

1844-45

Louisa E. Haris

Private Journal

Commencing Saturday Aug. 31. 1844

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning I returned from Bangor, where I had passed the previous fortnight with my brother Ellbridge. Sarah W. accompanied me on this excursion, during which I have dwelt in the very atmosphere of fun and frolic, among friends from whom I always part with sincere regret. As the most prominent scenes enacted during my visit are chronicled in the mental record which I keep of all the good and pleasant things I meet in the "life journey" 'tis unnecessary to record them here. I do not anticipate my return to the sober round of everyday duties, with that

heartly good will which I know  
ought to accompany me. —  
Notwithstanding the better  
voices, bidding me lovingly  
cherish my daily duties, & to  
become the heroine of daily  
life, a yearning for the distant  
and unattainable, a desire  
that fate had left me free  
to pursue a more congenial  
path, will at times possess me.  
I fain would check this  
unquiet, rebellious spirit, do  
faithfully and earnestly, what  
ever I may be the work assign-  
ed me. There is continual  
conflict going on within  
me, as to what I would be,  
and what I cannot be,  
with the trammels imposed  
by circumstances, and those  
about me. There is an ideal  
towards which I would aspire,  
yet feel constrained to ac-

knowledge my inability to reach  
it. Yet, I feel confident  
that "there is a divinity that  
has shaped my destiny," confi-  
dent that my future shall  
not be a series of unsatis-  
factory struggles, or unprofitable  
meditations.

"There <sup>is</sup> work to do, a mission"  
for each one of us to perform,  
and mine is plain before  
me; and what loftier ambi-  
tion can I cherish than to  
do it wholly and heartily,  
humble as it may be; to hush  
effectually the "siren voices"  
that would woo me into  
other paths as more congen-  
ial?

The way before me is pleas-  
ant and attractive; if I  
will but regard it so; the  
friends whom I cherish remain  
true; my efforts in school

have met the approbation of  
my examiners, and "the lines  
have fallen to me in pleas-  
ant places." The means of  
progress are attainable, the  
power to do good and glad-  
den kindred hearts vouchsafe  
to me; sweet memories of the  
past, and bright hopes of the fu-  
ture may lend their encour-  
agement. May I not therefore  
indulge in ungrateful repin-  
ings, sicken of the monotony  
of daily life, but strive to hallow  
and dignify its most trivial  
duties. May I avail  
myself of every means of  
progress, in a useful and  
perfect life; be content  
with the "portion that falls  
me"

Saturday Sept.

Despite all my efforts this  
week, I have been to school  
more reluctantly, than was  
my wont to go. I have felt  
homesick and foolish; con-  
trasted my holiday season  
and excitement, most unphil-  
osophically with my sterner  
duties; indulged in day-  
dreams into which the alpha-  
bet and stupid children  
have not entered, and prefer-  
red them to realities.  
"These things" I am perfectly  
aware, "ought not so to be"; and  
I am confident will not be  
of long continuance. These  
alternations of work and  
play should sweeten each  
other, rather than excite  
vain and unsatisfactory  
regrets, a state of things  
which I must labor to pro-



promote.

Some of the items in this week's affairs have been, a call from my sister Laura on Monday at school; from Sarah Pills and Miss Learned on Tuesday; also made a call on Sarah W. Tuesday evening, with her on Wednesday morning at Mr. Putnam's on business affairs, at Mr. Seever's, Wednesday morning.

Friday afternoon took tea at Sarah's, with my sister Jane and nephew, John, who returned from Bangor with me. To-day, they are to accompany me to Canton to spend the Sabbath.

Ellen also called at school to-day, and I <sup>have</sup> taken tea at Mrs. Mearns' once this week.

Saturday Sept.

Received a letter last week from my friend Lydia Ann Stow announcing her intention of visiting us this week, which intention was fulfilled on Tuesday, when I passed the night with her at Sarah's, in a very merry, & normal manner.

Wednesday afternoon, we visited over G. Boston friendly Elijah, and Mary, whom we found anticipating vacation, consequently in a most ecstatic state of mind; and enjoyed with them one of those delightful interviews, of which so many are on record. As Lydia Ann is about setting forth on the "voyage matrimonial," we took this favorable opportunity to impress upon her

some wholesome suggestions, to which annoyance she submitted most heroically. Indeed I indulged in such a flow of spirit during the afternoon, that a violent reaction took place on my return home, and a season of despondency and homesickness succeeded one of the most joyous and carefree I have ever enjoyed.

Thursday evening Sarah Pills called and I accompanied me to Rachel, where we passed a few moments very agreeably, and were accompanied by Rachel on our homeward walk.

Saturday, Sept. 21. 1844

This week having witnessed my presentation at Court, and a great Whig Convention on Thursday, the preparatory scenes having been enacted here on Wednesday, it must be classed among the epochs of the age, the bare mention of which will suggest so much to the mind, as to render any amplification wholly superfluous.

I am also recovered in a great measure this week my love of the sober duties of my profession, which I found too much weakened after the excitement of vacation; have looked more philosophically upon things about me; a result which has been brought about, partly by my own exertions, and partly by the

Contents of a letter which  
I received from my brother  
Colbridge.

Saturday Sept 28

In the history of public  
affairs this week, must  
stand most prominent,  
which event so far affect-  
ed my private interests,  
that I obtained a holiday  
and delicious draught of  
Mrs. Clinin's Spruce Beer,  
the particulars of a supposed  
intended elopement, which  
has been for some time past  
agitating the gossiping Commu-  
nity &

Sunday Oct. 6. 1844.

My cousin Elizabeth Tucker  
having spent last Sunday  
with me, we repaired to  
church in the afternoon, not-  
withstanding a severe rain, Lu-  
cis Richardson also accompa-  
nying us. Mr Putnam preach-  
ed from the text: "He that  
is faithful in little, is faith-  
ful also in much," in which  
discourse he said, "Everything  
that wore the sacred name  
of duty, should become invest-  
ed with an unspeakable  
majesty."

Have passed two nights at  
Sleep, during the past week  
with the aforesaid cousin, who  
went home yesterday.

To-day I have attended church  
both forenoon and afternoon,  
hearing from Mr. Putnam  
this morning one of his best

sermons, upon Christ's abiding with us, proving in his peculiarly forcible and elegant language, the manner in which he abided with us in history, pronouncing him the great benefactor of the soul, with whom our greatest earthly benefactors should not be named. —

He alluded to a recent festival held in Edinburgh, at which all the rank and beauty of Scotland were assembled. And what brought that multitude together, and kindled all that eloquence? To do honor to the memory of Scotland's sweetest bard, a frail and erring man but of a high and noble soul. — None of them had probably ever seen; but he had

given utterance (which is ever the characteristic of genius) to their holiest feelings; he had unfolded in song, their deepest emotions; and it was good and beautiful to indulge in this outbreak of national feeling. And then he spoke of Him whose benefactions so far transcended all others, in a most beautiful and touching manner. —

This afternoon his sermon was upon that Peace, which followed when the will and the conscience urged the same way. It was a noble and a beautiful sight he said to see the ship buffeting with the fury of the waves compelling them to give way before her; but it was more noble and beautiful

to see the waves part grace-  
fully before her, as though  
she had a heart in her  
posting for her home.

Sunday Oct 20.

Last Sabbath I heard  
an excellent sermon from  
Rev. Mr. Bartol in the morn-  
ning, upon the relation be-  
tween Religion and Business,  
and a very indifferent one  
in the afternoon from Rev.  
Mr. Barrett.

Last week I received a  
letter from Rebecca Pannell,  
a normal friend from Wrent.  
She says she would pass  
a few days this week, with  
Sarah W. and myself, Accord.

ingly she came on Wednesday, and  
being landed at Mr. Wymans,  
a messenger was despatched  
for me, when I too repaired  
there, and being kindly urged  
to remain where we could  
all enjoy our friend togeth-  
er, I did not return home  
until yesterday, when Rebecca  
left for Medford. And this  
brief season must be treas-  
ured among the jubilees of  
life, when all the glad and  
joyous spirits within me  
do hold their revels, seasons  
which are continually recur-  
ring in the "life journey," to  
cheer and gladden it. —  
Oh! those merry, mirthful,  
kindly meetings with the  
friends of by-gone days, are  
not trivial and idly, I  
know they are not! They  
lighten many a burden,  
give birth to many a good



resolutions, and impart to life a glow and beauty it otherwise would want.

Wednesday, was also the anniversary of my entrance at the Normal School at Lexington, an era from which date the birth of friendships from which I have derived the purest satisfactions. My friend Lydia Ann Stead was married on Tuesday.

An elopement was also discovered in these parts on Thursday, much to the chagrin and horror of the friends of one of the parties.

Suppose it will be classed among the youthful follies of the age, of which so many are on record.

Ann Maria Cobligh called upon me yesterday, when I accompanied her into the street. To-day I have attended

church and heard the Rev. Dr.ville Dewey of N. York preach.

This morning he preached from the text: "Man walketh in a vain show", when he discoursed most eloquently upon man's proneness to overlook life's glorious realities; to discern only the symbol, without discovering the great truth it bodied forth; to amuse himself with facts without knowing their philosophy; to be deaf in a land of music and blind in a land of beauty.

This afternoon his text was: "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life," from which he preached a most admirable sermon. He declared the humblest duties of daily life, enough to engrave the

Lowest powers; that to do what Shakespeare wrote and Raphael painted was to be greater than Shakespeare or Raphael.

This discourse, of which I will not attempt an analysis, was exactly suited to certain wayward moods of mind to which I am prone; when I yearn for greater capacities, more brilliant achievements; would gratify an ambition that sometimes dare soar beyond the precincts of a Primary school-room; and I felt benefited by it; felt that I should henceforth cherish some wiser and more rational views, upon a favorite subject of my cogitations.

Monday. Oct. 20. 1844

So very striking events characterized last week's history; an interesting letter from Adie of Cambridge; two or three interviews with Sarah W., a visit to my sister Sue's, and various other trivial, everyday affairs. Saturday I went home, from whence I returned to-day. Enjoyed my visit as usual, returning with fresh assurances, that there are my warmest, most disinterestedly friendly; that to cheer and gladden hearts that ever welcome me so warmly, should be classed among my dearest privileges.

Saturday Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup>

Was disappointed on Tuesday at not receiving a promised letter from Rebecca Pennell, with whom Sarah W. and myself had intended to have visited Weston tomorrow Wednesday.

Tuesday evening also a comely youth made his appearance among us, in the capacity of son and heir to my friend Susan. Methinks the little stranger enters upon the stage of action under the most favorable auspices; that the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places, and he has a goodly heritage. I trust that the life which has just commenced will prove a beautiful and harmonious one; that the virtues of one who has

been long moulded, may be reproduced in him.

Wednesday afternoon made two calls, when a very interesting discourse was made.

Thursday evening my friend Sarah & Bills set forth on the "voyage matrimonial"; a friend in whom I have ever recognized a kindred spirit; with whom some of my sweetest moments of social intercourse have been passed. Fought they will continue I do not doubt, yet the pressure of new cares and duties, I feel must render our interviews less frequent; that though no link in the chain of our sympathies may be exactly stricken out, we shall not walk together so closely as we have done. The truth is fast becoming impressed upon my mind, that the time is near

at hand, when the ranks in which I have so long and happily walked must be broken; when the few cherished ones with whom I have walked hand in hand since our merry school days, must go forth into divergent paths; that we are near the "parting of the ways". And I must confess, that the thought sometimes saddens me; lends a dreary aspect to the future. But should it be so? Methinks if I will look more wisely and philosophically about me, I shall see that the law of change must do its work here as elsewhere; that I should prepare for myself resources, which it cannot affect. But these friendships from which I have derived so much, shall never

cease to be; for they shall live in the past, shall hallow it; and there amid its scenes I shall often revisit, forget "times change", and be my former self, amid my former friends again. Ay, "the rude world may buffet us alike", but I am confident, that strength sufficient for the fulfilment of our destiny will be assigned by the Divinity who shaped it; that as the trial is intense here our being hath a nobler strength <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>heaven;</sup>

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Friday morning, had an interview with Sarah W. with whom I called at Mr. Dilla's library. Received from her the opinion of a friend, which I trust gratified some worthier feeling than vanity.

To-day Ellen (with a host of fine spirits), visited me in school. This afternoon, I called at Mr. Ford's, where I enjoyed a delightful interview with Rachel; another worthy friend, who will doubtless "quit the ranks" ere long. —

I always find an intellectual life and vigor in this form of life that refreshes and gratifies me. —

Also called at my sister Sue's, did a "little shopping" and returned home to see "the baby"; and reviewed the week about to close upon me; which latter occupations constrained me to pronounce

one uninterupted cheerful mess and happiness. —

Labour has not degenerated into drudgery, for lack of that hearty good will

which sweetens it, no seasons of despondency have been invited or encouraged; things about me have been tinted with no sombre hues. Life has looked rich and attractive, I have been glad and happy without knowing why. And how differently at different periods does life look to us. Now it seems to ~~be~~ the very realization of all beauty and harmony, a theatre of godlike actions, of earnest and successful struggle, and anon a dreary waste, a ceaseless warring with man's better nature, a dark sojourn amid uncongenial things. How we find would linger always amid such beautiful and harmonious nature, in this earth teeming with such pure satisfactions, and again would look upon the assur-



ance that we "shall not live always" as the brightest prospect hope unfolds to the view. At one time this earth looks only the abode of pure spirits, at another it would seem the very angels must weep at its impurities. At times we look upon the majesty of nature, see man under her deep operations, and it seems indeed God's own creation peopled with his own bright image. And which picture shall wisdom cherish? Which aspect of life shall best promote its great ends? Shall we strive to pierce the cloud and discern the sunshine, or shall we nicely search days glorious <sup>at</sup> to discover the minutest spot upon its surface? — Life! a

stage upon which the scenes of three score years and two shall be enacted! Shall we not rather regard it as a gift of heaven—a goodly heritage, than as a tedious burden with which we plod on, wearily enough, wishing only to lay it down? Ought we not discern with readier eye the sweet spring flower than the noisome weed? To catch the wild bird's carol, rather than the serpent's hiss? — Life! despite all its dark and blotted pages, how rich it is! Though vice in all its hideousness, and folly all unmasked, will oftentimes meet our gaze, when we would discern only the good and the beautiful in character and in nature, still if we look earnestly, shall we not see man in all the majesty

of manhood, see that life has  
a glorious meaning, that  
though the way be sometimes  
thorny, beautiful flowers do also  
blossom in it?

