



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>precondition</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 orb'd 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>spirit</sup> is 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 adjectives applied  
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 ~~tomb~~ <sup>embowered</sup>  
garden, and pleasantly  
appears to the sight

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