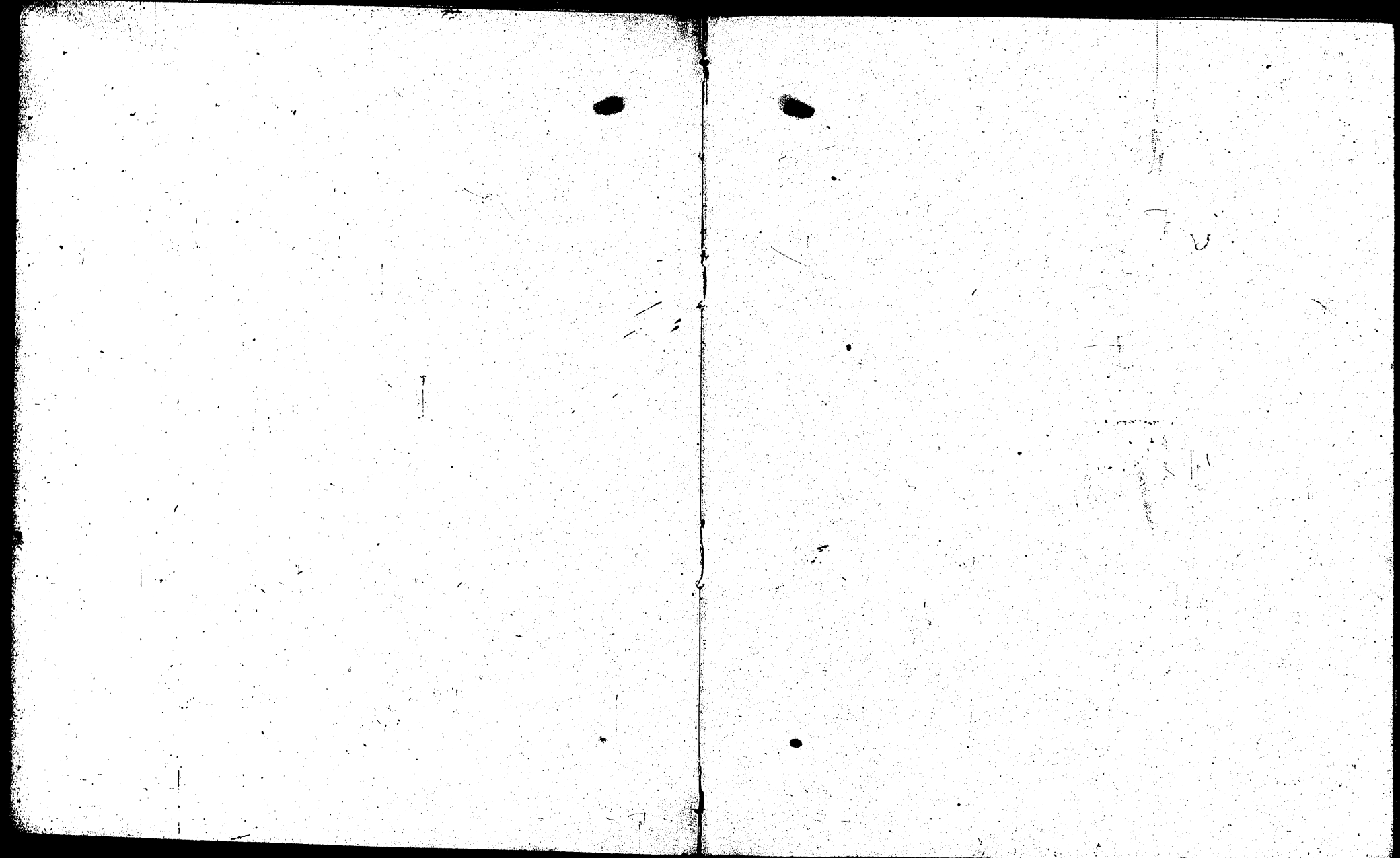


1842

Private Journal

L. E. Harris.



1
The pleasure which I frequently derive from a perusal of the pages of my old journal reminds me that at some future day a record of events now transpiring might afford a like enjoyment, and I cannot but reproach myself at times, that when my journal ceased to be an imperative duty, it was no longer kept; and that the numberless excuses which negligence will always conjure up, which I used to justify itself, have so long contented me; such as, want of time, materials &c.

Perhaps I may not have the variety which Livingston and Normal seemed afforded. The Golden precepts and kindly premonitions which were daily gathered from the lips of Mr. Pierce; the frequent lectures and conversations of dignified and learned men; the animated discussions and free interchange of thought among ourselves and all the graver joys of the schoolroom; with the romantic walks, "boarding school processions"; adventurous expeditions to neighboring hills, cascades &c., meetings of merry trios, and all the delightful pastimes which beguiled our leisure hours; some,

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and perhaps all of these I shall not now have, with which to enrich the pages of a journal. But surely I am not therefore destitute. With this world of beauty and action without, and thoughts within, the treasured volumes which it is my privilege to read, the frequent opportunities of social intercourse with those so associated with the cherished scenes of the past, and the experience of my daily toils and duties, I cannot be without materials. If it serve no other purpose than a reflection of my own thoughts if that be faithful it need not be unprofitable; for although I may sometimes blush, and perhaps even weep over the page, will not the fact that they are subjected to daily criticism, and recorded where they may return after a lapse of years, serve as a new inducement to render them more pure and exalting? Although I shall record many scenes, I trust which may "furnish jogs for memory" in after years, it will doubtless be the receptacle of many sorrows also, and present many dark pictures over which I shall ponder in my less joyous hours, and a heavy heart oft times dictate what the hand may write yet may it seldom be the depository of duties faithfully performed, and while it shall prove a faithful monitor furnish many evidences of progress in all that is pure and worthy.

