

1863.

Note. The journals proper begin with 1863, the only thing before this being the partial journal of our mother's wedding journey in 1843. The 1863 journal is in two small volumes. The first contains nothing but items of expenditure, lists, etc. The second begins in the same way, but in May, with the illness and death of her youngest child, Samuel Gridley Howe, Jr., our mother begins the record of her life, which was to be continued until her death. The first entry is on

Wednesday, May 13th. Appleton and Stout to breakfast. Walked out with dearest Sammy, his gaiters and scarf forgotten. Bird and Pierce dined. Sammy came in after dinner to eat some orange. Sent him to drive with Mrs. McDonald. He did not seem quite right.

Thursday, May 14th. Sammy not well. Heavy in the morning. Slept on my bed. Sent for Dr. Clark - throat not examined. Laid on his little sofa. Say, "I are better". Croupy symptoms at 9 o'clock. Go for Clark, then for Talbot. Pass the night with him giving the medicines. No improvement.

Friday, May 15th. Clark at 8 o'clock. Baby sleeping and not breathing better. Ordered byonia and belladonna. Returned at eleven. Examined the throat. Pronounced it dyptheritic croup. Very alarming, scarcely any hope. Gave iodyde of mercury all day. No improvement. Telegraph at once for Chev, who arrived at midnight. Clark stayed all night.

Saturday, May 16th. Clark gave up at 7 A. M. Bigelow sent for. Said scarcely any chance. Told us to try steam and give a little nourishment. Baby gets worse all the time. Moved constantly. 4 P. M. Talbot and Neilson to consult. Wet cloths ordered. Beef tea and brandy and water. Injections of beef tea and oxydated water. Some sleep. No remission of symptoms.

Sunday, May 17th. Dear angel Sammy much worse at 4 A. M. I run for Talbot, who comes. He dies at five with no final struggle. I hold him once more in my arms. Julia arrives a little before six.

Monday, May 18th. William Hunt came and made a sweet little sketch. Photographer came also. I sat up till 2 A. M. watching, waiting to talk with him. Good night, dear Sammy.

Tuesday, May 19th. I and McDoland dress dear Sammy in the little blue suit made by Cousin Lilly. Funeral at 3 P. M. I take his dear little body in my carriage. Chev can't go with it. Clarke (J. F.) goes. I kiss him and talk to him all I can. Vale.

Wednesday, May 20th. I sit in the room where he died and read Gospels and Epistles from the book of common prayer. Drive in the afternoon to see Mrs. Hunt and stop at South Boston almost strangled with grief. Waterstons come in the evening.

Thursday, May 21st. We decide to go to New York by Stonington boat. Packing. Lyman (Joseph) called. Also Stoddard, who had not known of our sorrow. We are all hurried off, not very willingly. Stoddard goes with us. I talk with him. Find him very sympathetic,

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but without religious ideas. Stonington boat. Children enjoy the supper. Get to Uncle's. Kind reception. Don Samuel. Go to Dunning's. Find children's teeth in a very bad condition.... Mary Ward comes and is most kind.

Saturday, May 23rd. Children go to Academy of Design. I stay at home for Beecher, who does not come. Read Psalms and First Canto of Paradise. All hands improved by the journey. The horrible picture of the croup fades a little, but the sorrow will ever remain.

Sunday, May 24th. Go with Julia and Flossie to hear Beecher. Great crowd. We get seats after a while. Sermon on the importance of "Variety of Opinion in Minor Matters of Religion," not at this moment of special interest to me.

Monday, May 25th. All the paraphernalia of childhood in the shops ~~windows~~ afflicts me. Annie M. comes to stay two days. In the evening come Edwin Booth and Stoddard, the first very sympathetic; also H. Tuckerman.

Tuesday, May 26th. All these days have corresponded to well remembered days of last week. Today is a week since the funeral. I find temporary forgetfulness, but no comfort, no enjoyment. A fortnight ago today I sat in Sammy's nursery and read Sully while he played.

Wednesday, May 27th. My birthday, forty-four years old. God knows whether it was best that this day brought me life. God grant that it may have been more for good than for ill. Job cursed the day of his birth, but lived to give thanks and be happy. But one thing I desire now is reunion with my darling baby boy.

Thursday, May 28th. Chev ill yesterday and today. Better today. I go to stay with him twice and do little else. Booth comes with his baby. Tells about his wife's appearing, leading a dear little boy by the hand -- perhaps my own Sammy.

Friday, May 29th. Fracas with Francois. I go to see Chev, who comforts me. Tuckerman comes and tells me of fatal cases of croup. We go with brother Sam to Islip. Meet Joe Peabody in the cars. Children enjoy the change very much.

Saturday, May 30th. Foggy morning. Visit trout pond on a large scale belonging to W. Knapp. Walk in woods. Talk of Maddie, her husband and baby. Rest in the afternoon. Rev. Riley comes in the evening. We talk theology. I promise to go to hear him tomorrow.

Sunday, May 31st. Go to church. Service pleasant, sermon dull. Walk with brother Sam afterwards. Saw the Bay and Fire Island, where Margaret Fuller's bones lie buried. Sammy died two weeks ago today. Dear, dearest little boy.

Monday, June 1st. Up to town. Left Islip at 5 o'clock, arrive at 8.30. Uncle very kind. Chev is ill, sends for me. I pass most of the day with him, thinking about Sammy. Am nearly choking with grief. Talk with Dr. Harris about croup. Come home to Bond Street alone at 11 P. M.

Tuesday, June 2nd. A fortnight since dearest Sammy's burial,-- the last sight on earth of his sweet face. What would I give now for even that sight! God have mercy upon me, and restore us to each other in his own time! Saw Foster, a medium. Messages rather consoling but nothing very definite.

Wednesday, June 3rd. Chev much better. Up and dressed. Saw sweet photograph of dearest Sammy after death; most precious, and most mournful. Bought plain dress for self and lighter one for Julia. Fright about the window. Great misery in remembering Sammy. An hour's gossip with Mrs. Habicht.

Thursday, June 4th. Chev not so well. Laura's eyes inflamed. Girls go to West Point with Mary and Charles Ward. My fright about them. Maddie and her husband come, also Olmstead and Bache, the sight of whom gives me a feeling of pleasure and comfort. Saw in a shop window clothes which would have just suited dearest Sammy.

Friday, June 5th. Paid McDonald yesterday for the little shirt in which my Sammy was buried - a dear expense; the last money his clothes will ever cost me. Chev better. I choke my tears and try to work. Prayer begins to comfort me, and a feeling of God's nearness in all things. Bellows (Rev. Henry) visits me; a good talk.

Saturday, June 6th. Chev does not go to Boston, being too unwell. I visit him. Get out my essay on Proteus and write a little. Harvey girls and Baron Osten Sacken visit me. Bache dines. Very pleasant. Visit Chev, walking first with the children. Cogswell, Stoddard and Booth in the evening.

(N. B. My father was staying at a house nearby, as there was not room at #8 Bond Street for all the family)

Sunday, June 7th. First communion since my Sammy's death, at Bellow's church. Sermon able and communion service very fine, impressive and comprehensive. But the first tones of the organ made me think that Sammy was praising God in Heaven, and I cried and almost strangled through sermon and service.

Monday, June 8th. Three times to see ^{Dunning} Channing. Flossie went to Boston with the Dunnings. Annie came from Bordentown..... Began morning prayers with the children and dear Sammy's picture. Worked a little.

Tuesday, June 9th. Maud at ^{Dunning} Channing's for teeth, then Laura. Worked a little. Read Spinoza. Late to dinner. Found Chev there. In the evening Andrew and Cogswell. Brother Sam went out of the room to avoid Andrew.

Wednesday, June 10th. Went to see Chev as usual. Bache came and stayed to luncheon. Dunning. The rose and the ring. Mrs. Curtiss came to see me. Miss Turner. Annie goes back. Late to dinner. Evening with Chev. Children take tea with us. Mr. to sleep.

Thursday, June 11th. Excursion to Cold Spring with Gov. Andrew. Mrs. D. C. Murray. Talk with Mr. Allen about the new spectrology, & with Dr. Boerkel about croup. Return comforted, as the latter told me dearest Sammy could not have been saved. Gun boat Miami. Parrot gun practice. Shells burst near us. Pilot, and to Bond Street at 3 A. M.

Friday, June 12th. Dunnings at eleven, Laura's filling. Three o'clock, Maud's. She cries aloud. I do an hour's work. Lonely visit to Chev's old room, dear for the sad moments I have passed there thinking of my own lost one. Resolved to take better care of the children's teeth.

Saturday, June 13th. ***** Left by Fall River boat for Boston, ending this visit of sorrow which has yet had some clouded pleasures. Find Charles Staigg on board. Very kind and pleasant, especially to Julia. Make Mr. Griswold's acquaintance. Bad supper. Good night.

Sunday, June 14th. Sad arrival. Streets common, and house filled with images of my darling Sammy. Chev met us at the depot, still lame, with Harry. Flossie came to breakfast; all but Maud and Chev to church. Clarke preached "If it were not so" etc., a delightful sermon. Friends at church very sympathetic.

Monday, June 15th. Children returned to school. Walked and worked at my lectures. Spent some time in my dear Sammy's nursery. Sat up late for Chev. Something tells me I shall follow Sammy --- no matter when.

Tuesday, June 16th. George Russell came, much better in health and very kind. Read Spinoza and Dante. Very bad war news, some exaggerations. Began a letter to dearest Sammy to put together my best recollections of his little life. Read Emerson's "Threnody" and Channing's "Immortality." Went up to Sammy's room in the afternoon to hear the street music there, as we used to hear it together.

June

Wednesday, ~~May~~ 17th. One calendar month since the Death. It seemed as if Sammy said to me today, "I are better, Mamma", as I lay on his bed in his old "nurtley". Wrote and read Spinoza. Walked with Laura. Agreed to go to Lennox tomorrow.

Thursday, June 18th. Got ready for Lennox in the morning. Carriage not coming, waited till half past two P. M. Saw Charles Dorr. Met Cyrus Woodman in the cars. Tea at Springfield. He went as far as Pittsfield, where I took a carriage and drove to Mary's (Mrs. Charles Dorr). Annie Newton very ill at hotel.

Friday, June 19th. Went to see lodgings. Saw Mrs. Oakey at hotel, and Hind. Annie very ill. Drove to the lake. Sat in the woods and talked with Mary. Read a little Spinoza.*****

Saturday, June 20th. Got up before six. Breakfast at 6.20. Stage to depot, cars to Pittsfield. Read Channing at all the stops with great comfort. Many small children in the cars, one exemplary father. Safe home. Mrs. Andrew came in the evening.

Sunday, June 21st. Wanted to go to hear Wasson at Music Hall; little Sammy seemed to say to me, "Go to your own church, Mamma", so I went there and heard Rev. John A good, thoughtful discourse. Met Sarah Clarke. Had her to dinner; much talk. In the afternoon wrote on my little memorial of dear Sammy.

Tuesday, June 23rd. Read Spinoza as usual. Write on memorial of dear Sammy. Nearly finished. Sarah Russell in the afternoon. Good talk with her. Evening with Chev and the children.

Wednesday, June 24th. Went out early with Maud. Read Paul to Corinthians up in dear Sammy's nursery. Visit from Hedge, very kind and consolatory. Visit also from Alger. Finished my little record of my lost boy -- not lost, but led to God.

Thursday, June 25th. Walked, read New Testament, St. Paul. Wrote George William Curtiss. Bartol came and made me week, but very kind. *****

Friday, June 26th. Chev to New York. Maud and I to see him off. Begin the last head of Proteus.***** Maggi in the evening, very bitter against Sumner and everybody. Quite a fight with him.. Visit Sammy's nursery as usual before bed time.

Saturday, June 27th. Worked at Proteus. Wrote to Aunty. Dresel brought me some roses. I put them beside Sammy's picture. Today I put some of the books he liked there, with his little pail and high chair before the table -- empty, all empty. The worn off by his little feet.

Sunday, June 28th. Heard Mr. Clarke; "In my Father's house are many mansions". He came to see me in the afternoon.

Wednesday, July 1st. To Swampscott with Maud to dine with the Algiers. Much talk with William Wra. Charles Hickling at the depot, looking very ill. Bell and Pratt ~~and~~ in the evening to tea. We visit Dresel. Salt in the ice-cream.

Friday, July 3rd. Worked all day. In the afternoon went to Mt. Auburn and visited the dear grave with anguish. Sammy not there.

Saturday, July 4th. Went to concert on the Common. Heard Sammy's favorite tune, "Top-Toppin" (St. Patrick's day) with sudden distress. Saw many happy mothers with little children. Fire works in the evening.

Monday, July 6th. Packing, shopping, left Boston for Valley via Fall River. Did not get home until midnight.

Monday, July 20th. In town with Witter (? Hitter). Chev came by Portsmouth Grove. Brought out washing stove, meeting of course all fashionable friends. In the afternoon arrived James Cisson with ~~hobby~~ carriage and pair, a surprise.

Wednesday, July 22nd. Chev leaves at 11 A. M. for New York. We dine in the Valley, washing at the mill. I blew up Patrick, and Chase's Irishman smashes him up.

Thursday, July 23rd. Study all these days. Pat is paid off and leaves, threatening to sue Dan. Afternoon visits to Hazards, Hemenways and Edith Emerson. Patrick drunk on the road, abusing "old John Brown and old Dr. Howe." (Note. We remember this incident perfectly. Patrick sat on the stone wall, alternately shouting, "To Hell with Dr. Howe" and then mumbling tearfully on, "Oh! no, I don't want the old Doctor to go to Hell!")

Friday, July 24th. Dreamed last night of dearest Sammy. Thought he was sick and asked for "more 'dinking", which was like him. Knew in my sleep that he would not recover.

Sunday, July 26th. All hands to church, women and all. Great sermon by Bellows, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Pleasant greeting from many friends.

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Thursday, July 30th. Rev. Bellows, wife, son and daughter, with lovely Hemenway. Rest. Working on oats. Finish essay on teaching Ethics.

Thursday, August 6th. Drove women in town. Shops all shut. Come home. Find Mrs. Bigelow in distress, drive her to Portsmouth Grove. Drive back in the dark alone. James' dog seems mad.

Tuesday, August 11th. Charlotte Cushman came out today with James Stuart and sister, and Mr. Knight.

Sunday, August 16th. At home. Conway (M. F.) sick. Visiting at the house. Took care of him. Dreamed of dearest Sammy on night before. Felt his little arms about my neck and his kisses on my left cheek. I said, "Do you want me to stay here, or do you want me with you, darling?" He said, "Oh I want you with me, Mamma." I said, "When shall I come?" He said, "Christmas time." This made some impression upon me.

Sunday, August 23rd. In consequence of sending in for Chev, could not send women to mass. Offered to send to vespers, which M. & A. refused, out of temper, I think. I am much worried at their wrath.

Monday, August 24th. I give Alice warning. She is very angry at first, but afterwards more amicable. Francois arrives in the afternoon. Mrs. Clifford to tea. Sent in for new girl. Calverts to visit me, he very grotesque and agreeable.

Sunday, August 30th. Women to church. I finish essay on Duality of Character, sixth of my lectures. Exegi monumentum. Finished at 1.20. Conway arrived just as I was ending the last lines.

Monday, August 31st. Chev left for Canada. Harry unwell. Girls early to picnic with the Hazards at the grove. I and Judge (Conway) came late, staying to see Chev off.

Wednesday, September 22nd. Judge to town with F. & L. Butler. Read nearly all of essay on Duality to him. He praised it, I was disappointed in it. Drove Judge to town, sick and splintetic (he). He took boat at 11 A. M. for New York. Miss Judge very much.

Friday, September 4th. Began essay on the Dynamic Idea of God.

Saturday, September 5th. Worked hard at essay. Company to tea. M. Francis, Willetts, Lieutenant Dahlgren, Hazards. Singing and Virginia reel.

Monday, September 7th. Brooks and Alger to dine. Pleasant conversation. We decide upon the twelve foremost men of history. Tuckerman after dinner. Alger stays all night. Talk of an author's association for publication.

Friday, September 10th. Dreamed of Sammy on night before. Thought I was visiting in a large house with Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and that he was lying on the bed in my room with a great deal of light about him; candles burning about his head. Did not see his face distinctly.

Saturday, September 19th. Went to Elizabeth Chase's funeral. Prayer and exhortation by a Quaker man (Wm. Richardson) and woman. Many people present. I sat next to Anthony the hack driver. Talked with many of the neighbors.

Sunday, September 20th. Bad weather, very cold. Not well. Worked hard at essay on Religion.

Monday, September 21st. Chev came at 10.30 from Canada via New York.

Thursday, September 24th. At 11.53 A. M. finished essay on Religion, for the power to ~~produce~~ which I thank God. I believe that I have in this built up a greater coherence between things natural and things divine than I have seen or heard made out by anyone else after this sort. I therefore rejoice over my work and thank God, hoping it may be of service to others as it has certainly been to me.

Saturday, September 26th. I leave this record of my opinion of my work, but on reading it aloud to Paddock I found the execution of the task to have fallen far short of my conception of it. I shall try to re-write much of the essay.

Wednesday, September 30th. I leave the Valley. Thank God for the good it has done us all.

Monday, October 5th. On Sunday night I was in Sammy's nursery before going to bed. I patted his old rocking horse and said, "Are you Annie's beau now, Sammy?" Just then, looking towards the window, I saw a beautiful meteor shoot across the sky, which foolishly pleased me as an answer.

Tuesday, October 6th. Heard of George Sumner's death. Very quiet.

Wednesday, October 7th. Last night Chev declared that I must read my lectures without compensation. I think he is mistaken, but cannot disregard his wishes in this.

Thursday, October 8th. Go to see Mrs. Sumner. Ordered George's funeral wreath. Attend his funeral at 2 P. M. Simple and pleasant. To Mt. Auburn in a carriage with Whipples, and J. T. Fields. God rest poor George. Death is completion; we forget this.

Friday, October 9th. Eyes very bad since my return to Boston. Head very irritable, hard to do any brain work or read.

Wednesday, October 14th. To Lancaster with Chev, Gov. and Mrs. Andrew and Council. Visit Girls' Reform School. Governor's address very genial and playful. To Worcester by six o'clock train.

Thursday, October 15th. Drive all about Worcester with Mayor Lincoln. Visit insane hospital. Dined there. Kept long waiting.

Friday, October 16th. Looked at houses with Chev, one in Chestnut street, one on Mill Dam.

Sunday, October 18th. To church. Clarke read his essay written for the Unitarian Convention on Optimism, and rather contrary. Charles Sumner to tea; very delightful.

Thursday, October 29th. Anna Loring's lovely wedding in the evening, J. F. Clarke officiating. Charles Sumner there. Wendell Phillips, Masson, et autres. Had my head dressed and wore my diamond pin, which proved my chief credit on the occasion as my head was very dull and absent.

Monday, November 2nd. Organ ode of very mediocre merit. Music good, organ gorgeous and out of place. To take leave of C. Cushman at Fields' afterwards. Begin to find that Mrs. F. wrote the ode. Am too much mixed to stay to supper. F. talks very intemperately at Joseph Lyman. I sleep very ill from agitation, thinking the empty verses attributed to me.

(Note. This entry alludes to the dedication of the great organ in Boston Music Hall. J. W. H. had expected to write this ode, and was disturbed at its being ill done by another person.)

Saturday, November 7th. Sumner to tea. Made a rude speech on being asked to meet Booth. "I don't know that I should care to meet him. I have outlived my interest in individuals." Fortunately God Almighty had not, by last accounts, got so far!

Sunday, November 8th. Booth to tea; very charming and natural. Miss Motley also. After tea, C. Dehon, Mrs. Alger, Andrews, Joseph, Leonard, Sebastian. A delightful evening.

Saturday, November 14th. Dreamed last night that dearest Sammy had come to life again. Thought I saw him coming out of a wooden box like that enclosing his coffin and heard him ask for dipped toast. Took him in my arms and wrapped him up so fondly with the hope of his final recovery.

Sunday, November 15th. Did not record Sumner's pleasant visit last evening. J. Stuart came to tea. Rain all day. To church. Study after dinner, and wash Harry's head. No one to tea. Visited the Andrews.

Monday, November 16th. My first reading. A success, as people said. To me, what is more, a satisfaction. Hear article on ode in Commonwealth paper, attributed to me.

Wednesday, November 18th. Received an impertinent paragraph from some newspaper. Go to theatre, Ruy Blas. Booth's attitudes magnificent. To Mrs. Barnard's after the play. Confess authorship of the Commonwealth Critique. Anna Dresel's wedding visit.

Thursday, November 19th. Meet Longfellow, who scolds me about the Critique. His scolding is very genial. One would like to have faults to be so chidden. I do not regret the article, and fear less the anger ~~it may have caused~~ than the pain it may have caused.

Friday, November 20th. Still disturbed about the article in the Commonwealth, but getting quiet. It is painful but useful to stand by ourselves sometimes, if, as I think I do, we stand by the right thing.

Saturday, November 21st. Begin to look over my lecture for Monday. The girls torment me with endless practicing.

Sunday, November 22nd. To church. The subject of the sermon much the same as that of my lecture, "Belief", Mine is "Doubt and Belief". The point of view and treatment quite unlike.

Monday, November 23rd. Work hard all day to fill up chinkz in my lecture. A little feverish. A large audience for the lecture, which occupied one hour and three minutes, and was very well received. Make acquaintance with Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Washburn and Mr. Warner.

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Monday, November 30th. Read lecture on Equality, cutting out a good deal to give it unity. An excellent audience.

Monday, December 7th. Read lecture on Third Party. Audience increased since last time.

Monday, December 21st. Read my fifth essay, Proteus, at 8 P. M. to a large and attentive audience. Dr. Wilson and family (pre-historic), Thurlow Weed's daughter, Mrs. Barnes, and Richard Messenger, of New York, ~~and~~ were among my hearers.

Monday, December 28th. Read essay on Duality. It proves, I think, the best pointed gun of the six. S. K. Lothrop seemed much pleased with it. Mrs. Bacon, Warner, Dr. Wilson, all spoke highly of it. I think the presentment it gives is helpful.

(Scrap found in back of J. W. H.'s journal for 1863.)

"The danger of doing evil that good may come lies in the deceptive nature of the sophism. Not that (man) can never perform mean acts with noble motives, but that the assumed motive masks from the doer, and from the world, an action in which something personal, base or unjust is after all the primum mobile."

(On the other side of the same scrap is written:)

"The first appearance of A. among us was like the lifting of a curtain upon a new drama. We had had special hints and helps to scientific study, but the largeness of scientific culture now presented to us, though new in our hemisphere. To the effect of this we must add the Professor's admirable accomplishment of eloquence."

(This is evidently a sentence from an article upon Agassiz.)

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The journal begins Wednesday, May 13th, 1863. It is in a small black diary.

Walked out with dearest Sammy. His gaiters and scarf forgotten. + + Bird and Pierce dined and Sammy came in after dinner. Send him to drive with Mrs. MacDonald.

Sammy not well. Slept on my bed. Send for Dr. Clarke, croupy symptoms. At 9 o'clock go for Clarke and then for Talbot. Passed the night with him giving medicine. No improvement. Next day the throat was examined and the trouble pronounced "diphtheretic croup"; very alarming; scarcely any hope." She telegraphed for my Father at once; he arrived at midnight. The next few days contain accounts of the little boy's illness. He was very restless, asking constantly to be removed from bed to sofa and back again. Finally, on Sunday, May 17th, after four days of terrible anguish, he died quietly in my mother's arms. Next day William Hunt came and made a little sketch and a photographer also. My mother watched through most of the night with him.

Last entry: "Good night, dear Sammy".

Tuesday, 19th: I and MacDonald dressed dear little Sammy in his little blue suit. Funeral at 3 P. M. I take his dear little body in my carriage. Chev can not go with it. James Freeman Clarke goes. I kiss him and talk to him all I can. Vale !

Wednesday, 20th. I sit in the room where he died and read gospels and epistles from the book of Common Prayer. I almost strangle with grief. The next day, the 21st, they go to New York and spend some days there at the house of Uncle John Ward.

Tuesday, 26th: All these days have corresponded to well remembered days of last week. Today is a week since the funeral. I find temporary forgetfulness, but no comfort, no enjoyment. A fortnight ago today, I sat in Sammy's nursery and read Sully while he played.

Wednesday, 27th. My birthday. Forty-four years old. God knows whether it was best that this day brought me life. God grant that it may have been more for good than for ill. Job cursed the day of his birth, but lived to give thanks and be happy. The only good that I desire now is reunion with my darling baby boy.

Thursday, 28th: Chev ill yesterday and today. Better today. I go to sit with him and do little else. Booth comes with his baby; tells about his wife appearing leading a dear little boy by the hand -- perhaps my own Sammy. Note: Booth's wife had died shortly before this.

Sunday, 31st. Sammy died two weeks ago today Dear, dearest little boy !

Tuesday, 2nd: A fortnight since dearest Sammy's burial. The last sight on earth of his sweet face. What would I give now even for that sight.

God have mercy upon me and restore us to each other in his own time. Saw Foster a medium. Messages rather consoling, but nothing very definite.

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Saturday, 6th: Get out my essay on Proteus and write a little.

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Monday, 8th: Begin morning prayers with the children and dear Sammy's picture.

Tuesday, 9th: Work a little; read Spinoza; in the evening Andrew and Cogswell. Sam went out of the window to avoid Andrew. Note: my mother was at number 8 Bond Street at this time; my father had a lodging near by, he was not well and my mother's days were spent largely in caring for him.

Sunday, June 14th: She returned to Boston, and writes:- Sad arrival; streets, Common, all full of images of my darling Sammy. Chev met us with the carriage, and Harry in the lane.

Monday, July 20th, Newport. In town. Chev came by Portsmouth Grove. Brought out washing stove. Met of course all fashionable friends. In the afternoon James Sisson arrived, with pretty new carriage and pair; a surprise.

Sunday, Aug. 30th: I finish essay on Duality of Character, and sixth of my Limitation, exigi monumentum. Finished at 1:20. Conway arrived just as I was ending the last lines.

Monday, 31st: Chev left for Canada (important date).

Sunday, Sept. 20th: Working hard at essay on Religion.

Thursday, Sept. 24th: At 11:53 A. M. finished essay on Religion, for the power to produce which I thank God' I believe that I have in this built up a greater coherence between things natural and things divine than I have seen or heard made out by anyone else after this sort. I therefore rejoice over my work and thank God, hoping it may be made of service to others as it certainly has been to me.

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Monday, Dec. 7th: Read lecture on Third Party. Attendance increases since the last time.

December 21st: Read my fifth Essay Proteus to a large and attentive audience, 8 P. M.

Monday, December 28th: Read essay on Duality. It proves the best pointed gun of the six. S. K. Lothrop seemed much pleased with it. I think the presentment it gives is hopeful.

Entries in diaries before little Sammy's illness and death were simply entries of accounts of expenses and addresses, etc. : except for a fragment of a journal of 1843'

A Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: An entertainment delightfully Bostonian in regaling the creme de la creme this winter. A woman of genius invites her choicest friends to assemble in her parlour for six successive Wednesday evenings, and listen to some remarks upon social ethics. Every guest goes, Cambridge professors, poetry, Learning, art. After appointed hour the lady enters, and reads an essay of her own production; the philosophers say it is worthy of Emerson, the poets say it is poetry, the theologians, it is religion. "She has the finest mind of any American woman", exclaims a Cambridge professor. Ah, now I have betrayed her, which I did not mean to do.

The journal begins Wednesday, May 13th, 1863. It is in a small black diary.

Walked out with dearest Sammy. His gaiters and scarf forgotten. ^{Bird and} Pierce dined and Sammy came in after dinner.

Send him to drive with Mrs. Macdonald.

Sammy not well. Slept on my bed. Send for Dr. Clarke [^] croupy symptoms. At 9 o'clock so for Clarke and then for Talbot. Passed the night with him giving medicine. No improvement." Next day the throat was examined and the trouble pronounced diphtheretic croup; "very alarming; scarcely any hope." She telegraphed for my Father ^{at} once; he arrived at midnight. The next few days contain accounts of the little boy's illness. He was very restless, asking constantly to be removed from bed to sofa and back again. Finally, on ~~Wed~~ ^{after} Sunday May 17th, four days of terrible anguish, he died quietly in my mother's arms. Next day William Hunt came and made a little sketch and a photographer ^{also} My Mother watched through most of the night with him.

Last entry: "Good night, dear Sammy".

Tuesday 19th: I ^{and} ~~made~~ ^{ed} Macdonald dress dear little Sammy in his little blue suit. Funeral at 3 p.m. I take his dear little body in my carriage. Chev ^{can} ~~could~~ not go with it. James Freeman Clarke goes. I kiss him and talk to him all I can. Vale!

Wednesday 20th. I sit in the room where he died and read gospels and epistles from the book of Common Prayer. I almost strangle with grief.

The next day, the 21st, they go to New York and spend some days there at the house of Uncle John Ward.

Tuesday 26th: All these days have corresponded to well remembered days of last week. Today ^{is} a week since the funeral. I find temporary forgetfulness, but no comfort, no enjoyment.

A fortnight ago today I sat in Sammy's nursery and read Sully while he played.

Wednesday 27th, my birthday. Forty-four years old. God knows ~~it was~~ whether it was best that this day brought me life.

God grant that ~~it~~ may have been more for good than for ill.

~~And perhaps the only consolation that I have to give thanks~~

Job cursed the day of his birth, but lived to give thanks and be happy. The only good that I desire now is reunion with my darling baby boy.

Thursday 28th: Chev ill yesterday and today. Better today.

I go to sit with him and do little else. Booth comes with his baby; tells about his wife appearing leading ~~a~~ dear little boy by the hand, - perhaps my own Sammy. Note:

Booth's wife had died shortly before this.

Sunday 31st: Sammy died two weeks ago today Dear, dearest little boy!

Tuesday 2nd: A fortnight since dearest Sammy's burial. The last sight on earth of his sweet face. What would I give now

even for that sight. God have mercy upon me and restore us to each other in his own time. Saw Foster a medium. Messages rather consoling, but nothing very definite.

Wednesday 3rd. Chev much better, up and dressed. Saw a sweet photograph of dearest Sammy after death. Most precious and most ~~xxxxxxxx~~ mournful. Great misery in remembering Sammy.

Thursday 4th. Saw in a shop window clothes which would have just suited dearest Sammy.

Friday 5th Paid Macdonald yesterday for the little shirt in which my Sammy was buried. a dear expense. The last money his clothes will ever cost me. Chev better. I choke my tears and try to work. Prayer begins to comfort me and a feeling of God's *nearness* in all things.

Saturday 6th: Get *out* my essay on// Proteus and write a little

Sunday 7th: My first communion since Sammy's death. Bellows' church. Sermon able and communion service *very* fine, impressive and comprehensive, but the first tones of the organ made me think that Sammy was praising God in heaven and I cried and almost straggled through the sermon and service. #####

Monday 8th: Begin morning prayers with the children and dear Sammy's picture.

Tuesday 9th: *Wah* ~~Wah~~ a little; read Spinoza; in the evening Andrew and Gosswell. Sam went out of the window to avoid Andrew. Note My mother was at number 8 Bond street at this time; my father had a lodging near by, he was not well and my mother's days were spent largely *in* caring for him.

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Sunday ~~June~~ 14th, she returned to Boston, and writes; -
 Sad arrival: streets, Common, all full of images of my darling Sammy. Chev met us with the carriage, and Harry in the lane.

Monday, July 20th, Newport. In town. Chev came by Portsmouth Grove. Brought out washing stove. Met of course all ~~the~~ fashionable friends. In the afternoon arrived James Sisson / with pretty new carriage and pair; a surprise.

(Aug.) ~~Wednesday~~ ^{Monday} 30th I finish essay on Duality of Character, the sixth of my Limitation, exiit monumentum. Finished at 1.20. Conway arrived just as I was ending the last lines.

Monday ~~31st~~ ^{31st} Chev left for Canada (important date)

Sunday Sept 20th. Working hard ~~at~~ essay on Religion.

Thursday, Sept. 24th, at 11.53, a.m., finished essay on Religion, for the ^{power to} produce which I thank God. I believe ^{that} I have in this built up a greater coherence between things natural and things divine than I have seen or ~~heard~~ ^{heard} made out by anyone else after this sort.

I therefore rejoice over my work and thank God hoping it may be made of service to others as it certainly has been to me.

Saturday 26th. I leave this record of my opinion of my work but on reading it aloud to Paddock, I found the execution of the task to have fallen ^{far} short of my ~~expectation~~ conception of it. I shall try to rewrite much of the essay.

~~Wednesday~~ Wednesday 30th. We leave the Valley. Thank God for the good it has done us all.

October 5th, On Monday night I was in Sammy's nursery be-

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fore going to bed. I patted his rocking horse and said, "Are you Annie's boy now, Sammy?" Just then looking towards the window I saw a beautiful meteor shoot across the sky which foolishly pleased me as ~~an~~ answer.

October 7th. Last night Chev declared that I must read my lectures without compensation. I think he is mistaken, but cannot disregard his wishes in this.

Thursday 8th. Go to see Mrs. Sumner. Order George Sumner's funeral wreath. Attend his funeral at 2 p.m. simple and pleasant. To Mount Auburn with Whipples and James T. Fields. Rest poor George. Death is *completion*. We feared this.

Saturday 7th. Sumner to tea. Made a rude speech. Upon being asked to meet Booth, said, "I do not know that I should care to meet him. I have outlived my interest in individuals". Fortunately God Almighty had not by last accounts got so far.

Sunday 8th Booth to tea, very charming and natural. Miss Motley also.

November 14th. Dreamed last that dearest Sammy had come to life again: thought I saw him come out of a wooden box like that enclosing his coffin; took him in my arms and wrapped him up so fondly *with the hope of his final recovery*.

Monday 16th. My first reading: a success as people said to me; what is more, a satisfaction. *I hear that the article in the Commonwealth is attributed to me.*

November 18th: Received an impertinent paragraph from some

*plain
miserable*
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that enclosing his coffin; took him in my arms and wrapped
him up so fondly, *with the hope of his final recovery.*

Monday 16th. My first re-reading; a success as people said to
me; what is more, a satisfaction. *I hear that the article in
The Commonwealth is attributed to me.*

November 18th: Received an impertinent paragraph from some

paper. Go to the theatre; Rue Blas; Booth's attitude magnificent. To Mrs. Barnard's after the play. Confess the authorship of the Commonwealth critique.

Thursday 19th- Mr. Longfellow. He scolds me about the critique. His scolding is very genial. One would like to have faults to be so chastened. I do not regret the article, and far less the anger than the pain it may have caused.

Friday 20th: Still disturbed about the article in the Commonwealth but get quiet. It is painful but useful to stand by ourselves sometimes, if as I think I do, we stand by the right thing.

Saturday 21st. Begin to look over my lecture for Monday.

The girls torment me by endless practicing.

Monday 23rd. Work hard all day to fill up chinks in my lecture. A little feverish. A large attendance for the lecture which occupied one hour and three minutes; and it was very well received.

November 30th: Read lecture on Equality. *Cut out a good deal to give it* unity. An excellent attendance.

Monday Dec. 7th. Read lecture on Third Party.

Attendance increases since the last time.

December 21st. Read my fifth Essay *Protest* to a large and attentive audience. 8 p.m.

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Monday December 28th: Read essay on Duality. It ^{from} ~~was~~ the best of the six. S.K. Lothrop seemed ~~to be~~ much pleased with it. I think the presentment it gives is helpful.

Entries in diaries before Little Sam's illness and death were simply entries of accounts of expenses and addresses, etc.—Except for a fragment of ~~the~~ journal of ~~the~~ 1845

A Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: An entertainment delightfully Bostonian is revealing the creme de la creme this winter. A woman of genius invites her choicest friends to assemble in her parlour for six successive Wednesday evenings, and listen to some remarks upon social ethics. Every guest goes, Cambridge professors, poetry, learning, art. At her appointed hour the lady enters, and reads an essay of her own production: the philosophers say it is worthy of Emerson, the poets say it is poetry, the theologians, it is religion. "She has the finest mind of any American woman," exclaims a Cambridge professor. Ah, now I have betrayed her, which I did not mean to do.

June 10th 1864
 Add the entire
 remainder of ex, only
 omitting line "He took no
 notice of this, which was
 very under bred"

June 13th. Entire Give
entire extract

June 14th
 Entire extract

June 15. Add omitted
 extract in re photograph
 Cant afford to lose this
 human touch of country.

J.W.H.'s Journal.

