

January 4th, Sunday. A quiet and most balmy morning. Walked in the green-house, prepared my sermon for tonight, and so on. To church at 3:30 for communion service. Little Maria S.P. was there, very affectionate and sweet. Then to cars to Wakefield, thence to Salem by carriage, arriving very late. Went to house of Mr. Northey, got a hasty cup of tea. Then to church, where I took for my text, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

January 5th, Monday. Back from Salem by 10 a.m. At 11 my lesson (Greek) from Bishop Ferrette (Julius). Still on John 1st. Christ was a prince of the house of David, and ancintable as a king at any time. John was of the lineage of Aaron, also ancintable as high priest. Christ might have been king of Israel and John high priest, but for Herod and the Romans. Amos Theou was Christ's patname in the house-hold. John, his cousin, not having seen him since his childhood, on seeing him, exclaims, "Ide, oh ammos tou Theou!" The Jews disliked the rule of Herod, a make-shift king imposed upon them by the Romans, disliked the rule of their priest-kings, the Maccabees, etc., wished to see the two offices distinct, their king a true prince of David's line, the only true line, their high priest fulfilling only that office.

January 6th, Tuesday. I begin my record for this year today, in a sort of melancholy of confusion, not knowing how I can possibly get through with the various requisitions made upon my time, thought, strength and sympathy. Usually, I feel, even in these moods, the nearness of divine help. Today it seems out of my consciousness, but is not on that account out of my belief. * *

January 11th, Sunday. Time to write a few words. The past week one dreadful hurry. Things look colorless when you whirl so past them. * * *

January 12th, Monday. (Mem; about lecture tickets, etc. No entry of any consequence until --)

January 27th, Tuesday. Finishing my report for today's Woman Suffrage Convention, I come to the reluctant conclusion that I am not at all able to labor as I did last year. The going back and forth to town exhausts my body and confuses my mind. I feel the loss of my grasp upon many things which have been of great interest to me. I must change my mode of life, have more help and live nearer the scene of my social labors, or else look at the alternatives of ceasing to work or ceasing to live.

In p.m. went to Woman Suffrage Convention. Found J.F.C. absent, as I had anticipated, but I had not anticipated being called upon to preside, as I was. Had taken pains with my report, which was well received, especially the neocology. A little sput with Foster, who invited people at large to bring rotten eggs. I invited them rather to bring lilies and roses and the olive of peace. Had to preside also over evening meeting. Was to have gone with Mudge to Brookline assembly, but Julia went. I saw the meeting through. At the close only we learned that Boston school committee had voted not to receive the lady members. Blackwell at once improvised a resolution, requesting the ladies to persist and contest.

January 28th, Wednesday. Bishop Ferrette's lecture. Mohammed, Islam, very interesting, though he made me wince when he read from the Koran about the virgins in paradise and made some comments. Tomorrow must begin my new and most undesired task of editing comments upon Dr. Clarke's nauseous book. Will rest a little this afternoon.

January 29th, Thursday. Am r lecture at Weston. * * Read Proteus or the Secret of Success. Had a delightful visit, taking tea with Rev. E.H. Sears. Saw Mrs. Marshall, an old lady, who was at my mother's wedding reception, herself a relative of my husband's.

January 31st, Saturday. This month ending today seems the most hurried of my life. Woman's Club, Saturday Club, philosophy group, Maud's music, ditto party, and all her dressing and gayety, besides writing for Journal, preparation for Woman Suffrage Convention, two lectures, Salem and Weston, both gratuitous, and the care of getting up and advertising Bishop Ferretts's lectures. And in all these things, I seem not to do, rather than to do, the dissipation of effort so calls me away from the quiet, studious sort of work which I love. This afternoon I began my editing of comments upon Dr. Clarke's book. This task has seemed to me impossible, but on nearer view does not look so formidable. My lessons from Bishop Ferrette have been delightful, but sometimes I have felt as if such a life as mine was of no value to the owner, and oftener than before prayer has not seemed to bring me comfort.

February 3d, Tuesday. * * Dear M.H. Graves came out in answer to my request to help me arrange the book, "Sex and Education".

A great snowstorm today. I to town with part of the new book. Saw Mr. Niles

February 4th, Wednesday. Bishop Ferrette's lecture, very forceful and interesting. Dined with the G.W. Walases. Dear M.H.G. at work sorting my papers.

February 5th, Thursday. Wrote editorial. Attended Mass. Woman Suffrage Ex. Com. meeting. Promised Mr. Lethrop to visit Taunton, i.e. to form a woman's club.

February 6th, Friday. Began a new series of lessons with Bishop Ferrette

February 7th, Saturday. Board meeting at N.E.W.C. Group system to be introduced, a club photo album proposed. Autobiographical cut lines to be given at Club teas, in alphabetical order.

February 8th, Sunday. Was called at 3:30 a.m. in consequence of Chev's sudden and serious illness. Acute pain and threatening of pleurisy, which afterwards settled into a most painful affection of the urinary organs. Was at home all day. The Dresels were to have dined with us, but I had to send word that I could not receive them. Stayed up with Chev till 1:30

February 9th, Monday. Chev still ill, but better. Went to town in pm. Miss Hotchkiss lectured at N.E.W.C. "Primary Steps in Self-Government". The essay seemed to me pretentious, flimsy and superficial. It had this feature if a merely literary production, that it was made a vehicle for much rambling exhortation and the voicing of opinions which was entirely irrelevant to the subject. I remarked upon it rather harshly, I fear, at least, rather more critically than may have been quite pleasant, but I thought still worse of it than I said. Mrs. Cooke spoke of Suffrage as too coarse and low for women to participate in. I asked why. She said it represented force. I said it represented peace and freedom. She said that the law of the land was the embodiment of force. I said of justice. The Club were mostly with me, I think. Miss Hotchkiss, who is a good girl at heart, has been spoiled by praise, I should judge, and led to undertake what she is not qualified to perform, being quite incompetent to give any comprehensive view of self government.

February 11th, Wednesday. Bishop Ferrette's last lecture. Women of the East, a very detailed and graphic description of them, followed by reasonings on early marriage and patriarchal life which we Westerners could not swallow.

February 13th, Friday. Legislative hearing on Woman Suffrage in Green Room at 10 a.m. I too busy to get there early, so lost Mmes. Stone and Cheney. Mrs. Lena Fay Pierce spoke against Suffrage and so gave us our best opening for discussion. She affirmed the physical and intellectual inferiority of women to men. Said that women should have representation, but should have a separate house of their own with power to vote on all that concerns women and children. Said that government represents physical force, women representing influence. I asked her if these same ignorant women whom she dreaded were to elect their women representatives. She said yes. I asked if the committee before which we were speaking represented the ignorant male members of the community, a question which she declined to answer. I took her up on several questions. Spoke of our movement in the line of Peace and progress, and did as well as I ever did in my life. A power not my own seemed to hold me up, that of the anxious earnest hearts before me, that of the truth upon me. I thank God for this occasion, for the good words of others (H.B.B. and Mary Eastman) and for what I was able to do. When I sat down, I asked myself, "Have I done well or ill?" The inner voice said, "Wait and see". When everyone seized me by the hand and thanked me then I knew.

February 14th, Saturday. Mrs. Rudersdorff's lecture to Saturday Morning Club. Greek lesson from Bishop Farrer. Paid music for Maud's party, \$33. and gave Maud \$12. to pay for current finances. Afternoon at home. Translated from Baur, begun Cicero's second against Verres.

February 15th, Sunday. Head dear J.F.C. with the usual pleasure, text, "Go to them which sell and buy for yourselves." We must really buy, i.e. work for all that we really possess, otherwise it is never really our own. Was discouraged about expenses, my funds being nearly out and Maud having a bill at her dressmaker's of \$105. besides other charges. This morning came a welcome letter from C.H. Ward (her man of business in New York, as well as cousin) enclosing cheque for \$2058.65. Very thankful am I and very desirous to spend this money better than I usually do. I determined to keep an account of my expenditures and especially of the money which Maud causes to run away so swiftly.

February 16th, Monday. Peace lecture at Neponsett.

February 18th, Wednesday. Hearing on Woman Suffrage re-opened in Representatives Hall. Mrs. Ware spoke at some length against Suffrage, bringing forward arguments that have been met and answered a hundred times. Her manner was good, though rather supercilious, and her assertion that she thought she represented a large majority of the intelligent women of Massachusetts very remarkable, considering that she gave no evidence whatever of any organized representation. The weight of her remarks rested chiefly on the danger of ignorant voting. Had the Suffrage ladies thought of this, etc.? She had astonishingly little to say. A propos of something, she looked round the hall and said, "I really don't see any of my acquaintance here except Mrs. Howe." This seemed impertinent. I took up her remarks. Said that I did not come there as the superior of my own sex nor as the inferior of the other. Thought the point of superiority difficult to settle, and that of ignorance. Some had knowledge of books, and others of life. In Mrs. Stowe's book, an obscure ignorant negro who could neither read nor write, was the wisest man of the community. "So I know not what obscure women of the people may be living in some lowly hut with God's divine wisdom in her heart."

