

61

Thursday, Nov. 11.

My last day here, sad and anxious to me. X Dearest Laura, brave and energetic to the last, doing very much which I could not have done for myself. (A pleasant departure on the whole. + + + Pullman horribly over-heated and ill-ventilated. Reached New York in a pouring rain. Harry and Fanny received us very hospitably. Their house is delightful.

Saturday, Nov. 13,

Day of final departure. We left Harry's house at 8:15 A. M. and reached steamer by 9 A. M. David came on board and Arthur Terry. + + The band began to play after people had gone on shore, and I stood, keeping time to the music, when I last saw David. The day was quiet, dear Maud had arranged my stateroom with great care, and this day passed very comfortably.

Sunday, Nov. 14.

Fine weather but the steamer rolled badly. I took my meals but did not much enjoy them. + + +

Monday, Nov. 15.

About and pretty well. Jack made acquaintance with a Mr. De Wint, a newspaper man, who told him a story of strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes among some Siberian savages. A Mrs. Richardson came to speak to me, a lady with a pleasant face and gray curls, widow of a clergyman. A pretty baby girl, two years of age, went about with her father, the mother ill down stairs.

Tuesday, Nov. 16.

Rev. Mr. Hensley of Louisville, Ky., introduced himself to me. We had a pleasant talk. I sat a good deal with Mrs. Andrews, who travels with Mr. Davis. She is very pleasant. Little Mrs. Wilson turns out to be a charming travelling companion. She is of Stockbridge and knows its worthies and its legends.

Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Glorious weather; ship rolls a good deal. I get quite used to it. Sit on deck as much as I can. Maud severe about the stairs, so I come up to stay as long as I can.

Sunday, Nov. 21.

Service on board by Rev. Mr. Hensley of Louisville. The hymns, prayers, etc., very comforting. The sermon well enough in its way.

Tuesday, Nov. 25.

Landed at Naples and came direct to Rome, where Daisy Chanler met me with carriage, and took me to her hotel, Moralo.

Wednesday, Dec. 1.

The first day of this winter, which God help me to live through ! Dearest Maud is all kindness and devotion to me, and so is Jack, but I have Rome en grippe. Nothing in it pleases me. Have written home just

now, 2:36 P. M. for the first time. + + +

Thursday, Dec. 2.

+ + + Apolloni in late afternoon, also Flandrau and Brice, who leave tomorrow to go round the world. To dinner, Jessie Cochran, Reggie Norman and Mr. Loudon, a great friend of the household, and a very charming man. We are probably in for a month or more of rain. My cold aggravated by the bad weather.

Friday, Dec. 3.

My cough was very troublesome last night, and I had a little touch of cold and heat; felt much discouraged. Today I pray for courage and a better state of mind. + + +

Saturday, Dec. 4.

Weather doleful; a blank, very rainy day. ++ + +

Sunday, Dec. 5.

Weather somewhat better. We drove out this morning in spite of the rain. + + +

Monday, Dec. 6.

Something, perhaps the bright weather, moved me to activity so strongly that I hasten to take up my pen, hoping not to relapse into the mood of passive depression, which has possessed me ever since my arrival in Rome.

Tuesday, Dec. 7.

We visited the Stillmans. S and I had not met in thirty years, not since '67 in Athens. Went to afternoon tea at Miss Leigh Smith's. She is a cousin of Florence Nightingale, whom she resembles in appearance. Miss Helvig was there, over-flowing as ever with geniality and kindness. Mrs. Stillman came in, wearing a hat that so disguised her that I did not recognize her.

Thursday, Dec. 9.

The day mostly very wet. Did not go out until evening when we all three dined with Daisy Chanler. We met there one Brewster and Anderson. After dinner came Palmer (son of Cortwright) and his sister. He is a pianist of real power and charm. Made me think of Paderewski when I first heard him. At dinner Brewster said some very foolish and paradoxical things, which I took up pretty warmly. I had quite a good talk with him later. He hails from the Puritan Brewsters. I think he must be son of the well-known American dentist in Paris; well known, at least, in 1844, when I saw him.

Friday, Dec. 10.

Drove past the Trebi fountain, and to the Coliseum, where we walked

a while. Ladies coming to hear me talk about Women's Clubs.

This talk, which I had rather dreaded to give, passed off pleasantly. I spoke chiefly of N. E. W. C., Saturday Morning Club and A. A. W. Most of the ladies present expressed the desire to have a small and select club of women in Rome. Maud volunteered to make the first effort to start it, with Mme. La Grange and Jessie Cochran to help her.

Saturday, Dec. 11.

Went by appointment to meet the Whiteheads at Mrs. Hurlburt's. She is the widow of Hurlburt of New York, a man with a very strange record of much evil, and we hope, some good. + + +

Sunday, Dec. 12.

Bessie Crawford brought her children to see me; very fine little creatures; the eldest boy, handsome, dark like his mother; the others blonde, and a good deal like Marion in his early life.

Tuesday, Dec. 14.

Wrote great part of the letter to E. D. C. In afternoon drove with Jack to visit Villegas; found a splendid house with absolutely no fire; the cold of the studio tomb-like. A fire was lighted in a stove and cakes were served with some excellent Amontillado wine, which, I think, saved my life.

Wednesday, Dec. 15.

I began to feel the old shiver down my back, followed by heat. Was far from well all day.

Thursday, Dec. 16.

Jack Elliott had sent for Dr. Liberale, who came and prescribed pulsatilla. I hung about miserable all day.

Friday, Dec. 17.

The doctor prescribed vigorous doses of aconite to subdue my fever which soon yielded to this treatment.

Saturday, 18.

Am very thankful to have passed a night free from fever; slept very well. Had a profuse perspiration in the morning. The doctor pronounces the fever as gone, allows me a bit of chicken and some vegetables, and says I may have a glass of orvieto wine any time, with a biscuit. Item: the chicken and vegetable (spinach) were greatly enjoyed by me at one o'clock today. Kemp to dine.

When I lay down to take my nap before dinner, I had a sudden thought -- vision of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. I seemed to see how the human could in a way reflect the glory of the divine, giving not a mechanical but an affectional and spiritual re-showing of the great unfathomable glory. I need not say that I had no sleep. I wish the glimpse thus given might remain in my mind.

644

Sunday, Dec. 19.

The doctor made his last visit and gave me leave to take a short drive, which I did very thankfully with my dear Maud in afternoon. At her afternoon tea were the three Whitwells, Prof. Norton and the Stillmans; also young Heard. To dinner came delightful Louden and Dr. Bull.

Monday, Dec. 20.

A bad, cloudy tramontana; very chilling and disagreeable. Dear Maud went to the dressmaker and I feel increased her cold. My eyes were troublesome, the lids itching badly.

Tuesday, Dec. 21.

Feeling much better in health and determined to take up my pen again.

12:40. Have been at it for two hours, writing today about Arthur Hugh Clough. Had a delightful drive with dear Maud. She was ailing all day with a cold but would go to dine with the U. S. Ambassador, Mr. Draper. Mme. Rose passed the evening with me. She tells me that Pionono had endorsed the Rosminian Philosophy, which had had quite a following in the church. Cardinal Hohenlohe having been very prominent in this. When Leo XIII was elected, the Jesuits came to him and promised that he should have a jubilee, if he would take part against the Rosminian ideas, and put the books on the index ex purgatorius, of which he promptly did. Hohenlohe is supposed to have been the real hero of the poisoning described in Zola's Rome. His servant died having eaten of something which had been sent from the Vatican.

Wednesday, Dec. 22.

Languid at waking, but better after bath and breakfast. + + + Wrote quite a screed about my Peace Manifesto in 1870. Drove with dear Maud.

Thursday, Dec. 23.

Worked at my Rems. Had a delightful lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Stillman. S. said that he considered Charlotte Cushman an infamous woman. This surprised me greatly. M. O'Connell called in the afternoon.

Friday, Dec. 24.

Have writ a good bit on my Rems today. Enjoyed a drive and a walk on the Pincio. Dear Maud read to us in the evening, which made her cough.

Saturday, Dec. 25.

Blessed Christmas Day ! Maud opened this morning, two consignments of gifts from home. H. M. H. had sent each of us a very dainty paper cutter; Laura had sent me a lovely calendar; Alice a black silk doll pen wiper, which I christened Cleopatra; Rosalind sent me a lovely fishu of net; Jack Elliott gave me two bottles of cologne, and dear Maud gave me a very pretty little purse, with clasp of old Florentine silver. Maud and I went to St. Peter's to get, as she said, a whiff of the Mass. We did not profit much by this, but met Edward Jackson of Boston and his niece, Miss Russell, and M. Stanley, whom I have not seen



in many years. We had a pleasant fore-gathering with him.

In St. Peter's my mind became impressed with the immense intellectual force pledged to the up-building and up-holding of the church of Rome. As this thought almost over-powered me, I remembered our dear Christ visiting the superb temple at Jerusalem and foretelling its destruction and the indestructability of his own doctrine.

Friday, Dec. 31.

Finished letter to Laura begun on Wednesday, and mentioned my wish to get Flossy out for a little visit; she to bring me home. Wrote a tolerable screed about my visit to Cuba. Drove with dear Maud in late afternoon. + + + I am sorry to take leave of this year, which has given me many good things; some blessings in disguise, as my lameness proved, compelling me to pass many quiet days, good for study and for my Rems. which I only began in earnest after Wesselhoeft condemned me to remain on one floor for a month, or from June 1st to June 25th, when I moved down to Newport.

1898.

(Written on fly leaf).

May God bless this New Year to me and mine.

May it bring true peace and divine wisdom to the peoples of the earth.

May I in some way do something to help this.

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1898.

Wrote somewhat I think. Went with Maud to St. Peter's for a little; afterwards to call on Mrs. Draper, Ambassadors. She received me very cordially, and showed me the whole of her beautiful apartment. The piano nobile of the Piombino Palace. Loudon, Jessie Cochran, Mrs. Hugh Norman and Miss Forsyth to dine. Loudon sang some Franz songs very well, with a musical voice and good expression.

Sunday, Jan. 2.

Miss Leigh Smith called at 12 M to see me. We had a good talk. She is an interesting woman and one of large views. Gen. Draper and lady to lunch. They are of the sort which I should call, "American à l'outrance". Especially Mrs. D. who good natured as she is, seems full of defiance to anyone who might wish to counsel her on any point. She seems to be genuinely frank and kindly, is very talkative, as is her husband. They will probably be much criticised, as they talk too much about themselves and their own affairs. In afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley, the Whitwells, Homans Womans, the Nortons, Miss Roberts and her niece, Miss Hollingsworth and M. Stanley, who came after Maud had sent me to rest. I was sorry to have lost his visit.

Monday, Jan. 3.

I fear that my Rem. will be very disappointing to the world in general, if it ever troubles itself to read them. I feel quite sure that it has neglected some good writing of mine in verse and prose. I cannot help anticipating for this book the same neglect and this discouraged me somewhat.

In afternoon Maud and I drove to Monte Janiculo and saw the wonderful view of Rome and the equestrian statue of Garibaldi, crowning the height. We drove also through the Villa Pamfili Doria, which is very beautiful. My scree in the A. M. went tolerably. It was about Santa Domingo.

Wednesday, Jan. 5.

We visited the Vatican gardens by permission. Our guide, one of the Swiss guards, was named Cocatrix. He showed us an ancient lodge

not far from the entrance, built, he said, by Paul IV, the Medici Pope. We also saw the fountain built by the Borghese Pope. It is surmounted by an eagle and has a dragon on each side of the small amphi-theatre enclosing the water, the color of which blue as the sea, is admired. + Dear Maud visited the Chanler children and concluded to dine and pass the night at the Molaro, the two nurses seeming very anxious and the children forlorn; Daisy to return tomorrow A. M. We took afternoon tea with Mrs. Fahrenstock, and met Mrs. Pantaleone and Lady Louisa Legge, both old friends of my dear sister.

Tuesday, Jan. 6.

Wrote on my Rems. In late afternoon to visit Countess Catucci at Villino Catucci. She was a Miss Stearns of Springfield, Mass., and her unmarried sister lived with her. Her husband has been an officer of the King's Bersaglieri; before the unification of Italy he was sent to Perugia to reclaim deserters from among the recruits for the Italian army. Cardinal ----- was then living in Perugia. Count Catucci called upon him, assuring him that he would take his word and not search his premises. The Cardinal treated him with great politeness, but declined to continue the acquaintance after his removal to Rome, where he became Pope in 1879. Finished my letter to the Woman's Journal. These ladies were not, as I had supposed, Priscilla Stearns and sister. The Countess was a member of N. E. W. C. for a time.

Saturday, Jan. 8.

Went with dear Maud to church of San Andrea Della Valle, to attend the Chaldean Mass, which was interesting in some respects. A really fine presepio had been erected before the high altar; life size figures of the Holy Family, the three Kings, also figuring. The officiants were about as dark as dark Hindoos; the chanting not unlike that of the church of Rome. The ministrant was a bishop, and was dressed, as usual at high mass, by his attendants, in a crimson and gold robe. The priest who were with him at the altar, wore full robes of white. One of them wore at his back two broad bands of gold, which crossed; the other had only one band. A Hymn was sung to a very curious ancient air. Fan-like things were agitated on each side of the Ministrant during the Communion. A gong was also beaten at times. I had delightful letters from home. Wrote a tolerable screed about Santo Domingo.

Sunday, Jan. 9.

Lunched with Daisy. The baby seemed better. + + + Was grieved to hear that the fever returned later and that the poor little soul seemed in danger of a collapse. Maud had a pleasant reception.

Tuesday, Jan. 11.

A good day at home. Wrote a tolerable screed. Began Dyer's history of the Kings of Rome. Walked on Maud's terrace, + + + In the evening attended Mrs. Stillman's reception, which was very pleasant. Had a good talk with Horace Scudder, editor Atlantic Monthly.

Wednesday, Jan. 12.

Finished my Santo Domingo Reminiscences. At 3 P. M. took place

the first meeting of our little circle at Miss Leigh Smith's, 17 Trinita dei monti. I should say some fifteen were present. I presided and introduced Richard Norton, who gave an interesting account of the American School of Archeology at Athens, and of the excavations at Athens. When he had finished, I asked him to say something about the Tanagra miniature figures, and he obligingly responded to my request. Eight of us remained, by invitation, to have tea with our hostess. Anderson to dine. He took a paper outline of my profile, wishing to model a bust of me.

Friday, Jan. 14.

Headache prevented any work. + + +

Saturday, Jan. 15.

A long visit from Russell Sturgis, in which he talked much of the past, his father, etc. He has started a little meeting for bible study here. Wrote a long screed under the heading, "Authorship". His father used to send five hundred dollars per annum to a girl playmate of his childhood, grown old and poor. We had a pleasant drive to Villa Madama, where we bought fresh eggs from a peasant. Cola cut much greenery for us, with which Maud had our rooms decorated. Kemp, Serrao, and Luella to dine. I attended Mrs. Hayward's reception, where met some pleasant people-- the four of the Scudder party, a rather sinister looking young priest from Boston, M. O'Connell, an English Catholic named Christmas, who visits the poor and reports the misery among them as very great; a Mr. and Mrs. Mulhorn (Irish), hestrong on statistics, has known Ben Gould and Gen. Walker. Was a writer on Celtic antiquities; had published a paper on the "Celtic Origin of the Divina Commedia", and has written one on the discovery of America by Irish Danes, five hundred years before Columbus! Had a little queerness in my head, probably fatigue.

Sunday, Jan. 16.

I had meant to have gone to Dr. Oxenham's church today, but the weather was cold and as he told us that the temperature allowed was never over 60 Fahrenheit, I did not dare risk a chill. I began a letter to Margaret Chanler, relating mostly to the reorganization of A. A. W. I recommended a published and organized correspondence to appear in the Women's papers in various places, a Biennial Congress, and possibly a published request for the suggestion of topics by members in widely different localities.

Maud had a numerous reception, not altogether to her mind. A stranger from Chicago, a Mrs. ----- came and brought three grown up daughters.

Monday, Jan. 17.

Wrote the greater part of the letter begun yesterday and finished the same. Had a singular dream, very distinct. I thought that my death was very near, although I was not ill. People seemed to be expecting it. I found my watch badly injured and thought, "it is not worth while to repair it, as I shall have no further use for it." I thought afterwards that I would have it repaired for my heirs. Mary Graves was with me. I had her hand and she was weeping. I said, "Mary, you must see me through." I found a lace cape, which I was about to give her when

Maud claimed it. Presently I met the doctor; none that I can remember, and said to him, "Doctor, is there any reason why I should die at this time? I feel very well." The doctor felt my pulse and said, "No reason whatever." I felt great relief but can remember nothing more.

Tuesday, Jan. 18.

Wrote a long screed. In afternoon to St. Peter's, the festival of St. Peter's Chair. Vespers in the usual side chapel. Music, on the whole, good; some sopranos rather ragged, but parts beautifully sung. Was impressed as usual by the heterogeneity of the attendance; tourists with camp stools and without, ecclesiastics of various grades, students, friars; one splendid working man in his cuorduroys stood like a statue in an attitude of fixed attention; lowly fathers and mothers, carrying small children. One lady seated high at the base of a column, put her feet on the seat of my stool behind me. It was not comfortable but I bore it for some time. At last Maud removed me to a better position. She saw the gorgeous ring on the finger of the statue of St. Peter. + +

Wednesday, Jan. 19.

Have writ a long screed about my Valley and my second play. Have composed a letter to Prof. Lanciani, asking for a talk on the afternoon of February 9th, proposing, "Houses and housekeeping in Ancient Rome" and, "The Sibyls of Italy." In afternoon called upon Mrs. Oxenham, where we met a pleasant Englishman, Mr. Ludlow. Afterwards, I went without Maud to call upon Mrs. Hollius, whom I found a superior woman, very intelligent. Mr. Baddeley came in and we had an interesting talk, mostly about the ancient Caesars. Mrs. Hollius asking, "Why did the Romans put up with the bad Caesars?" He thought the increase of wealth under Augustus was the beginning of the great deterioration of the people, and of the officials.

Thursday, Jan. 20.

Looked over the lectures sent from home, with a view of my reading on Wednesday 25th. Wrote a little on my screed. In afternoon to call upon Mrs. Decastro, our Consul's wife. Afterwards we had a pleasant visit from Daisy and Wintie.

Friday, Jan 21.

Was much depressed at waking, remembering my embarrassed financial condition. Prayer helped me somewhat. Have writ a screed concerning Dr. Howe. Went in afternoon to call upon Baroness Jaicchatti. Had a pleasant talk with her husband, who seems to be an enlightened man. He recognizes the present status of Rome as greatly superior to the ancient order of things. He laments ignorance and superstition of the common people in general and of the peasantry in particular. A sick woman restored to health by much trouble taken at his instance, instead of thanking him for his benefactions, told him of her intended (intention) to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of a certain Madonna, feeling sure that it was she that she owed her cure.

Sunday, Jan. 23.

Read with pleasure Miss Cobbe's preface to her book of prayers,

"Alone with the Alone". She insists much upon Theism as a separate religion. What is the Christianity of Christ but pure Theism? The prayers in her collection are good for people of any creed, any Christian creed I mean. Maud had a very pleasant reception, some thirty people came; among others, Hamilton Aidee, Mrs. Stillman, John How, Eva Channing, Margaret Day of Chicago, Mrs. Newdigate, Lady Louisa Legge and many others.

Monday, Jan 24.

Did some collating of the manuscript of my Reminiscences. Wrote a little about music in old New York. + + + Walked on the terrace. Was restless at my lying down time and could not sleep. We finished reading Conan Doyle's, "Rodney Stone", which had held us much in suspense.

Tuesday, Jan. 25.

Did some gumming and cutting of manuscripts. Wrote a little to supply missing links. + + + Had a talk with Mr. Scudder, who urges me to prepare and send a part of my Reminiscences ~~xxx~~ to be printed in the Atlantic Monthly. I met him and his party in the evening at Mrs. Stillman's. I thought him a shade less friendly than he had appeared before. + + +

Wednesday, Jan. 26.

The day of my reading before the Club. It was at Jessie Cochran's rooms, which I now saw for the first time. I read my lecture over very carefully in the A. M. and got into the spirit of it. The gathering was quite a large one, very attentive and mostly very appreciative. The paper was, "Woman in the Greek Drama". I was very thankful for its good success. Heard dine with us and related sad tales of the lowest down people in London.

Thursday, Jan. 27.

Will try to begin today to shape one or two papers for the Atlantic Monthly. I did make a beginning, but found it an ungrateful task. + + Maud went to the official reception of the American Ambassador, looking most lovely. She wore her beautiful Tierra diamonds. Jack seemed most pleased with her appearance.

Friday, Jan. 28.

Proceeded with this dreadful work for the magazine. Walked a little on the terrace, and afterwards in the street. Visited some antiquarian shops in the near neighborhood. Read Count Primoli's paper on "Duse" in the Revue de Paris. It is quite interesting.

Sunday, Jan. 30.

Went to St. Paul's church, which has been much beautified since I last saw it, twenty-five years ago. Music indifferent. Dr. Nevin preached a very perfunctory sermon, with no element of spiritual quickening in it. Still, I was glad to have gone. The social side of public worship is always cheering. Maud's reception in afternoon was brilliant.

Mrs. Newdigate came again. She has known the Twisletons and dear Uncle Sam. I am to make an appointment to call on her, and to have a talk about these dear personages.

Monday, Jan. 31

Have made a special prayer that my mind may be less occupied with my own short comings, and more with all that keeps our best hope alive. Felt little able to write, but produced a good page on the principle: "Nulla die sine linea." Dreaded very much going to Dr. Webb, to have a tooth filled. I think I must have a more than common dread of pain. The operation was less uncomfortable than I feared it would be.

Tuesday, Feb. 1.

Woke with an aching head, which bettered soon. Made some progress in copying and rearranging manuscripts for Atlantic Monthly. This is more worrisome than composition.

Friday, Feb. 4.

Hard sledding for words today. Made out something of a screed about Theodore Parker. Went to afternoon tea at Mrs. Marcon's, and came near a terrible accident at the lift, which was withdrawn just as I was putting my foot on its platform.

Saturday, Feb. 5.

Wrote quite a screed on T. P. nearly concluding what I shall say in this paper. Attended Mrs. Colla's pianoforte recital; her performance was remarkable. + + +

Monday, Feb. 7.

Mme. Le Bat fails us for our Symposium. I decide to put it through with help of Homans, Eva Channing and Harriett Tolman. Wrote some pages of introduction for the Symposium, played a rubber of whist with L. Terry, and then to afternoon tea with Mrs. Thorndike, where met the first M. O'Connell, with whom had a long talk on the woman question, in which he seems much interested. + + + Eva O. wrote me that she is not well enough to attend Club on Wednesday 9th, so can not take part in Symposium.

Tuesday, Feb. 8.

Wrote a letter to be read at the Annual Meeting of the Women's Rest Tour Association. + + + Homans Womans writes that cannot help in Symposium. We conclude to give it up, and I to read my "Plea for Humor".

Wednesday, Feb. 9.

Club at Mrs. Broadwood's. I read my "Plea for Humor", which seemed to please the audience very much, especially Princess Talleyrand, who Daisy Chanler introduced to me as also P. Oggimara.

Thursday, Feb. 10.

To the rehearsal of a concert in which Sgambati Concherto figures largely. I enjoyed this quite a good deal, but was rather miserably the rest of the day, with a sort of sub-colic, probably the result of a slight, insensible chill. Read over my paper on "Optimism and Pessimism" which I am to read at Maud's gathering tomorrow afternoon. Somehow I could not think myself into it. A long, chatty visit from Lady Louisa Legge.

Friday, Feb. 11.

Much better though a little admonished by touches of the sub-colic. Have read over my paper and have got into the spirit of it. Maud's friends came at 3 P. M. Among them Ross with Bjørnsen, who being rather deaf did not hear me. My paper was well received. Mme. Hill and Irwin each sent me beautiful flowers.

Saturday, Feb. 12.

Very miserably. Would have staid in bed but for fear of alarming Maud. No work at all. Colic no worse but a great languor over-comes even my desire to go forward with my tasks. + + +

Sunday, 13.

Was waked early by the vehicles driving to St. Peter's, where Pope Leo was to say or sing Mass. Maud would not let me go. The crowd as it came away at about eleven A. M. was in itself a sight. Am about well today, eyes rather ailing.

Monday, Feb. 14.

Quite well today, but have not accomplished much. + + +

Tuesday, Feb. 15.

Head bad; in consequence, perhaps, of coal gas from the stove. The same inclination to idleness. I must strive against it. Better later in the day. Ambassador Draper offered us his box at the Argentina Theatre. Opera, "Mefistofele", poorly done. The Prime Donna of no merit whatever, unless singing without a voice be a merit; a shrieking tenor, who exaggerated high notes as the Romans love to have them do. Mefisto, the baritone, the best of all, was hissed. I did not enjoy the performance.

Wednesday, Feb. 16.

Have gone back to my Rems, trying to finish from them, two papers for the Atlantic Monthly. + + + Went to Mrs. Hurlburt's afternoon reception. Talked with a Mrs. Wood (Something), Baroness Wortenberg, Countess -----, an American married to a Pole. She had much to say of the piety of her Arab man-servant, who, she says, swallows fire, cuts himself with sharp things, etc. as acts of devotion! Met Mr. Trench, son to the late Archbishop Richard Chevenix Trench. He had been Tennyson's publisher; did not like T. personally; said that he was often



rude. Read his own poems aloud constantly and very badly. Said, "No man is a hero to his publisher". Told about his sale of Henry George's book, a cheap edition, 150,000 copies sold in England.

Thursday, Feb. 17.

My mind reverts more and more to the scenes of days long past. Oh, for one hour in our old square dining room at South Boston, with the bright wood fire burning, dear Chev reading aloud to me and the children ! Oh, that I had not been so thankless for all those good things at the time ! I shall never see their like again. + + +

Did pretty well with my writing; in afternoon to play whist with Luther Terry, then drove to Corso, gay with masks, and on the Pincio, where Maud made me walk. I feared to take cold, as the sun was already low.

Friday, Feb. 18.

Have done a good forenoon's work, and have read in Nineteenth Century article on Nelson, and one on a new astronomy. Found a bit about St. Thomas Aquinas' advice regarding the election of an Abbott from three candidates.

What manner of man is the first ?

"Doctissime".

"Doceat !" says St. Thomas.

And the second:

"Sanctissimus".

"Oret", says St. Thomas.

And the third:

"Prudentissimus".

"Regat", let him rule, says the saint.

Sunday, Feb. 20.

To Methodist Church, Rev. Mr. Burt, Pastor; a sensible, short discourse. Seems to be a very sincere man. Has an earlier service for Italians, very well attended. Spoke with him, his wife and his brother-in-law. On my way home, stopped at Garquillo's and bought a very ragged but very good copy of the "Divina Commedia", unbound, with Dore's illustrations, for five francs.

Maud's reception was full and pleasant. M' Stanley, Mr. Baddeley, Mrs. Stillman, Miss Aus der Ohe, the Fairman Rogers couple, and the lady who gave my cousin Marion McAllister the Koran, which his widow gave me after his death. In the early afternoon I began to write circular letters wanted for A. A. W.

Monday, Feb. 21.

A damp, sunless day; worked on the circular letter. In late P. M. visited Mrs. Draper, who told me all about her mother's recent death, and afterwards took me upstairs and showed me her beautiful gold (silver gilt) dinner service, the same used by her father when he was American Minister in Spain, many years since. Mrs. D. was very kind. Maud has been quite miserable all day, complaining of pain.

Tuesday, Feb. 22.

Finished circular letter, which will send to E. D. C. for consider-

ing and bettering. Writing seems to tire my side more than usual. Sat to Anderson from three to four P. M.; then to tea with Whitwells, where met Mrs. Perkins, Homans Womans, and a Kidder of K. and P. In the evening dear Maud seemed very unwell, and I feared that she was about to be attacked with influenza, now so prevalent in this place. I felt the blank which her loss would make, and sent to bed sick at heart.

Wednesday, Feb. 23.

Dearest Maud much better, D. G. She took a pack last night, which seems to have removed the difficulty. The relief to me is beyond words.  
+ + + + +

Friday, Feb. 21.

Took up my Rems again; wrote about Charles Sumner. To tea at Mme. La Batt's, to meet Hall Caine, who told us a romantic story about a Passionist Priest, Father Fidelis.

Saturday, Feb. 26.

Wrote on Rems. To tea at Mrs. Hazeltine's, where met William Allen Butler, nephew to Charles; Mrs. Botta's friend and author of "Nothing to Wear"; a bright eyed, conversable man. Gave a sitting to Anderson. In the evening felt over come with drowsiness; retired early. When I returned from Mrs. Hazeltine's, I found Hall Caine talking with Maud. Countess Rossi was here also. Caine told much about Gabriel Rossetti, with whom he had much to do. Rossetti was a victim of cholera and Caine was set to keep it from him, except in discreet doses.

Friday, Mar. 4.

Went to see the King and Queen return from the review of troops. They were coldly received. She wore crimson velvet; he on horse-back, in uniform. Wrote on Charles Sumner. Sat to Anderson. Went after dinner to see the illumination, which was very good in some places.

Sunday, Mar. 6.

Staid at home in A. M. and pottered over manuscripts. Drove in afternoon to Pincio, where met King Umberto driving up as I was driving down. Called at the Odescalchi to inquire after the family there. + +

Wednesday, Mar. 9.

Club at Jessie Cochran's. Young Loyson, son of Père Hyacinthe gave a very interesting lecture on the religion of Ancient Rome, where he traced back to its rude Latin beginning. The Sabines, he thought, introduced into it an element of spirituality; it's mythology was borrowed from Greece and from the Etruscians, later from Egypt and the East; the primitive Aryan religion from the worship of Ancestors. This also we see in Rome. A belief in immortality appears in the true Aryan faith, man finding himself human and related to the divine, felt that he could not die.

Saturday, Mar. 12.

A quiet A. M. with my books and a walk on the terrace. In P. M.

drove with Maud. Took tea with Mrs. Clark Smith in the winter garden of Hotel Royal. Made acquaintance with a Mrs. Rawlinson, English-Irish, who now lives at the Hotel; her late husband, a cousin of the writer on Ancient Empires. It was the brother of this one who translated "Herodotus." Took leave of dear Wintie Chanler, to whom I entrusted my manuscripts.

Monday, Mar. 14.

Went with Maud to see the Review of troops by the King at Prato, not far from our house. The Queen passed very near us in her carriage, with scarlet liveries. Many of the troops returning to barracks, marched directly passed us, so that we saw them very well. Of King Umberto we had only a distant view, as he had passed our place before we came there.

Tuesday, Mar. 15.

Worked over my Rems in A. M. In P. M. sat to Anderson. Loudon called, just returned from Holland. He brought me a Dutch primer and a box of caramels. I bought a curious little mirror, which I had seen and fancied; paid four lire for it. It will be good at Newport. Tea at Miss Leigh Smith's, where met Mme. Helbig and her cousin, an elderly woman, who gave us quite an account of the Russian pilgrimage, which came here lately. Many of the pilgrims were peasants. They travelled from Russia on foot, wearing bark shoes, which are very yielding and soft. These Russian ladies deprecated the action of Peter the Great in building St. Petersburg, and in forcing European civilization upon his nation, when still unprepared for it. In the evening Maud's party. Miss Arnold and Jessie Cochran to dinner, with Col. Douglass afterwards, a party of some twenty people. + + +

Friday, Mar. 18.

Have writ a tolerable screed about Charles Augustus Davis, (Jack Downing) and Washington Irving. Drove with Maud, who cut white thorn from Villa Madama. + + +

Saturday, Mar. 19.

A letter from E. D. C. and one from Lucy Brigham, bring me thoughts of Club life and belongings. I have not dared to work today, as I am to read this afternoon.

My reading was very well attended and was more than well received. Several persons kissed my hand in thanking me. + + + Hall Caine came afterwards and talked long about the Bible. He does not appear to be familiar with the most recent criticism of either the old or new Testament. Kemp to dinner. I fell asleep more than once, being completely tired out. Two Monsignors were at the reading, O'Connell and Stanley.

Sunday, Mar. 20.

Wrote to my dear son, who is now fifty years of age.

Wednesday, Mar. 23.

At work in the A. M. Club at Mme. La Batt's. I introduced the

speaker, Sig. Segeli, who spoke of "Abandoned Infancy", very feelingly and in beautiful Italian.

"If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own."

Emerson.

Thursday, Mar. 24.

"Proverbs, like the Sacred books of each nation, from the sanctuary of the intuitions."

Emerson on Compensation.

"There's a third, silent party to all our bargains."

Emerson.

I find this passage in his essay on Compensation, today, for the first time, having written my essay on "Moral Triangulation, or the Third Party", some thirty or more years ago. + + +

Saturday, Mar. 26.

At home all day. Dined with Mrs. McCreery. The Duke of San Martineau took me into dinner. M. O'Connell, the superseded one, sat on the other side of me. + + + Mrs. McC. sang my Battle Hymn. I had to prompt her with the words. They begged me to recite "The Flag", which I did. Mrs. Pearse, daughter of -----, sang delightfully.

Monday, Mar. 28.

I have been very miserable all day. I woke in the morning, not feeling well. Had to give up two pleasant engagements for the afternoon. + + + +

Wednesday, Mar. 30.

+ + + A fine lunch party given by Mrs. Edding, wife of the American Secretary of Legation, at the Grand Hotel, where she is staying. Mme. Ristori was there, and I had some glimpses of reminiscence with her. Mrs. Edding took Mme. Ristori and myself to the table, placing me opposite her own seat, between Contessa Andriozzi and Contessa Barbellione, both Americans. One lady, Arthema Buoncompagni was long waited for, and came at last in response to a telegraphic message. After lunch I met Mme. Ristori with the words, "La terribil Medea", which I so well remember hearing from her. I presently quoted her toast in "Locandiera", of which she repeated the two last lines. Maud had arranged to have Mrs. Hurlburt help me to get home. Countess Spinola also offered but I got off alone, and came home in time to hear most of Prof. ----- lecture on the "Gregorian Music", which, though technical, was very interesting.

Thursday, Mar. 31.

Had a wretched night, wakeful, chilly and a dreadful itching. I woke up at one A. M. after vividly dreaming of my father and Dr. Francis. In my dream Mary Graves was sitting with me, finding fault because I had allowed a room which she occupied (only in the dream) to be let to

someone else. My father came in and said to me that he wished to speak with Miss Julia, alone. I trembled, as I so often did, lest I was about to receive some well merited rebuke. He said that he wished my sister and me to stay at home more. Just then the younger children began to scream, and I saw Dr. Francis struggling with one of them, and saying: "These wretched children make too much noise." I saw the two faces very clearly. My father's I have not seen for fifty-nine years; the doctor's not for thirty, at least.

Friday, April 1.

A dark all rainy day with no interval of sunshine. I worked at the Rems in the A. M. In P. M. sat to Anderson, who brought Loyson with him. We talked a good deal, L. wishing to hear about the Tenets, etc. of Unitarianism. Later, drove in the rain to deliver Maud's notes. Maud read to us in the evening.

Monday, Apr. 4.

A good screed today. In P. M. attended St. Cecelia Concert where heard Verdi's Requiem Mass beautifully given, the hall much too small for the volume of sound. The solos were excellent. The orchestral rendering of "Tuba Mirum" was encored. It was finely done, as was also the Pastoral Passage (with Oboe I thought), "Inter oves locum Praesta." The Queen was present and a great crowd of people. Saw Robert Chanler for a moment. Returned home rather late, for Maud's tea.

Tuesday, Apr. 5.

A good screed. Two walks on the terrace. In afternoon to the Odescalchi, to play whist with L. T. Mrs. Hurlburt kindly came and Daisy made a fourth, part of the time. Robert Chanler to dine. Robert seems very excitable, talked very foolishly, glorifying Vanderbilt and J. Gould because they succeeded in amassing immense fortunes. He agreed that they were thieves, but argued that they could not have compassed their aims without rascality, which, under such circumstances he considered heroic. To me he was most tender and affectionate.

Wednesday, Apr. 6.

+ + + Went in afternoon with Mrs. Stillman to the Campo dei Fiori where bought two pieces of lace for twenty lira each, and a little cap pin for five lira. Saw a small ruby and diamond ring which I very much fancied. Loudon to dine; rather dull with a heavy cold.

Thursday, Apr. 7.

A long session with my manuscripts. I feel that I must hurry on and get in my Rems. Page asks when the book will be in their hands. Went in afternoon with Mrs. Norman and Mabel to Sante Andrea dei Portuguesi, where we saw a wonderful imitation in flowers of the Persian rug before the sepelchre. Then to the Tor dei Specchi, where we saw the wonderful set of straw hangings, shown only on this day annually. And finally to St. Peters. where I staid a short time. Maud and the others saw the washing of the high altar.

Friday, Apr. 8.

Worked in the A. M. In P. M. with Mrs. Potter Palmer to St. John

Lateran, where heard the Miserere finely sung. Maud ill all day with headache. She went with us to St. John Lateran, but was much worse in consequence.

Saturday, Apr. 9.

In A. M. to Sante Ignazio, where heard a fine musical Mass. Arthur Terry came in afternoon, just arrived from New York. He goes back, and I with him, on May 6th. Easter flowers from Mrs. William Irving. Maud still very miserable.

Sunday, Apr. 10.

Easter Sunday passed quietly at home. Had an early walk on the terrace. Wrote letters in reply to two received yesterday, one from Dudley Mills, announcing the birth of his first born, a son. The other from Sister Rogers, asking whether I wished the T. and O. continued and proposing as speakers, Agassiz, a lecturer on Parsifal, and myself. A good talk with Hamilton Aide, who told me the story of the quarrel between Gennadius and the Spartali family. Easter flowers from Mrs. Brimmer and Daisy Chanler. In afternoon to Lady Kenmare's reception; later to dine with the Lindall Winthrops.

Monday, Apr. 11.

Wrote in A. M. In afternoon Harriett Munroe came and read her play; a parlor drama, ingenious and well written. The audience, some twenty-five or more, were much pleased with it. A visit from Mrs. Palfrey and from Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, our fellow passengers on board the Kaiser Wilhelm in November last.

Wednesday, Apr. 13.

To Campo die Fiori with Muse Stillman. Bought a small white crepe shawl, ten lira; a good bit of silk, ten lira; a strip of linen with coarse lace, four lira; then with the Muse to her jeweler friend, where bought two Contadini rings, one real, one of paste, for thirty lira. In the evening dined with Theodore Davis and Mrs. Andrews and her niece. David showed us his treasures gathered on the Nile shore, and gave me a scarab, also a charm each to Maud and Jack.

Thursday, Apr. 14.

Worked over Rems all the A. M. Drove with Maud to Villa Madama in afternoon. Later, Arthur and Julia to tea, and about twenty-four others. Lady Kenmare among them. She asked me to recite the Battle Hymn, which I did. Young Loyson, who was present, asked me before hand: "Mrs. Howe, who wrote the Battle Hymn?"

Friday, Apr. 15.

Maud with a party to Palestrina. In afternoon Mrs. Whitney and daughter called. We went up on the terrace and had tea there. It was very pleasant. Went to a fine lunch given by Mrs. Carpenter; had a mock-encounter with Mrs. William Irwin, each boasting of the far places we had visited, in our own country. She has out travelled me, having visited the Indian Territory and Alaska.

Sunday, Apr. 17.

To Mr. Oxenham's English Church. Could not hear the service. Got a nearer seat for the sermon, which was on the inadvisability of reading the Athenason creed. The preacher insisted much on the mistranslation current of Aionas. It in Greek means "of the age or ages", but is usually rendered, "everlasting". He said that the phrase, "shall perish everlastingly" is, in itself, contradiction. How can one perish everlastingly?

Monday, Apr. 18.

Worked in A. M. Staid at home in afternoon. In evening went to hear Canon Farrar lecture on the Inferno of Dante; the lecture very scholarly and good; enunciation rather difficult for me to hear, though I sat very near.

Tuesday, Apr. 19.

Worked as usual. Attended Jessie Cochran's party, where Miss Aus der Ohe played very finely but too long and rather too loud. Had a good talk with Lady Kenmare and Mrs. Stillman, and a word with Mr. Brewster. Dined at the Odeschelchi with Arthur and Julia Terry, and Daisy Chanler, who went afterwards to the Austrian Embassy. Played whist.

Wednesday, Apr. 20.

Walked on the terrace. Worked as usual. In afternoon sat to Anderson. Went to Lady Kenmare's where met Lady Airlie, a woman of some sixty years, should suppose, with kind blue eyes. She somewhat resembles her mother, the late Lady Stanley, but is handsome, which her senior was not.

Thursday, Apr. 21.

To the Roman Forum in A. M. Baddeley explained the various ruins in a most interesting manner. Maud would not let me go out in afternoon, so staid at home. Loudon called and in the evening Mrs. Stillman and Grace Arnold; the latter sang for me delightfully.

Friday, Apr. 22.

With Anderson to the Vatican to see the Pinturicchio frescoes, which are very interesting. He designed the tiling for the floors, which is beautiful, in color, matching well with the frescoes. + + +

Sunday, Apr. 24.

To Miss Leigh Smith's, where I read my sermon on the "Still small voice" to a small company of friends, explaining that it was written in the first instance, for Concord Prison, and that I read it there to the convicts. I prefaced the sermon by reading one of the parables in my "Later Lyrics". "Once where man", etc. Sermon seemed to interest my hearers quite a good deal. We staid to lunch, by invitation, and enjoyed our visit very much.

Monday, Apr. 25.

Maud, Jack and I to lunch with the Drapers. I was the guest of honor, and had some good talk with Mr. D. He was brought up at Hope-dale, in the Community of which his father was a member, his mother not altogether acquiescing. He went into our Civil War when only twenty years of age, having the day previous married a wife. He was badly wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness. Mosbeg (Garilla) met the wounded train and stripped them of money and watches, taking also the horses of their conveyances. A young Irish lad of fourteen, his servant, saved his life by running to Belle Plaine for aid.

Tuesday, Apr. 26.

Lunch at Daisy Chanler's to meet Mrs. Sandford of Hamilton, Canada, who is here in the interest of the International Council of Women. She seems a nive, whole-souled, sort of a woman. Went with her afterwards to a Charity Concert where Mme. Helbig played and some amateurs sang a chorus (Bach) very well. I had promised to preside at a meeting called at Daisy's rooms for Thursday, to carry forward such measures as we can come at, and to introduce Mrs. Sandford and interpret for her.

Wednesday, Apr. 27.

Devoted the A. M. to the composition of an address in French, setting forth the objects of the meeting. In afternoon with L. Vonrabe to the Charity Fête at Villa Celimontana, which I somewhat enjoyed. The grounds were most lovely, long shady alleys, roses, orange trees in bloom. A lottery of pictures contributed by divers artists; some of the paintings very pretty.

Thursday, Apr. 28.

Kept my dear Maud company a little; went carefully over my French address. In afternoon attended the meeting at Daisy's, where I presided.

Friday, Apr. 29.

Wrote a report of yesterday's meeting to help the Secretary.

Saturday, Apr. 30.

To Contessa di Taverna's at Palazzo Gabrielli, where met the little knot of newly elected officers of the Council of Italian Women, that is to be. Read them my report of our first meeting; they chattered a great deal. Mrs. Sandford was present. She seems very grateful for the help I have tried to give to her plan of a national Council of Italian Women. Induced the ladies present to subscribe a few lira each for the purchase of a book for the secretary, for postage and printing of their small circular. Hope to help them more further on. Afterwards drove to Villa Madama, where met the delightful Dutch people. Louden's sister is exquisite.

Sunday, May 1.

My dearest father's birthday in 1786. I gave my Rest sermon at Miss Leigh Smith's. Among others, Lady Beatrice Fienne was present, a niece of Lady Kinmair; also Arthur and Julia Terry, my Maud and half a dozen others. The sermon seemed to interest those present. Afterwards



to lunch with the dear Stillman Muse, Lady Airlie and the Fienne sisters were there. Had a pleasant talk with Lady Beatrice. After a nap received a visit from my brother-in-law, Luther Terry, to whom I gave long ago, the nick name of "Eleutherio", by which my dear sister always called him. After this visit, wrote a letter to be read at the Suffrage Festival in Boston on May 17th.

Monday, May 2.

Have worked as usual. + + + A pleasant late drive with dear Maud. Dined with Eleutherio, Daisy Chanler and Dr. Bull. Whist afterwards. News of an engagement and victory for us off Manila. Daisy quite enthusiastic and American-patriotic.

Wednesday, May 4.

Dined with the De Viti di Marco couple. In the A. M. wrote to the Millers, father and son, quite a long letter. Worked also upon my Rems. + + + Got a little chilled, a cold wind having sprung up. We dined with Marchese mentioned above, at Palazzo Orsini. Their rooms are very fine, one hung with beautiful crimson damask. An author, Pascarelli was present, who has written comic poems in Romanesque dialect. The principal one, a mock narrative on the discovery of America. Our host is a very intelligent man, much occupied with questions of Political Economy, of which Science he is professor at the Collegio Romano; his wife, an American, was altogether pleasing. We spoke somewhat of the present war, of which foreigners understand but little.

Thursday, May 5.

A visit from Countessa di Taverna to confer with me about the new departure. She says that the ladies will not promise to pay the stipulated contribution of five hundred lira, once in five years, to the parent association. Later, Miss Leigh Smith, who promised to help me find my lost poems. I am to write a little statement of how they were sent.

Friday, May 6.

Kept at home all day by my cold. In afternoon came Mme. Grampiana and her husband, an intelligent man. + + + I worked at my Rems in the A. M. The Thynne sisters, nieces of Lady Kinmair came in while the Grampianas were there. Mrs. Irwin also came. Mended my very infirm flannel gown.

Sunday, May 8.

An exquisite hour with dear Maud on the terrace; the roses in their glory, red, white and yellow, honeysuckle out brilliant. We sat in a sheltered spot and talked of things present and to come. We are expecting Robert Collyer to lunch at one P. M.

R. C. did come. I asked him to say grace, which he did in his lovely manner. He enjoyed Maud's terrace and the views of St. Peters and the mountains. In P. M. took a little drive. Several visitors called, among them Louisa Broadwood, from whom I learned that the little committee for a Woman's Council is going on. The ladies have decided not to join the International at present, but to try and form

an Italian Council in the first place. Some good results already begin to appear in the co-operation of two separate charities in some part of their work.

Monday, May 9.

Dear Maud very strenuous at helping me to pack. + + + I must now give all diligence to my preparation for departure. Cannot write any more on Rems until I reach home. Maud made a dead set against my going to Countess René's where a number of ladies had been invited to meet me. Jack also besought me and I most unwillingly gave up this one opportunity of helping the Woman's cause. I mean, this one remaining occasion. Yet I have already spoken twice to women and have given two sermons and read lectures five times. It is true that there might have been some exposure in going to Mme. R's, especially in coming out after speaking. + + +

Wednesday, May 11.

Busy sitting to Villegas all the A. M. In afternoon drove out to Via Appia with Miss Leigh Smith; delightful excursion, giving one a new sense of the Majesty of Ancient Rome. Jessie came in the evening and played finely.

Thursday, May 12.

Sat to B. all the A. M. Had a little time on the terrace. Thought I would christen it "Praise God". The flowers seem to me to hold their silent high Mass, swinging their own censers of sweet incense. In P. M. went with my brother-in-law to the cemetery to visit dear Louisa's grave. Jack had cut me many fine roses from the terrace. We dropped many on this dear resting place of one much and justly beloved; some on Jennie Crawford's grave next to her mother's; some on Hooker's, also near by, and our last offering at George Marsh's monument. On my way back, stopped at Jack's studio and saw his splendid work. Paid a little visit to Mrs. Hayward, Julia Kissam, and on coming home, had a talk with Countess Viti di Marco about kindergartens. Dear, dear old Majesty of Rome, this is my last writing here. Thank God most earnestly for so much.

Friday, May 13.

Left the dear Rusticucci in time to take the 8:20 A. M. train for Naples. I went upon the terrace for a minute to say good-bye to the flowers. Dear Maud went with me to Naples. She packed most of my effects. + + Maud was not satisfied with my stateroom, and paid the head steward five dollars to give me a better one, which he did. She also chose my place at table, and the place for my chair. She unpacked my sea things and made the stateroom comfortable. At last we had to part. I watched her quite out of sight with a sad heart. Arthur and Julia Terry were very dear.

Saturday, May 14.

Pleasant weather, smooth sea. A pleasant looking lady came to me and said: "Your sweet, motherly face impresses us all, and I felt that I must speak to you." This was Mrs. Cary, wife of a missionary, who with her has lived and labored many years in Japan. They sit at the

table next to ours, with a fine family, three or four well behaved boys and a little girl. A singular couple are our only companions at our table, a clergyman of about sixty years and his wife. They show no inclination to exchange words with us.

Sunday, May 15.

No Sunday service; the people all very tired with journeying. A pleasant Mrs. Gordon Stewart, with two pretty fair daughters, makes my acquaintance. She has been much in India, and is friendly and pleasant. I also find out Mr. and Mrs. Wallace from Jerusalem, where he has been American Consul for four years past. He is suffering from a boil on his neck. They have two pretty little girls of four and two years respectively. I observe a tall, quiet lady of forty or more years at the Cary's table, and find that she is a missionary, teaching a girls' school at Tripoli, in Syria. She has been thus occupied for twenty years. She tells me of a mission school at Beryont, where some of the girl-pupils are Druses. Said "Good Morning" to the silent gentleman at our table. Tried to speak to his wife, but he said "she cannot talk".

Monday, May 16.

Gibraltar. Went on shore with Arthur and Julia. We took a little carriage and drove about the town. Saw a number of Orientals, went into the shops and made purchases. I bought some spoons and a pair of cuff buttons; also a cotton bed spread, a pair of red leather covers for cushions, and two baskets; also some fine lace doilies for Margaret Chanler. We enjoyed the excursion greatly. Mr. Wallace's neck was lanced. He suffered very much.

Tuesday, May 17.

As bad a day as I ever experienced at sea. Got up and dressed and tried to sit on my sofa, but the rolling of the ship dashed me against the side of the berth. After a faint attempt at breakfast, went back to bed, Arthur advising me not to attempt going up on deck, where people were constantly thrown from their chairs. I struggled up to the sofa just before dinner, and managed to swallow a few bits of roast beef, which the kind stewardess cut up for me, I holding on by a loop which Arthur had rigged with my shawl strap.

Wednesday, May 18.

Sea tolerable. Was up all day and on deck a good deal. The prospect of landing this day week cheered us. Have made some progress with the rather grim neighbor at our table. He seems of a caustic humor; disapproved of the war and deprecates the idea of any extension of our dominion as Unamerican.

Thursday, May 19.

Pleasant weather; sea tolerable.

Sunday, May 22.

We were to have had a Sunday service but the sea was very rough and people were too sea sick to wish to attend. I have only been ill the one day.

Monday, May 23.

All these days, except the very bad day, I have read in Mrs. Cobbe's "Alone with the Alone"; also have read a little Greek after luncheon and have studied Greek grammar a little. + + +

Tuesday, May 24.

+ + + (The passengers have written their names on this day's page).

We had a little concert in afternoon. Julia Terry sang delightfully. Miss Gordon Stewart played on the violin very well, her sister accompanying on the piano. They would have me recite the Battle Hymn, and "The Flag" afterwards, for which those present thanked me very warmly. As this was the Queen's birthday, we all joined in singing two verses of "God Save the Queen," and two of Smith's "America". It was very pleasant.

Wednesday, May 25.

I was astir soon after 5 A. M. We were at anchor off Sandyhook in a thick fog. Finished my packing before breakfast. The day was one of constant expectation. Rather late in the afternoon the fog lightened enough for us to proceed very cautiously to a point where we met the pilot. We saw many steamers, two of the White Star Line. We had to anchor twice after the pilot came on board, once for the fog, once for the health officer.

Thursday, May 26.