1864

Thursday Jan. 7th. Clev to New York. I to Concord with

from

Frank Barlow and his mother, dear Helen being summoned to the party by dangerous illness of her husband. Weather into se-

ly cold. We dined with Mr. Emerson who was delightful. William E. Channing was there, also pleasant.

Monday, Jan. 11th: First meeting of the new club, the "Ladies Social" at Mts. Quincy's 4 Park street, time 8 p.m.

Entertained a French play, well performed by R.E. Apthorp, Mary Quincy Gould, and Charles Carroll. Willy Apthorp taking a small part that of a servant.

Friday January 15th. worked all the p. m. at my essay on Distinctions between Philosophy and Religion. Got a bad feeling from fatigue, a sort of trembling agony in my back and left side. To the opera in the evening with Frank Barlow and mother, Julia and M. James Davis. Gounod's Faust. the exposition ~~was not~~ with more faults than merits. The quattoir in act II. song of Mephistopheles, serenade of Satan, and a chorus of soldiers in the act before the last good enough to be praised. Dilige et relinqui is a motto good for some things.

Saturday January 16th. Some illusions left me today giving place to ~~other~~ ^{new} welcome facts. studied and wrote as usual. Governor and Mrs. Andrew to dine at half past five spent the evening.

Sunday, Jan. 17th. To church as usual. Mr. Clarke's excellent sermon was upon the unobserved entrance of great things in the world of men and in the world of mind, "the still small voice." It was announced from the pulpit that an essay on the soul and the body would be read by a friend at Wednesday evening meeting. That friend was myself; that essay of my essay on Duality. This would be an honour but for my ill deserts. Be witness, O God, that this is no imaginary or sentimental exclamation, but a feeling too well founded on fact. Mr. Clarke's preaching is perpetual hope. I said to myself last night, - while there is God there is hope.

Monday, Jan. 18th: Worked hard Philosophy and Religion, reading in Spencer's First Principles, Mackey's Tübingen School and L.M. Child's History of Religious Ideas.

Wednesday, Jan. 20th: Read my lecture on Duality of character at the vestry room of Indiana Place church. Mr. Clarke introduced me very charmingly. I wore my white cap, not wishing to read in my thick bonnet. I had quite a full audience, among them was surprised to see Mary Dorr, the Dresels and Mrs. ^{Lehman} ~~Brown~~. I consider this opportunity a great honour and privilege conferred on me.

Thursday 21st. Am working at Religion and Philosophy all these days.

Thursday, Jan. 28th: At a quarter before 2p.m., finished my essay on Philosophy and Religion.

I thank God for this, for many infirmities, some physical and some moral, have threatened to interrupt my work. It is ~~now~~ and if it is all I am to do I am ready to die, since life to me now means work of my best sort and I value little else, except the comfort of my family. Now for a little rest.

Saturday, Jan. 30th: This day I feel a clearer purpose than ever before, to try to do every day, with some system, what will be best for all, all things considered.

Sunday Jan. 31st. Conway arrived just after breakfast, always ^{warmly} welcomed.

Saturday. Feb. 6th: All these days I have feasted myself in talking with dear Martin Conway whose rich mind is one of my most valued sources of inspiration.

Sunday Feb. 7th: Judge Russell invited us to go to hear Col. Taylor of east Tennessee speak at the school ship x x x Col. Taylor made quite an interesting address with accounts of the sufferings of the east Tennesseans, Being desired by Judge Russell and J. H. Stevenson to speak, I felt it incumbent on me to do so, and made the best work I could out of the occasion, being entirely unprepared. Lost today's communion to my sorrow.

Friday. Feb. 12th. Entertained my club with two charades. pandemonion was the first, catastrophe, the second. For Pan I recited some verses of R. Browning's "Dead Pan", with the odds

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recall. I could not help writing a second on the day following, to apologize for the roughness of the first. This was a diplomatic fault, I think, but one inseparable from my character. ~~xxxx~~ G.S.'s reply which I dreaded to read was very kind, while I clearly saw his misapprehension of the whole matter, I saw also the thorough kindness of his nature; so we disagree, but I love him.

Thursday. march 10th: Began my essay on Sex, which may run into a treatise on Limitation, as the subjects run together in my mind.

Sunday march 13th: Ill with headache and sore throat. starve and take hyper-sulphur, a little afraid of diphtheria: rain in the afternoon, I could neither walk nor work. For a wonder I lay down on my sofa in the afternoon. In the evening came ~~xxxxxxx~~ Bandmann and J.F. Clarke, Frank Barlow and wife the Thaxters from Watertown and one or two others to spend the evening. (did have a little touch of diphtheria)

March 18th. The last of Frank Barlow, whose fate looks doubtful. He leaves for New York this evening. I never saw a person less au orienté in life. Let me here put on record that I prefer the poorest and meanest man who has a moral sense and follows it to the most brilliant and gallant personage who either lacks or violates the same. I ask nothing for my son but that he may keep his blood unpoisoned by inflammatory agents and his heart from that venom of falsity

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she motions in the background, my own boy acting as Hermes. For demon I had a female Faust and a female satan, was aided by Fanny McGregor, Alice Howe, Hamilton Swilde, and James C. Davis, with my Flossy who looked beautifully. The entertainment was ~~not~~ ^{noted an entire success}. Sat. Feb. 13. Very many went who voted very successfully. Put things to rights as well as I could. read in Spinoza, Cotta, and Livy.

Sunday 14th, Clarke preached on a text we have oft spoken of together. "The letter killeth but a spirit giveth life." "He is not a Jew who is one outwardly, much less a Christian," said J.F.C. also that "socrates was a better Jew according to this standard than Caiaphas."

Sunday, March 6th: I have suffered a good deal with relation to my intended reading in Washington. Mrs. Gov. Sprague having been written to on the subject, gave me a kind invitation to read thrice at her house. I wrote thanking her and requesting her to fix the time, not hearing again, after long waiting, I write proposing a certain time. Finding that Charles Sumner had gravely dissuaded her from having the readings at her house, I write him a very warm letter, but with no injurious phrase, as I felt only grief and indignation, not disesteem, towards him. Yet the fact of having written this letter became extremely painful when it was once beyond

which is the inevitable accompaniment of selfishness carried to its highest power. Yet every man stands ~~for~~ falls to his own master; we can only judge of what compels our approbation or our disesteem, the absolute moral value of the man is unknown to us. God forbid that any of us should be judged at our worst even by high human justice.

Sunday March 20th. To church as usual. Workhard all the afternoon on Polarity. Dined with S.G. Ward, the Dresels being there. After dinner other friends came in and Dresel played the old favorites and some new things. He was in his best mood and quite held us all bound ~~and entranced~~. *in his net.*

Tuesday March 22nd: Mary Ill and company to dinner. I

washed breakfast things, cleared the table, walked, read Spinoza a little, then had to "fly round" as my dinner was an early one. Picked a grouse and saw to various matters. Company came a little early, the room was cold, Hedge, Palfrey and Alger to dinner; conversation pleasant. but dinner late and not well served. Palfrey and Hedge read ~~xxx~~ Parker's ^{Epitaph} Latin on Chev, amazed at the bad Latinity.

1864.

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April 17th. Heard Octavius Frothingham who quoted two verses from Passion Flowers, beginning "And that high suffering,"

An eminent sermon, ~~was~~ of genius, ^{sympathy, study} and religion.

Monday April 18th: Modesty is as much shown in our judgments for others as in our judgments of ourselves. It is in connection with ~~that~~ that I have thought out and formulated this. Did he not suppose himself exempt from human errors, he could never berate ^{me} ~~others~~ as he does.

Sat. April 30th, Bordentown, N. J. To Philadelphia alone to meet sister Mott. Met also Mrs. Peterson and arranged to read at her house for the Sanitary if possible, otherwise for my usual motive, to say my word as well as well as I can and as ^{often} ~~often~~ as circumstances call for it.

Sunday May 1st: This being the anniversary of my Father's birth and ^{my} communion Sunday in my own church and in the church here, I went to communion with ~~my~~ dear sister Anna ^{ie} for the first time in my life and very likely for the last. In the evening heard a fresh lively sermon from Mr. Buel the Baptist clergyman.

Wednesday May 11th. I leave Bordentown for Washington, with a resolute not a sanguine heart. I have no one to ^{send} ~~send~~ for me there. Summer against me, ^{W. H.} Channing almost unknown to me, every one else indifferent. I go in obedience to a deep and strong impulse which I do not understand nor explain, but whose bidding I cannot neglect. The satisfaction of ^{giving} ~~giving~~ at last obeyed the interior guide is all that keeps me up,

for no one so far as I know, altogether approves my going. I arrive late, weary and forlorn; drive on a venture to Mrs. Nisbitt's, where I find Mrs. Barlow in great anxiety about her husband. She will leave next day for Fredericksburg. Had I not a special object in view, I should wish to accompany her, as the wounded from the late severe battles are accumulating there. She sits with me in my room ~~all~~ the evening. Thursday, May 12th. Rev. Channing comes in the morning. He is very kind and cordial, but gives ~~me~~ little encouragement as to my readings. The whole community is hanging on the fate of this prolonged battle and no one has heart for anything else. He goes promising to return. Meantime Mrs. Johnson ⁵⁰⁵~~503~~ Twelfth street, who has offered me her rooms, comes to visit me. She tells the same story. I ask her if we cannot collect eight or ten people. She thinks we might do that. I tell her that would be a satisfaction to me. Soon comes Rev. Channing with better news. "I think you may read now, Mrs. Howe. the army news is favorable." He is full of incidents of wounded men, etc., but gives me names of various persons to be invited. My heart goes right up as if a great weight were taken off. I go out with Miss Smith, buy note paper, come home and write as many notes as I can. To tea with Mrs. Johnson in the evening. Boarding house table, ^{enlivened} by various young officers who would amuse my daughters, - not myself so much. My reading is fixed for Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock.

Friday, May 13th. I write notes, go to see Miss Smith and

go to the House where there is nothing of interest. See Thaddeus Stevens and Fernando Wood. I am mostly occupied in writing and sending notes for Saturday evening.

Sat. May 14th: Still writing notes. Go to Miss Smith and to the Senate. Sumner sees me; we salute each other. He looks at me a little doubtfully. John P. Hale makes a little dash, to save a bill, giving an officer's widow fifty dollars a month instead of thirty. The widow is in the gallery. Sumner looks up and smiles. That smile seems to illuminate the Senate. I go home and receive later in the day a kind note from him, excusing himself from attending my reading to which I had felt ~~compelled~~ ^{obliged} to invite him. Dined very lightly,

dressed and went to Mrs. Johnson's. People soon began to come.

At half-past eight Mr. Channing brought me into the room which was well filled, people also stood in the entry and on the stairs. I read the "Third Party". The audience proved very attentive and included many people of intelligence. Hon.

Mr. Julian and lady, Solomon Whiting, Admiral Davis, Dr. Peter Parker, our former minister to China, Governor Boutwell,

Hon. Thomas Eliot, Mrs. Kassan, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. ^{name} Southworth, Hayes Goodloe, Professor Bache, professor and wife, and a good many others. All shook hands with me very cordially.

My second reading was announced for Tuesday evening.

Sunday May 15th: To church to hear Rev. Channing. Count Gorowsky visits me bringing an invitation from Mrs. Eames to come to stay at her house. She also sends a very kind note

I conclude to go to her.

Monday May 16th: ^{The} Count brings his black man to take my trunks to Mrs. Eames. I follow them. She receives me very kindly and inducts me into a pleasant room on the third floor. Messers Cortina and Ashton to dinner at four o'clock. pleasant talk. Mrs. Eames ~~pleasant~~ ^{easy} and agreeable. Her husband proves a old acquaintance not seen in many years. After dinner a long call from C. Sumner who seems cordial. In the evening to Mrs. Professor Henry, to meet various friends. of ^{among} other ^{one} John Rogers.

Tuesday May 17th: To the Capitol to leave notes for the reading. See the librarian and write to Mrs. Southworth. See dear Crawford's beautiful periment in its place, a very noble work. Edward Bates, attorney general and Mr. Jordan, his solicitor to dinner. Mr. Jordan goes to my reading which takes place much as before. The subject proves more popular and interesting, Equality. A third is desired and is announced for Saturday.

Wednesday, May 18th: To Campbell hospital with Miss Hatch, Mrs. and Miss Boutwell, Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Masters. Miss H. tormented me by introducing me every where as "Mrs. Howe author of the Hymn, which she always misquoted. Dr. True, surgeon of three wards took us through them and showed us many painful sights, wounds, mutilations, resections, saw also the amputation tables, not then in use. Saw one poor man sinking

from amputation ~~just above the knee~~ considerably above the knee. The wounded had suffered much by the journey from the front, in ambulances and over very bad roads, to the Aquia

Creek boat. Gaylord the complain, an excellent person, took me into a still worse ward, where I saw men with their stumps resting on cradles ^{sl} hung from the ceiling. The stench of these wounds was most unpleasant. I talked with one or two of the men, who seemed patient and cheerful. Letter from Chev. changed the day of my reading to Friday. anxious to get home.. Foster and Admiral Davis to dinner.

Thursday May 19th: Busy leaving notes informing of the

course of the time of my reading. Visit Armory Square Hospital, ^{all} Miss Lowell - ^{speaks with} Captain Rice of Virginia, a loyal man; see several badly

wounded people, among others a ^{lad} ~~young man~~ named Smith and ~~one~~

^{a young man} named Keenan, both from Boston. Smith's friends are at 5 Suffolk Place. ⁴ he wants a box sent on. Keenan's at Milford st. ^{but}

he hopes to leave soon being wounded in the throat.

No one to dinner but company in the evening, Hon. Gideon and Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Widow Douglass. Senator Foster, Anthony, and Andrews of Boston, Nicholay and Hay, the president's two private secretaries, very pleasant.

Friday May 20th: To Georgetown, to visit Mrs. Southworth with

Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Donaldson. To the white house, to see

Mr. Carpenter's picture of the President ^{of} reading the proclamation ^{emanipation} to this cabinet. An interesting subject for a picture.

The heads of Lincoln, Stanton, and Seward nearly finished and

good portraits. Then came home and rested; Then in a carriage
 on divers errands; then dressed for dinner, where Secretary
 Chase and Senator Sumner are expected. Secretary Chase is a
 stately man, very fine looking and rather imposing. He took
 Mrs. James into dinner. I took Mr. James's arm and managed
 to avoid that of Sumner, whose course towards me has I think
 been unworthy of him. I sat by Mr. Chase at dinner he was very
 pleasant. After dinner came Mrs. Douglass in her carriage
 to attend ^{my} ~~the~~ reading. Senator Foster and Mr. Chase announced
 their intention of going with me. This might strike Sumner
 as not exactly fulfilling his sentence of my inability to in-
 terest anyone in Washington. I said to him. "I do not impor-
 tune you but you are always welcome." ^{He excused himself.} Secretary Chase put me
 into Mrs. Douglass' carriage promising to follow. He brought
 me into the room at my reading. "Proteus" proved not less succes-
 ful than its predecessor. I had many pleasant ~~meetings~~
 after the lecture with regrets that it was the last. Mr.
 Chase took me in his carriage to his house where his daughter
 had a party for Therese Carrage ^{and} (?) was introduced to Lord
 Lyons and Judge Harris, spoke with Bertie ^{and} (?) Mr. Chase
 took me into supper and brought me out again. Home, packed
 my things getting to bed a little before one a.m.
 Friday May 27th. My birthday, forty five years old. This
 year begun in intolerable distress has ~~been~~ the most valu-
 able one ^{of} my life I think Paralyzed at first by Samy's
 death, I soon ^{found} my only refuge in ^{er}er, in increased activity

1864, Saturday May 28th: Dreamed of dearest Sammy; thought that he was in the bed and that I was trying to nurse him in the dark, as I have so often done. It thought that when his little lips had found my breast something said in my ear, "my life's life, the glory of the work," quoting from my lines on Mary Booth. This woke me with a ~~powerful~~ ^{profound} impression. Thus nature remembers.

I have read two of my lectures, Equality, and Doubt and Belief in Bordentown, to a very pleasant circle; one, "Proteus" in Philadelphia for the Sanitary Commission; three in Washington, D.C. to a very intelligent and appreciative audience. Of these last I have already given sufficient account.

Sunday May 29th: To church to hear Rev. Eliot of St Louis, in the morning, and in the afternoon, a children's sermon from J. F. C. Very lovely was this sermon and service. When the children sang "Marching along," it brought a sudden rush of tears to remember my dear little soldier who fell from the ranks a year ago. Peace to his dear little Being, however existing!

Friday June 3rd. Dreamed last night that dear ^{old} Sammy was playing in my closet, as he has often done. He wore a blue dress and white apron and looked radiant and lovely. Presently ^{he} he was gone; I knew he was ^{dead} and yet saw him and kissed and held him. Thought in my dream that I related the circumstance of his appearance to R. H. Dana, Jr. wondering that I should have ^{had} and ^{held} him, he being dead.

Went on board one of the Russian vessels with the Admiral's wife and a large company, not very select, Julia went with me

hospitable

Sat beside the Admiral's lady at luncheon. She was very ~~reliable~~ and exerted herself vigorously, helping everyone as far as she could. The nicest officer we saw was Liut. Leutke one of the aides of the grand duke Constantine.

Monday June 8th: Had a party for the Russian officers on the evening of this day. We had dancing for the first time since dear Samoy's death.

Frigate

Friday June 10th. On board the Russian Oslaba with the blind. *The Admiral was most attentive to them* pupils, that is a good portion of them, and gave them an excellent

entertainment. In the evening I had a little party for Baron Sacken, the Russian counsel general.

Sunday June 12: to mass on ~~board~~ the Oslaba, with the two eldest girls and Chev's nieces. We found the Apthorps on the wharf. The Admiral received us with great cordiality and conducted us to his cabin, from which he led us to our seats. As they all stood and we were seated. Sememchin(?) was deputed to tell us when to rise. The service was like the Armenian ² easter I saw in Rome. It is not unlike a Catholic service, has incense, chanting, ^{Credo} pater noster, and elevation of the host. The Russian sailors sang the two latest very beautifully and sang responses all the way through. The priest is a monk and cannot marry; he explained to me that the hierarchy of the Greek church is taken from the monastic orders, - the bishops never marry. This service seemed very primitive in comparison with ours. It is a sacrifice to God instead of a lesson from him, which after all marks the difference between the old

religions^{ms} and the true Christians, for even Judaism is ~~then~~ compared with christianity. Yet I found this very consoline as filling ~~out~~^{the} varieties of religious development. I seemed to hear in the responses a great harmony in which the first man had the extreme bass and the last born had the extreme treble, — Theodore Parker and my dear Sammy were ~~blended~~^{blended} in it.

Wednesday June 15th: Had a dejeuner for Father Nestor, the Russian priest at 2 p.m. Spent my last penny and went in debt, but shall get through if Chev will pay me various monies advanced. Our party consisted of the Whipples, apthorps, Quinco², Judge and Mrs. Washburn, Drs. Bartol and Lothrop, J.F. Clarke, Bishop ~~Eastburne~~^{Eastburne}, Jp. P. Quincy, the admiral, Father Nestor, officers sackvonia, Xsenetchain, cavaletsky. My nieces came and Lieut Leutka arrived quite late. We were gay and convivial. The priest wore his strange hat without a brim and was very ~~of~~ touching and primitive. This was our last meeting with them and the farewells were quite sad even to me, and tragical to some of the young ladies. "Sack" and Julia stayed together most of the time. I talked with Semetcheen (a) and found him very thoughtful and a man of more reflection and culture than the others. . . . Ten farewell pleasant summer wishes; God be with you!

Monday, June 20th: Just a week after the pleasant party; I go to Josey's (Howe) to attend the funeral of old Mrs. Harris, his first wife's mother, — a woman of eighty-five years. She had thought latterly that it was always Sunday; and when Mrs. Howe came in, imagining she came from church would say, "Now haven't you had a beautiful

preachment? The morning after the party she said, "There was beautiful singing at the prayer meeting last night," having heard the music of the dance. She died without pain or regret.

July 2nd: Today looking over an essay on Methods, I ^{find} ~~found~~ the statement that the ~~term~~ ^{the} of a vertebrata, after impregnation, divides into two folds; the one turning upward to form ~~the~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{and} enclose all the sensitive organs, - brain, spinal marrow, and organs of external sense; the other turning downwards to form and enclose the organs of digestion, respiration, circulation, ^{of} ~~and~~ reproduction. This comes in with my attempts with "Polarity", - marks the dual and coessential process of the real and ideal; - the brain providing ~~for~~ ^{for} the one, and the stomach and lower organs for the other; - The union of ~~the~~ two being the great condition of life.

Wednesday, July 13th: Washed this week fifteen sheets, seven pillow slips, table cloths, towels, and napkins, I work hard on limitation and three degrees of law, - mend, scold when necessary, try to keep things up,

Friday July 22nd: Today at 12.30 finished essay on limitation, ^{the} last one but one of ^{my} ~~the~~ present series ^{as at present} contemplated, ^{see} ~~gott~~ ^{gott} ~~sehr~~ ^{dank}

July 23rd. Dreamed in the night of dearest Sammy. Thought he asked me to mend a toy house for him. he said, "tik it, mamma," I said, - "there, I did tik it." Felt sad and estranged as if I had not been with him for one time.

Tuesday July 26th- Began to read Paul's epistle to the Romans in the light of common sense and with a view to my Essay on the three

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degrees of law, which I shall begin to set into shape in these days.
Wednesday July 27th. Read Paul, in the valley, Thought of writing a
review of his two first epistles, from the point of view of the
common understanding. The clumsy western mind has made such lite-
ral and material interpretation of the oriental finesses of the
New Testament that the present coarse and monstrous belief, so far
behind the philosophical, aesthetic and natural culture of the
age is imposed by the authority of the view on the ignorance
of the many and stands a monument of the stupidity of all. Paul's
views of the natural man are inevitably much colored by the current
pestilentiality of the period. To apply his expressions to the innocent
and inevitable course of nature is coarse, unjust, and moralizing
because confusing to the moral sense. (no entry til

Tuesday August 23rd. Charles Sumner drove out to see us. I was much
pleased to see him. He had not seen the valley in ten years. He and
found it much improved. Would not stay to dinner. I work hard
all these days on my Three Degrees of Law, which includes the
treatment of Revolutions (?)

Saturday August 27th: on this day, the last of three of this sum-
mer, I finished my second Essay on Limitations, the limitations of
law, and at once began my third and last, on the limitations of
aesthetic, ^{comprehending} ~~including~~ philosophy. If I can bring this well to
an end, my present labor will be ended, pro sit deus. I read

Paul's epistles, a little of Spinoza, whom I have read through
already, and Livy in Latin. I have Kant, but as he seems to have
gone over the same ground, I don't read him, except a line now and
then.

then. (no entry till september 21st)

In the evening learned the sad news of John Q. Thaxter's death by a railroad accident. I first met Thaxter in Cyba, where his intelligent face and courteous manners at once attracted me. I have always cherished a regard for him and am much grieved at his death. He goes to join a circle of friends whose numbers these years add rapidly. I shall much miss his genial ^{and} innocent company, for he was pure, gentle, and cordial, and endowed with energy and talent.

Friday sept. 23rd: Finished, so far as I know, my present course of Ethics, soon after three p.m. Received a touching letter from Alger (W. R.) narrating the death of his fine boy.

Sunday sept. 25th: visited the poorhouse in our neighborhood in company with ~~Gabe~~ M. C. Paddock.

I come to the conclusion to day that a heroic intention is not to be kept in sight ~~it~~ without much endeavor. Now that I have finished at least one portion of my ethics and dynamics I find myself thinking how to get just credit for it, rather than how to make

my work most useful to others, - the latter must however be my object, and shall be. Did not Chev so discourage me ^{it} I should feel bound to give these lectures publicly, being as they are ~~a~~ a work for the Public. I do not, as yet, decide what to do with them.

Friday Sept 30th: Leave the valley ~~said~~ that the excellent summer is over. My work occupied the three months, much as I expected. I am

abled to be able to get through with it. My theory of limitation
 must teach me not to lament when any pleasure like that of the summer
 life, etc. ~~comes to end~~ ^{comes to end} I must also practically learn what I have so of-
 ten enforced in writing viz. to fall back on pleasures that do not
 pass ^{at least} ~~at least~~ satisfactions

Saturday October 8th: Down at the Valley for two days rustication
 with Maud, Chev, Julia and Padloack. ^{Have brought} ~~take with me~~ Kant's Kritik
 der vernunft ^{with} which I daily bedizzen myself. . . .

Wednesday October 26th: Receive an invitation from the New York
 Century club to be present at their celebration of Bryant's
 xseventh birthday and to contribute a poem to the occasion. Accep-
 ted the invitation and at once ^{commenced} ~~began~~ to try the poem, which I
 wrote it first in a stanza too short for any phrasing. In the after-
 noon took cars to the valley, and in the cars ^{the poem to} recomposed ~~for~~ a
 longer stanza. Worked ^{on it} ~~at~~ late at night after my arrival. Found all
 well

Thursday Oct. 27th: Enjoyed the Valley, the simple country diet,
 and the company of Chev and Julia dreamed of dear Sammy in the
 night. Thought I heard a loud outcry of grief from the family and
 on running to learn the cause found that Sammy had drunk some un-
 wholesome milk which might cause his death. I never dream of the
 calamity as past, it is always indicated. ^{Then (a)} I woke, two ^{more} ~~long~~ stanzas
 of my poem came to me and I finished it

Saturday Nov. 6th. After a disturbed night took the eight o'clock
 cars ^{from} to New York, to attend the Bryant celebration. This re-
 quired a painful effort as Chev was much opposed to my going. But
 the internal necessity conquering the external, I went. Dr. Holmes

was my companion and his etherial talk made the journey ^{short} and

brilliant. (n.b. anecdote of conversation given in rems)

We got no dinner at Springfield and had only a few chocolates with us and ^{arrived at New York} a cake or two. Mr. Bancroft met us at the station, intent upon escorting Dr. Holmes. He was good enough to wait upon me also, carried my trunk, ^a small one, himself, and put me in his carriage. He asked about my poem, and then informed me where in the order of the exercises it would come. Went to Uncle John's. Got my dinner, got my ^{head} dressed, unpacked my dress for the evening. At 8.15 drove to the century building, fast filling with well dressed women. Was taken to the reception room where those who were to take special part were assembled. These ^{for} presently formed a little ^{double} line and walked into the hall. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Bryant and I brought up the rear, Bryant giving me his arm. We took our places. On the small platform were three arm chairs which were taken by Bancroft, Bryant, and myself. I being ordered to do so. I have ^{given} ^{partial description} written elsewhere ~~an account~~ of the exercises. Mr. Bryant in his graceful reply to Bancroft named me as "she who has written the most stirring lyric of the war". After Mr. Emerson's remarks, I was announced. I stepped to the middle of the platform and read my poem. I was full of it and read it well, I think, as everyone heard me and the large room was crammed. The last two verses, not the best, were applauded. Boker of Philadelphia followed Em and Holmes followed him. This was, I suppose, the greatest public honour of my life. I received it for my grandchildren.

(no further record till nov. 21st, when a note is added into the diary, headed national sailors' fair, and conveying the thanks of the managing committee to mrs. howe for her great industry and labor in editing the Boatswain's whistle.

(no entry record until sunday dec. 11th)

Dreamed last night of dearest Sammy. I thought that I held him in my arms and kissed him again and again, almost too much for his comfort, . . . Oh, my darling little boy, what shall I ever know more of you! Quivus fit patientiae quicquid corrivere est nefas.

Thursday Dec. 22nd: Finished essay on the "Fact accomplished."

Friday, dec. 23rd. ^{to Albert} Read parts of my essay on Poetry and of these on Religion. He read to me a little of his paper on Emerson.

Tuesday Dec. 27th: Having today cashed half of Ward and Co's cheque for two hundred dollars, I determine to record the use made of every cent of this money and so begin here. Laura's cross 2.50, to be repaid, Laura's fancy work fifty cents, my bonnet four-fifty (4.50)

Saw Albert who seemed to be bright and serene. He said that he has found the remembrance of my three degrees of law helpful to him in the classifications and judgments, - which it greatly comforted me to hear.

Thursday dec. 29th: Started alone for Lancaster, where Bird of the council met me at the depot. Dined with the ^{Council} ~~cottes~~ and went afterwards to the girls reform school, where I read a poem of my own, written expressly for this occasion in conformity with a promise made by the governor a year since. It was a pleasant occasion. I thought it right to go.

1865. Jan. 3rd, Came today upon Kant's distinction between culture

after my kind. When he died I had written ~~two~~ thirds of Pro-
teus. As soon as I was able I wrote the remaining portion,

which treats of affection. At Newport I wrote my introductory
lecture, "How not to Teach Ethics," Then Duality of Character, then

my first lecture on Religion. Returned from Newport, I write
my second and third essays on Religion. I read the six essays
of my first course to a large circle of friends in my own house,
not asking any payment. This done, I began to write a long essay
on Polarity which is only partially completed, intending also to
write on limitation and the three degrees, should it be given me to
do. I have read and reread Spinoza's ethics with in the last
thirteen months. His methods in the arrangements of thought and
motive have been of great use to me, but I think I have been able
to give them an extended application and some practical applica-
tions which did not lie within his scope.

and discipline. Culture is adding to one's empirical acquisition and accomplishments. Discipline is a restraint imposed upon one's mental processes, whereby their ^{natural} ~~latent~~ excesses are foreseen and their unavoidable errors rectified. America is eager for culture, ignorant and impatient of discipline. The philosophical work upon which I ~~am~~ ^{have now been} now engaged is intended to supply a discipline, though till today I had never seen the distinction just alluded to formu-

lated. (note, the expenses continue to be put down, but I omit them ^{except} gratuity to the ashman, fifty cents.)

Monday, January 11, 1864. First meeting of the new club, the Ladies' Social, at Mrs. Quincy's, 4 Park Street. Hour, 8 P. M. Entertainment, a French play, well performed by R. E. Apthorp, Mary Quincy Gould and Charles Carrol, Willie Apthorp taking a small part, that of a servant. Frank Barlow was there. I talked with him a little and he took me home in company with Mrs. Gov. Andrew.

Friday, January 15. Worked all the afternoon at my essay on "Difference between Philosophy and Religion". Got a bad feeling from fatigue,--a sort of trembling agony in my back and left side. To the opera in the evening with Frank Barlow and mother, Julia and James Davis. Gounod's "Faust", a composition with more faults than merits. The quatuor, in Act second, song of Marguerite, serenade of Satan, and a chorus of soldiers in the act before the last, good enough to be praised. Dilige et relinque is a good motto for some.

Saturday, January 16. Some illusions left me today, giving place to unwelcome facts. Studied and wrote as usual. Governor and Mrs. Andrew to dine at half past five. Spent the evening.

Sunday, January 17. To church as usual. Mr. Clark's excellent sermon was upon the "Unobserved Entrance of Great Things in the World of Men and in the World of Mind; the Still, Small Voice." It was announced from the pulpit that an essay on the "Soul and the Body" would be read by a friend at the Wednesday evening meeting. That friend was myself, that essay my lecture on Duality. This would be an honor but for my ill-deserts. Be witness, Oh God! that this is no imaginary or sentimental exclamation, but a feeling too well founded on fact.

Mr. Clark's preaching is perpetual hope. I said to myself last night "While there is God there is hope."

Monday, January 18. Worked hard at Philosophy and Religion, reading in Spencer's First Principles, Mackay's Tübingen School, and L. M. Child's "History of Religious Ideas."

Wednesday, January 20. Read my lecture on "Duality of Character" at the vestry room of the Indiana Place Church. Mr. Clark introduced me very charmingly. I wore my white cap, not wishing to read in my thick bonnet. I had quite a full audience; among them was surprised to see Mary Dorr, the Dresels and Mrs. Lehmann. I consider this opportunity a great honor and privilege conferred upon me.

Thursday, January 21. Am working at Religion and Philosophy all these days. Today went to visit Mrs. Barlow, the general's mother, the second time this winter that I have been to see her.

Sunday, January 24. Mr. Clark read copiously from Ecclesiastes and preached a sermon on the text "Everything is Vanity", very noble and beautiful. I went to church very sad and was much comforted.

Thursday, January 28. At a quarter past two P. M. finished my essay on Philosophy and Religion. I thank God for this, for many infirmities, some physical and some moral, have threatened to interrupt my work. It is done, and if it is all I am to do, I am ready to die, since life to me now means work of my best sort and I value little else except the comfort of my family. Now for a little rest!

Saturday, January 30. This day I feel a clearer purpose than ever before to try to do every day with some system what will be best for all, all things considered.

Sunday, January 31. Conway arrived just after breakfast, always warmly welcome.

Saturday, February 6. All these days I have feasted myself in talking with dear Martin Conway, whose rich mind is one of my most valued sources of inspiration.

Sunday, February 7. Judge Russell invited us to go and hear Colonel Taylor, of East Tennessee, speak at the Ship. Went to the Revere House for the Tuedys, who concluded to go with us. We found at the wharff Colonel Goodrich and Julius Rockwell with their wives, also J. H. Stephenson. Colonel Taylor gave quite an interesting address with accounts of the sufferings of the East Tennesseans. Being desired by Judge Russell and Stephenson to speak, I felt it incumbent upon me to do so and made the best work I could out of the occasion, being entirely unprepared.

Missed today's communion to my sorrow.

Friday, February 12. Entertained my club with two charades; Pan-demon-ium, was the first, Catastrophe was the second. For Pan, I recited some verses of Mrs. Browning's "Dead Pan", with the gods she mentions in the background, my own boy acting as Hermes. For Demon, I had a female Faust and Female Satan. Was aided by Fanny MacGregor, Alice Howe, Hamilton Wilde, Charles Carroll and James C. Davis, with my Flossie, who looked beautiful. The entertainment was voted an entire success.

Saturday, February 13. Very weary all day. Put things to rights as well as I could. Read in Spinoza, Cotta and Livy.

Sunday, February 14. Clark preached to a text we have often spoken of together, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." "He is not a Jew who is one outwardly" etc., "much less a Christian," said J. F. C.; also that Socrates was a better Jew, according to this standard, than Caiaphas. I begin today to hope that I shall recover my lost ground.

(Note. Here follow several pages of household recipes for waffles, etc. No entry till

Sunday, March 6. I have suffered a good deal with relation to my intended reading in Washington. Mrs. Gov. Sprague having been written to on the subject, gave me a kind invitation to read thrise (? twice) at her house. I wrote thanking her and requesting her to fix the time. Not hearing again, after long waiting, I wrote proposing a certain time. Finding that Charles Sumner had gravely dissuaded her from having the readings at her house, I wrote him a very warm letter, but with no injurious phrase, as I felt only grief and indignation, not dis-esteem towards him. Yet the fact of having written this letter became extremely painful to me when it was once beyond recall. I could not help writing a second on the day following to apologize for the roughness of the first. This was a diplomatic fault, I think, but one inseparable from my character. Charles Sumner's reply, which I dreaded to read, was very kind. While I clearly saw his misapprehension of the whole matter, I saw also the

thorough kindness and sincerity of his nature. So we disagree, but I love him.

Thursday, March 10. Began today my essay on Sex which may run into a treatise on Limitation as the two subjects run together in my mind.

Sunday, March 13. Ill with headache, cold and sore throat. Starved and took hepatic sulphur. A little afraid of diphtheria. Rain in the afternoon. I could neither walk nor work. For a wonder I laid down on my sofa in afternoon. In the evening came Bandman, J. F. Clark, Barlow and wife, the Thaxters from Watertown and one or two others. A pleasant evening.

Friday, March 18. The last of Frank Barlow, whose fate looks doubtful. He leaves for New York this evening. I never saw a person less orienté in my life.

Let me here put on record that I prefer the poorest and meanest man who has a moral sense and follows it, to the most brilliant and gallant personage who either lacks or violates the same. I ask nothing for my son but that he may keep his thought unpoisoned by inflammatory ideas and his heart free from that venom of falsity which is the inevitable companion of selfishness carried to its highest power. Yet every man stands or falls to his own Master. We can only judge of what compels our approbation or our dis-esteem. The moral value of the man is unknown to us. God forbid that any of us should be judged at our worst, even by high human justice.

Sunday, March 20. To church as usual. Worked hard all the morning on "Polarity". Dined with S. G. Ward, the Dresels being there. After dinner other friends came in and Dresel played the old favorites and some new ones. He was in his best mood and quite held us all bound in his net.

