

(No entry of any consequence until --)

February 25th, Sunday. Santo Domingo. I sent letter today to A.B. Haywood of Liverpool, Mrs. Lucas of Boston, Mrs. Doggett of Chicago, Mrs. Wilbour of New York, Mrs. Hinckley of Boston, my daughter Julia, and circulars to (several of these persons.) Sent three letters to the Woman's Journal, hoping they may arrive safely. Went to market this morning early to provide for the family. Have visited the kitchen every fifteen minutes since then. Do not despair of dinner, but am very uncertain of it.

The bee-establishment in the old convent recalls Samson's puzzle, "Out of the eater came forth meat."

All my spare time since my arrival has been devoted to my correspondence. The sailing of the Tybee this morning cuts us off for a month from communication with our homes and all continents. I have, however, ~~large~~ arrangements to make up and wish to write about Santo Domingo, also to study and to prepare for my trip in the spring.

Dinner succeeded wonderfully. The man Jones seemed to drive the others up. We had fish and fried plantains, rice, cabbage, roast beef and a small pudding; but alas! the man Jones asked for half a dollar and disappeared altogether. We walked out at sunset and, it being fiesta, we saw divers masks, each more hideous than the other. One personated a woman on horseback in a riding skirt of pink muslin. One was dressed from head to foot in paper fringe of various colors. A band of students passed, masked but in their black clothes and beavers. Passed the church of La Regina and the adjacent college, or rather school for boys. Saw Padre Billin (?) the principal superintendent.

M. Marne, a Frenchman ninety-seven years old, paid us a visit. Had been secretary of J. Bonaparte in Madrid. Praised him much. Talked very copiously and not ill. Enjoys full mental and physical activity, lives at a small village in sight of our windows, but on the other side of the river. Talked much of Roi Cristophe.

February 26th, Monday. Twice to market, once with Col. Fabens and once with Chev. We have to labor over our people to make them get a meal ready. They understand cockery very well, but have no idea of time. The ship carpenter, a handsome negro, says that Jones will not return. The market is very poor, meat scarce and bad, though not dear. Fish expensive, if being Lent. Having done what I could in the household, I now sit down to take up my Baur where I left it off about a fortnight ago. Read also in Aristophanes and other things. About 5 p.m. to Baez' coconut grove, the other side of the river. Crossed in a flat bottomed barge pulled across by a rope. A pleasant walk, coconut water given us. The trees very fine. Miss Fabens ill on the way back. In the evening masks came in, two companies, one with several guitars, on which they played, singing also. The last company of maskers were rather rude, women speaking English.

February 27th, Tuesday. Not to market today, but breakfast early, then all hands to the Cathedral, to see the high mass performed today in honor of the independence of the Island. Chairs in main aisle arranged so (diagram). Baez' face, cunning, pretty strong, enjoué, as if he might be or seem a "bon enfant". In my view, a double, false face. A man who would betray anything that suited his convenience. The less truthful James says about him the better. The noise at the elevation of host a perfect babel. Music, Ernani, Fra Diavolo, with some other things. A single trumpet shrieked at some high moments. The bells rang, like a thousand tin pans. Orchestra and chorus not together, and both out of tune. The ceremony otherwise as well performed as usual. A priest made a brief address in Spanish, praising the day and complimenting the President. We did not kneel at the elevation. Visited the Gautier family before our return.



February 23th, Wednesday. Studied Baur, Aristophanes and Etudes sur la Bible. Music lesson to Maud. O'Sullivan to dine. Opened a box of Rhein wine. Baez sent word that he would visit us between five and six p.m. We accordingly put things in the best order possible. "Ung puade tualletta" for the ladies seemed proper. At dinner, received Baez' card with a great dish of fine sapotes. Later, Col. Abreu sent Lucy some oranges. Baez arrives at about 5:45. He speaks French quite tolerably, is affable, and has an intelligent face, in fact, looks like a person of marked talent. We talked of things in the United States. He has made fourteen voyages to Europe, is always sick all the way. We offered him some hook, of which he barely tasted. I sang "una barchetta" for him. He came with one servant, who stayed outside. No ceremony, and no escort. Just at tea-time came Mae. Schumacher and husband and made a long visit. She was very pretty and pleasant, and he quite pleasant also. Baez' face ~~imxxxxx~~ was much better on a nearer view. I must not now judge people at a distance.

March 20th, Wednesday. Christ says that that which was spoken in the closet shall be proclaimed on the housetops. My application of this is that there comes a time when in which the matters of private conviction and sentiment must be publicly sustained and advocated. \* \* \* \*

March 22d, Friday. We rose at 3 this morning. I dressed so quietly as not to wake my roommate, Alice Kubens. At 4 in the saddle, with Col. Abreu, Don Ricar Curiel, Ignacio Gonzales, Lavastida, Mr. Read, and Maud, Lucy Derby, Maria Quackenbush. My horse, the faithful creamcolor, kicked a little, being badly saddled, so I took the horse of Mr. Curiel, which was a hard trotter. We rode of course a good way in the dark. I was very nervous for some time. We met General Comanduras going to bathe, on horseback, accompanied by a lumb, a happy family which one sees here. I was afraid last the lumb should frighten my horse, which did not go very well. After about four miles, the horse refused to pass a gate, at which he is accustomed to enter. I took my own horse again, which by this time went very well. The freshness of the early morning was charming. We stopped half way to rest a little, at a little negro settlement (two words illegible) which we passed in a boat, the horse crossing first. Here we partook of some prunes and biscuits. Gin was offered, but declined. The beauty of the scenery was indescribable. The grand forms and outlines of the trees, the masses and variety of the foliage. Some parts recalled the lovely second picture in Cole's Course of Life. Our first crossing was at Hayna. We crossed the Nigua river five times by ford. The little horses dashed easily through the transparent water. The road now and then widens to a lovely sort of savannah, and the gay party, cantering along, make such a picture as used in my youth to half madden me with the thought of beautiful scenes which I could never hope to see. Another picture of Cole's in my father's picture gallery comes back to me with these scenes. The showers chased us for quite a part of the way, but we took no harm. When I arrived, my left foot was so badly cramped in the stirrup that I could not step. We found a little boic or hut arranged for us. It has three rooms, one furnished with two beds and two hammocks, the other with chairs and a table. We were very hungry - breakfasted at the Porada, quite heartily, then took a long siesta. Walked out afterwards, visited the little church. Priest eighty-four years old, held his candle close to his eyes. The ceremony is called Via Crucis. A procession of women and children, some carrying tapers from one image to another - wretched large dolls dressed as Maria de Dolores, and others. Priest and congregation knelt and worshipped before these images. "Thou shalt not bow down to them" is forgotten. Saw a new variety of Passion flower, with the fruit, a small round one, the flower enclosed in a trefoil thus (drawing). Visited S. Molina - sat in his smoking chairs. His one child, eighteen months old naked, with a cough.

March 23th, Saturday. Last evening to visit the old padre, some 84 years old. He said he had known a negro woman who died at the age of 143 - he confessed and buried her. She had her teeth and her hair still. Has been cured here



for 53 years. He was dressed like any countryman, in shirt, colored trousers, and a handkerchief around his head. An old negro woman helped us to get in, calling to the padre, "muchu gente, viene nueva." "Ah, nueva", he said and drew the belts. Curiel spoke of Seward and Lincoln. The padre thought they had made the war. Slept in a hammock, cold as to back, had to put a blanket underneath. Fleas bad. Had a fear of bilious colic in the night, but got warm and slept (it) off. Today, to see the school. Schoolmaster with sore eyes, a kindly man, intelligent and educated for this region. Has thirty scholars or more. Parents pay him a dollar a month. It (was a ) holiday, but he sent for some scholars and put them through some recitations which showed that they had learned the text book by heart. His great resource a compendium of grammar and rhetoric, sacred history, geometry, etc. His wife, a woman of some education, married at thirteen. She looked about thirty. She has a grown up son, three girls and a little boy. She was nursing her last-born - said he was may impergente with his teeth. The men mostly on horseback, the women sitting or standing round. A country of lotus eaters. At breakfast Col. Abreu began to disparage Mme. de Staël. Mme. Schumacher visited us. I write this sitting on a pillow in a hammock.

(I continue this from Saturday's entry.) We were a little late in dining Saturday afternoon, and I came back to pack our effects in a great hurry. The venerable padre Manioc came to return my visit. He was in canonical costume and looked much better than in his house garments. Minister Curiel allowed little time for his visit, but kept crying like Bluebeard, "Will you be ready, ladies?" It is four, it is a quarter past, it is half past. The padre wanted two books which I promised to procure for him. He wrote his name for me. I finished packing, and we were in the saddle by about 4:30. A black general, governor of the village, and his orderly, accompanied us part way on horseback. Reached Jayne at dark. Crossed easily. Cup of coffee shared among us. The interval of dismounting gave a little rest. My right arm ached, I don't know why, quite badly, my left foot and knee much cramped with the stirrup. Got home by 8:30, seven leagues in four hours, the last league pretty painful to me.

March 28th, Thursday. Holy Thursday. To mass at eight. Saw the priests dress themselves at a side altar. Archbishop was dressed at the high altar. President Baez and all officials present. Church crowded with people rather gaily dressed. Mme. Schumacher. Consecration and adoration of the chrism, then of the holy oil, performed in the middle space of aisle railed off (see Feb. 27th). Each priest descended from high altar, with genuflections, singing three times, "Ave, santo chrismo", after which they kissed a little silver cruet - the same was repeated with the words, "Ave, santo clic," tune, a, a, b, a, e, then b, etc. then c, etc. A monument built up in the church, of painted wood, but having a pretty good effect, set with candles. One of the chief priests laid some object (the wafer) in a silver shrine or box at the top of this, for it was an open enclosure with columns, steps, and an altar, and the key of this shrine was hung around the neck of the President. Then a sort of procession was formed and we came away. Began work on Easter sermon. Was told that the Protestants wish to keep Good Friday, if I will meet with them. Archbishop washed feet in P.M. In the evening to see two churches in which the monuments of Christ is illuminated.

March 29th, Friday. Worked at Good Friday sermon. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Subject, how to mourn for Christ, and how to be comforted about his death. Had a good evening. Lucy and Maria went to church. A number of Dominicans stood outside.

March 30th, Saturday. Worked at Easter sermon. Text, 2d Timothy, first chapter, tenth verse. "Who hath abolished death, hath brought life and immortality to light."



March 31st, Easter Sunday. Worked at sermon. True religion must ever be tolerant. If God speaks to me, He can also speak to you. Unity a thing of completeness, founded not upon uniformity, but upon harmony. We dressed the little church with flowers. It looked charmingly. Flowers all along the railing (drawing) flowers in the pulpit, over my head. Church was crowded. Many people outside and at the windows. Choir made great efforts and sang Easter anthem with pleasing effects, better than I have heard them sing heretofore. I could not use my notes much. The subject carried me away. Yet I adhered to the outline of my written sermon and delivered it in substance, although I did not memorize its language. Father Hamilton made the opening prayer and gave the benediction. After the sermon, Judge Gross made a little address, thanking me for my efforts in their behalf, which, God knows, have been a great pleasure and profit to me.

April 3rd, Wednesday. With Paddock to Pajarita, to return Marle's mass. Dieu, l'Âme et le ciel, in reply to Alexandre Dumas' materialistic funeral oration upon A. de Lamartine. Met the governor of the village, who showed us the way to Marle's boic. I offered him money, unfortunately, still he was very kind. Marle's wife a sweet woman, with traces of beauty. We staid outside till they were ready to receive us. They gave us pine apple cider, which was very nice. We took a little ramble with them through the village.

The Tybee arrived today with H.B.B. (Mr. Blackwell) on board. The Governor of Pajarita asked if I was not coming tomorrow with the Baez family. I had heard nothing, but received an invitation later. At 7:30 to a junta literaria of the Juventud. A good many present, some ladies, not members, I think. Subject, End justifies means? Young Abreu and Mr. Romana quite eloquent, also Mr. Henriques. Unanimous that end does not justify. Machiavelli much criticized. Anas. of Maximilian criticized. President addressed me in French. I replied in ditto.

April 4th, Thursday. Up at 5 A.M. To Pajarita with my Maud, Lucy, Miss Rosa Baez, Damien ditto, Felix ditto, and Camcins and three pinas. Rained. Crossed in two boats. Guards presents arms everywhere. Damien, Governor, capital. Feet wet. Governor, my friend of yesterday, met us - in three boats, where fruit and chairs. In one a man with a good face. Saw old Hamilton. Ate many quailmeats. Visited a coccanut estancia of President Baez. Good cocoa water. Home at last, by 9 A.M. Read my letters, two from dear Laura. Julia is going on well at the Club, has read a poem, has a burlesque of Mrs. Woodhull. Letter from Julia Kuhne of Stettin. Mme. Mentais of Constantinople. Mrs. Pennington also wrote a kind answer to a letter sent some time since. I feel quickened in my desire to depart and be in England.

April 5th, Friday. Ah! my time is nearly out. Dear Santo Domingo, how I do love you, with your childish life, and your ancestral streets - a granddam and a babal! Today I read my last in Baur and Greek for some time, probably, as must pack tomorrow. Will now pick up papers, etc. To leave Maud is the hard point. As at present advised, God grant that we may come here again.

April 6th, Saturday. Here today and gone tomorrow, literally. Mostly packed - have left out my books for a last sweet morsel. Last music lesson to Maud. (Illegible.) -- Did not get that sweet morsel. Was busy all day, farewell calls from friends, little talks, and the fear of sitting down and forgetting my preparations in my books. In the evening the Gaultiers came and I played for them to dance. So, one last little gaiety in common.

April 7th, Sunday. Got up at 4 A.M. Dressed and got off pretty easily. Kissed Paddock at parting. She did not kiss me. I think the balance of good will has been on my side. I don't wish to put any unkindness on record, but her conduct to me while here has certainly been extraordinary, and such as I can never voluntarily submit myself to again. She has probably not reflected how entirely she has endeavored to set me aside and take in my own house the tone that would make it seem hers. This must end here. I am willing to have a housekeeper, but not one who would put herself over my head.



Orziel walked to the steamer with me. Col. Abreu and young Gautier were of the party. The parting from Maud was very hard. Oh! when the line was drawn in, and my darling and I were fairly sundered, my old heart gave way, and I cried bitterly, to Angela's great astonishment. He only saw me. The Sunday was quiet, and for me sad. At night it became very rough, and I went to bed in an agony of sea-sickness.

