

I knew I was going to make a fool of
myself when I first waked up. I
lay awake and actually killed myself
by a poison and I had myself
exit and prepared my letters to
explain my act. I had my
effects all mended up and in
apple pie order and my trunk
disposed of. how if that isn't
fool enough for one day -

Here is a life so commonplace through
all its course as to be ludicrous, now
ending in a tragedy which makes
ones blood chill.

There are intense moments in life in
which we are able to see truths which
tacitly we have accepted perhaps all
our days but never realized. We discover
the truth of a truth which we
have been taught from babyhood
upward.

Ship ^{on} To Europe via an Union Red.

"That Lamb"

Judd's Bull

^(The sense of)
"Immortality" is an achievement of morals.
"All truth is an achievement."

We never know a ^{thing} until we have lived it. We hear of theories, we speculate and so make up our code of beliefs. But one month of living will sometimes break down two years of theorizing and establish as an incontrovertible truth the opposite of what our speculations of years have we believed established forever.

Our camping Club - Our Coffee Company
Story - The hero of the coffee Co.

It is her Spring debut. She makes no
each year. Come when her Spring suit
comes out, again with her fall outfit.
Always pretty, trim, stylish and bright.
She a public school teacher on 45-6, a
year and it takes close calculating to
manage these two suits. But what joy
when at last on a ~~fine~~ poet's morning of
Spring time, when there is a sprinkling
of underlined green maples and
now and then a red one in the land-
scape, when the dandelions have come
and the season is just done to a turn
for a spring ^{early} she comes out. An artist
would linger over his picture just
ready to be hung in the salon
or she does ~~it~~ over her toilet; a
author who hangs over a story finished
as she lingers over her glass. It is
the complete pleasure. Perhaps
it might be wiser to spend the time in
some other employment but that is
not our question. She makes a perfect
success of what she aims at. For weeks before

she has spent the preceding hour thinking of
this suit. She has planned herself in it
and now it is here - what possibilities
lie in a new Spring suit. It has been
a happy triumph and she takes it
off with a sigh of pleasure. In now
it means a succession of joys - each
opportunity to wear will be a pleasure.

Is there another such a responsive
tree in nature as these soft maple
Spring: hirs burst thru into
blossom. They do not wait for leaf or
wing but burst full in to bloom.

How hard the hickory is. Poor old shell
bark is bare as a rock though the
maples are mad with blossoming. The
sun must woo and coax for many
a day yet before shell give in.

The trail of the serpent: a woman - a school
girl commits suicide - betrayed by a married
man - a man ditto - can't get work - a
one armed boy - carelessness of father -
a sick servant - carelessness of the
mistress

A good idea for a take off would be
to condemn the serpent. Mademoiselle
does as everybody asks, pities every-
thing and sees wrong in nothing.
cannot coquet the ball of an opponent
away from an arch - carries flowers
to Rogers - gives up a love -
etc etc

and come

As pretty a picture as ever an artist saw, it was. I sat in my carriage waiting a friend who ~~was~~ stopping within. Watching the carriage about I saw tied in front of me a pretty placard, its sole occupant a bright eyed four year old baby. She had grown weary waiting and presently threw pretty head down upon the cushion to rest. Her eyes were shut and her whole attitude so sleepy. Smiling and waiting I waited for an owner for the child. Suddenly coming across the street I saw a portly form - a smiling, dimpled face, a tender twinkling smile of love and joy. Somebody was carrying the baby. So happy in her, and amused expectation of her surprise to see anything about the parcel tied in coarse brown paper was in his hand and he suddenly thrust it on the little one's face. She sprang up in happy expectancy, laughing with gladness and eager to explore the parcel. The happy face, the little joy of the man in the child's gladness how

it brought fresh news into my heart but
that passed - It was Bologna sausage
and the joy of bolts culminated
when in response to her teasing the
big knife came out of the pocket -
and a slice was cut for Labe.

Hopeless trouble. unravelling knot
marked threads. a crimson thread of
a lion's angry - a black silk skin of
blindness and ingratitude, a flimsy
yard of flimsy flirtation, a dingy
piece of badly worded how they
twist and tangle! Great heart
what a picture! how it stares at me
and tug and pull and pick and work -
it will not unravel, it grows tighter
what can be done. break the thread
throw away the knot, submit to the loss.

Submission and disclaiming is the
editor's task. See what has done
Three large arguments as to what
ought to be done. Lead does or persuade

people into better ways first - what are
they doing second the highest idea
of what they ought to be doing
at Chautauqua. Manners of working
mental shopping - Abuse of faculties

I am going to introduce a new
sport for ladies - it is gathering wild
strawberries - don't laugh! mean.
Rather gather than from your
well cultivated garden paths. Bah-
how ignorant you are. Why there
is all the difference between
fishing for bull heads and for
trout in the river. Did you ever fish
for bull heads simply sit and hold
a line in water that is as dull as
a country clod but for trout: how you
waited and held your breath and
saintly flashed your bait - how
an action - how the polka dotted
girl-dogged you and flashed away
how you boyed and coaxed and
coaxed until the shy coquette

took your offer and was yours - What
a conqueror you felt yourself - What a
great war in the spirit - Was like
winning your first love, or winning
your first glory. And then how as
you led your line the country
was loud and smiled on your
sport. What cool grottoes cooled your
sight; what soft sounds played a
symphony near you. And about
sighing why it is nothing more
than gathering God's pet fruit. Do
you know where they grow - come
with me. There is a score of acres
of grass we have. Farmer Bill
will say no haspards if you ask -
don't. Just put on your hat and
go - where? Why until you find
your barrier is of course. Did you
ever find a path so fair? See how
before you have a long path
in the waving grassy wave, see how
before you have the withered break
no mark. You are conqueror of this

field. Go and what guide. Now let us
know and find out. There's a vine
but no berries yet. Now they are
growing thicker and. The grass thins
There is a strawberry land and now
down into the forest of lincolny and
daisies and buttercups, down to
hops and with the grasshoppers and
moths and butterflies and beetles
with flies and ferns worms and
bees ants and perhaps spiders.
The earth is green what excitement!
How lovely the rosy heads are that
that hang low in the narrow
forest. A boy of pretty maidens
picketed clustered and beautiful side
away in a cornet-gray. But why
talk- by if my friend search and
gather and learn this hiding place
Believe it a run fun.

