

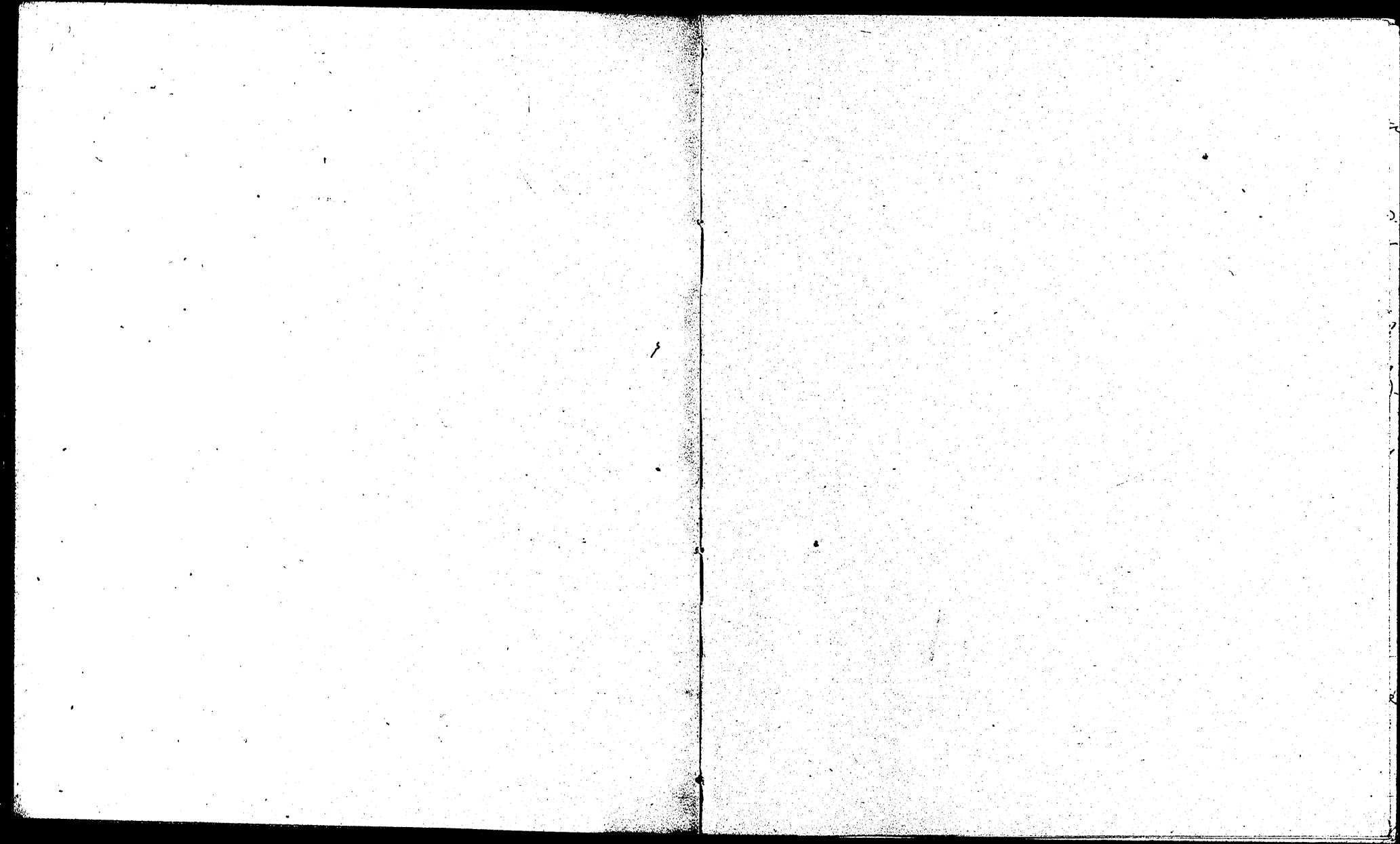
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Louisa C. Harris.

1848-'51

Putney

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'Tis very long since I have attempted to record experiences of any kind; long since I have sought occupation or amusement in this quiet way. And in some moods I am tempted to ask myself "why should I read?" Why add to my nominal list of duties, one, that must necessarily consume much time, and cannot, probably, aid me, very far at least, in accomplishing the mission it seems my destiny to perform? Why encourage a tendency to revel in the visionary, unreal, and divert myself from the practical and actual. And yet I have sometimes felt a desire, ay, an intense longing to resume a practice from which I have formerly

derived much genuine pleasure and satisfaction; and I have sometimes even felt that it was a necessary and essential agent towards developing the better powers within me.

I have certainly been very happy in recording, in days gone by, scenes and events which have given so much zest and beauty to this "working day world"; and that record too, by giving form and substance to the "shadowy past", has often amused and interested the passing hour, and given me more real and present, those pleasant memories, which it seems to me so good for us to recall. No doubt I shall find the record changed somewhat, since last I journalised; I have changed, ~~and~~, I know; and that very change I feel prompts me to resume it. I have not realised the earnest, eager ex-

pirations which I then felt respecting duty; notwithstanding, my strivings towards an ideal framed in my better moments; efforts to be faithful and deserve a fair place in the arena where my lot seemed cast; my attainment has been but meagre and unsatisfactory, and despite a keen sense of the folly, is not the crime of such a feeling, I have sometimes felt weary of the monotony of a work, in which I have encountered much neglect and discouragement. I have felt my spirit fettered at times; felt a consciousness of inward power that ought to seek a more congenial sphere, and yet I have striven on, with a sense of humiliation present at times, permitting myself to be carried along by circumstances, from which I have received, perhaps, some wholesome discipline. That buoyant and light-hearted spirit, that used to sustain and cheer me, has faded out, in some

degree; that enthusiasm and vigor with which I once could dare and do, have been somewhat damped by the mist of an uncongenial atmosphere; and yet I have not ^{been} without sweet satisfactions. My life has been in some respects favored and pleasant. When I am reminded, as I often am, of some case of genuine misery, tinged with shame and mortification that I recollect any word of dissatisfaction or discontent I may have spoken. I have never been without sufficient friends to make the time pass pleasantly, always some one nearer than the rest to whose confidence I may repose and refresh myself, enjoying the privilege of not only never having been at variance with those among whom my lot has accidentally fallen, but becoming often a warm place in their sympathies and affections. — But I do not mean to dwell upon

this sense of weariness to which I have alluded; this failure to reach the higher mark, which after all, I see so many reach without either effort or merit. I would rather find that inward peace, which it lies in my power to conquer; that rest in which I may find myself strengthened for loftier effort and more enduring conflict. I would think more of that inner life, which after all so shapes and colors our destiny; more of the place in which I shall find my own spirit, when with earnest, truthful gaze, I turn inward to commune with it. Wearied with the coldness, the conventionalism, about us; tired with the monotonous and dull routine which so often chill and darken the beautiful imagery of our more inspired moments, I would create and cherish resources, over which circumstances shall

not triumph. I would not make this a repository of "sickly sentimentalities"; a confidant of misanthropic thoughts; but merely a friend to whose keeping I may entrust whatever sentiments I may be glad for ~~me~~ to nurture and record. There is a great deal of folly too in my nature, and a most fond and indulgent Mother has habit been to it, and it has hitherto found vent somewhere. Perhaps it may be well to bring a portion of it here; then if it really be absurd and considerable folly, shall I not detect its "sickly hue" more readily than otherwise? Besides where one often acts and speaks so impulsively as I do, 'tis dangerous to carry about such an undue supply of nonsensical squibs, with no mark to aim at but the ears of our sensitive fellow mortals. If I discharge them here, while I shall find myself equal

ly relieved and disburdened, ~~as~~ they will disturb no one, and effect no harm. Now as I do not expect my "thoughts to bubble up to the well head, at regular intervals, ready to be bottled off for immediate use", I shall set apart no times or seasons for journalizing, coming when the spirit shall invite me.

(Monday)

To-day is the Fourth of July, a most suggestive date. A most lovely morning never gladdened the earth. Two or three days previous rain having refreshed and purified it, it looks a fit abode for rejoicing spirits. Bright, pure and calm, Nature seems kindly sympathizing with the event a Nation commemorates to-day. How the glad spirits used to dance and revel within me when this season came round;

what a crowd of happy sensations used to thrill me! a day of music and sunshine; purer sunshine too, and sweeter music, than ordinary days afforded. As we grow older, and the continual recurrence of these anniversaries, has somewhat dulled their charm; and our own mental emotions too, yield less pliantly to influences that used to waken them, how comparatively calm and indifferent we meet them. And yet ought not the day which recalls an act so sublime and significant, and act to which we must trace so much that is good and desirable in our individual condition, to waken in our maturer minds some of those better voices which speak to us in our loftier moods? Ought not the remembrances which cluster round it, to enkindle that grateful and rejoicing spirit, which is ever apt to sleep too often and too soundly?

Though I cannot recall the buoyant gleesome spirit, with which my childhood welcomed it, I would distrust that indifferent reception of it which is so often manifested; I would distrust as unhealthy, that ~~of~~ some of mind, that would refuse to acknowledge its power to elevate it above its every-day level.

I have passed the day quietly at home, (that is, at Mrs. Shovel's, Corner of Orange and Washington Streets) with Ellen for company (a passage, by the way, who ought to be formally introduced to these pages, and were I good at portraiture, she should certainly be sketched at once. Let it suffice for the present; that she is an old friend; and I have been able so far to conciliate the fates in my behalf that they have permitted us to dwell together for a year past, and what "little love we had at the beginning, not decreasing upon further acquaintance" like Master Panders. But she would contradict this last clause, were she to see

1. But she shon't record the contradiction in my journal, so far once I have the advantage. Consigned by an inscrutable destiny to the same order of duties, allied by a remarkable coincidence in our natures to the same order of nonsense; having declared open and inextinguishable war against all manner of proprieties and discretions, and a hearty and cherished alliance with all the unfashionable follies of the age, there is of course sufficient sympathy to make the connection tolerable. Were I to tell in what she excelled me, it would only minister to her vanity at my expense, to which my own vanity says - nay, and vice-versa. But to return. I have been quiet at home, a very unusual thing by the way, and have tried a variety of methods of killing time; have succeeded in murdering all the hours till 6 P.M. and am now fully confident

that the rest will be disposed of with equal humanity. Have talked some, read some; laughed a great deal at Ellen's suggestions concerning the disposal of the day, and been withal quite pleased and comfortable.