February 19th, Thursday. Mrs. Pierce today made full statement of her objection to manhood Suffrage as she calls it for women, and of her plans for a woman's legislature. I had anticipated something more formidable. Her objections were already most familiar, and were poorly stated and supported. Her plan of a separate

legislature was against common sense. Mary Eastman took her up ably, so did Mrs. Pattison, a mechanic's wife, and a pretty little woman. A Mrs. Ross from Rhode Island read off a neat little speech against us. Mrs. Bowdrey, who abused us "like a drab" yesterday today had a decent speech written for her, but of no account. Mrs. Warner spoke, I should think, only to show herself, for she had nothing whatever to say. The closing half hour was given to Mr. Garrison and myself. I spoke ~~as~~ first but was too tired to do very well, yet some things I was able to say. Mr. Garrison did grandly, as he always does. What a wonderful man he is! He breathed on Mrs. Pierce's card house and down it went. He said to her "You have no constituents." He met the argument that Suffrage, if given to the few would be forced upon the many by asking, whether male suffrage was objected to on the same ground, as but a small proportion of the male sex usually vote.

February 22d, Sunday. A quiet day. J.F.C. in morning, a little letter-writing in afternoon. Visits of Maud's beaux. Maud herself came and stayed all night.

February 23d, Monday. Sat to Warren, photographer, 289 Washington St. Lunch at Parker's, then to hear Charles Kingsley's good lecture on the first discoverers of America. Then to poetical picnic at N.E.W.C. R.W. Emerson there, and W.L. Garrison. R.W.E. read some delightful poems. I read "My neighbor's Flowerbed" and "Sleep and Death". Julia a strong rough poem on Washington, M.S.P. a rhyme of the Boston School Committee, and a poem on Spring Flowers. Mrs. Cheney, translations of a sonnet by Michael Angelo and one by Vittoria Colonna, Miss Clapp a tribute to Emerson. *** A good full day.

February 24th, Tuesday. A quiet morning, only that dear Flossy and her sweet boy left for New York. To the depot with them, to town for a few minutes. Got very angry at the depot with a rough drunken Yankee who tried to drive us out of our place with his horses and wagon, in which latter was an Irishwoman with her children. I was mortified at my own loss of temper and determined in the future to be on my guard against this infirmity, so inconsistent with my Peace profession. In afternoon to hear Menard(?) on Alfred de Musset whom he calls the great poet of his day. Then to the Howes' to meet the literary group of Saturday Morning Club. *** Dear Maud came home tonight to stay.

February 25th, Wednesday. Quiet morning. To town at 11:30 a.m. to meet Hungarian Committee at Unitarian Rooms ***

February 28th, Saturday. Today it seemed almost certain that Chey and I should go in a few days to Santo Domingo. This came very suddenly into view. I had not thought of it seriously at all. Was much perplexed about leaving dear Maud. At Saturday Morning Club a short but good ~~xxxxxxx~~ talk about the drama. Some new thoughts came to me, e.g. that the drama is the concentration of experience, an embodiment of history, a specialized and intensified picture of human life. Tried to start a conversation upon the old church drama and to include the drama is element in human character, but the girls in general did not much respond. Yet a good talk.

March 1st, Sunday. Of today I wish to record that waking early in painful perplexity about Maud, Santo Domingo, etc., and praying that the right way might open for me and for all of us, my prayer seemed answered by the very great comfort I had in hearing the prayer and sermon of Henry Powers of New York. The decided spiritual tone of the prayer made me feel that I must try to take this energetic attitude of moral ~~and~~ will and purpose, even if I fail in much that I seek to do.

March 5th. Very busy attending to business, Peace pamphlets and correspondence with Mary H. Graves. Making arrangements for Maud and things at home. Wrote editorial for paper, which took in to read at N.E.W.C. where arrived at one p.m. for lunch and reception in my honour.

Found quite a number assembled, a fine basket of flowers, from Mrs. Homoe Chase and a bouquet from young Mr. Gill who came to speak with me. Bishop Ferratte was there, Eliza Howe and Paddeok. I was much moved at parting with these dear friends, and my voice threatened to break at times. I read what I had written for the Woman's Journal, with a few words of farewell. A pretty little poem had been laid on the table, which Mrs. Moulton, I think, read. The meeting was not a long one, and very cordial and homelike. Mrs. Mosher sang Robin Adair, Franz's Farewell and my Battle Hymn. My dear Club! I love it as my family, of which indeed it is a part, "of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named." May God bless and keep the dear Institution!

March 12th, Friday. The roughest of our rough days. Head wind and head sea, one perpetual pitch and tumble. Got a little wending, and had an occasional sing, but slept a good deal in my chair through heaviness of head.

March 13th, Saturday. The first delicious tropical day. The sea smooth as a mill pond and all an indescribable color. Mrs. Chauncey said it looked like the blue water on washing day, with suds upon it, and so it did, yet the blue was beautiful. Tomorrow we intend stopping at Turk's Island, which I have never seen.

March 14th, Saturday. Near Salt Keys. Have been on shore at Turk's Island this morning. Left in boat at 9:15 a.m. Black crew quite jelly. Captain and Mrs. Samuels and Fabens and Chauncey couples, Dr. Brown, Purser V.D. and Captain McCarthy. A pleasant row, rather sunny. My blue glasses very useful. No place to land but the beach, where the blacks carried us on shore like great babies. Brought some shell work. Walked through principal street. Saw on one building the sign, "Water for sale". A few carts near landing with extremely sunburnt mules and horses. Mr. Simmons' hotel - cup of tea with Chey and the others. Gamboge trees, Jerusalem thorn, caotus, salt heaps. Sea of a wonderful color. Bought spruces, at least Chey did. Met a Mr. Arthur who met us at Menckten Milne's at breakfast thirty years ago. I remember the occasion perfectly, but was not sure about the person, though I thought I could see his young face behind his old one. We hurried and worried somewhat about getting back to the Tybee, but needlessly. This p.m. the captain showed me the bottom of the sea, sixty feet deep, but visible through the blue transparency. The depth appeared quite incredible.

March 15th, Sunday. Anchored in Puerto Plata harbor this morning, saw with joy the majestic outlines of Mont Isabel once more ~~xxxxxx~~ and the pretty little town at its base. Would have attended Wesleyan service on shore, but it rained hard. Polenoy, captain of the port, came on board. I asked for his young son who waited upon us before with fruit, etc. He had gone to Europe for education. A pleasant quiet morning on board. After dinner went on shore with Chaunceys, Fabens and Samuels. Polenoy came to bring us with his boat. He took us to his house, where we saw his mahogany-colored wife and some of her ten children. Two girls are at school in Curacao. Took a good ramble round the town. Visited the new government house, which has one handsome reception room. People in general are much pleased with the new government, and the hope, at least, of better government has bricked up the little place. Went to Teller's garden, where I found my little friend, Mme. Julie, very pretty and charming, her baby grown out of arms and another about to arrive. Remembered my prayer on reaching this place before. I pray God now no less than then that I may do something to deserve this great pleasure of visiting the tropics.

March 16th, Monday. On shore with Samuels, Chaunceys, and Dr. Brown, to visit the Leynes family and estate. The gentlemen said, "We have a carriage for you, ladies," and presently led us up to one of the small carts dragged by a bullock, which are here used to transport the cargoes from the lighters to the shops and warehouses. Pieces of board had been laid across the rough vehicle, and upon these

four of us squatted. The way lay along the beach, the waves rolling in on our right. On our left the luxuriant vegetation. Arriving, found a house surrounded by a shaded veranda, the sugar works near by, and a fine grove of coconut trees wavy and feathery. After waiting a while, we were hospitably received by the host and hostess. She is a New Yorker, a pretty young woman, of good style, with a fine figure, with blond hair and skin, dressed simply in a lawn, with white ground and purple figure. They showed us the sand field, a very fine one, thirty years old, and still in full bearing, and gave us coconut water to drink, much better than what I have had in Santo Domingo. She seems to be a Romanist, but dislikes the archbishop, who, after a visit here at which she and other ladies sang in the choir, wrote to the priest of this place, forbidding any women to sing in its services. The Leynes sent us home in their volante.

Today I overheard one Irishman on board, saying to another that some employer said, "I don't want any one who is either weak or wise. Ignorance and main strength is what I want."

Leynes sells three dollars' worth of coconuts every day in the year.

March 18th, Wednesday. (At the head of this entry is written "Il Dottor Marco Aurelio Caccavelli, parroco di Samana Cay") On shore this morning. The first news we heard on arriving here was the Mrs. Price was dead. Mr. Price returned with me from Santo Domingo two years ago on his way home to bring back this young lady. We went to his house. I saw her first, lying still and sweet, her black eyes clearly visible through half closed lids, an almost smile on her face, which I shall not soon forget. While she smiled and slept, her husband wept. He took my hand quite earnestly. I wished much that I could have gone something to comfort him. But the first sacredness of sorrow is scarcely to be meddled with, unless need appears clear. We visited the hotel built by the Samana Bay Company, a barrack in a magnificent situation, and then walked through the woods and open country into the little town, visiting a bolio, where we took refuge from a tropical shower, and taking turns in riding a bull. Went to Col. Fabens' house, where found quite a good show of furniture and a piano, much injured by the climate, but upon which we made some tolerable music. The old priest came to F's to visit us and wrote his name above for me.

March 19th, Thursday. A dies non. We steamed out of Samana harbor at 3 A.M. We were no sooner outside than the steamer began to plunge and toss like a mad bull. Sleep was impossible, and the air resounded with the lamentations of sea sick people. I rose at 7:30 and dressed in extreme misery, and with great difficulty. Lay about all the morning, propped in a chair, stupified and dizzy. Went to dinner to please Chev, but ~~was~~ the very picture of discomfort. I will say here in great privacy that Chev swore all the time he was dressing, while I piteously prayed through my toilette. This recalled the old New York anecdote of Messrs. Phipps and Wilder, "You pray a great deal and I swear a great deal. Neither of us means much by it." I certainly meant more by my praying than Chev did by his swearing.