But how can we quell these
fountains of misery that will burst
forth at night in the silence.

Do you remember how the fountain
before Indiana's lover's castle would
shape itself in a willowy form,
and how the spray would bring
its hands and the music down to
moan. How when rocks and fairs
and art were applied to quell it -
down still it would burst forth.

God pity us. how many an Indiana's
fountain springs in fountains and
miller thoughts, nor art, nor wealth
nor beauty can drown the moan,
shut out the wailing hands.

Out of the bank of gray rose a
bellowy sphinx, calm and noble
and vast and not far off a
ventable clove of in gray and
cold white cloud. But gradually
with the lowering of the sun
my sphinx has steep into a

limit-ers of ambrosia, my pyramid
has fallen. ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~longer~~ ^{longer} day a
rise in human's heart &
love for ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~giving~~ ^{giving} ~~giddles~~ ^{giddles} and love
the hard ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~climb~~ ^{climb}.

Antip. a name for an Auntie who
lives up stairs.

He met a man who in 15 minutes call
gave him on English wine during war
said - "Gladstone and Disraeli can no more
be compared than Lincoln & Dick".

Told some of Lincoln at dedication of
monument at Gettysburg. his speech
after Edward Everett.

described & compared continual scenery.

"H. H."

Once in a year ^{perhaps} the ~~sky~~ ^{heaven}
waves down to man a peerless day.
The sky hangs over the earth a love for his lady,
the air with fresh vigor in its touch, perfume
with scent, hope beauty love in its
caress winds in and out a queenly
evening maid. Dull hearts grow gay, sad
eyes smile, languid limbs revive. A
blessing this indeed. And sometimes so to
men the gods send down one to walk
among us. One has just gone out from Life's
Vestibule into the broad fair Hall of Heaven
who was to us who knew ^{her} even ^{that} she. Her
presence hung on us like a benediction.
She passed in and out and even the
sight of her eye was strength and
hope to dull hearts.

Mr Thomas leaving his wife with
frictions home - no sense in her being
frightened.

"A person always ready to fight is
certainly of the greatest consideration
amongst his or her family circle"
Thackeray. The newcomer

"Conversation which passes between two friends,
with their feet on the fender, on winter nights;
or in a summer ramble." Harriet Martineau
in Autobiography. How conscious this is that
it cannot be interpreted a ramble with
feet on fender.

Moral relief through intellectual resources.

An essay on Methods of Composition
see H. Thackeray's Autobiography -
page 94

The glory of death is on the world - growing
old in splendor. When will we learn what
death means?

Calm in trees and shy and cloud-
peace in the soft breeze - peace in the
leaves that ghost-like fall from their earthly
home to their grave - they go gladly to
rest. Where do all these storkes find
the blessed quiet? Must man alone be
born with emotions?

83.

16/17 - The ecstasy of pain - "die nonne des leids".
There is a peculiar phase of mental life which
will help to an economical arrangement of
duties. The mind becomes languid over
its favorite duties often. you may lash it
with ambition, proberit with shame's spur, pull
it with resolution but - no go. it won't go.
But turn to a mechanical task which is

ordinarily perfectly distasteful and
it is surprising how well it will work

"It is mighty easy to write Sam Jones on
the door but there are few gates through
which care does not slip."

Thackeray.

10/17. Transplanted rose at office & trimmed it
back.

10/18. "Good sermons are not made they grow."
Dr Smith reporting Rich. Daren.

The general evidence of bitterness-showing
in criticisms on habits of people, in action in
regard to an annoyance.

The power of art lies in its interpretation of
a man's ^{inner} feelings. Lucecock

"The ethics of the old testament," new expression
to me.

10/ - I am trying two rose bushes, both transplanted
11/ cut all the leaves off one and left all on
another.

10/ The maples on the Diamond are shedding
their leaves - the top foliage goes first.

11/ 28 years old - For the first time in my
life I am beginning to doubt the
blessing that I have always claimed lay
in work. It has stifled my impatience
kept me steady, acted as an opiate - but
now - leisure - leisure golden leisure,
to think, to expand to flourish under.
I wonder if this is a step in ~~my~~ mental
development. I perhaps could not
have appreciated leisure without first-
doing work.

My rose which was out back is behind
the others, in putting out leaf buds.

A very peculiar effect is produced on the Diamond
on the leafless day - in a wind storm, they
go up the campus double quick exactly like
the battalion when in a body it ~~has~~ ^{goes} over the
order double quick.

"Agnes hasn't got much of a head - the
want of it - seems to grow upon her -
but she has a conscience as big
as the side of a house", Horwells,

Something to do - essential to life -
Here is Agnes Officer boy - complete -
innocent when not at work because
she is idle - He's got a pair of bones
and sits out side of the Officer
happy as a lark - watching them -
rattling the bones. Safety Valve

A little head introduced into love would be
a delicate balance.

I dislike these men of 40 and upwards who
persist in flattering girls with remarks
like - "A lady ^{who} ~~is~~ has so many admirers as
you", etc. The best compliment
a man can pay me is a willingness to
talk sense with me.

