

Fair parks have been laid out in London  
since 1830, viz: Primrose Hill of 60 A.  
Hensington 18 A. Victoria 265 A.  
Battersea over 300 A.

The poet receives his messages from the  
Infinite; often without being able to concei-  
ve, or say, or do, or feel, or to  
him alone does the historian yield  
the importance of his mission.

If woman appears less conspicuous  
in the historic page, she has been redeemed  
into the possession of her highest nature

Men are the qualities which enable him to  
breathe the storm, while woman's genius en-  
ables her to embellish the retreat, which  
formed its sheltered covers.

"Born to dignify retreat,  
Unseen to flourish, and unknown be great."

"Ketty Abbey is now the lovely and august  
cathedral of natural sentiment, as it  
once was of holy truth. Its pensive  
graces, seemed almost to touch the souls  
of personal sympathy."

If any one wished to see in an architect-  
ural form, an earthly image of Perse-  
phone, to behold a long-armed, shivering  
that was great with beauty, of eastern  
towers at the base.

# INTENTIONAL DUPE

Fair parks have been laid out in London  
since 1630, viz: Primrose Hill of 60 A.  
Hensington 18 A. Victoria 265 A. &  
Battersea, over 300 A.

The poet receives his message from the  
Angel, often without being able to conce-  
lyze, or why he is chosen to deliver, and to  
him alone does the historian yield in  
the importance of his mission.

As woman appears less conspicuous  
in the historic page, she has been redeemed  
into the possession of her highest nature.  
Men has the qualities which enable him to  
breast the storm, while woman's genius en-  
ables her to embellish the retreat, which  
forms its sheltered courts.

Born to dignify retreat,  
Unseen to flourish, and unknown be great."

Whether Abbey is now the lovely and august  
cathedral of matured sentiment, as it  
once was of holy truth. Its pinnacles  
groves, seemed almost to touch the dome  
of personal sympathy."

If any one wished to see in an architect  
what form an earthly image of the  
temple to behold a greater all that  
that is a great work of art at

"We run the risk of having him talked to, with  
is fatter" Wasby on Hancock

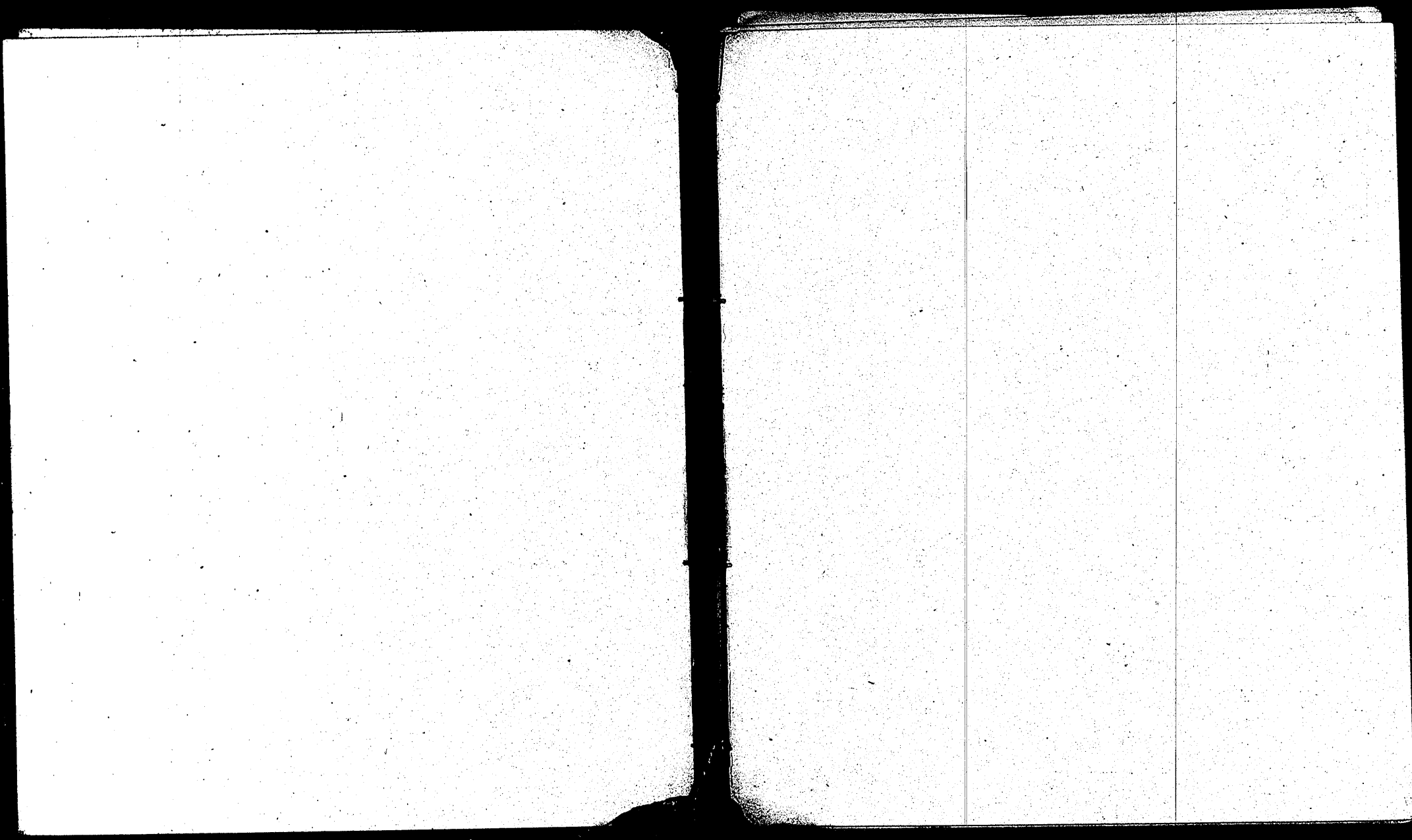
While honest men are doomed to live anywhere  
in poverty and precarity, this world is  
not fit for a gentleman to live in. I give my  
name to my people and give them a fair  
sumptuously every day. I for one, pray that  
the war of prices may increase, but what  
I wish also, is that never more shall  
a Legatus be found at his gate. Walz  
Oke.

"Drayton's ballad on the battle of Agincourt  
is the finest war poetry in the English  
language. Dryden's account of the  
battle in his Annals is an excel-  
lent description. The ballads of Robert  
are the best of forest life. The lovely  
allure of Laura - the virtuous Stella of  
Mey - the virtuous Delia of Daniel - the  
lively and elegant of Spenser - the  
one of Shakespeare as the glorified  
Shakespeare - as the nameless young  
milkmaid inspired by Donne."

There was candor as well as shrewdness in the  
arrangement made by the patriotic White for ever Col-  
ombus that makes poets better with society than  
competency, although which the prophet  
had uttered before their day by inspiration!

"Ye did reject my theme, who came my core's  
Now darkness close upon your night!  
Philip Bowker Norton

"She had forgotten his kisses  
He had forgotten her tears" Alcock.





I wonder how some of our old an-  
cestors endured their life of  
toil, unsweetened by what the mod-  
ern world calls recreation - nev-  
er a tour in all their prosy  
lives. Think of a life among  
the prosperous classes of our day  
with no discussion when June  
came as to Ints or seashore - In-  
terga or L. Serge - Europe or Yu-  
senite. Think of their children  
gathering at school in the Autumn  
with no tales of the fairy world  
of their Summer lives - no gossip  
about those other children far  
away cities - with no airs caught  
from the varied society of the sea-  
son's phrasing. How did they  
live - those steady going ances-  
tors - looking on the same  
familiar hills - plodding the

same beaten pathways - seeing the same old faces all the year! What ruts they must have walked in! How they must have missed the glamour and glory of our modern life! Was the old life wise and wholesome? Is the new life distracting and foolish? With ~~all~~ the facilities for travel which the age has brought, ~~all~~ the wealth flowing so freely, ~~all~~ the revelations of new and lovely places, how inevitable is the new order! And if inevitable from a development so orderly - is it not also good and uplifting? But if the horizon was narrowed in that older time - if men and women knew little of the broadening, mellowing influences that come from larger intercourse, and and newer, vaster scenes of nature - are not we

of the newer time - exposed to something quite as harmful? Is it to freshen and renew that we always put off the home and its dear belongings, and climb the mountains, and ransack the strange cities, and drink of the waters reputed healing? Do we not start often on a weary pilgrimage, finding the deeper want which haunts us is to be found rather in our near Abana or Therapsis than the distant waters of Israel where the crowd allures us, and our going is to give us preshge to feed our vanity? Do we not often spend not only our money, but the richer fibre of our lives for that which profiteth nothing - recreation and fatigue and vanity? Going among the grand old mountains - do we gather the strength of the hills into our souls - feeling the clash

communion with the heavens of which they ought to speak to us - finding in their morning and evening glances of purple and gold a foretaste of the immortal splendors? Do we listen to the sweet Summer sounds that float in from field and valley - catch all that is musical in our souls makes ready response - making to present life all blessed hours of the past, and preparing a richer soil for all happy, fragrant growths in our future? Do we float on lake and river - seeing in calm or ripple, or storm that divine spirit pervading all repose, shining in all pulsation - kindling all holy passion? Do we find in the wild wood "that voice of gladness for our gayer hours", and in the darker musings losing the sadness ere we are aware?"

Or - do we sit much in fleshy parlors - on grand piazzas, talking the vilest ~~trifles~~ "gossiping" about the most unbecoming people, laughing at the simple men and women who violate our social codes - and living on the lowest plane on which we may ever sojourn? Caring no more for all the marvellous beauty and grandeur, than the levellest, prosiest street in our native city? But does one get no benefit from change, if not strong to heroic moods - filled with lofty sentiment - and the poet's divine raptures? Do there no blessedness in happy intercourse, with kindly, common people in hotel parlors? Can't one take in Mtos. and gossip too. Must we all ~~unwittingly~~ see a lesson and a

moral in the innocent journey  
as the child is expected to do in his  
innocent storybook?

Certainly it is good to turn away  
from home even when not dreary  
or oppressive, and have a season  
with unfamiliar people and things  
- sometimes. And O, how gracious,  
after for the weary soul, worn in  
some work that even love and du-  
ty cannot lift from its realistick  
aspect - some burdened soul  
looking on sorrow and loss till  
even the places where they dwell  
are seen through the cloud and  
the pall - good for such to see  
nature in some new, strange as-  
pect, which shall arrest, when dull  
to the familiar - to see men and  
women who have sorrowed too -  
least found healing and cheerfulness.  
But is there not a

great deal of travel, which is mere  
restlessness - a toil and seeking  
without result or finding? - losing  
because it is the thing to do - spend-  
ing on the far away, unsatisfying  
strength and vision that might  
so grasp and drink in the near-  
er glory? So many travel out  
of the line of ~~our~~ <sup>their</sup> tastes and needs.

It would be melancholy if it  
were not amusing, often, to see  
the travelled men and women  
who have done Europe, who had  
no realizing sense of anything  
there, beyond what they had seen  
very obtusely in America. A con-  
spicuous lately mentions a cheery  
old lady who he met in foreign  
art galleries and libraries, who lis-  
tened in wonder when he told her  
the names and stories of some  
of the most potent works she  
saw. She had heard

of none of them. Versailles was a new name to her - and the immortal leaders in the world's thought and history - whose statues and portraits amused her - were as unsuggestive and meaningless as those of the humblest peasants she met. This is an extreme case, <sup>and</sup> no doubt the old lady found much innocent enjoyment - and she had the money - and activity and love of change - and had a right to go. Longfellow tells of a man who went to Rome without seeing St. Peter's - didn't care about it, as he had seen St. Paul's at home - and when at Naples - omitted Pompeii "because they told him it was hardly worth seeing - nothing but a parcel of dark streets and old walls."

But does it not seem as though this rush of people across

the sea, must include a large Company immature in taste, lost in all preparation for Europe's noblest lessons - evincing their unfitness by such dull and meagre appreciation of the best things akin to them here. It really seems as though they too - like Longfellow's traveller - were intent simply on making the grand tour - rather than thirsting for the living fountains that sparkle and well so invitingly to the living, cultured soul. I know men and women, living quietly, in one sense, perhaps, narrowly, who have more of Europe mirrored in their souls than the majority of talking tourists - people who know familiarly and feelingly the "hallowed grounds" where Gauls of worth were born and

gone utterance to their inspired  
word - who know England's sweet  
"hedgerows white and sweet, to which  
his butterflies-like floating flow-  
ers, swim upward, downward - and  
twitch with clinging feet" - know  
Fontainebleau with its sky locks  
- Alhambra's gardens "green with  
myrtle and orange, freshened with  
the gush of fountains, beside whose  
basin the nightingale still was  
the blushing rose." They know the  
gardens of San Marco - and think  
of Donatello - restoring the old stat-  
ues whose beauty he saw amid  
their ruin - and where the immor-  
tal Angelo walked in boyhood  
and studied the forms he was to  
reproduce with a diviner power.  
They are familiar with Kensington  
the Leam - the Volturno - ~~the walk~~  
~~beside for the better than the better~~

because they shed everything genius  
has brought away to give a hint  
or thought of their beauty and mean-  
ing to those who cannot see the great  
originals in their glory. They wan-  
der lovingly by lake and valley  
and river and hillside in their  
own beloved neighborhood - till they  
broader and heighten and sparkle in  
the light of their love and their  
longing - till Lucerne and Chamun-  
ni and Rhine and Blanc are no  
longer strange and distant. Their  
minds - teeming with the love and  
legend which lend enchantment  
to these - though distant in space,  
they feel the glow and inspira-  
tion many an actual tourist  
may never know.  
Therefore, does one ask - is it  
as good and satisfying to  
~~set~~ in one's home and read



and ponder the scenes where the  
angust past has written its  
mighty records? The question  
scarcely needs an answer.  
But - it is good to read aught  
the record of the Here and Now -  
to know that no land holds  
alone Nature's <sup>divine</sup> Secret - none  
is so new it may not furnish  
most of us ordinary people the  
means and models of a thorough  
ness and finish quite beyond  
us yet. It is good for us to  
know it is not always necessary  
to leave our homes or neighborhoods  
at great sacrifice of means and  
comfort and convenience to gain  
catholicity of taste and sympathy.  
How many people fight right  
sturdily, in what they call their  
Summer rest - to preserve

the sacredness of Castle, where  
burners are ~~most~~ ruthlessly  
thrown down - and to impress  
the world about them that they  
are hedged about by that divin-  
ity which does not hedge about  
any lesser creature - and force-  
ly touches the common herd.  
Only let travel be in the  
line of your genius and fitness.  
Let the broad human spirit  
travel with you - and you  
will bless the world as it bless-  
es you. Let the children feel  
your sunshine - and the old your  
strength and helpfulness. Let  
the poor who go meagerly and  
fain deeper necessities than  
fashion or taste create - see in  
you no overpowering presence  
coming between <sup>the</sup> and the Son's  
Clear Shining - but a sweet,

helpful human presence seeking  
to make all travel for your  
self and fellows an onward  
journey to the house called  
Beautiful.

How complacently we criticize  
our fellow mortals! We read their  
motives - wonder at their prefer-  
ences, and bewail sometimes with  
noisy plaint their shortcomings.  
Their extravagance shocks us. Their  
selfishness disgusts us. Their un-  
countableness pains us beyond mea-  
sure. How differently we would  
spend that ample fortune! How  
broadly we would embrace in such  
opportunities the lowly and needy  
who stand shivering and shiver-  
ing so near. If ours were that  
silver tongue, how it should ex-  
hibit and justify the worthy cause  
and its dependents. Meantime  
standing so erect and virtuous,  
with our glance of scorn, or pity  
or rebuke - will it not some-  
times flash upon us that

we too disturb our neighbor's serenity, looking at us from his point of view? Of course there are patent acts of injustice and folly that challenge and justify indignant protest. But do we not judge and condemn each other, knowing very dimly and imperfectly the conditions and real aspects of each other's lives?

