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W. J.

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L. E. Harris.

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Commencing Monday May 29<sup>th</sup> 1843.

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meets only a stranger's welcome. But I soon found that my delightful anticipations, were not to be realized; that my own thoughts had lent the future the sombre hue, in which I viewed it; soon found myself surrounded with kind and loving hearts, instead of cold and formal ceremony; and since I have again changed; I have not found the world less kind, but fuller, as did the great Architect, when viewing his creation, that "it is good." Though there are moments wasted in vain repining; there are also moments when my own heart condemns me for such repining; reminding me that I am ever surrounded with that which should make it rejoice and be glad; that scarcely a day passes without experiencing some emotion, ten times outbalancing the petty trials and vexations, over which we brood.

And now that I have resumed my journal, I would ask that it may prove a faithful and cherished friend, to whom I may repair in joy and in sorrow; with whom

I may oft hold "sweet communion"; a repository of pure thoughts; and from it, may I in future time, may glean "joys for memory"; scenes which, as they come, through the lapse of years, may be hallowed in remembrance. When the scenes, and duties, and friendships amid which I now write, shall be seen only in the dim, shadowy past, may I here find something which shall aid memory in recalling them; which shall make them more real and present.

The whole of last week was passed in Canton, at home, it being my vacation. During my stay, Father removed from Warrens, to another part of Canton, where he feels that he shall pass the remainder of his days, peaceful and contented, too I trust. This new home is situated about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile from any human habitation, in the midst of beautiful and wild scenery, making it a fit haunt for meditation. A large and beautiful pond lies within sight of the house, which is not the least interesting feature of the scene

There is a calm and quiet beauty about the scenery, which I love. It seems so far removed from the haunts of men, that the mind must oft be translated to "that better, & true world", to hold communion. But not withstanding my admiration, I doubt whether I could contentedly live in this secluded spot; whether I should not sigh for the busy crowd with which I fear I love too well to mingle. But though I shall be bodily absent, I shall oft direct the "soaring wing of Fancy" thither, to the dear friends, who are so dear to me, and with whom I would ever have the Angel of peace and love to abide. — Upon reaching home this evening went into the dancing hall to see Susan dance the "Gavotte" which she did in a very graceful manner.

Saturday June 3rd  
Tuesday evening, after school walked home with Sarah, taking tea at Mr. W. man's. Upon returning home, accompa-

nied the family into the Town Hall, to witness the performance of a Temperance Drama, prepared by a Mr. Robinson from N. Hampshire. The design of it is to represent drunkard in his downhill course, from the time of his first yielding to a social glass, to his lowest condition. The piece was well written, and well performed; and although some of the scenes were rather repulsive than otherwise, as we have reason to believe they were but a true representation of realities, which it is their aim to reform, had an interest they could not otherwise have possessed.

Wednesday, I passed the afternoon in company with Rachel, at Sarah's (Polly's), where the hours flew gayly by, in lively chit-chat, and noisy merriment.

Walked some distance with Rachel on her return, reaching home quite late myself, but feeling well satisfied with my two old friends. Thursday evening walked into the city after school with Sarah W. as far as Court St., and Friday after noon went with Sarah W. and a friend

of her's to visit Miss Morse and Miss Leonard's school. Have been reading the "Neighbors" which I find deeply interesting.

Saturday June 10th

Monday being Election School days were permitted to run at large and amuse themselves as they pleased; but I remained within doors most of the day, receiving a present in the morning, the donor of which I shall always hold in grateful remembrance. Passed the evening in game at Whist, in which I was so successful, as to lead me to exclaim "tis folly to be wise". Passed Wednesday afternoon at Mrs. Marcans, in a very pleasant, social manner, visiting a garden, which quite realized my idea of Eden. Today I have been anticipating with much pleasure throughout the week, as a meeting of several of our Normal Sisters was to take place at Mr. Wymann, accordingly I shall repair there this evening, notwithstanding the clouds

wear a most threatening aspect

Saturday June 11th

Today closes a week, which I have highly enjoyed, as there has been much variety and excitement in its scenes. Returned from Sarah's Sunday evening, where I passed the day and previous night in company with our friend Mary Swift. After retiring we were treated with a most romantic story, the relation of which occupied a good part of the time generally appropriated to slumber. During the day we indulged in some delightful reminiscences of our Normal days, read, conversed, and were happy.

Monday evening I walked into the city with Sarah, and Tuesday evening accompanied a small party to the theatre. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Wymann (Sarah, Catherine), with George and Abby called here, leaving the two latter while they called

upon Mrs Curtis. Thursday Morning  
walked into the city as far as  
Court Street with Sarah, return-  
ing in season for school, of  
which explicit I feel as much  
inclined to boast, as did Byron  
of having seen the Hellespont.  
Upon reaching home Thursday  
evening found the three Sarahs  
awaiting me, to know what measures  
I intended to adopt, in consequence  
of the president's arrival to-morrow,  
when they reasoned, if not so logi-  
cally, at least so very much to my  
taste, that I was finally persuaded  
to dispatch a messenger retaining  
the order I had before issued, for  
my troops to assemble as usual  
at No. 4. armed and equipped  
for an intellectual drill.

Yesterday, as the President and  
escort passed through here, on their  
way to the city, the usual employ-  
ments of the people were suspend-  
ed, all the world was in con-  
fusion. He passed here at about  
10 o'clock, where he was welcomed

by a genial shower of rain. As the  
arrangements of the State and Town  
authorities did not at all harmonize  
that expression of good-will and  
cheerfulness which must have proved  
the most acceptable welcome to the  
Chief magistrate, was wanting. — Af-  
ter his departure the excitement gradu-  
ally died away, and a dull, rainy  
afternoon, succeeded a morning which  
opened with so holiday an aspect.  
Today has been celebrated the comple-  
tion of Bunker Hill Monument,  
with all that parade and pomp,  
which the occasion has certainly  
justified. Citizens from all parts  
of the Union, have today united  
with those of Massachusetts, to  
celebrate a day which all regard  
as a glorious era in our country's  
history. "The great living orator"  
whom embalmed with his eloquence  
the Corner Stone, has been chosen  
to express the feelings of the  
multitude, upon the completion  
of the consecrated work. —  
(Patriotism) must certainly have  
been aroused, in all hearts, where

it has been permitted to shudder;  
the union must have become more  
firmly cemented, by this heart-  
offering to the days and deeds  
of our fathers.

Friday July 28.

As dates will testify, I have  
taken a most appalling heap,  
for which one word alone will  
account, and that word is pro-  
crastination. Several friendly  
meetings, which if detailed would  
furnish materials for journalis-  
ing, a delightful excursion to  
Hingham in company with Mr. Pier-  
pont Society, an account of which  
would include an exploring  
expedition through an impass-  
able swamp, a visit from my sister  
Jane of Bangor, and Sabbath passed  
pleasantly in Boston with Mary  
Stoddert, have been a few of the  
things which have given variety  
to the season, I must do briefly &

noticed. — But I cannot but re-  
gret that I have proved so faith-  
less to my journal, of which I  
had talked in the commencement  
as a bosom friend, with which to  
hold "communion sweet". My confi-  
dence in myself, is becoming im-  
paired, by this continual neglect of  
my good resolutions. The love of  
ease and social pleasure,  
have attained an alarming pow-  
er over me, from which I cannot  
rid myself. Hours devoted to con-  
templation and study, have al-  
most ceased to be. —  
Had I but cherished my journal,  
expending the time and care  
necessary, what a resource might  
it not be made, when wearied  
with the sound and sight of  
external things; confiding in  
its keeping all my sorrows, unbur-  
dening all my cares, reposing  
within its pages all my joys,  
would prove a "ready comrade  
whom I could not lose". Lead-  
ing me to commune often with  
myself, it could not fail to



make me desire, a better self;  
a higher aim; thus securing growth  
in moral and intellectual things;  
which is surely worth some sacri-  
fice of ease and present pleasure.  
Thus speak the higher powers within  
me, and I would fain obey their  
voice; but alas! I tremble lest  
my feeble will yield to the more  
seducing tones, which will be also  
heard. But I will hope, though  
I dare not resolve.

Saturday July 29.  
8 8 8

After reading a very good spec-  
imen of Epistolary writing this morn-  
ing repaired to school, meeting Ellen  
& on my way, with whom I held a long  
and agreeable conversation. At noon  
called to see one of my children  
who lies sick with a fever; and  
passed the afternoon at home with  
Jason, writing a few lines to Mrs  
Mrs W. who left home last Wednes-  
day for Saratoga. Towards evening

accompanied Jason and Mary Chace  
to a repository of good things where  
we each dispensed of a delicious ice-  
cream, returning home in high spirits,  
where a portion of the evening was  
passed in anxious watching, devising  
means by which we might & honorably  
escape to the arms of Morpheus, pe-  
ring over Byron, displaying the dignity  
with which we have become this  
week invested, retiring at about 1/2 past  
11, with no intention of rising with  
the lark.

Sunday July 30.  
8 8 8

A steady rain has been probably  
deemed a great blessing to most  
of the dwellers on this mundane  
sphere, as tis a boon that has  
been much coveted for some weeks  
passed. As twas very evident that  
"my feeble virtue" must be "renewed";  
by other means than sermonizing  
this week, after some light but  
agreeable conversation with the sev-  
eral members of our little house.

hold, I sat myself down to Presents  
Ferdinand and Isabelle, with which  
I employed myself, with occasional  
depressions, until that mighty era  
in the a rainy days history & dinner  
of which if it were not too undig-  
nified, I would give a slight description,  
as it redounded to Susan's glory; pec-  
ticularly the huckleberry pudding.

As we had succeeded in produ-  
cing a tolerable state of weather -  
by opening blinds, withdrawing curtains  
& and various other little processes  
of a like nature, a small compa-  
ny of started for Milton at about  
6 50' clock, where we made a short  
agreeable call, and returning reach-  
ed home about 9.

During the conversation with  
which we whiled away the time  
before retiring, I received a series  
of compliments, which so admi-  
red to my vanity, that I feel  
I may assume a shaft, supercili-  
ous & air this week. "Dear said  
that I should be considered at  
least 30 years old, by any one

who should see in the street. Bewar-  
ly that my appearance in the aforesaid  
place was cold, reserved and  
forbidding; and finally I consoled  
myself with the idea that the  
"world that called me" thirty, could  
"not make me so; and that a  
rope exercise, driving hoop, or  
something of that kind, if practised  
by the & wags, as I proceed to school  
might remove any false impressions  
which my "reserved" walk, may have  
produced. — Does today enjoy  
although it surely testifies that I  
am not a sweet girl, also  
testifies, that I am a better one and  
Doubtless that any other day of the ses-  
ion I & Alas! Alas!

Monday 31st  
Called upon Sarah Sat. No 8.  
on my return from School, with  
whom I made an engagement  
for to-morrow, wind and weather  
being favorable. After tea walked  
about chiefly on business affairs.  
returning, opened one of my old

journal written at Livingston, which notwithstanding the imperfect, unskillful <sup>manner</sup> in which it was written, and the regret which I can but feel feel at many of the scenes therein recorded, still exerts an almost magic influence over me. As I pore over this record of the joys and sorrows, the duties and pastimes of these halcyon days, they seem no longer a portion of the past, but as real and present. As they were bright and beautiful. A date, a walk, a name, an incident so brief perhaps that a line may comprehend it, will awaken feelings and amid which I long reveal. Should the present ever become a dreary waste, might I not still rejoice, as the glories <sup>which</sup> would unfold? Feeling that while I retain this power, I may "give thanks, for the fair existence that is mine".

During the evening read a sermon upon "Haste", written by Mr Parker, and was told after I had finished, that my reading needed devout improve-

ments, if not an entire change. I listened to some edifying sermons upon life in the western country, Phenology, &c and thus made my way & with all speed to the "land of dreams".

Tuesday Aug. 1st/43

Sarah called for me this morning, bringing news of the death of Mrs Sylvia B. Butter, whom I knew as Sylvia Spruell; a lively, blooming, joyous girl, upon whom neither of nature or fortune had been niggard of their gifts. Did not long since I received from her sister an account of her marriage, which augured much for future happiness. And Sarah, to whom she was all that a sister could be, will not her young heart, experience a bitter change, a loneliness such as she had never felt before? Most deeply do I sympathize with one, whose kindly heart and gentle, amiable manners, have

have so often contributed to the increase of my joy. In a sister, has she lost her friend and companion, with whom she has held "sweet converse", from childhood, one whose smile has gladdened her days whose absence will create a void which must ever be felt, until their reunion in the spirit land

Wednesday Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup>

Our household had a very agreeable surprise this morning, in the arrival of Mr and Mrs. Withington, who were at once recognized as its head, and reinstated in their former honors, which we "smaller fry" had usurped for a season.

Accompanied Sarah W. into the city in the afternoon, where we were so fortunate as to meet two of our Normal Sisters from the country, Emily Johnson, and Martha Viles. I called at Mrs Stodder's, but did

not find Mary at home, but were agreeably entertained by her sister Harriet &

Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup>

Walked from school into the city, where I met Mary Stodder, who, with Sarah W. passed the night with me. Employed the evening in reminiscences, reading letters from mutual friends &c.

Friday 3<sup>rd</sup>

In company with Sarah and Mary walked into the city this morning, and were enveloped, a short distance by the rays of the "bright sun" from the South. Calm indeed! did I say? Depressed, rather, for circumstances were so very unfavorable, as to produce quite an unfavorable state of things. "But all is well, that ends well", saith an old proverb, so let us, with all patience

await times movements.

In the evening, accompanied Susan and Mary Beaver into the Street calling at the ice cream manufactory and at Miss Kelly's; returning home, found a most elegant, touching and dignified epistle from an elderly gentleman of the bar, in which was communicated, the welcome intelligence, that vacation will commence tomorrow and continue 3 weeks.

Thoughts of home, of fun and frolic with cheerful intercourse with friends whose love has been so often proved, impart a lightness to my heart and buoyancy to my spirits, which accompany me to this land of dreams, but all create a vision of happiness too bright to visit my waking hours. And as I consign myself to the "arms of Morpheus" I feel sufficiently grateful, for those bright anticipations, which make slumber sweet, and awaking, glad some? Surely, "the world, is not a desert of thorns" and he who regards it as such must feel hear a voice from within.

in, bidding him view a right, "creations plan"; to withdraw the veil with which he would obscure the "good, the beautiful and the true".

Monday Aug 28th

Resumed my school duties this morning after a respite of 3 weeks, all of which, with the exception of a few days, has been passed at home. Hope I do not lose my everyday duties here for loving school seasons so well. But surely life wears its holiday garb thus, casting aside all that care and anxiety which at other times encompasses me, I yield to a lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit, the memory of which I is grateful.

But may I never forget, as pleasant & memories of these halcyon days steal over me, that I can secure their highest enjoyment only by a faithful and

zealous discharge of the stern duties of life; by performing cheerfully the work which is given me to do. May all my powers be devoted to the cause in which I have enlisted; may I discern the dignity and beauty which may be revealed in the humblest walks of daily life; so that when I may again resign my labors for a season, it may be with the consciousness of duties well performed; a consciousness which will add not a little to the joyous scenes, which I always anticipate.

Saturday Sept 2nd.

Have passed a pleasant week in school. Also enjoyed my hours of recreation. Tuesday morning, Sarah, called, and <sup>among other</sup> things which she informed me, so transpiring during my absence was a visit from our old friend

and counsellor Mr. Peice, which I could not help regretting, as too very doubtful, I think, whether he again visit these parts, and I would gladly have made some sacrifice, to obtain an interview with one, whose memory I shall always cherish.