What heights of enthusiasm and admiration
we can rise to in contemplating our own
adventures -

Love gives itself away sadly. It creeps out
of the corner of the eyes, and into the
gesture and lingers in the tones.

Beware of sharp tongued people. There is
one end of a pin that is always easy to find.

You will find your mind constant - so long as
you are. But mind, it always repays
fickleness with fickleness. It never flirts
until you teach it the art.

My mind and I went to walk
and friends in truth are we

Innocent but weak
Forgiving and strong } which?

Love to a woman is life's great
consummation. so even illegitimate
love becomes virtue to her. She
lives a guilty life before the
world's standards as pure as
any wife lives her life with her
flawed husband. This is
the rule. The licentious woman
is rare. The woman made mad
by betrayal of a love to her honorable
because it is love is the ordinary
rule among loose characters.

Child's story - A Party visit coal mine.
Wed - 4 - bright sunrise etc. Please little
guide describe forbidden passage. get
away from crowd. get into
empty car with mine attached
run away in a coal mine.
a serious accident - How Tom
finds him.

Mary Be story told to a helpful
girl.

2/2/89 "I love study. I am hungry for it - but I
don't get lips, dear." Frankie Murphy

"My friends of noble know" - Coriolanus
Act IV - S. I

What is he? A sheet of glaring ice with
20 ft snow covering & only deep enough
to trip the unthinking harkler,

Sarah Wheelers experience in cake making,
do not fear struggle. what is it the servant
says in concolamine? - "This peace is nothing
but to rust iron, increase Tailors, and
breed ballad-makers".

Looking into a plate glass ~~mirror~~ ^{mirror}, admiring
myself caught in the act - Who I am - what
I am in France, tail a suit - content over love
affairs - disgust at my spy - denouncement.

I like her - she can make a mistake
or even do a foolish thing - see how it looks
perfectly and never more a success of her
face - Only she never does that thing again.

A story suggested by Hawthorne's
"Manservant" - the chamber containing
the finished chapters of Coleridge's Chivalry
the King Arthur that Dryden planned but
never wrote etc - Two friends - in Italy - the
all of skulls - a night planned to it - A is
asked by B to go, - A tells a story sitting
under a night sky smoking - was in Italy - this
place in 1798 ago. Went to see skulls, determined,
visited in the day - a call of hearts, one
hung - dangling from a scaffold, hung by
rope of diameter - one blade from to death
from the stab of a lie, one eaten by
the cancer of hatred, one choiced
by vanity. One bloated and swollen
mushroom from passion.

I cannot go tomorrow - good night.

With pillow with the fiery eye,

"How she lost her place" - Commencement
crutch-1886 - L. M. C. -

There is an animal the night-monkey
whose back-bone is so flexible that
it can sit down on any part of it.
It isn't man in general, but there
are species of this genus that
have this quality.

"I'll give it to Bruce M. Coy" Notts Williams
on gun.

"Mrs Ellis - aren't you staying
longer than you expected to when
you came?"

Esther hearing the lambs cry says
"They are crying for their mother"
After the bleating has continued a
long time she says, "I know
what they are crying for their grand-
mas!"

Getting along with People is a strong
thing. It has a practical application. It
touches everybody. Every man knows he
has a trial on hand on account of
not getting along. Not getting along
is to refuse to conform with nature's
law. Yet law in the natural world
is invincible. The wind buffets a tree, breaks
and bends and tears. The tree stands
on and repairs the damage. The
wave darts and grinds at the cliff, it
wears away in an eternal patience.
The unobstructed brook wears up the
channel but there is no resistance.
Envy, ill-temper, cross looks, injustices
and threatening winds, roaring waves,
trading steamers - but why resist? A calm
mind, a kind eye, a steady hand
will soon quiet the monger and leave
you strong and unhurt. There is a
philosophy in enduring people. It
places a man on the heights
of patience and turns the relations
affairs into a pretty and happy affair.

How I studied pottery will be an excellent
 subject - you a paper if ever I know anything
 on the subject. I got several pointers
 today (Washington Nov 4) Carrie Williams
 tells me Salween has cracks. I pick
 out Salween in National Museum, yes
 Salween clay but its decorations are
 in the north of China Japan at Awata,
 Old Salween never bore the human
 figure in its decorations - splendid piece
 in N. M. shown me by Mr. Goode,
 the decorations are very fine. Kaga new
 name to me, saw it in shop. Koisome
 is the name of this Williams plague I
 asked a shop girl.

Washington D.C.

Impressions - It is easy to write, hard to
 get started. - The international and inter-
 state character of this city is evident even
 from the shop signs - The same same
 here in character - An international episode
 a Chinaman with blue jacket, a yellow
 skirt - and pig tail getting out of a
 coupe and going into an American

book-store. ^{The} Government is the dynamo running
this machine but what starts the dynamo? you
and I. - I like to see a man so enthralled
in his specialty that he is oblivious of
personal relations. Here is a chief who
cannot forget I am a woman and
tosses the hooks of the parlor involuntarily
on my toughened sensibilities; here is
Mr. Good clear as a bell and
enthusiastic as a girl who doesn't
see anything but that I sympathize
with his work. Here is a girl - a clerk -
cannot forget she is a girl and has
her coquette's vis-à-vis on the
busy chief. It makes me cross
- Besides flourishes - There were 20
registered one day last week and
a bridal couple went up to Mt
Vernon the other day.

A grain from the Agricultural
Dept.