July 5th.

To-day I accompanied Ellen and Livvy. Women to visit some schools in the morning, which did not prove a very refreshing sort of recreation. In the afternoon, the weather being exceedingly fine I walked with Ellen to Jamaica Plain, where we passed a very pleasant afternoon, returning in the cars between eight and nine o'clock. Indeed we found our spirits to have been raised several degrees by this excursion, and came home in excellent humor, not only with ourselves, but the world in general.

Sunday July 9th.

I went into Boston with Ellen yesterday, when she was going out to Worcester to pass Sunday. Calling upon my old friend Hannah Hammond, she insisted upon my spending the night with her, which I finally concluded to do, and returned home this evening, having enjoyed my visit very much; attending church this morning in Bulfinch's Place, and this afternoon at Mr. Waterston's in Bedford St. As Ellen has not returned, I feel strange and incomplete, as though my other self were gone. Can any change of circumstances ever make me feel less allied to her than I now do? It does not seem so now, and yet has former friends upon whom I used to rely as the

very pillars of support, whose daily presence I used to regard as so necessary to me, have become so far removed, by new duties and circumstances, that it were more than idle to deem them so near. I wonder what stroke of destiny will part us, and commit us to divergent paths? But I will not speculate about a future that must be so chequered and changeful. My chamber is lonely and still. I look out of my window, and Nature looks despondent and sad. Though "clothed in the beauties of June", there is to-night a pensiveness and sober look about the trees and flowers, as though a conscious spirit might have been breathed into them, and spoke to them of the decay and death in which their beauty shall so soon be shrouded; as in the fulness and gladness of our life, we ~~catch~~ sometimes catch the murmurings of a low

mysterious spirits, reminding us of
of these great realities we cannot
contemplate, without feeling more
serious and thoughtful. But here
comes Ellen! So good bye to jour-
nalizing for to night.

Thursday July 13.

Ellen and J. returned from
Mr. Wymand this morning, having
passed the night there with
the girls; and a very goodly time
we had, of course. To-day I dined
with Mrs. Ward at Mrs. Carl-
ton's. To night I took up Mrs.
Child's Letters, when I chanced to
open to one containing some of
Swedenborg's views with regard to
a future state of existence, from
which I extract the following:

Spiritual consanguinity, or similar states
of the Soul, alone can produce compani-
ship there. Strangers who never saw
each other in the body, may be very
near together as spirits; while natural
brothers and sisters, or legal husbands
and wives may be very far apart.
Time and space are spiritually mere
states of mind. We may partly un-
derstand this by facts in the present
life, if we reflect that an hour seems
a minute to a man about to be ex-
ecuted, while a minute seems an
hour to the friend who is hurrying
with the pardon which he fears
may come too late. With regard to
space likewise, we all know what it
is to feel very distant from a person
that sits next to us, and very near
to a person a thousand miles
off. In the spiritual world, there
are no obstacles of material
space and time to overcome; and
therefore, according to Swedenborg, two
persons whose affections are in a

similar state, are near together the moment they think of each other. Thus it comes that our spiritual similarity, not our earthly love produces vicinity. But if our friendship in this world has not been merely for the selfish and temporary purposes of convenience, vanity, or passion; if we have loved in each other what was good and true, and tried to help each other to be unselfish and pure, then are we spiritually related, and the relation will pass into eternity.

Tuesday July 18.

'Tis a most beautiful morning, and 'tis the last week of school, a vacation of four weeks commencing next Monday, and I have no particular cause for anxiety or regret. Enjoying a larger liberty perhaps, than most of my fellow-mortals, inclined by

nature to look upon the brighter side of things, yet I do not seem of late to enjoy that harmony and fullness of life, for which the spirit is ever yearning. I do remember, it seems to me, a time, when on a morning like this, with as few actual troubles to depress me, I almost felt that I could "dare immortal deeds", and feel conscious of strength for their fulfilment. And, now — Heaven grant I may not lose the companionship of those good angels that make us trustful and hopeful — Heaven grant I may not permit a sense of weariness to take the place, where energy and enthusiasm ought ever to abide. What trifles color and shape the spirit's destiny! And do not those trivial circumstances in our daily life, which we sometimes regard as barriers in our onward way, withholding the seeming good we covet, serve to exalt that destiny? "Still raise for good the supplicating voice."

But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;
Sage, in his power whose eyes discern afar,
The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
I implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whatever he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain.
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find!"

Canton July 26th

There is a jubilee at W. Newton,
to-day, when all the pupils and ex-pupils
of the Normal School are to meet and
rejoice together; and occasion which
brings together some of the most distin-
guished talent in the Community to
give interest and zest to a meeting,
which without it, could not be other-
wise than satisfactory and beautiful.
And I have voluntarily absented
myself from the scene, having decided
to do so before I left S. R., regretting
my decision somewhat yesterday,
though I felt that I ought to abide
by it, as Sarah W. influenced by
it ~~that decision~~ had probably gone
another way, and I did not
wish to go without her. I can
hardly account for my disinclini-
nation to join the festival, which
preceding experiences convinced me

would have thrilled and gladden-
ed me so much. I should no
doubt have met many of the asso-
ciates of my merry schoolgirl
days, and exchanged with them
again words of gladness; should
have recalled with them the
good and pleasant time when
we rejoiced and strove together;
and should have felt kindled
within me those emotions which
"voices from the past" do awaken
in the soul to which they speak.
And yet some "enigmatical why,
or wherefore" inexplicable to my-
self has kept me quietly in Can-
ton to-day, absorbed in nothing of
any particular consequence; my mind
in a tolerably quiescent state. True,
my thoughts have now and then
taken flight to the scene of jubilee,
but they have returned with becoming
propriety to the "bodily presence,"
and I have experienced no

regret sufficiently poignant, to render
me discontented or restless. But
may those who have participated
in the day's rejoicings return
to their homes to-night with
spirit stirred and awakened to
"fine and noble issues"; may
"memory have charmed their mind
With tender images refined."—
May the words, that have been
spoken to awaken deep and sa-
cred remembrances, exalt and
glorify also the destinies of their
future. I do believe that
upon occasions of this sort,
lofty and noble resolves are
born; ~~that~~ that revealings are
made to the "inward eye", which
impart to life a purer and
a holier meaning. They are
among the agencies through which
are wrought those more spiritual
and exalted traits of character
often ^{but} so meagly developed.

Aug 21st

After an absence of four weeks, I find myself here again this morning, about to resume my wonted duties. Thus speaks the better voice: "Released from care and responsibility, you have been permitted for a goodly season to refresh and amuse yourself. You have enjoyed your friends, living a free and joyous life amongst them, you have repaired your strength, recruited your spirits. Circumstances you ought to recognise as sacred, recall you now to a life you perhaps consider as comparatively laborious and monotonous. Beware lest you return to it, laden with vain regrets and idle longings. Beware how you impose

upon yourself fetters that shall not only gall and fret you, but destroy your spiritual life and progress. Do not only recognise but reverse those severer duties, without which you wed yourself to triviality, and evade the discipline you so much need. Be faithful, vigorous and true, and thrice happy shall your season of rejoicing be when it returns to you again. Do not covet the easy, pleasant, careless joys of your vacation life; they are good, and right, and oh! how welcome; but let them absorb the whole year, let them cover your whole life, devote yourself to nothing earnestly that requires strength and effort, and be assured they will grow tasteless. How methinks this is a very discreet voice. I wish I were a sufficiently discreet personage to listen, and obey it always. "So mote it be"

Sunday Aug. 28th.

During the past week, there have been some slight variations every day, from the regular routine; Ellen and myself passing two nights in the week at the Wyman's; (a goodly place, where we all talk the pleasantest nonsense in the world) I made a visit to my aunt Meriam's, received a call from my cousin Charles; visited with Ellen and Mrs Ward Mt Auburn &c &c — But I have lost all fancy for particularizing things of the sort. I used once to magnify them, and enlarge "grandiloquently" upon them. But the happy medium of a youthful imagination through which I then looked at events in themselves trivial, having in a great measure evaporated, they no longer awaken

sufficient interest to induce me to pen the details thereof. I was amused one evening at the Wyman's, with the reading of the school reports which Lizzy had brought home with her. It strikes me, from many facts which have come within my observation, that there is scarcely a department in which more unjust and incorrect opinions are formed and circulated than in ours. I do believe that the duty of examination is often performed with more indifference if not faithfulness than is often suspected and, judgments pronounced with a partiality and one-sidedness wholly unpardonable. There are teachers too who by a (shall I call it fortunate or unfortunate?) tact and adroitness so completely dupe their judges, as to build for themselves reputations they could never honestly have earned, or at least I never have honestly

earned. I believe there are many who examine our schools, and sit in judgment upon them, who really know as little of their spirit and true stand, as they do of the personal history of all the petty duchesses of the German Empire. My own report was not in the package to which I referred not having been examined at all last quarter; but it urges me to see how much weal and woe is contained in those few sheets, where it is so evident that the criticism is often rendered by prejudice and deceived critics.

Specimens. "School No 600. A miserable condition. Recitations bad; order worse. School Teacher better be dismissed". Let's interpret; that is if we may be permitted to interpret the thoughts of such august and wise men.