Is any doubt that life is  
something more than an un-  
successful warfare, deem it  
void of gladness or of beauty?  
Let him view the past and  
see what good men have  
made it; around him, and  
see what good men are  
making it, within him and  
see what revelations are  
there unfolded of what he  
himself can make it.

The stern duty, the dark forebo-  
ding, the vain yearning will  
come no doubt, and cast  
their shadows round; but  
will not the assurance that  
our best aspirations are  
not for the unattainable,

Hope's bright enchantments come  
as often?

Rash voices will oftentimes greet  
the ear, and unenglel na-  
tures alone encompass us;  
but will not tones gentler  
than music and kindly sym-  
pathies, come ~~like~~ like angels  
ministrings? Ah, I would  
realize and remember  
this; would have it dispel  
the cloudy that gather round  
my darker moments. And if  
"life" should, "half become a  
weariess", and "hope thirst  
for serene waters", I would  
have resources to which  
I might confidently go, and  
have that weariness relieved,  
and that thirst allayed.  
And when can I better  
treasure up such resources  
than now?

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Sunday Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup>

Have been to church all day, and heard two sermons from Mr. Putnam; this morning, from the text: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus"; and this afternoon, from the words: "The harvest is past; the summer is ended, and we are not saved", of which latter discourse I have preserved a brief abstract in a former journal. I have been reading to-day in Alison's History some account of the dethronement and execution of Louis from which I extract the following:

The last interview with his family presented the most heart-rending scene. "At half past eight," says Clugnet, "the door of his apartment opened

and the queen appeared, leading by the hand the princess royal and the princess Elizabeth; they all rushed into the King's arms. A profound silence ensued for some minutes, broken only by the sobs of the afflicted family. The King sat down, the queen on his left, the princess royal on his right, Madame Elizabeth in front, and the young Dauphin between his knees. This terrible scene lasted nearly two hours; the tears and lamentations of the royal family frequently interrupting the words of the King, sufficiently evinced that he himself commiserated the intelligence of his condemnation. At length at a quarter past ten, Louis arose; the royal parents gave each of them their blessing to the Dauphin, while the princess still held the King embraced round the waist.

As he approached the door they uttered the most piercing shrieks: "I assure you I will see you again in the morning," said he at 8 o'clock. "Why not at 7," exclaimed they, all at once. Well then, at 7, answered the king. "Adieu, Adieu!" he pronounced the words with so mournful an accent, that the lamentations redoubled, and the princess royal fainted at his feet. At length, wishing to put an end to so trying a scene, the king embraced them all in the tenderest manner, and tore himself from their arms.

At 9 o'clock, Lantiere presented himself in the temple. "You come to seek me said the king; allow me a moment. He went into his closet and immediately came out with a testament in his hand: "I

pray you said he to give this packet to the queen, my wife: "That is no concern of mine, replied the worthy representative of the municipality; I am here only to conduct you to the scaffold." I'm passing through the court of the temple, Louis cast a last look at the Tower, which contained all that was dear to him in the world; and immediately summing up his courage, seated himself calmly in the carriage beside his Confessor, with two gendarmes on the opposite side. During the passage to the place of execution, which occupied two hours, he never ceased reciting the psalms, which were pointed out by the venerable priest. Even the soldiers were astonished at his composure. The streets were filled with an immense crowd



who beheld in silent dismay  
the mournful procession; a  
large body of troops surround  
the carriage; a double file of  
soldiers and national  
guards, and a formidable  
array of cannon rendered  
hopeless any attempt of res-  
cue. When the procession  
arrived at the place of exe-  
cution, between the gardens of  
the Tuilleries and the Champs  
Elysees, he descended from the  
carriage, and undressed him-  
self without the aid of  
the executioners, but testified  
a momentary look of indigna-  
tion when they began to tie  
his hands. M. Edgeworth  
exclaimed with almost indispen-  
sible felicity, "Submit to this  
outrage, as the last resemblance  
to the Pavior, who is about  
to recompense your sufferings"

At these words he resigned him-  
self and walked to the foot of  
the scaffold. He there received  
the sublime benediction  
from his confessor, "Son of St.  
Louis, ascend to heaven!"

Thursday Nov. 14.

Passed Wednesday afternoon  
of last week at Mrs. Orin's,  
in company with my two  
friendly Rachel Ford and  
Sarah T. (now Mrs Barlow).  
It proved one of those se-  
sons of social intercourse  
which make the heart feel  
better and stronger. Mrs O.  
to whose judgment and in-  
tellectual vigor, I have al-  
ways paid no small deference  
expressed the opinion, that  
I could write, if I would.

I was astounded at the thought, felt myself for the moment able to justify it. But the "sober second thought" suggested the possibility, nay probability of my having to vend my own literary wares, crying "Fresh fish from Helios! Wholl buy?" while the critics would coolly recommend a "binding of congenial calf"! So I came to the philosophical conclusion to limit my ambitions to a mediocre primary school, which as genius is measured by our intellectual gauges, is surely a most laudable and praiseworthy ambition. —

Friday noon had an interview with Sarah W. at No 3, when an affair of some consequence was discussed. I also pronounced a eulogy at the same time and place upon primary school duties, two entia

ed in the service exhibiting signs of disaffection. —

My cousin Elizabeth Tucker having passed Friday night with me, I repaired with her on Saturday to her home in Woodham, from which place I did not return until Tuesday morning, Monday having been set aside for the purpose of the presidential election. I enjoyed my visit highly.

Among other ways of passing my time, attended a Lect. Social Temperance Meeting at the school house, when I did wish the gods would have delegated their power to me for one evening only, and wouldn't I have acted magnificently. I would have imparted eloquence until those school house walls should have resounded to such voices as the British Parliament heard in its palmiest days. A social meeting in a country schoolhouse &

where every other stripling fancies himself an orator, will move one to laughter, particularly when one is on the lookout for the ludicrous. Of course there are exceptions, and doubtless many a master mind has made some of its earliest efforts in the village school house; but so many talk who have nothing to say (a practice which I practically admit in private conversation) so many fancy themselves geniuses who are in fact the most ordinary sort of mortals, that one can't help regretting that while so many "gems of pearl and sere" are borne upon the "dark unfathomed caves" of ocean, so many rude and shapeless pebbles should be exposed to sunlight. —  
Mr. Barlow formerly a

Unitarian minister of much talent and eloquence, now under the fostering care of the Freedmen's Washingtonians, was the subject of discussion at the aforesaid meeting; and having conceived a great interest in the man at church during the day, it vexed me to hear him discussed so lamely and uncharitably. Besides Aunt Tucker's family whom I visited, saw my cousins Mary and Eliza Colburn who rode over from Dedham on Sunday. Also recognized in the latter the new relative of Normal Brother —  
Returning from N. on Tuesday morning, proceeded from the depot directly to school, and receiving a note from Sarah W. during the day requesting me to spend the night with her I proceeded from school to Mr. W's, and being kindly urged to

returns there again on Wednesday to pass another night, did not reach home until this evening, having been absent since Saturday, having traversed one of the floweriest paths in my life journey. During the time

Sunday Nov 17

Walked down to St. Suffolk St. chapel this morning to hear Rev. Theodore Parker preach, when he discoursed with characteristic eloquence of Religion and Theology, the popular error of confounding them; the wars of nations, and the fiercer wars of sects; and the divine life, which he makes so real and beautiful, that one cannot but yearn to approach

nearer to it, which last methinks is the highest province of the true and effectual preacher. Surely, to use one of his own expressions, "the world has very strange names for very obvious things"; to denounce as infidel, so sincere and earnest an advocate of Christian truth; so pure and bright an example of the Christian life.

Monday Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup>

The whole of last week was passed at home, as a vacation, Thursday being Thanksgiving. The family meeting to which so much importance is generally attached at this festival consisted only of my sister and myself, with my parents, a diminution of number, which perhaps is nothing

more than reasonable to expect.  
Yet the memory of times "long  
past", when those who had  
gone out from home, still  
returned to gladden it at these  
festival seasons, when I was  
too young, and inexperienced  
in the "world's changes", to know  
that it would not always be  
thus; to doubt but that "Thanks-  
giving" would always be as  
then a day of mirth and  
gladness, when all should  
meet together in one home,  
would at times steal over  
me, with something of a sad-  
dening influence. And al-  
though many circumstances  
conspired to make me light  
of heart, yet the sound of  
merrier voices, "once through  
our home, reëchoing", would  
come back through the vista  
of years, and claim

thought for the absent. Brothers  
and sisters who are per-  
mitted to gather round the  
altar of home at these consecra-  
ted seasons, with their ranks  
unbroken, and their love  
unchanged, enjoy a holy privi-  
lege, which too many do not  
appreciate, till the world's sad  
changes have begun to affect  
it.

Most of the week was passed  
very quietly, though happily  
and cheerfully, the greatest  
excitement being several  
calls upon the neighbors  
round about.

Yesterday my Cousins Elizabeth  
and Charles came over to Cant  
and passed the day.

Found on my return home  
this evening, that Susan's  
infant son had died yester-  
day. The brightest anticipations  
I had begun to be cherished.



concerning him; Mr. and Mrs. W. having looked upon him as a reproduction of their own departed boy; and the bereavement is so sudden that 'tis evident no slight sorrow affects them. How changed have I found things after an absence of one short week.

Saturday Dec 21.

The cold and country time having arrived, when one frequents the social circle more, and leaves solitudes to those only who are most bewitchingly fond of it, (which I am not), my journal begins to wear something the appearance of a very distant acquaintance with whom I design to converse only occasionally.

My quiet chamber to which I have retreated, during mild

er weather, begins to look cheerless and unsocial; and the goodly fire and kindly voices which encompass it to possess charms which I cannot resist. So I have contented myself with a mental record of the wonderful events, of a school day's necessarily eventful life; let go, unrecorded the various mental moods in I have found myself, preserve no abstracts of the sermons, lectures, &c which have amused or instructed me, leaving a blank in my written experiences which I trust may lead to no such confusion in the calendar as to require a new correction. My silent communings with myself and journal must necessarily become more infrequent at this season, when 'tis neither prudent or agree-

able to withdraw one's self  
from the congenial influences  
below stairs.

Last night I passed at  
Mrs. Mearns'; this afternoon  
was accompanied into the  
city by Quincy, to the Odeon  
where we listened to a lecture  
from Professor Rogers, on Geol-  
ogy. Met Sarah White at the  
lecture room, with whom I called  
at Mr. Howe's office where I  
found Eliza Rogers with whom  
I had a brief but pleasant inter-  
view.

Called upon Sarah W. yesterday  
noon, and passed Tuesday night  
with my sister Quetz.

Saturday Dec. 28.

Wednesday being Christmas  
Sarah W. and myself visited

our N. Boston friends, Mary Swift,  
Eliza Rogers and Sarah White, the  
two former being about to leave  
the institution, where they have  
taught so successfully, and where  
we have so frequently enjoyed  
our pleasant interviews with  
them. Not among the least re-  
gretted of "Time's Changes", shall I  
class the departure of these  
two rare and valued friends  
from our vicinity. A brighter  
Christmas I never beheld, the  
weather being as warm and  
balmy as Spring. Indeed as  
we walked into the city, the  
bare idea of existence, was  
refreshing. Christmas Eve, I  
attended St. James's Church, where  
the services struck me as so  
mechanical and tiresome  
as to awaken no devotion-  
al feeling within me.

To-day, we have the severest  
snow storms of the season; reach

ed school nevertheless in  
perfect safety, where I found  
12 pupils with whom I  
passed the forenoon and return-  
ed home.

Sunday Dec. 29.

A beautiful winter's morning,  
the ground covered with snow,  
and the sun shining brightly.  
I attended church this morn-  
ing, and heard Mr. Putnam  
preach from the text: "Wherefore  
the richer brethren, give diligence  
to make your calling and  
election sure". The doctrine  
of election, he said, had al-  
ways been extant in the world  
in one form or another, and  
there was such a doctrine  
which always ought to be extant.  
The old doctrine run somewhat  
thus: That God did foreordain

and elect a certain portion  
of mankind to eternal blessed-  
ness, unconditionally, while the  
rest are doomed to eternal pun-  
ishment. This doctrine was become  
so utterly exploded, that it would  
be a waste of strength to make  
it the subject of controversy.

But there was a sense in which  
we were elected, not to uncondi-  
tional, blessedness or misery; but to  
certain circumstances, certain  
privileges or disadvantages of  
condition. As the ancient Israel-  
ites were often designated as  
a "chosen people," "God's elect";  
and in having Abraham as  
their founder, and Moses as  
their lawgiver, and inspired  
teachers and poets, who instruct-  
ed and elevated them, they were  
elected to privileges, which most  
other nations did not enjoy.  
And in our own land, we  
enjoyed certain advantages of

of climate, certain institutions  
and principles of government,  
a certain degree of moral and  
intellectual culture, which we did  
not create. God has placed us  
amidst them; and it is good to  
connect all that ennoble life  
and character, with the Father.  
There are too certain promptings  
in the soul, holy inspirations  
which come unbidden, that we  
feel we did not create or await  
on. To embody these in the  
life and character, to be true  
to these high promptings, is for  
us to do, but God planted  
them there. We feel that we  
did not elect these circumstan-  
ces or emanations, but were ele-  
cted to them. And while, he  
would not too much exalt the  
provinces of the human will,  
which he had been sometimes  
thought to do, he would say

that its power seemed one of  
the greatest realities to him; that  
it had a distinct, an important  
part to perform. He would place  
it between the circumstances  
and the character; between tempta-  
tion and triumph; between holy  
feeling and holy living. Behold  
God, behold him reverently  
in his elections — but do not  
stop there; behold thyself. God  
has done his part, in electing  
thee to the circumstances of  
thy being, see to it, that thou  
do thine, in creating the charac-  
ter and life from them. —

In the last prayer, Mr Putnam  
prayed that our minds might  
be prepared for the funeral  
thoughts which became the closing  
year, to commune together of the  
dead who had left us; which  
leads me to expect an occasio-  
nal sermon this afternoon.