It is useless to deny it: hearts do lather fire -
and the only safe policy is a hand grenade
filled with soft powder (a milk and water
sauce) to throw at the first smelt. You
walk up Pa. Ave. in fall evening happy
with the motions of the birds walk and
the stiff air, see a face, it sees you. Nobody
else in all the 500 you meet saw you
nor did you see them. You recognise
each other. God pity you why ^{can} stop
and clasp hands and walk away
together and ask your hearts welfare
You know each to be a possible complement
to the other, Can't be done. Isn't proper.
Two hours later in a profound investigation
you call to see a learned professor, the
recognition in the street - again - Here he is
with the query in his eye. ~~do~~ was I
right? did you recognise my heart this
a. m. You dare not let him put that
tell tale eye back into the dark chamber
and send out your non committal stare,
Good Lord, what fools we mortals be.
Go for your hearts sake too and

for a moment live in the consciousness of
sympathy and human recognition.

Voices and voices - a child and voices
through all the air call with strange
loud but the voice of father mother
sister reaches ^{your} back from
spirit land to ^{earthly} life. A maiden
and the wind whispers secrets, the
suns sing later the ships write
worden in clouds, the birds the
flower - but a deep human voice
latter of love and the ^{far away} ~~crowd~~ is forgotten
in the near - A woman - the
air is full of birds of possible
mother, but soft child voices call
you back - An old grandmother
whispering how by how but the past
latches the door.

And this is living! out there beyond the
 sun browned, wind worn houses and
 beyond the dusty trees shrubs with
 flat and ready stones are the hills
 and trees and grass and clouds.
 Before I knew what living meant
 I lay there ~~on those~~ day after
 day and watched the
 shadows, cloud-made, float
 across the far hill sides. I
 heard the insects' summer
 operas and when the stars
 came out the deeper solemn
 orations of night-time began I
 felt the swelling tides of emotion,
 of love, of hopes of courage
 carrying away from my
 little life up into the heart of
 these great nature at which
 I gazed. The birds knew me
 they came and
 took the crumbs I scattered
 every flower was known
 to me - and now, why

Her life always showed some trace of
blue. I never seen the sky on a sunny
day when it was as veiled blue-
ness from hill-top to hill-top -
not a rift here and there but
veiled blueness all over. A sign
that all was right but a veil was
hung between your sight and it;
and so her life. Her calm sweetness
never failed but the shadow hung
like a veil between - I never saw
the one struggle I never saw it
absent.

The struggle is a life element like sun
and rain. The wind and snow
have howled and fought about
the town today like tigers made with
pain and anger. Where law - pure
and impure, cannot fill same
place. The struggle must come
to clear the air and sky. What
else is that lends Delightful
in clutched her friends by the

You remember this spread, sweet -
I brought it last autumn at Silver Fleet

throat, freezing them her cold looks,
swooning them with her angry wailing
It is her struggle, and she does
only like wind that bends and
chills and tortures the men and
flames and waters, It is her fight -
Pity her!

Face to face with death - They talked a little
and passed and then the clouds lifted
and a smile went around only to die out
as quick and dead that the faces seemed
the sadder after it. Smiles seemed
a sacrilege and a wrong that day.
They came only as there and there
a rift of star light - pierced the
shade of a pine thicket, or a grass
plot stands green and fresh in a
brown and dried meadow

Heart contradictions are difficult to get
around. Why forgive in yourself what you cannot
forgive another. Delicissima does bear a
hate now and then and hates herself most
cordially for that particular act but never
bears a grudge against herself as a
whole but when Infelissima bears a
hate and Delicissima knows it she
hates her as a whole, can't abide
her company, her playing, her smile because
she bore that hate. Delicissima
infelissima. What condonement for
you that is not due her?

Most hearts have a love jar ^{set away} in their hearts
and it is empty. Keep it covered,
then steel distant love-longing scent
will not fill the air and set you
brooding. It is a noxious apple smell
that jar sends out.

A wonderfully wise teacher this death,
She softened my hardness and more
She linked my hate to pity -
Strange how she makes tender hands of
idle ones and soft words of bitter of
longues.

Logical result of yielding to suspicion
Seen at H.H. Mcle-7-87. Aunt Marie.

The sound came out sweet half-
distant but clear, soft music making
her from sleep. It played on and on
she did not stir nor think but
melted in the sweetness of a sound
lay breathless, happy, forgetting
love and thinking nothing.

It is difficult to understand
the complacency with which the
sight of a beautiful new-fleecy
clouded azure sky, kindling cheerful
clustering trees, absorbs the
power of the mind. Ambitions

his words fail, memory ceases,
the whole world becomes a dream
of delight - a rapt sense of perfect
fullness comes - What is it?
The higher thought of nature
excluding the lower finite
thought of self?

A woman was denied by her husband the
new strings she wanted in her house
and in retaliation put up a placard
in the window - "Poor but respectable".

Little imitations - little impudences.
A good child's story - moral - might
be made by compiling a record of
dreams - interruptions of other people -
contradictions - teasing etc.