I'm in a hurry to-day; I feel cross and uneasy. These children are restless. My head is sort of muddled, and I don't understand them. To be sure there are many commendable things I might see if I could only stop to look at them. And there are many palliating circumstances that ought to be taken into account. But never mind; some previous wise man has found fault with the school; I shan't lose a reputation for sagacity. Were I to stop and particularize, I could point out quite as many (perhaps more) merits as faults. But my time is very precious, the girl doesn't particular prepossess me, and I will dismiss the matter briefly. It can't be a matter of much consequence. So the wise man writes the sentence and thinks nothing more about it. And the record goes the usual rounds; the whole craft, (and

many gossips beside) read it with peculiar care; some of the more popular members of it, chuckle over their own good fortune, (as well they may,) congratulating themselves upon the accidental circumstances that procured for them in the beginning, a reputation, which they feel has so thoroughly fortified them, that he would be deemed a fool among his fellows, who should dare criticize otherwise than goodnaturedly. — The subject of the second Lamable and modest perhaps — drinks the cup — feels it the bitterest of her life — and according as the powers within yield or conquer in the struggle — feels herself a stronger, better nobler woman for the trial, less dependent upon the superficial judgments of the world — without — or losing all faith and trust in the

efficacy of honest, conscientious effort grows heart sick and listless, feeling that an ineffaceable stain is fixed upon her. Again No. 15. Children happy and contented. Everything appears well about the school, and yet this school doesn't compare favorably with others. I entertain no objection. What excellent order here! and yet how little restraint. The children seem to be well and thoroughly learnt — and yet — there is no manoeuvring. The teacher doesn't amuse me with her play at all. She doesn't seem at all versed in those little processes, about which my model Miss D. talks so much to me. And then methinks the evangelic spirit doesn't reign here — No — the teacher doesn't altogether suit my fancy — so let me qualify all I have felt constrained to say in her favor by this additional clause. So the discreet man writes

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his record. The subject of it reads - feels herself puzzled to know upon what rock she has foundered - perhaps feels disappointed that her statue should fall so far below even the pigmy race about her, and becomes her work with her youthful ardor damped somewhat, until during some mental process, her vision becomes clearer, the ^{truth} lies revealed - and she ceases to rely upon judgments so frail for any peace of mind or quiet of conscience.

School No. 84 preserves its high reputation. A most perfect understanding between teacher and pupils I see. What a charming creature is Miss I. How profoundly she talks of school matters. How dignified are all her airs. She seems so far removed from

all the frivolities to which so many young women have allied themselves. Discretion in every feature. And her plans so numerous and complicated. True, the children don't seem very prompt or spirited this afternoon, but what admirable methods she talks to me about. They are uneasy too, and inattentive; and were it Miss G's school I should denounce it at once as disorderly and bad. But Miss I.! How absurd to suppose that it is more than an occasional freak of the children, for who ever heard anything less than a statesman talk so profoundly about government. So much mildness and suavity too. No matter what the results, she is a model after my own heart. So the enthusiast writes his record, and it too goes the way of all similar records. Hamber member of

his second. The subject of it reads - feels herself puzzled to know upon what rock she has foundered - perhaps feels disappointed that her stature should fall so far below even the pigmy race about her, and resumes her work with her youthful ardor damped somewhat, until during some mental process, her vision becomes clearer, the ^{truth} lies revealed - and she ceases to rely upon judgments so frail for any peace of mind or quiet of conscience.

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the craft, who have "tailed and
mailed - poor much-worms" -
for some slight medal of praise,
sigh first - then thank heaven,
that their neighbor's reputa-
tion, is not among the things
particularised in the tenth
Commandment, as not to be
coveted, for they can't resist
the impulse of their wicked
hearts.

Oct 16th.

Heigh-ho! what a leap
from Aug 28th to Oct 16th!
I hope my life has not
proved an entire blank
during the interval. Of course
not! When does it ever
prove a blank? But I fear
the record does not testify

to any very creditable progress.
Had I written that record
here, faithfully and without re-
serve, would it not sometimes
ay, quite too often have told
of weariness - of vain and
foolish yearnings after these
accidental gifts - withheld
perhaps - ay, withheld no doubt
for my highest good? Would
I not often have reflected a
spirit somewhat adverse to duty,
inclined to contemplate only
its sterner features, and
pronounce it for otherwise
than good? A wavering
trust - and a growing In-
differenced to matters of real
import? Sometimes when
"the flesh is weak", has not
"the spirit too" grown un-
willing, and permitted itself
to rest in dangerous
apathy? Have I not

care and thought too much
about about these external
and transient things, of which
my real and highest destiny
is wholly independent? Alas!
I sometimes think I am daily
receding from that high mark
towards which I would have
aimed; daily weakening the
powers from which all
noble effort comes. If so,
methinks 'tis quite time to
arrest my downward steps,
erect anew my standard, con-
template it more fixedly,
and "press on" towards it,
"while yet I may". I some-
times covet a different and
wider sphere of action; but
must my thought necessari-
ly conform to any narrow
sphere to which the fates
may have consigned me? May
it not grow and expand

and carry my real, true self
even to those serene and lofty
heights, beyond the reach and in-
fluence of external circumstances.
Why not keep this truth more
constantly in view, permitting no
weariness to overtake the spirit?
This unrest - does it not prove
that weakness and irresolution
exist, where strength and decis-
ion may be attained? I am
either in a false position, where
I cannot be true to my highest
self, or - I suffer my mind to
be disturbed with anxieties and
yearnings, that ought to be forever
silenced. If the former be really
the case, then surely I should
seek with zeal and earnestness
the true one; if the latter, then
'tis my duty to summon all
the powers within me to quell
such vain and foolish clamors.

Sunday Oct 22nd

To-day as my date testifies - has been Sunday - and according to my usual custom - I have been to Church. Not that I deem this an imperative duty, enjoined upon man or woman; or always the most devout and profitable mode of spending the day; for under ~~often and under~~ circumstances which often exist, I think for otherwise. But when a true man, imbued with power and earnestness, can speak to human hearts, stirring the divinity within them, it seems to me well and well to go and listen. There is certainly an uplifting power in words spoken by him, which combine with the asso-

ciations of the hour and place to awaken holy feeling and incite to holy living. Could we go with reverent and devout hearts, "resigning all our earthborn cares" at "the threshold" of the Sanctuary, communing in spirit, with the divinest elements of our nature - what strength might we not find there for the sterner duties of the week? But how does the "vain and wandering thought", we have cherished but too fondly elsewhere, intrude itself there and disturb those holier influences which might so elevate us. - But methinks 'tis not all vain, to feel rebuked within us these fervent desires, though conscious that we have not found sufficient strength to triumph wholly.

Nov. 2nd

How strange it seems to be alone in my room this evening. No Ellen - no chat - no laughter. Nothing but silence and gravity. Well, profitable and becoming companions they are no doubt, at times - perhaps frequently - but really it does not seem to me superlatively good to be alone. I like to exchange my thoughts for better ones; - like to discuss, as I can with Ellen, our little world of "weals and woes"; extract all it contains of the ridiculous and melancholy, and stir up a compound therewith, which serves as a sort of poultice to our wounded spirits, when they

chance to need them.

Since my last entry the long-anticipated day, when the water-works should be completed, has been celebrated in the city of Boston, upon which occasion, a magnificent display, was got up. My brother Elbridge from Bangor, happening to be in the city at the time, I was so fortunate as to enjoy the benefit of his gallantries; though I must confess I felt more grateful for the privilege of spending the day with him, than for the opportunity of witnessing the processions - said to be the longest ever paraded through the city. 'Twas certainly a magnificent spectacle, and the occasion was worthy of it; but were they all this labor, and pains and taste were expended, my appreciation thereof would be quite too feeble to warrant the outlay.

Nov. 4th. 1848. —

methinks there should be a record here to-day, as 'tis one of those epochs, not exactly remarkable perhaps, but destined to hold a distinct place in my recollections henceforth. I finished my work in the old schoolhouse to-day; that old schoolhouse - where my first serious efforts in "this working day world" were made; that old schoolhouse - where I have spent my youthful strength and enthusiasm. Could its meagre walls present a record of my own mental experiences within them, I wonder if it would be

profitable or pleasant for me to read them. It would have required very delightful associations with the place, to have allowed any regrets to arise in my mind, at leaving a building so thoroughly bereft of attractions. — But my "mental emotions" upon the occasion, did not I believe surpass their ordinary bound; feeling neither ecstatically joyful at the prospect of better accommodations; or depressingly sorrowful to leave the place where I have weaved so much of the web of my life.

I fear my mental stature has not grown much there; but if no qualities of heart have been developed or expanded by its discipline, my spirit has indeed been dwarfed there, and my labor worse than vain. —

No. 5th.

"My birth day" - what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks,
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said - Were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done!"

Twenty five years ago to-day
I commenced a series of annoy-
ances, which I have continued
to practise with praiseworthy
success thus far. I have during
the time, wrought no wonder,

but made a great many blunders,
some serious, others bordering more
upon the ridiculous. Have I seldom
"wasted my time" into just such
figures as suited my fancy; jas-
tling my way through a crowd
of very companionable sort of peo-
ple, two thirds of whom at least,
were probably ignorant of my ex-
istence in their midst, and Heaven
knows how many of the other third
declaring how much more comfort-
able they might have been without
me. Well, whether I "have paid
my way" thus far, is a matter
of doubt. Whether I have striven
with sufficient zeal and fidelity
to become legally entitled to a
place in so entertaining a world,
is among those profound questions
of the day yet undecided.

Dec. 10th

I wonder if that true and genuine love of books, which leads one to seek them for those thoughts which are indeed spirit and life to the soul, is consistent with that affectation and pedantry, which neglects no opportunity to display all they have derived from them? Can it be wed to that love of display which prompts one to prate continually and upon all occasions of authors and extracts, and repeat again and again those hackneyed criticisms, which must become so tedious? Can so pure a love dwell in the soul of an egotist, who fancies that to read much, and remember unimportant sentences, and

talk in "words of learned length," "signifying nothing", place him beside those great lights to whom the world stands so much indebted?

methinks that where there taste for books is genuine and pure, the mind will be healthful and the actions such as should flow from a healthful mind. — These ebullitions of temper which trivial crosses excite in narrow minds, cannot proceed from one who finds in books the "manna like sweetness", which falls from the pen of the truly inspired writer. I have come to the conclusion that book affectation, is one of the most contemptible of all affectations; that those who wed themselves to it, lack most those qualities of heart that make one really worthy and agreeable.

Sunday - Dec 31 st. 1848

There has been some slight variation in the order of things during the past week - having danced attendance for two days upon an Educational Convention - and been surprised with a visit from an old friend I have not seen for a very long time. This last circumstance gave me much pleasure - raising the merrier voices within me.

To-day completes the year - a year that I have witnessed great events in the world without - and close without recalling their sequel. But I have made no attempt to record the doings of the great world here - or comment thereupon. It might perhaps be a useful mental exercise - but unfortu-

nately I incline more towards fancies than facts - prefer to speculate upon my own mental emotions - and matters coming within my own observation - though of comparative insignificance - to those broader fields over which it would be so wise and well to qualify myself to roam.