This afternoon the services at church were peculiarly solemn and impressive, Mr. Putnam having discoursed with characteristic eloquence upon the dead who had left us during the past year.

Wednesday Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1845.

Had I forgotten that a new year commenced to-day, the merry shouts of the children, who ran out to hail me with their congratulations, would soon have reminded me of the fact; and indeed as happy and merry as they seemed to be, I could with right good will have joined them in their glee, shouted as joyously and loudly, looked upon the

would about me as lovingly; so kindly seemed the influence around and within me. And can I feel sufficiently grateful to be able to write my record thus?

The year which has just closed upon me, has been one of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. Many bright flowers have been culled; many joys furnished for memory. Indeed all the good and pleasant things with which I found myself possessed at its commencement, still remain to me.

My spirits have lost none of their buoyancy; ~~having~~ a cloud has visited on my lot, it has been but momentarily, and followed by the sweetest sunshine.

My school duties have been generally pleasant; and when for a brief season I had become estranged and thought

them hard and uncongenial, better voices, did gain the ascendancy, and win me back to duty; which still looks pleasant and attractive. —

Three little children have died, from my number during the year, but they were good and dutiful children, whose memories I shall always love to cherish. —

My "abiding place," wears the aspect, and has gained the love of home; not peopled with cold, forbidding natures, as is often the case where the relations are so accidental; but kindly hearts do speak through kindly voices. I approach it with gladness, enjoy its peace, its harmony; mingle with its mirth, sympathise with its sadness; in short enjoy all that social intercourse

and confidence, which my spirit so much craves.

The friends from whose society I have derived so much, still cheer and gladden my path. —

My interviews are not less frequent or less cordial than at the year's commencement. I frequently meet with them, to enjoy the present, to recal the past and speculate upon the "unseen future." "Home still remains, where I am ever warmly welcome, and where I cheerfully and confidently go. —

§ § The privilege of hearing from the pulpit, the eloquence which stirs the "divinity" with in "an of reading books, which master minds I have produced, must also be ranked among the "goodly things," I have enjoyed during the past year. — And now another year has commenced. I can hard-



ly hope to sail so smoothly  
fair, as the past. Changes  
have begun, which almost in-  
perceptible now, must become  
extended and saddening during  
another year. Perhaps, Eliza's  
burden may become heavier,  
her lessons sterner, her experi-  
ences sadder. The glad thoughts,  
and buoyant spirit, which now  
make us happy, may perhaps  
give place to other influences.  
Who shall unfold the coming  
yearly events. Whatever they  
may be, I would be faith-  
ful to duty and conscience,  
"bow reverently" to all their  
dictates; cherish the law  
of kindness in my heart,  
shrink from nothing  
that a noble sense of  
right may require of  
me; "giving thanks" always  
for the manifold privileges.

ces of my lot. That it may  
be a year of improvement in  
all that pertains to the life  
and character, I would earnestly  
hope; that it may treasure up  
resources, which "times changes"  
cannot affect, I would also  
earnestly ask.

Saturday Jan. 25.

If the few past weeks  
have produced any "fitting  
things" to rouse my slumber-  
ing thoughts, I have not had  
opportunity to record them  
when the spirit moved me,  
or the spirit has not  
moved me when I have  
had opportunity, a coinci-  
dence, for which I usually  
wait.

I have gone on during the time prosperously, & felt goodhumoredly toward the world which has seemed a very agreeable place, where even the gods might dwell and "be content".

Last week, Wednesday, I received an invitation to pass the afternoon at Mr. Feedy, which I however did not accept, my elderly deaconvoy declaring the walking too bad; but I was constrained afterwards to believe that a good providence influenced my decision, as I was scarce-

ly seated, when my brother Colbridge from Bangor, most unexpectedly made his appearance. I returned with him to my sister Lucy's, where I took tea and returned home to attend a lecture from Mr. Hudson, upon Shakespeare's Women.

Thursday I was to have visited Sarah B., but the weather prevented; and Friday to have passed the night at Lucy's, which engagement the weather also prevented me from fulfilling, Mr. Mareau having called with his sheep and I invited me to go home with him.

Saturday I went to Lucy's, where I again met my brother Colbridge, who almost persuaded me to visit a quon aunt with him; in the evening he accompanied me to Sarah W.'s; and Sunday morning I accompanied him to the Swedenborgian church in Boston, dined at Lucy's, and in company with E. attended Mr. Putnam's church in the afternoon, when to my great disappointment Rev. Mr. Allen of Jamaica Plain, preached. I returned again to Lucy's, where I passed the night, indulging

among other agreeable things in a fit of hysterics during the evening. Monday morning Edbridge took his departure for Canton.

Tuesday was to have visited Mrs. Unions in the evening, but the weather again interfered with my plans; Wednesday receiving an invitation from Sarah W. I passed the afternoon and night with her, accompanying a small party during the evening to Tolmont Chapel to hear a discussion which we deemed might somewhat affect our "official interests".

Thursday morning Mrs. Unions with a sister-in-law called at my schoolhouse, and invited me to visit her in the evening, which invitation was accepted, much to my gratification.

To-day I was agreeably surprised by a call from Eliza Ruggles who passed the afternoon with

me, and in the evening I repaired with her to Sarah W. to pass the night.

An aged aunt of Mrs. W. who died yesterday was also buried from here this afternoon.

Sunday Feb. 2nd

Last Sunday I attended church from Mr. Wymand, Eliza R. and Sarah W. spending the night with me. Wednesday afternoon I passed in company with Rachel at Sarah B's. During Wednesday night the alarm of fire was given, which was followed by several others Thursday, when I learned upon returning from school that the tannery and carrying establishment at the Point is in which my brother-in-law is one of the apartments partners.

was entirely destroyed; and he sustained a pretty serious loss; which information led me to repair to Lueys after school, where I passed the night.

Friday Sarah B. called upon me, and kindly invited me to take a seat in their par, when Mr. Ford's family shall leave, which they are soon to do.

Yesterday and to-day have been the two coldest days of the season. Yesterday afternoon I passed at Lueys and to-day have attended church and heard Mr. Putnam preach an old sermon upon the institution of the passover.

In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Huntingdon from Boston, preached from the text: "Be not as the hypocrites," an eloquent and interesting sermon, delivered in that easy, and solemn manner which characterise the preacher.

Sunday Feb. 9.

A very severe snow-storm occurred on Tuesday; which I suppose the majority of people rank among the "awful visitations" which are recorded as having from time to time visited this mundane sphere of ours; but I am willing to tolerate anything out of the beaten tracks of every-day doings; and as the present snow-storm far transcends anything of which I have any remembrance, there is something novel and exhilarating about it.

I passed Tuesday night at Mr. Morean's, and in the morning found that the storm had raged during the night with such fury as to render the roads impassable, until "broken out." The snow banks to be seen in every direction, served to remind me of those good old days, of which our grandmothers talked, before giants had become supplanted by pygmies, when

everything seemed dealt out with a more munificent hand than now. I was also a second time reminded of that "golden age", when the travelling community were not indebted to the dangerous properties of steam for their facilities, when "slow and sure" was the prudent motto, as I rode to school most complacently on an ox sled. Contrary to my expectations, 19 pupils braved the weather, and passed the forenoon with me. Mrs. Soudley a kind hearted neighbor furnished me with dinner and supper, though I had promised to return to Mr. Masean's, where I again passed a night, returning home Thursday night. Friday morning Mr. Wyman kindly proffered to carry me to school, which I gladly accepted. Friday night felt somewhat homesick, which feeling induced me to repair to S. Quej's to pass the night

where it was wholly and effectually banished. Yesterday afternoon, my sister Laura passed with me. To-day I have attended church and heard Rev. Mr. Ellis of Charlestown preach. This morn'g his subject was upon the whole-ness and entireness of the faith when first delivered to man; nothing having since been added to or taken from it.

This afternoon his text was: "O, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest," from which text preached one of the most beautiful sermons I have ever heard. The leading idea of his discourse was: "That of all the gifts with which God endowed his children, one - the most coveted of all he has reserved for himself alone, that of rest. He named some of these most heavenly gifts, and showed most beautifully

that of all the sweet satisfactions we derived from them, Rest was not numbered. The artist had portrayed the "Garden of Rest," and so graphically that we might in passing for a moment realize its existence; but the artist had wisely kept from the scene a human figure; for had he introduced it, it would no longer have been the "garden of rest"; for there would have been a human heart there. This unsatisfied want was the link which united us to the Father. He concluded by saying, "now is it strange, that of all the good and beautiful things, which God has bestowed upon his children here, the most beautiful and that which they most covet, should be reserved for their final home —"

Sunday Feb. 16.

Monday  
Last Morning my yearly examination, conducted by Rev. Messrs Putnam and Collier, took place; an event of no small interest. They both expressed some pleasure and satisfaction at the state of things, spoke so satisfactorily, as to cause me to leave school at night with a light heart. Wednesday afternoon I wrote to Ireland, passed Thursday night at Lucy, and passed yesterday in visiting our teacher Mr. Peirce, at the normal school at Newton, in company with Eliza Rogers and Annah Everett, Sarah W. being detained at home from sickness in the family.

Upon reaching Newton in the cars, we immediately repaired to the school house, a very spacious building not in the least resembling our own "Normal Hall."



Our meeting with Mr. Peice was evidently one of unfeigned pleasure to all. The school room looked strangely there sat Mr. P. as of old - his voice - his precepts - so familiar - and yet it was not Livingston - 'twas not our dear old school room - the assembly who sat and listened to him were all new. I could not realize the relation which things about me sustained to each other, could not recognize things. But when we went home with Mr. and Mrs. P.; found their room looking so familiar and natural, date and talk of by-gone things, dear to us all, I felt that it was one of those goodly seasons which give to life its zest and value. — Old friends were recalled and discussed, past scenes revived and dwelt upon; my Attie prattly

alluded to by Mr. P. in a true and manly manner, somewhat in the spirit in which they were originally enacted. Indeed 'twas one of the happiest days I have ever passed. Such interviews as this, may well compensate for the heat of trivial vexations which so frequently trouble us, for the coldness and hollowness we too frequently meet, from those with whom we have no sympathy.

Saturday Feb. 22.

Have been visited by my sister Laura this week, and have visited mutual friends with her two afternoons. Passed last night very pleasantly at Mr. Wymond's, when I was busied ourselves, in making laws for the prevention of crime, and succeeded in manufacturing an code, which if accepted, must certainly renovate society.

Thursday March 5.

Passed two nights a sleep last week, and called several times at Mr. Wymond's, to inquire after the health of little Abba, who has been very dangerously ill. Found Sarah, sorrowing and an affectionate sister & must do under the circumstances

stances. How many such dark seasons, must we all meet in the life journey, should it be prolonged, and are they not good for the heart? Do they not waken us to a sense of the real things of life, and make the transient beables we pursue, seem the things they are? At such a time, how we forget the greater grievances that have absorbed us, the trivial anxieties we have deemed so weighty, and feel how slender is the earthly tie that unites us to those nearest the heart. Ah, there is healing in the chastening rod!

The little invalid, is now better and great hopes are entertained of her recovery.

On Saturday, I accompanied my sister Laura home, from whence I returned to day.

We are indulged in that exuberance of spirits, during my visit, which I always like to carry home with me, that I may contribute my mite, towards gladdening hearts, never so ready to receive and welcome me. Ah, in all this cold and hollow world, there is no place like home; to me, notwithstanding the kindly sympathies I find among many with whom I sojourn elsewhere.

Sunday March 16.

Attended an Institute lecture on Wednesday, on Botany, by Professor Gray, in company with Peck and Kate W. Also had the pleasure of meeting the same afternoon, Garrison Burdick, from New Bedford, an old class-mate whom I had not seen for four years. Passed Thursday night at Mrs.

Marian in a manner most congenial to my laughter-loving spirit. Living and I made arrangements during the evening for a tour to the West, when we should at least see the world, if we could not benefit it.

Friday Yesterday was a rainy day; dull enough to make the merriest mope miserable, dismal! It seemed that for every drop that fell, I surrendered a bottle at least, of animal spirits.

Yesterday accompanied Sarah and Kate W. into the city, where I had some repairs made on my teeth and walked out with Kate, leaving Sarah in the city.

Today I walked into the Melodrom to hear Rev. Mr. Parker preach. Was treated to one of his most eloquent sermons, in which, <sup>by</sup> particular

views were very prominent. Some very painful delinquencies in the churches, were stated and dwelt upon with due solemnity. He referred to Jesus as our brother who in earlier time breathed from Heaven, God's pure spirit; as the pure model who trampled under his feet the blind subservience to popular errors, and the institutions which ministered not to man's higher nature. He spoke of the relation of the churches to man's social condition, respectfully, even reverently of the good they had accomplished; but showed how inadequate they were to minister to the soul's best yearnings. I do not see how such a sermon as this can do anything but promote religious feeling, stir the divinity within one's breast, and make one crave more earnest

by the "good and the true"

Sunday Mar 23.