Wednesday received an invitation to pass the afternoon, at Mr. Taber's, where, a party of boys and children were to assemble; and enjoyed the season highly. It was pleasant to observe the venerable couple, whom we visited, so far "declined" into the vale of years, evincing such a lively interest in the pleasures of their younger guests. After leaving here accompanied the girls in their walk home, and returning to my own, felt very like the merry school, <sup>girls</sup> I was well to be, in 5 days gone by.

To-day went with Hannah into the city, calling upon an old acquaintance, who has set forth on the matrimonial voyage, since I last saw her.

Saturday Sept 16<sup>th</sup>

Accompanied Sarah home from school, on Monday, when an interesting case was discussed by the way-side, and enlarged upon, when we arrived at the bridge, and in a tone of voice, we were reminded at Mr. W's, quite inconsistent with the private and confidential nature of the matter under consideration.

Wednesday afternoon in company with Susan and Sarah, visited our S. Boston friends, whom we found as true and warm hearted as ever.

After leaving the Institution Mary Stedder (who fortunately met us there) called with J. and myself upon our old friend Jessie, whom we had not seen, since our normal days. Passed that night at Mr. Wyman's. Thursday afternoon, Susan having called upon me at school, we both proceeded at 4 o'clock to

Mrs. Mearns, where we passed a few hours very agreeably.

Saturday afternoon accompanied Susan and Sarah into the city to little purpose, which, <sup>we</sup> regretted the more upon reaching home and finding, Mary Swift, & Eliza Rogers with their little deaf, dumb and blind pupil, Laura Bridgman, of whose society we had been so long deprived, with so inadequate a recompense.

I have indulged in that exuberance of spirit, this week, which characterized me in former days, but which I suppose had entirely forsaken me. But notwithstanding, the excess to which I have "laughed and made merry"; the ease with which I have banished care and anxiety from my mind, there still remains a feeling of dissatisfaction, which does not fail to visit me when I resign myself to solitude and sober thought.

The "seriousness of life" will then come home to me, and I cannot but feel self-reproach

that I regard it so little as a reality. Though I would always cherish that spirit of mirth and joyance which has shed a "beauty over life"; I would not sacrifice to it, the nobler realities which call loudly and seriously upon me.

Saturday Sept 23rd.

Tuesday being Muster, ran at large in common with the rest of the school dimes in this vicin-  
ity. Passed the night at Mr Wymen's, and Wednesday morning walked into the city with Sarah. Passed Wednesday afternoon at Mr Ford's with Rachel and Sarah B.  
In the evening had an interesting conversation on "Schools" with Mrs Smollie and Miss Hamis, who were visiting here from Jamaica Plains. To day received an unexpected call from Mary Stodder, with whom I walked up to Mr.

Wymen's, after tea, where I left her to pass the Sabbath.

Saturday, Oct 30th.

The only spice of variety, which this week has afforded, has been a visit from Lydia Ann Stow, who in company with Sarah passed Wednesday afternoon and night with me. As I have been attacked this week with a severe cold, feel that my duties have been freely discharged.

As Susan left home for Bridgewater on Thursday, things are comparatively dull and monotonous. How much can one individual add to the pleasure of a household; especially one who by her own kind and happy heart, diffuses light and cheerfulness all about her.

Have been reading *Reveries of the Peak* this week, which like most of Geitt's novels I found perfectly bewitching.



Saturday Oct 7th.

This week seems to have "produced no fitting theme", to excite my slumbering pen. It has savored very much of monotony, which is my heart's desolation.

However Susan's return from Bridgewater on Thursday, breathed some life into me, which I began to need sorely.

Have been reading "Aina" this week, from which the following extract, seems at the present moment most appropriate, though I will not do Fredericka (Primer the injustice), to pronounce it the most beautiful: "And now it is night! Sleep with its soft wings touches the eyes of men, and their souls dream themselves a way into the land of wonders. The lawyer forgets his suits, the laborer the toil of the day, the man of the world the business of his festivities, the unfortunate

the occasion of his tears; all through thee, sweet blessing, such sleep! but if thou findest eyes which thou canst not close, which pain and care keep open and fixed till the very brain becomes numbed and the heart bleeds - oh, then go gentle sweet sleep! and beseech thy pale brother to come, for he is the true physician."

Saturday Oct 14th.

Commenced this week with no act "to reassure my feeble virtue". A severe storm on Sunday prevented me from attending church, but did not justify the frivolity in which I passed the day. After passing a pleasant day in school on Monday, received a call from two of my friends, whom I accompanied home. As I returned from their alone, the evening was so still and beautiful, that I felt, that if one spark of poetical feeling

slumbered within me, it must have been awakened; and although the idea of shying an apostrophe to the moon, or the "slimy host of heaven", which shone about me so serenely, never occurred to my mind, yet I was conscious of some higher emotion, than that everyday "prosy, prosaic" feeling, as I gazed upon the scene, which to use the poet's words, "more than any other divides the soul" and sad.

Tuesday morning called upon my friend Sarah B., whose originality and good sense, I have always admired. With her I strolled up to my pretty friend Rachel, after school at night, who with her frank, joyous and handsome countenance came out to greet us.

Wednesday morning accompanied Susan into Boston upon a fool's errand, which however 'twas no use to regret. In the afternoon was visited by Rachel and Sarah B., and passed most of the evening with Susan, at Miss Kelly's where the pattern of my bonnet

excited universal admiration. Also had an interview with Sarah W. Wednesday morning, with whom I made an engagement for Wednesday.

But notwithstanding the pleasant intercourse which I have this week enjoyed with some of my most valued friends, there is one spot towards which my thoughts and wishes centre; where my dream conduct me, as if kindly to compensate, for "fate's stern decree".

To the home of my parents and my sister; does imagination oft wing its way; in the midst of social & mirth and gaiety, surrounded by loving, kindly hearts, for which I should be ever grateful, my spirit is often far away, holding "sweet converse", with those best and most disinterested friends, whose love I know will never change. May all good angels guard them; and while nature ~~is~~ in whose midst they dwell, shall put on her robes of sadness, may the hearts pure & sunshine never leave them;

may" purity, and (peace and love  
beats the home of my heart, where  
I would that I could of never go con-  
sistent with a faithful discharge of  
duty. (But "what ever is, is right," saith  
a wiser person than myself), therefore  
do not murmur, saith a higher voice  
within me

Saturday Oct 21st.

On Wednesday attended the  
ordination of the Rev. Mr. Allen,  
as pastor of the Unitarian church  
on Jamaica Plain. Most of the  
services were solemn and impressive  
the extreme youth of the ordained,  
making them more so. The right  
hand of fellowship being extended  
by a young companion, was the  
most beautiful and affecting  
part of the ceremony. After pre-  
minding him in the most beau-  
tiful & voiced imaginable, that the  
days of this childhood were past,  
that he had himself but just passed

the threshold, which he had reached,  
his sandals hardly yet soiled  
with the dust of this travel, extend-  
ing his hand, spoke with a beauty  
and eloquence, so irresistible, that  
Mr. A. was deeply moved. Now the  
young minister who performed this  
rite (who was a son of the late  
Professor Henry Ware Jr.) was beau-  
tiful as a "Poet's dream," which  
I cannot but think added not a  
little to the power of his words.  
Though few perhaps will acknowledge  
what may sever so much of weak-  
ness, do we not listen with more  
interest to one, who adds to mental  
beauty, an interesting, pleasing  
eloquent countenance? I, for one  
cannot but think so. Beauty pos-  
sesses a charm, which we cannot  
resist, and when united to the  
higher endowments (without which  
united, I deny its power) excites  
within us a feeling of admiration  
amounting almost to reverence.  
Yes, there must be beauty ~~and~~ in  
Heaven as well as goodness,  
else it will not realize my ideal  
of Heaven. — If during

the long and tedious sermon, my wicked, wayward thoughts would wander to Chignon dresses, girdles, waists and slumbering auditory, thus beautiful, simple, neat, so solemnly, impressively pronounced, made me forget that such varieties even existed, aroused my highest and noblest thoughts, making me for the time at least, a "happier and a better being."

Sunday Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1843.

I have heard Rev. Mr. Lanson of Spedham preach all day. His text this morning was from the 7<sup>th</sup> Chap. of Revelations, 9<sup>th</sup> V. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds and people and tongues, stand before the thrones, and before the lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."

The subject of his discourse was: our occupations in the way of

which he thought our conceptions were generally too degraded. He thinks that our intellectual faculties will thus unfold, as we traverse the systems of worlds, which people the realms of space, and acquaint ourselves with their nature, and their inhabitants whose literature, arts, religion &c. will furnish a beautiful and ample field for the exercise of faculties, here wholly inadequate to such researches. The delight of friendship and of sympathy we shall, he thinks also enjoy; hold communion not only with the loved ones who have gone before us, with the seers and prophets whose wisdom has guided us, the pure spirits of the world's elder time, but a higher order of intelligences will also be with us. — Though many of the ideas expressed by Mr. L. were somewhat fanciful; yet, I think it well and profitable to hear the conceptions which the good and wise have formed, of that perfect happiness, which awaits the "pure in heart". His idea of Heaven was certainly

by an exalted one. —  
His afternoon sermon was  
preached from the words of Jesus:  
"It is finished". After speaking  
of the beauty and propriety with which  
he pronounced them, he spoke of  
the unspeakable satisfaction he must  
feel, who upon a faithful retrospect  
of his performance of "the work which  
had been given him to do", could  
say "it is finished".

Sunday Oct. 29. 1843.

"I am now alone in my chamber.  
Another week has become num-  
bered with the past, its scenes  
to be viewed only in the retro-  
spect. Surely "time like an  
Indian Arrow & flies, or like a  
shooting star". I seem scarcely  
to cast an inquiring glance  
at the seemingly distant future, ere  
it seems become numbered with  
those of bygone days. And who  
does not bless the gift which

enables him to recall and live  
"over again", the days and deeds which  
have passed away from him?

Beautiful privilege! to as the  
halcyon days of life, roll by, to join  
the "years before the flood"; to be  
able to behold them again in all  
their beauty, as they lay pictured  
in "Memory's mellowing glass". —  
However uneventful any period  
of time may have been, when the  
thought suggests itself, that it  
was ours to improve and to engage  
to hallow by the performance of noble  
and generous deeds, but has now  
gone to testify, of good or evil, it  
acquires a new and sacred  
character; becomes thine hallowed  
by the power of Memory. —  
And I am now seated to re-  
view the week which has closed  
to record such events, as may  
in themselves or by their associations  
suggest in future time, pleasant  
memories.

Flows devoted to duty, in which  
with the heart was I truly enlisted,  
view up before me; of pleasant

intercourse with friends; and also  
has devoted to friendship and non-  
sense, which latter are I sometimes  
fear disproportioned to the rest. —

The spirit of truth seems of late  
to have taken up its abode within  
me, proving sometimes a most trouble-  
some tenant, as too subject to but  
little control from its more staid  
and sober ~~tenants~~ neighbors. —

Wednesday was passed with Susan at  
Mr. Pillsbury's; yesterday attended a lecture  
of the Lowell Institute, at the Old Bow,  
delivered by Mr. Clifford, upon Egyp-  
tian Hieroglyphics; but did not feel  
myself in the least benefited by the  
proceeding, as it consisted chiefly of  
the reading of these Hieroglyphics, with  
some explanation of the "Tablet of Aby-  
dos", which my memory could not  
possibly retain. —

Have attended church all day,  
hearing Mr. Putnam preach one  
of his most heart stirring sermons  
this morning, upon the necessity of  
patient thought, and lonely med-  
itation to the perfection of the Chris-  
tian character; the danger of lux-

uriating in our feelings, without  
converting them into energies.

The elegance and fervor with  
which he described the souls hallow-  
ed moments, when we stand on the  
very mount of transfiguration, as it  
were, convinced me that few can  
so powerfully awaken the beautiful  
thoughts and holy aspirations which  
lie slumbering in the heart.

The strength and beauty at Gethsemane,  
Garden, and Calvary, the thought  
traceable, to the holy struggle with  
the tempter in the wilderness. —

Attended Mr. Fay's meeting in  
the afternoon, where this discourse  
though very good, appeared to me com-  
pared with the more powerful and  
eloquent one of Mr. P.

Sunday Nov. 5th

Was pleased to find Priddy  
at Mr. W's., on my return from  
School Monday evening, who with  
Susan accompanied me into  
the street. Also received a call

from them on Tuesday morning,  
when I was also delighted to  
see Walker. Wednesday morning  
was also favored with a call  
from my sister Louisa. In the  
afternoon attended the 2<sup>nd</sup> lecture  
before the Lowell Institute upon  
Egypt, in company with Sarah, Billy.  
This lecture unlike the last  
was very interesting; treating of  
the invasion and conquest of Eg-  
ypt, by the Hittites or Shepherd  
kings, in whose service he thinks  
Joseph to have been prime minister  
instead of a legitimate Egyptian  
king, which will account for  
a "Pharaoh's rising," who knew  
not Joseph." 'Tis owing to the depreda-  
tions of these invaders, that so little  
can be obtained from the pyra-  
mids, as they defaced what they  
could not destroy and spilt  
what they could not imitate.  
He also attempted to disprove  
the popular opinion that the  
Hittites and Israelites were  
one people.

Yesterday afternoon attended the  
3<sup>rd</sup> lecture which was a contin-  
uation of the last, and treated prin-  
cipally of the final triumph of the  
Egyptians, and expulsion of the Jews,  
which latter he considered perfectly  
parallel with the removal of the  
Red man from the soil which  
he permitted to run to waste.  
Met with a little incident in  
the lecture room this afternoon,  
which afforded a fine opportunity  
for the display of Susan's admi-  
rable spirit, which bore the test nobly.

To-day have attended church  
all day hearing Mr. Putnam this  
morning preach, upon the proof of  
immortality, which Christ's life exhib-  
ited, so I much stronger than express  
declarations could have been.

Heard Mr. Pierpont this afternoon  
preach thus from the text: "What  
is that to us? See thou to that."  
Have spent all my leisure hours  
to day below stairs in conversa-  
tion with the rest of the family,  
while conscience continually

pointed to my silent chamber,  
and bade me repair thither to  
strengthen and invigorate the powers  
which must suffer and decay for  
want of that exercise, of which I  
deprive them day by day. Besides,  
as to-day completes the 20th year  
of my existence (not life, according  
to the pious Young's definition) &  
tis fit that I should cast a  
retrospective glance, should meditate  
and moralize, upon the years gone  
by. The golden days of youth,  
& the prime of exertion, seem to  
have died with my tears (and  
a merry funeral they have had to-day)  
and I feel that I have "at  
length declined into the vale of  
years". But undertake to review  
a life, so fraught with joy and  
ill, as the most uneven must  
be, in a few brief moments, and  
with a mind so wholly unpre-  
pared: I cannot do it, say.  
And a secret voice that  
will not be suppressed, inquires  
"and will that quiet, meditative  
season ever come: at least ever

be welcomed?" Heaven grant it  
may; that I may have to commune, better  
with myself; that such communing  
may prove more satisfactory.  
But a truce to meditation!  
Morpheus supplants her claims,  
and nature bids me not re-  
sist her wooings.

Saturday 11th.