Blackwell is a dear comforting man, most kind and companionable. A woman on board with a wretched baby of six months, he is a muslin gown and nothing else, crying with cold. I got out a cotton flannel dressing sack, and wrapped him up in it and tended him a good deal.

April 8th, Monday. Very sick all the morning. Reached Suva at 2 P.M. Went on shore, to Price's house. Blackwell got us horses, and we took a very up-hill and down-hill ride, some of it was worse than going up and down stairs on horse-back. My little horse was admirably gaited and sure-footed, never stumbling. Saw majestic trees, a wonderful mangrove, bamboos, the cacao tree, with its fruit full of nuts growing on the tree and hanging by a little stem, so (drawing). A beautiful ride. Had Mrs. Dennis' side-saddle, with a leaping horn, which distressed my knee much, the stirrup leather being too short, even when lengthened out to its utmost. In the evening the Burcs came on board with their little boy.

April 9th, Tuesday. All the morning in Suva. Visited Mr. Hauran, who sold us some trifles and gave us some chocolate, treating us also to cognac. Col's (Fabens) gin bitters - Blackwell too - the cockroach. Hamilton's house. Susannah, don't you cry. Mrs. Abadie very fat, the plaza, Stubbs and the pretty woman whom the Col. called Mrs. Stubbs, but who looked and acted a little as if she wasn't. Bought a silver ornament for \$1. Two little straw pockets ten cents each. Back on board, sailed in good time. Steamer sailed at small island. We towed the whaling barque Cicero out of the harbor. She gave three cheers when we let her go. Rough all the P.M., very rough at bedtime. I just got off without the extreme.

April 10th, Wednesday. Early at Puerta Plata. Head much disturbed by ship's rolling. On shore by 9.30 and to Almada's hotel, where, after half an hour of languor, have written up my journal since Saturday. My last day of comfort for some time, probably. We may expect eight or nine rough days between this and New York. I fear I shall be sick all the way.

4.30min. P.M. A quiet cool day here, for which God be thanked. A moment of comfort on the eve of eight days of torment. May the purpose for which I undertake this painful and solitary journey be ever strong enough in my thoughts to render every step of it pure, blameless and worthy. Great God, do not let me desert thee! For that is the trouble. Thou dost not desert us. I dread unspeakably these dark days of suffering and confusion. To go is like being hanged. I only hope my darling will get through well when her turn comes, and all the others. Once more, God help us!

April 11th, Thursday. Pretty sick. Read Lowell's article on Chaucer in the North American Review. Rather long, heavy, and remote from human sympathy, but well-labored, and on the whole, instructive and valuable.

I write this on Saturday, the first day I have been able to hold a pen. Began Foster's Life of Dickens.

April 12th, Friday. Not sick but not certain. Up betimes. Read H.B. Adams' article on the Session of 1870 in the North American Review. Smart, saucy and superficial. Read also article on "Chinese Competitive Examination" which does not amount to very much.

Ye fearful saints! I have been in such terror of this voyage, and it is passing very prosperously so far.



April 13th, Saturday. We have been wonderfully favored as to weather. Thursday was a little rough, but with a fair wind. Yesterday smooth, with ditto, today smoother still. Captain said something about my preaching on Sunday, so I have been laying out some points for a sermon. Text, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his goodness? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." But it is not very likely that the Captain will really ask me to hold service.

Talk with purser about Homer. He has a vivacious mind, and might easily learn Greek, or anything else he would have a mind to.

April 14th, Sunday. It turned out that the Captain and passengers did wish me to hold a little service today, so at 10:30 A.M. I met them in the dining-saloon. I had a Bible, from which I read the 116th Psalm, a prayer followed, then the missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains", then my little sermon, of which I have the headings. I am so very glad to have been able and enabled to do this. All of the passengers attended except Messrs. Alfari and Hamburger, the former of Santo Domingo, the latter of Puerto Plata. The wonderful smooth weather continues; would, my Maud, that you were with me to pay your tribute to easily to the terrible Cerberus of the sea!

Began to teach the purser to read from notes with a leaf of music cut of some periodical. Copied Baur a little, talked and heard much talk.

The old theatre?

April 15th, Monday. We still live, crossing the Gulf stream. Very quiet today. Gave purser another music lesson. Copied Baur, which is rather fatiguing to one's head.

April 16th, Tuesday. A horrible day. Headwind all the night before. At 4 A.M. a N.W. gale began, which blew all day without intermission. The ship writhed and sprang in every conceivable direction. I was stupefied - rose betimes, rather vexed at Alice (Fubens or Blackwell? her roommate) for getting up first, as it was my morning. She asked my leave, however. Sat all day in the little after-cabin, mostly in an uncomfortable state of daze. Couldn't look at a book, or think of anything rational. Went to dinner, but very sick after it.

April 17th, Wednesday. The gale moderated at 12 last night. No wind now, the sea calm as a mill-pond. Wrote yesterday's journal. Colonel read us something from Macaulay. Am very comfortable. Observation today, 178 miles from New York. Expect to get in tomorrow, not very late, unless another contrary gale. Frigate birds and petrels yesterday; today, whales, black fish, and an immense number of porpoises. Revelation cannot go beyond human consciousness.

The Western mind has taken Christ's metaphorical illustrations literally, and his literal moral precepts metaphorically.

April 18th, Thursday. Waited long at Quarantine for health officer. Dinner on board, the last plum pudding. Hamburger helped me kindly with my trunks. Poor little Mme. Julie, with a handsome wardrobe, had no over-garment. Lent her my shawl. Her husband, Junior (?) the assassin of Cren, a strange looking young man. Got only one bunch of my bananas, having three large and one small. Pineapples all right. Got to Uncle's at a little before 5 P.M. Found Uncle well. After tea in the parlour Charlie's, where sent for Flossy and David, thence to Samuel Barlow's, where told what was bid to tell.

Very thankful to have got through so well so far.

April 19th, Friday. Visited poor little Mme. Julie, whose husband looks to me insane.



April 20th, Saturday. Home to Boston tonight by train.

April 21st, Sunday. Home safely. Julia and Anagnos very glad to see me. J. much worn by the Perry slanders, which, when recounted by her, put me also into a state of mind. So my Sunday was somewhat disturbed. Went to church, where Mr. Clarke preached, kind welcome from many friends. Dined with Mrs. T.B. Wales. Heard Dr. Hamlin on Robert College in the evening. Very tired, fell asleep. In the p.m. visited W.R. Alger.

April 22d, Monday. Clum - Walter Smith - lecture on art, rather saucy, but very suggestive. Began to toil and toil for a little wee lecture on Santo Domingo, at Wesleyan Hall, for which I must pay \$15. Evening at home.

April 23d, Tuesday. Ordered tickets from Hudge. Flew about a good deal. Tea at Jeannette's, where met the George Waleses.

April 24th, Wednesday. Discouraged about my lecture. Tickets not selling. To church meeting in the evening, where saw various friends. B.F. Hallett's talk about his seat in church.

April 25th, Thursday. More discouraged, but too busy to stop and think much about my feelings. Mr. Clarke visited about dinner time.

April 26th, Friday. My lecture passed off better than I supposed it would. About one hundred people were present, some of them very good friends. Among others, James Sturgis, the Whipples, some of the N.E. Clubbites, etc. To New York this day with dear J. Unusual heat, great fatigue. Dined at Charlie's, with Aunt Maria and Dr. Purdy and others of the connection. Willie Ward's birthday, six years old, six candles on the cake. Took leave of my dear girls, David promising to put me on board in the morning. Left money for expenses of lecture and \$1. for poor Mrs. Wallis. Paid also Julia's journey to New York, \$7., with seat in Drawingroom car.

April 27th, Saturday. Up early and off in good time. Got the wrong Ferry - Courtland instead of Chambers Street, which delayed us a good deal. Got on board with no time to spare. Left with David money for J's return home, \$6. Carriage and ferrage, \$4. Went on board knowing of no friends or acquaintance among the passengers. Found Will Bigelow, and later Miss Mumford and brother of Detroit, who met me at Mrs. Bagley's, and Mrs. Farrington, wife of Unitarian clergyman, lately at Germantown but now in England. Later found Mr. Du Chailly, and my cousin, Anna Newbold and daughter. A marvellous start, sea like a mill-pond. They did not give me the stateroom engaged by Barlow, but one smelling vilely.

April 28th, Sunday. Very quiet still. Have written up Friday and Saturday's journals. Services at 10:30. Captain read it in a very business-like manner, a very dry performance. No singing. Purser read the Bible lessons. General Sickles on board with his new Spanish wife. Have got at Ecco Home.

Have been thinking for some days of a sermon illustrating the difference between the mechanical and the moral in human life. Text, the first man Adam was a living soul. Uncertain whether I should include the next sentence or not. Many people never get out of the mechanism, never attain the consciousness of freedom, which is a high moral fact. Circumstances and passions, things from without and within, administer them. They do not know their own power over these things. The various mechanisms, logical, (illegible) passionnal, etc. A good subject, if I can study it out. "The Lord said unto my Lord," might be used against the preferences of birth. In the evening some one proposed psalm singing, so I went to the piano, and began. We sang quite a number of hymns, many persons joining in. One lady in particular helped me.



April 29th, Monday. About, but not able to write. Have made acquaintance with family of Dr. Bissell. His sister, Mrs. Judge Collins of Toledo, O., a progressive and intelligent woman. The lady who helped me last evening was Miss Fanny Girard of New York. Her mother, sister and uncle on board. Began Ecce Homo.

May 1st, Wednesday. A very rough day.

I was not sick, but the Tybee seems to have exhausted my sensibilities. But many were sick. I read, slept a good deal, and talked to many sea-sick people. Wind ahead and sea high. Stopped in the night three hours to repair breakage made by a wave which washed over the ship. My roommate sick. On going to bed, felt a little ill. Played whist with a gentleman and our own little party.

May 2d, Thursday. Better, but still rather rough. A pleasant day. Able to walk the deck. Made acquaintance with Mr. Worthen (or Horton?) brother-in-law of William Appleton, publisher, who is on board. He the gentleman who played whist with us last evening. In the evening, lecture from M. Du Chaillu, subject, Africa.

May 3d, Friday. Smooth and pleasant weather. Read an article on Women and political power, by Luke Owen Pike, reprinted in Youngman's Popular Science Monthly, from the London Anthropological Review, mere stuff and trash.

May 4th, Saturday. Having been requested to give a lecture upon Santo Domingo, in the evening of this day, I made some effort to collect my thoughts. In the morning I began to fancy singing the air and chorus "Oh, comme Carlo" from Ernani, with some English words beginning, "Oh, Captain Murray!" In the course of the ~~evening~~ wrote the words, of no value whatever, except as accompanying the music. Persuaded President Armstrong to sing the solo, some pleasant ladies furnishing the chorus, with a young tenor, Mr. Flagg. All day I sought retirement to prepare my lecture, but could not find it, many persons happening to talk with me. In the evening unearthed a silk dress and my best chignon, and made as good a talk as I could. The ship became so unsteady that I almost fell over while speaking, but soon embraced a slender column which stood near me, and so stood. The lecture was very well received. The music followed, the captain scarcely liking the intended compliment. It yet sounded well. Afterwards, General Sickles rose and proposed a vote of thanks, which was passed.

May 7th, Tuesday. Arrived safely in Liverpool, thank God!

May 8th, Wednesday. Left Liverpool at 11-40 A.M., journeying in second class, which Bigelow paid. Country very green, trees in leaf. Passed Atherstone, where thought of Brucebridges. At London Station, Harry Richards met me, to my surprise. Took me at once to dear Laura, who looks very well and happy, is embellished rather than disfigured by expectant maternity. Could not sleep at Laura's this night, so had a bed at Dickens' private hotel, 26 Norfolk St., Strand, Laura's being 23. Concluded to talk parlor and bedroom at latter place for three guineas a week, but now only for two days at 9/ per diem.

May 9th, Thursday. Sent post cards to Mrs. P.A. Taylor, Rev. W.H. Channing, Mrs. F. Pennington, and Messrs. Baring, also to Dr. E. Blackwell, also to Wm. MacArthur.

May 10th, Friday. Wm.H.C. came early, Mrs. Pennington next, a coldish but not uncordial person. She gave me platform tickets for the Ladies' Meeting tonight, at which they will reply to the objections made in House of Commons against Woman Suffrage. Rev. H. Iversen came and offered me his pulpit. Then Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who was a little more brisk than cordial, yet not unfriendly. Then



Monoure Conway, much tanned. Last of all, Mr. MacArthur, who invited me to a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at his house this evening. I was already engaged to go with W.H.C. to the other meeting. Mrs. Pennington invited me to go early and confer with the ladies. I did so, but they were naturally full of their own business and took little note of me. Mrs. MacLaren, a handsome elderly woman, said a few polite words. A gentleman, Mr. MacLaren or Mr. Pennington, spoke to me about Peace, in which he is interested. Mrs. Ernestine L. (----) spoke with me. At the meeting saw Mrs. B.F. Burke of Boston, also Kate Field.

May 11th, Saturday. Order of speakers last evening, Miss Becker, Rhoda Garret, Mrs. Fawcett (---) and Miss Ashfield. Miss Becker sensible, but hackneyed, Miss Garret better, Mrs. Fawcett full of herself, pretty, smart and small. Miss Ashfield good. Small satire, personal retort and irony, reductio ad absurdum, nothing in the whole performance scared above these. The ladies were as hard as billiard balls charged with electricity, dead shots certainly, I like our method much better, because it is at once more cordial and more humane and relieved by larger aperçus. But I may be a little nettled by the entire neglect with which I was treated, though I was prepared for this. Saturday, visited Mrs. Seagrave at the Langham. Journey to Cambridge, where arrived at 6:30 p.m.

May 12th, Sunday. Cambridge. (L.E.R. and H.R. accompanied her on this visit to Cambridge.) Sent a note early to the Seeleys, and then went out to walk. Harry took me to the beautiful gardens of some College, bridges quite Venetian. Came home, found the Seeleys. Not old people, as I suppose, but quite young, Seeley perhaps 38 years old, his wife not more than 28, perhaps both younger than this. Pleasant talk, a rumble with them, all of us to early tea with them. Met Miss Clough, sister of A.H., Mrs. Peill (?) much interested in education of women. Laura and Harry to cathedral service at King's Chapel, a very celebrated building, fan-vaulting very fine. Handel's chorus "Lift up your heads". I to cathedral service at St. John's Chapel, where Mr. Mayer, a learned man, read the service finely. Anthem by Croft. Four hundred young men in surplices, some handsome faces among them. Lanterne of the chapel very lofty, architecture and details very handsome. The silver Seeley, he has a sweet, genuine face.