Have passed one night at Lucy's, and one at Mr. Wyman's during the past week, and walked into the city with Susan yesterday to attend a lecture from Professor Gray, upon "Botany". Today I have been to hear Mr. Putnam preach. This morning the tendency of such theological views, as cherished by Mr. Parker was the subject of discourse; and the matter was treated with the energy which the speaker is wont to employ when he deems "great interests at stake". If his feeble tongue should ever be moved to such a work of spiritual devastation, he would ask that it

might be paralyzed, for he knew not why unbelief might not be as honest as belief; but he would ask that it be heard no more in this temple - consecrated to the crucified and risen Saviour.

He thought it was the events in the life of Jesus - more than his words, that had given Christianity its place in the world; that if we reject that part of the narrative that does not harmonise with our philosophy, relying upon the same testimony for the rest, how can we believe that? Well, if Mr. Parker's theology be false, it will die of course; but every one who hears him must ~~think~~ acknowledge, that he does speak words of life, that will not die; truths, that ought to be spoken, which others dare



not speak, that must prove  
a renovating power in the  
world

Tuesday Apr. 1st.

There is a movement in  
the house this morning that  
awakens anything but joyful  
feelings in my heart. Susan  
is preparing to take up her  
abode in Boston, where her  
"house is already in order"  
She has been my household  
companion so long; I have  
journeyed with her so glad-  
santly, that I have almost  
begun to think I cannot  
plot my part in life with  
out her. With her departure,  
I must bid farewell to  
some of the pleasantest things

that have gladdened my path  
of late. She is one of those  
harmonious, lovable beings, who  
shed light and gladness all  
around them; and she has been  
so much to me, that I know  
I must feel sad and lonely  
without her. O, "I would I  
not stay away", where so much  
that is dear and cherished,  
is continually "passing away."  
It seems like the conclusion  
of one of the brightest scenes  
in the great drama, which  
is never again to be enacted.  
I feel as though about to  
set forth upon a lonelier  
pilgrimage; to find less con-  
genial voices; and I have  
conjured up a most dis-  
mal looking picture and  
called it my future



Wednesday Apr. 2.

In company with Sarah W. and Sarah B. attended an Institute lecture, upon Boleyn, when my visibilities were affected to a degree, unknown of late. Returning home this evening, realized that Susan had gone, more fully than I had done before. Felt that a bright light was extinguished in our household; felt as though my higher, better self were gone. Indeed, as I look round about me, and know that she is to return to abide here no more, an indescribable feeling of loneliness and desolation comes over me. Who will sympathize so kindly with me (and all my daily joys and sorrows); sympathize so beautifully

a spirit to my daily life?

Sunday Apr. 13.

Last week, passed Friday night with Ellen at Mrs. Marand's; Saturday afternoon made calls with Sarah and Kate W. upon former Plain; heard Mr. Putnam preach all day Sunday. Last Wednesday afternoon visited Susan in her new home, from whence I did not return till Thursday morning; found it, what the Character of its presiding genius must make it, the abode of cheerfulness, harmony and order, and

All these gentler virtues such as fly over life more cultured walks, and charm the eye. Also went in again yesterday and remained till this noon, when

Mr. H. and Susan walked out from the Melodeon with me, where we listened to a sermon from Rev. Theodore Parker, from the text "The true worshippers worship the Father in spirit and in truth". Surely there is a power in this man's words, which speaks forth in no other; a power which moved the heart to kinder things; an eloquence that enkindled a warmer love of duty, that makes clearer the beauty and harmony about us, and created a thirst for all good and holy things; Surely, all who listen, must say in their hearts, "speak on! thy words shall not return unto the void, for <sup>we</sup> have stored emotions, and enkindled hopes, upon which the Father smiles."

This afternoon Rev. Mr. Osgood of Providence preached.

Monday April 21<sup>st</sup>

Returned from home, this morning, having gone there on Saturday with my sister Lucy. Have been "the light of heart and joy of wing and C. S. S. garden bird" during this brief visit. Surely I have reason to be grateful for the glad voices, that speak within me; for the spirit, that clothes things about me, in color so gay and cheerful. There are seasons with me, (as with every one else, I suppose), when gladness alone possesses the earth; when to live is to enjoy; when vexations vanish, and all is light and harmony. Will such seasons ever I wholly leave us, and would they

not visit us more frequently,  
were "heartily allured a night?"

Monday Apr. 28.

"But now they're gone,  
They all are gone!"  
The above lines were original.  
I gave by a little blackberry  
girl, who had had the misfortune  
to spill her blackberries; but  
I of course do not use them  
in reference to a similar ca-  
strophe. This even a weightier  
sorrow calls them forth, just  
now and here. I am left today,  
as far as kindred are concerned,  
an isolated being. My sister  
Lucy with her family have today  
followed their gods and chat-  
tety to Watertown, leaving me  
to perform my mission alone.  
Ah me! "Time's changes" visit

me most unsparingly of late, re-  
moving the very pillars upon which  
I have leaned. But "as my day"  
shall not "my strength be?"  
I returned this morning from  
Pusan's, whence I repaired  
last Saturday. Heard Rev. Mr.  
Parker preach in the morning  
and Rev. Mr. Huntington  
in the afternoon, and "a Mr.  
Owen" in the evening, talk  
with more than human eloquence  
of "sounding brass and tink-  
ling cymbals"; himself a hap-  
py illustration of them.

Monday May 5.

As I sit down quietly to  
review the past week, it  
seems to have been one contin-  
ual "hurrying to and fro".  
Since a week last Satur-  
day there has been but one

day in which I have not found myself at Passaic in the city. Wednesday afternoon I rode out to Watertown to visit Lucy in her new home, where I found things attractive and pleasant. Returned Thursday afternoon, in the car from Newell's Corner, and passed the night at Passaic.

Went in again on Sunday to hear Mr. Parker preach, portraying the religious life with all power and eloquence, I have never heard surpassed.

Surely he has not striven in vain "to incarnate in his life, that pure ideal far above him in the skies"

In this nest, this "fair and beautiful life," really attainable. While listening to his words, it seems a reality indeed, but how

earnestly and how lovingly must we labor for it! I wish I had the strength, the trust, to make it mine; to advance daily towards that high ideal, that I too see in my better moments. But how these "Trifles light as air" do creep in and absorb me; put to flight these yearnings after more beautiful and holy things.

As I return to my place and the crowd, to my daily avocations, these good impressions fade out too soon. I do not retain that feeling of "spiritual exaltation"; which might so hallow and consecrate all lowly and humble duties.

I would not forget the lesson, today's discourse inculcated, that real and earnest work, must come, before perfect tranquil rest; that the present life is not an insignificant

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so hallow and consecrate  
all lowly and humble duties.

I would not forget the  
lesson, today's discourse inculca-  
ted, that real and earnest  
work, must come, before perfect  
tranquil rest; that the present  
life is not an insignificant

state of being; a vale of tears  
merely, to be forgotten and  
scorned, in our anticipations  
of a future.

Wednesday May 7.

Last night, I passed at Mr.  
Wymans in company with Eliza  
Hagens and Mary Swift, probably  
the last night the latter will  
ever spend with us. I was hap-  
py and merry of course as  
I always am upon these  
occasions. But I feel more  
sober and thoughtful than  
usual to-day; a restless  
aspiring after a more excellent  
and useful life. As the  
fact becomes more apparent,  
that the favorite feed, with  
whom we yet meet, in all  
the confidence and gladness

which characterised the inter-  
course of our schoolgirl days,  
are one by one going forth  
to pursue new interests; everything  
connected with them becomes  
dearer and more valued; and  
the necessity of treasuring resources  
that "Time's changes shall not  
affect, becomes more apparent.

These girls, have faithfully and  
energetically performed an ar-  
duous work; from which they  
are about to retire with the  
freedom and gladness, that ever  
rewards the faithful. Happy  
girls! "a ready future" awaits  
you in your homes; it must  
be so; and although you come  
no more to gladden us, that  
beautiful spirit, you have already  
shed around us, shall still  
linger, and consecrate your  
memories. I would emulate  
your zeal, earnest, labor; your  
kindly, faithful, generous hearts.



Tuesday May 13.

I am sitting alone in my chamber; enjoying one of those quiet seasons, that naturally dispose one to a solemn, meditative mood, a season, which recalls "many a twilight hour of gentle talk and sweet-souled melancholy." The drudgery and toil of life, seem all forgotten, and all the fair and pleasant memories alone steal over the mind. Glad voices once familiar, are sounding in the ear again, like "music from afar"; bright, joyful moments long since passed away come back again; my silent chamber becomes peopled as it were, with the cherished absent; but with them all comes a dim consciousness that 'tis but a twilight reverie; that

I view them only through "memory's mellowing glass." But 'tis a grateful hour, laden with holy ministrations. If the gaiety and energy of morning are gone, there breathes a calm and tranquillizing influence, that softens and refreshes us; a spirit more free from the "dross" of earthly course engines". It cannot be but well, to withdraw oneself at times from the world without, to forget its carking cares, its petty rivalries, its stern duties, and contemplate the better things, which by seeking, all shall find, in the "spirit's depths". And this seems a most fitting season for such communings; the very breeze that fans me at my window, comes laden with sweet remembrances; the bird seems warbling some remembered strain, to which I have grate-



fully listened in other days.

"And painfully sweet are the echoes that stir  
the memory, play an old tune round the heart."  
Surely such seasons help, powerfully  
to keep us from the harsher  
& influences of our daily toil and  
travail. And not only is the  
past with its gentle memories  
and kindlier voices before us,  
but the future too, seems spread  
out in all the beauty and bright-  
ness, with which this dreamy  
soothing hour inclined me to con-  
template it. Hope lends her  
enchancing presence, and I  
forget for the time but I may  
indulge in the charm she brings.  
But even while I write, "dark-  
ness draws her veil", remind-  
ing me too time to forsake  
day-dreaming, and mingle with  
the actual world "below stairs".

I attended church in Boston  
last Sunday, where I heard Rev.  
Mr. Parker deliver one of the  
most beautiful and eloquent  
sermons I have ever heard  
upon "Prayer".

In the afternoon an extensive  
fire took place in the city,  
from which place I walked  
home with a small party  
toward evening.

Thursday June  
8

Now and then, and too  
frequently perhaps, I live  
through a season of excite-  
ment and change, become so  
absorbed in things about  
me, as to forget the silence and  
the calm, I forget to pause  
and be grateful.

The last week in May  
was passed at Canton

drinking in the sweet influences  
in which the country at this  
beautiful season abounds.

My sister Laura returned with  
her, and remained until Satur-  
day when I accompanied her  
to Watertown, where I passed  
the Sabbath pleasantly, returning  
home Monday morning. Passed  
last Wednesday afternoon and night  
at Pusons; also last night.

### Sunday June

'Tis certainly one of those genial  
mornings, when Irving says we drink  
in pleasure with the very air we breathe  
when whoever has felt the worth of  
worthy man or doted on lovely  
woman feels his heart all alive  
with long buried recollections.  
And thrice-hallowed are these  
genial days to me when they

come on Sunday; not that I deem  
myself peculiarly devotional; but  
the idea that the day is mine;  
that my thoughts are to be confined  
to no peculiar channel of external  
duties, gives it an ~~exceeding~~ worth  
and charm. And those grate-  
fully on such a morning come  
from the pulpit, the eloquence  
that gives utterance to these  
undefinable feelings that float about  
in the soul; and what outrage  
it seems to me does he commit  
on them, who surrounded by  
such influences, can stand up  
with a sleepy air, and talk  
cold logic to the people. And  
yet how many, throughout this  
fair world to day, are doomed  
to listen to some stupid  
priest, who cannot for his life  
stir one fine feeling of the  
heart. Ten thousand blessings  
on the gifted few, who speak  
to human hearts with power,

though in their earnest search for truth, they may have embraced a theology, from which the popular voice dissents. —

As we grow older with these influences, the sky of June, the Sabbath bell, the eloquent word affect us less keenly; or seem to us only the sickly sentimentalities of silly women, and weak unmanly men? If so, I would never grow old; tis so grateful to forget the carking cares, and petty rivalries of life, and indulge the better feelings these influences awaken.

I repaired to Mr. Putnam's church this morning, where I found food sufficient for the spirit's cravings. The preacher earnest, solemn voice, gave additional power to his words, which were impressive and beautiful. His text was: All things are yours, if ye are

Christ's"; when he showed how all good men, belonged to the Christian; how the universe was his, how nature was his; life and death, also; declaring that he who lived for this world alone, could not have it; only the shadow of its beauty, and the dross of its benefits. In speaking of that faith which made our sorrows minister as good angels unto us, he alluded most touchingly, to the death of an only son of a widowed mother, who came as a mourner to-day, the child having been drowned a few days since while bathing.

I received a letter from Peabody at church which I sat down and answered this noon.

This afternoon Mr. Putnam preached from the text: "See that thou do all things, according to the pattern shown thee in the Mount;" an old

sermon of which I have pre-  
sented an abstract in a former  
journal.

Wednesday June 25.

Last Tuesday my sister Laura  
came from Watertown and pass-  
ed the night with me, leaving  
for Canton Wednesday morning.  
Wednesday afternoon I accompa-  
nied Sarah B. with her mother  
and sister, up to the old home-  
stead of our friend Rachel,  
wandering over the grounds,  
and deserted house, we have  
so often visited in bygone  
days. Being interwoven with  
some of our pleasant mem-  
ories, I highly enjoyed the  
ramble, though the cheerless  
aspect of the place, so silent

and deserted, formed a melancholy  
contrast to the "cheerful" voiced  
one through its rooms re-echoing.  
Went in to Susan's Friday evening.  
Also accompanied Sarah B.  
to the city Saturday afternoon,  
where I remained and pass-  
ed the Sabbath returning, Mon-  
day morning with Susan, ac-  
companied also by one of those  
severe colds on my lungs, which  
have troubled me so much in  
former times.