3
Saturday Feb. 26. 1842.

Don't remember what ^{time} I arose this morning and perhaps should not care about recording it, if I did. After going through the usual preliminary steps, started for school, and was accompanied by Sarah, the usual distance. Every thing went smoothly on after my arrival, and was calculated to leave a good impression on my mind at the close of my week's labors, which I find very desirable. Passed the afternoon at home with the rest of the family including "Aunt Betsey", employed in manufacturing Phonological cases. Had a little of all sorts of dull weather, which finally settled into a violent shower of rain towards evening, which somewhat disappointed me as, being a warm evening. However I equipped myself to go, while the rest looked on and smiled at what they termed my foolishness. Indeed I began to fear myself, that my faith would not sustain, and sat down to read the Sketch Book, from which I was soon aroused by the arrival of Mr Wyman and Sarah, in a large covered vehicle, in which we were comfort-

ably deposited, after considerable hurrying to and
fro of the unbelievers to prepare themselves. —
Sarah brought me a letter from Lydia Ann
which we read after our arrival at Guildhall.
I have been quite favored with these tokens
of remembrance of late, having received a paper
from Clara and letter from Louisa Spiller
last week, and a letter from Adie day
before yesterday. — The people soon began
to fill the hall, which presented quite a bril-
liant appearance, though the assembly was
much smaller than usual. Mr Ward having
remarked that this was the last and 19th
lecture Mr Childs made his appearance
which was greeted with loud applause.
His countenance I thought unusually anima-
ted this evening and was almost tempted
to call him handsome. His deformity
which I at first deemed so very unfortunate
has dwindled into a mere nothing, since the
treasures of his gifted mind have been revealed.
Who can deem a man unfortunate for a
personal deformity, whose rich and powerful
eloquence can win our admiration, and charm
us with the beautiful and good. His is beau-
ty inestimable and fadeless — the beauty of an
exalted soul. This was his 5th and last
lecture, his subject was the poetry of Crabbe.
He first gave a brief sketch of his life,
detailing some of his early struggles with

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poverty and want, after which he spoke of
the character of his poetry, which he said
some had thought too dark and sad. But his,
while he would have had Crabbe sometimes
have pictured the light as well as shades of
lowly life, it must be remembered that the
themes which he chose was an extremely sor-
rowful one — the English poor. (But tis no use
to attempt an abstract of his lectures, for his
rich and eloquent language and richer
thoughts I cannot recall, suffice it to say
that he noticed particularly some of Crabbe's
Poems, quoting the whole of a very beautiful
one, commencing "I will not leave this gloomy
view, about my room, about my bed", and
closed with some eloquent thoughts on the
Human Heart, concerning which he asks,
"Who would not have it, in spite of all its
wanderings, so beautiful in its holiness, so
generous in its love?" At the close of his
lecture he thanked the audience for
their kind attention, and the ladies for
the memento which he had received from
them. The house rang with applause for
a few minutes, and then the audience
dispersed. And thus closed the last
of 19 Lyceum lectures, all but one of which
I have attended. I find a multitude of
thoughts crowding into my mind suggested

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by this circumstance, such as the character of
previous lectures, the pleasure and profit
I have derived from them &c., but feeling
every moment as though I should sink into
the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer"
and the clock reminding me that 'tis per-
fectly proper that I should, I must forbear.

Sunday Feb. 27. 1842

Found the weather rather squally this morn-
ing, notwithstanding which with praiseworthy
bravery and devotion I ventured to church.
Felt somewhat disappointed on seeing Mr
Putnam enter the pulpit, although I am usu-
ally disappointed to see any one else. But I
had really hoped that Mr. Childs would hold
forth, and to tell the truth, was induced princi-
pally by this hope to attend church. But I
heard excellent sermons, from the text, "Let there
be light, and there was light." Mr. P. noticed
the two theories respecting light, and showed
how inadequate was either of them to explain
its true cause. For if that of Newton be
true, it must be matter independent of the
laws of matter; or if the present received
opinion be admitted, that it is spirit, as an

7
that it violated the most striking laws of
spirit; in either of which cases we must
consider it a daily miracle, in which we
plainly discern the habitual agency of the
divine mind. The object of this discourse was
to show how closely the idea of God was connect-
ed with the works of creation.

Was obliged to wend my way home through
the falling snow, in company with Harriet
Faber, who unexpectedly joined me after I
had proceeded a little distance.

Employed most of the afternoon in writing
to my S. Boston friends Eliza and Mary
which I found far from disagreeable. Also
employed a portion of the time in reading.

Monday Feb. 28.

Met Sarah at the door just as I was
starting for school this morning, with
Cyrus's Magazine for me, and we both
set off together. Been a delightful day
without and a very successful one with-
in, having no delinquents at the close of
school to prolong their stay. Have been
gratified with the spirit of inquiry man-
ifested by one of my pupils concerning
Columbus, induced by a glance at Irving's

8 Life of Columbus which I had some weeks since upon my desk. I wish it were as easy to awaken an interest in all minds, and I would take no little pains to array the names of others worthy of being enrolled with that of the illustrious navigator, where they might ^{attract} the inquiring glances of the children.

Started for home at 10 m. past 4, which is much earlier than usual. Went to the street in the evening in company with Laura, returned, asked the family opinion of sin, and then retired.

Tuesday March 1st.

"The stormy March has come at last," not with "Went and cloud and changing skies," but a balmy air and sunny skies. Pursued my solitary way over Parker St. this morning. Upon reaching school found one of my little boys very much elated with a new book which he said his mother had bought him. I could not but envy the little fellow, who could experience so much joy at so trifling a circumstance.

Soon after a little girl arrived in just the opposite condition, having lost her new book; and after some examination and inquiry into the case, was forced to the painful

9 conclusion, that the boy whose childish glee and simplicity I had admired but a few moments before had committed one of the gravest sins of manhood. 'Tis really lamentable to see so young a child, by the influence of example, and absence of all moral teachings, so well versed in the ways of sin. Would that I might succeed in some degree in impressing upon his mind the nature and vastness of the crime, and the future misery and degradation to which it will inevitably lead.

Lessons have been successful to-day with the exception of my second class in Arithmetic, which did not understand the lesson, in consequence of which I took one question, which I believe I succeeded in making clear. Had a few transgressors at the close of school, whose punishment was to remain quiet in their seats, after the rest had retired.