May 13th, Monday. A rainy day. I walked out with Harry and Laura. We visited Jesus College and Chapel, very ancient, but newly restored, formerly belonged to a nunnery. Tombstone of last abbess, born Bertha Royata, 1250-something. Hall of Trinity very handsome, portraits of Bacon, Cowley and others. The great kitchen, high with black beams across, and sixteen legs of mutton roasting before a fire at least 20 feet long and 5 or 6 feet high. Heard Mr. Skeat lecture to a class of ladies on English literature. Pope's Essay on Man, first epistle. ~~Skeat~~ Skeat an Anglo-Saxon scholar. Home with Miss Clough, to see her boarding house for ladies attending lectures and studying in Cambridge. All of us to tea at the Seeleys', Mrs. S.'s mother there, just arrived. A pleasant talk. Home in good time. In the p.m. went with Mr. Seeley to visit the University library, a very large collection of books.

May 14th Tuesday. Out early with the Seeleys'. To Trinity College Library, where saw mss. of Milton and Newton, many illuminated missals, ancient Bibles. Henry VIII's or mb, tanned bits of skin of two wife-murderers shown with it. Newton's telescope and mathematical instruments. Thirwaldsen's statue of Byron. Then to Prof. Seeley's lecture on English history, very interesting, mostly about Burke, the prophet of his time. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Westlake, who invited me to visit them in London. Then to hotel, early dinner, and all by rail to Liverpool.

(The following was probably written in later.) Text: the wind bloweth where it listeth and ye cannot tell, etc. The church wrong in prescribing what people should believe. Moses and Christ did not do this. The church laid down the channels of faith and faith forsook them. Aristocracy prescribed what channels nobility should run in and it forsook them often. Tares and the wheat. The good



and the evil in institutions have to grow together. When the good is ripe, God's providence destroys the tares. I said this at Bristol, about the use of war in bringing order and discipline. These (are) the wheat. Bloodshed and violence the tares. Now the wheat is ripe and we may dispense with the tares.

May 15th, Wednesday. Wrote to Mrs. J.E. Butler, 280 Southhill, Park Road. \* \* Mrs. Butler invites all of us to tea. I went alone and had a good talk with her. She advises me to postpone the time of the meeting as late as possible and to speak in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, etc. Out there and back, 5 s. A sweet womanly woman.

Texts: "I heard a voice saying, Cry." The protest. The wise and the foolish virgins, the wheat and the chaff. To discriminate always between the true and the false, in law, doctrine and ordinances. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." The illumination of the single-hearted, the wisdom of pure zeal. Like leaven that was hid in three measure of meal till the whole was leavened. The hidden secret working revealed at last when the whole is leavened.

May 16th, Thursday. Out early with dear Laura, who cannot walk far. Saw E. P. Peabody, who sails today with Laura. Talked with her somewhat. She does not look well. Settled all accounts with Harry and went to see the children off. It was sad to see them go. L. and I waved handkerchiefs as long as we could see. Home to hotel in a 'bus, fare threepence. I visited her empty room and kissed both pillows to be sure of kissing hers. She has been so sweet and affectionate to me, like a little mother. I must work hard to make this separation worth while. (List of letters written) In the evening paid 1/6 for a very poor place at the theatre, the only one I could get, to hear Simon Reeves in 'Rob Roy'. Heard two acts. Song, "My love is like a red, red rose". Duet, "Dearest, though we part in sorrow", "Auld Lang Syne". Came away very weary.

Text, "Have salt in yourselves. Have peace with one another." With the salt of wisdom we can have peace, not without.

May 17th, Friday. Arrived at Bolton, where I now write. Showed my sketch to Mrs. Winkworth, who approves of it, and also of my intended Sunday services. Thinks Arthur Maitland might treat of (a course of lectures and speakers seems to be outlined, but so abbreviated that it is hard to make it out. I therefore omit it. L.E.R.) As Mrs. Winkworth has invited people to meet me here I cannot ~~xxxxxx~~ well return to London as soon as I had intended. Miss Cobbe to take part in my meeting.

"Think ye I cannot pray my Father and he can send me twelve legions of angels?" Do you think I could not have avoided this disastrous ending? Yes, if I had not said, Thy will be done, I could have avoided it easily.

May 18th, Saturday. Manchester by rail at 10 a.m. to meet Mr. Stokes. First, with Mr. Winkworth to the mill for carding and spinning cotton. Egyptian cotton is used in this entirely, having a longer fibre than the American article. The female operatives are substantial looking women. I saw one with a goitre. Fare to Manchester and back 3/. In Manchester saw the wreck of the Cunard steamer Tripoli off the coast of Ireland. No lives lost. Thought this must be dear Laura's steamer. Was in a great fright. Telegraphed to Cunard Company at Liverpool. Received answer that Laura and Harry were safe on board the Siberia, which after all was their steamer. A great relief. Conversation with Mr. Stokes a good deal interrupted by this trouble about the steamer. He thinks middle of July full early enough. Approves of Sunday services and commends the following names (list omitted) He did not enter so fully into my views as did Mrs. Winkworth and Mrs. Butler, thought my Central Truth would require definition and explanation. Got telegram from Laura. Children all right. After dinner talked with Mr. Winkworth, developing my plan and views. Am very thankful dear Laura is safe in the Siberia, but it seemed ever so sweet to think that I should see her again at this time \* \*

Text, who maketh thee to differ? Providence gives the human variety.



May 19th, Sunday.

207.

In the morning attended the Sunday meeting of some Friends, who have left the orthodox meeting headed by Mr. Duncan, now deceased. An hour's silence was rather painful to me. At last some one inquired about the Index. I explained F. Abbott's standpoint as well as I could. Then I was invited to unfold my views and plans relative to Peace, which I did briefly, and with a very cordial answering. Various parties gave me their names and promised to aid in getting up a meeting for me in Manchester. Left Bolton with regret. Arriving in Norfolk St., could not have my old lodgings. Took such as I could have, and to bed, very cold and weary.

May 20th, Monday. Met Rev. A. A. Lowe at Unitarian Rooms. Went to find his wife. Walked with her. Sent a line to F.W. Chesson, etc. Went to 74 Park Road Stoke Newington, with Mrs. Luce's introduction to Christine Allsop. Did not find her and had great fatigue waiting for return 'bus, there being no room in most of them. Had a kind visit from Revs. Ierson and Cordner of Montreal, in which we talked a good deal of my plans. Buns 4d. Passed the evening at home, rather lonely. Had a throbbing in a toe of my left foot, which I feared might be the paternal gout coming at this moment. Dried my sheet and night-dress very carefully before the fire.

May 21st, Tuesday. The beginning of pride is when one departeth from God, and his heart is turned away from his maker. Ecclesiastical 10th, 12th. Had letters from Mrs. Luce and Mrs. Winkworth kindly offering to aid me pecuniarily and giving names of Friends. Lunched with K.F. (Q: Kate Field?) Met there Mrs. Fawcett whom I do not like, Mrs. Webster, a sweet woman not over twenty-five, Mrs. Linton, wife of the wife of the eccentric radical known to us in America. She is Mrs. Lynn Linton. Mary E. Beedy and Col. Higginson, in full chase after the objects of London, he not having been here before. (Mmes.) Webster, Linton and Beedy were kind to me, and K.F. affectionate. Mrs. Fawcett seemed to like me as little as I liked her, which was natural. Perhaps things may change on nearer acquaintance. Mrs. Linton ~~xxxxxxx~~ is author of "Modern Women", a work which I do not envy her. To Peace meeting at Finsbury Chapel in the evening, of meeting more anon.

May 22d, Wednesday. At Peace Meeting last night H. Richard announced my presence and my desire to move the women in behalf of Peace. This warmly received by audience. He told me that his society had never allowed a woman to speak on its platform and did not seem disposed to make an exception in my favor. Tant pis pour lui; since this is historical. Several persons gave me their cards, and after meeting, Mrs. Wigam and daughter, Scotch friends, spoke with me and carried me off with them to talk a little and have tea. \* \* \* Attended Unitarian Anniversary interesting. A fine prayer from young Carpenter, sermon by A. Coquerel, same preacher at Newport last summer, the martyrdom of Stephen, a popular and radical speech on the education bill - objects to all religious education in schools. Martineau not approving. A splendid dinner at Mr. Bicknell's.

May 23rd, Thursday. Saw Mr. Snape of Liverpool. Wrote Mary Priestman that I will come to Bristol June 5th or 6th. I intend to try for a religious service this Sunday evening. This early in the day. Then to 19 New Broad St., Peace Society. Was referred to Friends' Meeting, Devonshire Building. Saw Mrs. Christine Allsop an influential, stiff-necked old Friend, who could think of no opening for me in Friends' meeting. She invited me to her lodgings at 2 p.m. to meet her husband, I could not. To Bedford Institute to see about hall, none to be had. To Peace Society again, where talked with Tallock. Met a Russian gentleman, inquired about peace. Gave him my address. Just time to dress hurriedly and get to Crystal Palace where H. Ierson stood by me brotherly. I sat by him at dinner and suddenly found that I was to speak in answer to toast of W.U. Churches (Q: Western Unitarian?) Entirely unprepared for this, but told my simple story and was well received. The meeting orderly, tasteful and interesting. Sir. J. Bowring and lady spoke to me after the breaking up, and were very friendly. Also Russel Carpenter, Rev., also Rev. Marshall. Later by rail to M. D. Conway's, 51 Nottinghall Sq., where met McCullough, former secretary of treasury, C. G. Leland (\*\*\*) Lady Pollock et alii.



May 24th, Friday. Out early to find Mr. Chassen and the good Winkworths, in vain. Must give up Sunday service this week. To luncheon with dear E. Twistleton, after to the exhibition. He most genial and friendly. Tennyson concordance. Many interesting pictures, the railway station, Millais' Ophelia, not to my taste. For Greek, McMillan's series. Princess of Wales's jewels, pearls and emeralds, pearls very handsome, emeralds uncut - brute. A delightful day. Cab to Islington 3/ buns 2d. Tea and Unitarian meeting. Coquerel, Lowe at allis. Home, very tired, in tolerable time.

Text, "The kingdom of heaven is like a householder who bringeth out of his treasury things old and new".

The old and new in philosophy and religion. The historic and the prophetic. The Jews were wiser than the Christians in this: they listened somewhat to their prophets - Neither shall they learn war any more. Is. 2d, 4th. Is prophecy an idle dream, a matter of mere symbolism and sentiment? No. History shows the fulfilment of true prophecy. Who are they that teach war in church and state?

May 25th, Saturday. Visit from Mrs. Winkworth, very pleasant. She met W.H.C. here.

The lady who went up Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau ten years since. To see Mrs. Parsons, who was pleasant. The doctor looks well. With her to Bowles' where many letters. Good John K. Wildman sends me five pounds for Peace. A.H. Love kind greeting. Ella Burton, Edinburgh will read a paper at my meeting on the history of the relation of women to war. Rev. Arthur O'Neill, Hall Road, Birmingham, will arrange a meeting for me there June 11th. I wrote, accepting.

May 26th, Sunday. Not of gods as many but as of one. Unity of God.

We have got to analyze religious statements and to discriminate between religious ideas and metaphysical formulas. Mankind ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ differ about the latter, agree about the former. Doctrine of Trinity a metaphysical solution of human thought, easily easily explicable upon historical evidence and by the laws of thought. The unity of God is a religious fact. The fraternity of the human race in a reflex manner brings monotheism. While Jehovah was the God of the Jews, other nations were necessarily supposed to have ~~their~~ gods also. The comprehensive view of humanity, "one fold, one shepherd", brought one divinity, one father of all. I must work more on this idea. What mockery where French and Germans each pray to God to help the one destroy the other! Can the house be divided against itself? This would thus divide it. It could not be the same God who would help both. So war engenders a twofold representation of God. Peace alone is monotheistic. Every individual may pray for the good of the whole world. Let none dare to pray for his own advantage, personal or national, involving the disadvantage of any other. Such prayer is ~~impossible~~, if we reflect upon it.

To lunch at Rev. T.L. Marshall's, 6 Church Road, Brixton. Coquerel was there. I very unwell with cold. Called to see Mr. MacArthur.

May 27th, Monday. Visits from F.W. Newman, Edward Twistleton, F.W. Chassen. To theatre with Winkworths, "Pygmalion and Galatea".

My birthday, fifty-three years old, a serious day for me. E. Twistleton's visit very pleasant. I omitted luncheon and so suffered much from hunger and exhaustion. Worked at sermon. Cold very bad.

May 28th, Tuesday. Out early. To Friends' meeting, where met Miss Wigam and Mr. Cotterell of Bath. Exercises interesting. In afternoon W.H.C. came to read sermons of Dr. Channings to Charles Lowe, Dr. Cordner and myself. Mrs. McCullough and Rev. Charles Voisin(?) called, but I could not see them. To dinner at Mrs. Taylor's.



May 29th, Wednesday. Cold grows daily worse. Wrote to Miss Carpenter, who invites me to stay with her while in Bristol, also to Mary Priestman and Mary Estlin. To go down today week.

May 30th, Thursday. (Written in Journal by L.E.R. "Poor Welly wants a letter".) Wrote a little mean one today. Went shopping with Mrs. Winkworth. So unwell that gave up idea of speaking Sunday. Better after dinner. Stayed at home and talked with Miss Fotheringill.

May 31st, Friday. To Windsor with Edward Twistleton, as by arrangement a delightful excursion. He has all his old charm, exquisite taste and geniality, and a generous and loyal nature. I discovered for him in Windsor Chapel the monument of one of his ancestors, a Lord Saye, of which I was quite proud. Drive in park. Luncheon at White Hart. Dined with Mrs. McLaren. Home late, missed the Winkworths, flew round to see them at Charing Cross. Found at 23 Norfolk St. a letter from Alfred Love, asking me to represent the Philadelphia Peace Society at the meeting of the Universal Alliance of Peace and Civilization. Decide to go, though very unwell. Had at Mrs. McLaren's a good talk with Miss Agnes MmL., an intelligent and interesting young person.

