

Harris Journal, vol. 6

Page 1 (Colleen Previte)

Canton Sunday July 27th 1851

I have purchased this book with vague ideas as to the purpose to which I shall devote it. I have not journalized much lately as the fact that I have but just finished a book commenced two or three years ago will attest. I cannot sit down as I once did and record the daily events of my life neither do I think it would be profitable [sic] for me now. Some of my old journals written in my younger days _ read strangely sentimental _ I wonder how I could so patiently [say?] lovingly [even?] have discoursed for pages on matters upon which I could not at this time _ bring the interest to bear _ necessary [sic] to [indite?] a line. And yet I believe those old journals did something for me _ something I could not well have [spared? spaced?]. They [preserved?]

me from [ennui?] sometimes now and then a thought was [stayed?] of some value to me which the thoughts of others made on my mind were recorded to some profit. I think _ and I fancy I was really happier than I should have been without it. But I have quite outgrown the desire to record passing events, or to detail scenes which please me. But if a journal can be in any way made an instrument of genuine pleasure or progress I may find in books or catch from lips which discourse wisely or [wittily?], it would not be altogether an unprofitable work though I should myself "[welcome?] no web of thought" toward it. Sometimes it has occurred to me that many of the best things I [meet?] in my reading can not be recalled so distinctly as I would

have them and that one of the best remedies for this would be to record with some clearness such things as I care to preserve which would be likely to be otherwise **lead?** vaguely impressed on my mind. I think I will try this. ----- I came here from Roxbury yesterday with the prospect of four weeks of "elegant leisure". 'Tis a goodly feeling which visits me now this [glowing?] summer evening the world about me in this quite and secluded spot so fresh and beautiful and my mind so free from oppressive thoughts and [cases? or cares?]. Surely that sublime anthem raised in Paradise by our first parents in that morning hour of creation acknowledging the Author of "These thy glorious works" is not too exalted a strain for us to breathe -- did our hearts respond to those deep and earnest voices calling now as then upon us to behold and rejoice! This unwanted feeling of

freedom and lightheartedness will pass away with the season which brings it and I shall retain to "voyage on with care" again. Joyously and fleetly the moments will doubtless pass. I would indeed "wrest a blessing" from them ere they go. I would inweave every pleasant thought and feeling which shall [*illegible*] me into my being so harmoniously, that I shall carry back with me a stronger and more grateful spirit. There are some duties – let me remember – I must never for the briefest season resign – duties to which I must strive ever to attach myself more closely.

Roxbury

I returned from Bangor _ where I have passed most of my vacation Friday July 22nd and came here from Watertown Sunday the 24th
I have been very happy during

my holiday season but must not be so childish as to quarrel with the necessity which must be recognized. One cannot, however but falter a little _ and regret the "prim rose path" trodden in those moments of freedom and gladness, when we lay down the wonted burdens alas! that do sometimes weary and oppress us. It is not in a rejoicing spirit that I resume the beaten track and take them up again. But a "rejoicing spirit" should not be chilled by an atmosphere in which so many of our days are spent; or reserved merely for a brief and rare occasion. May I realize this. Many things have become pleasant and familiar to me during my visit which I cannot

Page 6 (Scott)

Hope to meet again for a very long
Day. But the remembrance of so delic-
ious a season should help me to bear
up bravely and cheerfully through the
life that is now before me.

Friday Sep 15th

This day being no doubt a pretty
Fair specimen of my days __ suppose
I review it briefly – as it has
Brought no particular satisfaction
with it. The morning was glorious –
And I must confess that the best
part of it was no doubt passed
in the luxury of a morning nap
in which the poet has implied
there is naught to charm the
wise. Consequently, my first act
or rather passive surrender to
a power I might have vanquished sav-
ored of foolishness. The next

proceeding ___ breakfast ___ I will venture to assert was conducted with tolerable vigor and earnestness – testifying that “creature comforts” are not expunged from my catalogue of noticeable things. I then ironed a few pieces ___badly enough I dare say—thinking all the while I would much rather be excused – which any good lecturer on human duties would tell me was a very sorry if not culpable state of mind. Ellen had made the bed when I got up stairs, so I was denied participation in one of my wonted pleasures. This, however I bore philosophically. I then read a few pages in Kendall’s Santa Fe expedition which promises to be a witty entertaining book. I go through with the preliminaries stating

the purpose of the expedition, which was got up by the Texan government and with which the writer was in no way politically involved. The necessary arrangements for so adventurous a tour beyond the pale of civilization__~~purpose~~ purchase of "I'm the Butcher" and some remarks thereupon. Mal Small's determination to enjoy the full benefit and luxury of a coming shower, as they started for a trip to San Antonio, a place full of interesting associations about 80 miles from Austin. And a very racy comment upon your English travellers. During this trip to S.Antonio the writer mentions an individual he met minus his scalp. Having survived the barbarous process of scalping, the second case of the kind he had seen, both having been left by the Indians as finished