It was called this afternoon on  
Sarah B. and Mrs. Wilcox, when  
matters of interest have been  
discussed with the spirit which  
I always find there, and which  
is so much more refreshing  
than the "tedious commonplaces"  
with which the worldly people  
regale us so often.

Saturday Aug 30. 1845

Surely, my ~~testify~~ date will testify to an omission in my record; an omission which has not really taken place in the order of things. The outer world, with its cares and amusements had so absorbed me during this unnoticed season, that I have neglected to pause and look about me; trusting only to "Memory's mellowing glass", for a review of the scenes which have transpired. Since my last entry, three persons have joined our household; making it a still merrier place than before. One of them, a young lady, came on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of July, since which time she has been my room-mate and companion. Her mild and gentle manners, added to the strength and beauty of her charac-

ter have won for her a place in my heart, I am not wont to give to new friends.

Last Saturday evening, I returned to Roxbury, after a vacation of four weeks, during which time I have been revelling in holiday joys. The first fortnight was spent amongst my friends in Needham & Danton, after which I returned to the city and passed a night with Puz, attending a normal festival on the 12<sup>th</sup> inst at W. D. Newton. It proved one of those days to be embalmed with the consecrated food, the memory of which shall be sacred and beautiful. But one thing annoyed me a little. It seemed so very absurd at a meeting of old friends, some of whom I had not met for years, when voices once familiar were sounding in the ear again, like the awaking of long-buried music, and gentle memories of course



came thronging back, to feel con-  
strained to listen to learned and  
lengthy speeches, upon Phonography,  
Faith, corrupt systems of teaching,  
insignificant sapologies for more  
insignificant addresses &c &c.  
I almost wondered some stray  
genius, didn't prepare a learned  
disquisition upon the internal  
construction of polylogs & en-  
tain us therewith; & would have  
been so relevant to the occasion.  
On the 13<sup>th</sup>, Sarah W. and myself  
went to Billerica to visit our  
friends Eliza and Hannah, and  
were welcomed at the depot by  
Hannah and Mr. Blodgett, an ap-  
pendage, with which the aforesaid  
Hannah has recently furnished  
herself. We remained at B.  
until Monday the 18<sup>th</sup>, during  
which time I enjoyed as much  
as I ever expect to wish to  
enjoy during my sojourn here.

During our stay we visited Lowell,  
and Bedford Springs; indulged in  
moonlight rides, and moonlight  
walks, in all of which we were  
accompanied by the most charming,  
companionable people; the "two  
lovers" furnishing a rich enter-  
tainment, to myself, and others of the  
party quite as mischievously in-  
clined. Every moment of our visit  
was enjoyed; and shall hereafter  
be treasured among the bright and  
beautiful seasons, memory shall love  
to recall. Our friend Hannah  
seems to be realising all the poetic  
fancies of her school-girl days; liv-  
ing the charmed life of love; tempt-  
ing all beholders to exclaim, "If  
I there be on Olympus on earth, it  
is this, it is this."

Monday the 18<sup>th</sup> returning to the  
city, took the omnibus from Susan's  
at noon for Watertown, where  
I passed the remainder of my  
vacation at my sister Lucy's, my

pleasantly. —  
To-day closes my first week passed  
in school, I had cherished the  
philosophical idea of entertaining  
a party of the blues on my return  
to duty; but our household all pro-  
tested loudly against it; and thus  
for they have been kept effectually  
at bay. Everything is so cheerful  
and pleasant about me since my  
return, that I cannot feel inclined  
to despondency, and idle regrets  
over the departure of my holy day  
season.

Saturday Sept. 20.

I have been so absorbed of late  
in the exercise of my vocal organ,  
have found the outer world so  
companionable and entertaining,  
that I have felt little inclined  
to seek the retirement of my cham-  
ber, and companionship of my  
journal, and have therefore left

unrecorded all the brilliant experi-  
ences of the unnoticed season. —

Two members of our household,  
who joined us in July, have left for  
their home in Connecticut during  
the past week; leaving a void, not  
withstanding their brief sojourn a-  
mong us, which all do acknowledge  
and lament. Miss Tellow has  
shared my room with me, and been  
the companion of many hours which  
might otherwise have been lonely  
and wearisome; and has proved one  
of those choice spirits, who gladden  
and cheer all within the circle of  
their influence. I shall not soon  
forget her mild presence; for she  
has become embosomed with the "favo-  
rite few", whose places are in the "in-  
nermost shrine of the heart." And  
her companion, Mr. Hotchkiss, has  
by his hearty, joyous laugh, and kind-  
ly, merry converse, made him-  
self a favorite with us all. —  
They have lent us their light



for a season, for which we will  
be grateful, though their departure  
shed a passing cloud over the sunshine  
of our home. Amongst other follies  
I have committed during their stay, I  
have entered into a correspondence,  
at their solicitation with a Connecticut  
Lawyer, concerning whom they had told  
me some curious facts. And as at  
some future time, it may amuse me  
to recall some portions of the nonsense  
with which I regaled myself during  
my younger and merrier days, I  
have concluded to insert these  
letters here. They were addressed  
to Charles Hutton Esq. Navigator Ct.  
and the first was as follows:

Sir, Pardon the presumption of  
a damsel, whose imagination is  
prone to run away with her reason,  
and whose sense of propriety is  
not so keen perhaps as the world  
people demand it should be. Finding  
myself in the midst of a small  
delegation from your goodly town

I naturally become interested in  
the individuals who people it. Last  
evening your name was mentioned;  
nothing particular was said of you,  
none of your characteristics were  
discussed; but my ear caught the  
sound, and as no weighty subject  
occupied my thoughts at the time,  
I became plunged in a train of  
speculations, until you stood be-  
fore my "mind's eye" as erect and  
beautiful as any of the "favorite few"  
hitherto enshrined within the inner  
temple. Then I thought, how <sup>little I could</sup> ~~understand~~  
<sup>depine</sup> ~~under~~ these airy creatures of the brain;  
I longed for certainty. I must know,  
thought I, concerning this unknown,  
who by a mysterious action of my  
own mind, has taken such complete  
possession of my thoughts. Is he long  
and lean, or short and fat? A spe-  
cification of the graces, or a ruder  
unblurred strain, whose honest inten-  
tions must atone for lack of politeness?  
Is his nose a pig, and his mouth a

honour, or has he a perfect Greece  
contour? Is he a regular sipper  
of Castalia's waters, one who can sym-  
pathize with a poetical pilgrimage tem-  
perament, accompany one on Child's Har-  
old's pilgrimage, or subscribe to those  
"little sentimentalities, that spread a sort  
of witchery about the sex"? Or, is he one  
of your prosy, prosaic specimens of  
humanity who, in choosing a wife  
would thus soliloquize: "Here is a  
decent, well-dressed woman, who will  
mend my coat, cook my dinner and  
obey me in all things; and I in re-  
turn will clothe, house, and feed her,  
and shall perhaps lose no more by  
the bargain than I might see the  
risk of doing, did I remain a happy  
bachelor. & Then as for the lesser  
matters of Religion and Politics, is  
he Conservative or Radical?"  
I became so intensely excited as  
I continued to weave my web of  
thought, that one thing, I had especially  
resolved to ponder: Is he to be

and good-natured? If so, he will  
not fail to satisfy me on points  
which have so "harrowed up my very  
soul." Now perhaps you may deem  
me some "love-lorn maiden" who  
would fain besiege at a distance,  
fancying distance will facilitate  
a surrender; but I assure you I  
am nothing of the sort. The spirit  
that prompts such an interest in a  
stranger's fate, is as unbidden as it  
is mysterious; but why should I  
therefore resist? Anything directed  
to Peter Barnacle, to the care of your  
friend G. H. will be gratefully re-  
ceived.

During my vacation Mr. H. receiv-  
ed a letter from the gentleman  
acknowledging the receipt of Bel-  
sey's letter in very complimentary  
terms, but expressing the belief that  
it was written by a gentleman from  
some other source; it seems that  
this matter of fact gentleman has  
pursued over this strange attack.

consulted all the villagers as to  
its probable origin, and of course  
still continued unsatisfied. So I  
concluded to give him one more,  
a course which prudent counsellors  
recommended, and from which my  
own mischievous inclination did  
not dissent, so I despatched the  
following: Now methinks thou  
art ready to exclaim: "Ministry  
of Grace, defend us!" Here am I, a  
worthy citizen of this honorable state,  
subjected to the most unreasonable  
and unprovoked attacks from an  
unmerciful duncel in a neigh-  
boring Commonwealth, whose sanity  
I verily believe is not a little  
disturbed. 'Tis one of those offences  
so extremely annoying which the law  
does not reach; daily as I love the  
law, how I do lament its impu-  
lence; It should provide for such  
triflers as these, who amuse themselves  
by disturbing the serenity and peace  
of individuals like myself who

have just begun to enjoy the beauty  
and harmony of life. Now if such  
be thy soliloquy upon receiving this, be  
assured my own sense of propriety  
(a sense which you no doubt have  
long ere this pronounced a very feeble one)  
prompts this. Methinks 'twould be very dis-  
courteous, not to acknowledge my obliga-  
tion, for the information which you have  
so kindly forwarded. Being one of those  
persons who amuse themselves with  
one agreeable whim, until another comes  
recommended by a more recent appear-  
ance from their mental attic, my curiosity  
had a little subsided; nevertheless, I  
was duly grateful for its gratification,  
I wasn't able to decide exactly as to your  
figure; whether you would compare your-  
self to Falstaff, the boon companion of "Prince  
Hal", or Falstaff as he stands repulsed  
before the unwonted dignity of the regene-  
rated King, for the figure which he cuts  
is so different under the different circum-  
stances as to be hardly reconcilable. How-  
ever I suppose your meaning is: that

like him, you approach in form "unto a perfect sphere". Your imaginative temperament pleases me. 'Tis delightful to find a gentleman of your profession, who can forget Coke and Blackstone; forget deeds, mortgages, retaining fees, and all the abstrusities and technicalities of the law, and quit this mundane sphere for a season; to find one who recognises his higher, better nature and enthrones it as he should. And art thou not indebted to that "fair one, of thy choice", for those gentler moods of mind of which thou speakest? Is it not to her, thou art indebted for those pure and serene waters, for which "Hope, so often thirsts"? I am confident thou art secure from all grosser influences while thou canst forget the "din of earth's coarse engines", and listen to the soul's better music. But one thing in your letter grieved me. Methinks you imply the intellectual inferiority of our sex. How I deem this daily fussing about woman's rights; the word of modern rights yet, methinks, we are not a class of

pigmies, soft-hearted weak-minded, lovable creatures, wholly unable to comprehend the deeper lore of which men talk; and the ladies of your own state, if fairly represented here, will not certainly suffer in comparison with ours. But I have already prolonged this, beyond my intentions. Henceforth, you shall "pursue the even tenor of your way," undisturbed by the  
Unmerciful Betsey.

To this last I immediately received an answer, which proved highly satisfactory and interesting. And although the writer has assured me, he shall be most happy at any time to furnish me with any further information concerning himself, I have concluded to drop the correspondence here, thinking the joke has gone quite far enough. Another & angustic gentleman, however, inquiring in a letter to Mr. Hatchkiss, concerning Miss Barnacle, declares the writer of those letters certainly a gentleman, which induced me to write to him the

following:

To Mr Lawrence S. Spencer

Sir

I was indulging in a most delicious day-dream a short time since from which I was most unceremoniously awakened by an assertion from you, which reached me at the time. Perhaps it may amuse you, that there should be the best discoverable connection, between your assertions and my day-dreams; but methinks I can demonstrate the fact to your satisfaction. I was soliloquising in a style somewhat like this: "What a magnificent creature is Woman! What an exalted place she holds in creation! In what lofty strains have poets sung of us; how have philosophers acknowledged themselves our pupils, and how have heroes most delighted to honor us. And independent of this power over others, what a rich and beautiful life is ours! How susceptible to all the gentler influences

about us! The sky of June, the Sabbath bell, the eloquent word, how divinely do they touch our hearts, and rouse the better nature within us. And then when "Love dath make its dwelling in our hearts", what a charm and glory does it not shed over woman's humblest lot; and even though "she love not wisely" oft times, and be left to pine in "great and yellow melancholy", even then, how her crushed affections do minister like good angels, yielding a power, all unknown to grosser spirits. Ay, we are a "chosen, or a sainted people"; indeed so completely enraptured was I, with the glorious mission and province of woman, that my own insignificance and littleness as an individual, was completely forgotten in the dignity and glory of the class of which I was a humble member. I rejoiced with "exceeding joy" at this "gladly heritage"; was completely absorbed, in self-congratulation; when came your assertion, that I, alias Peter Barnsdale, was not a member of that

great sisterhood. You may imagine what a revulsion of feeling there was. The assertion was made so plainly and directly, that in the excitement and horror of the moment, I forgot the fallibility and weakness of human judgment, and abandoned myself to the intended sorrow. But as light dawned upon my stricken senses, I felt the utter absurdity of implicitly believing your statement, and took a new view of the subject, though one, scarcely less harassing to my feelings. I resolved to know, why you and the recipient of my two former letters are so unwilling to believe Betsey a Woman? What have I written to make it so improbable, that you persist in denying me a claim I so much covet? Have I expressed any sentiment it would be unwise or unnatural for a woman to utter or conveyed them in a style it would be improper or unbecomingly for her to use? If so "alas, the day" when I yielded to the wayward spirit that prompted me from within to write them.