June 1st, Saturday. I decided to go to Paris. Commissioned Mr. Mumford of Detroit to engage hall for me for Saturday and to advertise. Mr. Beedy here. At home all the evening. No, first went to see the Lowes. Packed for Paris. To bed at midnight, very tired. Got 20 pounds ~~xxxx~~ at Bowles'. Pulse like a sledge hammer all night. Not much sleep.

Rose early next morning and got off, thinking I was going to death, ~~xxxxx~~ I felt so unwell. Pulse still so rapid. Difficulty in getting the house door open. Found William at last, got a cab, drove to Charing Cross just in time. Had to go first class, so unwell. No breakfast, but a penny roll and some chocolates. Felt better as I left London. Good journey, quiet crossing. Pleasant people in French rail road carriage, Mr. Benjamin and sister, English, but long resident in New York.

(No entry until -)

June 7th, Friday. Must go to Birmingham by N.W. Railroad, Euston Sq. Left Bristol by 7:45. On arriving, drove to Mrs. Gray's, 18 Cadogan Place. Sent in Miss O's note. Was received kindly and invited to move vote of thanks to Chair at end of meeting, which not very favorable, but accepted. At 4 by rail to meeting at Albert Hall. Subject, better education of women of all classes. Met F.P. Cobbe and Lady Stanley. Lord Lyttelton in chair. Bishop of Manchester slurred American girls' education. He a bachelor. Speaking not remarkable. In the last, took up the bishop a little, but he had left. Cannot remember, but will find and keep, names of other speakers. Kay Shuttleworth should have been there and was not. Home late and hungry. Lady Stanley liked my little speech and told me so, which quite cheered me. Hon. Dudley Campbell recognized me, gave address and promised to call.

(Every cab and railroad fare and fee is noted down, but I omit most of the

June 8th, Saturday. Will preach, if possible, a sermon on June 17th subject, Behold I show you a more excellent way. Perhaps ~~Wthycff~~ July better, giving more time. Early to Social Science rooms, where got advice from Mr. Robinson. Mr. Chaplin. Boardmans' Society, 59 Greek St, Scho, for walking placards. Now to work for meeting at Social Science rooms next week. Rev. H. Solly(?) ~~Hann~~ instead, No., will give me some one for mechanical help. Saw Rev. Mr. Williams, who was very comforting. Spent for bezique box and cards 5/6, whist counters 3/6, ditto box 4/, all for dear home evenings.



June 9th, Sunday. My first preaching in London. Worked pretty much all day at sermon, intending not to read, but to talk it, for me a difficult procedure. At 4:30 p.m. left off, but brain so tired that nothing in it. Subject, The kingdom of heaven, but my brain was a blank. Walked about the Temple, got a bad cup of tea. Dressed (in my well-worn black silk) walked to Freemasons' Tavern. God knows how I felt; "cast down but not forsaken". Found a numerous audience collected. S.R. Munroe has kindly managed everything. Began to revive. Made a brief prayer and began my sermon. The substance of my work came mostly back to me and I got through better than I feared I might. Felt the method to be the right one, speaking face to face and heart to heart.

June 13th, Thursday. To lunch at Argyll Lodge. The Duchess quite kind and pleasant, gave me an opportunity to tell her about my plan, the meeting, etc. She has twelve children, of whom I saw the youngest, Constance. Then to Mrs. Carpenter's, 15 Regent's Park Road, where F.P. Cobbe, Estlin, Carpenter, and two pleasant German ladies, a pleasant and helpful conference. Had to pay cab 15/ because had to keep him. To dinner with Lady Stanley of Alderley. Lyulph very hospitable, Lady S. very vivacious, has one son gone to Emma Mine in Utah. Met Mr. Hopwood, a Liberal and woman suffragist. Much lively talk at dinner. Miss McKenzie, a handsome and agreeable young lady, with whom Lyulph appears much pleased. A good day.

June 14th, Friday. Wrote a heap of letters, a long one to George Sand. A fatiguing day. Sent prospectus, twenty-five to Miss Carpenter of Bristol. Paid one pound for printing 500. Post cards 6d, hapenny, stamps 1/, lunch 9d.

June 15th, Saturday. My meeting at Social Science Rooms. Formed a committee of which Prof. Seeley, Mr. Hopwood, Lyulph Stanley and Dudley Campbell the principle reliance, so far as concerns male membership. Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Weatherly and several good ladies gave their names. Five pounds were given me and a little more subscribed. It was a good meeting.

In the morning to Westminster Abbey with dear E.T., a charming and instructive expedition. Edmund Spenser's monument, then busts of Thackeray, Macaulay and Grote. Poets' corner dutifully visited. The Greek lines which E.T. promised me. The Abbey wonderfully cleaned up. A new mosaic altar piece. The portrait of Richard II beautifully restored and framed. Stayed as long as I dared in view of my meeting.

June 16th, Sunday. An extremely hot day for London. Text; for my sermon: The liberty wherewith Christ, etc. Went in the afternoon to hear Dean Stanley at Westminster, a sermon of very moderate merits. Dean walked to the pulpit in procession with a crimson silk badge of some sort over his waistcoat and another at his back. Perhaps eight functionaries attended him. I stood through the service, consequently was much fatigued. Went to hold my own service at Freemasons' Tavern. A good attendance in spite of the heat. The open windows greatly disturbed my train of thought. Many of my points slipped from my mental grasp. F. P. Cobbe was there but compelled to leave before the conclusion. Prof. Seeley and wife also there, dear people. Home with the Parsenses afterwards to tea. Saw Mr. Aubrey de Vere, a Catholic who thinks far more of Christ's personality than of his precept and example. I got home and agonized over my failure to come up to what I had designed to do in the discourse.

June 17th, Monday. Lunch with Sir Uchn and Lady Bowring, good and intelligent people. Walked home. To dinner with the Seeleys, where met Miss Bubb, a bright and intelligent young lady who has refused taxation and so has been despoiled. Her mother was there also.



June 18th, Tuesday. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Sq. But first, oh first, saw the bust of my dear friend, Edward Twissleton, who took me to the National Gallery, where I saw many ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ precious gems of art, a beautiful Francis, a sketch by Michael Angelo, some Ruysdalis, Hobbmaas, etc. At parting he said, "The good Father above does not often give so great a pleasure as I have had in these meetings with you." Let me enshrine this charming and sincere word in my most precious recollection, from the man of sixty-three to the woman of fifty-three.

June 19th, Wednesday. Away to Newcastle at 10 a.m., a long journey, pleasant little companion. Thomas Plunphrey, a good-looking agreeable man, met me and took me home to tea. Lay down for about ten minutes, then dressed and prepared for meeting. Mrs. Mawson and daughter, with whom I was to stay, came to tea. Meeting quite full. A wet night. A drunken man made disturbance and was turned out. A second man, somewhat excited with drink, came upon my platform and insisted upon making a n address, mine having been concluded, and another having intervened. He called himself the Tyneside Orator, approved of my sentiments highly, and at the conclusion of his thunderous little speech, strode across the platform and shook hands with me, the audience applauding. Then in a cab to the beautiful home of Mrs. Mawson at Gateshead, a suburb, a delightful house and most pleasant family circle, the grandmother, seventy-eight years old forming part of it, and the grandpa, whom I did not see. Supper, and to bed late.

June 20th, Thursday. All day ~~xxxx~~ ran after the curiosities of Newcastle onstle, St. Nicholas' Church, St. Andrew's, built by King David of Scotland, all very interesting. Bought some majolica ware, 4 £ 13/, rather foolishly, I fear. James Clephane with whom I have been corresponding, was my vicereine, and dined at home with us. A hurried but elegant meal. I left at 4 p.m. to take 4:30 train for Sunderland. Mr. Taylor met me. Bude's church. Miss Backhouse's fly took me to her house, tea and preparation for the meeting. A large hall, fairly filled and a magistrate in the chair, a respectable company on the platform. Did much better than usual and the applause was unusually prolonged. My address was assisted only by some slender jettings down, but some subtle current of influence seemed to carry me along past fear of failure.

June 21st, Friday. Left for London, ~~xxxx~~ returned very tired. Silent companion. The little girl going to make a visit at Peckleton, or some such place. The youth, captain of his class, just from examination at Uppingham School, a charming young fellow of fourteen years, with a cough and near-sight, a lintet in a cage. I liked him so much. The silent man, an Oxonian, I think, drank and smoked somewhat, and talked very little.

June 22d, Saturday. My committee meeting.

June 23d, Sunday. My third Sunday service, text: sown in weakness, raised in power. I gave the whole day to the sermon, though I wished to hear Dr. Martineau, whom now I shall not hear. I did better than on the previous Sunday, when the fatigue of going to Westminster upset me. When I had finished, a lady got up and to my great annoyance, began a tirade on the atonement, which had no connection with the subject of the occasion. People came round me as usual. Made the acquaintance of John Ridley, 19 Belsize Park, N.W., who will have a parlor meeting for me at his house on Thursday, 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong went with me to my service and we afterwards had a delicious ramble in the Lincoln's Inn Fields. Saw Roll's Chapel, ancient, built of rough flint stones.

June 25th, Tuesday. To Leeds by 6:30 a.m. train. Fare 2 £ and perhaps a little over. Second class, return. Lunch with Mrs. Oliver Southard, meeting Prof. and Mrs. Aldis of Newcastle College. Then to afternoon conference of N.E. educational Council. Mrs. Butler and others. Exhausted with fatigue. I kept dropping



June 27th, Thursday. Frances Power Cobbe, afternoon tea, at 5. Then to John Ridley's, 19 Belsize Place, N.W.

Left Leeds at 7 a.m., rising at 4:30 a.m. Breakfast at 5:30, cab 4/6, servants 2/ Half hour to spare at station. Home. Committee meeting at 3 p.m. Hopwood, Beady and Campbell. To Miss Cobbe's, where met Lady Lyell, Miss Clough, Mrs. Gorton, Jacob Bright, et al. Then to dinner with the dear Seelays, an unceremonious and delightful meal. Heart of oak. Then to John Ridley's, where made acquaintance with Miss Russ, who invites me for Thursday of next week, Wm. White, biographer of Swedenborg, a Celt-devouring Teutonist, also Rev. Mr. Hoppes, Prof. of King's College. Many people of many minds, Miss Blunk going to India to teach Indian women. Has learned Hindustanee. Home late. To bed, having been on foot twenty hours.

June 28th, Friday. To dine with Mrs. Webster, 8 Lancaster Gate, Lancaster St. W. To lunch with Lady Stanley of Alderley - Lyulph was at home, most charming and interesting. Lady S. very bright and genial. Then to the Schenks for a little. Met A. Lincoln's married son and daughter-in-law.

June 29th, Saturday. To Dudley Campbell's (A number of addresses follow.) Wrote many notes, visit from W.H. Channing and lady and Beaudry. Tuesday to go to Crystal Palace, Friday to meet Prof. Blunk, to call committee meeting for Wednesday at 3 p.m. To Lady Airlie's party, hoping to see and interest some good friends. Met Browning, called the poet, who was ruder and more brutal to me than I should have supposed any man would have been to any woman. Moral, avoid a devilish big tom cat. Studious. Saw Duke and Duchess of Argyll, both civil. Then to Miss Goldschmidt's, to dine. Was a good deal upset by Browning's ~~xxxxxxxx~~ brutality, No American, not drunk, would treat a woman so. Late home to bed.

(No entry until --)

July 3d, Wednesday. Saw dear Arthur Mills, who was most kind, also Sir. D. Wedderburn and Charles Dalrymple. They wish me to know Mrs. Vaughan of the Temple. Mills is delightful, never better. Wish I had sent for him earlier. Was a good deal worried at committee meeting, so much work remaining undone and so many difficulties in the way. Ran to find Mr. Cremer, who promised to send me some one to help me.

In the evening, opening meeting of prison congress. Lord Carnarvon's address much applauded, but rather dull. Chandler of Philadelphia spoke well. The English people abused their government rather more than seemed decorous. Sat with Wm. H. Channing. Saw th Bowrings and Mrs. Chase.

July 4th, Thursday. Mr. Armstrong called, excellent indeed. Out early to secure Freemasons' Hall for Sunday evening and Tuesday p.m. Wrote and sent circulars to G.A. War, Jacob Bright, Mrs. Lucas and Duchess of Argyll. Saw a sight of misery, a little ofumb of a boy, tugging after a hand organ man, also very shabby. Gave the little one a hapenny, all the copper I had, but in the heartache he gave me I resolved, God helping me, that my luxury shall henceforth be to relieve human misery and to redeem much time and money spent on my own fancies, as I may. A disagreeable visit from Prof. Leone Levi. Howard Evans from Workmans' Peace Association took out of door advertising from me and will engage hall for second meeting. Went to see Lord Amberley, who promised to take a note to his pa, asking him to preside at Monday evening's meeting. This expedition cost 3/, a messenger with two notes 1/6. To lunch with Mrs. King. Was late, and scarcely saw her. Mrs. Lucas comforted me much today. She feels how cold people have been in my matter.

July 5th, Friday. Passed this day at Prison Congress. Very interesting debates. Cannot now recall anything more of the day. Met Miss Carpenter of Bristol, who seemed cold and could only keep repeating that she could not come to my meeting.



I felt surprised at her want of cordiality. Met Baron MacKaye at the hall after morning session. I caught him and said, "You must help me. At my age time is precious." So he introduced me to a number of the foreign delegates, and was kind and lovely, as is his nature.

July 6th, Saturday. Lovely breakfast at Charles Dalcrope's. Made the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred R----- and saw Sir David Wedderburn. A most pleasant occasion. All these days divided between prison congress and the necessary arrangements for my meeting. Think I spoke this day. The subject of corporal punishment being crudely and cruelly represented by a master of a prison, a believer in its efficacy, opportunity was given me to speak on the other side. I will try elsewhere to record something of what I said. The foreign delegates and some English and Americans gathered around me with thanks and congratulations. Dr. Wines thanked me. Pears (?) afterwards told me that mine was the speech of the morning. I was glad and grateful.

Sent some circulars. Gave up all idea of having a noble lord for chairman to my meeting.

July 7th, Sunday. All day at work upon my sermon, the last in London. There is neither height nor depth nor any other creature. Sermon of high and low, and the great unity beyond all dimensions. A good and to me most happy deliverance of opinions and faith which I deeply held. My blind friends were there, also Miss Howe and Miss Campbell, the latter of whom wrote me a note about my sermon. So ended my happy ministry in London, begun in fear and anxiety, ended in certainty and renewed faith, which God continue to me!