Last Monday evening attended  
a lecture at the Masonic Tem-  
ple, upon "Connell and Irish  
agitation", delivered by Rev. Hen-  
ry Lyell, with whose eloquence  
I was so much charmed a few  
winters since at the Lyceum,  
and of whom I have made some  
mention in a former journal.  
As I shall probably again hear  
the same lecture before our Ly-  
ceum next week, I will defer  
any further notice till then.  
Wednesday afternoon passed in the  
city, having my teeth repaired.  
I have anticipated going home today  
all the week, but fate having



desired it should be otherwise,  
I could do nothing but submit.  
I even went so far as to equip  
myself for my homeward journey,  
but the rain & descending wind to-day  
and the fact that at fortnight  
hence, I should have another oppor-  
tunity to go, induced me to bear  
my disappointment with resignation  
at least if not cheerfulness. The  
exercise of my alimentive faculty  
proved a fruitful source of con-  
solation

Wednesday Nov 15th 1843

Monday being that night era  
in the State's history denominated  
"Election"; school doors were per-  
mitted to run at large.  
Having witnessed to my heart's con-  
tent, the patriotic townsmen who  
oppose the right of suffrage, (as  
the scene of action is right oppo-  
site), started with Susan upon  
an expedition of which we have

long talked, the object of which  
proved unsuccessful. After walking  
to the "Western Avenue", entered  
Heath Street, via, of Punch (Boat),  
crossing to Centre St., where we  
made several calls, and then  
returned home much fatigued. In  
the evening attended Mr Gild  
and lectured at the "Temple" upon Ob-  
scure Obit the "Cornlaw Plymer  
and the "Toilemen of England";  
which although it contained many  
beautiful and eloquent passages,  
was much injured to his first.  
Listened on our return to a power-  
ful exposition of Whig principles,  
by a youthful, but illustrious  
statesman, whom we had the good  
fortune to find in the omnibus.  
A "widow's son" to whom some  
estate has been most lavish  
of her gift, particularly that of  
speech. At the commencement  
of that pretty little effusion of  
"Motherly Love": "Here we go up,  
up, up," had evidently found its way  
to his precious friend I wondered  
in my secret heart, if the continu-

tion of the same had ever suggested itself (which as near as I can remember, is: "and here we go down, down down.")

Who trembles for his country's weal, while she retains such pillars of support?

Tuesday afternoon received a visit at school from Missy Mason, returning home, found Susan sick with that "Hell of a disease" - the tooth ache.

Passed Wednesday afternoon at Lurg, instead of attending an Institute lecture as I had anticipated, and in the evening attended the first Gynecum Lecture of the season at Upphill Hall, where I again listened to Mr. O'Connell's lecture upon Daniel O'Connell, and Irish agitation. He first glanced at the social condition of Ireland for the last half century, giving some description of Orangism, which he said was Toryism, and something more. Toryism with additions which were not improvements; its two most striking characteristics, hatred to

to Catholics, and worship of lucre. It perpetuated the fierceness of Cromwell's soldiers without their courage; their bigotry without their principles. The very thought of Catholics partaking of the good things of life with them, caused an alderman to drop tears in their turtle soup, and robbed Lord Mayo of their sleep at Church. He then went on to speak of the peasantry of Ireland, and their relation to their landlords, the former being eiphers, while the latter were the <sup>little</sup> ~~big~~ figures which gave them value and importance. Drrolly hangs about everything in Ireland and bribery is not without its comic costume. An election resembles in many respects the millenium; for the proud become humble and the lowly exalted. 'Tis a most inspiring sight to see poor ladies converse so lovingly with peasant mothers; with what complacency they sit upon three legged stools, and kiss the little cheeks whose faces were a living witness to the tax on soap; how enthusiastic becomes their admiration of the hat or that which was once the hat of the lazar. Why was this strange copied

of taste! was it, that they might preserve specimens of an event past, when the saints should all be clothed in white?

A candidate visiting the cabin of his tenant, took such a fancy to his wife's currant bush that he bought it for ten pounds, of which the tenant was informed. "By the powder!" and hain't I just sold my waistcoat to the other fellow for 20!" said he. At the election he of the currant bush being present, and seeing he had not secured his vote, remonstrated upon the injustice of his tenant. "And wasn't it the other fellow, what took such a fancy to my nest?" The rationalist turned his eyes towards Heaven and wondered what the world was coming to! After relating a more tragical result, of this state of things in Ireland, by which the peasant perjured his conscience, he arrived at a period, when a crisis had come, and considered the man whom nature, he said, had formed to direct it. "O'Connell" (to use his words, as faithfully as I can remember them) is a phenomenon in history; the extent

and stability of his power being without a parallel, holding without office the sway of a statesman; wearing the honours of a hero without his bloodshed. It is not his oratory which has given O'Connell such power over the people; for Curran, Burke, and Lyttleton were men unsurpassed in the power of words; nor yet his patriotism, for in this he had been anticipated, by those who gave their lives on the scaffold. But he possessed an insight into the Irish character which had never been equalled; he addressed them in a language plain to their intellect and conciliatory to their habits, now soft as their own wild harp, now fierce as their own rugged mountains; but even this will not explain his power. 'Tis to be sought in the depths of Irish misery and Irish grievance; here is the fuel which fed his eloquence, and without which its power were lost. He then went on to speak of O'Connell's advantages as an orator, and his character

as a man; said to suppose entirely free from the weaknesses of humanity would be to consider him more than human; but view in his own gigantic dimension, and his faults become lost in his lofty and noble qualities.

As proof of the power of his eloquence he gave some description of his address to a large concourse of people, in Edinburgh, who had assembled to hear the stalwart man from Ireland. The city of palaces lay before him; the city of Seatt; the city of Mary. He opened with an eloquent & eulogium on Scotland; he talked of the bravery of her men and the beauty of her women, of that country which had given mountings but received <sup>none</sup> he invoked the shade of Bruce, and quoted Burns; and then he turned with eloquent despondency to Ireland; lamented that she had no place among the nations, no history; said he would tell <sup>his</sup> sisters beyond the channel that the daughters of Scotland could feel

for the woes of Ireland. And when he had finished, the whole collected enthusiasm of the multitude, rose in one loud shout; it sent the skies with its booming, it pealed in long drawn echoes over hill and dale.

Some, he said, had made it a matter of censure, that he should receive a salary. He could not regard it so; for it was voluntary on the part of the people; and as he gave up a profession which every where lucrative, is in Ireland most lucrative of all, the Irish who are proverbially grateful did not wish his fortune to suffer. Burke received a pension from the king, and who would deny that Burke was worth a thousand kings?

His sympathy with the slave has also subjected him to censure. But it must be his mode of expression, and not the sentiment itself, and he must be a bold apologist, who would answer for all the expressions of O'Connell or indeed of any

man. The sentiment itself calls for no defence, for its coextensiveness with Christianity born with its birth, and can be extinguished only with its death. Who does not feel his soul leave this earth, as he reads the words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death?" Visions of it rise up beautifully, and glow in the heart of the "bottled slave." So native is this sentiment to the heart of man, that he who buys and sells the slave, grows eloquent in its praise. Indeed if we do not cherish this sentiment, all nature will condemn us. Proud and condecorated monuments, will fall upon us; the blood of fields sacred to its cause will cry out against us; the spirits of departed loved ones will rise and reprove us; the very elements will speak to us; the chainless winds, the irrepresable torrent, the sovereign ocean, the impartial sun; for all these are ministers of universal liberty.

The times will come, when freedom shall be coextensive with christianity

at least; when not an atom, where the cross has ever been planted, but shall attain unto a perfect franchise.

O'Connell has sympathised with the Greek, he has sympathised with the Pole, he has sympathised with the Prussian serf, and it is not his sin that the poor negro has been excluded from his catholic heart.

He then went on to speak of the defeat of the Beresford, whom he described as a family educated under the worst, possible circumstances, and true to their education; who were oppressive to their inferiors, haughty to their equals and amiable to none; of the subsequent awakening of Ireland; describing most eloquently the scenes, which now ever present themselves, in which O'Connell <sup>was</sup> the the presiding genius. Haunts which had lately wooed the poet to its beauty and the lover to its solitude, now sent forth a voice grander than the clouds, for it was the voice of man; the masses went forth in the vigor of awakened manhood; eloquence was theirs and all that feeds eloquence

He compared the Irish peasant now with what he was fifty years ago. Then he was a slave, now he was a man. Then he knew no law but his passions, now he was subject to his higher reason.

Ireland he said had been the victim of England, the slave of England and the strength of England. She is now to be the equal of England, to be a kingdom, as, and every inch a kingdom. After beautifully contrasting the bounteousness with which Nature had treated Ireland, with the oppressed condition of her sons, he closed with some prophetic remarks of the Emerald set in the midst of the sea, when her children, a virtuous populace should stand a wall of fire about her much loved Isle.

His remarks concerning the establishment of the Catholic or Protestant Church by force in Ireland, which were very good, I have omitted. Indeed what I have written gives so imperfect an idea of the original

lecture, that I fear I have done wrong to purport it, for my own amusement.

Sunday Nov 19<sup>th</sup> 1843.

Yesterday attended the 6<sup>th</sup> lecture before the Lowell Institute, delivered by Mr. Lydell Dow Ripon Esq. Egyptian pyramids, of which I learned from him that over 50 existed; that the largest extended over 13 acres, contained over 80 millions Tons solid masonry, and would construct, 1062 monuments like Bunker Hill; that they existed long before the days of Abraham, and that the arts and sciences must have attained a perfection which startled us, before their construction. Also that their size corresponded to the length of the monarch's reign to whose memory it was built, and that the woods of which the pillars in some of their interiors was constructed, and the spices with which the mummies were embalmed, established the fact of a commercial intercourse of

Egypt with foreign countries. He also remarked upon their form, which he said was intended to imitate the mountain, which to the Egyptians was sacred to the memory of the dead.

I have listened to Mr Posten all day, this morning the subject of his sermon was: See that thou do all things according to the pattern showed thee on the Mount. He quoted to some length a writer, who thinks that all the noblest deeds and qualities had their origin among the mountains; that the invigorating air of the mountains, inspired lofty sentiments; and pointed to the Alps, the Highlands, the Caucasus and others equally renowned; and Mr P. thought there might be something in this; and upon some other occasion it might afford a pleasing subject of enquiry. He adverted to the scenes of Calvary; of Gerizim of Olivet, and spoke of our Society oft repairing to the mountain, as though there were indeed a harmony

between a spiritual and physical elevation. It seems to us almost impossible, that the divine drama of the Bible could have been enacted in other but a mountainous country. — But he said it was not the height of Tabor or the Alps, of which he should speak; but that state of spiritual elevation, when we stand upon the mount. Recall the soaly better moments, for then we stand upon the mount. 'Twas impossible but we must sometimes come down into the level plain of petty cares and worldliness, but when we stand upon the mount, the pattern was shown us from which to work.

This afternoon, he preached from the words of Paul, "Lord, what would thou have me to do?" which he said was the question every Christian should first ask. The purport of his sermon, was, to enforce the importance of discharging our "next duty," which he said would render plain all the rest. — Two items in this weeks history

must not go unrecorded; one, that I attended last Sunday evening an interesting lecture, at the Melodeon, given by Mr. Gardner; and the other, the receipt of a letter from Ellbridge yesterday, informing me of the marriage of my friend Sarah Buckford.

Friday Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> 15.

Attended Mr. Child's 3<sup>rd</sup> lecture on Monday evening, at the Masonic Temple, upon "Oliver Goldsmith." After giving a brief sketch of the poet's life, touching with much in a very interesting and entertaining manner upon his peculiarities, he spoke at some length of the relation which he sustained to Roswell, whose criticisms upon his character, he thought entitled to about as much credit, as Madam Trollope's notes upon America.

Spoke of his writings, and particularly of his "Vicar of Wakefield," the charm of which he thought to consist in the Trimrose Family. He said that Goldsmith concerned the novel to virtue, when the pen of fiction had become dipped in the effearings of passion. But as I shall probably hear this lecture again I will defer all further notice till then.

Wednesday attended Mr. Cliddon's lecture on Egypt at the Odion, and Thursday evening attended the Boston Lyceum, where I heard an interesting lecture from the Rev. F. H. Hoedge of Bangor, upon "Character and Destiny."

Saturday Nov. 25<sup>th</sup>.

Left home at an early hour this morning, making four calls before repairing to school. During the forenoon, received a call from Rev. Mr. Fay, who having concluded the examination of my pupils at about



11 O'clock, gave me full power to disband my little company, who are to run at large next week.

At 1/4 past 3 this afternoon, started in the cars for Canton, where I shall remain during the whole of next week, taking with me a light heart and care free mind.

Monday Dec 4th.

Thanksgiving week having been passed at home, I have returned to school and duty to-day. My holiday season has been enjoyed, though a severe cold somewhat impaired its pleasure.

That "time-honored festival" so precious to New England, was celebrated on Thursday; but our family circle was so reduced; that I was prone to revert upon "Tim's change", upon the time long past when with childish glee I

welcomed the day, as sure to bring with it the loved and absent

Attended Mr. Cyclis's last lecture at the Temple this evening upon "Byron"

Wednesday 6th

Heard a lecture this evening from Mr. James Murdock & the celebrated elocutionist upon the "Human Voice" with a brief digression on Tight Lacing, accompanied with recitations from Shakespeare.

Saturday Dec 16th

Being somewhat in the rear of my journalising, owing to my bettling and procrastination, feel that I must not stop to moralise, philosophise, or criticise, as my few preceding entries, will show I have not

done, but only writes "straight on"  
recording merely the most prominent  
facts.

Wednesday, after having passed  
most of the afternoon in the  
city with Sarah and Susan, atten-  
ded our Lyceum, where I heard  
an interesting lecture from John  
W. Parkes upon the "law of  
property."

Saturday Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1843.

Sickness has served to very  
the order of things within doily  
this week, and illness without,  
which latter has kept me in con-  
tinual apprehension, lest I might  
not be able to preserve the "even  
tenor of my way."

Monday morning took an early  
walk up to Mrs. Wymans, return-  
ing in the sleigh, drawn by the  
renowned "gunpowder."

Wednesday afternoon, Dea. Jones was  
leased to a small company of

us, and after about an hour's ride  
I returned, with the conviction,  
that my "beau ideal" of a perfect beau  
had at last assumed a visible,  
"tangible" shape.

In the evening attended a Green  
lecture upon "that much abused  
but highly important relation - Mat-  
rimony," for the protection which  
the law affords to the rights of mar-  
ried females, in which many new  
and interesting ideas were set  
forth in an interesting manner by  
John W. Parkes.

Thursday morning received a slice  
of "wedding cake" from my former  
friend, Eglia M. Pennell, who quit  
this life (i.e. a school teacher) on  
Monday the 18<sup>th</sup> inst, for the mar-  
ried. In the evening receiv-  
ed a proposal from Mary  
Stodder by the way of Sarah, to  
visit Lexington on Saturday  
which I concluded to accept,  
but meeting Sarah this morning  
was told that the above-mentioned  
Miss Eglia with her sister Reba-

ca and the rest of her wedding party, having left word yesterday that they would call there to-day on their return from Boston, and requesting me to meet them there, I altered my previous intentions, and repaired to Mr. Wymans; where I have this afternoon enjoyed an interview with two favorite schoolmates, whom I had not seen since the day when we bade adieu to Lexington and school together; which happens to have been just three years from this day of our meeting.

Oh! the reminiscences of our happy school days that were crowded into these few moments! so much for all to say, and so little time to say it in. And there was Eliza, with whom we then parted a very child, now presenting a husband with herself. And yet the girls seemed both the same as on the day we parted; indeed I almost forgot for the moment that we had parted, so vividly did their

looks and voices recall our merry & normal days. But as the most & delightful seasons will have an end, this was concluded much sooner than I could have wished, and again we parted, although I for one felt much happier for the interview.

Monday Dec. 25th.