Flossy all day. She wrote several letters for me, my head being confused and very weary. I wrote quite a letter to my dearest Maud. At the bottom of the dress suit case I found the little Cornelian rosary which I was so fond of and which dearest Maud had slipped in for me.

Friday, May 27.

Dear Heavenly Father, thanks for the life which Thou gavest me, seventy-nine years ago today. What a boon has this been! To gain the experience of later years with faculties unimpaired and bodily senses still preserved. I am perplexed about my future, uncertain as its length is, but I am surrounded by proofs of the tenderest affection, and the little that I have been able to accomplish, is fully appreciated, though not perhaps what I have hoped to do and deserve. I have my dear son's house, feeling that he is prosperous, much esteemed and a man of solid merit and reputation. My daughters are beloved and are very useful members of society. Dear Lord, if my life is prolonged, let it be for good, for something better than I have yet done. Yet for that even, endless thanks.

Reached Boston; went by invitation to Mrs. Bachelder's house, where was made very welcome and comfortable. Mrs. B. and I attended the free Religious Festival. Moncure Conway talked arrant nonsense about the war, decrying the War of our Independence and all others. When called upon for a few words, I could only give him a mild rebuke.

Saturday, May 28.

Attended the business meeting of the N. E. W. C., meeting with a very affectionate reception. Came home for a little rest and then re-

turned to preside over the lunch, which was very pleasant. Edward Atkinson was our one gentleman speaker; Miss Peabody, Mrs. Cheney and Mrs. Diaz spoke. I had many flowers given me, most of which were put away for Decoration Day. To go back to yesterday. My indignation at Conway's talk so oppressed me, that my few words were heavy with it. I did not mention him, nor what he had said, but spoke of the peace and harmony of last year's festival, "at which the speakers did not occupy themselves with censure of what the father's had done."

Sunday, May 29.

Whit Sunday. Went to the dear church, A. M. and P. M. The A. M. sermon treated of the present situation, very tactfully. The whole service comforted me much. The P. M. was our Communion service. The dear minister asked me whether I had a word to say. I did speak, expressing my thankfulness at being once more in my spiritual home, "the House of God, the Gate of Heaven". Dear old Mrs. Langley was there, in her old seat next to mine.

Monday, May 30.

This was Decoration Day, and Mrs. Bachelder took me to Mt. Auburn. I carried all my club flowers and deposited them at the dear graves. Michael had already made his offering. Mrs. B. decorated her husband's resting place, and those of three little daughters, long since deceased.

Wednesday, June 1.

Went to my house, 241 Beacon Street. Found that I could not stay there; water had to be turned on by the City. Was thankful to see again the dear familiar pictures, etc. Wrote to dear Laura. Julia Richards came to see me. Engaged two girls to come tomorrow.

Thursday, June 2.

Am sitting at my own dear desk, with luggage partly unpacked, my room swept and made habitable. Kind Mrs. Bachelder brought me here this A. M. with all my multifarious baggage. Julia Richards came to help me. She is a most helpful child. We dined with the Bachelders and Mr. Robert saw us home.

Friday, June 3.

A, bewildered with the number of things to be done and thought about. + + + Dear Laura arrived at about 5 P. M. Heard from Houghton and Mifflin that my manuscripts sent from Rome were received and are accepted, which relieves me of some anxiety.

Saturday, June 4.

Kind Mrs. Bachelder called with the coupé and took me to N. E. W. C. Board Meeting, where I found flowers waiting for me. Mrs. Potter added some perfect roses. My gavel was adorned with lilac ribbon. Our seance was pleasant and peaceful. + + +

Sunday, June 5.

To church where was very heavy, losing much of the sermon. + + In P. M. visit from George H. Richards and Mr. Richard Sullivan, also Bell and Pratt. In the evening a long one from Hira Singh Puri, a Hindu

666.

of the Punjab and a Christian convert. (He was not a Hindu but a Sikh. L. E. R.) A handsome man, with great oriental fineness. He laughed when we questioned him about Swami Vivekananda and one or two others. He knows and likes Mozundar; does not believe in Mohini. Told us of a wonderful Swami, who is a real Hindu Saint. We were all much entertained with him. + + + +

Tuesday, June 7.

Annual Meeting of State Federation. Got off for Amesbury in good time; cars dreadfully crowded. They said that four hundred ladies went down, of whom one hundred got no seat until we reached Marblehead. Mrs. McBride was to the fore and had kept a seat for me and for Flo Everett who soon left me to speak with others. Arriving at Amesbury, Mrs. Holly took me to the church in her carriage. Our reception was most cordial. The church was packed. At the election of officers I was by acclamation made honorary president, Miss Rowe becoming President. The A. M. was devoted to business. Mrs. Walton's report on education, very detailed and valuable. My address was, I will say, well meant. I don't think they followed it much, but they applauded it sufficiently. Mrs. Dyer took me to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, very kind people; he a manufacturer of carriages. He drove me to visit Whittier's grave, the Captain's Well and the Whittier house, very interesting; interesting portraits of his mother and sister. P. M. session rather a failure. Prof. Fay's paper on "The influence of poetry on a people" was good but over long. Mrs. Garland's paper on "Tennyson and Whittier" was very much too long and to me, unacceptable; her manner dictatorial and artificial.

Wednesday, June 8.

Time limits must be enforced to speakers in the future. A Mrs. Paschal from Beute City, Montana, said a few pleasant words at the meeting yesterday afternoon. + + +

Thursday, June 9.

+ + + Heat excessive; my poor body very feeble and tired.

Friday, June 10,

Weather moderate. Out with dear Laura after breakfast. Took green car to Public Garden, where we admired the Azalias and rhodendrans.

Sunday, June 12.

To the dear church in a dull mood. The cloud suddenly lifted and I felt myself happily swept into the divine order, so that I dared to say to God, "I love thee". A thrice blessed moment, pledging to renewed effort and good service.

Afterwards with Julia R. to Mrs. Gardner's, she sent her carriage for me. A very pleasant visit; flowers most beautiful. A Mr. Blash, a Belgian, now a "Cello in the Higginson orchestra. Mrs. G. sent us back to town also. Mrs. Bachelder and her son Robert to dine, very pleasant.

Friday, June 17

Have writ to Edith Andrew to propose taking the Andrew children

for a time, to relieve E. who is ill of nervous prostration; (her mother had just died.)

Monday, June 20.

+ + + I was delayed in reaching the meeting (Volunteer Aid Association), by a mistaken address given to the coachman sent for me. Enjoyed what I did hear and see. Col. Gilman, an officer in the Civil War, minus one arm, made an appropriate address. Mrs. Livermore spoke feelingly of her own experience in the same war, and gave many helpful hints about articles to be prepared and sent. A superb bass voice sang the "Red, White and Blue". I recognized it as that of Myron Whitney, before I recognized his face. George Evans, Commander of G. A. R. spoke and I came last. I spoke of the horror with which we had seen all Europe tamely submit to the Turkish outrages on Armenians and Greeks. God's message has crossed the ocean. It is given to us, the youngest of the civilized nations, to rise up and protest against such supine endurance of human oppression. I then recited the Battle Hymn. I was thankful for the opportunity given of saying my word.

Friday, June 24,

Class Day. Laura and her children all agog, best clothes. I went out to Cambridge at 3 P. M. Met Laura and Dr. Waldo and also Edward Hooper, who said I must see Mrs. Whitman's window. I was disappointed in it. The upper reds and blues were rich but very heavy in effect. I had expected more clearness and unity of design. For all that, it could be a very fine work of art. I saw the campus hung with lanterns and thronged with people in holiday mood and attire. Staid a little in Hal's room, and then drove back to town, leaving the young people to enjoy themselves, as I did in my youth.

Tuesday, June 28.

A hard service. To Longfellow school, Roslindale, to speak to the first class graduated from this new school. It was made as easy as possible, Mrs. Ripley coming for me in a carriage and bringing me back to my door. The warm muggy day and a headache, made "a toil of a pleasure" as some say. I was very glad to have gone; the pupils exercises interested me and some pleasant singing. My reception was most friendly. I spoke of the dear poet, for whom the school is named, urged the young people to emulate his love of culture, and his public spirit. Instanced various poems as showing this. Told about the writing of the "Skeleton in Armour". Item: though over loaded with flowers, they did not offer me one.

Later in the day, they made up for this by sending me a pretty bouquet of ~~xxxx~~ red and white roses, with a pleasant note.

Wednesday, June 29.

+ + + We got off by 2:45 P. M. train from Park Square station. Harry Hall and Rosalind both helped us a good deal; journey very hot; William was waiting for me; Harry Almy for my women. Edward Almy brought the luggage, so we got through easily. I had a sitting on the piazza before supper. The house appeared to have had scarcely anything done to it to make it habitable. My bed seemed very damp.

Thursday, June 30.

Alitia and Carrie at work putting house in order. + + + Took

up Hedge's "Ways of the Spirit", which I read some years ago.

Friday, July 1.

A bright, very warm day. Had the cushions, dresses, etc., to sun out the accumulated damp. Began to work on my Rems. Harry Hall came down, to Carrie's great joy.

Sunday, July 3.

Been prostrated by the heat. Had to lie down after breakfast and take a good sleep. + + +

Thursday, July 7.

Did good work in A. M., copying and correcting; also rewriting. To town in P. M. Called upon Edmund Tweedy, now eighty-six years of age. He seems very infirm of body, but is genial and charming as usual. Seemed pleased with my visit and glad to see Carrie Hall.

Friday, July 8.

Woke with a frightful occipital headache, a regular broken-head. Took Wesselhoeft's pills and ate a little breakfast, after which the head bettered. Have writ tolerable screed about Rome in 1850-51.

Monday, July 11.

An unusually good day's work at my Rems.

Tuesday, July 12.

+ + + Letter from E. D. C. enclosing one from Mme. Loyson, from which I learn that I have been made an honorary member of L'Alliance des femmes Orientales et Occidentales. Must acknowledge this honor. + +

Friday, July 15.

+ + + In P. M. read my Newport paper (sixty-eight years of Newport) before the T. and C. Club's first meeting. It was warmly received and I had most pleasant greetings from many friends. Learned with sorrow from the papers, that my dear nephew, Winthrop Chanler, has been wounded in an engagement in Cuba. His arm is broken.

Tuesday, July 19.

Lunched with dear, charming sister Rogers, to meet Mrs. Edmund Wheelwright. Mrs. Binney had much to tell about the money she had raised for Pembroke Hall of Brown University. Mrs. Arnold Haight gave a most interesting account of matters at the Capitol, prior to and after the declaration of war.

Wednesday, July 20.

Made good progress on my Rems. Robert Chanler and Andreas Anderson came out unexpectedly to lunch. We had a pleasant time. + + + I begin to see the end of my long task.



669

Saturday, July 23.

Worked on Rems in A. M. At 1:30 to the Bradford Normans Clam bake which was very gay and pleasant. + + + Heard of Wintie in New York, out and about, but going to have his wound examined by X-Ray. Edward Boit was there with his young wife, thirty-six years his junior. + + Admiral Luce and family. I had a good talk with his wife, about his sister Sally Ward, whom I knew in Oakland, California. After the bake I sang my Polish Song, "Pi ya Kuba", "My Irish Cook", "My Melancholy".

Tuesday, July 26.

T. and C. Club at Mrs. Joseph's.

Wednesday, July 27.

Worked in A. M. In P. M. drove in town to bring out Mr. Pori.

Thursday, July 28.

In A. M. talked with H. S. Pori and corrected Manuscript of "Newport", which returned to W. H. Page. In P. M. worked hard at Rems.

Friday, Aug. 5.

+ + + T. and C. Club at the Mason sister's house, very pleasant. Talk on Korea by Commander Stockton. In introducing him I repeated what Percy Lowell said at our Club, about the absence of the pronoun I from the Korean language.

Sunday, Aug. 7.

My women would not go to church because I could not go last Sunday. They insisted upon my going, so I took Flossy with me and enjoyed the service. Dr. Cutter's text: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A visit this P. M. from Mrs. Theo. Davis and Mrs. Wilson, who was my fellow passenger in November last. She lives in Gibraltar.

Monday, Aug. 8.

A pleasant lunch at the Theo. Davis' with Mrs. Wilson.

Tuesday, Aug. 9.

Worked in the A. M. as usual. In P. M. we had the first session of the papéterie Club.

Monday, Aug. 15.

A good day's work. Sent in town for little Mrs. Wilson to come out for a visit of a few days.

Tuesday, Aug. 16.

A little out of door tea for Mrs. Wilson; Mrs. Collins and daughter, Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Manson Smith and her father came. + + +

Wednesday, Aug. 24.

Papeteria at Mrs. Joseph's. Mrs. Fairchild and Sattie have written a chapter each of the novel, exceedingly well. We had a little, very brief debate on the "Pot Boiler", I appearing as apologist, Mrs. F. as advocate, Miss Collins as adversary.

Thursday, Aug. 25.

To Mrs. Gray's Morning reception, where my reception was very gratifying. + + +

Sunday, Aug. 28.

+ + + Was greatly depressed at bed time. In the evening we had some music. Sadie sang very sweetly, and we chorused some of the familiar negro melodies, Flossy and her children all joining in.

Monday, Aug. 29.

Have writ on Rems. This afternoon wrote about my dear Julia, tearing open the deep wound made by her untimely death, about which I could only comfort myself by saying, "God must know best." Sam and Sadie left for New York.

Tuesday, Aug. 30.

Worked as usual. In the evening came a letter from W. H. Page saying that he concludes to print a good deal of my Rems in the Atlantic Monthly, and so would delay publication of my volume until early spring. This is a great relief, as it will give me time to consult diaries more fully than I have yet been able to do.

Thursday, Sept. 1.

Up to Boston with dear Carrie Hall. Went to house where found McAlvin and the would-be purchaser and her friend; also Miss Hughes, a real estate agent. McAlvin helped me rummage for journals and manuscripts. Could not find diary for 1877 needed for my Rems. Lunch was sent in from the Victoria. Tea at Michael's. George Richards in the evening. Michael had so much to say that we could not consult enough.

Friday, Sept. 2.

Came in cars from So. Boston. When I alighted a kind woman, probably a servant, dusted off my skirt for me and helped me to board the Back Bay car. I said to her: "I hope someone will be good to you when you need it, as you have been to me". She answered, "God has been good to me; he is the best," to which I assented.

A new trouble now appeared. McAlvin had heard from her sister that my ~~friend~~ would-be purchaser is a woman of notoriously bad character, of whom the neighborhood would have a right to complain. Mr. Loud called by appointment. I told him this, telling also George Richards, who called in to tell me of a small house in Chestnut Street, which he thought I might afford.

Saturday, Sept. 3.

Went with George Richards to see a house, 66 Chestnut Street, which

suited me exactly. Back to Oak Glen by 2:45 P. M. train. A very weary journey, oppressively warm.

Monday, Sept. 5.

Began to write my Victory sermon for next Sunday. Text from Corinthians I, "Thanks be to God who gaveth us the Victory". Uneasy about the house.

Friday, Sept. 9.

Worked hard at my sermon all these days. Got it about finished but feared that it fell short of the occasion. Great suffering of mind about the house.

Went in town for meeting of T. and C. C. but found the Ocean House nearly burned to the ground, and lecture postponed. Mrs. Brice had sent away her carriage, so she sat in mine until her own came.

Saturday, Sept. 10.

To Boston by 9 A. M. train. Took Flossy with me for company, feeling so unsettled about the house. She returned by 2:45 P. M. train. Read sermon to M. H. Graves, who thought it good. To Michael's to supper and sleep.

Sunday, Sept. 11.

Am to give A. M. service at Church of Disciples.

Was fortunate in waking without headache. Michael allowed Tom Horton to drive me over to church and to bring me back. Mary Graves met me in the minister's room. We arranged about the service, she to read from Revelations and to give out hymns; I to make the long prayer and to give the sermon. I said (to the organist), "Can you give something that will sound like Victory in your Voluntary"? He said that he could. The church was very full and I felt freedom in my prayer and sermon. Many people came afterwards to take my hand and to thank me; among them one lady, to whom I promised to send a printed report of my sermon, which a reporter from the Globe begged and carried off.

Monday, Sept. 12.

Saw R. W. Light. Decided not to sell my house this winter, to my infinite relief. Took P. M. train for Newport, which reached comfortably.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.

In town with Flossy to pay visits. Called on Mrs. Norman, Miss Mason, Mrs. Edward Potter. Lunched with Commodore and Mrs. Perkins. Was much cheered by this little outing.

Friday, Sept. 16.

I rather idled, my head not being quite right. Read with sorrow in the Newport paper, the news of the death of a dear friend of my youth, Dr. Samuel Eliot.

672

Sunday, Sept. 18.

To Channing Church. On the way met a mounted messenger from Mrs. Brice, asking me to lunch to meet Gen. Shafter. I declined and then accepted viva voce. Heard a good sermon from Dr. Cutter. Drove to Mrs. Wales's where kind Mrs. Chadwick lent me a beautiful cap and a fishu of fine lace, very decorative. Arriving at the Brice mansion, found that Gen. S. and staff were detained by the fog and would not come. There was, nevertheless, a large lunch party. Mr. Brice took me into lunch, Mr. Pendleton Rogers sitting on my other side. Had some pleasant talk with this gentleman of the family of his relative, Senator Pendleton and of Groton School, where he had placed his son, and had known of Dick Richards, as our Hal was nick-named. After lunch talked with Perry Belmont and others; a pleasant entertainment; Mrs. Brice and Helen very kind.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.

+ + + In P. M. Katie Turner, my cousin, came out and sat with me in the green parlor.

Wednesday, Sept. 21.

Have writ to E. D. C. asking advice about A. A. W. To dear Laura enclosing poems subject to her approval, for my new volume. Also a postal to Rev. George Bachelder, asking for a separat abdruck of my sermon to send to friends. A busy A. M. In afternoon Papeterie at the Collins Almy's. Mrs. Smith had writ two chapters of novel.

Thursday, Sept. 22.

To lunch with Mrs. Manson Smith, where met Alice Thayer, who had driven herself over with a gay horse and without a groom. + +

Saturday, Sept. 24.

In town to see Mrs. Rogers about T. and C. mattersm which we arranged. Visited the Turner sisters. The drive home was very severe, the wind blowing in great gusts, bitterly cold. Saw Mrs. Buckhout; promised to speak for Alliance on Tuesday next at 4 P. M.

Sunday, Sept. 25.

Women to church. I hunted for the lecture promised for the Alliance but failed to find it. Will give the one on Whittier, Holmes and Lowell.

Monday, Sept. 26.

Began my chapter on Lucy Stone, for her daughter's biography of her. + + + In afternoon to town to take Rosalind to see the Brices; we had a pleasant call. I invited the girls to afternoon tea on Saturday next.

Wednesday, Sept. 28.

+ + + In town to see a dance, intended to illustrate "Mid Summer Night's Dream". A Mrs. Dunbar or Duncan from California danced. Her sister read a sort of study of the poem, in a rather unpleasant voice. The music was Mendellsohn's, charmingly done by piano, violin, soprano and quartette. The dancing was interesting, very graceful in parts,

673.

the movement of the legs ugly and awkward. The lady wore very pink tights, with a beautiful light drapery of classic design. She was very light and elastic and had good expression. Saw Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Friday, Sept. 30.

+ + Mabel Norman came out in the A. M. with Andreas Anderson. She promised that I should have one of her mother's carriages with a pair of horses to carry Mr. Sanborn to the Davis mansion. This was a great benefaction. Arriving at Mrs. Norman's, I found the fine carriage waiting for me. Rosalind and I got in and drove to Mrs. Rogers' where we found Sanborn. The lecture was too informal and rambling. After listening a good while, I suggested that he should speak to us of the late war between Greece and Turkey and of its effects. This was better than what he had previously told. Sanborn came out to pass the night and was very full of interesting talk.

Saturday, Oct. 1.

Had a delightful hour or more with Sanborn; then sent him to train. My dear Laura came from Boston. + + + My afternoon tea was very pleasant; about twenty people came. Rosalind had made my parlor look very pretty. + + +

Sunday, Oct. 2.

Finished my promised chapter about Lucy Stone, a contribution to her daughter's biographical sketch. William Rodes staid away all day and all night, causing me much disturbance of mind. Alitia fed and bedded the horse and brought water. + + +

Sunday, Oct. 9.

To church where had a good sermon from Dr. Cutter. In afternoon wrote to dear Maud; a delightful, restful day; finished Jane Eyre.

Wednesday, Oct. 12.

+ + + Attended the last meeting of the Papéterie for this season. Dear Laura had written a delightful ending up of the Club novel. + +

Thursday, Oct. 13.

Lunch at Mrs. Fairchild's to meet Mrs. Carter of Virginia and her daughter, Mrs. Oliver, married to an U. S. officer at Torpedo Island. Hired an extra horse and drove to Mrs. Cadwallader's. Found a large reception but was cordially welcomed. Left a card upon Mrs. William Astor, returning her visit. Had a friendly cup of tea with Fanny Bruen Perkins. William had said that the horse was lame and could not go in town. We insisted; horse was not lame at all.

Friday, Oct. 14.

Went in town to lunch with Mrs. Theo. Davis; a delightful time. Susan Coolidge talked much with dear Laura. Mrs. Emma Rogers, Mrs. Brice Mrs. Norman were there. We enjoyed it much. + + + Found a telegram from Miss Anna R. Ross, Secretary Young People's Religious Union, asking for a promised screed on "Woman's Contribution to Christianity."

Telegraphed back that had not written it; in fact I had entirely forgotten the whole matter.

Saturday, Oct. 15.

Devoted the A. M. to writing the promised screed, which finished happily, more to my mind than I could have feared. + + + In the evening a letter from Dudley Mills told me of the death of his excellent father, my dear, old friend, the Milsie of my young married days.

Monday, Oct. 17.

"Thus far the Lord hath brought me on." As I must leave this dear place tomorrow, I will write my words of farewell today. I have had a summer of work, but also of exquisite restfulness. My children and grand children have been delightful. I have read some excellent books: Moulton on the Literary Study of the Bible, Armstrong's "God and the Soul", dear Dr. Hedge's sermons and his "Ways of the Spirit", which last I had already read. Friends have been kind and attentive. I have taken up music a little, reading over the music books of my children, marked with Otto Dresel's fingering. I thank God for the sweet summer and autumn and up to this time, and pray him to bless the coming winter to me and mine and to all human kind. + + +

Tuesday, Oct. 18.

Left my dear Oak Glen and came up to town with Laura and my two women. Found the house locked and McAlvin absent; Thomas away to dinner with my keys. Laura took me to the Victoria, where I sat down to dine, quite disconsolate, she going off to look for the women. Presently she returned, saying: "All right, Tom has turned up and the women are in the house."

Found the house rather cold. Unpacked enough to repack for tomorrow's journey. Was thankful to return to my old working desk.

Wednesday, Oct. 19.

Left for Philadelphia by Colonial Express, 9 A. M. after a dreadful worry about my glasses, which I had packed and forgotten where, and my trunk key, which I could not find. Made acquaintance in the cars with a Mrs. Williams of Newbury Street, and her cousin, very pleasant ladies. Arrived in Philadelphia about 6:30 P. M. and was kindly received by Aunt Becky Wetherell.

Tuesday, Oct. 20.

Lecture in Philadelphia. Had a pleasant A. M. flaning, with Ida Cushman. Rested in afternoon. Lecture very well attended. Young Allen, formerly Michael's assistant, came for me. A pleasant meeting with the Hinckley's and other friends.

Friday, Oct. 21.

To Wilmington by 11:23 A. M. train. Arrived in wet weather. Was met and taken to Mrs. Warner's, where a meeting and lunch were "forward". Had some rest; lunch very cheerful. To Woman's Club later, where a

reception, at which I found I was expected to speak. Told about Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, bits from memory; my talk well received. Afterwards a woman lawyer, Mussey by name, told of the work of the Washington Woman's Club. As I had foolishly packed my rubbers in my trunk, I had to borrow Mr. Warner's, which his wife tied on my feet, very ingeniously. Went to the house of Mr. Benjamin Niels, where had staid two or more years ago. Was kindly welcomed; delightful room; fine house, everything comfortable.

Saturday, Oct. 22.

Enjoyed a quiet day. Read Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie's book, "From some unpublished Memoirs". Rev. Mr. Brown and wife came to see me. Some good talk with Mr. Niels, an interesting man and a good Republican. Mrs. Niels' mother a sweet woman of about my age, came to dinner and went with us to the lecture, which was very well received.

Sunday, Oct. 23.

I had felt rather aggrieved at being made to speak so often in Wilmington, but today's experience made me feel that it was well worth while. The friendliness and attention of the congregation were inspiring and I felt able to make the long prayer, which I cannot always do. I was indeed much refreshed in spirit. Took leave of my kind host and hostess with regret; journeyed to Plainfield and came to dear Flossy's.

Monday, Oct. 24.

Mrs. Ackerman sent me a quantity of most choice flowers, with a kind card. Flossy's house was charmingly arranged for my lecture, which was very well attended. It was Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell.

Tuesday, Oct. 25.

+ + + Read a good deal in Thomas R. Hazard's book, "Recollections of Olden Times". This is really an interesting and valuable book.

Thursday, Oct. 27.

Left Plainfield with dear F. by 9:48 A. M. train, for Elizabeth, to attend annual Convention of the New Jersey State Federation. I was very cordially received and had a chair on the platform near the president, Miss Gaines. The A. M. was mostly devoted to various reports. Mrs. Robling, wife of the builder of Brooklyn Bridge, made a strong appeal for the projected university at Washington, D. C. In afternoon Mrs. Avery of Boston, of whom I have never heard, appeared and made an oration regarding the labor problem, which she did not make any more simple by her remarks. She is, I hear, a college bred woman, and is tall and rather fine looking. She seemed to me the ideal of a female demagogue. Her manner very ill suited to the Club platform, her dress extra aesthetic in intention. I had to open the A. M. session with prayer, Antoinette Blackwell not having arrived. I did this very willingly. Had also to make a brief speech on the progress of the Club movement. Had to promise to recite the Battle Hymn at afternoon session. + + + I recited better than usual. In evening went to Mrs. ----- reception, a handsome entertainment but a dreadful crush.

Friday, Oct. 28.

At the reception I met a married daughter of my school friend, Francina Wilder. No, it was a daughter in law. I resolved last evening not to attend the State Federation today, so left Elizabeth by 10 A. M. train. Kensett Wheeler kindly acting as my escort as far as 22nd Street, New York. Got safely to my dear son's house, but first went to the wrong house, 23. The parlor girl said: "Mr. Howe is 27", which I had known well enough to send my trunk there. She went with me to Harry's door, which a new butler opened. F' G' H' received me cordially. Charles and Mary Ward came to lunch. Had a restful P. M. and in the evening heard Harry play on his Aeolian; good, but too powerful, I thought, for the room.

Sunday, Oct. 30.

Attended my dear church. At one moment during the service I had a clear mind vision of my dear old friend, Arthur Mills, with Dudley's little son in his arms. I saw this for an instant, as if in a clear light, the day being very dark. It may have been a moment of half solemnance, for I do sometimes drowse in church, to my sorrow, but it seemed like a mind picture, bright and vivid. I had not been thinking of Mills at the time.

Monday, Oct. 31.

+ + + A severe P. M. work. Went to Mechanics Building to speak at Suffrage Meeting. Did so. Was persuaded to stay and speak at Patriot's meeting, Col. T. W. H. having failed to come. Was glad to be able to do this, but was much fatigued. In the evening to the dedication of the Dorchester Woman's Club House; a commodious building, very creditable to the women who have carried through a difficult undertaking. Young Shippen made a good prayer in a good English tone. I made the promised brief address, which seemed to give satisfaction. Was warmly welcomed by many people; much shaking of hands.

Wednesday, Nov. 2.

Conference of A. A. W. at Club room. We met, expecting to disband, but the spirit of the meeting was so good that we decided to hold over. Alice Blackwell was present and very helpful and hopeful.

Monday, Nov. 7.

N. E. W. C. A "gossip" about my winter in Rome. + + + I wrote quite a screed for this "Gossip", talked also a good deal, easily filling an hour. The rooms were crowded and people seemed to enjoy my talk.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.

+ + + In P. M. I suddenly remembered that this was the evening of Rev. J. W. Hamilton's meeting (Friedman Aid Association) at People's Church. He sent a carriage, which came much too early. Had some talk with his wife, a sister of Mrs. Dietrich. A Greene grandmother makes them, I suspect, distant relatives of mine. Chaplin, now Bishop McCabe came and spoke with me, and Bishop Joyce, who has just been around the world. One of the Bishops, I think, let me to the platform, where I was greeted with applause and waving of handkerchiefs. A prayer was



offered, America was sung. A Miss Scott of Northern Pennsylvania, made quite an address. Bishop Joyce made the principal one. I was introduced; told about my preaching in Santo Domingo and writing of the Battle Hymn, which Bishop McCabe sang, accompanying himself.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.

+ + + Last evening's meeting was much enjoyed by me.

Friday, Nov. 11.

+ + + In the evening to Tremont Temple to introduce James Whitcomb Riley, at an entertainment devised for the benefit of the Woman's Club House Corporation. Riley was comic beyond description. Reminded me of William Warren. + + + The house was immense. Though feeling rather superfluous, I was glad that I had gone.

Monday, Nov. 14.

Lecture to P. M. Club, Dedham. + + + A pleasant little outing.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.

Lecture at Georgetown, Mass.

Thursday, Nov. 17.

+ + + On Tuesday last as I drove up Beacon Street and past the old Otis mansion, I thought how I should like to see Mr. Edward Austin, and have a talk with him about old times, when we sometimes met. Today the paper announces his death, at the age of ninety-six. I had no idea that he was so advanced in years.

Saturday, Nov. 19.

Took 8:30 train for Somersworth, my lecture being in afternoon. The day was dismally rainy. Mrs. Perkins, president of the club, met me at the depot and drove with me to the house of Mrs. Chapley, where I rested and had lunch. With her I found Miss Betsey Walker, eighty years old, a radical and Abolitionist of the old school. We had quite a talk about the old time reformers. An excellent luncheon at 12 M. quite set me up for my lecture. Mrs. Perkins seemed to me a very genial woman. Various ladies kissed me after the lecture; a number made me write autographs for them upon their Club calendars. Miss Mary Jewett took me in her carriage to South Berwick, where Sarah received me with open arms. Miss Von Blondberg was there; we had a very gay evening.

Sunday, Nov. 20.

Despite an urgent invitation to remain over this day, I left my genial entertainers by 8:30 A. M. + + + Reached dear Laura soon after 2 P. M.

Monday, Nov. 21.

Worked at Rems. In evening to Current Events Club at Mrs. William Morrell's, where was well entertained and saw Jennie Cook.

Tuesday, Nov. 22.

Worked at Rems; went to a fair in the evening. A young father sat beside me, holding his little girl. I thought that he pushed and crowded me more than was necessary; certainly more than was comfortable.

Wednesday, Nov. 23.

Have writ to dear H. M. H., thanking for check for one hundred and twenty-five dollars sent me for driving. A most thoughtful and welcome present. He says that I must not use it for anything else, so I will not.

Thursday, Nov. 24.

A pleasant Thanksgiving Day with my dear people here; a quiet, family dinner, very excellent; friends and neighbors in the evening, and charades improvised by Laura and her girls; Dr. Potter taking part in one. A very amusing entertainment.

Saturday, Nov. 26.

+ + + In the evening came in Mrs. Wetherley, Rev. Mr. Plant's mother-in-law; Gen. John Richards and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Morrell; the two last specially invited to play whist. The others remained until 9:30, after which we had quite a merry game with the Morrells, each couple winning one, rubber adjourned. I packed most of my effects before going to bed.

Sunday, Nov. 27.

Rose early. The good girl came, as previously requested, to make my fire. I saw that it was snowing. Presently my Laura came in, saying, "You can't go, you know; it is a terrible storm. You could not get through". After some demurring I gave in, as I always draw the line at a blizzard. Have done my best to telegraph Miss Brown and my women. Have writ a good letter to dearest Maud. + + + We had a pleasant evening. Win Robinson came in to tea. Alice made good music for us. Laura read a poem from the Atlantic. I recited bits of the "Milsiad" and sang and played some of my own compositions. Made pretty sure of going tomorrow.

Monday, Nov. 28.

My mind was set on preparation for an early departure, when dear Laura came in with direful tidings of the storm's mischief, and said that I could not possibly leave by 10:18 train. Struggled out with Rosalind to get a breath of out side air.

Tuesday, Nov. 29.

Reached home after a comfortable journey. Dearest Laura put me in the Pullman; Rosalind also came down to the station. Fortunately L. prevoded me with lunch, as there was no buffet, and the conductor could not even get me a cup of coffee at Portland. Made acquaintance with a Mrs. Gay, husband a stationer, Washington Street; saw also two ladies from Bath, Maine. I had given a lecture at their house; they were Mrs. Cross and daughter. Found a pile of letters waiting for me.

Sunday, Dec. 4.

To church; a good sermon from my dear minister; somehow not quite up to his best. A delightful Communion service in which he enlarged upon the spirit of martyrdom. The day in our church is the feast of the Martyrs. He showed us that this spirit of enduring hardships for the truth and right is always called for, always needed. I had a vision of the dear Christ sitting at his feast of the passover, and of a profetic view of the great multitudes, who would in time gather around this table. + + +

Monday, Dec. 5.

Woke very early and had a long and desperate worry over my money matters. A prayer bettered my state of mind. I pray for courage and strength and not to break down in health, or in resolution to work, as well as I can, to the utmost.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.

Awoke with my usual sinking heart. Prayed for a loving and contrite heart, a wise and patient mind, and physical strength to finish all that I have in mind. Was greatly comforted. Went to the dentist's, thinking an important tooth in need of refilling. He found it all right, to my great relief. + + +

Friday, Dec. 9.

Daughters of Vermont, reception at Vandome, at 8 P. M. Rose feeling better than usual and less perturbed. + + +

Saturday, Dec. 10.

Started for Albany, and a week of lectures. Arriving at about 4 P. M. was met by Rev. William M. Brundage and taken to his house, where Mrs. B. received me very kindly, lamenting the small size of her guest room. Mrs. Judge Gray sent her carriage to bring me to 8 P. M. dinner. Here I found a pleasant company. + + +

Sunday, Dec. 11.

Had a restful day. Walked out a little with Mme. Brundage; declined to use Mrs. Gray's carriage, offered for a drive. Enjoyed my evening's preaching greatly. Felt to offer the principal prayer. All day I had thought of "Thine is the glory", and had wished to express my thought in it. In my prayer I quoted the whole phrase and said: "Lord, let me live in thy kingdom; our weakness may rely upon thy power; our dark lives may be brightened by thy glory". This is not the exact expression, but is all that I can remember. After the service many people came forward to thank me. One lady said: "Mrs. Howe, your prayer carried me to the very gates of Heaven."

Monday, Dec. 12.

Oneonta.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.

Utica.

680

Wednesday, Dec. 14.  
Syracuse. + + +

Thursday, Dec. 15.

Buffalo. + + + I found no one waiting for me, but took a carriage and drove to Mrs. William's house, where a warm welcome awaited me. I felt a slight dizziness, but was able to give my lecture, a "Gossip" about my winter in Rome, and to meet the ladies afterwards. The dizziness returned, rather worse, and when I retired at bed time, I actually tumbled about the room, and with difficulty got my clothes off and got into bed. I felt very ill for some time, but at last fell asleep. I had promised to return to Syracuse, but felt that I must go directly home.

Saturday, Dec. 17.

Returned home with a truly thankful heart. I have earned one hundred and eighty dollars, but have been more richly rewarded by the good will and affection shown me by those whom I have met during this week of travel and of lecture. + + +

(No entry except mem. of letters written until:)

Sunday, Dec. 25.

Wrote the best part of a letter to dear Maud. + + Attended church as usual. A strong peace sermon from C. G. A., with which I did not wholly agree. In afternoon dear Julia Richards prepared a surprise for me, a pretty Christmas tree, with all my presents on it or about it, mostly from her own family.

Dec. 27. Tuesday.

Composed the beginning of my Brook Farm lecture. Attended Tuesday Club. Talk mostly on the Phillipine question; a good deal of it very difficult to hear. + + + Dreamed over the piano most of the evening, which I passed alone.

Saturday, Dec. 31.

+ + + Today ends a year which I must term one of great mercies, though I know how obsolete this view may seem to some. It brought me the delightful rest of the winter in Rome, with some useful work there, namely: the delivering of two sermons and of three lectures, the formation of a club, which may or may not continue, and the honor and pleasure of assisting some Roman ladies of high rank, to answer the Countess of Abadene's appeal for an International Council of Women. My health has been generally good and my power of work not sensibly diminished. I spoke in Albany December 11th to more than a thousand persons, on the "Quickening of the Spirit."

The year has brought me sad losses, that of dear Arthur Mills, a friend of fifty-four years standing. Today I learn the death of my

charming and faithful friend, secretary of A. A. W., Lillie Lord Tifft. I still seem to see her smiling, glowing face ever turned upon me with affection. Other deaths I do not at this moment recall, but think there have been several. I must not forget, among my "mercies", my Victory sermon, which I gave in the dear Church of the Disciples on September 11th.

1899.

Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899.

A steady snow fall kept me at home in the A. M., and the extreme cold, in the P. M., so I must begin this first week of the New Year without the fresh impulse which I might have hoped to receive from sermon and Communion service.

I begin this year with an anxious mind. I am fighting the Wolf (debt), hand to hand. I am also confused between the work already done on my Rems, and that which is still wanting to give them some completeness. May the all Father help me.

Monday, Jan. 2.

Drove down town to get money from the Bank and to purchase this book, at J. L. Fairbank's store, where have made this purchase for many years. Sent message of remembrance to Mr. Tucker, head clerk in the establishment, whom I have known for a long time and who is very ill.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.

+ + + Had quite a dinner party for dear Carrie Hall: Chug Henderson, Harry Hall, Alfred Mayer, young Fales of Lake Forest near Chicago, a distant relative. Had a simple dinner but very pleasant talk.

Thursday, Jan. 5.

Worked as usual in A. M. In afternoon attended reception in my honor at N. E. W. C. Flossy went with me. This was very pleasant.

Monday, Jan. 9.

Dined with Massachusetts Press Club Association at the U. S. Hotel. My Battle Hymn was much spoken of. I made a little speech partly thought out before hand. The best bit in it, "why should we fear to pass from the old testament of our own liberties, to the new testament of liberty for all the world?", came to me on the spur of the moment. My Battle Hymn was sung; my reception most gratifying.

Saturday, Jan. 14.

Felt miserably at waking. Read to Saturday Morning Club my Newport paper, singing the songs and reciting the Flag poem. Was well repaid for my effort by the affectionate interest and attention shown me. + + A horribly slippery day and too dark to read at 3 P. M. + + + + +

Sunday, Jan. 15.

A remarkable sermon from C. G. A. in which he developed the thought that destruction is a necessary part of the process of construction. What was once best must be discarded when it is no longer best. Have writ to the minister, urging immediate publication of the sermon, which struck us all, (Laura, Flossy and self) as most timely and hitting our present situation of public opinion right in the eye.

1083.

Monday, Jan. 16.

Dear Laura will begin to help me with my Rems.

She did so, I working on my lecture and supplying her with her manuscripts of my Rems.

Dickens Party at N. E. W. C. I despaired of being able to attend but did manage to get up a costume and to take part. Many very comical travesties, those of Pickwick and Capt. Cuttle remarkably good; also L. M. Peabody as Martin Chuzzlewit, and Mrs. Godding in full male dress suit. I played a Virginia Reel and finally danced myself.

Tuesday, Jan. 17.

Ditto of yesterday.

Wednesday, Jan. 18.

Same thing.

Thursday, Jan. 19.

Same; tired head.

Friday, Jan. 20.

Today I got to a point at which I thought I could see the end of my lecture. The relief of this was great. Elizabeth Chapman and husband to see me.

Saturday, Jan. 21.

The Chapmans lunched with Laura, Julia and me. They were very bright and pleasant. + + + I was engaged to dine with the Invalid's Aid Association, which I forgot and promised to dine with the Arthur Careys. Just as I got home from a meeting at which Jack Chapman made an address, the carriage came to take me to the Invalid's etc. I was utterly tired with the lunch and meeting, both of which I had enjoyed, sent a note to Mrs. Waitte of the Invalids, which she did not get, rested and went to the Carey's. I ought to have done the other thing, and felt very sorry that in the hurry of the moment I had decided wrongly, as I afterwards thought.

Monday, Jan. 23.

Worked as usual. Attended the meeting in favor of the Abolition of the Death Penalty, which was interesting. X Father Byrne, vicar general, spoke well. Father Field dragged in the topic of infanticide. Father Walsh of the Cathedral, stood for the right of society to take life, if necessary, for its safety. V I spoke on the ground of hope.

Tuesday, Jan. 24.

Alliance — Religious Ideals in Literature. + + + At the Alliance I gave a synoptical view of the topic, "Glancing at the religious element in literature, from the ancient oriental poems, the Bible, the Bhagavad-gita to the Greeks, thence to the Mediaevals, Dante, etc; thence to Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson's "In Memoriam", Browning's

Paracelsus; cannot remember whether I mentioned any later production. This, which I had dreaded, was made easy to me. Papers were read on Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Margaret Fuller. The writer of the second quoted E. B. B's lines, "thou large brained woman", etc., as having been written of George Eliot, which I at once corrected. I was asked to speak of Margaret Fuller and did so.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.

Park Street vestry, 2:30 P. M. I to preside and make opening speech. It is the annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association. I am president of the N. E. ditto. This also was made easier for me than I had feared to find it. In my address I followed briefly the line of thought worked out in my paper for the World Symposium on "What this Country has done for Women". Hon. ----- Gilman, long resident in Hiawaii spoke of the Hiawaii women. Miss Yates, of the women of China. A note came from Page of the Atlantic, requesting copy for two more issues of my Rems in the magazine. + + +

Thursday, Jan. 26.

Attended Stackpole-Howland wedding at Trinity Church. Had a little season of earnest meditation before the service began, remembering some of the Departed to whom this wedding would have been of near interest; among others, the bride's grandfather, who I knew quite well in my married youth. The bride looked finely and everything went smoothly. I was treated with kind attention at the church and at the reception which followed. Busy with proofs all P. M.

Friday, Jan. 27.

Very busy trying to finish my lecture.

Saturday, Jan. 28.

McAlvin packed my trunk. I left Boston by 1 P.M. train, via Willamantic; a dreary journey. Harry Howe met me at the station. I could not get a seat in the Pullman, but travelled in the common car and did not say one word between Boston and New York.

Sunday, Jan. 29.

A restful day at home. Wrote on my lecture.

Monday, Jan. 30.

A Mrs. Sternberger called to arrange for the evening. + + + I was received by a committee of Jewish looking ladies and conducted to the hall, which was well filled. The lecture was very well received. Mrs. Miller, Gerrit Smith's daughter, told me that it was delightful.

Tuesday, Jan. 31.

Busy all day over my lecture. Mrs. Knowlton called for me at 7 P. M. in a comfortable brougham, with a pair of horses; drove over to the lecture hall. The evening was very inclement, bitterly cold with a light snow falling, and I expected to find but few at the hall. Instead of this, it was crowded. Many had to go away, as I afterwards



heard. A number stood through the lecture, having no seats. This last was warmly received and seemed to give much satisfaction. + + + + After speaking, doors were opened upon me, the outer air being very cold I went to Mrs. K's house, where I passed the night. Had some hot lemonade before going to bed.

Wednesday, Feb. 1.

Mrs. K. drove me back to Harry's. In P. M. Cousin Mary called to take me to Julia Billings' reception; a fine house, one room done over by Tiffany, really beautiful in white and gold with draperies of yellow satin. In the evening Margaret came to go with me to the reception given for me by the Author's Guild. Mr. Ferris called for me in a carriage. The reception was at the Windsor. Gen. Wilson met us and took me into the hall, where I had to mount a small platform. Gen. W. made a complimentary speech, to which I responded; others spoke. By request, I read a poem, choosing "Our Country"; after this I recited "The Flag", explaining the circumstances under which it was written. Told also about writing the Battle Hymn. Mrs. Sherwood was in the audience.

Friday, Feb. 3.

My cold pretty bad. A quiet day at home. Fanny and Harry had a fine dinner party for me. I sat between Seth Low, President of Columbia College and Prof. Van Ambridge; the dinner handsome and conversation very lively and pleasant. + + + +

Saturday, Feb. 4.

+ + + A delightful dinner at the Chapmans. Elizabeth seemed radiantly happy. Margaret had much to tell of her experience in Porto Rico. Chapman was very entertaining.

Monday, Feb. 6.

Took Limited 10 A. M. train for Boston, in order to arrive in time for the Club meeting, where my part of the Symposium was to speak of Charlotte Cushman. Dear H. M. H. went with me to the train and put me on board, introducing to me a former pupil of his, a Mr. Bucks, who was quite helpful to me on my arrival. My visit has been full of interest and F. and H. M. H. have been most affectionate and attentive to me. Drove to N. E. W. C. where spoke of Charlotte Cushman. + + Was very thankful to get home, after a week of work and of pleasure.

Tuesday, Feb. 7.

+ + + Many bills and some petters are here for me, but I hope to take life more easily now than for some time past, and to have some rest from the slavery of pen and ink.

Friday, Feb. 10.

A bitterly cold day. Went to Durham, N. H., with fear and trembling. + + + Got back before 9 P. M. apparently none the worse for my journey. + + + Before starting in the morning, wrote a little scree for Mr. Cressey to use in a lecture-sermon.

Saturday, Feb. 11.

+ + + Had felt some vexation against Gulesian for having advertised me to speak at the entertainment for the Armenian Orphanage. I enjoyed the evening, however. B. F. Keith had sent some good talent. My little speech was well received and I met Joaquin Miller, who I had not seen in a long time. + + +

Monday, Feb. 13.

No carriage; weather desperate; left knee rather troublesome. + +

Thursday, Feb. 16

Went rather reluctantly to speak to the Unitarian Woman's Alliance at Belmont, Mass. The state of the streets made it really difficult to drive to the Union Station. A Miss Ford came for me and Rev. Mr. Bigrave, Unitarian pastor, brought me back to my door. I made much such talk as I gave at our own Alliance, only some new thoughts suggested themselves to me, particularly this one, that the Bible shows a more advanced state of religious condition than that evident in the Hindu books and discipline, in which so much stress is laid upon contemplation and negation of the conditions of natural life -- the passive Saints who keep one position until the muscles lose their flexibility and the body becomes incapable of labor. Also that the Church of Rome retains and emphasizes two points of discipline which Christendom elsewhere has outgrown, namely: penance, which is fruitless labor and privation, and sacrifice, that of the mass being viewed as a substitute for the ancient offerings of the temple, which even the Hebrew prophets deprecated.

Friday, Feb. 17.

+ + + Spent afternoon and took supper with the Wintergreens. Mrs. Dyer being ill and absent, I was requested to preside and did so. We decided to inaugurate a Women's Mass Meeting in Easter week, to consider the Czar's peace proclamation. The committee, chosen on the spot, are to meet at my house on Saturday, Feb. 25.

Monday, Feb. 20.

Wrote a suffrage screed for tomorrow's hearing. + + +

Tuesday, Feb. 21.

+ + + Suffrage hearing, very good. I opened the ball, speaking of the logic of events. Gave mostly what I had written out the day before, but with some omissions. A pleasant experience at the Cambridge Alliance. They gave me a warm welcome, and some sweet flowers.

Wednesday, Feb. 22.

Century Club at 14 Ashburton Place; they to send for me at 7:15 P. M.

A very pleasant occasion. My lecture on Brook Farm was very well received. Dr. Codman, whose book I had principally used, praised the lecture warmly and spoke at some length of the spirit of the undertaking. George W. Cook spoke and F. B. Sanborn said a good deal about the usual fate of associations which he thought only succeeded, either under a strong and absolute leader, or when they represented a religious idea.

687.

He spoke of the Shakers as illustrating these points.

Thursday, Feb. 23.

Rest Tour Association; evening. This was delightful.

Monday, Feb. 27.

Reception at Denison House in my honor. + + +

Tuesday, Feb. 28.

+ + + Was interviewed in afternoon by a Miss Margaret Conolly, who has perservered in trying to see me, and at last brought a note from Lillian Whiting. She is part editor of a magazine named "Success" and having effected an entrance, proceeded to interview me, taking down my words for her magazine, thus getting my ideas without payment, a very mean proceeding. + + +

Tuesday, Mar. 7.

Lunch with Lucy Fuller. Dined with Mrs. Wales.

A very pleasant lunch. Ian McClaren took me in. I sat on his right and had some good talk with him. Sanborn, we thought, was rather aggressive about English matters. + + +

Sunday, Mar. 12.

An inspired sermon from G. G. A. on the Word of God. I was more alive than usual, and was able not only to listen, but also to feel every word that was said. My reception for M. Rod was very pleasant. He came a little early, so that I had a little talk with him alone. This was not of much interest; he seems rather absent and preoccupied; does not give himself readily in conversation. I tried really to show him people worth seeing: Higginson, Dear Charles and Fanny Ames, Barrett Wendell, Eva Channing, as descendant of the great W. E. C. We talked a little about Zola and Brewster. He liked Zola very much; did not approve of the intemperance of his "J'Accuse", but approved of the revision of Dreyfus's sentence; is very intimate with Brewster. Fashion was represented by Mrs. Winthrop and Ellen Mason. I should rather say, Beacon Street; neither of these ladies being devoted to fashionable life. Somehow I feel with Rod a more than usual desire to please, and a less than usual confidence in so doing.

Monday, Mar. 13.

Awoke with a bad feeling in the top of my head; thought it might be serious but soon forgot it.

Tuesday, Mar. 14.

Lunch with Alice Thayer. + + +

Thursday, Mar. 16.

+ + + Dear Flossy's lecture was well attended and well received, as it deserves. Some lovely flowers were sent us. My N. E. W. C. turned out handsomely.

Friday, Mar. 17.

+ + + In P. M. to hear M. Rod's last lecture, which was mostly on Cyrano de Bergerac, with mention of other works; very interesting. I pushed forward, sat in front and heard perfectly. I had sent him a rather rash invitation to dine on Saturday, which, however, he could not accept. Rash because I could not hope to hear from him in time to invite others to meet him. I had a word of farewell with him and a pleasant meeting with Lizzie Agassiz.

Sunday, Mar. 19.

A thing happened to me, the like of which I remember but once before. The day is very stormy and I made a special effort to go to church. As I sat silent in my seat before the beginning of the service, I began to think of the interview between Christ and the woman of Samaria. The whole scene unfolded itself to me, more nearly than ever before. Here is the strange thing. Mr. Ames had chosen this, or a part of it, for the theme of his sermon, which was excellent. It seemed as if a brain wave of some sort had brought this premonition of the sermon to me. + + + In afternoon to hear the Kneisel Quartette at Ida Higginson's. They played a quartette by Haydn, which was very beautiful. Schroeder, the Cellist played a lovely solo by Locatelli, a composer of some one hundred and fifty years ago. Then to tea with the Parks. Found a lovely house and fine supper, and a warm welcome. It poured all day.

Tuesday, Mar. 21.

Tuskegee benefit, Hollis Street Theatre.

This meeting scored a triumph, not only for the performers but for the race. Bishop Lawrence presided with much good grace and appreciation. Paul Dunbar was the least distinct. I lost a good deal of what he said, but he was much applauded. Prof. Dubois of Atlanta University read a fine and finished discourse. Booker Washington was eloquent as usual, and the Hampton quartette was delightful. At the tea which followed at Whitman's studio, I spoke with these men and with Dunbar's wife, a nearly white woman of refined appearance. I asked Dubois about the negro vote in the South. He thought it better to have it legally taken away, than illegally nullified.

Wednesday, Mar. 22.

Left for New York by 1 P. M. train. Rosalind went with me to the station and checked my trunk. I had a lonely, quiet journey. Margaret met me at the station and brought me to her house.

Thursday, Mar. 23.