July 8th, Monday. In anxiety about my meeting. Attended prison congress however. In the evening W.H. Channing came to take me to the hall. Lady Bowring presided, very kindly and courteously, but her opening ~~xxxxx~~ remarks were too brief and brought my address too near the beginning of the meeting. I have made a description of the meeting in my book of general business. Prof. Seeley's address was finished, well weighed and considered, and valuable, though not at my temperature. Mr. G.A. War of Trinity College was too learned for the occasion, but very excellent and valuable. Mrs. More spoke forcibly, but without feminine charm. Mothershead, a working man, made a good address, genuine and characteristic. Aaron Powell spoke quite effectively. Sir John Bowring spoke, leaning on his staff, very chivalrously, and well. Before the meeting went for a little to Mrs. Vaughan's garden party in the Temple.

July 9th, Tuesday. To prison congress early. To peace conference at Freemasons' Tavern, a tolerable audience. Some good brief addresses. Names obtained and the nucleus of an association formed.

July 10th, Wednesday. I think I must have spoken this day on social justice as an important element in seeking the rehabilitation of the criminal. I recalled the story of Brummell's valet, maffrying out a tray of crumpled neckties. What are these? Oh, these are our failures! When I see the dark coach which in our country carries the criminal to his place of detention, I say, "Society, here are your failures." Spoke of justice to women. They had talked of fallen women. I prayed them to leave that helpless phrase. Every fallen woman represents a man as guilty as herself, who escapes human detection, but whose sin lies open before God. Speak of vicious, dissolute women, but don't speak of fallen women, unless you recognize the fall of man, the old doctrine.

July 11th, Thursday. A lubricious day. Unitarian breakfast for Dr. Bellows and Baron v. Welzendorff(?). Sat next chief justice ----- of English court at Hong Kong. Made a little speech. The credit of Unitarianism, it had brought



forward the ground of religious agreement, the progress of religion, the feast of love without the tetter. Woman's section of prison congress. Lady Bowring presided. Miss Carpenter, Mrs. Lewis and E. Faithfull spoke. I said that women must work hard to moralize their own sex. While men maintain vice as a commodity they can never moralize female criminals. Spoke of Peace before French section. Took the same ground about the demoralization of the soldier. Was kindly received and heard. Mackay managed it for me. Samuel Gurney's in the evening. Various addresses on temperance. I was called upon, so spoke four times this day (the fete at Botanical gardens.) Went to the fete just mentioned, from Mr. Samuel Gurney's. A great display of garden grounds and ballroom gowns seen by candlelight, in which the moths danced as in the sunlight. Saw the Princess of Wales, in blue satin, corsage à cœur, her diamond cross hung crooked. Princess of Teck and husband. Bureness von Brunow and daughter.

July 12th, Friday. Attended French section. Sparring between M. Stevens of Belgium and M. Beltrami Scaglia of Rome, about solitary confinement, the Crofton system. Both gentlemen spoke ably, the latter, it was thought, in too polemic a spirit, but with great verve, but rather attacking the positions of the advocates of the solitary system. Committee meeting at Robert Mallou's. Prof. Séale, Mrs. King, Mrs. MacLaren, and others present. A good meeting. Back just in time to change clothes for the dinner at the hall of the Inner Temple. A beautiful and happy occasion. I between Mrs. C. L. Barton and Gov. Hayes of N.J. Dr. Vaughan of the Temple said grace. I returned thanks for the ladies. Begged the gentlemen to carry to their homes a new doctrine of peace and unity among nations. Europe one country in many, America many countries in one. Unity of Italy happy, but unity of Europe far happier, a tolerable little argument, which had been better, had I had tea. Last word, say to the different countries, Love one another.

July 13th, Saturday. Last day of prison congress. Stafford House, Lambeth. Lollard's tower. Farewell words from various speakers. Stevens spoke of "ces chères femmes qui ont été avec nous dans les travaux de ce congrès - mon cœur est à elles." Miss Carpenter made a hard little speech, saying that mothers must not neglect their home duties, but that women exempted from ordinary ties of domestic life, might occupy themselves with prison reform. This seemed to shut out mothers, and true motherhood, an unfortunate exclusion. I wished to bring forward this point, but did not manage to do it, and while I was struggling, lo, the congress adjourned. Aaron Powell's attempt to bring in temperance and abolition of capital punishment seemed to me somewhat out of place. To Stafford House, with the Wineses, saw all the fine things of former days, in the great salon with lily chandelier, a carpet with water lilies, and blue water, very choice and uncommon. Then home, where the Millses came and took me to Lambeth. Saw the Archbishop, who was very polite - the pig lady (?). Th. Schenks - beautiful grounds - the Millses so very kind and genial.

July 15th, Monday. Did not return from Puttenham till 12 m., then to banker, then to shops. Dress for Maud, 7/ 7/, J's waterproof 45/ Flossy's blue opera shawl 2 L 2/, my mantle 5 L dress for self 5 L 5/, Dolly Varden hat 18/6 headdress, self, 10/ bill for lodgings and board 13 L 14/.

In great hurry out to see the blind. Mrs. Campbell in bed, the quarters plain but convenient. F.J.C. a good deal elevated with his success, seems much as heretofore. Smith lovely as ever. Miss Green well. Faulkner looked a little out of sorts, I thought. Miss Howe away.

In the evening Dr. Varentrepp (?) Rev. Marie de Colleville, Meses. MacLaren and Lucas, M.E. Baedy and D. Campbell, came for the farewell visit. Had some consultation with the gentlemen about my peace association. One recommended a German, the other a French title for the respective branches. All left at about 11 p.m. From that till 1 a.m. I flew about, packing books, pamphlets, and papers. Mrs.



Lucas collected and gave me 25 £ in reimbursement of my expenses for meetings, etc.

July 16th, Tuesday. Rose at 5 a.m. Packed till my secretary came at 7:30, when wrote farewell letters till 8:15. Breakfast, and one strain of packing until I barely got off by 12 m. train for Manchester. Paid all bills, except Carpenter and Wesley for the excellent glasses. Gave Martha 5/6 and Brown, the Boots, 4/6, I think. Porter 1/ cab I forget how much, extra weight of baggage 15/ and it was an imposition. D. C. (Dudley Campbell) arrived at cars, bringing a camp-stool for me. Mrs. Lucas also with a very nice handbag for me, a parting gift, much needed and appreciated. M.E. Beady was, I think, at the cars also. Took leave of all with sincere thanks and regrets. Long and lonely journey to Manchester. Joseph Atkinson and sister met me at the cars. Only an hour for tea and dressing. I arrived at 6 p.m. and meeting was appointed for 7, I think. An excellent attendance. Rev. Brooke Herford in the chair. I did better than I often do. Had almost no preparation. Mr. Herford, Mr. Atkinson and others spoke after me. Then to Sale (?) to stay with the Atkinsons.

July 17th, Wednesday. My great fatigue made me late at breakfast where Brooke Herford and wife met me. Talk all the morning. Herford against women's rights, wife on opposite side. She has nine children, of whom six are girls. H. would like to hand some of them to the silk mills, she would prefer professional training. I parted from Mrs. Herford with great regret, and soon after from my kind entertainers, one of whom, or perhaps both, accompanied me to Manchester and put me on board cars for Liverpool, where arrived safely. Met the runner of White Star line. Ship to sail next day at 4 p.m. Got through without trouble. Went to walk. Bought black tapisserie silk dress 8 £ 8/. Evening at hotel, where met me some who had been my fellow passengers from America. One had just lost her husband and was to sail in the City of Paris, taking home his remains. Sent a telegram to Mrs. J. E. Butler, but received no answer.

July 18th, Thursday. Out early. Bought myself a black apron polonaise, and a black satin petticoat, Maud a lilac ditto and ditto. Bought also a white piqué skirt, Laura's baby gown 10/6, a lace and ribbon ornament for Mrs. Porter. Picked up quite a number of trifles. Bought a locket for Harry's intended 8 £ and a cardcase for G.W. Wadd 3 £ (Gertrude Wurd) Sent post office order to D.C. to pay Robinson of Social Science for some unpaid advertising, etc, and also Carpenter and Wesley. Got a hasty bite of bread and cheese and with great hurry and worry, got self and luggage on tender and steamer. Did not know a soul on board. Yes, I found two of my fellow passengers in the Adriatic. Very weary, stomach somewhat disarranged. To bed very far from comfortable. Item, the porter at the hotel trifled with my bag and had tried to get something out of it. My berth was in a stateroom containing six beds, only three people at present.

July 19th, Friday. A smooth, dull day along the Irish coast. At Queenstown a number of passengers came on board, two more occupants of my stateroom, one a rather pretentious young lady, Miss Bouvier, from Philadelphia, who has, however, rather amiable about giving up her sofa, already occupied by an English lady. All this day I felt very unwell, not seasick, as it was not rough, but very dyspeptic. Bought some strawberries at Queenstown, the vendor handing them from the tender. In the evening it became rough and I went to bed sick.

July 20th, Saturday. Sick this morning. Not at breakfast. A glass of sherry and ice set all right, with a little toast. Soon recovered myself and felt benefited by the seasickness. Men and women pretty sick.

July 21st, Sunday. Quite well. Rev. Robinson preached in the morning, Church of England, Rev. Talmadge in p.m., Dutch Reformed.



July 24th, Wednesday. A pleasant occasion in the salon. Rev. A.D. Robinson took the chair, and I told about my peace mission in England. People seemed a good deal interested.

July 25th, Thursday. This evening Rev. Mr. Talmadge gave a talk about China, where he has been a missionary for twenty-five years past. I carried through the order as well as I could and recited my Flag.

July 26th, Friday. A concert was proposed for the Liverpool school for the orphans of deceased seamen. Some opposition to this was got up, I think, by Irish Catholics on board. The programme was good. Mr. Stuart, Irish banker of New York, very rich, took the chair, and did very well. We had studied the quartette from Fidelio, "er liebt mich", and gave it in tolerable style, as also the catalogue from Don Giovanni, which I played and Dr. Core (?) sang. Miss Des Maur(?) of Brooklyn New York recited the Flying Machine. We collected only 5 £ 15/. In the smoking room 9 £ were collected for a Foundling Hospital in New York.

July 27th, Saturday. Smooth and prosperous, on deck almost all day. Saw the Montauk Point light about 8 p.m.

July 28th, Sunday. Landed safely and prosperously, thank God. Had luggage transferred to Fall River boat, price \$3, boy to carry bags, .34, he grumbled for more. To Uncle's whom I found much more broken than before. He looked much exhausted, very pale, and his speech was so confused as to be almost unintelligible. No letter from home, not a line, and he could tell me nothing. I kept him company as well as I could, and at 3:30 p.m. took the cars down to the Fall River boat. Young Bunstead, my fellow passenger in Republic was very attentive. Oh! before I started dear Bro' Sam came on board to see me off. Told me that Cousin Henry is very unwell, serious lung trouble. Concert on board very pleasant. Talked late with Mr. B. Then to bed till 1 a.m. when awaked to land at Newport, where arrived at 2 a.m. Got all luggage safely out and on board carriage. Out home. Woke Chev, and all the rest came down in night gowns. Heard with surprise of dear Laura's prosperous confinement, a dear little daughter born Wednesday, 17th. She behaved as well as possible, and had what is called a good time.

Something, my own fault, gave me great pain this day. I am much grieved to think that I should have done, not deliberately, what I should have condemned in another.

July 30th, Tuesday. Up to town to see dear Laura and her baby, whom I found in good condition.

July 31st, Wednesday. Spent the day mostly with dear Laura.

August 1st, Thursday. To town for two committee meetings at 11 a.m., that of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association. Found Lucy Stone in the chair. Made her stay there, although it was my office, because I have been so long away. Abby Foster came from Worcester to vituperate us in regard to the Woman's Journal, for taking up the cause of the Republican party. I took her up, a little warmly perhaps, but she would go on abusing the management of the paper. Mrs. Campbell also defected, saying that she could not work for the paper since it became the organ of a political party. Hi diddle diddle! Editorial council in the p.m. I undertook two pieces of work, which I now regret, but must put forward.

August 2d, Friday. Mailed note to John K. Wildman, acknowledging his gift of 5 £ for my English expedition. (List of expenses.)



August 3d, Saturday. Off for Newport. A pleasant trip down. Maud and Floss met me at depot and we took up Julia at the Turners'. Home after much shopping.

August 4th, Sunday. Wrote to Rev. E. E. Kell, 5 Portswood Lawn, Southampton, apologizing for my non-appearance at that place. He mistook or forgot my name, and addressed two notes to my lodgings, addressed to Mrs. Lowe. I could not suppose them intended for me, so did not open them. Rev. Charles Lowe, coming to say farewell at the last minute, saw the notes and recognized Mrs. Kell's handwriting. He advised me to open them, which I did, and found to my sorrow, that he had made great efforts to secure a good meeting for me. My letter explained this fully.

I feel utterly powerless in my arms today, a great lassitude. To church this morning. A good practical sermon from Mr. Mumford.

August 5th, Monday. I am here at my table with books and papers, but feel very languid. My arms feel as if there were no marrow in their bones. I suppose this is reaction, after so much work, but unless I can get up some strength, somehow, I shall not accomplish anything. Weakness in all my limbs. Have had my Greek Testament today, and began to read the Maccabees and the Apocrypha. I shall probably come up after a few days, but at present feel utterly incapable of exertion. Must help Maud. Have helped her today with her music. Wrote to Mrs. Bigelow of New York, proposing to start the Town and Country Club again.

Visit from dear Mrs. Bacon and Bessie in the p.m., also dear M. Washburn and her hostess, Mrs. Stevens, with three other ladies. Tea and whist, very pleasant. A reading of Daily Advertiser and book on chivalry in the p.m. Began "London without the Court Cards".

August 6th, Tuesday. Walked about with dear Chev, whose talk is always instructive. Feel a little less lassitude. Every break in our long-continued habits shows us something to amend in ~~our~~ our past lives. What do I see in mine after this long break? That I must endeavor to have more real life and more religion. The passive and contemplative following of thought, my own or other people's, must not de-energize my sympathies and my will. I must daily consult the Divine will and standard which can help us to mould our lives aright, without running from one extreme to another. My heart's wish would now be to devote myself to some sort of religious ministry. God can open a way for this, in which the spirit of my desire can receive the form of His will. I must lecture this winter, to earn some money, and spread, I hope, some good doctrine.