I can scarcely realize that a whole year has passed, since I last paused upon the threshold of a new year, to give a backward and forward glance at the receding and advancing seasons. I used to stop and moralize in my small way - recount the blessings the year had brought me - record my better resolutions for future action - and give vent to the more enthusiastic feelings roused at such a time; and I have not yet grown so skeptical as to the efficacy of these

pauses, as to pronounce them vain and foolish; or pride myself upon having outgrown a tendency to indulge them. No. Rather would I lament a growing indifference to those promptings, that come, I am convinced, from a higher than that worldly spirit we cherish so fondly. There has been but little change in my outward condition during the past year; the circumstances about me differ but slightly from those of preceding years. As usual, I do not regard them as the most desirable with which to surround one's self, or the most favorable to my real growth and progress. But so long as I lack the strength and power to modify them, 'tis exceeding foolish and unphilosophical to quarrel with them, I am convinced. I would begin the new year with a stout heart and, and a noble purpose—

ready and strong to dare and do whatever may be the work assigned me. I would rouse and nurture that spirit of cheerfulness that shall dissolve every duty of its stern and forbidding garb, and tinge it with a heavenly beauty and radiance.

I would watch the advance of those inward foes, that thwart our nobler efforts, and repel them with becoming vigor. At the close of the year, I would look back upon a season whose remembrance shall be sweet to the soul; a season when I consulted not the trivial judgments of a worldly wisdom, but that higher voice coming from the depths of a true soul, striving toward a perfect model.

Sunday Feb. 25.

Really I had almost forgotten the existence of this book, which I have sometimes personified as a friend, into whose ear I had dropped, thoughts which straying from their legitimate home (which by the way, is no more comfortable or reputable a place than my own disordered brain) might alight here without exciting either annoyance or comment. An injured friend I doubt not - would I consider itself - could it but speak forth in reply to the "infinite nothing" addressed to it - and an avowed rebellion, against a confidence from which it derives so little that is really

worth knowing, would I am assured be the consequence. But "'tis silent all." I say my say - be it ever so foolish or common place - it receives it without either sneer or grimace. Be I grave or sad it never disputes my humor - never contradicts my right to entertain whatsoever views have hit my fancy. This I like right well - for censure and reproof - though healing powers oft times - never found favor in mine eyes. I can bear them when they come from those whom I love and respect - but if innocently avoided - I would prefer to shun them. But much as I fancy this quiet friend - I seem to have been guilty of a long estrangement. And this reads my apology if such be required. The weather since my last, has been quite sufficient to appal a Greenlander. One must stay

below stairs with the multitude, or
press'd to death above stairs; as a
bounty paid for quiet and solitude;
a bounty altogether too extravagant
to ensure the sympathies of one
not at all averse to creature comforts.
So I have seen said "good-bye, to
myself - till warmer weather" and
should the estrangement prove of
long continuance - beneficial results
will undoubtedly appear.

Sunday Apr. 1st 1849.

After a whole week of sorry
weather, during which time the Sun
has kept himself completely veiled
from mortal eyes, the effect of
a clear, bright morning is most
exhilarating. 'Tis Sunday morning
too; a season when we are permit-
ted - nay, enjoined by the very neces-

March 10th. Mr. Wymans burns burnt last night

sities of our nature, to put aside
those carking cares which do so
engross us during the week, and re-
awaken those better voices too often
silenced by the "din of earth's coarse
engineery". Would that they could
be more effectually silenced. Would
that the beauty and melody of na-
ture discernible in this Fair Spring
Morning, found our spirits attuned
more in harmony with that beauty
and melody. Everything would
seem to invite us fair thought
into the mind; to suggest pleas-
ant and kindly memories. One
feels stronger and freer in a
morning like this - feels himself
raised to a loftier spiritual
state. The petty interests and con-
cerns which obtain such mastery
over us during the week, quen-
ching too often the spirit's life and
mournfully marring its true
beauty, fade out before the

purer imagery of a soul reawakened and touched by those invisible influences which despite our worldliness, do surround us. How beautiful the soul that sees discerns them! that is ever alive to the beauty and harmony revealed so constantly to the living soul. How blessed to find always - in the storm as well as in the sunshine - in the sober evening time as well as in the joyous morning - in the midst of stern and unengendered duties as well as in those free moments when we lay aside our wonted burdens - those precious inspirations that shall impart radiance and strength sufficient for every season and every duty. Bright mornings and Sabbath hours are few and fleeting - compared with with the whole

of life. Their genial influences may fortify us for the "looking-day world"; but daily and always to find good angels ministering to our spirits - awakening reverent-loyalty thought - creating within a sunshine that shall never fade and a Sabbath that shall never cease - will more thoroughly strengthen us for the "life-journey".

Wednesday May 16th.

I believe I have said nothing here of the "fever of the times" - the general crusade of the day - undertaken with the view of delivering men from what they deem the captivity of poverty - or with the view of exchanging medicinal fortunes for the brilliant possessions of a whole region of gold would seem to offer. A brother of

Mrs Shove left here a few weeks since, since, with an enterprising and worthy company - and yesterday was confirmed the melancholy intelligence that he had died with the Cholera on the prairie. He was a man I should judge of true nobility of soul, actuated by other than the worldly motives to which so many have yielded.

But how much men have shown themselves willing to "dare and do" for gold! And yet I do not like to hear the sweeping assertions, so many uttered against those who have joined the general expedition; for I believe many have gone forth, in whom the "vulgar thirst for gold" finds no place; men who are willing to sacrifice and suffer, not to enrich themselves, but to obtain through honest and laborious

toil, the means, which an adverse fortune may have denied them here; means they covet to sustain those whom they love and cherish. Of course the motives must be various, and no doubt in many cases considerable and low; but that those who go forth with just and genuine views of the mission they undertake will find no cause to regret a movement an enlightened conscience may have sanctioned, I cannot doubt.

I wish I possessed gold. A very childish wish; I know most people would unhesitatingly pronounce it in this age, in which so many master minds have theoretically proved its worthlessness. I know I would not willingly barter any better thing I possess (if I really do) for it; but I do verily believe 'tis a possession worth some effort and risk of personal safety. To go forth with a spirit alight to duty - true to its divine inspiration - I believe it

may be made the ^{powerful} instrument of
genuine progress and peace. I know
the objection always brought forward
in this connection; that it chills
this better spirit - silencing those
better voices which sustain the soul
in its conflicts. But why should
it be so? I would have wealth
that I might lighten the burdens
which must oppress even the spirit
of those who bear them; wealth, that
I might relieve myself ^{from} the necessi-
ty - which despite resolve and effort -
must sometimes seem stern - of
confining myself to one peculiar
channel of external duties - duties
which are certainly not without
attractions and genuine satisfactions
- get often so exhausting to mind
and body as to incapacitate for
those highest efforts the spirit often
yearns to make. Yes, it seems to
me that I could make wealth
subservient to great and noble

ends - but to concentrate my wishes
~~or~~ thereupon would I am convinced
be the vainest - iddest mental move-
ment I could make

If here isn't the 4th of July
again. A few pages back I record-
ed an account of the day's proceed-
ings a year ago; which in my individ-
ual experience were of a
most brilliant and varied char-
acter. And as Ellen and I decid-
ed to remain at home and depend
upon the resources of the house
and our own souls, to-day, a mea-
gre supply, I fear we shall have
of amusement. There are some
elements in our nature, not suf-
ficiently subdued - for the circum-
stances ordained for us. We can-
not sit down perfectly placid
and contented in a quiet "loop
hole of retreat" - and look-
ing out into the "Great Babel

congratulate ourselves upon our peaceful and secure location. — Now there are a score, at least of avenues, through which a spirit inclined to rejoice and be glad might manifest itself. There is no stern necessity constraining us to remain in this quiet corner — indulging in restless yearnings for more congenial things. But as nothing particularly commending itself to our peculiar fancy has been proposed we have made the choice — and are beginning at 12 o'clock to grow somewhat annoyed. We are in a laughing humor to be sure; and have preserved quite a show of gaiety — but alas! 'tis not the genuine gladness of heart, whose possessors are exactly where and as they would be. — The bells are ringing a merry peal, announcing the rejoicing

of the world about us; and there is so much in the sound to exhilarate, and rouse emotions of gladness, that I would fain "hie me away" to some scene where those emotions might be ministered to more freely. This house is a very dull one? I cannot disguise the fact from myself. I do not like dull houses. The same faced day after day — the same precise tones — the same dark rooms. Ellen is a never-failing resource — and for this I will not forget to be grateful. Is it an extravagant wish — a censurable desire — that we could have a home answering the wants of our nature; a home less wearisome and monotonous? Ah, that this blessed gift might again be ours. My social wants are not met here. I am anticipating vacation, as the renewal of a life, that has been suspended; and my Conscienceal desires

not approve this view.

Monday Aug. 27th

Five weeks ago last Saturday I left here with Ellen for Portland, where I remained until the next Monday when I proceeded to Bangor, which place I left last Wednesday, calling at Portland again where I remained until Saturday, when I returned here, again accompanied by Ellen. During my visit I have enjoyed so many agreeable excitements, have been in fact so supremely happy - that were it not base ingratitude to entertain such feelings - I should look upon this return as almost unbearable. I fear I shall never be able to rank vacation joys among the follies of

the age; but I will endeavor to recognize the necessity of a return to sober duties, so thoroughly, as to harbor no foolish and uncomfortable regrets. But then I have been so perfectly at home at B. so identified with all its interests - I find so much to meet my social wants there - that 'tis very hard to say "good-bye". My mind has furnished me with a host of pleasant memories, that will I trust do much towards preserving a rejoicing spirit amid the stern duties of the "working day work".

On our return here Saturday we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Teulon again - who remains a household guest until Monday morning - having I suppose become the dearest guest in the heart of George & Salina. There was also the addition to family of a Mr & Mrs Mr.

doek and a gently dressed
young lady - manifesting no
signs of life except in a
fringed head of hair - quite
erect and animated

Monday Sept 13th

To-day Ellen and I have re-
paired to a new home. Mr. Kee's
on Parker St. It looks more
cheerful and home-like than Mrs.
Shovel - and heaven grant that time
may confirm first impressions.