On reaching home, found that Warren had arrived from Canton, and would remain until to-morrow, when Laura would return with him, whereas I had expected she would accompany me on Saturday.

The picture of contentment which this Canton gentleman, who fifteen months ago no one would have hesitated to pronounce a confirmed old bachelor, who never had wished to change his status, now presents is really gratifying, and a fruitful lesson

10
for all single gentlemen, & as well as Moralists
to study. A wife precisely what she should be,
the finest farm upon which the sun ever shone
daily revealing new and unlooked for treasures
even the animals ^{with} too stocked soaring
beyond the common herd in intellect, morals
and I might almost venture to say exhibiting
a spark of the religious sentiment, for old John
at least obeys one Christian precept to perfection
in letting his moderation be known unto all
men"; to which are added innumerable little
domestic, fireside joys; surely too enough to inter-
icate the senses of a man who has hitherto
survived only the dreary wilderness of a bachelor's
life!

Wednesday Mar. 2. 1842.

Quite a rainy morning. Our clock being too
slow did not reach school until a few min-
utes past 9. Had several scholars from the
Dudley and Washington schools (which were not
in session to-day) to visit me, some of whom
however took a part in the exercises. Returned
home at noon in the rain and mud, and
passed a very quiet afternoon at home, without
much variety to furnish materials for jour-
naling. As Laura left with Warren this morning
the family consists of only Father, Mother, Aunt
Betsey and myself. Father went into Boston

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this afternoon, to see Lymanville, who we heard
yesterday was quite unwell, but found him
considerable better.

Thursday Mar. 3rd.

A delightful punishing day. The children seemed
so happy in the field, this noon singing their
favorite songs, that I really enjoyed their sport,
though only a looker on; so I divided the time be-
tween this employment, and reading the Sketch
Book, which I find so interesting, that I intend
to transfer portions of it into my journal. The
remarks upon "Rural Funerals" which I have been
reading to-day strike me as very beautiful, and
a good specimen of the author's style. After
speaking of the custom of strewing flowers
over the graves of friends he says: The natural
effect of sorrow over the dead is to refine and
elevate the mind; and we have a proof of it
in the purity of sentiment, and the unadorned
elegance of thought which pervaded the whole
of these funeral observances. Thus it was an
especial precaution that none but sweet-scented
evergreens and flowers should be employed.
The intention seems to have been to soften the
honors of the tomb, to beguile the mind from
brooding over the disgrace of perishable mor-
tality and to associate the memory of the de-

ceased with the most delicate and beautiful objects of nature. There is a dismal process going on in the grave, ere dust can return to its kindred dust, which the imagination shrinks from contemplating; and we seek still to think of the form we have loved, with those refined associations which it awakened when blooming before us in youth and beauty. "Lo, her is the earth" says Socrates of his virgin sister,

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!

There is certainly something more affecting in these prompt and spontaneous offerings of nature, than in the most costly monuments of art; the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labor of the chisel, and is chilled under the cold conceit of sculptured marble. It is to be greatly regretted, that a custom so truly elegant and touching has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical custom always shuns the walks of cultivated society. In proportion as people grow polished they cease to be poetical. They talk of poetry, but they have learnt to check its free impulses to distrust its rallying emotions; and to supply its most affecting and picturesque images, by studied form and pompous ceremonial. Few fragments

can be more stately and forged than any English funeral in town. It is made of show and ghummy parade: mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes and hiseling mourners, who make a mockery of grief. "There is a grave digged" says Jeremy Taylor; "and a solemn mourning, and a great talk in the neighborhood, and when the daies are finished, they shall be and they shall be remembered no more."

The associate in the gay and crowded city, is soon forgotten; the hurrying succession of new intimacies and new pleasures effaces him from our minds, and the very scenes and circles in which he moved are incessantly fluctuating. But funerals in the country are solemnly impressive. The stroke of death makes a wider space in the village circle, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of rural life. The passing bell tolls its knell in every ear; it steals with its penning melancholy over hill and vale, and paddents all the landscape.

The fixed and unchanging features of the country also, perpetuate the memory of the friend with whom we once enjoyed them; who was the companion of our most retired walks, and gave animation to every lonely scene. His idea is associated with every charm of nature we hear his voice in the echo which he once delighted to awaken; his spirit haunts the grove which he once frequented; we

think of him in the wild upland solitude, or amidst the pensive beauty of the valley.

In the freshness of joyous morning, we remember his beaming smiles and bounding gait; and when sober evening returns, with its gathering shadows and subdued quiet, we call to mind many a twilight hour of gentle talk and sweet souled melancholy.

Another cause that perpetuates the memory of the deceased in the country is, that the grave is more immediately in sight of the survivors.

They pass it on their way to prayer; it meets their eyes when their hearts are softened by the exercises of devotion; they linger about it on the sabbath, when the mind is disengaged from worldly cares, and most disposed to turn aside from present pleasures and present loves, and to sit down among the solemn mementos of the past. In N. Wales, the peasantry kneel and pray over the graves of their deceased friends for several Sundays after the interment; and where the tender rite of strewing and planting flowers is still practised, it is always renewed on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivity when the season brings the companion of former festivity more vividly to mind. It is also invariably performed by the nearest relatives and friends; no menials nor hirelings are employed, and if a neighbor yields assistance it would be deemed an insult to offer compensation.