To tea with Mrs. Betta at 7 Mary Street. Met Count von Arnim and a number of friends. Invited them for Saturday, saw Mrs. Bigelow, and decided to continue the Town and Country Club. Read from my French Romance book.

August 7th, Wednesday. Feel very limp and nerveless. Have begun this tea party for Saturday but feel that it will be hard for me to make much effort in this direction. I have taken up my Greek Testament again and today finished Mark. Wrote some notes and a little on my London without the Court Cards. Began also a letter about the prison congress for the Independent. In the p.m. Flossy read the newspaper aloud. Mrs. Bigelow came late, offering to help me about the club, but a little backing out from its continuance. I went to bed utterly exhausted. Paddeek paid me six dollars advanced to Maud. Gave Maud five dollars again for house.

August 8th, Thursday. Not well, but perhaps a little less languid. Will write soon to Hopgood, Campbell, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. MacLaren and A. Mills, also to Winkworths.

Worked on letter for Independent. Sat out a good while in afternoon, reading North American Review. Maud one dollar for house.



August 9th, Friday. Finished letter for Independent. Not well today. Greek Testament and Apocrypha as usual. To sail with dear Maud in p.m., getting home late and very unwell. Went to bed quite ill.

August 10th, Saturday. My afternoon tea. Some forty people present, I judge. It was a pleasant occasion, rather fatiguing. Some work in the morning, but rather miserably.

August 11th, Sunday. Not well. I stayed at home. Wrote something. Not much interested in anything. No mental appetite. Reading article on Herder in North American Review. At night had ague in face, severe pain, for the first time in many years.

August 12th, Monday. Worked in morning. Began to ~~xxx~~ write about Peace Congress, but did not hit the right point for beginning. In the evening went to Mrs. Moore's reception. We were early and simple. She magnificently attired, her rooms very splendid with flowers. The company not numerous, but in grand toilette. We left early, I pitying Maud, whose dress was not suitable for the occasion. I had a good time, not caring for my dress, which was decent, and talked with many people. The evening did me good.

August 13th, Tuesday. To the Fort early in Mrs. Sanford's boat, with Maud and her friend, first preparing a quantity of sandwiches, and saw the artillery drill. Quite well entertained. Visited some of the mines in the forts. Lieut. Zylinsky was our entertainer and gave us a most abundant luncheon and a most hospitable caring for. He had the band to play for us and we elders danced with the young people. Did not get home until nearly seven o'clock. Took Newman's Grammar of Assent, but had no occasion to open it.

August 14th, Wednesday. Began again today a brief account of my peace commission for the Independent. Succeeded better than before. Wrote all the morning. In afternoon took up my long neglected Baur at the point in which he treats of Arius. Took also my Greek grammar and looked into the verbs, but if I had begun today with reading I should have written nothing. "More than a prophet". What is more than a prophet? An idea is more. The new morality was what the people had come out to see. No greater prophet than John Baptist, yet the least in the new administration was to be greater than he.

Saw a large and a small cloud, which suggested a superstitious apprehension about dear Flossy, which I will record later, when, as I hope, she will have passed her ordeal safely.

August 15th, Thursday. Committee meeting of the Town and Country Club. Decided to go to Conanicut on Thursday August 22d, also to hold a comic convention of women's work. This to amuse our young people. O.B. Frothingham came, and I told him something of my peace mission in England, which seemed to interest him and his wife, who also came. Wanted to go to Mystic to peace meeting. Somehow felt I ought not to leave the family just now. Thought that I must do my duty at home as well as abroad. Wished very much to go notwithstanding. Hope I decided rightly in staying at home. Finished my letter on Peace Congress for Independent.

August 16th, Friday. Intense heat all these days. Sorted and arranged papers, a work of no small importance, when one has such an accumulation.

August 22d, Thursday. Very languid and confused.



August 25th, Sunday. Luke 6:19, "And the whole multitude sought to touch him, for there went virtue out of him and healed them all."

The superstition of the miraculous act instead of the miraculous influence. Something true in this impulse nevertheless. Mere hearing of the word is not enough. We desire personal (not physical) contact, with those who possess it. Doubtless, this high healing influence did go out from Jesus, but no more, I believe, ~~xxxx~~ ~~on~~ those who touched him than on those who did not. His touching them was the true point. Those whom his word and present influence touched, they no doubt were healed. How to seek and find today this personal contact with Jesus. To meet the multitude of men as he did, not for our own glory, but for their good. This would put us in his position. We might then find in ourselves a little of that divining power by which his help went straight to those who need it most. We could touch Jesus at this point of faith and endeavor. Healing would then follow, in the measure of our capacity for it.

Will try to write a sermon on this.

Showing my jewels, the diamonds and pearls in my New Testament. Luke 6-24 and 25. "Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep. Woe unto you that are full for ye shall hunger."

What are these woes? The rich are delighted with external riches. The full are filled with thoughts and things which have no satisfaction in them. Those who deride the truth will weep and mourn its power later.

Wrote good part of a sermon on this last text.

August 26th, Monday. To town to leave W. Parks and to bring Mrs. Smith. (List of purchases) Wrote letter for Woman's Journal. "What to reprove and what to improve." Copied a little Baur, dressed and went to a little party in town, Mrs. Moore's last reception, to take Maud and L. Derby, who enjoyed it greatly. Made acquaintance with Mr. Schleiden, former minister of Hanseatic town, also with the present Spanish minister, formerly an admiral. He said that Don Quixote is the Spanish nation of today, always running headlong into adventures, which have no justification in common sense, and cannot succeed. Santo Domingo and the affair in Peru were instances. But the chivalry of the Don does not appear in these things, only his irrationality.

August 27th, Tuesday. In Esdras, chapter 3d, verse tenth and onward, the sentences of the three young men. Have they not a deep spiritual significance? They indicate three steps in human development, which are perhaps all. Wine is the strongest. The animal nature, with its power and passion. "The King is the strongest" Organized power, the military and diplomatic rule whose centre must be in an autocrat of some sort. Lastly, when are stronger than animal excitement or organized force. They can do what these cannot. And truth is strongest of all. Now, in this story, women come next to truth, and are named with it. So, the womanly power is that which links the Divine to the human soul. God is borne of a woman. Oh! let not this juxtaposition prove an illusory one! Let women be powerful in the power of truth. I look for this and begin to see some signs of it.

August 28th, ~~Friday~~ <sup>Wednesday</sup> Luke 6:42. "How canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is thine eye, when thou seest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

This oft-quoted passage seems to me to have a deeper meaning than its trite usage suggests. Try the methods of ethical criticism on thyself, before thou tryest them on another. He is aware of thy darkened vision, as thou of his. Clear therefore, thine own sight, then thy brother will suffer thee to clear his. The



church should take heed of this, and cleanse within its borders instead of cursing without. The Athanasian creed, with its horrible denunciations of those without the church - let those whom it concerns take charge of those within. Then they may have some power to help those without.

Heard this afternoon of the death of my cousin, Henry Hall Ward; the playmate and most genial companion of my girlhood, the bass in our family musical trios, after dear Henry's death.

August 29th, ~~Saturday~~<sup>Thursday</sup>. Visited Mrs. Col. Waring in her Hypotenuse, her most charming nest for so winning a bird.

Sat! late last night, thinking over Henry's death, so near my own age, and so near a relative, but death can scarcely remove him further than he has been from me for many years past. Not the less do I recall our early pleasant relations. ~~My~~ My sister L. was his favorite cousin, but love of music was a bond between him and myself. He had excellent abilities, spirit, talent for music and drawing, and was very amiable, though indolent and self-indulgent. I think he ought to have come to a loftier personal result than he did, but he had many friends and dies deeply mourned by those who have lived long in intimate relations with him. If Chev is willing, I shall go to the funeral.

August 30th, Friday. I did not go to the funeral and have suffered mentally in consequence. I ought to have been there. Henry had no sister, no relative nearer than myself, unless an aunt be nearer. I got the word about the funeral on Thursday afternoon and kept stupidly imagining that it was Wednesday and that I should go to New York the next evening. Going home, I told this to Maud, who saw my mistake. It was then nearly 6 p.m. or quite, Maud and her friend depending on me to take them out, no other escort possible, and the night very unpromising, so I did not go, but grieved very much about it. Sent Maud and L. Derby to the theatre party with Paddock, staying at home thankfully. Does it not show the power of spirit that this dead relative, with whom I had scarcely exchanged ten phrases in ten years, is in these days so dearly present to the thoughts? ~~Like~~ a sleeping capital, I rarely thought about him. Now death compels me to realize my relation to him and what has long since ceased to be felt as a joy is now remembered as a sorrow.

September 1st, Sunday. Went to church, the first time since August 4th. Heard William R. Alger, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him" Sermon a comparison of traditional with rational religion, very disparaging to the former, but the antithesis is not a true one. Traditional religion may be ~~the true~~ rational. True and false, sincere and simulated, ethical and hierarchical, these pairs may stand against each other, but not Alger's. Some of his wonderful phrases, "Oh, the who didst in the eyes of Jesus weep over humanity, but at the same time didst exercise a redemptive activity." I got no shade of the comfort I wanted. I recognized a decided disease of "big-mouth", which literary people are in danger of developing. I have had it very badly, and have endeavored to recover. Alger's sentences are not the expression, but the paraphrase of thought. Something in the man is very serene and attractive. He ~~xxxxxxx~~ rates himself too highly, taking his word power for thought power. His prayers were better than his sermon. His mistake is a very common one. He is a man who loves thought and study and a pure good life, but he is not a religious teacher, and never can ~~xxxx~~ be, unless he changes very greatly.

September 3d, Tuesday. Luke 8:5. Parable of the Sower. After the parable Christ says, "He that has ears to hear, etc." thereby pointing to a meaning underlying the narration. The saying that "seeing they might not see" etc, seems hard at first. Today I understood it as characterizing the enemies of spiritual light and truth, who would have denounced the spiritual sense of the parable, had they understood it. V. 16. "no man when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a



vessel." I suppose this refers to those who, agreeing with Christ's views, did not dare to express this agreement.

September 5th, Thursday. Up to Boston to Woman Suffrage Committee meeting, over which I presided. The meeting was held in the back office of the Woman's Journal, where, after sitting an hour and a half, I took cold. Flossy still at large and well.

(No entry until --)

September 12th, Thursday. (Back from day after) Poor Cousin Henry! You might have been an angel of benefaction, showering a little of your wealth on the Halls, your near relations. I do not mourn that you did not. God knows best, who gives different gifts to different people. But if to have money, one must love it, rather let me and mine love and have the better things, so that, as a family, we pay our debts, educate our children, and hand down unimpaired and a little augmented our moral and spiritual inheritance.

Flossy had the first symptoms of her approaching confinement this morning, but passed the day and evening bravely, only giving up at the last moment. Dr. William Wesselhoft arrived soon after eleven p.m. anxiously waited for, as the pains had increased more rapidly than we had expected.

September 13th, Friday. Before I open even my New Testament today, I must make record of the joyful birth of Flossy's little son, which took place soon after one a.m., Floss having been ill all night and unwell all the day before. Her labor was painful, but strong and healthy. The boy, a handsome infant, but with a very old face, cried as soon as his head reached the outer air. I quieted him until 5 p.m., when I slept two hours. God bless this dear little child. May he bring new peace and love to the house where he comes a little too soon for convenience, I mean for his uncle and aunt's Hall. His father and mother ~~will~~ will bless God for him, as I do. During the confinement I could think of nothing divine or spiritual. It was Nature's grim, mechanical traditional task. But now that it is over, my heart remembers that life is not precious without God, and the living soul just given stands related to the quickening spirit.

Bishop Eastburn's death, my father's pastor and the theological guide of my early youth. More of him tomorrow.

September 14th, Saturday. Bishop Eastburn's funeral. I ordered a handsome cross of flowers, and sent it with my card on which I wrote, "In remembrance of old Ascension Church, New York." The cross was placed on the coffin with one other ornament, a large crown, very elegant. I was very glad to send it, recalling the old times, the family funerals at which he officiated when rector of Ascension. Poor man! His funeral was crowded and stately, but cold. No relative present, that I know of. The music was very operatic, and the service poorly read, especially the chapter from Corinthians, which was dry as dust. I regret his death, as sundering a link with the past. But these are rapidly wearing away. The Bishops and clergy in white gowns made quite a show. I wish I had been more attentive to him, not to his preaching, of late. Vale! Wrote Sister Louisa.

September 15th, Sunday. To church today. Heard dear James Freeman. Subject, What is an evangel? I have been thinking of this subject. Must preach twice in Newport next Sunday. Will perhaps preach first from "I will arise and go to my Father", and second, "Ye cannot have fruit except ye abide in me." The church is the representative of Christ. We must abide in her to bear fruit.

The dear minister seemed to me oppressed with some trouble or difficulty.



September 16th, Monday. Received a letter from some Russian ladies, who express sympathy with my endeavors in behalf of peace culture. (Several names follow).

September 17th, Tuesday. Letter from Mrs. Atkinson of Sale, near Manchester, England, containing pleasant tidings of work and interest, although the association hoped for has not yet been formed.

I can get little time for study, as I must help nurse dear Flossy. My mind is strangely divided between my dear work and me dear child and grandchild. I must try to keep along with both, but on no account to neglect the precious grandchild. I don't feel quite well or strong.

September 20th, Saturday. To Newport in afternoon, leaving the dear daughter and grandchild with reluctance.

September 21st, Saturday. Did some work in the morning. In the afternoon drove into town to bring out dear Laura and her baby. Left Connor in town. Gave him fifty cents for his supper. He drove Maud and her cousin Maud (Parks) out from the Fort pretty late. I was cross with the girls for coming home so late and with a noisy escort. A carriage full came with them, Mrs. Du Barry and her daughter, young Parigi and others.

September 22d, Sunday. Preached in the afternoon at South Portsmouth meeting house. Text, "I will arise and go unto my father". Subject, the Fatherhood of God. I did as well as usual. Mentioned the tryptich of the prodigal son which I saw at the Paris Exposition. In the evening my text was, "Abide in me and I in you". But I was at one moment so overcome with fatigue that the whole thread of my discourse escaped me. I paused for a moment, excused myself briefly to the congregation and was fortunate enough to seize my thread again and get through quite well. I felt this very much, the fear of failure, I mean. The fatigue was great and my brain felt it much. My daemon told me beforehand that I could not repeat this sermon and had better read it. I shall believe him next time. This is a difficult point, to know how far to trust the daemon. He is not to be implicitly trusted, nor is he to be neglected.