March 20th, Friday. In Santo Domingo as glad as a child. Have seen many of the dear familiar faces. Col. Abreu called, also Emilio Baez, to whom I gave a pretty inkstand I brought for him. To Auguste's hotel, where we got two pleasant rooms. Walked out with Emilio in the afternoon. Went to Garcia's and foolishly bargained to give him fifty dollars for the gold necklace and emerald ring I fancied the last time I was here. The necklace is for Maud. Saw Francis to whom I gave an English Bible for himself, a Spanish one for his Bible Society, three Spanish and English Testaments, and a quantity of singing books. Promised to preach on Sunday evening.

March 21st, Saturday. Went this morning to pay for the jewelry and bring it home. Was sorry to have made so foolish a use of the money. Resolved never to do

so again, unless some new light should make it seem right. God will not have my mind occupied with such nonsense. Visited Cathedral. Now, at 2:30 have written my sermon for tomorrow evening. Old Mr. Hamilton, the black clergyman, came to see me about my preaching tomorrow. I gave him \$2.50

March 22d, Sunday. Up early and about. Studied my sermon over a good deal. Called at Pres. Gonzales' and carried my vases. Called at Gautiers', where our reception was most affectionate. Was pretty tired, and a little nervous about the evening, fearing that Chev might feel annoyed, as he on the former occasion. but all went well. The Jones and Stephens party came to the hotel to go with us, so did the Consul. Francis came to pilot us. I found the dear little church quite as it used to be. Not so full as I have seen it, but the notice had been short. Hamilton, the old minister, arrived when I did. I asked him about the service, and he said quite authoritatively, "Oh, I'll sing and pray and you preach." I said I should like to make the prayer after the sermon. He assented, and then hurried up into his pulpit, I sitting below as of old. His prayer was dreadful, noisy, and consisted mostly of scraps which he has heard and learned by heart from the church service, etc. Sound took the place of sense. Let us hope that he had the inward witness. My text was, "And you hath he quickened." Quickening of the spring, of the day, of the spirit. Our rude knocking at the door of heaven is prayer. God's soft whisper at the door of our hearts, "If you are willing, I will come in."

March 23d, Monday. I lay down last evening, rather discouraged about my sermon. There were many strangers at church, who did not understand English, and who came from curiosity, but this morning Hamilton told me that the people who did understand were much comforted. God grant that I may help these people still more, and do something to build up education among them.

March 24th, Tuesday. Up at 4:30 a.m. to visit William Reed's estancia, nine miles from town. Lovely place, but too lonely for us to live there. Came home dreadfully tired. Visit from José Maria Gautier, to me a sad one. He seems still to care for Maud. I saw the pleasant side of this little romance, and my heart ached over its conclusion, while I do think a life here would have been a sort of death for Maud, or any girl of her antecedents. To Pajarita in afternoon with Emilie. Ba ez to visit the Marles family. Fabens assured me that Marles was dead. Imagine my surprise when he came forward to meet me as vivacious as ever. My visit was delightful, and so was the freshness of the air along the river. Marles gave me three ripe guavas and a fruit called * jagua. It is; I found this very disagreeable in flavor.

March 25th, Wednesday. Have just written article on kindergartens for one of the papers here. Went out early with Chev in the coche to see Fabens' estate at S. Carlos, called Silvain, a good situation, but barren looking, with scarcely any trees and verdure. While there, we heard of another estate and drove to see it. We found a luxuriant jungle of palm and fruit trees, with some vegetables. The place can be bought for very little money. I should like to enjoy it, but it would be very lonely for most people, and a little so for me. At home a good part of the day. In the afternoon came the ultimatum of the Gonzales government, a summary annulment of the Samana Bay privileges and concessions, a sort of coup d'état, and ejectment which shows me that Gonzales is a fool, intent upon making for the moment a popular impression, but with no real idea of political reasons or principles. In the evening went with Francis to the singing school. Judge Gross presided with a tuning fork. All sang out of tune, but they seemed to enjoy it, and as I looked out of the Bohia, a brilliant star reminded me of Bethlehem. My heart aches much over the death of the Samana Bay Company, yet in my secret mind I never saw how so motley an amalgamation could pull together.

March 26th, Thursday. This was our last day in Santo Domingo city. I forget what we did, except that I went out early with Chev, and packed up for departure. The week here seemed long to look back upon, because of the many objects of interest, and the intense anxiety about the Samana matter. There was a public demonstration in the streets in honor of the annulment of the contract. A band of music paraded and guns were fired. The people rejoiced over this event, most unfortunate for them. The men of business and old heads, we were told, regretted it, but they were not consulted. Soon after 3 p.m. I went over with Mrs. Cannard and others to visit the French works over at Pajarita. The heat was intense. We found the settlement thrifty, but saw nothing of any interest. The place is arid. In the evening I went with ~~xxxx~~ Mr. Noël, professor of English, to say goodbye to the Gaudiers, who were very affectionate. I gave Julia a little reticule and belt, as a small wedding present. I also left my prettiest little head-dress with Ramona for Mme. Gaudier. Invited Ramona to come and study kindergarten methods.

March 27th, Friday. Up at 4:30. On board at 6 a.m. Forget to say yesterday that the poor black boy who used to come to help Felicite came to see me. A small negro * I gave him .75 and a little ring which seemed to please him. The day was rough, the Dominicans very sick, and very noisy. Opposite to my berth lay a woman with two naked babes crawling about her. All three looked like something in a menagerie. In the berth above her lay the father of the children, his real wife absent in Cuba, and this, his mistress, travelling with him openly. She was nursing the younger child, was in a family way with another. Poor degraded people! I went to bed very sick and miserable. The night was very rough.

March 28th, Saturday. Samana, and back and forth between the steamer and the shore, settling finally on the latter, and going to Price's house, which he vacates for us, and where we intend to stay. A quiet afternoon and evening. A scanty supper of tea and crackers with a little scrap of guava which I brought from Auguste's. I had suffered from distressing headache all the morning before. At 12 took acnite, and put mustard on my arm, which relieved me.

March 29th, Sunday. I write these words at 3:30 p.m. The dear old Tybee lying in the bay bound to leave at four. I have breakfasted and dined on board and have now taken affectionate leave of our cabin mates, though Chev hurried me so much that I could not find Captain Delancey and others of the ship's company. Mr. Chauncey gave me a kiss, and so did Captain Samuels. My heart feels very glad that we got along so well, and had so much pleasant intercourse together. I shall miss them very much, and they said they should miss me. I had some talk today with Mardena, an intelligent Santo Dominican, and with a Spaniard to whom he introduced me, a solid man from Barcelona. I have now climbed up to this little eyrie. God bless the dear old ship and all on board! I know all her ugly movements, and all her bad smells. But she has twice carried me safely on this voyage, and has brought much comfort and civilization to this island. 4:25 The dear old Tybee has steamed out of the harbor. At 4 punctually, as the captain promised, she departed. I ~~xxxx~~ watched her till she disappeared behind the little island, and waved the overskirt of my white and black dress, for a signal, which I fear no one saw. Goodbye and good luck, old friend. (Captain Samuels, mentioned above, was captain of the clipper Dreadnaught one of the most famous of the Yankee skippers. His story of his life "From the Forecastle to the Cabin" is known to all our children. L.E.R.)

March 30th, Monday. We are all alone in our eyrie. Went to town, arriving by 8 a.m., Chev on horseback, I in boat. I visited James, the black minister, and the Catholic priest, at whose house I saw the Nacional, with a short but shameful article on the Samana Bay business. At 8, the usual hour we ran up our flag on the custom house. Bobadille, the new governor, sent to ask how soon he might take possession of the premises in the name of the Gonzales government. The Doctor wrote that he should continue at his post. I ought to say that the little Dominican

schooler of war, the Capetilla, arrived last evening after the departure of the Tybee which latter they apparently wished to dodge. The sorrow and disappointment of the people here is very great. They would gladly have made an armed resistance to the government officials, had we countenanced such a thing. Saw Mar---'s school, a dirty room, with a mud floor. Perhaps eighteen children, boys, ranged around on low seats with books. In one corner, a chair turned up side down, and the boys' hats hung upon its legs, etc. Near the entrance, a mother nursing a naked babe choking with whooping cough. Heard a reading lesson in Spanish.

March 31st, Tuesday. To town early to be present at the taking down of the Samana Bay Company's flag by the commission sent on board the Dominican war schooner. I went on the boat and found Chev in the custom house with the commission seated around and a good many of our people present. Chev read his protest which was strong and simple. Gross interpreted. Consul Conrad then began to read his own, but the Commission objected, on the ground that they had to deal with the representative of the Samana Bay Company only. We then went out of the building and the employees of the Company then marched up in their best clothes, their hats stuck full of roses, and stood in order on either side of the flag staff. The man ordered by the Commission lowered the flag. Just before, Chev got our people to stand in a circle round him and with much feeling made a lovely little address. The old Crusader never appeared nobler and better than on this occasion when his beautiful chivalry stood in ~~marked~~ the greatest contrast to the barbarism and ingratitude which dictated this act. My mind was full of cursing rather than blessing. Yet, finding myself presently alone with the superseded flag, I laid my hand upon it, and prayed that if I had power to bless anything, my prayers might bless the good effort which has been made here.

Went this morning to visit the old Doctress, Mme. de Merizi, a French or partly French woman, famous here for her treatment of fevers and other diseases. She is sixty-nine years old, cannot read, has never studied, and says she learned what she knows from the French doctors under the French régime. Uses magnesia, and le petit lait, and refreshing tisanes, and herbs, and quinine very sparingly. She has quite a family, one of her daughters is single and pious, and devotes herself to teaching and other good works. I think it was this one whom her mother introduced to me as an Italian. Her face is sweet, and her features fine. The Italian blood must be that of her father. It is very common here to find these children of one mother having various fathers. Alas! for the consequences of this laxity!