I have dwelt upon this beautiful rural custom, because as it is one of the best, so is it one of the holiest offices of love. The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live long remembrance. The mere inclination of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal — every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open — this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who even in the hour of agony would forget

the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? — No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish, and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most love is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness — who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave! the grave! it buries every error — covers every defect — extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throbb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that

lies mouldering before him? But the grant of those we loved — what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; — there it is that we dwell upon the loneliness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs — its noiseless attendance — its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering throbbing, oh! how thrilling! — pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. Ah, go to the grove of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited — every just endearment unregarded of that departed being who can never — never — never return to be soothed by thy contrition. If thou art a child and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a frown to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent — if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy love, if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged

in thought, or word or deed the spirit that generously confided in thee — if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath; — then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every urgent action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul — then I be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing ^{tear} more deep, more bitter because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; — but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living." After observing a custom among the Germans of suspending chaplets of flowers over the graves of the departed, he adds: I gazed with interest at this scene; I felt that I was at the source of poetical description for these were the beautiful, but unaffected offerings of the heart, which poets are fain to record. In a gayer and more populous place, I should have suspected them to have been suggested by factitious sentiment, derived from books; but the good people of Lyzau knew little of

books; there was not a novel nor a love poem in the whole village; and I question whether any peasant of the place dreamt, while he was twining a fresh chaplet for the grave of his mistresses, that he was fulfilling one of the most fanciful rights of poetical deotism, and that he was practically a poet."

To pass somewhat abruptly from the sublime to the ridiculous, I would just mention that I was extremely annoyed while returning from school by the attentions of an old yellow Cat, which persisted in following me, while I persisted in driving her back. As I have before said, a prepossessing exterior subjects one to a thousand little annoyances. — When I reached home found Lucy there, but just ready to depart, so I accompanied her part of her way home, when we conversed upon domestic matters chiefly. (Returned alone wrapt in profound meditation).

Friday March 4th.

Listened to a profound discussion at the breakfast table, this morning, concerning the relative value of tin and wooden boxes, for the preservation of pills. Aunt Betty (who advocated the tin) finally came off victorious, by bringing forward the golden opinions of a multitude of eminent M. D's, in support of her argument, and a host of widow such-a-ones, whose deceased part-

ners had practised the healing art.
Walked to school with Sarah this morning.
Went from school to Quays, where I found all
my little nieces and nephews in a thriving
condition, with the exception of little Anna,
who seems quite unwell. Stopped an hour
or two, and then returned, meeting Emos on my
way home. Was reminded by Harriet T. who
walked down with me, that today was the
memorable 4th of March, which had not before
occurred to me. Did not reach home till
quite late, and busied myself before retiring
in making preparations for tomorrow's jour-
ney.

Saturday March 5th.

The sun rose pleasant this morning but
soon disappeared beneath a cloud, and at school
time, the rain fell quite fast, so fast that when
I had reached the barn on my way to school
"Captain Kidd" stepped out and proffered his ser-
vices, if I would wait until he put the horse into
the old chaise, which I gladly accepted. Had a
small school on account of the weather.
Walked home, and made ready as soon as
possible to go to Canton. Father carried me
down to the depot, where after waiting about
half an hour, I took the cars at a few minutes
past 3. Took Lybourns Magazine with me to

read, therefore did not take notes of my fellow
passengers. Was met by Warren soon after my
arrival at the Canton depot, and was soon
transferred to his residence on "Ragged Row" alias,
"Pleasant Street." Was of course delighted at seeing
my two "big sisters", whom I found in good health
and spirits, and could not but be gratified
with the ^{spirit of} calm enjoyment which seemed to per-
vade the whole household. Took my first lesson
in "Catalog" before retiring.

Sunday March 6th.

Was very much disappointed this morning
to find that the rain still continued, as
I wished very much to attend church, here.
But "fate decreed it should be otherwise", so
I of course submitted. Employed my time in
various ways, one of which was in copying the
following poem from the Dedham Patriot,
not for its superiority, but because it was writ-
ten by Granville.

The din and cares of day are o'er
'Tis evening; all is hushed and still,
All, save the distant water's roar
And the lone plaintive whip-poor-will.

There on this venerated ground
Beneath where sleeps the "silent dead"
I'm meditative mood, profound

My lonely, cautious steps, I tread.

Ye silent dead, though ye are dumb
Ye teach me truly what I am;
Ye make me know that I am one
Whose mortal life is but a span.

There is a grave, he who sleeps there
Was once my friend, - his memory's dear;
I loved him, I cannot forbear
Now, o'er his grave to shed a tear.

If soul of man was ever blest,
His spotless soul was blest indeed;
Good works and love he e'er professed
And ne'er departed from his creed.

There is the grave of one who died
Of broken heart, a gentle maid,
Who in a villain did confide
And by that villain was betrayed.

Alas! how hapless was thy fate;
Long e'er thou died thou livedst forlorn;
But thou art happy now, dear Kate;
There is no grief where thou art gone.

There is a little grave; a child is sleeping
So sleeping there; how sweet its nest

By sin its soul was ne'er defiled
Indeed that little child is blest.

There is another little grave
It was an only child sleeps there;
Its Father lies 'neath ocean's wave
The Mother died in wild despair

The mother she is sleeping there
Beside her offspring; she no more
Will feel the pangs of wild despair
Her sorrows and her pains are o'er.

There is the grave of one who died
An honest man advanced in years;
Wisdom and virtue were his guide
Goodness his memory endears.

There lieth one - peace to his soul -
If he was frail, his frail no more;
He's now made free from sin's control
I trust his miseries are o'er.

Ah me! how lone and sad I feel
Oh! how this gloomy, solemn scene
Doth unto me the truth reveal
Would it were only Fancy's dream.

Alas! 'tis truth; no fancy here;
As these are now, so I must be;

I tremble! fie! away base fear!
Surely this is no place for thee.

This is a sacred spot; indeed
There's nothing here to do me harm;
Why should imagination lead
To fear; 'twas but a false alarm.

How mangle Reason's potent sway
Will superstition taint the mind;
How it will make the weak man pray
Whom to all moral good he's blind.

Alas! how very frail we are
Come that he mouldering here
Did once perchance like me repair
To this lone spot to shed a tear

Ups, they could weep and they could feel
Their hearts' blood once coursed in this vein
They'd sense to know, tongues to reveal
They had; alas! what now remains?

The future - wheris the mortal eye
Can penetrate beyond the tomb?
What man can tell his kindred why
That cruel death should be their doom?

The scorned hypocrite may tell
Of Heaven for him; of hell for me;

A creed like his was made to sell
Hell's favor such as pay a fee.