Yesterday I passed at Watertown
very pleasantly.

Monday 10th

Went home last Saturday, ac-
companied by Ellen and my
nephew Johnny, and returned
this morning. 'Twas my first

visit since vacation; and I should
have been truly glad to have re-
mained longer - but school again
to-day.

Monday Oct 22.

I returned from Watertown this
morning, where I have been to attend
the funeral of my little nephew
Emelius, who died very suddenly
Thursday morning - with what the
physicians pronounced dropsy. -

He was a little favorite of
mine - and why should he not
still be? He was a noble heart-
ed, sunshiny little boy - and his
death will create a household
vac that cannot be filled. He
had lived the rosy life of child-
hood - cheered the hearts of those who
loved him - felt no weariness of
spirit - and gone home. Surely
grief must be selfish here. -

Dec. 16. 1849.

I am really afraid I shall forget how to use my pen, so far as to be unable to fashion even the ungainly characters with which I have hitherto soiled paper. If life is barren of events worth record - surely the inner life should not so thoroughly stagnate as to suggest nothing. And the habit of neglecting a duty I have once recognised - a resource to which I have been somewhat indebted - does not please me. 'Tis a good habit - I am convinced - to withdraw one's self at times - and collect the vague and floating particles which encumber or enrich the mind - as the case may be; - and yet I have

become sadly indifferent to this duty of late. Events to which I used to attach so much importance have become tame and insignificant by their continual recurrence; emotions I used to record - but somewhat too sentimental "on paper;" after so many conflicts with the stern actual. As to fine thoughts and glowing extracts which used to sooth my enthusiasm - and find place in my journals - I have grown content to read them - let them make what impress they will - and pass on. 'Tis well, I know to put away childish things, as we advance in years - but I know also there is danger of indifference and apathy to matters of real import ~~what~~ when youthful enthusiasm sustains them no more. 'Tis not well to reduce the number of our resources - but

wise to strengthen ^{and} multiply
them.

One thing I must not neglect to record here. Our new home has proved a pleasant one - and we are never distressed with ennui. The apathy and cheerlessness over which we have grieved so long - are numbered among the things that were - and heaven grant we may fully appreciate our better estate.

Sunday Dec. 30th.

Last Wednesday I went to Needham to attend the funeral of my Aunt Betsey, who died the Monday previous. She has been one of those useful self-sacrificing women - who devote themselves with faithfulness and zeal to the service of kindred

and neighbors - and whose chiefest luxury - is that of "doing good". - She has lived a long life - respected and welcomed in the homes where she sojourned - and left many sincere mourners there who will trust that the joys of an immortal life are here in all their fullness.

1850
Mon Tuesday Jan 1st
New Year's Day again - a season when grave people moralize and gay people rejoice; - a season to forget - and to remember. As the old year recedes and takes its place with those "beyond the flood", and we find ourselves treading the threshold of the new, we can scarcely refrain from pausing a moment in our "more giddy ways" - and holding more earnest intercourse with

the powers within. We hear as it were voices from the past and from the future - bidding us leave far behind the sins and follies of the one - and consecrate the others to better things than have hitherto absorbed us. Who has not left undone, deeds, for which the season was ripe, and whose hour may never return? Who but has yielded with unpardonable weakness to the "syren voices", he ought to have forever silenced.

Purely to a good time, to fortify ourselves anew, for the "life journey"; to purify the mind of all that may have obscured its spiritual glimpses, and labor earnestly for those sustaining and uplifting influences, without which, the year, upon which we have this ^{set} entered, will prove a failure.

Monday, Feb. 25th 1850

'Tis very long since I have paused to make any record of my state or doings, and as I have about 15 minutes, which I do not feel inclined to devote to other things, suppose I devote them to this purpose. I have been in exceeding good humor with myself and things about me, since my last record. Breathing the atmosphere of a pleasant home, where I find things congenial, contributing much to the promotion of my mental health. There is a whole household of "companionable people at Mrs. Reid's and I indulge" my treasure - nonsense to my heart's content. Every Wednesday I go with Ellen to Jamaica Plain to receive French - and considerable time is devoted to the subject at home.

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As our year of subscription to the Athenaeum has expired, we have concluded not to renew it at present; so that I shall probably read for some time only Newspapers and Primary School Readers; — the latter however contain so many choice specimens of the literature of the age — that it must be my own fault if I hunger or thirst. A fortnight ago to-day I returned from home, where I was accompanied by my brother Ebenezer of Bangor and his wife. And now as I deem the record sufficient to suggest to my mind at some future day the general tenor of the life I am at present leading — and it is One O'clock I must go home to dinner.

Wednesday Evening.

After our return from Jamaica Plain this evening — Ellen and I passed most of our time in Mrs Coolidge's

room — listening to the reading of some very fine letters. I have been thinking what absurd and false notions people frequently cherish of persons and affairs, of whom they know nothing — except through the idle-gossiping rumour of the day; how the scandal-loving public discuss and decide the characters of individuals and their relations to each other when they possess not the slightest reliable fact from which to draw their conclusions. Take an individual of some prominence in society — who may have been peculiarly exposed by circumstances to the tender mercies of a gossiping community, and contrast the idea we receive from its heartless portraiture of him — and the picture we contemplate, oftentimes, when the same individual becomes actually known to us. Surely we permit ourselves to be wretchedly duped — when we join the mighty "audience" — which "Scandal keeps." I am convinced that with-

ing more vulgarises and narrows
the mind, than the nurture or even
liberation of a relish for those rumors
so unfeelingly spread abroad by individuals
who shut themselves out from those
higher resources, in which they would
find infinitely better satisfactions.

Monday March 11th

With the exception of my quiet
noon hour, which I have set aside,
for reading or writing, at the schoolhouse,
before going home to dinner I
have abandoned myself to mirth and
nonsense for the last week. I am
confident that so long as there is any
accessible folly in the world I shall
find my way to it and drink copious
draughts. There has been laughing
and singing; company and witticisms;
all sorts of unexceptionable fun.

The subject of Mrs. Reed's removal into
Boston having been again agitated, our
spirits are sorely troubled in consequence.
Ellen and I, however have concluded that
we shall pitch some tents in the Park
opposite and live Bedouin fashion this
Summer. 'Tis true the Ducks have pos-
sion now - but we are arrogant enough
to suppose that we can get possession
by diplomatic skill and address with-
out forcibly expelling the innocents. We
have engaged a hd of cough drops; Ellen
named our present residence Duck-don -
and all remaining necessary arrangements
will of course be promptly made.
Friday evening we kept pretty late hours,
having company; and about midnight
after Mrs. Caridge went up stairs
she sat down on the floor and
wrote the following lines which
were read at the breakfast table.

Come one, and come all, and attend
to my song -
Ah come and attend to ~~me~~ me all
ye gay throng -
We're doorned to be parted a year &
a day -
We're doorned to be parted forever &
aye:
Let the deep groan resound from garret
to ~~cellar~~ cellar
and call in from Sedham that very
fine "fether",
Aly Flinns by name, to join the lament
That in search of a boarding-place
charnels are sent -
But Gate, bitter Gate the dice sound
has decreed!
No! the orders for parting were from
Madam Reed! -
'Tis vengeance we call for - and vengeance
we crave -

'Tis vengeance we call for - and vengeance
we'll have!

She'll off to the town, where "the
popet" shall mas
When the perfume divine of a Spanish
cigar;
Nor e'en "bored out the window" shall
take passers by
That the body's attached in the
third story high!
On - on is the watchword - the way
is before -
And away we must go before two
months are o'er -
Ah well Madam Reed, you will
e'en get your due
and others will yet be as cruel to
you:
You will have at your table the
dandy so fine -
With his cloak of moustaches and
his bottle of wine!
You will have squabbling children, a
dozen, or more,

Go pay you for turning "old maids"
from your door!
and inducing them even "Bedouin
fashion" to try
and camp out at night underneath
the blue sky!

No more - not again, shake the quick
just resound

Give the plaster from ceiling drops
down to the ground!

No more, never more shake the loud
hearty laugh

cheat life of its sorrow by more than
one half:

The way is before us if come speed we upon
and one half shall mould o'er the other
half gone -

assured that grim vengeance shall
harry "Auntie Reed";

Go pay for the hearts one has sundered
indeed.

Farewell to the blind horse! the ducks!
and the goat!

Farewell to the pond, where the
young paddies float!

Farewell to the castle in Chin's way!

Farewell to the common! the house
of "Sam Wray!"

Farewell to the Lord - who, in dressing -
gown fine, the morning, to "put
out the line".

Will Phloxism answer? oh! what shall
we do

Go console us for losing you dear Madam
Grew?

Mr. Ellen Louisa come give us your hand
but hearts the one that can never
withstand.

I fear would say more - but my muse
speeds afar -

But one breath to the friends who'll
make us to the star -

Friend Edwin farewell - one tear and
away -

You'll ~~not~~ all come back to see us
some "very fine day."

Am! here it not for my tin kettle
finger my dear dowd, the foregoing
woud woud be copper-plate - but
knowing you well possessed of the
truly Christian grace of charity, I am
sure you will excuse it particularly
as you know what an exquisite

Chirographist I was in my pabny
days - I'd say that with glad' never
come again till I am blowed away
in that sunny South! your respected,
much esteemed, and never to be
forgotten friend, (The Ducks are
cackling as I write it)

Haney Goodquill.

Many thanks to the fair Haney - for
thy contributions! "I will seal your grace-
ful cheerful presence - when the scenes
of our pleasant home - shall be seen only
in the "dim, shadowy past." And it truly
grieves me to think how soon they may be.
Do not forget us in yours: Haney

South. While you bask in its radiance,
and are "glad in its gay sunshine", we shall
"tail and moil, poor muck-worms," beneath
bleak skies, and perhaps with uncongenial
spirits dwell. But among the fair men
ories with which we shall regale ourselves
- Haney shall ever mingle. And as
Polly Adeline and Betsy Ann fulfil
their "pedagogical" destiny - may Haney
never despond over their inglorious
fate - when she sees them win no visible
laurels beneath whose shadow they can
repose. Let her recal the promises made
of old to martyrs; let her remember the
perfect franchise which awaits tried
and faithful souls - and then let her
rejoice over their rugged discipline as
earnestly as over her own rosy des-
tiny.