Did not return from Mr. Wymans until Sunday morning, and returning there again with the family from church last evening, I remained until this evening. Have enjoyed my visit, highly, indulging in an unwonted flow of spirits. Indeed my visits to this family, will exist among the most pleasant memories of my life. The mere record of such a visit here, will suggest to my mind a picture which I shall love to contemplate, when travelling amid the more rugged paths of my life.

journey.

Upon reaching home this evening found all cheerful and pleasant as usual, and retired to rest with a light heart and buoyant spirit, which I would that I could always keep. But the "dark moments which visit all hearts and lives" will have their turn, no doubt, and I suppose 'tis better that it should be so. "Life is not all shade, nor all sunshine," and the spirit must sometimes robe itself in sadness, as well as revel in mirth. Were it not right and best, would He who made our hearts, have formed them thus?

Sunday Dec 31. 1843

It being as my date will show, the last day of the year, the services at Church were appropriate for the occasion.

Mr. Pitman preached this morning from the 2<sup>d</sup> Chapt. of Ezek.

iel, 21<sup>st</sup> V. "For the king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways, to use divination." Has applied this to the parting of the ways in the life journey; for we could all recall such moments when we stood at the parting of the ways; when we paused and hesitated, and afterwards rejoiced, or sorrowed, as we chose wisely and well, or otherwise.

The man of virtue could remember when he stood at the parting of the two ways; in one he beheld the rugged but ever peaceful path of duty; in the other pleasure lured him most temptingly; but he chose, and chose aright, hardly knowing what good angel saved him. The man of vice, perhaps pining in prisons, or perhaps braving the look of his fellow-men, or it might be sitting in the high places of the earth, could recall the moments when he chose the path which led him

where he is. For he too once stood  
at the parting of the way. But  
there must be moments when  
thought would come; when Memory  
would re-ignite her flashing  
lights. He then quoted the  
story of an old man, who seated  
himself to muse upon his life  
so nearly spent. He recalled  
the innocent days of his child-  
hood, and then he mourned  
over his vicious worthless life.  
"Oh come back, come back, he cried,  
days of purity and innocence," and  
they did come back, for he awoke  
and it was all a dream; and  
again he was a happy, beaming  
child. A dream and a  
fable! but to how many, are  
such reflections a sad reality!  
In the afternoon a new year  
sermon was preached, in which  
allusion was made, to those  
who had died out of the  
society during the past year.  
And so another year  
is about to close upon us

all. With me, like those which  
have preceded it, it has been  
a checkered one; clouds and  
sunshine interspersed. Though  
my history for the past year, has  
been characterised by no very strik-  
ing events, it had done its part  
towards moulding my character  
either for good or ill. As I  
cast upon it, scenes a retrospec-  
ive glance, I can recall many  
beautiful seasons, when in my  
heart's fulness I could, not  
with sufficient warmth and  
earnestness "give thanks for the  
fair existence that was mine";  
and with gratitude would I  
say that although they have been  
in other like "angels' visits"  
they have not been "few nor  
far between".

I can also recall those  
of a more sombre hue; when  
in one of the brightest prospects  
which hope, unfolds to our  
view, seemed the conviction that  
we "shall not live always."  
And alas! I can recall too

broken resolutions, neglected duties, glimpses of a more perfect life, suffered to remain glimpses only; moments when an ideal standard has presented itself most temptingly, inviting, nay even urging me "to arise and follow"; and yet despite my better reason, dismissed for some transient bauble. Ah, often in the quiet of my chamber, have "good angels" ministered unto me, in the form of reverent, lofty thought; of gentle memorials and inspiring hopes; in the voices of the Chamberlain good, whom I have known and loved, or of the master spirit, who have "penned their inspiration", "lending their thought to meaner beings"; and I have felt that life was something more than a "walking shadow". And I have gone forth into the bustling crowd again, and for all these ministrations all too soon. If I would solicit

one boon above the rest, for the coming year, it would be, that I might take more earnest heed, to the higher voice which speaks within me at such moments, that I might "reverently obey her dictates"; not in the silent chamber only, in lonely meditation, but when I engaged in the active duties of life, I would have it speak too powerfully to be silenced by the seducing tones, which are ever waiving to trifling pleasures, and the "leaps of dalliance"

Saturday Jan 13. 1844

As Susan left home a week ago yesterday for Bridgewater have had her place supplied by other friends, who have taken up their abode with me in turn. Last week, Friday night was passed at Mrs. Moreans; Saturday afternoon I accompanied Ellen, to Faneuil Place

making a very pleasant call at Mr. Harris's. Last Monday night night, Ellen favored me with her company; Sarah W. passed Tuesday & night with me; Wednesday afternoon was agreeably surprised by a call from Mary Swift, accompanied by her little deaf, dumb, and blind prodigy, Laura Bridgeman, with whom I repaired to Mr. Wyman's, where I passed the night, in a manner most congenial to my "laughter-giving spirit."

Thursday, Sarah Taber passed the night with me, and Friday evening received a call from Rachel and Sarah B.

To-day, Jason's returned, spread that I charm over our home, which I always miss when she is absent. She is a rare girl; possessing a combination of qualities, which I do not often find.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!" Perhaps

a future entry may explain the connection between the two last observations.

Saturday Jan. 20. 1844.

Have experienced an actual ebb of spirits this week; from no assignable cause either. — Have felt that I would silence mirth and summon sadness; finding more charms in my silent chamber where I could commune with the past and the absent, than in the social circle. Have thought of home and sighed for it; of life; and it looked dark and somber, and I find would shrink from it. — Why will these somber tints sometimes array all that we look upon, when in reality everything is as bright and encouraging about it as in our sunniest moods? Is it not one of the spirit's mysteries, which

we cannot fathom? \_\_\_\_\_

Saturday Jan. 27. /44

This week has witnessed an important change in our household, Susan having set forth on Wednesday evening on the "voyage matrimonial". & Yes - Susan, with whom the pages of this journal, must have become intimately acquainted, if frequent introductions could have a tendency to bring about such a result, has been actually married this week; and although still a member of the family, is no longer my chum, with whom I can "discuss" at even upon the events of the day, and anticipate those of the morrow. How as people speak more freely of the virtues of the dead, may I not speak with more free-

dom of the excellencies of a friend who has just departed one life, (the single) to set forth upon another? As I retire alone to my chamber, I feel that a beautiful spirit, which diffused light and beauty around, has forsaken it. She is certainly the bright light of our household; and embodiment of all that is good and graceful; one to whom nature has been lavish of her gifts, which have not been abused. An active, inquiring mind, and a warm, loving heart, enshrined within a most graceful and attractive dwelling-place are hers. Heaven grant that the life, of which she has just passed the threshold, may prove, like a "dream of power, that may not be written or told, exceeding beautiful"; as joyous as her own spirit; that the Angel of peace and love may ever hover round her home, blessing its joys, and consecrating its sorrows (if such there must be)



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to holy purposes

Friday afternoon visited Miss Mossis' school, with Ellen and Lizzy Mason, passing the night at Mrs Mason's.

Sunday Feb. 4, 1844

Have passed an afternoon at Mrs Mason's this week, and one at Luzz; attended a Lyceum lecture on Wednesday evening, by Mr. Buckingham, Editor of the Courier, upon Newspapers and Editors, which was to me at least extremely dry. Thursday Ellen M. passed the night I with me, as she is to commence a "professional career" on Monday, at the Uxore Hall school house.

Have also had several interviews with Sarah W. this week, from whom I gathered some facts concerning our nominal Sisterhood.

Heard from Mr. Peulman, this morning one of his best sermons, from the text: "Jesus of Nazareth; a prophet;" abounding in beautiful thought and language, expressed in that irresistibly eloquent manner, for which Mr. P. is so justly distinguished.

In the afternoon, heard Rev. Mr. Huntington from Boston preach, a personage, whom I have made every fruitless attempt to hear before, and though I had been led to form great expectations was not disappointed. His text was: "If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye."

The object of this discourse was to show that there was a higher motive, than the certainty of happiness to incite man to virtue and goodness, and that as his nature demands the highest he should seek it.

Sunday Feb. 11.

Went into the city with  
Gusam, on Wednesday, to attend  
the funeral services of Mr. Vi-  
ley, which took place at the Rev.  
& Mr. Turnbull's church. A very  
large concourse of people were  
present, a great part consisting  
of Old Fellows, the deceased having  
been a member of the order; &  
the services, which were con-  
ducted by Rev. Mr. Huntington  
were solemn and appropriate.

Wednesday evening attended  
a Lyceum lecture at Guilds  
hall, upon the "Useful and  
Beautiful" by Rev. Caleb Stet-  
son of Medford, in which the  
Utilitarian spirit of our times  
was severely, and at times, rudi-  
cously censured. His soul  
seemed thoroughly imbued  
with a love for the "good

the beautiful, and the true," and  
grieved with that prevailing  
spirit which inquires only  
for the useful, which in his  
mind consists, in flannel,  
screws, and nails. His trib-  
ute to those writers, who were  
generally denounced, as not pro-  
moting the useful, was very  
beautiful; particularly to "Scott  
and Shakespeare" &

The spirit of mirth he feared  
was too much restrained among  
us, that there was danger of Broth-  
er Jonathan, with all his guess-  
ing, and selling and exchang-  
ing, becoming a "dull boy".

As evidence the seduction  
in the number of our holidays  
was cited, and the loss of our  
ancient Education, a dog to which  
all boys looked forward as  
a "dog of freedom, of frolic and  
of fun", was particularly deplored  
and a ludicrous picture of  
the festivities of that day as  
now celebrated drawn.  
And yet notwithstanding, the

laughter loving spirit manifested  
in many parts of this lecture,  
there was a lofty earnestness  
throughout, recognizing that high-  
er, nobler nature in man,  
"in which he believed, because  
he believed in the living God  
who made man". The Useful  
and Beautiful, were finally pronoun-  
ced one, the Beauty of Holiness  
declared no vain thing, and  
the worthy lecture crowned  
with the applause, he so rich-  
ly merited.

Returning from the lecture  
passed rather a sleepless  
night in company with  
"Ruthy".

Received a call from Ellen  
yesterday. Sarah and Kate W.  
also called, and Ruthy took  
her departure.

Have heard Rev. Mr. Smith  
from Boston preach today, Class  
him with the second rate  
preaching. His sermons, which  
were both very good, were to

enforce the duty, acknowledging  
of course the incapacity of contin-  
ual progress in intellectual  
things, which duty he invested  
with a religious sanctity.

Sunday Feb. 18. 1844

Calling at No. 3. Tuesday  
evening found Miss Morse  
and Sarah T. besides the pro-  
prietress of the establishment.  
Was highly amused during  
my stay, though our minds  
shocked with the impropriety  
of some of our good townspeople.  
Calling at the same place  
on Wednesday noon, found  
that Sarah W. had got through  
with her examination. Walked  
home with her and did receiv-  
ing <sup>a promise</sup> from Mr. W. in consid-  
eration of a heavy loss which  
I experienced on Monday  
last. Wednesday evening heard  
a lecture from Hon. Horace

Mass upon the Schools in Eu-  
rope, having recently visited  
them, dwelling particularly upon  
those of Prussia, contrasting them  
with our own, much to the disad-  
vantage of the latter.

Wednesday Feb 21.

Listened to a lecture this  
evening from Mr. Giles, upon  
Fallostaff. The preliminary remarks,  
in which the parallel between  
the lean and fat man was  
drawn, was as fine a specimen  
of the lecturing wit, as I have  
ever heard; the one being  
the nearest approach to that  
most perfect of all figures—  
a sphere, while the other was  
merely a continuation of a point.  
He quoted very copiously the  
sayings of Fallostaff, analyzed  
his mental constitution,

and commented upon the  
value and effect of such charac-  
ters in general.

Sunday Feb. 25.

Went to church this morning  
and found Rev. Mr. Frothingham  
in the pulpit; but as he stirred  
no "divinity" within me, stayed  
at home in the afternoon, and  
in the evening attended a lecture  
at Armony Hall, delivered by Adin  
Ballou of Milford, in which some  
account of the community at  
Hopedale was given.

Sunday March 3rd.

As I set down to what I have  
recently termed my journal, it  
wears very much the aspect  
of a cast off friend; with whom  
to be sure I have disagreed

to converse occasionally; but only to communicate some trifling movement, which, perhaps, for the mental discipline, or the future good it may afford me, might as well go unrecorded. Seldom have I confided to it keeping, an earnest thought that has arisen, or a deep emotion that has been stirred, when the "din of the earth's coarse engine" has given place to the soul's bitter music; seldom has it mirrored the inward life; given expression to the lofty purposes, which have floated dimly, perhaps, before the "mental eye" —

When life moves gaily on, and wears its holiday garb, as it sometimes does for a goodly season, I forget the companionship of my silent solitary hours; but when she wears her sombre hues, when shadows, as dark shadows, gather round, when a humiliating sense of inadequacy or faithlessness to duty comes over me, when I feel that I would gladly yield my spirit ~~up~~ to the Power who gave it

or enrobe it. here in the light and beauty of a higher life, then I remember, I <sup>can</sup> gladly remember those silent communings, the friend to whom I may resort in my darkest moments and yet not weary with my sadness. Why not come oftener hither & Why not always, as evening returns, seat myself calmly to review the day's duties, and trials, and pleasures? to weigh the truths I have learned, or ascertain wherein I have fallen short of accomplishing the highest good, in my power to achieve? And why do I not? Why can I not more faithfully to myself, more zealously to avail myself of the aids to a more perfect and useful life? Why does not the spirit's whispering, heard in my better moments, linger longer in my "mental ear"? Why do I forget when "friends are so round my way", and meretricious voices so long encompass me, and find a ready echo in my own

that Spury is sacred, and how-  
ever apparently trifling, must  
not be defamed. My, & these ques-  
tions have been too often asked,  
and answered too. When a  
passing cloud obscures for a time  
the sunshine of my lot, when  
I feel that upon myself alone  
I must rely, then I remember  
that the Spirit "needs impuls-  
es from a higher source"; remem-  
ber that there is a fountain  
within from whence strength for  
such dark moments is to be found,  
which must be fed continually  
with loftier and purer thoughts  
than the petty trifles, which so  
much absorb me will supply.

Will not the mood in  
which I write this evening  
stamp a sufficiently distinc-  
tive character, to render the  
usual details of an entry un-  
necessary? If not I will note  
the fact that I passed Friday  
night at Mrs. Masons, and  
yesterday afternoon at Mr. Wiggins  
whom I passed some high

resolves, which if I do not understate  
my strength are easier made than  
kept. Walked into the city to  
church this morning, when I  
heard a lecture from Ralph W. Em-  
erson, in a style so much above  
the ordinary sermonising of the  
day, that it has made an indel-  
ible impression on my mind

Sunday Mar. 17. 1844. —

Have made a short visit  
home since my last entry, going  
on Saturday and returning on  
Monday. I enjoyed it as I always  
do. After all "there is no  
place like Home"; no place like  
it for disinterested love, for kindly  
sympathy and unrestrained confidence.  
Dearly may I ever cherish the  
heart which I find there, always  
so ready to receive and welcome  
me. Surely in "all this cold and  
hollow world" where shall I find  
them true? Is not here an in-

centures to be true and faithful,  
that I may gladden more this home?  
that I may ever carry a cheerful  
spirit, an improved and elevated  
mind, and a warm and reverent  
heart?

Wednesday, 6th, went into the  
city with Sarah W. calling at Mrs.  
Stidder's.