April 1st, Wednesday. I sit to write this at 1:20 p.m. in rather a desponding state of mind. The object of this journal is not to tell how good I am and how bad other people are! * * * Memorials of a quiet life. Though I admire the excellent qualities of Mrs. Hare, I cannot endure the endless pages of her pietistic expression. It is impossible to read so much self-stating, self-defining goodness. I was up at 5:30 this morning to take early breakfast with Chev. To town rather late, and I rather cross. Now, I fancy I may get diphtheria, my throat feeling queer and stuffed. God help me if I were ill here of any such disease. I should have little hope of an available medical aid.

April 2d, Thursday. Up early but not to town. I have begun today a story for Shepherd and Gill. Decide to work at it every morning while I stay here. The two last nights I have dreamed constantly and have waked in the morning with a confused, heavy head. After my towel bath, I feel better. Chev was very sweet and companionable yesterday, and there is something very pathetic about him in these days of declining strength. He is much better in health than when we started. An endless visit from Rev. James, and Mrs. Copeland.

The blacks here say that the taking down of our flag was like the crucifixion of our Lord. We are assured that they would have offered forcible resistance if we would have authorized their so doing.

April 3d. Good Friday. Up besides and to service at 10 a.m. Rev. James, very black, with a congregation in which pure black predominated. Men and women cleanly and decently dressed; some young girls with hats, but the negro handkerchief predominated. Sermon much better than poor Hamilton's talk, prayer also better than his. The confusion between God and Christ plainly expressed. "Oh, God, thou didst die for us," etc. Said, Christ drank the very drugs of earthly shame and disgrace. Said wrought for might. Of course much repetition, and mere sound, no connected thought. But all seemed in good faith, and the congregation joined heartily, and I was much comforted by the prayers. Two young men called upon us afterwards in behalf of the Samana Bay literary association, which dates from the beginning of the Company, has twelve members, occupies itself with study, meets three evenings in the week. We promised to visit them soon. My head is better today, but oh! I have lost my brown veil, a loss which cannot here be repaired. Late in the afternoon ~~xxx~~ a ride on horseback. Chev would go across the beach, which I did not like. Visited Jackson on the hillside. Saw his little arrangements for Sunday preaching. He wishes himself back in Kentucky.

April 4th, Saturday. Up early. Visited Mr. Burr, then to town. A glimpse of the little Catholic Church. The good old padre gabbled his prayers very fast, but interrupted them to offer me a seat. He seemed to use a rattle instead of a bell in the service. While waiting for the boat two men carried the figure of Judas to be hung and shot at in the plaza.

4.40 p.m. A lonely day. Have not seen Chev since dinner, 12 m. At least, have seen nothing of him. Have written on my story, studied Greek, read Baur, the Einleitung to his Dogmengeschichte, mended underclothing and nearly made a pair of cuffs. My eyes now are very tired and I feel a sensible vacuum, being here absolutely isolated, as I cannot leave Chev to go anywhere. The little steam launch started yesterday on her first trip to Almacén. She should return tomorrow p.m. We are much interested in her success.

April 5th, Sunday. Early by boat to Clara Bay. William carried me from boat to beach. Climbed to Widow Dichemin's house, her husband killed in Luperón's fighting. Six children. "You need a school for them." "Oh," said she, "I have to keep the elder children to help me support the younger ones." We got some fresh guavas! Went to old Mrs. Kell's hut. "Mr. William, how can you bring the madam to see us without letting us know beforehand? Besides I am getting ready to go to meeting." Her small room contained a bed, a few shelves with china teapot and cups, a pine table and a wooden bench, nothing more. Her cooking arrangements were in another small compartment. Visited another house, found them also going to church. Returned to boat and went myself. An Easter sermon. Stayed to communion, but found little comfort. I wished to join the people in this acknowledgment of our common Christianity, but I missed the sweet spirituality and liberal thought of my own church. Yet this little church seemed much valued by the people, and I am glad they have the communion, which is the bond of union. Today completes our first solitary week here. It has had good and evil, but more good. For the first time I have lain down in the afternoon, in a perfect agony of fatigue.

April 6th, Monday. Up early. On horseback to town across beach. Chev, to break me in, dashed up a hillside. I had to follow but did not dare to ride down at which he was somewhat vexed for a time. Item, he would cross a rotten bridge, and got a fall, his horse's hind legs breaking through and presenting a very awkward situation. It is now 4:05 p.m. and I have written on story, studied Greek, read Baur, and read aloud in French to Chev. This is the most quiet life imaginable but I hope to turn it to good account both for rest and for literary work.

April 7th, Tuesday. Up early. Took endless walk and climb with Rosanna Copeland to visit her house and Mr. Holmsted's school. The day and the walk were very beautiful, but I was dreadfully heated and wearied. From her house I took the Bull and rode astride, safe, but uncomfortable, feeling a great strain on the pelvis. The schoolroom serves also for a chapel and is called Bethesda. It stands on a small plateau at the summit of high hills, and is beautifully placed, commanding on one side a deep and wild hollow magnificent with palms, mangoes, etc. I heard reading and spelling and some exercises with the small children, and made a little address. Then went to Rosanna Copeland's house, where a little dinner had been prepared, a clean white table-cloth and soup, chicken, rice, beans and delicious chocolate. After this they asked me to read and pray. I read a part of the chapter, "He that entereth into the sheepfold, etc." Prayed for Christ's sheep in this wilderness. It was a good moment. Meantime Chay had sent man and horse to bring me home, so I came. Shall feel this day's fatigue for some time. No study today, only a glance at my books. I bear with deep regret of Charles Sumner's death. A great loss. He has earned rest, and noble reputation.

April 8th, Wednesday. Rather unwell today from yesterday's fatigue. Up early, however, and to town where a long talk with the padre. Wrote long letters to my children and my sister Annie, a tolerable one to Mme. Léontas of Constant nople, acknowledging her letter and asking her to celebrate June 2d.

In fact, I was miserably unwell all this day and ~~was~~ think I narrowly escaped serious illness.

April 9th, Thursday. Took up my story again. Wrote a wedding letter to dear Harry, who is, I suppose, a happy bridegroom before this time. May he also be a happy husband, which is not so common.

To town on horseback in the morning. A quiet day with a long visit from Mrs. Roper, mother of Mrs. Copeland. Mrs. Copeland also came in. She talks much about the Lord, etc. I feel puzzled, and cannot take up the same strain. It would not be true in me. Yet I believe and desire to believe in God's infinite help and mercy, but I cannot talk in this way. She said that so metimes she felt ~~xxxxxx~~ that a spark went from her breath to Christ's wounded side. She can read and write a little and passes for having education.

April 10th Saturday. UP soon after 4:30 a.m. and on horseback with Mrs. Conrad to Mme. Bagone's place. Arrived soon after 8, without assistance. Passed a restful day under the ocra and mamee trees, and later under the mangoes. Had coffee and eggs fried in cocanut oil for breakfast, with bread and fresh butter. For dinner a Dominican soup, and stew of chicken, rice cooked with cocanut milk. A lovely walk along the shore. Pine-apples growing out of the sea sand, almost, at least very near it. Visited an old negress of 100 years, still erect and rather jiminy in her figure and appearance. She sews nicely, but is deaf, though not stone deaf. John Johnston's sick wife, a pretty negress, suffering much from pain in her arm, the cause said to be cold after confinement. On the way back had to be helped up the worst of the hills and down one dreadful passage. Tree forms of perfect beauty. The glöom and grandeur of the forest beyond expression. My enjoyment of it much lessened by fear. Had a foolish idea of death running in my head but knew it was foolish. Yet I knelt to thank God when I got home alive.

April 12th, Sunday. My first preaching at Samana. I had the same text as at Santo Domingo City, but another sermon. In this I dwelt upon the gradations of life from the first creation up to the Christian dispensation and spiritual quickening. How God first quickened to earth from the void, then vegetable life, then animal life, then man, then Christian doctrine and influence. Think I did pretty well. Prayed after sermon and for the lesson read most of the last chapter of Peter's second epistle. Mrs. Copeland came with all her children while I was studying out my sermon. She has annoyed me terribly by coming and sitting down in my house as if she never meant to go.

I could not ask her to stay today, which she obviously expected. My heart ached a good deal to do what seemed inhospitable. I sat with her a while and then said that I was obliged to write, which indeed was true. I had nothing in the house to feed her fairly well. She brought five but has seven. I think her half mad with conceit, yet was sorry not to entertain her. My congregation interested me much.

April 13th, Monday. Up early. Wind from north, rising by 2 p.m. to a furious blow. Have written on story, read Baur, studied Greek grammar, hemmed a veil, and count the day with joy as one near home, if God permits me to get there. Am assured that my sermon of yesterday was liked. People have told me so today. Am not up to much effort, but quite well. Thermometer at about 80 Fahrenheit.

We could not go out with any comfort so stayed at home. Chev rather lonely and melancholy, and I at a loss to cheer him. As we sat at our little supper we heard a knock at the front door, and lo! Messrs. McCarthy and Bennett had come to pass the evening and play whist. This cheered the Doctor much, especially as he won three games out of four. But when the guests rose to go, the rain fell in torrents and we made a bed for them on the floor of our dining room. Francis was very grumpy and could hardly be forced to get up and help us. I made my own bed afterwards.