Is it good to delegate to ourselves this vitious ownership of another's loyalty to means and methods in which he seems to have so much advantage? Does it never occur to us how <sup>1</sup> really we <sup>2</sup> little know of each other? And how different are the sphere and circumstances of each man's life? And then how opposite are the methods by which an <sup>equal</sup> amount of charity or just economy or brotherly love may be dispensed?

I once knew a lady - herself of kindly sympathies - rather sharply rebuke another that she seemed to do nothing for Church or public causes. I knew the person thus rebuked as an unpretentious, loyal, unselfish soul-caring for aged parents and orphaned children of her family, taking far less thought for the vanities of life than her critic - bearing cheerfully a very heavy weight of anxiety and labor. That was her <sup>favorite</sup> method of serving humanity, and her vision was too narrow to see the other - surely quite as noble. Is it not often so with us?

It is not a drinking for the sal-  
em, wholesome truth under the guise  
of friendship ~~and~~ demand it, that  
we rebuke. It is imperative  
sometimes to call the roll,  
and point the duty - and spur

the lagged conscience of another.  
But how few and rare the natures  
fitted for this work. And how deli-  
cately and humbly - yet directly and sim-  
ply will they do it. But it is the  
cursing - belittling habit of question-  
ing and pronouncing on our neighbor's  
intent to <sup>do</sup> the thing that seems best  
to him, in his own best way. This e-  
ternal wondering and meddling because  
he does not adopt our way of  
thinking instead of his.

Why will Mary Gray marry  
that John Green? They can have  
nothing in common. Think what  
a descent it will be for her. Mean-  
while Mary and John - having found  
a whole rich world in common -  
live on their innocently bought and  
happy life - oblivious of the fier-  
ly interested - or may be occasi-  
onally disquieted a little at what

seems an ill-natured, ignorant com-  
ment. - What heartenish people  
those Southers are. I don't believe  
they've been into a church these 6 years.  
Without stopping to argue the church  
going interest and habit - we will just  
say the Southers - after a week of hono-  
rable toil - done in a spirit, which  
is itself worship, find a heaven of  
calm and thought and devotion without  
church walls, ~~they~~ the impatient  
critic can never find within them.

How much the less, do dress!  
How little they must be able to do  
for other people; The daughter's  
shawl must have cost \$500.  
It does look a little weak and  
selfish in these toiling, suffering  
days, perhaps - but have you a  
no extra fabulous and glances  
whose value might, perhaps  
be wisely treasured for nobler

uses? It is not ~~so much~~ <sup>always</sup> the amount  
as the ~~principle~~ that may constitute  
the folly or the sin of spending. We  
do not know how wide a margin  
may be left with all this seeming  
extravagance for feeding the hungry  
and clothing the naked. But you do  
know how wisely or foolishly your  
own narrower resources ~~may have~~  
<sup>are</sup> been managed to yield to those benevo-  
lent schemes for which you hold  
your richer neighbors bound.

We have all heard, no doubt, the  
story of the miser of Marseille -  
who was so niggardly, that the chil-  
dren hooted and jeered at him - grove  
men and women glaced scorn at  
him, as he passed; with an a-  
bandance of gold, he was an out-  
cast and alien in his native  
city. He bore it all without

excuse or plaint, making no sign  
that they had wronged or misjudged  
him. But when the inevitable  
hour came - and the making of his  
life was read, it told a story of  
self-sacrifice and heroism, never even  
in that old city - once the <sup>pride</sup> ~~pride~~ <sup>pride</sup> ~~pride~~  
of Athens, herself. He had suffered  
once in fever, a thirst so fierce,  
that it burned ~~itself~~ into his memory  
a sense of pity and help towards  
all who might ever suffer such  
untold agony - and he resolved to  
live for this one purpose - to bring  
a supply of pure water into Mar-  
seille. If this was an extreme  
case - justifying some cruelties  
- does it not also justify much  
reticence and modesty in judg-  
ing the actions of our neighbors?

But it is not always a coarse  
excess that is misleading and  
harmful. There is a great deal of  
unnecessary, extravagant laudation  
of unworthy people. How often some  
superficial grace or <sup>quality</sup> is magnified  
beyond its evident value, until the  
subject trusts the verdict, and aims  
at nothing deeper or higher. Are  
not many of our social and financial  
sweeps traceable to this source - and  
do they not hint the necessity and  
wisdom of reserve. Sometimes in  
place of free and flippant commendation?  
It is jestingly said, even a wo-  
man the reputation of beauty, and  
despite all contrary evidence of the  
senses - she will hold it in triumph.  
Perhaps no ~~instance~~ <sup>subject</sup> of  
the sense of beauty, <sup>to the popular verdict</sup> could be less  
harmful - But when irrespon-  
sible people enlarge with empha-

sis the honesty and virtue and ability  
of men and women whom they know  
most superficially - do they not expose  
a trusting community to wrong, and the  
people themselves to downfall and dis-  
aster? There is so much seeming  
in the world - the fingers leap so  
open to the front and deliver their  
message and make their demand with  
such an air of sincerity - that "Hypoc-  
rasy" "that tribute which we pay  
to virtue" - is often mistaken for  
virtue's self.

Who does not know young girls,  
gracious, and winsome and lovely  
in their homes and among their intimates  
thrust aside and perhaps wounded  
in that larger world into which  
they shyly go by those who are  
removed a whole heaven  
for them in all that makes  
the <sup>time</sup> charm and <sup>the</sup> glory of man -



denial. And how strange and false  
would read the comment of many  
an actor or spectator in that  
larger world - to those who actually  
knew and felt the characters of those  
shy and brilliant girls!

But when petty judgments and  
criticisms were or disturb how  
true and grand sound the words  
of one of our wisest, grandest  
men. "Colors are fast - because  
they are the native colors of the  
fleece - and the ~~palice~~ sincerity  
of the ~~universe~~ are secured by  
God's delegating his divinity to  
every particle; there is no room  
for ~~impurities~~ that we may have  
an insight which disregards  
what is done for the eye - and  
pieces to the doer - and ear  
which hears not what men say  
but what they do not say."

~~That~~ Man needs his own verdict - and  
no good can help - no bad can hurt  
him - ~~the~~ Honor and fortune exist  
to ~~whom~~ who always recognizes the  
neighborhood of the great - always feels  
himself in the presence of high caus-  
es." ~~The~~ ~~quid~~ in the Shakers "one  
piece of belief which they faithfully  
hold, which encourages them to open  
their doors to every way-faring man  
who proposes to come among them;  
for they say the spirit will frequent-  
ly manifest to the man himself and  
to the society what manner of per-  
son he is, and whether he belongs  
to them. They do not receive him,  
they do not reject him, and not  
in vain here they wear their clay  
cast and bridged in their fields,  
and shuffed in their Bruin dars  
for year to year, if they have truly  
learned so much wisdom."

Let us remember too his word -  
"to every creature is his own weap-  
on - however skilfully concealed  
from himself. His word is sword and  
shield. Let him accuse none - let  
him injure none. The way to mend  
the bad world is to create the right  
world." Let us seek that impressin-  
able conscience - that ~~dearer~~ ear to hear  
a clearer note of right and wrong. For  
then are we nearer to the secret of God;  
are bathed in sweeter waters - see  
visions where before was vacancy -  
and find that insect which holiness  
rengers."

I could not help thinking as the  
cock crew at 3 o'clk. this morning,  
so skully, low regardless the creature  
was of the habits of the human  
world who deem themselves equally  
entitled to their hour of rest. From  
the stillness comes their jubilant  
shriek at the dawn's first waking -  
a miracle which seems never  
to lose its power by endless repeti-  
tion. And we of the human world wrap-  
ped it may be in uneasy slumbers - feel-  
ing the disturbance come back prematurely  
and unwillingly to a consciousness of  
the day and its sollicitudes. But the lordly  
creature has a world of his own - his  
own notions as to when the day should  
begin to which he would hold all hen  
and chicken - of which he is head  
and master. The breaking light is  
his signal for activity - and when

his hour is come, what to him is this shun-  
bering world of men and women? And  
hasn't his world, how the human  
world is bound too, to respect, if he is  
to respect theirs? If they revel and  
rejoice, and parade and illumine when  
he retires into the bosom of night  
and his family, why should he suppress  
his morning ecstasies? There may  
be now and then a <sup>sparingly</sup> conceited rooster,  
desecrating Mrs. Pupper's sharp com-  
ment - thinks the sun rises sim-  
ply to hear his crowd. But I would  
far think better of the average coos-  
ter. Who knows how necessary  
to his life of responsibility and  
command may be the inspiration  
of this virgin hour. Jean Paul  
says, those skilled in the arts of  
happiness - get their kernel of  
every day and hour. Maybe Char-  
lottesville finds his choicest ker-

nel by the light of that first morn-  
ing ray - and with a wisdom better  
than ours, never fails to remember  
his golden hour.  
But, O, bird of dawn - why not  
take a lesson from that which pleas-  
es thee so much - and see that  
the "sweetest morning service of  
nature - consists in stillness?"  
Don't you see how silently light  
cometh in the East - as Day mounts  
higher no Clavier shrill herald  
her majestic march. "Senseless,  
the sun emits his fire" - and pours  
his golden beam - and as he de-  
scends through his magnificent  
cloud position to "the under world" -  
it is the silent farewell which  
blesses the going down of greatness  
and splendor. Can't you see  
how petty is all this clamor  
over a movement so grand

and stately as the Coming Day?  
But after all - do we humans show  
better taste than Chancellors in wel-  
ing our capture? And isn't that  
even so shilly expressed, better  
than the blunted sense that neither  
sees or feels the glory of the daily  
miracle? And is this noiferous an-  
nouncement of his saloquachin a  
joy, when we would fain see a  
little longer through blessed dream-  
land - a weakness wholly confined  
to the poultry yard? Doesn't it re-  
mind us of some men and women,  
who, enveloped in the hot vapor  
of their own rapture, scream  
and waxy it into ears pre-oc-  
cupied with sweeter music?  
If that music be only divine enough  
- that like that of Japheth passing  
the Sirens - no louder sound  
may enter - then and only then

is he safe from the intruder.  
But if the initiation of most vital  
movements is in the quiet soul in  
the silent hour - is there not some-  
times a gladness that without  
release - may find vent in shout  
and acclamation? May not the  
reformer in some stage of his work  
raise the shouting sleepers  
with Clarion and Trumpet to  
sympathy with the pageant or  
project that stakes the hour  
of a new era? They are so for-  
getful - so dead - and the hand  
moves on the dial - and the occa-  
sion passes - and he is so alive  
to seize and consecrate the new  
born day. Unprepared Nature  
utters her cry - it may sound  
shrill and untimely as that  
of Chancellors to our morning  
dream. But it may also

be the signal that our Ocean should  
end and our day of thought and  
work begin. And if man is  
justified when the day thus breaks  
for him in calling hastily to his  
fellow man to wake and rejoice  
and work with him - putting all the  
muscle with which God has blessed  
him into his imploring or warn-  
ing voice - may not Churchmen  
let his shrill, clerical notes be  
echo over hill and dale to rouse  
the sympathy and fellowship of kin-  
dred folk in an hour that no doubt  
seems to him as big with fate.

I was amused during my summer  
sojourn in the country at the freely,  
noisy dialogal, evidently carried  
on between two neighboring roasters.  
It was too loud and shrill for  
confidential talk - too intense  
and hearty for mere gossip -

there was too much cheer and good-  
will in its tone, for angry contest.  
They replied promptly to each other's  
remarks, but not so hastily as  
to hint of rash, unthinking quality  
in their talk. It soomed up opinions  
- coming too, from those who had the  
courage of their opinions. They were  
weighing evidence, and balancing  
the pros and cons of some matter  
whose results must touch not  
only the neighborhood and its per-  
sonalities, but the state and its  
interests. Since my return, an  
incident has hinted the solution  
of the mysterious colluzy. One  
of the roasters crowed for the grounds  
of a gentleman, prominent as a  
candidate for honorable office.  
There was serious question as  
to his availability - none a-  
mong those who knew him

as to his worth and honor. And who knows how much friendly farmers talk and newspaper comment may have reached the quiet ear of Chanticleer? And when I saw the gentleman's letter announcing his withdrawal from the contest, lest he embarrass the good cause so dear to him - it all flashed upon me. I knew him to be the sort of man to interest all the humbler creatures about him in his welfare - and the neighbor's as well as his - as the people's cause was his also - and they were talking the matter over.

"What - asked the neighboring waster - Can he possibly gain by entering again into this strife? They all know him honest and true, as we do - but how they will malign him? Didn't they before? Didn't they berate and distort his views on

the vexed question which divided the party? How they did try to distort his high fidelity to a deliberately, conscientiously formed opinion."

"Yes, yes, I know it," said the home waster - but because he stood so firm in that high fidelity, I want him to stand. It won't be comfortable - of course - but he isn't one of your seekers after comfort - and I hate to have him yield.

"But the people are so fearful he won't get the voters who will count, if they don't merge, and so the election will go to the Demagogue as it did last year, and the party - the party must be restored."

"Yes, but so many of the people do want him, and we know how unflinchingly he will serve good causes if elected."



"We don't doubt that. But he'll feel so chagrined and sorry to see his party defeated again because of his decided views on a reverse issue: and I think, he'd better not stand. What has he to gain as Governor - and how much he has to lose! All who have their eye on some candidate of less pronounced views, will work against him not always with most delicate weapons - and what a whirl of criticism and misconception hell live in the next 3 months!"

"O brave master that you are! A 3 months life in a whirl of criticism and misconception. Can - living among such honorable, high minded people, think my master is to be dissuaded from any high duty that seems to claim him

by that consideration. Who ever served well his County or his State - without a much longer sojourn in that Maelstrom? It is one of the hard, mortifying conditions of faithful, honorable service."

"I know all that, I've heard of Washington and Lincoln and Sumner - and many other men of like noble quality in lesser quantity, perhaps serving in a narrower sphere - who have "cut through this sea, like a vessel which can do without sail or favorable winds, deviating not an inch from the line of its first intention" But here is a peculiar crisis in party affairs. Several good, efficient men are sum-

moved to the field. There is, you  
will confess - a choice of parties,  
and isn't it best to waive person-  
al preference, where the interests  
dearest even to the man of our  
choice are endangered?

Well, says the other, more medita-  
tively. As I look around these  
pleasant grounds - see the stately  
trees making such grateful shade  
- these flowers of flame emphasiz-  
ing the greenness of the lawn - the  
the happy children making such  
merry music through it all - and  
then remember the acid, glaring  
noisy world of politics out-  
side - I am more than half in-  
clined to endorse your views.  
But I confess to no slight trouble  
listening to a voice like this.