My first letter was dictated by Curiosity surely, no stronger guest, in woman's heart. The second, by courtesy, a kindred quality with woman's nature. But perhaps (and an accusing spirit from within pronounced it more probable) that the fact of my writing at all, was inconsistent with your idea of a true and prudent woman. But you know, Sir, that folly too is our portion; that it has often led us to things as indiscreet as that. Therefore I cannot account for the spirit of unbelief you manifest. Now, perhaps you are a crusty old bachelor; or it may be a hater of our kind; I know nothing of you. If so, you will doubtless pronounce my remarks upon our sex, double-distilled nonsense, sickly sentimentality; the effusions of a love-sick brain &c. &c. Very well; 'tis only to give you some idea of the nature of my cogitation, when your letter came and pulled such a thread & disbolts at the very heart of them; that I write them. W<sup>th</sup> Very Respectfully,  
Betsey Bone etc.

During the past week have received several calls from Sarah W., attended a "Phonographic lecture", on Tuesday, called at Mr W's. Wednesday, retired to bed on Thursday evening with a sore throat and headache, and have this afternoon called upon Harriet T. at her Grandfather's. This evening my cousin, Lizzy Tucker arrived to pass the Sabbath with me; also Louise Richardson came from the city bringing a niece of Mrs. W.D. with her. Last Sabbath was passed at Susan's in the city, when the rain prevented me from attending church; I also passed Wednesday night, of last week there.

Monday Sept 29.

Last week, Sunday, I had intended to accompany my cousin to hear Mr Parker preach, but as the rain prevented we repaired to Mr Putnam's church in the morning, where we listened to a discourse upon the subject of Reverence, in which the Rev. Mr. declared every person should have his calen-

der of Saints among the dead ~~and~~ the living; referred to the late Judge Story, as one whose judicial ermine was never soiled with the suspicion of an unworthy purpose; and said many fine things to inculcate the spirit of Reverence, a spirit which he thought was not sufficiently cherished among us. Spoke of the arrogance of Science, false science, for true Science was ever severent, in attempting to explain away the mysteries of Nature; of the claims of Government and magistracy upon our reverence; and also of the great and good of the earth.

In the afternoon as the rain still continued, we remained at home, and abandoned ourselves not to the spirit of reverence, but of mirth. For some mischief I had done, or it was feared I might do, I was tied to my chair at the table, but as it did not interfere at all, with the eating process, I submitted to the outrage with some degree of cheerfulness. Soon the door bell rung.



Louise R. went eagerly to open it; returned in breathless haste, declaring some gentleman had come; and beseeching the family in tones so earnest and heartfelt to keep me tied all the evening that I might not see them, that I was seized with a most uncontrollable fit, of laughter; choked, started to leave the table - but found I was tied - couldn't get at my handkerchief which was sorely needed - which produced a most ludicrous scene of confusion, which the two gentlemen whom Louise had admitted probably overheard. They proved to be a couple of friends of Mr. Davis.

My brother Enonville also called the same evening.

During the past week, I have passed one night at Mr. Meacand, and one at Mrs. Wymons, leaving home Wednesday morning and not returning until Friday night, enjoying one of those blessed seasons of social enjoyment intercourse during the time, which

more than compensate for all the ills of life. I also passed Saturday night with Puz, attending Mr. Parkers meeting yesterday, returning home at noon, and attending Mr. Patrons church in the afternoon, at which latter place I heard a life talk of as a way, a sermon which I heard preached about two years since at Mr. Hittingdon's Church in Boston. Mr. Parkers discourse was upon the evidences of Religion; and with most persuasive eloquence; did he show with what higher evidences, of those great Religious truths, which concern us all, are we furnished, than of those historical facts, and traditions, which are often mistaken for Religion itself.

Our household being this week reduced to its lowest terms, I feel constrained to come hither for companionship. The blues are advancing towards me with a rapidity that alarms me; but I am resolved to repulse them with all the forces

I can muster and send them if possible. All is so still and grave; contrasts so strangely, with the gladness "late through the house seeking that the glad and social spirits within me, shrink back repulse; and I sigh in vain for some kindred bundle of follies, with which I may exchange parcels. Such monetary distresses come to my fingers ends, I could not endure it a month, without going into a visible decline. Having nothing else to talk to, I come hither and pour forth my discontent, and even this is some slight gratification.

Oh, that Puz were here! that our lake companionable friends from Connecticut were here! that anybody were here who would furnish those little socialities, without which, the world were such a dreary place

Tuesday Oct 14.

In my last entry, I sighed over the monotony of the lines; but I am continually reminded of the fact that that "darkest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away," for I have since then enjoyed a most charming variety.

On Saturday the 4th Inst. I accompanied Mrs. Mearns to the "Blind Institution at S. Boston, in the afternoon, and in the evening repaired to Mr. Wymon's, where I had been invited to meet our friend Adie who was coming from Cambridge to pass the Sabbath with us. Upon searching there not only found Adie, but Hannah Damon; and there was surely a commotion in the house. "Do not sleep till morn", seemed the prevailing sentiment; and there was such gladness and merriment as becometh "old friends met together" "Normal Hall" never reached merrier voices; four hearts

which have been for so many years subjected to the discipline of a school dames life, were never blighted, and I must confess I should have wavered at the moment, if "bidden to choose between this and the paradise promised above". We remained together until Monday morning when we again separated to be pair to our respective duties; I for one feeling stronger and better for this brief jubilee, which so forcibly recalled the happiest portions of our merry school days school days. The succeeding Thursday and Friday nights were passed at Mr. Mason's, in a manner most congenial to my tastes, being favored with Ellen's enlivening presence, during the latter, and Saturday afternoon, according to a previous arrangement, repaired to Susan's from whence I did not return until yesterday morning.

A week from last Saturday three young ladies joined our household; two daughters and one niece of Mr. Goodgear of S. Haven; but I feel but little acquainted with them as yet, having been absent from home so much during the past week. Received a letter from home on Saturday, and one from Ellbridge. Also received a letter from Miss Tallow this evening; the second I have received since her departure. Enjoyed a brief interview on Tuesday with some Bangor friends. This evening as Mr. & Mrs. W. have gone to Bridgewater the house is again lone and deserted; my cough troubles me; my thoughts are limited with a somewhat sober hue, and though not exactly despondent, I find myself in company with glover spirits than are wont to possess me. But 'tis well at times, no doubt to hold companionship with more thoughtful guests; and though left occasionally to mine own wayward thoughts for amuse

ment, surely one who has found so many kindred hearts to beguile the way, who enjoys so many bright and beautiful seasons of social intercourse with friends long tried and true, would be most ungrateful to repine.

Saturday Oct. 25.

As I sit down to give a "backward glance" to the week which has just closed, it presents some pictures of social intercourse and enjoyment, which have preserved me from weariness and despondency, and imparted to the routine of daily life a spirit and charm for which I am always grateful.

On Monday I returned from home where I passed the Sabbath, being during my stay, the recipient of all these kindly attentions, which after all are bestowed no where else with so much profuseness and disinterestedness.

On Wednesday I visited Mr. Wymen, where I passed that and the following night; Mr & Mrs W. with some other members of the family being absent on a visit; and as usual, found there that genial atmosphere, in which I always breathe so freely and happily. The glad spirits within me always hold their revel when exposed to the kindly influences, which surround me there; and they are surely our benefactors, in no feeble sense, who contribute so largely, towards "gilding the dull realities of life", for us. —

This afternoon I have visited at Mrs. Taber's, where I met a small party of congenial spirits, one of those occasions, when dull care, and all sorts of dull things are banished to the wind; and the mouth speaks glad and merry things, out of a light and joyous heart. How intolerably tedious and irksome become, the figs

intercourse with strangers, after such meetings. The young ladies who be-  
came domesticated here a few weeks  
since, still wear to me the aspect of  
"strangers ~~and~~ guests". I meet them  
at table, dispense bread and butter to  
them, when within my precincts and  
receive it from them when in theirs,  
remark occasionally upon those taste-  
less topics—Wind and Weather, but  
seldom venture upon anything more  
profound. They do not seem con-  
sensible, or disposed to lend any  
light to our home; and the dead  
calm which now and then visits  
the dinner table when Mr. & Mrs  
W. chance to be absent, though at  
times most ludicrously vociferous,  
has become a scene, in which I have  
however schooled myself to play  
a becoming part. How I am some-  
times tempted, to sigh for the com-  
panionable spirits, whom I could  
summon round me. But Susy

will be here to-morrow; and what  
a world of happiness she always  
imparts to those about her! Surely  
such spirits, as hers, are among the  
greatest gifts, vouchsafed by Heaven  
to beautify and gladden life. <sup>Through</sup>  
such spirits, do good angels minister  
to us, and treasures of priceless  
value they certainly are.

Monday Nov. 3<sup>d</sup>

Last Sabbath, Susan lent her  
enlivening presence to our home.  
Rev. Mr. Huntington officiated at  
church, and I found myself constrained  
to break the promise, which I justly  
made to Susan, to run home after the  
first prayer as I found him  
no "dull priest".

Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> inst, I went into Susy's  
where I passed the Sabbath alone  
with her, Mr. Howe having gone

to N. York, and although a powerful  
rain prevented our attending church,  
yet I passed a very pleasant sea-  
son, in social communion with  
one, of whose companionship I never  
tire

Sunday Dec 7. 1845.

How many times since my last en-  
try, have I felt that I would come  
hither, and transcribe, as far as they  
would admit of transcript, scenes and  
thoughts, I would fain preserve, as  
food for memory. But they have follow-  
ed each other in rapid succession,  
and I have let them pass, without  
record; except the mental record, which  
I keep of life's glad and pleasant scenes.  
So I feel at this present moment  
that I would bring up all arrears,  
and arrive at a point, from whence  
I may start anew, I will recall a  
few of the most prominent seasons

Saturday Nov. 8th my cousin Elizabeth Tuck-  
er dined with me, and accompanied me  
to my sister Lucy's in Watertown from  
whence we returned the following Mon-  
day afternoon. During my visit, I laughed,  
and was merry, as I am singularly prone  
to be, upon occasions of the kind.

The following Wednesday I attended a  
lecture before the Lowell Institute, by  
Professor Lyell, upon the subject of Geol-  
ogy, in company with Miss Morse.

Saturday the 15th, according to an ar-  
rangement made some time since, in com-  
pany with Sarah W. visited our friend  
Adie in Cambridge. During the after-  
noon we visited with her the College  
Library, where we passed the time in  
a highly instructive and agreeable  
manner. In the evening, our cup of  
joy, already full, was made to overflow  
by the arrival of Hannah Damon from  
the city, and if glad spirits ever tri-  
umphant, was in that pleasant parlor  
which contained us; We laughed until  
about midnight; Hannah's intellectual



uit, being in a most brilliant, active state, while the condition of the remaining three was sufficiently sympathetic to contribute something to the revels.

A glad Sabbath we passed, attending Church all day, improving the interval in recounting the most remarkable incidents which our personal histories afforded; to each other; scanning with "philosophic eye" our present position and future prospects; criticising our peculiar calling, with peculiar nicety, and indulging in that flow of spirits, which methinks is like the visitation of good angels to the heart.

Parah, Hannah, and myself returned to the city in the morning, as the whole of our party were to resume school duties. From the city Parah & myself proceeded to Roxbury, where we spent the day, as we spend the majority of our days, among the juvenile population of that goodly town. And the beautiful, pleasant memory, will this night be for me, for which I will

be duly grateful.

Saturday, 22<sup>nd</sup>, my vacation season having arrived, I repaired to the city, intending to have gone home, but yielding as I have often done before to Susan's eloquence, remained there until Monday afternoon, attending Mr. Parker's meeting on Sunday, where I heard words, which methinks one may, not irreverently, call "spirit on life". The golden rule was its basis, and a more true or beautiful development of its meaning, I never heard.

The foul sin, which makes us the "scorn and by-word of the nation" was treated with a severity and earnestness, to which men are seldom pleased to listen; but such a power of thought and beauty of language was displayed, as could not but captivate all who heard him. The picture with which he closed, representing the genius of civilisation, in the old world enthroned on the Alps, bidding his brother Genius of the new

world enthroned on our Alleghenies, his feet resting on the broad savannas of the South, beware! was a masterpiece which I have seldom heard equalled even by Mr. Parker.

On Monday the 24th. I repaired to Canton, where I remained until the succeeding Monday. Thanksgiving I passed with my parents and sister, merry and light hearted, striving to compensate in some slight degree for the absence of those whose memories only linger in our midst. The weather was very stormy, and the only sunshine to be had, that of the heart; a most genial sort at all times, but peculiarly so, at this festival season.

On my return to P. heard from Sarah some astounding developments. I indeed was almost tempted to pronounce myself the presiding

genius of this goodly town, when led to consider the indiscretions of its people, during my absence.

On Tuesday the 2nd of Dec, was agreeably surprised, by a call from Sarah and Rachel Ford. So having seen the latter for many months, was a most unwonted pleasure, though not wholly free from sadness; for since our last meeting, she has been called to mourn the death of her mother; one, whom "none knew but to love". Wednesday afternoon I passed with my two friends at Mr. Bill's; when I luxuriated in the feelings awakened by one of those glad meetings, which circumstances necessarily render more infrequent of late, than formerly. The morning after this visit, made a very sorry mistake, in consequence of having encroached upon the midnight hours.

On Saturday the 6th, Rachel again called on me, with her

sister Patience. As the latter spoke of her late mother, and her death, which she said was, to her, so beautiful, I could not but feel, that I was in the presence of one, who had arrived at a state of spiritual exaltation which very few do attain.

The same afternoon I passed at Mr. Bell's, in company with Sarah, Kate and Elizabeth, and a Miss Fowley, where I enjoyed a very pleasant visit. Passed the night at Mr. Wymen's and Sunday morning, in company with Kate and Lizzy walked into the city and heard Mr. Parker preach, from the text: "In all labor there is profit," in which he said "Gold was gold though trodden on the floor of the farmer's barn, and straw was straw though heaped upon the throne of kings." He made repeated and beautiful allusions to that simple, but significant act of the Saviour - washing the disciples feet - an act, which he thought was intended to signify labor. Could society but

live out the ideal, so inimitably expressed in this sermon, what a renovation of society would there not be! Surely may that were first, would be last, and last first". On the evening of this day received another call from Rachel and Mr. Everett, when the former engaged to pass the following Wednesday afternoon with me, in company with Sarah B. which she accordingly did.