A. A. W. meeting at A. B. Blackwell's. Present, only Mrs. Cheney, A. B. B. and Margaret. We decided to attempt a festival in Boston on or near October 18th. Mrs. Cheney and I a committee to arrange for this, with power to add to our number. Antoinette gave us a nice luncheon. In the evening to Mrs. Robinson's, sister of Teddy. I was warmly welcomed and introduced to a number of people. + + +

Friday, Mar. 24.

Read a good deal in Lander's book on "Tibit". In the evening to

*Thibet*

the military tournament, where saw drill of infantry, cavalry and artillery, very interesting. + + +

Sunday, Mar. 26.

+ + + Friends in afternoon. Arthur Terry brought his little boy, a charming child, with whom the Emmett baby was highly delighted. Chapman and Elizabeth to late dinner. C. had written a very hypercritical paper on Kipling, which none of us liked.

Monday, Mar. 27.

Left for Plainfield.

Tuesday, Mar. 28.

A restful day with dear Flossy.

Wednesday, Mar. 29.

Journey to Boston. Dearest Flossy went with me to New York and put me in my seat in the Pullman.

Friday, Mar. 31.

+ + + Went in the evening to the Union Good Friday Service at the old South Church. Dr. Herrick (Orthodox Congregational) made a stirring speech on Christ's opposition to the world of his time, shown in actions which Dr. H. called "paradoxes". Mr. Clarke (Unitarian) dwelt upon the doubt and darkness through which the Savior passed to the final triumph of his faith. Dr. Gordon dwelt upon the mystery of death, and the words, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

Monday, Apr. 3.

Mass meeting, 12 M. Tremont Temple. This meeting was largely attended and very successful. I presided and read my screed rather hurridly, scarcely taking time to emphasize. Mrs. Livermore did exceedingly well, within the limits of the time allotted her. Followed, Miss Rowe and Mrs. Alice F. Palmer, both of whom made their points with brevity and precision, also with good effect. We were warmly congratulated on the success of the meeting. ("Dignified", Rabbi Fleischer called it). Some thought it the best of the series.

Tuesday, Apr. 4.

Afternoon lecture before "Nashaway" Woman's Club. + + + + Mr. Robert Treat Paine writes me that William B. Greene's regiment was the first Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. Began screed for Alliance on Friday 7th.

Friday, Apr. 7.

Unitarian Alliance, Somerville. A carriage was sent for me and I was sent home in one to my own door. My screed was written mostly on large envelopes, some brown, others white. I had meant to make a fair

copy of it, but had not time. My topic announced was, "How to cultivate interest in religion", but I spoke mostly of the study of the Bible in the light of modern criticism, as greatly exceeding in value the old way of receiving the book. L. M. Peabody made a good talk. I enjoyed a social lunch with the ladies.

Saturday, Apr. 8.

Liberty-Tree Chapter of D. A. R., and reception of Wheaton Seminary Club. + + + A dreadfully fatiguing day. Club special business from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. A rude and rampant spirit shown in which more anon. At 2:30 attended the meeting of Wheaton Seminary Club. + + + At 3:30 went to preside over Liberty-Tree Chapter of D. A. R. Mrs. Hall had herself prepared a short paper on the "Liberty-Tree". I read only a little from my notes, which supplied some additional facts. I spoke of my grandmother, mentioning a band of ladies who called themselves "daughters of liberty", and who waited upon Gen. Washington once, or asked leave to do so.

Sunday, Apr. 9.

Suffering from yesterday's fatigue. + + +

Monday, Apr. 10.

Still tired from last week's businesses.

Tuesday, Apr. 11.

Stoneham Club.

A pleasant outing. Was met at station by Mrs. Walker, who took me to her house, a pretty cottage, freshly wooded and furnished. Met presidents of Woburn and Stoneham Clubs. Gave lecture on Whittier, etc; recited the Battle Hymn. Had pleasant talk with Mrs. Walker's guests at luncheon. Mrs. Mill, I think, or Mrs. Walker, had seen Bayberry candles, now scarcely met with, if at all. A sweet faced lady hastened to purchase some roses, which she brought to the station and gave me.

Wednesday, Apr. 12.

A stormy afternoon at the Club meeting at Mrs. Hollingworth's. This had been called to consider the proposed amendment of the Club By Laws, instead of which Mrs. Cole called for the reading of the minutes of last Saturday's Meeting, evidently in order to bring up the matter of Mrs. Merrill. Mrs. C. moved that Mr. Rakemann be engaged to serve upon Mrs. Merrill a writ of ejectment. I refused to put this motion; Miss Peabody also refused. Mrs. Cole insisted and it was put by Mrs. Ide, Secretary of the meetings of the Special Committee and voted by a large majority.

Thursday, Apr. 13.

Melrose, Brook Farm Lecture. + + + Had a pleasant visit to Melrose. A Mr. Brown sang my Battle Hymn much too slowly, but otherwise well. Miss Sarah Bryant redited my "Dead Christ", and "The Lamb without the Fold". Two young girls sang, one with a very high, very musical voice, the other well but with less charm.

Saturday, Apr. 15.

Special Board Meeting of N. E. W. C. to which I went with a heavy heart, fearing a renewal of unpleasant difficulties. Had some talk with Mrs. Walton, who I found in favor of Mrs. Merrill's recent offer to lease the house and release us wholly. Mrs. Mack also agreed that this was a happy way out of our difficulties. This was before calling to order. After this, Mrs. Merrill's proposal was offered in writing and fully considered. It was finally accepted and harmony appeared to be in a fair way of being restored. This was an unspeakable relief to all of us who had been opposed to the summary ejection of Mrs. Merrill, involving bitter distress for her and a law suit for the Club. Laus Deo. I promised to give a lemonade to the Club at Monday's Club tea.

Sunday, Apr. 16.

I prayed this morning that I might have a moment at least of true worship. I think that it was granted me. C. G. A. gave a lovely interior sermon, treating on the importance of knowledge and also of its limits, taking two texts, one from Psalms, "Thou shalt show me the path of life", and one from Isaiah, "He shall lead the blind by a way which he knoweth not." This last led to an exposition of the great blindness and mystery of our human life, and how we are lead through it.

Monday, Apr. 17.

Kindergarten, 3 P. M. Stockholders of Woman's Journal, 11 A. M.

Michael kindly sent carriage to take me out; also Helen and Julia. I hoped for a good word to say, but could only think of Shakespeare's, "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones", intending to say that this does not commend itself to me as true. Mr. Eels spoke before me and gave me an occasion to use this with more point than I had hoped to do. He made a rather rampant and flowery discourse, and eulogized Annie Sullivan and Helen Keller as a new experience in human society. In order to show how the good it may do survives them, I referred to Dr. Howe's first efforts for the blind and about his teaching of Laura Bridgman, upon whom I dwelt somewhat. I also exhorted the blind children to remember their dear and faithful friend, Dr. Elliott. I spoke with warmth, considerable applause resulting. Gen. Frank Appleton, my Harry's college mate, presided very acceptably. He also mentioned Sam Elliott and presented me with some lovely flowers. The children did wonderfully well in music. In the evening to N. E. W. C.

Tuesday, Apr. 18.

Meeting for revision of the By Laws. (A stormy meeting, relating to matters of the Club).

I had made up my mind for a quiet afternoon, when Mr. Redfern came with his carriage to take me to the annual meeting for the Corporation of the Home for Intemperate Women. The pleasant tone of this meeting was in strong contrast with the rudeness of the A. M. meeting. The deficit worse than ours, but no victim sought.

Wednesday, Apr. 19.

Supper at Danvers. Patriotic celebration.

Thursday, Apr. 20.

Lecture at Middleboro. + + + This was a pleasant outing. + +

Friday, Apr. 21.

Luncheon at the Algonquin Club for Mrs. Rowe, President of State Federation. Cantabrigia dinner, 6 P. M. Colonial Club, Cambridge. I had accepted both of these invitations but was rather miserable after the lunch, so asked to be excused from the dinner. Sat between Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Breed. + + + Came home from the luncheon quite ill, and had to give up the dinner. Evening with my son-in-law, Harry Richards, much enjoyed.

Saturday, Apr. 22.

+ + + My reception was very pleasant.

Sunday, Apr. 23.

To church where heard the dear minister. Had a sort of dream vision of the dear Christ going through Beacon Street in shadow, and then in his glory. It was only the flash of a moment's thought. + +

Monday, Apr. 24.

Lecture on Patriotism in America. Reception of the Allston and Brighton Club at Vondome.

Tuesday, Apr. 25.

To Alliance in A. M., the last meeting of the season. Mrs. Beatley spoke, laying the greatest emphasis of women acting so as to express themselves in freedom. This ideal of self-expression appears to me insufficient and dangerous, if taken by itself. I mentioned its insufficiency while recognizing its importance. I compared feminine action under the old limitations to the touching of an electric eel, which immediately gives one a paralyzing shock. I spoke also of the new Woman world as at present constituted, as like the rising up from the sea of a new continent. In my own youth women were isolated from each other by the very intensity of their personal consciousness. I thought of myself and of other women in this way. We thought that superior women ought to have been born men. A blessed change is that which we have witnessed.

*Hypelitus*

Thursday, Apr. 27.

To read my play of "Hypelitus"—at Mrs. Faxon's, 396 Beacon Street.

Friday, Apr. 28.

Wintergreens at Mrs. Livermore's. At night, a wonderful dreaming of things long past, over the piano. Wrote three or four verses intended to illustrate Raphael's St. Cecelia. The meeting at Mrs. Livermore's, or rather at her daughter's, was very pleasant.

Tuesday, May 2.

Wednesday A. M. Club; American Peace Society.



Wednesday, May 3.

Willard School, Walloston. + + +

Thursday, May 4.

Cold much worse after yesterday's expedition. Had to send to W. P. W. for medicine, and to telegraph to put off lecture for tomorrow. Wretched headache all day. + + + Could do no sort of work.

Sunday, May 7.

In A. M. sermon from C. G. A. on "Ideal Womanhood", good but not winged; very thoughtful, nevertheless. Went out to hear Royce at the Ole Bull house, no Bulls being there. Dr. Jaynes (?) presided and read a rather stilted letter from Mrs. Bull. Royce read from a manuscript for an hour and a half. Some forcible thoughts appearing here and there were drowned in metaphysical verbeage and got little impression, I thought. I listened as intently as I could, dropping once or twice into a momentary sleep. The Swami afterwards, talked more simply and directly. Dr. J. welcomed me very cordially and asked whether I would say a word, but the hour was too late and people were too tired. I remembered the time when I wrote some things in this technical style, and was thankful to have come out of it.

Tuesday, May 9.

Quiet day at home. + + +

Wednesday, May 10.

Went with Mr. James M. Barnard to the Girls High School. + + +

Monday, May 15.

Annual Meeting of N. E. W. C., anticipating little pleasure therefrom. This was appointed to be held at Mrs. Hollingsworth's, but the rooms could not contain the company, so we adjourned to Gilbert Hall in Tremont Temple. Nothing unpleasant happened, except that I lost my much valued umbrella, the gift of Arthur Mills and his son Dudley. I have felt bitterly the disrespect shown to Lucia M. Peabody, who has been a most faithful and zealous worker for and in the Club. Mrs. Cheney moved a vote of thanks to her, which proved quite a rousing one. One club member brought me a lovely bouquet of out of door flowers, which in my great fatigue, I forgot to bring home with me. I felt greatly exhausted by the forenoon's work.

Wednesday, May 17.

N. E. W. C. Press Association, lecture and dinner. I woke with a bad headache. + + + Went out to get the air. Coming back, found Mrs. Hoyt of Georgetown, Mass, waiting for me. She staid to lunch and in came my cousin, Marion Pearson with her little stepson. They had lunched but partook of something. My head gradually bettered and I was able to read my lecture without special trouble. The Press Association did me the greatest possible honor; gave me eighty beautiful pink roses for my eighty years. The dinner was pleasant and Mrs. Whitonstone read a poem which appeared to me rather hyperbolic, but really setting that

aside, uncommonly good. There was some good singing. I enjoyed the occasion very much.

Thursday, May 18,

A restful day. Wrote to George Riddle, giving permission to use "Hamlet at the Boston", in the Reader and Speaker, which he is about to publish.

Friday, May 19.

Dinner of primary school teachers, U. S. Hotel. + + +

Saturday, May 20.

+ + + At 11 A. M. attended a wonderful meeting at Chickering's Hall, called by the colored women of Boston, to protest against the lynching of negroes in the South. Mrs. Butler M. Wilson presided, an octoiron and a woman of education. Her opening address was excellent in spirit and in execution. A daughter of Mrs. Ruffin also wrote an excellent address; Mrs. Cheney's was very earnest and impressive. Alice Freeman Palmer spoke as I have never before heard her. My rather brief speech was much applauded, as were indeed all of the others. Mrs. Richard Hallowell was on the platform and introduced Mrs. Wilson. In P. M. to Wellsley, of which more on tomorrow's page. (She forgot to add this).

Monday, May 22.

Annual meeting and lunch of N. E. W. C. Reception (Vondome) 1 P. M., lunch at 2. This took the character of a pre-celebration of my 80th birthday, and was most highly honorific. Most delightful things were said of me. I can only say that I do not think of myself as the speakers seemed to think of me. Too deeply do I regret my seasons of rebellion and short comings in many duties. Yet, am I thankful for so much good will. I only deserve it because I return it.

Tuesday, May 23.

Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass. 10:45 A. M. + + + This was a pleasant and restful excursion. The Seminary is in a green and leafy place. I had a quiet, early dinner with the Principal and Miss Kilham. Gave "Patriotism", which was well received; the hall well ventilated and with a good, clear light.

Thursday, May 25.

A restful A. M. In afternoon attended the meeting for R. W. Emerson's birthday, (96th Anniversary), and spoke mostly of the ladies of his family -- Emerson's mother and his wife. Said also, "E. was as great in what he did not say, as in what he said. Second class talent tells the whole story, reasons everything out; great genius suggests even more than it says." This was applauded. Sanborn spoke with more point than he often does. Malloy on Emerson's "Bachus" was delightful.

Friday, May 26.

Primary School Teachers dinner. I will say how much we recognize

effects of education in later life, in speech and facial expression; much more when we find high sentiment and generous views of duty.

This meeting was really interesting. I sat on the right of President Bolen. On my right was the Swami Anakamanda. Dear Flossy went with me and enjoyed herself very much. Dear Laura has been working to put my manuscripts in order for publication in book form.

Saturday, May 27.

My 80th birthday. Harry, my son, came early to visit me, bringing as a gift a beautiful portfolio. I had many gifts. (Follows a long list of gifts.) My house was a perfect bower of roses, lilies and all manner of beautiful plants. The reception, not a general one, was much enjoyed. Many old friends came. I had forgotten two or three, for which I was very sorry. At dinner I had H. M. H., Flossy, Harry Hall and Julia Richards. Little Betty flitted about like a fairy child. H. Richards sent me a delightful telegram.

Tuesday, May 30.

+ + + Had a great time this A. M. A lady, Mrs. Bailey Stilling, whom I have never known, called at 9:19 to take me to the Decoration service at the monument on the Common, and in Boston Theatre. With her in an open carriage were Gen. Wheeler's two daughters, very pleasing girls, one very pretty, the other interesting.

(Note: for an account of this meeting, see newspaper slip on previous page).

To Unitarian meeting in Tremont Temple, where read my screed about Gov. Andrew, which has cost me some work and more anxiety. It was well received. Rev. S. A. Elliott, whom I saw for the first time, was charmingly handsome and friendly. I was introduced as "Saint Julia" and the whole audience rose when I came forward to read my piece. Item: I had dropped my bag with my manuscript in the carriage, but Charles Fox telegraphed to the stable and got it for me.

Wednesday, May 31.

Suffrage. Will speak of the comfortable state of sin in which the human average is content to rest, and of the God appointed spirits who devote themselves to special reforms and force the indolent public mind to think about them; leaders too in action. I did this but thought that my words fell rather flat. Mrs. Catt was the principle figure of the evening. She spoke well, nothing extraordinary. + + + Rev. Edward A. Horton spoke brilliantly, but roared too loud. Mr. Dole, who sat next to me, spoke very solid sense, in a very good manner.

Thursday, June 1.

Gave up my tickets for the Festival. Hammered at my Peace Poem, and got it at last very well to my liking.

Wednesday, June 7.

+ + + To Taunton by 4:45 train to lecture. "Reminiscences of the Four Poets". Had to repeat my Battle Hymn, which was afterwards sung. A dear old Rev, Mr. Emery was so enthusiastic about it that he sang "glory with three syllables, "gel-o-ry". He cried out, "Don't skip a

single verse." My reception was most gratifying. + + +

Monday, June 12.

+ + + A telephone message arrived at about 10:30 P. M. from Miss Plimpton, expressing such disappointment at my failure to visit her at Brant Rock, that I decided to go there after all. + + + Had a comfortable journey to Marshfield, where Misses Plimpton and Truman were waiting for me with a pleasant open carriage. Item: before taking train in Boston a Mr. Newcomb accosted me. John Dwight had introduced him to us. He kept me company as far as Scituate and was very pleasant. He is a nephew of Thomas Ball's wife; has lost one eye; lives with his sister on a farm which he is reclaiming. My new friends drove me to the Webster place, where the present owner, a Mr. Hall, took pleasure in showing me art which had belonged to the great man. We came at last to a sort of small sea side family hotel, which these ladies own and let for the summer, a pretty house, incely appointed. In the evening came some forty or more invited guests. + + + We had some music and speeches complimentary to me, to which I replied, and a singing of the Battle Hymn.

Wednesday, June 14.

Left by 9:39 train, my friends driving me to the train. Miss P. introduced me to the selectmen of Brant Rock. Returned home wonderfully refreshed by this trip. Felt so well that attacked my Rems at once and worked over them for more than two hours.

Saturday, June 17.

Got off for Newport by 2:45 train, with a perfect agony of anxiety.

*Dear Glenn.*

Saturday, June 24,

Received through Mrs. Andrews (Casa Davis) my lace cape, beautifully transfered. My dearest Maud has done me this service. I doubt whether I shall ever need my fine lace again. This thought saddens me a little. A violent rain storm this late afternoon with severe thunder and lightning. A great God send for the farmers. Carrie Hall arrived in the midst of it. Mary Graves wrought great deliverance of accumulated papers in my room.

Tuesday, June 27.

In afternoon went rather unwillingly to dine and stay all night at the house of Mrs. Henry Clews. This in order to see Margaret Chanler, who sails soon for Europe. The exertion seemed great but it all turned out very pleasantly. Bishop Potter was in the train, which I took at Middletown. He kindly took me in Miss Ziela/~~g~~ Gibb's carriage which had been sent for him, and driving to his own house, of which she is the tenant, he obtained her permission for the coachman to drive me to Mrs. Clews' house, where I was most kindly made welcome. Mrs. C. is a very handsome woman, much devoted, I should think, to society. Dr. Martin of New York and Howard Cushing were at the late dinner, at and after which we had much talk concerning Unitarian doctrine, the woman question, etc. Margaret was rather aggressive.

Wednesday, June 28.

Left the Clew mansion at 10 A. M. Mrs. Clew kindly sending me down

to the train. + + + Reaching Oak Glen I found that my dear Alice was very late last evening in arriving. She was bright and cheery as ever. I had a nap in the afternoon, after which I felt miserably weak and powerless.

Tuesday, July 4.

+ + + In afternoon took the dear girls to Mrs. Kernochan's reception, where I found myself mostly among strangers. Horatio Whitwell kindly took Carrie around the rooms. Mrs. K. introduced a young gentleman to Alice. Edward Potter was kindly attentive to me and to the girls. and we gradually picked up a number of acquaintances, among the rest, Mr. Phinney and daughter, and Mrs. Judge Gray, who may possibly try to arrange a lecture for me in Albany this coming season. Olive Belmont seemed pleased to meet me and went in search of his wife, as he said, to bring her to speak to me. He did not return; probably did not intend to. Spoke also with Mr. Edgerton Winthrop. The high light of the occasion was an introduction to Capt. Sigsbee of the ill fated Maine. After supper Alice had a display of fireworks.

Friday, July 7.

My dear Alice Richards left by 9:09 train, to my great regret. She is dear and sweet, helpful and cheery, and an excellent musician. Wrote a letter of sympathy to sister Livermore, who has just lost a kind husband, who worshiped her and to whom she was much attached. My son and his wife came over from Bristol to pass the day. He looks as young as my grand sons do. At fifty, his hair is blonde, without gray, and his forehead unwrinkled.

Saturday, July 8.

+ + + In the evening found by the paper that Dr. Nathaniel Greene died this morning. He has suffered dreadfully from a cancer on his face and his death is not to be deplored. Yet it made me sad, recalling the many years during which he was our summer physician. I have often sent for him. He has attended all my children except, I think, dear Sammy. He was a very good homoeopath. His age was ninety years.

Sunday, July 16.

To church. An excellent sermon on the fruits of the spirit, from Dr. Cutter. While in church I had a new thought of the energy and influence of Christ's teaching. "Ask and ye shall receive", etc. These little series of commands, all incite the hearers to action: Ask, seek, knock. I should love to write a sermon on this, but fear that my sermonizing days are over. Alas !

Monday, July 17.

Well, and for me, energetic. Amended my "Earliest Years", as printed in the Atlantic monthly. Wrote quite a letter to F. J. Garrison. Finished Edward E. Hale's delightful book about Lowell. Will write him about it.

Tuesday, July 18.

Worked at revision of Rems in A. M. In afternoon sent to Middle-

town station for Cousin Mott Francis, as per arrangement, He came and we sat most of the time on the east piazza. Had a visit from Major and Mrs. Gibbs and another from Mr. Whitridge and Mrs. Manson Smith, who looked very well and was very charming. I had provided a good supper for Mott, to which he did full justice. We had much talk of family matters.

Wednesday, July 19.

Finished and sent off revision of "Earliest Years" of my Rems. Have added quite an account of my forebears and parents and brothers. + +

Friday, July 21.

Heard this A. M. first thing that my horse and Maud's little carriage had been stolen some time during the night. Was almost stunned by this misfortune. Sent Michael to Middletown Station to telegraph to Fall River, he to take train to Newport and find out what he could. Have tried to keep mind upper-most. + + +

Saturday, July 22.

Have accepted invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ives Gammell, South Side Ocean Lawn, to lunch at 1 P. M.

This turned out to be a very brilliant luncheon, given to introduce a daughter into society. The hostess is a handsome woman and received me very cordially. Major Gibbs took me into lunch, which was served at round tables, seating seven or eight each, Carriage checks were given at the door and wrap checks within. Mrs. Wales and Mrs. Hunter were there, octogenarians both, to keep me in countenance. I had pleasant greetings from friends old and new. Lunch was served in a very large tent, with a plant floor, an ornamented ceiling and a band of music. I sat between Major Gibbs and Miss Diman, sister to the school master. She and Miss Bretton made themselves very agreeable.

Monday, July 24.

+ + + In town in afternoon to see the police about my stolen mare and wagon. Found the men perfectly indifferent, also uncivil. Put a second advertisement, fuller and more correct, in Newport Herald. Called at Police station but got no word about the missing goods. + + + The officers hardly noticed me at all.

Tuesday, July 25.

Still in my direful muddle about the mare and carriage. + + +

Wednesday, July 26.

Up to town to try and find my stolen property. A very wet day. Saw George Richards, went to my Beacon Street house hunting for a poem with which I intend to close my volume of Rems. Could not find it. + +

Thursday, July 27.

Had loan of Institution horse and carriage. + + + Peached my house just as Mary Graves was coming to it. She found the missing poem

at once to my great joy. We destroyed some papers and packed my basket for return journey. + + + Reaching Middletown station, found Flossy and Carrie with the welcome news that the mare is heard from at Fall River.

Tuesday, Aug. 1.

Papéterie at my house; a pleasant meeting; much merriment; a large attendance. All present were made officers. Carrie Hall remaining "full private."

Friday, Aug. 4.

A kind letter from Mrs. Kehew, offering to N. E. W. C. the use of Union Hall and committee rooms for next winter. + + + In afternoon to Ex-Gov. Wetmore's reception, which was very large and very pleasant. Met a Mrs. Sedgwick, daughter to Harry Renwick, a college mate of my dear brother Henry. Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence were attentive and introduced me to the young Rector of Trinity, Rev. Mr. Stone. I went to take my dear Carrie. Mott Francis took her about. Afterwards Mr. Whitridge did the same. The party was out of doors and I felt somewhat chilled.

Monday, Aug. 7.

Determined to do more literary work daily than I have been doing lately. Began a screed about dear Bro.' Sam, feeling that he deserved a fuller mention than that which I have already given him. In afternoon Mrs. Fairchild made a delightful visit, talking much of dear Maud.

Wednesday, Aug. 9.

In afternoon took train for Bristol with dear Carrie Hall, to visit my son and his wife. An uncomfortable little journey, owing to change of cars at Fall River and at Warren, where H. M. H. met us. Fanny came out to welcome us, looking much better in health than when she was with us. Found a pretty cottage, with a fine water prospect.

Thursday, Aug. 10.

Out with F. in A. M. At noon it began to rain. F. had invited friends to meet us at 1 P. M. tea. We feared that no one would venture in the rain, but were agreeably disappointed. Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Wolfe (she of the World Worldly), Mrs. Perkins and son, and Mr. and Mrs. William Low and daughters, made a pleasant gathering. Evening, H. M. H. played the "Pathétique" on his aeolian.

Friday, Aug. 11.

In A. M. drove to visit Mrs. Russell Middleton, a friend, not an intimate, of my youth, married South and unseen for many years. She inhabits the old Dr. Wolfe house at Pappoose Squaw, with two daughters, one an artist. Much talk with her of days lang syne. Was regaled with some Carolina tea of exquisite flavor, and other good things. A visit of great interest to me. In P. M. to the Low.s, where enjoyed some pleasant talk. Madam Curtis (widow of a Judge) told me that John O'Sullivan in his last years had lost his mind. + + +

Saturday, Aug. 12.

Left our dear people with regret.

Wednesday, Aug. 23.

To town by 9:09 A. M. train. McAlvin met me at my house by appointment. Frank Garrison came also by appointment. We settled about portraits for my book. I returned by 4:45 train, changing at Fall River. Flossy was much vexed because I had not told her that I was going up to town. We had an amicable little squabble about it, before going to bed.

Thursday, Aug. 24.

Rather miserable after my toot of yesterday. + + + Dined in the evening with the Brady Normans; met Mr. and Mrs. Dunning. She was a Binney, grand-daughter of Amos Binney, a friend of my husband.

Monday, Aug. 28.

In town with dear Flossy to make party calls. + + +

Tuesday, Aug. 29.

Papéterie at Mrs. Manson Smith's; a pleasant meeting. + + + +

Thursday, Aug. 31.

Have been rather poorly for three days past. Could not do any work.  
+ + + +

Saturday, Sept. 2.

In afternoon Mabel brought Hendrick Anderson, who had much to say about my dearest Maud.

Monday, Sept. 4.

Labor Day. Cool and sunny; beautiful. I have felt discouraged over the confusion of my papers, the failure of printers to get on with my book and my many bills. Have almost had an attack of the moral sickness which the Italians call Achidia. I suppose it to mean indifference and indolence. + + +

Tuesday, Sept. 5.

Much better today. + + +

Wednesday, Sept. 6.

Carrie has left us, dear child. We shall miss her. Have writ to Laura and to Helen Gardner. Read my lecture on "Patriotism in Literature" to the Unitarian Women's Alliance of Channing Church. A pleasant occasion, my reception very cordial. Mrs. Squires asked leave to kiss me when I was about to get into my carriage. A Mr. Bouvé, who listened intently to my lecture, proved to be an old friend of dear S. G. H., who had once taken him to the dinner of the Saturday Club. We spoke of the distinguished men assembled there, all gone.

Thursday, Sept. 7.

Have attacked my proofs fiercely. \ They came yesterday after more



than a fortnight's intermission. + + + Dear Harry Howe came to visit and for early dinner.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.

Papéterie at Alice Thayer's, very gay and pleasant. My cousin, Mrs. Robeson, was much amused with our proceedings.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.

Papéterie at Mrs. Fairchild's; a good attendance. House dark with a heavy fog.

Monday, Sept. 25.

I devoted the A. M. rather unwillingly to attending the wedding and reception of Miss Julia Dent Grant and Prince Cautacuzene. Mrs. Edward Potter kindly allowed me to go with her to the Chapel to the first, in her carriage. We did not reach the house together, but as I arrived, Admiral Luce gave me his arm and took me up the steps and waited upon me throughout. In the ladies cloak room, I found Lou McAllister. In the drawing room were Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Fred Grant, mother of the bride, and Mrs. Ulyses Grant. I kissed Mrs. Ulyses; thought afterwards that she might not have thought this warranted by our acquaintance, but the remembrance of her husband and mine came over me so, that I could hardly help this impulsive act. In the second drawing room, under a canopy of green leaves and white roses stood the bride, a fine looking girl, and her small and rather insignificant bridegroom. She greeted me very cordially. Many people spoke with me, among others, Bishop Potter, who actually brought me some luncheon from the Marquee on the lawn. He was, as usual, most kind and cordial. There was lovely singing at the house. At the chapel, Gounoud's Sanctus was sung before the ceremony.

Friday, Sept. 29.

Was correcting proofs with Laura, when dear Dudley Mills, a major now, came in upon us. We had expected him by a later train, and so had not sent for him. He remained all day, leaving us only at 8:15 to take the Sound steamer to New York. We had much intimate talk of many things, especially of his dear father, my beloved friend of many years. Chug (Lawrence Handerson) came in afternoon to stay over Sunday.

Saturday, Sept. 30.

Corrected proof with dear Laura. + + +

Monday, Oct. 2.

+ + + My beloved brother Henry died in my arms on this day, fifty-eight or fifty-nine years ago. I cannot be quite sure which, but think it was in 1840. His death almost killed me at the time. We had become very intimate and he seemed a piece of myself. I was with him constantly during his illness, which was typhoid fever. Afterwards I had a season of religious (or irreligious) melancholy and of irrational despair. Aunt Henry Ward, my aunt only by marriage, was a great comfort to me, as was also Auntie Francis. I fear that my queernesses made the household unhappy, but life seemed almost intolerable.

Wednesday, Oct. 4.

Mabel Loomis Todd came as per invitation to stay all day and over night. She was very vivacious and pleasant. She told me that she was commissioned to ask me to allow my name to be used as a candidate for the Presidency of the State Federation. I hesitated but my Laura negatived the proposal with so much vehemence that we dismissed it.

Thursday, Oct. 5.

A very pleasant lunch at Elizabeth Fairchild's, to meet Harriett Preston. After lunch, dreams were related. Mrs. F. had had a lovely one.

Monday, Oct. 9.

Have writ + + + to C. C. Estey, who wrote telling me that my Battle Hymn was sung at Framingham at the public celebration of Washington's birthday, on February 22nd, 1862. He thinks that this was the first time of its being sung on a public occasion. I know of none prior to it and so wrote him. + + +

Wednesday, Oct. 11.

+ + + In the evening found news of Mrs. Stanwood's death, in the paper. This gave me pain, for I had intended to invite her here and had kept putting it off. She was a good and faithful woman, associated with many years of my married life. Laura helped me with a very troublesome proof and we sent it off by afternoon mail.

Sunday, Oct. 15.

+ + + A day magnificent with autumnal beauty; colors of my trees wonderful; golden sunshine, air deliciously mild and soft.

Monday, Oct. 16.

Brockton. Afternoon, Reminiscences of the four Poets' I took train to Taunton and trolley thence to Brockton. The latter proved very unreliable. I reached B. only in time to take a hasty lunch (very good) at the house of Dr. Grummer, whose wife and sister-in-law were very kind in taking care of me. Should hardly have got the return train at all but for the kindness of a young man named Bell residing at Warren, R. I. who mercifully brought me to Taunton station, where I waited long having missed the train I wished to take.

Thursday, Oct. 19.

Lecture at Attleboro. + + +

Saturday, Oct. 21.

My last moments in this dear place. The past season appears to me like a gift of perfect jewels, for which I sincerely thank the merciful Lord of all. I pray that the winter may have in store for me some good work and much dear and profitable companionship. I must remember that this may be my last summer here, or anywhere on earth, but must bear in mind that it is best to act with a view to prolonged life, since without this outlook, it is very hard for us to endeavor or to do our best. Peace be with you beautiful summer and autumn, Amen.

Made the journey comfortably. Found things at the house as well as could be expected on first arrival.

Sunday, Oct. 22.

Too tired to go to church; too much dazed by the work to be done in view of "getting to rights". Dearest Laura helped and comforted me much as was possible.

Monday, Oct. 23.

A drizzly, dark day. I struggled out twice, saying to myself: "It is for your life". + + + A letter from my dear Maud telling me not to expect her this winter. X She says, "have Helen", which is impossible, Helen having made other arrangements in view of Maud's expected coming. V The disappointment, not altogether unforeseen, was severe and very depressing to me. Dear Laura left for home by 9 A. M. train.

Tuesday, Oct. 24.

Have had two days of chaos and discouragement. + + +

Friday, Oct. 27.

A delightful and encouraging conference of A. A. W. held in my parlors. The prevailing feeling was that we should not disband, but should hold on to our association and lie by, hoping to find new innings for work. Florida was spoken of as good ground for us. I felt much cheered and quickened by the renewal of old friendships. We had two sittings, one before and one after luncheon. + + +

Sunday, Oct. 29.

To my dear church after a long absence. I was affectionately greeted by various persons. The dear minister did not preach, but in his place a Universalist minister of Minneapolis, Mr. Shutter, who gave a very good sermon on the never decreasing need of the church and all that it represents.

Tuesday, Oct. 31.

+ + + Attended funeral of Commodore George H. Perkins at Arlington Street church. Walked over and back, too much for my strength. The service was very impressive; the flowers superb. Mr. Cuckson's prayer wonderfully simple, comforting and uplifting. I sent a little note of sympathy to Isobel. Met Alice Weld at the church and had a good talk with her, as she insisted on walking home with me. + + +

Wednesday, Nov. 1.

Lunch with Homans Womans; a delightful tête-a-tête. We reviewed matters in general. H. told me much about India, whither she is now bound. + + + Flossy came, looking well. + + + When I lay down to take my pre-prandial rest, my thoughts ran upon the universal immanence of God. I felt that I could no where be removed from his presence, and this comforted me much.

Thursday, Nov. 2.

Woke feeling wretchedly; dizziness, not extreme but impotence. Made

out to bathe and dress. Took a small dose of whiskey and water, without feeling much better. Managed to eat some breakfast, but could not sit up. McA. went to Wesselhoeft, who sent me some medicine, saying that it was a fit of indigestion. Now at 12:30 the cloud seems to lift a little and I am able to write this. + + + Have read a little Greek and Latin but feel a slight chill all the time.

Consulted Wesselhoeft about Western trip. He writes, "No, no, not even if you had not had vertigo." Alas, I must give it up.

Friday, Nov. 3.

Have telegraphed Vawter and Babcock that cannot come West at present. I cherish the hope that I may do so later, but have not told them so. Am much better today but have still a shaken feeling. + + +

Saturday, Nov. 4.

Met Lucy Fuller in the street. Was grieved to hear from her that Helen Gardner is supposed to be fatally ill at St. Margaret's Hospital. I supposed that she had bronchitis but learned that it is a return of her former disease, cancer. Have written her a note, Lucy saying that she is too ill to see any friends.

Sunday, Nov. 5.

An inspired sermon and Communion service from C. G. A. Sermon on "The love of God"; very spiritual and uplifting. + + + In afternoon came + + + Mrs. Fairchild with Meg, Jack Hall and Harry with his sweetheart, a very pretty, sweet looking girl.

Wednesday, Nov. 8.

Am to dine with Mrs. Wales and play whist afterwards.

Had a drive over here first to call on Lillie Cleveland; dinner very pleasant. Other guests, Rev. Alger and Abbie. Mr. A. talked hugely. Says that Dialectic is everything; thinks he has discovered the very arch-typal or primordial source of knowledge. Will give it to the world presently in a book of one hundred pages.

Thursday, Nov. 9.

Celebration of dear Chev's birthday at the Inst. I spoke of the new testament word about the mustard seed, so small but producing such a stately tree. I compared this little seed to a benevolent impulse in the mind of S. G. H. and the Inst. to a tree. "What is smaller than a human heart? What seems weaker than a good intention? Yet the good intention, followed by the faithful heart, has produced this great refuge in which many generations have already found the way to a life and educated usefulness." Flossy spoke of her father's work, very ably but a little too much at length. Michael made a very declamatory speech, which the blind appeared to enjoy greatly. Some of the blind girls read Laura's account of papa, "When I was your Age". A boy recited dear Julia's beautiful poem about Greece. At close of exercises Mr. Jones, head master at the Inst., in behalf of the pupils, presented bouquets of flowers to Flossy, Michael and myself.

Thursday, Nov. 16.

+ + + This was dear Auntie Francis' wedding day, from my

father's house, in his coach and four horses, their manes braided with ribbons. Little could she or anyone else foresee the reverses to be suffered by the descendants of this couple.

Sunday, Nov. 19.

A most impressive sermon from Charles G. Ames, on his fifty years of ministry. His mind was deeply impressed with religious thought from early youth. At the age of fourteen years, he resolved to devote himself to the ministry, which he has faithfully done. Before the sermon I had prayed for some good thought of God. This came to me in the shape of a sudden perception to this effect: "I am in the Father's house already". This was a comforting glimpse, but only a glimpse, passing very quickly.

Wednesday, Nov. 22.

Wintergreens at Mrs. John Wales'. + + + Mrs. John Wales sent her carriage for me and sent me home in her fine coupé. She gave us a very handsome spread of which I partook sparingly. The talk degenerated into anecdotes, none of which were to my taste. + + +

Friday, Nov. 24.

Club reception at West Newton. + + + The A. M. Conference in my parlors was very pleasant. Mrs. Ward, Miss Winslow, Jacob Strauss and Hezekiah Butterworth attended. Later Herbert Ward came in. This rather took it out of me, as the saying is, for the afternoon meeting, for which fortunately I had written a short screed. The occasion was very pleasant and good Mr. Walton came for me and brought me home.

Saturday, Nov. 25.

Expect to start for Gardiner, Maine to keep Thanksgiving with dear Laura.

I did so, taking the 1:20 train. Had a tedious but comfortable journey. Made acquaintance with a lady who resides at 379 Beacon Street. She went to Portland to attend the funeral of an uncle. Was late at Gardiner, Harry Richards waiting for me.

Thursday, Nov. 30.

A pleasant Thanksgiving, bright and over clouded by turns, like human life. Woke with a little headache, which bettered after bath, etc. To church with dearest Laura, where enjoyed the service and brief sermon from Mr. Plant. Laura would not let me stay for the Communion, the church being rather cold. I did not altogether regret this, as the Anglican (Communion) service, though impressive, shocks me by offering the body and the blood of Christ. In what mystical sense the dear Lord told his disciples to eat the one and drink the other, I do not know, but to me the eucharist is a simple feast of gratitude in which remembrance is far more congenial than this arigorical partaking, which the Romanist doctrine of the real presence makes possible. In giving thanks today, I made my only personal petitions, which were first that some of my dear grand-daughters might find suitable husbands, and secondly, that I might be out of debt before my end, and lastly that I might serve in some way until the last breath leaves my body. Tried to think of some verses but the flow would not come.

A very pleasant evening. The Cornings and the Rogers couple came. Young Mrs. C. and Alice played Schumann's unfinished Symphony.

Friday, Dec. 1.

I had a pleasant talk last evening with young Mrs. Corning, who is from Marquette, but did not receive her education there. She has a lovely touch on the piano. + + +

Saturday, Dec. 2.

Left the blessed Gardiner home by 10:08 A. M. train. In the Pullman made acquaintance with two sisters, Haines, one is named Hope. We had much pleasant talk, and I invited them to Sunday evening tea. Julia Richards met me at the station and we came up together. I had a cup of soup and was preparing to go to rest, when Marchesa De Viti de Marci sent in her card and followed it. We had a long and pleasant talk, mostly of Rome, Maud, Italian politics, etc. + + +

Sunday, Dec. 3.

To my dear church where I found an unexpected Communion service. I was rather unwilling to stay for this, having ordered my carriage at 12 M. However, I did stay and was very glad of it. I had asked, as I so often do, for a moment of illumination, and this came to me, not in the sermon, of which my tired condition made me lose something, but in the Communion, in which this comforting thought came to me: "Without the painful consciousness of my sins, how could I have had the sense of the love and mercy of God which makes this moment so beautiful to me?" I must try to hold this fast.

Friday, Dec. 8.

+ + + A hurried day. Various people called on their own business. In late afternoon had to go to Women's Press Association meeting at Parker House, to introduce Mrs. Isobel Strong, step-daughter of Stevenson. She read an interesting paper on the life of R. L. S. in Samoa. In the evening, went to Woman's Suffrage Fair, where spent more than could afford. Made little speech; attendance not large. This was all pleasant but I was dreadfully tired. + + + At Parker House was introduced to Count Compello, a bright looking, handsome Italian, nephew to the Come-outer. My reception at this festivity was most gratifying, people greeted me so warmly, old friends and new.

Saturday, Dec. 9.

+ + Busy all day as usual. In the evening went to Symphony Concert to hear Sembrich sing. Her voice is marvelous in compass and clear, flexible and beautifully true. She sang an air from Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail" and "Casta Diva" very exquisitely, I should say, with no particular feeling.

Wednesday, Dec. 13.

Hardware Manufacturers and Merchants, ladies night. They to send for me. + + +

This rather unpretending reunion turned out to be well worth while for me. The reception was tedious as such always are to me, but I was taken into dinner by the President of the Association and seated on his right. The minister in saying grace, gave thanks for my presence. I was introduced with flattering mention and heard with attention. Two verses of my Battle Hymn were sung, and a rising vote of thanks for my address was proposed and carried. They gave me the best bouquet on the table. My grand-daughter, Julia Richards went with me, looking as pretty

as a picture and enjoyed herself very much. As I knelt by my bed side before lying down, I said: "I thank God that I have been heart and hand in touch with the people of my own time."

Thursday, Dec. 14.

Worked at my screed for the Sunday World. + + + My head was unusually tired after writing today.

Friday, Dec. 15.

Alice Thayer's tea. Have writ Mrs. Alice C. Sawyer that will lecture at Winthrop Beach on January 16th. Wrote + + + to Mrs. J. C. Nichols, 159 K Street, South Boston. This last in behalf of a poor woman who I found trying in vain to sell baskets in Marlboro Street. She looked so tired and discouraged that I told her to come to the house, where I purchased two small baskets for one dollar. I wrote asking Mrs. N. to give her some work, if possible. + + +

Saturday, Dec. 16.

I had greatly desired to see <sup>the</sup> "Barber". Kind Mrs. Bachelder made it possible by inviting me to go with her. Julia also included. The performance was almost if not quite bouffe. Sembrich's singing marvelous, the acting of the other characters excellent, and singing very good, especially that of Derezzke and Campanari. I heard the opera in New York more than seventy years ago, when Malibran, then Signorina Garcia took the part of Rosena.

Sunday, Dec. 17.

A Wonderfully searching and inspiring sermon from C. G. A. In afternoon wrote to Dearest Maud, telling her about Helen Gardner's death and funeral. Julia's two faithfuls and Jack Hall came to tea and ate mightily. We had a pleasant evening with them.

Tuesday, Dec. 19.

+ + In the A. M. I walked in Commonwealth Avenue and was nearly blown down by a gust of wind. Cried to a lady for help, and found it was my distant relative, Mrs. Mayer, neé Parker. Was much exhausted by the wind.

Friday, Dec. 22.

Harry and John Richards came in while I was at breakfast; staid all day and all night, by invitation and cheered the house muchly.

Saturday, Dec. 23.

The three dear grandchildren left by 9 A. M. train to spend the Christmas holidays at home in Gardiner. Received a dear letter from H. M. H. + + + From E. D. Cheney a letter written after reading my Rems, which touched and gratified me greatly.

Sunday, Dec. 24.

A delightful Christmas service and sermon from C. G. A. on "Seeing

Jesus", showing how few of those who saw him with the bodily eye really saw him. + + + Heard the Messiah with Carrie Hall. Had a word with Myron Whitney, whose son sang the bass solos of the Messiah with good effect. The performance was very good. The tenor seemed to suffer from stage fright. He sang, "Thou shalt dash them" very well I thought.

Monday, Dec. 25.

Christmas Day. Met George Dorr while walking and had a good talk with him. + + + Have examined my parcels of Christmas gifts today with much pleasure.

Tuesday, Dec. 26.

Must ask at Unitarian Rooms whether there exists any report of Dr. Hedge's great statement on Unitarianism, given in Music Hall 1886. Went out in the bitter wind and was chilled. Came home with a pain under my left ear, neither earache nor toothache. This worried me a good deal, as did a shiver, like a poison chill, which felt all the evening.

Wednesday, Dec. 27.

Conservatory (of Music). + + +

I confess that I grudged this service somewhat. I have so many requests for services of this sort, with no money return, while I need so much to earn some. I was glad, however, that I granted this one, as my lecture seemed to give pleasure and I had some pleasant introductions after my reading. Mrs. Livermore presided and I was glad to meet her.

Thursday, Dec. 28.

A day of many interruptions. + + + My little afternoon tea given for Carrie Hall was very pleasant. Harry Hall and his sweetheart came. They dined with me. Michael also. The young folks went to the theatre. Having been invited to furnish the Boston Globe with four hundred words on "Who is the greatest character of the Nineteenth Century?", I wrote yesterday to Sanborn, for his opinion. Received for answer, "John Brown the greatest character, Emerson or Victor Hugo the greatest genius." This in the age which has seen Napoleon, Goethe, Byron.

Friday, Dec. 29.

Went with dear Carrie to the Symphony Concert. The hall was very cold. The performance (Bethoven's Pastoral) was fine. We enjoyed it muchly. H. Hubbard dined with us. Sent a telegram saying that cannot write about the greatest character of the age. We drank to him at dinner, "who ever he might be."

Saturday, Dec. 30.

My dear Carrie left me today. Her visit has been delightful but too short. + + +

Sunday, Dec. 31.

A delightful sermon from C. G. A.

Susie and Leverett Bradley called after church; Henry Hubbard dined.



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Advertiser man came with a query: "What event in 1899 will have the greatest influence in the world's history?" I replied, "The Czar's Peace Manifesto, leading to the Conference at the Hague".

This has been a year of many mercies, in which my health has been remarkable and my power of work very good. I have had many anxieties about money matters, but trust to die solvent, which is all I ask. I bless God for the good year 1899. X In late afternoon enjoyed a delightful reunion at Mrs. Field's. A Miss McDougal sang with a fresh, delightful voice, one Italian and several Scotch songs, notably the "Bonnie Earle of Murray", also some lovely songs by Brahms.

1900.

-392-

On the fly leaf, after her signature, is written: "Thus far the Lord hath led me on".

Monday, Jan. 1, 1900.

In the midst of a severe snow storm, a carriage came to take me to Brookline, where I had promised to speak of Theo. Parker to the Unitarian Woman's Alliance. The meeting was at Mrs. ----- house. She is a sister of Mrs. F. H. Hedge and a remonstrant against suffrage. Her good husband, eighty-six years of age, helped me out of the carriage and said: "I am much older than you and I can dance as well as I could when I was sixteen." I was cordially received and found an attentive and affectionate audience, as did William L. Garrison who read a paper on the same theme.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.

Went to the Tuesday Club at Mrs. Harry Parkman's, to help discuss "Caste Tendencies in American Society"; had a good time. In the evening I read my lecture, "Patriotism in Literature" before the Home Club of East Boston. My reception was most gratifying. This was a second labor of love, but they gave me ten dollars, which they had not promised. This was a hard day, but very pleasant, all of it.

Wednesday, Jan. 3.

I began to use this book today, having been unable to purchase it earlier. Will write up the preceding days, as well as I can from memory. This A. M. before rising, I had a sudden thought of the Christ-babe standing between the two Armies, Boers and Britains on Christmas Day. I was not able to write immediately the lines which suggested themselves to me, but have devoted the A. M. to an effort to overtake the Heavenly vision with but a mediocre result.

Thursday, Jan. 4.

Left by 10:03 A. M. train for N. Y. Mrs. Knowlton met me at the station and took me over to her house. I had no time for rest, as she had arranged quite a large reception for me. The Slicers were there to dine and stay over night. I had an interesting talk with him; saw many people. Was dreadfully tired.

Friday, Jan 5.

Slept until 8 A. M. Had no time to read over my screed for the Alliance Meeting, which was a good one. All Souls Church was well filled. A. B. B's paper was scholarly and showed much thought and study. The presiding officer was quite able and spoke to the point. The pulpit light was very indifferent. I had to make a great effort to read my pages, both to see and to deliver them; the church accoustics being recognized as very bad. A pleasant lunch followed. Many people spoke to me and several would kiss me; among others, the widow and daughter of Adolph Sternfeldt, who I knew in his youth and of whose death I had not heard. Reached the station in good time but forgot to telegraph the hour of my arrival until on board the Pullman. + + +

Saturday, Jan. 6.

Have written to Mrs. Eugenie H. Allison, Woman's Club, New Decatur, Alabama, to say that cannot write for her my views on the "Literary Tendencies and forces of our Age". Mr. Robert M. Cushing kindly brought me a piece of his daughter's wedding cake. I preserve a bit of the ribbon for the sake of dear old Henry James, the bridegroom's grandfather.

Sunday, Jan. 7.

A delightful sermon from C. G. A. Jack Hall and Chug to dine; Michael to tea. Began to feel symptoms of cold in the head. A reporter from the New York Herald called, asking me to write about the Philippines for the Herald.

Monday, Jan. 8.

Lunch with Lucy Fuller, 1 P. M. very pleasant. E. E. Hale and wife, Sanborn and wife, also the man who lived in an iron cage in order to study the anthropoid apes and chimpanzees.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.

Cold very troublesome. + + + A restless night.

Wednesday, Jan. 10.

After the bad night, I was very doubtful about attending Mrs. Monte Sears' musicale. I sent McAlvin to Wesselhoeft, who sent me some medicine and gave me leave to go. I had an idea that I must buy a fur collar, to replace the one sent to dearest Maud. McAlvin thought she had found just the thing, price \$25. When sent up it proved impossible for a person of my make, so I decided to try my luck without. The soiree was delightful. P. (Paderewski ?) played with all his power and charm a Bethoven's Sonata, very difficult; "Hark, Hark" as he plays it, "Erl König" arranged I should think by Listz, and several beautiful Chopin compositions. I thought his fortissimo too overpowering. Music was at times swallowed up in noise. It was of course very wonderful, the piano passages were exquisite in touch and expression. He shook hands with me quite cordially, after the performance, which pleased me very much.

Thursday, Jan. 11.

No worse, I think, for my last night's outing. Have writ to Mrs. Anna C. Bird of East Walpole that will come there, February 12th, barring illness or extreme weather; to Mrs. R. H. Parsons, Buffalo, that cannot write her my views of Charlotte Bronte and Jane Austin. + + + At a little before eight, carriage came to take me to reception of the College Club, at which I had promised to preside over the literary exercises and to introduce the readers. I was rather at a loss how to do this, but suddenly thought of Mother Goose's, "When the pie was open, the birds began to sing". So when Edward Everett Hale came forward with me and introduced me as the "youngest person in the hall", I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen: I shall prove the truth of what our reverend friend has just said, by citing a quotation from Mother Goose, ("When the pie was opened, etc.) and the first bird that I shall introduce will be Rev. E. E. Hale." Beginning thus I introduced T. W. Higginson as the great American Eagle; Judge Grant as a mocking-bird; C. F. Adams as the trained German canary who sings all the songs of Yawcob Strauss; C. G. Ames said, "you mustn't

call me an owl." I brought him forward and said, "My dear minister says that I must not call him an owl, and I will not; only the owl is the bird of wisdom and he is very wise." I introduced Mrs. Moulton as a nightingale. For Trowbridge I could think of nothing and said, "this bird will speak for himself." Introduced N. H. Dole as "a bird rarely seen, the phoenix." At the close E. E. H. said, "You have an admirable power of introducing", or words to that effect. This little device pleased me foolishly.