Tuesday, March 22. Maggie ill and company to dinner. I washed breakfast things, cleared the table, walked, read Spinoza a little, then had to "fly round" as my dinner was an early one. Picked a grouse and saw to various matters. Company came a little early. The room was cold. Hedge, Palfrey and Alger to dinner. Conversation pleasant but dinner late and not well served. Palfrey and Hedge read Parker's Latin epitaph to Chev, amazed at the bad Latinity.

Wednesday, March 23. Began to keep a essay on "Polarity". Heard William H. Channing.

(Note. No entry till

Sunday, April 17. Heard Octavius Frothingham, who quoted two verses from "Passion Flowers", beginning "And that high suffering---". An sermon. A man of genius, sympathy, study and religion.

Monday, April 18. Modesty is as much shown in our judgments of others as in our judgment of ourselves. It is in connection with "-----" that I have thought out and formulated this. Did he not believe himself exempt from human errors he could never berate me as he does.

Saturday, April 23. The twenty-first anniversary of my marriage.

(Bordentown, N. J. Written at the house of her sister, Mrs. Mailliard.)

Thursday, April 28. Read my lecture on "Equality" to a pleasant audience of twenty-five or thirty people, my sister's neighbors and friends. I enjoyed the occasion.

Saturday, April 30. To Philadelphia alone to meet Sister Mott. Met also Mrs. Peterson and arranged to read at her house for the Sanitary (Commission) if possible; otherwise for my usual to say my word as well as I can and as often as circumstances call for it.

Sunday, May 1. This being the anniversary of my father's birth, and communion Sunday both in my own church and the church here, I went to communion with my dear sister Annie for the first time in my life, and very likely for the last. (Note. Make this clear.) In the evening heard a fresh, lively sermon by Mr. Buel, the Baptist clergyman, who has lived on North River and has known Mrs. Schuyler.

Monday, May 2. To Philadelphia to visit and dine with Phil Randolph's mother, a daughter of Dr. Ruysick (?), a surgeon of great repute in his time. A very pleasant day.

Wednesday, May 11th. I left Bordentown for Washington with a resolute, not a sanguine heart. I have no one to stand for me there. Sumner against me, Channing unknown to me, everyone else indifferent. I go in obedience to a deep and impulse, which I do not understand or explain, but whose bidding I cannot neglect. The satisfaction of having at least obeyed this is all that keeps me up, for no one, so far as I know, approves of my going. I arrived late, weary and forlorn, driving on a venture to Mrs. Nisbett's, where I find Mrs. Barlow in great anxiety about her husband. She will leave next day for Fredericksburg. Had I not a special object in view I should wish to accompany her, as the wounded from the late severe battles are accumulating there. She sets with me in my room all the evening.

Thursday, May 12. Reverend Channing comes in the morning. He is very kind and cordial but ~~then~~ gives little encouragement as to my readings. The whole community is hanging on the fate of this prolonged battle, and no one has heart for anything else. He goes, promising to return. Meantime Mrs. Johnson, 505 12th Street, who has offered me her rooms, comes to visit me. She tells the same story. I asked her if we cannot collect some eight or ten people. She thinks we might do that. I tell her that that would be a satisfaction to me. Soon comes Reverend Channing with better news. "I think you may read. The army news is favorable." He is full of incidents of wounded men, etc., but gives me various names of persons to be invited. My heart goes right up as if a great weight were taken off. I go out with Miss Smith, buy note paper, come home and write as many notes as I can. Dine with Mrs. Johnson in the evening. Boarding house table enlivened with many young officers who would amuse my daughters, not myself so much. My reading is fixed for Saturday evening at eight o'clock.

Saturday, May 14. I still write notes. Go to Miss Smith and to the Senate. Sumner sees me. We salute each other. He looks at me a little doubtfully. John P. Hale makes a dash to save a bill giving a

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certain officer's widow fifty dollars a month instead of thirty. The widow is in the gallery. Sumner looks up and smiles. That smile seems to illuminate the Senate. I go home and receive later in the day a kind note from him excusing himself from attending my reading to which I had felt obliged to invite him.

Dressed and went to Mrs. Johnson. At half past eight Mr. Channing ~~came~~ saw me into the room, which was well filled. People also stood in the entry and on the stairs. I read the "Third Party". The audience proved very attentive and included many people of intelligence. Honorable Mr. Julian and lady, Solomon Whiting, Admiral Davis, Doctor Peter Parker, our former minister to China, Gov. Boutwell, Honorable Thomas Elliott, Mrs. Casson, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Southworth, Hayes Goodhue, Professor Bache, Professor Hendridge and wife, and a good many others. All shook hands with me very cordially. My second reading was announced for Tuesday evening.

Sunday, May 15. To church to hear Reverend Channing. Count Gurowski visits me, bringing an invitation from Mrs. Eames to come and stay at her house. She also sends a very kind note. I conclude to go to her.

Monday, May 16. The count brings his black man to take my trunks to Mrs. Eames. I follow them. She receives me very kindly and inducts me into a pleasant room on the third floor. Mrs. Coffin (or Coffee) and Ashton to dinner at four o'clock. Pleasant talk with Mrs. E., very easy and agreeable. Her husband proves an old acquaintance not seen in many years. After dinner a long visit from Charles Sumner who was cordial. In the evening to Mrs. Professor Henry to meet various friends of hers, among others Commodore John Rogers.

Tuesday, May 17. To the capitol to leave notes for the reading, see the librarian, and write to Mrs. Southworth. Saw Bear Crawford's beautiful pediment in its place; a very noble work. Attorney General, and Mr. Jordan, his solicitor, to dinner. Mr. Jordan goes to my reading, which takes place much as before. The subject proves more popular and interesting; "Equality." A third is desired and announced for Saturday.

Wednesday, May 18. To Campbell Hospital with Miss Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. Boutwell, Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Masters. Miss Hatch tormented me by introducing me everywhere as Mrs. Howe, the author of the "Hymn", which she always misquoted. Dr. Mack (or True) surgeon of three wards, took us through them and showed us many painful sights, wounds, amputations and re-sections. Also the amputation tables, not then in use. Saw one poor man sinking from amputation considerably above the knee. The wounded had suffered much by the travel from the front in ambulances and over very bad roads to the Aquia Creek boat. Gaylord, the chaplain, an excellent person, took me into a still worse ward where I saw men with their stumps resting on crutches slung from the ceiling. The stench of these wounds was most unbearable. I talked with one or two of the men who seemed patient and cheerful. Letter from Chev. Changed date for my reading to Friday, being anxious to get home. Foster and Admiral Davis to dinner.

Thursday, May 19. Busy leaving notes informing of the change in the time of my reading. Visit Armory Square Hospital. See Miss Lowell, speak with Captain Rice of Virginia, a loyal man. See several

badly wounded people, among others a lad named Smith and a young man named Kennon, both from Boston. Smith's friends are at 5 Suffolk Place. He wants a box sent on. Kennon's at 4 Milford Street, but he hopes to leave soon, being wounded in the throat.

No one to dinner, but company in the evening. Honorable Gideon and Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Widow Douglas, Senator Foster, Anthony, Mr. Andrews of Boston, Nicolay and Hay, the president's two private secretaries, very pleasant.

Friday, May 20th. To Georgetown to visit Mrs. Southworth with Mrs. Bailey and Miss Donaldson. To the White House to see Mr. Carpenter's picture of the President reading the Proclamation of Emancipation to his cabinet. An interesting subject for a picture. The heads of Lincoln, Stanton and Sewall nearly finished and good portraits. Then came home and rested, then in a carriage on divers errands. Then dressed for dinner where Secretary Chase and Senator Sumner are expected. Secretary Chase is a silent man, very fine looking and rather imposing. He took Mrs. James in to dinner. I took Mr. James' arm and managed to avoid that of Sumner, whose course towards me has I think been unworthy. I sat by Mr. Chase at dinner. He was very pleasant. After dinner came Mrs. Douglas in her carriage to attend my reading. Senator Foster and Mr. Chase announced their intention of going with me. This might strike Sumner as not exactly fulfilling his sentence of my inability to interest anyone in Washington. I said to him, "I do not importune you, but you are always welcome." He excused himself. Senator Chase put me into Mrs. Douglas' carriage, promising to follow. He brought me into the room at my reading. "Prouteus" proved not less successful than its predecessor. I had many pleasant greetings after the lecture, with regrets for its being the last. Mr. Chase took me in his carriage to his house, where his daughter had a party for Teresa Carreno. Was introduced to Lord Lyons and Judge Harris. Spoke with Bertinotti. Mr. Chase took me in to supper and brought me out. Home, packed my things, going to bed but little before one A. M.

Friday, May 27th. My birthday, forty-five years old. This year, begun in intolerable distress, has been I think the most valuable one of my life. Paralyzed at first by Sammy's death, I soon found my only refuge from grief in increased activity after my kind. When he died I had written two thirds of "Proteus". As soon as I was able I wrote the remaining portion, which treats of affection. At Newport I wrote my introductory lecture, "How Not to Teach Ethics". Then "Duality of Character", then my first lecture on "Religion". Returned from Newport I wrote my second and third essays on "Religion". I read the six essays of my first course to a large circle of friends at my own house, not asking any payment. This done, I began to write a new essay on "Duality", which is only partially completed, intending also to write on "Limitation", and the "Three Degrees", should it be given to me to do so. I had read and re-read Spinoza's Ethics within the last three months. His methods in the management of thought and motive have been of great use to me, but I think I have been able to give them an extended application and some practical illustrations which did not lie within his scope. I have read two of my lectures, "Equality" and "Doubt and Belief", in Bordentown to a very pleasant circle; one, "Proteus", in Philadelphia for the Sanitary Commission; three in Washington, D.C., to a very intelligent and appreciative audience. Of these last I have already given a sufficient account.

Saturday, May 28th. Dreamed of Dearest Sammy. Thought he was in the bed and I was trying to nurse him in the dark, as I have so often done. I thought that when his little lips had reached my breast, something said in my ears, "My life's life----, the glory of the world", quoting from my lines on Mary Booth. This woke me with a sudden impression. Thus Nature remembers.

Sunday, May 29th. To church to hear Reverend Elliott of St. Louis in the morning, and in the afternoon a children's sermon from J. F. C. Very lovely was this sermon and service. When the children sang, marching along, it brought a sudden gush of tears to remember my dear little soldier who fell from the ranks a year ago. Peace to his dear little Being, however existing. *** seemed so little pleased all day that anxiety of mind seized upon and quite beset me. His face has the power of emptying my brain of all vitality so that I scarcely know what I am about. It feels like a violent electric shock, and it is irresistible.

Friday, June 3rd. Dreamed last night that Dearest Sammy was playing in my closet, as he has so often done. He wore a blue dress and white apron and looked radiant and lovely. Presently he was gone. I knew he was dead, and yet saw him and kissed and held him. Thought in my dream that I related the circumstance of his appearance to R. H. Dana, Jr., wondering that I should have had and held him, he being dead.

Went on board one of the Russian vessels with the Admiral's ^{wife} and a large company, not very select. Julia went with me. Sat beside the Admiral's lady at luncheon. She was very hospitable and ~~exerted~~ exerted herself vigorously, helping everyone as far as she could. The nicest officer with us was Lieutenant Lutke, one of the Aides of Grand Duke Constantine. His mother was an Englishwoman.

Monday, June 6th. I had a party for the Russian officers on the evening of this day. We had dancing, for the first time since dear Sammy's death. Admiral Lessowski came with his lady, an elderly woman, kind and ladylike. Chev was most indulgent about wine, music and other items.

Friday, June 10th. On board the Russian frigate Oslava with the blind pupils, at least with a good portion of them. The Admiral was most attentive to them and gave them an excellent entertainment. In the evening I had a little party for Baron Sacken, the Russian Consul General.

Sunday, June 12th. Mass on board the Oslava with the two eldest girls and Chev's nieces. We found the Apthorps on the wharff. The Admiral received us with great cordiality, and conducted us to his cabin, from which he lead us to our seats. As they all stand, and we were seated, Semetschkin was deputed to tell us when to rise. The service was like the Armenian Easter I saw in Rome. It was not unlike a Catholic service, with incense, chanting, Credo and Pater Noster and Elevation of the Host. The Russian sailors sang the two latter very beautifully and sang responses all the way through. The priest is a monk and cannot marry. He explained to me that the hierarchy of the Greek church is taken from the Monastic orders. The bishops never marry. This service seemed very primitive in comparison with ours. It is a sacrifice to God, instead of a lesson from him, which, after all, makes the difference between the old religions and the true Christian. For even Judaism is heathen compared with Christianity. Yet I found this very consoling, feeling out the varieties of religious development. I seemed to hear in the responses a great harmony in which the first man had the extreme bass, and the last born babe the extreme treble. Theodore Parker and my dear Sammy were blended in it.

Wednesday, June 15th. Had a dejeuner for Father Nestor, the Russian priest, at 2 P. M. Spent my last penny and went in debt, but shall get through if Chev will pay me up for various moneys advanced. Our party consisted of the Whipples, Apthorp Quincy, Judge and Mrs. Washburn, Drs. Bartol and Lothrop, J. F. Clarke and Bishop Eastburn, J. P. Quincy, the Admiral, Father Nestor, Officers Sackoonian, Semetschkin, Covaloffsky. My nieces came, and Lieutenant Lutke arrived quite late. We were gay and convivial. The priest wore his strange cap without a brim, and was very touching and primitive. This was our last meeting with them, and the farewells were quite sad, even to me, and quite tragical to some of the young ladies. Sackoonian and Julia stayed together most of the time. I talked with Semetschkin and found him very thoughtful and a man of more reflection and culture than the others. He promised to write to me. I gave ~~my~~ my photograph to him and to the Admiral, also to Lutke. Farewell, pleasant summer guests! God be with you.

Monday, June 20th. Just a week after the pleasant party I go to Joseph's (Howe) to attend the funeral of old Mrs. Harris, his first wife's mother, a woman of eighty-five years. She had thought latterly that it was always Sunday, and when Mrs. Howe came, imagining that she came from church, would say, "Now haven't you had a beautiful preachment?" The morning after the party she said, "There was beautiful singing at the prayer meeting last night", having heard the music of the dance. She died without pain or regret.

Saturday, July 2nd. Today, looking over Agassiz's Methods, I find the statement that the vertebratae, after impregnation, divides into two folds, the one turning upward to form and enclose all the sensitive organs, brain, spinal marrow, and organs of external sense; the other turning downwards to form and enclose the organs of digestion, respiration, circulation and reproduction. This came in with my attempts in "Duality" and marks the dual and co-essential process of the real and ideal, the brain providing for the eye and the stomach, and lower

organs for the other. The union of the two being the great condition of life.

Wednesday, July 13th. Washed this week fifteen sheets, seven pillow cases, two table cloths, towels and napkins. I work hard upon "Limitation" and "Three Degrees of Law." Scold when necessary, try to keep things up.

Friday, July 22nd. Today at 12.30 finished essay on "Limitation", the last but one of my series as at present contemplated. Gott sei Dank.

Saturday, July 23rd. Dreamed in the night of Dearest Sammy. Thought he asked me to men a toy-house for him. He said "Tick it (stick it) Mamma." I said, "There, I did 'tick it.'" Felt sad and estranged as if I had not been with him for some time.

Tuesday, July 26th. Began to read Paul's Epistle to the Romans in the light of common sense, and with a view to my essay on the "Three Degrees of Law", which I shall begin to get into shape in these days.

Wednesday, July 27th. Read Paul in the Valley. Thought of writing a review of his two first epistles from the point of view of the common understanding. The clumsy western mind has made such liberal and material interpretation of the Oriental finenesses of the New Testament that the present coarse and monstrous beliefs are far behind the philosophical and aesthetics of natural culture of the age is imposed by the authority of the few upon the ignorance of the many and stands a monument of the stupidity of all.

Paul's view of the natural man are inevitably much colored by the current bestiality of the period. To apply his expressions to the innocent and inevitable course of nature is coarse, unjust and demoralizing, because confusing to the moral sense.

(No entry till

Tuesday, August 23rd. Charles Sumner drove out to visit us. I was much pleased to see him. He had not seen the Valley in ten years, and found it much improved. Would not stay to dinner.

I work hard all these days on my "Three Degrees of Law", which includes the treatment of revolutions.

Limitation

~~September~~ Saturday, August 27. On this day, the last but three of this summer, I finished my second essay on ~~Religion~~---"The Limitations of the Law", and at once began my third and last of the "*Limitations* Aesthetics," comprising ~~philosophy~~. If I can bring this well to end my present labor will be ended. "Prosit deus." I read Paul's epistle, a little of Spinoza, whom I have read through already, and Livy in Latin. I have Kant, but as he seems to have gone over somewhat the same ground, I don't read him except a line now and then.

(No entry till

Wednesday, September 21. In the evening learned the sad news of John Q. Thaxter's death by a railroad accident. I first met Thaxter in Cuba, where his intelligent face and courteous manners at once attracted me. I have always cherished a regard for him, and am much grieved at his death. He goes to join a circle of friends to whose numbers these years add rapidly. I shall much miss his genial and innocent company, for he was pure, genial and cordial, and endowed with energy and talent.

Friday, September 23. Finished, so far as I know, my present

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course of ethics soon after 3 P. M. Received a letter from Alger relating the death of his fine boy.

Sunday, September 25. Visited the poor-house in our neighborhood in company with M. C. Paddock. I come to the conclusion today that a heroic intention is not to be kept in sight without much endeavor. Now that I have finished at least one portion of my ethics and dynamics, I find myself thinking how to get just credit for it, rather than how to make my work most useful to others. The latter must, however, be my object, and shall be. Did not Chev so discourage it, I should feel bound to give these lectures publicly, being as they are a work for the public. I do not as yet decide what to do with them.

Friday, September 30. Leave the Valley, sad that the excellent summer is over. My work occupied the three months much as I expected. I am glad to have been able to get through with it. My theory of Limitation must teach me not to lament when one pleasure, like that of the summer life, etc., comes to end. I must also particularly learn what I have so often enforced in writing, viz., to fall back upon pleasures that do not pass, at least satisfactions.

Saturday, October 1st. Our arrival here (South Boston) last evening was rather cheerless. Chev scarcely expecting us, and Julia and Flossie being at the Inst. I busy myself unpacking trunks, etc. Think of writing something on the relative importance of the *Critical Function*. Barker, Miss Cobbe, Kant.

Saturday, October 8. Down at the Valley for two days rustication with Maud, Chev, Julia and Paddock. Have brought Kant's "Kritik der Reine Vernunft" with which I daily bedizzy myself.

(No entry till

Wednesday, October 26. Received an invitation from the New York Century Club to be present at their celebration of Bryant's seventieth birthday, and to contribute a poem to the occasion. I accepted the invitation and at once commenced to try the poem, which I wrote at first in a stanza too short for any phrasing. In the afternoon took cars to the Valley and in the cars recomposed the poem to a longer stanza. Worked on it late at night after my arrival. Found all well.

Thursday, October 27. Enjoyed the Valley, the simple country diet and the company of Chev and Julia. Dreamed of dear Sammy in the night. Thought I heard a loud outcry of grief from the family, and on running to learn the cause found that Sammy had drunk some unwholesome milk which might cause his death. I never dream of the calamity as past, it is always indicated. When I woke, two more stanzas of my poem came to me and I finished it.

Saturday, Nov. 5. After a disturbed night took the eight o'clock cars for New York to attend the Bryant celebration. This required a painful effort, as Chev was much opposed to my going, but the internal necessity conquering the external, I went. Dr. Holmes was my companion, and his ethereal talk made the travel short and brilliant. We got no dinner at Springfield, and had only a few chocolates with us and a cake or two. Arrived in New York. Mr. Bancroft met us at the station, intent upon escorting Dr. Holmes. He was good enough to wait upon me, also carried my trunk -- a small one, himself. He talked about my poem, and then informed me when, in the order of the exercises, it

would come. Went to Uncle John's, got dinner, got my head dressed, unpacked my dress for the evening. At eight fifteen drove to the Century building, fast filling with well dressed women. Was taken to the reception room, where those who were to take special part were assembled. Presently these formed a little double line and walked into the great hall. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Bryant and I brought up the rear, Bryant giving me his arm. We took our places on the small platform with three arm-chairs, which were taken by Bryant, Bancroft and myself, I being ordered to do so. I have given elsewhere a partial description of the exercises. Mr. Bryant, in his graceful reply to Bancroft, named me as "She who had written the most stirring lyric of the War." After ~~Mr. Emerson~~ ^{Mr. Emerson} I was announced. I stepped to the middle of the platform and read my poem. I was full of it, and read it well, I think, as everyone heard me, and the large room was crammed. The last two verses, not the best, were applauded. Boker, of Philadelphia, followed me, and Holmes followed him. This was, I believe, the greatest public honor of my life. I record it for my grandchildren.

The National Sailors' Fair, November, 1864. The Bosun's Whistle, of which J. W. H. was Editor in Chief, and on which she bestowed much labor. She makes no mention of it, but has pasted into the diary a note from the Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Fair, thanking her in the name of the Managing Committee for her "great industry and labor in editing the 'Bosun's Whistle'".

(No entry till ~~December~~ ^{December} Sunday, ~~January~~ 11th. Dreamed last night of Dearest Sammy. I thought that I held him in my arms and kissed him again and again, almost too much for his comfort. I thought he said to me in a low voice, "Mamma, General Barlow says the ~~wildest~~ things he can to me, but I never laugh at them." This was the unreason of sleep, for dear Sammy could not at his age have thought of said such a thing. Thought I saw Sammy's nurse in bed. Oh! my darling little boy, what shall I ever know more of you?

Levius fit patientia quid quid corrigere est nefas.

Copy of newspaper clipping describing the death of
Marion Ward, J. W. H.'s youngest brother:

"Among the visitations of the fever in N. Orleans we notice the decease of Marion Ward, youngest son of the late Samuel Ward of this city, and brother of Mr. Samuel Ward of Prime, Ward & Co.

It would seem truly in this case, that the old proverb--
"misfortunes come never alone"--is sadly verified.

Commercial disaster had just overtaken the house here--
and almost contemporaneously death in New Orleans had snatched
from care, and toil, and hope, and affection, and life, this
younger brother.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. on the 3d, he wrote, in accustomed
health to his brother. Before three o'clock of the next
morning he was a corpse.

Young, ingenious, warm-hearted and true--he has been
swept from the face of the earth in the twinkling of an eye.

By strangers honored and by strangers mourned--yet long
to be remembered by those with whom his boyhood was passed in
peace and love.--Courier."

Scrap pasted into the 1843 journal in hand writing more
like that of her brother Sam than anyone else:

"Your visit was like a bright ray of sunshine which, like
the daguerreotype, has engraved your sweet face upon all our
hearts -- with this difference, that our hearts are not metallic
and that the impression will therefore not be effaced.

Has Reeve had his first apoplectic yet?

The president of the U. S. lately passed through Boston,
in the course of a tour through the Northern States. Boston
was civil, but cold as a dog's nose. No huzzahs, no proces-
sions, no concourse of people welcomed to our walls the annexer
of Texas, the father of the Mexican war. The common people
staid in their shops, and scarce lifted their heads from their
work to see him go by. Some one afterwards asked him how he
liked his reception in Boston, he replied "very well, I had
expected brickbats." Yes, Mr. Polk, and deserved them, too."

Newspaper clipping, pasted into the 1843 journal:

"Dear Friends: I send you a few lines, suggested by the re-
marks of 'H.,' in the Christian Reflector, concerning the
'Prisoner's Friend.' If you think them worth publishing,
pray give them a place in your poet's corner. Respectfully, J.H.

And wilt thou chide the man who claims
That humble name, the prisoner's friend

Scraps pasted in blank leaves of J. W. H.'s partial journal for 1843. The actual journal is very brief, going only from June 28th to July 21st, and it is evident from the difference in the hand writing that these scraps are pasted in at various dates merely to preserve them. It was a habit of hers to make use of every scrap of blank paper.

"Do not fear to let me see thee
Soul-onshrined as thou art,
God said not that thou shouldst flee me,
But thine over anxious heart.

"Pluck for me a passing flower,
Breathe to me a gentle word;
I will ask no more, but bless thee
For the token seen or heard.

"Many a rosetree stands before thee,
Proud to show her conscious charms,
Spreads her luscious beauty o'er thee,
Clasps thee in her thorny arms.

"I am modest, I am mournful,
Thou mayst crush me 'neath thy feet,
I'll not even say; tread lightly,
Death itself from thee were sweet."

"Yes! I have humbled me before thy wrath,
And thou canst rail at me, & so rail on.
But know, thou canst paint me wholly vile.
My vices may lie deeper than thy virtues.
As far as love is holier than hate,
As resignation is than envy sweeter,
Purer contrition than self-righteousness,
So far, proud one, my virtues rival thine.
Then flout me as you will, take your small pleasure,
For narrow souls lack room to bury grudges."

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Ohide then the streams, which, taught of God,
O'er desert sands their freshness send.

Ohide then the earth, whose mother breast
Opes to receive her erring son;
Or the kind trees, whose falling leaves
Weep gently o'er the fallen one.

Ohide thou the sun and rain of heaven,
That bless the evil and the just,
But not the man whose pitying hand
Would raise a brother from the dust.

A thousand stars shine on thy way,
Shall none his dreary path illumine?
A thousand blossoms crown thy brow,
For him shall no pale flow'ret bloom?

A thousand friends are linked to thee,
They are thy blessing and thy boast;
O miser heart! to grudge a friend
To him who all things else has lost!

The man thy ruthless will condemns
Is of thy lineage and thy blood;
E'en with his weakness and his crimes
Thy heart claims perilous brotherhood.

That heart may be more dark than his,
E'en though thy hands be not so red;
The word of earthly Justice falls
Not always on the vilest head.

Think that a mother gave him birth,
A wife still names him in her prayers,
Children are orphaned by his fall,
God's image is the mark he bears.

Think of the fierce Humimdes,
That scourge him to remorse and shame;
Think of his narrow prison walls,
His ruined hopes, his blighted name.

Remember, too, that One to whom
Thy Pharisaic heart must bend,
The Saviour of our faith and love,
Our Jesus, was the sinner's friend."

Written in J. V. H.'s hand writing and pasted on blank leaf:

"Sweet spirit! shrined within my holiest thought,
Deep graven on my heart thy features lie
And often is the cherished tablet sought,
Consulted, and reluctantly thrown by.

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"Had we not met and loved, ere we had borne
The weary burthen of our mortal mould?
Else why am I to thee so strangely drawn
Else why so desolate when thou art cold?
Perhaps in some bright star thou wert my mate
That star has set, we met on earth too late.

And yet it seems to me, a time must come
When every morn shall find thee at my side;
When placidly, toward our celestial home
Together down life's stream our barks shall glide:
When my sad soul unfearingly may drink
Joy from the deep light of thy lustrous eyes,
Nor deem that joy a crime, nor start and shrink
Lest poison in those stolen glances lie.

And then, methinks, at the calm eventide,
Thou'lt bid me sing my sweetest song to thee
And every hope o'er which my heart has sighed
Shall mingle in one gushing melody,
Till in the raptures lay our souls shall blend
And borne on wings of song, to God ascend.

Wednesday, June 28th. Visited the model schools of Dublin in company with Mr. Macdonnell. There are three schools--the infants, the girl's, and the boys--number of the first--- of the second--- of the third---. Rooms large, clean, and well ventilated, teachers active, energetic, and apparently kind--the children a bright looking set, far more animated than those whom we had seen in schools of the same class in England. That is, in the various charity & public schools. The children pay one penny a week. The monitorial method of instruction used. Heard a class of boys read, and answer various questions, the system of combining instruction in grammar, geography, elementary geometry, etc. with the reading lesson, obtains here, as in England. The boys were very ready with their answers, and went through some complicated processes in arithmetic very quickly, without slates. Heard two of the infant class read. There is a nice paved yard for the little ones to play in, with poles, a see-saw, and a double inclined plane, for gymnastic exercises--the little things were very merry, and frisked about like monkeys. Heard the girls sing, and then the boys--each very well-- they are taught on the fingers, in the new method. It was through Morpeth's influence that the singing classes were established. The girls are taught many kinds of needle work--from knitting and plain sewing to embroidery and worsted work. We proceeded to Newgate, an old fashioned and ill-regulated prison, worse even than that of the same name in London--the prisoners left indiscriminately together, with no other separation than that of men from women. It is merely a house of detention, for those awaiting trial--but they are liable to be detained for some time--the women receive religious instruction--the Catholics from the sisters of charity--the Protestants from pious ladies of their own denomination. The fare consists of stira-bout, new milk, potatoes and buttermilk--in one yard were several lunatics--one had been there during a year--a very bad feature this of prisoners here, showing a sad neglect of these unhappy creatures. A woman was brought in while we were there, decently dressed--seemed utterly indifferent & hardened--one of the officials made some jests which we could not hear--she laughed. Went to the Grange More penitentiary--surprised to find it entirely under the charge of one woman. All the convicts of Dublin are sent here, sometimes to remain, sometimes to await transportation. The longest term of imprisonment here is two years--the shortest, twenty-four hours--the majority generally for a week. The inspectress complained of these short confinements, "what can we do towards reforming a woman in one week? She leaves the house irritated, hardened, and made desperate by the consciousness that she is branded with ineffaceable disgrace by having been in prison." There are eighteen classes of prisoners--each of which has its own matron and class-room. The women pass the day, each in her own cell--they meet in the class rooms from eleven to twelve, for instruction in reading and spelling, otherwise, they are entirely separated, with the exception of twenty employed in the laundry, six in the kitchen--and the sick ones in the hospital. Among these, conversation is strictly prohibited. Two rooms are fitted up for religious services--the one called church, for the Protestants, the other Chapel, for Catholics. The fare the same as in Newgate--no meat, and two meals a day. Earnings of the prison about \$600 per annum--the greater part make shirts for the military--washing is taken in--some embroider very prettily--those who

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prefer this to plain sewing are allowed to do it. They receive a third of their own earnings on leaving the prison-the rest is paid over to the grand Jury. Great pains is taken with those under sentence of transportation, to teach them things that will be useful to them in their new condition, and to teach them good habits. The women are not often refractory & when disobedient, they are kept on bread and water, when violent, ironed & confined in a dark room for a few hours. They seemed very quiet, were generally at work, some had very bad faces. No men are employed in the penitentiary-at night a sentinel keeps guards on the outside, in a position enabling him to hear and give the alarm in case anyone be suddenly ill in the night. The prison owes its existence to Mrs. Fry, Lord Morpeth and one or two others. The directress has eighteen female assistants, and seems a woman of energy and good feeling. In the evening went to see a miserable specimen of rope dancing, at the Portobello or Rotunda gardens-about 100 persons present-the danseuse a rawboned Irish-woman, neither young nor pretty, nor half as much at home on the rope as she would have been in one of her native jigs.

29th. Staid at home until 4 P. M. Saw Dr. MacDonald & Mr. Culson, at about 4 set out on our travels-posted to Mullingar, 38 miles from Dublin-arrived at about 11 o'clock, found a dirty tavern, poisoned with tobacco smoke, slept, breakfasted, walked a little about the village, saw the milk market, ie, two or three women mounted on carts, selling milk to a crowd below, with a good deal of chattering, and some quarrelling-posted to Edgeworthstown, sent a note to Miss Edgeworth, and walked about-visited the Protestant school of the parish-heard the boys and girls read, & the boys cipher-both decently. Returning to the tavern, found a very kind note from Miss Edgeworth, inviting us to come to her at once. We found her, in the midst of her family, in a pleasant old fashioned library, with alcoves, and windows looking out upon a lovely lawn. We entered the room, looking around us for the stately and dignified personage we had expected to find-a lively little person came up to us, and greeted us warmly and cordially. This was Miss Edgeworth. She wore a dress of plum coloured silk, with a belt & gold buckle-on her head was a white lace cap, neatly trimmed-beneath it were a few little old fashioned curls, under which, however, her own white hair was visible-we had heard that her mind had become much enfeebled by age-we were agreeably disappointed in finding her not only cheerful and in health, but sound, coherent, and full of interest in men and things. She talked long, and with much animation, to my husband-they discussed O'Connell-repeal, Irish politics, her own being moderately conservative-Dickens, his American notes, slavery, and various other subjects, while I conversed with a charming Spanish woman-the widow of the late English minister at Florence-Mrs. Robert John Tennant-a very picturesque figure, in her ~~innate~~ widow's cap and black dress-and looking, among her light complexioned friends, like a being from another world-she is the sister of Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, whose four little ones, the eldest scarce five yearsold, we saw. She seemed tenderly attached to her sister, and the children-she had none, herself, poor lady-had nothing but a little dog whom she called Mimi (pet) She gave me the name of her banker, Capt. Perkenham, and begged me to come & see her in Florence. Miss Edgeworth called mother the last of her father's four wives,

an old lady, but younger than herself, the mother of several children. Miss E. said to me what one says to little women in general, this was all my share, and I took it quietly. I am much accustomed to that noncommittal sort of conversation, in which one expresses neither thoughts nor feelings-I weary of it in my heart. She spoke of Laura Bridgeman & praised my husband-this gave me pleasure-after about two hour's conversation we went into luncheon-which was enlivened by many pleasant words- after luncheon Miss E. gave us some engravings, on one intended for my husband she wrote "from a lover of truth to a lover of truth" - we left with some regret, but bearing with us most agreeable remembrances. Posted to Athboy - slept - to Trim to breakfast-where we had a letter to Mrs. Butler, sister of Miss Edgeworth - her husband, the Episcopal minister of the place took us to the workhouse & prison, each good and well regulated - to the ruins of a celebrated castle, destroyed in Cromwell's time, & to his own house, where we had a nice luncheon, and returned to Dublin. Mrs. B. was a vivacious little person, with short, curly hair, & a fair skin. She is strikingly like her brother Francis. Dublin in the afternoon - a quiet evening, and to bed early.

Sunday - wrote letters in the morning - to St. Patrick's at 3 o'clock - heard a pretty good cathedral service, & indifferent sermon - at 7, dined with Mr. Blake, a pleasant widower, some 60 years of age - we were served at a small round table, at which, in addition to ourselves were Dr. Corigan (a charming person) Mr. Macdonell, & a young Catholic priest from St. Sulpice, nephew to Mr. Blake - Annie and I being the only ladies retired early to the drawing room where we had our coffee tete a tete - two Misses O'Connor, one of whom sang for us very beautifully. I have rarely heard a voice more sweet and flexible - her were beautifully distinct & clear - she had a fine natural shake, & the best of this was that she had had few advantages, and had principally taught herself.

Monday - day of the great repeal meeting at Donnybrook - bands of the repealers passed through the streets, with banners and music - went with Mrs. Steele & her daughters to lunch at Col. White's country residence, called Killakee - it was different difficult to get there, as no horses could be had on account of the meeting. The repealers stopped almost all the carmen, took out their horses, & compelled them to mount and go to Donnybrook. Found a pretty house, fine grounds, & hospitable hosts at Killakee - rooms well-furnished, some pretty statues - the lady of the house good looking and well-mannered - luncheon very nice, being, as usual, an early dinner. Drove in a pony-chaise through the grounds - saw Hothe in the distance - was glad to find the company of so good an order, as I had gone thither thinking of Mrs. O'Reffer-ty, in the Absentee. Returned home by half past eight - the Misses O'Connor, Messrs. Blake & Macdonnell came - we took tea round the table, and sang all the evening.

Tuesday - went to the repeal meeting at the corn exchange. It was held in a small room in the third or fourth story. "A shilling sir," said the man at the door to my husband - "What" replied he "do the ladies pay-" "not unless they'd like to become repealers." We passed up - the gentlemen went on the floor of the room - we went to the "ladies'" gallery, a close, confined place at one end - we were early, and had good seats, for a time at least - we separated, not anticipating the trouble we should have in finding each other again - for the ladies, comprising orange women, washer-women, and,

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This passage appears to have been cut out of a letter.
It is pasted on a blank leaf of J. W. H.'s Journal for 1843.

"Oh! do you know how beautiful that austere vision
of death looks to one quite bewildered with the perplex-
ities of life, how consoling, how soothing the thought
of that sleep of new creation. All the gifts of God are
good - were it not strange if he kept not the best for
the last?"

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This passage from a letter to her sister is pasted on a blank leaf of the journal for 1843, between two descriptions of travel. It is evidently of a later date.