After the delivery of Mrs Coolidge's
poem - Mr. Hewins contributed
the following production, which was
read to the infinite amusement of his
audience.

The sun shone cheerily forth on the morning of the thirty-first of March, the day appointed for the final separation of Mrs. Reed & family from their many long-tryed friends and companions; At an early hour a large company had assembled in the spacious drawing-rooms of her mansion house in Parker St, to enjoy the company of herself and family on this the last day previous to their departure for Boston. A general melancholy seemed at times to rest on every countenance as indicative of the sadness of the heart at the consciousness of the great loss they were about to experience. Upon being ushered into the reception room, I was met at the entrance by Mrs. Reed and her husband surrounded by a host of little Reeds upon whose fair faces glowed a generous flush of delight as they witnessed the many demonstrations of love and affection constantly manifested towards them by their numerous friends. After the whole company had arrived and the usual salutations and inquiries gone through with, at the request

of Mrs. Reed a procession was formed to move to the tables in the banquet room to partake of a sumptuous entertainment most generously provided by Our Lady Hostess. The procession was headed by those who from their age and distinction were entitled to the respect and honor of the company, affording a pleasing contrast to the younger and gayer portion of the assembly - comprising the wit and beauty of Roxbury - who followed in their train. First came the Countess and fascinating Mrs. Coolidge, accompanied by a young gentleman from the South, who seemed deeply interested and charmed with the lively conversation of his fair charge while her sweet face glowed with unusual delight as she looked with pride on her noble escort. They were followed by the gallant Hewins supporting on his arm the modest and beautiful Lucie, his affianced bride - arrayed in spotless white - whom all acknowledged to be the belle of the party - making merry all who came within the sphere of her influence by her brilliant scintillations

of wit and repartee. Next came the still gentle and captivating Ellen leaning upon the arm of her admired Isaac. Age seems to have had no effect upon her, than that of increasing her youthful beauty and loveliness. The procession being formed, it moved to the music of Kendall's Band - (which had been employed for the occasion) to the tables. After seating themselves around the festive board, the whole company united their voices in one loud pealing strain, in those affecting words "The terrors are a coming", after which they immediately fell upon the delicious viands with which the table was most bountifully supplied - and paid a great compliment to the catering of their hostess. An hour having passed in the relief of the wants of the inner man enlivened by conversation of a light and free character - the following toasts were proposed - Louise gave: Our accomplished hostess - Mrs. Reed - May her shadow never be less. - This met with a hearty response from all present. The gen-

leman from the South offered - The lively and charming Misses Reed - May their virtues like their beauty continue to attract many admirers. Hewins proposed: The memory of departed worth - John M. Way - to be drank standing - upon which the whole company arose and drained their goblets to the bottom.

Charles proposed - Louise & Ellen - co-workers in the Great Cause of Education - which elicited many an amorous glance from the young beaux present. A poem written expressly for the occasion was then read by its fair composer - Mrs. Coolidge which met with warm and prolonged applause and fully sustained the reputation of that Lady as a highly gifted poetess. The company then rose from the tables and repaired to the Hall where the younger portion joined in the merry dance, and tripped on the "light fantastic toe" - till a late hour in the evening - when after many expressions of affection and kind wishes for the future happiness and prosperity of

Mrs. Reed and family - each one took a
farewell grasp of the hand and then repaired
to their several homes - the band in the
meantime playing - "Sweet Home" and "Peace
troubled souls". A small boy was seen
running the next morning with a pailful
of tears. "Given at the Banquet
Room - March 19th. 1850."

The Friday succeeding the delivery
of the above - the following dream was
seen at the dinner table - apparently to
the amusement of the household.

Having surfeit.

ed rather ungentlely at our late ban-
quet I sank into a slumber - not exactly
profound - not yet very sweet; but instead
of the confused and motley images which
usually people the "realm of dreams"
when our visit has been induced by
such an unpoetic cause, the vision ad-
sumed a clearness which to my waking
thought seemed the language of prophecy.

Many a "waking dream by daylight" has
been less distinctly painted on the retina
of my "mind's eye" five minutes after its
indulgence - than is this after so long an
interval. The characters who figured - in-
stead of "airy nothings"; were the banquet
themselves - easily identified - though each
individually must have traversed many
leagues of the great ocean of Time - from
the circumstances by which they were surround-
ed. Several of them had "declined into the
realm of years"; the rest had outlived the
"jollicies of youth"; all seemed to have attain-
ed the path in which they would probably
walk to the end of the "life journey". In-
stead of one home in which they were
assembled when I left them - several
were presented; and I propose to trans-
cribe as faithfully as possible the sever-
al pictures in which our household
members played so prominent a part.
I thought myself first in a quiet
cheerful room - where an aged couple
sat chatting of by-gones. My errand

there I will explain anon. The lady's countenance was full of animation and cheerfulness; at times she laughed right merrily as she recalled some long forgotten scene of merriment; and her companions seemed to revel in the recollections she awakened. My memories were also roused; names once familiar household words were sounding in my ear again. I have been over to Alf's, said she, this afternoon - and was reminded by him of our merry, half-crazy Parker St. household. I wonder what has become of some of the actors in those wild scenes. Alf says, he received a letter today from Mrs. Coolidge - now Mrs. S. She still lives at Savannah - writes in her friendly, graceful style - gives a most glowing description of her Southern home - and congratulates him upon holding so high a place in public esteem - and still more warmly - the domestic bliss rumor tells her he enjoys. She referred in her letter to our Parker St. home -

around which she declares many pleasant memories still cluster notwithstanding the new friends and associates with which she has since surrounded herself. - And another thing Alf told me. The scientific world had just had a most agreeable surprise in consequence of the appearance of a profound and entertaining work on Ecology - explaining many of the heretofore "enigmatical whys and wherefores" of that wonderful Science in a style so clear and elegant, as to entitle its fair authoress to a place among those stars who have shone so brightly to vindicate their sex from the reproach of incapacity for higher efforts than those of soft-hearted, weak-minded, lovable creatures. And who do you think wrote it, Loring? Who but our old friend Mrs. Wood. So, you see, how I happened to be speculating upon our friends of long ago. They are all married - I believe - but Louise. She - poor thing - had, I fear led an unsettled, precarious sort of life. Of late I have completely lost sight

of her. There was not one of the number whom the fate of Spinster could have distressed so sorely. Do you remember how she constantly harped upon the theme of marriage; how ingeniously she would pervert every subject of conversation till she brought that forward? I can't help feeling some sympathy for her - for she was a well-disposed - good-natured sort of damsel, and had it not been for that all-absorbing passion for the ridicules and a frivolity wholly unpardonable in her years might have made a very respectable figure in the world.

When Ellen married and left her I heard she was sadly dejected for a season; and I have heard it hinted too, by those who should know something of the matter - that she cherished a deeper sorrow than the loss of her friend and confidant. Her heart 'tis said - with a perversity to which human hearts are prone - yielded itself entirely where Ellen's only was sought, and she

was the unfortunate Rebecca to Ellen's Iron-hoe - setting aside personal charms in the comparison of course. Till this moment I had been chained as it were to the spot - unable to speak my errand; but this allusion to the secret I had deemed "locked in the innermost shrine of my heart" - roused me. I spoke and was recognized. The usual surprise felt by those who have not met for years was manifested. I told Mr. and Mrs. R. in reply to their queries that I had lived for some years in a distant city where I had gained a decent livelihood by writing children's toy-books - carrying out in rhyme some of Mother Goose's most meagrely expressed ideas - now and then venturing one of my own - and had been considered tolerably successful in the work. But competitors of more genius than myself had appeared; people too, were growing fastidiously fastidious as to the good with which infantile minds should be fed - and I was the unfortunate victim of what

fanatics call progress; that hearing Infant Schools had been established there - I was about making efforts to procure one - thinking there was a field in which I might yet labor. I was in pursuit of a boarding place - was told that if they could possibly be induced to take me - would be a pleasant, quiet home for me, little thinking when I came - they were our old friends.

There was an evident struggle between benevolence and a resolve they had made against boarding. They assured me as kindly as possible that they had attained an age when care and perplexity were not cheerily borne - that as circumstances removed the necessity - they did not like to increase their duties.

We chatted some time together - and I learned that Anne & Sarah had made superlatively happy matches - and were now basking in the sunshine of homes - over which the "spirit might waver" if bidden to choose between and the paradise promised above; and from the names they bore - I rejoiced that the course of early true love had run

smooth. Charles had gone out to Oregon City as a preacher of the Methodist denomination - a profession towards which he had always inclined. Frank was fulfilling the glorious promises of his boyhood - and constantly winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Willy had become a bustling - business man; was Kimball's successor as proprietor of the Boston Museum - his taste having been developed as early as when he got up exhibitions for the benefit of the household in his mother's kitchen. And what has become of Aunt Susan? - said I. O, married long ago; she is the pattern wife of a worthy clergyman about 10 miles from here - is deemed the good angel of her neighborhood and is - we believe mistress of as much happiness as is ever vouchsafed to mortals. I feared an allusion to my own isolated position in the world - but with admirable delicacy of feeling neither Ellen nor myself were alluded to. With a rapidity not unusual in dreams - I found myself within another

home. I seemed new divested of my bodily presence - a spirit unshorn - without material wants or aims. The presiding genius, was a middle-aged man - with a countenance so serene and happy - that you might read thereon a record of blissful years - the glad story of a manly life. By his side sat one who must have "stolen the opal, silken wiles". It was evident she gave him back his own best thoughts, and they belonged to each other. Dearest Calista, said he, I was thinking just now, how one could ever speak lightly or jestingly of anything so truly of heavenly origin as Love. Words I have uttered lightly in my boyish days, seem to me now, as the profanation of a holy theme. I remember when I was a mere stripling - there was an ordinary, nonsensical specimen of womanhood, some years older than myself, boarded at Aunty Reed's, when I used to dine there. I used to amuse myself - and her I believe too, with absurd imitations of Love's rap-

ture's - feigning, what I then deemed the language of Love. It must have been a novel language to her even in jest. That was when I was a young pedagogue. Dear Calista - taught the rudiments, and built air-castles, to compensate for the vexatious realities of my profession, but never - dearest - in all my aerial architecture - did I see a fabric that would compare with this Coliseum of ours. But the damsel to whom I refer, fell a victim to her susceptibility some years ago - and is I fear now pining somewhere in the world in "green and yellow melancholy". This allusion to my unrequited passion, did not pain me as it had done before - the "seat of suffering" - seemed to have become "thoroughly fortified".