Relinquish at her boarding house -
brother & the man who had been
in Europe - when I was in Europe
"to be damned and to be damned",

Clouds of misery hung low over her life
and hugged her in their chilly gray
folds - Day after day passed with
damp winds of bitterness blowing ceaselessly,
no glorious morning sunbeams, no
sunset splendor. At last one in the
sun broke ~~through~~ ^{out} and through the
dreary rain drop painted a
rainbow on the darkened banks
of sorrow. The spell of woe was
broken -

An Old Maid Deseried,

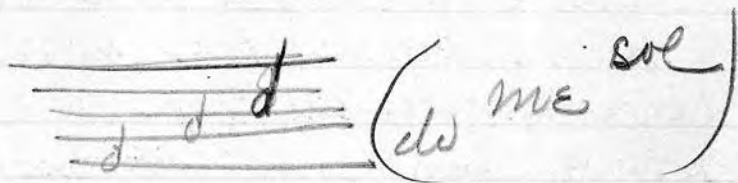
The candle is out
The fire burnt low
The shadows lie thick
And the hours pass slow.
~~The chair that he loved~~
~~stands empty and lone~~
~~no laugh & no voice~~
~~no voice sounds clear~~
no smile & light the darkness
no sound that I know,

She's happy, they say
Her home is so fair
~~her eyes are bright about her~~
~~her lips are full of smiles~~
She's happy, merrily and to spare
She feels no keen regret
Her name is a call
Her life is all freedom
Of need need she beware,

How little friends know
Of the hearts they hold dear

How ^{madly} they miss fail
when they seek to peer
into the secret

Here lies Jane all died - - -
mother of John all
singing teacher,



A epitaph on a tombstone near Prof Ding-
ley's home

"She had had a predicament" that she
would die for a long time "G. E. Delamater

Self preservation is the better part of valour".
Man to Prof Dingley.

"We haven't a stick of ice cream left"
Waiting woman

One week a bridal present - the next flowers for
her mother's coffin (Hattie Taylor).

Heavens lung on them - a shadow not from their
we but the Thole of their staylord, the constraint
that for one of their number all life was changed;
the dread, lurking, unwelcome yet impresent-
able thought - that such we might be theirs,
would be theirs they reasoned yet did not
feel,

Death was there, had come in, taken the
smile and word and love out of the
dear one and would not put them back.
They might weep, wring their hands,
cullat; pray, He did not relent, gave no
sign of pity; heard them not for aught
of tenderness he showed, Oh helpless
human hands - oh strengthless love, Oh
useless brain, What use if ye cannot
save those things that make you dear,

Sometimes under grip of pain or twinge of
 nerve I have awakened with the first
 gray crept on the hills - perhaps for months
 I had been lost in dreams at this
 hour, I knew none of the sounds, the
 activity, the anarchy of the time. The
 chords of the guns began in scattered
 tones, flung out as half challenge,
 & cry of "What time? shall we begin?
 are you awake? etc, etc till the unbroken
 morning melody fills the air. How quick the
 mind is to adjust in this matter as fitting
 praise to the King of life. - Slow steps go by
 and yet are wondering what they mean
 who is out - a doorman one - for dinner?
 and come quick are - What business
 is to be carried on at this untimely
 hour? Across the way at the tenement
 house they stop and a voice cries
 George, get 20 on him. Humpf, the
 world must run and the pains of
 night is the time to sleep and
 so this hour of awakening
 goes on producing new sights

and sound - a foreign home is almost as
good in result as a foreign country.
And here append a practical moral. We are
unacquainted with our own little 24 hrs
in our own little town -

Once upon a time there was a poet born;
fate will more regard for circumstances
than the Muse allowed him to be attached
to a counting desk and feed on
figured. The poet saw beyond the desk
into the fields green and mottled with
daisies and humming with the fine
life of insects and dancing with the
trees. He saw the woods cool with
shadows and pregnant with sugges-
tions of soothing loss and dreamy
places. He saw the hills near and
far and knew they held secrets
of beauty for him - fair images
lovely dreams, musical cadences.
He saw the clouds roiling in the
sky, all but was of godly
sight - and wondrous were

The riches he saw in fields and woods
and hills and creeks if - he could lean
the counting desk, but the rope drew tight.
Jali put bread, butter, shoes, and shelter
in the figures. He cropped his figures and
said I'll go when they are done - but when
they were done, the fields were sea, the
woods rare, the hills far away and
the clouds sailed away.

Before the discovery of America the
inhabitants of the Canaries believed that
a land lay to the westward and they
declared that they often saw the
mountains and valleys, so strongly
did they affirm this that this land was
put upon the maps of the time as
St Brandon or St Brendan and then
Columbus to America. A land of
spiritual power lies to the westward of
what we know & do believe, and
maybe these spiritualists etc or other
people of the Canaries and that
their delusions and declarations

will lead someday to discovery of what-
actually is.

Lady. I know your auntie and I think
her real sweet.

Ethel, why! she isn't so my little, (little)
In her mind to be sweet I was to be little

The new pastor and new pastorate
change experience - sizing up people - learning
their woes - discovering hardness of heart -
discovering that 10 men at least have
preached at stuns and without effect -
what can be done as the 20th.

"Yes, that's the monument, over 500 feet
high - (How my shoes do hurt) You go up
in an elevator that they used which
they built it (these shoes are plenty big but have
new) and it is quite dark most of the
way (I do hate new shoes) You can
see all over the city & monument buildings
and all" etc etc. The descriptions of

city - and people which she gave us
all day long as we wandered about
were interspersed with ejaculations
coming from her misery for her loss. all
these kind remarks were uttered in the
same falsetto key and often in the same
breath. Washington - Feb. '85.

Died from Proximity - An Episode in
the life of a married man.

Little girl introduced to a Mr. Cross multi him
next morning with "Good day, Mr. Daisy".

Story of little girl of 5 yrs who for the first time
hears a response service and after the first few
readings bears in disgust & tells her mother
"I never saw such nice people. The nice minister
begin to read and they all say "mm-
mm-mm" he stops them and they
interrupt again, "mm-mm-mm".

Jezebel eat at the window in the house on
the wall and the king and his servants
rode by and the king said "Throw her on the
wall" and they threw her on the wall, and he
said "throw her on again" and they threw her
on again, and he said "throw her on 3 times"
and they threw her on 3 times. Yea ~~for~~ & ~~threw~~
they her on the wall and the last condition
of that woman was worse than the first -
and at last behold the woman died and
the dogs came and licked her bones and
they gathered up the fragments and there
were 12 baskets full. Now in the day of
Resurrection whose wife shall she be?