Sunday, Jan. 14.

Woke in the A. M. feeling miserable. Thought I could not possibly speak tonight. Bettered after breakfast, but did not venture to go to church for fear of being bodily and mentally unfit for this evening's service. Worked over my talk for this evening. Could not find the key stone of my argument. Took a little walk with dear Julia, after early dinner, the first I have taken since Sunday last. Feel as if I have lost strength considerably with this bad cold. + + + A snow storm set in early in the evening, and I had to expose myself to it in spite of my cold. I spoke very nearly thirty minutes, in Dr. Hedge's church, on the "Building of a life". Bellows did not seem much impressed with my discourse, but quite a number of people came up and thanked me warmly for it. One gentleman kissed my hand and asked leave to introduce three young Scotch women. The church was full. I shall try to write out and improve the discourse.

Monday, Jan. 15.

+ + + In afternoon went to N. E. W. C. too late for the business meeting, but in good time for the tea. The programme was very pleasant; a trio, two violins and piano, etc. + + + We had quite a merry time.

Tuesday, Jan. 16.

Cannot recall any writing except some invitations for tomorrow afternoon. Left for Winthrop Beach soon after 1 P. M. A Miss Alice C. Sawyer of Winthrop called for me with a carriage. The short journey was rather hard, on account of the ferry and a carriage, the only one in Winthrop, so high as to be difficult of ingress and egress. The club meeting was very pleasant and my reception very cordial. Fee, as agreed upon, five dollars, the only money I have earned in this fortnight of hard work. Mrs. Sawyer insisted upon seeing me home, which was very kind. I dined alone but in the evening came Major General Howard of the Civil War, with J. S. Blanchard, whom I have met once or twice. I was much interested in meeting the General, who complained somewhat of General Niles not having given him credit for his command in the war with the Nez-percés Indians.

Wednesday, Jan. 17.

Lunched with Elsie Richards, Mrs. McMurtrie, Mrs. Rogers, Mr. De Hone. Hurried home for my small reception, invited hurriedly and haphazard, which turned out to be very pleasant. Gen. Howard's presence was a great addition to the interest of the occasion. Miss Peruzzi, for whom the friends were especially invited, is an agreeable and attractive young lady, scarcely handsome, but with a pleasant, open countenance; speaks English with a foreign accent. Harriett Prescott Spoffard, Jessie P. Lloyd, Mrs. Balfour of New York, were some of those

present. I think that everyone had a good time.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.

To Providence to attend memorial meeting in honor of Elizabeth Buffam Chase. + + +

Wednesday, Jan. 24.

Rose at 5:30 to pack my kit for my lecture tour. Took 9 A. M. train. Met in sleeper a Miss Shepley of Providence, bound for Washington, D. C. Had pleasant talk with her. At Philadelphia Alice Cushman met me at the cars and took me to the hospitable Wetherell mansion, where Aunt Becky and Ida made me very welcome. Met a pleasant Miss Meredith at dinner.

Thursday, Jan. 25.

+ + + A pleasant day. Took 4:23 train for George School, which I reached after an anxious ride in the cars. Was met by the principal and kindly welcomed at the school, which is endowed one, with a very good building and a large tract of land. Gave the "Four Poets" which was heard with close attention. The pupils were presented after the lecture generally saying, "I enjoyed thy lecture very much."

Friday, Jan. 26.

By request of the principal, I read a psalm and spoke briefly to the pupils at this morning's assembly. These are Hicksite Friends. Between 12 and 1 P. M. left for Philadelphia, thence took 3 P. M. train for Westchester. Here Dr. George M. Phillips met me and brought me to his house, which stands on the campus of the State Normal school. Was quite exhausted and had a cup of tea and a biscuit. Mrs. Phillips received me very kindly. Several pleasant guests at dinner, among others, a Miss Townsend, grand-daughter to Mrs. Gibbons of Humanitarian memory. The evening was boisterous with a violent wind storm. It was difficult, even with a gentleman on either side, to get to the hall from the Phillips' residence. The audience arose as I entered, a great honor. I gave, "Long-fellow and Emerson" and recited the Battle Hymn. A distant cousin, daughter of Ex-Gov. Samuel Arnold, now Mrs. Rogers, spoke to me after the lecture, and asked me to come to lunch next day, with my host and hostess.

Saturday, Jan. 27.

Got myself and belongings together, lunched with Mrs. (Arnold) Rogers and her husband took me to the train for Pottstown, where Mr. W. W. Rupert met me and took me to his house.

Wednesday, Jan. 31.

A long ride in the cars. Breakfast in the dining car, where my name having preceeded me, I received much attention from the colored waiters, all of whom bowed to me. Reached Boston by 4 P. M., very thankful for the work done, the pleasure attendant thereupon, the money earned and the safe return. Found among other matters awaiting me, notice of a suffrage hearing at State House tomorrow.

Thursday, Feb. 1.

74

At waking meditated upon what I might say at the State House and as to whether I should go or not. Felt at first the almost folly of attempting to roll the heavy stone up again, sure to be rolled back upon us. Later on, a feeling of hope displaced this discouraging view. I thought, "It is glorious even to fall in leading a forlorn hope and such an expedition sometimes succeeds." I said to myself, that God might give me some word which would touch some one heart present. Quite unexpectedly I was first called upon to speak. I will try later to recall something of what I said. I will record here that Rev. Lyman Abbott thought it was wrong to ask for suffrage when the majority of women appeared to be against it. I rose and asked the reverend gentleman whether the twelve apostles were right in trying to bring about a better state of society, when the whole Jewish nation was opposed to it. At the end I got two minutes to say: "This opinion among women reminds me of the parable of the virgins, five of whom were wise and five foolish. Time will show which will go in with the heavenly bridegroom. If the suffragists go in, I hope that the others will be given time to provide themselves with oil necessary for admission, and I hope that the Rev. Lyman Abbott will not than be the one man found unprovided with a wedding garment." This created an almost uproar of laughter and the women came up and kissed me, thanking me for the last especially. Arrived at home, I knelt in my own room to thank the dear Lord for giving me these words. Abbott did not try to answer my question, saying, "that question is a matter of rhetoric" — a most pitiful subterfuge. Alice S. B. did splendidly; H. B. B. finely.

Saturday, Feb. 3.

Attended Board Meeting of N. E. W. C. which was harmonious and pleasant. In afternoon wrote an answer to R. Bache, Washington, D. C. declining to allow him to publish an essay of his own, under my name; to J. H. Perkins, West Woodstock, Vt., saying that I did not write Uncle Tom's Cabin, and that Mrs. Stone did. + + +

Sunday, Feb. 4.

Mr. Ames was inspired today beyond all doubt. The theme of the sermon appears to me to have been, "the inspiration of profethic souls from the earliest times, its culmination in Christianity, and our own ability to share in this illumination and to have the grace of the spirit permeate all our human intercourse and experience." The Communion which followed was really within the heavenly gates. I felt lifted out of myself and out of the painful sense of grievous short comings which attends me most of the time. Dear Mr. Molloy attended the whole service; his presence was very sympathetic. I asked him to come to my Sunday dinner, which he did, bringing with him by my invitation, Rev. Mr. Sullivan, an Unitarian Episcopalian, as he styled himself. The dinner was delightful. Wrote + + + a careful letter to W. F. Savage, 23 West 21st Street, New York. He had written, asking an explanation of some one old manuscript copy of my Battle Hymn and of the theft perpetrated of three of its verses in "Pen Pictures of the War", only lately brought to my notice. He evidently thought these matters implied doubt at least of my having composed the Hymn. To this suspicion I did not allude, but showed him how the verses stolen had been altered, probably to avoid detection. In the evening a reporter from the Globe called, asking an interview and expression of opinion of Cardinal Gibbons sermon, accusing "social leaders and women's rights women" of being

the worst enemies of their sex. I dictated a paragraph. In afternoon an interesting lecture on Walt Whitman by Trowbridge at N. E. W. C.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.

Miss Emerson's School, 12 M. "Women in the Greek Drama".

Col. T. W. Higginson entertained Authors Club in P. M.

I am not sure whether Miss Emerson considered my choice of a lecture, a happy one. The girls appeared interested and certainly enjoyed looking at the photos of the Antigony, as given by Saturday Morning Club. The Higginson reception was very pleasant. The little daughter, not small in size but very youthful in aspect, appeared to me "simpatica" and quite pretty.

Sunday, Feb. 11.

A very excellent sermon, something of which I lost through heaviness. I still heard enough of it to be glad of it. Theme, the eternal design of God for man. Mr. Justin H. Smith to early dinner. He was very pleasant, has much to tell and is interesting in conversation.

Monday, Feb. 12.

N. E. W. C. 3 P. M. Ed. and Ind. Union 4:30. Afternoon at the Club was very satisfactory. A discussion of my question, "Is polite society polite?" I got to the Union just in time to recite the Battle Hymn. Was very tired but enjoyed both occasions. + + +

Tuesday, Feb. 13.

+ + + Heard with regret of the death of Mrs. J. Templeman Coolidge, a daughter of Francis Parkman, the historian. She was a shadowy slip of a woman, with a thoughtful face, sweet, rather melancholy, interested in theosophy. I fear that certain ascetic practices, insufficient food, etc. may have had something to do with her death.

Wednesday, Feb. 14.

Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, East Walpole, P. M. "Four Poets". Was very confused and nervous about this engagement. Had lost Mrs. Bird's last note about it and had forgotten the arrangements made. To my great relief, learned by telegraph, that she would call for me, which made everything easy. A pleasant visit and lunch at the Bird mansion. Charles S. Bird and one sister alone are left of all that large family. The son reminds me of the father. He has been very successful and has built up the business which his father somewhat neglected, in his zeal regarding politics. Had a large and very attentive audience; no fee. Two Harvard students very kindly saw me home.

Thursday, Feb. 15.

Lunch with Mrs. M. Day Kimball; reception at home afterwards. Both very pleasant but the fatigue too great.

Friday, Feb. 16.

Utterly worn out with the week's fatigue. Have writ a screed, not

7/6

quite satisfactory for the Household. + + +

Saturday, Feb. 17.

Lunch with Lucy Fuller. In A. M. heard Count Campello's lecture on Mafia and the Camorra, subtle and interesting. Lucy's lunch very pleasant. Met a Mr. Dallin a sculptor, said to be remarkable. + + +

Sunday, Feb. 18.

Storm (snow and wind) too violent to allow me to go out, so missed my beloved church service.

Wednesday, Feb. 21.

Women's Press Club, Vendome, 6 P. M. + + + I was the guest of Mrs. May Alden Ward. Had many pleasant greetings before the dinner. The great feature was Dr. Drummond's recitation of his poems in the lingo of the Canadian Habitant. Staid until 10:20; when I passed out of the banquet hall, the whole company rose and stood until I had left. This impressed me much. On reaching home I knelt once more by my bed side to thank God that he had permitted me to live in touch with the people of my own time.

Thursday, Feb. 22.

To lunch with Michael; a violent storm. Had some difficulty in entering the Inst. the wind very violent, rain ditto. Invited the monkey man to dine on Sunday. The blind boys made an excellent play out of Mrs. Wiggin's story, "The Bird's Christmas Carol", i.e. their teacher Mr. Jones did. They acted very well, especially the boy who personated Mrs. Ruggles. The Pierces and the Clements dined also with Michael.

Saturday, Feb. 24.

Rest Tour Association, 3 P. M. Walked in A. M. to 340 Commonwealth Avenue to hear Count Campello's lecture on "Greek and Albanian Colonies in Italy or today". An interesting lecture. Rest Tour Association was good. Business showing excellent. + + +

Sunday, Feb. 25.

An inspired sermon from C. G. Ames. I had felt somewhat or even a good deal drawn to hear Robert Collyer, who was to speak at Edward Hale's church, but thought best to go to my own church, and was well rewarded by a most suggestive and stimulating discourse.

I must get time this week to work upon my speech at the Unitarian dinner, April 14th, and my lecture before the Abigail Adams Chapter of D. A. R. Began the Unitarian screed before dinner.

Monday, Feb. 26.

To lecture for Rev. William O. Pearson. + + +

Tuesday, Feb. 27.

Tuesday Club at Mrs. Andrew Wheelwright's. + + +



Wednesday, Feb. 28.

To speak for the Young Peoples Club at Church of Disciples. + +

Friday, Mar. 2.

+ + + Had a delightful late dinner at Mrs. Fiske Warren's. Mr. F. W. has long been a suffragist; was so in Lucy Stone's time. A Mr. Pearmain was opposed to suffrage. I did not have a very good time with him. + + +

Saturday, Mar. 3.

Count Di Campello's lecture on the religious life in Italy, was most interesting. His uncle's movement in founding a National Italian Catholic Church seemed to me to present the first solution I have met with, of the absolute opposition between Catholic and Protestant. A Catholicism without spiritual tyranny, without ignorant superstition would bridge over the interval between the two opposites and bring about the unification of the world-church. + + +

Sunday, Mar. 4.

A good sermon enjoyed the service, but was drowsy during the sermon, the church being rather warm. Garner of monkey fame, having been invited for last Sunday, came this day, poured out endless talk, much of which was interesting and staid until nearly 4 P. M. Apthorp came to play to me Boott's music for my Battle Hymn. We had a pleasant talk. Boott who should have come, sent word that he was not well and could not.

Thursday, Mar. 8.

Ought to have attended suffrage hearing at State House. Obligated anyhow to be at Club this P. M. At dear Laura's solicitation, gave up the first duty, also the most important. The second being of more imperative. Enjoyed a walk with L. after two days in the house.

Saturday, Mar. 10.

To hear Count Campello. In afternoon, reception; really quite brilliant. I enjoyed it very much. Michael dined. I wore my green moiré dress, just made over; it was much admired.

Sunday, Mar. 11.

A sermon of deep interest from C. G. A. "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul?" Topic: how one can lose spiritual power and decline to a level of mere enjoyment, without aspiration or ideas of duty and service. The hymns were tender appeals for penitence and return to paths of rectitude. I was much edified by the whole service, which seemed to answer my special prayer that I might enjoy a moment of true worship.

Lunch with Mrs. Hyde and family at the Victoria. Met Harriett Prescott Spoffard.

Monday, Mar. 12.

+ + + This was my dearest Julia's birthday. I have had a little

quiet sitting with her photo in my hand. The purity of the face strikes me also as if I had not remarked it before; the noble head and outlines; not a trace in them of anything but transcendent thought. Alas, my fair flower was appreciated only by the few. I felt keenly for her in her early youth, when her shyness enwrapped her like a veil and made her almost inaccessible. My heart still aches with the thought that I might have done better by her, as by the others. But some physical cloud came over her when Chey took me to Cuba, and she never quite recovered her early character. Dear one, may we meet hereafter.

Tuesday, Mar. 13.

+ + + Passed the whole A. M. at State House, with remonstrants against petition forbidding Sunday evening concerts. T. W. H. spoke remarkably well. In P. M. to hear Henri Regnier on Modern French Poets. Made his acquaintance through Archie Coolidge. + + +

Wednesday, Mar. 14.

Yesterday's fatigue has made today rather profitless. Had indigestion after the light lunch; could do very little.

Thursday, Mar. 15.

I gave orders after breakfast that no visits should be received this morning. Presently Dr. Mure (of Paris formerly) sent up his card and I gladly went down to receive him. While he was here, Miss Rebecca Brown called; afterwards came Maj. Pond with Elbert Hubbard, who has a socialistic settlement among the poor people at a village near Buffalo, New York. Pond talked much of Marion Crawford. At about 12:30 P. M. went to Delafield and Colvin School, formerly Hersey, to talk about conduct and manners. Did not do as well as I wished, yet I managed to say some things which ought to be helpful to young girls; fee fifteen dollars. In P. M. to hear Henri Regnier lecture on Three Belgian Poets. Engaged him and wife to lunch on Sunday at 1:30. Returning from Cambridge, found this card from my old friend, Lane Fox, now Fox Pitt and wife. Received later an invitation from Mrs. Dorr to meet them this evening.

Saturday, Mar. 17.

Reception of Author's Club, very pleasant.

Sunday, Mar. 18.

Higginson's Kneisel Quartette, 4:30 punctually. Also I had a dinner at 1:30 for M. and Mme. Regnier, Miss Olivia Cushing and brother, the only other guests. I enjoyed my guests very much; went after church to call upon Lady Edith Fox Pitt and begged that they would come in for a little in the evening, which they did.

Monday, Mar. 19.

Feel yesterday's fatigue a good deal. Wrote on screed for the A. A. Chapter.

Wednesday, Mar. 21.

A letter from Gen. James Grant Wilson obliged me to write him a little screed about the mention made of my son in Appleton's Cyclopaedia

of American Biography. Wrote the screed for A. A. Chapter. + + +

Friday, Mar. 23.

+ + + Dear Alice arrived from New York in time for dinner, to which Chug and H. Hubbard came by invitation. A. played for us all the evening, to our great pleasure.

Saturday, Mar. 24.

+ + + In A. M. Mrs. Mary Alden Ward's lecture on Russia in my house; very good and well attended. In afternoon to Haverhill, where was delightfully received and entertained. I read some parts of my screed on "The Chivalry of Reform" and recited my Battle Hymn. Received fifteen dollars and expenses.

Sunday, Mar. 25.

Lunch with Kippora, 1 P. M. Before this a delightful sermon from C. G. A., followed by the lovely Gill hymn. Find that Gill is a dissenting minister in England or Scotland. At Kippora's met Clayton John, Andreas Anderson and Holker Abbott. In later afternoon Waitman Burbe of West Virginia University called by request. We had some good talk about the University; also Mrs. George S. Hale. + + +

Monday, Mar. 26.

Abigail Adams Chap. D. A. R. + + + I had taken much pains with the lecture, which was amply repaid by the warm reception accorded it and me.

Tuesday, Mar. 27.

Tuesday Club at Mrs. Tyson's. Question: "What part, if any, should clergy take in politics?" Also, "Is patriotism as instinctive in a Republic as in a Monarchy?" + + + Didn't enjoy the Tuesday Club much although the talk was good. I fear that I grow too much accustomed to lead in debate and elsewhere.

Wednesday, Mar. 28.

Rotoli's Mass, evening. + + +

Thursday, Mar. 29.

+ + + In late afternoon the man calling himself Rev. George Vaughan intruded himself upon me and talked in a flighty way of various literary and other eminences, as having heard him read his poems. He boasted of an evening lately passed with Mrs. Moulton. Said he had once done mission work for Edward Everett Hale; said his heart was broken, wearing all the while a most distasteful smile. Urged me to take some apples from his land, which I declined. He boasted of having preached "regular Channing Unitarianism in the streets of Providence". Better clothed than I had before seen him. He was malodorous to a degree. I gave him a dollar, which I could ill afford, to get rid of him.

V Friday, Mar. 30.

+ + + Had a special good moment this morning before rising. Felt that God had granted me a good deal of heaven, while yet on earth. So the veil lifts sometimes, not for long.

A letter from Sisson tells me that my ice house has been burned through his carelessness in burning trash and leaving it unextinguished.

Saturday, Mar. 31.

Lecture in Providence, P. M. + + + Felt very tired before going but had a pleasant time with the ladies. + + +

Sunday, Apr. 1.

To speak at Park Street Church for Fiske University. Rev. Henry A. Merrill to preside. Higher education of negro race. A good sermon from Mr. Crothers. Wrote a little screed for this evening's meeting. Must remember that Mr. George S. Lockwood, Cleveland, Ohio, writes that he has read my books for years past, asks for my name, with a line or two. On my way to church left my violets for Louisa Francis. The meeting at Park Street Church was delightful. I took Jack with me and was glad to find that he enjoyed it very much. The Fiske singers did wonderfully well, the bass superb in depth and quality of tone. Rev. Dr. Withrow, mentioning the speakers to be heard, spoke of me as "the gracious queen of all philanthropic occasions" or very nearly that phrase. The church was packed, containing Pastor W. thought, fourteen hundred persons. I was not as familiar with my paper as I should have been, but the screed itself was good, I think. "Were you there", was very negor -- very impressive -- also, "Swing low sweet Chariot".

Monday, Apr. 2.

Had a bad little time of perhaps fifteen minutes with my head; a stricture in the frontal sinus. It passed presently, however. + + +

Tuesday, Apr. 3.

Meeting of D. A. R's. Bay State Road, 11 A. M. Lecture in Manchester in P. M.

Wednesday, Apr. 4.

+ + + Very wretched over yesterday's fatigue, or cold, or something. Have writ to Rolo Ogden that will furnish an article on "the improvement in the legal and political status of women during the nineteenth century, with their larger access to the professions, and the disappearance of old prejudices against woman as an independent wage earner", with as much of personal reminiscences as I may choose. The progress of the higher education of woman will be separately treated. 3600 words to be sent by October 1st, payment to be liberal; amount not stated. The Ogden engages this paper for the evening Post of New York. + + +

Thursday, Apr. 5.

(Lecture at) Georgetown, Mass. 4:55 train. Julia put me on board the train.

Friday, Apr. 6.

+ + Returned from Georgetown, Mass. just in time to find Mrs. Cheney and Ellen M. Mitchell arrived for lunch. We had a long and pleasant chat.

Saturday, Apr. 7.

Board Meeting. Heated discussion. + + + Have writ a bit about the church for our Alliance on Tuesday next. + + +

Sunday, Apr. 8.

A very thoughtful sermon from C. G. A. on the slow rate of moral and spiritual progress as inevitable and to be calculated upon. I missed the Palm Sunday triumph and would gladly have heard the trumpet of victory, but was glad too of this so valuable a discourse. Yet Christ's victory was in the fact of his death, as he invited and met it, not in what people said of him after it. Julian Coolidge to dine with Hal Richards. A quiet afternoon. Wrote a little in view of coming occasions.

Monday, Apr. 9.

Delta Upsilon of Harvard give Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid of the Mill" evening, I a patroness.

Went to the play just mentioned with Julia and Fullerton Waldo. Found it very uninteresting, the actors very indistinct and the action altogether insignificant. Felt that Shakespeare created the English drama, character and action. + + +

Tuesday, Apr. 10.

Went rather grudgingly to the Alliance at our church. Felt very unwell. Read my screed and added to it some remarks. Felt much better after this effort, as is often the case. Spoke of what is destructive in Christianity, ~~is~~ unmistakable, as are things of the several philosophers. Eva Channing rather objected to the use of the term Christian. Lillian Clarke and Mrs. Ames and I sustained the position that Christianity has elements peculiar to itself and of surpassing value. Find that cannot leave tomorrow, cannot get a pullman seat or berth before Thursday night. Disappointed but resigned. Mrs. George H. Perkins sent her carriage to take me to see Isabelle Anderson's superb villa. What would they not give for a child to inherit their wealth and enjoy it with them. + + + I feel better for so much fresh air.

Thursday, Apr. 12.

Postal to dearest Laura, written mostly in French, inviting her to stay here with Rosalind. + + + Left by 7 P. M. train for Washington, D. C. Found on board the Pullman Olivia Bodwitch and a Miss Curtis, probably a companion. Both were very pleasant.

Friday, Apr. 13.

Reached Washington between 10:30 and 11 A. M. Ella, the maid, met me, to my great comfort. + + + Margaret received me with the warmest welcome, so did Willie Chanler. Found Miss Dunham here. Took a long rest before lunch; drove with Helen Dunham to Arlington Heights in

Margaret's Victoria; very pleasant. A quiet family dinner. I must not forget that a Miss Holden of Boston, a "fine appearing lady" insisted on lacing my boot in the pullman. I had managed one with some difficulty, when she saw me struggling with the other and took pity on me, for which I thanked her very much.

Saturday, Apr. 14.

Wrote a good deal on my screed; think I nearly completed it. To lunch with Mrs. Blaine, at 1:30 P. M. She was very kind. Met Mrs. Hay, wife of the Secretary of State; also a pleasant Miss Aldis. Mrs. Berdan helped me out of the carriage and up the steps; sat next me at table. We spoke of Marion Crawford. In afternoon Mrs. Gordon Cummings called.

Sunday, Apr. 15.

Went to All Souls Church, where I heard Ida C. Hultin preach on Immortality. Her voice and manner are good. I found her sermon inconclusive, the Christian idea too much diluted. In afternoon came John Hay, Secretary of State, Jack McAllister with Pritchett, now President of Tech in Boston, Hunker and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor. We drove in the afternoon to Arlington and to the Congressional burying-ground.

Monday, Apr. 16.

To Mt. Vernon this A. M. + + + I went at 6 P. M. to visit my dear friend, Sam G. Ward and Anna, his wife. Found them both in bed, Sam much the same as ever, Anna more changed. It was almost a solemnity, as we may never meet again. Dined at little tables in Margaret's drawing room, she, I and Balfour. I sang some of my own songs before retiring.

Tuesday, Apr. 17.

A very busy A. M. Ella packed my trunk. Margaret sent my trunk and R. Balfour's to the station by express. Sent her man to check them, too late. He gave us the two checks together, so that we could not tell which belonged to me and which to B. B. was a very pleasant companion, insisted upon giving me champagne. We worried much about the confusion of the trunks. Found at last that they were not on the train. Balfour had to go on board his steamer before morning. We reached Harry's very late.

Wednesday, Apr. 18.

To speak at Unitarian dinner, N. Y.

Learned in A. M. that Balfour's trunk came last night and that he got it and went on board. Worried about mine all day. Finished my screed. Trunk arrived soon after 5 P. M. I having to be dressed by 6 P. M.

Thursday, Apr. 19.

Very tired. + + + Harry and Fanny had a dinner party late and fashionable. I sat between Mr. Hammond and Pupine, once a protege of poor Archie Chanler's. After dinner Mrs. Hammond entertained us with items of her life in South Africa, showing us several beautiful diamonds. A Miss Perkins of Boston, a rather loud and sprawling but well intentioned young person did not like Pupine and told him so !

Friday, Apr. 20.

Saw Criss-cross with my eyes when I awoke. That soon disappeared. Have writ + + + a note in third person to George Vaughan, saying that have not promised to read his poems or to correspond with him. Drove with Fanny to see Columbia College; the library very noble and beautiful; Harry's quarters roomy and excellent. St. George Lane Fox Pitt to lunch. We had a good quiet talk afterwards.

Saturday, Apr. 21.

Lunched with Cousin Mary, who gave me a very handsome fishu. The carriage ordered by Fanny did not come to take me to the train. Frank Ward called a hansom from the street, went with me to the train and put me on board. Would not let me pay for the cab. He was very kind. Mr. Greene met me at Fishkill, and Mrs. Hitch was waiting for me with her carriage. We climbed a very hilly street. She greeted me with a kiss and made me welcome in her palatial house. We dined and spent the evening, tête-a-tête. She is connected with the Astors, by the marriage of her uncle, Warren Delano with Laura Astor. We had a long talk over Astors, Chanlers, etc.

Sunday, Apr. 22.

(Newberg, N. Y.)

Woke with a sub-headache, which growled through the day, but did not become severe. The Greene couple dined with us. I read my sermon over twice. Had a restful day. In the evening drove to church with my hostess and the Greenes. The church was very full, pleasant to speak in. Dr. Hall, an orthodox minister of the place, came by Mr. Greene's request and made the long prayer in which he spoke of me in a very gratifying manner. The sermon was heard with attention. People came up afterwards to thank me for it and quite a number kissed me. One gentleman particularly mentioned bits which had pleased him, "Books those gracious ghosts", etc., "the mimic gulf of death", which is not, I fear, well made out.

Monday, Apr. 23.

Left Algonac ( Newberg) by 9:40 A. M. train. A minister, Thompson by name, I think, talked with me all the way. Eliphalet Potter spoke to me but went off immediately. He said, "I am the Rev. E. L.". I said, "Are you Dr. Liff," his old familiar name ? This may have displeased him. I hear that he is much fallen in public estimation. Reached New York by 11:30 A. M. Went with Fanny to lunch with Helen Dunham. + + +

Tuesday, Apr. 24.

Lunch with dear Elizabeth Chapman, Jack also being at home. A pleasant glimpse of her household and surroundings. She brought me to Harry's in her hansom. Packed my trunk for tomorrow's journey.

Wednesday, Apr. 25.

Left Harry's house at 9 A. M. fearing delays of some sort. Reached station twenty-five minutes before starting time. Had a restful day in the Pullman, but a bad seat at the hinder-most end. Nearing the end of the day made acquaintance with two aldies, one from Andover, one from Lexington, Mass. Reached home in time to write two letters, one to

Charles Wissert, who asked my views on marriage. + + +

Thursday, Apr. 26.

Artist's Festival; I a patroness, so that little Julia may go.  
Subject: "Kenilworth during Queen Elizabeth's visit."

Almost immediately after breakfast Miss Loretta Post called. She is an old member of N. E. W. C. She wanted me to know that she had been rich, and that she had been a friend of my dear Julia; that she had painted many pictures and had published a book of travels, years ago. Her visit appeared to me senseless and motive-less. She is deaf and almost inarticulate in speech. I received her as kindly as I could, but was almost desperate at such an aggravation of my fatigue. + + + Had my head dressed for the Artist Festival. Went with Julia a little before 10 P. M. Was had up upon the platform. The hall blazed with bright colors, tinsel, mock and real jewels. Didn't greatly enjoy it but Julia did. She looked charmingly, in a dress of her own contrivance, wearing as part of it a green satin cloak, which has been long in the family, and which must, I think, have belonged to my great grandmother Catherine Ray Greene.

Friday, Apr. 27.

Awoke with a severe headache, which bettered after bathing, etc.

Monday, Apr. 30.

Determined to take a fresh start as to energy, etc. Have writ to Mrs. Theo. L. Schurmeier, Crocus Hill, St. Paul, accepting invitation to stay at her house while Mrs. Severance is away, also to Mrs. Barrett Wendell, promising one hundred dollars towards cost of framing Jack's picture. + + + We had a delightful afternoon at N. E. W. C. Prof. Norris gave a paper on the history of music. + + +

Saturday, May 5.

+ + + Took 2 P. M. train for Minneapolis, much hurried in preparation. Dear Julia put me on board the train. By and by a gentleman came to open conversation with me. He proved to be Gen. Alfred Steadman Hartwell, special agent of the Government of Hawaii. We had a very interesting talk, much about Honolulu, where he has lived many years. He did not know who I was but spoke to me "on general principles"; seemed much pleased to find out. A Mr. Barrett, a business man of Boston, later on spoke with me. He had suspected me, being familiar with my face in newspaper cuts. Still a third gentleman accosted me. Cannot recall his name. Two young ladies from Denver made up my party.

Sunday, May 6.

Arrived in Chicago I found the agent of the North Western R. R. waiting to escort me to the proper depot. Gen. Hartwell after lunching at the Auditorium, came to take leave of me.

Monday, May 7.

I had forgotten that St. Paul came before Minneapolis and was in danger of being left there instead of going on. Arriving at 8:15 A. M. I found Mr. Babcock waiting for me with Mrs. Partridge's carriage, which soon deposited me at her door. She came out to welcome me and inducted me



into a delightful bed room with bath attached. The house is very large and very costly in all its appointments. I had scarcely had my breakfast before the first reporter appeared, then another and another. I had a restful day, save for these visitations.

*unimpaired*  
Tuesday, May 8

Spoke at the University, which I found delightfully situated and richly endowed. Was received with great distinction. Spoke, I think of the fact that it takes the whole of life to learn the lessons of life. Dwelt a little on the fact that fools are not necessarily under witted. Nay, may be people of genius, the trouble being that they do not learn from experience.

Suffragists waited upon me at 12 M. A little girl gave me a bunch of gold colored tulips. My lecture was in the evening and was well attended, every seat being filled. Dr. Shutter introduced me and I had a warm reception.

Wednesday, May 9.

Spoke at the South Side School, all the schools in that region having been invited to attend. Was carried up stairs in a chair, but declined to be carried down.

A deputation of G. A. R's. waited upon me and I promised to visit their rooms, but had a little indigestion after lunch and could not go.

Thursday, May 10.

In P. M. Mrs. P. had a reception of the Kappas for me; about seventy-two came. It was very pleasant.

Friday, May 11.

Madison, Wis. A pleasant visit. Mr. Jones met me at the station and took me to his house, where Mrs. J. received me kindly. Had a lovely time looking out over the lake (Mendota). Wrote short letters to Laura, Fanny and H. M. H. Lectured at some church this afternoon. An early evening reception was held for me by Mrs. Jones. I returned to Minneapolis the same evening. + + +

Sunday, May 13.

Gave my sermon on power at the Universalist church (Dr. Shutter's) in the A. M. In P. M. the Partridge pair took me to stay with Mrs. Schurmeier in St. Paul. My visit in Minneapolis has been made delightful by the kindness of my host and hostess. + + +

Monday, May 14.

A delightful day of rest and reading. A pleasant dinner and evening talk with my cousins, Mrs. Beals and Miss Greene. Went to lunch with Mrs. Squires, Mrs. Schurmeier going with me. Was almost a rhapsody in the hours of my morning's quiet, during which I wrote some pages concerning which I made the following record: "God has given me this message this day."

Tuesday, May 15.

Went to Duluth for a lecture. Mrs. Partridge meeting me at White Bear Station and going on with me.

✓ I came very near not going. Mrs. Schurmeier had not ordered the carriage, supposing that it had been ordered by the maid. Mr. Schurmeier telephoned to the stable. In a few minutes a light trap appeared, into which I clambered somehow. We had to drive very rapidly and in my fear of falling out of the vehicle, I clung to Mr. S. while he put his protecting arm around me. The need of haste was such that neither of us thought much of this at the time. He just managed to put me on board the car before it moved off. Item: the coachman lifted me from the carriage, I protesting that he would kill me. X Mrs. Partridge met me at White Bear Station. She brought lunch with her and we got a cup of bad coffee somewhere on the road. Arriving at Duluth a private trolley took us to Mrs. Hunter's house. My lecture was at the Craggancroft, a beautiful school, where I spoke when in Duluth some years ago. Mrs. Hunter is a sweet woman, a believer in Christian Science; devout and spiritula, I should think.

Wednesday, May 16.

, Mrs. Hunter lit the fire in my room which almost killed me with smoke. She found later that the draft had been turned down by the high wind. Breakfast in my room; reception for me from 10 A. M. to 12 M. Many pleasant ladies called. We took 1 P. M. train for St. Paul. A Mr. Sargent introduced to me Archdeacon Appleby (Anglican), a missionary to the Indians and later to whites, also. We had some interesting talk. He thinks well of the capacity of the Indians; says that they have much sense of humor and are great mimics. Mr. Sargent took me from the train to Mrs. Severance, who was waiting to take me to her house. My trunk had been packed and sent thither by Mrs. Shurmeier. I was sorry that she had had this extra trouble.

Thursday, May 17.

Think that I passed most of the day resting and reading the North American Review. A dinner for me in the evening. Arch-Bishop Ireland and the Shurmeiers, also the Partridge couple and Miss Prudence Wyman; some pleasant talk. Mr. Clarke, husband of the fly-a-way lady came in after dinner. Went to the school to speak to the children. They sang some songs of the Civil War and presented me with a beautiful bouquet of roses.

Friday, May 18.

Cannot remember much about this day. Read Mrs. Schurmeier's copy of Donald Mitchell's book, which she promised to give me. Think that Mrs. Severance drove me to pay visits in afternoon. Mrs. Schurmeier gave a German at the Country Club, a dinner of sixteen guests and a German afterwards. The Severances went and Mrs. Beals and Miss Greene dined with me. Staid until 9:45 P. M.

N. B. I find that all this belongs to yesterday's record and yesterday's to this. I remember now that we had some six or more children in and that I performed for them "Flibberty-Gibbet", "The Canary Bird's Funeral" and some of my Mother Goose songs, of which "Dingty-diddlity" seemed to please specially. All danced to my jig and marched to my march. Mrs. Schurmeier played two Chopin pieces with much expression.

Saturday, May 19.

Looked over my lecture for this evening, to be given at Mrs. Peet's. Drove in P. M. with Mrs. Schurmeier, who showed me the shops and bought some books for herself and some for me. In the evening went to Mrs. Peet's. Read my Brook Farm lecture. Had a little quiet time, first sitting with Theodore S. Mme. S. sat near. My lecture was very well received. Tea and ices were served afterwards. I kept my seat, tasting of nothing except the reflection on matters of recent occurrence. My host and hostess were most kind, I mean, Mr. and Mrs. Peet.

Sunday, May 20.

+ + + Was too tired to attend church. At 2 P. M. the Severance couple and I went to dine with the Schurmeiers. Mr. S. took me into dinner and said, "How much younger you look than you did when you came." I said: "It is all along of you", to which he replied, "Oh, no, other people have been very good to you." He seated me beside him at table and presently attacking the roast beef said, "I am going to give my sweetheart some", meaning me. I cried, "Oh, Mrs. Schurmeier will poison me." She said, I think, that she was too much used to such things. After dinner Mr. Severance drove me to the Country Club in a fine open carriage, with a spanking pair of horses. + + + +

Monday, May 21.

I packed my clothes. Mrs. S. took me to drive and bought me two parasols, one small and one very large, and some port wine for my journey. Bishop Ireland called in P. M. and we had a lovely confabulation. I expected Theo. Schurmeier, who did not come to take leave of me, to my regret. Mr. Severance put me on board the car for Boston, by the Sioux road. I kissed him for good-bye, which perhaps surprised him a little, but he and Mrs. S. have covered me with kindness. Farewell, dear St. Paul. I shall never forget you, nor this delightful visit, which has renewed (almost) the dreams of youth. In the car a kind old grandmother, with two fine little boy grands, insisted upon unlacing my boots. I took out my soft shoes and managed to place them so that they went out of the open window, to my great regret. Dear sister Annie gave them to me and they were a great comfort.

Tuesday, May 22.

The dear old grandmother and her boys got out at the Sioux, where friends were waiting with a pony wagon. Other ladies in the Pullman were very kind to me, especially a lady from St. Paul, with her son, whom I thought might be a young husband. She laughed much at this when I mentioned it to her. Had an argument with her and a friend of hers, regarding hypnotism, I insisting that it is demoralizing when used by a strong will to subdue a weak one.

Wednesday, May 23.

Parted with the St. Paul lady, I cannot remember where. Reached Boston in the evening.

Thursday, May 24.

+ + + With much resting and fasting, managed to attend the Unitarian Festival, where was duly cared for and well pleased. Would gladly

have said my word if it had been called for, but was content to listen and be silent. Met an English Unitarian minister, named Colesworth, or some such thing. Senator Hoar presided grandly. E. E. Hale made a speech, splendid for vigor and for humor.

Friday, May 25.

Went in afternoon to Unitarian Meeting at Tremont Temple. S. A. Elliott made me come up on the platform, where met Gannett, Chadwick, and dear C. G. Ames. All papers were fine; the best were C. G. A's on Parker, and Lazenby on Martineau. Just before this last, Elliott asked if I would give a word of benediction. I did so, thanking God earnestly in my heart for granting me this sweet office, which seemed to life my soul above much which has disturbed it of late. Why is He so good to me? Surely not to destroy me at last.

Saturday, May 26.

Birthday flowers came in; superb tulips from Ellen Frothingham and Miss Fuller. Went to Vondome at 12:15 to attend Club reception and luncheon. Was treated with great respect and affection. Mrs. Moulton read a lovely poem, "Two Queens", of whom I was one. Col. Higginson sat next to me and was in his pleasantest vein.

Sunday, May 27.

To church in A. M. where heard a Japanese tell about Unitarian missions in Japan. Clay McCalley was in the pulpit, but I cannot remember whether he spoke. In afternoon an informal reception, at which some of my best friends appeared; some invited, other volunteers, not the least prized. + + + It was a lovely time; a regular out-pouring of sympathy and good will. Helen Bell and Mrs. Whitman came, and the R. H. Danas (third of my acquaintance), bringing a charming son, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, a Freshman at Harvard. Mrs. Joseph L. Sweet sent me some beautiful flowers from Attleboro, Mass.

Monday, May 28.

+ + + In afternoon attended business meeting of the N. E. Suffrage Association. I presided from 2:30 to 4:25 when went to take train for Mathuen. + + + My lecture, "Patriotism in Literature" was attentively listened to by an audience of some four hundred or five hundred people, large for such a place; fee, twenty dollars.

Tuesday, May 29.

Took an early train to Boston. A kind young woman, a stranger to me, helped me with my basket and got a cab for me. + + + At 2 P. M. came carriage to take me to Agassiz School, Sacramento Street, North Cambridge, where I had promised Miss Baldwin to speak to the children. These last recited various particulars of the Civil War and its antecedents. I spoke of these very simply, but I think to the acceptance of my audience of girls and boys. I received many thanks for my address and a lovely bouquet of lilies of the valley. At 5:30 P. M. went to Fanueil Hall, to the Suffrage Festival, where made a brief speech, introducing Lieut. Gov. Bates of Boston. + + + The meeting was fully attended and much enjoyed.

Wednesday, May 30.

+ + + Kind Mrs. Capt. Perkins sent to offer me her carriage for the afternoon. We went (Laura and I) to Mt. Auburn, taking with us lilies of the valley and roses for our dear graves. To sweet Julia I gave the first, the others to dear Papa. We had some difficulty in finding the place and I was too tired to visit Edwin Booth's place of rest. Returning, we drove to Brighton, where we visited the Howe sisters and Martha Parks. I found Angie almost in articulo mortis. She opened her eyes and recognized me. Her sister Eliza is piteous to see but she begins to improve a little.

Thursday, May 31.

Angie Howe died at about 3 this A. M. I was the last person whom she seemed to recognize. Madora Francis came to see me. I walked with great exertion to hear E. E. Hale preach to the Association of Congregational Ministers on the Scrooby (?) Covenant. It was very edifying and interesting. Mrs. Hale sent over to invite me to stay to lunch, but I could not spare the time. + + +

Friday, June 1.

Had various orders to give, so was little late at the Free Religion A. M. Session. Lost C. G. A.'s account of Roger Williams. Heard Mozoomda on Rhammohun Roy. E. D. C. on Lucretia Mott; C. F. Dole on Theo. Parker; Edward Emerson on his father; T. W. Higginson on Octavius Frothingham; all excellent in their way; Dole's rather the best, I thought, albeit that all were very good. In afternoon I could not attend but learned afterwards that Miss Noble (who hails from India) made a vehement onslaught against Christianity as a religion of war and bloodshed! Went to the Festival where Rabbi Fleischer presided. Felt at first as if I could not speak, but when my turn came, the thoughts came also. Was a good deal vexed at Miss Noble, who again took occasion to desparage Christianity, exhauling Buddha as "the blessed one".

Saturday, June 2.

To Board Meeting of N. E. W. C. in A. M. In afternoon to funeral of dear Chev's niece, Ann Jeannette Howe, called in the family "Angie". She died, poor child, of the fatigue consequent upon nursing her sister Eliza through the winter. We were a little late at the funeral, which was at Mt. Auburn Chapel, and part of the service at the grave, where I have thrice seen my own laid, my Sammy, and Chev and my dearest Julia. One of the Wyman gentlemen, very venerable in appearance, gave me his arm to ascend the funeral mound. I was sorry not to feel more of the spiritual side of the occasion, but my fatigue had become extreme. Had a quiet, solitary evening at home.

Sunday, June 3.

At breakfast had some over powering thoughts of the goodness of God. Prayed for the power of true worship. Service at church delightful. An inspired Whit Sunday sermon from C. G. A. Before church had a thought of some sweet spirits asking to go to Hell to preach to the people there. Thought that if he truly fulfilled his office, he would not leave even that forlorn pastorate. To Communion in afternoon with

dear Laura. Somehow I could not profit by it as I should have wished. My thoughts wandered, do what I would, to St. Paul and matters which happened there. To tea with Mary Clay Gray, where had a very pleasant time. Her bachelor brother making himself very agreeable.

Wednesday, June 6.

+ + + In afternoon took up my rhapsody of May 14 (Casa Schurmeier St. Paul) and copied part of it, adding a thought on music which came to me last Sunday, after A. M. service.

Thursday, June 7.

+ + In afternoon as was going out, encountered a young man, a reporter, who asked for an interview. After some parley, consented to see him tomorrow.

Friday, June 8.

Was rather glad of my interview with the reporter, a young Kentucky-an, who appeared to me modest and sensible. The theme was, "the young girl of today; how is her position improved by the new ideas regarding women?" Answer: educationally first -- cannot set down the rest except that her ideal of life should be more independent and more exalted, as she is not to occupy a secondary position but one of primary importance in social economy. + + +

Sunday, June 10.

✓ Did not attend service as usual, having promised to speak to the Sunday School children at So. Framingham on this day, when the town begins the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of its founding. Took matters a little too leisurely, so was hurried and worried when the time for leaving drew near. Could not find the key to my money bag, which distressed me much. Promised St. Anthony of Padua that if he would help me, I would take pains to find out who he was. Found the key immediately. Took some time to finish my screed for the afternoon; got down to So. F. all right. A Mr. Meriam met me at the station and took me to his pleasant house, where I read my screed over twice, feeling very sure I should have to speak from memory. Edna D. Proctor, a friend of the family, was brought over to see me and attend the service. Found the large church absolutely crammed with children and teachers. The children sang my Battle Hymn. I had freedom and gave my address with pleasure and interest. It was heard with much attention. They also sang "America".

Monday, June 11.

Was very tired after yesterday's excursion and speaking. + + + Corrected stenographic report of my speech at the Free Religious Festival. Mrs. Wales took me to the funeral of Mrs. Octavius Frothingham, and afterwards gave me a pleasant drive. Mrs. W. found the funeral service strange, and to me it sounded unfamiliar. Paul Frothingham officiated and read passages and scripture, Hebrew and other, I think not usually read on such occasions. + + + In the evening came Homans Womans, just back from India, and told of recent experiences

which I have prayed her to write out for publication.

Tuesday, June 12.

Saw in the A. M. paper the death of Rev. William O. Pearson, husband of poor little Marion Francis. + + + Learned that the funeral would be tomorrow at 3:45 P. M. at West Roxbury.

Wednesday, June 13.

Busy all A. M. with letters and papers. Took 2:20 P. M. train for West Roxbury. + + + Saw for the first time the modest house in which Marion and her new family have lived so contentedly. Sat a good while in the parlor, rather bored. The deceased lay in an adjoining room, dressed in a sort of white robe with a gold cross on his breast, where his hands lay crossed. Saw the poor little widow for a minute. She seemed worn out with watching and with sorrow. A minister read prayers between the two rooms. I went to the church in a carriage with Mr. Pearson's uncle and two cousins. The uncle is an undertaker. The church was really superb with flowers. A pretty stone building, the money for which he has probably killed himself in obtaining. Bishop Lawrence officiated. The music was very good, choir boys and young women. I was glad to have gone but did not feel that I had got near to the family sorrow. In the evening took wine and coffee and went out to read to the blind people my "Jay and Jefferson".

Thursday, June 14.

Paul Jones Chapter of D.A.R. + + +

Gave this up to attend the funeral of Lucretia Hale. An aged minister officiated, whose awkwardness appeared to me a little painful. He turned over, very much, the leaves of the bible, got entangled with a book scarf of white silk; his prayers were not amiss but not particularly impressive. He spoke quite feelingly about Lucretia. E. E. and his family were there naturally, but not in mourning. The casket was almost covered with flowers of many colors. + + + In the evening I went with Laura, Julia, Jack, Chug and Henry Hubbard to the Pop. I am too old for these things now and did not enjoy the music very much.

Friday, June 15.

Farm School. Was busy as usual all the morning. At 1:15 P. M. Mary Winslow came with carriage to take me to the island. Mr. Bradley, Principal, met us with a steam yacht. Arriving we found the band of the school and a carriage, and so we drove to the main building where Mrs. Bradley received me hospitably and refreshed me with some delicious coffee and cream. When we entered the hall, the pupils rose and recited my Battle Hymn in unison, the band played. The graduating seven recited their "parts" and I made my speech, taking for a text, St. Paul's words: "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free." I said that the good education given to the boys had made them free from the dead weight of ignorance. I exhorted them to stand fast in this liberty and by no means to lose any of the good habits which they had acquired -- industry, punctuality, mutual respect and self-respect -- above all, the habit of prayer. Spoke to the younger boys of the necessity of exerting will power in receiving education, etc. etc. Recited Battle Hymn. Rev. Mr. Huxtable of South Boston saw me home, where arrived just in time to receive George H. Richards and Homans Womans to dinner.

Sunday, June 17.

+ + + To church where had one of the blessed glimpses which sometimes relieve my spiritual darkness. It came in this thought: if I were in the depths of Hell itself, I could keep hold of the Divine hand. I felt such an assurance of the divine love and mercy that it lit up for me the whole service. X Was a little heavy during the sermon, the weather to blame for it. Visited dear Rosalind in her room at the hospital. She is slowly recovering from her operation. Is very lovely as ever. Mary Graves dined and with great pains and patience found my lecture on the Condition of France during our War of Independence. On the other hand, I lost my Breck Hall Ticket, which I was keeping for Harry Hall and his sweetheart.

Monday, June 18.

+ + + The little lump in my right breast hurts me a little today. Have written Wesselhoeft, about it. 4:50 P. M. He has seen it and says that it is probably cancerous; forbids me to think of an operation; thinks he can stop it with medicine. When he told me that it was in all probability a cancer, I felt at first much unsettled in mind. I feared that the thought of it would occupy my mind and injure my health by inducing sleeplessness and nervous excitement. Indeed, I had some sad and rather vacant hours, but dinner and Julia's company put my dark thought to flight and I lay down to sleep as tranquilly as usual.

Tuesday, June 19.

I had expected to leave by 1:45 P. M. train but found that there was no such train, only a choice between 12:45 and 2:30; chose the former. Mrs. Nicholson called, as I had given her leave to do. I found her a sweet looking middle class Canadian woman. + + + Our departure was easy enough. Dear Laura came to speed us and met us later at the train; gave us some fruit and comforted me quite a little much. Arriving we found Michael with the Victoria and Edward Almy with his vehicle. Station master White, his wife and son welcomed us heartily. The splendid cool air seemed to set me up at once. Julia was delighted with the house and grounds. We supped sumptuously at Mrs. Almy's. Our rooms were speedily made habitable. We had a bezique before going to bed.

Wednesday, June 20.

I took possession of my dear old piazza chair and sat reading, as I have done so many many summers. Unpacked one trunk to get at this diary and stationery. In afternoon to town, first to see Mott Francis who I had supposed to be ill, but found well; then to begin the endless errands for groceries, bread, vegetables, and to see John Vars about a piano. Dear Julia worked like a beaver until dinner time, and she and Nellie got the dining room clean. + + + Jule read to me in afternoon and in the evening. We had also a bezique.

*Order given*

Thursday, June 21.

Here I am seated once more at my old table, beginning another villeggiatura, which may easily be my last. Dear Jule left me by 9:09 train, to my great regret. Have read a little Greek and a long article in the New World. I pray the dear Heavenly Father to help me pass a profitable season here, improving it as if it were my last, whether it turns out to be so or not.



Mary Graves came in afternoon. In the evening I gave her a lesson in bezique.

Monday, June 25.

Much exhausted with the heat. + + +

Wednesday, June 27.

Sat with M. H. G. a good deal as she felt obliged to leave me that afternoon. A beautiful but very warm day.

Thursday, June 28.

+ + Drove in town in the evening to attend reception given to the new minister, Mr. Porter, by the Channing Church. We went fortunately in the Rockaway. The weather did not appear quite settled, but nothing that we could see indicated the approach of the severe storm of lightning, rain and wind, which burst upon us when about half way to town. Reaching the church we found the reception in the parlors. I had to walk some distance from the carriage in my shoes, without rubbers. I found the rooms very prettily lighted and adorned and well filled. + + It was a pleasant gathering, but how to get home I knew not. The storm, however, abated and we did get home without accident and found the house all right. I feared that the lightning would have struck it.