Of course if the political world

is ever to be made less acid, glar-  
ing and noisy, it must be by  
ringing out these men

All fiery hot to burst the  
Barriers, in their onward race

"For power  
and unging in"

"The valiant man and free  
With larger heart and kinder hand"  
I think our man would be a  
"Steadfast pillar in the storm"  
but may be his hair to stand and  
bear its buffeting is not yet  
come - and his may be a "hope in  
Civic action man" while  
some equally true man stands  
at the helm." And so they

ended. May be my fancy rings  
a little riot - <sup>As the lights and sounds</sup> ~~but the measure~~  
~~of a charming Summer morning~~  
~~returning with all its beauty~~  
~~at least I sound as if~~  
I may magnify their significance.

sights - and I magnify their meaning  
and significance. It does not seem  
strange to me now, in the light of  
those pleasant memories that birds "confer-  
ulate" on higher themes - where earth  
and sky are <sup>blowing</sup> ~~blowing~~ <sup>seen to have</sup>  
~~uttered deeper things than Delphic~~  
<sup>voices,</sup> ~~oracles of old.~~

This article, published in Register,  
Shelley criticizes a statue of Bacchus, one  
of Angelo's earlier works, as the incoherent  
fancy of a Catholic, wishing to represent him  
as a god; and says also, unity is want-  
ing as a work of art. Crumm in his life  
of Angelo, says, it is unjust criticism;  
that Shelley knew none of the conditions, un-  
der which Angelo worked; and the fact  
that it was badly placed gave the ap-  
pearance of lack of unity. He adds,  
that in the palace court, where it was at-  
tached, the cool brightness stream-  
ing down upon it from the open sky, must  
have given it a very different effect.  
I, of course cannot pretend to any judg-  
ment of these criticisms of the rearing  
god of the creeds. I know him only in  
painting, and that which I recall  
most vividly, was so expressive  
of flesh and sense - of an imbecility  
so altogether earthly - that not-  
withstanding the freshness and  
fervor of a graceful wreathing

of the mine, I felt a touch of pity for poor Ariadne, whose love, driven for the heroic Theseus, must alight on what looked so sensuous and foolish. But then I thought, there were, no doubt, women in these later days, who having loved and trusted, so called heroic men; given them the labyrinthine clue that was to make their own way. Cleopatra, found themselves deserted on a lonelier island than old Naxos. And is it strange, if, forsaken, shattered, somewhat in thought and heart, they welcome some lighter, merrier, more genial savior, caring little whether he can remove the rack, and bear away the sword and sandals of a hero. And Bacchus was a god - and Theseus but mortal man - and very faithless, too, as far as Ariadne was concerned. And Bacchus, was a conqueror, too - and assumed the lion's form at times - and no doubt looked quite different to Ariadne - for the Bacchus of my picture -

a circumstance that may spoil my parallel.

But the words of Grimm's criticism struck me: "Shelley did not know the conditions, under which it originated, and its seeming want of unity, was because it was badly placed."

How many lives get falsely read and reported for just this reason. How little pains we take, how unequal, often with all our pains, to know the conditions in which they originate. How falsely people get placed often in the world and in society, seen only in "dull, uniform side lights", like this statue in the Ufficio,

The child at school seems morose and moody. The pedagogue sees a great want of unity in his character, and decides he is a very worthless piece of humanity. Does he ever inquire into the conditions that have helped to

form him? Does he ever see the home  
where this moody, morose child gets  
nourishment for body and soul? Does he  
ever find out, what it behoves him to  
know that his perversity or obtuseness  
is the result of hunger, of meagre, per-  
haps brutal surroundings - of a pollut-  
ed ancestry; and that his moodiness  
may indicate the vital spark that he  
is to discern and kindle to a living flame,  
if blessed with the insight and wisdom  
of a true master? It may be an in-  
ward protest against the foes he is called  
to battle - a dim, confused vision of  
what he craves, and feels he has a right  
to, but knows not the way to.

How inharmonious is that woman  
of our acquaintance! How angular in  
soul and body, violating all one's  
ideal of a gracious, attractive charac-  
ter. There is a flash of beauty now  
and then, as she is brought into some

unworked attitude of affairs, or we  
approach her for some unworked atti-  
tude of ours. But, if we have no insight  
into the conditions that have moulded or  
marred her life - that have originated  
all this contradiction and deformity - then  
we should be very wary of our censures.  
And all these lines - seen in this dull,  
uniform side light - as they were a-  
gainst the sun of heritage - the fumes  
of adverse fortune - and the "weary weight  
of all this unintelligible world." Will  
not a finer insight, piercing the din  
and smoke of conflict, see a noble  
struggle towards loftiest ideals?

If their sense of beauty and fitness  
has been wounded and dulled and fettered  
here - shall they not stand yet,  
where the coal <sup>brightness</sup> streams upon them  
for that open sky of June and  
mead - - shall show their very  
different - for the people - seen in  
our narrow niche

in the gray and sombre light of our  
uncherishableness or prejudices?

What is this "mere morality"  
of which the sensualists talk so  
much, as such a worthless, if not  
dangerous possession? What do  
their phrases - Getting Christ, Being  
washed in the blood of Christ - mean?  
If they are coarse and vulgar, as  
well as vague, often in their  
expressions, they are, surely, many  
of them in earnest, and rousing  
men from torpor and sensuality  
to some apprehension of things  
spiritual and eternal - and so  
putting them in the way of health  
and safety - must help to save  
souls. But is the danger they  
denounce against so vehemently  
of mere morality, so imminent  
as it would seem? What  
constitutes a really moral young



man? He does not drink when the  
wine cup tempts - though the jest and  
sweer must follow its refusal. He  
does not swear when the machinery  
of affairs gets tangled, and men hurry  
and carry him beyond measure. He  
does not take the funds that are  
entrusted, when the friend whispers,  
you can use them till to-morrow  
without suspicion, and get great  
gain to yourself, and do great service  
to another. He does not lie, when  
the truth does not seem to advance  
his interests. He does not ignore  
his brother man who is fainting  
or perishing for any humor and  
which he can bring. He does not  
betray the trust which any man  
or woman has reposed in him.  
He lives faithfully the principles

of love and justice towards his  
neighbor - undividing his own prefer-  
ences when they interfere serious-  
ly with his - restraining always  
the lower tendencies that war a-  
gainst the higher. And living  
thus, fulfilling the law written  
in the soul and spoken on the  
meant, to whose voice does  
he listen, to what spirit is he  
faithful? Rare, indeed, are  
the souls that mount freely up-  
ward, when the world and its con-  
flicts claim urgently, especially  
in the hot and eager days of  
youth. Through weapons - through  
enemies, they press - like those  
Trojan heroes, on that supreme, in-  
evitable day of Troy, and when as vic-  
tors, they stand heroic, and faith-  
ful to all their relations with  
their fellow men - is this

mere morality something cold and  
external, to be rebuked by men who  
deal in phrases, comparing with the  
name of Christ, subordinating the char-  
acter and spirit? What "allures the  
ear to these acuter notes" of right  
and wrong? What strengthens and  
fires the soul to love the right and  
to reject the wrong? Can such fruit  
as pure morality grow and ripen  
without likeness of heart, and  
belief sincere and vital, <sup>the heart</sup> whose  
bosom is the seat of that law whose  
harmonies here trumpeted over  
all the siren voices that have  
mooed them astray? If the mariner  
cannot guide his ship, without  
observation of the heavenly powers  
- can man meet the demands  
of a high morality, without aspira-  
tion and communion with heaven  
by a God?

There are many who are helping to  
uplift <sup>the world</sup> to a higher plane by their sym-  
pathy - who, through purity of heart and  
life, see God - yet with tender con-  
sciences, yet wrestle and groan  
for manifestations contrary to Na-  
ture and to God - striving for  
some strange, mysterious coming  
of the Christ, whose indwelling spir-  
it already permeates and quickens  
their souls. Emerson says, men  
talk about mere morality,  
which is much as if one  
should say - "poor God, with  
nobody to help him."

Yesterday a young man was installed as colleague with Dr. Putnam. It was, of course an event of great and touching interest to the society. For 45 years he has been its eloquent, great preacher, and now in failing health, stands in the pulpit occasionally, presenting the truth with that unrivalled glow and power, felt by so many in earlier days. As a child, I remember his ordination. I was very young - not 7 years old - but I had been touched and attracted by something in the words and the manner that waked a new sense of appreciation and enjoyment, that quickened and grew through all the impassible years that followed. Through my mature days I had listened - knowing the man personally, but little, and very superficially - and never, here I

found in all the eloquent and earnest men I have heard - and my privilege has been great, such power to stir the depths within, or to lift me to the heights of clearer vision. In some moods, I trace all that is best in my mental and moral training, more to that pulpit than to any other outside influence. It seems to me none could so present to me those fairest ideals, and so kindle the desire to reach and live them. And if I have done nothing specially great or good in the world - my thought has been higher, my vision broader, my hold on things pure and eternal stronger, and my life sweeter and richer for this preacher's word. For some years I have known little of this church or its pastor - only occasionally hearing a sermon. And when, to-day, I went in with the multitude to

see his successor installed, it was with a mixed feeling of pain, anxiety and hope. Pain that so valiant and inspired a soldier of the Cross was to put off his armor - anxiety for the youth who was to assume it, hope, born of the conviction that none would be called to a place so consecrated, unless he come with such credentials as few young students could offer. The decorations of the pulpit were worthy the occasion - the steps one bed of greenery and flowers. The ordaining prayer by Prof. C. Everett, simply, touchingly fit and beautiful. Dr. Putnam's Charge gave utterance rather to the voices that must here plead, and wept and resolved in the young preacher's breast, than to the practical advice and words, which a common sense man would have given - and which as he said - could be given more yet -

ly in private. (He said I must be that  
at this solemn crisis of your life, at this  
initial point of your chosen career, this new  
point of departure, for which all your pre-  
vious years have been a preparation, and  
all your coming ones will be the sequel,  
it must be in such an hour, that your  
soul, all astir and aglow with the inspi-  
rations of God, is listening to other and  
holier voices, than can be written or  
spoken in earthly language. Now, if  
ever, the great aspirations from which  
all good things in men do proceed, must  
be kindling, swelling, and mounting  
within you, and these high resolves  
which determine life and character  
to noble ends, are taking fixed shape  
and hardening into adamant. Now  
there comes to you, breathed into your  
inner ear, the Saviour's tender and  
pleading question to another, with  
its attendant commandment. Si-

mon Peter - Lovest thou me? and to your  
inner and unplugged eye there appears  
as it were, the prophet's scroll, unfolding  
out of heaven, and written over, within and  
without, with soft appeals and solemn  
enjoinments to a consecrated life and  
faithful ministry. If it be so with  
you, that is true anointing, and effect-  
ive ordination, and all else, all we  
can say or do, is empty form and con-  
ventionality. While the living God is thus  
by his great inspirations teaching you  
at first hand, any poor words and mes-  
sages of ours would be but a superflu-  
ity and interruption. While the Holy  
Spirit is dealing with you, a mortal  
man had best be silent." and then he  
would have his good wishes reach be-  
yond the purple and gold of a hope-  
ful, aspiring youth time, beyond even  
the prosperities and successes of  
monks' strong maturity. Let  
then stretch out to a perfect

which you are not likely to be thinking of, but which I may well think of. That far distant period when all these elders of the congregation, who are receiving you to-day with such parental cordiality, have become to you but a far off - albeit an ever vivid and tender remembrance.

When the strong men who gather round you now, shall all have passed down the vale and out of sight, when even of your equals even, only here and there one will remain, and their children and their children's children shall constitute your flock, and when Time, the all-subduer with a heavy, but not unkindly hand, shall have laid its weight of infirmities on yourself, when the almond tree shall flourish, and the almond tree be a burden, when legs and limbs shall falter, and even these pulpit stairs, that you <sup>only</sup> climb at a bound to-day, shall have become a measureless ~~to you~~ feet, and your

voice resonant now with the glorious vigor of youth, shall later to reach yonder walls with its feeble tones, when that day comes, and long and late may be its coming to you, then may the good God grant you those beautiful and ample compensations which He knows so well how to provide. May he surround you with troops of loyal, life long friends, cushion you about with sympathies and kindnesses and grateful memories, lap you softly amid the tender endearments, of close and homebound relationships, make you even then a welcome and cherished presence in large circles of affection and pleasant companionship." Peruse these more tender words - how noble, and ample did he picture the privileges and duties to which he welcomed his new associate - welcoming him to "a field to work in - not a quarried garden all rolled and swathed for faintly feet - a field

like the rest of the world all hard and  
rough with stony places in it, and choking  
thorns sprouting, or already grown here  
and there, a field to be tilled and mel-  
lowed and planted, demanding all the  
work you can put into it". And then of  
the blessed fortunes he would find, and  
when his people in their grateful, per-  
haps admiring appreciation, shall tell  
you how well you have done, while you  
will be touched by a sense of their  
indulgence, and cheered by a glimpse  
of success, I will make you feel  
how much better it might and  
ought to have been, how far short  
of your ideal, and your opportunity  
you have come, and it will send you  
into your closet to think in deep  
and healthful humility how you  
shall give up your hours for more  
earnest exertion and more de-  
served success." )

What sweet assurances he gave  
of the divine helpfulness and all  
the power that should come to him by  
~~human~~ <sup>human</sup> aid and sympathy, of which  
of which he alone could speak so con-  
fidently. What an ideal of holiest  
ministration - and how as in rapt  
and holy vision he followed him  
beyond his purple tinted youth to  
the days when lips and limbs should  
falter - to the prophets scroll, writ-  
ten within and without with soft  
appeals and solemn injunctions -  
when the children and children's children  
of the strong men who gathered round  
him now - should crush his  
flank - you felt that his own heart  
in that interesting hour was all  
"ash and aglow" with the story  
of his own vocation, but ve-  
lous life among these  
people. I had never expect-  
ed to hear again of those



lips to be so touched and kindled by  
the inspiration I had felt so keenly  
in my youth.

And this new youth elected to carry  
on the work of this cone preacher!

Standing there in the vigor of his  
young manhood, with such a pre-  
decessor, whose tones were even then  
vibrating in the <sup>hearts</sup> of the wait-  
ing people - hearts so long at-  
tuned to his voice as that most  
potent to awaken the divinity  
within - how did he bear the put-  
ting on of this purple mantle?  
Sorely the King was not dead -  
but was there a successor -  
coming who should bear on  
the message as acceptably as  
he had delivered his?

He preached a sweet, simple, no-  
ble sermon on Service - its  
kingly privilege - the divinity

and sovereignty of service. He spoke  
of the need in every individual of  
friendly sympathy and aid, without which  
the eye loses its delight, the voice  
its cheer, the heart its courage, and  
the very hopes of life grow dim and inef-  
ficient. How on one side stands this  
eternal thirst of the human spirit  
for friendly aid and encouragement;  
on the other stands the complementary  
fact, which is the ability in every  
human being in some manner and  
some degree to answer this want.

Here is the ever present hunger of  
humanity - there the endowment, not  
wholly to satisfy, for that is God's, but  
the power to alternate and assuage, so  
that our every comrade has wants that we  
may lessen, and we too have deep desires  
that others may in large measure meet.  
To make us feel the grandeur of this  
idea, did Jesus wash the disciples' feet.  
The grandeur of service, that makes

The soul walk in high places, when gulfilled  
ing however humbly, those acts of kind-  
ness and of love. that make the joys of  
life more holy, the afflictions more easy  
to be borne, and all our relations more  
prolific of hopeful results.  
He spoke so modestly and <sup>humbly</sup> <sup>lovingly</sup>  
his own part in this new relation, so  
trusting of theirs - the hearers must  
have inwardly pronounced him worthy,  
and felt he was to be to them and to their  
children, what the elder had been to  
their fathers and to them. This and perhaps,  
more - something added by the spirit  
and tendency of this newer time, broaden-  
ing the sympathy and fellowship of  
work and service outside the pulpit  
ministrations. And when Dr. Sewell  
repeated those lines for Milton  
which he had addressed to Dr. P.  
45 years ago - <sup>his part</sup> <sup>has done</sup>  
See that thou do thine - and

hoped it would be as truly gulfilled in  
this case as in his, I think a strong  
assurance that it would gulfilled all hearts  
present. The music was very  
beautiful. How lovely the messengers  
that preach us the Gospel of peace -  
of Mendelssohn's St. Paul - being under-  
erid most inspiringly.

In these Centennial days, how vividly and gratefully we recall the women of former generations who graced the Nation's Capital. Their worth and beauty lent a charm and influence, as grateful to patriotic memories, as the words and deeds of the heroic men who had achieved so nobly. How much that is grand and stately, lovely and gracious in the womanhood of today, robes itself in the costume of that earlier time, assumes its surroundings, imitates so far as faithful study of picture and biography and tradition will permit, the look and manner of those ancient dames - thus confessing their worth to live again and grace the social life of our newer day. And are they not beautiful as they look out to us from the dawn of the republic, fresh and glowing with the baptism of trial and disaster through which

that republic had been born and consecrated? Was Clarion tones still reverberated in their ears; the voices that had thundered against oppression were yet resonant with the old vigor, though they spoke the calmer and sweeter accents born of victory. They could almost feel the hot breath of flames that had scorched and desolated the land - could see the vanishing gleam of the sword they had guided on with hands nerve with a diviner strength than theirs. When we pronounce the names of Washington and Adams and Hamilton and Madison, do we not think of cultured, high souled women almost as gratefully as of their illustrious husbands who sustained and strengthened them by a courage as lofty as their love was pure?