Another would be sage will say
That Heaven was made for all mankind;
He may be right - I hope he may;
He surely shows a godlike mind.

I have a creed; tis in my breast;
My great Creator placed it there,
'Tis Conscience; tis a creed that blest
Alas! why is that creed so rare?

It makes me feel that I'm not alone:
It tells me man is weak and vain.
It bids my soul to soar above
Dishonor, cruelty, and shame.

It tells me he that lives aright
That never harms his fellow man
Shed fear no man, nor ghostly spirits
Nor that his God his soul will damn.

Such is my creed, - and though tis plain
Man did not make it, but God's hand!
Man's works are foolish, weak and vain
God's works are ^{wisely} powerful; grand.

How dark 't has grown! and chilly too!
How the dew gathers on the ground;
Oh! how these dismal bats do woo

These graves; how they do hover round.

There's one perched on that massy stone;
Oh! what a melancholy scent;
Why should it be; it is man's home.
Ha! what was that? I heard a scream!

'Twas but an owl; that's common here;
The owl is friendly to the dead;
The dead he always did revere,
And on the grave he makes his bed.

Aye, 'twas an owl; I tremble, though
Why, what a child! for shame, for shame;
Am I affrighted? no, no, no.
I cannot be so very waind.

It is so dark, and dismal here
My heart is overcome by gloom;
That's why I tremble; 'tis not fear;
Peace always guards the sacred tomb.

'Tis midnight, and the air is foul!
'Tis quite unhealthy! I would sleep!
I'll now go home, and let the owl
Alone his gloomy vigils keep.

Ye silent, sacred dead, farewell!
Aft. may I be your living guest,
Ere the solemn funeral knell
Proclaim my everlasting rest.

The evening was passed in commenting
on the beauty and unchangeableness of "first
love," with "a few illustrations."

Monday March 7th 1842.
As this was to be my last day in Canton,
took a walk round the farm, not forgetting
to visit "the grove". As the weather was cold
and unpleasant, did not enjoy the survey so
much as I otherwise should, and therefore
think best not to take notes thereof until
next June. Started for home with Warren
at about 2 o'clock P. M. and after a long
and very cold ride of about 4 hours, arrived
there, chilly and cross. Indeed I have since
thought, that all my kindness was frozen
up, for I could not but feel ashamed of my
petulance afterwards. Passed several places
on my way, which I remembered to have
seen on our memorable excursion to Mil-
ton, which brought distinctly to mind one
of the pleasantest scenes connected with
my school girl days.

Tuesday March 8th.

Began the morning with a "wild goose chase", following a parsonage until almost exhausted, supposing it to be Sarah. Commenced school this morning with 44 scholars. Was annoyed both morning and afternoon by tardiness. I seem to be more unsuccessful in remedying this evil, than most any other. The school has not been so orderly to day as it sometimes has. Had most of my second class in Arithmetic to recite after school.

When the family were all assembled in the evening, Warren produced a newspaper, which he said contained a sermon. Mother with her usual fondness for this kind of writing, eagerly seized it; a solemn stillness, becoming the occasion, ensued, and all minds present were prepared to listen to a serious discourse, when the announcement of the text, at once changed the religious current of our thoughts, and grated harshly upon ears prepared to listen to the pious instructions of some worthy person. It read as follows.

Jack and Jill
Went up the Hill
To draw a pail of water
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

The effect of this "unhappy transition" can be better imagined than described.

Sat up very late writing.

Wednesday March 9th.

Was writing in my journal this morning, when Sarah called, and wanted me to go to Mr Dillaway's with her before school, which I did; but we were unsuccessful in the object of our visit, which was to obtain permission to continue our schools this afternoon, and dismiss to-morrow to attend the exhibition, as Mr D. was not at home. At about 11 o'clock this forenoon was visited by the Rev. Messrs. Howe and Whitney who came for the purpose of examining the school.

The scholars were not as still as usual, during the operations of the Reverend gentlemen, and induced in my mind some serious reflections, concerning the requirements of order. It is undoubtedly the desire of the committee that even the youngest children shall sit perfectly motionless, which can certainly be done but not without a free use of the detestable rod. Little, restless, uneasy children, care or understand but little for all that can be said about sitting straight, still and immovable. They will move unless restrained by fear of punishment, for they will not be likely to

reconcile such slavish confinement with their ideas of right. In all the Primary Schools which I have visited, I have found the same restlessness, and in some a confusion occasioned by whispering and other more glaring faults, which I do not think exist in mine. But by some means or other this end must be attained, "therefore," as John Gilpin said to his loving wife, "it shall be done." — The recitations were, I believe a pretty fair specimen of the usual style. Mr Howe did not find so much occasion, in the reading exercise to correct faults as on his last visit, I was happy to observe. Several other faults which were then existing have since been corrected, I flatter myself, and if this visitation had to the correction of only one, I will forget all the wounds my "Love of Approbation" may have received, and remember it as a happy era in the history of my pedagogueship.

Passed most of the afternoon at home, writing. Towards evening Lucy called upon us, and remained to tea, after which I accompanied her a short distance on her way home. Returning called at Mrs Simpson's, where I learned that there had been an alarm of fire in the neighborhood this afternoon, though but little injury was done.

Thursday March 10th.

Walked down with "Biddy" this morning, conversing most of the way upon those almost exhausted (if it were possible to exhaust them) ^{of our} "Schools". Commenced a severe discipline this morning, which 'tis my intention to continue.

Received a note, during the forenoon from Mr. Dillaway, saying that I might dismiss my school for the day at noon, if I wished to attend the exhibition, which I accordingly did.

