear Laura and Maud in, well wrapped, in the currant. Headache. Got a poor walk on the piazza. Found Fichte quite incomprehensible; after three efforts had to give up. Studied as usual, wrote, Amorgos 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 feel 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 Judah;
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 Matis Gilders, 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. Waked somewhat. Symphony concert. Our four shipmates to dine. Fears 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 Dickinson'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 its tyrant.

December 22d, Sunday. A Sunday at home, weather being dreadful. Chov 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 curio. To town, visited the Hewes. Chov gave me a beautiful book, Harry also a book, Laura a set of begwood 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 Regamma's party at Papantelli'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 lost - was too violent about the poem for Gov. Andrew's funeral ceremony - have not been strenuous enough about the State 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 self-will,