They gave charm and dignity to that circle to that circle where such mighty influences emanated; and if a tradition comes to us to-day that any have forgot their high place and privilege, we feel a patriotic pain and disappointment.

And do the women of Washington to-day, realize how luminous and lofty is the place they occupy? Say what you will, that you do not look there for good and cultured society where does it loom up more conspicuously, before the public? Where should it be purer and nobler than where a nation's laws are made, where great interests and issues so centre and warm into discussion? A writer in the Atlantic says "the capital should be, if it is not what it really means - the true head of a community - a seat of its common soul"

And do we not read with liveliest interest the advent of a new star into the constellation of names fraught with national significance? When the correspondents make their letters glow with descriptions of some lovely woman whose name is linked with official dignity, are we not quite ready to suppose the worth of which such grace and beauty are but the happy blossoming? Alas! that it should ever be otherwise! That when we read of elegant costumes for women - of such rare appointments of table and treasure at dinners - of unquestioned etiquette of receptions - we read not merely the incidents and occasional manifestations of lives whose roots lie deep and vigorous in a soil holding all elements of richer growth - but the air,

and desire and business of these lives. We have read with much interest the advent of a lovely into this society, who has captivated many hearts by her grace and beauty and luxury - who gave pleasure as unthinkingly and royally as she received it - seeming to receive it most truly in giving it.

The halo that encircles the brow of Motherhood added to her charm filling a large sphere with its radiance. How many letters from the Capital, gave a goodly place to this fair woman and her surroundings, and how zealous readers idealized the scenes she graced and thought of all the fair pictures of enchantment in story or fable.

And then came the debasement. Debasement not simply from kept social station and luxurious living and official dignity - but from that higher place sacred to women of all states who

have kept firm hold of integrity and honor - through all temptation.

And is this woman, placed so high, fallen so low, to call forth nothing but sneer and condemnation? Culpable and weak as she may be, is she to bear it all? She must bear her portion, and what gall and bitterness that may be, we will not attempt to measure. God is merciful to all weak and sinning lives - and redemption will come through sorrow and repentance and holy living. She has loved much, and how much greater would love for husband and child ever have been, had she loved honor more we need not say. But where lurked the tempter? - where lay the weakness? Has not this ambition, with which so many women are <sup>smitten</sup> become their fate, like that of the Leaker in Hawthorne's story? Does it not sweep away the banners which honor and duty

interpose between them and that barren  
land where they shall eat only <sup>the</sup> dust.  
to which the dweller in the paradise  
of old was doomed? Who does not  
know women, shocked at such a scy-  
nal instance of vice, who are to-  
day unsuspicious wise Shadowy sem-  
blances of good, mistaking them for  
the immortal splendour? And then how  
easy the descent to this Avernus!  
God pity, indeed, a woman who can  
lead a life of ease and elegance and  
luxury, with the haunting conscioas-  
ness of fraud and speculation; standing  
high among the shining lights of the na-  
tion, tarnishing that nation's name  
and pilfering its resources. Showing  
the kindness and generosity so easy to  
an amiable nature with ample re-  
sources means, to those in her own  
sphere, and securing those ample  
means at the expense of the poor

soldiers at the dreary outpost,  
whose own wife and child perhaps  
are weary and haggard with toil,  
practising an economy it would pain  
her to witness. How slack and fee-  
ble must the moral fibre here grow!  
How weakly selfish the woman's nature!  
How faint the voice of God in the wo-  
man's soul! and do we realize how  
gradual and subtle is the process  
towards such a fall? This do and  
thou shalt live - this do, and thou shalt  
die - is the sentence read to every  
healthy soul. But how the soul  
grows sickly with indulgence and desire  
lower desires  
lamps and delectables and thinks to es-  
cape this sharp, unalterable sen-  
tence. How it sneers - one hair's  
breadth, at first only, from the path of  
truth and honor - not of outward  
relations merely but in the in-  
nermost thought and life. Then will

left ourselves one smallest stepping  
stone at the cost of another's right or priv-  
ilege - we do it at the cost of a soldier's  
weakened conscience. And yet how  
slight may seem the surrender that  
gives such impetus to the ebbing  
swelling tide that is to bear of wrong  
deeds and purposes.

This signal failure of one standing  
in the glare of public life, naturally  
calls forth much comment and censure.

But are there not many women  
among those who comment and cen-  
sure still living in faibles all  
fair and stately to the eye - rest-  
ing on foundations of meanest clay  
- ready to topple over with the  
first pure breath that shall pene-  
trate and search its inner chambers.

If they could only be brave enough  
to lead pure and simple lives - to  
walk in that path which august  
laws ordain - lives which in

the highest heaven had their birth;  
neither did the race of mortal man  
beget them, nor shall oblivion ever  
put them to sleep - the power of God  
is mighty in them and groweth not  
old." These must be vindict-  
ed. If we will not walk in these  
ordained paths - then we must  
suffer all the penalty of our errat-  
ic wanderings - whether the world  
points its scornful finger at  
us - or we bear only the hanger  
and torment of our meagre, faith-  
less lives.



Another millionaire has died, and is  
the newspaper topic of the hour. Even with  
the first announcements of his <sup>wealth</sup> ~~wealth~~  
comments on his <sup>conjectures</sup> ~~conjectures~~ as to its  
disposal - where and when he was born and  
the salient points in his career. Then comes  
the funeral, with all its details, the lovely  
flowers and their artistic forms, generally  
a surmise as to their cost, often the don-  
ors names, the famous people present  
their reverent bearing, (showing what <sup>well</sup> ~~well~~  
~~but~~ <sup>well</sup> ~~well~~ people his associates must have been)  
and not infrequently we hear something  
of the bearing of the nearest relatives -  
whether their grief was restrained or de-  
monstrative. Then comes the will so  
eagerly looked for - often a surprise as  
to the meagreness of public bequests, or  
their direction. These are usually  
followed by anecdotes of the man's  
eccentric ways of doing good - much

suggested which he never thought of do-  
ing - much of the best he really did nev-  
er hinted. For some days he is the absorb-  
ing subject. Then there seems to be the vic-  
tuous awakening of the public mind,  
and men begin to ask each other why all  
this tumult over a man who has  
distinguished himself in none of the points  
leading to true greatness, as they count great-  
ness. This man merely amassed a  
mighty fortune, they say. His King was  
gold, and he worshipped with a devotion  
that could not fail of success. He was  
neither philosopher or scientist - he  
wrote no poem, he carved no statue -  
he organized no army, gained no battles.  
He never stood up grandly for a love-  
ly cause, ready for sacrifice or martyr-  
dom. Why all this parade for a  
mere moneyed man? Argues a  
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But does the <sup>mere</sup> fact that this man  
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give him this homage of which they complain? When a millionaire dies, who has well invested and guarded interests, wealth, who has kept himself respectable and amiable and dignified (and isn't this something, of a success too, in these days?) the event produces far less flourish of trumpets in retrospective, than the loss of this steady artificer of his own fortune, who is well remembered in his humble beginnings. Can it be simply the possession of a vast fortune, of that luxurious and hospitable home around whose table honored men gathered, and the letter writers send their names through the land in honorable mention with their host? Is he simply the rich man of the city? Surely he must be something more than an ordinary, stolid, absorbed man of business - looking out for bargains - clutching them remorselessly, and seen

ing his highest aim accomplished at its close. A man who organizes so thoroughly a mighty mercantile business - carrying it steadily forward through depression and panic - creating a place and career for thousands, is a power to be gratefully recognized in the world - if he is not mercantile to principles of honor and fair dealing. To penetrate and solve wisely such financial problems - keep his own vast affairs from entanglement and to radiate light by which others may entangle theirs - must ~~have~~ <sup>need</sup> a clear brain - a wise judgment - a patience that is almost genius. What ventures he must dare! How manfully and hopefully await results! With what clear vision and wise forecast he must have launched them to realize such returns! How well they must have read the various men to whom ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~entrust~~ <sup>entrust</sup> ed so many of his interests - show

ing the "art of arts to know a man"  
And beyond the qualities which go to make  
up the successful financier - there must  
be a quality in his spending to call  
forth criticism and fix his place in  
the popular estimate. If he patron-  
ize art munificently is he not  
helping forward one of man's high-  
est interests? If he makes entrance  
easy to his galleries - rich with treas-  
ures, is he not blessing his fellow cit-  
izens with some of the best fruit of  
his toil and energy? If he rear mar-  
ble palaces where they may feast the  
eye with a satisfying sense of splendor  
and grandeur while the contributions  
for so many notions minister to  
their taste and convenience, do they  
not reap in ease and pleasure, what  
he has sown with so much outlay  
of energy and anxiety? It is not  
wholly material interest, or

which all this force is expended.  
We do not yet know his plans for  
benefitting his city - but has he been  
so oblivious to its interests, as to lead  
us to suppose he had none? Don't  
it a little preposterous and sweeping  
to say "that Gotham is today paying  
tribute of affection to the only virtue  
which Gothamites think worth pos-  
sessing - that scholars - patriots,  
statesmen are well enough in their  
way - they come and go as they list,  
unmourned, uncared for?" Men  
well admired and worshiped always  
force and pluck and persistence, if ex-  
ercised in a worthy, legitimate field  
though it be not in the realm of ideas  
and loftiest principles. And who shall  
say these men are not benefactors  
to making the way clearer and  
smoother, after for these loftier  
spirits to embody and work out  
their ideas, and creating the op-

portunities by which more aspiring  
but less forceful men shall enjoy  
them. Do scholars, statesmen, patri-  
ots come and go uncovered for?  
Let the mighty crowds who pressed  
towards the coffins of Agassiz, Sumner  
and Wilson answer. Where these  
flowers bloomed more abundant,  
and fresh, or taken more expressive  
forms? Was the funeral cortège  
slant in number? Did not men  
and women try in vain to hear  
the solemn eulogy service - borne  
back by the surging human tide?  
These funerals were not in Goltan  
to be sure - but the wave of interest  
and of sorrow thrilled as visibly  
there - and much of the demonstration  
over Wilson and Sumner's obsequies  
was there. It is said, a man given  
to the interests of trade, at the time  
of Agassiz's death, asked a lady  
what he had ever done that he

should be so mourned - and the lady re-  
plied, that if he did not know, it would  
be useless for her to attempt to tell him.  
He undoubtedly would pay fitting <sup>funeral</sup> honors  
to any millionaire of his region. But  
if he were so blind to the grand and beau-  
tiful gifts of a man who had no special  
excellence in his domain, may not the  
rich man's critics be equally blind  
to some grand and sturdy qualities of  
mark and he has exemplified so thor-  
oughly? The man who would pay over  
\$6000 for Meisner's picture, we  
cannot believe was a man to see only  
the vulgar show of wealth - to worship  
gold for its own sake. He was a teacher  
in his youth - and report says, a thorough  
one. Was he not then, to some extent, a  
lover of the line he taught, a seeker into  
the causes and relations of things not ma-  
terial - interested in youth and educa-  
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I do not know his moral status, or the verdict of his fellows in that respect, for that verdict must inevitably come. If, as the critic says, he really did cherish only material and worldly, ambitious aims, oblation will speedily follow the loud acclaim. But it seems to me he is too ready to condemn the public sorrow, and declare it is the gold and not the man they mourn.

Is the Censor so sure, that if he were stripped of his mantle of wealth - he would be bereft of the magic power that prostrates men before him; that the qualities which have borne him to so high a pedestal, turned into another channel would not have wrought out for him a fairer and more conspicuous a destiny. Let us indeed exalt our seers and wise men and heroes, for by such worship we are indeed lifted up and vitalized; but let us not distrust as base and false all hearty recognition of manly, indomitable

endeavors in walks that look less heroic, and deal less directly with spiritual aims and purposes. If a man really has "no better uses for his wealth than its display" there need be little fear that men will unduly mourn and bewail him. Can we not trust the heart of humanity - even in sooth to know its benefactors - and do them fitting reverence?



How many recall that happy October morn-  
ing we gathered at Lexington to hold our  
first Classmeeting. How bright it was!  
How gay and merry we were! How fresh  
our schoolday memories! If we could  
not say "Our ranks are full, our walls  
all here" - We could say "they send us hap-  
py greeting - they will come next year -  
distance only divides us - even now  
they look impatiently for a record of to-day's  
doings in dear old Lexington". Eight years  
had elapsed since our parting - years  
that of course brought changes. But they were  
rather the strengthening of fair hopes, which  
trembled faintly when we started, the rip-  
ening of qualities, whose gems were fa-  
miliar and welcome in those earlier days.  
We had travelled far enough, and lab-  
ored warmly enough with difficulty  
to make a better sense of what Father  
Pierce had done for us, than when we

left him, and from the nearer level, exchanged the genial, playful word, that bespoke our better, deeper understanding of each other. Youth still haloed us, and we worked with vigor and with joy. How many old friends, too, among the townspeople greeted us, as we returned to them! — But the years have rolled their ceaseless round — we have taken deeper draughts of life — draughts not always from sweet fountains — the shadows have grown longer — much that seemed then to make the brightness of ~~their~~<sup>our</sup> lives has gone. From year to year we have come together, have chronicled our losses, tried to speak the fitting word, as quailed us signally as we always fail to express the love, the sorrow and the solace that burn and tremble and yearn in our souls when we think of our beloved. We have come to see them transfigured in memory — their words, their tones

return to us still, with a sweet melody, a deeper meaning. They are a shining presence at our gatherings now, "the angel guests" at all our meetings. There was one at that first meeting, who made so much of its sunshine and sparkle, I always seem to hear her genial, witty, graceful word, to see her mobile, expressive face, as sensibly as any living, breathing member of our company. How loyally she clung to the dear old class and helped to vitalize and unite and perpetuate it, during all her many-sided life in the city so full of interests to her. And when in all the ripeness and beauty of womanhood she lay down the sweet burden of her life and passed "beyond the boundary of tears", how natural was the notice we read in the paper announcing her death, invoking her long-lost classmates especially, among her friends to the funeral.