My dear little Annie must not be vexed that her poor Dudie has not written. Dudie has not been well, and her natural insanities have returned upon her with more force than usual, so that she has been utterly sad, and disposed to silence. Yet I have often known worse times than this - that living death which I endured for a long time was far more horrible. Now, I have clear perceptions of many things, and am better reconciled with the spiritual world than I have been for a long time. It is strange how, in my days of serious thought and prayer, my fear of ghosts all disappears - this world of spirits is always around us, we live in the midst of it, but when we are living spiritually, the spirits are our friends, we are comforted, not tormented, by the thought of them - when we are living materially, we are at war with them, and shrink in terror from their power and their presence. I have been fitting up an oratory, where I pass some happy moments. In it are my Prie Dieu & crucifix, my engravings of the Madonna di Fuligno, the sposalizio, the transfiguration, and something else - my old chairs, my little couch, and an étagère with my statuettes, complete the furniture of the room *****

January 5th. Bought this diary. Paid two-fifty for the same.*****
Visited with Mary Dorr, Mrs. William Appleton, W. Skinner, two Mrs. Cushings, Boit, Hubbard, John Sturgis, H.M. Sargent, O. Goodwin, Jos. Quincy, Bowditch, Dresel, Ritchie, Mrs. Gordon Dexter.

January 6th. Waited on the Gov. and lady at the State House, at 11 a.m., this being the day of his inauguration. Heard the best inaugural address yet delivered by the Governor. Sat between Mary Parkman and Emma Rogers. The governor said auspicate. Query, whether auspicate would not be better or a plain Saxon word best. Paid sixteen dollars for Harry's new boots, Laura ill. The governor less diffuse than usual, therefore clearer and more forcible. Spoke with Horace Sargent who had much to say of his brother, recently dead, my distant relative. On first seeing him I forgot about his recent loss and began to jest a little about his lameness, which I afterward felt to have been inappropriate.

January 7th. Louis A. Surette of Concord, Mass., came to invite me to read a paper before the Concord Lyceum on Wednesday evening next. I am to send him word tomorrow.

January 8th. To church, much divided in mind about Concord. Conclude to go unless Chev should make it absolutely impossible, - which I do not anticipate.

January 9th. Went to talk with Father Lethrop about Concord. He thought the fact of the Lyceum made a difference between such a matter and my former readings. I concluded not to go. His talk with me was kind, liberal, and sensible. He advised me to read my new essays this winter at my own house, and I decided to do so.

A morning visit received in study hours is a sickness from which the day does not recover. I can neither afford to be idle, nor to have friends who are so. Kant says that in the mathematical processes, the Definition is the first term and comes before the conception of the thing, in philosophy, the conception comes first, and Definition is the last step, or close of the explanation.

January 10th. Saw the Hunts about my charade for Mary Dorr, in which they cannot help me. Saw Fanny MacGregor who can and will. Alger came and asked me to contribute a short article to the Christian Examiner.

Kant says that after we have given up the point of knowledge in touching the existence of God and our own immortality, we may still retain ground for a firm belief in these things. An useful distinction.

January 11th. Man is impelled by inward force, regulated by outward circumstances. He is inspired from within, moralized from without. For no subjective view or impulse can be considered as moral until it has suffered an adjustment with outward and practical matters. To illustrate this partially: a man may be devout in himself, but he can be moral only in his relations with other men.

Kant says that the cause of sincere faith, or at least what he calls the good cause, is oftener found to have sincere enemies than sincere defenders.*****

January 13th. Early to Mary Dorr's, to consult about the charade. Read Kant and wrote as usual. Spent the p.m. in getting up my costumes for the Charade. The word was au-ther-ship. The first syllable was Awe: Jerry Abbott appearing as my scholar, and I giving him a lesson on the moral sentiments: the second was Thaw, in which a runaway couple, about to elope in a sleigh, are stopped by the god Thor, who does away with the ice, and prevents their escape. Flossy, as Frizzle the maid, did well. Ship was represented by a Secesh couple in Paris dependent on the success of blockade running; and Authorship was expressed as my appearance as a great composer, Jerry Abbott performing my Oratorio - a very comical thing indeed. The whole was a success.

January 14th. Met Helen Bell who spoke of the pleasure her brother had latterly had in reading over one of my old Tribune letters. I instantly thought of my former intention of publishing a volume of these letters.

It is more important for us to govern ourselves by the knowledge we have, than to seek to amass knowledge and neglect discipline.

In the ideal, aim and result are one.

January 15th. Went to sit with Emma Cushman, whose baby has been very ill. Found him much better, and her beginning to brighten. In the p.m. copied some of my little poems written after Sammay's death in to the book in which I intend to preserve them. This is always a painful labor. Received a note advising me that the Concord people wish me to read for them this week.

Walked with Harry at sunset. Edward Everett died today. In the evening came Herman Warner, Charles Inches Jr., and Joseph Howe.****

January 16th. He who is not able to command himself, cannot command anyone else. I allude to moral command, which is the only one in which intelligent beings can acquiesce. He who supplies force only must yield precedence to him who gives direction. The rarest men and women give the two, adding to the guidance of their wisdom the personal stimulus of their sympathy and magnetic power.

The three elements of movement are force, impulsion and direction. Of these, force is directly generated by the overcoming of the vis inertiae or of legitimate resistance of the statu quo. Impulsion and direction are in the ideal cause or necessity by whose prevalence the vis inertiae is overcome.

The progress from Despotism to Popular sovereignty is but another illustration of my proposition, - that a phenomenon and its opposite are only different stages of one agency. The privative process by which the many wills submit to the one supposed superior goes on by a natural progress to the opposite consummation in which the wills of the many reassert their power and prerogative. It still remains true that the many, in the first instance, were utterly unable to administer the governing function which they resigned into the hands of the one. This was their voluntary homage to the Ideal Unity on which the world's economy hangs. However mistaken they might be in the person of its representative, they were not mistaken as to its unity. But hark ye. The many cannot govern until they make personal and special recognition of that unity. It is the ideal that governs, whether in the person of one or of many. For the mere personal will ruling in the person of one, becomes the tyranny that men dethrone: - in the person of many, the anarchy that destroys society. We must remember that even in a popular sovereignty, all cannot govern. The minority must submit.

January 17th. Went to Mrs. C. L. Thayer's party. Kant calls the volition generated by instinct, arbitrium brutum, that generated by reason, he calls arbitrium liberum, an useful practical distinction. He holds that the three great questions of pure philosophy, viz. the freedom of the will, the existence of God and the fact of a future life, have little speculative importance. The solution of them which we desire is really for practical ends, as for morality and happiness.

I became convinced a year ago that the objective assurance of these three points was of small importance in the labour of thought and its methods. In the work of our life we can only say that these three hypothetical facts represent a direction and embody a set of agencies which we find to be most helpful.

January 18th. Kant insists upon the practical moral importance of our belief in the existence of God because we cannot understand or admit the inevitability of moral results without the idea of a first cause, in virtue of which morality brings sociality, dignity and happiness. I call this the supreme of causation or the primary ideal necessity. It is that which we worship under the name of God and certainly represents a divine unity of result from which one infers a divine unity of end or aim. The necessity of belief in a future life he deduces from the insuperable union between the idea of happiness and that of moral desert. We feel that we belong to a moral as well as to a material world.

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Now our happiness in the one world is consequent upon our desert in the other; consequently, we are obliged to consider the moral world as future since its rewards and penalties are for us a result.

January 19th. Everett's funeral. I wrote some lines upon him, which I may or may not print, they would offend many, and might please some. I think them just and called for. I would gladly have written only in praise of him, but this, from my standpoint, was impossible.

Those who understand the unity in moral results will argue from this a corresponding unity in moral causes, for it will be safe to say that as the result is, the cause is. The rise in the sequence of pleasures from material to moral, nowhere allows the chain to be interrupted and the condition of the pleasurable set aside.

January 20th. In the empirical chain of causation the sequence is reversible; the man produces the child, the child the man, the question of precedence is simply one of time. In the ideal chain of causation the sequence can never be reversed; crime involves misfortune and despair, misfortune and despair are not adequate causes of crime. The divine creates or generates the human, the human cannot in this sense generate the divine. Man does indeed create for himself a God and this God, contingent upon the accident of his own personality, is included in the empirical chain of phenomena and suffers change, loss and gain, and sometimes extinction; but the true or absolute Godhead never changes its plan. Its necessity always antedates our being. Being at once beginning and end, the source of inspiration and subject of aspiration. Its two-fold ideal makes with our real the three tenses of time. It is the Alpha and Omega, and we are the links between. In nearly all materialistic reasoning, the ideal is confounded with the empirical causation.

January 21st. I read last evening the first half of my essay on Polarity, with many omissions, to our new club. The attendance was not numerous. Professor Rogers took me up sharply (not in temper) on my first statement and definition of Polarity. I suffered in this, but was bound to take it in good part. A thoroughbred dog can bear to be lifted by the ear without squealing. Endurance is a test of breeding. When allowed to proceed to the more vital parts of the essay, the professor heard me with approbation and interest, and concluded, I believe, that my intention and method justified my first statement, although my use of the word Polarity was not that recognized by physical science. I still believe that my Polarity represents a force indispensable to my theory and that the professor's partial understanding of my idea caused his dissent. I thought the process instructive to me. It showed how far I was intelligible without father explanation, how far not. Hon. A. Herbert came late.

January 22nd. I am to dine with Mrs. N. Thayer on Wednesday next at 6 p.m. The spirit of Mr. Clarke's sermon today, on the glory of the terrestrial and the glory of the celestial, was delightful. He had much to say of Mr. Everett whose successes in oratory and consequent honours belonged to the glory of the terrestrial, his later conversion to the northern interest, to the glory of the celestial. I could not sympathize in this. I believe Mr. Everett's conversion to have been one of pure intellectual inevitability. Events so clearly demonstrated that two and two did not make five that it became impossible for him to insist that they did. I saw no trace of this Christian quickening in my intercourse with him touching the editorship of the Boatwain's Whistle. In this, I found him hard, illiberal, and bitter. Wrote for Alger in the afternoon, in the evening came the Governor, Charles Allen, W. Parks, and Carroll.

In the third part of Kant's transcendental Methoden Lehre, pp. 641 & 2, I find that statement which I have often heard E. P. Whipple attribute to Hegel, viz. that a true work of art, or philosophy, is measured and limited like an

organism. It is membered, not heaped together. It grows by inward power, not by outward addition. I think the whole universe to be such a work and to have grown so. The divine originating vigor being in the first act of creation and in each successive link or steps.

Mistakes in the order and sequence of causes, natural and ideal, are frequent and inevitable in early stages of culture. The truth that Man sees is the relation between two phenomena, but which is cause and which effect cannot be determined without the aid of a third element, namely experience, which will in some cases be logical, in others empirical or you might say observational. The false order necessitates a series of falsities for its support, in justification, and it is only after the maximum of these falsities has been attained and the coherence of thought utterly violated, that the true order is hit upon and initiated, vide, the Copernican system.

January 23rd. It is always legitimate to wish to rise above oneself, never above others. In this, however, as in other things, we must remember the maxim, natura non facit per saltum. All true rising must be gradual and laborious, - in such wise that the man of tomorrow shall look down almost imperceptibly upon the man of today. All sudden elevations are either imaginary or factitious. If you had not a kingly mind before your coronation, no crown will make a king of you. The true king is somewhere, starving or hiding very like. For the true value which the counterfeit represents exists somewhere. The world has much dodging about to produce the real value and escape the false one.

January 24th. Very weary from keeping awake for Flossy last night. She let herself in so quietly that I did not hear her, so I woke myself up at short intervals, until at last I got up and found her in her room. Mr. Herbert dined with us, also Governor Andrew, F. B. Sanborn, and Isaac Newton, a friendly dinner with pleasant talk. But I missed Marie's tasteful cookery which used to make my poverty aesthetical. Mr. Newton observed that Miss Homer's Zenobia, as to the figure and drapery, reminded him strongly of the Minerva in the Vatican. I at once felt this to be true, from my own recollection of that statue. This confirms my opinion that Miss H. has no genius and will never add anything to the history of art.

January 25th. Circular movement seems to me to be the only possible one which can be maintained for an indefinite length of time, in a limited space, which we must believe the universe to be. I do not mean by this a perfect circle, but a revolution around a fixed point or pole. The nearer this revolution approaches to the circle, the more compatible will be the revolutions of the greatest number of bodies that such a space could contain. The same obtains in society. Here all would be shock, impediment, and ultimate chaos but for the fine bonds of sympathy and diversity by which individuals become polarized, either as circumference or centre. In this way do the journeys of our various lives become compatible.

Dined at Mrs. Thayer's, a state dinner much too fine for me and my simple dress, which I consider noble in that I wore it at the Bryant festivity.

January 26th. Chey sick; rang us all up about 6 o'clock. I felt very cross, but tried to preach to myself out of my own doctrine, a thing as hard as for a physician to take his own medicine. Chey is really unwell and will need care. The moral distances which men are able to institute, form a very remarkable feature of society. They are important to each of us, for the preservation of personal and individual right. Reserve is an important item in all virtue. In a country so over-populated as England these ideal distances, which rank embodies, are probably indispensable to the working of the social machine and to the attainment of the human variety necessary to fill the unity. The same thing may have been the latent promoter of caste in India and in China. We must remember that in the government of the majority, you and I do not function as yourself and myself, i.e. in any personality, but as units in a sum on the positive or negative side. Hence the mistake of those who expect to find the greatest development of individuality in America. They do find energy resulting from the dynamic (word

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January 27th. Wrote part of my article for Christian Examiner. Kept Chev company as much as I could, his room being overheated and very exhausting to me. Read Kant and Livy as usual. At six p.m. dined with the Hunts. T.C. Appleton, H. Wilde, and the Thaxters composed the company. The dinner was very friendly and pleasant and at the end of the evening W. Hunt and I had some sincere talk about Miss Hosmer's statue of Zenobia, which I call second-rate, and which he says is not so good as peck and beans, and about Mr. Everett and the immense amount of public lying about him. My head had ached intensely all day, but as usual the excitement of company took the pain away.

January 28th. Sugar for kitchen table, four pounds at 28 cents.

January 29th. It occurred to me last night that the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free is most truly our emancipation from the tyranny and finality of the animal organism, while the instinct of this reigns supreme in our lives we are subject to constant suffering from the extravagance and unreason of our desires and the impossibility of ever satisfying them. For the ideal power that is in us and that partially identifies itself with our natural desires is not satisfied in their satisfactions, but demands a constant augmentation of means to answer its constant postponement of end. Nature does not supply these means. True Christian doctrine releases this ideal power from the dominion of the real, ever more and more, and thus endows us with the freedom to follow ideal ends, the only ones in which our whole nature can find satisfaction and rest.

Heard Mr. Clarke in the morning. In the p.m. finished article for the Christian Examiner, just before Alger came to claim it. He told me of the proposed Unitarian convention in New York. I instantly thought whether any one of my three lectures on religion might in any way come into such a matter. This thought might seem insane to some, practically it might prove impossible to carry out. Furnace fire went out by Ellen's fault. Key of my preserve closet lost, house cold. An uncomfortable evening. H. Wilde, Abbott, and Mrs. Romans came to consult about charades. Mr. Silsbee (Edward) came and complained of the superciliousness of Boston literary men. Poor man, the reason why they shun him would be clearer to others than to him. His immoderate talking is reason enough.

January 30th. Walked, read Kant and Livy as usual. Copied some of my fragments into my commonplace book. In the p.m. rehearsed one of the charades for Friday next with H. Wilde and Mrs. Romans. I shall write something, I think, upon the Ideal of Causation.

January 31st. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that I wrote my essays on Polarity, Limitations, and those that follow, without a previous reading of Kant's Kritik des reinen Vernunft. Kant's work settles many important questions as to modes of thought and methods of reasoning, and is, I should think, indispensable to all scientific education, whether its final end be physics or metaphysics. I may be able to correct my views somewhat by the light of his, but the plan of my little work being more cordial, practical, and sympathetic, may give it access to those whom Kant's laborious statements would not reach.

February 1st. I read the latter half of my essay on Polarity to our new club at Charlotte Whipple's. Those who had heard the first half of course understood it best. H. James, Benj. Pierce and J. F. Clarke had not heard the first part. James professed not to understand my drift. Pierce and Clarke were interested in my statements, yet it seemed to me that Alger alone felt the value and meaning of the paper as I feel them. The young men also, Roberts and Walker, seemed interested. James started the subject of Perfection, and as usual, did his utmost to impart the confusion of his own mind to the discussion. Could not work hard today, so copied a little poem, Two Moments, into my Book of Sammy. This always seems like putting a knife into my heart. Dearest Sammy!

February 2nd. Did but little work; went to the Assembly in the evening, stayed till 1:15, much fatigued. 74

February 3rd. Had to work all day to get up costume for the charades. These were very successful. The words were periodical and knighthood. For the first syllable of the last word I gave the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth, Mrs. Homans and H. Wilde personating the nurse and doctor. This was much applauded. I did my best. For knighthood we had a tournament in which William Hunt and H. Wilde were the combatants. Mrs. Homans the queen of love and beauty, and Jerry Abbott the herald. This was done with real comic talent and gave great satisfaction.

Lady Macbeth night gown six dollars.

February 4th. Very weary and aching a little. I must keep out of these tomfooleries, though they have their use. They are much better than some other social entertainments, as after all they present some aesthetic points of interest. They are better than scandal, gluttony or wild dancing, but the artists and I have still better things to do.

Kant says that the unities of our reasonings and perceptions which we call syntheses, would be impossible without our primal unity of consciousness, which he calls a priori.

February 5th. All things work together for good to them that love God. This text like all the promises of the New Testament is usually interpreted as significant of some direct interference of the divine in behalf of those who succeed in propitiating Him. The true meaning is that by loving God you put yourself in a position in which the events and experiences of life will help you towards the supreme aim of your desires and endeavors. The goods that this love will bring you will not be such as you would specially desire if your affections were fixed on transient objects, although a moderate share of outward comfort usually responds to a conscientious life, but if you love God, your thoughts and affections will be set to a heavenly tune and the momentary discords of life will be solved and absorbed in the eternal harmonies.

God's forgiveness of sin is in our day a phrase of very remote meaning. Christ always says, thy sins are forgiven thee. He never, I think, represents the divine as experiencing anger. Good and evil being facts of direction and power, our sins are forgiven when our effort at amendment more than compensates our previous effort in a contrary direction. Our temporary deficiency is then made up and we have beside an excess of impetus in the direction of the good and true which will carry us on in a course in which the true spirit of society and the true needs of nature will help us. In this we cannot indeed persevere without effort, nor can we come into this direction without an effort at the outset which shall more than compensate our previous distance from the true way. Hence the greater difficulty of delayed amendment. The distance between you and the right constantly augmenting, the effort necessary to overcome that distance becomes constantly greater. Should ~~xxx~~ like to write more fully about the superiority of the dynamic over the miraculous view of religion, - both inward and outward. Heard Clarke today as usual.

February 6th. Cheer not well. Read Kant with less interest than usual. Felt discouraged about my writings. If I could give them my voice I could bring them nearer to those whom I wish to reach. The difficulties in the way of this seem almost insurmountable.

February 7th. Wish to write about the Ideal of Causation, but am almost afraid to undertake another long treatise with so much matter of the same sort on hand and so small a prospect of being able to put it to the use I so greatly desire, that of viva voce instruction.

February 8th. Called last evening on George B. Emerson, to consult him a little about ~~my~~ lectures. He expressed much interest in my subjects and thought my point of view a new one. He advised me to take the Melanion and invite hearers. He thought I might do good. Woodman came last evening. I have been writing on

Ideal of Causation, which I began yesterday. It is a great subject, but I am not sanguine about my success in treating it.

February 9th. I wrote and worked as usual and in the evening went out to J. F. Clarke's to meet the 'society', which out of the sacred limits is as incongruous an assembly as that in Noah's Ark. Passed a pleasant evening, but sympathy in what I wish to do would be society to me now, and I neither find it nor do wish to seek it.

February 10th. The Hunts, Derrs and H. Wildo are coming to dine. I at work on Ideal of Causation.

Much fatigued with various small errands for the dinner, etc.

The occasion was quiet but friendly, the dinner good. The wine cost three dollars, to my regret.

February 11th. Much tormented by interruptions. Could not get five quiet minutes at a time. Everybody torments me with every smallest errand, and I am trying to study philosophy!

February 12th. Bitter cold and snow. A dear sermon from James Freeman. A refreshing unity of thought and feeling in the services. Kant says that the object of all metaphysical investigation is comprised in the three ideas: God, Freedom, and Immortality. This may be so, but the practical objects of thought are the reality of what we experience, the justice of what we do, the substantiality of that for which we hope.

February 13th. Every individual existence is but the perseverance of reasons and forces which the individual is unable to originate, and if one individual is unable to originate his own existence, all individuals, considered in sum or in succession, are unable to originate it, since what is wanting in the individual is also wanting in the race. The cause of human life, therefore, exists elsewhere than in itself, viz. in the idea and absolute cause of all. What the individual does originate is the influence of his personality. Whether he aims at the ideal best or at the illusion of the contingent best: whether he helps to exhaust the sequence of the false order or to build up the sequence of the true, he yet becomes the centre of a certain moral sphere whose extent and perseverance is measured by its value.

February 14th. Dried peaches, one pound fifty cents. Club at Dresel's last evening. Flossy went with me. The entertainment was music. Dresel's playing seemed too loud for the size of the room. His wife looked charmingly.

What Christ says of the eternity of punishment seems to me, in the light of the present day, to apply to the eternity of moral causes and their manifestation. The moment a man gives way to a malignant or sensual passion, he is in hell, where so long as he continues the worm does not die and the fire is not quenched. So long as the offense perseveres, the torment perseveres. But when he turns from the one, he escapes the other.

February 15th. Loss of human value. Unity of result, so far as our methods of thought can be taken as criteria of truth, marks unity of cause. I do not know that there is any a priori evidence of the ideal antecedence of morals which compares with this. The moral law, like the laws which we call natural for the sake of distinction, is omnipresent and eternal. Time and space make no difference in it. The different standards of morality apparent in different countries, periods, and individuals, mark different degrees, not kinds of moralization. The direction of the latter is always in one way. Social aberrations and reactions have their dynamic causes and justification, but the moral requirement, once contemplated, always says the same thing: it never contradicts itself.

Laugel called. I went with Mary Rorr to see Helen Bell, Mrs. Lafarge and Mrs. John Bancroft.

Where man is God is.

February 16th. From what I have been lately writing, about ideal cause
its consequence, ideal value, it should follow that the equality recognized
in religion is not a conceded or conceded one. It is simply a recognition of
a partial and relative character of all human valuation, a recognition also of
standard lying beyond our judgment and experience whose supreme decisions may
reverse ours. The imperfection of all before that standard institutes a negative
quality before it. All having sinned and come short of the glory of God. Hence it
never just for us to compare ourselves with others, unless we are at the same
time mindful to compare ourselves with the absolute standard in the abstract and
with its reflected ideal in our own practical consciousness. The Pharisee ~~XXXXXXXX~~
his prayer compared himself with another man. The publican compared himself at
once with the ideal standard. Hence the utterance of the one was prayer, of the
other self-glorification. The worldly and vulgar-minded always esteem themselves
before God.

February 19th. Discouraged and feeling what I call spleen, which is a
want of interest in life and of positive hope. Thought of a series of state's
crisis sermons which I should like to write and to deliver. I will do this, D.V.,
when I have finished my work on Ideal Causation.

February 21st. An interrupted morning. A good talk with Rev. J. H. Allen.
It is only by recognizing the unity of cause that we can contemplate unity of result.

February 23rd. Badly tired with errands. Mary Dorr took me to the Roads'
reception so early that we found few people and enjoyed little. Had a little talk
with Helen Bell and L. Hunt. Wrote a little in the p.m. At night should have gone
to meet Helen at Mrs. Dorr's but was ill with severe headache and general misery
and had to go to bed.

February 26th. Very rainy in the morning. Had a carriage for church.
Heard James Freeman. Worked a good deal on Ideal Causation. A severe headache.
The Millers to tea; party of about thirty in the evening, very pleasant and
cheerful.

February 27th. Julia's flowers three dollars. Is man a machine? If so,
what moves him? Vital force. What directs that? The absolute, which in man acts
by conscious reason, in brutes by sensitive instinct, in inorganic nature by
direct law. Many men get little beyond automatic action and instinct. Those who
do, in proportion as they do, are conscious of the absolute force which their
moral power derives.

Two things which are equal to a third are equal to each other. There-
fore the agreement of judgments in one object is an evidence of truth.

February 28th. At 2-15 p.m. today I finished my essay on the Ideal of
Causation. Read Livy in the p.m. Saw Charlotte Whipple; went with her and E. P.
to Agassiz's lecture; thence to Miss Chapman's to meet the Laugels, a pleasant
occasion, but it gives me real regret to part with M. Laugel. Having finished
my essay I shall give a little time to correspondence and business. The essay
is all I can make it at present,

The instinctive, immediate perception of ideal truths is sufficient
for the lives of the multitude of men. Criticism helps much to raise and widen
the sphere, even of this immediate perception, but Criticism has obligations which
the religious instinct has not, - it is bound to correct and administer the ma-
chinery of thought. Its labor is therefore unending. No excess, deficiency or
aberration must escape its pitiless notice. It corrects the aberrations of instinct
and the illusions of experience. The natural genius of mankind conceives the
the plan of social and mental fabrics; criticism sees the plan carried out.

March 1st. At 1 p.m. received a farewell visit from M. Langel, a truly interesting and delightful person. I feel today the blank and reaction which follow the pressure and anxiety of the composition of one of my present ~~xxxxx~~ essays. I still see much to do before me, - a paper on the Causal Identity of Opposite Phenomena, one on Discipline and Culture, and the discourses of which I thought on the 19th ult. All of this I should be glad to accomplish, but am now intending to take some steps to get a hearing for what I have written since finishing the six essays I read last winter. Paid Mary Hamilton a visit today. Spoke with her of reading in New York. She advised me to make arrangements to do so at once.

March 2nd. Heard today the sad news of Sadie Turner's death. She was a charming child, about as old, I think, as my Julia, and the joy and comfort of the whole family. I answered her poor father's letter at once. This is a sorrow in which friends must give what little comfort they can. It is so little, but it helps somewhat. Heard also of the birth of Louisa Hunt's third daughter. Her safety is good news.

The complexity of human operations as indispensable adjunct to the simplicity of divine ideas is a subject illustrated by much that I have written in the past year, but it perhaps deserves special treatment in an essay by itself. Few of us consider the wide and laborious significance of the simplest formulas we employ. "I love you" opens out a long vista of labour and endeavor; otherwise it means, "I love myself and need you". The processes of life and thought and of all human business and government are highly complex. The ideas they represent are not the less simple. Hence ideologues constantly overlook the means necessary to carry out ends on whose usefulness all mankind would agree, but their coöperation in which is a matter of delicate and difficult dynamic.

March 3rd. Went to Mrs. Wadsworth's last evening, also to the Assembly. At the first place saw Lily Motley who seems very intelligent and pleasing. I have had a fluttering at my heart this winter which sometimes seems to me a serious symptom of disorder. I wish to write on Values, on the Complexity of Thought and Life, and the superiority of a Religion of Influence over a Religion of Authority. I fear however to make repetitions of things I have already said in the essays I have already written. These I must now carefully review.

The way of conquest seems to me on the whole to go from the north southward, not vice versa. The Romans conquered their southern neighbors and the Carthaginians. They never conquered the Germans. They only put them to school and taught them to conquer in their turn. Nor did they really conquer the Britons.

March 4th. Played all last evening for Laura's company to dance. My heart flutters today. It is a ~~xxxxxxx~~ feeling unknown to me until lately.

The brain not only thinks but acts, strikes, works, walks, even digests, since all of these functions depend primarily upon it. A man may lose his human powers, have only the brain of an animal and the life of an animal, this is a subtraction. But let that animal brain become hopelessly diseased, the body follows, and the whole soon perishes.

March 5th. To church as usual. Mr. Clarke's sermon had in it more of philosophy than of religion. A philosophy, however, not perfectly made out. I became more and more convinced that we need from the pulpit the immediateness of moral inspiration, not the circuitous windings of metaphysics.

Values govern the world. Moral values are always greatest, and always rule all others, though their attitude is sometimes positive, sometimes negative; now the power of doing, now that of suffering. In both forms, however, they rule. I wrote the other day that two things can only be fully compared with each other by being compared with a third. The minds in which this thing is absent are always arbitrary, short-sighted, and illogical. They show a levity of judgment which he who possesses the standard can never show.

Values. Why does the congregation listen to the preacher? Because the value of his instruction is worth their attention. The value of the result of his

Instruction is compound and belongs to him and to them. Ideal Cause, Ideal End or Aim, real means, real result. These four terms seem to me to be present in all that comes under our knowledge. The power is in the ideal cause, the value in the ideal result. The means represent the two. What we call result is not result, - has not finality in it, being but a later link in the phenomenal sequence. The ideal result has always a presence, a very partial one in our consciousness. To the ideal cause, however, the ideal result is entirely apparent. Absolute value is only in the ideal. The values of my teaching and of your learning are only correlative and cannot be compared. I know not which is most important that I should lead or you follow, general or army, priest or congregation, monarch or nation. The result after which both strive is an ideal one, never fully attained. With this ideal result the real may be compared. The relative importance of the two ~~xxxxxx~~ factors of the result cannot be compared or determined. Finished copying poems on dear Sunny. Added one.

March 6th. Head and eyes bad with neuralgia. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that as I get on with my studies the insufficiency of my past work appears to me. The essays beginning with the one on Polarity may still stand. I shall not surpass them. But the three on Religion must, I fear, be remodelled. The six first are what they pretend to be, merely practical illustrations of ethical subjects.

I see today that the divine is as much static as dynamic. The perfection of the absolute cause implies perfection in the absolute result;+ and a consequent apparent imperfection in the parts of that result. The imperfection we perceive is that of our time and place. Our conviction of the harmony of the world grows ever with our knowledge of it.

March 7th. My eyes still feel the effects of yesterday's pain. I never felt the spring weather so keenly as in these days of March. **** I read over two of my essays on Religion yesterday and found them better than I feared they might be. The first and third may stand with little alteration. The middle one needs some additions.

The bond of sympathy is finer and stronger than that of interest. The third point which unites the two being more remote, gives a wider circle of action and liberty.

March 8th. Spent a good deal of time in arranging a charade for M.G. Dorr's party this evening. As it was desired that I should repeat my Lady Macbeth we settled upon nightshade. Night was the sleep walking, shade the scene from Shakespeare's J. Caesar in which the ghost appears to Brutus. Nightshade was the poisoning from Lucretia Borgia which we did in pantomime. Wilde, J. Abbott and I, Dresel supplying the music. It was very funny.****

March 9th. Studied as usual. Wrote to E. Lyulph Stanley. Received a sonnet from M. Laugel on the eve of departure, very graceful, not personal to me, except in the mention of the book I sent him. Dined with Carrie Tappan, Mrs. Hemans being the only company. Very pleasant, but I was not well, nor in spirits.

March 10th. Studied, wrote nothing, but copied three poems into my new book. Consulted Dr. Clark on various symptoms. In the afternoon saw Mr. Fitz who brought an invitation from the (Parker) Fraternity to read a paper for them at their usual Friday meeting. I promised to do so. I am resting in these days and have determined to write no more essays until I shall have made some use of those already written. This with a view to understanding their real value. I have now been too long in my study. I must break out into real life and learn some more of its lessons. I am intending to read in New York next month, after that in Boston. I think I shall try to read my new course in Washington before I print it.

March 11th. Sat to Black for the photograph desired for the Century Club. H. Wilde gave his assistance. It promises to be a good one and is to be retouched and engraved. Received an invitation from a literary society of Tufts College, to deliver a poem at their anniversary, the day before Commencement. This anniversary would be July 11th. I should like to do this but feel quite uncertain about undertaking it.

March 12th. Julia's birthday, twenty-one years old, and almost a stranger to me. The moral distances of which I wrote some weeks ago prevail in these relations and have no doubt their value. I suffered much when this child was born, suffered in utter ignorance of pain and how to endure it. I would suffer a thousand times more to know that this child is to lead a good and happy life, to know that the life I gave was a boon, not a bane. I think that she will do well. She does not know her own value. I did not know mine at her age, nor for many years later. Such values are of course contingent ones. They depend upon the use we conclude to make of such powers as we have. She is not teachable; will experience good and ill for herself, and take her knowledge of life at first hand. I cannot reproach her with this, as I have done so myself. Whether it is the best way, God knows. I do not, but it seems inevitable for certain characters and certain combinations.

I stayed from church today to take care of Maud who is quite unwell. This is a sacrifice, although I am bound and glad to make it, but I shall miss the church all the week.

One way in which religion advances the participation of the world is by substituting the bond of sympathy for the bond of interest. True association for selfish combination, the value of the church as a neutral ground where all lay aside their differences and hostilities, to unite in rendering homage to the Supreme in thought and inspiration, can never be exaggerated.

March 13th. Read second part of my essay on Limitations last evening to our little club. This part is mostly didactic, containing the moral application of the doctrine. I feared it might be tedious to Mr. Clarke, who indeed did not seem to me to take my meaning. He objected to our acquiescing in limitations. We do not acquiesce in them, but their coercion supplies the necessary element of resistance whose increase, up to a certain point, multiplies the efficiency of our force. Of course limitations do not create force, because secondary conditions can never generate primary ones. But the force being there, they inhibit it from wasting itself in discursive action and compel it to the onward course. Morals are the greatest of present limitations, restricting us to our closest category of right and wrong. The law shuts us in on either side, but the gospel opens the way of endless hope, so that our greatest liberty is consequent upon our most stringent restrictions. In spite of all compliments, I felt rather like a bore when the reading was over. Maud sick all day. Dr. Clark.

March 14th. Maud became so much worse yesterday that all pursuits had to be given up in the care of her. After beginning the homeopathic medicines, she was attacked with agonizing nausea from which she suffered at least eight hours, continual vomiting of bile, her poor little stomach being empty of everything else. We finally discontinued all medicine and gave arrow root with a teaspoonful of brandy to a cup. We gave her a teaspoonful of this at long intervals, accompanied by long continued friction with the hand. Two remedies gave relief. Oh, my dear Sunny, could I have seen you relieved in this way.

The question is, have we Americans in our social organization got beyond the savage or merely natural plane of every man for himself? The masses certainly have not, not even the numerical majority in New England. Republican Virtue must save us, republican institutions cannot. The institution is the work of the virtue and tends to preserve it, but cannot create it, hence the failure in France.

March 15th.**** True religion is the revealing rather than the revealed. Upon this I could hang an argument of some length.

To concert in the evening with C. T. Howe and my girls, to hear the Russian lady violoncellist and Wehli, the pianist, whose playing is remarkable. The lady plays but poorly. Miss Harris sang charmingly.

March 16th. The inward law, the outward conditions and the individual instance in which the two are combined form the elements of the unity of Being.

The old forms of religion worship the Divine, whether in singularity or in plurality, rather as the law breaker than as the law maker, - the Payer and propitiation sought being a direct intervention against the otherwise inevitable order of nature. So we today recognize the ideal source of all law as conferring its greatest benefaction by its being.

To Cambridge with Chev and Julia, to visit Longfellow and Agassiz, neither of whom was at home. We did find Mrs. R. H. Dana. In the evening to the Assembly where I had a good long talk with Edward Cabet.

March 17th.***** I read over my essay several times and made some slight alterations. Walked and read much as usual. At 7:30 Moulton arrived with the carriage and I sprang into it, lecture in hand. Chev looked much troubled, and this troubled me, but I could not help it. I found the hall pleasant, my audience very attentive. When I came to read the lecture I felt it had a value. Messrs. Calthrop and Slack congratulated me very kindly on my lecture. I was glad but very weary. To the Club afterwards where I had some gay talk. My lungs, however, somewhat feeling the effort.

March 18th. Chev to Newport with Julia.***** Morions reminiscitur aeges. Better to die remembering one's country than to live with our aspirations dead for us.***** My earliest Cutler ancestor was a Dutchman, the name being translated into English.

March 19th.***** Government by will is nothing but a series of absolute acts whose endurance or non-endurance is contingent on the wills of others. Reason is the true governing power, and acts of will must be justified by reason, either before or after their accomplishment. Where such acts have been found by reason to be inadequate, he who performs them may be a tyrant but cannot be a master. For the reason of other men will conspire against his unreason. His only method is coercion, which is always uncertain, as its result depends not only upon the will of the one, but upon the passivity of the many. God governs the world by reason. Will is a secondary, not a primary, motive power. It is efficient and practical, but its value lies in being an instrument of reason. The forces of nature and the sequence of events may be considered as representing the will of God; but the divine reason in virtue of whose necessary preponderance all that is is as it is, this is the most absolute aspect of the Divine that human thought can realize.