Called at Mr Ford's and was accompanied by Rachel and her sister to the Washington School house, where soon after our arrival the scholars to be exhibited were assembled. The exercises were opened with a very pretty song sung by the members of the Dudley School, while Miss Morrill performed on the Piano. Reading, Philosophy, Mathematics, and Composition, and Declamation, spiced with occasional songs, were the the principal branches, in which they displayed their proficiency. The Reading was excellent. As the Mathematical operations were performed by both schools simultaneously, I could comprehend but little in the midst of the jargon. The themes of the boys, breathed a remarkably patriotic spirit, most of them being eulogies on Amer-

ian liberty, ^{and} the immortal Washington, with many loud and serious calls upon the audience, as American Citizens, to preserve the honor and glory of the Republic. They seemed thoroughly imbued with the ~~same~~ spirit which prompted our worthy fathers of the Revolution, whose memories they were so successful in rescuing from oblivion.

Then pieces declaimed were mostly of the same national character, and the performers were I think entitled to much praise. Young Waterman's Valedictory address was very good. The little Irishman performed his part nobly. He speaks the language quite as fluently as Mr. Lillis. At the close of the performances, Rev. Mr. Howe made some remarks to the pupils and concluded by introducing the Hon. Horace Mann alias "Uncle Horace", who addressed the school in his usual happy style. In the course of his remarks (which were addressed principally to the female pupils) he said that actions were morals, ~~with~~ men, but with females, manners were morals. He quoted a beautiful passage from "Moore", which he thought contained the secret of beautiful manners.

Deacon Upton talked chiefly to the boys, and gave a melancholy sketch of a Boston lad now in Severett St. Jail, who began his career by playing truant.

The visitors all appeared highly gratified with the afternoon's entertainment, which was certainly a rich one. (Before returning home met several of my old schoolmates, and had also a short interview with Miss Allen, who informed us that she was teaching in Spring Street. Walked home with Sarah, and feeling very much fatigued, in addition to a slight slight headache, retired after reading a few pages in the "Sketch Book" on the observance of Christmas, from which I extract the following. "Poetry clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holyday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes— as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support, by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure. Of all the old festivals however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment.

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony." The author then speaks of

of the effect of the season, and the gloom in which external nature is wrapt, in giving a peculiar charm to the festivity of Christmas, when "heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which when resorted to furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity," and concludes by saying: "Surely happiness is reflected like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror, transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever shining benevolence. He who can turn cheerfully away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas."

Friday March 11th.

A slight mixture of snow and rain this morning, through which I sped my way meeting Sarah at "the corner." Was visited in the afternoon by Misses Pomeroy and Beaver, on whose account, I was happy to continue the session a little beyond the usual hour. I do like to receive calls from persons interested in school affairs, and wish they were more frequent. — Returned home through Lowell Street, and meeting Sarah, who has had her school examined to-day, had a very long and very animated interview, during which some high resolves were passed, a very astounding communication made, and a visit planned for the succeeding week, all of which were interspersed with Golum's reflections, ludicrous ejaculations, and concluded with the determination to stand in the corner of the street no longer, deeming it very imprudent. —

Saturday March 12th.

Quite stormy this morning which accounts for a thin school, having only 35 present. A very pleasant afternoon which I passed at home, employing most of my time in sewing. The only remarkable occurrence has been the

arrival of an express from Dedham to transfer "Aunt Betty" thence, but thinking she could not possibly go to-day, promised, with apparent reluctance, to go on Monday in the cars.

In the evening Father read in the Dedham paper, an account of a maniac in the Worcester Hospital, who heard with delight that "Box" would visit the town and probably the institution; and began to embroider a pair of slippers to present to him. As he did not arrive after he had completed them, he became overwhelmed with grief. Surely "Box" is an enviable man.

Read in the Sketch Book concerning the rival powers of "Little Britain"; the Misses Trotter and the Misses Lamb, and a piece entitled "Stratford on Avon" in which the author describes a visit to the scenes endeared by the memory of Shakespeare, or as he entitles it a "poetical pilgrimage" to Stratford. After speaking of the relics which were shown him by the old housekeeper at the house where the bard was born he observes very wisely, I think: I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am very willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same.

What is it to us, whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute, good humoured credulity in these matters." He then gives an account of his visit to the grave of the poet. "As I trod the sounding pavement" he says, "there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail on myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford." He then makes some remarks upon his arrest for deer-stealing, on the grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy, which exploit he attributes to the "wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined and undirected genius," and adds: that the poetic temperament has naturally in it, something of the vagabond. When left to itself it runs loosely and wildly and delights in everything eccentric and licentious. It is often at turn up of a die in the gambling freaks of fate whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and had not Shakespeare's mind fortunately taken literary bias, he might as daringly transcend

ed all civil, as he has all dramatic laws." There are many other thoughts upon this theme I should like to extract, but have time only for the following: "On returning to my mind I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet; to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working day world" into a perfect fairy land. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings; with mere airy nothings conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jaques soliloquize beneath his oak; had heard the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and above all had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff, and his contemporaries from the august justice Shallow down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull

realities of life with innocent illusions; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my chequered path; and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour, with all the cordial sympathies of social life!" Iving's thoughts upon traits of Indian character strike me as very liberal and just. Speaking of conduct which among a civilized and polished people, is regarded as noble and virtuous, but among a savage nation is condemned as obstinate and sullen, he says: "How different is virtue, clothed in purple and enthroned in state from virtue naked and destitute and perishing obscurely in a wilderness."

Sunday March 13th 1842.