April 14th, Tuesday. Woke with a bad feeling in my head. The storm is violent, wind N.E. accompanied by severe rain. I climbed up to the hotel (an empty building) to walk on its piazza and get the air. My stomach is weak and troubled with flatulence for want, I think, of nourishing food. Can't write on story today. Have read a little in Mrs. Hare and have nearly finished the book. We had expected to start on our journey today, but the weather would make this impossible if everything were ready, which it is not.

April 15th, Wednesday. ~~That~~ A quieter day than the preceding, but still very windy. To town by boat and back again. The Alcalde James and his secretary to dinner at 6 p.m. We were quite lively and talkative. Had a soup and tortilla from the Casino. This little festivity quite cheered us up. The Doctor today almost gives up the journey to Santiago, feeling unable to undertake so much fatigue and exposure. It seems monotonous to look forward to three weeks more in this isolated place. I have never thought the plan a very wise one for Chev. It only seemed to me less risky than staying here.

April 16th, Thursday. The day passed much as usual except that we have not yet been to town (4:08) and that we have had unusual interruptions. Soon after our early dinner came McCarthy and Bennett. I had not had more than time to dress myself after this when the Conrads and the padre climbed the hill and made a good long call. The padre told us many witty sayings of the Roman Basquin and others. I have written on my story today and have read Baur and studied some Greek. Chev called me up in the night, a thing he has not done in a long time. He is complaining today. I feel more patient and satisfied than I should expect, under the circumstances. The great phrase of my consolation is "Thy will be done." But when I think of Maud, I cannot think at all. God grant me to see them all well again and be thankful enough for it.

April 17th, Friday. A studious day. Wrote on story, read Baur and Greek grammar. Waited about a good deal with Chev, who has been a little unwell today, and who is very tired of the continued turbulent weather. He has been very kind and affectionate to me, however, but finds Samana very tiresome, as I do, although I enjoy much of every day. Wasted some time in trying to make a water color sketch of the view opposite my window, but it was very bad, much worse than my pen and ink outlines, which are not good.

April 18th, Saturday. Almost a dies non, except for patience. (The doctor had been ill all night: she gives details.) Read some Baur and Greek grammar at his bedside this morning, but felt able to write nothing except this brief entry.

It is certainly good discipline for me to have to intermit my favorite pursuits for the busy idleness of an attendant. My life shows, I fear, a grave arrearage, in this particular.

April 19th, Sunday. Preparing for my afternoon preaching, which will be at Jackson's, if the weather allows any meeting there. Text, "Philip said unto him, Show us the Father." Subject, How Christ showed and shows the Father. Spiritual insight, the constant presence, etc. I begin to realize what a blessed rest the time here has been to Chev and to me. The very absence of amusement has been a good. It has been very long since I have had so much quiet work, of the sort that builds up. Nothing that I have written here or anywhere gives any idea of the beauty of this country. It is the very sylvan temple of God's majesty, indescribably rich and grand.

Went to Jackson's meeting under the trees. A numerous attendance, neatly and even tastefully dressed, mostly black, of course, but with some white people. Jackson, who looks like F.W. Bird turned black, was holding forth as I arrived. He seemed to me to be using words without much sense. My sermon was closely attended to. I tried to explain how Christ shows the Father and still shows him to Christendom. Prayed after sermon. Jackson afterwards read the hymn, not very correctly, and dismissed the assemblage.

April 20th, Monday. An American man of war has just come into the harbor and is lying anchored in full view from our windows. We do not know whether she comes on any special business or whether she merely drifted in in her ordinary course. I hope she comes to see justice done to the Samana Bay Company.

Chev not well today. Since the ship came, I have sung, "My Country, 'tis of thee," etc. The frigate (steam) Canandaigua comes here to coal and rest and has no errand for the Samana Bay Company. In the course of the afternoon, a number of her officers came over on horseback with Bennett and McCarthy. A handsome young man named Richmond was of their number. They galloped off down the steep hill track which has cost me so many frights. The Burrs and the consul came in the evening.

April 21st, Tuesday. Pownel came by 8:30 a.m., having been asked to superintend the making of a zigzag path in front of the house. He stayed to breakfast, which was at 11:30 and left before one. A pretty long pull. He is quite pleasant, and has good manners. We hear that he is at times intemperate, and I think that he is the author of an anonymous letter which Lucy Derby received soon after her visit to Santo Domingo. The letter warned her against Col. Abreu, but seemed to invite correspondence. I have only spoken of this to L. Derby and do not now mention it to Chev. Did some writing and study in the afternoon. Pownel showed me the game of backgammon, which I had forgotten, so Chev and I played all the evening. Mrs. Copeland came, and had heard that I was not pleased at her Sunday visit. I could only say that I had not the time at my command, being obliged to work upon my sermon.

April 22d, Wednesday. Am expecting the Canandaigua's boat to take us on board.

We made our visit, saw Captain Lowry, who received us very kindly. Gave us files of papers with all particulars of Sumner's death. My heart ached about this. He never seemed to me exactly a great man, but a great place is left empty by his death. Many dear and precious memories for all of us, and for his age and country, are twined and draped around him, and whether all that goes with him is Sumner or not, who can tell? "A very tender history" it is.

Have written on story, read Baur, and scratched a Greek exercise, besides mending Chev's white cotton underjacket.

April 23d, Thursday. Bennett and Purser Machette (Canandaigua) to breakfast at 7:30, good coffee, but not much to eat. They were very pleasant. Bennett was educated at Alfred Centre, but is not a Sabbatarian. Machette is Philadelphian,

partly Quaker. On horseback with Chev, who was very impatient. The road very slippery and muddy. My horse would go very slowly and stumbled a good deal. I am timid on horseback, and these hilly roads, but Chev's impatience makes riding with him one agony. He was so vexed today that he sent the Garcia horse home. Yet I made every effort to urge the horse on, yet he seemed to slip in the mud. Wrote a good deal on story, and have read Baur and written Greek exercise.

Dear little Mr. De Blois, so sweet and innocent, came in the evening, also Richmond, captain of marines, on horseback, and his speech confused with liquor.

April 24th, Friday. To town by 9 a.m. Got back and wrote a story, but badly. Studied Baur, also poorly. Fell in the red clay this morning, and smeared myself badly. Have just written some verses about the plan of Samana, also a Greek exercise, but I fear I shall never learn the verbs thoroughly. The Canandaigua left this morning, before seven, I think, or by that time. I watched out of sight. It took her some time.

April 25th, Saturday. To town on horseback. Did better with story, but fear it will not amount to much. Wrote chief outline of sermon for tomorrow. At four p.m. went to a fandango, given on the occasion of baptizing a new house. Found Mrs. C. dressing in a high-colored pink muslin, with white boots, flesh colored stockings, and much jewelry. We went to the party about 5. Women dropped in, dressed in colored muslins, blue the prevailing color. The dress was generally tasteful, considering the choice of material to be had here. Beads, of course, but not to any monstrous extent. Music came at 6, a large accordion and a notched gourd, which is scraped with iron. Men began to come and dancing became general. I danced one polka, with a colored man, a very good-looking one.

April 26th, Sunday. At work on sermon, Matt. 25:40, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," I tried to show first, how this doctrine equalizes the opportunities of men for good and evil, since they can always do good, but neglect doing it, to others. Second, this great majesty of God which feels all good and evil done to its meanest creatures as done to itself. Third, this great championship and guardianship which God has to the feeble creatures of the earth. Fourth, an exhortation to be faithful in all human relations. I did not feel sure that my audience cared much about this sermon, but it cost me a good deal of work. My prayer afterwards seemed to touch some of them.

I had the Conards and Miss Simpson to breakfast at 12, and after the preaching, etc., I went to ride on horseback with Chev.

April 27th, Monday. Last night the first warm one. Up early and to Hanson's by boat, a pleasant row and pleasant visit. His little house arranged quite in cabin fashion, berths for his children, and the baby's bed on a shelf above the feet of his own and wife's. Coming back, we met the Yuna and got on board, going down to town in her. Hall to breakfast. A quiet studious morning. Did better on story. Rode on horseback. Tea and backgammon.

April 28th, Tuesday. Overslept this morning, not rising till 6:30. Chev had had a bad night. He was not able to go anywhere, so we have passed the day at home. Old Aunt Sally here to iron. In the afternoon I went up past the billiard room (an empty building) and she came out. I asked if she had been taking a nap. She said she had been praying and told me something of her story, which I may set down elsewhere. Chev was feeble all day, and longing to get away. I have done better than usual on story, and have had Baur and a little Greek.

April 29th, Wednesday. My usual quiet day, only I did not oversleep. Went to town by boat. Wrote on story, of which the first draught nearly finished. Read Baur and wrote little synopsis of his beginning on page Jan. 16 of this book.

The Hansen children visited me at 12. I gave them some pine apple. They were in their best clothes and looked very neat, though the boy, John, was barefoot. They want croquet setten, 13, mouth harmonica, colored glasses. Aunt Sally had burned two of Francis's shirts badly. I gave her money to buy one new one, which she bought and he would not have, saying he did not wish anyone to pay for an accident. This I thought rather gracious of him. I shall make it up to him in some way. When Francis found that two shirts were burned or scorched, he was very angry.