Verifying the Irishman's remark that
A "man is not always dead when he
is killed." Then I went to school
where as usual I have exhausted
my energies, to some purpose I would
fain hope; though I do not welcome
this inefficient state of mind
in which I find myself by 7 o'clock
in the evening. I feel neither
cross or decidedly stupid, but in-
capable of any real work. And yet
The fact that there is so much to be
done stares me continually in the
face. All I have accomplished
through the day is little. Scarcely
nothing, and as I left Annie
discovering sweet music below
stairs. I would fain have lingered
In the darkened parlor and passed
my evening in a listening passive
state; but something within bade me

come up stairs and do something,
anything, so I should exercise a single worthy faculty. Have I done
So? I do not think a shade
visible to mortal eyes has passed
over my spirit during the week.
On the contrary, Mrs [Keed] has laughingly declared she did not believe I knew
what it was to feel depressed, and
yet in the inmost recesses of my
soul there has been unrest and
self-accusation. The beautiful
summer has passed away so fleetly,
and I have lived it so feebly! Those long-
glorious days have fled as it were,
while I was thinking how to spend
them. I have thought of the trivial,
while nature all about me was
telling those who would hear [illegible] sublimest truths. The most favoring
influences have at time breathed

Page 11 (Scott)

upon me and I have not yielded
my whole heart lovingly to them.
“Vain thoughts” have dwelt too long
where they should not even have enter-
ed. May I not reach a higher state
during these Autumn months, fraught
as they will be to every truly living
soul, with lessons it becomes
it not to spurn or disregard?

My Chamber Sept. 19 th

Today is the last and greatest of
the “three days jubilee” and I am
released from school in consequence.
And although I intend to remain
quietly at home, my mind is in
a truly rejoicing state. There is a
sense of freedom, an assurance
that the day is mine, that I
may follow my own inclinations,

Pages 12-15 (not transcribed)

By the river of *{ineligible}* - gov of H. *{ineligible}* a reliable *{ineligible}*
whose like the author has sketches- and after
seeing two of their company for a simpler *{ineligible words}* winter
the vile Salazar, as for as El Paso,
insular and annoyed by this *{ineligible}*
brutal Mexican would seem less human *{ineligible words}*
The march of the party *{ineligible}*. The mention without food or
water when the *{ineligible}* were to come and *{ineligible}*
as to be almost not able to move - *{ineligible words}*
to be what down of the *{ineligible}* give out *{ineligible}* two of the prisoners
actually meeting that late. They *{ineligible}* meet with better *{ineligible}*
from *{ineligible}* and Velasco are inevitably *{ineligible}*
and care for the Mexi-

-can woman - whose riverbed and Gracey whereas the author seemed never weary of praising and grow quite eloquent when {*ineligible*} one whom he meets with a principle on her head. The sister in the beauty and grace to the prettiest girl he ever saw who was selling stacking of {homes hole?} at 25c a per pair. They finally enter the city of the {*ineligible*} Several of them among whom was the author were carried in {*ineligible*} the hospital where lepers were {*ineligible*} Occupying the same room with them and in daily and control companionship with them. He urged to the {*ineligible*} among the these [missing last two lines]

Pages 18-20 (not transcribed)

Page 21 (Kaitlin)

Seem visible on these occasions.

The witticisms come as freely and Pleasantly

as they use to flow in more youthful days-

the laugh Follows as joyously as then- an

There is a beautiful and genuine satisfaction in the

thought That such real love and interest -

Has "lived in long remembrance".

My confession must be- that My thoughts turn reluctantly to my

More mosaic world againBut

shall it not lose something Of its mosaic aspect and become

Bathed in the [illegible] sunshine In which my heart has revelled [sic]

Yesterday to-day? Surely my Way must be brighter and

gladder for the refreshing influences of the last few [illegible] -

which have flown so freely [sic].

Page 22 (Kaitlin)

Sunday Sept 28th Last Sunday I passed at Billerica [Billerica, MA] -
and expected to find myself
at Canton [Canton, MA] to-day - but- perhaps timidly
took warning from some lowering clouds- and stand here.

Tis not so pleasant as some other things I can readily call to mind- to find one's self.

Monday morning at a distance in the country-
and feel that despite any peaks in which this
elements may see fit to engage-

you must face them- and "come to town" at an early appointed hour.

Tis one of the heights of human indifference I have not yet reached.

It is not pleasant this morning and I do not feel

the slightest inclination to go to church- consequently stay at home. I do

Pages 23-126 (not transcribed)