Friday, June 29.

+ + + Received invitation from Willia L. Ogden, New York, to attend a reception to be given by the City of Brooklyn to the Medal of Honor Legion of the United States. They wish me to sit in a prominent place on the platform while my Battle Hymn is sung. I shall be the guest of the executive committee. Carrie Hall came.

Saturday, June 30.

+ + + Had some comforting thoughts at bed time.

Monday, July 2.

+ + + A delightful letter from dear Maud. Queen Margherita has visited Jack's studio and expressed great admiration of the Magnum Opus. + + +

Tuesday, July 3.

Am rather wretched at waking in these days, but the bath and breakfast seemed to set me up. + + +

Friday, July 6.

Have writ L. B. Raymond, editor of the Recorder, Hampden, Iowa. He was in the 6th Wisconsin Infantry, encamped at Arlington Heights at the time of the visit to Washington, during which I wrote the Battle Hymn, and desired to have proof that his regiment was in my company on the day previous, when soldiers and sight seers returned from the interrupted review. I could not give him this, to my regret.

Monday, July 9.

Wrote some verses on the present dreadful situation in China. A pleasant afternoon visit from Mrs. Manson Smith and sister-in-law, Matthe Arnold's daughter, who told me of her visit to the young Brownings in their Mocenigo palace in Venice, which she described as full of beautiful things but bitterly cold. My head was a little dizzy after writing the lines.

Tuesday, July 10.

Had got it into my foolish head that the Rives wedding was set for today. Hired Almy's horse and drove in, in best costume, to Mrs. Wales'. Was discouraged by finding that I had committed so needless a blunder. + + +

Wednesday, July 11.

Miss Whiting's wedding at Swanhurst at 11 A. M. This time I took my own horse, started at 9 A. M. reaching Mrs. Wales' at 10:10. At 10:45 we started in her coupé for Swanhurst, where we found a close succession of fine carriages. We got in comfortably, however, and were cordially received by Mrs. Rives. The crowd was very great, but I managed to see the bridal party come down stairs and enter the salon prepared for the ceremonial. The bride and groom stood under an arch of white roses and other flowers. The officiant was a Catholic priest in vestment of cloth of gold. Some incense was perceptible by odor but did not, that I saw, form a feature in the solemnities. I did not hear anything about giving the bride away, nor the usual phrase about "all my worldly goods". I grudged the trouble I had taken to "dress up" and go so far. The breakfast, served in a huge marquee on the lawn, was very ordinary in character. The bridal couple feasted at a table on the veranda, with young friends; a pretty girl.

Friday, July 13.

Was quite ill in the early morning while still dark. Had fever the whole day. Got a little reading after breakfast, then lay about and slept, eating nothing to speak of. A really very miserable day; most rare occurrence with me. Thought I could not possibly go on board the Kearsarge tomorrow, as per invitation.

Saturday, July 14.

Waked, supposing myself to be still ill. Took some of W's pillets, a tepid bath and felt greatly refreshed. Started at 12 M with Carrie Hall for the Kearsarge, whose launch met us at Pelham Street wharf at 1:15. A pretty mid-ship mite had been sent to escort us, with whom Carrie at once made friends. Capt. Folger received us very cordially, and led the way to his quarters, where we found Mrs. Folger and Mrs. Gen. McCook; Mrs. Maj. Gibbs came in the launch with us. The party was informal and very pleasant. After luncheon the ship's officers asked permission to call upon us and were duly ushered in and introduced.

Sunday, July 15.

A quiet, over lonely day. Carrie and Jack forsook me and when I had read and written my utmost, I desired company. Mary Greene and her

friend came very late, but were very pleasant.

Monday, July 16.

Took up a poem at which I have been working for some days, on the victims in Pekin; a strange theme but one on which I feel I have a word to say. Wrote it all over. ~~Wrote~~ wrote a letter to Clarence Hawkes, pointing out serious blemishes in his poem and saying that I cannot possibly write his preface. Thought seriously of going up to Boston but feared lest the heat should over come me. Still, was much inclined to go.

Tuesday, July 17.

Finished re-writing poem on China. Also rewrote letter to Hawkes and sent both; the poem to the Boston Transcript with a line to Clement. In afternoon received a rather reproachful letter from Maud, whom I did leave for some time without a letter..She cannot yet name the day of her sailing for home. + + +

Thursday, July 19.

Was much worn out with the heat. In afternoon my head gave out and would not serve me for anything but to sit still and observe the flight of birds and the freaks of yellow butterflies. + + +

Wednesday, July 25.

+ + + Finished letter to dear Maud. Wrote her of my dream that I was to marry a real Indian chief. In my dream something had said: "shoot the tall marriage". Auntie Francis was with me in the dream. Find to my personal regret that dear Carrie will go tomorrow to visit our Ward cousins in Seabright.

Thursday, July 26.

Have prayed today that I may not find life dull. This prolongation of my days on earth is so precious that I ought not to cease for one moment to thank God for it. I enjoy my reading as much as ever, but I do feel very much the narrowing of my personal relations by death. How rich was I in sisters, brothers, elders ! It seems to me now as if I have not at all appreciated these treasures of affection.

Dear Carrie left this A. M. The first rainy day that I can remember since I came down here. + + It is a headache day, the first in a long time. I have read my prayers and my Greek. Fear to attempt work which usually aggravates the pain.

Friday, July 27.

A clear, Cool day. Floss and I went to George Riddle's reading, he having sent us tickets. The attendance was the smallest I remember to have seen there. The reading very good of its kind, not on a very high plane. A skit by Arlo Bates called "A Female Jury", was funny, but as far from probability as most characatures are.

Sunday, July 29.

An exquisite, clear, bright day. + + +

Monday, July 30.

Made a beginning of my work for New York Evening Post, by writing to Hon. Carroll D. Wright for a book. + + + A letter from dear Maud telling me how Queen Margherita sent her a jewel, a medallion of dark blue enamel, with the Queen's initial "M" in small diamonds, a crown above it and at the back the arms of the House of Savoy.

Tuesday, July 31.

Have writ notes of condolence to Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger and to M. E. Powel. I remember the coming of Mrs. Powel's family to Newport, sixty-five years ago. The elders used to entertain in the simple ways of those days, and my brother Henry and I used to sing one duett from the Matrimonio Segreto, at some of their evening parties. In the afternoon came the ladies of the Pap  terie; we were seven members and two guests. Had our tea in the green parlor, which was pretty and pleasant.  
+ + +

Thursday, Aug. 2.

Miss Leary's afternoon reception to meet Mrs. Charles Harris Phelps. Brown-bread's wife a pleasant looking person, who greeted me very cordially. Some good music, instrumental and vocal. + + +

Friday, Aug. 3.

Have written to dear Laura in reply to a good letter from her. Had a strange dream just before waking. Thought that my dear Julia was recently deceased and that a post mortem was impending. Dear Chev was with me. I asked for a last sight of the dear face, but hesitated to look at it lest death should have already "swept the lines where beauty lingers". Woke without having seen it. In the coffin saw only the tumbled figure of a man in ordinary dress.

In afternoon came David Muzzey, who staid to supper. We had some good talk. Flossy led him to tell us the story of his short but eventful life. He has supported himself since he was sixteen years old. Was in Sam's class at Harvard, first scholar all the way through; was class odist; has passed a year in Germany and one in Paris, also taught one year in Roberts College, Constantinople; is to preach at Channing Church on Sunday next. An interesting man. + + +

Saturday, Aug. 4.

Sam and Sadie arrived. Began a screed about Italy, Umberto and anarchy.

Sunday, Aug. 5.

To Channing church where heard Muzzey's sermon with much contentment. His text was, "Love never faileth". He is really eloquent and spoke without notes. Dwelt somewhat upon the failures of the things which do fail, which was well -- might have defined the sort of love which never fails.

Monday, Aug. 6.

Wrote a good deal on my screed.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.

+ + + Mrs. John Cornell gave a Pap  terie lunch. + + + At

the post prandial session we elected Mrs. Edward Potter and Miss Bretton as members. It was feared that Mrs. Potter would prove too sensible, but I undertook that she should not.

Monday, Aug. 13.

A languid day. The great heat is over for the present but it has left me good for nothing. + + + Dear Carrie Hall returned from her outing today, to our great contentment. Heard from Garrison that the Atlantic will not print anything about Umberto's death, so shall not send my little screed.

Thursday, Aug. 16.

Miserably languid and good for nothing. + + +

Friday, Aug. 17.

One of my days of dread, discounting largely in pre-imagination a trifling pain. I went to Dr. Brackett (dentist), braced up against the agonies which I expected to suffer at his hands. The operation, though very tedious, was not severely painful, and the ninety minutes which it occupied, left me very glad and thankful. Mrs. Emmet wrote asking for a copy of my lines on the Chinese agony, which she praises highly.

After the operation went to lunch by appointment with Mrs. Rogers, where had a pleasant visit. While we were chatting on the piazza, a thunder storm was gathering, and as I drove from her house, I encountered a sky as black as night. Thunder and lightning followed, but we soon passed beyond that into as pelting a rain as one could imagine. We reached home safely however. D. G. In the evening I was seized with an attack of verse and at bed time wrote a rough draft of a te deum for the rescue of the ministers in Pekin. ) ✓

Saturday, Aug. 18

Worked a good deal at my poem. We had a round game in the evening at which all played.

Sunday, Aug. 19.

I was heavy in church, somewhat tormented too by a little local irritation. The minister had an undertone of depression, which I felt keenly. His friend, Muzzey, had observed it also. + + + In the evening, it being Sam's and Sadie's last evening with us at this time, I made Sadie sing several songs to my accompaniment; then we sang some negro minstrel songs and they made me play "Flibberty-gibbet jig" to which they all danced, Flossy included. In the early evening Carrie Hall read one act of Racine's "Plaideurs" delightfully. She has seen it played in Paris.

Monday, Aug. 20.

Dear Sam and Sadie left us at 9 A. M. to our regret. We shall miss them much. + + + ✓ Got my poem smooth at some expense of force perhaps. I like the poem. I think it has been given me. )

Wednesday, Aug. 22.

Mrs. C. Stewart Wilson, a distant cousin on the Cutler side, came out to stay until Saturday. + + +

Thursday, Aug. 23.

In town at 12:30 to lunch with Mrs. Rogers. + + + In afternoon Mrs. R. drove me to the old Valley, where Flossy had arranged a picnic. The descent after leaving the carriage tired me very much. I found a merry company, the Fairchildren, Alice Thayer (and several others) We had two charades, very simple ones. Mrs. Cornell joined us rather late. Mrs. Rogers brought me home and drove in the two ministerial friends. I lent her my good shawl. Finished the suppliants of Aeschylus.

Friday, Aug. 24.

+ + + Wrote to Mr. Irving Bacheller in reply to a letter of his. He is about to select the hundred orations which I am to edit. + + +

Sunday, Aug. 26.

Heat very severe.

Monday, Aug. 27.

Began on my screed for New York Evening Post.

Tuesday, Aug. 28.

Am under the weather today. It is cooler but very damp. Have scrawled some nonsense verses for the Papéterie. Better in afternoon and went with the others to Papéterie at Mrs. Thayer's. + + +

Wednesday, Aug. 29.

My Te Deum is accepted by the Christian Herald and a check is sent for twenty dollars. At the same time comes a note from Mrs. Clews inviting me to her daughter's wedding on Saturday, at 12 M. These things cheered me so that I had to have a moment of thanksgiving. Also received a line from Josephine Quackenbush, dated yesterday, saying that she will be married today very quietly. + + + She is to wed a Capt. Carpenter, to whom, I think, she has long been engaged. I was glad of this also. In afternoon had a long visit and pleasant talk with my new friend, David Saville Muzzey.

Thursday, Aug. 30.

Rather miserably at waking. Have read as usual. + + + Later was wretched (physically) all the day. Thought I must have contracted some disease like grippe or fever. David arrived in afternoon, looking much older and exhausted by the long heats.

Friday, Aug. 31.

Better today and very thankful to be so, but not quite up to my usual pitch. + + +

Saturday, Sept. 1.

This day was mostly devoted to the Clews-Parsons wedding. I had

437.

agreed to be at Mrs. Edward Potter's by 11:15, which necessitated an early dressing and starting. I wore my green moiré and white tulle bonnet, Carrie Hall helping me very cleverly. I reached the Potter's in good time. Mrs. P. drove with me in my carriage, the others of her party following. Arriving we were shown into a room in which stood Mrs. Clews and a gentleman, who turned out to be Rev. Henry Van Dyke, the principal officiant of the occasion. Mrs. C. received us very cordially, attired in a beautiful gown of white lace over white. She deputed Mr. Potter to lead me to the music room, a fine oval apartment, at one end of which was an improvised altar with two white foot stools before it. I spoke with Mr. and Mrs. Cushing and their sons and with other friends. Quite punctually the bridal couple entered, preceded by the two ministers in black gowns, to the tune of Mendelssohn's wedding march. Dr. Van Dyke used the Anglican service, with few omissions, the most important of this being the word "obey". The bride's father gave her away, a man of scarcely middling stature. When I went up with others to speak to the bride, she said: "Will you not let me kiss you", which I was much pleased.

Sunday, Sept. 2.

I had specially prayed this morning for a moment of clear vision and of true worship. I found such answer as I could look for, in my enjoyment of the Communion service at St. Mary's church. The Anglican ritual of Communion is full of beauties, but I cannot approve of the minister saying in so many words that the bread and wine are the body and the blood of Christ. Of course, he knows that they are only symbols consecrated by Christ's use of a figure of speech, meant clearly to be so understood; the whole significance of the rite being the act of remembrance and a tender and devout fellowship therein. I felt all this as I do on the rare occasions on which I commune at the Episcopal altar. On the other hand, the remembrance of the dear departed saints who have knelt in this Communion, father, mother, dear sisters and others, was very sweet to me. I had before service began a clear thought that self is death, and deliverance from its narrow limitations, the truest emancipation. In my heart I gave thanks to God for all measure in which I have attained, or tried to attain, this liberation. It seemed to me that the one moment of this which we could perfectly attain, would be an immortal joy.

Monday, Sept. 3.

In church on Sunday I desired to read a sermon on the ministry of Reconciliations.

Wednesday, Sept. 5.

Wrote on my screed for New York Evening Post, copying part of Monday's composition. Find I can do but a little work every day. Eyes and back give out after my A. M. effort and I mostly idle in the afternoon, trying to think of something good.

Monday, Sept. 10.

Started with Flossy by 10 A. M. train for New York, to attend reception given to the Medal of Honor Legion at Brooklyn Academy, tomorrow eve. Mr. Ogden met us at the station, offered me a chair which I

declined, and conducted me to a carriage. We all drove to Hotel Margaret on Brooklyn Heights, where a luxurious suite of rooms, (two bed rooms, parlor, bath room, etc.) was assigned to us. As it was rather late and we were travel worn and dusty, we dined in our rooms very pleasantly. Mr. O. authorized us to call for whatever we might desire. Was so tired that went to bed at 9 P. M.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.

We slept late. A visit from Mr. Ogden further delayed us, and we did not reach the dining room before its doors were closed. We had breakfast in a small room, comfortable enough. F. went over to New York on various errands of mine and hers. She returned late for lunch, so we had some difficulty in getting it. Mr. O. said that we might have a carriage for a drive, so we drove for an hour in the Park, which was delightful and very refreshing. Sam Hall dined with us. At 7:45 Mr. Ogden called to take us to the Academy of Music. We found a large and brilliant attendance. Flossy and I sat in one of the stage boxes where we met Mrs. MacKelway, wife of one of the speakers, and Miss Woodford, daughter of Gen. W., our late minister to Spain, and the orator of the evening. The school girls, all in white, sang America, Battle Hymn and Star Spangle Banner. Before the singing of my Hymn I was led upon the platform crowded with the medallers, many of whom shook hands with me. The hymn was pleasantly sung; a great medallion of flowers was presented to me in the name of the Legion. I made my little speech, said what I wished to say and was much applauded.

Wednesday, Sept. 12.

Last evening's occasion was to me eminently worth the trouble I had taken in coming on. To meet these veterans, face to face, and to receive their hearty greeting, was a precious boon vouchsafed to me so late in life. Their reception to me was cordial in the extreme. The audience and chorus gave me the Chautauqua salute, and as I left the platform, the girl chorus sang the last verse of my Hymn over again, in a subdued tone, as if for me alone. The point which I made and wished to make, was that, "our flag should only go forth on errands of justice, mercy, etc., and that once sent forth, it should not be recalled until the work where unto it had been pledged was accomplished." This with a view to Pekin. Flossy took admirable care of me. Mr. Ogden met us at 42nd Street station, had me taken to the train in a chair and put us through perfectly. We had a pleasant return journey in the Pullman, without accident or event. David Hall met us with Michael and helped me to get into the carriage. A tempest of wind, warm but violent, met us on our way out of town. I thank God for the happy experience and safe journey.

Thursday, Sept. 13.

+ + + The Galveston horror was much in my mind yesterday. I could not help asking why the dear Lord allowed such dreadful loss of life. Our dearest Maud and Jack arrived an hour or more earlier than expected. Both look well. Dear Maud a little hollow about the eyes but beautiful as ever. God be thanked that she has come back to us safe and that I have lived to see her again of which I have sometimes doubted.

Friday, Sept. 14.

A long tête-a-tête with Jack Elliott, who had much to say about



<sup>2.</sup>  
the Boar War, etc. Worked somewhat at my screed for Evening Post.

Sunday, Sept. 16.

Had counted much upon going to church today. A north-easterly storm with much rain prevented this. Had a restful day at home. In the evening Flossy played very well and we all sat by a pleasant wood fire.

Tuesday, Sept. 18.

A dark, rainy A. M. My room so cold that I took refuge in the parlor, which Maud will have called the drawing room. Read in Ernst's book on the law concerning married women in Massachusetts. + + +

Wednesday, Sept. 19.

+ + + My dearest Flossy left me at 9 A. M. + + Carrie went with her. She has been most faithful in her care of me this summer. I have enjoyed her and her children even more than usual.

Friday, Sept. 21.

Had a scare at bed time. Could not find a bundle of papers containing poems and proses of mine, put aside for use.

Saturday, Sept. 22.

Dearest Maud had only put the bundle in decent order, laying over it a cover of some sort. Almost fell asleep over my Greek just now, a thing almost unprecedented for me. + + +

Sunday, Sept. 23.

I went to church with eagerness. On the way I tried to beguile the time by repeating to myself certain hymns. Among these I recall the whole of "Love divine, all love excelling". The choir sang it today I remember twice to have met the sermon as I drove in town to church; today I met the hymn. Sermon on "Those who going through the Valley of Baca, make it a well", was spiritual and delightful. The scripture lesson was Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well. A hymn written by dear Charles T. Brooks concluded the service, which I greatly enjoyed. The preacher quoted from two women poets, quite unknown to me -- Miss Aldrich, and, I think, a Miss Clapp; the first left a form of thanksgiving, very sad and bitter; the last, one full of sweet gratitude for goods enjoyed.

Monday, Sept. 24.

Little Jack left us this A. M. to our great regret. I call him little because he is his mother's youngest, but he has grown to be of fair size and has ripened from a very nervous and troublesome child, into a graceful and charming youth. His musical facility is remarkable. Finding a neglected violin in my house in Boston, he begged the loan of it and has found out how to play quite a number of tunes, so that it is pleasant to hear him. I have tried to start in with my writing today with more spirit, but am still a good deal at sea about it. + + +

Tuesday, Sept. 25.

Not quite bright today. + + + Had quite a talk with dear Maud after breakfast about Catholicism, which suggests to me a screed of some sort, treating the question, "What is the true gain of Protestantism?" Out young people of today need to know this. I wrote quite a bit on this Protestant question and also made a little beginning of my preface to Closch's volume of orations. X Papéterie in afternoon at Mrs. Fairchild's, very pleasant. At bed time found a sensitive spot in my frontest tooth, as dear sister Annie used to call it. In A. M. a call from E. Tweedy, a valued old friend, eighty-eight years of age.

Wednesday, Sept. 26.

+ + + To Dr. Brackett where made appointment to treat my tooth. Cruel nature, decay is one of thy laws.

Thursday, Sept. 27.

Wrote a good deal on my screed for Christian Herald. In late afternoon to the Island Fair, where saw fine fruit and some pretty work.

Saturday, Sept. 29.

Attacked the formidable bundle of speeches and commented a little upon them. Dear Laura arrived late in the evening, bringing me gifts from her children; among other things, some boxes of matches, with one of which I nearly set the house on fire by letting it fall on the floor. The box flamed up immediately and gave me a bad five minutes.

Tuesday, Oct. 2.

On this day of this month, fifty-nine years ago, my most beloved brother Henry Ward died in my arms of typhoid fever. Dr. McLean was summoned late in the evening to consult with Dr. Francis. I was in the hall outside of the door of the bed room, when I heard the first named say to Dr. Francis, in a business like tone, "Well, Doctor, this young man is going off." I threw myself into dear Uncle John's arms, and he held me until I could recover myself, and go to minister to the dear dying boy. The agony of that moment comes back to my mind as I write.

Wednesday, Oct. 3.

Drove in town early to take 10 A. M. Wickford boat. Stopped to get my cousin, Dr. Mott Francis, who was to go with me. Had a pleasant sail both ways, and an interesting talk with my cousin, Mrs. Sarah Cutler Greene, who has been very ill and who I have not seen for a long time.

Saturday, Oct. 6.

Finished copying draft of introduction, which read to dear Laura who praised it but thought the arrangement might be bettered. I agree with her that it is not quite as it should be, but am not sure whether I can make it better. Dear Maud in town all day. She came out at last by trolley, instead of train, the hours having been mistaken by her. I worried about this but it ended all right.

Sunday, Oct. 7.

Was more active at waking than usual. Went to Channing Church, although the young people thought the weather too damp. Enjoyed the service unusually. The choir sang delightfully and one burst of their melody seemed to me for the moment to come from the jewelled dome of the heavenly city. Sermon really very fine and strong. Texts: "The entry into Jerusalem"; "Peter's denial of his Master" — the emotional popular side of a religious manifestation and the true trial of soul when even Peter fell away from him. I had hoped that Mr. P. meant to speak of the many in our denomination who deny the name Christian, while reaping all the benefits of the Christian dispensation. His lesson, and perhaps a stronger one, was on the difference between professing the popular side of the world's Christianity and at the same time utterly neglecting to follow Christ's precepts and example. I thought also of the difference between crying, "Hail to the son of David", and following a persecuted and unpopular teacher. Mr. P. read and we sang Whittier's superb hymn.

Monday, Oct. 8.

Headache severe at waking; better afterwards. Have read a great part of the proof lent me by the Christian Herald. Have writ to Closch asking when my manuscripts must be sent and saying how far I return proofs lent.

Tuesday, Oct. 9.

Have gone over my screed for L. Closch, altering a little the arrangement of some paragraphs. Am thankful to finish this task, which though not very long, has taken a great deal of time and of thought. Have plenty of work left to finish, but "so far so good."

Friday, Oct. 12.

Had a reasonable good day for work, keeping on low diet. Dear Maud and Jack left for Boston by 11 A. M. train. Was much troubled by a letter from L. Closch informing me that he had advertised the volume of orations as selected by me, and insisting that I ought to have understood this from a passage in his letter, proposing that I should write a preface to the book. This I have done with much pains. He also wishes most of what I have said about Slavery in the manuscript, cut out.

Monday, Oct. 15.

My dear Laura left me by 9 A. M. train, having paid me a helpful and delightful visit of two weeks. Kitty Collins came to dine and Sattie Fairchild to stay over night. Each was genial and charming after her own manner.

Tuesday, Oct. 16.

Left for Boston by 11 A. M. train. Maud and Jack met me at Back Bay station. Went out to South Boston where Michael received me affectionately. Rodocanachi called while we were at table and persuaded M. to go to the reception this evening, which he did not at first intend to do. I had a restful afternoon in my old room. M. and I drove over to the reception which was at Fanueil Hall. The hall was prettily decorated with flags, palms, etc. Our entrance was greeted with applause.

The Greek officers were much applauded when they came in, everyone rising. The president of the occasion, Timoyenis, made the opening address, eulogizing two heroes of the Greek Revolution, namely Miaulis, for whom the ship now in harbor is named, and Condouriotis, ancestor of its captain. They would have a little speech from me. It was warmly received, and the Greek Captain came to the platform and conducted me to my seat. Mr. D'Andrias had arranged some very pleasant music. When the orchestra played the great Greek air, shouts of delight were heard, and I could not help seizing the hands of Michael and Rodocanachi, they sitting one on each side of me.

Wednesday, Oct. 17.

Engaged a carriage and drove to Woman's Journal office where found only Miss Werner. Sent next door for Frank Garrison, who came and helped me out of the Closch scrape. Alice Blackwell came and promised to get facts for my paper, giving me also some helpful leaflets. Had to hurry very much as Michael expected the Greeks at 2 P. M. Got through in time to prepare a little speech, which I have preserved elsewhere. The performance of the blind pupils were most interesting and enjoyable. Dear Maud came and I introduced her to the Captain. Took 4:42 train for Middletown station; Jack Elliott came with me.

Sunday, Oct. 21.

Thinking today about "how the pure in heart can see God", it suddenly came to me that we see him (reflected) in the faces of his saints -- rather we see something of his glory, thus. Went to Channing Church to hear David Muzzey preach. He read the parable of the prodigal son beautifully, and gave me a feeling of the way in which the dear Master might have told the story. This seemed like a little glimpse of the great glory. The sermon was very eloquent and delightful, was on forgiveness.

Monday, Oct. 22.

Was utterly wretched at waking. The responsibility of decision for the winter weighing heavily upon me, together with my financial embarrassment. I could only cry, "God be merciful to me". Felt cheerful enough later in the day and wrote my screed for the Brighton Teacher's Convention. + + + +

Tuesday, Oct. 23.

Prayed last evening that might not have the dreadful depression at waking, and did not have it.

Thursday, Oct. 25.

My last writing at this time in this dear place. The season a very busy one, has also been a very blessed one. I cannot be thankful enough for so much calm delight -- my children and grandchildren, my books and my work, although this last has caused me many anxieties. I cannot but feel as old John Forbes did, when he left Naushon for the last time and entered in his blindness, touching his writing materials, etc., and saying to himself, "Never again perhaps". If it should turn out so in my case, God's will be done. He knows best when we should

depart and how long we should stay. X

Left for Boston by 3 P. M. train; carriage and express wagon met us at Back Bay station. Dear Maud welcomed us at the door of the Beacon Street house. It seemed to have been thoroughly cleaned but not yet set in order. ✓ On the way home and afterwards, these lines of an old hymn ran in my mind:

"Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not afraid,  
I, I, am thy God, and will still give thee aid."

This comforted me much in the forlorn exchange of my lovely surroundings at Oak Glen for the imprisonment at a town house.

Friday, Oct. 26.

Convention of Teachers at Brighton. Am invited to give a short talk on "Patriotism in the Public Schools". + + + Added two or three pages to my short screed for this occasion. Took 1:43 train for Campello, where the Convention was to be held. Stanley Hall and wife were in my car but I did not recognize him until quite at the end of the journey, he accosted me with, "Are you Mrs. Howe?" + + + I had scant time for my screed, which was on Patriotism in the Public Schools. A superb bouquet of pink chrysanthemums was presented to me by a very pretty young girl. It was from the teachers of Plymouth County. I also recited the Battle Hymn, but had to hurry away without leave taking, in my anxiety to catch the train.

Saturday, Oct. 27.

Was languid at waking but soon rallied. Dear Maud left by 9 A. M. train for Gardiner, Maine. I screwed at my desk and finished my screed for the Christian Herald. + + + +

Sunday, Oct. 28.

Went again to my dear church and was made welcome by several of the congregation; also by the pastor and his charming wife. The sermon, a very thoughtful one, treated of the divine power which works slowly but surely through human events. We see a great confusion, but in the long run can trace out a heavenly order of the dispensations of human affairs.

Looked over my manuscript for New York Evening Post. Think it will answer with some rearrangement.

Wednesday, Oct. 31.

+ + + Richard Norton to lunch, very pleasant. Afterwards had a carriage and went to consult with Alice Blackwell about my screed. She went over it carefully, suggesting here and there the change or addition of a word. She also mailed and registered it for me. The relief of getting it off my mind was very great. +, + + Heard of Anna Barker Ward's death. This recalled a long and on the whole delightful vista of recollections. I have known her and her husband many years, sixty at least.

Saturday, Nov. 3.

Lecture in Manchester, N. H. + + + A pleasant excursion. + +

Feel that shall probably not lecture after this season; the fatigue and responsibility are beyond my present diminished strength. Jack Hall came to stay over Sunday, to recruit a little after his illness.

Sunday, Nov. 4.

A dear Sunday. The dear minister preached on "All Saints and All Souls", the double festival of last week. At Communion he said: "Dear Sister Howe, remember that if you are moved to speak, you have freedom to do so". I had not thought of speaking, but presently rose and spoke of the two consecrated days. I said: "As I entered this church today, I thought of a beautiful cathedral in which one after another the saints whom I have known and loved, appeared on either side; first, the saints of my own happy childhood, then the excellent people whom I have known all my life long. The picture of one of them hangs on these walls. His memory is fresh in all of our hearts. Surely it is a divine glory which we have seen in the faces of these friends, and they seem to lead us up to that dearest and divinest one, whom we call Master", and so on. I record this to preserve this vision of the cathedral of heart saints. Have felt much discouraged by the weakness of my limbs, which makes walking almost impossible for me at times. A little visit from Mary Graves, who looks ill.

Monday, Nov. 5.

Was very lame at first getting up; better afterwards.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.

After a long conference with E. D. C. wrote to Mrs. Wolcott, asking several questions relative to a proposed meeting and lunch of A. A. W. on November 15th. + + +

Thursday, Nov. 8.

Wrote a good deal on my screed for the "Gentlewoman". In the evening played four of my songs to Mr. Curtis, who took them down very easily, for publication. + + +

Friday, Nov. 9.

Wrote more on screed. Mary Graves came and tried to find my music and my notes of my winter in Rome. The last she came upon by accident. The music was not found.

Sunday, Nov. 11.

+ + + Wrote in afternoon to Sam G. Ward, whom I have known ever since I was eighteen years old, much of the time intimately, I may say. This letter is one of condolence on the recent death of his wife, a woman of great charm, once a famous beauty, Anna Barker.

Thursday, Nov. 15.

Mrs. Schurmeier of St. Paul came to dine. I enjoyed her visit. She is really a very nice woman, high toned, simple and genuine. + +

Friday, Nov. 16.

+ + Kosmos Club, Wakefield, Mass. + + + My lecture (Gossip

about Rome) was well received at Wakefield. The audience was numerous and very attentive. + + + A sharp cinder got into my right eye after leaving the car, which was very painful and dear Maud insisted upon sending for Dr. Bradford, who easily got the cinder out. The eye was swollen and inflamed.

Saturday, Nov. 17.

The eye troubled me all day and in the evening was very painful. I went to Dr. Proctor who found the interior of the lid covered in one spot with a considerable deposit of mucus. He wiped it off and gave me a prescription. I walked to Godding's to have the order made up. In afternoon Louis Sands called. I had not seen him in twenty years. Meantime he has married and has a little son of five years. I asked about Teresa Viele and her son, Viele Griffin, the poet. He promised to try and get a copy of the life and work of Robert Sands, one of my father's generation. + + +

Sunday, Nov. 18.

An excellent sermon from C. G. A. on "The Genesis of the Slum". This quickened my sense of what we owe to the "sinking" class of society, which needs so much to be made to lift itself to decency and good behavior. I learn with regret that the dear minister has offended some of his congregation by an anti-imperialist speech at Fanueil Hall. Dear Chev always thought that ministers were generally muddled in politics. He thought this about dear James Freeman Clarke. I begin this week quite cheerfully. My ailing eye is much better and a little creeping chill, almost insensible, which has pursued me for two or more days, has disappeared.

Monday, Nov. 19.

Left for Norwick, Conn., by 1 P. M. train' + + + Saw at dinner the granddaughter of my old school mate, Francina Wilder. + + + Gave my lecture on the Four Poets in a fine hall, and to a large and very appreciative audience, many of whom came up to speak to me after the lecture. Prof. Keep (her host) is an enthusiastic Grecian, and a very cultivated man.

Tuesday, Nov. 20.

Reached Boston in time for lunch. Learned the death of my brother-in-law, Luther Terry, in Rome; a painless departure. His daughter and son-in-law were probably with him. I regret his loss but fear that his last years have been very lonely. Maud was endlessly good in driving and playing cards with him. + + + Three years ago I went with him to see my sister's grave in the Protestant burying-ground.

Wednesday, Nov. 21.

Boot and Shoe Club dinner, Brunswick Hotel; 5 P. M. I to speak on "Women in Literature during the Century just passed or passing." + + + Was busy all the A. M. with a screed for this evening. + + + Mr. Daniels, President of the evening, and I marched into the banquet hall with some state. I sat on his right, Mrs. Palmer on his left, on hers Mrs. May Alden Ward, at my right, Rev. Edward A. Horton. I was received with much attention, the company all rising when I rose to speak. I

read my screed which Mmes. Palmer and Ward liked very much. Mrs. Palmer spoke very well on "Woman's progress in Education", Mrs. Ward of Club Life for Women. We had some good singing by a male quartette. They gave me a great parcel of chrysanthemums. I enjoyed the occasion very much.

Saturday, Nov. 24.

Meeting of Author's Club, 4 P. M. Stole off to Saturday morning Club, where heard Henry Lloyd extol and explain the social and political methods of New Zealand, which he sees very much "en beau". He has been there quite recently, I judge. In the late afternoon went to meeting of the officers of the Author's Club. Present, Mrs. Ward, Miss Winslow, N. H. Dole and quite late, T. W. Higginson. We decided upon a Chaucer celebration on January 5th, the 6th coming on Sunday. Various Chaucer features were discussed and adopted. I half promised to write a mock Chaucer poem. + + + Was chilled all the day there being snow somewhere in the neighborhood.

Sunday, Nov. 25.

To church in a pouring rain. Enjoyed the service which was one of Thanksgiving. The dear minister spoke his mind fully about the Philippines. I cannot think as he does that we have crushed a sister republic in subduing those islands, but am very sorry about the present muddle.

Monday, Nov. 26.

Meeting of Art and Literature Committee; a good Club meeting. Dr. Keller (female) gave an address about music in the public schools. Her mention of the perception of rhythm shown by deaf pupils of the Horace Mann School, stirred me to speak of Laura Bridgman's enjoyment of musical vibrations; her Sunday morning's with the musical box, etc. In A. M. picked out my lectures for Maine. + + +

Tuesday, Nov. 27.

Took 1:15 train for Gardiner, Maine. + + +

Friday, Nov. 30.

+ + + In the evening went to Augusta to give my lecture on Humor. Dear Laura went with me. We found a carriage waiting to take us to the house of Mr. Manchester Haines, where we were to stay. The daughters of the house greeted us cordially. I had met them before. Mr. Haines also was very kind. We had fine rooms and an excellent dinner of which I partook very sparingly, fearing one of my curious attacks of indigestion. Mrs. Haines had been ailing all day with headache, but she came down after dinner and went with us to the hall, which had been prettily decorated with evergreens. O. D. Baker was to introduce me, which he did by reading a lovely poem which he had written in my honor. My lecture was well received and I felt strong enough to recite the Battle Hymn afterwards. Dreamed that dear Brother Sam had died while at some picnic or outing. I reproached those who told me of it with not having tried to save him.

Saturday, Dec. 1.

Had a pleasant A. M. hour with the Haines ladies and their uncle,



Mr. Horace Sturgis. Took 10 A. M. trolley for Gardiner. Had a restful day with dear Laura. Did a very little shopping. Dreamed at night of dear Chev. I was telling him with the old feeling of reluctance that I was going away for a lecture. He said: "You will not be back before Tuesday." I suppose that I had some sense of the journey now before me to Farmington and New York. Rev. Mr. Plant called in the afternoon to say that he should be glad to see me at the Communion tomorrow.

Sunday, Dec. 2.

To church and to Communion with dearest Laura. O. D. Baker to dinner, bringing copies of his poem for Laura and for me. I saluted him as my "Laureate".

Tuesday, Dec. 4.

Left Gardiner and the dear ones by 10:17 train; a comfortable, uneventful journey.

Wednesday, Dec. 5.

Very busy all day getting ready for tomorrow's trip. Unpacked and repacked my trunk. Found that must leave tomorrow by 9 A. M. train which hurried me much. Went to Dr. Hopkins' where suffered no pain. Worked at writing letters, packing, etc., until my brain refused to care for anything more. Chug in the evening.

Thursday, Dec. 6.

Lecture at Farmington School. Dearest Maud put me on board train at Trinity Court Station. She gave me in charge of Theophilos Parsons, who was going as far as Springfield. He is grand-nephew to the Theo. Parsons whom I knew many years ago. We had some talk regarding those relatives of his. I remember my little Julia, beautiful as a cherub, chasing this man's cousin, Chauncey Parsons, calling him, "Mr. Lump." + + + At Hartford Miss Maria Porter met me, younger sister of the celebrated teacher and school-mistress. We had a carriage of the school and drove in it nine miles to Farmington, where an elder sister received me in a delightful house. A very good dinner was welcome, as I was somewhat chilled and very hungry. The house is full of pretty things, many of them gifts from the affectionate scholars of the teacher. I rested long in afternoon, but met all the present teachers at four o'clock tea. Read my lecture on "Patriotism in Literature" to a charming audience of young ladies. Recited Battle Hymn.

Friday, Dec. 7.

The two Miss Porters entertained me very hospitably. The elder seems the most cultivated and has evidently always been a reader of good books. She does not like college bred girls, and delights in the seclusion of her village, which is still uninvaded either by tourists or by manufacturers. The school does not prepare girls for college. The present principal, Mrs. Dow, is a woman of very pleasant address. While I was preparing for my start this morning, a daughter of Gorham Bacon called to see me, and to give me a bouquet of beautiful roses. I had seen at the school, a granddaughter of Longfellow's. Reaching Harry's house I was warmly welcomed by my son and his wife. Dear Maud also was there, having come on business quite unexpectedly. Went to

the Suffrage Bazaar at about 8 P. M. Was greeted by applause as I entered the hall. Saw many faithful suffragists. Was taken to the platform, where met Mrs. Catt. Dear Maud went with me. After a little music, I recited my Battle Hymn. The large audience was perfectly still and my voice seemed to reach through the hall. My reception was most gratifying. Saw later my dear grandchildren, Carrie and Sam Hall, his fiancée and Mary and Charles Ward.

Saturday, Dec. 8.

+ + + A restful day. Dined with Cousin Mary in the evening. +

Sunday, Dec. 9.

Frank and his mother came for me with a very comfortable carriage. As we entered Heber Newton's church, a spit of soft snow or rain made the entrance unpleasant. I sat near the pulpit and heard the sermon with great contentment, much enjoying also the service..

Monday, Dec. 10.

Dear Flossy came to lunch and took me with her to Plainfield, where I had not been, I fear, in two years.

Tuesday, Dec. 11.

A very restful day; weather suddenly cold.. I sat by the open wood fire and toasted my chilled body. Dr. Waldo came in the evening. I played him my "Flibberty Gibbet" and one or two of my Mother Goose's. We all sang the "Baby on the Shore."

Wednesday, Dec. 12.

Left Plainfield. + + + Reached Philadelphia in good time for lunch, Alice Cushman meeting me at the station. Was kindly welcomed by Miss Wetherell. Read over lecture on Brook Farm. Prof. Miller came for me in the evening. Misses Biddle and Louisa Huntington went with us to the lecture, which was well attended and very well received. Saw Susie Bradley, Rev. Hinckley and wife, etc. etc. Received fifty dollars.

Thursday, Dec. 13.

Started for Boston by 11 A. M. train. Had a comfortable but rather solitary journey. Two young ladies, Mrs. Wambach and her friend, recognized me and helped me to go up stairs on the boat. Another lady, a teacher from Chicago, began to ask me about her chance of getting out to Lowell without delay. I saw a kind looking man sitting near us and asked him to help this lady if he could. This he did with real good will. He proved to be General Ayling, Adjutant General these fifteen years for New Hampshire. He kindly put me in my carriage. Found all well at home, where dear Maud followed me, arriving at 11 P. M.

Friday, Dec. 14.

Very tired with my wanderings. Almost wildly grateful to get home. + + + +

Saturday, Dec. 15.

This is a very chill, raw day. My cold was troublesome at waking and the weather looked so unpromising that I sent word to Mrs. M. A. Ward that I should not go to Miss Winslow's reception unless it bettered. This it has done but they have not sent for me. I have felt little courage to undertake anything, even to amend the direful disorder of my room, in which my liberty of locomotion is impeded by various obstacles.

Monday, Dec. 17.

+ + + Finished reading the Choephora of Aeschylus in Greek with the Latin translation.

Tuesday, Dec. 18.

Finished screed for Woman's Journal. Wrote a brief one (280 words) for National Red Cross. Wrote to Flossy. Attended Tuesday Club where spoke my mind about Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread". I called it a caricature and said "no such woman ever existed". Some called Selma an American type; the greater number thought her not a type but a literary embodiment of all that is most unlovely in the woman of the day. They did not use this phrase, which is mine, but it expresses what several of them surely had in mind.

Sunday, Dec. 23.

+ + + To church where C. G. A. rendered a feeling and beautiful tribute to Roger Wolcott, preaching afterwards a sermon on "Peace", appropriate to the season and impressive on account of its evident sincerity.

Enjoyed the Messiah rapturously; the soloists not famous but decidedly good; the élan of chorus and orchestra superb. Mollenhauer is now conductor, very good.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.

I was awake this A. M. soon after 5 A. M. and a voice, felt not heard, seemed to give me a friendly warning to set my house in order for my last departure from it. This seemed to bring in view my age, already long past the scriptural limit, suggesting also that I have some symptoms of an ailment which does not trouble me much, but which would naturally tend to shorten my life. In my mind I promised that I would heed the warning given. I only prayed God to make the parting easy for me and my dear ones, of whom dear Maud would be the most to be pitied, as she has been most with me and has no child to draw her thoughts to the future. After this, I fell asleep.

We had a merry time at breakfast, examining the Christmas gifts, which were numerous and very gratifying. + + +

Wednesday, Dec. 26.

F. J. Douglass writes in behalf of Boston Globe, asking for four hundred words on the question: "What is woman's greatest gain in the Nineteenth Century?" Have writ that will send the manuscript early on Friday. + + + Began at once upon screed for the Globe, at which I was able to write half.

Thursday, Dec. 27.

Worked all A. M. at screed for the Globe, which finished about

lunch time.

Saturday, Dec. 29.

+ + At lunch time came Mrs. Alvin Hunsicker of Germantown, to ask me to come to the Victoria and hear her sing. She gave an amateur concert here some years ago before her marriage. Maud went with me. I found the quality of her voice as beautiful as ever. She sang a number of songs, German, French and English, but I admired her most in the old English ballad of, "There were three Ravens."

Sunday, Dec. 30.

Was dull in church, and to my sorrow, had several naps during the sermon, which seemed to be excellent. Mr. Ames quoted some lovely lines which he told me he thought were Lowell's. I did enjoy the prayer and what I heard of the rest.

Monday, Dec. 31.

+ + + In afternoon had a long talk with Prof. H. G. Pearson, who is writing the life of Gov. Andrew. Took a short rest and went to the dinner of the Daughters of Vermont. + + + I did not see a single person whom I knew. + + One lady told me that I had spoken comforting words to her in the first years of her widowhood, a score perhaps of years ago. + + + Short speeches were made, of which I contributed one, and which Mr. Spear said was the "gem of the evening". I was glad to have gone. Maud and Jack went to see the doings at the State House; Nellie to midnight mass.

✓ Here ends a year of mercies, of more than my usual health, of power to speak and to write. It has been a year of work. God be thanked for it.

1901.

No entry whatever until Monday, Jan. 7th.

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*back*

Monday, Jan. 7, 1901.

I have had a morning of vision, *my* lying in bed. "Be still and know that I am God", seemed to be my sentence. I thought of the Magdalen's box of spikenard, whose odor when the box was broken, filled the house. The separate religious convicts of the sects seemed to me like so many boxes of ointment, exceedingly precious while shut up, but I thought also that the dear Lord would one day ~~change~~ these separate boxes and that then their fragrance would fill the whole earth, which is His house.

This is my first writing in this book. From this thought and the "Be still", I may try to make two sermons.

In afternoon came William Wesselhoeft, Sr., and prescribed entire quiet and rest for some days to come. Oh! I do long to be at work.

Tuesday, Jan. 8.

Sitting at my desk clothed, and I hope, in my right mind, but still weak in head and hand and quite unable to put words together.

Wednesday, Jan. 9.

Today for the first time since January 3rd I have opened a Greek book. I read in my Aeschylus (Eumenides) how Apollo orders the Furies to leave his shrine, to go where deeds of barbarity, tortures and mutilations are practices.

Friday, Jan. 11.

Absolutely a dies non. The dim light did not allow me to work and the day passed without a line. I did read a little greek and dear Maud sat with me a good deal, which was very pleasant.

Wednesday, Jan. 16.

A visit from Mrs. Whitman.

Thursday, Jan. 17.

To drive; my first out-of-dooring since January 3rd. Began a letter to Maj. Dudley Mills.

Friday, Jan. 18.

Finished letter to Mills. Nurse left in the late afternoon. I shall miss her care but do not need it any longer. My son has taken this expense upon himself, very generously.

Saturday, Jan. 19.

V A telegram from H. M. H. announces that he has received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. (The telegram is pasted into the diary).

Sunday, Jan. 20.

The zero weather keeps me at home. Have made a new beginning for my screed. Have writ to dearest Laura.

Wednesday, Jan. 23.

V The news of Queen Victoria's death quite over came me for a moment this morning. Instead of settling to my work, I wrote a very tiny "burst of feeling" about her, which I carried to the Woman's Journal office, where I found a suffrage meeting in progress. I could only show myself and say that I was not well enough to remain. + + +

Thursday, Jan. 24.

Took up my screed and wrote a good deal of it. Took up Jackson's Martineau again and read a long bit of it.

Friday, Jan. 25.

Copied a good part of my screed today. Find that I have about 1142 words, 1400 being desired. Shall insert a page or two about the more independent training which women should receive today, and shall say a good deal about the educational value of women's clubs.

Drove with Mrs. Fields in Mrs. Cabot's carriage. A long interview with Helen Bell, who sails for Europe next week.

Saturday, Jan. 26.

Mostly finished my screed on, "What our girls should study."

Sunday, Jan. 27.

Went once more to my dear church where sat in my wonted seat and heard a lovely sermon from C. G. A. on the Proper Social Order. In it he repeated two lines of my Battle Hymn, "in the beauty of the lillies" etc', which moved me very much. + + +

Monday, Jan. 28.

+ + + This day for the first time since Jan. 3rd I walked in the street. The wind was cold and rather strong, and I feared very much that I should suffer for my venture. I did not however.. In the evening Chug played dominoes with me.

Tuesday, Jan. 29.

I walked out today, the wind still strong and chill. I felt much the better for this outing. Henry Hubbard played dominoes with me in the evening.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.

Miss Hughes of Wales and Ellen Richards to lunch; the former quite delightful. Have promised to send her the history of the N. E. W. Club.

In afternoon hunted up my lecture for tomorrow, and found a quotation which I wanted from Dante's "Vita Nuova". All these days I worked upon my screed.

Thursday, Jan. 31.

Sent off screed ordered by L. A. Maynard of 83 Bible House, N. Y. Have been in distress of mind all day lest Maud should absolutely refuse to let me give my lecture at Phillips Church this evening. She has been very mild about it, and I have every hope that I shall go. Maud was very kind and did nothing to hinder my going to South Boston. I found the church well filled and the platform comfortably arranged with a large chair and a good lamp. Anagnos was in attendance and I was introduced by both Mr. E. and A. The band of the blind school played a number of patriotic airs. My poem, "Our Country", set to music by a pupil of the Institution, was sung by a double quartette. I read my lecture on Patriotism in Literature, making more effort to be heard than usual, as the church is very large and seats 1100 people. After the lecture I told how I wrote the Battle Hymn, and it was then sung, the audience standing. The lecture was warmly received and I enjoyed the evening.

Friday, Feb. 1.

+ + + E. D. Mead wrote inviting me to lunch with the 20th Century Club tomorrow, and to speak of Queen Victoria.

Saturday, Feb. 2.

A second note from E. D. Mead made me feel that I must write out what I shall say about Queen Victoria. I devoted the A. M. to this work, with which I took much pains. To do this, I had to give up the board meeting of N. E. W. C., but I sent them a note. Found the Club established in new quarters. Sat on the right of E. D. Mead, Dr. Trueblood sitting on the left. Mrs. Helen Campbell was on my right. Had some pleasant talk with her. She made a very sensible speech about suffrage in Colorado, particularly in Denver. Dr. Trueblood spoke at length of the Queen's excellence of character, and of her good services in the interests of peace. I read my screed which was well received. I had a good time.

Sunday, Feb. 3.

To church feeling languid and unawakened. A sensible sermon on "Love", in which divorce was spoken of. Communion afterwards, during which I came to feel better. I have taken a fresh cold somehow, and feel it in my lungs.

Monday, Feb. 4.

Was quite miserable. Dear Maud saw Wesselhoeft and got some medicine from him, after which I gradually felt better but not at all well. Staid in bed until after 1 P. M. most unusual for me. + +

Tuesday, Feb. 5.

A howling wind, blowing smoke and soot down the chimney. I am

much better than yesterday. + + + I remember this as the birthday of my dear Brother Henry, once my idol -- still a dear and gracious remembrance in the beloved family group.

Wednesday, Feb. 6'

Not so well. Wrote several letters of which could not make record. Began one to my niece, Louisa Mailliard, but had a turn in my head and could not go on. Flossy arrived in time for dinner and Chug, Jack Hall and Hal Richards spent the evening, which I enjoyed. Cough very troublesome. Did not sleep well.

Thursday, Feb. 7.

Breakfast in bed, thinking it important to nurse my cold. Finished letter to Loullie Mailliard. Am staying in my room, hoping to cure my cold.

Friday, Feb. 8.

Am still keeping my room but feel decidedly better. Have filled blanks in typewrit copy of my screed for L. A. Maynard and mailed it to him with a line. It will be printed early in March and paid for early in April. + + +

Saturday, Feb. 9.

Am somewhat discouraged by the persistence of my cough. + + +

Sunday, Feb. 10.

A Sunday at home; unable to venture out. Wesselhoeft, Jr., called, left medicine and forbade my going out before the cough has ceased. Have read in Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life after the Exile", finding the places of reference in the Bible. Afterwards read 'in L'Aiglon, which is very interesting but not praiseworthy, as it endeavors to recall the false glory of Napoleon.

Monday, Feb. 18.

Have been out, first time since February 3rd, when went to church and was physically the worst for it. + + + Last night had a time of lying awake with a sort of calm comfort. Woke in the A. M. full of invalid melancholy, intending to keep my bed. Felt much better when in motion, Must make a vigorous effort now to get entirely well.

Tuesday, Feb. 19.

Wrote a screed for my dear Maud to read at the girl's High and Normal School on Thursday next, about my first meeting with Dr. Samuel Elliott, who became my life long friend. To drive in Mrs. George H. Perkins' carriage.

Friday, Feb. 22.

The new club, Il Circolo Italiano, met at our house, Count Campello had asked me to say a few words, so I prepared a very little screed in Italian, not daring to trust myself to speak extemporary in



45.  
755

this language. We had a large attendance; Maud thought seventy-five, but I thought one hundred were present. My bit was well received and the lecture by Prof. Speranza of New York was very interesting, though rather difficult to follow. The theme was D'Annunzio's dramas, from which he gave some quotations and many characterizations. He relegates D'Annunzio to the Renaissance when Virtù had no real moral significance. Compared him with Ibsen. The occasion was exceedingly pleasant. Maud sent me to my room soon after the lecture, she dispensing tea and chocolate in the dining room.