And when she came no more, there was  
one among the younger guests, who came  
with a new interest, and seemed to have a  
new relation with us. The mother's grace  
and brightness and sparkle came back to  
us in the fair and winning boy, who loved  
to be where she had held so large a place.  
Did we not all feel pride and satisfaction  
in his growing fame, his chivalrous quest  
of fresh, heroic life? Did we not anticipate  
in something of her spirit, the golden harvest  
he was to reap from all this dangerous ven-  
ture? golden, in a sense so much richer  
than the toiling miner's gains? How  
tremblingly, yet proudly she would have  
watched that journey, over the barren, dead-  
ly wastes, finding in herself strains so  
responsive to the boy's, whose nature she  
knew so well. He should be no maudlin  
singer of weak songs, stirred only  
by this city life - a recreant, musical,  
no doubt of Carpet Knights' adventure  
- ad student pranks, or shallow

loves born of fancy, and destined only  
for her paler realm. He cannot write  
heartily of heroic deeds, while he lives  
and knows only the petty plots and  
entanglements of conventional society. His  
stories must not be weak and nerve-  
less - he must be stirred by danger, thrill-  
ed with the heroic life of men who have  
cut loose from the deceptions and shelter  
of a safe civilization. He shall battle  
with mightier forces, then he will  
write in grander, loftier strains.  
There was so much of the mother in  
the boy, I think she might have spoken  
thus, rather than held him back from  
the path he sought so bravely. We  
could easily imagine, had no recor-  
reached us, how his elastic nature  
would board and revel, as he turned  
again towards home and friends with  
the consciousness of having bravely dared  
the dark, appalling way. He had so  
much to tell - he would so enjoy the

Willing! He would reveal some of the  
secret's Nature had hidden, in those dark  
majestic ways. Strange, fantastic, sometimes  
grand thoughts came to him, fancy and fact  
had mingled in artistic shapes, and  
weird pictures haunted him and he would  
translate them for those who could never dare  
the dread abysses it was his privilege  
to fathom. O, bright, audacious, im-  
pulsive Youth, flaunting its Persian  
banner towards Greece's battle fields,  
it cries - "Athas - than proud, aspiring  
mountain that lifted up thy head into  
the heavens, be not so audacious as to  
put obstacles in my way. If thou oppon-  
me, I will cut thee level with the plain  
and cast thee headlong into the sea"  
With fiery zeal, It rallies to es-  
pouse the cause of France's hero,  
thinking to preserve it after Water-  
loo had dooned it, and haughty mar-  
shals know his day is done. How

Confident it sails to Arctic seas, where  
the Ice King would seem a King of Terrors  
to hearts less stout and bold. How gaily  
it follows the Indian trail through our Wes-  
tern wilderness! Nothing seems too mis-  
ery, too wild, too perilous for your doubt-  
less spirit, your impulsive brain.  
Those hills may look gray and barren  
to the worn and jaded hero, who has  
climbed them too often in storm and wea-  
riness, but you see only the Edelweiss  
blooming so lovely on its remotest crags  
and would pluck it and descend a  
proven knight, above all suspicion  
of weakness or cowardice. "The chival-  
we youth sees but one side of the  
medal, and the figures on that side,  
are so bold and beautiful, he sees no  
ugly death's head on the reverse".  
But that fearful Valley of Death but sadly  
omened the dark fate that awaited our  
young friend, when all danger seemed  
bravely passed. With our thrill-

of honor and of sorrow, could we but re-  
joice that the Mother looked upon the great  
beyond with that clear vision that pene-  
trates the mystery, and reads the meaning  
of all this tangled web of misery? His  
life seemed too precious, too full of  
promise for a fate like that. Even a peace-  
ful death with all the solace of home and  
friends? would have been a great sorrow and  
disappointment. I remember well the en-  
thusiasm with which he expressed to me  
his enjoyment of our meetings, an enthu-  
siasm and interest like that his mother  
had always shown. But he talked with me  
enough for me to know, had sense like  
his mother was, had he lived the spor-  
tle and wine of life, had impatiently  
he would have voyaged over its shellfish.  
Who knows how restless he would have  
grown with the prosaic elements he must  
have encountered in the world about  
him - how even through his later, as

his earlier manhood he would have felt  
a "mother want about the world" missing  
always the one dear presence friend he lost  
so early and mourned with a sorrow that  
seemed so prematurely better and abiding.  
He who knows the agony concentrated in that  
last brief struggle, knows also the boon and  
felicity bestowed upon this young, ardent soul  
by the death that looked so premature and pain-  
ful to mortal eyes. — Twice, again we  
have spoken our feeble word of eulogy and  
remembrance of those who graced and honored  
our schooldays. But our associations with  
them were mostly limited to those days, as  
circumstances prevented their attendance at  
our meetings. They were among our well-  
beloved, and would have added a great  
charm to these occasions, and we count  
their absence great loss before they pass  
into the Silent Land. Some who had be-  
come nearer to our classmates than  
their old associates, have gone - leav-

ing widows' hearts and bereaved and shav-  
ened homes. Some of us who had breathed  
the pleasant atmosphere of these homes, know  
the manly worth and beauty of the lives that  
so blessed and rewarded theirs. — Years  
have now elapsed since Father Pierce  
gladdened and dignified our meetings.  
We have gathered reverently about his  
island grave, and heard the sea chant  
his solemn requiem. Little children - gues-  
sed more wisely and reverently, because  
of his guiding - dropped with us the  
flowers upon that grave. But the tear  
that welled from many's stirred and swell-  
ing fountain they had not learned to shed.  
I think that was the most real and heart-  
full meeting to our dear friend Mrs. Pierce  
we have ever held. Our whole visit to  
Nantucket will be memorable and beauti-  
ful always. How genial, and large and true  
hearted see us that bereaved and widowed  
heart! and did we not all wish we  
could be so true and noble ourselves

that she could rejoice to think of us, illas-  
trating in our lives his teaching and influ-  
ence? Our last meeting brought us some  
pleasant surprises, and was especially bright and  
cheerful. To-day we are saddened by a fresh  
sorrow. One on whose coming we always  
counted, who was second to none in interest  
and effort to perpetuate our meetings, is absent  
for the time I think, though all these years.  
Do you wish, dear friends, that I should tell  
you anything of her? As you recall the beam-  
ing, happy face - the frank, cheery, inspir-  
ing word - do you not feel, as I do, that  
light has indeed faded from our world -  
and the shadow lies dark over us? Were  
we perplexed and troubled by any question  
requiring clear good sense and just and  
stern judgment, to whom did we turn more  
readily? Was there a cause demanding sacrifi-  
ce and self-forgetfulness, who so prompt  
to declare himself free to embrace it?  
Was there a charity pleading for

since and support, who so rich to contribute?  
Was there a dark side to any picture ob-  
scuring itself unduly or unwisely. Who so quick  
to discern the silver lining to the cloud -  
to discern <sup>the</sup> play of living light where others  
saw only shadow, and help us to see it too?  
It is so easy to express sympathy in kindly,  
gracious speech, and it is healing too, when  
it comes from a sincere and loving heart. But  
how much easier, and for most of us, how  
much harder, to bend our own back to the  
burden, give our own time, our own mon-  
ey, or whatever treasure we may hold in  
no prodigal measure, and make one feel  
we have parted with nothing that brings  
loss to us. You all know the generous  
nature, but I think you cannot all  
know so well as a few of us do, how  
instinctively she divined the needs hid-  
den from less sympathetic natures,  
how delicately she ministered, and im-  
pressed upon you that she was seeking only

a revel and delight for herself. It was cer-  
er, because, sheltered in home and surround-  
ed by kindred, called to struggle no reasonable  
desire herself, that she did not learn,  
what even some pretty ample natures  
often learn from a compelling experience.  
Was there ever one less "clogged with self"?  
One who took more cheerily your burdens  
and bore them as though they were her  
burdens too? "I deserve no credit," she  
said, in my last impressive interview  
with her - "it was only God's blessed gift  
to me. I always enjoyed better doing for  
others than myself. I found my pleasure so."  
Yes, there are some natures, that seem to  
<sup>mount</sup> spontaneously to goodness as the flame  
mounts upward, and the siren voices  
here less charm to these souls entranced  
with the sweeter music. But where  
comes that sweeter music? Has there  
been no battling of forces, think you  
through this life of fifty years - no  
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<sup>not</sup> go spontaneously to goodness as the flame  
mounts upward; and the serene voices  
have less claim to these souls entranced  
with the sweeter music. But where  
comes that sweeter music? Has there  
been no battling of forces, think you  
through this life of fifty years - no  
wilderness - no temptation - no

element of selfhood. We cannot ques-  
tion the happy temperament that blessed our  
friend, and so blessed us so signally. But  
when one so full of energy and power, so equip-  
ped for the mighty tasks whose fulfilment brings  
renown and preservation, takes up the lonely,  
narrower life of a quiet, rural neighborhood,  
and lives it so cheerily, so richly, do we  
feel so sure it is only a matter of tempera-  
ment? I cannot think so. I believe she  
humbly and gratefully acknowledged her gift,  
and gave herself in a spirit of holy trust  
and consecration to the service of the giv-  
er, striving always to do His will, and  
make it her own. She had lived this roy-  
al road of love and service so long -  
such a grateful, bracing atmosphere of  
grateful appreciation surrounded her -  
no wonder she forgot the meags and  
perplexities of the paths which led  
to it - and she believed most truthfully  
it had cost her nothing.

I remember with what glowing earnestness she  
used to repeat Abraham Lincoln's part July 20,  
<sup>for the glowing light, though with</sup>  
<sup>calmly and solemnly read</sup> "He set to America  
a husky voice  
an act to regulate the Standard and abuse  
fisheries"; when his brother fugitives trem-  
bled with fear "over the hour of great dark-  
ness, like the night in day of which the Sto-  
larid saga tells; the Trinitas of the Gods."  
The unspeakable majesty of duty - duty to be  
done though the heavens fall - that shined in  
with the high fidelity of her steadfast nature. Min-  
nellen was among the favorites she often quoted.  
The relation of soul to soul; the sweet out-  
going of kindred natures in recognition of their  
kinship - and then the hard, cold barriers hindered be-  
tween by worldliness and conventionality. It touch-  
ed the chord that was ever so true to the real and  
essential - that felt the pain - and mistakes and  
swords wrought by self-love and pride and heart-  
less ambition. I think there are some who  
will recall with me her frequent ques-  
tions for "Hiccuphu". "Think yeas"  
something in "the homely phrases"

Full of hope and yet of heartbreak  
Full of all the tender paths  
Of the Here and the Hereafter, that faar,  
in her one of the heart's quest and simple  
Who have faith in God and Nature

Who believe that in all ages  
Every human heart is human  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,

For the good they comprehend not  
That the feeble hands and helpless  
Touch God's right hand in the darkness  
And are lifted up and strengthened."

But the line came when the more purely  
spiritual poetry was offered upon her  
lips, and seemed most fit and welcome.

"Still, still with thee, when purple morning  
When the bird awaketh, and the shadows flee  
Fairer than morning, lower than the daylight  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee."

This was the verse with which she  
loved to greet those mornings when  
"Suffering" became her worship"

"When winds are raging in the upper ocean,  
And bellows wild contend with angry ocean  
Tis said, far down, beneath the wild commo-<sup>tion</sup>  
That peaceful silence reigneth, ever on and  
So to the heart that knows thy love, O Pearl,  
There is a temple, sacred, ever on and,  
And all the babble of life's angry voices  
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.  
O, rest of rests! O, peace, serene, eternal,  
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never.

And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth  
Fullness of joy, for ever and forever!"

This she wanted, too, to hear from lips she  
loved in those last hours, when this  
rest of rests seemed so near to her.

"If Mera must be Mera  
He will sit beside the brink" these  
two were among the lines that brought sol-  
ace and elevation to her spirit.

But, dwelling on these latter heights  
face to face with these deeper realities  
how she engulfed her helpful own's

about those who dwelt below, leaving them  
too. How she remembered the details of their life,  
the threads they were to take where she should  
drop them, and how strongly and lovingly she  
strive to pass them on, without entanglement, or  
fracture or loss. She wanted to "make things ea-  
sier for them after she was gone". O, wise, large,  
helpful soul! How little she dreamed in  
her self forgetfulness, the great boon and blessing  
her life had been, and how much clearer and  
easier the way must henceforth be, because  
she had lived her life before them.

Among my happiest hours, I recall those leisurely  
drives through the green and quiet lanes of her  
neighborhood, when we drank in the sweet influ-  
ences about us. She was full of interest and  
suggestion - knew so much was to be done, every  
flower seemed familiar and hinted some pleasant  
association, and she was on such friendly, sym-  
pathetic terms with the Nature about her.  
There was one spot where she had discov-  
ered the delicate harebell. Every season  
after, she rode there in happy con-

fidence that it awaited her. "There they  
bloom as if they saw  
the children of peace beneath," and  
how glad and bright she always welcomed  
them and gathered some to grace the home  
vase. I thought of the foxglove, that some glad-  
ers reveal themselves to certain people, while  
they shyly and successfully evade the ordinary  
sight. The sweet flower seemed to know how sin-  
cere and true a lover she was, how faithfully she  
always kept her promise, and felt a human  
pride and satisfaction in offering the greeting  
she expected so confidently. Sometimes  
we spent our bright morning hours so, and its  
sparkle and freshness found in her an answer-  
ing spirit. But her duties were such that  
the evening drive was more frequent. "Come  
girls, we will follow the sunset, to-night",  
she would say in her cheery way; and so in  
the peaceful hours of the evening day, in the  
sweet bloom and verdure of the Summer -  
we recalled our common memories and found  
that very back through so many years, talked  
cheerfully of the years to come, discussing

the present often with sparkle and meriment.  
Once, I remember, she spoke of the changes a  
few years must inevitably bring to her home -  
in the order of nature; but she would not  
shadow the blessing she was privileged to hold,  
so long, by dwelling on that inevitable time with  
depressing, dismal thoughts. How little we  
thought then how that change was to come.  
Within a few weeks, I have rode again through  
these quiet lanes, and looked upon another  
sunset. As the orb descended in glory, we  
stood tranquil and became beside her now  
made grave. She was not there, in the flesh  
to brighten and gladden in the beauty and sweet-  
ness of the hour she loved - but those  
most dear to her - whom she had helped  
to form and inspire and influence from  
earliest childhood were with us, and  
her spirit filled and hallowed the hour  
and place. We had seen the dear farm  
we loved laid there in the flush  
and beauty of a rare June day - the

birds singing as gayly as they had ever  
sung to her listening and sympathetic ear.  
Loving hands had converted the grove into  
a bed of roses - and all was beauty and bright-  
ness without. All so harmonized with the  
life - transplanted before weakness or  
weakness had come - mercifully spared  
the pain that would seem incident to her  
disease - the dear home, with father and moth-  
er to the end - the spirit all strengthened  
and adorned for its passage - and strong e-  
nough even to uphold and comfort those  
who were to stay. The flowers that she  
then fragraned about her coffin were cho-  
sen by friends whose feeling found fitter ex-  
pression in these emblems of immortal bloom  
and beauty. But one fair rose seemed  
even holier and sweeter than the rest.  
It lay alone in the hand that had done  
so well its work of helpfulness and  
blessing, and seemed to have gathered  
all the perfume and beauty of the roses  
that had bloomed whilst it quied in

the years gone by. The rose tree that  
bore it had been a legacy from dear ones  
gone before, and she had watched and tend-  
ed its transplanting from the garden so tender-  
ly associated with them. In her hours of  
illness, these roses seemed to breathe a  
sacred perfume, not only from the bright,  
dewy mornings, whose beauty her suffer-  
ings did not obscure - but from that  
dear old parlour with which they were  
linked in affectionate and recurrent inter-  
est. I was meet that that flower so  
fragrant with some of the dearest memories  
and affections of her earlier life, should  
hold the place given it by those who  
knew so well its history.

As we returned from the grave, on our  
recent visit, to the home so permeated  
and blessed by her spirit - we could but  
say, even in our hours of loss and lone-  
liness - "thrice happy" - such a life -  
such a death. And may we not count  
ourselves happy - dear friends - to part

know such a friendship - to have held such  
a presence so long - to hold such a memory  
now? Happy, the home, though so small,  
and a kindly name, in whose atmos-  
phere such a character has grown and  
ripened till it became a minister-  
ing spirit, flowing out and long  
to other homes, and to the homeless.  
The little friend - the loved so much - and  
who can doubt that he will be mourned  
and nobled for her love and teaching -  
said in sweet, childlike fashion to his  
mother "he was trying hard not to be sor-  
ry, as Auntie Eliza told him he must  
not be." We older children, who have  
not quite learned to surrender gladly  
the gifts that gladden and bless our lives,  
may we not take a lesson from his  
courageous words? She would not have  
us sorrow that she has gone to that home  
of "ineffable light" of which she  
spoke so confidently in her illness.

Shall we not try, too, to lose our sense of  
loss and pain, in the assurance of her ulti-  
mate gain and felicity? The ties that  
have borne so well the stress of years of  
change and separation, since we parted  
as schoolgirls at Lexington, will they not  
receive a new consecration, as <sup>"the light</sup>  
of our morning stars again shines  
through this shadow" and

"In secret sympathies of mind  
In founts of feeling which retain  
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find  
The early dreams not wholly vain"  
Will not the memory of our loved ones  
on the other shore, make our "common  
landscape, fairer"?

Loving hands we may not clasp,  
Shining feet that mark our haste,  
- but the eyes we closed below,  
Tender voices heard once more,  
Smile and call us as they go  
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend, of me no  
Let us walk our little way  
Knowing by each backward glance  
That we are not quite astray.  
Clasp me still, with huddled feet,  
Smiling eye and waving hand,  
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,  
Lost and found in Sunset Land!"