In these days I am forced to review the follies and shortcomings of my life. My ripper reason shows me a sad record of follies and of faults. I seem to sit by and listen sadly. No chastening for the present seems joyous, but grievous.

September 23d, Monday. Wrote for Woman's Journal. Expected Chev and Bro' Sam, neither of whom came. Studied a little Baur. Visit from Mr. and Mrs. Gray of Fifth Avenue, with their son, a charge.

September 24th, Tuesday. Maud's omnibus party.

September 25th, Wednesday. Up r town by 10:30 train. Met Mr. F. Grey of New York, with whom had pleasant chat. The women's Republican (?) ratification meeting at Tremont Temple. It was very full and altogether harmonious, except that James F. Clarke, who presided, praised Greeley and Sumner, which was no necessary nor in the line of what he was called upon to do. I wrote my little speech, then abstracted it under heads and had it tolerably in my mind. It was a prelude and I was glad to deliver it before the other speeches. Miss Eastman was excellent, Mrs. Livermore not quite up to her usual mark, but very effective. Mrs. Harper, colored, was good, but a good deal of her speech, I thought, was written for her.



September 27th, Friday. A rainy day. Went to town. Bought Maud a black brilliantine, fifteen dollars. Early to Mrs. D.'s to try to get another woman for Flossy. Succeeded. In the evening Herman Warner came and talked long. I had to find a taper for him to carry to light him out of the place. He is quite Schopenhaurish. Thinks Christianity has been on the whole a great injury to the world. It is always painful to hear such things said.

September 28th, Saturday. A busy day, between Flossy and her baby and Chev and one thing and another. Left at 4:30 for Newport. Got home in good time. Found the Francis cousins and high jinks generally.

September 29th, Sunday. Rev. Mrs. Gustine to dine. I afterwards to church to hear her. A sweet woman, called of God, with a real power. Her voice, manner and countenance most sweet and impressive. Intellection not remarkable. The feeling and effect very remarkable. No one, I think, would doubt the reality of spiritual things, after hearing her. I ask myself why I am not jealous of her, as she preaches far more effectively than I do. Well, partly, because I believe in my own gift, such as it is, partly because what she does is without pretence or pretension. Her present society was much disturbed by strife when she was called to its care. No man, she told me, could have united the opposing parties. A true woman could. This shows me a great work which women have to do in the church. Where men cannot make peace, they can. Mrs. Gustine says that I, by my writings and example, have helped her. I am glad to have done this, and pray to do far better than I have yet done.

To the Hazards to tea with dear Laura and Harry. I had a pleasant time there, but thought much of Mrs. Gustine, who, without any of my training or culture can do what I cannot. I can also do what she cannot, think a subject out. She can only shadow and suggest. But how powerful is the contact of her soul, and what a good power! It seems she did not do quite so well in the evening. The girls and Puddock heard her.

September 30th, Monday. Dear Bro' Sam stayed from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. As pleasant as possible. Gave a sad account of M. F. Conway. Laura left us by 3:45 train. I got an hour and a half of my books, but am too languid to profit much by it. Read up in Baur. Read Huxley a little, but I can't retain what I read of his.

October 1st, Tuesday. Oh, year, thou art running low. The last trimester begins today. Luke 10:20 "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." The love of divine things rather than the love of power and supremacy. Good for a text. My head confused today. I fear I may not do a great deal more brain work in this world, but shall be thankful for every thoughtful day.

October 2d, Wednesday. This day thirty-two years ago, my dearest brother Henry died in my arms, a most agonizing experience. Never again did death so enter into my heart, until my lovely son of three years departed many years later, leaving a blank as sad and bitter. Henry was a rare and delicate person, chilled by the want of intimate tenderness in those about him. He had not altogether escaped the dissipations of his age, but he had already shown a mind and character far beyond them. His life was a most valuable one to us for help and counsel as well as for affection. Perhaps no one today thinks about his death, except me, his junior by two years, wearing now into the decline of life. Dear Brother, I look forward to a reunion with you, but wish my record were whiter and brighter.



October 3d, Thursday. A good quiet day, some study and writing. Visits from Muddy Chandler and the Marquands. Went to see Parker Lawton.

October 5th, Saturday. Came up for directors' meeting of N.E. W. Club. Went afterwards to Mrs. Cheney's lecture on English Literature, which, ~~was~~ not strictly a lecture on English literature, was yet a suggestive and interesting essay, which I was glad to hear and to have other hear. It gave me a little pain that, though she pleasantly alluded to me as one who had laid aside the laurel for the olive branch, she said nothing whatever about my writings, which deserve to be spoken of in characterizing the ~~current~~ literature of the day. But she perhaps does not read or like my works, and beside people think of me more nowadays as an active Woman's woman, than as a literary character, as the saying is. All life is full of trial, and when I hear literary performances praised, and remembered my own love for it and for praise, I think a little how much of all this I have sacrificed in these later years for a service which has made me enemies as well as friends. I felt called upon to do this, and still think that if I made a mistake, it was one of those honest mistakes which it is best to make.

October 6th, Sunday. It tried, but did not pain me to hear Mrs. Cheney praised yesterday. She deserved it. I might have been glad to speak of literature under the same circumstances, but I have learned that God gives each of us his own work to do. He has given me blessed work, this year. The faces that thronged the Institute of Technology yesterday could not have inspired Mrs. Cheney more fully than the dear black faces at Santo Domingo inspired me at the little church last winter. My work in England too, was out of my whole heart. Let me be very thankful for these good things. And yet, let us women learn to rejoice in each other's deserts. Our narrow and personal training hitherto has not led us to do this. How did Christ feel at John's success? He came to be baptized of him and bore witness afterwards to his many merits. But if John had had any humbug in him, Christ would not have felt so. I hope, in remembering my past life, that what has been genuine in the work of other women has not been disparaged by me. I have loved E.B.B., though I have written one crooked word about her, which, among many loving ones, seems to be the only one remembered. Poor Mrs. Fields's poem was not, or did not seem to me genuine, but if it had simply been put forward as her own, I should not have lifted a finger against it. The sort of manoeuvring by which it was put forward as mine was extremely painful to me, and the things itself seemed to me empty of any true significance. When I wrote my critique, I did not know that Mrs. Fields was the author of the poem. The ill will existed before the public rupture which the critique occasioned. Fields began to turn against me when Gilmore asked me to write for the Continental, although I refused to do so. But the ill will will end only with their lives, not with mine.

(The ill will, which J.W.H. probably exaggerated in her thought, came entirely to an end after the death of S.G.H., when Mr. and Mrs. Fields came out to South Boston to see her and re-established friendly relations, which remained thereafter unbroken. When Mr. Fields died, a few years later, M. W. H. went at once to see Mrs. Fields. From that time they were very affectionate friends, throughout her life. The matter alluded to concerns a poem written by Mrs. Fields for the dedication of the great organ in Music Hall some years before this time. J.W.H. had wished and expected to write it. A poem by Mrs. Fields was recited instead. It was, I think, produced anonymously, but people may naturally have supposed that J.W.H. would have written it. The matter was entirely forgotten by both during the latter part of their lives. L. E. R.)

October 8th, Tuesday. Started with dear Julia to attend Channing Conference at Brooklyn, Conn. Hard rain all morning. Mary Graves got in at Mansfield. She is to preach the opening sermon. Several friends with her. Straw sewers of Mansfield. Weather cleared. I forgot to recheck my luggage and J's at Providence. Telegraphed back from Plainfield. The ticket seller assured me I should receive the



things in the morning. Rev. Calia Burling called to see us. We to Mrs. Whitcomb's, where pleasantly received and welcomed. We to sleep at Mrs. Mayne's next door. Mary's sermon very good, forcible and earnest, a little digressive and unsympathetic. I was asked to make a few remarks after the sermon and did so. A happy evening, only that I was ill dressed, ~~but~~ which I only cared as it might ~~annoy~~ annoy others.

October 9th, Wednesday. Our bags did not come. In the morning to cemetery to visit the tomb of Gen. Putnam, then to church, a long but delightful meeting. Rev. I. Young of Fall River read an essay on the reforming duties of the church. Rev. Mr. Stevens of Vineyard Haven made an interesting report of his mission.

I was asked to speak after the morning session, once on Mr. Clarke's Sunday School, once in following up Mr. Young's article. In the evening Mr. Shippen asked me to make the prayer, which I did but indifferently.

October 10th, Thursday. Rose at 4:45 a.m. to take stage at 6, At Danielsonville, no baggage. On to Plainfield, where we find that they have been sent on. Tom Thumb, wife, sister-in-law and coachman in the cars, the latter a vulgar English dwarf, who sold photographs of the party. At Plainfield, waited till 5 p.m. on account of the trouble with the luggage. George Burling (Qu: General or Governor?) came at 12 with the party from Brooklyn and joined us, leaving them. He took us to his brother's house, where the ladies gave us a country dinner, which was very acceptable. He and I went out to gather nuts and peaches. Tom Thumb's carriage and ponies were at the depot with the coachman, waiting to go on with us. At Providence, Burling's son met us at the cars and said that Mrs. Wilkinson, whom we met at the Conference, invited us to pass the night at her house. We went and were most hospitably received.

October 11th, Friday. Home by boat, arriving in good time for dinner. Met on board a lady who was once a parishioner of Rev. John Bristed. We had quite a talk about the old Rhode Island church matters.

Went over in the evening to lecture at the Union Meeting House, by appointment. Subject, Christian neighborhood. Spoke of the Channing Conference, of kindergarten schools in Rome, of the Prison Congress, and of Santo Domingo, all in this connection.

October 13th, Sunday. Woke with a confused and aching head. Went to Valley (Lawton's) with P (Padcock), to get ferns etc, for fernery and found many. At noon, or soon after, severe rain. Gave Maud music lesson. Heard her chapter of Plutarch, copied Baur. Have been reading F.P. Cobbe's "Broken Lights" in these days, a book showing much thought, piety and study. But at times she falls from her high and just argument to a lame and false conclusion. I note this at the end of Chapter VII, where she says ~~that~~ "Christianity, 'Let it pass away, that grand and wonderful faith.' As well might she say, 'Let arithmetic and mathematics pass away. She joins the ranks of those who would impose upon us the old false and insufficient interpretations of Christianity and say, 'These cannot endure, and these must stand for the thing, and so it cannot endure.'" She rebels at the theory of the hitherto false interpretation of Christianity. "Has Plato been misunderstood" she asks, and I reply, "Yes, he has." Kant takes up Plato's work where he left it and adds to it. The true instruction to be derived from Plato's writings was never known as it is today. Theism, she says, shall replace Christianity. What is theism? It is ~~an~~ an intellectual postulate, an element of all religions. Theism is the recognition of a god, no more. Christianity is a grand theory of right, hope and duty. Theism is the abstract affirmation of a deity. I see not whence its code of morals will be derived. To revert to the interpretation Miss Cobbe contradicts for, after asking whether we can affirm the hitherto insufficient interpretation of the Scripture, she gives new interpretations of her own.

The latter half of this day was rainy and stormy. We passed the dark hours with music and conversation.



October 14th, Monday. A day of some study, interrupted by visits from Maud's friends. In the evening took dear Julia in town and placed her on board the New York boat in charge of Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Hopkin and others.

October 15th, Tuesday. Rheumatism in my right arm, very painful. Study all the morning. To town in the afternoon to accompany Maud, despite my lame arm. The exposure seemed to cure the trouble strangely enough. Wrote a little on Court Cards, to wit, a sketch of Stafford House. Received a most charming letter from Mrs. Winkworth, Bolton Lane.

October 16th, Wednesday. Dreamed last night that my cousin, H. H. Ward, was entertaining the whole family, Gertrude included, (Gertrude Ward, afterwards Mrs. Dodd, was daughter of Uncle Richard Ward, brother of Grandpa and Uncle John L.E.R. at his house. I thought that a new hospitable spirit had developed in him and that he did the honors very cozily. What a strange dream! It could only come true in the kingdom of heaven, where Henry and the rest of us may hope to throw off our present "lets and hindrances".

October 17th, Thursday. Chev had us up at five o'clock this morning, having felt unwell in the night. He was full of apprehension about heart disease, and decided to go to town by 7:20 a.m. train. He feared to go alone, so I went with him, returning the same evening. His ailment turned out to be nothing serious. He soon forgot it in the cars, where people congratulated him on his good looks.

I saw dear L. and F. and their babies. Came home, impatient to get there and help Maud with her tea party. Got out by mistake at Smith's Crossing, to my despair, as the carriage was waiting for me at Portsmouth Grove. Ran up to Mrs. Hodge's, where Mrs. Fiske received me kindly. I was soon sent home in the Hedges' carriage. Coachman one dollar. Arriving, found Maud's guests in full possession. Played for them to dance. Played also stage coach with them. To bed at one a.m., having been on feet nineteen and a half hours, almost as bad as my English day.

October 18th, Friday. To town in victoria with Maud to call on Mrs. Hunter and the John Fields's, of whom we encountered the male, who entertained us most hospitably with good talk and showed us his pretty house, interesting with good pictures and tasteful ornamentation.

October 19th, Saturday. Busy at home all day, with study and a little packing. Maud with face-ache, but she went on horseback with Lt. Lolic(?). Wrote a good deal on Court Cards, better than usual, pen sketches of F. P. Cobbe, J. R. Seely, and Lyulph Stanley.

October 20th, Sunday. Rheumatism in right arm. Packed all the morning, and am now writing at one p.m. my last entry in my Newport chronicle of this year. Dear peaceful refuge, how sorry I am to leave you, and how I hope to return, without let or hindrance, next year!

October 21st, Monday. Up to Boston alone to attend the Club reception given in honor of my return. The rooms beautifully adorned with autumn leaves, berries, etc. Miss May read a brief address of welcome, to which I responded, intending to touch upon the matters most interesting to the Club. Miss E. P. Peabody followed me. Mrs. Burleigh read a graceful poem. Mr. A. H. Lewis of England made some remarks. The occasion was very pleasant, and not stilted or formal.

October 22d, Tuesday. In the evening went to hear the opening sermon of the Unitarian Conference by C. C. Everett, a fine performance indeed. Met Sterry Hunt and Mrs. S.T. Hooper.

October 23d, Wednesday. Attended Unitarian Convention, principally



reading of reports. In the evening heard Tyndall lecture on polarized light, with beautiful experiments.