There is no such thing as force without direction. Without direction no action is possible, nor even the passivity of those things whose contrast with the general movement causes us to consider them as inert. What we call Inertia marks a limitation, not an absence, of direction, since what stays still has as much a place assigned to it as what moves. This is as true in morality as in materiality. Mankind have entertained many a guest as divine who has turned out to be human. By these acts of entertainment none the less has the race been lifted and benefited. The hospitality we exercise is of more importance than the merits of our guests. The divine right of the stranger is a fundamental notion in the economy of the Orient, and I believe that with all the errors of enthusiasm, the hospitable heart of belief entertains more angels than the churlishness of doubt excludes devils.

Saw Gen. Rosecrans.

March 20th. We spent last evening very pleasantly at Henry James's.****
 I left before the other to visit Gen. Rosecrans at Miss Metcalf's. Today I have
 read Kant, copied two poems, paid three visits, begun Laugel's book and read my
 Latin, Livy as usual. But I am very dull and sleepy, - the spring weather. Met at
 the Jameses' Mr. White, the mathematician, with whom I had a good talk. Privation
 is a necessary condition in dynamics -- all first motion being a privation of rest.

March 21st. Martin Conway arrived. His talk is as ingenious and as
 unreasonable as ever. When he has done with saying what he does not mean he
 usually comes to what he does, which is much better. My head aches a little.
 Read Kant. I am now in the "Logique". Paid six visits, Devens, Homer, Chase,
 Emerson, Shaw, and Theodore Lyman.

March 22nd. Lizzie Agassiz came to take leave of me, very kindly, as
 her time must be fully occupied. She will do much of the work of the Brazil ex-
 pedition.

Conway seems to me sophistic, dialectic -- grown fond of argument for
 argument's sake, i.e. delighting to show the ingenuity of his mind rather than
 aiming at solid study and progress. Welsh rarebit at Jerry Abbott's, very plea-
 sant and social.

March 23rd. Told Conway what I had done this winter. My reading at the
 Bryant festival, at Lancaster, at the Fraternity the other night; all these
 things in my mind point one way, viz. toward the adoption of a profession of
 ethical exposition after my sort. The Tufts College matter I have not yet decided.
 The difficulties are great, the question is to me one of simple duty. If I am
 sent for and have the word to say I must say it.

Kant's Logique is much easier than his Critique of Pure Reason. I enjoy
 it daily. Am doing no literary work but resting my brain. Wish I could get the
 thread of what I was writing on Contradictions.

March 24th. Not a very good day, interruptions, little study, head-
 ache, - in the afternoon a good hour with Kant. Thoman N. Hazard and son dined
 with us, an endless talk about spiritualism after dinner. A little Latin, C.
 Whipple came, and a little walk. Did not go to the Fraternity, as I had intended.
 Stayed and talked with Chev and Conway. Found my late training of great use in
 withstanding the assumptions of the former, who has great practical force, but is
 utterly lacking in philosophical culture.

March 26th. A superior sermon from Mr. Clarke, treating somewhat of the
 divine mode of causation and quite fully of the providential aspect of things
 universal.

While we live in merely proximate things we are surely disappointed
 either in our object or in our effort. If we gain it we find it nothing, if we
 lose it we are nothing.

I determine that I can only be good if fulfilling my highest function.
 All else implies waste of power, leading to demoralization.

Conway accused the Republicans of having caused the fires in New York.
 I took him sharply to task for the same. Conway has become what Kant calls
 dialectic, i.e. fond of entertaining unsubstantial hypotheses which he abandons
 as easily as he assumes them, returning nevertheless to a certain falseness of
 mind which now seems to characterize his views.

March 27th. I am God, says the fool. I see God, says the wise man. For
 while you are your own supreme, you are your own god and self-worship is true
 atheism.

Club at Charlotte Whipple's. I was a little late. Rogers made some
 interesting statements regarding photo sculpture, and the new method of manu-
 facturing steel. Emerson read a blank verse journal of some days in the Adirondack

Mountains. Very fresh and naive. I read two new poems, "Amanda's Inventory" and "Philosophy". The Whipples urged me to recite my "Flag", but I held back and would not. Perhaps I was wrong, at any rate I felt very unhappy about it afterwards. The poems I read were well received and were, I think, good. I think of remodelling my second essay on Religion, calling it the Two Priesthoods. Read part of my "Fact Accomplished".

March 25th. I am lazy and dilatory today. I hang by the way and neither work nor play, which is what I abhor. My head is excitable. I have just read Kant's classification of Prejudices in his Logique, which is admirable. He says that prejudgments or anticipations form a very important element in our mental operations, but a prejudice is such an anticipatory judgment, not verified, but taken as a ground for further reasoning; this is making a subjective persuasion to take the place of an objective authority.

Declined the invitation from Tufts College, feeling unable to decide in favor of accepting it. But I was sorry and remembered the words, "He that hath put his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." God keep me from so looking back.

March 29th.***** Kant says that philosophical skepticism is only a suspension of judgment, an hypothesis according to the same is the inference of the truth of a supposed basis through the sufficiency of the consequences to be drawn from it. Thus an hypothesis is an inverted inference, cause being deduced from effect as effect from cause.

In this hypothesis three things must be true. The possibility of the supposition, the justice of the deduction, and the unity of the fundamental supposition, i.e. it must suffice without the help of additional hypotheses.

March 30th. I slept ill last night, have read and studied somewhat, with many interruptions. Chev to New York. Laura ill.

According to my theory, the brain is forced by the limitation of the spinal column. When the formative principle can work no further in length it works in another form of extension and the brain is a sphere generated at the termination of a straight line. The arrest of the latter's progress developing the opposite polarities, of which circularity and sphericity are the results.

March 31st. Another restless night with unpleasant dreams. Took great trouble to hunt up Lane and Gov. Crawford for Chev and Conway. Did not find them. Began Kant's Kritik des Urtheilskraft.

It is better to use a bad man by his better side than a good man by his worst side.

Christ said that he was older than Abraham. I think he used the expression as a measure of value. His thoughts were further back in the primal Ideal necessity. He did not speak of any personal life antedating his known existence. John must be understood in the same way. The sequence was in the cause and the sequence was ~~xxxxxxx~~ one with the cause, i.e. was the Cause in its manifestation. In his own sense, Christ was also newer than we are, for his doctrine is still beyond the attainment of all and the appreciation of most of us.

April 1st. Too unwell with headache to do much. Dresel's concert in the afternoon, better than the first. A pleasant evening with the children.

April 2nd. An excellent sermon from James Freeman. A great subject, "The liberty wherewith Christ has made you free". He gave an excellent exposition of religious liberty. I thought that in the beginning of the sermon, I traced a little recollection of my limitations, but that might be a mere imagination. Thought again of my State's prison discourses. The true church has the key of the most vital truths, but her office is to unlock them, not to keep them locked.

Paul's "not under the law but under grace" tallies with the present doctrine that debts would be more easily collected without than with the help of the law. For the latter of the law in both cases offers technicalities through which its spirit may be evaded. A direct appeal to the personal honour of the debtor leaves him no alternative but the vindication or the repudiation of that honour.

In view of the possible strife between the radical and conservative elements in the coming Unitarian convention, this occurs to me, in all movements and modifications of society, a variety of new aspects and influences is likely to be developed. Over the adoption of some of these and the rejection of others, the church has her word to say. All things are right, but all things are not expedient, i.e. all views may be entertained, but all views are not equally religious nor equally favorable to religion. To the mass of opinion thus generated, the various orders of thought apply their several processes of assimilation. This suggestion will help the critical, the other the transcendental philosophy. This will be taken up by one set of minds, this by another. And this, the smallest part of the whole, is religious in its aspect, and will be adopted by the church.

There is no essential religious element in negation.

April 3rd. Headache. Read Kant. Visited Mrs. Murray's studio, where I saw some really remarkable water color paintings.***** Richmond was taken this morning. Laus Deo!

April 5th. Paid a visit at Joseph N. Howe's. Found all busy with the coming wedding. Very weary am I with last evening's party. I find the introduction of the Kritik des Urtheilskraft very laborious reading. Laugel's Probleme, a work of philosophical belles lettres, but more technically learned than profoundly reflected. Saw Booth in Hamlet, - still first rate, I think, although he has played it one hundred nights in New York. Hamlet is an aesthetic evangel. I know of no direct ethical work which contains such powerful moral illustration and instruction.

April 6th. My head weak and disordered. Looked at wedding presents for Maria Howe, also at dresses for self. Wrote to Mrs. Rutherford. Read Kant. Feel utterly prostrated, the spring weather, I suppose. Can't undertake any writing until I feel much stronger.

April 9th. Headache. Clarke gave some account of the convention which was a success and not a failure. His sermon was interesting and excellent, but too long. I have thought today that I would try to read in Philadelphia this spring. Of my State's prison discourses I have thought of two. For one I will have the text, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish", and for another, "Into the kingdom prepared for him from the foundation of the world". In the first I will treat of what is to be repented of, in the second of man as a king over nature. A third good text would be, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord".

Kant's distinction between the agreeable and the beautiful is most useful to remember, both in self-culture and in the education of others. We cannot too much teach our children to postpone what is immediately agreeable for what is ultimately beautiful. This recognises true art as a work and enjoyment of spirit, not of sense. This conception will lead us to sacrifice ease to study, luxury to desert. The rich revel in the agreeable, the poor can have the beautiful. To appreciate Raphael's picture is beautiful, to possess it is agreeable. In my view the true aesthetic is but the finer continuation of the ethical. The adoption of Kant's division explains matters darkened by the confusions of the day. In American culture the claims and merits of the two are little distinguished. Hence our students are luxurious, our men of letters want large incomes. Horace knew better. Sunt qui non habent est qui non curat habere.

April 10th. Maud's boots three dollars. Ribbons for victory forty cents. Today we have the news of Lee's surrender, with the whole remnant of his army. The city is alive with people, all flags hung out, shop windows decorated, processions in the streets. All friends meet and shake hands. In the newspaper bulletins such placards as "Gloria in excelsis Dec", "Thanks be to God". We all call it the greatest day of our lives. Apples half peck, fifty cents.

April 11th. Received a note from Judge Russell approving my design of reading to the prisoners. I instantly began my first essay, but found that to write what I intended would be no easy matter. I shall however try my best.

April 12th. All day occupied with Maria's (Howe) gay wedding. Head dressed before breakfast. To church soon after 11 a.m. Flossy looked charmingly, church full, bridal cortege very brilliant, four navy officers being the grooms-men, and the bridesmaids in white tarlatan dresses, one wearing blue trimmings (Flossy) one green, one yellow and one pink. A gay reception by gas light with music, cake, and wine. Afterwards a handsome collation to the family and bridal party. Chev looked very handsome, and his grace and elegance made me regret his careless habit of every day, not worse than mine indeed, but I think he gains more by dress and company manners than I do.

April 13th. Fast day, to church. James Freeman gave an excellent discourse on the times, quoting one verse of my Bryant poem "resurrection in the valley", etc. This gave me great pleasure. He does not think much of Sam's book, probably not as well as it deserves, but the knowledge of Sam's personality is the light behind the transparency in all that he does. I went to church to fatigue Satan. Afterwards made a visit to Mrs. B.E. who did not seem to have tired her devil out. Poor little lady, she seems to have more spirits and energy than she can manage to expend.

April 15th. A black day in history, though outwardly most fair. President Lincoln was assassinated in his box at the theatre last evening by J. Wilkes Booth. This atrocious act, which was consummated in a very theatrical manner, is enough to ruin not the Booth family only, but the theatrical profession. Since my Sam's death nothing has happened that has given me so much personal pain as this event. The city is paralyzed. But we can only work on and trust in God.

April 16th. Twice to church, it being Easter and Communion Sunday. Wrote somewhat on my first state prison talk, lecture, or what you will. After afternoon church called to visit -----, who spoke most unpleasantly of J. F. Clarke, whom I defended pretty warmly. She also said that no one believed in Christianity nowadays, a statement to which I also put in a strong demurrer. Her whole tone was extremely narrow and arrogant. What I now saw of her character explains her face.

April 17th. Read, wrote, and with Mrs. Andrew, to hear Governor's official announcement of the late event to the legislature, both houses being assembled. His address was excellent. The quotation from Macbeth, "For this Duncan, etc.", was most apt.

April 18th. I went to old Tompkins's house to find Edwin Booth and condole with him. Found he had left for New York on Sunday evening. Talked about him with Mrs. Tompkins. It seems his personal friends have rallied warmly around him, and they ought to do so. I was very sorry not to see him, but will write. Headache and discouragement.

April 19th. The day of President Lincoln's funeral, a sad disconnected day. I could not work, but strolled around to see the houses variously draped in black and white. I went to Dr. Bartol's church, not knowing of the service at our

own. Bartol's remarks were tender and pathetic. I was pleased to have heard them. Wrote some verses about the President, pretty good perhaps, scratching the last nearly in the dark just before bed time. In the afternoon took Maud in Beacon Street to see the procession.

April 20th. Saw Miss Luyster, who is at 93 Pinckney Street and is a very agreeable and intelligent person. Wrote a good deal, finishing my first prison discourse, and in the evening scribbling some comic verses to introduce Jerry Abbott's oratorio at Mrs. Grant's tomorrow evening.

Friday 21st. Read some tough pages in Kant. He says our pleasure in the aspect of the sublime comes from a sense of the superiority of our reason over our imagination, our imagination being unable to cope with the vastness of nature, but our reason knowing itself to be superior to that vastness, so it is a pleasure that grows out of a displeasure, the displeasure being the discovery of the inadequacy of our imagination to deal with objects and matters of great extent. This seems a good statement. Some individuals and some nations, like the French, stop at the pain and do not go on to the pleasure.

April 22nd. Worked in the morning, copying my longest poem on the late assassination.

April 25th. Early out for various errands, then to Mrs. Whitwell's to see Mrs. Dick Hunt. Got into the carriage with the two ladies and little Dickey, and drove to leave some cards with them. Mrs. Hunt promised to come in the evening, so the rest of the day was passed in getting together ten or a dozen friends to meet her. In this I succeeded, but was very tired with running about. Read them my flag poem and the oratorio. Little evening occasion was very cordial and agreeable. Rev. Clarke came, approved my plan of writing for the convicts and reading to them.

April 26th. Began to look at Brace's work on Races. Little work, but struggled through some pages of Kant. The best thing I have lately found in him is the distinction between antinomic and heteronomic of taste, virtue, etc. This has made me see that all genuine mental and moral worth results from the original reflection and action of the person who evidences it. Told James Freeman Clarke that we ought now to have more to say about original virtue than about original sin. To which he assented. Those who reflect the opinions and adopt the habits of others are not in these respects original values; but conditions of the multiplication and numerical extension of the forms necessary to the maintenance of human society.

Came back from Newport.

Copied poem on Lincoln for the Commonwealth.

"April 27th. Sat a good while, talking with my daughters, who are very unlike each other, and very good company. Went on divers errands. Heard of Wilkes Booth's death, shot on refusing to give himself up - the best thing that could have happened for himself and his family. Visited Mrs. E. L. Pierce and Mrs. Carroll, and finished the morning at Mary Eustis', where we had some pleasant music. After dinner a Miss Julia Furbish called to consult me about a book of flag designs and patriotic songs. I promised to send her three of mine. C. D. Dehon came. Got a short reading of Kant. Mary Cushing's wedding visit, very pleasant. Mr. Van Brunt and Mr. Willis talked with Julia. She went home and I to the Assembly, to wait on Flossy. Home at 1 a.m.

April 29th. Went to see the Ladies' Battle at Mrs. Richards'. Laura played beautifully and looked fresh as a rosebud.

April 30th. To church as usual. Heard H. Foote of the Stone Chapel.

Quite a vigorous sermon, a little young and harsh in its flavor. Worked all the rest of the day at my report on music with which I took a good deal of pains. Went to the church meeting in the evening and read it, the reports on Sunday schools, finance and benevolent action having been read previously. I was a little nervous about it, not knowing whether my composition would cover the ground desired. Scribbled also some verses about Wilkes Booth, whom may God rest.

May 1st. Errands. Read Kant, made camphor bags for woollens. Took Maud to a children's fair, where I spent two dollars. Took Flossy to Mrs. Sparks', where I talked with Sparks, A. P. Peabody, Sillsbee, Paine the organist, Mrs. H. Greenough, and Rev. G. Haskins. Home at 5:20, very empty and weary. Then to Mrs. Amory's to attend the last of the German readings. Paid her six dollars for the same. The reading and company were very pleasant. After supper I recited the Flag poem and among others received the thanks of R. C. Winthrop who happened to be there. Had a fright in the night.

May 2nd. A day of constant interruptions. Cousin William Greene called, so I asked him to dine. James C. Davis in the morning came and asked us to go to the theatre. We accepted. After dinner came Mr. Roberts with his fiancée, Miss Barnes, to visit me.

May 3rd. Invited to S. G. Ward's at 8 o'clock. Flavoring extract .38, charity (I hope it will prove so) \$2.00. Flossy's sewing circle, many errands. East wind, headache, and depression. Did not go to S. G. Ward's. Stayed at home with Chev. Kant says, "By an aesthetic idea I understand that representation on the part of the power of imagination which gives much occasion for thought, although no determinate thought is adequate to it, in consequence of which no language can fully attain and express its meaning. We can easily see that the aesthetic idea is thus the opposite of the rational idea, which is, on the contrary, a conception (Begriff) to which no representation of the imagination can be adequate."

May 4th. Worked as usual. Chev. took the children to the theatre. At 10:30 p.m. came a policeman to inquire after Master Harry, who had been to the Tremont House three evenings latterly with Brigham, and had thrown fire buckets out of fourth story windows. Had to wake the boy out of his sound sleep. He confessed the truth. Just at this moment his father came in. Harry on telling the truth, was let off. Chev was very angry, but we had a long talk after which I went to bed happier than I have been for some time. Happier, I mean, about my relations with Chev. But both of us very sorry about our son, who is as mischievous as a monkey and may turn out ill for want of forethought. I don't think he will ever be guilty of malice prepense.

May 5th. Morning much as usual. A visit from Mrs. R. B. Forbes, who asked us to visit her soon at Milton. At 1:45 I went to the office to take Harry to apologize to the proprietor of the Tremont House for his mischief. Waiting for him, I saw Bird and talked with him of my prison plan, in which he seemed interested.

May 6th. Met J. F. Clarke, who made me quite happy by telling me that my report on music had given satisfaction and pleasure. This was quite a comfort to me.

Never make an apology to a man without breeding, for what only offends through his want of right feeling and wisdom. This because you only give him an opportunity to reward your politeness with impertinence. This à propos of Sleeper at the office, - a real Yankee brute, - a sort not common, I hope and believe, in New England.

Wrote to Dr. Raymond of Vassar Female College, offering my services and my Ethics. Began Tyndall's book on Heat.

Sunday, May 7th. Wandered today to attend Wasson's inauguration at the Melodion. Wendell Phillips made the address, reading two letters, one of invitation from the society, the other of acceptance from Wasson. His remarks were graceful, agreeable, not profound. He pleased more than Wasson, who has far more study, but less taste. Wasson's letter alluded to the Unitarian Convention as not having dared to express a belief in anything beyond traditional religion. In his sermon, for he preached one, he spoke of the Christians who still cling to tradition as playing Baby, as babes and cripples, etc. All this I disliked. His exposition of the divine human was good, but not great or very genial. It yet made me hope that he would not continue the official strain most likely to be congenial to those of his congregation, but attempt to unite a body of people on a religious basis for a devout purpose, and one of edification. The grievance of the left wing of the denomination against the Convention suggested several thoughts to me: why do they reproach people with not daring to go beyond a certain limit in a certain direction? Are they sure that that direction is absolutely a true one? If, as the radicals say, opinion is a secondary matter and faith everything, why do they not recognize this fact in the affirmation as well as in the denial of traditional points of doctrine? Where sympathetic union and efficiency are an object, we must choose the platform on which the greatest number can sincerely unite, which will not be that of the subtlest metaphysics, or boldest criticism. Such a platform was surely an object to the Convention. Again, what edification is there in a perpetual review of the errors and mistakes of others? A true turning to the divine shows us that there is one centre for all souls. Our convergence to that, none can hinder and none need straiten. A religion is a turning primarily to God for inspiration and secondarily to our fellowmen for service. Criticism of others rarely leads men to reform themselves.

Lottie Hemenway died at 3:30 p.m., of spotted fever. A really good and intelligent girl. I grieve for her.

May 9th. Sent two dollars to Isidore -----, a Frenchman with several children, who implores assistance. I had already given him two dollars and shall give no more till better advised. Went out to get some flowers to send to Lottie Hemenway's funeral. Paid three dollars for same and .23 for a yard of white ribbon to tie them with. Wished to attend the funeral, but thought it better to err on the side of prudence where the peace and safety of a whole family are concerned.

Read Kant. Heard from J. H. Allen of Northboro, who will be glad to publish a proposed article in the Christian Examiner for July. Also from H---, who wishes me to get him some books from the Boston Public Library. If I should write for the magazine, it would be with a view to the reconciliation of difficulties by showing the ground of true religion to be intra-theological.

May 10th. Declined to get the books from the Public Library, which could not be done without an implied deception. Finished Kant's Kritik des Schön. und Erhalb. Went to Salem to visit Warren Burton, ill with cancer. Found him comfortable, and housed with two kind, cheery women, - his wife, much younger than he, and her mother. His talk was, as usual, at once vague and vivid, showing the ease of satisfaction and delight of fancy which have made him on the whole rather a failure.

May 12th. To Newport by morning train, to find Chev and Julia gone, in spite of Chev's letter inviting me to come down by this very train, for purposes indicated by him. No carriage waited for me. I was forced to walk on the railroad, carrying a book and umbrella, the weather being showery, fortunately not worse. Arriving at the bottom of my Valley, I had much ado to scramble through it and was forced to take off shoes and stockings and cross the brook barefoot, the water being mid-leg deep. Came back the same day, none the worse, I believe. Did not lay this up against Chev, who meant no ill, but must remember that it is a proof of the want of steadfastness of his judgment.

May 13th. Worked much on essay. Went to Dresel's concert in the p.m., and fell asleep. In the evening said to Laura, "Jeff Davis will be taken tomorrow." Was so strongly impressed with the thought that I wanted to say it to Chev, but thought it too silly.

May 14th. To church as usual. Wrote too much on essay, and so, on the whole, lost time. The first thing I heard in the morning was the news of the capture of Jeff Davis. This made me think of my foreboding of the night before.

Things are proved to be divine only by their results. That command is divine which proves to have a divine justification. Thus use is the test of authority.

May 16th. Heat sudden and overpowering. Read Kant as usual. Much fatigued with running about for trimmings.

May 18th. Working all day for the girls' party tomorrow evening. Got only a very short reading of Kant and of Tyndall. Tea with the Bartols. Talk with Whipple, who furiously attacked Tacitus. Bartol and I, who know a good deal more about him, made a strong fight in his behalf.

May 19th. Working all day for the party. The lists of men and women accepting and refusing were balanced by my daughter F. with amusing anxiety. The women were at first largely ahead, but later in the day the men began to come up, and the two sexes are now neck and neck. Dear little Maud was in high glee over every male acceptance. Out of all this hubbub got forty-five precious minutes with Kant. I came today to his treatment of Spinoza, which is in the Kritik des Teleolog. und Urtheilskraft, heading 71 and 72. I still held to my belief that Kant absorbed much from Spinoza, was never a disciple and only a critical reader, but nevertheless profited much by him. In fact, if Plato gives us the first term of the ideal philosophy, Spinoza gives us the second and Kant the third. The two first being richest in ideas, the last most elaborate in their application. Had a short visit from Senator Sumner.

May 20th. My party proved very gay and pleasant.***** Read a tough lesson in Kant. Have at last learned the meaning of teleological, and the difference between dogmatic and critical, constitutive and reflective. Am wearied to death. Have been to see the Artists' Album for the Chicago Fair. Attended chorus rehearsal for the Musical Festival, in which I am to take part.

May 21st. James Clarke's sermon was delightful. "Forgetting the things which are behind", was his text. The sermon treated of the good offices of Memory, and also of the benefits of forgetting in one connection what it is well to remember in another. He said it is important for us to forget our sins when we have once recognized and abandoned them. And this I think is true. In this connection, let me record from my experience that you must never, if you wish to raise the moral tone of a person, dwell upon his past faults. You must, on the contrary, help him to lose the whole frame of mind of which they were a part and a consequence. With a person recovering from insanity, you would never seek to keep in view the evidences of his former state of mind. These would always tend to prolong the morbid action which must be broken up in order to produce cure. Newness of heart is a good phrase. Philosophy justifies intuition, and builds a long bridge of logic and ~~xx~~ of necessity between the idea and its practical application. Did not the intuitions of Socrates precede the elaboration of Plato? The intuitions of Christ preceded the immense labor of the world's Christianization through moral philosophy and religious sympathy. The intuition of Goethe preceded the modern systems of botany and zoölogy. I think that the intuitions of Spinoza and Swedenborg preceded the elaboration of the ideal philosophy in which Kant is preëminent.

Attended a second rehearsal. This time we had the solo performers and the orchestra. The piece was Mendelssohn's Lobgesang, in which I joined the

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altos. The part proved exceedingly difficult.

May 23rd. The Festival began with Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, which went beautifully. My part in this occupied most of the morning. Miss Papendick dined. I rested and read after dinner and went to the performance of Haydn's Creation in the evening. I had not rehearsed this, but had looked through the part which is very simple, compared with the alto in the Hymn of Praise. I got through pretty well; the performance was good.

May 24th. Attended rehearsal in the morning, concert in the p.m. Chorus rehearsal in the evening. Found Israel in Egypt less difficult than I had anticipated.

May 25th. Attended morning rehearsal, afternoon concert and sang in the evening. I got a short reading of Kant, which helped me through the day, but so much music is more than human nerves can respond to with pleasure. This confirms my belief in the limited power of our sensibilities in the direction of pure receptive enjoyment. The singing in the choruses fatigues me less than the hearing so many things.

May 27th. In the evening took my alto part in the performance of Elijah, which was magnificent. The audience was also magnificent. I had studied the part carefully, and so got through pretty well; it is a work of wonderful beauty. I passed the morning at Latin School Exhibition, where my boy Harry had a part, and spoke, on the whole, quite creditably. This day makes me forty-six years old. Thank God for so much.

May 28th. Sunday. Could not go to church, having to study the Messiah all the morning, and attend rehearsal of chorus and orchestra at 12, which proved to be nearly one p.m. As the rehearsal was a very partial one, I was forced to spend most of the afternoon in study of the oratorio. Spent also half an hour waiting en queue at Music Hall to get Chev a ticket for the evening. Got through with my study of Messiah just in time to dress and get a cup of tea, and then went to the oratorio. I felt a certain sadness in taking my last survey of the fine orchestra. I had especially observed three faces in it. One was that of a contra-bassist, quite strong and intelligent. A second was that of a French horn player, a small person with a very intelligent head and face, and glasses. The third face was that of Mr. Schmidt, a young violoncellist from Philadelphia, quite handsome and refined. I hear that he is the son of a gentleman, and an excellent artist. At one of the concerts I sat near enough to hear his playing, and thought it very excellent. The oratorio went finely. I made few mistakes in my part. The Hallelujah Chorus was especially fine. The whole audience rose as we commenced it. The most difficult choruses were, I think, "His yoke is easy", "Unto us a son", and "Let us break their bonds asunder". So farewell, delightful Festival! I little thought what a week of youth was in store for me, for these things carried me back to my early years and their passion for music. I remembered the wholeness with which I used to give myself up to the concerts and oratorios in New York and the intense reaction of melancholy which always followed these occasions.

May 29th. Still mourning the Festival a little. If I had kept up my music as I intended, in my early youth, I should never have done what I have done. I should never have studied philosophy, nor written what I have written. My life would have been more natural and passionate, but I think less valuable. Yet I cannot but regret the privation of this element in which I have lived for years, but I do believe that music is the most expensive of the fine arts. It uses up the whole man more than other arts do, and builds him up less. It is more passive, less intellectual than other arts. Its mastery is simple and absolute, while that of other arts is so complex as to involve a larger sphere of thought

and reflection. I have observed the faces of this orchestra just disbanded. Their average is considerably above the ordinary one, but they have probably more talent than thought.

May 30th. Studied somewhat, eyes somewhat strained, probably by reading the music of the oratorios. Allen will not take my essay unless I alter its form, which I cannot do. Probably I shall not publish it at present. At five p.m. went to Unitarian collation, where Hon. T. D. Eliot of New Bedford presided. Heard much tolerable speaking, but nothing of any special value or importance. Bellows harangued upon the necessity of denominational drill and organization to secure the progress of the sect. The spirit and direction of his remarks seem to me an erroneous one. Unitarianism is critical, not dogmatic, regulative not constitutive. All positive points of belief it has in common with all other Christian sects. It is more important in its influence on other sects than noticeable as a sect. I value it above measure, but at the same time recognize that the ideal church is not in one denomination but in all.

May 31st. I really suffered last evening from the crowd of things which I wished to say, and which at one word of command would have flashed out into light, and I think into eloquence. It is by a fine use of natural logic that the Quaker denomination allows women to speak under the pressure of religious conviction. "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female" is a good sentence. Paul did not carry this out in his church discipline, yet one sees he felt it in his religious contemplation. I feel that a woman's whole moral responsibility is lowered by the fact that she must never obey a transcendent command of conscience. Man can give her nothing to take the place of this. It is the divine right of the human soul.

"June 1st. Thursday. Met Hedge and made him come in and visit me. Had, first, a pleasant talk with him and then an unsatisfactory discussion of my favorite plan of reading my essays. He advises immediate publication and the abandonment of the other project which is that of reading them as extensively as I can in private rooms and to invited audiences. What he said was dry, disappointing and unappreciative. I do not less love him, nor the less justify his giving his own views. They cannot be mine. I forgot to record on Tuesday that at the Unitarian Festival Mayor Lincoln invited me to write the ode for the next Fourth of July. This I promised to do, and the next day made a sketch of one. Saw the procession in commemoration of President Lincoln today. At 3 P.M. went to the Music Hall, to join the choir in the performance of the music selected for the occasion.

June 2nd. Friday. Charles Sumner's eulogy on President Lincoln will neither increase nor diminish his reputation. It was put together with a certain skill and its tone was sincere and humane, as he ever is. Still, I think that as a whole it was commonplace. He made use of the occasion to posit a broad statement of the necessity of negro suffrage and put this on the true ground of a social necessity. Few people understand that civic right is a higher privilege than natural right; there is no power in natural right to enforce universal suffrage. But the moment it is decreed as a civic right, the disabilities inhibiting from it must be other than those of color. Shall now begin remodelling my article on the Ideal Church.

Helen and Minnie came to dine and were delightful. I read them my essay on the Ideal Church, which seemed to me much less clear than when I wrote it.

June 3rd. Saturday. Decidedly I have spleen in these days. Throughout my whole body I feel a mingled restlessness and feebleness as if the nerves were irritated and the muscles powerless. I feel puzzled too about the worth of what I have been doing for nearly three years past. There is no one to help me in these matters. I determine still to work on and hope on. Much of the work of every life is done in the dark.

Kant well says that the idea of God is the only possible link between duty

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(the object of the moral law) and happiness (the object of the natural law). This is true. God originates and sanctions both.

In nature we find neither first cause, nor final object, for both of these we must go to Morals, or the ideal from which they derive.

June 4th. Sunday. The heat of this day and its occupations allowed me no time for writing. I went to church twice.*****

The Dresel baby was baptized, it being Whitsunday. My dear Sammy was baptized on this day, but after the morning service. Was very weary from walking twice to church and once home. In the evening had ten friends in, the one for whom I invited these was Emma Cushman, my bright little pet. It was a cheerful evening.

June 5th. Monday. Spleen today and utter discouragement. The wind is east and this gives me the strange feeling described before of restlessness and powerlessness. My literary affairs are in a very confused state. I have no market; this troubles me. Chev takes away my voice, and I do not see how or where to print. God keep me from falling away from my purpose, to do only what seems to be necessary and called for in my vocation, and not to produce for money, praise or amusement. Kant makes a nice distinction when he says that the object of proof must be to convince, not to persuade, to unfold objective ground for satisfaction, not to awaken subjective preference for a special argument. I have long felt that it involves an unhappy concession to persuade men where we have the means of convincing them.

(Entry for the 6th wholly unimportant)

June 7th. Wednesday. Hearing people talk lately about the political necessity of negro suffrage, some lamenting at the same time that it should be acceded to on social not on moral grounds, it occurred to me that the only necessities legitimately impossible upon man are social and political ones. Freedom is so far implied in the essence of morality that while measures may be compulsory, morals cannot be so. Having reasoned this out, I find something akin to it at the close of Kant's Kritik des Teleolog. Urtheilskraft. Here he says that those who attempt to give freedom a negative attitude and to derive the compulsoriness of moral obligation from the positive character of the ideas of God and immortality, necessarily fail. These ideas, on the contrary, derive their authority from the supersensual character of human freedom, whose results are sensible to experience and whose natural aim and sanction involve the postulates of God and Immortality.

June 8th. Thursday. Was melancholy and godless all day, having taken my volume of Kant back to the Athanaeum for the yearly re-arrangement. Could not interest myself in anything. Read two poor essays in North American Review, visited old Mrs. Sumner, whose chariot and horses are nearly ready. She was very bright and pleasant for one so feeble. In the evening walked and talked with Julia.***** Chev told me that we should probably sell the Valley and let it first for the summer. I passed a restless night in consequence.

June 9th. Friday. If I have any true philosophy, any sincere religion, these must support me under the deprivation of the Valley. I feel this and resolve to do well, but Nature will suffer. That place has been my confidant, my bosom friend, intimate to me as no human being ever will be, dear and comforting also to my children, but I am so puzzled that I fear to resist Chev lest he might prove to be in the right and I in the wrong. Got a volume of Kant from the Public Library. Feel better.***** Let me never go back from use to pleasure. If this remain only a silent passive prayer it is better to keep it in this shape than not at all. But I believe that things will open up for me. Logic, Physics, Ethics; all formal science is logic; material science has two divisions - the laws of nature, physics, and the laws of freedom, ethics. Kant believes in the subdivision of intellectual labor, so do I.

June 10th. Saturday. Child writes to me asking me to contribute two or

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three articles to Home Weekly. He will pay me fifty dollars for the same. Sands also a prospectus for a prize story. Some deeds of duty are against inclination, some agree with inclination. The principle of duty does not consist in your doing what you do not wish to do, but in your doing the thing whether you wish it or not, through duty and not from inclination. Only in this way is real contentment to be attained - (this after reading Kant)*****

June 11th. Sunday. Heard James F. as usual with great contentment. Thought of a good text for a sermon, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation', the scope being to show that our tribulation, if we try to do well, is in the world, our refuge and comfort in the church. Thought of starting a society in Newport for the practice of sacred music, availing ourselves of the summer musicians and the possible aid of such ladies as Miss Reed, etc., for solos. Such an enterprise would be humanizing, and would supply a better object than the empty reunions of fashion.

In the afternoon rewrote and finished an ode for the Fourth of July. I think it will be good though not easy to sing.

The passional religion so much preached, in which the passions of fear and approbateness and personal love fill the arena, are properly daemonic, not divine. For passion is demonic, and the mere application of personal feeling to unseen objects does not materially change their character nor in any degree efface their personality. This method does not bring us in sight of the divine. The peace of God is the synthesis of divine satisfaction.

Thursday, June 15th. For want of room elsewhere I am forced to record here that for George W. Childs I think I shall write a brief paper about the Jews in Rome, another about the study of Kant, a third about an imaginary meeting of people who have tried patent inventions. Shall also fish out a story written some time ago, may write something about Victor Hugo.

June 12th. Monday. Went out as usual. Had in the street a sudden attack of weakness and dizziness; managed to get home, but passed the morning in bed suffering from nausea, confusion in the head, and utter debility. Sent for my Doctor, found him gone to Europe. Tried to find some brandy, but not succeeding, good sleep answered just as well. By dinner time I was able to go down and take a mutton chop, which made me nearly all right. But I did for the time feel very uncomfortably. Managed afterwards to read Kant and Livy.*****

June 13th. Tuesday. Not energetic today, enjoyed Kant. According to him morals rest upon an a priori notion or conviction of pure reason and are in no wise drawn from imitation or experience. The imitation of a virtuous action is not necessarily virtuous. You must seek the immediate inspiration of the inner principle, not the secondary inspiration of example, if you wish to attain real virtue. For the action you praise as virtuous, if it really was so, became virtuous through the following of this immediate inspiration. So says Kant, and so I believe. Much of the morality in religion commonly preached leads away from this originality of virtue, and obscures its ideal in the soul.

