

November 8, 1872. (*Friday*).--I have been turning over the "Stoics" again. Poor Louisa Siefert! [Footnote: Louise Siefert, a modern French poetess, died 1879. In addition to "Les Stoïques," she published "L'Année Républicaine," Paris 1869, and other works.] Ah! we play the stoic, and all the while the poisoned arrow in the side pierces and wounds, *lethalis arundo*. What is it that, like all passionate souls, she really craves for? Two things which are contradictory--glory and happiness. She adores two incompatibles--the Reformation and the Revolution, France and the contrary of France; her talent itself is a combination of two opposing qualities, inwardness and brilliancy, noisy display and lyrical charm. She dislocates the rhythm of her verse, while at the same time she has a sensitive ear for rhyme. She is always wavering between Valmore and Baudelaire, between Leconte de Lisle and Sainte-Beuve--that is to say, her taste is a bringing together of extremes. She herself has described it:

"Toujours extrême en mes désirs, Jadis, enfant joyeuse et folle, Souvent une seule parole Bouleversait tous mes plaisirs."

But what a fine instrument she possesses! what strength of soul! what wealth of imagination!

--Henri Frederic Amiel