Saturday, Feb. 23.

Maud had arranged to take me to hear Mr. Keiler play. He is a man of much musical sensibility and has a firm distinct touch, not wanting in softness. He played a waltz, prelude and nocturne of Chopin; also the Liszt arrangement of Schubert's Erl König and that of "Du meine Seele, du meine Herz." I enjoyed the whole greatly. He played also Chopin's piece on the black keys.

Sunday, Feb. 24.

Maud forbade my going to church as the weather appeared unsettled. In afternoon she took me to drive and to see the Velasquez pictures at the Art Museum. This I was able to enjoy.

Tuesday, Feb. 26.

+ + + Went to Tuesday Club to hear discussion on the supposed decline of interest in poetry. I took the ground that this interest is too deep and vital to vanish from human society. A just critic of poetry is rarely found. All of us have in our lives been greatly influenced by some poem or poems. Some reason certainly underlies literary reactions.

Wednesday, Feb. 27.

Have writ + + + a letter to L. A. Maynard, enclosing slip received, with a returned copy of the paper engaged by him and duly written and forwarded by me, with no hint from him of any responsibility in the matter outside of his own. For copy of my letter see Mem. at the end of this volume. (My dear Sir: Will you kindly explain to me the meaning of the printed slip herewith enclosed, sent to me with a typewritten copy of the paper which I wrote at your request? In your original letter, which I have preserved, no mention is made of any such contingency. You engaged me to write the paper at the specified price and for a specified date. The theme, too, was one of your suggesting. Hoping to hear from you, I am", etc. etc.)

Friday, Mar. 1.

The first day of spring, though in this climate this is a wintery month. I am thankful to have got on so far in this, my eighty-second year. My greatest trouble is that I use so poorly the precious time spared to me. Latterly I have been saying to myself, "Can you not see that the drama is played out?" This partly because my children wish me to give up public speaking.

Saturday, Mar. 2.

Attended meeting of Author's Club, where met Prince Kropotkin and

had a few pleasant words with him.

Sunday, Mar. 3.

Had the joy of attending church for the first time in several weeks. A good sermon.

Monday, Mar. 4.

+ + To N. E. Women's Club, first time this year, to my great regret and loss. I was cordially welcomed. + + + A thought suddenly came to me, namely: that the liberal education of women would give the death blow to superstition. I said, "We women have been the depositories of religious sensibility, but we have also furnished the impregnable store house of superstitions, sometimes gracious, sometimes desperately cruel and hurtful to our race." No one noticed this but I hold fast to it. X An enjoyable evening with dear Laura, Chug and Jack Elliott. Much talk of Josephine Peabody's poems, and Moody's "Masque of Judgment".

Tuesday, Mar. 5.

+ + + Have writ to Bishop Israel Derrick, asking for information regarding the poor little shed of a church where I used to preach in Santo Domingo City.

Thursday, Mar. 7.

Club tea at Mrs. Crosby's, especial request. + + +

Friday, Mar. 8.

+ + + To symphony Concert in afternoon, which I enjoyed but little, the music being of the multi-muddle order so much in vogue just now. An air of Haydn's sounded like a sentence of revelation in a chatter. X Mrs. Glessner came after the concert, had much to say in praise of the Fortnightly of Chicago, and in dispraise of the Woman's Club of that place. In the evening Chug discoursed of the Vidantic philosophy -- said among other things that he did not believe that there had been any such person as Jesus Christ, and that the new testament was considered by the Vidanta students as an allegory teaching good lessons, etc. We soon tripped him up on historical facts.

Saturday, Mar. 9.

Woke with a slight headache which soon bettered. Have enjoyed reading in dear James Freeman's book on St. Paul, the chapter on the "secret of Paul" which is very instructive and even luminous. In the evening dined with Mary Gray with my dear Laura and her Rosalind. Sam Gray and wife and son were there, and he sang some songs and operatic airs in a very pleasant tenor voice.

Sunday, Mar. 10.

To church where I heard a very good sermon from C. G. Ames on "Duties of Citizenship". Before the service I asked Jennie Williams Thacher how her father, Mr. Hebray Williams was. She replied, "He has passed on; he died on Tuesday, March 5th." After service we had some

talk. She tells me that he had been ailing and absent from church for three months. I had not known this, having been absent from it the better part of two months. He was in bed only four days and passed away without any visible suffering or disturbance. My dear Julia and Laura were pupils at his school; Julia had all her schooling there. It was a very good school but dear J. did not there make any acquaintance with the young people with whom she associated later in life, which I afterwards regretted for her sake. The education which she received at the school was high toned and noble. Mr. Williams was always interested to see my children and grandchildren at church. He would ask: "Is this Laura's child?" He will be much missed at the church of which he was an early and energetic member, and an officer at the time of his death.

Wednesday, Mar. 13.

Miss Emerson's school; Four Poets; a very pleasant occasion; fee fifteen dollars. In the evening to one of the Terry Concerts, the first which I have attended. Henry Hubbard went with me and brought me a lovely bouquet of orchids, for which I scolded him.

Friday, Mar. 15.

Wintergreens at Mrs. Dyers.

Mrs. Prang (Mrs. Mary Dana Hicks) called for me with a carriage. We were only eight in number. Mrs. Dyer read many letters from members unable for various reasons to attend. No literary exercises; a simple lunch, beautifully arranged and served. Much amusement at table. I introduced the telling of personal or other anecdotes, and calling upon someone of the company to give the moral of the story.

Saturday, Mar. 16.

Coenia Club, Somerville. Talk about Emerson and the summer school at Concord. + + + The carriage, a private one, was so narrow at the door, that I had some difficulty in squeezing through. The step was too far from the body of the vehicle. Somehow I did get in. A drive of some four or five miles brought me to the house of Mrs. Bowman, whose daughter is president of the Club. She received me very kindly and gave me a cup of tea. I found a pleasant club of well dressed young ladies, some of them college graduates. + + +

Sunday, Mar. 17.

Before lying down for a needed rest I must record the wonderful reception given today to Jack Elliott's ceiling, by what one may call, the "cream of Boston". The day was fine, clear sunlight. Many friends congratulated me and some strangers. Vinton, the artist, Annie Blake, Ellen Dixey were enthusiastic in their commendation of the work, as were many others. I saw my old friend Lizzie Agassiz, my cousin Mary Robeson and her daughter, and others too numerous to mention. Dear Laura had bought some laurel of which Julia made a wreath for Jack's plate. She also provided some lovely violets and had written two charming stanzas for the occasion. This I consider a day of great honor for my family. + + Deo Gratias for this as well as for my son's decoration.

Saturday, Mar. 23.

Saturday Morning Club. "Patriotism in Literature", warmly received. They asked for the Battle Hymn which I would not recite. I

think that I refused because I did not wish to dissipate the impression made by the lecture. The Club greeted me most cordially. I was glad to meet some of the early members. + + +

Sunday, Mar. 24.

I was introduced yesterday to M. Cambon after his lecture, by M. Sumichrast, and said what I had better not have said: "Monsieur, Je vous ai écouté avec le plus grand intérêt regrettant seulement que mon âge ne m'a pas permis de tout entendre." This displeased him, for he said to someone who stood by: "Ai-je parlé bas ?" We had no further conversation. My head was very tired between my lecture of the A. M. and my long and close listening to M. Cambon, and so I carelessly said the first thing that came into my head. This annoyed me a good deal in remembrance. + + + Maud said to me this morning, "Mamma, the whole world is run by some great force or power, call it what you will. It governs the planets and our small affairs. Our only safety is in getting our own individual belt around its working wheel. I have not as yet been able to do this."

Monday, Mar. 25.

Abigail Adams Chapter D. A. R. Had a pleasant meeting of the young ladies of the Chapter. In afternoon wrote a little sketch of the Circolo Italiano and the Alliance Française, for the women's issue of the Dayton daily News.

Tuesday, Mar. 26.

Tuesday Club at Miss Eaton's. I to open discussion as to "who is my neighbor". I did this with a very brief written screed. We had a good discussion. The second topic, "Does the especial pursuit of position effect character badly ?" Not quite these words, was less thoroughly discussed for want of time. I said little, thinking that the others would best ventilate their diversities of opinion. At last, being called upon, I asked, "Where does the quality of worldliness come from ? We all recognize and most of us detest it, for it is a canker which eats out the sincerity of those who entertain it." I think this may be discussed at greater length on some future occasion.

Wednesday, Mar. 27.

Today have writ to George H. Richards, to thank him for his excellent action in regard to my South Boston land. + + + We had a pleasant afternoon tea; some twenty ladies came.

Thursday, Mar. 28.

Ed, and Ind. Union; a troubled day. I woke with a headache which bettered but kept an under growl all day. Maud slept all the A. M. until about 3 P. M. Cora Richards came to lunch and Alice and I entertained her as well as we could. She casually mentioned that she knew I was to read at the Union this afternoon. It was already 2:30 P. M. I had entirely forgotten the engagement, which was for Maud also. Cora left at about 2:50 and I flew up stairs in dismay. To my no small surprise, I found Maud on foot and able to go. Most fortunately, I was already en toilette. Mrs. Mack sent her pleasant carriage and we arrived

in good time. Maud read a short but very suggestive story. I read my "Balaklava", "Via Felice" and "Maud", and afterwards recited the Battle Hymn, which was received with even more than usual demonstration of pleasure. I had two bouquets of violets, one from Stella Martin Drake, one from Mrs. Bigelow of bully piazz memory.

Friday, Mar. 29.

Have writ a screed on lynching for the Chicago Tribune, in reply to a request from the editor.

Sunday, Mar. 31.

+ + + Had a sort of vision in church of Moses and Christ, the mighty breath of the prophets reaching over many and dark ages to our own time, with power growing instead of diminishing. When I say a vision, I mean a vivid thought and mind picture.

Tuesday, Apr. 2.

Annual Meeting of Liberty Tree Chapter of D. A. R., probably at Mrs. Hale's, 209 Bay State Road. Wrote a little comic screed, which was well received. Did not know of the death of Mrs. Hale's eldest son until Mrs. Davis told me of it. Mrs. D. kindly called to take me to the meeting. + + +

Wednesday, Apr. 3.

Have writ to Larz Anderson, telling him where to find the quotation from Horace which I gave him for a motto to his automobile, "Ocior Euro." Sanborn found it for me and sent it by postal. It must have been more than thirty years since dear Brother Sam showed it to me. + +

Thursday, Apr. 4.

Accepted at rather short notice an invitation to lecture in Rochester, N. H. Had to leave Boston by 8:30 A. M. train. Met Katherine Loring at Union Station. She insisted on buying my ticket for me, which saved me some steps and took me to my train. Mrs. Snow met me at Rochester Station and took me to her house. Her husband is building a much larger one, which she hopes to occupy before long. I found her a pleasant, refined little woman, with two nice sons whom she seems to be bringing up at home, which is usually a mistake. My lecture (Humor) was warmly received. Two gentlemen were present, the Congregational and Unitarian ministers. There may have been one or two others. These two spoke with me, as did a number of the ladies. The audience was a pleasant one and I am glad to have made Mrs. Snow's acquaintance. I advised a Mrs. Sanborn to get her husband to teach her Greek.

Friday, Apr. 5.

Somewhat tired with yesterday's excursion and yet somewhat refreshed by it. + + +

Sunday, Apr. 7.

A really inspired sermon from C. G. A. "The power of an unending life". In the treatment of which text a very philosophical statement was made concerning the real significance of the Resurrection, and much uplifting suggestion was given touching spiritual life and our faith in Immortality. The Communion which followed was to me almost miraculous. Mr. Ames called it a festival of commemoration, and it brought me a mind vision of the many departed dear ones. One after another the dear forms seemed to paint themselves on my inner vision; first, the nearer in point of time, last my Brother Henry and Samuel Elliott. I felt that this experience ought to pledge me to new and more active effort to help others. In my mind I said the obstacle to this is my natural inertia, my indolence; then the thought, God can overcome this indolence and give me increased power of service and zeal for it. Those present I think all considered the sermon and Communion as of special power and interest. It almost made me fear lest it should prove a swan song from the dear minister. Perhaps it is I, not he, who may soon depart.

Monday, Apr. 8.

Lunch with Mrs. Whitwell. + + + very pleasant. At Club afterwards Miss Sparrhawk told interesting facts about our Indians. Mrs. Livermore spoke rather harshly of them, saying that they are inferior to the negroes and utterly undesirous of civilization. I mentioned Red Jacket, Simon Ray and Awoncha.

Wednesday, Apr. 10.

+ + + We had a very pleasant reception this afternoon. Among others, Minnie Russell Lyman came in a charming mourning costume, and greeted me with a kiss. I had not seen her since the evening of her wedding, never to be forgotten.

Thursday, Apr. 11.

State Federation of Women's Clubs.

Evening meeting at Symphony Hall; a busy day. Wrote a little screed for this meeting. Miss Rowe having asked me to speak three minutes. Miss Ladd called for me, as arranged. In dressing-room met Mrs. Whitman and another society woman. In anti-room found Miss Rowe all in white satin. Lieut. Gov. Bates and several gentlemen in uniform were there and presently came Charles Bonaparte, who greeted me cordially. I read my little word and sat to hear Miss Helen ----- read Mr. Carey's address, which he was too ill to deliver in person. It was very good. Could not stay for Bonaparte's, which I regretted, Maud having much insisted upon me being at home soon after 9 P. M.

Friday, Apr. 12.

Left for Utica by 11:45 train; a comfortable journey. Miss Watson met me at the station and took me to Mrs. Lindsley's house, where she met me at the gate with a kindly welcome. Mr. Lindsley is a lawyer, rather prominent, I should think.

Saturday, Apr. 13.

Had a little walk with my hostess. Miss Watson came in afternoon with a carriage in which we drove for about an hour. My lecture was in

761.

the evening at the Auditorium of the Woman's Club. The audience was not very large but was very attentive. I had to recite the Battle Hymn, afterwards, and shook hands with a number of those present.

Sunday, Apr. 14.

A quiet day, much of which passed in talking with my hostess. + +

Monday, Apr. 15.

Left by early train for Newberg, which we reached in a storm. A minister Greene met me at the station with an umbrella, and kind Mrs. Hitch was waiting for me in her carriage with a warm welcome. At dinner I met her younger sister, Mrs. Forbes, a very pleasant lady who has been much in China and thinks well of the Chinese in general.

Tuesday, Apr. 16.

A quiet day. + + + Lecture well attended and much commended. Recited Battle Hymn. Had to stand, the pulpit not permitting a different arrangement.

Wednesday, Apr. 17.

Left Newberg between 12 M and 1 P. M. Pleasant journey; reached Albany a little before 3 P. M. + + + Mrs. Brundage welcomed me very kindly. Soon Mrs. Judge Gray came, her servants bringing boxes, one full of lovely roses, one containing a costly dish -- a boned turkey farcié with pistacho nuts and truffles. The lecture was at Mr. Brundage's church, not quite easy to speak in. It was well filled and Mrs. Gray was there with friends, also a good many other society people I heard. Had to stand and to repeat the Battle Hymn. Had a great hand-shaking after the lecture.

Thursday, Apr. 18.

While I was packing came a note from Mrs. Pruym, inviting me and my hosts to lunch with her. I had to get Mrs. Brundage to answer for me with thanks and regrets. Mrs. Gray's carriage came for me with two men-servants. + + + Mrs. Gray's footman would wait to see me on board the train and her maid or secretary met me at the station with a box of violets. She was a rosy and bright eyed young woman, whose people live at Seconnet Point. She is probably more of a companion than a maid. + + Came to my son's house where Fanny received me as usual, but complained of lameness. Doctor came and sent her to bed, ordering a trained nurse. Cousin Mary Ward is in Chicago and I feel it will scarcely answer for me to make a longer stay.

Saturday, Apr. 20.

Felt too ill to travel, so staid quietly at home.

Sunday, Apr. 21.

Left for Boston by 1:02 train. Was kindly helped by a Mrs. Cheney who has known me in former days, which I fail to recall. + + + Very thankful to get home without accident of any kind, and with about one hundred dollars to the good.

Tuesday, Apr. 23.

+ + + I felt for a little while this morning as if it was about time for me to go, but a bath and breakfast stimulated me to a brighter state of mind.

Thursday, Apr. 25.

+ + Have written a screed for Quincy Mansion School. Meant to attend Dr. Knight's lecture, the pouring rain prevented. He came to dinner, as appointed. Maud had invited the Edwin Meads and the Sprague couple to meet him. Dinner was badly served, the girl putting on small tea plates for the second course, which I never saw anywhere. Dr. Knight was, I thought, very tired with his lecture. He was quite entertaining, however, and told many anecdotes. + + + I felt much chagrined at the bad serving of the dinner.

Saturday, Apr. 27.

I have a great gratification today. Mrs. Fiske Warren had invited us to afternoon tea and to hear Coquelin deliver some monologues. I bethought me of my poem entitled, "After hearing Coquelin". Maud wrote to ask Mrs. Warren whether she would like to have me read it and she assented. I procured a fresh copy of the volume in which it is published, and took it with me to this party, which was large and very representative of Boston's most recognized people. Miss Shelford first made a charming recitation in French, which she speaks perfectly. Then Coquelin gave three delightful monologues. The company then broke up for tea and I thought my chance was lost, but after a while order was restored. M. Coquelin was placed where I could see him, and I read the poem as well as I could. He seemed much touched with the homage and I gave him the book. People in general were pleased with the poem and I was very glad and very thankful for so pleasant an experience. Learned with joy of the birth of a son to my dear niece, Elizabeth Chapman.

Monday, Apr. 29.

Lunch with Mrs. Whitman. + + +

Tuesday, Apr. 30.

To speak at Newtonville, "Patriotism", etc. + + + I had forgotten this engagement but fortunately met at yesterday's Club one who reminded me of it. + + + Had a pleasant trip to Newtonville and back. A Mrs. Sargent chaperoned me both ways, a sad eyed woman, gentle and sweet, apparently a little muddled with Christian Science or some such thing. Great delay in getting a proper light to read by. Got only a very poor one. + + +

Wednesday, May 1.

My dear father's birthday, remembered by me with tardy gratitude of all his goodness to me. Alas ! + + + Received today a pleasant note from Mrs. Fiske Warren, accompanying a photo of Coquelin in his costume as Cyrano de Bergerac, sent me with his respects. A pleasant little reception this afternoon. Mrs. Moulton came and brought me May flowers. + + +



Saturday, May 4.

Author's Club at Miss Ticknor's. + + + I took out Mrs. Alden Ward and Miss Shedlock. + + + The meeting was pleasant but I was very tired. In the evening came Jack Hall with the news that he had "A" in Calculus and in Geology on his recent exam. Also that he has work in tutoring to July 1st. + + +

Sunday, May 5.

A delightful sermon from the Bible by C. G. A. Mrs. Ames introduced me to a Mr. Hart, an octrooon I should judge, who has had great success in a school in Washington, D. C. He made me rather an affecting allocution, calling himself one of my children who I had helped toward a higher life and wishing me great peace and contentment of mind.

Monday, May 6.

Have writ a little anecdote in a book of receipts, also copied some verses for a Woman's issue of the Staton Islander. + + +

Tuesday, May 7.

Wesslyan University, Middletown, Conn. + + + Had a comfortable journey. Miss Fisher met me and took me to the house of the president, Dr. Raymond. + + + At the family supper were present the minister and Prof. Van Vleck (?) mathematician, with whom I had some good talk, mostly of Cambridge and the old time faculty, some of whom he had known well. My lecture "Four Poets" was given in one of the Women's buildings and was very well received; many presentations followed. + + + Left Middletown for home, 10:20, Dr. Raymond going with me as far as Springfield. We had to change cars at Berlin and again at Springfield, but my companion made this easy for me. He was bound for Rochester, N. Y. He has studied in Germany and is a superior man. Arriving in Boston, met Mrs. Cheney just coming from my house, so brought her back for a quiet talk about Club and other matters. She has had six funerals of friends within a month. + + + My old trouble in the right breast returned today and worried me a good deal. Friends came in as usual on Wednesday afternoon. + + + Chug dined and took me to the M. I. T. French play, of which I could not hear enough for enjoyment.

Thursday, May 9.

Felt more dead than alive at waking. Dreamed that I was repeating "The monkey's gathering tea", which my Aunt Ann Ward one day repeated endlessly to amuse my cousin, John W. Francis, then a baby; both dead long since. My bath brought me to. Have finished my screed for the Samuel Elliott evening.

Friday, May 10.

Sam Elliott Association evening + + +

Saturday, May 11.

To speak at Howard Seminary, West Bridgewater. + + +

Monday, May 13.

Quincy Mansion School. I had felt an unwillingness to make this

visitation, but felt that I had better go, mostly because Mrs. Livermore seemed to wish it. I had written a careful screed of such bits of counsel as I thought might suit a company of young girls at such a school. + + + We were warmly welcomed by the Willards; the school numbers some forty-five or more pupils. I read my screed first. The girls marched in singing verses of my Battle Hymn with a simple violin accompaniment. + + + A reception and spread followed. + + +

Tuesday, May 14.

I come to my desk very tired from yesterday's outing, but find many little tasks before me, rather serious ones too. I must write something for Mother's Day meeting in Pennsylvania, and prepare for the Suffrage Annual Meeting and the Festival. Also Maynard desires a paper from me very soon.

Wednesday, May 15.

A quiet A. M. Finished reading B. Wendell's history of American Literature. The last pages are more reasonable than much of what preceeds them.. In afternoon a pleasant reception. + + +

Thursday, May 16.

Much depressed today, finances low and spirits lower. Still, I have managed to read Greek and a little Philosophy. Mary Graves is spending the afternoon over my papers, and I have looked over many, destroying some.

Friday, May 17.

Entertain Wintergreens. + + + Made a good beginning on a screed for Maynard on, "The drama in Puritan Quarters."

The Wintergreens began to assemble about 2:30 P. M. We had a pleasant session, Mrs. Livermore president pro tem, as the real president, Mrs. Dyer, was late in coming. We discussed mostly the question of with-drawing from the General Federation, especially on the ground of the color question; decided not to do it. My treat consisted of chocolate, tea, lemonade, sandwiches and cake. It was pronounced entirely satisfactory. I hope that it was so.

Saturday, May 18.

Have writ quite a good deal on screed begun yesterday. + + + Arthur and Henriette Hill came to dine and were very pleasant.

Monday, May 20.

Annual Meeting of N. E. W. C. held in Gilbert Hall by electric light. Quite a peaceable meeting; the only division of opinion being on the election of Booker T. Washington as an honorary member of the club. A motion made to elect by ballot was lost and he was voted in by acclamation, in spite of a few discensured voices.

Wednesday, May 22.

Suffrage Festival; I to call to order and introduce toast-mistress,

5 P. M. Have writ short screed for Festival. + + + A pleasant afternoon tea, which had to leave at 5:30 P. M. to attend Suffrage Festival in Fanueil Hall; really a very fine occasion. I was warmly welcomed and made a few remarks, introducing the toast mistress of the evening, Miss Sarah Cone Bryant. William Dudley Foulke, whom I had not seen in many years, made a rousing speech upon Civil Service Reform and Woman's Suffrage. Mr. Salter of Chicago wrote an admirable paper. The audience were most attentive. Miss Baldwin (colored) did herself great credit. Fanny B. Ames was the last speaker and was heard with pleasure.

Thursday, May 23.

+ + + Had to attend a meeting at 6 Marlboro Street, at 3 P. M. to hear Mr. William Salter of Chicago. + + + In afternoon attended meeting mentioned above. Salter's paper on the True Emancipation of Woman, appeared to me masterly, showing a very comprehensive view of the evils brought upon society by the unequal position of our sex. I was had up quite unexpectedly for a few words. Foulke spoke afterwards, ably as usual. + + +

Saturday, May 25.

Had to try on my new dress which did not quite fit. Annual Banquet of N. E. W. Club at the Vondome. Reception at 1 P. M. Dinner at 2; a large attendance. Edward Cummings, successor to Dr. Hale as pastor of the Second Church, took me into the table. M. P. was there I think, without an invitation. After wandering about, she contrived to slip into an unoccupied seat at one of the tables. I had some beautiful roses, a poem from K. T. Woods, and many delightful greetings. + + + Mrs. Livermore had been asked, "Why is Mrs. Howe at her age so happy?" In answer, she spoke of the pleasures and comforts of old age, and told how returning once from Europe with Mr. L. they had first entered the wrong dock, which they found dark and unprepared for their arrival. Moving over to the right place, they found lights and warm welcome. This pictured for her our arrival in the world beyond. The meeting was very genial and lasted until after 5 P. M. Mrs. Mary Alden Ward told of my dream about Queen Victoria.

Sunday, May 26.

+ + + This was John A. Andrew Day at our Sunday School. A portrait of him was presented to the Dwight School by our Sunday scholars. Mr. Page, Principal of the D. School, made a long address. I made a short one. Sorry to miss the Whit Sunday Communion but could not do so much.

Monday, May 27.

My 82nd birthday, made happy for me by the great kindness and affection of my family and friends. Dear Maud and Jack were with me at breakfast; Laura came later. John K. Wildman sent me a lovely note of congratulation; Mrs. Fields and Sarah Jewett sent me a lovely pearl, heart-shaped broach. Little Alice Haskell sent a box of very beautiful flowers. Harry Shaw Russell, ditto, with a pleasant note. + + I am very grateful for all this loving kindness. Solemn thoughts must come to me of the long past and of the dim uncertain future. I trust God for his grace. My life has been poor in merit, in comparison to what it should have been, but I am thankful that to some it has brought

Comfort and encouragement, and that I have been permitted to champion some good causes and to see a goodly number of my descendants, all well endowed physically and mentally, and starting in life with good principles and intentions. My children all esteemed and honored that honorable service in their day and generation.

Thursday, May 30.

Decoration Day. + + + In afternoon dear Maud and I drove out to Mt. Auburn to visit the dear graves. We took with us the best of the birthday flowers, beautiful roses and lilies. I could not have much sense of the presence of our dear ones. Indeed, they are not there, but where they are, God only knows.

Friday, May 31.

Free Religious Meeting. + + + I made an early start for the meeting mentioned above. The fears which the bold programme had naturally aroused in me, fears lest the dear Christ should be spoken of in a manner to wound those who love him -- these fears were at once dissipated by the reverend tone of the several speakers. The subject for the A. M. Conference was, "The Jesus of history and of tradition". Prof. Schmidt (the Man Jesus and the traditional Christ) built up before us the Christ of tradition, which he practically demolished to build in its place the Man Jesus, which he did with fine appreciation. Rabbi Silverman of Temple Emanu-El, New York, drew fine pictures for us, (Emanu-El Temple, New York, the Jewish conception of Jesus). of Moses and then of Jesus whom he said was really a victim of the Roman administration, not of the Jews. The Hindu, Abhedânanda (Did Christ teach a new religion?) spoke of the early Budist missionaries as having probably visited Judea and having had to do with the founding of the Essenes and Therapeutae. He placed Jesus beside Buda as an unique religious religious teacher and leader. Finally Chadwick (the historical Jesus and modern Christianity), compared the doctrines of Christ with modern Christianity, and concluded that the two were wide apart.

Saturday, June 1.

+ + + I went in the evening to the Free Religious Festival, at which the chairman presided with some wit and much good humor. I heard Mrs. Cheney and Rabbi Fleischer, also Mr. Fox's poem, which was a sort of catechism. When called upon to speak, I found something to say about the beautiful A. M. meeting and specially of the truth which comes down to us, mixed with so much rubbish of tradition. I spoke of the power of truth "which burns all this accumulation of superstition and shines out firm and clear, so we may say that "the myth crumbles but the majesty remains." My words met with a pleasant murmur of approbation. Rabbi Silverman pressed my hand warmly and Rabbi Fleischer put me in my carriage. I went to bed very thankful both for the A. M. and the evening. All this belongs to Friday's record. On Saturday Mary Graves came and gave me a labor of love, as a birthday gift. + + +

Tuesday, June 4.

+ + + Received a letter from Mrs. ~~William Leigh~~, enclosing a so called poem, which she asks leave to dedicate to me -- a hodge-podge calling itself the Message of the Republic, in which she uses as much

767.

of the language of my Battle Hymn, as suits her Convenience. Maud and I are indignant about it, and I have written declining the dedication and reproofing the literary theft. \*Received a charming letter from Bishop Lawrence, thanking me for his pleasure in reading my Reminiscences. Have writ to thank him for his kind letter. X + + + Did not send the letter to Mrs. Leigh, wishing to take advice first.

Wednesday, June 5.

Had a carriage and drove to Park Street, where consulted Frank Garrison. He thought my reply to Mrs. Leigh quite a proper one and I posted it. + + + My letter to Mrs. Leigh, substantially as follows: "Dear Madam: I regret to say that I cannot accept your proposed dedication to me of the verses sent me in your letter. I must add that I consider your use of phrases in my Battle Hymn of the Republic an action unwarranted by the laws of literary courtesy and right. Respectfully", etc. In afternoon came Rabbi Fleischer. + + + We had a pleasant talk. I was gratified to hear him quote the last words of my speech at the Free Religious Banquet, "the myth crumbles, but the majesty remains".

Thursday, June 6.

+ + + Packing for Newport beginning; Maud and I exhorting and promising each other. She finds me reading Landor, and I find her (presently) reading Emerson's poems.

Friday, June 7.

+ + + Very much overcome by the day's heat and worry over papers.

Saturday, June 8.

Rose early, full of anxiety about the day's tale of work. Prayed the merciful Lord to help me through. A letter received from Oak Glen changed our plans and departure is postponed until Monday. This is a merciful reprieve, as is also the lovely cool air today. + + + My eyes get dim in the worry over my papers and packing.

Monday, June 10.

Rose soon after 6 A. M. and did much gathering of the small things, bottles, brushes, writing tools, etc. Left home by 10:45 train; train full. I found a seat by a lady, who proved to be Mrs. Manlius Sargent, widow of a distant cousin of mine, who I remember never to have seen. We had a pleasant gossip about mutual friends and relatives. + + + Found the women at work, the house as well as could be expected. Had a sitting out in my shielded chair on my piazza.

Tuesday, June 11.

Took a pull at my books, but felt the severe strain under which the weather in its extremes, has put us all.

Wednesday, June 12.

The cook has given us warning; she finds the place lonely. Dear Maud to Boston by 1 P. M. train to find another. I found today my Bible

and my Thomas à Kempis, to my great relief. Lay down to rest and felt utterly gone.

Thursday, June 13.

Did a little unpacking but could make no effort. The Newport drowse is upon me and may last some days. + + +

Friday, June 14.

+ + + Dear Maud arrived, bringing the new cook with her, a tall, nice looking girl. The old one left without any unpleasantness.

Sunday, June 16.

To Channing Church. A fine sermon from Mr. Porter on the Three stages of worship in human progress -- God as idol (Moses), God as Ideal, (Christ), God the idea. Such a discourse is liable to be misunderstood and misrepresented. It was nevertheless a fine piece of work.

Must have got chilled in church, or on the way, for had a bad attack of indigestion with chill and severe colic, lasting quite late in the night. Maud slept in my room and tended me assiduously.

Monday, June 17.

Rose at 12:15, read as usual and sat on eastern piazza. + + + + We sent for Dr. Stanton, who came and arranged certain prescriptions. Staid in bed until about 3 P. M. when Maud wrapped me like a mummy and laid me on the sofa in the western parlor. + + +

Thursday, June 20.

About well today; heda weak. + + +

Friday, June 21.

Wrote a second letter to Miss Glass, Maud having made me aware that we cannot make a Western tour in the latter part of October and be on hand to direct arrangements for the celebration of dear Chev's centenary, which will be on November 10th of this year. Wrote a long letter of advice to Lottie B. Porter, a farmer's wife at Mt. Vernon, Illinois, who wrote me, asking the gift of two hundred dollars for her and her nephew to attend the Epworth League Convention in California.

Sunday, June 23.

+ + + Had an attack of malaise at 12:45 P. M. Lay down and got over the pain but at about 4 P. M. had a sensible chill, followed by fever and perspiration. Maud moved me up stairs into my old room, where I slept on a rather narrow bed quite comfortably. Stanton happened in and gave me a new medicine, a hypotency, he said.

Monday, June 24.

Have felt slightly feverish but have escaped both the early and the late indisposition. Have written to H. and M. to send me Dionysos, an Immortality, by Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Mary our cook, who left us some

ten or more days ago, came back today, by her own desire.

Began to feel malaise at about 5 P. M. Had a night of agony which nothing would relieve. This was broken by a sleep at about 12:30, but the pain returned on waking, and I suffered until I should think 5:30 A. M. when sleep came to stay a while.

Tuesday, June 25.

Almost a dies non. We sent for Stanton in the A. M. His medicine seemed to do me good. Jack Elliott on his own responsibility had sent for a nurse, who came. He did this to spare Maud, who was very nervous about me and very tired. + + + I bore it as amiably as I could. The nurse made me very comfortable. + + +

Wednesday, June 26.

Better. + + +

Sunday, June 30.

Against my express orders Dr. Stanton was sent for. It was best though, inspite of my displeasure. I began a very ill natured letter to my dear Laura, but soon gave up my wrath, as dearest Maud has acted in good faith and under great anxiety, as to my condition. + + + +

Friday, July 5.

Nurse Reed left this A. M. I am still in a weak and bilious condition but do not really need her very acceptable services. + + By 11 A. M. or soon after, I was seized with a sudden chill, the worst I have had. Maud and Jack were frightened and sent for Dr. and nurse. The chill was followed by profuse perspiration. I was utterly prostrated and remained in bed all day.

Saturday, July 6.

Very well today but weak. Wrote letter for Sanborn to read on July 9th at Greenacre. Finished screed for the Home people. Had a very slight chill.

(No entry whatever until Saturday, July 13th, and none of any consequence until:)

Monday, July 15th.

Had a little season of visioning this morning before rising. Am sorry that I have not followed it by a day of energy. The great heat has kept me very inactive. Mott Francis called this afternoon. Says he has determined to try his luck elsewhere, as he is starving here.

Tuesday, July 16.

A little Visioning. Dr. Barker came and found me much better in condition than on Friday last. Sugar is still forbidden and medicines continued. Delightful letters today from Laura, Julia Richards and Jack Hall. Also a pleasant one from H. M. H.

Wednesday, July 17.

Wrote letter for dedication of Margaret Fuller Memorial, about as follows: "Dear Mrs. Blake: I am truly glad of the memorial to Margaret Fuller, which, through your efforts, stands today for dedication. Long may it serve as a reminder of one who did brave service to humanity in her day and generation. She is to be remembered as a prophet of the higher womanhood herself an exemplar of true culture and noble sentiment; an inspiration to men and women of her time and of later days."

Finished letter to Margaret Chanler. Wear her manderine dress today for the first time.

Thursday, July 18.

Better today. Have writ some rhymes for my own amusement. + + +

Saturday, July 20.

Dr. Baker came today, reduced my medicine and promised me entire recovery in a fortnight.

Wednesday, July 24.

Have writ to Lillie Mailliard. Dr. Baker came today and said he should not come again unless I should have a relapse, which heaven fend.

Friday, July 26.

Have writ to Laura. I begin to ask, is my work done? Maud tells me that a screed of three thousand words is wanted from me, for which I should receive one hundred dollars.

Sunday, July 28.

Begin a new screed on the duties of women.

Monday, July 29.

Have written the screed but rather lamely.

Thursday, Aug. 1.

Have begun to copy my screed for Collier.

Friday, Aug. 2.

Wrote on screed and took my first drive since recovery.

Sunday, Aug. 4.

Was to have gone to church but Maud and Flossy so besought me not to go that I gave it up. + + +

Friday, Aug. 9.

Came to the end of my screed, not altogether to my own satisfaction.  
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941

Sunday, Aug. 11.

A day of severe heat. I could do very little. Finished book on Kitchener and Omdurman.

Monday, Aug. 12.

Sent off paper for Collier's Weekly. Accepted offer of McClure, Phillips & CO. + + + to write two thousand words on Girlhood fifty (70) years ago; fee fifty dollars; to be sent by September 15th.

Tuesday, Aug. 13.

Our first attempt at the meeting of the Papéterie, a failure. Those invited neither came nor sent excuses. Sattie Fairchild came out with Maud and we sent her to the electric. She was very pleasant.

Friday, Aug. 16.

Finished the Philoctetes of Sophocles, which have read without the help of any translation. Reading in George W. Cook's life of John S. Dwight, recalls to my mind many friends and some delightful occasions.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

Made a tolerable beginning on my screed for McClure's syndicate. H. V. Hubbard came by 2:28 train from Boston to stay over Sunday. I gave up my turn of going to church on his account.

Sunday, Aug. 18.

A Sunday at home. I had arranged to hire the Almy horse to give H. V. H. a pleasant drive. He, Sam Hall and dear Maud drove to Vancluse, which the two gentlemen inspected with great interest. + + + This is my first day without quinine. As I expected, I feel the loss of the stimulant, but am the more sure that it ought to be discontinued.

Monday, Aug. 19.

Tried to work at my screed, not very successfully. + + + Our cook left us this A. M. in a sudden fit of passion. She has been very troublesome and seems not quite in her right mind.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.

Wrote on screed. Papéterie in afternoon at Mrs. Fairchild's; very pleasant. Some new members.

Wednesday, Aug. 21.

Heat severe. Wrote a good deal on screed.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

Made my bed and did all the work of my own room, Maggie having no one to help her today. Wrote on screed. + + + Dear Maud returned from Boston, bringing a cook and Mr. Fox of McKinn, Mead and White, to stay over Sunday.

Tuesday, Aug. 27.

+ + + Wrote a little nonsense on "how to give and receive", for the Papéterie meeting at Mrs. Manson Smith's; very pleasant. Two grand-daughters of Nathaniel Greene present. I have seen their mother in California. Nat was son to a cousin of my father's -- Capt. Nat, well beloved in the family of my youth.

Thursday, Aug. 29.

+ + + Maud who had promised to go with Flossy to call on Mrs. Judge Gray and to the party at the War College, suddenly appeared and said I must go as she was too tired. In fifteen minutes I had dressed myself from boots to bonnet, so I went. Mrs. Gray was as ever very cordial. At the garden party I had a gratifying reception. Saw many friends; among others, Miss Haddane, with whom I spoke of her very religious Scotch ancestor.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

My dear Bro. Marion's birthday. Harry Hall came. + + +

Sunday, Sept. 1.

A sousing rain storm, so no church. Finished letter to S. G. Ward. Looked over some papers of the 80's, destroying a little. Found one from poor Oscar Wilde just before he came to stay over night at my house, this very one. Alas, for him!

Thursday, Sept. 5.

Received a charming letter from S. G. Ward. Wrote to Major Pond declining invitation to lecture at Amsterdam, N. Y., and begging him to transfer it to Flossy, whose circulars I sent him. + + +

Friday, Sept. 6.

Went with dear Maud to the Bergwind Mansion, this being Mrs. B's day at home; the house magnificent, but to me, cheerless; too much for the outside world, too little air about it of domestic comfort and intimacy. I saw indeed only the piano nobile. Hostess very simple and kind in her manner. Met many acquaintances. Afterwards to lunch with Mrs. Judge Gray; a pleasant, friendly little time. Met Laura Post, third daughter of dear Auntie Francis' old friend, Mrs. Taylor. (She a Jephson of New York). + + +

Saturday, Sept. 7.

Began a foolish story for the Papéterie. Collier's Weekly returned my manuscript to my great regret, though I feared that it might not turn out to be what they wanted.

Sunday, Sept. 8.

A violent wind kept me from attending church as I had hoped to do. Flossy and I lunched with Mrs. George Wales. I brought her a copy of my birthday book and one of my souvenir spoons for her maid Mary, who

made me a cap with some of Mrs. Wales' beautiful lace. Dear Flossy took 5 P. M. train for Boston to visit M. Anagnos. Driving home I met my nieces, Daisy and Margaret Chanler, with Daisy's little Hester Marion. They had been out at my place. We had quite a little pow-wow in my carriage. + + +

Monday, Sept. 9.

J. Elliott up to town by A. M. train. Have been all day without news of Maud. Wrote a little on screed; somewhat discouraged by the non success of the article which I wrote with such pains for Collier.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.

+ + + Flossy played delightfully in the evening.

Thursday, Sept. 12.

+ + + Dear Flossy's last day here. She was too busy for me to ask her to play duets with me.

Friday, Sept. 13.

Dear Flossy and her boy Jack left for Plainfield. I shall miss F. very much. She has been my stand by this summer. Dear Maud has been full of many little and great anxieties. Have sent my screed on Girlhood to Ida Husted Parker, McClure's syndicate.

Sunday, Sept. 15.

Began to work at a poem asked for by the Boston Globe -- a tribute to President McKinley. Loudon came in afternoon to make a short stay. Jessie Cochran with him but not to stay. + + +

Tuesday, Sept. 17.

Loudon was charming. He took kodaks of us. Had quite a talk with me. I wrote three letters for him, two for Salt Lake City and one for St. Paul. He gave me a pair of pretty old silver buckles. We parted from him with regret but were glad to have had his visit. I finished and sent off my poem for the Globe, reading it first to Maud and Loudon, who did not much care for it, I judged. In afternoon we had not thought that the Papeterie would meet, this being the day of the President's funeral. At 5 P. M. they sent over for me from Brady Normans and Maud and I went over in Mrs. Manson Smith's open carriage, returning in our own. I read my poem at the meeting, and it was much liked. Maud congratulated me upon it. + + + + +

Thursday, Sept. 19.

Appointed by Pres. Roosevelt as a day of mourning and prayer, after Pres. McKinley's death. A pleasant, sunny, autumn day. We passed it much as usual, having no church within easy reach..

Saturday, Sept. 21.

Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed, how art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me.

Jeremiah 2-21.

Sunday, Sept. 22.

To Channing Church, first time since June 16th. Very thankful for this great help and privilege. A fine sermon from Mr. Porter on the importance of direct purpose in our moral life, illustrated by St. Paul's small account of eating meat offered to idols, and his efforts to accomplish his mission. I prayed above all for a moment of true worship, and perhaps I had it. + + + To lunch with the Fair-children. They were delightful and their piazza was ideal. Howard Cushing was there.

Monday, Sept. 23.

A pleasant day. Made a translation of Horace's "Quis Desiderio", which Sam Hall considered very good. Daisy and Wintie Chanler to lunch. Both seemed depressed. + + +

Tuesday, Sept. 24.

At my desk as usual. Sat out with Laura and Maud under a tree. Papéterie in afternoon at Mrs. Joseph's. Laura read "Jim of Hellas", delightfully. A pleasant but rather noisy meeting.

Friday, Sept. 27.

+ + + Dear Laura and Sam Hall left in evening by New York boat. Sam actually shed tears at parting with me. He has been very dear, sweet, companionable, and servicable in little "odd jobs".

Saturday, Sept. 28.

A golden day so far as concerns weather.

Monday, Sept. 30.

"But they are not valiane for truth upon the earth".

Jeremiah, 9-3.

Went with dear Maud to lunch with Mrs. Burgwind in her palatial house, really palatial. She is very cordial and simple; her parents were present, very pleasant elders. The father, Torrey by name, was a young art student in Rome in that wonderful winter of 1850-51 in which I had my full enjoyment of the ancient city, now so much modernized. We had some talk about the personages who figured there in those days. Mrs. B. took us all over the house, which, I should say, could not certainly be run at a less expense than \$50,000 per annum. Of course, this is a mere guess of mine. I could not but feel depressed at the sight of so much expense, which probably does not add either to the convenience or the happiness of the parties themselves. But perhaps people of my tastes and pursuits cannot understand the gratification which great possessions and display may bring. Maud felt as I did.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.

Papéterie at Mrs. Rogers; very animated and pleasant. Mrs. Bowles told a quite thrilling story of an adventure of hers in Cairo years ago. I read part of my story which was well received. There was some leave-taking, some of our members are about to end their summer sojourn here. We did not call it our last meeting, but Maud and I decided after-

#75

wards that it would be best not to have another this season. + + +

Wednesday, Oct. 2.

+ + + I got tired over my books and papers. Felt as if perhaps I cannot work longer to advantage.

Saturday, Oct. 5.

A package came today from McClure's syndicate. I thought it was my manuscript returned and rejected, and said, "God give me strength not to cry". I opened it and found a typewritten copy of my paper on Girlhood, sent to me for correction in lieu of printer's proof. I am thankful for this. Wrote a little on my screed about "Anarchy". Had a sudden thought that the sense and spirit of government is responsibility. + + + +

Sunday, Oct. 6.

A restful Sunday at home. Read one of Martineau's services, corrected screed on Girlhood. In afternoon Maud read to us from Keat's "Endymion". Wrote a poem on "The Dead Century", which has in it some good lines, I hope.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.

The cook ill with rheumatism. I made my bed, turning the mattress, and put my room generally to rights. When I lay down to take my usual obligato rest, a fit of verse came upon me, and I had to abbreviate my lie down to write out my inspiration.

Friday, Oct. 11.

Daisy Chanler came out with two exquisite little children, Brother six years old and Margaret four years. In A. M. had a visit from Susan B. Anthony and a Mrs. Forbes. Miss A. was very friendly and Maud was much taken with her.

Monday, Oct. 14.

I was to have met today with the Woman's Alliance of Channing Church, and to have spoken to them. A furious rain storm prevents this, to my regret. Dearest Maud would go to Boston, despite the storm, to visit Margaret Deland and to see about Jack's business. + + + +

Wednesday, Oct. 16.

Have writ something on Anarchy in pursuance of my idea that government primarily represents responsibility, to which authority is second. P. M. -- have writ a long letter to Mrs. Jennie A. Becher of Wilson, Oregon, a woman who writes an educated letter from the back woods of the mountain shore. Is expecting her eleventh child, the tenth being nine months old. She wrote to me for comfort and company, being shut off even from school and church. I have written to cheer and encourage her, and have promised to send her some magazines. + + + +

Thursday, Oct. 17.

+ + + In afternoon to town to visit Mrs. William S. Weld and cousins, the Turners. Got caught by a shower while at Mrs. Weld's, who kindly invited me to stay over night. She played to me on her pianola and gave me two fine bunches of hot house grapes. I stopped at the Turner house to leave the best bunch for Lizzie T. who is an invalid. Did not dare to stay as the skies looked very threatening. Was badly chilled by sitting in the carriage while Michael did the errands, and by the long drive home.

Friday, Oct. 18.

Find myself well today, contrary to my expectations after yesterday's exposure.

Saturday, Oct. 19.

Have writ a little "appreciation" for the Centenary of the New York Evening Post.

Monday, Oct. 21.

Read my screed on the "Duties of Women", ordered by Collier's Weekly and rejected by it, to the Woman's Alliance of Unity Church. The meeting was at the parsonage. I read before the paper, my poem on the death of our late President, and after it my poem on "Duty", which was warmly received.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.

+ + + Heard today that my old and valued friend Edmund Tweedy, died yesterday, aged ninety years. I hoped to attend his funeral but only learned of it accidentally in Dr. Brackett's house, as to take place just at the time of my appointment. I would have postponed this, but I had already sent my man and carriage down town. I felt badly about this. Went later to Mrs. Rogers', to meet an acquaintance of many years, Mrs. Dr. McClellan, once Abby Hare. + + + + Was much worried at hearing that my son-in-law, David Hall, is seriously out of health. A month of rest is ordered for him, which I fear he will not take.

Wednesday, Oct. 23.

I am today in much confusion of mind. My friend in early youth and of many years, Mary Dorr, died on Monday, 21st. I desire to attend her funeral tomorrow but am expecting Cousin Mott and Mary Greene to supper, having had once to put them off. Also am pressingly invited to attend the King Alfred banquet at Delmonico's on October 28th, having just telegraphed David Hall to make me a visit. What to do I do not know. Mrs. Dorr's death is a relief from much weakness and bodily infirmity. We were once very intimate but have grown apart, although I have regretted her seeming neglect of me in these last years. She was much interested in spiritualism and mind cure, both of which I eschew. Other and younger people have gathered around her, of which I am glad, yet a little jealous for the old friendship. + + + Did my nonsense lines about Dr. Barker into Latin and Greek to send him, according to promise; sending also the original English.

Thursday, Oct. 24.

Had a very grievous time at waking, worrying about the Convention of the State Federation at Springfield, which I promised to attend and where I wish to be. Matters here seem to make it incumbent upon me to stay by the ship, which I have decided to do. Went up with dear Maud to Mary Dorr's funeral. In the cars met a Mr. Grosvenor, formerly of Providence, who had danced to my playing one Christmas in early childhood. At the Dorr house found a wreath of laurel and violets over the usual strip of crepe. Arlo Bates helped me up stairs, where George Dorr took me affectionately by the hand and seated me next to Thomas Ward, his uncle. Rev. Frank Peabody was the minister. Maud was much impressed with his choice and reading of scripture, and with his remarks, which were excellent; three hymns by the choir of Kings Chapel fairly sung and very good in effect. The casket was covered with the choicest flowers, as was the rest on which it was placed. Mary's old coachman, Bennett, stood beside George, at, I suppose, the foot of the casket, which was closed. Many old friends were there; no indifferent acquaintances I should think. Dear Maud took me to lunch at the Victoria, and put me in the car for Newport, where arrived safely in a tempest of wind.

Friday, Oct. 25.

+ + + Have thought much about Mrs. Dorr's life and death. This last event opened to me such a panorama of retrospect -- Mary's visit here in 1839, her engagement to my brother Henry, my visits to her in Boston, Henry's death, our intimacy of many years and her singular estrangement from me, during say the last five years. She always met me affectionately, but never sought me nor sent any greetings when I was ill, or at other times. Remembering now the delight which I once had in her society, I am sad that our record closed with no postscript regarding the old affection. Of this she once said to my Maud: "Your mother and I were once like hand and glove, but I have grown." + + + +

Sunday, Oct. 27.

To church where heard a good sermon from Mr. How. Something on the usefulness of the several gospels in giving individual views of Christ's life and character, and on what each of us should do in illustrating the truth and power of Christianity in life. Went after service to see my Turner cousins. Found Katie resolute and cheerful as ever; Lizzie sadly changed, crippled by paralysis and very nervous. William, the sculptor, is with them and very glad to be at home after many years passed in Florence. In the evening gave Joanna warning, the thought of which caused me much discomfort, yet it seems best. She took it not unkindly, to my great relief.

Wednesday, Oct. 30.

The day being unusually bright and mild, I drove into town to call upon Mrs. Maj. Gibbs and the Edward Potters. I found Mrs. Gibbs in fine toilette, waiting to take Prof. Wolcott Gibbs to see the Berwind mansion. Mrs. Potter was "not at home", whether truly or officially I could only guess. I had a touching interview with her husband, who although badly paralyzed, seems cheerful and interested in his music and other things. He gave me a copy of his 12th Night Cantata, and described a delightful Christmas, years ago, when he had performed it here at his own house, with accompaniments of feasting and boar's head. This he

778.

hopes to repeat this season. Went then to the Tweedy house where I found Mrs. Tiffany, a niece, with whom I had a friendly talk about the last days and final exit of my old and valued friend. I brought away some yellow chrysanthemums, one of which I will press and preserve in remembrance of the house whose hospitality I have so often and so kindly enjoyed.

Thursday, Oct. 31.

Busy all day sorting letters and papers, and packing books for our transit, which is fixed for Saturday, barring a storm. + + +

Friday, Nov. 1.

Question is, can I get through with this removal and live through it? My Heavenly Friend must help me. This departure is a sad one for me, for like John M. Forbes when he left Nashua for the last time, I say to myself, "never again perhaps". Yet my fear is rather that I may live too long, losing my faculties and perhaps bowed down with infirmity. Fortunately I feel that "God knoweth which is best".

Saturday, Nov. 2.

I leave this dear place today, thanking God for a most precious summer and trusting him for all that is to follow.

I wrote the above at my old study table in my room at Oak Glen. We got off very comfortably, only that at the last minute I found some papers which I meant to pack in my bag, and for which there was no room.  
+ + + + +

*Boston*

Sunday, Nov. 3.