Went to Milton to dine with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Pierce. Had a very pleasant dinner and drive afterwards. Came back to tea and then they drove me down to the Norfolk House. Found C. Sumner at the house when I reached home.

June 14th. Wednesday.***** Came to the Categorical Imperative in Kant. This is the ideal or perfect will giving the law to the imperfect will which we find in each human individual. The perfect soul does well from an interior or subjective necessity, but the moral law would be as much incumbent on a higher rational being as it is on man. Only to the perfect soul it offers no compulsion, since its objects and the objects of such a soul are identical. Very busy preparing for a tea party which turned out delightfully. Mr. Clarke and Lillian, Hedge, the Pierces, Lehman, Dresels, Dwight, the Whipples, and Warner and E. Jackson.

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June 15th. Thursday (Vide June 11th) Read Kant with great pleasure. There are three imperatives, viz: that of skill, which is problematic, being incumbent upon you only in view of the attainment of an object which you may or may not propose to yourself; the second is that of happiness which Kant calls assertorisch (predicable), because the object is one which a man is a priori sure to propose to himself. The third he calls apodictic, or practical, - it is the imperative of morality. He further characterizes the three as, first technical, imperative of art; second, imperative of happiness; third, dogmatic, imperative of morals. In the first ~~and~~ the ~~XXXXX~~ means are certain, the end supposable; in the second the end is certain, the means are uncertain; in the third, means and end are one. The obligation of the action rests in itself. So far Kant. I add, however, that this dogmatic imperative is individual and in this way universal, it imposes itself upon all men but one man cannot impose it upon another.

June 17th. Worked hard all the morning at a summation of my Three Degrees which I read over yesterday. Wrote incessantly from 11 to 2 P.M. Read Kant in the afternoon. Every rational being must be considered not as means to an end but as an object in himself. On this Kant founds the universality of the Moral Law.

June 18th. Sunday. James Freeman absent. His substitute not greatly to the taste of the congregation. He reproached the Unitarians, not unkindly, with a want of combined action, which he ascribed to their intense individuality. This caused me to reflect that this individuality is more supremely important in the () of the religious world than the combination recommended by him. For it is significant of the individual inspiration of true morality. Every truly moral act is the act of a convinced conscience; acts of compliance are social, not moral. Mormonism falsely styles itself a religion. It is a social institution. Man is not so constituted that he can so stride back out of civilization into animality, or what is the same thing, into barbarism with the sanction of his moral nature. This is an irruption of the natural law under the form of the sexual instinct. It fortifies itself by an ecclesiastical organization, and further aids or justifies itself by calling to its help a gross superstition. It imposes itself upon our social polity under the guise of a religion, but it is really only a form of social agreement that points away from all ideal faith, from all civic duty. Neither is Catholicism, in so far as it is in league with absolutism, a religion. The subjugation of individual conscience is on the contrary in itself an irreligion, Catholicism offering itself and its conveniences to the acceptance of men, stands in the attitude of a religion. Catholicism asserting its own infallibility and solemnity as a religion and aiding these pretensions as it is forced to by the forcible restriction of the most human attributes of man is not a religion, but a policy. In absolute Catholic countries, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Church and State enter into a social compact to uphold each other, but this compact does not constitute a religious action on the part of the church. Such a mode of action is simply social, and lacking the sanction of the people, tyrannical and unjust.

June 19th. Monday. Much wearied in looking for a parlour girl. Read Kant. Shall try to improve my Three Degrees of Law, but must also furnish more verse for Eichberg.

June 20th. Tuesday. A good subject for an essay or conversation would be a parallel between the instinctive and deliberative virtues. I should like also to make an exhaustive treatment of Action and Passion.

The reconciliation of the contradictions in our various points of view lie beyond our power and wisdom, but the larger the mind the greater its power in reconciling apparent ~~xxxxxxxx~~ oppositions. The violent and absolute antagonisms of intolerant people result from the narrowness of their knowledge. In order to know where to find your true antagonist you must know where to place yourself, which everyone does not.

If men must have ~~keys~~, let us give them oats, dogs, horses, but not women, for the toy usage goes far to spoil all others.

Gingerbread, 15 cents.

June 31st, Tuesday. Attended the meeting at Faneuil Hall to consider the reconstruction of the southern states. Dana made a statement to the effect that voting was a civic, not a natural right, and built up the propriety of negro suffrage on the basis first of military right, then of duty to the negro, this being the only mode of enabling him to protect himself against his late masters. His treatment was intended to be exhaustive, and was able, though cold and conceded. Beecher tumbled up on the platform immediately after, not having heard him, knocked the whole question to pieces with his great ~~xxxxxxxx~~ democratic power, his humor and his magnetism. It was nature after art, and his nature is much greater than Dana's art. He was practically right, I think, it putting the sentiment and necessity of the case first. The measure is just and necessary. The mechanism of why is too intricate and easy of misunderstanding for a popular assembly. Still Dana is right about civic and natural right.

June 22nd. Thursday. I enjoyed Beecher's overflow exceedingly. But it grieves me a little on hearing Chev and others speak of this to find that the suder the statement of right, the more acceptable it is to the popular mind. Another rainy afternoon with frightful thunder and lightning. I studied somewhat and finished reading over my Three Degrees.

June 23rd. Friday. Class Day. To Flossy a delight, to me a fatigue, but a pleasure because she so enjoys it. Was partly glad I had not my dear eldest with me, as she suffers on such occasions unless she receives special support. Still, I regretted for her the too much withdrawn course of her life. Made acquaintance with Dr. F. Greenough, an intelligent young man, and with Mrs. Mason Warren, also very pleasant.

My first poem, which is second best for Fourth of July, is accepted. The measure of the other was not easily suited to any tune the children could sing. And there was no time to compose music for it. I shall offer the other for the celebration of the returned students in Cambridge, which will be in July.

June 24th. Saturday. It is always a mistake to bring forward the critical aspect of a subject when the moment demands its synthetic and sympathetic aspect; to present the two in conjunction is rarely well accomplished. Parker's Webster was I think, a success of this kind. Dana's view the other day was critical, Beecher's sympathetic. The morale of the occasion was all in Beecher's speech.*****Summer in the evening, a long and pleasant visit. He is a very sweet-hearted man, and does not grow old. Learn that my article on the Ideal Church will be printed in the July Examiner. Summer praised Dana's speech. Chev, having read it, liked it well.

June 25th, Sunday. This promises to be my last writing in Boston for some time to come. Went to church this morning; heard a cogent, energetic sermon from Mr. Herbert of Fairhaven, Vt. Heard that at the clergymen's excursion last week my Battle Hymn was sung in Pilgrim Hall, Southside Adams singing the verses and the others all joining in the chorus. This pleased me much - the true mission of art and religion being one of reconciliation.

June 26th. Monday. Busy with packing the whole day until 4:30, when I left Boston for the Valley. Was greatly fatigued; took with me Maud Parks and my Maud. Had a severe congestion in my right eye all day.

June 27th. Tuesday. Busy unpacking. Not well. Read somewhat in Kant and Livy, but suffered from a sort of faintness.***** (List of silver follows)

June 28th. Wednesday. Up early and to town with Chev.

Kant says that the moral law is not binding upon us because it interests us, but on the contrary it interests us because it is binding upon us. The apparent contradiction between natural necessity and moral freedom comes from a confusion of the two points of view. Man as a phenomenon is subject to natural necessity and the

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influence of inclinations and desires suggested by sense. Man as an intelligence rises above these and attains moral freedom. I am feeble and good for nothing.

June 29th. Thursday. Slept late by mistake, drove with Chev to see about cows, mowing machines, and other country matters. Read in Kant, but am feeble and unwell.

June 30th. Friday. Chev to Boston. Drove him to the cars. We had the two Mauds in the carriage. I begin to feel better, but have been very miserable until today. Read in Kant. Copied some additions to my moral dynamios, gave the children some instruction. Read Livy in the afternoon and hunted for things missing, probably left behind. Took tea in the Valley with the children and afterwards walked down to the sea, where we found mussels.

July 2nd. Sunday. To church with the two Mauds. Heard a young clergyman deliver himself of his progress with the confusion and redundancy usual in that class of doctents, yet full of good thoughts and intentions. The experienced merchant shows his wares one by one and gives each of them time and room to make its own impression. The beginner pulls them all out at once so that you see none of them well. Brooks administered the communion, appearing feeble.

I am puzzled by Kant's attitude on the moral question. According to him the best things done for the pleasure of doing them are merely natural, not moral actions. The loftiest efforts and studies, where they spring from an innate love of a pursuit are not more laudable though more useful than the pleasures of sense and simple nature. It is a question with me whether anything is laudable, praise being only of subjective value to those who utter and to those who receive it. But this element of love which makes high things natural and easy to lofty minds appears to me a more essential part of our moral action than Kant would seem to make it. I know that life based upon the idea even of lofty pleasures is a failure, relatively to the highest ends of man. I fear and hate the grandest epicurism, which makes virtue herself a minister, not a mistress, but to contemplate a single hour of life with the pleasurable element eliminated from it frightens me. Religion itself is an aesthetic and God the supreme of joys.

July 4th. Tuesday. The children rose at 4:30. I was down by 7:30. Found the drawingroom dressed with evergreens, and fresh butter for breakfast, which the children had obtained from Chasw with some exertion. An intensely hot day. The butcher coming, we have fresh meat for the first time in three days.

Wrote and studied somewhat. The day was intensely hot. Going down to the Valley, soon after 5 P.M., sat long reading and working in the delicious coolness, which brought on an agonizing attack of pain in the back of the head and neck, accompanied by nervous nausea. After some resistance, I had to go to bed, where I remained.

July 5th. Wednesday. Woke after a sleep of twelve hours, quite free from pain, but rather weak. Think yesterday's attack must have been partly the result of the weather. The air was full of undischarged electricity. None of us were quite well. Went to Newport where I saw Aunt Lou and Aunt Francis again. Aunt Lou was bright and charming, winced a little when Southern matters were mentioned. Aunt Francis was thunderous in her loyalty, always most true-hearted. Saw also Lizzie Latimer, my dear old friend.

July 7th. Friday. Finished the summation of my Three Degrees, but do not decide whether to print it before the essays, after, or not at all.

July 8th. Saturday. Finished a rough draft of the verses for Eichberg. Was truly glad to get so near the end of this unfortunate work whose conception is his and so imperfect that no effort of mine in the execution can make it good.
Laura and Chev came.

July 9th. Sunday. Laura's pleasant company has quite set me up today. The variety of character and color in the minds of a family is a great item of enjoyment. Laura is the most sympathetic and companionable of my children.

Kant makes the dictation of the moral law in us quite anterior to the idea of any good, even the highest. The good of the moral law is a mode of action, which in itself constitutes man's highest object as a free agent. This prededence I grant, if it be recognized as an ideal, not an historical one. For in children the contrary phenomenon is manifest. They are led to a proper course of action by the proposing at first of the mere natural goods of which they are sensible, afterwards by the sense of honor and desert. Some of us are naturally well-inclined, some ill-inclined. But those who follow the pure, severe standard of Duty for itself alone are so exceptional that, though their mode of operation be the rule in ideals, it is the exception in reals. I doubt not that the action of man's moral sense is much mixed even in his natural and personal desires. But Kant's condition, the simple satisfaction of fulfilling one's duty, would seem poor and abstract, if stripped of all spiritual joys and imaginative illusions.

July 10th. Monday. To town in the P.M. train, to see the Mann statue, in order to criticise it for Chev's pamphlet. Visited it immediately on my arrival. Was disappointed at once, but found the head and arms good, the legs and right side very poor. Going to hunt to Hamilton Wilde, I encountered William Hunt, who took a careful survey of it with me. The right leg and right side are certainly poor, if not out of drawing. Still Hunt praised the statue for its simplicity and parental character. Went afterwards with him to his studio, to see a portrait of Lincoln just commenced. This promises to be fine.

July 11th. Passed the day in town, intending to leave, but the weather being rather rainy and Julia rather clinging to me, I waited until next day. Rummaged the house on Chestnut Street for various things. Visited Mrs. Sumner, and talked with C. Sumner about the Mann statue. He advised me to get within the gates to see it better. I did so and found it better on a nearer view.

July 13th. Chev took the 8 A.M. train for Boston. In the afternoon we abode in the Valley, when three detachments of company tumbled in upon us. To wit - Colonel Higginson and Mrs. McKay, the Tweedys and John Field and the Allstons. All were friendly. On my speaking of the rudeness occasionally shown me by a certain lady, Mrs. Tweedy said, 'But that was in the presence of your superiors, was it not?' I replied, 'I do not know that I was ever in Mrs. Blank's company under those circumstances.' After which we all laughed. Passed the morning in making a rough draft of my critique of the Mann statue. Read Kant also.

July 15th. Nearly finished copying my critique, in which I have spoken as much as possible of the general interest of the statue and as little as I could of its faults.

July 17th. Monday. Found the man Merrill so troublesome and insubordinate that to my great regret I gave him warning. Had I not done this, in two or three days all the servants would have been beyond control. Went to town, visited Sarah Clarke. Saw Miss Foley from Rome, also visited Mrs. Bigelow.***** Wrote to Chev and sent my criticism of the Mann statue. Sent also my verses to Eichberg. Took the two Mauds to town.

July 18th. Tuesday. Headache; read Kant. The a priori of the moral law in relation to the other faculties of man is a great point for whose clear making out in philosophy the world should thank Emanuel Kant. I have long felt that in reasoning on moral obligations it was a sine qua non to place their dictates entirely above and distinct from the promptings of natural inclination. Kant demonstrates the danger of the opposite course which makes a moral sense only a nicer natural inclination, thus ignoring that opposition of duty and inclination which has to be met and provided for so frequently in every well-intentioned life. Finished all work for

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Eichberg as well as I could.

July 19th. Wednesday. It occurred to me today in reading Mark VI:26, that Herod's perplexity might have been solved by one honest word. 'I promised to give thee anything of mine thou shouldst ask. Now John Baptist's head is not mine, but his, and as I do not possess it, I cannot give it thee.'

The plan of going to England and reading there strongly recommends itself to me in these latter days. Being now free from all literary engagements, I purpose to devote ~~xxxxx~~ the necessary length of time to the revision of my essays on Polarity and the Three Degrees of Law.

Kant shows that the psychological freedom assumed in later days is merely a finer automatism, merely the inmost working of the machine. Moral freedom deriving from an undeerr, unexplained a priori source is transcendent and absolute; - the only freedom conceivable.

July 20th. Thursday. Whenever Kant speaks of Spinoza, it always seems to me as if he did not understand or appreciate him. As a finality, I do not accept Spinoza either, but as a great master of thought and the author of a magnificent synthetic statement, I must always revere him. All the mystics fall too readily into the mechanical view of morals. Hence their sympathy with mathematical processes and use of mathematical symbols. My own essays written last year are tinged with this, whether to the degree of error or not I cannot tell. But I think there is truth enough in them to give them justification and value. To the Andersens in the evening, where Elbert's skill in prestidigitation amused a large party. Harry arrived having passed the examinations for entering Harvard quite creditably, only two conditions.

July 21st. To Sarah Clarke's, to sit to Miss Foley for my medallion, at her request. This proved a very pleasant engagement, Foley and Sarah being two of my congenials. Chev and Julia had to walk from the Grove. The carriage sent for them did not wait through Connor's misunderstanding. They were very weary and we very sorry.

July 22nd. Saturday. Read Kant under difficulties, hearing the piano-tuning in the distance. The great advantage of the moral law is that its results are definite and speculative. It reconciles all antinomies or dialectic contradictions which exist between the speculative propositions of pure reason by giving us, in our own persons, experience of the conditioned and unconditioned in one, - since our natural lives are conditioned and our moral lives, transcending these conditions, are free.

July 23rd. Sunday. Had some good talk with my dear Julia.

Reading to the children, "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," - my little Maud's eyes filled with tears.

July 24th. Monday. To town by 10 A.M. ~~xxxxx~~, where I sat to Miss Foley all the morning, dined with her and my dear Sarah, and took the three P.M. train out, walking up from the depot, which was warm work. Learned at Sarah's that my poem hastily sent to Cambridge for the Commemoration, July 21st, had been read aloud by Sam Eliot, the delight of my girlish days.

July 25th. Much worried by want of preparedness for today's picnic. Managed however to get up three chickens, killed on short notice, a pan of excellent gingerbread, two cans of peaches, and a little bread and butter. Went in the express wagon, which Connor had harnessed carelessly, nearly occasioning an accident. At the picnic, I repeated my Cambridge poem, which had been printed in Boston Transcript and New York Evening Post, and read Ananda's Inventory and my long poem on Lincoln's death. Made good acquaintance with John Burstew. To the Andersens' in evening for a call.

Duty depends upon an objective, happiness on a subjective sense; the first is capable of a general and particular definition, the second is not.

July 26th. Wednesday. The pursuit of happiness not being a source of moralization in man, according to Kant, the formula of our Declaration of Independence does not express the highest prerogative of man, which is, in this view, the performance of duty. Kant's distinction between obedience to the moral law and the following of any, even the purest and happiest inclination, as the source of good life in man, has theoretical justification and importance, but does not give a full solution of the practical features of the case. The importance of natural impulse is not sufficiently recognized by him. My statements are imperfect, but they bring up points which he leaves out of view. I know, however, that the confusion of duty with happiness is practically pernicious, since, in this sense, if you make duty identical with happiness, happiness becomes duty, and the pursuit of personal inclination receives an unwarranted sanction.

July 27th. Thursday. Town yesterday P.M. Sat for a photograph for Miss Foley. Did various errands, and took tea with Sarah, bringing Annie Bigelow home for a visit to Maud. Kant considers the doctrine of immortality necessary to the morality of man, because, as that morality can only be conceived of as an unending progress, whatever puts a stop to it, in so far abridges our plans and prospects of self-improvement. This is very ingenious. In his system and perhaps in all practice, the idea of immortality is compatible with a higher morality than is its opposite. A better sort of people usually believe in immortality, a more selfish and sensual sort in entire death. The one not unnaturally abhor the limitations of self and sense, the other desire them. But I find it insufficient to substitute ideal for material ends in our views of life. We can so live as to taste of immortality every day. As Infinity and Eternity are terms out of time and space, the question of endless duration in our personality becomes inexpressible in philosophical language.

July 28th. Friday. Studied Kant, read part of essay on Limitation, which now seems to me somewhat superficial. Sewed on Maud's petticoat. Croquet at 5 P.M.

July 29th. Saturday. Kant says that hope or fear, becoming the motive of an action, destroys its moral value. He says that morality is not that which teaches us how to be happy, but how to deserve happiness. Also, we must not assume the ultimate aim of God in creation to be the happiness of rational beings, because this is merely an indulgent or conceded good, not worthy of the highest, self-sufficing wisdom. The honor of God, Kant thinks, not taken in an anthropomorphic sense, best expresses this ultimate supreme good. But I think we had better simply call it ideal, and not seek to define it. Received \$20. from the Editor of the Nation for my poem, The New Exodus. Felt encouraged.

July 30th. Sunday. Spleeny and irreligious. Started for church, but were met by an incipient shower; being all in best clothes in an open carriage and without an umbrella, we turned back. I did this with great regret, as Rev. Furness of Philadelphia was to preach, but Flossy's gossamer attire would not have stood a ducking. And I also was in lace and feathers, to my sorrow and mortification, as I usually go very plainly dressed.

July 31st. Monday. In town at 9 A.M., to sit to Miss Foley. In the afternoon mended Harry's shirt, finished Maud's skirt, read Livy and Tyndall and played croquet, which made me very cross.

August 1st. Tuesday. Kant says a speculative limitation of pure reason and practical enlargement of the same alone bring the two (speculative and practical) into that relation of equality in which reason can be appropriately employed; and this shows that the way to wisdom ~~xxxxxx~~ for us men unavoidably leads through science, of which, however, one can only be convinced after attaining this end.

August 2nd. Wednesday. Kant's distinction between the legality of an action and its morality is at once acute and sound. Legality is attained when the form of an action is in accordance with the prescriptions of the moral law, but an action is moral only when performed through inner and personal esteem of the moral law itself. All forms of mental tyranny are, therefore, against morality, because they insist upon the action without waiting for the conviction, which alone gives it moral value.

Exhumed my French story and began its termination. Mended a sheet badly torn.

Foley and W. Appleton to tea. No butter, to my great chagrin. After their departure, found butter had been hid away. Felt badly, my table was so bare. The new man, Miller, came.

August 3rd. Thursday. Read no Kant. Went to town instead on business for my tea party, which will take place on Saturday. Sat to Miss Foley for forty minutes. In the afternoon read Livy, mended stockings and sat in the Valley. Hannah wants me to raise her wages.

August 4th. Friday. Studied Kant, wrote a little on my story, which I think I shall try to put into shape for some periodical. The intense heat of my room makes my working in the afternoon impossible. I get into a bath of perspiration.

August 5th. Saturday. Worked like a dog all day. Went in town, running about to pick up all the articles above mentioned. (List of purchases). Wanted to order ice-cream, but trusted to Flossy, who decided against it. Came home, out bread and butter, spread sandwiches till just within time to slip off one dress and slip on another. My company was most pleasant and more numerous than I had anticipated, but the provisions proved very inadequate, and I suffered intensely about it. Chev arrived half sick, with Julia, too late for the company.

August 6th. Sunday. Took care of Chev a great part of the day.

August 7th. Monday. I believe Christ's miracles to be entirely unimportant in ~~xxxxxx~~ a moral view. If he possessed power unshared by common man, these powers were gifts, not merits. The purity of his life, his zeal, faith, sincerity, and affection, were his merits. The other supposed powers were as purely phenomenal as were his size and stature. The power to feed five thousand men with five loaves is phenomenal, the desire to do it is divine. His forgiveness of his enemies was a divine miracle, his resurrection a phenomenal one. He himself may have thought of this distinction when he said, 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.'

August 8th. Tuesday. Read Kant and Livy. David Hall came for a morning visit. To Newport at 12 for Miss Vernon's musical party, which was very fine. Miss Morse and Decatur Smith, both of Philadelphia, sang very charmingly. Sebastian Schlesinger sang very well and my old acquaintance, Mary Johnston Powell played a trio of Beethoven with Messrs. Cary and Finkenstadt.

August 9th. Wednesday. Punishment does not properly belong at all to the administration of morals but to the judicial administration. The requisition of this being distinct from although not opposite to demands of duty, must be enforced by the pathological agency of human inclinations and repulsions, and its machinery must be drawn from the latter. From this point of view God cannot punish. Crime brings its own bitter fruit by inevitable sequence, but it brings no special penal visitation from God.

Ethics and law have obligations in common, but have not the same mode of obligation. Reward and punishment, however, are educational, one measuring the short-coming of actions according to legal standards, the other measuring a transcendence of legal obligation.

certain officer's widow fifty dollars a month instead of thirty. The widow is in the gallery. Sumner looks up and smiles. That smile seems to illuminate the Senate. I go home and receive later in the day a kind note from him excusing himself from attending my reading to which I had felt obliged to invite him. *Read very elegantly.*
Dressed and went to Mrs. Johnson. At half past eight Mr. Channing ~~saw~~ *glf* saw me into the room, which was well filled. People also stood in the entry and on the stairs. I read the "Third Party". The audience proved very attentive and included many people of intelligence. Honorable Mr. Julian and lady, Solomon Whiting, Admiral Davis, Doctor Peter Parker, our former minister to China, Gov. Boutwell, Honorable Thomas Elliott, Mrs. Casson, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Southworth, Hayes Goodhue, Professor Bache, Professor Headrigge and wife, and a good many others. All shook hands with me very cordially. My second reading was announced for Tuesday evening.

Sunday, May 15. To church to hear Reverend Channing. Count Gurowski visits me, bringing an invitation from Mrs. Eames to come and stay at her house. She also sends a very kind note. I conclude to go to her.

Monday, May 16. The count brings his black man to take my trunks to Mrs. Eames. I follow them. She receives me very kindly and inducts me into a pleasant room on the third floor. Mrs. Coffin (or Coffee) and Ashton to dinner at four o'clock. Pleasant talk with Mrs. E., very easy and agreeable. Her husband proves an old acquaintance not seen in many years. After dinner a long visit from Charles Sumner who was cordial. In the evening to Mrs. Professor Henry to meet various friends of hers, among others Commodore John Rogers.

Tuesday, May 17. To the capitol to leave notes for the reading, see the librarian, and write to Mrs. Southworth. Saw Bear Crawford's beautiful pediment in its place; a very noble work. *Edward Bates* Attorney General, and Mr. Jordan, his solicitor, to dinner. Mr. Jordan goes to my reading, which takes place much as before. The subject proves more popular and interesting; "Equality." A third is desired and announced for Saturday.

Wednesday, May 18. To Campbell Hospital with Miss Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. Boutwell, Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Masters. Miss Hatch tormented me by introducing me everywhere as Mrs. Howe, the author of the "Hymn", which she always misquoted. Dr. Mack (or True) surgeon of three wards, took us through them and showed us many painful sights, wounds, amputations and re-sections. Also the amputation tables, not then in use. Saw one poor man sinking from amputation considerably above the knee. The wounded had suffered much by the travel from the front in ambulances and over very bad roads to the Acquia Creek boat. Gaylord, the chaplain, an excellent person, took me into a still worse ward where I saw men with their stumps resting on crutches slung from the ceiling. The stench of these wounds was most unbearable. I talked with one or two of the men who seemed patient and cheerful. Letter from Chev. Changed date for my reading to Friday, being anxious to get home. Foster and Admiral Davis to dinner.

Thursday, May 19. Busy leaving notes informing of the change in the time of my reading. Visit Armory Square Hospital. See Miss Lowell, speak with Captain Rice of Virginia, a loyal man. See several

Friday, June 10th. On board the Russian frigate Oslava with the blind pupils, at least with a good portion of them. The Admiral was most attentive to them and gave them an excellent entertainment. In the evening I had a little party for Baron Sacken, the Russian Consul General.

~~Revised~~
Sunday, June 12th. Mass on board the Oslava with the two eldest girls and Chev's nieces. We found the Apthorps on the wharff. The Admiral received us with great cordiality, and conducted us to his cabin, from which he lead us to our seats. As they all stand, and we were seated, Semetschkin was deputed to tell us when to rise. The service was like the Armenian Easter I saw in Rome. It was not unlike a Catholic service, with incense, chanting, Credo and Pater Noster and Elevation of the Host. The Russian sailors sang the two latter very beautifully and sang responses all the way through. The priest is a monk and cannot marry. He explained to me that the hierarchy of the Greek church is taken from the Monastic orders. The bishops never marry. This service seemed very primitive in comparison with ours. It is a sacrifice to God, instead of a lesson from him, which, after all, makes the difference between the old religions and the true Christian. For even Judaism is heathen compared with Christianity. Yet I found this very consoling, feeling out the varieties of religious development. I seemed to hear in the responses a great harmony in which the first man had the extreme bass, and the last born babe the extreme treble. Theodore Parker and my dear Sammy were blended in it.

Wednesday, June 15th. Had a dejeuner for Father Nestor, the Russian priest, at 2 P. M. Spent my last penny and went in debt, but shall get through if Chev will pay me up for various moneys advanced. Our party consisted of the Whipples, Apthorp Quincy, Judge and Mrs. Washburn, Drs. Bartol and Lothrop, J. F. Clarke and Bishop Eastburn, J. P. Quincy, the Admiral, Father Nestor, Officers Sackoonian, Semetschkin, Covaloffsky. My nieces came, and Lieutenant Lutke arrived quite late. We were gay and convivial. The priest wore his strange cap without a brim, and was very touching and primitive. This was our last meeting with them, and the farewells were quite sad, even to me, and quite tragical to some of the young ladies. Sackoonian and Julia stayed together most of the time. I talked with Semetschkin and found him very thoughtful and a man of more reflection and culture than the others. He promised to write to me. I gave ~~my~~ my photograph to him and to the Admiral, also to Lutke. Farewell, pleasant summer guests! God be with you.

Monday, June 20th. Just a week after the pleasant party I go to Joseph's (Howe) to attend the funeral of old Mrs. Harris, his first wife's mother, a woman of eighty-five years. She had thought latterly that it was always Sunday, and when Mrs. Howe came, imagining that she came from church, would say, "Now haven't you had a beautiful preachment?" The morning after the party she said, "There was beautiful singing at the prayer meeting last night", having heard the music of the dance. She died without pain or regret.

0 Saturday, July 2nd. Today, looking over Agassiz's Methods, I find the statement that the vertebratae, after impregnation, divides into two folds, the one turning upward to form and enclose all the sensitive organs, brain, spinal marrow, and organs of external sense; the other turning downwards to form and enclose the organs of digestion, respiration, circulation and reproduction. This came in with my attempts in "Duality" and marks the dual and co-essential process of the real and ideal, the brain providing for the one and the stomach and lower

course of ethics soon after 3 P. M. Received a letter from Alger relating the death of his fine boy.

Sunday, September 25. Visited the poor-house in our neighborhood in company with M. C. Paddock. I come to the conclusion today that a heroic intention is not to be kept in sight without much endeavor. Now that I have finished at least one portion of my ethics and dynamics, I find myself thinking how to get just credit for it, rather than how to make my work most useful to others. The latter must, however, be my object, and shall be. Did not Chev so discourage it, I should feel bound to give these lectures publicly, being as they are a work for the public. I do not as yet decide what to do with them.

Friday, September 30. Leave the Valley, sad that the excellent summer is over. My work occupied the three months much as I expected. I am glad to have been able to get through with it. ✓ My theory of Limitation must teach me not to lament when one pleasure, like that of the summer life, etc., comes to end. I must also particularly learn what I have so often enforced in writing, viz., to fall back upon pleasures that do not pass, at least satisfactions. X

Saturday, October 1st. Our arrival here (South Boston) last evening was rather cheerless, Chev scarcely expecting us, and Julia and Flossie being at the Inst. I busy myself unpacking trunks, etc. Think of writing something on the relative importance of the *Critical* Function. Barker, Miss Cobbe, Kant.

Saturday, October 8. Down at the Valley for two days rustication with Maud, Chev, Julia and Paddock. Have brought Kant's "Kritik der Reine Vernunft" with which I daily bedizzen myself.

(No entry till

Wednesday, October 26. Received an invitation from the New York Century Club to be present at their celebration of Bryant's seventieth birthday, and to contribute a poem to the occasion. I accepted the invitation and at once commenced to try the poem, which I wrote at first in a stanza too short for any phrasing. In the afternoon took cars to the Valley and in the cars recomposed the poem to a longer stanza. Worked on it late at night after my arrival. Found all well.

Thursday, October 27. Enjoyed the Valley, the simple country diet and the company of Chev and Julia. Dreamed of dear Sammy in the night. Thought I heard a loud outcry of grief from the family, and on running to learn the cause found that Sammy had drunk some unwholesome milk which might cause his death. I never dream of the calamity as past, it is always indicated. When I woke, two more stanzas of my poem came to me and I finished it.

Saturday, Nov. 5. After a disturbed night took the eight o'clock cars for New York to attend the Bryant celebration. This required a painful effort, as Chev was much opposed to my going, but the internal necessity conquering the external, I went. Dr. Holmes was my companion, and his ethereal talk made the travel short and brilliant. We got no dinner at Springfield, and had only a few chocolates with us and a cake or two. Arrived in New York. Mr. Bancroft met us at the station, intent upon escorting Dr. Holmes. He was good enough to wait upon me, also carried my trunk -- a small one, himself. He talked about my poem, and then informed me when, in the order of the exercises, it

organs for the other. The union of the two being the great condition of life.

Wednesday, July 13th. Washed this week fifteen sheets, seven pillow cases, two table cloths, towels and napkins. I work hard upon "Limitation" and "Three Degrees of Law." Scold when necessary, try to keep things up.

Friday, July 22nd. Today at 12.30 finished essay on "Limitation", the last but one of my series as at present contemplated. Gott sei Dank.

Saturday, July 23rd. Dreamed in the night of Dearest Sammy. Thought he asked me to men a toy-house for him. He said "Tick it (stick it) Mamma." I said, "There, I did 'tick it.'" Felt sad and estranged, as if I had not been with him for some time.

Tuesday, July 26th. Began to read Paul's Epistle to the Romans in the light of common sense, and with a view to my essay on the "Three Degrees of Law", which I shall begin to get into shape in these days.

Wednesday, July 27th. Read Paul in the Valley. Thought of writing a review of his two first epistles from the point of view of the common understanding. The clumsy western mind has made such liberal and material interpretation of the Oriental finenesses of the New Testament that the present coarse and monstrous beliefs are far behind the philosophical and aesthetics of natural culture of the age is imposed by the authority of the few upon the ignorance of the many and stands a monument of the stupidity of all.

Paul's view of the natural man are inevitably much colored by the current bestiality of the period. To apply his expressions to the innocent and inevitable course of nature is coarse, unjust and demoralizing, because confusing to the moral sense.

(No entry till

Tuesday, August 23rd. Charles Sumner drove out to visit us. I was much pleased to see him. He had not seen the Valley in ten years, and found it much improved. Would not stay to dinner.

I work hard all these days on my "Three Degrees of Law", which includes the treatment of revolutions.

~~Saturday~~ Saturday, August 27. On this ^{Limitation} day, the last but three of this summer, I finished my second essay on Religion---"The Limitations of the Law", and at once began my third and last of the "^{Limitation} Aesthetics", comprising ~~philosophy~~. If I can bring this well to end my present labor will be ended. "Prosit deus." I read Paul's epistle, a little of Spinoza, whom I have read through already, and Livy in Latin. I have Kant, but as he seems to have gone over somewhat the same ground, I don't read him except a line now and then.

(No entry till

Wednesday, September 21. In the evening learned the sad news of John Q. Thaxter's death by a railroad accident. I first met Thaxter in Cuba, where his intelligent face and courteous manners at once attracted me. I have always cherished a regard for him, and am much grieved at his death. He goes to join a circle of friends to whose numbers these years add rapidly. I shall much miss his genial and innocent company, for he was pure, genial and cordial, and endowed with energy and talent.

Friday, September 23. Finished, so far as I know, my present

would come. Went to Uncle John's, got dinner, got my head dressed, unpacked my dress for the evening. At eight fifteen drove to the Century building, fast filling with well dressed women. Was taken to the reception room, where those who were to take special part were assembled. Presently these formed a little double line and walked into the great hall. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Bryant and I brought up the rear, Bryant giving me his arm. We took our places on the small platform with three arm-chairs, which were taken by Bryant, Bancroft and myself, I being ordered to do so. I have given elsewhere a partial description of the exercises. Mr. Bryant, in his graceful reply to Bancroft, named me as "She who had written the most stirring lyric of the War." After ~~Mr. Bancroft's remark~~ I was announced. I stepped to the middle of the platform and read my poem. I was full of it, and read it well, I think, as everyone heard me, and the large room was crammed. The last two verses, not the best, were applauded. Boker, of Philadelphia, followed me, and Holmes followed him. This was, I believe, the greatest public honor of my life. I record it for my grandchildren.

The National Sailors' Fair, November, 1864. The Bosun's Whistle, of which J. W. H. was Editor in Chief, and on which she bestowed much labor. She makes no mention of it, but has pasted into the diary a note from the Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Fair, thanking her in the name of the Managing Committee for her "great industry and labor in editing the 'Bosun's Whistle'".

(No entry till ~~December~~ ^{December}

Sunday, ~~September~~ 11th. Dreamed last night of Dearest Sammy. I thought that I held him in my arms and kissed him again and again, almost too much for his comfort. I thought he said to me in a low voice, "Mamma, General Barlow says the ~~wildest~~ things he can to me, but I never laugh at them." This was the unreason of sleep, for dear Sammy could not at his age have thought of said such a thing. Thought I saw Sammy's nurse in bed. Oh! my darling little boy, what shall I ever know more of you?

Levius fit patientia quid quid corrigere est nefas.

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 9:30, sub 1/6, 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. Corton, Jacob Bright, et al. Then to dinner with the dear Bealeys, an unceremonious and delightful meal. Heart of gold. 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 Blank going to India to teach Indian women. Has launched Hindustanee. Home late. To bed, having been on feet 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. Blank, 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. "Studiosse". 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. Run to find Mr. Ormer, 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. But early to secure Freemasons' Hall for Sunday evening and Tuesday p.m. Wrote and sent circulars to C.A. War, Jacob Bright, Mrs. Lucas and Duchess of Argyll. Saw a sight of misery, a little ofumb of a boy, tugging after a hard 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 Workmen's 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 old 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.