April 30th, Thursday. We were to have started early in Farrington's sloop for Savannah le Mar, but there was no wind. We were all packed, and I wished to make at least this little excursion. The sea breeze came late this day, but it did come at about 1 p.m. McCarthy, who had been invited, came over, and so did the sloop. Chev, as is his custom, tried to get off, but finally yielded to our persuasions, and went. Item, he wished in the first instance to make the voyage, engaged the sloop, and invited McCarthy to go with us. Voyage short, but rough. Landing, we went to M. Gustave Gay, a St. Thomas Spanish Frenchman, speaking English, and other languages. He has the best house in the place, and urged us much to stay with him, which we concluded to do. His little wife, Floriana, was very hospitable, and worked to make us comfortable. We dined with them at 5:30 - fried fish, stewed ditto, and some roast plantains. Afterwards strayed through the village, which consists of bohies, all built just in the grassy street, grass very rich. A pretty place and pretty views. We tried whist in the evening, but I was unusually tired, so only one game. I slept (not much) on a cot with blanket laid over it, and Chev in his magnificence hung bed, donkey, dogs, cats, cooks, babies and mosquitoes.

May 1st, Friday. Chev was impatient to return, so we left Savannah le Mar by 9 a.m. Before leaving I made a sketch of Marsulina's bohio, nearly opposite Gay's house, in India ink. This created quite a sensation in the little street, and a number of women and several men crossing the street to see what I was about. Floriana let me dress in her room this morning and greatly admired all my clothes. I gave her my dear tomato pinoushion, a little canvas and some wools and a needle, and one of our Chinese lanterns. This was the day for the election of a judge, and we heard a drum beat to call the voters together. We visited the judge, who remembered Chev three years ago at Ghera. Our voyage was tedious, but not unprosperous. Chev complained much of the wind. We did not get to our own house till 2 p.m.

May 2d, Saturday. Early to La Guada by boat, where I picked one beautiful fern. Home and to work, resuming the letters commenced for the Woman's Journal on the 14th ult. At about 12 m. a vessel hove in sight, looking like a U.S. man-of-war. William said, "Canadaigua". We were yet at dinner when Anderson the pilot came with a message for Chev to come on board immediately. Chev dressed and went, saying to me, "Do I look as if I had any pluck left?" "Yes, plenty," I said. He has been and returned and brings word that he has come by government orders to see the Americans righted, so our flag is to be reinstated tomorrow morning, peaceably if we can. There is no chance of any fighting. I feel much puzzled. It seems right that we should be reinstated, yet the military form of proceeding is very repugnant to me, and I do hope and pray that all may pass ~~silently~~ quietly and without the least danger of bloodshed. Richmond came back from the Canandaigua with Chev. I now perceive that he does not speak very clearly, and think I was mistaken before in supposing that he had been drinking.

May 3d, Sunday. A broken Sabbath, literally, a day of most sad disappointment. The Captain of the Canandaigua sent us word last night that it was "all right". He was to land a force at 11 a.m. and reinstate our flag above the custom-house. We went across to town, and waited, but no boat came, nor note, nor message. Chev was of course much troubled, and we all made rather a foolish figure. I was to have spoken at Jackson's meeting, and ought to have done so. But Chev was so much

V. This undoubtedly means the captain of the Canandaigua

discomfited by disappointment that I could not leave him. Home to dinner at 12:30 and to town again, after dinner where we received a note from the Captain informally sent, saying he had forgotten yesterday that this was Sunday, Lord's day, etc., and promising to study out the Samana difficulty. So it seems as if he had strangely fooled us. His conduct throughout was singular. He told the pilot and all the men yesterday that he would put the flag up today, his sending the pilot for Chev was as strange as the rest. I am much grieved to miss Jackson's meeting, I ought this afternoon to have gone straight about my own and Mr. Master's business, leaving these other things to take care of themselves.

May 4th, Monday. To La Guadalupe by boat with Chev, then to town. No good news, nothing to counterbalance yesterday's fiasco. The Dominican government here ~~xxxxxxxx~~ appears prepared to make war à outrance upon such friends of the Samana Bay Company as they dare annoy. The governor went to Marsias's restaurant to ask whether some of our people had not been drinking to the health of the Company, and threatening pursuit should they do it again. Visit from Officer Bissler, who thought unfavorably of the proposed restitution of the flag, and had probably advised the Captain against it. I left the room precipitately, unwilling to hear him talk about it. This p.m. came Messrs. De Blois and Marchete, who very plainly say that the Captain was drunk on Saturday, and did not know what he was about. They agree with us that having begun, it would have been better to go on than to retreat, which in the present instance involves Dominican persecution of all who sympathize with us. This would comprise nearly the whole population of the peninsula. Governor sent yesterday for 1000 men, only six came. Studied Baur and Greek, but much interrupted. Almost no dinner. McCarthy came and had heard that the Captain was going on shore this afternoon to apologize to the Governor. This would put the last touch to our disgrace.

May 5th, Tuesday. Mrs. Jackson came yesterday, and I found that they were glad I did not come, as the excitement of the flag and the funeral kept people in town. I gathered that there was no meeting, so my pain of conscience may cease. The captain of the Canandaigua did call upon the governor and did virtually apologize, or as the consul said, explain his conduct. The consul advised this, which seems a mean and silly act. An officer of the Canandaigua, Haskins, made us a visit this morning. We met him in town and with him a messenger from the Captain asking Chev to send the captain copies of his own letters or the letters themselves. Chev had an altercation with Hall about the Yuna. Scrawled two little poems in triplets last night, which have just copied. Read Baur and Studied somewhat, but the afternoon seemed a little long. Rode at 5:30 p.m., going to Burr's on horseback for the first time. Chev would not let Hall make this, his last trip in the Yuna, without an insurance against accident which Hall could not furnish. I regretted this.

May 6th, Wednesday. On horseback at 7 a.m. Mrs. McCarthy says that people in town are blaming Dr. Howe for having been ever hasty in the matter already described tending the flag. The captain denies having made a promise in writing to haul down the Dominican flag and raise that of the company. This is true, but he made a promise to do so in the presence of several witnesses, on board his own ship, and Dr. Howe has a letter in which he says he has authority to take possession of the peninsula of Samana, and even of the whole island of Santo Domingo. In another letter, received Sunday p.m., the captain speaks of his rash promise.

5 p.m. The day has been very warm. I have been in the house ever since my morning ride. Have read among other things a sad article on our currency by Henry D. Peck of Brockline. Much perspiration and biting by infinitesimal flies or gnats. Officer Haskins of the Canandaigua and Hall of the Yuna our only visitors. I made an effort today and dressed in white, visited the James family just before sunset. Played whist with two dummies in the evening. My head excited and queer.

May 7th, Thursday. Up by 5 a.m. and on horseback with Chev to see the fern trees on Mme. Bergen's road. We found two very beautiful ones. Last night my head troubled me much. It ran upon Maud and I felt sure some thing awful had happened to her. I went to bed, and two fireflies kept flying about my head, of which one made extraordinary circlings, such as I have not seen them make. "Now," I said, "this is poor, waltzing Maud." Never again may I thus forsake her, until she forsakes me in happy marriage. 3:20 p.m. A ship entering the harbor and a gun fired. Can it be the Tybee? God grant it may bring good news, whatever it is.

The steamer was a German man-of-war, which only looked in, to learn whether the Dominican statu-quo continued, in consequence, we heard, of the rumors about last Sunday's matter reaching the capital. Significant, this. At night, my head was very bad, a tight, strained feeling at the base of the brain, and an excitable condition, which sleep relieved.

May 8th, Friday. Up at 5 a.m., but the weather too rainy for a ride. At a little before 8 went to visit Lais, daughter of the old French woman doctor, of whose piety I hear a good deal from Aunt Sally. She is a sweet looking woman, perhaps thirty years old or more, slight, simple and very modest. She devotes her days to teaching a small school, which I found very neat, clean and orderly, for these parts. She has communicated something of her own refinement to her pupils, who are not allowed to run about the streets, she says. Each one of the girls was dressed with evident care and an attempt at good taste. She is a devout Catholic. She needs some canvas and worsteds for embroidery, and some elementary French and Spanish books. Aunt Sally says that Lais was dead, and came to life, and so her mother gave her to the Lord. Steamer Arco arrived before 9 a.m. Left soon after 11. Chev engaged our passages. We breakfasted with the Conrads at 11:30. The Gays of Savannah le Mar were there, and the padre. We learn that the Tybee did not leave New York till May 5th. So all hope of communicating with her is lost for the present. At 3 p.m. De Blois, Hobart Berrian, and one other officer came to make a visit. Berrian belongs to Washington, D.C. and is charming. At 4 p.m. went down the Bay in the Yuna.

May 9th, Saturday. The last day of our last week in Samana. We intend leaving tomorrow by English steamer for St. Thomas. The days of Greek and Baur are over for the present. God knows when I shall have so much restful leisure again. My rides on horseback too are ended for the present, though I may mount once more today, or tomorrow. All these pleasures have been mixed with pains, my fear on horseback, Chev's impatience, Francis's wilfulness. But far more than all, my anxiety about the dearest dear ones at home. The ~~affairs~~ affairs of the Company too have given me many sad thoughts. But in spite of all this, the time has been a blessed one. I have improved in mind and body, if not in estate, have had sweet leisure for thought and study, opportunity to preach the gospel (three times) and most invigorating air and exercise. Over the door of the little parlor here hangs a motto: "God bless our home". I think indeed He has blessed this little home, though at first when I looked at the motto, I always thought of my own home. I am expecting to noon-breakfast, the Gays of Savannah le Mar, the padre and Mrs. Conrad. Breakfast very pleasant. Gave Mrs. Gay my beautiful travelling mirror. Mrs. Jackson's and Mrs. Copeland's farewells, blessings and flowers. The James woman to say good-by, with flowers. Aunt Sally's grandchildren: "If it be de Master's will." Yuna to Mrs. Bergen's.

