

6-22-1880

Letter from L. Maria Child, 1880-06-22, Wayland, Mass., to Anne Whitney, Boston, Mass.

Lydia Maria Child

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L. Ellen Child

June 22, 80

Anne Whitney.



92 Mount Vernon St.

Boston.

Mass - to.





by which he means The Great Pyra-
mid. He takes the ground that the
wonderful mathematical and astronomi-
cal knowledge therein displayed proves
that it was not built by the Egyptians, or
by any other human beings, that every
stone was measured and laid under the
direct personal superintendence of God
himself. He finds the entire structure
of the universe pre-figured therein,
and a distinct prophecy of the approach-
ing end of the world and the day of
judgment. Stranger still, he thinks the
structure indicates the history of the Jews;
and that the stones are in alternate layers
of tens and fives, to prefigure the Five
Books of Moses! Really, Ingersoll's
rough handling of such superstition seems needed,

#19
Good night, dear friends. Health, and
peace, and artistic inspirations be and
abide with you! Yours affectionately,
E. Maria Child.

Wayland, June 22, 1880.

Dear Miss Whitney,

I wanted to call
before I left Boston, to thank you and
Miss Manning for your many kind
attentions during the winter. But
rheumatism kept such a persistent grip
on my old limbs, that I had no courage
for any undertaking. When I got to Way-
land, the intense heat overpowered me.
I was in hopes it would expel rheumatism,
but it attacked me more furiously than
ever. Mrs. Pickering became seriously

ill, and as it is nearly impossible to obtain help here, it proved a tedious job to get the house into habitable order; and I was too weary and down-hearted to write you the letter that was often in my thoughts. Now, Mrs. Pickering is well, and my machinery is in tolerably good working order.

I have never looked on Nature with such languid indifference, as I do this season; owing mainly, I suppose, to the aforesaid rheumatism. I have an increasing longing to get out of this old body; and the feeling grows ever stronger that it is not I. I do not trace this feeling to the education of Christianity. My early enthusiasm

for Plato imbued me with the idea of a dual existence, to which I cling tenaciously amid all possible whirl of opinions. I cannot deny that Athens is really my Holy Land, notwithstanding all the traditional teaching I have received. My imagination is very often busy looking down upon the Acropolis from Mount Hymettus, but I have never caught it wandering to the Mt of Olives, to gaze upon Jerusalem. In fact, the Jews interest me less than any of the ancient peoples. There's total depravity for you!

I have been reading a strange book lately. It is by an Episcopal clergyman, and is entitled "The Miracle in Stone";