In my last interview with our dear  
friend, she spoke of our Classmeeting - hoped  
they would not be discontinued, as I ex-  
pressed a feeling, that possessed me at  
that sad, last hour, that they would be.  
Perhaps we would not feel like meet-  
ing this Autumn, she said, but she should  
not like to know they were given up.  
As we wore our farewells at even  
gathering, the query, "who will smile  
their greetings at our next?" comes  
more readily to our hearts, each year.  
But our hearts may answer that whole,  
In Thy long years, will make life's <sup>whole</sup> circle



1863.  
Mrs. Welby's, Chestnut St. Nov. Jan. 2.

My last record was written May,  
1858, at Mrs. Hall's, 3 Chestnut St.

I am going to take a few notes of  
the intervening time from some old  
letters to Ellen. During the Summer  
of 1858, I made my first visit to  
Syracuse, N. Y. where Ellbridge was  
living. Under date of Aug. 2, 1858  
I chronicle my arrival. The previous  
Thurs. - no - starting from Boston at  
3, O'Clock. Thursday - and finding Ell. at  
the Syracuse depot at 5, the next  
morning - some particulars of the  
Haight family with whom he boarded,  
and the means of spending my time.  
Aug. 15, I wrote, of pleasant picnick-  
ing in the woods - wading in Ononda-  
ga Creek - running from pet cows -  
believing them furious bulls - En-

give rides as I also mention the receipt of a long letter from Mary Hall telling me - of the fire at Mr. Wileys - the house where I am now living; and one from Adie, in which she writes that she is going here and there, entertaining her friends, and breathes some dissatisfaction with her manner of spending her vacation - upon which I comment to Ellen: What a poor dissatisfied race we are! What must we infer, but that we are born to regular, systematic, methodical work, and can find repose in no other sphere? And it don't seem to be the sweetest repose, such as wearied mortals sigh for, that we find there. Now the truth of the matter is, that such girls as you and Adie, well-developed, practical,

and accomplished in the arts that beautify a home, ought many years ago, to have become the centre of such an institution, and thus have found that ineffable repose, that vacation or term time will never bring. As for me, I think I was born to be a purposeless, aimless individual, a way floating hither and thither, finding some unwholesome pleasures - unlawful, because I have purchased no right to them - and that I am fulfilling my destiny most lamentably."

Under date of Aug. 4. 1859 - after packing with Ellen at Concord, N.H. the 1<sup>st</sup> of Aug. for D.C. - I wrote: "I'm in Jamaica - Yes, actually arrived; - but, if you ever have a short vacation - and the choice lies between the

island of that name and the town, you'd better go to the island. Then comes a detailed account of a very perplexing journey - with some happy interruptions, however, and a happy ending, reaching J. at 11 P.M. being met by Mr. H. at Townsend, and making a pleasant visit at Mr. Holmes at Grafton - where our friends, the Halls, were stopping. I stayed in J. about 3 weeks, and wish to tell as follows, Aug. 26. from Syracuse. Do you think I grew homesick in Vt? Not one second of discontent or ennui, while there. Mary Harris came, a week after, I arrived, a witty, intellectual, amiable girl, and we laughed ourselves to lameness. We climbed one mountain, many hills that we should call em-

inent in our region, waded through streams and took some charming rides. Mr. and Mrs. H. were very kind and attentive, and I left with my attachment for them much strengthened. I have never passed a happier 3 weeks. It is such a glorious region, it has kept me in raptures, and the rest of the world looks so flat, and tame - at least so much as I have seen since leaving Vt. Mary was going to N. Y. and delayed as long as possible, that we might go together, if I got an extension. Mr. Rey's letter would probably come in the stage in which she was to start - so I made no definite arrangements - but was in a state of uncomfortable suspense. The mail arrived - I got my let

let, and one from Meddleton - Mr. R. said my services would not be wanted in Rye until the middle of Sept. perhaps later. The contrast between a solitary, mopish journey, and an agreeable companion - flashed across me - the driver said he'd wait, and so, I took a pell-mell start. We crossed the Green Mts. by stage, took cars at Manchester for Albany - passing night at DeLown House, an arrival here at 5 <sup>P.M.</sup> yesterday. We were at tea, when Eldridge came in, he sat down - we were all silent. he was commencing operations when he was raised by a general laugh, which he thought because he had got home so early. He looks thin - but says Miss Bowles is fat - so what difference?

I am passing my time in the more ordinary ways of city life, than when in Vt. such as calling, shopping, walking grandly over paved streets, unless arrested by orange peel or the pulpy remnant of overripe fruit. I have taken one engine ride, and seen something picturesque in the way of an evening camp meeting. Dr. Cone, who is one of the most profound and philosophic among Swedenborgian thinkers has kept me awake till a late hour, two evenings, expounding and teaching for my special benefit. I can only question, and I wonder that he should deem me worthy a second attack. I should like to accept it all - but alas! I don't get up to it! I believe that grand mountain region did stir an unrest and

desire healthy and hopeful, though  
I never presented a more frothy  
and frolicous surface to those about  
me. Do you know I have talked  
half in jest - half in earnest - about  
joining Mary Harris at Orange? I tell  
her. I want her to educate me.  
This she laughs at - but I deem it  
reasonable. Sat. Morn. Sept 10<sup>th</sup> 1859 -  
I wrote from S. that Hannah Damon  
and her sister had arrived the day  
before and I was to start for Niagara  
with them at 2 P.M. I returned to  
S. the next Tues, and wrote to Ellen  
from N.Y. City. Sept. 17<sup>th</sup>. "I was  
better prepared for the grandeur than  
the beauty of the Falls, and they looked  
more glorious every hour I stayed.  
I went out to see the sea rise.  
Monday morning - had local Dr. to my

self for half an hour or more - crossed  
the bridge trembling over the Rapids  
mounted Prospect Tower, which seems  
to rise almost from the Lower Fall -  
and saw the advancing sun light up  
the whole scene, until the mighty  
rush of waters seemed perfectly  
glorified. I watched the varying as-  
pects of the rainbow, until the per-  
fect arch appeared - and I could  
have looked forever. It was a  
morning I have to remember and  
be grateful for, eternally. We al-  
so visited the Whirlpool, crossed  
Suspension Bridge - and all the  
"points of interest" - as our enter-  
taining Negro driver called, reach-  
ing our Hotel at 5. We stopped  
at the International - the largest and  
best house on the America side.

where there was much fashion in  
high life. Poor Sarah - she said, the  
night we arrived - if she could only  
see one of her babies smiles -  
instead of it. She could not be divert-  
ed. I had an agreeable ride back  
to Syracuse - which I left about 12  
Thurs. night - with the delegates for  
N. Y. to the Democratic Convention -  
a most decorous affair held in  
P. - hurling their chairman to the  
floor, with a keen Democratic  
sense of privilege, I expected  
a noisy, unpleasant night, from  
the manifestos at the depot -  
but Ellbridge and Dr. Cone, going  
through a long train, found me a  
seat in the calmest and most  
fragrant car, and as their politi-  
cal energies were about ex-

hausted I got along nicely. There  
was one comical soliloquy - uttered  
with a nasal tone - on Liberty -  
Fraternity and Equality - most me-  
lancholic and soul-shaking. I wish  
you could have heard. I had a most  
charming sail down the Hudson yester-  
day. I know I have never done any-  
thing to deserve so much - Niagara  
and the Hudson in one week - never-  
theless, I grasped it all - just as  
though I had. When I got down to W. Pl.  
I came in contact with a lady, who seem-  
ed interested to know the places I was  
anxious to learn about. She was with  
her husband - and they had been to leave  
their son at Yale College - which  
seemed the uppermost thought in the  
mother's mind - they seemed very  
kind and friendly - and proposed

making my arrangements at the Lind-  
ing - and my taking a carriage up  
town with them - which was very  
pleasant, and spared me all the an-  
noyance I feared among the hack-  
men. While we were trying to rec-  
ognize some renowned places -  
two very fine looking, elderly  
gentlemen from N. W. joined us -  
and told us all about the resi-  
dences. We had a little lively talk  
about a Pickle establishment,  
Ichabod Crane and his Katrina,  
and I enjoyed the charming scenery  
more for the society. I find  
there are many very agreeable  
people in the world - even out  
of Mass. It rains today - and  
thus thwarts Sarah's plan for  
going to Central Park - Heigh

Bridge &c - but I am happy enough  
to be here with her and the children.  
Kelly is as sweet a little home  
as one ever desires to kiss.  
One subject that has occupied  
our thoughts - much, I almost hes-  
itate to mention in this can-  
diding letter. You have heard of course  
of Mary Spring's death. She was so  
gay and jocular always - that it  
is hard to think of her as dead.  
There was a joy in the main  
she contributed to the music  
of our class-meetings that  
will be sorrowfully missed.  
Tell Kate and Jacob. I called at  
their Aunt's in S. and had a very pleas-  
ant call. Mrs. Adams wants to see  
these children very much. Give  
much love to Mrs. May. I wish



she could feel as Dr. Cone says he does about his children - sees them so happy in the spirit world with their angel guides and teachers, that he cannot mourn for them; thinks of his philosophy and religion, but I tell him it must be partly a matter of temperament - for I know all do not feel so, who embrace his philosophy.

I thought I should write to Mrs. Haskell, instead of May - as my letters to you are intended for her education and advancement.

Sept. 28, 1859. I shall start in the Fall River boat to night. If school does not commence Sat. as Mr. Long writes me it may, I shall stay longer at Lauris in N. Stroughton where I am going to stop by the way. I have enjoyed my visit here very

much - seeing some features of N. V. which I could not see to advantage in winter - and shall leave with regret. I have been to Orange, N. J. Greenwood Central Park. High Bridge at the upper end of the island, and a beautiful place on the Hudson called Clamont. Tell Mary if I see Lydia Ann in Fall River to-morrow, I shall thank her for not knowing her lesson on a certain occasion. - More than 3 years have passed since the journey, noticed above were taken - and I have just recalled them for record. Since then I have been away from Roxbury - which was then my home - and have returned to it within a few weeks. Something impels me to journalize again - and as I have no data but some old letters written to Ellen

and those very meagre - I must be  
very brief in bringing up all affairs  
I think it was the 20th of Feb. 1860 - I  
know it was Mond. I went to Somer-  
ville to teach in Miss Cushman's  
Private School - ambitiously called  
Highland Avenue Seminary - being  
earnestly solicited for some time  
to go. Ill copy my first letter  
rewritten for - there to Ellen

"I am going to write you a letter"  
as the children say. It is Sat. night  
and I have completed my first  
real week, in Highland Institute.  
I have been very forbearing and  
self-denying, and kept away from  
all my affinities until to-day -  
when, being obliged to go to town  
for my dress. I called at Mary  
Lansens and Miss Haskell's -

enjoying both calls exceedingly. Being  
too early for the Coach I returned via  
Cambridge - and as Hannah I. had  
just arrived at Adie's on her way  
to Boston - I aired my spirits  
gloriously - laughing myself almost  
into hysterics, with the rest of the  
trio. You should have heard our  
schemes for mental improvement -  
seen me illustrate the extraction of  
the roots, despatch Hannah for John  
Gambler - Annual, and a series of  
professors - while Adie escorted me  
through Norton's Grove, as I expected  
you - and must get home early.

As I walked to Charlestown this morn-  
ing - not intending it - but no car over-  
taking me till I got to Bunker Hill  
St. when I thought I might as well  
call at Mrs. Selmore's, I am pretty

lived to-night, though my mind is so  
feebler than usual, I believe, and ought  
to be equal to a brief account of my  
impressions and surroundings.

Well, it has been a pretty long week.  
I have felt an awful sense of loss and  
loneliness at times - and ~~an~~ assur-  
ance that I had - once in my life -  
acted heroically - for I anticipated  
it all. I have had much more  
of my own society than I have been  
accustomed to - and not felt quite  
so much at ease in it, as I hope to  
after a little more familiarity.

Do I regret coming to Somerville?  
No, not for an instant. The con-  
viction has never been shaken  
since I reached it - that it was  
right that I should come. I am so  
much happier in my work -

and feel none of that wear-  
iness and exhaustion that always  
claimed me as a victim at night.  
I cannot, and need not tell you  
what a waning of power there was  
from day to day - how distasteful  
my work had grown, and to what  
a fearful pattern it was moulding  
me. If this should prove but tem-  
porary, it must do a permanent  
good; by taking me from such a  
routinish life, and compelling  
me to equip myself for a better  
one. As far as the pleasure of  
the hour is concerned - I do not  
feel so happy yet, in my social  
life as I used to. There is not  
much that seems real home life  
to me - I miss companionship - and  
do not find myself attracted

to anything below stairs, and must find  
my satisfactions among the witty and  
wise and entertaining souls speaking  
from the books on my table - or the sallow  
and dilapidated scraps of paper bur-  
ied among my treasures, and which I  
have never found so much time or  
inclination to exhume before, since  
their burial. I must become a  
misanthrope or a student - perhaps -  
shall write a paen - or Paradise  
Lost - or Regained - as the event  
shall dictate - or more likely - The  
Vanity of Human Wishes - themes so  
well treated by illustrious predeces-  
sors - that I can afford some deficiencies.  
Miss C. is on the whirl most of  
the time - tearing off to Boston every  
day but two, I think, since I have  
been here - so that I see but little

of her - and I can't help wondering  
what is to be the grand fulfilment  
of her destiny. (Of course many things I  
say here, are only said to you, but  
notwithstanding she seems so well fitted  
for her place - and has done so much,  
there is something showing and urgen-  
tise - that I can't thrust aside - though  
it may be unwise, in the extreme to  
see it. She has, I find but ten boardings  
- and two day scholars, and I don't hear  
much said about the course.  
Miss D. I like very well - she is  
intellectual, and self-sustained - and  
though I have no doubt I shall always  
be on excellent terms with her -  
am quite sure there will be no  
romantic attachment. (There is no  
at this writing - a very strong one.)  
There is Miss J. - you must see.

I disliked her exceedingly at first sight, and it doesn't decrease on better acquaintance. The expression of her face and demeanor is narrow and disagreeable - but should she prove the essence of all angelic qualities - I'll confess the obtuseness of my vision with all due contrition. She has moved in very refined and exclusive circles - Miss C. tells me - her father being Dr. S. of Troy - a man of some renown - but I see nothing of the beauty and charm and poelity of high life - in their pure sense - about her - though I don't say she is very familiar with its conventionalities. (I liked this lady very much afterwards.) Then there is Miss M. - the housekeeper - not without pretensions to high intelligence - quite prominent in the fam-

ily - I've almost decided she is "Joan", No. 1 - tells anecdotes of her native Norway (over East) with a singular twist of the mouth - and though a sensible, and by no means disagreeable person, I think Dickens would make a great deal of her. The girls are a remarkably fine collection, I think - but they, of course, are scattered, and busy much of the time - so I retire to my own window, after when my work is done - and read, and muse, and wonder, sometimes, where it will all end - and feel very sure I can - if I will - do a good work for myself - and if I will think more of "blessedness" than happiness - shall find them both. I have a nice Kerosene lamp - have had the slats removed from my bed - and a com-

fort put over. My work closes Friday  
at 3 - so I shall have quite a vacation  
every week. We are going to take up  
some of Scott's novels to read afterwards;  
this occupies from 2 to 3. I found a letter  
from Mary Harris, when I got back. She  
says, if she realizes the success she anticipates,  
she shall attack me at every  
accessible point.

I shall look forward to my visits to R.  
as grand jubilees, and am going to try  
and be very reasonable - and stay away  
as long as I can. Then there are several  
other visits in anticipation - and I  
shall do up all my laughing, and say  
all my nonsensical things - and my  
suffering friends must think what a  
relief it is to me.

It will be very charming to be  
called Betsy again - and to meet

Mr. H. while he reads the paper.

