



Bring all the art and  
science of the world, and  
baffle and humble it with  
one spear of grass

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Liberty is not the ~~end~~ <sup>pretext</sup>  
but the dawn of the  
morning of a nation. —  
The night has passed and  
the day appears when  
people walk abroad  
to do evil or to do good

The soul or spirit  
transmutes itself into all  
matter—into rocks, and  
~~can~~ live the life of a  
rock—into the sea, and  
can feel itself the sea—  
into the oak, or other  
tree—into an animal,  
and feel itself a horse,  
a fish, or a bird—  
into the earth—into the  
motions of the suns and  
stars—

A man only is interested  
in any thing when he identifies  
himself with it—He must  
himself be whirling and speeding  
through space like the planet



Mercury — he must be  
driving like a cloud —  
he must shine like  
the sun — he must  
be orbic and balanced  
in the air, like this  
earth — he must crawl  
like the pismire — he  
must

— he would be growing  
fragrantly in the air, like  
the locust blossoms —  
he would rumble and  
crash like the thunder  
in the sky — he would  
spring like a cat on his  
prey — he would splash  
like a whale in the

The mean and bandaged  
~~spirit~~ <sup>is</sup> perpetually dissatis-  
fied with itself - It is too  
wicked, or too poor, or too  
feeble

Never speak of the soul  
as any thing but intrinsically  
great. — The adjective affixed  
to it must always testify  
greatness and immortality and  
purity. —



effusion or corporation  
The soul is always under  
the beautiful laws of  
physiology — I guess  
the soul itself can  
never be any thing but  
great and pure and  
immortal; but it  
~~is~~ makes itself visible  
only through matter —  
a perfect head, and  
~~but~~ bowels <sup>and bones</sup> to match  
~~will~~ is the easy gate  
through which it comes  
from its ~~amazing~~ <sup>embowered</sup>  
garden, and pleasantly  
appears to the sight

- of the world. - A  
twisted skull, and  
- blood ~~made~~ <sup>ing</sup> ~~there~~ or rotten  
by <sup>ancestry or</sup> gluttony, or ruin or  
- bad disorders, - they are  
the darkness toward  
which the plant will  
not grow, although its  
seed lies ~~waits~~ for ages.