S.S. Teacher - do you know
Jesus?

Boy - no. But I have got
nuthin agin him.

Nichols - Springfield

5/19

A flaring gas light:-

The room ~~to~~ was large and shadowy - the long ⁴⁴⁷⁷churling ^{wind} veiled eyes - looked as if at any instance they might raise their stamask lids and stare at him.

There was a gap in the closet door just an inch but quite wide enough for one to peek from - however of course to think of. and once more he gattered up the notes.

The gas jet lit above the table hummed a steady tune and suddenly - jing - the whole

room was bright with a sudden flash of brilliant light. The startled man gasped the heap before him glared at the window that cracked.

and as he controlled himself saw how the gas had leaped up. Devil take it - he muttered

Plan for Child's Story - ^{Inter} Jack's Play House. Walking
down on the flat ~~blurred~~ the big railroad shops
I ~~you~~ heard suddenly the ring of a bell. stopped
listened - looked. And what do you think I
saw. a deserted track run through the lush
heavy meadow grass and on it stood a
dirty blacked, locomotive. The cow catcher
gone - all its brightness gone - shiny wheels
gone - only the tank - like the bell - the cab
the steps ~~too~~ just enough to look like an
engine. And what came the bell I peered and
looked. around on the side stood the engineer.
red curls - tattered straw hat - peaked face -
brown inquisitive eyes and tattered frock - 40 yrs
old. Sir, and as a hearty a little Irish
lad as ever you saw. He was master of
the great machine. - Was it as play-house -
One morning finds man inside the furnace -
asker makes for bread - tells him the rope will
come and will be kept his seat. Mike says
says yes.

In gran-yard at H. H.

"And you are gone to realms of bliss
A far better world than me like this"

"~~And~~ Little girls to us wae girs".

Clifton Springs,

En route - man asleep in shade - "This
your train?" slow waking, consternation,
effort to hurdle legs still asleep, as to
reach train.

Girl who did not know how she got to
the hotel - how to get trunk checked -
scolded by drayman - her indignation
etc.

Woman who resented the idea that
she was improving. "I may look better
but I do not feel so" habitual reply
to Mrs C's "you look better than
morning."

"Bread and Sugar"

two girls on a door step - side by side - each
 with big pieces of bread and sugar, subj. for
 allegory and picture.

Plan for study - the idea of individual effort
 carried to the extreme in the life of
 a woman of middle class with family
 cares - idea of laissez faire ditto. as
 happy medium,

as contemptuous as a westerner in the
 possession of a penny. (Pennies are not
 taken in many western places - nothing smaller
 than a "nickel")

"If thy eye offend thee, pluck it out"
 Bright and ^{Red} and ^{pretty} and mad with blossom
 It stood in my garden sweet -
 A strange new plant - with a beauty gorgeous
 And an odor ~~that~~ thrilled like a kiss
 Tear it out and burn to ashes
 The wise ^{happy} ~~happy~~ and improved
 Annihilated not my heart - said repeated

But at the side cried slay
Over my garden it spread the branches
Swift and swift it grew
And soon the old order had fled
from my garden

Its soft fair things were dead
The stranger had filled with a rankness
from side to side its space
And what once was but a plant in my
filled from side to side its space

The Doloresa Family -

Everything is the worst - "And you tried
most to death?" to the one who has
finished a big day's work and ready
for evening, "Do you dread to start
to hear who starts out fresh and
well for work. This is the worst,
Set clock half an hour ahead
whenever it is on time so as to
cheat time.

The definition of a bore - what must be the sen-
 sation of a man whom everybody smokes - because he
 is a bore to them - the bore is the man who
 tries to bring habits, practices, things & feelings
 of a peculiar kind into harmony with all
 these things of another kind. The example in
 question is a man who, ^{at} leisure and deter-
 mined to find society & pleasure but
 seeking it among the moderate circumstances
 the busy and the humble - Kellogg

A. Shocks went this far as she deemed that the
 little scheme he announced so glibly
 and which really was so clever was ~~nothing~~
 else but a nice little bit of cheating - putting
 a \$2.00 bill into a pass on a wrong road
 & giving it to the conductor.

It is hard to do a mean thing because you
 feel it is the only safe way - to snub a
 really nice person who interrupts you and
 who has not penetration to define that they are
 interrupting you,

A man ragged day & night by the uncertainty of the future, doesn't know if he will be saved, has lived mediocre life and finds himself confronted by death, escaping, he realizes he is ^{not} dead sure he will go to heaven. Can't get idea out of his mind, asks chance acquaintance - "are you sure you are going to heaven?" How merciful is God? How ~~has~~ ^{has} is a man responsible for what he has been taught, his circumstances, his temptations

This withholding of sympathy is an awful responsibility, but is not giving it at any time like indiscriminate abuse-giving of a breeding of dependents & loafers?

An acute experience is that common one of happening on the thing, in wh. one has become suddenly interested. Here is the pottery matter, an ad on a first page of a paper strikes my eye - a school? yes - my friend says - so features this, no a pottery display just what I want - and this is the my first seen out of 500 gone over that day.

content - is a kind of opiate. It acts on the mind like a poison - makes nothing better only dulls the sensibility - to what exists.