May 10th, Sunday. The last of beautiful Samana for the present. I am nearly packed, and hoping to preach at the church this morning, a farewell sermon. "Our earthly tabernacle and the house of God." The steamer's coming and departure may prevent me, but I hope not. I did go to the church, but found Bro. Hollinshed established in pulpit. I was invited to make a brief address before sermon, and did so, but could only unfold a very little of my theme. After H's sermon, Vanderhorst prayed, in a fierce and muscular manner, quite astonishing in so quiet a man. After

each petition, he said, "Ah! Lord bless us, ah! individually and collectively, ah!" The congregation became rather noisy in responsive exclamations. Afterwards, had many affectionate leave-takings, from men and women, including Father Jackson, and the Hansen children. Hurriade home, the steamer had arrived, Chev was wild with worry and excitement. We got on board, with help of the steam tug. Were off by 2 p.m., I think, and I was soon feeling sickish, yet came to 5 o'clock dinner. To bed early.

May 11th, Monday. Really sick for a little this morning, but soon in smooth water. Stopped at Aguadilla and went on shore. One consul here represents the United States, Great Britain, and other powers. Saw the public school for boys, bright looking children. The poor ones don't pay. In the consul's place saw advertisement of Pittsburgh ploughs- heart went right back to Harry. We are now opposite to Mayaguez, a pretty sea-port, quite large, compared with what we have lately seen. May go on shore, but are not sure. We did not go. Chev had a consignment of money which should have been delivered here, but which he forgot until too late.

May 12th, Tuesday. At Ponce early this morning. Met Mr. Davidson, father of Edith D. Took a carriage and drove to the town, about two miles from the port. Saw the outside of a new Episcopal church, in which services are held in English and in Spanish. Also of a good sized hotel, which is called excellent, and of a creditable looking theatre. Saw a tree, brought from Africa originally, with splendid scarlet flowers, also a date palm. Now, at 3:30 p.m. we are just leaving Arceir, a place beautifully situated between the mountains and the sea, formerly famous for sugar. A long drought has greatly injured the canes. In twelve months no ruin. Have read Baur today, concerning *Originis de principis*.

May 13th, Wednesday. At San Juan, capital of Puerto Rico. Went in a boat like to a crazy old gondola with the engineer and Miss Pereira. A curious town, European in aspect, strongly fortified. Bought a few mangoes for Miss Simpson. Saw the Cathedral, where they were singing vespers. Hilly streets, shops, home to dinner late.

May 14th, Thursday. At St. Thomas early. On shore, leaving Miss Simpson on board. A town built at the foot of three high hills, color red and white. Tea at Commercial Hotel, weak, rather dear. Chev went to have his hair cut. As soon as he was gone I saw on the wall of the breakfast room a notice that our steamer would fire a gun at 11 and sail at 12. It was at this time nearly 11. Miss S. was on board the Arco, the doctor gone off. He came back soon, and we were much worried about Miss Simpson, but Bascom of Samana, colored, took a boat and brought her while we were still very anxious. She came on board soon after us. Two savages in a boat with oyster and conch shells, another boat with corals. Despite the hurry, we did not sail till 2 p.m.. No money nor time on shore to make purchases. A bad stateroom, far aft, but large. Much foreboding of misery. Whist at night with M. De Costa of Barbados, and M. Morel. Made acquaintance with Mrs. Ayres of Buenos Ayres, a pretty woman coming home with her husband and two children.

May 15th, Friday. Pretty smooth, a fair wind. Read Baur and Greek. Mrs. Ayres mercifully helped Miss Simpson to get up and dress. She knows Mary Gould and told me of the sad death by drowning of two of her little girls at a picnic. The nurse also was drowned. Baur and Greek, whist in the evening.

May 20th, Wednesday. Arrived in New York before 11 a.m., D.G.A tedious morning. Many leave-takings, very cordial. Chev soon left us at the custom house shed where I stayed with poor Miss Simpson till 2 p.m., waiting first to have the luggage examined and marked, and then for a carriage. She was much exhausted. I took her to the Stoughton boat, checked her trunk, etc., and gave her in charge of the officer. Then to the Westminster hotel, hoping to find Chev. He not being

there, starving as I was, I flew to Flossy's. "Are they all alive?" I cried when I saw her. "Yes, all well." No bad news, except that Maddie Chandler has lost her eldest daughter, by scarlet fever. Back to hotel, where found Chev ordering dinner, to which we did ample justice. To Flossy's again after dinner, and a happy hour with her. Dear Sammy knew me at once. Back to hotel before 7, and to bed for an hour or so, perfectly worn out with my cold and the general fatigue. Flossy and David came in the evening, so I got up. Tribune reporter also came, and Chev showed him some documents about the Samana matter.

May 21st, Thursday. Saw dear Flossy again this morning, and Mary Ward, very sunshiny and cheery. Farewell to dear Sammy. Took 10 a.m. train for Boston. In cars ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ met Mrs. Mortimer Lynn, who was a Miss Taylor, and used to live in Bond Street, New York, when I lived there. We had a pleasant talk. Arrived at about 5:30 p.m. Julia waiting for us. We found at the house the Saturday Morning Club, enjoying its long promised entertainment, dramatic, musical and literary and culinary. The proceedings were ended before our arrival, but some of the guests were still there. Dearest Maud ran out to meet us in her theatrical costume. She had been one of the actors. Laura has had anxiety about baby, and fatigue, but looks pretty well. My cold very bad, a quiet evening, but my portmanteau with clothes and papers missing.

May 22d, Friday. Early to town to find portmanteau, which I did find at depot. Then to 20 Bromfield St, then to Woman's Journal and Club. Unpacked several trunks, played four-handed with Maud, have now been reading my letters. Quite a general and generous response to my appeals about the Peace ~~xxxxxxx~~ pamphlet. \$40. have been received.

May 23d, Saturday. At home mostly reading letters. Had some Baur and Gæck.

May 24th, Sunday. This was the dear pastor's return and mine also, Whitsunday also. After a beautiful statement of this as the festival of inspiration, J.F.C. gave a valuable and interesting account of his experience in South Carolina where what we hear of negro domination and plunder seems to be too true. He thinks this will work its own cure, and the respectable blacks and whites will unite against the rascals. The colored people by his account are very industrious and prosperous, and many deprecate the conduct of the state representatives.

My heart sinks whenever Chev says that he will never go to Samana again. "There are my young barbarians all at play."

I shrink from the work and confusion of Anniversary Week. God help me through it.

May 25th, Monday. To meeting of women's mutual benefit association, just started under the auspices of Mrs. Ballou, aided by members of our Club. Then to conference of Woman Suffrage Association. Then to Club for a few minutes, heard part of E.P. Whipple's essay on Jean of Arc, which seemed to me to amount to little more than smooth writing and rhetorical statement. Home, intending to return to preside at the W.S. Convention at 7:30 p.m., but it rained terribly, and Chev and the others kept me at home, where we played whist.

May 26th, Tuesday. All day at W.S. Convention, i.e. from 10:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., from 2:30 to 6 p.m. and from 7:30 to 10:10 p.m. I was very weary, said a few words at opening, presided all day long, made a short address in the evening. Home by 11 p.m. Found Chev sitting up. The Convention was better than that of last year, the Fosters less violent, though sufficiently abusive. We missed Mrs. Campbell. Garrison was too long, and Lucy Stone's report more rambling than it should have been. On the whole, a good meeting.

✓ May 27th, Wednesday. My birthday, fifty-five years old. Still face to face with the mercies of God in health and sanity, enjoying all true pleasures more than ever, and weaned from some false ones. ~~X~~I feel a great lassitude, probably from my cold and yesterday's fatigue. I have not worked this year as I did the year before yet I have worked a good deal too, and perhaps have tried more to fulfill the duty nearest at hand. I am now puzzled about June 2d. It does not seem to me as if I could work to get up anything here. There seems to be no one to help me, and I confess that the peace ideal seems to elude me, when I try to think about it.

I thank God for my continued life, health and comfort. The last of my father's and mother's generation have passed away, this year, Uncle Richard died in December, and Uncle Frank Cutler this spring. Bro' Sam and I are now nearest the dark door. I ask to see Maud happily married and Sarana free before I go. Suffrage too I would fain enjoy. "thy will be done," is the true prayer.

Cher and J. left for Washington, D.C. this morning at 10.

May 28th, Thursday. To town to meet Mrs. Strickland of Stoughton about a lecture next autumn, then to K.G. Wells's luncheon, very fine, then to Shawmut Ave. Church to speak concerning peace. Several were moved at what I said, especially Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Folsom. An old Quakeress kissed me. Am worrying about a hall for my peace festival. Can't decide between Wesleyan, Mechanics' and Freeman Place.

May 29th, Friday. Maud to Grantville, I to town to meet Mrs. Bruce, Gustine, and Abell at 10. M.G. did not come. Mrs. Bruce will speak, will see about music and send printed circulars to Universalist ministers. Dr. Abell (fam.) will make endeavor about flags and flowers, and New Church ministers. Called on Mrs. Governor Bagley. Got a bonnet. Wrote introduction for tomorrow's anniversary, and notices of Peace meeting for papers.

Hired Mechanics' Hall, \$25. Wrote and printed circulars of Woman's Peace Festival. Charlotte Whipple's in the evening, a pleasant gathering.

May 30th, Saturday. Club anniversary, Freeman Place Chapel. A good attendance. My introductory brief. The ~~index~~ reports splendid, showing such modest, quiet labor as must tell in the long run upon the ignorance and frivolity of general society. Lunch afterwards.