Did not attend church this  
morning but stayed at home and  
read Prescott's Conquest of Mexico,  
in which I find truth combining  
with its own charm those of fiction.  
Left Cortez, on his march to the  
sacred city of Cholula, after subdu-  
ing the impatient little republic  
of Tlascalala, taking with him as allies  
a party of the Tlascalans. Surely  
a strong arm must have sustain-  
ed the Spaniards to have achieved  
such triumph in a contest so une-  
qual.

Heard Mr Putnam preach this  
afternoon from the text: "Thou, God  
seest me," which he said should  
be the right arm of the will;  
the life of every holy aspiration".

This evening the merits of the Rev.  
Theodore Parker's views concerning  
Revelation and Jesus, were dis-  
cussed by the several members of  
the family.

Sunday March 24th.

Have passed the time in  
school very pleasantly this week.  
Sarah passed the night here on  
Wednesday in consequence of getting  
weather bound. Passed Friday  
evening at Mr. Bell's in company  
with the Wymen's and Taber, in  
playing Whist, talking right mer-  
rily, laughing right heartily, and  
living for the time in an atmos-  
phere quite as free from care as is  
often inhaled by the dwellers  
on this "mundane sphere" of ours.  
Passed the night at Mr Wymen's,  
where we were escorted  
by Mr Bell, Sen. Yesterday  
read as far as time would per-  
mit before school hour, in Bow's



Christmas carol, with which I was delighted. An old miser, everlastingly in worldliness, who can see nothing about, <sup>him</sup> to inspire happiness, but growls morosely at those who coin, is visited by a spirit who conducts him to scenes of earlier times, <sup>to</sup> when he beholds himself as he was before he had become the cold and hardened wretch. The spirit leads him to see that Love and Charity are his business. But I have not yet read the whole, therefore think it may be wisest to defer all further notice for the present.

I have heard Rev. Mr. Gannett's preach all day. The subject of this morning's discourse, was the danger of living too much in the past, or the future, forgetful of the high claims of the present. This afternoon, he preached upon "Infants," his text being: "And they brought unto him infants that he might touch them."

Saturday March 30th.

"Goud roared the hoarse storm from the <sup>North</sup> angry  
As if the winter spirit, loth to leave  
Its wonted haunts, came suddenly rushing on,  
Fast by the steps of the defenceless Spring,  
To hurl his frost-spear at her, thinking flowers

Most every variety of weather has been experienced this week, from the mild and balmy air of advanced Spring, to the cold and cheerless winter day. Hail, Snow, and Wind, I have this morning combined their forces, lending a most dreary aspect to things without.

I am, very unphilosophically, methinks too, inclined to sympathize with the weather; to make my mental mood somewhat dependent upon it.

In taking a retrospective glance of the week in school, thank I am not without cause for satisfaction. A populous portion of my district having been set off to Brookline, have parted this week with some of my nest in.

breathing and intelligent children,  
with much regret. Was visited  
yesterday by Mr. Seaver, who has  
been again appointed my local  
Committee.

Received a letter from Sarah  
B. on Monday, not dictated  
in her usually vivacious spirit.

Was visited on Wednesday by  
Lizzy Mason and Ann Marier.  
Have also had my sister Jane  
to pass a few days with me, and  
have passed one night with her  
at my sister Sue's. Also called  
this week at Primary School No. 15  
with Sarah and Hattie Taber, and  
passed some time at Sarah W's school  
yesterday afternoon

Saturday April 7th. 1844  
Attended Church Fast Sunday in  
the afternoon when I heard Mr  
Putnam preach, upon, "sacrifice."  
Tuesday afternoon, upon receiving  
express word to call at Sarah's  
on my way home, found there two  
of my old schoolmats, whom I  
least expected to see. Rebecca Pennell,  
and her sister Elizabeth, now Mrs.  
Blake. Accompanied them to Mr Wy-  
mond, where I passed the night,  
discussing bygone scenes and days  
revisiting old friends, a few - very few  
of whom we found were passing  
into oblivion. Enjoyed the night  
infinitely better than I should in  
sleeping, though not the succeeding  
day. On Thursday I made a visit  
to Mr. Medford, which has been  
long anticipated. Received a letter  
from Mary Swift, on Tuesday, saying  
that she could not accompany us  
as she had hoped, on account  
of an exhibition of her pupils  
at Rev. Mr. Watlington's church;

but as Eliza and Rebecca concluded not to return home until Friday morning, they accompanied Sarah and myself from Boston. Three gentlemen, and one lady besides ourselves were in the stage, and the conversation of our party turned upon our many doma days. All the most ludicrous scenes and events which characterized them, were recalled in the most ludicrous style; the day being remarkably fine, our spirits were remarkably buoyant, so that by the time we reached Medford we were almost exhausted from laughter. Sarah came out to greet us, being much surprised at seeing two of our party, who, she supposed were just away. Every moment was enjoyed, "sovereign bliss". During the day we visited a green house in the vicinity, where, whom should we meet, but our fellow passengers in the morning, with a "cousin" besides. This acknowl-

edged themselves deeply interested in our school day reminiscences in the morning; while the cousin declared they had talked of nothing else since their arrival. Now while the aforesaid gentlemen were indulging their loquacious propensities, Sarah & myself sat down in the greenhouse and enjoyed one of those hearty laughs, we used to have so often. The gentleman accompanied us to the head of the avenue in which the greenhouse was situated, regretted very much that their lanes were so muddy, and bade us adieu.

After our return to Mr D's we were introduced to a particular friend of Sarah's, whose beauty was universally acknowledged.

When the hour arrived for our departure, upon glancing out the window, saw, to our infinite amusement, the greenhouse gallantly seated in the stage opposite, before the horses were

put in, while the rest of the gentlemen were obliged to mount.

Now we had resolved upon a very dignified reserve, towards our new acquaintances; but were surprised soon after entering the coach to find the prudent and judicious Rebecca not only lending a willing ear to the incessant "small talk" of the "Cousin"; but lavishing her wit and smiles as freely, as though she felt assured she had found the "very looks and eyes, predestined to have all her sighs." I turned towards E. and S. whom we too commenced a brisk conversation, wondering what unworded spirit had possessed itself of our friend Rebecca. Eliza, in her caressing manner, declared, " 'twas just such an evening as she should like to look & out and think; and she did wish that Chatterbox would hold his tongue. At length we laughed so loud as to completely stop their conversation;

when I begged them to excuse us for interrupting them, with our boisterous mirth, & which they very politely declared was by no means boisterous.

Now as they continued to discuss matters, we found that they had by some means blundered upon mutual friends, a most rapid introduction for strangers. He was acquainted with many of our Uncle's friends resident in Taunton.

Now a sudden revulsion of feeling came over the remaining three of us; we declared they & we were students intent upon a little fun, and as we had started for a frolic, and were never in a better mood, why not have ours? As they had found only our first names, they had addressed us as Miss Eliza, Miss Rebecca &c, when we resolved to let them know that Eliza was married, so I continued to address her as Mrs. Blake, when they started with astonishment, saying, "She isn't married, is she?" & being convinced

E. informed them all these ladies were, adding however, sometime after, "excepting three." The legation one, sent his respects to Mr. Blake with a bouquet of flowers, when we asked, from whom we should tell Mr. B. they came; when we learned that he was "Tim Bigelow of Taunton, who went to spend Fast Day with his grandmother and fasted all day, for more reasons than one, a member of the junior class in Harvard College, and who rode home to in the stage with a party of young ladies" and, added Rebecca, talked faster than any man I ever hear; and, said to I, perhaps Mr. Bigelow we can tell him something more characteristic; something by which he would recognize you sooner; which he thought possible. I then told him I inferred from what I saw at the greenhouse (as he declared there, that a cactus was a passion flower) that he must be author of Bigelow's plants of Boston,

which honor, he at first claimed; but finally relinquished it to his brother; while his brother would not acknowledge that he did any thing more than publish it. & Finally, Timothy confessed that he knew Bigelow's plants in Boston but not in Medford.

A brisk and nonsensical conversation, was kept up during the remainder of the ride, our packages were distributed amongst Timothy and his aids; who alighting with us at the Roxbury omnibus, remained by us until it started, when they bade us "Good Evening," probably to enjoy as heartily a laugh over their & adventurous ride, as did we, over ours.

Friday Morning, Eliza and Rebecca left Mr. West for home, when the family expressed themselves much delighted with their appearance and conversation.

Visited the Institution at S. Boston this afternoon, with a party of friends, where I enjoyed an interview with Eliza P. and Mary

Swift. Have also seen my mother  
this afternoon, her visitation being  
as unexpected as it was welcome.

Sunday April 7th.

Have heard Mr. Putnam preach  
all day. It being Easter Sunday  
which he pronounced "one of  
the most glorious days in the  
spiritual calendar of the age"; his  
text was: "And their eyes were  
opened and they knew him"; from  
which he preached one of his  
most eloquent and soul stirring  
sermons.

In the afternoon, that distrust  
of all that is good and noble  
in man formed the subject  
of discourse, which distrust  
he said, was "polar ice, in  
the heart."

Saturday Apr. 13.

Have passed a more quiet  
week, than the preceding, with  
less variety. Walking & however  
has occurred to depress my spirits  
or make me feel dissatisfied with  
the "portion that falleth to me" —

Have passed this afternoon at Mrs  
Taber's, where there was a general  
meeting of Wymen's and Taber's.

Enjoyed my visit highly, as the  
company was composed mostly  
of individuals, with whom I always  
feel at home.

Have been reading this week  
from Miss Austin's fragments  
of German literature, containing  
translations from, Goethe, Schlegel,  
Novalis, Jean Paul, Rahel, Schuber  
and others, among which I find  
some gems I would fain preserve.  
Here is one from Jean Paul:

"There are so many tender and  
holy emotions flying about in  
our inward world, which like  
Angels can never assume the bod

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Angels can never assume the bod

of an outward set; so many  
rich and lovely flowers spring  
up which bear no seed, that it  
is a happiness poetry was invented,  
which receives into its limbs, these  
incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of  
all these flowers." Another from  
the same: "Concerning nothing  
do we come to more false conclusions  
and make more false slips, than  
concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah!  
how many there are who pine unknown,  
despond smiling, and wither jesting,  
who with bright, joyous eyes flee into  
a corner, as if behind a fan, that  
there they may right gladly break  
out into the tears which oppress  
them; who pay for the day of smiles  
by a night of tears, — just as our  
unusually transparent, clear  
and mistless day surely foretells  
rain!"

The following is from Trench:  
The more feeble man, becomes the  
less can he find joy in anything  
but laughter, or the frivolous comedy  
of modern times. Oh him who

has lost all power and relish for  
aught but laughter, for with earnestness  
and a lofty melancholy all the in-  
ward stores of his life have vanished.

Wherefore then, in these most bright  
and passages of our lives, should  
we drive our departed friends and  
their love away from us? Has  
death made them our enemies? or is  
their state to our apprehension, so  
utterly afflicting that their image  
must needs trouble our joy? In  
such felicity of mind, I would  
fain exclaim; let them come to us,  
let them come into our arms, into  
our hearts, that our riches may  
be made richer! But if you can  
endure the belief that they are  
forlorn and helpless, driven out  
into the wide and weary desert,  
O! let some drops from the overflow-  
ing of your joy fall on them.  
& But no! O beloved departed one!  
In such moments, I feel myself  
transported into thy peace and  
thy joy; and thou art more mine,



then in this earthly life thou ever  
wast; for together with all my  
love, my highest and deepest sorrow  
now belongs to thee; — that name-  
less, and incomprehensible, anxious  
wrestling with the fearful doubt of  
having lost thee forever; then was my  
love first compelled to call up and  
to understand all its strength; then  
did I first win thee in triumph,  
from death, — never more to lose  
thee; and from that time thou art  
mine, — mine without change, with-  
out sickness, without misunderstand-  
ing; and thou smilest in every smile  
and swimmest in every tear of  
mine."

The following is from Arndt:  
"Wherever, O man, God's sun first  
beamed upon thee, — where the stars  
of heaven first shone above thee, —  
where the lightnings first declared  
his omnipotence, and his storm  
wind shook thy soul with proud  
awe, — there are thy affections,  
there is thy country."

Where the first human eye  
bent lovingly over thy cradle, —

where thy mother first bore thee  
joyfully on her bosom, — where thy  
father first engraved the words of  
wisdom on thy heart, — there are thy  
affections, there is thy country.

And though it be amongst bare  
rocks and desert islands, and  
though poverty and care dwell  
there with thee, thou must love  
that land forever; for thou art  
man, and thou canst not forget  
it, but it must abide in thine in-  
most heart.

And freedom is no empty dream,  
no barren imagination; but in  
her dwell thy courage, and thy  
pride, and that certainty that thou  
art of high and heavenly race! —  
There is one from Roulets, to the  
truth of which, who will not testify  
"Every figure fashioned by the hand  
of art, every character invented by  
fiction, has more or less of life, and  
the claims and hopes of life.  
Galleries of pictures and statues  
are the dormitories of a future  
world. The historian, the philosopher,  
the artist of that world is here at

home; here he forms himself, for this he lives. Let him who is unhappy in the actual world, — who finds not what he seeks, — let him go into the world of books and of art, — into nature that eternal, antique, and yet eternal novelty. Here he will be sure to find a beloved and a friend, a Fatherland and a God. —

They slumber, — but in prophetic, significant slumbers. At length comes the time when every initiate of that better state sees, like Pygmalion, the world he has created, and combined breaks upon him with the glories of a loftier and lovelier Lawning, and his long fidelity and love requited."

"Is it from a general incapacity to understand what love is, & that it is generally ridiculed, and never mentioned but with a sort of trivial irony, the vulgarity of which is almost greater than its offensiveness? The answer

I have. At all events there is nothing which so cramps every flight of the soul, as the smothering doubt of all that is unusual or elevated.

The great world, or, as it is called, polite society, has put on a countenance of such youthful gaiety, that the smallest cloud of deeper & emotion necessarily disturbs it.

There is nothing by which a man makes himself more tiresome or more ridiculous, than by allowing what passes within him to appear on the surface; by suffering his real nature to gleam through the forms of society.

Women might at least tolerate the aspirations of a lofty spirit, the development of large and generous opinions, the kindlings of a living, vigorous will. At least they might abstain from throwing ridicule on the enthusiasm which is possible; at least they might forgive youth, if its quick fire flames up above the low enclosures of the conventional.

These are eyes which need only to look up, to touch every cord of a breast choked by the stifling atmosphere of stiff and stagnant society, and to call forth tones which might become the accompanying music of life.

The gentle transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy. It is never understood but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception.

How many have known and forgotten instances of such awakening? Why do women present an attitude of cold fashionableness to a world which they might win by their sweetness and inspired by their virtue? Their light feet steps ought to touch the earth, only to mark the track which leads to Heaven! Madame de la Motte Fouquet.

The following by Jean Paul is the conclusion of a fragment, upon a blind girl, who rejoiced in her

"Souls inmost depths without knowing wherefore." "Who then can help being as I am ashamed and repentant at the murmuring in which we often pass a few cloudy days, when he thinks of the contented spirit which is blessed even through all its wholly benighted ones? But blindness, though a polar winter without day, in this resembled the night, — that it softens and stills; the blind is a child whom its mother, Nature, has fashioned darkling for the deepest tranquillity. Like a man in a balloon high above the clouds, the hermit-blind knows only peace and sound; but the bustling, gaudy shows of life, the low hateful and hated forms, full of wounds and scars are hidden under the thick cloud which envelops them?"