Excitation of mind naturally follows praise, or compliment. Here is Heliximo with her first invitation to write something for a paper of wh. she knows nothing and of whose editor she ~~has~~ never heard. The fact that her name ^(?) has gone abroad - has fired her to an heat sufficient to make proclamations & minnows to commend now - write like her

The girl awakening to the fact of growing years is an odd feeling - her is a rebellious thrust beside its fading youth & she realizing that this sweet fresh thing is a mile away fr. her, and always must be. she may even admire her, & adore perhaps but be half-fellow; hardly

"We received a postal from them yesterday the only news was that they all had colds"

Growth of prejudice & indifference & contempt towards new-comers - a little root is forming from off the most amiable sets of society;

Lady - Did you ever have a fine Social

Mr Hard-of-hearing - Yes indeed, I've had an ingrown toe nail,

A daily routinier, an hour of fresh air, a foot - on horseback - in carriage or at the oar (and always alone) as it pleases her - I live by an open fire in a steamer chair with the k now and then an unexpected friend - these are Fishermen's hurry -

And if one must go to the floods - catch at floating cakes of ice, struggling, sink, gets up & is at last saved by the chance

that - tosses one on shore to have
 life pumped into them again, are they
 to rise. their days of horror to keep
 somebody else out of the reach of
 the tide? God! how easy to go down,
 how narrowly to get up, how base to
 know all this & not to use it;

The Pastor's Sermon - So

The pastor's head was bowed in low dejection
 & in his ~~many~~ eyes had fallen a somber cloud
 dull and gray and motionless
 picture library - first - books - study-table -
 sermon - learned realises - in fact below -
 find a text - outline sermon - at the
 last point of facing the truth the
 probably uselessness of his efforts
 incorporates him & some - struggle fills
 him - the memory of the Epiphany
 the infidelity, the shallowness, the
 indifference of his auditor's size him

Grown in ? makes up daily bulletin
begins with a & while out everything
beginning with that letter: letter
B. next day etc. If you ask for
opeltes - yes, but I have cracker,

Sometimes music-making hands are laid
upon some old worn-out jagged harp to
play & all these skills can only stir a
disturbed, tired, half-hearted sound,
as I ^{like to hear} ~~penning~~ my heart to the play if
lender "bruzed & song of ^{many} ~~hand~~ & light of
might - & all fair round of color deep
& soft, to the countless sweet influences
which swarm the air to stir the
melody of human hearts give forth
no sound but jangling cries, soft
melancholy drones, but worn-out
rhymes from which all melody is fled
for like the timbers harp, the all city
being's strings have been ~~stretched~~ ^{stretched} by ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~hands~~ ^{hands}
loiled by careless hands for years, have
stood the wearing of time frost &

passion's heat, until ~~scold~~ for rhyme
long

The dream castle was growing taller
and taller. Its walls shone fairer
& fairer. It glistened with a splendor
like that of the ocean with the
smiling sun. Happier happier—
but lo! a boom & a tower falls—
boom— that ~~shattered~~ like shaft in down
boom—a wing falls— boom—
a roof goes down— the castle has
crumbled— the dreamer is awake—
the dumb bell on the way calls
to duty, & the duty hand duty—
how many a splendid castle
has been shattered!

Johnny discovers his mother has told him
there is ~~no~~ Santa Claus & that there is
none, he asks. Mamma is there a
God? Of course, John, why do you ask?
Well, you told me there ~~was~~ Santa
Claus at first & when I got bigger said
there was none, I didn't know but
you would say by-and-by when I
got big enough that there is no God.

"Better be dead"? isn't there something in it? an atom
of the world-life, what is a human life more? What if
be mixed if dropped out the huge mass? What
would be lost? only a bundle of struggles &
fictions & revolt, an iota of the great sorrow
& sin & shame. Better be dead indeed.

Sweetheart goes to church alone - her mother asks
in the return - Where have you been? "To church"
"On which side did you sit?" "The Lord's side".

The gradual weakening of the strongest most
 passionate love under the force of separation
 and the influence of "congenial spirit" at
 our side. A. & B. marry. Love purely raptur-
 ously, circumstances force them yet 5 years
 to live apart. A finds in her home a friend
 of surprising closeness in a woman who
 single - rich independent and deep hearted
 feels a warm love for her. They are together
 constantly. The love is satisfying & she ceases
 to feel the keenness of B's absence. B in
 his city home is thrown with a woman
 different from A but like himself in tastes,
 ambitions, temperament. They are together
 constantly. He ceases to long for A even
 at times. A & B remain true in love -
 still, but each feels the other's coolness.
 Hames the other while admitting to himself
 his own satisfaction at home. The parties
 career are demand. A & B join each other
 in a new place. They know they love but
 they ^{have discovered} know that each could live & be happy
 without the other. Now, how will they
 act under this secret knowledge. They stand

together under the moonlight - tenderly; and
I ~~see~~ remember he was satisfied with all her.
B. thinks she was happy and I was away.
How ^{because} the broadening of each experience
shall the union be weaker? A asks himself
that: Shall I not be so much more to her
than I was before that - she shall find
a new satisfaction. A suddenly discerns
the new attraction & fearing the complete
rivalry in his life in her absence
tries to hide it: In each case the love
in their lives in the time of parting has
developed new resources in them & these
new powers are unfolded by them
to attract each other. Their union becomes
a new courtship.

Conscientious girl determined to live purely -
 pained by discovery that "Dear" is contra-
 tion of "Dear" - tears in eyes - takes the name
 of the Lord in vain - unable as yet to distinguish
 from deed from spirit: thinks she has
 sinned. ~~so~~ melts the world with compas-
 sion - ~~can~~ drive a corn to death by
 implacability: her gauds most admired
 pastor ~~at~~ at last speaks out "you killed
 him". You are strong but not sweet.
 The lips are complacent: Struggle to
 learn sweeten.

The History of a Supper.

By the Chairman.