October 24th, Convention.

October 25th, Friday. Convention. Bellows, Mrs. Burlleigh's fine paper, etc. Nothing was given me to do in this convention. This pained me a little, but other work will be found for me. I could have wished to link my Santo Domingo Church and my London society with the sympathy of the Association, but I found no opening to do so, not even a chink in the wall. God knows best.

October 26th, Saturday. To Vineyard Haven to help Missionary Stevens with tomorrow's services. A rainy day. Part of the sail from New Bedford pleasant arrival rainy and dismal, the mission house lonely in a storm. Mr. S's young niece very capable and pleasant, did the honors. Had supper, having ~~nothing~~ had nothing since breakfast but a few chestnuts and a biscuit. Wondered a little why I had come.

October 27th, Sunday. A serene, though clouded morning. A little walk before breakfast. Exhilarated by the sky and sea and air. Found out why I had come. Preached, morning, from the text, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works, etc." Considered these wonderful works, the world we live in, the human body and brain, the human soul. Evening, the ministry of reconciliation. How Christianity reconciles man to God, nature to spirit, men to each other. I went through the two services entirely alone. I felt supported and held up. I had hoped ~~xxxxxxx~~ and prayed that this journey might bring special good to some one. It brought great comfort to me. Mr. Stevens was pleased also.

(No entry till --)

November 7th, Froede's first lecture, interesting.

November 10th. A dreadful fire broke out in Summer Street last night.

(This was the great Boston fire, which destroyed old Trinity Church and which of the business portion of the city. We saw it from the cupola of the Perkins Institution, a grand and terrible sight. L. E. R.)

(No entry till --)

November 13th, Wednesday. Went down to deliver opening lecture in the course at Fall River, got up by Woman Suffrage Association. Subject, "England as seen by a modern Crusader", of course my own late experience, but presented in an objective, not a subjective point of view. Dr. Aldrich received me and took me to his pleasant house, where his wife made me welcome. I had a good evening, a large and attentive audience, and earned fifty dollars, which I much needed.

November 14th, Thursday. Home this morning. Mrs. Col. Hedge in the cars. The committee meeting, but no quorum, so no business. Froede's lecture in the evening, very interesting.

November 15th, Friday. Had to speak at hospital dedication today, with a frightful cold, settled in my throat. Had very little time for preparation, but did as well as I could. The new hospital very fine. Dr. Dimock, a pretty young lady, has performed four grand operations there since her return from study abroad. A pleasant ride home with Martha T.B. Goddard.

(Dr. Susan Dimock, a young woman of very great power and ability and rare personal qualities, who was drowned in the loss of the steamer. With her was Bessie Green, only daughter of dear Mrs. Green, J.W.H.'s early friend, formerly the beautiful Anna Shaw.)



November 16th, Saturday. Had to give the opening lecture before the Saturday Club, Subject: Object. I smile at this antithesis. The club looked and behaved charmingly. I had no preparation but my fifty-three years of life and experience. Here is my abstract, made while President Loring (Catherine) was calling to order.

What is worth doing? How to do it. Build up life. Spiritual architecture. Or let its materials lie loose. Object of life. Westminster Catechism. Chief end of man, of woman. Longfellow's "Not enjoyment and not sorrow". Progress is sometimes conceived in a dry and barren manner, perpetual moving on as if this thing today were so poor that we must forsake it for one equally poor tomorrow, and another the next. This, change not progress. People who live in this way think they have exhausted everything. Letter, divine post office. They have only looked at the envelope. They have never broken the seal.

November 17th, Sunday. (The following seems to be a continuation of her talk to the club) Men prescribing for woman. Physician, heal thyself. Four heads of object, health, society, literature, religion. Health, sorrow of older women over the imprudence and suffering of young women. Dr. Dimock, a good deal under this head. Society; to young people this means company. Go into society? We are born in it. God has made the diversity of human character and intellect in the idea and interest of a great harmony. Some souls have a sense of this and promote this harmony, making music wherever they go. Others have no sense of it, as some have no ear for music, but we can study and feel after this same harmony. Even in the ballroom, we can remember the unseen divine Master and the divine harmony to which he is leading us. Literature, a means to an end, which mirrors life. Think I shall treat of this better another time. Religion. Here also a great harmony growing out of the diversity of human character. In America the denominations unite as they do not in England. When everyone shall have leave to praise God in his own manner, then will arise a song of praise such as the heavens did not hear when the stars sang together for joy at the creation of the world.

Between these lines is all I can write down of what I told the girls. Thank God, if there was any good in it.

November 18th, Monday. Started with Lucy Stone and H.B. Blackwell for St. Louis, Woman Suffrage Convention.

November 19th, Tuesday. A tedious day and much delay. Reached Chicago too late to make connections for St. Louis. Stayed all night in the sleeping cars with my party. Very unwell in the night, from lime water.

November 20th, Wednesday. Reached St. Louis too late for the opening meeting of Convention, which took place this evening. Dear Harry met me at the door of Mrs. Hall's house, where I was to stay. He has lost his place, not, as I gather, from his fault.

November 21st, Thursday. Convention all day. Read reports in the morning session. Made a little spurt in p.m. Spoke at length in the evening.

November 22d, Friday. Wandered about and rested. A reception at Mrs. Beverley Allan's. Talked of Peace, etc, about an hour. Was badly chilled, driving home.

November 23d, Saturday. To Chicago with Miss Eastman, Harry going as far as Springfield, Ill. The stones of Kalamazoo.



November 24th, Sunday. A walk with dear Harry, who came on in the night. A good talk with Mrs. Degett. Hon. Mr. Carson (or Cassan?) of Iowa, former spouse of Mrs. Laokland of St. Louis. I am much predisposed against him, but he is very agreeable, certainly. At the same time he inspires no confidence, except in his good taste. Left Chicago at 5 p.m. to travel all night.

November 25th, Monday. A somewhat weary day, but joyous because going towards home. Got out of money and could not cash the check of twenty dollars which they gave me. A gentleman recognized me and insisted on paying for my berth, giving me an address to which to refund the money.

November 26th, Tuesday. Home with chills and fever. To bed.

November 27th, Wednesday. Better, but not well.

November 28th, Thursday. Thanksgiving Day and dinner. The three Francis cousins, J. and T.B. Wales and Lucy Derby, and all our children except dear Harry.

November 29th, Monday. Start for Buffalo at 3:30, via Albany. A day of solitary travel, only in the evening I made acquaintance with a young girl, Joanna Green, going from Little Falls to Michigan, in the first stages of dropsy. I had quite a pleasant time with her. No meals. Had some luncheon with me. Stopped at Rochester, finding I should arrive in Buffalo at one a.m., a bad hour. A good house.

December 3rd, Tuesday. Got to Buffalo in good time. My committee-man, J. N. Larned, called upon me and was very polite. To my consternation, found I had left the lecture on Paris at home. Got to work at once, making abstracts from memory. Mr. Larned introduced me to Mr. Leekworth, an excellent person, staying at the hotel, who took me in to tea. Larned took me in a carriage to see the city. At tea met Judge Clinton and wife, the son of DeWitt, a devoted botanist. Tea at hotel very bad, coffee ditto. In consequence, I think, of this, my lecture was unusually dull. The audience, a large one, seemed to sit like lead upon me. I could not rouse them with anything. Mr. Leekworth was very kind and comforting. Got my money. Would rather have paid it than have had such an experience. Felt as if my inner Guide had deserted me. But some good to some one may come of what I said and tried to say.

December 4th, Wednesday. With Mr. Leekworth to see the Academy of Design, a creditable collection. The library also is a creditable one. At 11:30 took ours for Woodstock to visit poor sick Busbee. (Mrs. Busbee had been our governess a good many years before this, and curiously enough she had also been governess to the Richards children, when H.R. was a very little boy. L. E. R.) Mr. Leekworth bought my ticket to Suspension Bridge, but would not tell me its price. Then to Woodstock at 6 p.m. Found Busbee's cottage, and a warm reception. She much astonished to see me, and at first much affected. We talked long of old things and she brightened up very much. Her disease is an incurable internal cancer. To sleep at hotel, a miserable room, but not cold. A worse breakfast.

December 5th, Thursday. Spent morning with Busbee. Had a dainty luncheon with her in her room. Enjoyed my visit extremely, despite the sad features of Busbee's case, which we both forgot in our talk. Gave her twenty-five dollars. She sent a fine bracelet to Maud by me. Her daughter seemed an excellent girl, and her sister very accomplished. Left at 2 p.m., train being late.

December 6th, Friday. Arrived at Albany 6 a.m. Breakfast at depot, .75, cars to Troy. Hack and message to Mr. Gay's \$1. Room at hotel .25. Harry soon came round for me and took me to Mr. Gay's, where I spent the morning. Fannie, his



230

fiancée, is a pretty blonde, very gay and pleasant. Ma and pa seemed good people. Had luncheon with them, leaving for Boston a little after 2 p.m. Wait at Greenwich for cars. The funeral. Home this night, oh how gladly! Supper one dollar. John Doe met me at station. Oh, glad to get home!

December 7th, Saturday. Board meeting at Club, presided worse than usual, being weary. Found my lecture advertised, not one word of it written. Subject:

Men's Women and Women's Women. Set to work at once, almost overpowered by the magnitude of the task and the shortness of the time.

December 8th, Sunday. To church with Laura. Worked at lecture.

December 9th, Monday. Work hard at lecture. Miss Knapp hunted up books for me.

December 13th, Friday. The history of this week is my lecture and the work of getting it ready. People will expect to hear saucy things from me, but the subject is too grave. I must treat it seriously.

Dined with Jane Marcou, Mrs. Dorr and the Agassiz, Mrs. Dorr driving me out. A genial occasion.

December 14th, Saturday. Finished lecture this morning, just in time. Dinner at one o'clock, dressed and went to the hall. Had left my glasses, so read it by a miserable light, much worse than usual. A full attendance and a very attentive audience. Very warm congratulations at the close from Mrs. Apthorp, Mrs. James Barnard and others. Such a sense of relief!

The Girls' Club sent me the bouquet they had prepared for Bret Harte who disappointed them. Found time to copy a little tri-stich for Mrs. Barnard's album for Hospital Fair.

December 15th, Sunday. Today for the first time in a fortnight I sit down with leisure before me, able to write in this journal of a year nearly ended. I shall nevertheless write a record of these weary days under the head of each, as nearly as I can remember it. Today I heard a sermon from dear James Freeman, of which I remember the subject and substance, but not the text. I hoped to have heard from him that he liked my lecture, but heard nothing. He did not come to speak to me after the service. My daemon has told me never to ask people's opinions of what you have done, hoping to hear praise. I try to follow this. Now to serious study, answering letters, Peace work Christmas presents, and other things, especially Princess of Hesse's commission about Women's work in America. See about this tomorrow. Find Mmes. Dix and Peabody.

December 16th, Monday. Dr. Edward Clark read a paper on the education of women, considered from the physical point of view. It was an argument against the co-education of the sexes, based entirely upon the monthly indisposition, if so it may be called, of women. This, he treated in the most absolute and Micheletian way. ascribing to its neglect all the diseases common among women, which he postulated as the rule in N. E., not the exception. O. W. Holmes and Pres. Eliot of Harvard endorsed this statement, Agassiz not exactly following their lead. Philbrick of the public schools was also there. The four gentlemen first named left soon after the conclusion of the paper. Dr. Swell weakly chimed in, making a feeble plea in behalf of the moral value resulting from the co-education of the sexes, which was scarcely heard. Yet we had a good discussion, after the wise men had taken their conceit away with them. I except Agassiz.

December 18th, Wednesday. Finished article on Sir John Bowring for Woman's Journal, and took it over. Met H.B.B. who has never repaid me for my expenses from and party to St. Louis. Do not much think he ever will.



December 19th, Thursday. Dear Flossy and her dearest little boy left today for New York by 9 a.m. train. House very desolate without them. This boy is especially dear to Dr. Howe and myself. (Samuel Prescott Hall) Began to answer my letters which had accumulated. Wrote to Miss Brook, etc. Took up my Greek Testament and long neglected Baur. To Fair for Women and Children's Hospital, where spent \$8 or more. Met J.F.C. at the Fair. Thought one great good of prayer for familiar objects was that it led us to talk with God.

December 20th, Friday. Wrote to Alfred Love. Will settle books and papers, study, and write up correspondence. Chey and I spoke today of a collection of works for reference on the Woman Question, works of celebrated women and works on the emancipation and elevation of women. It frightens me to think of what I ought to do in the Peace matter. Wrote a long letter to Mrs. K. N. Daggett.

December 26th, Thursday. Second book of Esdras, Apocrypha, eighth chapter, fourteenth verse. "If therefore thou shalt destroy him which with so great labor is fashioned, it is an easy thing to be ordained by thy commandment, that the thing which was made might be preserved."

A good text for a sermon.

December 27th, Friday. Anna Dresal and Sterry Hunt to dinner. Expected Maria Mitchell and J. W. Hamer, but neither came. The Wheelwrights and S. B. Clarks came to pass tea, alone out of some twenty invited. We had a good talk about the law of proportion and the Egyptian Kabala.

Saturday.

December 28th, ~~Monday~~. Maria Mitchell's club lecture today was beautiful exceedingly. I might have envied her the steady grasp and unbroken advance of scientific study, did I not feel sure that God gives to each his own work. Mine, such as it is, would be helped and beautified by the knowledge which she imparts so easily, but perhaps all of her that I shall remember and try to follow is her spirit. Her silver hair seems lustrous with spiritual brightness, as do her dark eyes. Her movements are full of womanly grace, not ballroom grace.

December 29th, Sunday. An excellent sermon from J.F.C., "Christ the hope of the world." In this he works out the pacification of the world from the reconciliation of man to God, soul-peace being the first step in this great progress, and international peace the last. I think I will publish my little tract called, "London without the Court Cards". Will try for a sermon on this text: thou art behind and before me.

December 31st, Tuesday. Last day of a year which to me has been dear and eventful. It has brought me great opportunities, which I have tried not to let slip. Some of the efforts which I most approve in my whole life I have made in this year. Witness my preaching in Santo Domingo, and my crusade in England. On the other hand, I remember with shame to have temporized at the New York custom house, doing what I did not intend, and what has cost me much pain, though it was only greasing the palm of an official, I having but a moderate inventory of goods for my own benefit, yet I grieve much that I did it, and more that I cannot undo it.