May 31st, Sunday. To church, but first left circulars at Shawmut Ave. Universalist Church, and afterwards at Berkeley St. Church. Dined with J.M. Wales, a pleasant time. Very little leisure this day. Miss Goddard promises to see about flowers for Tuesday.

June 1st, Monday. Busy as possible, working for Peace Day. Engaged pianist, Weston. Left circulars at various places. In afternoon met Miss Goddard at hall, with Bowden. Went to Williams and Everett's for Sumner's bust. Wrote outline of remarks for next day. Asked T. Reeves to give me some cornets for tomorrow. He promised a quartette. In the forenoon a pleasant talk with Mrs. Livermore. Mrs. Wilbur went abroad very suddenly, and secretly, with her husband, who was compromised in the New York Ring. My forebodings about the organization of the Woman's Congress fully realizing themselves. Accounts overdrawn, no system, Miss Fletcher, the secretary in bad odor. Why would they not believe me? I knew the thing, as organized last fall, would not hold water.

June 2d, Tuesday. An anxious heart about my poor little festival. Up early and to town, having done my hair very badly, not having time for hair dressing or to get my bonnet, which needed alteration. It did not matter. The hall looked beautifully. Attendance perhaps a shade better than last year. Mrs. Bruce opened with prayer. I followed with remarks. Then music, a solo, not very good, but with appropriate words. Then Rev. James B. Miles, then a quartette of cornets, most beautiful. Then Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Livermore, E.P. Peabody, then Miss Wright's song, and the Peace duet from Judas Maccabaeus by Misses Payne and Dabney. Then Lucy Stone,

Mrs. Cheney, Rev. Mr. Tilden. Then a beautiful tenor song: "Nazareth", then a cornet trio, then farewell till next year. I distributed pamphlets of last year's day, and sent most of the flowers to Chelsea, where Mrs. Nicolas had an evening celebration. I ought to have attended, but could not, Maud needing me elsewhere. It grieved me much to stay away, and I could not feel that it was right, but on the other hand, Maud could not spare me. Took her to W. Cabot's, Harvard Union, Cypress St., Brookline, then to Mrs. Moulton's concert for the Mill River sufferers.

June 3d, Wednesday. Maud's party, quite pleasant, but a number of young girls disappointed her, and there were not quite enough.

June 4th, Thursday. To Newport this afternoon with dear Maud. Captain Perkins and young Backwith on board. Both wanted to sit next to Maud, but Backwith managed to do it. Arrived safe at Miss Anthony's, where our room was ready. We ran round to see Sam and Harriet Francis.

June 5th, Friday. To Oak Glen at 10 a.m., Maud driving me in a buggy. After some delay got the keys of our house and went in. Maud ordered some things to be done about the grounds. We drove home, and I took Maud down to cars. Her fare \$2. Bought some false hair, \$2.25. A scarf at Findenstadt's, \$1, etc. Met Chev on board boat as per agreement. Bed early, rather rough, a fog, delayed until 10 a.m. in reaching New York. Chev took a carriage and I flew to see Flossy and Sam, who were well, then by car to Jersey City Ferry, fare .10, to Philadelphia, \$3.25. A solitary journey, but very quick. Then to Swarthmore. Mr. Magill met me at the cars, and his wife gave me a warm welcome. I arrived tired and starving. Read lecture on Secret of Success, but did not feel that I touched anyone, though on the whole the young people seemed attentive.

June 7th, Sunday. Pleasant, quiet, solid Swarthmore. Here I am, in Quaker surroundings, whose restful simplicity is most congenial to me. I feel here the earnest desire for genuine growth and culture which founds a slow but sure success. I am confirmed in my division of human energies. Ambitious people climb, but faithful people build. The Magills and others are building here. Mrs. Sarah Jackson, a friend, and one of the managers is here, slightly deaf, but very pleasant. She tells me of her successful efforts to remedy certain defects in the plan of the building which came near being carried into execution. She knows E.P. Peabody, her excellence of spirit and defects of form and execution. At 11 a.m. attended meeting in the College hall. Various of the undergraduates of the different classes recited texts of Scripture. I spoke at some length of Peace, as bequeathed by Christ to his followers in doctrine. Twofold, trust in God, reliance on his assistance in all things, not on the arm of flesh, then, the sense of our neighbor's equal human rights.

June 8th, Monday. Up betimes. Hurried away from Swarthmore to meet Chev or to find his telegram at Continental in Philadelphia. Waited all day in the hotel reception room, and in the streets, dinner at 2 p.m. \$1.50. Finally telegraphed to Brevort House, answer from Chev that he is not well and will probably come on tomorrow. Then sent for my trunk, which cost fifty cents to transfer to the hotel. I now took a room at the latter. In the afternoon tried to find Alfred H. Love and John K. Wildman, both absent. W.'s clerk, boards with Dr. Child and took me there. I saw him and his wife, and had a pleasant chat. Learned that the Brown sisters were both married and in Europe. Had pleasant talk with a lady waiting like me for a friend who did not arrive. Quieted a squalling baby, tired with its day of travelling. When I was in bed came telegram from Chev saying he could not go to Washington. I sat up worrying about this, thought I would take the midnight car to New York and bring him, but was so very tired, so went back to bed.

June 9th, Tuesday. In Philadelphia, waiting to take 12 m. train to Washington. Telegraphed to Chev. Answer came, saying that he was unwell and asking me to take train in time for the Newport boat. I on the contrary took the 12:30 train for Washington, my heart relenting, but my mind intent on seeing the President about Samana. I had previously visited Wildman's office and found him there. A pleasant chat. He promised me help for my next year's peace pamphlet. At Wilmington got out to find something to eat. Met Mrs. S.T. Hooper and friends, going to Hampton, also Fabens, devouring a mustard. He much chagrined at learning Chev's failure to come, said we might as well go back, etc. But we sat and had a good talk. I had only one change of dress with me in a shawl bundle, told him he must help to establish me at the hotel, where absence of baggage is suspicious. After dinner carriage to White House. Admitted at once. President and Mrs. G. very cordial. Mrs. General Ramsay, a Morris of New York, niece to Mrs. St. ut of New York. Knows the Maillards, and McAllisters. Told Mrs. G. I wanted to talk to the President about Samana. She asked me to come to lunch next day at 2 p.m.

June 10th, Wednesday. Kept quiet so as to be *compos mentis* at White House. Had my head dressed by Abby something, costing \$1. Went at 2 p.m. Waited a little while, but the President soon came, and I talked to him pretty fully about Samana. He somewhat explained his views, thought we could have an U.S. protectorate over the island. I told him of the progress Samana had made under the S.B. Company, little as the latter had done, of Gonzales' reception of us, of St. John's visit in the English man-of-war not long before our coming, of the Canandaigua, and the captain, not telling very much about the latter, of the situation of our friends at Samana after the exhibition they had unwarily made of their true sympathies, of the beauty and richness of the country, and so on. Talked with Mrs. G. of her daughter's marriage and her father's death. Find her neither illiterate nor literary, but with a reasonable ordinary education, she seems warmhearted and natural. I find that I like her better every time I see her. Hersen Jesse, a youth of perhaps fourteen years, talked to me intelligently about Santo Domingo. Should have gone to New York this night, had not Maria Quackenbush persuaded me to stay and go with her to see Secretary Robeson next day. Bro' Sam visited me in the morning.

June 11th, Thursday. Bro. Sam lent me two books, *Memoirs of Chocley*, who was a musical critic when I visited London in 1843, and *Sacred Anthology*, a collection of moral and devotional utterances made by Monna D. Conway. At 12 went with Maria and F.E. Hove to see Sec. Robeson in behalf of her unfortunate husband, courtmartialled and dismissed for intemperance. She plead hard for him, and wept. The secretary much moved. I had a moment in which to tell him how important it is that the Canandaigua should remain at Samana. Secretary suggested our going to the President, which we did. A very short interview, in which he promised to look over the testimony. M. asks only to have dismissal changed into suspension for five or six years, promotion of his subordinates not to wait for his restoration. After this to Capitol, where finance bill was up. Sad to miss Sumner's presence in the Senate. Jones of Nevada spoke about inflation, and called gold the money of God's ordaining. Boutwell also spoke against, and another whose name I could not learn. Morton made some interruptions in favor of the other side, so did others. Maria dined with us (Fabens and me) Bro' Sam came to sparkle and say farewell. Left for New York by 9 p.m. train. Bro' Sam gave me my sleeping compartment, which very comfortable. Met Mr. Twitchell.

June 12th, Friday. Arriving early in Jersey City, took horse cars to Summit Avenue. A wet disagreeable morning, but I had promised to visit Sister Hunsford (Phoebe) A long way to her house, but a warm welcome when I got there. Went in and washed, breakfasted, and had a long interval to talk about Sorosis and women's matters generally. Nelly Miles's mother there, a pleasant plain woman. The house very comfortable and well furnished. We spoke of organizing an association of women preachers. H. suggested that I should be its president. She crossed to New York with me. Wetcock Ave. C. car to Central Depot, a long journey. I found my trunk

sent from Philadelphia, and had it rechecked for Boston. Flew to see Flossy. Saw some one get out of a carriage who looked like Salvini, but hurried past, being very warm and in haste, my hair much disordered with travel, and my gloves lost or mislaid. Regretted this bitterly afterward. It would have been a real pleasure to have shaken hands with him, even if I did look a little travel worn and stained. Flossy and Sam w^{el}l, she lent me \$10. for my journey, a solitary one, but terminating comfortably. John Dee met me at the depot. Home with hearty joy, though I did wish I could have stayed to see Salvini's Gladiator in New York. But home seemed to call me.