

February.

Wednesday, MONDAY, 18. 19.

1867. 23

I think it was to day that I received a letter from Bayard. He says he is inconveniently busy. This letter is about the shortest he has written to me in a year, or rather since September. This is the anniversary of the birth of Copernicus who is said to have been a very learned Prussian mathematician. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Not a word of truth in that saying at least in respect to this case. Here I am ignorant of what I did upon this day. Now I do believe that that line of poetry has got no reference to what I speak about. I am not ignorant of what I did to day. I am ^{very} ~~not~~ able to remember what I did. To tell the truth I am two months behind time. It is the sixteenth of May and here ~~on the 14th of~~ I am trying to think of what I did on the 19th of January. Wasting my time in writing nonsense, a fine way for a junior who ought to have more sleep. He spending those hours which ought to be devoted to the study of Horace Empidides and other delightful writers.

Thursday, TUESDAY, 19. 20. ^{any more}

I am almost ashamed to write after what I have just said. Pardon me ⁱⁿ whose ~~name~~ will have managed to wade through the swamp of nonsense that precedes the writing for this day and I promise ^{at length} to try at to do better in the future. Like Misses Gummidge I will try to do better in the future and although I have no "old man" to ~~remember~~ ^{no longer} to forget nevertheless I will ~~forget~~ ^{forget} ~~no longer~~ ^{no longer} that on account of having written so much nonsense but cheer up and resolve to be a better if not a perfect boy in the future. Writing such a sentence as that does not promise much for my improvement. Hence it is fearing that I may continue writing bad ^{such} ~~composition~~ ^{composition} as has already come from my pen I shall cease for a while and try the effect of a good sleep. May it improve the state of my thoughts is the sincere wish of John. With this wish upon my lips I ~~will~~ ^{shall} stop writing and shut ~~the~~ ^{my} book. I am sure with such an English head upon my shoulders I shall experience ^{be useful in getting on} but little.

Friday, WEDNESDAY, 20. 21.

Five days rest since I last wrote in this diary. And yet those days have passed so quickly away that seems but a short time since I last saw these pages. But I must not forget to day although I expect to have but little to say about it. The papers of to day say that yesterday a motion to impeach S. Colfax was made ⁱⁿ the House of Representatives and only ^{our} ~~five~~ ^{five} or ~~seven~~ ^{seven} votes 105 yeas 109 nays. Ben Wood was the ~~one~~ ^{one} mover. & Mr. Keuns a well known actor in Booth's Theatre died to day. A short notice ^{promising in the newspapers} and then ^{his} name will fade from before our memory. How ^{soon} ~~fast~~ that actors those who please us most ~~tho~~ ^{tho} have such power over us should be so quickly forgotten. Hackett, Macready, Forrest, how soon ~~has~~ your names been forgotten. A short brief obituary surely repays but little of the debt due to you after your long and busy lifetime spent in pleasing the people ^{enough}. Still your names ~~sh~~ ^{will} never die and in after ages your fame instead of growing less will increase.