A letter in Apr. mentions some  
visits from Adie and Miss Page-  
elle and Jane - the engagement of a  
Latin teacher for Hannah D. Adie  
and myself, and the beginning of a  
scholarly career -

Aug. 9. 1860, I wrote to Ellen  
who was in Portland, that I had been  
leading a Bedouin sort of life - that  
school closed the Thurs. after I saw  
her, and Friday Hannah D., Mary  
Pomson, Adie, Kate and Abbie Fry-  
man (Sarah being sick), held an  
animated and interesting meeting  
at Doverville - Hannah D., expressing  
of mental decline and imbecility  
being specially amusing. She  
skipped some literary work we  
wished her to do, to Mary D., but

"but it was done so beautifully at our meeting yesterday - that I don't regret her shirking. Kate and Abbie stopping to tea - I went into town with them and passed the night at Mrs. Websters, where I had been invited to meet Mrs. Whitman - who passed the previous day at S., when Frank also took tea there - and Miss S. made herself agreeable. Then I passed the night at Susan's, in P. Bash - and returned to S. because Miss Cushman was to be alone; then went to Watertown and Newtonville - taking tea with Adie on Camb. on my return when she walked home with me. Then followed visits to Mrs. Reed, and the Wymans and Ann Morias - and winding up with a successful class meeting at Longtin

When all within the borders of the state were present. Hannah paid a beautiful tribute to Mary Loring, and Mrs. Lanson's address, admirable, her allusions to Father Preece and Mary L. being exceedingly touching. I had the pleasure and honor of presiding at the dinner table - three cracker pitchers - with a brief speech. The children were very charming. I declared all the shabby ones were left at home - which duly incensed the delinquent mothers. - But do you remember how melting it was? and everything was served particularly hot - soup - pies &c. Then I inform Ellen I shall start for P. Sat. - and go to Billerica - where I am to spend Sept. studiously - with Ely.



Rogers afterwards; that our Maine girls have urged me to visit Bangor - and Miss C. has a plan for her teachers to go there with her - but as she contemplates a "splurge" - I don't wish to fall in her train as teacher of High Art Seminary. Miss C. had gone through another financial crisis - and I feel that "I'd rather be a kettle - and cry mead!" Then I chronicle a host of mutations due to for vacation - and close thus: But after all - Eldon - a good desirable resting place - in the shape of a home - you'll find is worth ten all - and more if you ever lose one. Then Aug. 30. I wrote from Bellefleur where I passed a very pleasant week's - studying,

capping hay cucks, - delighted to discover a new capability - to add to the already interminable list - riding to Lowell - superintending Mrs. Rogers' kitchen - making a fuss between Mr. & Mrs. R., learning from Eliza the difference between a chicken's crop and gizzard. —

Going back to Somerville in Oct. I remained there until the next May - when the school closed for the season - after a most precarious and struggling existence. I entered into very happy relations with the scholars - formed some very strong attachments - got into habits of study - was requested both mind and body - but grew exceedingly disgusted with the false and shaming

Character of Miss C. and the unworthy methods by which she sustained her school. I proposed leaving 3 months before I did - but was persuaded by the appeal to my feelings - in which she was so skilful - to remain. The first day of June 1861 I went to Dr. Humphreys in Springfield St. Boston - where I taught his children and took lessons of him. Mrs. H. was a very lovely and amiable woman - the child, in interesting, and the Dr. intellectual and cultured - and I found the home life pleasant, and made good progress in Latin. On the 1st of Oct. I returned to Somerville - to board and take lessons - at the solicitation of Miss C. when she reopened her school, and

though I never intended to teach there again. I took some lessons in Spanish and Italian while I remained, and passed most of my time with Miss Dudley - in my chamber.

Then came the crisis. I had long foreboded - and the dissolution of the Seminary. The particulars would be painfully disagreeable to chronicle - and I don't wish to live them over again. I believe as false and unhealthy a life came to an end with that institution as was ever lived. That a plausible exterior, perverted conscience, insatiable ambition to shine in a sphere - beyond reach of the legitimate exercise of powers possessed - could sustain a career so long - seems almost unaccountable. Then

the school closed in November Miss Dudley and I made arrangements to take most of the scholars left for the next term - to Ashland Place, Boston - hoping to make them the nucleus of a private school. Here we remained until the next July (1862) contending with some trifling vexations - receiving the most friendly assurances from everybody - but without any gratifying success as to increase of pupils. Struggling with a sort of disgust for the necessary measures to get up a school - more sensitive from my last year's experience with Miss Cushma - and finding too, that a sort of espionage over young ladies in a

city school was demanded - from which my tastes revolted - as narrowing and humiliating - at the close of the Summer term - we gave up our plan - and I went to fulfill an engagement at Lenox for a few weeks. While in Ashland Place - I used frequently to teach for Dr. H. A. Phelps a few hours - and took lessons of him also in Latin - also read Latin with my friend Mrs. Harris - and received an offer of a school in W. Roxbury - which it pained me a little to refuse. For my Lenox experience - I will quote from letters to Ellen.

"Well, I am at Mrs. Brewster's! My playmates are the Fenway - Rev. Mr. Thwaites."

ham wife and daughter, of N. Y.  
Miss Bigelow - and Miss McGregor  
of whom I have heard as a talented  
and fascinating Boston belle - who  
sent a prominent Bostonian despair-  
ing to Europe by breaking her en-  
gagement with him - and the Bre-  
worts, - all - evidently members of  
the Sacred Legion of the Pomeloodes  
I felt a terribly sinking - homesick  
feeling as I rode on - and was  
glad it was so far - envied the  
people about me who were going  
home - even that common looking  
woman with the white hen's feath-  
ers intermingled with the extrava-  
gant amount of red ribbons in  
side her hat, with the dingy  
child in yellow ribbons, and  
tame, dirty looking husband. I

knew she <sup>(was)</sup> easy and happy compared  
with me, and dreading no unac-  
customed stateliness. Well, the  
ride ended - as rides always do;  
at Pittsfield I took a carriage  
and rode 6 miles through as lovely  
a region as an artist would  
need to satisfy his longings for  
beautiful scenery - and was driv-  
en to an old fashioned, spacious -  
gable roofed house - the interior  
wearing an air of easy, faded  
elegance. "Not at all overpow-  
ering but very pleasant." Then  
follows some account of the house-  
hold - including the three chil-  
dren I was to teach - my first  
dinner - and this remark - "Of  
course I don't indulge in my  
usual freedom of discourse

but I don't think they have any  
painful sense of the riches  
withheld from them. How should  
they know?" "Well, I think I  
shall get along very comfortably -  
but how I should like to be passing  
this rainy day at Poaduck. Remem-  
ber - there is not one soul with-  
in miles of me that I ever knew  
before. As long as I have lived  
I never went off alone among  
entire strangers before - but all  
new experiences, I suppose have  
a value. If I were rich, though -  
and found one that suited me -  
I think I wouldn't be ambitious  
to test these novelties; This  
was dated July 20, 1862 - having  
reached Lenox the day before.  
Aug 10, I wrote after some per-

sonal items of the household, not  
worth repeating - it is one constant  
succession of lovely views here -  
the mountains always visible.  
When I rode to Lee - a village about  
5 miles from here - I passed the  
house where T. Ward Beecher rode  
his Star paper - a very modest,  
one storied house, commanding a  
fine view of mountain, lake and  
valley - Fanny Kemble's cottage sit-  
uated in a broad, grassy field,  
with rude, primitive fences - Miss  
Sedgwick's home, almost hidden  
in shrubbery - and on another  
ride the common red house where  
H. Hawthorne wrote his Scarlet  
Letter; commanding a most love-  
ly view of the lake called Moun-  
tain Mirror - with its background

of dreamy, misty mountains.

You see the air is redolent of genius and I shall inhale as much as possible. Of course when the house is full here - there is much going on that I have no part in - and I often feel that it is an atmosphere of strangers, with interests so remote from mine that I sigh for the familiar long-ried friends with whom I usually spend this season. But there is a certain cool, calm, philosophic kind of happiness about it, if there are none of those joyous thrills that stir us among genial and beloved friends.

The people are courteous, and there is much agreeable, high-toned conversation. Aug. 21.

I wrote to Ellen who was at home - where the 'help' leaving on account of emergencies caused by the war: "I am sorry you don't get more leisure - which you need - but one can't triumph over such emergencies, and live at ease without a sense of meanness far more tormenting and burdensome than work. You wonder which you should prefer - your life or mine. I haven't a shadow of doubt as to your decision if called to make it. There are many pleasant things about a life like this - but I believe one day passed among old friends of whose love and interest you are as well assured as of the sun's shining in the heavens -

brings more genuine happiness than months of polite, agreeable intercourse with people with whom you have no associations or memories in common - who know as little of your real character and wants as they did six months before they saw you. I am not unhappy in my life here - or realizing any of the dreaded annoyances or embarrassments I used to laugh about. But I do feel terribly hungry sometimes for old, familiar things." In alluding to some who had gone to the war "But I suppose the great work must be done - to the ignoring of all lesser interests. And may Heaven speed it to a happy issue. It is awful to think of all the

suffering and sacrifice it is to cost. I was pained to see the death of young Shurtleff - who seemed so endowed with goodly and precious gifts - and to think how many such are already offered up." Then is chronicled a charming ride of 17 miles through Stackbridge - a beautiful town rather too closely wrapped in foliage - the view of Housatonic Valley with Monument Mountain (the scene of Bryant's Indian Maiden's leap - "because she loved her cousin.") This region is enchanting. As to gossip - let me see. Marie came to my chamber a few nights ago to tell me - but I must not tell - so don't run up to the Jordans - or tell your Father or Aunt Esther - she was engaged!



Not another soul in the house  
knows it - or is to know it. He is  
beautiful - has a great store in N.Y.  
goes to Europe often for goods - is  
very nice indeed - she does  
not like him very much - but  
Professor and Mrs. Child do - and the  
Prof. has had several interviews  
with him since he first spoke -  
and they think it best for her to mar-  
ry him - and she has written the  
Qui - as he must have his gate de-  
sided. She likes one in Boston  
better - but he likes too much play  
but Professor doesn't want her  
to marry him. She will make  
an admirable wife - and what a  
happy - simple hearted soul she  
will be - thoroughly qualified to  
do all the duties - she will as.

same. Well, it is pleasant to be  
made the confident of joys.

Then Annie Crosby tells me of  
her engagement - says she has a  
pleasant room arranged for me  
in her prospective cottage. It  
is an old love it seems - and Sally  
wants to know if I don't remem-  
ber surprising her in confidential  
discourse with a young gentle-  
man at Somerville - and when I  
bantered her how Annie always  
did all the blushing. He is a good  
mate of Bowdoin - a young lawyer -  
and I think he is to be congratu-  
lated.

Sept 9th - I wrote  
from the same place I wrote that  
I had decided I would like a  
public school again - and had  
written that I didn't want

a primary or the Presidency of  
Harvard - as the latter was ex-  
posed to envy and criticism - so  
of course something between the two.

I am not sorry I left school when  
I did - for I have been benefited in  
various ways - and I am sure feel  
in better condition to teach than when  
I left R. but pleasant as much of  
my teaching in private schools  
has been - I not only feel assured  
I have no fitness for the anxiety  
and outside effort they require -  
but also that there is a looseness  
and unsatisfactoriness in the  
methods of teaching forced upon  
one - of which I have become a  
little disgusted, and which pre-  
vents me from making any ef-  
forts to obtain a situation in

one. Won't it be just a-  
bout picking season when I re-  
turn? and couldn't I do some-  
thing in that line? Think how po-  
etic it would be to detach the  
golden apple from the bough - mix-  
gle my presence with the grate-  
ful vine - follow the home - retain-  
ing wains with the precious  
fruits of Autumn. Teaching  
boarding school is prosy work  
in comparison - that seems to  
me sometimes like watering  
the rich milk of humanity,  
helping to make it thin and in-  
sipid. O, I am sure there is  
a field for my talons - and  
I may as well draw long hap-  
py breaths before I am fettered  
to routine again. But 'tis a time

for worthy souls to sink individual interests and anxieties - if ever. Are things really so bad as they seem? Are we to be stamped as the most pusillanimous people on the face of the earth? It would seem as though the Good Shepherd had forgotten us as unworthy of His care - to permit a foe so much weaker in all apparent resources to drive us even from our own borders. Isn't it awful to have the destinies of a great nation so tampered with by weak, incompetent men? Go think what might have been with good generalship - and then think of what is. I wonder how things look in Boston? Sometimes I think I am glad to be so alone

from the rumors and excitement and again feel very impatient to know all there is to be known. I rode to Stockbridge this glorious morning - and made decidedly the most romantic tour of my life through Ice Glen - a wonderful gorge between the mountains. Then mount rocks of all sizes and shapes - descend into ravines constantly leaping, mounting and sliding for about half a mile - and above your head rocks piled mountain high - with trees towering from the highest - the view above and around - awfully grand. An artist sat in the midst sketching and his seat was well chosen. Fanny Kemble used to get up evening

parties who traversed the glen in costume with torches - and the effect was exceedingly picturesque.

I think it was the 17<sup>th</sup> of Sept. I returned to the City having stayed at S. some weeks longer than I expected. I bought a week for Dr. H. after my return - a few days at E. Boston - where the principal wished me to have a desirable place - feeling very sure the former occupant would not return to it - but as she did - I finally took the first vacancy in the Dearborn - where I had passed so long a term of service before I went to Somerville. And now I am settled with Ellen again, having taken up my abode here Dec. 22, commencing

school, the previous Thursday, the 18<sup>th</sup>.

We are in a very pleasant family - very new school - my work much easier and more agreeable than it has ever been before in a public school - hardly antagonism enough to make it respectable. After returning from Lenox - I continued at Ashland Pl. with Mrs. Quinn who proved a true, warm friend to me, until I came here. In quite a numerous family there, my interest centres most strongly in a young lady of 18 - with whom I have enjoyed a great deal - full of intelligence, and with a taste and appreciation and culture very refreshing and beautiful.

Jan 4. 1864

What a faithful journalizer I  
have proved. If I indulge in twelve  
months' intervals, I certainly shan't  
waste much precious time, or get  
inordinately dissipated as a scribbler.  
But I have lived a life of some  
sort this last year, and I will at  
least touch upon some events that  
may recall it. My school life has  
not been painful or very wearisome,  
neither is it so pleasurable and  
inspiring as I think one's daily  
work ought to be. The social  
atmosphere there is not what it  
used to be - and I seek in books  
and study the satisfactions I do  
not find in people. My first  
vacation in Feb. after my return  
to routine again, seemed a more

thoroughly care free season than I had  
enjoyed for a long season. One day  
passed at W. Cambridge, in compa-  
ny with my old friends, Addie  
Freson, Mrs. Lanson. Mrs. Devis  
and Hannah Damon, at the residence  
of the latter, was old fashionedly joy-  
ous. My May vacation was  
passed very pleasantly at Bridge-  
water, with my old friend, Susan  
Homes. In Aug. I visited my  
cousin May Wheelock, whose family  
of interesting children I enjoyed  
very much. Passed my usual  
week at Billerica in company  
with Addie Freson, at the charm-  
ing home of our friend Eliza Rog-  
ers - when we rode through the pleas-  
ant country - navigated the Con-  
cord - taking our meals most

romantically on its banks in congenial company, returning home in the light of loveliest sunset hours - and finding in the home a healthy, pleasurable excitement. I do not know a home that suits my taste better. Happy, unselfish tempaments - the happiest blending of duties and pleasures - the healthy, hearty, joyous - and refined tone of the life I find there is almost as refreshing in memory as in enjoyment. We rode from there Thursday Aug. 1 to Lexington where our Class Meeting was held, and found it as ever a day of joyous greeting and communion with old friends. My old friend and confidant Sarah Drummond - whose father's house is my present home -

in addition to her children who have hitherto graced our meetings - brought one of the sweetest and most fascinating babies - I ever saw - as handsome a baby as one of the finest and noblest Mothers, ever deserved. Occasionally passing days at S. Boston - at Laura's - once riding out to Roxbury with Mother - quite a journey for her - which she seemed to enjoy however - I passed most of my remaining vacation at Weyland with Miss Dudley - where we pored over books quite diligently - too much absorbed therein - to realize as we ought to have done - "the boundless charms which Nature has vouchsafed yields." During this vacation I received a letter from Annie

brashy of Hampden - one of my special favorites - full of deepest sorrow for the loss of a most tenderly beloved and signally brave and noble brother - who fell before Port Hudson - gallantly leading on his troops. The anguish is very sharp now - but the memory of such a death will bear no sting - growing brighter and holier - as the redemption of the land he died to save - advances. That such precious blood must quicken and fertilize that tree of freedom that is to shelter and protect and "be for the healing of the nation"; is evidence and assurance that it shall not wither and die. - I also received an exceedingly interesting letter from

my friend Mary Harris, who sailed for California the 1st of May - most enthusiastic in her opinions of the land and people - and offering inducements for me to join her there. - After some correspondence with Mrs. Kellogg of Jamaica in which she urges me to pass my vacation with her in Oct. - I received news of the death of her little Georgie of Diphtheria - and know that another household in which I am interested is steeped in anguish. -

On our return to Roobury, Mrs. Wiley wishing us to pay more board that we could possibly afford - we found it necessary to seek a new home. Mrs. W. and family expressed much regret



at our leaving - and as it had been a very pleasant - cheerful home for us - the discovery of the prominence of the pecuniary tie, was dampening to our spirits. The world and its affairs wear an ugly aspect sometimes; but I am glad that it isn't fixed and unalterably so. One mustn't over-estimate these accidental relations, and learn to think their permanence necessary to peace or cheerfulness. But this transplanting process does violence to feelings I found inwoven very closely with my heart's fibres. Mrs. W.'s worldly circumstances seem so easy, that one would think she need not care so much for money - as we were confident she

could lose none by keeping us. But of course we did not quarrel with her demand - and being invited by our old friends the Wymans to stay with them until we located - we came here the 7<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> of Sept. 1863, having returned to Mrs. Wileys, the 5<sup>th</sup> of Sept. - and after we came Mr. Wymen said he would come for us every night, and carry us always and storms - so the distance - which seemed an insuperable objection to our staying - is bridged over and we feel at home for the winter - among friends who do all in their power for our comfort.