A very dull, cloudy morning. Attended church in the forenoon and heard Mr Putnam preach from the 9th Chapt. of Matt. 9th verse: "And he said unto him, 'follow me.' and he arose and followed him." Mr P. thought these few words embodied the whole history of the two whom it concerned; and partook of that sublimity, with which he viewed that exercise of power which commanded the light to shine. He asked what it was that attracted you towards this humble (Publican), whom he thus strangely saluted? Perhaps he saw something in his countenance, which told him, that

He of all others was the man, to perform the work assigned him. Perhaps he saw him at the instant, exposed to some temptation, incident to his office which he bravely resisted; but what it was the narrator does not say, only that he "arose and followed him". He then went on to make a figurative application of the text. Every new conception of duty, and every noble aspiration of the soul, are calls from Jesus, and from God to arise and follow. He then spoke of the promptitude with which the call was obeyed by the disciples, who immediately arose and followed. He said we were apt to consider it a luxury, and it certainly was to have our higher nature aroused under any circumstances; but it was a fearful error, passively to indulge it, and it would become an enervating one. We need all the energy of the call to enable us to execute it, which we cannot have if we delay. — This sermon, of which the above gives a very imperfect idea, or rather no idea at all, was a most excellent one, and made so much impression upon my mind, that had I sat down as soon as I got home, I think I could have written a very good abstract; but I postponed it until other thoughts crept in and drove it from my mind, thus verifying one of its precepts, that "now is the accepted time". Spent most of the afternoon in reading, which brought me to the end of the Sketch Book, which

was like taking leave of an old acquaintance. For although I have derived but a small amount of what is termed "useful information" it has awakened many new thoughts in my mind, and certainly made me feel happier, if it has made me no wiser. This afternoon I read Philip of Pokanoket, the "Ovide of the village", the Angler of whom it is said "he possessed that inexhaustible good nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven; pouring itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought", and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" containing the history of the unfortunate "Ichabod Crane", who was altogether too aspiring for an humble pedagogue, notwithstanding which I felt a peculiar interest in him, probably awakened by the description of his personal appearance. In the evening I called with Aunt Betty at Mrs Simpson's, returned wrote some time and then retired.

Monday Mar.
Pleasant this morning but "coalish".
Met "Phil" on the bridge. Had a very good school today, and dismissed in the afternoon according to engagement, at 1/2 past 2, commencing at 1/2 past 12, in order to visit Miss Brooks's school which I did in company with Sarah. "The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain", but I forbear to express them. Called into Sarah's (Bill's) school also, with the order of which I was much pleased.

after which we had just such a confab as a trio of schoolmates would be likely to have under the circumstances. After leaving the school we went into the Street, where Sarah obtained a letter from Lizzie Pennell, then I called at Luigs, took tea and returned home, leaving Sarah at her Grandfather's to attend a temperance lecture.

Tuesday, March 15th

The warm sunshine, balmy air, and merry birds, made me feel remarkably happy this morning as I started for school. Received a very short call during the forenoon from Mr Leaver, who brought my register. Have spent some time to-day in learning the children the positions, with which they seem pleased, probably on account of the novelty of the thing. But I anticipate some improvement from the practice of them. Had a few scholars at the close of school to recite a second time Cypography, which bespeaks a fault somewhere. — On returning from school, found Luig at home, but on the point of departure.

Wednesday March 16th

Pleasant weather and a pleasant school today. Met Sarah at noon returning from her labors, with whom I had some conversation about visiting S. Boston this afternoon, but we finally relinquished the idea.

Employed part of the afternoon in sewing. Mused awhile over the pages of my old journal, acting "over again" the scenes therein recorded. Also commenced the first Volume of Waverley in which, however I have not as yet become much interested, except the sketch which Sir Walter gives of his early habits, the circumstances which led to the formation of a taste for Romance writing, and many interesting incidents of his early life.

Thursday March 17th 1842.

Nothing had occurred today to disturb the usual course of things. In the evening called at Mrs Hall's, where I was entertained with some excellent singing, which is quite a luxury to me now-a-days. Although I am, myself totally deficient in the power of producing sweet sounds, I do love to listen to them; for a strain of music always makes me feel happier; at

after which we had just such a combat as a trio of schoolma'ams would be likely to have under the circumstances. After leaving the school we went into the street, where Sarah obtained a letter from Lizzy Pennicill, then I called at Lucy's, took tea and returned home, leaving Sarah at her Grandfather's to attend a temperance lecture.

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least I imagine so which is quite the same thing.

Friday March 18th

Had a short conversation this morning concerning the famous Mr. Knapp, with one of his ardent admirers, during which I found that we differed some respecting his merits. He lacks "Christian charity, methinks, or he would never class Unitarians, Universalists, with blacklegs, scoundrels &c. He preaches his farewell sermon to this portion of the commonwealth, at Bowdoin Square this afternoon, I understand. —

In the evening, heard a very amusing family tradition, concerning Mary Conant's coffin, illustrating to a charm the power of imagination.

Saturday March 19th

It seems more like June this morning, than like "Stormy March"; it is so warm and pleasant. — Started for school ~~at~~ without my key, and was therefore obliged to retrace my steps, after which I met Sarah who was walking up to meet me at a very moderate pace, who was reminded that she had forgotten the same important article, and was obliged to do the same. The mother of a truant had enlisted several of my boys at recess, to "join

in the pursuit", which she had commenced, two of whom, probably better pleased with the occupation than the one they had left did not return. With the exception of this circumstance, I have had a good school; and in reviewing the order of the week think I have reason to be pleased with it; as there has been evident improvement.

— On returning home at noon, applied myself very diligently for an hour or so to the performance of household duties, after which I went to the Street, receiving on my way a little tract entitled, "Quench not the Spirit," which I also read on my way, and then left ~~at~~ at Quisp, not remaining to witness the effect of my benevolent spirit.

After my return home, read in the "Norfolk Democrat" an account of "our school at Gloucester", taken from the Knickerbocker, and passed the remainder of the evening in reading Waverly, which has become very interesting.