1863.

Note. The journals proper begin with 1863, the only thing before this being the partial journal of our mother's wedding journey in 1843. The 1863 journal is in two small volumes. The first contains nothing but items of expenditure, lists, etc. The second begins in the same way, but in May, with the illness and death of her youngest child, Samuel Gridley Howe, Jr., our mother begins the record of her life, which was to be continued until her death. The first entry is on

Wednesday, May 13th. Appleton and Stout to breakfast. Walked out with dearest Sammy, his gaiters and scarf forgotten. Bird and Pierce dined. Sammy came in after dinner to eat some orange. Sent him to drive with Mrs. McDonald. He did not seem quite right.

Thursday, May 14th. Sammy not well. Heavy in the morning. Slept on my bed. Sent for Dr. Clark - throat not examined. Laid on his little sofa. Say, "I are better". Croupy symptoms at 9 o'clock. Go for Clark, then for Talbot. Pass the night with him giving the medicines. No improvement.

Friday, May 15th. Clark at 8 o'clock. Baby sleeping and not breathing better. Ordered byonia and belladonna. Returned at eleven. Examined the throat. Pronounced it diphtheritic croup. Very alarming, scarcely any hope. Gave iodyde of mercury all day. No improvement. Telegraph at once for Chev, who arrived at midnight. Clark stayed all night.

Saturday, May 16th. Clark gave up at 7 A. M. Bigelow sent for. Said scarcely any chance. Told us to try steam and give a little nourishment. Baby gets worse all the time. Moved constantly. 4 P. M. Talbot and Neilson to consult. Wet cloths ordered. Beef tea and brandy and water. Injections of beef tea and oxydated water. Some sleep. No remission of symptoms.

Sunday, May 17th. Dear angel Sammy much worse at 4 A. M. I run for Talbot, who comes. He dies at five with no final struggle. I hold him once more in my arms. Julia arrives a little before six.

Monday, May 18th. William Hunt came and made a sweet little sketch. Photographer came also. I sat up till 2 A. M. watching, waiting to talk with him. Good night, dear Sammy.

Tuesday, May 19th. I and McDoland dress dear Sammy in the little blue suit made by Cousin Lilly. Funeral at 3 P. M. I take his dear little body in my carriage. Chev can't go with it. Clarke (J. F.) goes. I kiss him and talk to him all I can. Vale.

Wednesday, May 20th. I sit in the room where he died and read Gospels and Epistles from the book of common prayer. Drive in the afternoon to see Mrs. Hunt and stop at South Boston almost strangled with grief. Waterstons come in the evening.

Thursday, May 21st. We decide to go to New York by Stonington boat. Packing. Lyman (Joseph) called. Also Stoddard, who had not known of our sorrow. We are all hurried off, not very willingly. Stoddard goes with us. I talk with him. Find him very sympathetic,

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but without religious ideas. Stonington boat. Children enjoy the supper. Get to Uncle's. Kind reception. Don Samuel. Go to Dunning's. Find children's teeth in a very bad condition.... Mary Ward comes and is most kind.

Saturday, May 23rd. Children go to Academy of Design. I stay at home for Beecher, who does not come. Read Psalms and First Canto of Paradiso. All hands improved by the journey. The horrible picture of the croup fades a little, but the sorrow will ever remain.

Sunday, May 24th. Go with Julia and Flossie to hear Beecher. Great crowd. We get seats after a while. Sermon on the importance of "Variety of Opinion in Minor Matters of Religion," not at this moment of special interest to me.

Monday, May 25th. All the paraphernalia of childhood in the shops ~~windows~~ afflicts me. Annie M. comes to stay two days. In the evening come Edwin Booth and Stoddard, the first very sympathetic; also H. Tuckerman.

Tuesday, May 26th. All these days have corresponded to well remembered days of last week. Today is a week since the funeral. I find temporary forgetfulness, but no comfort, no enjoyment. A fortnight ago today I sat in Sammy's nursery and read Sully while he played.

Wednesday, May 27th. My birthday, forty-four years old. God knows whether it was best that this day brought me life. God grant that it may have been more for good than for ill. Job cursed the day of his birth, but lived to give thanks and be happy. But one thing I desire now is reunion with my darling baby boy.

Thursday, May 28th. Chev ill yesterday and today. Better today. I go to stay with him twice and do little else. Booth comes with his baby. Tells about his wife's appearing, leading a dear little boy by the hand -- perhaps my own Sammy.

Friday, May 29th. Fracas with Francois. I go to see Chev, who comforts me. Tuckerman comes and tells me of fatal cases of croup. We go with brother Sam to Islip. Meet Joe Peabody in the cars. Children enjoy the change very much.

Saturday, May 30th. Foggy morning. Visit trout pond on a large scale belonging to W. Knapp. Walk in woods. Talk of Maddie, her husband and baby. Rest in the afternoon. Rev. Riley comes in the evening. We talk theology. I promise to go to hear him tomorrow.

Sunday, May 31st. Go to church. Service pleasant, sermon dull. Walk with brother Sam afterwards. Saw the Bay and Fire Island, where Margaret Fuller's bones lie buried. Sammy died two weeks ago today. Dear, dearest little boy.

Monday, June 1st. Up to town. Left Islip at 5 o'clock, arrive at 8.30. Uncle very kind. Chev is ill, sends for me. I pass most of the day with him, thinking about Sammy. Am nearly choking with grief. Talk with Dr. Harris about croup. Come home to Bond Street alone at 11 P. M.

Tuesday, June 2nd. A fortnight since dearest Sammy's burial, -- the last sight on earth of his sweet face. What would I give now for even that sight! God have mercy upon me, and restore us to each other in his own time! Saw Foster, a medium. Messages rather consoling but nothing very definite.

Wednesday, June 3rd. Chev much better. Up and dressed. Saw first photograph of dearest Sammy after death; most precious, and most mournful. Bought plain dress for self and lighter one for Julia. Fright out the window. Great misery in remembering Sammy. An hour's gossip with Mrs. Habicht.

Thursday, June 4th. Chev not so well. Laura's eyes inflamed. Girls go to West Point with Mary and Charles Ward. My fright about them. Addie and her husband come, also Olmstead and Bache, the sight of whom gives me a feeling of pleasure and comfort. Saw in a shop window clothes which would have just suited dearest Sammy.

Friday, June 5th. Paid McDonald yesterday for the little shirt in which my Sammy was buried - a dear expense; the last money his clothes will ever cost me. Chev better. I choke my tears and try to work. Prayer begins to comfort me, and a feeling of God's nearness in all things. Fallow (Rev. Henry) visits me; a good talk.

Saturday, June 6th. Chev does not go to Boston, being too well. I visit him. Get out my essay on Proteus and write a little. Harvey girls and Baron Osten Sacken visit me. Bache dines. Very pleasant. Sit Chev, walking first with the children. Cogswell, Stoddard and Booth the evening.

(N. B. My father was staying at a house nearby, as there was not room at #8 Bond Street for all the family).

Sunday, June 7th. First communion since my Sammy's death, at Fallow's church. Sermon able and communion service very fine, impressive and comprehensive. But the first tones of the organ made me think that my Sammy was praising God in Heaven, and I cried and almost strangled through sermon and service.

Monday, June 8th. Three times to see ^{Dun}Channing. Flossie went to Boston with the Dunnings. Annie came from Bordentown..... Began morningayers with the children and dear Sammy's picture. Worked a little.

Tuesday, June 9th. Maud at ^{Dun}Channing's for teeth, then Laura. Worked a little. Read Spinoza. Late to dinner. Found Chev there. In the evening Andrew and Cogswell. Brother Sam went out of the room to bid Andrew.

Wednesday, June 10th. Went to see Chev as usual. Bache came and stayed to luncheon. Dunning. The rose and the ring. Mrs. Curtiss came to see me. Miss Turner. Annie goes back. Late to dinner. Evening with Chev. Children take tea with us. Mr. to sleep.

Thursday, June 11th. Excursion to Cold Spring with Gov. Andrew, S. D. C. Murray. Talk with Mr. Allen about the new spectrology, & with J. Boerkel about group. Return comforted, as the latter told me dearest my could not have been saved. Gun boat Miami. Parrot gun practice. Shells burst near us. Pilot, and to Bond Street at 3 A. M.

Friday, June 12th. Dunnings at eleven. Laura's filling. Three o'clock, Maud's. She cries aloud. I do an hour's work. Lonely visit to my old room, dear for the sad moments I have passed there thinking of my own lost one. Resolved to take better care of the children's teeth.

Saturday, June 13th. ***** Left by Fall River boat for Boston, ending this visit of sorrow which has yet had some clouded pleasures. Find Charles Staigg on board. Very kind and pleasant, especially to Julia. Make Mr. Griswold's acquaintance. Bad supper. Good night.

Sunday, June 14th. Sad arrival. Streets common, and house filled with images of my darling Sammy. Chev met us at the depot, still lame, with Harry. Flossie came to breakfast; all but Maud and Chev to church. Clarke preached "If it were not so" etc., a delightful sermon. Friends at church very sympathetic.

Monday, June 15th. Children returned to school. Walked and worked at my lectures. Spent some time in my dear Sammy's nursery. Sat up late for Chev. Something tells me I shall follow Sammy --- no matter when.

Tuesday, June 16th. George Russell came, much better in health and very kind. Read Spinoza and Dante. Very bad war news, some exaggerations. Began a letter to dearest Sammy to put together my best recollections of his little life. Read Emerson's "Threnody" and Channing's "Immortality." Went up to Sammy's room in the afternoon to hear the street music there, as we used to hear it together.

June
Wednesday, ~~May~~ 17th. One calendar month since the Death. It seemed as if Sammy said to me today, "I am better, Mamma", as I lay on his bed in his old "nurtley". Wrote and read Spinoza. Walked with Laura. Agreed to go to Lennox tomorrow.

Thursday, June 18th. Got ready for Lennox in the morning. Carriage not coming, waited till half past two P. M. Saw Charles Dorr. Met Cyrus Woodman in the cars. Tea at Springfield. He went as far as Pittsfield, where I took a carriage and drove to Mary's (Mrs. Charles Dorr). Annie Newton very ill at hotel.

Friday, June 19th. Went to see lodgings. Saw Mrs. Oakley at hotel, and Hind. Annie very ill. Drove to the lake. Sat in the woods and talked with Mary. Read a little Spinoza.*****

Saturday, June 20th. Got up before six. Breakfast at 6.20. Stage to depot, cars to Pittsfield. Read Channing at all the stops with great comfort. Many small children in the cars, one exemplary father. Safe home. Mrs. Andrew came in the evening.

Sunday, June 21st. Wanted to go to hear Wesson at Music Hall; little Sammy seemed to say to me, "Go to your own church, Mamma", so I went there and heard Rev. John A good, thoughtful discourse. Met Sarah Clarke. Had her to dinner; much talk. In the afternoon wrote on my little memorial of dear Sammy.

Tuesday, June 23rd. Read Spinoza as usual. Write on memorial of dear Sammy. Nearly finished. Sarah Russell in the afternoon. Good talk with her. Evening with Chev and the children.

Wednesday, June 24th. Went out early with Maud. Read Paul to Corinthians up in dear Sammy's nursery. Visit from Hedge, very kind and consolatory. Visit also from Alger. Finished my little record of my lost boy -- not lost, but led to God.

Thursday, June 25th. Walked, read New Testament, St. Paul. Wrote George William Curtiss. Bartol came and made me week, but very kind. *****

Friday, June 26th. Chey to New York. Maud and I to see him off. Begin the last head of Proteus. ***** Maggi in the evening, very bitter against Sumner and everybody. Quite a fight with him. Visit Sammy's nursery as usual before bed time.

Saturday, June 27th. Worked at Proteus. Wrote to Aunty. Dressel brought me some roses. I put them beside Sammy's picture. Today I put some of the books he liked there, with his little pail and high chair before the table -- empty, all empty. The paint worn off by his little feet.

Sunday, June 28th. Heard Mr. Clarke; "In my Father's house are many mansions". He came to see me in the afternoon.

Wednesday, July 1st. To Swampscott with Maud to dine with the Algernons. Much talk with William Wra. Charles Hickling at the depot, looking very ill. Bell and Pratt came in the evening to tea. We visit Dressel. Salt in the ice-cream.

Friday, July 3rd. Worked all day. In the afternoon went to Mt. Auburn and visited the dear grave with anguish. Sammy not there.

Saturday, July 4th. Went to concert on the Common. Heard Sammy's favorite tune, "Top-Toppin" (St. Patrick's day) with sudden distress. Saw many happy mothers with little children. Fire works in the evening.

Monday, July 6th. Packing, shopping, left Boston for Valley via Fall River. Did not get home until midnight.

Monday, July 20th. In town with Witter (? Hitter). Chey came by Portsmouth Grove. Brought out washing stove, meeting of course all fashionable friends. In the afternoon arrived James Cisson with ^{new} carriage and pair, a surprise.

Wednesday, July 22nd. Chey leaves at 11 A. M. for New York. We dine in the Valley, washing at the mill. I blew up Patrick, and Chase's Irishman smashes him up.

Thursday, July 23rd. Study all these days. Pat is paid off and leaves, threatening to sue Dan. Afternoon visits to Hazards, Hemmings and Edith Emerson. Patrick drunk on the road, abusing "old John Brown and old Dr. Howe." (Note. We remember this incident perfectly. Patrick sat on the stone wall, alternately shouting, "To Hell with Dr. Howe" and then mumbling tearfully on, "Oh! no, I don't want the old Doctor to go to Hell.")

Friday, July 24th. Dreamed last night of dearest Sammy. Thought he was sick and asked for "more 'dinking", which was like him. Knew in my sleep that he would not recover.

Sunday, July 26th. All hands to church, women and all. Great sermon by Bellows, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Pleasant greeting from many friends.

Thursday, July 30th. Rev. Bellows, wife, son and daughter, with lovely Hemenway. Rest. Working on oats. Finish essay on teaching Ethics.

Thursday, August 6th. Drove women in town. Shops all shut. Come home. Find Mrs. Bigelow in distress, drive her to Portsmouth Grove. Drive back in the dark alone. James' dog seems mad.

Tuesday, August 11th. Charlotte Cushman came out today with James Stuart and sister, and Mr. Knight.

Sunday, August 16th. At home. Conway (M. F.) sick. Visiting at the house. Took care of him. Dreamed of dearest Sammy on night before. Felt his little arms about my neck and his kisses on my left cheek. I said, "Do you want me to stay here, or do you want me with you, darling?" He said, "Oh I want you with me, Mamma." I said, "When shall I come?" He said, "Christmas time." This made some impression upon me.

Sunday, August 23rd. In consequence of sending in for Chev, could not send women to mass. Offered to send to vespers, which M. & A. refused, out of temper, I think. I am much worried at their wrath.

Monday, August 24th. I give Alice warning. She is very angry at first, but afterwards more amicable. Francois arrives in the afternoon. Mrs. Clifford to tea. Sent in for new girl. Calverts to visit me, he very grotesque and agreeable.

Sunday, August 30th. Women to church. I finish essay on Duality of Character, sixth of my lectures. Exegi monumentum. Finished at 1.20. Conway arrived just as I was ending the last lines.

Monday, August 31st. Chev left for Canada. Harry unwell. Girls early to picnic with the Hazards at the grove. I and Judge (Conway) came late, staying to see Chev off.

Wednesday, September 22nd. Judge to town with F. & L. Butler. Read nearly all of essay on Duality to him. He praised it, I was disappointed in it. Drove Judge to town, sick and splintic (he). He took boat at 11 A. M. for New York. Miss Judge very much.

Friday, September 4th. Began essay on the Dynamic Idea of God.

Saturday, September 5th. Worked hard at essay. Company to tea. M. Francis, Willetts, Lieutenant Dahlgren, Hazards. Singing and Virginia reel.

Monday, September 7th. Brooks and Alger to dine. Pleasant conversation. We decide upon the twelve foremost men of history. Tuckerman after dinner. Alger stays all night. Talk of an author's association for publication.

Friday, September 10th. Dreamed of Sammy on night before. Thought I was visiting in a large house with Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and that he was lying on the bed in my room with a great deal of light about him; candles burning about his head. Did not see his face distinctly.

Saturday, September 19th. Went to Elizabeth Chase's funeral. Prayer and exhortation by a Quaker man (Wm. Richardson) and woman. Many people present. I sat next to Anthony the hack driver. Talked with many of the neighbors.

Sunday, September 20th. Bad weather, very cold. Not well. Worked hard at essay on Religion.

Monday, September 21st. Chev came at 10.30 from Canada via New York.

Thursday, September 24th. At 11.53 A. M. finished essay on Religion, for the power to ~~produce~~ which I thank God. I believe that I have in this built up a greater coherence between things natural and things divine than I have seen or heard made out by anyone else after this sort. I therefore rejoice over my work and thank God, hoping it may be of service to others as it has certainly been to me.

Saturday, September 26th. I leave this record of my opinion of my work, but on reading it aloud to Paddock I found the execution of the task to have fallen far short of my conception of it. I shall try to re-write much of the essay.

Wednesday, September 30th. I leave the Valley. Thank God for the good it has done us all.

Monday, October 5th. On Sunday night I was in Sammy's nursery before going to bed. I patted his old rocking horse and said, "Are you Annie's beau now, Sammy?" Just then, looking towards the window, I saw a beautiful meteor shoot across the sky, which foolishly pleased me as an answer.

Tuesday, October 6th. Heard of George Sumner's death. Very quiet.

Wednesday, October 7th. Last night Chev declared that I must read my lectures without compensation. I think he is mistaken, but cannot disregard his wishes in this.

Thursday, October 9th. Go to see Mrs. Sumner. Ordered George's funeral wreath. Attend his funeral at 2 P. M. Simple and pleasant. To St. Auburn in a carriage with Whipples, and J. T. Fields. God rest poor George. Death is completion; we forget this.

Friday, October 9th. Eyes very bad since my return to Boston. Head very irritable, hard to do any brain work or read.

Wednesday, October 14th. To Lancaster with Chev, Gov. and Mrs. Andrew and Council. Visit Girls' Reform School. Governor's address very genial and playful. To Worcester by six o'clock train.

Thursday, October 15th. Drive all about Worcester with Mayor Lincoln. Visit insane hospital. Dined there. Kept long waiting.

Friday, October 16th. Looked at houses with Chev, one in Chestnut street, one on Mill Dam.

Sunday, October 18th. To church. Clarke read his essay written for the Unitarian Convention on Optimism, and rather contrary. Charles Sumner to tea; very delightful.

Thursday, October 29th. Anna Loring's lovely wedding in the evening, J. F. Clarke officiating. Charles Sumner there. Wendell Phillips, Masson, et autres. Had my head dressed and wore my diamond pin, which proved my chief credit on the occasion as my head was very dull and absent.

Monday, November 2nd. Organ ode of very mediocre merit. Music good, organ gorgeous and out of place. To take leave of C. Cushman at Fields' afterwards. Begin to find that Mrs. F. wrote the ode. Am too much mixed to stay to supper. F. talks very intemperately at Joseph Lyman. I sleep very ill from agitation, thinking the empty verses attributed to me.

(Note. This entry alludes to the dedication of the great organ in Boston Music Hall. J. W. H. had expected to write this ode, and was disturbed at its being ill done by another person.)

Saturday, November 7th. Sumner to tea. Made a rude speech on being asked to meet Booth. "I don't know that I should care to meet him. I have outlived my interest in individuals." Fortunately God Almighty had not, by last accounts, got so far!

Sunday, November 8th. Booth to tea; very charming and natural. Miss Motley also. After tea, C. Dehon, Mrs. Alger, Andrews, Joseph, Leonard, Sebastian. A delightful evening.

Saturday, November 14th. Dreamed last night that dearest Sammy had come to life again. Thought I saw him coming out of a wooden box like that enclosing his coffin and heard him ask for dipped toast. Took him in my arms and wrapped him up so fondly with the hope of his final recovery.

Sunday, November 15th. Did not record Sumner's pleasant visit last evening. J. Stuart came to tea. Rain all day. To church. Study after dinner, and wash Harry's head. No one to tea. Visited the Andrews.

Monday, November 16th. My first reading. A success, as people said. To me, what is more, a satisfaction. Hear article on ode in Commonwealth paper, attributed to me.

Wednesday, November 18th. Received an impertinent paragraph from some newspaper. Go to theatre, Ruy Blas. Booth's attitudes magnificent. To Mrs. Barnard's after the play. Confess authorship of the Commonwealth Critique. Anna Dresel's wedding visit.

Thursday, November 19th. Meet Longfellow, who scolds me about the Critique. His scolding is very genial. One would like to have faults to be so chidden. I do not regret the article, and fear less the anger ~~it may have caused~~ than the pain it may have caused.

Friday, November 20th. Still disturbed about the article in the Commonwealth, but getting quiet. It is painful but useful to stand by ourselves sometimes, if, as I think I do, we stand by the right thing.

Saturday, November 21st. Begin to look over my lecture for Monday. The girls torment me with endless practicing.

Sunday, November 22nd. To church. The subject of the sermon much the same as that of my lecture, "Belief", Mine is "Doubt and Belief". The point of view and treatment quite unlike.

Monday, November 23rd. Work hard all day to fill up chinks in my lecture. A little feverish. A large audience for the lecture, which occupied one hour and three minutes, and was very well received. Make acquaintance with Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Washburn and Mr. Warner.

Monday, November 30th. Read lecture on Equality, cutting out a good deal to give it unity. An excellent audience.

Monday, December 7th. Read lecture on Third Party. Audience increased since last time.

Monday, December 21st. Read my fifth essay, Proteus, at 8 P. M. to a large and attentive audience. Dr. Wilson and family (pre-historic), Thurlow Weed's daughter, Mrs. Barnes, and Richard Messenger, of New York, ~~and~~ were among my hearers.

Monday, December 28th. Read essay on Duality. It proves, I think, the best pointed gun of the six. S. K. Lothrop seemed much pleased with it. Mrs. Bacon, Warner, Dr. Wilson, all spoke highly of it. I think the presentment it gives is helpful.

(Scrap found in back of J. W. H.'s journal for 1863.)

"The danger of doing evil that good may come lies in the deceptive nature of the sophism. Not that (man) can never perform mean acts with noble motives, but that the assumed motive masks from the doer, and from the world, an action in which something personal, base or unjust is after all the primum mobile."

(On the other side of the same scrap is written:)

"The first appearance of A. among us was like the lifting of a curtain upon a new drama. We had had special hints and helps to scientific study, but the largeness of scientific culture now presented to us, though new in our hemisphere. To the effect of this we must add the Professor's admirable accomplishment of eloquence."

(This is evidently a sentence from an article upon Agassiz.)

Copy of newspaper clipping describing the death of
Marion Ward, J. W. H.'s youngest brother:

"Among the visitations of the fever in N. Orleans we notice the decease of Marion Ward, youngest son of the late Samuel Ward of this city, and brother of Mr. Samuel Ward of Prime, Ward & Co.

It would seem truly in this case, that the old proverb—"misfortunes come never alone"—is sadly verified.

Commercial disaster had just overtaken the house here—and almost contemporaneously death in New Orleans had snatched from care, and toil, and hope, and affection, and life, this younger brother.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. on the 3d, he wrote, in accustomed health to his brother. Before three o'clock of the next morning he was a corpse.

Young, ingenious, warm-hearted and true—he has been swept from the face of the earth in the twinkling of an eye.

By strangers honored and by strangers mourned—yet long to be remembered by those with whom his boyhood was passed in peace and love.—Courier."

Scrap pasted into the 1843 journal in hand writing more like that of her brother Sam than anyone else:

"Your visit was like a bright ray of sunshine which, like the daguerreotype, has engraved your sweet face upon all our hearts — with this difference, that our hearts are not metallic and that the impression will therefore not be effaced.

Has Reeve had his first apoplectic yet?

The president of the U. S. lately passed through Boston, in the course of a tour through the Northern States. Boston was civil, but cold as a dog's nose. No huzzahs, no processions, no concourse of people welcomed to our walls the annexer of Texas, the father of the Mexican war. The common people staid in their shops, and scarce lifted their heads from their work to see him go by. Some one afterwards asked him how he liked his reception in Boston, he replied "very well, I had expected brickbats." Yes, Mr. Polk, and deserved them, too."

Newspaper clipping, pasted into the 1843 journal:

"Dear Friends: I send you a few lines, suggested by the remarks of 'H.,' in the Christian Reflector, concerning the 'Prisoner's Friend.' If you think them worth publishing, pray give them a place in your poet's corner. Respectfully, J.H.

And wilt thou chide the man who claims

Scraps pasted in blank leaves of J. W. H.'s partial journal for 1843. The actual journal is very brief, going only from June 28th to July 21st, and it is evident from the difference in the hand writing that these scraps are pasted in at various dates merely to preserve them. It was a habit of hers to make use of every scrap of blank paper.

"Do not fear to let me see thee
Soul-enshrined as thou art,
God said not that thou shouldst flee me,
But thine over anxious heart.

"Pluck for me a passing flower,
Breathe to me a gentle word:
I will ask no more, but bless thee
For the token seen or heard.

"Many a rosetree stands before thee,
Proud to show her conscious charms,
Spreads her luscious beauty o'er thee,
Clasps thee in her thorny arms.

"I am modest, I am mournful,
Thou mayst crush me 'neath thy feet,
I'll not even say: tread lightly,
Death itself from thee were sweet."

"Yes! I have humbled me before thy wrath,
And thou canst rail at me, & so rail on.
But know, thou canst paint me wholly vile.
My vices may lie deeper than thy virtues.
As far as love is holier than hate,
As resignation is than envy sweeter,
Purer Contrition than self-righteousness,
So far, proud one, my virtues rival thine.
Then flout me as you will, take your small pleasure,
For narrow souls lack room to bury grudges."

Chide then the streams, which, taught of God,
O'er desert sands their freshness send.

Chide then the earth, whose mother breast
Opes to receive her erring son;
Or the kind trees, whose falling leaves
Weep gently o'er the fallen one.

Chide thou the sun and rain of heaven,
That bless the evil and the just,
But not the man whose pitying hand
Would raise a brother from the dust.

A thousand stars shine on thy way,
Shall none his dreary path illumine?
A thousand blossoms crown thy brow,
For him shall no pale flow'ret bloom?

A thousand friends are linked to thee,
They are thy blessing and thy boast;
O miser heart! to grudge a friend
To him who all things else has lost!

The man thy ruthless will condemns
Is of thy lineage and thy blood;
E'en with his weakness and his crimes
Thy heart claims perilous brotherhood.

That heart may be more dark than his,
E'en though thy hands be not so red;
The word of earthly Justice falls
Not always on the vilest head.

Think that a mother gave him birth,
A wife still names him in her prayers,
Children are orphaned by his fall,
God's image is the mark he bears.

Think of the fierce Eumides,
That scourge him to remorse and shame;
Think of his narrow prison walls,
His ruined hopes, his blighted name.

Remember, too, that One to whom
Thy Pharisaic heart must bend,
The Saviour of our faith and love,
Our Jesus, was the sinner's friend."

Written in J. W. H.'s hand writing and pasted on blank leaf:

"Sweet spirit! shrined within my holiest thought,
Deep graven on my heart thy features lie
And often is the cherished tablet sought,
Consulted, and reluctantly thrown by.

"Had we not met and loved, ere we had borne
The weary burthen of our mortal mould?
Else why am I to thee so strangely drawn
Else why so desolate when thou art cold?
Perhaps in some bright star thou wert my mate
That star has set, we met on earth too late.

And yet it seems to me, a time must come
When every morn shall find thee at my side;
When placidly, toward our celestial home
Together down life's stream our barks shall glide;
When my sad soul unfearingly may drink
Joy from the deep light of thy lustrous eyes,
Nor deem that joy a crime, nor start and shrink
Lest poison in those stolen glances lie.

And then, methinks, at the calm eventide,
Thou'll bid me sing my sweetest song to thee
And every hope o'er which my heart has sighed
Shall mingle in one gushing melody,
Till in the rapturous lay our souls shall blend
And borne on wings of song, to God ascend.

(From Mrs. Howe's Journals.)

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"Walk with God" 1918

Monday, January 11, 1864. First meeting of the new club, the Ladies' Social, at Mrs. Quincy's, 4 Park Street. Hour, 8 P. M. Entertainment, a French play, well performed by R. E. Apthorp, Mary Quincy Gould and Charles Carroll, Willie Apthorp taking a small part, that of a servant. Frank Barlow was there. I talked with him a little and he took me home in company with Mrs. Gov. Andrew.

Friday, January 15. Worked all the afternoon at my essay on "Difference between Philosophy and Religion". Got a bad feeling from fatigue,--a sort of trembling agony in my back and left side. To the opera in the evening with Frank Barlow and mother, Julia and James Davis. Gounod's "Faust", a composition with more faults than merits. The quatuor, in Act second, song of Marguerite, serenade of Satan, and a chorus of soldiers in the act before the last, good enough to be praised. Dilige et relinque is a good motto for some.

Saturday, January 16. Some illusions left me today, giving place to unwelcome facts. Studied and wrote as usual. Governor and Mrs. Andrew to dine at half past five. Spent the evening.

Sunday, January 17. To church as usual. Mr. Clark's excellent sermon was upon the "Unobserved Entrance of Great Things in the World of Men and in the World of Mind; the Still, Small Voice." It was announced from the pulpit that an essay on the "Soul and the Body" would be read by a friend at the Wednesday evening meeting. That friend was myself, that essay my lecture on Duality. This would be an honor but for my ill-deserts. Be witness, Oh Gpd! that this is no imaginary or sentimental exclamation, but a feeling too well founded on fact.

Mr. Clark's preaching is perpetual hope. I said to myself last night "While there is God there is hope."

Monday, January 18. Worked hard at Philosophy and Religion, reading in Spencer's First Principles, Mackay's Tübingen School, and L. M. Child's "History of Religious Ideas."

Wednesday, January 20. Read my lecture on "Duality of Character" at the vestry room of the Indiana Place Church. Mr. Clark introduced me very charmingly. I wore my white cap, not wishing to read in my thick bonnet. I had quite a full audience; among them was surprised to see Mary Dorr, the Dresels and Mrs. Lehmann. I consider this opportunity a great honor and privilege conferred upon me.

Thursday, January 21. Am working at Religion and Philosophy all these days. Today went to visit Mrs. Barlow, the general's mother, the second time this winter that I have been to see her.

Sunday, January 24. Mr. Clark read copiously from Ecclesiastes and preached a sermon on the text "Everything is Vanity", very noble and beautiful. I went to church very sad and was much comforted.

Thursday, January 28. At a quarter past two P. M. finished my essay on Philosophy and Religion. I thank God for this, for many infirmities, some physical and some moral, have threatened to interrupt my work. It is done, and if it is all I am to do, I am ready to die, since life to me now means work of my best sort and I value little else except the comfort of my family. Now for a little rest!

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Saturday, January 30. This day I feel a clearer purpose than ever before to try to do every day with some system what will be best for all, all things considered. X

Sunday, January 31. Conway arrived just after breakfast, always warmly welcome.

Saturday, February 6. All these days I have feasted myself in talking with dear Martin Conway, whose rich mind is one of my most valued sources of inspiration.

Sunday, February 7. Judge Russell invited us to go and hear Colonel Taylor, of East Tennessee, speak at the *School* Ship. Went to the Revere House for the Tuedys, who concluded to go with us. We found at the wharff Colonel Goodrich and Julius Rockwell with their wives, also J. H. Stephenson. Colonel Taylor gave quite an interesting address with accounts of the sufferings of the East Tennesseans. Being desired by Judge Russell and Stephenson to speak, I felt it encumbent upon me to do so and made the best work I could out of the occasion, being entirely unprepared.

Missed today's communion to my sorrow.

Friday, February 12. Entertained my club with two charades; Pan-demon-ium, was the first, Catastrophe was the second. For Pan, I recited some verses of Mrs. Browning's "Dead Pan", with the gods she mentions in the background, my own boy acting as Hermes. For Demon, I had a female Faust and Female Satan. Was aided by Fanny MacGregor, Alice Howe, Hamilton Wilde, Charles Carroll and James C. Davis, with my Flossie, who looked beautiful. The entertainment was voted an entire success.

Saturday, February 13. Very weary all day. Put things to rights as well as I could. Read in Spinoza, Cotta and Livy.

Sunday, February 14. Clark preached to a text we have often spoken of together, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." "He is not a ~~law~~ Jew who is one outwardly" etc., "much less a Christian," said J. F. C.; also that Socrates was a better Jew, according to this standard, than Caiaphas. I begin today to hope that I shall recover my lost ground.

(Note. Here follow several pages of household recipes for waffles, etc. No entry till

Sunday, March 6. I have suffered a good deal with relation to my intended reading in Washington. Mrs. Gov. Sprague having been written to on the subject, gave me a kind invitation to read thrise (? twice) at her house. I wrote thanking her and requesting her to fix the time. Not hearing again, after long waiting, I wrote proposing a certain time. Finding that Charles Sumner had gravely dissuaded her from having the readings at her house, I wrote him a very warm letter, but with no injurious phrase, as I felt only grief and indignation, not dis-esteem towards him. Yet the fact of having written this letter became extremely painful to me when it was once beyond recall. I could not help writing a second on the day following to apologize for the roughness of the first. This was a diplomatic fault, I think, but one inseparable from my character. Charles Sumner's reply, which I dreaded to read, was very kind. While I clearly saw his misapprehension of the whole matter, I saw also the

thorough kindness and sincerity of his nature. So we disagree, but I love him.

Thursday, March 10. Began today my essay on Sex which may run into a treatise on Limitation as the two subjects run together in my mind.

Sunday, March 13. Ill with headache, cold and sore throat. Starved and took hepar sulphur. A little afraid of diphtheria. Rain in the afternoon. I could neither walk nor work. For a wonder I laid down on my sofa in afternoon. In the evening came Bandman, J. F. Clark, Barlow and wife, the Thaxters from Watertown and one or two others. A pleasant evening.

Friday, March 18. The last of Frank Barlow, whose fate looks doubtful. He leaves for New York this evening. I never saw a person less orienté in my life.

Let me here put on record that I prefer the poorest and meanest man who has a moral sense and follows it, to the most brilliant and gallant personage who either lacks or violates the same. I ask nothing for my son but that he may keep his thought unpoisoned by inflammatory ideas and his heart free from that venom of falsity which is the inevitable companion of selfishness carried to its highest power. Yet every man stands or falls to his own Master. We can only judge of what compels our approbation or our dis-esteem. The absolute moral value of the man is unknown to us. God forbid that any of us should be judged at our worst, even by high human justice.

Sunday, March 20. To church as usual. Worked hard all the morning on "Polarity". Dined with S. G. Ward, the Dresels being there. After dinner other friends came in and Dresel played the old favorites and some new ones. He was in his best mood and quite held us all bound in his net.

Tuesday, March 22. Maggie ill and company to dinner. I washed breakfast things, cleared the table, walked, read Spinoza a little, then had to "fly round" as my dinner was an early one. Picked a grouse and saw to various matters. Company came a little early. The room was cold. Hedge, Palfrey and Alger to dinner. Conversation pleasant but dinner late and not well served. Palfrey and Hedge read Parker's Latin epitaph to Chev, amazed at the bad Latinity.

Wednesday, March 23. Began to keep a essay on "Polarity". Heard William H. Channing.

(Note. No entry till

Sunday, April 17. Heard Octavius Frothingham, who quoted two verses from "Passion Flowers", beginning "And that high suffering---". An eminent sermon. A man of genius, sympathy, study and religion.

Monday, April 18. Modesty is as much shown in our judgments of others as in our judgment of ourselves. X It is in connection with "-----" that I have thought out and formulated this. Did he not believe himself exempt from human errors he could never berate me as he does.

Saturday, April 23. The twenty-first anniversary of my marriage.

All the laws of society being founded upon the idea of mutual compact, ordinances incapacitating one party in any human combination from the powers of entering into a compact, emancipated him also from the duties consequent upon a compact. Such ordinances are against the very idea on which law is founded. They can therefore never become laws.

Rights and duties are inseparable in human beings. God has rights without duties. Men have rights and duties. If a slave have no rights, he also has no duties. Much disheartened as to prospects.