"The true priest of the Highest is he who brings it nearer to those whose minds seldom reach above the finite and the low; who sets heavenly and eternal

things before them as a source of enjoyment and a bond of union, — as the only exhausted spring of that to which all their efforts are directed. Thus he stroves to awaken the sleeping gems of a better humanity, to enkindle the love for the *Flora*, to transform the meener into a noble life, to reconcile the children of earth to the heaven which is thine, and to hold the balance against the stupid devotion of the age to mere material good. This is that higher priesthood which reveals the depths of all spiritual mysteries, and whose voice comes down from the Kingdom of God; this is the source of all visions and prophesying, of all holy works and inspired words which are scattered about, as if at random, that the apt spirit may receive them and may bring forth fruit.

O, that the day might come when this function of media

tor might cease, and the priesthood of humanity receive a fairer destination! that the day might come described by ancient prophecy "when none shall need that any shall teach them, for all shall be taught of God!" If the sacred fire were everywhere burning, there would be no need of fervent prayer to draw it down from heaven, but only of the calm watching of holy virgins to tend it; not would it thus break out into those flames which now often strike terror, but the hidden fire would glow with equal warmth in all hearts. Every man would thus silently enlighten himself and others, and the communication of holy thought and feelings would consist only in the easy task of combining or dividing the different rays of this light; now diffusing it, then again concentrating it on one object. Then would men press together into the penetralia of the sanctuary

whenever now they are occupied with the preparations of the outward court."

I must close my extracts with the following, as being exceedingly appropriate for the hour.

"In a sound sleep the soul goes home to recruit its strength, which could not else endure the wear and tear of life."

Hence, therefore, to the homeward journey.

Sunday Apr. 14.

One of those lovely mornings when nature seems to woo us from low and petty cares, to high communion with herself and her author.

A clear, Sabbath morning always has to me something peculiarly pleasant. The sun shines & clearer, the birds sing sweeter, the air is purer and softer, and the heart glows

with deeper emotion and a warmer love. The clear chiming of the bells, seems but to echo & nature's song of gladness, awaking reverence as well as music in the heart.

O, that the feelings and aspirations, the memories and hopes, that throng upon the mind, at this Sabbath morning hour, might go ~~with~~ it into daily life, elevating and hallowing its most trivial duties; that the yearning after the purer and the higher which it excited might abide ever with me.

I have heard Rev. Mr. Bartol from Boston preach to-day. His sermon this morning was to prove the evil tendency & as well as falsity of that belief, which regards man as totally depraved and sinful; that man's character and not his nature, are stained, and that he who will may find goodness and virtue worthy reverence, as well as evil and vice to detest. The passions

and propensities are necessary  
to strengthen and invigorate; for  
it was by battle and warfare  
that Rome attained her might,  
and the rock-bound coast, the  
winter and the passage gave  
N. England her strength, so did  
resistance give strength to char-  
acter.

This afternoon, Herold's treatment  
of John was analyzed as illustra-  
tion of the history of conscience.—  
A friend of my friend Sarah,  
of Bangor called here this  
noon leaving a letter from  
her, which I was truly glad to  
receive. —

Sunday May 5th.

And so the spirit had  
not moved me to journalise  
since my last entry, which  
dates well testify has been a  
goodly season in length if not  
in character. Why it has not

I cannot tell. Suppose I have  
forgotten the inner world, because  
the outer has looked bright and  
fair; forgotten to seek companionship  
with myself, because I have readily  
found that of others.

Another pleasant Sabbath, with  
the associations it brings, has  
awakened in me anew, a sense  
of duty; a desire to give ex-  
pression to the thoughts and pur-  
poses that float confusedly before  
my "mental eye."

This morning, I chanced to  
be in one of those favorable  
moods of mind, so full of  
life and joyance that a dark,  
despairing thought could scarcely  
find admittance there; when  
I feel that I can and will  
do all that is right, and  
good; "redeem the time", and  
regard it henceforth as the  
precious gift it is; a mood  
which it requires the kindly  
sun and balmy air, and  
nature's "holiday dress" to produce  
and keep alive. Preparing to

church heard from Mr Putnam  
a sermon, upon "Edifying", which  
rather promoted than Edisturbed  
this favorable mood, by its lofty  
eloquence and earnestness, and  
this afternoon heard another  
upon the "Prodigal returned", so  
earnest and affecting, that  
I wished all might hear it.  
The story he considered equally  
touching whether we considered  
its earthly or its heavenly aspect  
The departure of the son from  
the home of his childhood, which  
had become too quiet and monst-  
erous for his restless and yearn-  
ing spirit, was beautifully picture-  
d. The desolation which cities  
wrought upon the Homes of the  
earth was portrayed with much  
power. "It is true, ye Babylon,  
and sinners, and Rome, ye  
are the pride of the world, the  
fortresses of nations, the abode  
of good and wise men, but confes-  
sors of the hearts ye despoiled,  
spread sackcloth upon your doms

for the homes ye have desolated."  
And then the tidings that reach  
those parents, their worst fears realiz-  
ed. Oh, that he were again the  
child that lay in his cradle, that  
played upon the floor, when he  
was theirs, wholly theirs. Ah, we  
have seen that too often and  
know too well the anguish which  
such tidings bring. I have seen  
a mother mourning over an only  
son, who had died in a foreign  
land; who had left her dwelling  
with health and hope, and joy,  
whose heart was steeled against  
all thought of wrong; but there  
is a keener anguish. Happy was  
that mother that she mourned  
over God's providence, and not  
over an ingrate child.  
And then the returned; Oh, that  
he had not forgotten his early  
home, that he had faith that  
he should there be welcome, de-  
spite his wanderings.  
And then the other aspect of  
the story, illustrating so happily  
God's relations to his children.

Every departure from duty, from  
every sacred law is a journey  
into the far country, and happy  
is he who shall find himself yearning  
for the home he has left, for the  
father who has loved him. —

There are the voices ready to wel-  
come him; there the notes hang  
ready for him; already the hand  
is upon the harp, the timbrel  
and psaltery are ready to break  
forth into music to greet him.

This evening I have heard Mr.  
Putnam discuss one party declar-  
ing that notwithstanding all  
his talents, his eloquence, she  
could not be moved by one  
of his sermons, knowing they  
could not be sincere.

The sermons I have heard to-  
day not sincere! impossible!  
"No man gather figs of thistles?"  
Surely a loving heart, as well  
as lofty intellect must have dic-  
tated such words as I have  
heard to-day, or they could not  
have been spoken, with such

earnestness. No we not misunder-  
stand men, call them arrogant and  
cold, when love and charity and  
every goodly virtue and affection  
is veiled beneath a forbidding  
exterior. Ought we not to hope,  
long, to require the most indisputa-  
ble proofs, before we will distrust  
the reality of that greatness which  
inspires reverence and that  
goodness which wins us?

But grant that, he fulfil not  
every social duty, as the christian  
law of love would dictate, that he  
have imperfections over which  
we might mourn, do not his  
sermons bespeak better moments,  
moments when purity and truth  
and goodness alone possess his  
soul, when the Father takes up  
his abode there inspiring thought,  
so holy as to seek utterance in  
language almost as angels use;  
and shall it fall powerless  
on me, because its author  
does not always act out the  
great idea, which none of us  
have reached? No, I will



be grateful, for the emotions which his words kindle within me, I will believe them true and heart-felt, though proceeding from an imperfect man; I will and must believe that an "imperfect man" who can thus stir the divinity in others, must have a lofty standard for himself, towards which he must nearer and nearer approach. — And thus has ended the day which was begun as I said, with such hearty good will; with a disposition to look kindly and lovingly upon all its duties. But dark and gloomy thoughts have crept to my mind, and would have needed ~~but~~ no pressing invitation to have entered in. Have I thought more than once of Rome when I have made a short visit during the past week, and wished that I could fly thither; and have thought heartily and confidently I could go, how warmly they would welcome and love me. I do at times

feel childish, foolish perhaps, summon memories of the past, and hopes of the future with a sort of melancholy pleasure. And yet, what have I to complain of the present? Where are all the glorious gifts for which this morning I saw so much cause for gratitude? But I find that the rainbow colors with which the brightness and freshness of morning gilds the aspect of things, grows dim and sometimes vanishes in the dust and travel of the day. —

But I am compelled to ask, is nothing cheerful ever to gain admittance there, or is it to be merely a record of pensive musings and dark forebodings? A repository of the shadows of existence only without its light? I fain would not have it so, and should therefore sometimes seek my journal pages, "when gladness brings the favored hour", that it may not present the gloomy severities of a hermit or misanthrope. — I let out my mirth and folly, and write down my growth of it. Would it not be better

to reverse things.

Must not forget to notice my removal, to a more spacious and elegant apartment, during the past week; also the acquisition of a little charm; a "loveable" little girl from Bridgewater, niece of Mrs W. who is to pass the summer here.

Monday May 27. 1844

Return to school and duty to-day, my mind filled with new pictures, which "Time cannot delapidate".

The pleasures which I have been so long anticipating are now seen in the prospect; but a new charm will they give to the beautiful past, in which I have always loved to revel. A flowery

path in my life journey has been traversed during the past week, "the memory of which shall linger" round my darker years, "like twilight dew when the sun has set."

On Saturday the 18th. started with Sarah W. in the Providence car, for Fall River, to visit our friend Lydia Ann. After a delightful ride of about 40 miles in the car we were transferred to a stage coach, in which we were informed, that we should be obliged to ride about 11 more, which we felt very much inclined to pronounce a sorry prospect. An old gentleman who had spoken to us, when we left the cars, seeming to divine our thoughts, began to discourse in a style calculated to enlist the conversational powers of the whole company. After proving himself by some remarks, a very witty, original, waggish old gentleman who had seen much of the world, and felt perfectly at home in it, he finally proposed a subject for discussion, which was "the two young ladies" opposite him. If his proceedings should

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prove not parliamentary, he hoped to be informed. It is certain we were somewhat confounded by the singular announcement, that we were to sit and be regularly discussed during a side of 11 miles, but as the old gentleman seemed a very personification of good nature and his sole object to beguile a few hours, which had promised to become intolerably tedious, we could only laugh at his drollery. He lay down the proposition that we were sisters, and his arguments, which were very lengthy & lacked nothing but soundness. A young gentleman of very gentlemanly appearance, seeming very much smitten with the old gentleman's peculiarities entered warmly into the discussion, and finally proposed another query, viz: whether he were not a brother to us?

A meeting was at length organized, of which the young gentleman was chosen president, another, whom we recognised

as an Episcopal minister from Prosbury, was chosen moderator, and the younger of the two ladies appointed secretary, the latter personage it being difficult to decide upon. After some ludicrous digressions, the old gentleman would remark; "well, suppose we go back to those young ladies". Finally he gave it as his honest opinion "that we had one father and one mother", to which I rejoined that we had - a piece, upon which his opponent shouted victory. Then the old gentleman proposed the young one for discussion, surmised various things concerning his profession, character and destiny, the object of his present journey &c &c; asked me whether I thought him married, upon which I told him I wasn't particularly interested to know. This last subject we found afterwards to be a Rail road contractor from Springfield. Lieut. Patten was introduced by him as superintendent of the Patten's field, a lad of 16 whom

he had taken out to see the world,  
and he had just asked if when  
he got to Fall River that would  
be the end! In the midst  
of this amusing discourse, we halt-  
ed at a delightful place, which  
the appearance of Lydia Ann at  
the gate made known to us, was  
to be our stopping place - the  
residence of her Uncle, Mr Ford.  
A few minutes after our arrival,  
three of our former friends called  
upon us, two, residents in Fall River  
and one, visiting from Boston.  
Sunday went to the Unitarian  
church, where we heard Rev. Mr  
Ware preach, the young minister  
whose beauty and elegance have  
formed the subject of a previous  
entry in my journal. His  
sermon, from the text: "Give thanks  
Oh my soul, and forget not  
all thy benefits," did justice to the  
opinion I had formed of him.  
In the afternoon we halted  
between various opinions, but  
after looking into the Deaker

church, finally concluded to go and  
hear Mr Ware again, but were dis-  
appointed, upon reaching church to  
find a dull, uninteresting individ-  
ual in the pulpit, professing to  
advocate the claims of seasons; but  
methinks the beaming eye of a good  
honest tar, would comparatively  
work miracles. When at the  
close of this harangue, Mr. W. arose  
and read the Closing hymn  
and pronounced the benediction,  
the peculiar solemnity of his  
manner, was more than usually  
impressive. Who will say that  
it avails but little what the  
preachers manner may be?  
That tis enough that he be an  
honest, well-disposed and harm-  
less man? Methinks, that he  
who would minister successful-  
ly at the altar, should be gifted  
with holy eloquence, with pow-  
er to stir men's hearts to holy  
deeds, and awaken holy impu-  
ses; to portray goodness and  
duty, with energy, and zeal  
and power, even as the

Great Teacher taught.

In the evening a gentleman called, whom Lydia Ann introduced to us as Mr Adams; a circumstance which gave rise to some very natural surmises, in the minds of Sarah and myself, which being afterwards confirmed gave rise to, surprise, laughter, and congratulation; the first, at the supernatural powers of secretiveness, which had prevented an affair, usually raised abroad so early, from gaining publicity; the second, at our own business and good fortune in possessing ourselves of so profound a secret, and the third at the flattering prospect, of our esteemed friend.

Mr A. accompanied us to lecture, when we had the inexpressible delight of hearing our afternoon discourse in behalf of seamen repealed,

upon which occasions, our mischievous propensities, were excited to an undue state of activity, considering the place and season. We also had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr Ware, and his company a short distance from church. Monday morning, Mr Adams accompanied Sarah, Miss Everett and myself, to the Point works, and Iron Foundry, calling on our return, at a private school, taught by a Miss Fisk, a sister Mr. Inalati. We were also introduced, at her own residence, to Mrs Durfee, a normal sister, who, a few weeks after graduating, received and accepted an offer from the wealthiest and one of the most esteemed men in Fall River, who has died within a few months, leaving her in possession of an immense fortune. In the afternoon we visited her, and towards evening, her carriage drawn by a beautiful span of horses & being kindly placed at our service, with an accommodating

drivers, "We did all get in, five precious souls", and "all a go", to ride to Rhodesland, prompted more by curiosity, than discontent, to quit the state in which we were. Accordingly, taking the road to Tiverton, I made our entry into the sister state of Rhodesland, with great pomp and greater merriment; there being unfortunately no one to witness our unenvied splendor, but a few geese and goslings. Wonderful changes, which we were upon the alert to discover, were perceptible in the soil, climate, productions, state of society &c. as we quitted the old Bay State and entered little Rhody.

The scene of Maria Connelly's death, and the house in which she had boarded were pointed out to us during the ride.

In the evening, Mr. Adams called at Mrs. W.'s, inviting us to attend the Young Men's debating club, an invitation which four of us accepted. The question discussed was:

"Whether man acts from necessity or choice?", upon which some profound remarks were offered. At the conclusion of proceedings I and myself had the pleasure of an introduction to "Brother Boomer" and Mr. Aldrich, by whom we were most agreeably entertained during our homeward walk. Indeed we even encroached upon Morpheus' claim, to laugh over the evening's proceedings, and congratulate "Sister Boomer" upon the glorious perspective, which seemed to have dawned upon her.

Tuesday morning, quit my bed rather reluctantly, at the annoying solicitations of my two chums, and began to mutter almost involuntarily, a parody of one of the preaching evenings' speeches: "Wasn't prepared to get up. Didn't think of getting up, but supposed I could get up!" We had intended to leave Fall River, on Tuesday, but being earnestly pressed to stay until St. Murray concluded to defer our departure one day longer.

ger; which we were the more readily persuaded to do, as it was proposed that we should return via. of Providence, a route which promised considerable pleasure and variety. Therefore we passed Tuesday forenoon at Home - rather, Mr & Ford's, which has certainly been a most delightful and agreeable home to us during our stay in Fall River. Miss Everett passed the afternoon with us, when we also called upon Miss Kennedy in her school. Went out to call in the evening spending some time at Mrs. Durfee's.