Lizzy Mason also passed the night with me.

May 5th 1846.

After an estrangement of some months, as my date will testify, I feel inclined to return, and renew my intercourse with my old companions. On this beautiful May morning - nature all in her gala dress - her sweet influence calling us away as it were from "weary commerce with the heartless world" to commune with the better feelings and higher voices

they awaken in every human heart, I feel that 'tis good to sit down apart and ~~forget~~ give vent to these feelings, and utterance to these voices. 'Tis just such a morning, as one of ever, would be inclined to "dare immortal deeds" and feel confident of strength sufficient for their fulfilment. All the glad and pleasant things of past time, seem to come up in remembrance, as though it were a fit and beautiful season to cherish gentle memories. Life seems full of meaning; its work all hallowed and noble; the spirit conscious of a dignity and strength, that should be consecrated to the worship of Him who gave it. Indeed I feel as glad and trustful this morning, as the birds who carol near my window; and much - very much of this feeling is owing to the glad and genial influences of this bright May morning, and will I fear

pass away with it too. But I am constrained to acknowledge, that as I grow older, I grow more trustful and contented, am less despondent when changes come, that remove friends, upon whose presence I had thought the sunshine of my life almost depended. But now it seems to me, that "he who owns may see" the fact, that he would back often in the sunshine, must carry it with him, and within him; that he, <sup>who</sup> would despond or murmur over the unavoidable and necessary circumstances of his life, is a "stumbling block" and an "offence" in his own upward, or ward path, and a noisome weed in the flowery pathway of his fellows. Since my last entry, I feel conscious that a great change has been wrought in circumstances about me. On the first day of January, I left the house which had so long been my home, and took up my abode at Mr. McLean's. My reasons for so doing were two-fold and I felt that it was impudent

to walk so far during the Winter; and my home had become void of that spirit of cheerfulness I had so long found in it. I gleaned in vain for those little sociabilities, without which life were so tasteless. The family were reduced to Mr. and Mrs. W. S.; the latter sick and uncompanionable a greater part of the time; so taking counsel of what I conceived to be my higher, better voice, I removed to Mr. Mason's, where I found a spirit, which has always refreshed and gladdened me. There I spent the Winter, which has been one of the merriest, happiest seasons of my life; and one which ere after time I shall gratefully recall, with those who made it so, and bless them for the light they shed around their pleasant home. On Wednesday the first of April, I again changed my home, and took up my abode among strangers. Mr. M.'s family having remained to Portland. I repaired to Mr. Lyman

Ward's, where I am at present established, and where I find a pleasant and agreeable home. I have continued my visits at Susan's during the Winter, attending Mr. Parker's meeting whenever the weather has permitted. But she having returned to her Father's for the Summer, I shall probably see her less frequently, a change I cannot but regret, as I have passed with her some of the pleasantest hours I have ever enjoyed. And now four of my friends with whom my intercourse has been frequent and uninterruptedly kind, are removed from me; and a void they have certainly made, that I cannot but lament. But I am resolved not to grieve idly over their departure, but to "act in the living present" - to avail myself of the resource still left. I have a pleasant home, whose kindly voices daily speak, the "whole broad earth is beautiful"; and I am permitted daily to walk abroad in it; I have a fund of good spirits, which I find powerful allies, when called upon to do battle with the petty ill and

visions, which now and then assail us all. Therefore I am resolved to be cheerful and happy; to be true to myself - envious of no one - kind and courteous to all. To cherish, sacredly the memory of those with whom I am not permitted to take sweet counsel daily, as heretofore; and in the "day morn", and at silent eve, when the "mysterious stars come up", to feel them near and present in spirit; to give my daily life a charm and beauty, that shall be heightened and hallowed by the thought, of the "untold pleasures" that await, as reunions with these absent ones. Ah, then, what thoughts, we see ~~see~~ low aims, and vulgar motives, and feeble virtues, exalt their possessors, and give them all the high places the world had to bestow. Ah high places! Surely there are high places - high places too, for which we well may toil. Places we have reached, where the spirit bursts asunder the chains which prejudice, folly, unkindness, and sin in all his various forms have forged

~~for~~ it, and standy erect and freed, breathing an atmosphere of purity and love. Ah, though no "dounding brass, or tinkling cymbal", usher us in to these high places, methinks that Angel Harps, do sweetly celebrate our entrance there; and where is the spirit so gross, that <sup>will</sup> exchange its lays, for the noisy trumpeting of men?

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On the first day of this present month, in company with Sarah B. I went to Dover to pass the day with our friend Rachel. As it was a bright and beautiful morning, we walked into the city and seated ourselves in the Worcester Cars, in fine spirits at 1/2 past 7 o'clock. As neither of us had ever been farther on this R. Road than Newton, (~~we supposed~~ we supposed) to be the next stopping place. So the cars having halted, after they passed Newton we thought it must be the place for us to quit, though we received no notice to that effect from the Conductor. So afraid of going too far, (a thing I do



quite too often) I jumped up, and inquired with great earnestness "is this E. Freedom Depot?" All seemed as stupid as possible - and nobody broke the silence with even an "I don't know." Sarah was so much pleased with this aspect of things, and began to laugh right merrily - wondered where I saw a depot - when the absurdity of my question occurred to me - for we were in the midst of a Freedom Woods - not the slightest semblance to a building within sight. How ever - nobody seemed to enjoy the blunder so well as ourselves, and as I seldom regret anything that ministers so innocently to my love of fun, my sense of propriety was very far from being shocked. We found out during the day to our entire satisfaction where it was, as we were obliged to pass more of the day there than was at all congenial to our tastes.

We enjoyed our visit at Mr. Ford's very much indeed, though the absence of one, who shed her light around

her household, the last time we visited there, gave a tinge of sadness to our pleasure. The Mother of the family, rested in the village graveyard, but her spirit lingered in the <sup>midst</sup> of those, whom in her lifetime she blessed. This week, Wednesday, I called with Kate and Lizzy W. upon Ellen - at Mr. Hood's near grove hall. What a pretty, cheerful looking home! Was the idea that entered all our minds. It really looked like Taste's chosen abode. These beautiful flowers we saw there - how I should have enjoyed them if they had not conjured up to my guilty soul, the ghosts of those "fairs" favorites of Lizzy's - last winter. How one vile deed will embitter a whole fountain of sweets! I passed the night at Mr. Wymant's, drinking in the benign and healthful influences of their pleasant home.

Sunday May 10th.

Such an alternation of shower and sunshine this morning - it really gives the <sup>wicker</sup> world quite

an "Edenish look. Employed most of the morning in writing to Livvy No. and in the afternoon heard Mr Putnam preach a sermon which pleased me, from the text: "To be spiritually minded is life and peace"; the life he said which outlasts dissolution, and the peace that passeth human understanding. After defining what he thought to be a state of spiritual mindedness, he said there were many among the good and excellent of the earth, who gave no evidence of a belief in spiritual states and existences, but in whose characters this belief did nevertheless underlie and beautify all; many whose lives were adorned with virtues, of which they knew not whence they came or whither went. There were many also whose excellence of character was the result of spiritual mindedness in others, whom it had made its models and examples. He said this idea of spiritual things, was not wholly

extinct in any mind; earnestly entreated his hearers to unfold this revelation within their souls; said this life was a panorama, and none could get under the figures of or their groupings until light had been let in upon it from the spiritual world.

Saturday May 16.

Had the pleasure of a visit from Ellen on Wednesday, when she passed the night with me, giving me an opportunity to indulge as of old, in midnight revelry. Thursday morning, went with her to Mr. Wymond's, from whence the girls all joined me in escorting Ellen towards Cyroue Hall, returning after a charming walk, to our respective duties. Now I suppose my mental condition is not perfectly sound and healthy, else I should not listen to the "green voices" that whisper somewhat thus: How hard to

leave these merry girls; to silence all this pleasant nonsense; and instead of breathing this free air, and listening to these happy birds, and revelling amid all these genial influences of this sweet Spring morning, to immure myself within this little school house, and issue stern mandates against "dread of books, and loves of fun".

But I am aware that danger - misery perhaps - awaits the listener to words like these - there are wiser voices issuing from the better regions of the soul - voices that speak of duty as a beautiful and sacred thing.

Wednesday night I called at Mr. Wellington's, but did not find Puzey at home. Enjoyed my call however, very much; I have many pleasant memories connected with the household there, that I shall always love to cherish.

I have been reading from the "Cave of Gold" this week, and the following remarks with regard to Roger Acton, the hero of the story, strike me

as worth preserving: "Honest Roger", as the neighbors called him, was a fair specimen of a class which has been Britain's boast for ages, and may be still again, in measure, but at present that glory appears to be departing: a class much neglected, much enduring; thoroughly English, - just, industrious, patient; true to the altar and loyal to the throne; though haply shaken somewhat now from both these noble faiths, warped in their principles and blunted in their feelings, by long doctrines and harsh economies; a class, - I hate the cold, cant term, - a race of honorable men, full of cares, pains, privations, - but of pleasures next to none; whose life at its most prosperous estate is Labor, and in death we count him happy who did not die a pauper. Through the sweat of the soil, the earth yields her increase, but it is for others; from the fields of plenty they glean a scanty pittance and fill the barns to bursting, while their children cry for bread....

But for the matter of character within, Roger is quite another man. If his rank in the world is the lowest, many potentates might envy him his state elsewhere. His heart is as soft as his hand is horny; with the wandering gipsy or the tramping beggar thrust aside (perhaps deservedly) as impudent impostors from the sick man's gates, he has oftentimes shared his noonday morsel: upright and sincere himself, he thinks as well of others; he scarcely ever heard the Gospels read in church, specially about Eastertide, but the tears would trickle down his weather-beaten face: he loves children, - his neighborly little ones, no less than his own: he will serve any one for goodness sake without reward or thanks, and is kind to the poor dumb cattle: he takes quite a pride in his little sad or two of garden, and is early and late at it, both before and after the daily sum of labor he picks up a bit of knowledge here and there, and somehow has contrived to amass a fund of information for which few would give him credit from his common looks, and

he joins to that stock of facts a natural shrewdness to use his knowledge wisely! Though with little of what is called sentiment, or poetry, or fancy in his mind (for harsh was the teaching of his childhood, and meagre the opportunities of self-culture ever since) the beauty of creation is by no means lost upon him, and he notices at times its wisdom too. With a forced habit of manly piety ever on his lips, and ever in his heart, he recognised Providence in all things, just, and wise, and good. More than so; simply as a little child who endures the school-hour for the prospect of his play-time, Roger Acton bears up with noble meekness against present suffering, knowing that his work and trials and troubles are only for a little while, but his rest and his reward remain a long hereafter. He never questioned this; he knew right well who had earned it for him; and he lived grateful and obedient filling up the duties of his humble station. This was his faith and his works followed it. He believed that God had placed him in his lot, to be a laborer

## INTENTIONAL DUPE

But for the matter of character within, Roger is quite another man. If his rank in the world is the lowest, many potentates might envy him his state elsewhere. His heart is as soft as his hand is horny; with the wandering gipsy or the tramping beggar thrust aside (perhaps deservedly) as impudent intruders from the rich man's gates, has he oftentimes shared his noonday morsel: upright and sincere himself, he thinks as well of others; he scarcely ever heard the Gospels read in church, specially about Eastertide, but the tears would trickle down his weather-beaten face: he loves children, — his neighborly little ones, no less than his own: he will serve any one for goodness sake without reward or thanks, and is kind to the poor dumb cattle: he takes quite a pride in his little sod or two of garden, and is early and late at it, both before and after the daily sum of labor: he picks up a bit of knowledge here and there, and somehow has contrived to amass a fund of information for which few would give him credit from his common look, and

he joins to that stock of facts a natural shrewdness to use his knowledge wisely. Though with little of what is called sentiment, or poetry, or fancy in his mind (for harsh was the teaching of his childhood, and meagre the opportunities of self-culture ever since) the beauty of creation is by no means lost upon him, and he notices at times its wisdom too. With a fixed habit of manly piety ever on his lips, and ever in his heart, he recognizes Providence in all things, just, and wise, and good. More than so; simply as a little child who endures the school-hour for the prospect of his play-time, Roger Shelton bears up with noble meekness against present suffering, knowing that his work and trials and troubles are only for a little while, but his rest and his reward remain a long hereafter. He never questioned this; he knew right well who had earned it for him; and he lived grateful and obedient filling up the duties of his humble station. This was his faith and his works followed it. He believed that God had placed him in his lot, to be a labor-

er and till God's earth, and when his work is done, to be sent on better service in some happier sphere: the where, and the how did not puzzle him, any more than divers other enigmatical why's and wherefore's of his present state; he only knew this, that it would come all right at last; and bearing sin (which he didn't comprehend) somehow all was right at present. What if Poverty pinched him? he was a great heir, still;— what if oppression bruised him? it would soon be over.

He trusted to his Pilot, like the landsman in a storm; to his Father as an infant in the dark. For guilt he had a Saviour, and he thought of him in penitence; for trouble a Guardian, and he looked to him in peace; and as for toil—back-breaking toil, there was another Master, whom he served with spade, and mattock and a thankful heart; while he seemed only to be working for the landlord or his bailiff. After recounting some of the processes by which he acquired a thirst for God, and disinterested for his humble duties, it says: Alas, an altered man was Roger Acton! almost

since morning light the leprosy has changed his very nature. The simple-minded Christian, tiding in contentment for his daily bread, cheerful for the passing day, and trustful for the coming morrow, this fair state was well nigh faded away; whilst a bitterness of feeling against—God,—against unequal partialities in Providence, against things as they exist, and this world's inexplicable government,—was gnawing at his very heartstrings, and cankering their roots by unbelief. It is a speedy process;— throw away faith with its trust for the past, love for the present, hope for the future, and you throw away all that makes sorrow bearable, or joy lovely; the best of us, if God withheld his help, would apostatize like Peter ere the cock crew thrice; and at times that help has wisely been withheld, to check presumptuous thoughts, and teach how true it is that the creature depends upon the Creator.

