

9 cannot imagine a woman as noble than 9 the feminine  
the mother of the masculine.  
The tenderness & affection of woman  
her mild prophetic eye - her finer  
instincts exert an influence on  
man from which he is never weaned  
- It is that in this sense the umbilical  
cord is never cut - though the  
apron string may be - The practical  
nature of woman still in some sense  
broods over the masculine. Man's  
wisdom compared with woman's  
fertile & daring intuition (affection) is  
like the lightning which issues from  
the bottom of the cloud - except that  
at last man becomes woman & woman  
man.

The masculine still draws nourish-  
ment from the breath of the fem-  
inine. I am younger than you are  
that I associate with the youngest  
child is more than my coeval.

My friend cannot write nor  
repeal me when he will. His copy  
I have the compliment" but only  
he who is rightly related to me can  
invite me. He makes his invitations  
cheap by asking me to call and  
see him when he is not at home.

Journal of 1849, p. 417-420

418 To invite my friends to draw  
him gently but strongly toward  
me by my sympathy & love - such  
an invitation is irresistible -  
not to ask him to come to me  
when my apathy or antipathy  
repels him. I feel a yearning  
toward him. Then the letter is written.  
Then the invitation sent.

If you are inviting - then surely  
the rocks and trees will come to you.  
If therefore my neighbor does  
not come sure I know that there  
is no such attraction between  
us - we have no such affinity  
for one another. I do not draw  
him strongly enough - hence I have  
no right to go to him.

My love for another is my affinity  
to him - it is the love of ducks  
to water. It is an enlarge-  
ment of myself. I am pleased  
at the extension of my domain.

An invitation which I did  
not attend! what a outrage!  
Do not the stones recoil to  
gravity?

If we would put our invita-  
tions into words - who shall tell

as what we would say?

There is no interpreter between us and our consciences.

I have no satisfaction in the visit of some of my acquaintances because they do not make themselves at home - sit down & sit heavy thump you break my chairs. If you have business to be met I will meet you. I will not take you on the wing. If you have any engagement - fulfill it & leave me. Unless you abound in business in the creation when he made this globe - Farewell.

You are a rare bird & but as was said of the bird of Paradise, never alight on the earth - Give me a barn door fowl rather which goes honestly to the roost.

But what though you are a bird of Paradise - if you never alight on the earth - you are a fabulous bird to me.

Make your will before you come over me - that there may be no interruption - Take leave of your wife & children - receive extreme unction -

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The print will go properly to  
see another round and if in five min-  
utes he has not succeeded - he will  
<sup>never having taken off his coat, or put down his hat,</sup> take  
take his hat and come  
himself - that after such a dis-  
appointment he will never try again.

The sportsman will be curled up  
on his <sup>on his</sup> back or side  
under a bush in the snow  
in a water in a winter afternoon - waiting  
for a partridge to come out of the  
woods to land on an apple tree.

The first goes home without any  
game in his bag - The last is rarely  
disappointed. It ruffled up and  
rubbing his hands & feet to keep  
them warm.

He also remembers engagements  
is not here.

Watching under a bush till the  
stars come out - with no cover  
panon but his fattens forming piece.

Through the seasons whether  
their case I will not be hurried.