Wednesday morning we left Fall River in the Steamer King Philip for Providence, taking with us many pleasant memories of our visit. Mrs Durfee, Lydia Ann and Miss Everett accompanied us to P. where we arrived at about 11 A. M. I and myself leaving in the cars at 4 P. M., after having walked round the city till our

"limbs were weary" and our eyes satisfied with seeing. We were much delighted with the city, particularly the vicinity of the University. From Providence I went to Canton from whence I returned to day.

Have passed my time there pleasantly, though with less variety, than had characterised the earlier part of the week, which however I did not regret, as more quiet enjoyment was very acceptable to me. Found a most welcome letter, on my return from my old teacher - Mr. Peirce, the contents of which were eagerly devoured.

This afternoon received a call at my schoolroom from Sarah W. and Mary Stodder, whom I accompanied to Mr. W's. to pass the night.

Monday June 3. d.

Last week being anniversary week, & election, the season of the great temperance jubilee



which was held on the 30th, and various other excitements, seemed to accomplish but little in school. On Saturday I started in company with Sarah W. and Sarah Spurrell, upon a long anticipated excursion to Wrentham, to visit our friends Eliza and Rebecca. Took the Providence cars, in which we rode as far as Frober; from whence we were conveyed in a stage to Wrentham, having a very amusing ride, learning a great deal for crows depredations, among other important things.

We were left at Mrs. Penney's cottage, when the girls came out to welcome us. Very soon after our arrival, Eliza (who has recently become Mrs. Blake) appeared with her husband, and passed the evening with us.

Our whole visit has been highly enjoyed; our time having been passed in riding, walking, laughing &c, in company with our friends and their friends.

Our pretty, mild and interesting friend Eliza, seems a very personification of Happiness, a living monument of the joys of a well-assorted marriage. Richly endowed both physically and mentally, the idol of a worthy husband, cheered by her amiable & gentle dispositions and winning manners, a large circle of friends, surely should she not be happy?

I feel that I can hardly be sufficiently grateful, for the privilege, of being with those four of my schoolmates, with whom my school term at Lexington commenced, again under circumstances so pleasant, after so long a separation. Surely these friendly, joyous meetings, are bright & light, by the wayside, which I would ask, may long continue to cheer my pilgrimage.

Although we were expected to stay until to-morrow, arrangements having been made to that effect, duty, bade us depart, this afternoon, notwithstanding the promised plea-

days of the evening. The girls having carried us to Popkovo we returned to Roxbury in the car, adding to our list of pleasant memories, our brief but delightful visit to Wrentham.

Sunday June 9.

Upon my return from Wrentham on Monday, made a resolve mentally that I would labor more assiduously, at my books, my writing, and my work; would make a more systematic arrangement of my time, improving every moment sacredly.

Also made a resolve with Sarah W. and Sarah Sparrell, to devote a portion of every day to reading some approved instructive author. Now, that the invigorating air we have inhaled during our holiday season, the sufficiency of excitement and variety with which

it has furnished, <sup>me</sup> contributes largely to the zeal with which I apply myself to the new course I have prescribed, I cannot doubt; and consequently entertain some fears that as the remembrance of these shall become more indistinct, my ardor may somewhat abate.

But my retrospect of the past weeks encourages me to hope for something better; convinces me that the pleasures resulting from earnest application to any course of duty, so far exceed the unsatisfactory feeling, which does invariably follow a season of useless & dissipated unprofitable, amusing and desultory occupations, that if I do not rebel against my own interests, my own happiness and progress, I shall despite all "open voices", persevere, "chase them never so sweetly". Have spent all my hours out of school at home, many of them in my own chamber, though notwithstanding, the narrow confines, in which

in which I have penned my material self, have started with "Waverley from Waverley. Honor (reading these, of course, in the same manner as I have continued my journey, on "Fanny's airy horse") accompanied him to Sally Osburn, been pleased with the pretty Rose, laughed at the good old Baron's eccentricities, been with him to the Highlands and formed a friendship with Fergus, been enchanted with the beautiful, accomplished and strong minded Felona, sympathized with his disappointment, when recalled from the very romance of life, to encounter its stern reality, witnessing with some anxiety his conversion to a desperate cause through the influence of its enthusiastic adherents and the personal character of its leader. Have followed him into the field, seen him wear the laurels of victory and the of defeat; his release from the service

and pardon for bearing arms in the rebellious cause; admired his manly disinterested friendships, so beautifully exhibited in his interview, with Dick Fan Vohs, and affectingly portrayed in their last interview. Have felt my sentimentality somewhat shocked at the transfer of his affections from Felona to Rose, wondering why like other heroes of romance, he did not sigh his soul away, in vain repining for the charming Felona, instead of loving one who I could scarcely & the passion, and forgetful of former "rejected addresses" marry like a reasonable man.

With this pleasing variety of scenes, time has not flown with "leadens wings", but pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Heard Mr Putnam preach this morning from the text: "Their lamps & are gone out."

This afternoon heard Rev. C. H. Chapin, preach, but did not like him as well as usual, thinking him rather too par-

casted upon doctrinal points  
differing from his own

Monday June 17.

Spent last <sup>week</sup> without much  
variety in my external life;  
Visited Sarah Taber on Friday, when  
I found besides Sarah and Kate  
W. (Lizzy Battelle) from Fall River,  
with whom the time passed very  
pleasantly.

But I as I have been this  
week communing with "the bard  
who gilds the dull realities  
of life with innocent illusions;  
and spreads exquisite and un-  
bought pleasures over the most  
chequered path; bequiling the spirit  
of many a lonely hour, with all  
the cordial sympathies of social  
life"; have enjoyed most in  
my moments of retirement  
reading Shakespeare. Have  
become acquainted with

the "gentle Master Shallow", the "sweet  
Anne Page", "fat Jack Falstaff"  
and the "August Justice Shallow";  
the airy Ariel, who to obey his master's  
pleasure, was ready: "To fly

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curled cloud"; also for  
with Postery and Valentine, two  
gentlemen of Verona, the latter  
of whom "after honor hunted, the for-  
mer after love"; Valentine, however  
changing his object of pursuit, upon  
seeing the beautiful Sylvia; exhib-  
iting the following "special marks"  
as noted by the shrewd Speed.  
"First you have learned like Sir  
Postery, to wreath your arms like a  
male content; to pelish a love song  
like a robin red-breast; to walk  
alone like one that had the pesti-  
lence; to sigh, like a school-boy  
that had lost his A. B. C.; to  
weep, like a young girl that had  
buried her grandam; to fast like  
one that takes diet; to watch  
like one that fears robbing; to  
speak pining like a beggar at  
Hallow-mass. You were wont  
when you laughed to crow like

cock; when you walked to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted 'twas presently after dinner, when you looked sadly 'twas for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that when I look at you I can hardly think you my master."

Went home on Saturday from whence I did not return till this morning, having highly enjoyed my sojourn. Went last evening on an exploring expedition along the margin of the pond, arriving at a most quiet and romantic nook, where, it seemed, that "for my gay-er hours, nature would have a voice of gladness, and would glide into my darker musings with a smile and eloquence of beauty, that would steal away their sadness, ere I was aware."

The "beautiful scenery amid which I found myself, was

such as makes one feel that life is rich, and the earth beautiful; that beautiful spirits are abroad everywhere in nature, kindling within us, holy thoughts and feelings; ministering unto our spirits, revealing images of a purer and a better life; assuring us that the yearning, which such influences excite, shall not go unsatisfied; but that the aspect of nature here is a faint type, of that beauty and harmony, that awaits the "pure in heart."

Sunday June 23<sup>d</sup>

Monday had a brief interview with Sarah T. and Sarah W.; Tuesday received a visit from them with Lizzy Battelle from Fall River; also I passed Tuesday night with my sister Lucy. Wednesday afternoon received a call from Mary Swift. Thursday night went

to walk with Sarah Billy, taking  
a book, with which we repaired  
to the woods to read, in accor-  
dance with a romantic idea  
with which we had become possess-  
ed. We commenced reading  
"Venetia," one of Dr. Isaac's novels,  
read until the shades of evening  
began to descend, reminding us  
that we must go forth into  
the busy world again; which we  
accordingly did, parting with  
the promise, to repair to the  
spot again for the same par-  
on Thursday next.

Myself & Friday called at  
Mrs. Mason's, and yester-  
day, there being a heavy snow-  
fall at the close of school  
was kindly entertained at  
Mr. Dudley's, an hour or two  
when I was conveyed home  
in a dry, comfortable, state.  
It has been one of those  
"just right" comfortable days  
to-day, neither too hot, or  
"too cold," "too wet," or too dusty,  
with which the most peevish

faultfinder could not complain.  
Have been to church all day and  
heard Mr. Putnam preach, this  
morning from the text: "And they  
have kept thy word;" exhibiting  
that beautiful trait in Jesus's charac-  
ter, which led him ever to discov-  
er and commend, the good  
which he saw; placing in the  
most winning light, that heavenly  
charity so prominent in his  
character. He did not come to  
commend things as they were, but  
to reform and revere; but  
unlike the stern and unbend-  
ing reformer and nothing more,  
his genial spirit, could not  
overlook the goodness and beau-  
ty around him. This trait  
in Jesus, which was drawn  
with so much power and  
eloquence, was most earnest-  
ly commended to his human  
followers; fragments of the  
image of virtue, handed  
down from Paradise, it hav-  
ing been broken there, being

every where around us. —

This afternoon the subject of  
discourse was that "patient  
waiting" which constitutes so im-  
portant an element in the  
Christian character.

I accidentally came across  
the following lines, to-day, the  
truth of which, I have seen most  
happily verified.

### Pulpit Eloquence.

The day was declining — the breeze in its gleam  
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,  
As the sun in its gorgeousness <sup>radiant</sup> and <sup>and</sup>  
Dropped down like a gem from the bow of the hill;  
One tremulous star in the glory of June,  
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon  
As she gazed her blue throne with the pride of a Queen  
The smile of her loveliness gladdening the scene.

The scene was enchanting! in distance away,  
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake Bay,  
While basked in the moonlight the village was seen,  
With the church in the distance that stood on the <sup>green</sup>  
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled,  
With their mantle of verdure and blossoms of gold,  
And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,  
Lay asleep in her bloom, on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered away  
From the spot where my footsteps had gambled today,  
And as free as a bird, was the song of my soul,  
As I heard the wide water's exultingly swell;  
While lightning my heart as I sported along,  
With bursts of low laughter, and snatches of song,  
I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sand,  
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer,  
With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air;  
And drawn by the length of its sweetness along  
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng;  
For awhile my young spirit still wandered about,  
With the birds, and the winds that were singing with  
But birds, waves and zephyrs were quickly forgot  
In one Angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng,  
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!  
His cheeks pale with fervor — his blue eyes above  
Lit up with the splendor of youth and of love;  
Yet the heart-glowing rapture that beamed from those eyes  
Seemed saddened by sorrows, and chastened by sighs,  
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold  
With its loves unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his, may I never recal,  
But his theme was salvation - salvation to all,  
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung  
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from  
Not alone on the ear, his wild eloquence stole  
Enforced by each gesture it sunk to the soul,  
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened  
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Savior - what pictures he drew!  
The scene of his sufferings rose clear on my view,  
The cross - the red cross where he suffered and died;  
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from his side;  
The cup of his sorrow - the wormwood and gall;  
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall;  
The garland of thorns - and the demon like crew  
Who knelt at thy scaffold him - Hail, King of the Jew.

He spoke, and it seemed that his statue like foam  
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm;  
His tone so impassioned, so melting his air  
As touched with compassion he ended in prayer  
His hands clasped above him - his blue eyes, upturned  
Still pleading for sins that were never his own,  
While that mouth, where such sweetness <sup>in tones</sup> ~~in words~~ <sup>in tones</sup> ~~in words~~ <sup>in tones</sup> ~~in words~~  
Uttered spoke, though expression had died on his

Oh God! what emotions the speaker awoke!  
A mortal he seemed - yet adroitly, he spoke.  
Arman - yet so far from humanity risen  
On earth - yet so closely connected with Heaven!  
How oft in my fancy, I've pictured him there,  
As he stood in that triumph of passionate prayer  
With his eyes closed in rapture - this transient ecstacy  
Made bright by the smile that illumined his lips.

There's a charm in delivery - a magical art  
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;  
Tis the glance - the expression - the well chosen <sup>in tones</sup> ~~in words~~ <sup>in tones</sup> ~~in words~~ <sup>in tones</sup> ~~in words~~  
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are  
The smile - the meta gesture - the soul-stalling power  
The eyes sweet expression - that melt white it awes;  
The lips soft persuasion - its musical tone  
Oh, such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past - yet how clearly defined  
That bay, church and village float up in my mind;  
I see amid a sun the moon in her pride  
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side,  
I hear the blue voices as she wonders along  
Heap up in their gladness and sing her a song,  
And I tread in the pathway half worn over the sod  
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.



The time is long past - gets what visions I see;  
The past, the dim past is the present to me.  
I am standing once more midst the heart-stricken  
A vision floats up - to the theme of my song -  
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air  
The light like a halo encircling his hair,  
As I catch the same accents of sweetness  
and love.

He whispers of Jesus - and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced  
By chain of bright fancies, seemed almost effaced  
Till Memory - the fond one that sits in the soul  
Took up the frail links and connected the whole  
As the dew to the blossoms - the bud to the bee  
As the scent to the rose - all these memories to me  
Round the cords of my heart they have tremblingly  
And the echo it gives is the song I hear sung.  
Mrs. Kelly,

Saturday June 30, 1844.

Nothing very distinctive has  
marked the character of the past  
week; one of those <sup>seasons</sup> which must  
oftener occur in our history

than those of a more varied and  
expecting character; made up of  
'every day' duties and cares, sweet-  
ened & also by "every-day" pleasures.  
Happy is he who in the faithful per-  
formance of these quiet duties, and  
grateful enjoyment of these quiet  
pleasures, murmureth not with  
the "portion that falleth to him";  
yearneth not for that which is  
distant and unattainable.

Gently he has made no mean  
progress in the art of being  
happy, who, conscious of pure motives  
and faithful endeavor, "of a  
mind deep and immortal", and  
of the existence of a world of  
glory and of beauty, amid whose  
wonders to exercise it; can  
submit cheerfully to all the  
'frowns of fortune'; patiently endur-  
ing all its ill; drinking gratefully  
and contentedly from the most  
& insignificant fount of pleasure,  
reposing in confidence and child-  
like trust, ~~that~~ in the belief, "that  
there is a Divinity that shapes  
our destiny;" a Father who has.

The time is long past - gets what visions I see;  
The past, the dim past is the present to me.  
I am standing once more midst the heart-stricken  
A vision flits up - 'tis the theme of my song -  
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air  
The light like a halo encircling his hair,  
As I catch the same accents of sweetness  
and love }  
He whispers of Jesus - and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced  
By chain of bright fancies, scarce almost effaced  
Till Memory - the fond one that sits in the soul  
Took up the frail links and connected the whole.  
As the dew to the blossom - the bud to the tree  
As the scent to the rose - all these memories to me  
Round the cords of my heart they have tremblingly  
And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.  
Mrs. Kelly.