Went to my dearest Church where dear C. G. A. preached on the confession of sins, a consoling sermon, helpful to me. At the Communion service which followed, he nodded to me to speak. He had said a word about this before the morning service, and I had thought up a rather pretty speech about the pardoning grace of God, but when the rite began, I dropped this and spoke out of the feeling of the moment, of the beautiful ancient solemnity and of the wonder of Christ's regeneration of the human race. At church Mary Graves sat on my right and Maria Bray on my left. It was a very precious Communion.

My room here has been nicely cleaned, but I bring into it a great heap of books and papers. I am going to try hard to be less disorderly than in the past.

Monday, Nov. 4.

Various hurries and worries, Maud very nervous and much overwrought. Went to my club where I was received with open arms and a warm welcome. T. W. Higginson spoke of England and America as cousins, with a very just appreciation of the relation of the two countries, their agreements and their contrasts. He said that English papers give almost no American news.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.

Dudley Mills called today to say that he and his wife will come



tomorrow to lunch. He says that Higginson's statement regarding the absence of American news from English papers is not according to fact, and that the Times has whole columns about our affairs and letters from G. W. Smalley. Julia Terry called. I gave her my name and promised to take two tickets for her concerts.

Wednesday, Nov. 6.

+ + + Dudley Mills and wife came in time for luncheon. + + + Finding that these guests will stay at home tomorrow evening, I hastily wrote cards for a few friends and neighbors. + + +

Thursday, Nov. 7.

A talk "heart to heart" to Arlington Woman's Club. + + + A carriage was sent for me. Mrs. Mills wished to go with me, so we drove out to Arlington, where I found the Club assembled -- an audience of, I should think, three hundred or four hundred women. I read them my paper written for Collier's magazine, and two poems, one on McKinley's death, and one on Duty, which is called "a dream of the hearth-stone". + + + My evening party was very pleasant and I think that the Millses enjoyed their day and evening.

Friday, Nov. 8.

Mrs. Severance will call soon after 11 A. M. Had a pleasant talk with her and a Miss Grover, her friend. I introduced Mrs. Severance to my Flossy and she promises to arrange lectures for F. in St. Paul and its neighborhood. Bought a gold pen for two dollars. I have long wanted to have one. Mine, given me by Luther Terry, used for many years, disappeared in Rome, probably stolen by the maid. + + + We had a quiet, pleasant late dinner at which Dudley (Mills) talked a good deal about some recent astronomical speculations. His wife, after dinner, told me about the death of her two babies, a sad affliction, the mention of which brought tears to her eyes. + + + Milsia said to me at parting, "I am sure that our happy faces must have told you how much we have enjoyed this visit." She has much French grace.

Saturday, Nov. 9.

This was my dearest Maud's birthday, which I ungraciously forgot until with tears in her eyes she told me of it. We have been distractingly busy with the house, the visit of the Millses and some worries about David Hall and Flossy, etc. I wish to attend Ambuster's musical lecture but Maud begged me not to go for fear of not being in good condition for Monday's solemnities. I consented to stay at home, of which I was very glad when I learned that it was her dear birthday.

Sunday, Nov. 10.

Kept at home by a sudden cold wave. Maud and Flossy are so anxious to have me well for tomorrow, that they besought me not to go to church, and I consented to stay at home. + + + H. M. H. arrived from New York, to attend tomorrow's celebration.

Monday, Nov. 11.

The day of the celebration of dear Chev's 100th birthday. I had dreaded this somewhat and in the early morning could think only of my own short comings in our married life. Before starting for the temple I received three beautiful gifts of flowers, a great bunch of white roses from Lizzie Agassiz, a lovely bouquet of violets from Mrs. Batcheller, and some superb chrysanthemums from Mrs. George H. Perkins. The occasion was to me one of solemn joy and thankfulness. Senator Hoar presided with beautiful grace, precluding with some lovely reminiscences of Dr. Howe's visit to his office in Worcester, Mass., when he, Hoar, was a young lawyer. Edward Hale troubled our joy by reading a letter from Helen Keller, in which she managed to put herself forward as a sophomore in Radcliffe College. Sanborn and Manant excelled themselves; Humphries did very well. Hoar requested me to stand up and say a few words, which I did, he introducing me in a very felicitous manner. I was glad to say my word, for my heart was deeply touched. With me on the platform were my dear children and Jack Hall and Julia Richards; Anagnos, of course; the music very good.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.

Speak to our Church Alliance on Sophocles as a pre-Christian religious Idealist. + + +

Wednesday, Nov. 13.

Finished my screed on Negro Education, for Hearst's syndicate. + +

Saturday, Nov. 16.

Lecture in Somerville, Mass. + + +

Sunday, Nov. 17.

+ + + Thought in church of a sermon on the redeeming power of God. Text: "Oh, Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

Wednesday, Nov. 20.

Received a letter from Miss Henrietta F. Rounds, teacher of Gibbs School, South Portsmouth, thanking me for some advertising and other pictures which I sent her for the school children. Also one from Horace Bumpstead, thanking me for my letter on the negro problem, written for Hearst's syndicate and published in the New York Journal. Also a letter from a Mrs. Lydia Kingsmill Commander + + + inquiring about the object of A. A. W. which the same journal mentioned as "the society of advanced Women". Have written her in reply.

Thursday, Nov. 21.

Meeting of Ex. Board Authors' Club, 4:30 P. M.

I went first to the Circolo Italiano at Mrs. J. C. Gray's. There I had to make a little speech in Italian. The meeting was large and people seemed well pleased with the Count's lecture. + + + + +

Friday, Nov. 22.

+ + + A delightful reunion and lunch of A. A. W. at my house, Mrs. Wolcott providing the lunch from the remnant of the club fund. I had fortunately found Dr. Devoll's address among my papers, so I sent a telegram to her and a note to Kate Gannett Wells. They came, both of them. We talked over our old Congresses and their results, and were together from 10:30 A. M. to 3:45 P. M., after which my fatigue was very great but most happy the remembrance of the day. + + +

Saturday, Nov. 23.

Did not wake until 8:45 A. M. A bad head which soon bettered. Anagnos and Sanborn to lunch. + + +

Sunday, Nov. 24.

A very stormy day, pouring rain and high wind, very dim light. I worked mostly at papers. Had a little reading. Chug and Julia dined and passed the evening.

Monday, Nov. 25.

Another day of storm.

Thursday, Nov. 26.

+ + + Wrote for screed on Margaret Fuller -- Maynard's syndicate. Tried to walk out but found the wind impossible to stand against.

Wednesday, Nov. 27.

Went to walk. Was seized by the wind and clung to a railing -- a kind young lady passing, took me to my house. Have writ screed about Mrs. Stowe. Hope not to have more writing to do until I shall have rested a good deal. + + +

Thursday, Nov. 28.

A day of pleasant agitation from beginning to end. I tried to recognize in thought the many mercies of the year. My fortunate recoveries from illness, the great pleasures of study, friendly intercourse, thought and life generally. Our Thanksgiving dinner was at about 1:30 P. M. and was embellished by the traditional turkey, a fine one, to which David, Flossy, Maud and I did justice. The Richards girls, Julia and Betty and Chug and Jack Hall flitted in and out, full of preparation for the evening event, the marriage of my dear Harry Hall to Alice Haskell. I found time to go over my screed for Maynard, very carefully, rewriting a little of it and mailing it in the afternoon. In the late afternoon came Harry Hall and his best man, Tom McCready, to dine here and dress for the ceremony. Maud improvised a pleasant supper; we were eight at table. Went to the church in two carriages; a sufficient company assembled; pulpit decorated with palms in pots. Bride looked pretty, simply white satin dress and tulle veil. Six bridesmaids in pink, carrying white chrysanthemums. The ushers were stunning; Hal Richards very noble and beautiful in appearance. John ditto and Jack Hall looked very well. H. M. H. seemed very boyish but looked

charmingly. Maud, David, Flossy and the two Richards girls sat with me in first reserved pew. In the pew behind us were Will and Nellie and Maud Parks and Louisa and Medora Francis. The service was simple and impressive. The bride's father is gentlemanly in appearance. The ushers and Richards girls came here after the ceremony and I proposed a lancers, which I played and they all danced with a will. We had some plum cake and some light wine. It was simple and very cordial and enjoyable.

Today I have writ to L. A. Maynard anent the screed mailed to him yesterday, and to Miss Minnie E. Putney, the lady who came to my assistance on Wednesday last when the wind so baffled me that I was forced to hold on to the iron railing and call for aid. She kindly brought me home and I told her my name. Today brought a note from her inquiring whether I had felt any ill effects from the exposure. I have just answered her inquiry. Dreamed early this morning that Charles Sumner was praising my screed about the negro, in New York Journal.

Saturday, Nov. 30.

To Authors' Club with Mrs. May Alden Ward. + + +

Sunday, Dec. 1.

Rose soon after 6 A. M. and managed to take 9 A. M. train for Gardiner. Had a comfortable journey, very silent and solitary. H. R. met me at station; Laura and the dear girls well and delightful.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.

Went down town for some small shopping, more for amusement than for the want of anything.

Wednesday, Dec. 4.

Wrote to H. E. Howland, + + New York, promising to write my name in the copies of my last volume of poems sent me to that end, the object being to save Ascension Church, the church which I attended until my marriage.

Friday, Dec. 6.

+ + + The last day of my visit in this dear house. Peace and joy ever rest upon it !

Left Gardiner with dear Laura by afternoon train for So. Berwick. Mary Jewett met us at the Salmon Falls station; a warm welcome and delightful evening.

Saturday, Dec. 7.

Lecture in South Berwick. + + + "Reminiscences of four Poets". Very attentive audience; a Baptist minister sang my Battle Hymn; many greetings afterwards. A pleasant Miss Lord came to tea, daughter of the lecturer, Rev. John Lord, whom I have heard. She went to my lecture with a bachelor cousin named Hayes, a brother of Mr. Francis Hayes whom I knew and valued. This brother is a great recluse.

Monday, Dec. 9.

Reached home very thankfully after a delightful outing of eight

days.

Tuesday, Dec. 10.

Have written two stanzas of Battle Hymn in a Sunday School book sent me last summer. + + +

Wednesday, Dec. 11.

Lecture in West Brookfield. + + + Was much gratified to hear that my performance had given great pleasure.

Thursday, Dec. 12.

Wrote all the A. M. on my screed for New York Journal, on the observance of Sunday. + + +

Friday, Dec. 13.

Luncheon Women's Aux. Civil Service Reform. + + + Rev. Lyman Abbott took me into dinner. We had a very pleasant talk. I saw many people whom I have formerly known, Carl Schurz, Prof. Proctor, Effie (Shaw) Lowell. The speaking was not without interest, yet not what Mr. Emerson would have called "memorable". Although not asked to speak, (no woman was), my reception was very cordial and gratifying.

Saturday, Dec. 14.

A day of comparative rest. Wrote my suffrage queries for H. B. B.  
+ + + +

Sunday, Dec. 15.

Such a down pour that could not go to church, which I had much desired to do.

Monday, Dec. 16.

+ + + George B. Dorr called in afternoon and we had a long talk about the long past, and especially about my brother Henry who was engaged to George's mother. It seemed like getting into a crypt to recall the scenes of that distant time. He asked leave to call again tomorrow.

Tuesday, Dec. 17.

George Dorr called again and brought a great number of letters to his father from my father and from many other people. We had a good sitting together. He described to me his grandfather coming in to break the news of dear Henry's death to his family. Mary and her mother were sitting in the parlor. Mr. Ward entered, his eyes streaming with tears. "Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Ward. Mr. Ward folded his daughter in his arms. As George told me this, which he had heard from his mother, the tears came and his voice faltered. As he rose to take leave, I said: "Dear George, I love to go over the past with you, but you must not dwell upon it too much. The future is before you; you must think of it."

Thursday, Dec. 19.

Circolo Italiano. + + + Have writ in reply to George T. Downing and others, these colored gentlemen having sent me a letter of thanks

for my screed on the negro problem. Also a letter in reply to Miss Sarah V. Legate + + + saying that know nothing of the belongings of her deceased relative, Mrs. Legate. + + +

Friday, Dec. 20.

Michael sent carriage to take me to the Blind Kindergarten. + + + The children's performances were very interesting, showing good training in music and elocution. Two albinos among them were strange of aspect. I was repeatedly moved to tears by the pathetic sound of their little voices. Michael asked me to say a few words afterwards, which I did, addressing the children. + + + Dear Alice Richards arrived in late afternoon and found me gone to Mrs. Frank Bacheller's reception, where I went to represent the family.

Saturday, Dec. 21.

Woke at 6 A. M. worrying very needlessly about dear Alice's departure. + + +

Sunday, Dec. 22.

To church in A. M. A good sermon from C. G. A. Many greetings from members of the congregation, where I have not been seen of late. Alice arrived in afternoon and we went together to hear the Messiah. A good performance, not quite perfect. The soprano, Mrs. ----- delightful. Tenor, weak in "Comfort Ye", but splendid in "Thou Shalt Break Them", and very good in "Thy Rebuke". I suffered all day with acute pain in my right hand, and had with it a feverish chill which interfered with my enjoyment of the divine music. I kept the hand very warm in a fur mitten, the gift of Mary Jewett. The pain kept me awake part of the night. In afternoon Robert Batcheller brought me a very fine fountain pen for a Christmas gift. While he was with me came William R. Alger, who began by praising my short screed on "Literary Women" writ for Maynard's syndicate, and then fairly exploded with metaphysical talk, which must have amazed my other sober visitor.

Monday, Dec. 23.

My hand so lame as to be quite useless. + + + Maud returned from Maine, looking much better from her visit.

Tuesday, Dec. 24.

Circolo Italiano + + +. A Mr. Woodward read Goldoni's Locandiera most wonderfully. In the morning went to the Blind Kindergarten where said a few words, at Michael's request. The performance good and most pathetic.

Wednesday, Dec. 25.

A quiet Christmas. Many gifts from dear children and friends. We dined at 7:30 with Mrs. George H. Perkins. Her parrot hopped upon the table at dessert, ate toasted almonds and drank champagne. Gifts were exchanged after dinner. I brought a flask of my cherry rum for Mrs. P., who gave me a very pretty scrap basket. Isabel gave me a lovely Gibraltar shawl.

Friday, Dec. 27.

In afternoon Italian Christmas tree; I to say a word at the beginning of the show.

Chug dined and went with us. The occasion was very interesting. The children, five hundred in number, looked very pretty and sang and danced with much grace. The Piefferari played; they were really from the Abruzzi. A pretty proverb was performed by three or four of the older girls. My entrance was hailed by a general clapping of hands and my little speech (in Italian) was much applauded. The Christmas trees were ornamented with electric lamps in the Italian colors, red, white and green.

Saturday, Dec. 28.

Speak to Saturday Morning Club. + + + Very pleasant meeting. I gave my Brook Farm lecture which had been chosen by the club and which they liked very much.

Sunday, Dec. 29.

Woke at about 4 A. M. with a hideous headache, which bettered somewhat but which gave me a lame day. A sousing rain made church impossible. Wrote to my dear son thanking for his check for two hundred dollars, a Christmas gift. + + + Henry Hubbard kept me company delightfully.

Tuesday, Dec. 31.

The last day of a blessed year in which I have experienced some physical suffering but also many comforts and satisfactions. I have had grippe and bronchitis in the winter and bad malarial jaundice in the summer, but I have been constantly employed in writing on themes of great interest and have had much of the society of children and grandchildren. Of these last two are happily married, i. e. in great affection. My dear Maud and her husband have been with me constantly and I have had little or no sense of loneliness.

Went to Tuesday Club at Mrs. Warren's, where for the first time Woman's Suffrage was the theme for discussion. I have determined to hold back but was the first called upon to speak my mind. I told briefly of my earlier opposition to the measure, and of my conversion to the Cause. Later on in reply to the question whether women were better than men and less likely to become corrupt in politics, I said that that was not the question, that equal suffrage would express the best intelligence of both men and women, and that matters of public interest would thus have the best opportunity of being well considered. I said also referring to conflicting reports of Colorado, that in the old anti-slavery times society people would have told an inquirer that all the respectability of Boston was against meddling with the slavery question, and that only a few fanatics troubled themselves about it. Mrs. Ames gave much valuable testimony in favor of suffrage. God gave us both grace not to descend to any violent statements.

In summing up the good things of the year, I must not forget to mention the splendid celebration of the dear Doctor's centenary, which was a thing to be thankful for.

1902.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1902.

I had a very pleasant reception. Many real friends came and beautiful flowers were sent me. The weather was very inclement; boisterous and biting wind and a very low temperature. Among others, I had a good talk with Prof. Schofield about Jowett's life and letters, his whole souled devotion to education, etc. I spoke of the want of appreciation of literary values shown today in the mad race for fiction. He said, "Can not you write about this for one of the magazines?"

Thursday, Jan. 2.

My first day of writing in this book purchased this day. ✓ If God grants me to complete this year, as well as to begin it, I pray that it may be for good to myself and others. ✕ Have had a visit and a long talk with Louise Saniewska, who is now a retired teacher with a comfortable income and many friends among cultivated people in New York. + +

Friday, Jan. 3.

+ + + A severe feeling of fatigue over comes me early in the day. The sidewalks were too slippery for me to venture out of the house. We had a pleasant visit in the evening from Justin Windsor Smith.

Sunday, Jan. 5.

I had the joy of going to my dear church and of hearing an excellent New Year's sermon from C. G. A. Dear Maud went with me. + + + I am sure that the service was soothing and helpful to her. All these days have been reading with intense interest in Jowett's life and letters lent me by Sarah Jewett. I could make an excellent booklet of bits and sayings of his, if this were allowable. I feel that I must write to E. L. Stanley about him.

Called on Mrs. Wales after church. She has been out of health for three months past. She wore a sumptuous morning gown of purple plush, with a front of purple chiffon, with accordin plates. + + +

Monday, Jan. 6.

To dinner of Authors' Club. + + + Miss De Hon told me this morning that Mrs. James (Louisa Cushing) was to leave for the West this very day. I felt impelled to go at once and try to see her. Rather at my surprise, she came down to receive me, and we had a short but very pleasant interview, of which I was very glad, having known so well her husband's grandfather, and his father, somewhat. Got together some rhymes for tonight's dinner. Could not get any clear idea of what I should say. Julia W. (Richards) went with me to the dinner, where I was cordially received. The reception was tiresome and prolonged as Gilbert Parker was waited for. He neither came nor sent word, so far as I know. Singing by Webber Quartette enlivened the dinner. Bliss Perry sat on my left, Edna Dean Proctor on my right. My lines were addressed to Perry. I persuaded Miss Proctor to recite a really good poem, "The



verses, not bad ones. T. W. H. was quite impressive in his remarks; Bliss Perry also very good. I snapped out here and there and made a few concluding remarks.

Tuesday, Jan. 7.

Lunch with Alice Thayer.

At last evening's meeting I introduced Mrs. Palmer with, "Palm to palm is holy Palmer's kiss". In my few concluding words I tried to take up both the serious and the comic side of the entertainment. I did not feel "at my best" but people told me that I had done well. This A. M. my dearest Maud took 9 o'clock train for Washington, D. C. + + + The lunch at Alice Thayer's was very pleasant to me. Mrs. George Chase and Annie Hone were there, and a pleasant Miss Wharton. With the two ladies first named I had much talk about New York, of my earlier life in which I knew their forebears.

Wednesday, Jan. 8.

The Dresel's musicale, 9 P. M. Have begun a letter to Lyulph Stanley, asking to hear from him about Jowett and the books; the music delightful. I sat by Lizzie Agassiz. Two Italian sisters with a great abundance of voice, the alto especially remarkable; a little exaggeration of throat tones sometimes. Bach and Handel arias and duos; beautiful songs by Otto Dresel, among them my "Baby with the hat and plume", and Tennyson's, "Come into the garden Maud".

Thursday, Jan. 9.

Lunch with Mrs. Susan B. Cabot; S. A. King's reading, 8 P. M.

The lunch very pleasant; a distinguished company; Helen Bell Fields and Jowett Emily Pierson, I forget the others; the hostess in a gown of peach bloom satin, covered with rich white lace. She gave me a serviceable ~~gain~~ at the suggestion of Sarah Jewett. I had not seen her in many years.

Friday, Jan. 10.

Lunch with Mrs. Clement Waters; she sent a carriage for me. Harriett Prescott Spofford met me in the elevator. Arlo Bates came and a Mr. Page, a literary man, I gathered; Mrs. Runkle and Bertha were late. Homans Womans came; a good deal of talk about books, mostly recent novels. All agreed that the Atlantic today would not accept Milton's "L'Allegro", nor would any other magazine.

Saturday, Jan. 11.

Had a chance to hear the Symphony Concert. Chug went with me. I enjoyed very little of it, most Beethoven's ovature for the dedication of the house. The Tschalkowsky symphony seemed to me to have in it more noise than music. Felt that I am too old to enjoy new music. A hard time getting my carriage; good old Dan Herlin was on the spot and helped us.

Sunday, Jan. 12.

Heard a thoughtful and excellent sermon from C. G. A. on "He shall show (me or thee) the way of life". After service read the typewritten

paper from William J. Harris on "The Third Antinomy of Kant". Dear Chev's niece made a long call in the evening, a lonely, cheerless woman, once very handsome, now left much to her own devices which are not enough for her.

Monday, Jan. 13.

+ + + Had a "melancholy" this morning before rising about being left alone by Maud's probable departure. Prayed that I might still work and serve my best. X To club in afternoon where I did my best to run a rather confusing business meeting. To late dinner with Homans Womans, a pleasant company; Edward Hale and wife, the latter not often seen; Arlo Bates, Dr. John Homans, Jr., and a Mr. Kidder. At about 1 P. M. a man called and sent up his name as Algernon Middleton Stubbs formerly of Santo Domingo. He said that I would remember his wife and sent up a very old and soiled photograph, which I did not recognize. I said that he might call at 10 A. M. tomorrow.

Tuesday, Jan. 14.

Tuesday Club. Question: "Does unrestricted immigration counteract the influence of our educational and charitable work?" Anticipating some request of Algernon Middleton Stubbs for money, I had a five dollar bill changed. He called, poorly but decently dressed; had married Mrs. Connor after her husband's death. I had known her at Samana Bay where she and Connor had a shop. Gave the man Stubbs two dollars, as he was rather pitiful.

Wednesday, Jan. 15.

Reception for E. D. C., M. A. L., and myself at Parker House.

Friday, Jan. 17.

Wintergreens at Mrs. Walton's.

Saturday, Jan. 18.

Have writ to Mrs. M. A. Logan, + + + that will try for the Journal's prize for a civic poem. + + +

Wednesday, Jan. 22.

Rev. V. A. Cooper asks me to visit his aged sister on this her 80th birthday. He lives at Kensington Park, Roxbury, and will send a carriage for me at any hour which I may suggest.

Changed to January 24th.

Friday, Jan. 24.

Suffrage and Anti-Suffrage at the State House. I went there with all of my old interest in the Cause. The Anties were there in force. Mrs. Charles Guild as their leader; Lawyer Russell as their manager. I had to open. I felt so warm in my faith that for once I thought I might convert our opponents. I said much less than I had intended, as is usually the case with me when I speak extemporarily.

Went afterwards to visit Mr. Cooper's aged sister, eighty-one (on her birthday). Carriage was sent for me, according to agreement; John Hutchinson there with a bright little granddaughter, who sang: "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" with a will. A few

neighbors came in, half a dozen or more; the old lady's daughter wore a miniature hanging from her neck. They offered me some ice. The affection of the old lady's brothers was touching.

Saturday, Jan. 25.

Mary Graves came. We destroyed papers during two hours, then I went to Mrs. Fields' to meet M. Mabillean the French lecturer, who said to me on parting, "Je sais, Madame, avec quel jeu l'honneur de parlais".

Monday, Jan. 27.

I wrote most of a screed to be read at Tuesday Club tomorrow. A Miss Bradlee had argued strongly against immigration from Europe. I tried to present the other side of the question. Heard a fine lecture from M. Mabillean on the "Working People of France".

Tuesday, Jan. 28.

+ + + At Tuesday Club my paper was well received and the topic of immigration was well discussed; Mrs. Bradlee talking incessantly -- more than was quite courteous to others.

Thursday, Jan. 30.

Woke very early intending to take 10 A. M. train for New York; weather snowy, cold and lowering in early morning, so deferred starting until 1 P. M. James Mills Peirce was in the train, not in my car. He did not offer to assist me, on arriving in New York. My son met me and brought me to his house where I found his wife much better in health and glad to see me."

Friday, Jan. 31.

Afternoon reception of the Women's University Club, I the guest of honor. + + + This was a pleasant occasion but hardly important enough to bring me to New York at this season.

Saturday, Feb. 1.

Had an enlivening visit from my cousin, Frank Ward, who has grown enormously stout.

Sunday, Feb. 2.

Today I had arranged to go with Frank Ward and his mother to hear Heber Newton preach, and afterwards to lunch with Elsie Claus Parsons. A drenching rain prevented this, and only in the evening was I able to go to a performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Opera House. This I wholly enjoyed. Mme. Gadski sang finely and scored a great success in the Inflammatus Area; choruses and quartettes well rendered; an ovature to Robespierre was finely executed.

Monday, Feb. 3.

Very cold weather with high wind; could not go out. A delightful talk with my dear nephew, F. M. Crawford; a visit from Cousin Mary, Lillia Elliott and Jack Frazer, who, on hearing my voice, was much re-

791  
minded of his dear grandmother. Finished Marion's good tale of "Marietta, a maid of Venice." + + +

Tuesday, Feb. 4.

Intense cold. I hear with great regret that Andreas Anderson died on Saturday last; an interesting, high-minded young man, just realizing the hope of his heart in his marriage to Olivia Cushing. + + +

Wednesday, Feb. 5.

Managed to get off very comfortably. Dear Harry took me to the station, engaged a rolling chair and put me on board the Pullman; a solitary and uneventful journey; ordered no lunch as the waiters paid me no attention whatever. A rather hilarious party sat near me; one lady rather pretty, talked incessantly with one and another. No one noticed me. When we reached Back Bay station I spoke to one of the ladies. She asked if I would like help from one of the gentlemen. I said yes, and the eldest of the party volunteered to assist me. He turned out to be Clarence Hale of Portland, Maine, and said that he had once seen me in Gardiner, with my son-in-law, Harry Richards. It seemed a little strange that he should not have spoken to me during the five hour's journey. + + + I thought at first that all were theatre people; I still think that the ladies may have been of the profession. + + + Dearest Maud had sent for me and I made Herlihy's man drive me to Chickering Hall and wait, where I saw something of Miss Mallock's entertainment for the benefit of her school at the South.

Thursday, Feb. 6.

A very pleasant reception at which Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Miss Scott were guests of honor; the first a niece of Matthew Arnold, the second, daughter to Sir John Scott, who was for many years an official in the British government in Cairo. Also Sig. Leoni, who has made a wonderfully pictorial representation of leading events in our history.

Friday, Feb. 7.

My dearest Maud's wedding day, fifteen years ago. I went with her to see Leoni's wonderful illuminated representation of leading events in our history; a very remarkable work, and one which ought to remain in this country.

Monday, Feb. 10.

Dreamed Maud's wedding day over again, only not as it really was. In my dream Lucy (Derby) Fuller performed the ceremony, sitting in a low chair. H. M. H. appeared to be signing some sort of contract, stretched on the floor. I prayed this morning that I might work better than I usually do. After breakfast I accidentally came upon Vol. I of my Greek Aeschylus with Latin translation, for which I searched the house at South Portsmouth last summer. This seemed to me auspicious, and I sat down and made another attempt at a civic poem for Hearst's Syndicate; this time, I thought, with better success than heretofore.

Tuesday, Feb. 11.

Dreamed of an interview with a female pope. I had to go to Alliance Meeting to speak about Wordsworth. I hunted up some verses written about

him in my early enthusiasms, probably in 1840 or 41. This I read and then told of my visit to him with Dr. Howe and the unpleasantness of the experience. Spoke also of the reaction in England against the morbid discontent which is so prominent and powerful in much of Byron's poetry. L. M. Peabody spoke more at length than I did, but very well. Louisa Dresel had hated his simpler poems in her childhood. Eva Channing had loved them much. In the evening to the Lincoln commemoration meeting at Tremont Temple, to which I had been urgently invited on the ground that my Battle Hymn was to be sung and my presence would be desirable. To my astonishment it was not sung, the reason given being that the band had not the music. Fortunately good Mary Graves had found and copied for me my little poem written immediately after Lincoln's death. This I read. But for this my appearance on the platform (the only woman among so many men) would have seemed uncalled for. Gen. Sickles told many interesting anecdotes of Lincoln. I could only stay to hear a very little of Gen. Howard's address. Gen. Wheeler (ex secesh) was received with enthusiasm, rather wild, I thought. He has much personal magnetism. He spoke warmly of Pres. McKinley, praised the high culture of man and of woman of America.

Wednesday, Feb. 12.

Dear Mrs. Cheney came to see me looking almost quite well but not yet strong. We talked over club matters and the proposed work of N. E. Women of eminence, which I have promised to edit, unwisely, I fear.

In my dream of yesterday morning the woman pope and I were on very friendly terms. I asked on taking leave whether I might kiss her hand. She said, "You may kiss my hand". I found it fat and far from beautiful. As I left her methought that her countenance relaxed and she looked like a tired old woman. In my dream I thought, "how like this is to what Pope Leo would do".

Mrs. J. W. Dickinson of Newtonville called with Simondetti. She is willing to carry round a subscription paper for the purchase of the Leoni parchments; I reserved judgment.

Thursday, Feb. 13.

Daughters of Massachusetts, 3 P. M.

Felt greatly discouraged at first waking. It seemed impossible for me to make a first move under so many responsibilities. A sudden light came into my soul at the thought that God will help me in any good undertaking, and with this there came an inkling of first steps to be taken with regard to Sig. Leoni's parchment. I went to work again on my prize poem, with better success than hitherto. + + +

Friday, Feb. 14.

Philosophy at Mrs. Bullard's, 3 Commonwealth Ave. Have worked at my New York poem. + + + Sent off my prize poem with scarcely any hope of its obtaining or indeed deserving the prize, but Mar has promised to pay me something for it in any case, and I was bound to try for the object, namely: a good civic poem.

The meeting at Mrs. B's was to hear pleas for a hall of Philosophy at Harvard, to be named Emerson Hall. Munsterberg, Royce, Willie James, Henry Higginson, Prof. Palmer and President Eliot spoke; all well and each in his kind. All spoke of Emerson with reverence and gratitude. Eliot quoted "the gun heard round the world", instead of the "shot".

Saturday, Feb. 15.

A day of great pleasure, profit and rest.

793

Ames sent carriage for me at 10 A. M., to take me to hear Griggs' lecture. I had feared that Maud would oppose my going but she rather urged it. F. A. met me at the door of Tremont Temple and took me to the platform where I sat along for nearly an hour. Charlotte Barrel Ware, K. G. welcomed me and had had the elevator put to my use. Charles G. Ames sat beside me, Sanborn very near. The address on Erasmus and Luther was very inspiring. Griggs is in the full tide of youthful inspiration and gives himself to his audience without stint. He did not quite do justice to the wonderful emancipation of thought which Protestantism has brought to the world, but his illustration of the two characters was masterly. I said afterwards to F. A.: "He will burn himself out". She thinks that he is wisely conservative of his physical strength. I said, "He bleeds at every pore". I used to say this of myself with regard to ordinary social life. Went to the club where was made to preside. Todd and Todkine both spoke excellently. Then to Symphony Concert to hear Kreisler and the Pastoral Symphony.

Sunday, Feb. 16.

Paid for yesterday's outings by a restless night with my old oppression in breathing. Felt that cannot afford such expenditures of strength. The Philosophy meeting and Griggs lecture revived in me the remembrance of my Philosophic studies and attempts, of say thirty-five years ago, and I determined to endeavor to revise them and to publish them in some shape. Have thought a good deal this morning of this cream of genius in which the fervent heat of youth fuses conviction and imagination and gives the world its great masters and masterpieces. It cannot outlast the length of human life of which it is the poetry. Age follows it with slow philosophy but can only strengthen the outposts which youth has gained with daring flight. Both are divinely ordained and most blessed. Of the dear Christ the world had only this transcendent efflorescence. I said to Ames yesterday, "I find in the Hebrew prophets all the doctrine which I find in Christ's teaching". He said, "Yes it is there seminally (?)". We agreed that it was the life which made the difference.

Monday, Feb. 17.

+ + + Have answered letter from Mrs. Florence B. Jennings of Mt. View, Wisconsin, asking my view of Christian Science. I have told her that I consider it wholly unscientific. + + +

Tuesday, Feb. 18.

Have writ to Knickerbocker Publishing Company, 114 Fifth Ave., New York, that will entertain a proposal from them for work desired in connection with a great National American Biography, asking to hear from them concerning scope of work, associates on committee and compensation.

Wednesday, Feb. 19.

+ + + Had a little dinner for Miss Humphrey Ward and Miss Littleton, Chug and Henry. + + +

Thursday, Feb. 20.

Colvin and Dellafield School. This was a pleasant service. I spoke to the girls of what the world owes to Greece. Recited the Battle

Hymn for them. + + +

Friday, Feb. 21.

+ + + My dearest Maud left by 1 P. M. train to sail for Europe tomorrow. I could not go to the hearing. Was on hand to think of small details which might have been over looked. Gave them my fountain pen to Jack's great pleasure. Julia Richards came to take care of me. I suffered extreme depression in coming back to the empty house, every corner of which is so identified with Maud's sweet and powerful presence. The pain of losing her even for a short time, seemed intolerable. I was better in the evening. Chug amused me with a game of picquet.

Saturday, Feb. 22.

Dine with Michael Anagnos, 1 P. M. Evening, Ruggles Street Church.  
+ + + The day was stormy. I went out to South Boston in a booby-hut, taking Maggie to help me. Found only Clement and Tommy Stringer and teacher. A fine dinner, a really good concert by the blind boys, a pretty drama afterwards by the girls. Home before 6 P. M. The strong East wind made me fear a rough start for my dearest Maud. Harbour called soon after seven to take me to Ruggles Street Church. + + + I had dreaded the fatigue of this evening but I really enjoyed it. My appearance on the platform was greeted by a general rising and Chautauqua salute. Patriotic songs were in order and were sung by a large choir with much spirit. I told about writing the Battle Hymn. Mrs. Barry sang, "The Flag is back in Tennessee" finely. I was glad that I had gone.

Sunday, Feb. 23.

Meeting of Watch and Ward Society, evening, Park Street church. I am to say a few words. My text will be, a false aesthetic reaction against puritanism, excessive and more leading; people oftener lead astray by mistaken good than by intended evil; pressure of criticism tending to laxity of morals, playing with fire, etc.

I did not do this. Went to church in A. M. Heard Fred Hinckley, who preached some platitudes of his own, very good in their way. In the evening went to Watch and Ward Meeting, where read a screed rather hastily written this afternoon. Introduced extemporary a meeting of Mrs. Butler's Congrès de Moralité Publique at Geneva, twenty-four years ago. Bishop McVickar presided and was very kind in his introduction of me. He recalls Bishop Brooks in size and in sweetness, but has not the snap and sparkle. He was pleased with my mention of Mrs. Butler. Lost my silver spectacle case.

Monday, Feb. 24.

Meeting of Authors' Club at my house. This, which I had also dreaded was really a brilliant and delightful occasion. In the A. M. a Mrs. Cushman of St. Johnsbury called to ask for a copy of my Rems, left to be written in. She seemed a very nice woman and I invited her to come to the afternoon reception. She hesitated saying, "I am a country woman". She did come, however, and seemed much pleased.

Tuesday, Feb. 25.

Mrs. Brown's entertainment at Pierce Hall for the Inst. for Crippled

Children. Mrs. B. is daughter to our old friend, Postmaster Burt. She besought me to be one of the receiving ladies at this charity dance, so I went. Did not stay long.

Wednesday, Feb. 26.

+ + + A young woman + + + came to ask me to speak some Sunday at one of a series of meetings held + + + "for truth's great sake". She looked to me like a crank of the first water, holds meetings on Thursdays for healing by music; on Sundays plays and sings to facilitate the reception of truth. She smiled abundantly, quoted "Flower of the Arena". I declined to engage to speak; may attend some Sunday.

Friday, Feb. 28.

A quiet day. To theatre in the evening to see Irving in Shylock, for which he sent me a box. Julia, Hal and Johnny Richards and Jack Hall filled it with me; the performance excellent.

Saturday, Mar. 1.

Spring's first day, warm as May, very exhausting. + + +

Sunday, Mar. 2.

A sermon on Angels, rather vague, by C. G. A. + + + Found my missing lecture wanted for tomorrow's D. A. R. Meeting. Mary Graves and I had hunted for it for a whole afternoon; I almost despaired of finding it. Late in the night, or early in the morning, quite in the dark, I had a worry about my dear Maud and her party. I prayed God to take good care of them and so fell asleep again.

Monday, Mar. 3.

Read my lecture found yesterday to Miss Brown's D. A. R's, at the house of Mrs. Beebe, my distant relative; a pleasant meeting. + + +

Wednesday, Mar. 5.

Meeting of Association for Protection of Italian Emigrants, 6 Marlboro Street.

Gave my Reminiscences of Four Poets at Emerson School; girls seemed rather indifferent; could not attend meeting on account of snow storm.

Friday, Mar. 7.

To hear Mr. Keeler play. I enjoyed this very much. He played some of my favorite Chopin compositions, Liszt's adaptation of Schubert's Erl König and many other things.

Wednesday, Mar. 19.

+ + + We had Dr. Neilson and Dan Mason to dinner. Mason and Alice played a number of movements from Beethoven's Symphonies. I had a little talk with Neilson about Scotch Metaphysics.

Saturday, Mar. 22.

To Saturday Morning Club to hear Mr. Crothers on "The honorable



points of ignorance"; a very amusing burlesque discourse for which I did not much care. At 3 P. M. attended meeting of Circolo. + + + A charming comedita rendered by four members of the Circolo and Mr. Woodworth, whose acting was remarkable.

Sunday, Mar. 23.

A delightful Palm Sunday sermon from C. G. A. Wrote in afternoon some one hundred and fifty words for the Congregationalist, on the theme, "Why I am an Optimist". Feel the warm weather a good deal.

Monday, Mar. 24.

A very interesting Club afternoon. Topic: "How the state takes care of its feeble minded children." Speakers: Mrs. Howard, Dr. Bertha Downing and Dr. Fernald, now of the feeble minded school at Malden (Waverley). Dear Chev's leadership in this work was fully recognized by the speakers.

Tuesday, Mar. 25.

Tuesday Club, 249 Beacon Street.

I received in one day three notes asking me regarding the "Life of Margaret Shepard", and "Secret Confessions of a Priest". One writer had seen in some paper that she could have the books by applying to me; Miss ----- wrote to the same intent; Miss ----- wrote and enclosed forty cents worth of stamps for one of the books. I have replied to all that I know nothing of the books in question, and that I am neither agent nor book-seller.

Wednesday, Mar. 26.

Heard Mrs. Meynell lecture on the 17th Century poets; her voice very tiresome; her matter good though over accentuated. Had a luncheon for Miss Scott, Miss Sedgwick, Homans Womans, Sanborn; a very merry festival, endless anecdotes were told. + + +

Thursday, Mar. 27.

A pleasant reception. First of all came the Misses Mason, who once gave me one hundred dollars, which I have put at interest for charity money. She brought me her book lately issued. Mrs. Fields came late with Mrs. Meynell. Arlo Bates was relating some anecdote of Mrs. Fields when she appeared. + + +

Friday, Mar. 28.

+ + + We went with Chug and Rosalind to hear Bach's Passion music, which was, I thought, only tolerably well given; the alto best of the soloists; the tenor sometimes uncertain, I thought, in the inhuman intervals of the Evangelist part.

Saturday, Mar. 29.

Had a discouraging account from George Richards, now in charge of my South Boston property. \$1900 and more spent in repairs and only \$53 paid to me. The repairs were made necessary by Light's entire neglect of the house. At this rate I cannot afford to live as I now do.

Went with Lizzie Homans to see Capt. Jenks at the Museum; a most trifling play, combined however with a light and dramatic touch; the heroine graceful and pleasing, save in one scene of excitement, in which she "kicks like a horse." + + +

Sunday, Mar. 30.

Lunch with Mrs. Fields after church. Heard a very inspiring sermon from Samuel A. Eliot: "The Newness of Life", from St. Paul to the Romans, 8th Chapter, I think. This young man has a very noble bearing and a stringent way of presenting truth. He has that vital religious power which is rare and most precious. The Communion service, preceeded by a baptism was very lovely. + + + I desire and pray that the impression made by Eliot's discourse may abide with me. Before he had spoken I had been asking in my mind, how can we make the past present to us? The Easter service and Lent also seem intended to do this, but our imaginations droop and lag behind our desires. + + + Lunch at Fields Villa delightful. Dear Laura surprised me with a fine Easter lily in a pot. Mrs. Francis Bacheller sent me a splendid one with many flowers. The Abigail Adams D. A. R's sent me a lovely little silver tray, copied from one used by George Washington.

Tuesday, April 1.

Lynn North Shore Club. + + + We were met by carriages and friendly club members, and were very cordially received by the Club, + + + I Talked on "Why I am an Optimist". + + +

Wednesday, Apr. 2.

Lunch with Mrs. Clement Waters at 1:30. Have answered letter from Miss Sarah Lewis Merrill, Fajardo, Porto Rico, who wrote me asking if there was a Spanish version of my Battle Hymn. I have told her about Mrs. Huldobro's (?) translation. Have advised her to keep a journal, and suggested her sending one or more letters to the Woman's Journal. +  
Went in the evening to see Ben Hur with kind Sarah Jewett -- her treat as was my attendance at the Opera. The play was altogether spectacular but very good in that line. A young man sat beside me, smelling dreadfully of bad liquor. Grapule I should say was his case. He had good clothes, looked like a Jew.

Thursday, Apr. 3.

Must hunt up copy promised for the "Script". Have hunted for it in vain. + + + A pleasant reception. Julia had invited many girls on Carrie's account. One of these, a Miss C. pounced upon Stephen Chase, who had been especially invited to meet Carrie and managed to monopolize his attention, which troubled me. Went to the celebration of E. E. Hale's 80th birthday, in which the community largely participated. Sen. Hoar was the orator and spoke finely, ~~exaggerating, I thought, E. E. Hale's literary eminence.~~ + + + His response was manly, cheery and devout. He has certainly done much good work and has suggested many good things.

Friday, Apr. 4.

+ + + We had a little young dinner for my dear Carrie Hall, which she and all of us enjoyed.

Saturday, Apr. 5.

Board meeting at 10 A. M. Visited the caricatures afterwards and walked home. In the evening with Mrs. Waters to the theatre, where saw Mrs. Fiske in a poor play and worse after-piece. + + + +

Monday, Apr. 7.

Have just heard of Cora Mailliard's death, very unexpected. She had gone to bed apparently better in health than for some time previous. Woke her attendant twice in the night saying that she should not live until morning. The first time the attendant only laughed and persuaded her to go to sleep. The second time she was seen to be very ill. She begged the doctor not to keep her, as she saw her mother waiting for her.

I am much touched by this death. Poor Cora was not altogether right in her mind but had many good points of character. She had been very benevolent to many people. This was only known after her death, when these persons, not previously known to her family, called to express their sorrow for her death and their gratitude for her benefaction.

Have writ to S. J. Mar offering screed of Cecil Rhodes' legacy.

Thursday, Apr. 10.

Italian Emigrants, 4 to 6; I to say a few words. + + + Attended meeting mentioned above. Miss E. W. Perkins gave a graphic account of her visit to the wharf where the emigrants landed. Mr. and Mrs. Conti and Sig. Rotoli told about the emigrants and about the North End Italians. I made a little speech and paid my dollar for membership in the Association.

Friday, Apr. 11.

Authors' Club, Mrs. Chandler's (Brookline). Mrs. M. A. Ward took me out in a hired coach. + + + I met son and daughter (Charlotte) of my dear Dr. Hedge; the latter thanked me for my tribute to her father in my Rems. The attendance was very good considering the unsettled state of the weather. Made acquaintance with Rev. and Mrs. Duane, he an Anglican pastor in Cambridge, Mass. + + + The cook of the house wished to see me and I shook hands with her, quite a young woman. The hostess was very kind and gracious. The reception was for her sister, Miss Poor, whose mother had a talk with me about Leonard Woods. She supposed him to be a rejected lover of mine. I assured her that he had not.

Saturday, Apr. 12.

Lunch with Mrs. Wheelwright.

I found Agnes Repplier very agreeable. She had known the wife of Greene, the historian, "very, almost too brilliant". Told me something about his life. I enjoyed meeting her; had rather thought I should not like her much. + + +

Tuesday, Apr. 15.

D. A. R. Meeting, annual, at Mrs. Hale's. + + + This meeting was a pleasant one. In afternoon just as I was settling for a quiet time with books and papers, a carriage came to take me to the Home for Intemperate Women, where the annual meeting of the Board was to be held. Here we waited long for a quorum essential to the legality of the meet-

ing. Good Clement of the Transcript was telegraphed for and arrived in time to save our business, which a Mr. Johnson familiar with routine, put through very quickly. In the evening finished the Torrey Lover.

Thursday, Apr. 17.

A day of dire fatigue. The Charity Club Breakfast to 10 A. M. Carriage came for me; the reception very large and very fatiguing to me. I was treated with much distinction; was indeed the guest of honor. The occasion was very good; the theme, "Tis love that makes the world go round". Messrs. Van Ness and Horton made fine addresses, limited to five minutes each; also De Normandie. I made but a poor talk, methought, but told about the beginning of Women's Clubs in this country and played the Star Spangle Banner for the singing. Came home and went to bed to rest for my reception, which occupied the whole afternoon.

Friday, Apr. 18.

Miss Ladd called by appointment to talk of the course to be pursued by the Massachusetts delegates at the Biennial. She says that the proposed change in the mode of representation, as considered by the Southern members, be one with the color question. I advised her to insist upon the fact that it was started quite before the color question came in sight, at the very beginning of Mrs. Lowe's presidency. + + +

Saturday, Apr. 19.

Yesterday I walked to 6 Marlboro Street to hear the lecture. Mrs. Q. Shaw met me at the foot of the steps and helped me up and offered to send me home in her carriage. I mistook her for Mrs. H. S. Russell and began to look at that lady as soon as I was seated. Pauline Shaw presided, wearing glasses. I did not recognize her as the lady who had helped me up the steps and assured her it was Mrs. Russell. We laughed over this mistake and she sent me home all the same in her carriage.

The breakfast given to Mrs. Fairbanks, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs by the Massachusetts Chapters of D. A. R. Was very social and bright. I did my utmost en toilette to do justice to the occasion. + + + I did my best, nothing remarkable. We parted all in good feeling and fellowship.

Sunday, Apr. 20.

An unusually strong sermon from C. G. A. I have writ to thank Sen. Hoar for refusing to vote for Chinese exclusion, and to Rev. E. L. Horton, thanking him for his vindication of our government in his Charity Club speech.

Monday, Apr. 21.

Quite miserable with a cold and sore throat. Prepared as well as I could for the Kindergarten occasion to which Mrs. Mack kindly drove me in her carriage. + + + The children performed simple music quite wonderfully. Gen. Appleton presided. I made my little speech sitting. Michael did not thank me, though I had made quite an effort to come and still more to speak with my bad throat. He spoke last, very earnestly and well.

(Under this entry is pasted a note of thanks from Anagnos).

Friday, Apr. 25.

+ + + Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote dined with us. I had never met her before-- a woman with a good, sweet face, not at ease among strangers, having lived much in the retirement of a mining camp in California.

Saturday, Apr. 26.

+ + + I got dreadfully tired over books and papers, and opened the windows to take a walk, well wrapped, but had afterwards an acute fit of coughing and discomfort and felt much discouraged. Count Campello called in the evening.

Sunday, Apr. 27.

Still under the weather and unable to go to church. Dear Julia has kept me company much of the morning. Have read some church collects and have writ a newsy letter to my dearest Maud. Laura Chanler came to lunch, also Count Campello. In afternoon came Chug, Jack Hall and Barstow. We had a pleasant time.

Monday, Apr. 28.

Out to walk first time in just one week. + + + Lucy Fuller called to take leave of me. I was glad to see her before her departure, as she intends remaining abroad some eighteen months. Greeley Curtis called, asking me to matronize a young party to a lecture on Wednesday evening.

Wednesday, Apr. 30.

Finished my screed for May-- All save two or three quotations which I must look up. + + + Feel better in health but rather tired in mind.

Thursday, May 1.

A quiet day at home; some pleasant calls in afternoon. + + +

Friday, Apr. 2.

+ + + A letter from M. A. De Wolfe Howe reminded me how remiss I have been in my promised review of the Laura Bridgman manuscripts, and caused me great pain. I resolved to set about this at once and to do what I can to remedy my delay.

Saturday, May 3.

Board meeting of N. E. W. C. In afternoon to Authors' Club at Mr. Clements where Col. Higginson read extracts from diaries of Mr. Emerson relating to his walks and talks with W. E. Channing. I was very tired and the rooms were close, the hostess having excluded the daylight and with it the fresh air. I dozed a little during the evening and got no clear idea from it, save that Mr. Emerson rated Channing much more highly than I ever did. I remember against him, his desertion of his family. In the little leisure of the day I attacked the manuscripts mentioned yesterday.

Sunday, May 4.

Woke early with an aching head. Found some of William's medicine which bettered it. At church a delightful sermon from G. A. A. about



"making the melody in one's heart". Miss Huidobro handed me a Spanish version of three verses of my Battle Hymn, about which she has taken much pains. + + + Heard with sorrow of the death of Dr. John Homans, 3rd, son of my friend Homans Womans.

Wednesday, May 7.

The saddest funeral ! Dr. John Homans, 3rd, the only son of his mother, whose grief almost over-whelmed her, as she followed the casket into King's Chapel. The church was beautifully dressed with palms and superb flowers, the company very sympathetic, I should judge. I arrived early and thought over many scenes remembered in this chapel between my own sitting there in my early married life and Dr. Holmes' funeral, which I attended. I sat in Mme. Sumner's pew one Sunday when Ephriham Peabody spoke of poor Albert's death, then fresh in my mind -- a sorrowful event which cost me many tears. Julia Richards went early this morning to get some flowers for me to send to Lizzie Homans.

Thursday, May 8.

A day of perplexities. The missing manuscript found behind dining-room sofa, unopened. Felt obliged to communicate with Mr. Howe. + + I passed the whole day in preparation for tomorrow's journey.

Friday, May 9.

Had a comfortable journey. Made acquaintance with a cheerful party of ladies, going on to sail for Europe tomorrow. + + +

Saturday, May 10.

+ + + Fanny Howe's reception was very well attended and very pleasant. Miss Gill, Dean of Barnard College, made me promise to lunch with her at the College on Monday.

Sunday, May 11.

Church and Art Association Meeting in New York City; lunched with Cousin Mary. Met Montie Ward, wife and daughter in the street; Arthur and Julia Terry also came. The lunch was very jolly, the host told some stories. After dinner Julia Terry sang, Monte played and I sang "Little Boy Blue" for the children. In the evening the carriage was sent for me quite late, with no escort. I went with Cousin Mary and my Flossy. Went up into the "star's dressing room", which was not very starry. Lost the first two numbers, organ and violin solos. Was welcomed on the stage; heard a little of Edwin Markham's address on the "Ideal", but very little as his voice is not strong and I sat behind him. He spoke of me as "the august woman present with us this evening", etc, which was most kind of him. A Mr. Scott Townsend, or vice versa, introduced the speakers and did me much honor in his introduction. I read my paper to my best ability, making an especial effort to do justice to my quotations, which were applauded, as was the paper at the close.

Monday, May 12.