The scene changed again as rapidly as it had done before. A hale ruddy looking man, somewhat advanced in years stood before me. He might have been an Alderman from his appearance.

There was a queer mixture of benevolence and
strenuousness in his countenance; an expres-
sion that bespoke the lover of gain and
the dispenser of good; one inclined by
nature to exact his own with usury
though his fellow-men might wither
under the extortion - yet who had open-
ed his heart so freely to all the good
influences ^{with} which he came in contact
as to have essentially changed his natu-
ral goodness of gain into the laudable
and noble desire of possessing the means of doing
good. There was something in this worthy
gentleman's appearance that recalled a
host of pleasant memories. Vague and
confused images were floating in my
mind. In spite of myself - pictures of
youthful love - and tender glances and
sweet emotions would associate
themselves with him - and I seemed to recall
some little passages of heart history -
it had amused me in days gone by to
read. I followed him to his home.
Wealth had endowed it richly - Taste

had adorned it exquisitely - Love hallowed it -
and Beauty reigned its mistress - and I
thought I had seen that sweet, matronly
face in its girlhood. But 'twas only a
dream! and I awoke - and lo! and
behold! the banqueters were as joyous
as I had left them. I was no longer
the lone wanderer mourning over
crushed affections - but the affianced
bride of the gallant Hewins! "O, if there
be an Elysium on Earth - it is this - it
is this!" There was Ellen - "loving and
lovely" - holding sweet converse with the
"Isaac of her soul". All the party were
joyous - and I resumed my blissful wak-
ing consciousness - with something
like a sigh that it had been so
long suspended.

1850
Mrs. Reed, Linden Park: June 30th

Tis Sunday, the last day of June. My last entry in this book was written in Parker St, and dated ~~Apr~~ March 11th. Tis negligent and wrong to permit the beautiful Spring and the glorious June to pass away, and never with draw to record a fair or blessed thought. I know it is not well to become so absorbed in the outward and transient, as to laugh and labor through the day, and give no audience to the inward voices which should speak to us at night. I have been giddy and lighthearted for the last three months; have laughed much myself, and perhaps occasionally moved others to mirth. I have reason to be grateful for the glad spirits that so frequently rejoice within me; and the glad spirits too that rejoice about me. But germs of higher and better thought, sometimes it seems to me, seek nurture and expansion; Dreams of higher and more genuine attainments sometimes haunt me, and

I yearn to burst the fetters which bind me to the trivial. In the mind's loftier moods, when it sees most clearly the pure ideal of a perfect development, how low and dwarfish seems the stature which most of us attain. Surely one must be thoughtful and meditative to read the mysteries and drink in the harmonies of this fair world. At this glad season, influences seem to surround us, suggesting blessed and beautiful possibilities, and urging us to go forth and achieve them. Who has not sometimes dreamed of an inner life so exalted above the jarring din of circumstances, so purified from the dross of worldliness; as to flow on purely and magically "mating" even here - "with the pure essences of Heaven"; a life in which stern mental conflict has wrought sweet peace - in which this ever-restless, anxious looking to the future shall have been subdued into the calm and joyful trustfulness of a soul

at one with its great source.
And would we realize that dream,
and live that inward life, how nobly
great our mission then would be. Our
intercourse with the outward and less
spiritual, would bear the impress of a
higher and diviner spirit. If called to
wrestle with the petty and trivial oc-
currences of our human lot, surely we
should never yield for lack of strength
to conquer. To cherish pure and high
ideals, to feel each day that ~~we~~^{we} are
nearer than the last, to trample under
foot all that ^{misery} ~~is~~ ^{is} from our onward
way — or — become wedded to routine
and custom — a merry trifler — whose
mental stature is as small today as
yesterday. Shall we hesitate? This
balmy air of June comes laden with
blessed invitations. It brings with it
memories of hallowed and pleasant
things. It wakens into life again
voices that spoke to me in earlier
days. It breathes into my soul the

spirit of desire for better things than I
have hitherto accomplished. It speaks of a
future that should not be marred by
folly, or blighted by sin — a future
whose resources I may nobly develop
or ignobly pervert. Such visitings of the
spirit should not be grieved away.

Provincy Aug. 24

I return here to-day after an absence
of four weeks, having spent most of my
time at Bangor. It has been a delicious
season to me, to which I shall love to re-
cur. I did not feel quite ready to return,
but there was as usual a stern necessity
about it; and I am confident that the more
we discipline our spirits to ^{a cheerful} acquiescence
in necessities, the more truly and rightly
do we fulfil our mission. But there were
some circumstances which rendered my the
transition from a joyous vacation life
to working day realities peculiarly annoy-
ing — if not painful. Shall I ever be thor-
oughly understood as I would be? Yes —

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and live that inward life, how nobly
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by those who know me best, and for whose esteem I care the most I shall be. And what matters it after all, if others read me wrong and pronounced unwelcome judgment? By deserving, are not all the real and highest ends of success answered; and if that fact exist will it not become apparent in good time? I would wish the facts which have led to these remarks, but it would be rather a tedious process, and I do not like to spare the time.

OCT. 16th 1850

Eleven years ago to-day I left my home, the school I was attending - and all the scenes amid which I had moved - and went to Livingston and was enrolled a member of the Normal School - then in its infancy. With the exception of Sarah W. who accompanied me - the faces were all new and strange - and I felt somewhat bewildered and lonely. How distinctly I can recall the day! One of those glorious October days - which seem to breathe into the

soul diviner influences than are wont to visit ^{it} - suggesting all the genial and pleasant things of past time. There was much excitement during the day - arrival of new pupils and relating of old ones - an address by Gov. Everett &c. In the evening I joined the stranger group - the conversation was carried on mostly by those who felt acquainted and at home - and was sprightly and entertaining. But a school girls first evening among stranger's is not a pleasant one - and it scarcely occurred to me at the time - that the girls who surrounded ^{me} would ever wear to me the aspect of old and loving friends.

Yet three weeks ago to-day I returned to Livingston in obedience to a summons which had gone forth. Again I sat down with that stranger group - but what a transformation! Such joyous greetings as went forth! Such pleasant memories as we recalled together! I had been appointed to address my class-mates upon the occasion - and humble as the effort may have been - when I felt by the effect my words produced

that I had given utterance to their feelings - and
move their laughter and their tears - that our
dear old teacher too was moved and pleased.
I could have borne a weeks' separations with
becoming good-humor. Ah - they were no
strangers now who returned from such various
paths and duties - to greet together again the
scenes of earlier days - and to gladden and
strengthen by sweet communion - the hearts
that had yearned so lovingly towards each other.
It was a glorious day - worth six weeks of
ordinary time.

Saturday, Oct 19th

This has been the wedding day of our pretty
Sarah - the fairest member of our household.
Yesterday she completed her sixteenth year, to-
day - apparently joyful and happy she passed the
threshold of that new life - which furnishes so
fair a field for beautiful and noble develop-
ment of character - or - so sad an arena
for the developement of petty and unworthy
motives. That life - in which woman shall
find her noblest duties, hallowed and con-

secrated by the pure spirit of holiest love; or -
her soul's dreariest bondage. There are few I
believe who enter it, without believing they are
really preparing prompted by those higher voices
which should alone be heard, at such a crisis.
But how often does the event prove, that those
higher voices had been really silenced, by de-
ceitful syren tones, which the "voice of the
charmer - charming never so sweetly", raises
ever in the soul, that is not fortified
and strengthened by sublimest motives?

There are cases perhaps - rare they I would
fain believe them - when a woman is so
very weak and frivolous - that she looks up
on her wedding-day only as a holiday - distinguish-
ed only from other holidays that she herself play
a more conspicuous part than usual; a sea-
son, when she fancies she has gained a point,
which every woman must attain, or be ever-
lastingly chastised, a consideration which
has perhaps been her leading one in bringing
about the event. The new arrangement prom-
ises a permanent provision from want,
an exemption from individual exertion -

an "establishment in the world" which less fortunate women may well envy. And what matters it - that he who bestows all this - is but a cipher - comparatively in the arrangement - occupying but a mediocre place at least, "in that less than mediocre soul?" - But one could not look upon that sweet face to-day, and believe that she belonged to these - for Saul was shining there - and good and happy thoughts were traced there. She could not doubt that she was loved as profoundly, as he who had chosen her was capable of loving - and her heart - I believed was satisfied - and she felt none of the misgivings which could have prophesied to her soul a sorry future. And this is much - and may she be indeed blessed and happy - realizing her fairest dreams.

But when two human hearts - in loftiest spiritual mood recognise in each other the ideal of their most inspired moments; when they can say to each other: I feel that you can help and guide and elevate me as none other can - were all the hu-

man hearts now beating in the universe at my disposal they could not answer my want as yours can answer it; - we will contemplate together the same lofty standard - we will cheer each other onward towards it; - our home shall be the abode of "all those ^{gentler} virtues; Such as play in lives more cultured walks, and charm the way" - and those nobles sacrifices too - which bring in good angels to abide with and bless us; - when they can say all this to each other - Surely "these is the blessing commanded - even life forevermore".

Sunday Dec. 1st

Yesterday I returned from home - where I have passed my Thanksgiving vacation. To-day Ellen is not with me as usual, and I miss her sadly of course. But Bro. Putnam has preached two very fine sermons - to which I have listened - probably - I hope - and it has been cheerful and pleasant at home. My mind has not been entirely free from those disturbing influences - which we never welcome - though they must sometimes

come in the train of duties and circumstances which engross us. To-morrow - instead of returning to my wonted labors - labors with which I have had almost constant intercourse for nearly ten years - I am to take upon myself new responsibilities in another school - of the character of which I hardly know anything.