August 24th. Thursday. There must be a strict equality between the labor of obtaining the foundation of currency (gold and silver metal) and the labor of producing commodities to be purchased by the currency. If the production of money is too easy, labor will be overpaid and diminished. If too difficult, it will be underpaid and the basis of human life will be diminished. Thus, to obtain the sine qua non of commerce, the labor of the world must be equally divided between the production of direct and indirect values, - direct values being the objects of commerce, indirect values being the metals which are its organs. In all competitions between these two, the prime necessity has the advantage. Merely gold and silver bearing countries have to pay dearly for the necessities of life.

August 25th. In town for Flossy's croquet party. (List of purchases) Flossy's party was pleasant but too small.

August 26th. Saturday. Military necessity is the only adequate motive for military measures. Moral necessities must be carried out by moral means.

As Society cannot at any time dispense with the machinery of law it follows that one set of ordinances must be obeyed until another of superior weight and authority can be substituted for it. Laws, which violate the moral sense of a community cannot be enforced. For, as obedience to law rests primarily on the idea of moral obligation, a law which should be at variance with this idea, tends to overthrow the whole basis of law and ~~xxxxx~~ can only be enforced in the form of arbitrary requisition. The will of the community is not capable of direct action, it can only act by representation. This representation has its fullest and most steadfast stronghold in the laws and constitution of the body politic, and until a modification of these shall be agreed upon, the laws and constitution must be considered as standing for the representative will of the community against the arbitrary innovation of no matter what parties. Reformers may therefore advocate opinions contrary to existing laws, but may not advise action in opposition to them otherwise than in amendments of such laws voted and agreed upon by the people at large.

The a posteriori of natural science and the a priori of mathematics stand for each other in the relation of centre and circumference, a priori being the centre, a posteriori the circumference. The same with the a priori of logic and the a posteriori of experience in all sorts. A posteriori prevails largely in the reasoning of today as the result of the predominance of the methods of natural (empirical) science. But with only a posteriori, we can have no absolute truth, no steadfast authority, no school.

August 28th. Monday. With the girls to a matinee at Bellevue Hall. They danced and I was happy, Julia with "Brownbread" Phelps and Floss with W. Blake, with tea afterwards at Mrs. Brooks's, where we passed a pleasant hour. Drove out home and got there safely, laus Deo!

August 30th. Wednesday. To the fashionable picnic, bought a black shetland shawl for \$5.50. Picnic very handsome in all arrangements and tolerably amusing. Had some talk with Mrs. Ward McAllister, who represents Auntie Francois as very unreasonable. She never had much reason or judgment, but great natural wit and entire sincerity.

September 2nd. Saturday. My croquet party kept us busy all day. It was pleasant enough. Thirty-one guests came, which was well considering the uncertainty of the weather.

September 3rd. To town and to church. Octavius Frothingham preached quite a brilliant sermon mostly on the distinction between giving and sharing, with a cogent application of the doctrine of sharing to the black man in the negative freedom of his present condition. The first half of the sermon was too phrase-y and rhetorical. The second half eloquent with a true inspiration of zeal and conviction.

Saw good Miss Reed.

Kant's distinction between subordination and coördination is excellent. In true Christianity all is coördination, "fellow-workers with Christ". Subordination is a natural and military, not a moral necessity. Man is the first value and that from which all other values derive. A human babe is, therefore, of more importance than any silver, gold or treasure or convenience of any sort. Few seem to recognize this fact out of the sphere of their own personal affections.

Because you have a right and obligation to think for yourself, it does not follow that you are not bound in justice to think in a certain way and not in another. Your liberty consists in this, that you arrive at the truth by means of your own mental operations, not those of another person. No one can make the entertainment of any opinion or maxim obligatory to you from without. It must commend itself to your judgment. Judgment is not the less to be formed and cultivated, hence authority of rules and standards in art, science and literature.

September 4th. Monday. Kant distinguishes right into three domains; state right, popular right, and international right. He distinguishes the powers of a state into three, viz: sovereignty in the law-giver, fulfilling power in the ruler, and right-deciding power in the person of the judge. Potestas legislativa, rectoria, et judicaria, which he compares to the three terms of a syllogism, major premise, minor premise, and conclusion. This is substantially the usual division into legislative, executive and judiciary. All citizens share in the passive rights of citizenship, but not in its active rights, for which certain conditions are needed. Voting is one of these rights. He makes freedom to consist in obedience only to such laws as the citizen, as such, recognizes. Civil equality is the condition that the citizen shall owe allegiance to no one who owes none to him, in other words reciprocity of civil obligation.

September 5th. Chev, Julia and Bird away. Harry left the horse and carriage near the barn and the consequence was an upset, breaking both traces and threatening destruction to horse and carriage. Fortunately a tree stood in the way and the horse was stopped, quite uninjured.

Kant says that a paternal government is the most tyrannical of all because it treats citizens like children.

September 6th. Wednesday. To town (Boston) to find a house which it would suit us to buy or hire. The Sargents having given us warning to leave No. 13

Chestnut St. In the p.m. visited 19 Beylston Place, which is for sale and would be quite suitable in most respects. Went to Chestnut St., also to the Washburns' and invited Matty to go down next day. Saw also Mary Gray who will go.

September 7th. Thursday. Visited Apthorp. Saw house in Ashburton Place, price \$25,000. Saw Beylston Place again. Chev would not let me go down to Newport, so sent the two girls down, gave them the peaches and sent Flossy \$5. for house expenses. Found the Institute detestable, glare, heat, noise and smells. Harry brought Praag to tea, so I bought a dozen peaches and jumbles.

September 8th. To Cambridge with Chev and Harry to arrange about Harry's rooms. To Beylston Place again. To Newport by 4:30 P.M. train. A well-dressed

elderly man insisted upon sitting beside me, although there were other vacant seats just as good. I was very angry at him, but concluded not to speak to the conductor, not knowing whether I had a right to turn him out or not. He did not speak or otherwise annoy me.

September 9th. Saturday. Enjoyed the Valley. Read Kant. He attributes the French Revolution to the summoning of the States General, on the ground that the king by referring to them the financial administration which before had belonged to him had given back to the people the supreme power which he derived from them and which they were under no obligation to render back to him.

September 10th. Sunday. Sent a carriage full of young people to church. Stayed at home. Visited the Andersons, returning to them borrowed tea and mustard. Read Kant on state rights. According to him, wars of conquest are only allowable in a state of nature, not in a state of peace (which is not to be attained without a compact whose necessity is supreme and whose obligations are sacred) so Napoleon's crusade against the constituted authority of the European republic was without logical justification, - which accounts for the speedy downfall of his empire. What he accomplished had only the subjective justification of his genius and his ambition. His work was of great indirect use in sweeping away certain barriers of usage and superstition. He drew a picture of government on a large scale and thus set a pattern which inevitably enlarged the procedure of his successors, who lost through him the prestige of divine right and of absolute power. But the inadequacy of his object showed itself through the affluence of his genius. The universal dominion of the Napoleon family was not to be desired or endured by the civilized world at large. The hare in the end overtook the tortoise, and slow plodding justice with her royal (or, royal?) back, distanced splendid ambition mounted on first rate ability, once and forever.

A long visit from Jacob.

"My peace I give unto you" is a wonderful saying. What peace have most of us to give each other? But Christ has given peace to the world, - Peace at least as an ideal object to be ever sought but never ~~attained~~ fully attained.

September 11th. Monday. All rights, social, civil and political exist primarily in the mass of the people and derive from natural and original human right. The institution of laws and society at once supposes two different and conflicting aims in man; for the maintenance of what he should wish over what he may wish, are all civil and social conventions constituted. Thus society at its outset makes distinction between the ideal human will and the actual human will, and all governments, ecclesiastical and temporal are held to administer to the one at the expense of the other. Things which would infallibly become the personal objects of a number of men, if left to their own guidance, cannot be supposed to be the legitimate objects of the human race, inasmuch as they tend to its constant degradation and final destruction. Governments, therefore, uphold the ideal above the actual will of man. Education and religion work in the same direction.

September 12th. Tuesday. Began to put together some thoughts on the Ideal State, which may or may not attain the length and dignity of a paper for the Christian Examiner.

A picnic at Paradise with the Hazards. We came late and left early, but enjoyed ourselves very well.

September 13th. Wednesday. Kant distinguishes two sorts of affection, - one material or quantitative, the other formal or qualitative. The first is a term of comprehension, implying the presence of all the parts of the subject, - the second is a term of relation and signifies the agreement of all the qualities or properties of a subject toward one end or aim.

September 17th.Sunday. To Zion Church to hear my cousin, Marion McAllister preach. Text: "Son, remember that thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things", sermon as far removed from it as possible, weak, sentimental, illiterate. He left out the 'd' in receivedst and committed other errors in pronunciation, but to sit with the two aunts in the old church so familiar to my childhood was touching and impressive. Hither my father was careful to bring us; imperfect as his doctrine now appears to me, he looks down upon me from the height of a better life than mine and still appears to me as my superior. Spoke to Mrs. Bigelow of reading over here for Brooks's Benefit.

September 18th.Monday. To town, taking Susy Hinkley, Maud, and Ellen Gray. Saw Hunt, Mrs. Gulston, and Reed about my reading, which I fix for Thursday. Miss Gulston takes five tickets, Mrs. Furness five, Miss Reed will try to dispose of two or more.**** The man is in his body as the ideal cause in the natural order. He cannot change the natural order, but he can morally rise above it.

September 20th.Wednesday. Stayed at home to read over my lecture which I have not seen for nearly two years. Found the standpoint substantially correct according to my present views. I have chosen the one on Duality of Character. My statement is an anticipation of the ideal philosophy which I had not at that time studied under Kant, its true master.

September 21st.Thursday. A little nervous about my reading. Studied my essay pretty well, dressed early and left home at 11 A.M., Conway driving and Laura, Maud and Ellen Gray accompanying me. Reached Mrs. Hunt's at 12. Asked for a cup of tea, and had some with bread and butter. Saw the sweet little boy. Mrs. Hunt very kind and cordial! At one, Mr. Hunt led me to the studio which I found well-filled, my two aunts in the front row, to my great surprise, Bancroft, too, quite near me. I shortened the essay somewhat. It was well heard and received. Afterwards I read my poem called "Philosophy", and was urged to recite my Battle Hymn, which I did. I was much gratified by the kind reception I met with and the sight of many friends of my youth. A most pleasant lunch afterwards at Mrs. Hunt's, with the Tweedys, Tuckermans, Field and Laura.

September 22nd. Friday. Kant says that for one duty there can be only one reason. Where several reason are alleged for one act the different reasons refer to different obligations which one act may combine. When people try by the multitude of reasons alleged to make amends for the want of weight of any one reason, they help themselves very poorly. For diverse insufficient grounds of obligation placed together, do not help each other's insufficiency. The several reasons should succeed each other as cause and effect till they lead to the sufficient reason.

Left the Valley (for Boston) with Laura, Bradford and Muz. Met Aunt Lou in the cars. Conway also came with us.

September 23rd.Sunday. Chestnut St. Twice to South Boston to sit with Chev. Turning back from September 29th, when I began to read Grote's account of Plato's Republic, Justice in itself seems to me to be an ideal represented by a fact. As we know it, it is a mode of thinking which necessitates a certain mode of action. The mode of action is to uphold the truth in all matters of obligation and opinion.

September 25th.Monday. Went to visit Chev at Inst. In the afternoon ran around to invite guests for Aunt Lou and Aunt Maria. Collected some eighteen pleasant people, mostly neighbors.

The want of understanding of the true coördination and subordination of society is ignorance not knowledge, weakness not power. In America, where it so largely prevails, it is an evil to be accounted for and to be remedied (a slow process) not an advantage to be rejoiced in. Coördination is a moral and primal, subordination

a secondary and social necessity. So the true church makes one what the true state makes many. One God, one faith, one baptism, for monarch and subject, rich and poor. But the Catholic Church does not administer this fairly, doing her best to keep down culture in the least favored orders of society.

September 26th. Tuesday. Conway left. Waited on Auntie a good deal, went with her to visit the Misses Danforth, her old friends. Read a little in Kant after dinner, for the first time in four days. Wrote to urge Chev to come and see Auntie.

The idea of virtue is inseparable from that of progress, because virtue, being an ideal and therefore unattainable, must be sought by an onward effort. This is the objective reason, the subjective being that the nature of man is so dynamic in its facts and principles that stand-still is impossible for it. When it does not rise, it sinks.

September 27th. Wednesday. Chev came over and saw Auntie. I wrote letters for her to Charles Dana and Governor Andrew in Julian's behalf. Went to the cars with her, and came home and read Kant.

The moral law does not prescribe the action, but the spirit which shall inspire all action. Hence, to insist upon certain measures and special actions is a matter of social or political influence, not of ethical instruction. Without duty to oneself, there could be no duty to anyone else. Kant says this but does not account for it in the clearest way. The moral obligations which I recognize towards others spring from a law in of my own practical reason, obedience to which must be an object to me before I can have any paramount reason for rendering such obedience. In order, therefore, that others may be an object to me, I must first be an object to myself. My first obligation, however, will be to the ideal of manhood.

September 28th. Thursday. I see no outlook before me. So many ~~fix~~ fields for activity, but for passivity, which seems incumbent upon me, only uselessness, obscurity, deterioration. Some effort I must make. It is on the ground of nature that every individual is actually or potentially, the enemy of every other individual. The outer form of society is only a compact in which interests are combined by mutual concessions, and sacrifices of some ends and promotions of others are agreed upon and enforced. Here each one foregoes something of his exterminating selfishness in consideration of a good or immunity which he can secure upon no other condition. It is only in morals and religion that all men are friends and brothers. On this ground all tributes to humanity are paid out of benevolence and the sense of a common bond of dignity and affection inherent in all, which all must do their best to promote. These people who work by promoting antagonisms are still on the natural ground, their means are not moral, even though their ends should seem so.

September 29th. Friday. Kant denies the Aristotelian doctrine that a virtue is the mean between two opposite extremes. I came to the same conclusion in my ethical studies of last year, - finding that a virtuous life and all its actions spring from one object and intention and a vicious life from another. The difference between the two is therefore not quantitative but qualitative. Virtue, on the Aristotelian plane, would be merely negative, a non excess. I stated that gluttony and temperance were not merely degrees of feeding, but showed a difference of moral direction. The mystics are often charged with materialism, while their great ends are almost purely idealistic. The omission of classification induced by their synthesis is the cause of this, also in part the careless judgment of the world. Hunted for a house in vain.

September 30th. Saturday. Kant makes a good distinction between an ideal and an idol. The ideal is the discovery of your reason, the idol the invention of your skill.

October 3rd. Tuesday. The oneness of virtue and the manifold subdivisions of merit are two points not to be overlooked in ethical consideration and instruction. We are bound to confer all benefits in a manner which shall not impair the self-respect of the party who receives them.

Longfellow, Hedge and Prof. Nicoll, son of the astronomer, dined. A pleasant occasion. Packed for Barnstable, whither Mrs. Andrew invites me to accompany her. Flossy goes with me.

The advantage of American society is not that men are really equal or that the subdivisions and orders of the human family are not found there as much as elsewhere; but that in American institutions there is nothing to perpetuate or necessitate those exaggerations of the natural differences upon which despotic governments and aristocratic society are founded.

The same with the church. In all Protestant, no less than in all Catholic churches, we shall find the two sorts of religion, literal and spiritual, experimental and formal, instructed and inspired. But in liberal Protestantism there is nothing to exaggerate and perpetuate the distinction between the two. The broader platform, on the contrary, tends ever to the spiritualization of the lower order of minds and to the popularization of the higher. So the two are held in a virtual, not an enforced cooperation, in an efficient, not a sentimental sympathy.

The severest critics of society do not discern its ideal features, they do not believe in the supreme power of the ideal, and not looking for traces of that power, they do not find them. The absolute efficiency of moral causes is unknown to them.

The distinctions between white and black as hitherto enforced in this country, aim a death blow at the foundation of all law and morals. For law and morals suppose all men to be human and to have human obligations which involve human privileges. The law, therefore, by which you undermine the foundations of all law, cannot nowadays have the sanction either of legality or morality.

October 4th. Wednesday. Early to Barnstable, where we found Mrs. Andrew at Judge Day's. To the hall where we found a good assemblage of people, but a deplorable entertainment. Afterwards to Frank Bacon's where we found hospitality, good cheer and croquet. Mr. Bacon afterwards drove us to see Miss Phinney and back to the Days'. Flossy dressed Mrs. Andrews' hair for the ball. She herself looked very well in her blue ball dress. The ball was broken up at 12 by the ill breeding and ill temper of Col. Henshaw, commander of Ancient and Honorable Artillery. Introduced in the cars to Maj.-Gen'l Sickles.

October 5th. To Harwich to attend the opening of the Rail Road. We were taken to the house of Mr. Snow, where we found a family circle and pleasant open fire. Afterwards heard the Gov. make a good speech and Gen'l Sickles a ready one. Had lunch at Mrs. Snow's - back to Boston, where we arrived late, at 8 o'clock.

October 6th. Friday. Much excited and worried about plans and prospects. Chev has bought the house in Boylston Place. God grant it may be for the best. Determine to have classes in Philosophy, and to ask a reasonable price for my tickets.

The Sunday's devotion without the week's thought and use is a spire without a meeting-house. It leaps upward, but crowns and covers nothing. I have too often set down the moral weight I have to carry and frisked around it. But the voice now tells me that I must bear it to the end or lose it forever.

I cannot benefit anybody except a child or a fool, according to my ideas of happiness, but according to his. If I force upon him an undesired gift, I confer no benefit. This is from Kant.

October 7th. Saturday. Much pleased with my new house.

The higher creature has his skeleton inside, the lower, the tortoise, etc, has it outside. So the higher natures have their constraints within (conscience),

October 5th. Sunday. To church. A crude, illiterate, ambitious sermon, in the cockney tongue by . Reading Grote's Plato. He finds fault with

Plato for making the personal happiness of the just man the primary ground of recommendation for justice. There is certainly this ground for such objection, that if we make moral obligation devolve from any considerations of personal happiness, the individual obliged will be justified ~~will~~ as well in omitting duties as in performing them, on this ground. He may assume to be the best judge of his own happiness and to forward its attainment by means which we shall consider immoral. Kant's statement is far better, viz: that duty is an obligation which we owe to the ideal of manhood, as represented in our own persons and those of other men. Plato ~~might~~ not the less might justly extol the happiness of those who fulfil their just obligations, since although the attainment of this happiness is not the first motive for virtuous effort, yet happiness is to be attained in no other way. The error is one of statement, not of fact.

Charles Sumner called late in the afternoon. Millard called to invite me to go to hear Mme. Parepa, which I did with great contentment. It is long since we have heard so majestic a voice. She sang among other things Handel's superb aria, "If guiltless blood", ~~SaxxxKxxxpxyxxdxxxxxxttfffflxxxxxxkxxxxkkk~~ which was new to me and wonderfully fine. Carl Rosa played beautifully on the violin.

October 9th. Monday. Worried to death about the new house, which Chev threatens to sell. Went about the streets like an uneasy ghost. People seemed to look at me.*****

October 10th. Tuesday. Looked at houses with Chev. Very unsettled. Read Kant and hunted up my lyrics, of which many now seem to me too personal for publication. The labor of looking over the mss. nearly made me ill. Had a new bad feeling of intense pressure in the right temple.

Dear Sam came in the evening, also Summer for a short time.

October 11th. Wednesday. Still the bad feeling in my right temple. Took Nux Vomica, determined to push on with my volume. Visited Longfellow in the afternoon. Had some talk about my volume. Visited Harry at college and looked at the Sullivans' house.

October 12th. Thursday. Very unwell. Saw Tilton and agreed to go to press immediately. Promised to visit Mary Dorr tomorrow afternoon to meet M. Larret, a French gentleman. Nearly distracted by headache.

October 14th. ~~Saturday~~. ~~Saturday~~. Almost distracted with work of various sorts: My book, the new house, this one full of company, and a small party in the evening, Marquis de Chambrun, M. Morogne, Charles Sumner, Charles T. How, and some of the neighbors.

October 15th. Sunday. To hear James Freeman, who preached an excellent sermon, a doctrinal one, unusual for him. He told me that Lilian would help to arrange my poems and she promised to do so. In the evening the Wards and Julia, with Harry and L. Parmelee went to hear Parepa in Haydn's Creation.

October 19th. Thursday. All these days much hurried with proofs. Went in the evening to the opening of the new wards in the women's hospital. Read two short poems, according to promise. These were kindly received. George Bond gave me a beautiful bouquet. Coming home, I found M. Boisières come to take leave. Went afterwards to Charlotte Whipple's to meet the Burlingames. Put \$5. into the donation vase at the hospital.

October 23rd. Monday. To Boys' Reform School at Westboro with J.H.

Stephenson, George Bond, Mrs. Dall, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Kappnitz of Russia, and others. A pleasant journey; a drive of two miles. The school is beautifully situated and we visited it thoroughly. In the yard where the boys were collected before dinner, the guests were introduced. Quite a number crowded to see the author of the Battle Hymn. Two or three said to me, "Are you the woman that wrote that Battle Hymn?" When I told them that I was they seemed much pleased. This I felt to be a great honour. We had an excellent dinner at 12 o'clock. At three P.M. met the boys and teachers in the chapel. They sang my Hymn. I read my fourth Parable. Mrs. Dall made an address, part of which was very complimentary to me. She is always very fluent.

October 25th. Wednesday. Dined with A.C. Baldwin. Julia and Flossy went with me. A pleasant and social occasion. George Parkman and G. S. Hale came in and were very jolly.

October 26th. Thursday. Wrote ~~me~~ asking editor of N.Y. Evening Post and Nation to announce my volume in their columns.

October 27th. Friday. Harassed with correcting proof and furnishing copy. Ran to Bartol for a little help which he gave me. Mr. Kappnitz dined and George Hale, at 2:30. At 5:30 Flossy and I went to take the cars for Natick, to attend Senator Wilson's silver wedding. The two gentlemen met us there. Arrived at Natick we found an omnibus into which we crowded ourselves. Arrived at the place, we took off our things in one house and then went into another, Wilson's, to attend the party. The silver was very handsome. It was displayed in two upper rooms, the house cheap and small, a band of music upstairs little heard from ~~below~~ the noise below. Wilson and his wife received us very cordially. I told George Hale that the company reminded me of one French author, - Rabble-ais. This was the Natick company, as the guests from town and elsewhere were very well-dressed and well-behaved.

November 3rd. Friday. Moving all day. This is my last writing in this dear house, 13 Chestnut Street, where I have had three years of good work, social and family enjoyment. Here I enjoyed my dear Sammy for six happy months. Here I mourned long and bitterly for him. Here I read my six lectures on Practical Ethics. Some of my best days have been passed in this house. God be thanked for the same.

November 9th. Thursday. My first writing in the new house, where may God ~~himself~~ help and bless us all. May no dark action shade our record in this house, and, if possible, no surpassing sorrow.

Flossy's lozenges, .35. Good rehearsal of Handel and Haydn. Paid Harry ten dollars promised him for attending Bible class last winter.

November 11th. Saturday. Busy all day. Took 5:30 train for Newport, where I visit Sarah Clarke. Found a warm welcome and a cosy tea table. Blazing wood fire in my room, and a feather bed to sleep on. Slept well.

November 12th. To Valley where I picked up all the things I could find, ran down into the Valley which was lovely. Found Chas. Chase with a black and a white labourer playing cards in the mill. Saw Cogshall. Back to Sarah's to dinner. Corrected some proofs. To tea at the Tweedy's, very pleasant. Frank Scott was there. T.W. Higginson came in.

November 14th. Tuesday. Worked all day as usual. Had a visit from Mrs. Holland. Am to read at her house on Friday evening, November 24th. At 4 P.M. went to the anniversary of the woman's hospital in the Warren Street Chapel, where Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell read a good address, Dr. Zach her report, and I read two poems, "Endeavor" and the Beggar Boy parable.

November 15th. Ran about to hunt for a parlour and chamber girl. Was very weary in body, weary also in mind of this empty mode of life. Went to printing

office, to give last reading to proofs; read one third of my volume, having read about the same quantity yesterday. Late to dinner, suffering all day with neuralgia. Undressed and lay down. Was just on the pillow when C. Sumner came. I instantly arose and redressed myself. It was his first visit in our new house. We had a long and pleasant talk about art, history, and philosophy, the Caesars, the new historical opinions, Bacon, Descartes, etc. After tea Flossy and I went to Handel and Haydn rehearsal of Judas Maccabaeus, which I enjoyed.

November 19th. Sunday. Had the comforts of faith from dear James Freeman today. Felt restored to something like the peace I enjoyed before these two tasks of printing and moving broke up all leisure and all study. Determined to hold on with both hands to the largeness of philosophical pursuit and study, and to do my utmost to be useful in this connection and path of life. Wrote to George Ripley, Tuckerman, Mrs. Holland. Went to sing in Judas Maccabaeus, which was beautiful.

November 20th, Monday. Comforting myself with Hedge's book. Determined to pass no more godless days. Unwell with rheumatic feeling in the head, corresponding to a certain jumpiness in my heart, a bad symptom.

November 21st. Tuesday. Only a little reading of Grote's Plato. Plato's Theory of Reminiscence seems to me only a literal application of the antecedence of ideal cause to material fact. Mind acts by direct ideal power, whose source is neither in the present individual existence nor in any other. Its authority antedates and examines the evidence of the senses. All thought is a reference of questions to a deciding power in the individual's mind. This acts from the beginning by assuming the power to judge of appearances. The antecedence here is simply that of idea over form. The Mayor invited me in person to meet the Tunisian Ambassador at his house this evening. I went, found a pleasant party. The Mayor desired Senator Sumner to take me down to supper.

November 22nd. Social meeting in our vestry.***** (List of purchases) Did not go to social meeting. Went to French play with John Dwight, Julia having gone, to my regret, with another party. Got out my Ideal State and worked upon it. Read Hedge.

November 23rd. Wrote to Colonel Hamilton, son of Alexander, thanking for the gift of a lock of his father's hair, and a photograph of his bust.

November 24th. Friday. I am to read at Mrs. Holland's.

I did read at Mrs. Holland's. My audience was not what I should have expected from those I have had in other places. It was not large, and composed mostly of women. I read for the first time the Fact Accomplished. I was gratified by the presence of Profs. Pierce, Lovering, Eustis and Winlock, and of Dr. Peabody. All but the latter spoke kindly to me of the lecture. I was on the whole pleased and quite glad to have gone. Sorry not to have spoken with Dr. P., sorry too not to have seen Dr. Hill there. Mr. Kappnitz drove home with me and seemed much pleased with the lecture.

November 25th. Broke a part of one of my back teeth, which troubles me much.

November 29th. Wednesday. Got Harrington's Oceana and glanced at portions of it, for mention in my Ideal State. Worked at the same.***** I to Claflin's party, where I had a pleasant talk with C. Sumner, and saw all the political notabilities. I did not like the party very well. It was showy and expensive enough, but showed a want of social tact and experience.

Sumner told me that Webster had been much taken with the Oceana, and had adopted from it the idea of the representation of property, which he caused to be adopted in Massachusetts. Mrs. Holland called and told me that my reading had given far more pleasure than I had supposed possible. Sarah Clarke dined.

I have got one day ahead in my writing (dates have been corrected) so that which was recorded on Tuesday took place on Monday and so on with the rest. This morning at waking thought of an improvement to one line of my poem "A Baby's Shoes". Going to the printing office, I was just in time to have the alteration made in the plate.

The representation of property might seem to have some justification in economics; in ethics it has none, since its tendency is to increase and exaggerate the inequality of human privilege and to place additional power in the hands of those whose wealth already gives them a preponderance. The creation of wealth is not an inevitable proof of desert, far from it. Its inheritance does not even prove efficiency. We must judge men by primary, not symbolical values. Morality and intelligence are true values. Society is forced to adopt a low standard of both as the basis of political efficiency.

"Friday, December 1st. To go to Dr. Wilson at 9 A.M. Went in great fear, suffered great pain, but short, for doctor only out away one side of the broken tooth, to put in a gutta serena filling, to be replaced later. To class in Comparative Theology at Mrs. Wells'. In the evening at Mrs. Dix's at Hotel Pelham, where I saw many friends and J. and F. also enjoyed themselves.

December 4th. Monday. Read Grote's Plato. Wrote a further ending for my Ideal State. Having finished my morning's work, I employed a few spare moments in writing a burlesque salutatory address for the opening of our club, which meets this evening at Governor Andrew's.

My speech was quite successful, more so than I should have expected. Mrs. Fields complimented me upon it. Tom Gould read Tennyson's Ulysses very well. Dr. Holmes read "Canaan" by himself and Wilson's "Old Colour Sergeant". A pleasant evening. Governor Andrew also made a little speech and told a story.

"December 5th. Tuesday. Grote's Plato. Heraclitus with his constant process of generation and destruction seems to have something like Spinoza's infinite succession and like what I have tried to express about the natural order in my essay on Ideal Causation. His statement that every man in himself is irrational, reason belonging truly to the universal or whole with which the mind of each man is in conjunction, is like my doctrine of limitation. Whether you make this universal, the wholeness of the secondary reason of man or the primary reason of God, the truth itself is philosophical. I should apply it to both.

December 7th. Thursday. To church. A sermon on the war, the altar and pulpit ~~xxx~~ dressed with sheaves, ears of corn and fruits. Began my study for the class of comparative theology. Dined with Joseph Howe. He was ill and I took his place and carved.

December 8th. Friday. Saw Mrs. Lodge about Alger's matters and Mr. O. Gould about her club evening. Wrote for the class today.

What I wrote for the class was perhaps more learned than interesting, being a brief summary, not completed, of the theogonic and cosmogonic doctrine of the pre-Socratic philosophies. Church rehearsal at my house for Christmas. Rehearsed, "Tune your harps", from Judas Maccabaeus.

December 9th. Saturday. Wretched with headache. Read long in Grote's Plato, - of the canon of Plato's works and different theories of various German scholars relative to the order of composition of certain of his works and the authenticity of certain of them.

December 10th. Sunday. James F. preached a sermon on the Dualism of Nature as a divine and necessary institution. After various illustrations of this, he applied the antagonisms between the whites and blacks in this country as rendering the two capable of useful co-operation.

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December 12th. Tuesday. Grote's Plato. In Alcibiades 1st and 2nd, we find the suggestion of the summum bonum or supreme ideal good, the knowledge of which alone makes other knowledge safe and desirable: in eutephron or holiness, we find the suggestion of this in its moral aspects. Holiness does not derive its virtue from the sanction of the gods. They love what is holy because it is holy. But an act or attribute is not so because it is agreeable to them. This supposes a moral attraction beyond any imaginable personality.

Saw my new volume today at Tilton's. It looks very well, but I am not sanguine about its fate.

December 14th. Thursday. Rehearsal of charade at 4 Park St, at 3:30. ~~xxx~~ Worked more at charades. Set for Miss Foley for finishing touch upon my medallion.

December 15th. Friday. Rehearsed charade in the afternoon. Wrote a little part for dear Laura. We rehearsed this charade six or seven times. The club began with a very interesting talk from Prof. Pierce on the source of the sun's heat. He rejected Thomson's theory of the aerolites falling from a certain distance upon the sun. This would increase the size of the sun and shorten the solar year, in which no change is perceptible to the nicest calculation. He attributes the heat to the jar of aerolites against each other in the sun's immediate ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ surrounding. Adopting the nebular hypothesis, which he extends to the development theory in the spirit, not the form of Darwin, he supposes the sun to have undergone considerable shrinkage since its first appearance in the world of matter, having been a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ nebula at first. My charade was successful. Mary Gould and Carroll did very well. It had cost me unusual work and shall be my last for some time.

December 16th. Saturday. Sarah Clarke and Foley are to dine with me at 5:30. Went out at 10 A.M. to take Foley to see Hunt whom we found in his studio in a queer knitted coat. He showed us an unfinished head of General Grant, in which it struck me that the eyes looked like the two scales of a balance in which men and events could be weighed.

December 17th. Sunday. A good sermon from J.F.O. and a most fatiguing rehearsal of our chorus which goes poorly.

Confucius said, "I do not open up the truth to any one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out anyone who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to anyone and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." Lautze(?) says, "Where we have intelligence resulting from sincerity, this condition is to be ascribed to nature, where we have sincerity resulting from intelligence this condition is to be ascribed to instruction. But, given the sincerity, and there shall be the intelligence. Given the intelligence, and there shall be the sincerity."

We all learn to recognize the difference between spontaneous and acquired morality, of which both are useful, but the first eminent and delightful. Let us be always mindful of two things, perfection and imperfection. The first we worship, the second we are. Law is the iron frame work that holds the fluent universe, for even its solids are fluent, subject as they are to disintegration and detrition, regenerating themselves from the common stock of the elementary substances..

December 20th. Foley and Laura left for New York, Laura to visit Aunt H.***** In afternoon learn of Uncle McAllister's death. This news would have prevented Laura's trip to New York if I had learned of it earlier.

December 21st.. Received Uncle's Christmas gift of \$200. I have been for some days past utterly without means, my advances for the family not having been repaid. This I believe to have been unavoidable. This remittance is a great boon.

December 22nd. Warner and Kappritz dined, and we all went afterwards to Alger's last reading at Mrs. Lodge's. It was very pleasant. Helen Bell was there. She and Mrs. Alger spoke to me of my book and in a manner which gave me much pleasure. Henry Engles also went with me to the lecture. In the afternoon I attended the class of Comparative Theology. Subject, Character of God and Providence.

December 24th. Sunday. To church where J.F.C. preached a pleasant Christmas sermon, quoting at its close the first line and last verse of my Battle Hymn. We sang the chorus "Tune your Harps", from Judas Macabaeus tolerably. After church went to rehearse the Messiah for the oratorio tonight. A stormy, uncomfortable day after a mild morning.

December 30th. Saturday. Dreamed of dearest Sunny for the first time in quite a long period. Dreamed that I had thought him dead, but found him coming to life. Doctors and friends said that he would be restored if left to himself. I seemed to see him dimly and not looking like his former self. Still the dream was a boon.

Rehearsal of Mendelssohn's Elijah. Took Maud and Harry. Dear little Maud enjoyed it much, and was specially delighted to see Carl Rosa who came for a short time. Parepa sang very finely.

December 31st. Sunday. An interesting New Year's sermon from H.F.C. Rehearsal after church. A noncommittal note from Longfellow, thanking for my volume, but declining to praise or criticise, most strangely, I think. Hedge and J.F. Clarke treated me more generously. A letter from Annie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(No entry until --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

March 17th. Heavy with fatigue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

April 8th. Started to go to see Annie and go to church, but stayed all day with Annie. Read some things from the Bible. Talking a great deal. To Mary's to tea and stayed all night. A pleasant evening. They asked me to recite. I recited "The Flag", "The Day", parable, and read the Vision of Palm Sunday and the Battle Hymn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sacred truth, while I pursue thee, thou wilt never disown me.
H. James in the afternoon.

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

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

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

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

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

from the duty of having in private some human qualities.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In town by cars to Tweedys' party.

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

(Several entries, containing quotations from Sumner Maine).

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

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

(More quotations from Maine.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ignorant may one become of true mental experience.

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

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

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

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

No entry till

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

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

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

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

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

I miss my poor Tukey.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The moon looks

On many brooks,

The brook can see no moon but this."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

September 12th. Wednesday. Fichte's analysis of the power and idea of action upon the external world, difficult to follow and to report. Ideal object and real result are first and final members of one thought synthesis. The intervening experience, I should say, represented the third or steadfast element, which we call one in one connection, space in another. Fichte's work seems to me wonderfully subtle and suggestive, but important only to technical metaphysicians, not to historicists or general students. It is more fatiguing than Kant, as detailsome as said work, commanding too a certain scup d'oeil, but damaging to brain and stomach.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A pretty good study this morning, much interrupted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tuesday.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(No entry till)

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

Finished copying and correcting my editorial for the first number of my weekly. Finished also Fichte's Sittenlehre for whose delightful reading I thank God, praying never to act quite unworthily of its maxims.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Maud's party.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Proofs. An anxious, hurried day..

(No entry till--)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The poet is the poor man's valet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

January 17th, Thursday. The worst snowstorm I ever remember to have encountered. I went out, but was forced to put in at the Masonic Temple for a moment of rest and shelter. Had to take a carriage to get home, price one dollar. Gloves 1.25, to wear at the Winthrops', where I am to dine. Fashionable invitations frighten me, as I can't give the necessary time and attention to dress. Read in Fichte.

Mrs. Bunsenau and Perabo came to dinner at 2 P.M., and were very pleasant. A little before six I went to the Winthrops', had to walk to Boylston St., the Court being blocked up with snow. Only by vigorous spading was the access to the Winthrops' house kept clear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This subject of opposition deserves to be worked out further.

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

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