The one event of the year to me, must now be written. On Wednesday the 18<sup>th</sup> of Nov. I received

word. That Mother was not well -  
though not very sick. Being over in  
the afternoon, I found her apparently  
suffering with a severe cold, being  
much troubled in breathing - and passed  
all my time with her out of school  
hours - except Frid. night, until  
Sat. when vacation began and I  
went to stay with her - feeling that  
she was quite sick - but not real-  
izing that she was almost home Sunday.  
She wanted me to read her from her  
Testament, naming the Epistles of  
John as very beautiful. When I re-  
sumed reading after a pause - she  
said I had not read so far - and  
when I asked her how far I had read -  
she said about four chapters - which  
was true - although I had said nothing  
of chapters. "So a hymn I read -

she said - That was Charles Wesley's -  
he wrote some beautiful hymns"  
"But there was nothing now like the  
Bible - she did not care now to read  
other books." Laura and I helped her  
up - and changed her clothing - and al-  
though she seemed very weak - was  
by no means helpless - and her mind  
perfectly clear and bright. Her nights  
were restless - and her breathing some-  
times labored - but no more so than  
it has been at times for two or three  
years. The Dr. spoke very hopefully  
Sunday. Sunday night she lost strength -  
and Monday cried more air. About  
noon - I left her room a little while  
to see Miss Dudley from Weyford -  
who called - summoning Laura to stay  
while I was gone - and when I re-  
turned she wished me to go her -

and I gave her a little wine - when she said she would like to get up - and when helping her, I thought she seemed so weak - perhaps I ought not to have had her get up - and she must not again until stronger. She rested so helplessly in my arms - my fears were awakened - and I said Father - but received no answer - and again I said Father - but no answer. Calling to my sister who came - we saw that she was unconscious - though still breathing very quietly - and we could not tell when the breath left her - so painless and peaceful was her departure.

There in my arms without a sign or tremor or pang - she closed her eyes to all mortal scenes - as gently as a child sinks to its

slumbers. She was weary and aged and sick - and it was infinite gain to her - but this severing of the earliest tie is very bitter. Her thoughts have long centred in spiritual, religious truths - and I believe the blessed Presence unrolled to her in all its fulness - by death had been very near and consoling through all her declining days.

She had lived 82 years, 5 months and 10 days - and she <sup>departed</sup> so young and fair and peaceful in her coffin - that one could scarcely think more than 50 years had left their impress. And now the snows of winter rest upon her grave - while the chamber, where she sat and welcomed me is so vacant and dreary that it chills and

and darkens me. None is left who  
will look so eagerly for my coming  
or so wish to delay my going.  
It seems to me now it would be  
so dear a privilege to care  
tenderly and lovingly for her through  
the coming time. But I must  
not wish her "Break the happy  
slumber - when

"He giveth His beloved Sleep".  
On the 25<sup>th</sup> - the day before Thanks-  
giving - we followed her remains  
to Forest Hills. She was mar-  
ried on Thanksgiving Day - and  
her mother was buried the day  
after Thanksgiving.

Christmas Day I passed pleasantly  
at Aunt Tucker's in Dedham. She  
has always been a favorite and  
well beloved Aunt of mine.  
The day after X. Mass I went  
to E. Boston to make a long de-  
served call. It was a bitter  
cold day - and I found myself at  
night with pleasure in that hos-  
pitable and restful Mrs.  
Reed's - from which place I  
went to Church next day -  
not having been for 3 weeks. When  
I heard a very beautiful ser-  
mon from Dr. Bellows of N. Y. -  
on the Inner Life. "Thou  
knowest, O' Father, what husks  
we feed on - when thy table is  
spread for us with Heavenly  
food."

Monday Jan. 11<sup>th</sup> 1864

Miss - Reed passed the night with us  
Wednes., and two of my Somersville  
young ladies, from Maine - Kate  
L. well, and Sophia Whitman, passed  
Saturday night with me - going to  
Putnam's Church with me yester-  
day morning - when I felt some-  
thing of my old enthusiasm - for  
the Dr., when I seldom hear now -  
a-days. From the text "Who will  
show us any good?" he read a  
sermon - depicting <sup>with</sup> great power  
and sometimes in language of great  
beauty the grumblers and moaners  
of the world - those of David's line  
being very forcibly drawn - "scorn-  
ing this stumbling David - and  
crying out for the great ones  
who had gone." These were

were Gideon and Barak and Jasha-  
a? That proclivity to everlasting  
negation - the preachers of decline  
and Apostles of Despair - were  
shown in a light so graphic and im-  
pressive - that I felt grateful for  
the lesson. The causes of this som-  
bre and dissatisfied frame of mind  
were dwelt upon at some length -  
and that tendency as we decline  
in years - to see our own decay  
projected and reflected upon the  
world about us was very forc-  
ibly treated. His appeal to his con-  
temporaries verging towards old  
age - not to forget that the world  
was young and fresh though they  
were growing old - the advice  
to avoid - as far as the course  
lies and chances of life and

Its obtained relations would permit - those who undermined our faith <sup>in</sup> and goodness, and were centres radiating darkness - I shall not soon forget. There was much I needed in this season.

Dined at Mrs. Wiley's Tuesday

Sunday Evg Jan. 17. 1864

During the week here passed an afternoon with Mrs. Quinn in the City - making the acquaintance of Miss Seymour, a lady of some literary celebrity - rather bookish and theatrical in her style, apparently somewhat egotistical - but evidently a woman of ideas and high airs, and at no loss for language to express them - a lady who, I am sure will carry her-

self through life with dignity, self-possession and heartiness, with no weak yearning "To lose herself" <sup>in</sup> wine  
And melt like white pearls in another's

I was accompanied on this visit by my young friend Rinnie Holbrook - one of those rare girls who possess the freshness and beauty and naturalness of the schoolgirl with the taste and appreciation and culture of one who has drunk deeper and longer at pure fountains. 'Tis my good fortune to know a few such girls, and they are an exceeding joy and refreshment to me.

The night I passed at Mrs. Reed's - having called also at S. Boston. Thursday we dined at Fanny Wray's. To-day - Mr. Clarke

preached a fine sermon from the  
text: "The Kingdom of God cometh  
not with observation" - in which  
among many admirable things - he  
spoke of the tracts he often found in  
the cars, with such a text as do  
you love Jesus? How would it  
seem to treat any other love in  
this way - to assail a man whose  
house you entered with, do you  
love your wife - and your children?  
if you do not - it is time you die  
- for you may not live - and you  
should begin - as though love could  
be summoned at command or was  
a matter of resolution - He thought  
our birth into the other world  
might be a matter of as little  
observation or surprise to us, as  
our birth into this, where we find

ourselves so immersed in nature,  
that for the first 5 or 6 years we ne-  
ver stopped to ask how we came  
here or from whence.

A letter from Ellbridge, last week,  
speaks of the traditional Minnesota  
Winter they are suffering - thermometer  
from 30° to 40° below 0 - and the papers  
here been filled with accounts of aw-  
ful sufferings in the Lake Western  
Snow Storms.

A letter from Miss Dudley brought me  
a charming collar - her own handi-  
work - and from Sarah of D. W., I re-  
ceived also a pretty collar - and a  
most acceptable volume of Long-  
fellow's new poem - The Waspette Inn  
- a companion volume, in externally  
to Bryant Taylor's Poets Journal  
which she gave me last Summer



Also, from Mrs. Hyde, a pretty little card  
recessed. I finished Irving's Life  
last week. He was always one of my  
special admirations, and now I am  
exceedingly fond of him. A man  
of rare and beautiful genius -  
deep and strong headed, the per-  
fect gentleman - always he stands  
revealed in this biography. Read  
in the light his own heart expe-  
riences furnish - those passages so  
full of pathos and tenderness we  
have loved and wept over from  
childhood, will be more touch-  
ingly and lovingly remembered; and  
that exquisite and genial hu-  
mour that has called forth the  
laughter which is not empty  
or mocking, but healthy and in-  
spiring - will help our faith

and our cheerfulness, as we recall  
the dark and struggling hours over-  
which he triumphed so sweetly. I  
like the genial man in literature  
as in life - who having earned his  
and beauty in their own souls see  
it reflected in the souls around  
them. I believe there is no authen-  
ticated, when my feelings are so ac-  
kin to strong personal friendships

I wrote my last entry at  
Mr. Wyma's - Jamaica Plain  
and now I have been teach-  
ing in E. Bast. - nearly a  
year - and not one record  
in my journal. I left my  
bookings here with regret - and  
felt as my fingers bounding

of my heart I pursue toward, E. Boston  
but thought it right to make the  
change. I think it was the 9th of  
March - one miserable, dark, drizzly  
morning that I crossed the gulf that  
separates this island from the contin-  
ent - mounted a bleak hill  
through which the sea winds swept  
almost strong enough to drive me  
back again - found a room full  
of rampant boys with minds all  
made up to test the stuff I was  
made of. Knives, spitballs and  
beans were among the delicate  
measures resorted to the first  
day; but having convinced them  
that they and I could not live  
together a great while in that  
state, they surrendered and proved  
neither very rebellious, or ~~un-  
willing~~.

I led a wandering, Boreas life  
for many weeks, going back and  
forth to the S. C. - divorced from  
my goods and chattels - presenting  
a most forlorn and bedraggled ap-  
pearance most of the time. People  
said many kind and complimentary  
things - much outside influence  
was exerted - but matters be-  
came so desperate at length that  
I wrote Ellsidge I began to real-  
ize as I had never done before  
how any woman could marry  
any man who would furnish  
her with a room - and tell her she  
could keep her trunk and board  
in it the rest of her days. At  
length I was comfortably housed  
at Mr. McCall's for the Sum-  
mer - having a long walk - but

pleasure I have - and one of the most  
delicious habits to regale myself  
with. My May vacation I  
passed in N. Y. going there of eggs  
and wear - but returning refreshed  
Central Park, Greenwald - Hoboken  
Academy of Design - and the delightful  
home life at Sarah's proved healing  
and brightening influences. Adie  
went with me.

My Summer vacation was passed  
at Portland in Ellen's home - Mrs.  
Reed - that most beautiful & so  
genuine friend in all my hours  
of need going with me when I  
remained nearly a fortnight - at  
Hall River in my old friend Tydi  
and home - where I enjoyed the sweets  
of a long time friendship in a gen-  
al home one week - at Halifax  
at Mrs. Norton's in company  
with Adie - a most delightful

and satisfying visit - where my  
spirits were very gay - and my admira-  
tion of my hostess was deepened -  
and at Bellville - where we rode  
and boated and read French - and  
climbed pleasant hills and drank  
in the influence of one of the pleas-  
antest homes in the world. From  
my first visit to Ellen's to my  
last at B. it was one hour of  
delight and joy. This  
"lovely gem of the sea" did not  
attract me - but here my mis-  
sion lay - and so was unwise  
to shrink. After being tossed  
board for awhile - getting much  
enriched by travel and choice  
society - I finally settled again  
at Mrs. Whitehouse's - a home  
obtained through the solicitation

of my friend Mr. Davis of Cambridge.  
I found it cheerful and homelike in  
many respects like the people  
that surrounded me - and remain  
there until Apr. when Miss  
Turner who had been a member  
of the family, finding a very good  
place, where she at her friend  
Miss Cadworth could go for much  
less money than we paid Mrs. W.  
and wishing me to go with them -  
I plucked again my bones and  
Penates - existing alas! only in  
the persian shape of trunks and  
boxes - and planted them again at  
8 Henry St. at Miss Bicknell's.  
Cretor comforts are well sup-  
plied - our landlady is kind and  
thoughtful - and I have found a  
cheer and pleasant companion

in a Miss Ellen White who has  
come to room with me. My affec-  
tions have not turned round to  
Bash - in a loving and lingering em-  
brace. My Sabaths have all thus  
far been passed in the City since  
early in Dec. attending a literary  
class every Saturday which I have  
enjoyed exceedingly and which is  
now adjourned until Oct. I hope  
sometime to write here a synopsis  
of the theme's discourse there. Mrs.  
Dall has been the leading spirit -  
and she seems to me a finely de-  
veloped intellectual woman -  
possessing sweetness as well  
as strength. I am very glad to  
have known her.

This Spring has been a wonder-  
ful season. The fall of Rich-

more . . . The capture of  
his army . . . and on the 14<sup>th</sup>.  
while banners waved in the breezes  
that were the very breath of joy -  
came that awful message that  
lowered them from their triumph  
height. Abraham Lincoln - the great  
Father of his people - whose wis-  
dom and firmness and purity of  
piloting our storm-tossed ship of  
state into clearer and more  
beautiful waters than had ever  
kissed her keel before - was  
murdered by the cowardly as-  
sassin. Never did nation  
before descend from such patri-  
ciant heights of joy to such a  
depth of sorrow. The scenes that  
followed - the hushed and hallow  
day of funeral service

the land draped in dark and som-  
bering emblems - the universal  
love and sorrow expressed in words  
tender and touching or in silence  
more tender still - it needs no  
record to recall it. Mr. Clarke  
said - the Lincoln life seems  
so necessary to carry us through this  
Red Sea of War and the wilderness  
of difficulties - so his death might  
be needed to reveal the address,  
craft and poisonous policy of the  
people we have to deal with.  
Wendell Phillips says - This burial  
flash but reveals the blackness  
and extent of the cloud it came  
from; that when God wished  
to raise the nation to a higher  
level of its great duties, then  
he talked it in the blood of Lincoln.

Then on the 17th of June -  
Davis the august president of  
the great Southern Confederacy was  
captured in Georgia disguised in  
his wife's dress. And so ridiculous  
has been the general collapse of the  
great Humboldt's Rebellion - that I have  
not appeared on land! But through  
these fierce financial fires - purifica-  
tion has surely come.

June 17. 1865.

The one event to me since  
my last record - is the loss of my  
pier. Ellen from this region. For  
years she has been