Committee - blood in one eye - rubbed - tears
 the human capability for misery - Meanness in
 high places - Aristocratic stealing - the disappear-
 ance of fruit - etc - How to get a supper without
 a ticket - Choosing a table by friendliness to
 avoid a draft - A scheme (see letter) -
 Getting on tea supper - 60 vacant seats in church
 congregation built. - Sympathy from friends (see
 letters) "A crank" - feel like a curly one.

my heart aches
Dear Dead One ~~it's only now that thou art dead~~
my love for thee ^{at least} I know
Thy cold clay lips, thy marble eyes
~~Speak no more words~~
How dear thou wast
How ~~lovely~~ ^{every} did they when life was there
Thy mossed hands, thy shrouded feet

Helmina is in fact - another case - dislike - what so sub-
tile? How analyze? Sanctissima is ~~there~~, a sand in
her shoe - a secret thing, plotting - bringing misery. S. is
good - no one so good, faithful, kind. But her words
send shivers over H. Her presence causes H's tongue to
lie silent - in its cavity - her smile is like a
poisonous herb. - no reason in this absolutely none
that H. knows, how is this moral depravity - On H. who
must have some one on whom to put her mechanism
or is there a secret falsity - in S. which H. feels without
perceiving. Will H. finally discover this? More likely the
fault is H's. We shall see.

"I should think a man of Dr V's literary
catapult would produce something magnificent
Correspondent in Chaut

"I'm going to have that abcess turned into
the room." "That bug has been greatly
magnitized" - "a first-class ornament"
"He founded the school of his theology."

"She subsided entirely on milk."

"Put a piece of stationary in the niche."

The body of Mary Ann lies here at rest
Her soul is safe on Abraham's breast
She is pleasant for Mary Ann
But rather with on Abraham
Immanuel,

Midget - (desiring to go barefooted but prevented
by wooden walks) Do they have stone walks
in Heaven?

2.4.M. 7/24

Hee, Sleep, sweet, sleep,
Cease your cogitating,
Plunge me in slumber deep
Not keep me sweating.

Have I but young
This idle flitting
Would have my tongue
And set me gitting.

But I am ^{old} forty
And weary with much toiling ^{gold}
Can rest to me
And set ^{young} ~~the~~ ^{heads} ~~heads~~ ^a boiling.

In vain I've moved,
As Wordsworth sighed,
With fancies and
Of sheep & sky & pasture pied.

Dearest I've tried
And lying slack
I've nearly died
In efforts to relax

Little girl (just-mind to M. & Comrade) Mamma
let's go to Heaven.

M. — We cannot D. until Carl calls us
P.B. — Then let's go to Cochranstown.

"Here lies John Auricular
Who always followed the Lord perpendicular."

Here is a charming woman of 40 whose fate is
laughing at nothing, describing nothing with
a matter of shrugs and gestures fit for
a French stage, explaining me nothing.
She'll make a ^{hard} ~~hard~~ ^{hardly} a hard cold,
a comedy of an upset cup, shed
care and fallen cake. Consequently
her family feelings leave her nothing
for real occasions and the exaggerated
dinner same controlled minds to despair.

A country soul - Prof Hammett.
Delighted with opportunity to do good
such as to write comfortable letters,
give letters of introduction where

John Chamberlain (to mother who has
head ache / Mamma I wish you
would die & go to heaven you're so
miserable here,

They will do good, introduce poor young
men to rich old men - entertain the
poor etc.

Epitaphs.

In a visit to Cape Cod July-90 visited
burying ground at Cape N. Truro. found
stones marked 1713-1716-1720 etc up
to today - Slabs of old stones slate - one
very early stone was of a mixture of slate &
& marble. The scrolls on the old stones
very fine & strong. at the head
usually stood a figure of a skull flanked
ed with cherubim wings.



head of stone of 1777.

mama I've got the stomach ache?
Where dear. In my ear.

Sweetheart. Who wants his nose attended
to - Mama, my nose is coming down.

Uncle (Chaperville) found of making an
impression - "back in slurs" repeat the
expression 12 or 15 times in one conversation
"cons with calm by their sides"
A monument & life rather than anybody
else.

Used by an omnibus, - why not!
Quick a death a boon is.
Let that his friends lament his
death

More omnibus commin.
Littell wrote this on
a man run over by an
omnibus.

See Sydney Smith's
Life
epitaph on dog?

There are granite & marble inscriptions in a
churchyard of Middletown, Conn. One is:
1689
Hear
Lyeth. The
Deceased. Bodye
of. Zipporah
Harris. Aged
21 And Died
Jenewary 8.
and the other reads:
Here is Interred
the Mortal Remains of
Doer John Osborn
Ask nothing farther Traveller:
nothing better can be said
nor nothing shorter
O. B. 31-May 1753
A.E. 40
Life how short
Eternity, how long.

Anger no doubt can be a ladder to light-
but more often it leads only to hard-
ness. And hardness blinds the eyes
to goodness. It makes the one who is
angry for right sake so rigid
that he becomes wrong. Anger ^{may}
can it lead to humility & tenderness.

24/8 '91

The Light of Notre-Dame.

The faintly green from the clerestories pale glass - the warmer golden yellow from the choir windows - the soft blue from the vaults of Marshal Sambriant & his wife - warm in the story of Archbishop Affre killed in the Revolution of '88, - a splash of color from the sun stained manuscript's rose - rolling-curling-mass with star like candles on the shining gold of the altar, yellow shadows across the dark carvings of the altar walls, - white robes of boys & priests - black gowns of novices & nuns, dull vulgar tints of common hosplippers & little trunks, an alabaster face, madonna like or like the face of St. The greenish tints of refectories.