Yet are these righteous gains, God's blessing upon labor: yet is there rightful hope to get these righteous gains. Who can condemn the poor man's care, though Truth



should make his load the lighter? And who will ex-  
terminate the rich man's coveting, whose appetite  
grows with what it feeds on? "Having food and  
raiment, be therewith content;" that is the gold-  
en mean; to that is limited the philosophy of  
worldliness: the man must live by labor and  
its earnings; but having wherewithal for him  
and his, temperately, let him tie the mill stone  
of anxiety to the wing of faith, and speed that  
burden to his God." "Look to thy God, O,  
sinner: use reason wisely; cherish honor: shrink  
not from toil, though somewhat unseward;   
preserve frank bearing with thy fellows; and  
in spite of all thy sins — forgiven; all thy  
folly — flung away; all the trickeries of this  
world — scorned; all competitions — disre-  
garded; all suspicions — trodden under foot,  
thou neediest and needest of labour,  
Enough shall be thy portion, ere a week hath  
passed away. The following is a descrip-  
tion of ~~an~~ a morning after the commit-  
ment of a murder: Day dawned apace  
and a glorious cavalcade of flaming clouds  
hatched the Sun — their captain. From far  
away, round half the wide horizon, their

glittering spears advanced. Heaven's highway  
rang with the trampling of their horsehoof, and  
the dust went up from its jewelled pavement  
as spray from the bottom of a cataract. From  
he came — he came — the chieftain of that on-  
spurring host! his banner blazed upon the sky; his  
golden crest was seen beneath, nodding with  
its ruddy plumes; over the south-eastern hills  
he arose in radiant armor. Fair Nature,  
waking at her bridegroom's voice, arose  
so early from a distant clime, smiled upon  
him sleepily, gladdening him in beauty with  
her sweet, half opened eyelids, and kissing  
him in faithfulness with her dew-be-spinkled  
lips. And he looked forth upon the world  
from his high chariot, holding back the coun-  
sels that must mount the steep of noon:  
and he heard the morning hymn of thank-  
fulness to Heaven from the mountains, and  
the valleys, and the islands of the sea; the  
prayer of man and woman, the praise of  
hisping tongues, the hum of insect joy  
upon the air, the sheepbell tinkling in  
the distance, the wild bird's carol, and  
the loving kine, the mute minstrelsy

of rising dew, and that stilly, scarce heard, <sup>universal</sup> melody of wakeful plants and trees, hastening to turn their spring buds to the light; this was the anthem he, the Lord of Day, now listened to, this was the song his influences had raised to bless the God who made him. And he saw from his bright throne of wide, derivative glory, Hope flying forth upon her marning missions, visiting the lonesome, comforting the sorrowful, speaking cheerfully to Care, and singing in the ear of Labor! and he watched that ever welcome friend, flitting with the gleams of light to every home, to every heart; none but gladly let her in; her tapping finger opened the very prison door; the heavy head of sloth rejoiced to hear her call; and every common Folly, every common Sin, ay, every common Crime, warmed his unconscious soul before her winning beauty.

The last week in May having been passed in Canton, as vacation, I returned to school on the 1st of June. I am somewhat tired of this repetition of scenes and events, and believe that instead of recording them at present, I will write down any thoughts that may deign to visit me. So long as I have no dealings with the critics, and my foolish fancies are too privately recorded to offend the taste of any one, what objection can possibly be raised to such a proceeding? The character of Ellen Murray, striking me as a "model" one in many respects, I will briefly sketch it, in my own language. Ellen Murray was a merry girl. Merry not only when the sun shined and the birds carolled about her, and Nature's sweet influences wooed a smile even from the sorrowing and desponding, but her step was light and her smile joyous when the sky was cloudy and the earth shrouded only in her sombre

hues. She seemed glad always - grateful always. The old gazed at her, and were reminded of the beautiful sunny hours of their own spring time, and remembering the trials of their "life journey" since, sighed that the light-heartedness of youth must pass away so soon. She sang merrily amid her most irksome duties, importing the sunshine of her own spirit, to seasons that would otherwise have looked dark.

True, she had seen no heavy sorrows; but the petty trials and disappointments that embitter so many lives, were her portion too; but they cast no gloom over her cheerful spirit; she remembered at such times how bright and beautiful her life had been, of how many blessings she was the daily recipient, and she "gave thanks for her fair existence." Now Ellen was neither sick nor beautiful. She had not even been patronised by the aristocracy of her native village. She gladdened an humble though virtuous

household. But what cared Ellen that the "charmed circle" of wealth had never opened its ranks to her?

She, with her deep, immortal mind, her warm and generous affections, her beloved home, and its cherished inmates? What cared she for the scornful glance of "high-bred dames", when she could go "abroad in Nature, and learn there such sweet lessons of humility? What place was there for envy, or discontent in a heart so thoroughly imbued with the majesty of Nature, the greatness of her own spirit, and the unspeakable glory of him who gave it? She heard the birds coral forth their songs, and she learned of them trust and gladness; she saw the river glide gently, playfully along, and an "answering echo it found in her breast." The sighing winds, the deep-toned thunder, the howling tempest - reverently she heard them - and reverently she pondered over the mystery of the Universe - but no gloom or sadness

did they waken in her trusting heart.  
The law of kindness was ever in her heart,  
and on her tongue; she whispered to the  
sorrowing words of peace, and gave  
new wings to the "festal hour". Why  
should she not be glad? There are  
many Ellen Churveys, I trust - quietly  
and unobtrusively performing their mis-  
sion - beautifying and cheering earthly  
humble homes.

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Who are the great  
ones of the earth? Are they not  
its faithful and true ones? Those  
who receive all God's allotments as  
good and salutary and seek earnest-  
ly and prayerfully to make them so?  
Though visited like others with  
sorrow and trouble - desponding but  
momentarily - despairing never?  
Those who labor lovingly in the  
sphere assigned them - murmuring  
not at toil - and seeking not  
release? Those who strive to know

the meaning and purposes of life, and  
having known to fulfil them?

Those who permit not sin to forge  
the chains that shall enslave and de-  
grade the spirit, though false "dysen-  
voices" woo them never so sweetly?  
Are not these the truly great to whom  
honor is justly due? Ah, though  
they toil in the deep abodes of poverty  
or "command the applause of listen-  
ing senate" - yet are they faithful mes-  
sengers of God - calling in trumpet  
tones to the erring wanderer - bidding  
him "arise and go to his Father's  
rebuking with an irresistible elo-  
quence the sins of humanity, "What  
though the world recognise them not,  
and discern not - and discern not  
the indwelling spirit? What though  
it comprehend not the "loftiness of  
their joy" and perceive not the an-  
gelic beauty of their life?

Greatness like this, which dwell  
eth not in the halls of sinful  
pleasure, and hath no companion

ship with unkindness - seeketh not  
the Hosannas of the multitude.

Its counsel and its approval of us  
come only from Heaven; from thence  
it continually draweth strength and  
inspiration. Though it toil on appa-  
rently unregarded and unrewarded,  
dost not that exalted and glorified  
spirit, bespeak a joyful, inward re-  
sponse? Ah, silently and beauti-  
fully it triumphs here, and who shall  
unveil the joy, with which the faith-  
ful shall be welcomed to the spirit-  
land?

Monday July 13.

I must not fail to record that  
I kept house for Mr. W. and Em-  
ma from Saturday night to this morn-  
ing, Mrs. W. being hastily summoned to  
Billanca, <sup>account</sup> of her mother's illness.

And didn't I bustle round like a  
person of no small consequence, con-  
scious of a "little brief authority" and  
resolved to exercise it most becom-

ingly? I had begun to flatter myself that  
this brief season would furnish material  
for one of the fairest pages in my per-  
sonal history, when a circumstance oc-  
curred to mar its beauty so effectually,  
as to make me almost wish to "pluck  
out the remembrance of it from my  
soul". Sunday soon arrived - the Rubi-  
con was passed - my fame, I thought  
established on a foundation that would  
endure - and I was already reposing  
in imagination beneath the laurels  
I had won. I had baked some  
beans for dinner - of course felt  
very proud of the achievement - the  
clerk was laid - and everything  
ready - but removing the beans from  
the oven. One can hardly conceive  
the sweet satisfaction I felt as I  
seized the beanpot - when it slipped  
from my grasp - transferred itself from  
a perpendicular to a horizontal po-  
sition - when alarmed and horror-  
struck, lest my beans should be  
numbered among the things that were

I thrust my hands into the steaming oven and sent them out at the opposite oven door on to the hearth, when look to the laces that govern earthen beanpots, it broke - and had it been my heart itself, it couldn't have produced a feeling of such utter desolation and despair. A few of the beans were however rescued unharmed, but the feeling of chagrin and mortification it produced will I fear be lifelong companions. I told Mrs. W. when she returned that Mr. W. found my beans so very delicious, that he must eat the beanpot too, and that was what had become of it. The story was so very reasonable that she of course believed it.

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July 19.

Jacob Sanders was a faultfinder. Not a day passed over his head, but he inwardly exclaimed: What a vile, imperfect world is this! He said men about him look grate-

ful and satisfied, but he thought they only meant to cheat each other, and he smiled contemptuously at their folly. He saw woman, in all "her deep love's truth," but a keen man was Jacob, and he knew that her spirit was frivolous and her heart hollow. Nature wooed him with her sweet influence, but he heeded not her warnings. His spirit was not attuned to her glad voices, and he saw not the "majesty of her dark way." He walked the earth "like a thing accursed", seeing not its beauty, feeling not its gladness, believing men altogether false, and himself their victims. Now I need not say that Jacob was a most unhappy man. But as he grumbled along through his daily tasks, he began at length to feel that some higher life must have been ordained even here below. There were moments when these unseen, mysterious visitants, whom the good do welcome as messengers from the Fa-



thens throne, would, despite all the barriers  
of worldliness and sin he had reared  
against them, steal in and whisper  
of that higher life, as if some pity-  
ing <sup>angel</sup> ~~angel~~ <sup>angel</sup> wept over a human  
soul thus grovelling in the dust.  
And he found himself so wretched, that  
he listened to those whispers, faint at  
first, he pondered their meaning  
and he felt their power. He began  
to feel that he dwelt in a land where  
Music was, and he wondered that  
he heard it not before. He saw that  
beauty was every where about him and  
he wondered that he discerned it  
not before. And as his spirit freed itself  
from the fetters that had so long en-  
chained it, he pondered thus upon the  
transit he had made. Two ways  
lie open to the pilgrim here. In  
early childhood he reaches the "part-  
ing of those ways". He chooses them.  
In one he sees a beauty and a mean-  
ing, bespeaking the Divinity who placed  
him there. He finds three voices

that whisper peace, yet urging him on-  
ward to the highest. New revelations of  
truth and beauty continually break in  
upon his vision. Good angels do  
continually minister in the form of  
reverent, lofty thought, of gentle memory  
and inspiring hopes. Life looks  
beautiful, and duty sacred, and  
he walks peacefully and joyfully, con-  
fident that his Father placed him  
there and ordained the mission he  
is performing. Lured by some gilded  
bauble he enters the other. He finds the  
phantoms he pursued have flown. He is  
in a wildering maze - no harmony  
no order there. Duty is drudgery -  
life - a tedious burden - love and  
purity - unmeaning words - his yearn-  
ings ever unsatisfied. - Happy  
indeed if he open his heart to those  
holy influences that do plead for it.  
Happy, if he can retrace his erring  
steps and find that truer way.

How lamentable that she should die so young, with so much to live for! exclaimed a friend over the death of a young and beautiful girl. And sad and lamentable indeed did seem the destroying angel's mission then. The shroud, the coffin, and the dirge and that young sleeper there — surely tuned too much for human hearts unmoved to bear. And who could recall her mild and gentle presence as she moved among the living but a few days before, the tones of her sweet voice yet lingering like heavenly harpings on the ear, and say calmly it was a beautiful and blessed thing? But as "the violent burst of grief becomes calmed into the tender tear of recollection" is there not something touchingly beautiful in the death of the young? I have sometimes thought it one of the holiest allotments of Providence; to be recalled in all their freshness and vigor, hopes bright enchantments still lingering near; to die before aught has chilled the current of heavenly feeling; before aught cherished has become estranged. Having journeyed through fair and flowery valleys, in clear

and placid waters, the loved ones near still true and faithful, to leave untroubled the dreary wastes, and rugged steep, and troubled waters that lie outstretched before, and retire peacefully and trustfully to a blessed home. To know nothing of the weariness of spirit, the heaviness of care, the bitterness of disappointment of which are the common lot; nothing of the infirmities that fetter the spirit and make it yearn for that free atmosphere where it can unfold its wings and soar aloft. Ah, three-blessed methinks are those, who having early performed their mission here, go from the pure sunlight of unchanged affection, from those fair, sunny dreams which are youth's bright heritage, and all hallowed and genial influences, to that spirit-land, where its brightest, holiest dreams are realized. — Ah, mourn not the death of the young but rather sanctify to the heart all the remembrances they have left thee. Recall them as they last looked upon thee radiant with that purity and truth the world had not yet marred or blighted. Recall them as Faith assures thee thou mayst recall them; "mated with the pure essence of Heaven", more radiant in their "motive skies" than thou saw them here; loving

thee still with a fervor that should  
keep thee holy and spotless too; that  
should keep thy heart young and  
true, though thy missions may  
require from thee a longer so-  
journ and a severer discipline