Saturday June 30. 1844. -

Nothing very distinct has  
marked the character of the past  
week; one of those <sup>seasons</sup> which must  
often occur in one's history

than those of a more varied and  
expecting character; made up of  
'every day' duties and cares; sweet-  
ened & also by 'every-day' pleasures.  
Happy is he who in the faithful per-  
formance of these quiet duties, and  
grateful enjoyment of these quiet  
pleasures, murmureth not with  
the "portion that falleth to him";  
yearneth not for that which is  
distant and unattainable.

Surely he has made no mean  
progress in the art of being  
happy, who, conscious of pure motives  
and faithful endeavor, "of a  
mind deep and immortal", and  
of the existence of a world of  
glory and of beauty, amid whose  
wonders to exercise it; can  
submit cheerfully to all the  
'frowns of fortune'; patiently endur-  
ing all its ills; drinking gratefully  
and contentedly from the most  
insignificant fount of pleasure,  
reposing in confidence and child-  
like trust, ~~that~~ in the belief, "that  
there is a Divinity that shapes  
our destiny," a Father who has.

proportioned our "strength to our day."

Blinded by the petty malice of petty minds, aloof from the prejudices of the vulgar, he creates for himself a paradise, when to superficial observers it would seem that he possesses only the elements of sorrow and discontent. Who should not strive to attain such a state of "spiritual exaltation"? to create within resources, upon which to draw, when clouds gather without?

Besides my school duties this week, have called upon Miss Sarah W., (with <sup>whom</sup> I have planned an excursion to the East), upon the afternoon yesterday at Mrs. Mearns, accompanied by Susan, received a short call from Sarah B., and had a street interview with the renowned Parson Rice, whose memory is more closely interwoven with our National History than that of any other individual not immediately connected

with the establishment.

Have been reading this week, "Howitt's Visits to remarkable places," among which were the following: ("Petershurst, the residence of the Glynnes"; the Field of Cullader, where the "Pretender" adherents were defeated; Stratford on Avon; Combe Abbey, noted as the "scene of the earliest and latest fortunes" of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and Queen of Bohemia;" (Bladen Field the scene of Scott's "Marmion"; Bolton Priory," from which last I extract the following as worth preserving: "We ask where your Watts and Boltons would be, if it were not for your dreamers and thriftless poets of the present day? Why it is they—it is the men of poetical genius, who build your steamboats and steam-coaches. The man of genius is not now merely a scribbler on paper a writer of poems or of tales; but his pen has become a magical wand—the most potent one that was ever wielded; and

while other men think that he is merely inditing some pleasant lay, or Smalley & for a winter evening's firesides, they who see foisted into a millstone & know that he is actually building ships and boats, steam engines and steam carriages; launching new and splendid packets; laying down railroads, and carrying them through mountain and forest; erecting inns furnishing them with shoots and guests and waiters; spreading tables with every delicacy of the season - as witness, ye grass on many a heathy hill, ye herring of Loch Fyne and salmon of countless lochs and rivers running like sil-  
ver from the mountains - spreading them for thousands that run to and fro in the earth; not merely increasing knowledge of one another, but the good luck of land-lord, and the employment of whole troops of poor and deserving men. The man of genius does this and more; he creates joint stock companies, invests large capitals - these and many other creatures after their kind

are of his creation. Does any one doubt it? Why, Sir Walter Scott, has done more than this with his single arm. See what he has done for Scotland. See every summer and all summer long, what thousand and pour into that beautiful country, exploring every valley, climbing every mountain, sailing on every fieth and loch, and spreading themselves and their money all through the land. And when did all this grow up? O, say the mere mechanic heads, why when steam created such facilities. Ye, since the steam of poetic brains created them. Where would your steamboats and your railroads have been leading us, do you think if Bishop Percy had not collected the glorious ballads of nature and of heroism that were scattered over Scotland and England - the leaves of a new Sibyl, as million times more faithful and pregnant with wonder than the old; if Bishop Percy had not done this, and set on fire the kindred heads of Southey, of Wordsworth and of Keat; if the "Border Minstrelsy" had not been gathered by Scott; if ballads and eulogues of a new school

if poems full of a pensive beauty and  
a pure love; had not been framed  
by Southey; if Wordsworth had not  
stricken as he confesses, by the mighty  
power of nature through this very  
medium - gone wandering all over  
the mountains of Cumberland, filling  
his heart with the life of the hills, and  
the soul of the over-arching heaven, and  
the peace or passion of human existence  
hidden in glens or recesses where  
poets had ceased to look for them; if  
the last of these great men had not  
come forth again in a fresh character,  
with metrical romances, and with  
historical romances in prose, pour-  
ing a new spirit through field and  
forest; bringing down from the moun-  
tains of the North a clan life, a  
race of fierce warriors, with their pride,  
their superstitions, their bloody quarrels,  
their magnanimity of mutual devotion  
and fated loyalty, such as we other-  
wise should never have known; and  
besides this peopling mountains  
and glen, palace and Scattery, gari-  
son and town, with a host of charac-  
ters which live and move before

us, as if they were not the offspring of  
a mortal brain, but of the earth and  
the heavens themselves? I say, where  
would these railroads and steam  
boats have been now leading their pas-  
sengers? Wagg. dully enough to the mar-  
ket, to purchase cotton and calicoes  
in Glasgow, Paisley and Manchester;  
ashes and indigo in Liverpool; teas  
and a thousand other things in Lon-  
don! . . . . .  
And then the ingenuity and tact with  
which these thoughtless poets and air  
dreaming romancers have laid hold  
not only of the most glorious subjects,  
but the most glorious scenes. What  
beautiful spot is there now, from Lond's  
End to John O'Clasat - what spot  
known for its loveliness, or sacred for its  
history, or made mysteriously interesting by  
its traditions; on which they have not  
seized? The ancients were accused of  
having robbed us of all our fine thoughts  
and spirit-stirring topics; but the mod-  
ern poets have taken away our very moun-  
tains and battle fields, our fairy haunts  
and our waters, lying under the beautifying  
lights and shades of love, and heroism &

and sorrow. . . . .

What a fine effect it has both for poet and reader, when as you stop to admire some lovely land scape, some sublimity of mountain and seashore, you hear it said - "This is the Scenery Marmion - this is the Castle of Eldonowood - this is the spot where Helen Maltzege gave her celebrated breakfast, here fought Bailie's vicar Garvie with his red hot plough share, this is Hammerome - or this is Astorish Hall." What a charm and joy suddenly invest the place! How deep sinks the strain of the bard or the romancer in your soul."

The work also contains a long and interesting account of the Sp. ton court and its founder, Cardinal Wolsey; Watton Hall, the residence of Boscau, & which in England; Winc. Chester, its Cathedral, and Wykeham College; Stonhurst, the seat of a Jesuit College; Slaggs and Pond, and a boy's dream at Tivstapel, the abode of the great hero of romance the morning star of chivalry,

and the theme of a thousand minstrel harps, singing in hall and bower, diffusing love and martial daring in the sound; - King Arthur. After perusing some of thought which the scene awakened, he indulges in the following: I said, that the vision faded away, and nothing was left but the bare hill, the crumbling ruins and the sea - I should have said nothing but Poetry and Nature. Nature was young and triumphant as ever & the sun was in the sky, the breeze wandering over the earth and the ocean - the sea sent up its murmur not of rage but of power, and the voices of children on the opposite hill, sent to my heart, a cordial and thrilling delight: - And Poetry! it was in all and through all, it was that which had given me these visions of old romance. "And what good," some bald spirited utilitarian will say do such dreams do you?" They do much. It is from such dreams

that we come refreshed, as by a draught of good old wine, to grapple with the realities of life, it is this spirit of poetry that has been able to transform a town into an Elysium, and to give back from the dust of age, beauty and valor, glory and power; what sneering spirit of doubt, of ignorance, or affected wisdom, can do as much? It was easy to show that this spirit has done more for us as a nation, than all the mere matter-of-fact men could do without it, however wise, brave, or indefatigable. It is to Poetry that we owe our knowledge of King Arthur; not to the fabulous history of Britain — not to Geoffrey of Monmouth — it was from the lays of the minstrel that they derived him. And if we are told that, after all, King Arthur, is a mere fable of the minstrel, we say, No. If such a man never existed, the Minstrel — by combining everything great, generous and dignified, every thing calculated to catch the better

spirit and kindle a noble ambition — in such a character have given us an immortal and inestimable present. But they were not accustomed to hang their heads upon nothing — to fashion their heroes out of shadows. Their enthusiasm, that burns up whenever they touch upon him, even passing, tell us that such a man had lived and won the warmest admiration of his countrymen. They might adorn him, but they could not create; and they have adorned him, not in his spirit, but in his deeds. They have spread his conquest over lands that he never saw, or perhaps heard of; but in so doing, they have only more perfectly, as by a spirit of poetic prophecy, prefigured in him the British fortunes. What a career has this country seen from those days to these? We look now over this Ocean, and know that, went we to the ends of the earth, east or west, there we should find mighty nations resting under the shadow of our power, and prepared by the infusion of our spirit, arts and religion, to unfold to future ages, scenes of prosperity and hap-

pinness, at present but dimly realized. A succession of poets, philosophers, statesmen, and heroes, have arisen in this island, which may not be excelled by any other nation. And what has borne them on to this pitch of greatness? The great spirit of poetry which was diffused through their hearts from generation to generation, descending in a continuous stream from those simple but mighty minstrels that made the halls of kings and barons resound with the praises of such men as Arthur.

For what is Poetry? It is not merely the melody of verse, or the spirit of passion or emotion embodied in verse. It is a revelation from Heaven of its own beauty and glory — an atmosphere of heaven, breathed down and diffused through our grosser one, by which we become sensible of the strength of joy in the heart, of the moral greatness of our better nature; of the treasury of poetic intellect, and the full grandeur and rainbow splendor of human hopes. It is this spirit that is continually

lifting us out of the clay of the earth — out of the grossness of our animal condition, to a perception of wider views, intense being, more generous, glowing and ethereal aspirations. It is like that suffusion of purple and violet light, cast down from the evening sun over the mountains, which, however beautiful in themselves, derive a ten-fold and heavenly beauty from it. It is not so much a part of ourselves, as the spirit of an eternal and divine world which moulds and incorporates us into itself, and changes us from what we are, to what we are to be. Let no man fall into the grievous mistake that poetry lives only in verse, nor that it is confined to language at all. It is a far and widely diffused spirit, and lives in all human hearts, more or less, and often in greater effluence than we imagine. It cannot always throw itself into language. Mrs. W. says truly, "O! many are the poets that have been by nature; men endowed with highest gifts, the vision and the faculty divine



Not wanting the accomplishment of verse."

And another great poet of our times says:  
that even he could not express all  
the poetry that lived within him.

"I would speak,

But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a mist-veiled thought, sheathing it as a sword,  
But we hear a great deal of the philosophy  
of life — the poetry of life is equally real, and  
far more generally diffuse. It is that  
spirit that mingles itself with all our hopes,  
affections, sorrows, and even death, and  
beautifies them all. It mingles itself  
with the ambition of aspirants in every  
honorable track — with the emotions of  
the lover, with the ardor of the hero,  
till it covers the battle-field pit from  
his eyes, and shows him only a halo  
of glory, with the patriotism of the  
righteous statesman — with all our so-  
cial attachments and intercourse,  
and spreads the roses of heaven over  
the beaten path of our daily life.  
No human speculation, no human pursuit,  
no human feeling, which is not utter-  
ly selfish and base, but draws fire  
and force from this spirit, and

is borne by its exalting influence tow-  
ards its legitimate end."

Have heard two very excellent  
sermons from Mr. Putnam to-day,  
one from the text: "For every idle  
word thou shalt give an account  
at the day of judgment: by thy  
words thou shalt be justified, and  
by thy words thou shalt be condemned."  
This afternoon from the words: "See  
to thine own house."

As myself and journal  
are about to part, I cannot for-  
bear from devoting a brief space  
to the expression of regret, which  
such an event at once gives  
rise. More than a year has  
now elapsed since, almost a stran-  
ger in a strange home, I com-  
menced this record of thoughts  
and events, as a relaxation  
from care, a companion in  
loneliness, a confidant of my  
joys and sorrows, and something  
which in future time might  
give form and substance to the  
"shadowy past." That it has

to some extent answered its purpose  
I feel confident.

Often when the "spirits' whisperings"  
have been only sad and mournful,  
when the past has seemed only  
~~but~~ a vanished dream, the pres-  
ent a land of weariness, and the  
future a way of care and toilsome  
duty from which the spirit shrinks  
in its weakness, have I found  
here, voices of encouragement and  
consolation, inspiring new hopes, reveal-  
ing glimpses of joy and beauty, which  
in my ingratitude I had shrouded  
in my sombre hues. When at times  
I have felt lonely and yearned  
for home and the disinterested  
love, alone to be found there,  
have fancied a hollowness and  
worldliness, in the accidental  
relations in which I stand  
to those about me, have felt that  
the spirit craved something more  
than it could find in them, how  
joyfully have I repaired hither, grate-  
ful for the resources, which He  
who framed our hearts, has vouch-

safed to us; resources to which we  
still might cling, though the whole  
world about us might change. Yes, in  
such moments, to commune with my own  
heart, to find new strength there, to  
feel that 'good angels' do often minister  
in the form of serene, lofty thought,  
to give expression freely and confidently  
to each earnest purpose and heartfelt e-  
motion, to feel that to myself I can re-  
ture, upon myself rely, and yet be not  
without companionship, has surely been  
no slight privilege. But not only  
in my darker hours, have I come hither-  
er; but "when gladness has winged  
the favored hour", when friendly, whose  
love I have felt could never change,  
have been round, in moments

"When the soul in its fullness of love  
Would waver if bidden to choose between this  
And the paradise promised above,"  
have I found here as ready and well  
come a companion. Feeling that I  
would preserve such bright and  
glowing scenes, the memory even, of  
which beautifies and gladdens life,  
have I come to record them, that

these 'images picture in Memory's mellow-  
ing glass' might seem more real and  
present. Here are mirrored, thoughts  
of the sober meditative hour, scenes  
of joyousness and mirth, the call  
of duty, and all the light and  
shadows of the past years experience.  
A record of the past it stands!  
A past that has done how much  
towards moulding my future!  
Would that it <sup>may</sup> have ennobled  
and enriched <sup>it</sup>; that <sup>it</sup> may  
have advanced me in the high-  
er life, to which my better moments  
invite and urge me.

It shall, before life's journal  
shall become completed, darker  
moments, deeper sorrows, intenser  
suffering, than I have yet recorded  
here, shall darken its pages. Ah,  
and fearful blanks it may con-  
tain. If faithful and true to  
every call of duty, how many kindling  
thoughts, and glorious deeds, and  
high-souled purposes, may it not  
contain. Ah, that each page might  
mirror the pure life, the 'godlike

action" that is demanded of every  
one of us; that although sorrow  
and suffering may sometimes, per-  
haps often find a record there, the  
loftier traits of character which  
'tis wisely ordered they should  
call forth, may find their record  
too. Ah, Life's Journal! How  
many entries it will contain,  
can I anticipate. The loss of  
friends by death and by estrange-  
ment, the disappointment of cherish-  
ed hopes, the stern duty, the  
"world's rude buffeting", will all  
find a place there. Even now  
its record is going on. Each  
hour, each moment furnishes  
an inscription for its pages.

May I keep it well and faith-  
fully, write it in characters  
of light; remembering that  
He who transmitted it to my keeping  
will know whether it has proved  
a blank, or worse than blank

or been filled as his inspira-  
tional tracks.