Fanny Howe went with me to lunch at Barnard College. The building is very handsome of aspect, the dining-room not attractive. Went into a Greek class and heard part of a recitation in Xenophone's Hellenica. Met at lunch Prof. Van Ambridge and two others, names forgotten. Miss

Gill did the honors of house and table very cordially. Had an automobile to go with my Flossy to Plainfield, which I found beautiful with trees in all their spring freshness. Carrie did not seem quite well; David in bettering condition. We had a game of whist.

Tuesday, May 13.

A very restful day. + + + Walked to the library and visited the Art Gallery and collection of butterflies, this last very valuable. Was very tired to enjoy a game of whist in the evening.

Wednesday, May 14.

A very restful day. A small gathering in the evening, the Tweedys, Waldos, Hibbards and Edwardses. E. is an artist, has illustrated Dr. Holmes' "Last Leaf". I played "Flibberty Gibbet" late in the evening, and they all danced to his jig. Dr. Waldo brought his 'cello and played some lovely Scotch airs which I accompanied as well as I could, scarcely seeing the music. Dr. Waldo accompanied my jig and I played a part of my music to "Nearer my God to Thee" which he also improved by some good chords. He will be in Boston on my birthday and has promised to bring his 'cello.

Thursday, May 15.

(She first makes entry of another date).

The real record of this day is my journey from Plainfield to Boston, dearest Flossy going with me to the station and putting me on board the car. I had a solitary time of it, making only a little acquaintance with a young girl who was returning to Newtonville from a visit in New York.

Friday, May 16.

In the evening the Italian supper at the Hotel Piscopo, North End. I recited Goldoni's toast from the Locandiera, and also made a little speech at the end of the banquet. Padre Roberto, a Venetian Priest, young and handsome, sat near me until 7:30 when he was called away by a service in his church.

Sunday, May 18.

A truly inspired and inspiring sermon from C. G. A. on the true sense of "the Father, son and spirit". I had prayed that this might be a real Whit Sunday to me and I felt that it was. Three beautiful hymns were sung, one by N. L. Frothingham, one by Sam Longfellow and one by Theodore Parker. Notice was given of a meeting at which Catholic, Jew, Episcopalian and Unitarian are to speak regarding the Phillipinos. This seemed like the Millenium. It is the enlargement of religious thought which has brought about this blessed enlargement of religious sympathy; not as some may think, the progress of critical indifferentism.

During this morning's service my desire to speak to prisoners re-asserted itself strongly; also me thought of one of my sermons which I wish to write. One should be to the text: "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ", the reflection of divine glory in God's saints, like the reflection of the sun's light in the planets. Another about Adam being placed in Eden to tend the flowers and water them. This should concern our office in the land of our birth into which we are born to



love and serve our country. Will speak of the self-banished Americans, Hale's "Man without a country", etc. This day has been so full of thought and suggestion that I hardly know how to let it go. I pray that it may bear some fruit in my life, what is left of it.

Tuesday, May 20.

Took 10:58 A. M. train for Newport, Laura with me; a pleasant, restful journey. The Chanlers sent Karl for me. We found Daisy looking splendidly, with a lovely new baby, a boy.

Saturday, May 24.

The annual Club lunch in honor of my birthday. I felt almost overwhelmed by the great attention shown me and by the constant talk of speakers with reference to myself. Yet as this was all done in a spirit of love and kindness, I felt to thank God for it most deeply. I don't find in myself this charm, this goodness, attributed to me by such speakers, but I know that I love the club and love the world of my own time, so far as I know it. They called me queen and kissed my hand. When I came home I fell in spirit before the feet of the dear God, thanking him for the regard shown me, and praying that it might not for one moment make me vain. I read my translation of Horace's Ode, "Quis Desiderio", and it really seemed to suit the mention made by Mrs. Cheney of our departed members, praecipue (?) Dr. Zack. Dr. Horder (?) of England was there, and Ex-Governor Long and T. W. Higginson, also Agnes Irwin. It was a great time.

Sunday, May 25.

Heard a Mr. Hooker from Ann Arbor, a fervent sermon on the text: "What think ye of Christ." In the Sunday School it was John Albion Andrews Sunday. I heard some interesting addresses, and added a few words of my own. Miss Page, a devoted "Disciple" of many years, was buried from our church this afternoon. She was very attentive to me and devoted to the Church. I would have attended her funeral, but thought I was to speak for Hamson Rest (?) tonight, and knew that I could not do so much. Have writ a letter of sympathy to Miss Julia R. Sprague. I wrote at once on hearing of her dear friend's death, but the letter got put out of sight. Meantime, Miss S. wrote to me, asking for a few words "to make me strong", so I wrote a second letter, longer than the first.

Monday, May 26.

Lillian Brainard asks me to speak or read for Gordon Rest at Chickering Hall. + + + Unitarian reception at Vendome, 8 to 10. + + + My dear Laura was a good deal provoked at my fulfilling the engagement mentioned above. It was a rather pleasant occasion. + + + I read "Our Orders", "The Flag", "A thought for Washing Day", and a rhyme for Decoration Day. I was warmly received. Came home early and made acquaintance with Prof. Fernald, a botonist, already of some distinction. Flowers for tomorrow came.

Tuesday, May 27.

At breakfast dear Laura gave me a lovely porringer of a sort of improved pewter. I was astonished at receiving through Homans Womans a check for \$2510., the joint gift of I know not how many friends; among

them the ladies of the Tuesday Club, and those of the Saturday Morning Club. I felt much over come by this benefaction. Mrs. Jack Gardner and Mrs. Endicott Peabody called; I saw them both. I had a very brilliant reception, many real friends and valued acquaintances. The house was over-loaded with choice flowers and smelled like a Persian rose garden. Rev. D. Garrett Horder and wife came; Margaret Higginson poured tea. Some of my relatives came; Madora, Louisa and Mott Francis, Joseph Wales and wife, Marie, Tom's daughter; last of all a Mrs. Brooks, a sweet woman, brought a Parsee young woman, very picturesque and interesting to talk to me about the women of India.

Wednesday, May 28.

Mrs. Charles M. Greene, Registrar Liberty Tree Chapter, will entertain said Chapter at the old Royall House in Medford, Mass., in afternoon. Suffrage Festival at Fanueil Hall; I to preside, 5 to 10. Laura made me give up the excursion to Medford, and I am now in doubt about going to Fanueil Hall tonight. = + + + Have reviewed my screed for tomorrow. While worrying about not going this evening, I suddenly found some words which I wrote to be sung to the Greek National Air. This was when we were so much wrought up by the war in which the Greeks were so badly worsted.

Thursday, May 29.

Unitarian S. S. Society, Kings Chapel; I to make a short address. + + + Did little work save to read over my screed, striking out unnecessary repetition. The Sunday School occasion was very interesting. Pritchett made a sensible speech, but did not touch the ground of personal religion. A Mr. Hall, an Universalist, made an excellent speech. He is a rosso and has the temperament which this implies. I had not made my screed quite what I wanted it to be, but I have done my best and it was well received. + + + In the evening I flew off to preside at the Suffrage meeting in Park Street vestry. A Miss Lopez, a Phillippina, spoke in Spanish, translated by a Miss -----, a rather pretty, sly looking girl in a pink ball dress. This annoyed me somewhat, as her talk had no relation to Suffrage. H. B. Blackwell made the best speech of the evening.

Friday, May 30.

+ + + I wish now to find time to write a sermon on "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ". Drove out with dear Laura to Mt. Auburn to visit the dear graves. We determined to have some shrubs planted about them.

Saturday, May 31.

+ + + Got very tired over my papers, which have become badly mixed up. Went to the free religious festival, where spoke of my Peace Crusade of thirty years ago. This by desire of Mr. Edwin D. Mead. Dear Sister Cheney sat by me with all her old charm. After I left, Anna Garlin Spencer spoke of what my Peace Crusade accomplished.

Tuesday, June 3.

Homans Womans came by appointment in the morning and we had a long confabulation. We talked much of her son. She is a woman of splendid

vitality, feeling her loss very keenly, but alive to all the beauties and blessings of life. I owe to her efforts the gift of money which will so ease this year's finances for me. After she left me, Mrs. Clara D. Dudley came to read me her lecture. My head was fearfully tired, yet I managed to attend the Commencement of the Perkins Inst. at Boston Theatre, at 3 P. M. Was so over come with fatigue that could only gather a few belongings for the morrow's journey.

Wednesday, June 4.

Rose early and did what packing I could. Dear Julia put me on board the 9 A. M. train for Gardiner. Fiske Warren was in the car. He had my ticket, talked very long and earnestly about the Phillipinos, and leaving me at Portland, took my ticket with him by mistake. I had to pay from Portland over again, but took a receipt from the conductor, so as to claim repayment of the money. The dear girls were waiting for me at the station, and Laura soon returned from her outing to welcome me as she always does, very warmly.

Thursday, June 5.

Began my sermon and wrote quite a bit of it. In afternoon had a drive with dear Laura. Dr. Potter prescribed for my throat.

Friday, June 6.

Wrote more on sermon. Laura's tea party in afternoon very pleasant.

Saturday, June 7.

To Augusta to lunch with Mrs. Gore, a lady of my own age who has travelled all her life and is now settled in a pleasant house. She has with her a charming niece. Afterwards to see a Mrs. Williams, ninety-three years old, a sweet saint who carries mince pies to the prison every year, distributing them with her own hands.

Tuesday, June 10.

Left by 10 A. M. train for Boston, very regretfully.

Thursday, June 12.

Worked at sermon; took 1:02 train to Wellsley, making acquaintance at station with Mrs. Hunnewell and daughter, who very kindly took charge of me. Some lively talk with the daughter, who is to be married soon. Was warmly received at the church; the meeting very interesting. Reports from the Biennial suggested much valuable work in various directions. I made acquaintance with a lady from Portland, Oregon and invited her and Mrs. Walton to dine with me on Monday.

Friday, June 13.

Lunch with Mrs. Robert Grant. This was very pleasant; to meet Mrs. Grant's mother, Lady Galt. Met also Mrs. Foster, Mrs. G. S. Hale and Mary Gray. My Zuzu left me for Gardiner, to my great regret. Got a new start on sermon.

Saturday, June 14.

Worked all day on sermon, rewriting much of it.

Sunday, June 15.

I have had a very anxious time with my sermon and only succeeded yesterday in getting into it the clinching thought, simply expressed. I decided this morning to attempt the prayer in which I spoke of the presence of God and of the importance of our individual life and work; my sermon rather short, was warmly received. Many people came up to thank me for it, some quite earnestly. The dear minister said to me: "God was with thee". I feel a thousand times over paid for my labor and trouble, and am ready to ask, "Oh, give me noble and worthy tasks, since thou continuest my life and my strength."

Part of my prayer from memory:

"Oh, thou nearest and dearest, help us to feel thy presence, and to make it felt; help us to feel that thou art not a dream of philosophy, nor a legend of old world story, but an ever present help and consolation, the strength of our strength, the life of our souls. Help us also to realize the importance of our life on earth. What a gift is this ! How full of beauty, of comfort, and of lessons of deep import ! Let us not deem what we do of no consequence. Let us remember that our work is thy work, and that we must account to thee for its faithful performance. Teach us that every task of ours faithfully performed will stand upon thy record, and that every neglected one will leave there a melancholy blank."

Monday, June 16.

Spent the whole morning in writing two letters, one to Mrs. Livermore, the other to my dearest Maud. + + +

Tuesday, June 17.

+ + + Had a little tea for Lady Galt and daughter. It was quite enjoyable. + + +

Wednesday, June 18.

A dies non. I was so weak and dizzy at rising that I returned to bed. Made one or two attempts but had to lie still until 11 A. M. when I rose but was good for nothing.

Thursday, June 19.

+ + + Mrs. Bourland and daughter to lunch. Mary Graves ditto, who came early to help me, which she did. I enjoyed seeing Mrs. Bourland very much. Her daughter Clara is a bright girl, already a Ph. D. and called to be a Professor at Smith College. In the evening a game of casino with Chug, Hubwub and Uncle George, which we all enjoyed. Parting with the two boys whom I have held and still hold in especial affection. Was too dead tired to realize it. Saw Willie Wesselhoeft and promised to communicate with him in case a certain symptom should aggravate.

Friday, June 20.

We got off very comfortably, McAlvin doing wonders in the way of errands. + + + Change of temperature very marked. Novel and Bezique in the evening; very thankful to have made the move.

Sunday, June 22.

A restful day with dear Laura, who, however, left me by 3:08 P. M. train for Boston. My breast had hurt me a good deal all day, but after

her departure I was in agony with it. The pain extended through the flesh of my bosom. I felt much disturbed about this, as the dangerous symptom is evidently gaining ground. Felt how cruel it would be to die when none of my children can possibly be with me.

Monday, June 23.

Breast much less painful, but the lump has increased in size. Sent by telephone to Dr. Stanton, who reassured me a good deal about my breast. He has several similar cases; has a remedy which he says is very helpful and which he will send me.

Tuesday, June 24.

I began the medicine today; breast still sensitive and lump larger.

Saturday, June 28.

Have writ to Harry Hall asking him to come with Alice on July 7th to stay ten days at least. In afternoon came out the five oldest Chanler children in one carriage, and their mother and Mrs. Eustis in another. We enjoyed the visit very much.

Tuesday, July 1.

+ + + I learned to my great surprise that my dear son sails for England on July 5th, the same day with dear Flossy.

Wednesday, July 2.

Count Campello arrived. + + +

Thursday, July 3.

Have writ letter of instructions to Jack Hall. Last letter to dearest Flossy with check for five dollars for last small occasions. + +

Friday, July 4.

No letters. Mott Francis came out in afternoon. + + + Alice and Count Campello made quite an exhibition of fire works. These were very pretty but caused me great anxiety lest my poor house should take fire. A fire baloon was especially pretty and not dangerous, the wind blowing it far, far away.

Saturday, July 5.

My dearest Alice left me today by 9 A. M. train. Her visit has been delightful to me and pleasant, I think, to her. + + + I wrote this to Ethel V. Partridge, Omaha, a High School student: "Get all the education that you can. Cultivate habits of studious thought with all that books can teach. The fulfillment of the nearest duty gives the best education." I fear that I have come to know this by doing the exact opposite, i. e. neglecting much of the nearest duty in the pursuit of an intellectual wisdom, which I have not attained.

I had quite a party to supper; Count Campello made a great dish of spaghetti. The Brady Normans, Miss Todd and Dr. Collins were the company. We had whist afterwards and were quite merry.

Sunday, July 6.

The weather looked unpromising, but I went to the dear Channing Church, taking Count Campello with me. I was well rewarded for the fatigue of going in town. Rev. Mr. Crooker gave a very strong and impressive sermon on the "thought of God". + + + I felt greatly helped by the sermon, which with the prayer, was devout and uplifting. + + +

Wednesday, July 9.

Began a sermon on "the breadth and length and depth and height", etc. Wrote to invite the Italian Ambassador to spend a couple of days here. Also to Collier's Weekly, touching the poem sent them for July 4th.

Friday, July 11.

Slept late, woke much refreshed. Finished rough draft of sermon. I think that the dear Lord might grant me to speak a few times more even if it should shorten my term of days a little. X Much pleased to hear from William G. Frost that my two letters of introduction have been very helpful to him.

Saturday, July 12.

My dearest Maud intended to sail today; three of my four children are probably on the ocean. I pray for their safe arrival on their several errands. Dear Flossy goes to Antwerp, Harry to England, Maud comes home. I think it was on this day I received from Collier's Weekly a check for fifty dollars, my price for my fourth of July poem. This gave me great pleasure.

Sunday, July 13.

A restful Sunday with my guests. Something suggested to me to read them my sermon on "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ". They seemed pleased with my offer to do so and listened attentively. The Count then proposed the singing of hymns and we sang "America", "Rock of Ages", my "Battle Hymn", and "Nearer my God to Thee". + + +

Monday, July 14.

Must acknowledge check from Collier's Weekly; answer note from H. L. Child. Have fulfilled these small but important obligations.

Not having heard from the Italian Ambassador, the Count and I supposed that he was not coming. In late afternoon came a letter saying that he would arrive tomorrow at 1 P. M. We were more troubled than pleased at this late intelligence, which gave me no time to invite people to meet the guest. I lay down for my afternoon rest with a very uneasy mind. Remembering St. Paul's words about "Angels unawares", I felt comforted, thinking that the Angel of Hospitality would certainly visit me, whether the guest proved congenial or not.

Tuesday, July 15.

+ + + The Ambassador arrived as previously announced. He proved a most genial and charming person; a man still in the prime of life, with exquisite manners, as much at home in our simplicity as he doubtless is in scenes of luxury and magnificence. Daisy Chanler drove out for afternoon tea, at my request, and made herself charming. After her

✓ came Emily Ladenberg, who also made a pleasing impression. Our guest played on the piano and joined in our evening whist. We were all delighted with him.

Wednesday, July 16.

The guest went in town with the Count by the electric. He left by 3 P. M. train. We had some conversation and he gave me an interesting account of King Charles Albert of Savoy. He is a man of powerful temperament, which we all felt; has had to do with Bismark and Salisbury and all of the great European politicians of his time. We were all sorry to see him depart.

Thursday, July 17.

Went up to Boston for the day, arriving by 9:15 train. + + +  
Returned comfortably by 2:46 afternoon train.

Friday, July 18.

Rather tired from my excursion. Took up my sermon and wrote somewhat. A line from Cousin Mott informed me of the death of my cousin, Sarah Cutler Greene, a welcome release, as she has long been an invalid and had suffered severely of late. + + +

Saturday, July 19.

Was much tormented in mind at waking about my cousin Sarah Greene's funeral. Thought I ought to go, yet felt that could not risk going by electrics with the uncertainty as to whether the horse and carriage would be wanted to bring my dear Maud out. Finally said to myself: "No", which was really best, as the day from the start was very rainy, clearing only in the afternoon. Saw two texts in Ephesians (Chapter 5) very good for sermonizing: Verse 11, "The unfruitful work of darkness"; verse 13, "Whatsoever doth make manifest is light". The women have been busy all day cleaning and burnishing so that my dear ones, Maud and her Jack may find everything comfortable and in good order.

✗ Sunday, July 20.

No news of my dearest Maud, whose steamer was due in New York yesterday. ✗ Went in town to church and heard a very so-so sermon, poorly delivered. ✗ The thought was good, that good seed sown in all kinds must have time to unfold itself, and that having sown the seed, we must wait for results in a trustful and restful spirit. It was, however, poorly developed and much stress was laid upon sleep, actual and figurative. + +  
✗ New York papers report Maud's steamer as over due. This causes me great distress of mind. God grant us good news of her tomorrow!

Blessed relief came while we were at supper. Dear Maud telephoned from New York; safe arrival and will be with us here tomorrow. ✗

Monday, July 21.

The Count left. ✗ + Finished my sermon on "breadth and length" etc., too short for use. ✗ In the evening came my dearest Maud and her husband. This was indeed a sun-burst of joy. Both look in fine condition and are full of anecdotes of what has been seen, done and endured. ✗  
In the afternoon came Daisy Chanler, who had been at the funeral

of the little La Farge girl, her God-child, at St. Columba's, once Ward McAllister's farm. Daisy had been so much moved by the occasion that she had to come away. She said that it opened the old wound, the loss of her own dear little John. We had a long and delightful causerie, tearful at first on her part, afterwards full of interest.

Friday, July 25.

Went to hear Pres. Frost tell about Barea at Major Gibb's house. An interesting talk and quite a fashionable assemblage. I spoke with many persons, and introduced Count Campello to various guests. Was caught in a shower, but defended my new dress quite successfully.

Think it was this day that I sent a letter and photo to Mrs. Fanny M. Lothrop for the Ledger Monthly, New York, asking that the photo be returned after use. She writes me that I am to appear in September number of the Monthly.

Monday, July 28.

Lunch with Elizabeth Fairchild. Thought I ought to respond to a delightful letter received from Ambassador Mayer; did so.

Tuesday, July 29.

First meeting of Papéterie at Mrs. Rogers'. I was siezed with a rhyming fit and produced some rather funny stanzas which made them laugh; a good meeting. I proposed various themes for various days; a codger's day of which I will take charge; a travelled lady's day for Maud; a musical day, Daisy Chanler; a day of nobility and royalty at Newport, Mrs. Fairchild; new members, Misses Travers and Appleton, Daisy Chanler.

Wednesday, July 30.

John E. Daniels, Boston Traveller, asks me to witness the distribution of free ice to the poor at the North End; they to send carriage for me. Sent postal saying that might come up to Boston for a day; would let them know. Began my paper on the "Codger" for the Papéterie.

Friday, Aug. 8.

+ + + Maud returned from Boston in afternoon, bringing with her a Mr. K——, a young littearateur, who will help her with the Memoir of dear S. G. H.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

Mostly occupied with the Thatcher-Davies wedding. A feeling of the association of the elder Davies pair with my old friend the Wilders, made me go to this ceremony. The bride's mother received me very graciously just within the door of All Saints Chapel, and bade her son give me a good seat, which he did. I drove afterwards to Pinehurst to the breakfast, which was in a huge pink tent and was very handsome. The Manning sisters, friends of the groom, took care of me. I did not stay to see the bride depart. She is a handsome young woman. I hoped to have seen some of the Wilder connection there but did not. Mr. J. W. Hammond kindly escorted me to my carriage, which was a work of patience; I mean from the church. In afternoon he and his wife made me a long and pleasant call.



Tuesday, Aug. 12.

Papéterie at the Fairchild's, very pleasant, though rather disorderly. Maud talked of Greece, especially of Patras, also of the recent "finds". I had prepared a few lines commemorative of dear Mrs. Colman, our Troubadour, but it seemed best to read them at a later meeting.

Wednesday, Aug. 13.

A Mrs. ----- wrote, asking for my name as a reference to aid her in assuming the Boston agency for "Nerve Force". I have said no, very briefly. She is an entire stranger to me. Mrs. Deland arrived by 4:58 train from Boston. Maud drove down to meet and bring her up. She was delightful.

Thursday, Aug. 14.

A delightful morning in the green parlor with Margaret Deland and dear Maud. The latter endeavored to dissuade our friend from adopting a girl of thirteen years -- a bright child of very poor Danish parents. We dined with the Bradford Normans and staid very late.

Friday, Aug. 15.

Lunch with dear Mrs. Rogers to meet Rev. and Mrs. Perkins<sup>a</sup> of Portland, Maine. He is an interesting man, she a very pleasing woman. Both appear happy in their work and devoted to it. He has known Hernack in Germany. Was, like, Charles G. Ames, a Free Will Baptist. Heard James Freeman Clarke a good deal, who said to him one day, "a young man has just consulted me about entering our ministry. I have felt obliged to advise him against it. If you should consult me on the same question, I should say you must". Perkins had not thought of the ministry before this.

Monday, Aug. 18.

I had vowed to devote this A. M. to the arrangement of my papers, but Count Campello made a long visit and I did not do much about it.

Tuesday, Aug. 19.

Have done some papering. Have hunted in vain for a letter from a Mrs. Peckham who lives not far off and requests an interview. + + + Have writ an autograph for Miss Winfred Kimball of Harper's Ferry, who addressed her envelope to Mrs. Mary Ward Howe. + + + N. B. This was a discouraged day; weather over cast and the temperature very variable.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

Have answered letter from Agnes Mary Machen, Toledo, Ohio, saying that she could send me a manuscript story, but that cannot promise to place it for her. I was so tired at half past four that I had to take my nap then, earlier than usual. On waking I found myself incapable of any exertion.

Sunday, Aug. 24.

This day has been devoted to a family function of great interest,

namely: the christening of Daisy and Wintie's boy baby, Theodore Ward, the President himself standing God-father. Jack Elliott and I were on hand in good time, both of us in our best attire. We drove to Mrs. George H. Perkins, who kindly lent us her fine carriage to "farfigura" at the Chanler mansion. We found a very chosen company, the Sydney Websters, Owen Webster, Sen. Lodge and wife, the latter standing as God-mother. Mr. Diman of the school officiated, Parson Stone being ill. The President made his response quite audibly. The Chanler children looked lovely, and the baby as dear as a baby can look. His God-father gave him a beautiful silver bowl lined with gold. I gave a silver porringer, Maud a rattle with silver bells; lunch followed. Pres. Roosevelt took me into the table and seated me on his right. This was a very distinguished honor. The conversation was rather literary. The President admires Emerson's poems and also Longfellow and Sienkewicz. He paid me the compliment of saying that Kipling alone had understood the meaning of my Battle Hymn and that he admired him therefor. Webster proposed the baby's health, and I recited a quatrain which came to me early this morning. Here is my quatrain:

"Roses are the gift of God,  
Laurels are the gift of fame;  
Add the beauty of thy life  
To the glory of thy name."

I said, "two lines for the President and two for the baby"; the two first naturally for the President. As I sat waiting for the ceremony, I called the dear roll of memory, Uncle Sam and so on, back to Grandpa Ward. I was very thankful to participate in this beautiful occasion. But the service and talk about the baby being born in sin, etc. etc. seemed to me very inconsistent with Christ's saying that he who would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven must become "as a little child". I think he also said, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven".

Tuesday, Aug. 26.

Lunch with Mrs. Cortazzo at the house in which her Uncle, Gen. Collum several times entertained our Town and Country Club; then to Papéterie meeting at Mrs. Binney's; very pleasant. Mrs. Rogers brought Ellen Richards with her. The latter read extracts from a letter or journal received from her husband while on his late scientific tour. Mrs. Fairchild read a delightful account of some of her obscure neighbors on the Point, one an Earl in posse had declined to return to England to receive his title; the estate had been consumed by the last incumbent. I read some lines intended to commemorate Mrs. Colman, our late Troubadour.

Friday, Aug. 29.

Read my paper on the "Ethical office of the Drama" at Channing Church parlors, to a large audience of women, only one gentleman being present as far as I could see. The paper was heard with attention. I received many beautiful roses and pink asters.

Sunday, Aug. 31.

Wrote at some length to Arthur Terry regarding travels in Brittany; also to Eleanor Countess Nicholas, declining to send money. + + +

Monday, Sept. 1.

Have writ to Frances B. Keene, Secretary Young People's Religious Union that will send her a paper on Woman as a Citizen, before 27th inst. A good deal of excitement in expecting the visit of Hons. Stanley and Howard. Maud had worked hard for them. + + +

Tuesday, Sept. 2.

The Britons to lunch and dinner, and to stay a day or two; very well-bred youths, pleasant to entertain. Did no work today. Rosalind came.

Wednesday, Sept. 3.

Maud and Rosalind in town with the youths for the day. + + + Howard, who Maud styles the "worldling" stays in town tonight for a ball. Think it was today that I began a sort of dialogue for Miss Thomas' syndicate.

Thursday, Sept. 4.

Have written to + + + a youth of fifteen who styles himself "your grateful admirer". + + +

Friday, Sept. 5.

A quiet day at home; Maud in town with the young people. Wrote quite a bit on my piece promised to Miss Thomas. Had a great worry because Michael, taking Stanley's luggage and Rosalind's trunk into town, did not see the bag which Stanley would immediately need and so omitted to take it. The telephone enabled us to communicate with dear Maud who at once devised a way out of the trouble. + + +

Saturday, Sept. 6.

Maud with bad head today, naturally after so much fatigue and excitement. She has taken refuge on my bed, according to a dear old trick of hers. I gave Arthur Stanley a good photo of myself. Had a glimpse this morning of a sermon which I may write on the text, "For he knew what was in man"; thence, the new view of human nature which Christ brought into and left in the world.

Sunday, Sept. 7.

+ + + Had a strange dream about my son. Thought he was showing me some wonderful invention, when a piece of it like a limb of the cross exploded. + + +

Friday, Sept. 12.

(A notice of the death of W. A. Butler is pasted in the diary). After it she writes: a pleasant man. I met him at the Hazeltine's in Rome in 1898 and 1899. His poem (Nothing to Wear) was claimed by one or two people. I met his father at the dinner at the Bancroft's in New York, at which Ex-President Van Buren was also present and W. M. Thackeray, who said to me across the table that "Browning's 'How they brought the good news' was a good jingle".

Wednesday, Sept. 17.

Dear Maud's manuscript sent back from the Outlook on the plea of crowded matter of immediate interest. I sent it to the National Magazine with a note. In afternoon to the Wintie's reception for Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, a French lady, speaks very little English. Stuyvy, as they used to call him when a boy, used to like my dearest Julia, who was about his age. They lost sight of each other and mutually forgot their childish acquaintance. He married a Miss Pierrepont, who died childless. After years of widowhood, not always very rangé it is said, he has brought home this bride, a tall rather handsome French woman. I greeted him as Stuyvy and we had some talk about his parents, whom I knew well. Pres. Butler of Columbia University was introduced by Mrs. Van Rensselaer. He told me of Col. F. W. Parker's death of which I had not heard. + + + I enjoyed this party very much, meeting old friends and many descendants of such.

Saturday, Sept. 20.

Not quite well today. Brackett filled a tooth for me with much care and patience. I was thankful not to suffer pain, which I had expected.

Tuesday, Sept. 23.

Made an end of screed for Young People's Religious Union.

Wednesday, Sept. 24.

Jack Hall left to our regret. I hear today of the death of Miss Eliza Partridge, beloved cousin of my cousin, Henry Hall Ward, who left her the life enjoyment of his estate. She was probably eighty-nine years old. Had lived with her aunt, Mrs. William G. Ward, many years. After Mrs. W's death, lived there for some years with Cousin John Ward; died peacefully on September 19th, at the same house.

Heard also with regret of the death of Mrs. George Wales. + + + She was a very kind woman and very friendly to me and mine.

Meeting of Papéterie here this afternoon, made delightful by dear Laura's reading of Three Little Fables and recitation of two love poems, Betty and John (her two youngest children). Mrs. Cortazzo gave an excellent account of Lord Ronald Gore's old diaries. Several out-siders were present, among them Mrs. Maria McKaye, whom I have known from her childhood. She brought me some peach leather, which proved very popular.

Thursday, Sept. 25.

Have writ a good deal on the screed for "Bohemia", a volume soon to be published in aid of certain brain workers. + + +

Monday, Sept. 29.

Must have my screed on the Woman problem ready by October 15th. Must add to my lecture on the "Ethical office of the Drama"; must find my Brook Farm lecture. + + +

Tuesday, Sept. 30.

Worried much at waking about the coal strike. Have writ a short screed which I sent to the Christian Register, with a note to Rev. George Bachelor. A delightful Papéterie at Mme. Cortazzo's. I read my

little screed on "Bohemia".

Friday, Oct. 3.

To Boston to attend tomorrow's meeting of Directors of N. E. W. C. A comfortable journey; found Laura and Maud at the house. Searched and at last found Brook Farm lecture wanted at Pittsburg. Went to Bunting (the chiropadist) and was much relieved as to my feet by his employee Dr. Brackett, who talks endlessly. Then to the Inst. where supped with Michael and passed the night.

Saturday, Oct. 4.

A harmonious meeting of the Board.

Tuesday, Oct. 7.

Papéterie at Mrs. Fahnestock's; very pleasant. I read to the club a letter of mine writ in Paris in July 1878, unearthed by Mrs. McKaye from her sister's papers. I then proposed a discussion of the coal strike, calling upon members in alphabetical order.

Wednesday, Oct. 8.

Finished screed for the syndicate.

Thursday, Oct. 9.

Have writ to + + + M. Anagnos, sending letter from a poor woman who seeks work for her blind husband, + + +

Sunday, Oct. 12.

Could not go to church. Made first draft of screed for Hearst on Woman question of today. + + +

Thursday, Oct. 16.

Sent off my screed for the New York American and Journal; looked over half of dear Maud's screed. Began to add to my talk on the "ethics of the drama".

Sunday, Oct. 19.

Could not go to church; very tired at waking. Maud insisted that I should not pack, but I have managed to do a good deal of it. Wintie came to say good-bye. He goes first to join Daisy, then sails for Ireland to hunt with Carroll. I stole one moment of this very busy time to write my good-bye to this dear place, never more restful than it has now been. I thank the dear Father that he has given me this beautiful season just at end. I feel as old John M. Forbes did, when leaving Naushon for the last time he blindly went about touching familiar objects and saying, "Never again perhaps". Either way, I hope that I shall be able to say, God's will be done, from my heart. I do pray that the coming winter may bring good to all my dear ones, to Christendom and to my country. Farewell, dear Oak Glen.

Monday, Oct. 20.

It was a great wrench for me to leave beautiful Oak Glen at this

lovely period but which pleasantly recalled my old campaigns for A. A. W. which usually took place in October. Dear Maud drove in with me and Cousins Mott and Louisa Francis met us at the wharf of the Wickford boat. Bishop McVickar was on board and also Mrs. Brown, formerly Miss Dresser. I spoke with both of them at the landing, and the Bishop helped me to leave the boat. Louisa proved a helpful and pleasant companion. H. M. H. managed to board the cars at 230 Fifth Street and so spared me all anxiety about cab and baggage. Fanny received me very affectionately and I passed a pleasant evening with the two.

Tuesday, Oct. 21.

Flossy came as per agreement to take me to Plainfield. + + +

Wednesday, Oct. 22.

Lecture for Unitarian Club in Philadelphia. + + + Mrs. Bartol received us most cordially and placed at our service a pleasant suite of rooms. + + + Mrs. B. sent me in her own carriage to the church, where Mr. Child met us and led me at once to a very comfortable arm chair near the pulpit of the church, with a good light. I read my screed on the "Ethical office of the Drama" and later repeated my Battle Hymn. The audience was very attentive. At the reception later + + + one lady said to me, "You have given me an elevation tonight which I never expected to experience again." Mrs. Pierce told me that this lady had been sorely afflicted by the loss of a son.

Thursday, Oct. 23.

Flossy awoke with a severe headache, and after some efforts to rise and dress, collapsed and gave up going with me. I decided to go alone, leaving her to follow in the evening, if possible. The younger Mrs. Bartol took me to the train and bought some sandwiches for my lunch. I had a solitary journey until quite late in the day, when I made acquaintance with a Mrs. ----- + + + Reached East Liberty at about 7 P. M. where was met by Mrs. Porter's servant and carriage, and what seemed a long drive in the dark, with a climb to the Porter mansion. Mrs. Porter and daughter received me on the threshold, daintily dressed in white. They made me very welcome and placed the maid Wilhemina at my disposal. The house is superb in its appointment. I enjoyed a very good dinner, finely served.

Friday, Oct. 24.

Breakfast in my room, where Flossy soon appeared, to my great joy. + + + At about 2:30 the fine carriage took us to the 20th Century Club house, where I read my Brook Farm lecture to a very attentive audience and said my Battle Hymn. + + +

Wednesday, Oct. 29.

Memorial meeting for Dr. Zach, N. E. W. C. I to make concluding remarks. X I managed to get together a short screed. + + + Mrs. Cheney made a short address inaudible to me, and introduced Mrs. Laughlin as presiding officer. + + + Mine was the concluding address, very brief, telling of Dr. Z. as a club member. VI gave the benediction as follows: "I pray God earnestly that we women may never go back from the ground which has been gained for us by our noble pioneers and leaders. I pray

that these bright stars of merit, set in our human firmament, may shine upon us and lead us to better and better love and service for God and man". This was warmly received. Indeed I felt to say it. Was thankful that it was given me.

Thursday, Oct. 30.

+ + + Had a walk. My strength gave out in afternoon and I felt very dull; nevertheless I did dress and go to the Franklin Square House which I felt ill able to do. I was rewarded for this by the pleasure expressed at my coming, and by the interest of the occasion in which I took a very modest part. I found Dr. Perrin a young man, to my surprise. The cordiality of the trustees to him was good to witness. + +

Friday, Oct. 31.

Thought this morning that my doom had come, I was so languid at waking. Bath and breakfast soon bettered this, so I am at my desk, only a little tired. + + +

Sunday, Nov. 2.

To my dear church where my late fatigues made me rather drowsy. A delightful Communion service roused me from my lethargic condition. + +

Monday, Nov. 3.

+ + + To N. E. W. C. in afternoon to hear reports of delegates to Biennial at Los Angeles. These were very interesting but the activity shown made me feel my age, and its one great infirmity, loss of power of locomotion. I felt somehow the truth of the lines which Mr. Robert C. Winthrop once quoted to me:

"The veteran lags superfluous on the scene."

Sunday, Nov. 9.

My dearest Maud's birthday. She quite miserable with bronchial cold. Went to church where was very drowsy. Had a dreadful fright about a paper. + + + I found it after some searching.

Monday, Nov. 10.

Went to N. E. W. C. with dear Flossy. Her lecture on Lord Byron and the Greek Revolution excellent I thought, and much appreciated. A good little discussion followed after which we drove to South Boston to attend meeting of the Howe Memorial Club. A pleasant occasion; music very good. I spoke principally of the importance of following our best leadings or inspirations. I cannot tell how much such a course will effect the lives of others.

Wednesday, Nov. 12.

+ + + Was very miserable all the day with cold and cough.

Thursday, Nov. 13.

Italian Ambassador to dine at 7:30. A little better but still unable to go out; a stormy day. Maud ill with headache. So dark that

cannot see to do much. + + + A rather anxious day, followed by a really delightful dinner and soirée, the latter numerously attended. A little good talk with Prof. Warren of Harvard, and Mr. Gale, architect. The Ambassador quoted at the close of his lecture, the closing lines of my (blank verse) Poem on Rome, which he praised much to me. He also invited me to stay at his house in Washington, D. C. Nobili also spoke to me of the poem. + + +

Saturday, Nov. 15.

Lunch at the Somerset, 1 P. M. given by the Willards, very pleasant. I sat next the charming Ambassador and had much talk with him; also with Prof. Thayer on my right. It was a brilliant occasion. Coming home I received a letter from Padre Roberto introducing an Italian who claims to be a gentleman, asks for work but apparently does not know how to do anything. Not having any money in the house, I told him to call on Monday.

Sunday, Nov. 16.

Did not dare to attend church on account of the almost certainty of drafts of air, cold not yet cured. + + +

Monday, Nov. 17.

I had this morning so strong a feeling of the goodness of the divine parent in the experience of my life, especially of its most trying period, that I had to cry out, "What shall I who have received so much, give in return?" I felt that I must only show that forbearance and forgiveness to others which the ever blessed One has shown to me. My own family does not call for this. I am cherished by its members with great tenderness and regard. I think later in the day of a sermon to prisoners which would brighten their thoughts of the love of God. Text from St. John's epistle, "Behold what manner of love is this that we should be called the sons of God".

Tuesday, Nov. 18.

Must leave home a little before 1 P. M. + + + Began last evening to fear that should not be able to fulfil this engagement. I had a bad night, usual oppression of breath and wakefulness. Headache at waking which gave way to William's medicine. Maud would not hear of my going to Quincy and early sent them word by telephone. I have been at my desk until now, 3 P. M. except the time consumed at luncheon. + + + Wrote + + + the beginning of a sermon for the prisoners thought of yesterday, suggested by my own experience as realized in a sudden moment of thought.

Wednesday, Nov. 19.

Have felt depressed and spleeny, not fit to make any exertion or undertake any work. Have writ + + + to A. V. Willard, praying deliverance from the Italian plague. Meeting of officers of Authors Club here at 4 P. M. + + + In late evening dreamed over the keys of the piano. Thought a good deal about Mayer des Planches. The Committee meeting did me much good.

Sunday, Nov. 23.

Went to church in spite of the uncertain weather. + + + I had prayed earnestly for a glimpse of the higher life. The service was delightful to me and the sermon was instructive.



Monday, Nov. 24.

Took 9 A. M. train for Gardiner to stay with dear Laura over Thanksgiving.

Thursday, Nov. 27.

A quiet, restful Thanksgiving day. + + + Weather very unpleasant. Walked on the piazza.

Saturday, Nov. 29.

Attended the children's fair and bought some trifles. Object, money to buy children's books for the Library. Rosalind had supervised all the children's work. She, Alice and their mother remained all the afternoon. Result, one hundred dollars; a wonderful achievement.

Thursday, Dec. 4.

+ + + Attended Circolo Italiano. Countess Salazar Zampieri spoke of the Italian woman of today. She made honorable mention of the meeting which I conducted at Daisy's apartment in Rome in 1898. It has really borne fruit in an association of ladies for benevolent work under Countess Taverna.

Thursday, Dec. 11.

+ + + In afternoon to meeting of Presidents of Massachusetts Clubs, where was warmly welcomed. Mrs. M. A. Ward presided very well I thought. An interesting conference; much philanthropic work incidentally spoken of.

Tuesday, Dec. 12.

Have writ quite a little to Jeanie Marcou, one of the very few remaining alive who knew me in my father's house. She had written me and sent me ~~Pack~~ Vobiscum by Henry Drummond.

*Ray*

Sunday, Dec. 14.

Service in church parlors; shortage of coal the reason. + + +

Friday, Dec. 19.

+ + + Mrs. Livermore's 82nd birthday. I went out to Melrose with most of the Wintergreens to take part in a surprise party.

Saturday, Dec. 20.

Went to the reception at the Vendome given by N. E. W. Press Association, to The Countess Zampieri Salazar. I presided by special invitation. The rooms were much crowded. The Countess made a good impression, in spite of her unfortunate voice. + + +

Sunday, Dec. 21.

A delightful Christmas service at our dear church, which was decorated as usual. The sermon was severely simple and practical. It aimed at showing what Christ can do for each one of us, and was really

inspiring and suggestive. H. Richards, Johnny and Jack Hall to dinner and, thence to the Christmas Oratorio, which I had forgotten. + + +

Monday, Dec. 22.

+ + + In the evening a charming Christmas frolic got up by Maud for the Richards children. Samuel King recited charmingly, among other things a Tennyson poem, "The Victim" which was new to me. It has only appeared in one edition of a special volume.

Thursday, Dec. 25.

Blessed Christmas day ! Many gifts sent me with kind notes and messages. I seemed to have forgotten about church services on this day, as I might have gone to Trinity, my own church not holding any meeting. + + + I feel tired, though I have done nothing to tire me. A dear letter from Marion Crawford, who promises to visit us soon.

Monday, Dec. 29.

Have writ to Mrs. Margaret Chapman, Boissevein, Manitoba, that cannot help her to get her children (girls) adopted. + + +

Tuesday, Dec. 30.

Countess and Mrs. M. A. Ward to lunch. In the evening went to pre-side at the opening of the new Woman's Club House, termed the New Century Club. The hall is a very good one, accoustics excellent I thought, and aspect very satisfactory. I spoke of the building as a realization of a dream and mentioned my suggestion of it at the meeting of the Dorchester Club years ago. I think that mine was the first suggestion, but the Castillion Club called the first meeting to consider the plan, and so gets the credit. I introduced Governor (elect) Bates as "one of the elect", which was the only hit I made or attempted. Fatigue made me duller than usual, but dear Maud thought I did well. + + + On the whole a creditable opening.

Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Cannot recall anything about this day. Think I spent it quietly at home. Thought much of the year which has been rich in pleasant experiences. I have enjoyed unusual health; have written much and acceptable; have given a sermon at my dear church; have seen much of my dear children and grand-children; have earned some money and have received the gift of twenty-one hundred dollars from unknown friends, moved there-  
unto by Lizzie Homans.

-504-

1903.

Thursday, Jan. 1, 1903.

I am very thankful that I am spared to reach the beginning of a new year and that in reasonable health and strength.

I attended the celebration of the 40th Anniversary of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation at Fanueil Hall. + + + I was received with a warm welcome and sat on the platform. The attendance was largely the colored people, as were all of the officers. I felt much the spirit of the occasion, and spoke, I thought, better than usual, going back to the heroic times before and during the war, and to the first celebration forty years ago, at which I was present. I was warmly applauded and am sure that my words reached the colored people. F. B. Sanborn and C. C. Ames spoke after me, the former with more precision of manner than usual, the latter as ever, fervent in spirit and direct in speech. The Battle Hymn was sung. + + +

Sunday, Jan. 4.

Staid at home in morning in order to attend Communion service this afternoon. + + + Minister asked if I had a word. I said no but in my heart prayed for a word, which seemed to come to me: "It is good for us who in our active lives dwell so much upon the surface of things, to go sometimes into the depths." I spoke of the anguish of that last Passover, when the bread appeared to Christ to represent his body, soon to be sacrificed; the wine, his blood. The depths of sorrow and the great hope and glory which may come out of them.

Monday, Jan. 5.

Heard from Mary Graves' sister of her illness. + + +

Tuesday, Jan. 6.

Wrote new circular for Countess.

Thursday, Jan. 8.

Attended annual meeting of Society for the protection of Italian Emigrants; made a short address.

Friday, Jan. 9.

Talk with Dr. Jones and Mrs. Merrill about the Italian Review.

Saturday, Jan. 10.

At 11:30 received message from New York World that would pay for an article sent at once on "Gambling among Society People". Wrote this in a little more than an hour.

Monday, Jan. 12.

+ + + To Club with Miss Susan Perkins. Mrs. Pray Widdington of England spoke of liberty, equality and brotherhood, the watch words of 1848. I felt rather impatient as her somewhat labored exposition was a statement very familiar to most of those present. On reflection I thought much better of her performance and felt that I ought to have thanked her for it, which I did not do being in haste on account of Miss Perkins' carriage, ordered for 4:30. The day was bitterly cold.

Tuesday, Jan. 13.

Colder than yesterday. I wanted to attend the suffrage meeting but did not dare to go out until 3 P. M. when the cold had somewhat abated. Then I went to meeting of Tuesday Club at Mrs. Morris Gray's. The talk was of our Indians, whether it was wise to take away their reservations and give them land in severalty. A Mrs. Robbins led the discussion, a sensible woman, who had heard this and other Indian questions discussed at Mohunk Conference. The missionaries seem to be against the school such as Hampton and Carlisle. They think the uplift not permanent, engendering high pretensions rather than high character. I suggested that the education of a savage race is a slow process. "We ourselves do not know how long it took to civilize our ancestors, and many aeons there are between Babel and Boston." This seemed to amuse some.

Wednesday, Jan. 14

Conservatory of Music, 2:30 P. M. I to preside.

I wrote a brief screed and had to open the meeting. + + +

Thursday, Jan. 15.

Circolo Italiano at Lizzie Perkins' apartment. + + + Very interesting.

Friday, Jan. 16.

Depressed at waking. Wrote to E. D. Cheney. Took a walk, first time since Sunday. At lunch a fit of rhyme seized me and I wrote some comic verses for tomorrow's Authors' dinner.

Saturday, Jan. 17.

A quiet day. Walked to Dr. Hopkins', where underwent some renewal of fillings. Copied and corrected my rhymes for the evening's festivity, which dear Maud attended with me. The occasion at the Somerset was really very fine. Many literary people in attendance and some of the "world's people". Baroness Von Helldorf, American by birth, and Josephine Dodge Daskam were guests of honor. The first very tall, young and handsome, the second handsome also and very simpatica. She recited two lovely child poems. A Mr. Nickson Waterman, formerly of Chicago, read a very funny poem, and Mr. Loomis related amusing anecdotes. My verses were much applauded, and I think I enjoyed this applause quite unduly. Music by Harvard Banjo Club. Mrs. Moulton and Josephine Peabody recited short poems. N. H. Dole, a lengthy one, really good but a bit long for the occasion. \*Item: he made no provision for taking me into dinner and had to come back for me, after seating the Baroness.

Sunday, Jan. 18.

To church where heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Van Ness: "How

to maintain our spiritual life in the rush and pressure of our practical interests and work". I had known him for years but have never before heard him. I find him more of a person than I had supposed him to be.

Tuesday, Jan. 20.

+ + + Some little agitation about my appearance at the Artists' Festival tonight, as one of the patronesses. I had already a white wollen dress quite suitable for the prescribed costume. Some benevolent person or persons ordered for me and sent a cloak of fine white cloth, beautiful to look at but heavy to wear. A head dress was improvised out of one of my Breton caps, with a long veil of lawn. Jack Elliott made me a lovely coronet out of a bit of gold braid with one jewel of dear Maud's. Arriving, to my surprise, I found the queen's chair waiting for me. I sat thereon very still, the other patronesses being most kind and cordial and saw the mockly throng and the curious pageants. Costumes most beautiful but the hall too small for much individual effect. Adèle Thayer wore the famous Thayer diamonds.

Thursday, Jan. 22.

+ + + We were at home this afternoon. Louis Sands called, Miss Jarvis, several others, among them Clara Doria Rogers, the Larz Andersons, Henschel, Julia Richards and young Curtis. Henschel had dined here with his wife many years ago. He is inconsolable for her loss, but feels that he has spiritual communion with her, which is a great comfort.

Friday, Jan. 23.

+ + + A pleasant informal dinner with the Arthur Hills; a Mr. Sturgis, son of Russell, Jr., talked with me about Strikes. In afternoon Maud called me to meet Mr. Chism of England, an Oxford Journalist concerned in the new volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Saturday, Jan. 24.

Very busy at home all day. H. B. B. came to tell me of a hearing at the State House on Tuesday — a petition for Municipal Suffrage for tax paying women. Wrote at once draft of a short screed for the same.

Monday, Jan. 26.

To club in afternoon. Prof. Jaggar gave a lecture on Mount Pelee, of the eruption of last spring. + + + Dreaded tomorrow's hearing a good deal. Thought I should fail and hurt my cause instead of helping it.

Tuesday, Jan. 27.

Woke early and began to worry about hearing. + + + Dressed with more care than usual and went betimes to State House. Had a good deliverance of my paper. The opposition harped upon our bill as an effort to obtain class legislation, saying also that they knew it to be an entering wedge to obtain suffrage for all women; the two positions being evidently irreconcilable. When our turn for rebuttal came, I said: "Many years ago John Quincy Adams presented in Congress a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, but none of the Southerners imagined that this petition was intended to keep the other negroes of the South in slavery! Are we who for thirty years past and more have been coming here to ask for full suffrage for all women, being accused of coming now with a view to the exclusion of our former

clients from suffrage ? How can we be said to contemplate this much at the same time to be putting in an entering wedge for universal suffrage ?"

Dear Maud attended and would have spoken. Oh ! had I only known that she would !

I thank God for what I did say at the hearing and for what I did not say. Two of the opposing speakers were rude in their remarks; all were absurd, hunting an issue which they knew to be false, namely: our seeking for class legislation.

Wednesday, Jan. 28.

Although very tired after yesterday's meeting, I went in the evening to see Julius Caesar in Richard Mansfield's interpretation. The play was beautifully staged, Mansfield very good in the tent scene; parts generally well filled. Jack Elliott went with me. Cassus and Anthony were especially well given. + + + We had a pleasant late dinner for Mr. Hugh Chism. + + + Jack and Fox, the architect, were the other guests. + + +

Saturday, Jan. 31.

Meeting of Authors' Club. Ill all day with stupor; slept most of the time.

Sunday, Feb. 1.

Much better but not quite myself; head still unsteady.

Monday, Feb. 2.

At home all day, save for a short walk in the damp weather. A dark, foggy day; finished and posted screed on Easter for Youth's Companion. Head not very steady.

Tuesday, Feb. 3.

Maud forbids brain work, and to prevent it takes me with her in carriage, for various errands, namely: to my Bank, to see Pressy's exhibit in Park Street parlors, and to call on Mary Graves, whom we found sitting in the parlor + + + much better, though still coughing. Jack Elliott brought me a canary with a varied and beautiful song. Have writ a friendly letter to Bessie F. Crowell, Portland, Maine. I recommended two or three books for them to read, Parkman, John Fiske, Cooper's novels, and Our Poets. + + + Had a pleasant call from Mr. Chism and also one from Upton Sinclair, a young Virginian who admires my Battle Hymn and wants to write a three volume novel about our Civil War; a youth of twenty-four, rather bumptious but very candid and genuine; author of "King Midas".

Thursday, Feb. 5.

This was the birthday of my beloved brother Henry Ward, whose death some sixty-two years ago afflicted me to the point of inducing an attack of melancholia. He died of typhoid fever, in my arms, in the room in which my father had died two years before, as well as I can remember. Henry was engaged to Mary Ward, afterwards Mary Dorr. She mourned for him long and deeply and remained for many years my intimate friend. We