New experiences of course await me there - and vague and undefined fancies of what they may be - have of course visited me. Has my season of preparation and discipline been sufficient for me - and shall I enter upon a new path of duty strong and unyielding to any untoward influences which may beset me? I am confident it is time that I begin new work - and I am willing to consecrate myself to severer duties, if they promise to develop higher energies or satisfy any yearnings my soul may reasonably have cherished - which Heaven grant they may do. I hear voices within and around me - bidding me neither faint nor falter though the way be rugged - promising genuine success and triumph to vigorous, trusting effort - and

surely that shall not be wanting. It is better to act vigorously, though the spirit may sometimes incline to shrink from the trials which tempt its strength - than to repose amid pleasant, easy duties.

Dec 31st 1850.

Perhaps it may not be wholly unprofitable to record a passing thought on this last evening of the year, though I am sorry to say I do not feel particularly cheerful. I have been in my new school now nearly a month - and though I have encountered no very serious trials or perplexities - have found some hard - and to my taste - forbidding work - and my mind is unusually disturbed by the remembrance of it this evening. The qualities demanded for a successful laborer in this new vineyard to which I am called - are not it seems to me the qualities which dwell most becomingly in woman - ^{is it the field} or ^{in which} the best features of her character will be

likely to become developed. The way for better influences has got to be ^{be} run out through the subjugation of iron wills directed by perverse understandings. It is not pleasant work—we would not choose it for our daily lot—it does not leave the mind free when we would entertain thoughts with which we would regale ourselves. We may go to it with a stout heart—we may rouse our whole soul to its performance—we may entertain no repining thought or utter no repining word when we return from it—but we know it is not the congenial duty to which the heart looks forward and would embrace. I said in my last record that it was better to act vigorously than to repose amid pleasant, easy duties. And did we look beyond the present—see the spirit's real wants—discern even dimly—the heights to which—if it fulfil its nobler destiny—it must attain—should we not find it so? 'Tis not an easy matter to keep this truth constantly in mind—and I would pray earnestly—that I may not be tempt-

ed to such fatal forgetfulness on this closing evening of the year—a year in which my heart has had so little to depress or sadden it

Jan. 15th

I believe 'tis ten years to-day since I began to keep school—but I do not feel at all inclined to review my pedagogical career to-night. It ^{would have} seemed a long term to contemplate when I commenced it; 'tis not particularly delightful in the retrospect—though I am not prepared to say it has not been the truest sphere for the fulfilment of my destiny. I had no reason to anticipate anything brilliant; did not—and have not been disappointed on that score. Neither did I fear a very ridiculous or uncomfortable lot—nor have I found one. I believe I did feel that I wedded myself to a life at times trying and vexatious, subject of times to ^{the} criticisms of the foolish, the judgments of the unmerciful—and many

biols under which the spirit inclined to rebel. But I believe I have never failed to find a sustaining power in my hour of need; or groped in such utter darkness that I could not discern those guiding lights which are ever visible to the soul that trusts and hopes. But I did not intend to write this - but whom can it possibly harm? and I might possibly have written something more foolish.

I came to my journal to-night - because I felt restless and disinclined to anything like work - not wretched or even sober - but uncomfortable in mind. Came not because I had anything definitely arranged before my "mind's eye" which I wished to transfer - or felt any symptoms of a coming thought, which might be ushered in more speedily by the prospect of preservation. I would really like a "great thought with which to refresh myself"; as did he, to whom great thoughts were not so rare; and wish I could create "a mental atmosphere where ^{they} ~~great thoughts~~

would dwell and animate me daily and hourly - for what else could make our life so real and sacred? But one must not harbor uncomfortable states of mind, who desires such results. And now I think of it - I wonder if any mortal - dwelling among fellow-mortals - all more or less affected by the mental mood he cherishes - has really a right to walk through his daily life cheerily and merrily - frowning when others smile - magnifying petty miseries - cherishing sentimental regrets - selfishly laying claim to the darkest lot in existence? Even should he find himself weary with labor, and beset with vexation and inclined to withdraw the kindly greetings and social sympathies, which make so much of life's sunshine - should there not be in every healthy soul a voice protesting against the selfish and weak indulgence of such feelings as in a sombre "livery all things blatant"?

Who has a right because he is fatigued to be cold or peevish to those who would

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Who has a right because he is fatigued to be cold or peevish to those who would

would greet him cheerfully? Or because some projects he has at heart, do not prosper as he would have them, to concentrate his thoughts gloomily upon his own disappointment - forgetful that he becomes thereby a blight and mildew to all about him? The gladness which such a spirit may occasionally manifest over the gratification of some selfish wish can be neither pure nor genuine. 'Tis only the hollow mockery of joy - really sadder than the sadness in which he would wrap the household where he sojourns.

March 30th 1851

I seem to have realized to-day that Spring has come. The weather has been very fine - people are walking ^{about} with genial, happy looking faces - and that mysterious half-glad - half-sad feeling peculiar to the season is awakened within me. There is something in the voice of Nature at

this season of her renewal that reproaches our neglect of inward communings - ~~our~~ our careless lives - our devotion to trifles - our forgetfulness of higher and vital interests. My outward life is subject to no very disturbing influences - and I should be indeed ungrateful to sit down coolly and complain of it. My spirits are seldom if ever really depressed. Duties that looked forbidding in prospect - have grown pleasant and comparatively easy when earnest effort has grasped them. But there is always an unsatisfied feeling with me when I jostle through the crowd and bustle of the day - and hold but meagre intercourse with myself. There is an inner life that yearns for development - and I am too apt to stifle this yearning - to forget the silence and the calm - and be the trivial common-place woman my soul abhors. And how easy it is to become this - by yielding to circumstances that constantly tempt us - by chatting

foolishly when we should be thinking seriously or acting wisely. There is a quiet, peaceful mind I would attain - that seeks becomingly to know its destiny - that looks ^{at} steadily and reverently - and "presses on" with a calm and trusting spirit that never faints or falters - 'Tis so easy when fatigued with school duties to repose in an idle - empty frame of mind - that I fear I do not grow much mentally. I say repose - and yet it is not repose - for there is no work where there is not progress. I have been reading the life of Mrs. Fry. How her example reproaches the lives of the majority of women. How meagre does it make mine appear. Careful and conscientious in all the humbler duties of her woman's life - yet working so lovingly and earnestly as a philanthropist, as to rouse the gratitude and admiration of all lovers of humanity. Surely

there is a blessed rest for such laborers.

Monday Evening April 14th

Ellen has gone to Worcester tonight and I feel alone. She is one of whom I never weary - and from whom I wish I might never part. I wonder if 'tis our own fault - that seasons sometimes visit us when we feel annoyed by the peculiarities and weaknesses of those about us - when good-natured people lacking originality seem unusually "milk and waterish" - when rudeness of manner or remark seems downright impudence. Will we preserve a truly healthful state of mind ourselves - should we suffer ourselves to be disturbed or chilled by qualities we do not like in others? I think not.

Tuesday Apr. 15th.

A stormy - cheerless April day. Come to my journal - because I happen to be alone without employment. The wind whistled round my school-house with a shrill - Novemberish sound - and one might feel very dismal without much effort. But I am decidedly opposed to dismal moods of mind - and have no reason to give myself up to anything of the kind just now.

Purely one should not fail to maintain a cheerful if not rejoicing spirit whose daily life is as free from actual troubles as mine. - But to how many hearts - does this leaden sky and howling wind seem ^{but} the govt and voice in which their own sadness would clathe and express itself? - Who does not at times wonder what experiences are in store for him - through what

forms of trial his own heart shall be chastened - as chastened he knows it must be - what destiny he shall achieve and what stature he shall attain here? If tis culpable to abandon one's self to saddening and depressing thoughts, tis surely becoming and heedful to be earnest with ourselves at times. How often when this earnest mood does visit us - when we look beyond the trivial interests that occupy us so much - do we not feel anxious to make life more to us than it has been? To develop more fully the spiritual power - of whose existence we have beautiful but too fleeting glimpses? Tis so hard to preserve order and harmony in one's mind - to follow unwaveringly the path to which our better Angels point. My employments are too desultory - there is too little firmness of purpose - too much conformity to the things of these about

me - to secure the peace of mind I cov-
et. My outward - practical duties are
pretty well defined - but something tells
me - my work is far from finished if
I stop there. The whole universe is teem-
ing with facts to be acquired - we con-
stantly witness the action of laws it
would become us to investigate - ear-
nest men are earnestly discussing
questions of import to every human
soul - and we feel ourselves called
whether we respond or not - to draw
our own conclusions thoughtfully and
understandingly. - Women are prone
I find - to prate without knowledge
upon profoundest themes - to censure
and eulogise when they have ex-
posed scarcely one earnest thought
but surely no one profits by such
discourse. May I learn to be silent
where I have not qualified myself
to speak - but may I labor with
zeal to inform myself with regard
to interests which commend themselves

to every righthearted - truth seeking
mind.

Tuesday Apr. 29th

My mind is in a sort of
ferment to-night - and though in
somewhat boisterous spirits - I am
extremely uncomfortable. That most
wretched epoch in our life - when
it becomes necessary to leave the
place to which we have given
many of the feelings and associ-
ations of home - and seek a shelter
wherever we may chance to find
one - has again arrived. In our
present abiding place we have
been very much at home - and
are really pained to leave it. But
a very apparent necessity re-
acts the movement - and we must
recognize it. Where we shall
find a resting place is as pro-
found a mystery as I hope ever
to be called upon to solve.
We have been walking round
since school - surveying lei-

surely the spacious, comfortable
houses which adorn this goodly
city - but possess not the key of
entrance to a single home to
which we would gladly or even
contentedly go. And yet how
many homes are there - in which
our spirits might warm, refresh
themselves - and perhaps even im-
part some light - as whose spirit
is so meagre that it cannot?
But I suppose we shall be delivered
from this dilemma - as we have been
in similar seasons of cool - and per-
haps find ourselves again rejoicing
in a comfortable, pleasant home.
But there is something extremely repul-
sive in the idea of transferring oneself
occasionally to a stranger's house -
without much privilege of choice
either with regard to location or
occupants; - and who will say that
the color of one's mind and destiny
is not very materially affected by
the atmosphere of the household
where he sojourns?