

MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

Tuesday April 1st 1872-

A lovely morning but air cool. Thawing after Monday, was disappointed in not receiving any letters or papers by mail all seem to have forgotten us - Suffered much yesterday from headache and had to take opium last night before I obtained any sleep, feel refreshed this morning but of that unsettled sort that ensures nothing for the future. Mrs Cosbello buried today, the old Radmoks are passing away -

Wednesday April 2^d

Raw cold morning almost a second winter, very thin, frosty. The Doctor warns me to read nothing, write nothing. And in fact think of nothing, only keep cool, calm, & peaceful, the brain wants perfect rest. I have been trying this regime for some time, and last night actually dreamt I had accomplished it. All of us it seemed had joined with me in this mental abstinence. And last night we met in a grand walhalla of total ignorance. we had forgotten our language, our habits, past history, what we had sprung from, and whither we were tending. There were terrible and painful efforts to give effect to articulate sounds, but they all escaped as the thick utterances of one emerging from an overdose of opium. I was all the time sensible we had complied with the Physician's injunction. But shades of Lyndall, Darwin and Huxley Miller! I began to realize that now we had to reclaim a language, think out a history, and reform a social state, the Pictures of Cetaways and the Hoppinbrook