Sunday March 20th

A lovely morning, with a serene and cloudless sky, emblematic of the peaceful character of the day. Mr. Putnam preached this forenoon from the 4th Chapt. of Philippians 11th verse: For I have burned in whatsoever state

I am, therewith to be content." After some preliminary remarks, he proceeded to consider some of the pre-requisites, to a contented state of mind, among which he gave the most importance, to that of having something to occupy the intervals between the hours of regular business, and the necessity of cultivating a taste, for such pursuits as would best employ them. He alluded to the pursuits of (Bouditch), to a Mechanic whom he knew, that had collected one of the best libraries in the vicinity, where his leisure hours were spent, to a farmer in a neighboring town, who employed his intervals of time, in studying the nature, classification, and scientific arrangement of trees and plants, and had thus become the master of a beautiful science; to a prosperous Merchant, whose moments of recreation were devoted to the relief of distress and want and to the "learned Balleknith," and said he could hardly conceive such men laboring under discontent. Too great sensitiveness with regard to the opinions of others, also precludes contentment. We should be satisfied with deserving well, though we do not receive public approbation. If our contentment is suspended on the lips of others, it will be subject to constant falls. The mastery of any passion whatever it be can never exist with a contented spirit. A just appreciation of life, truthfulness of character, the just consideration, that no condition in this world, is one of unmixed

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George was here part of the afternoon. Warren
also came down from Canton. The conversa-
tion chanced to turn upon the relative value
of N. Hampshire and Massachusetts people,
when it was decided that N. H. girls were
the best, but Massachusetts men. (But it should
be known that it was decided by Massachusetts
men, one of whom possessed a N. Hampshire
wife).

Monday, May 28, Apr. 4.

As the past, has been somewhat of a con-
fused week, and but little has occurred
worthy of note, I have neglected to make dai-
ly entries in my journal. A short visitation
from Aunt Betsey, a very moist excursion
to Jamaica Plain on Wednesday, a call at
Mr. Dillaway's with Sarah, where I obtained
Miss Edgeworth's "Practical Education", and
the promise of an old bachelor, including
house, barn, and all things appertaining thereto
have been the most striking events of the week.
Today I consider as something of an era in
the history of my life. Our family have left
the house which has so long been our home,
and it passes into the hands of strangers.
I could not realize ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~return~~
to school this morning, that it was to return
no more; that where I had so often rested
from my labors and enjoyed my pastimes,

was henceforth to be the abode of strangers. And it certainly was not without some feelings of regret that I witnessed the dissolution of our household. Many fond remembrances associations connected with the spot, where so many of my years have been passed, came thronging upon my memory as we were about to leave it.

Many a bright hour connected with childhood sports have been spent there; and many joyous greetings with those who once gathered beneath its roof with joyous hearts came up in painful remembrance.

In the afternoon Lucy and Laura visited my school, and at the close of school I repaired to Lucy's, which is to be my future abiding place. Father, Mother, and Laura also passed the night there, not being able to leave for Canton today.

Tuesday April 5th.

A most unrefreshing shower this morning through which I repaired to school, and it has continued wet and unpleasant through the day. In the afternoon received a short but very pleasant visit from Mrs Day and Miss Sessions. Saw Sarah on my way home, who informed me that Rev. Mr. Whitney, who died very suddenly last Saturday evening, would

be buried to-morrow. Found, on reaching home that the folks had gone to Canton, notwithstanding the weather, which made me feel a little homesick.

Wednesday April 6th.

Displayed considerable proficiency in household affairs this morning, which won universal admiration. Sarah called here quite early, and was entertained in my dormitory until I was prepared for school, which we started for the aforesaid place calling at Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Dillaway's. Did not have a great many scholars, although we have not had a finer day this Spring. I dismissed school at 12 past 11 o'clock for the purpose of attending Mr. Whitney's funeral. After taking dinner at Mr. Wyman's we started for the "Plain Meeting House" where the services were to take place. When we arrived there, the coffin was already beneath the pulpit, and we went up to look at the corpse. It bore but little resemblance to the animated form that four weeks from today visited my school. Dr. Pierce of Brookline, and Mr. Putnam were the only officiating clergymen. The sermon, or rather address was delivered by the latter, and was beautiful and appropriate, as is everything that proceeds

from his lips. He commenced his remarks by saying that he had selected no particular passage from the Bible, as his text. It was every passage which spoke of human frailty and heavenly consolation, it was the whole volume with its ten thousand spirit voices. It was in the occasion; it was the emblematic mourning in ^{which} the temple was shrouding the sorrowing countenances before and the expressive silence before him, in these walls which seemed still to echo the voice which should be heard no more. He then spoke of the character deceased, his zeal in the ministry &c. The body of your pastor, he said, will be laid in the tomb, The green grass and the flowers of Spring will flourish over his grave, but he will not heed their fragrance or their beauty. On the beautiful Sabbath mornings your doors will be opened, the bell will toll its solemn sound, but he will not come; he will rest peacefully beside these walls, where he has so often taught the way of life. He appealed to the those who worshipped there, to recall the words of truth which he had spoken, with much eloquence.

After singing "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," the procession formed, and the body so lately glowing with life and health, was deposited in the cold and silent ground.

As I returned home, took tea at Mr Hyman's and called at Mrs Simons. In the evening had a few leaves of the Dictionary served up as a repast.

Thursday Apr 7th.

On awaking this morning, had an indistinct recollection of something a little out of the common course having occurred during the night, which proved to have been the burning of Hanson and Russell's carpenter shops. It being Fast Day, I do not of course attend school, neither did I attend church, but remained at home, writing in my chamber part of the time, and missing freely in the society of the "infant Keniawigs" Spout. My thoughts have also reverted several times to day, to the manner in which I passed this day last year. It was then that I visited Lexington, in company with four of my old companions, and a season of more perfect harmony and unalloyed pleasure memory has not preserved. I can seem again to experience the emotion which we then felt, as we wandered among the familiar scenes, and were surrounded by the favorite friends, from which we had for a time been separated. But how many changes have since been wrought, even in

that little company. It makes me feel sad to think of them, and shudder still, to think how many more will probably be wrought in the course of another year.

Friday Apr. 8th

A very damp, unpleasant day, notwithstanding which, I had two visitors in the afternoon, Mrs. Tila and Mrs. Hobbs. As Sarah commenced at 2 o'clock this afternoon I dropped in to her school to examine it, on my way home. Employed part of the evening in reading *Practical Education*.

Saturday Apr 9th

Have kept school all day to-day, to make up for fast Saturday, when my school room was cleaned. Had Sarah to pass the afternoon with me, and had a very agreeable time. If knowledge didn't increase, numbers certainly did, for the hour hand jumped from 2 to 6, one of my boys read from the blackboard "one hundred and twenty eight" very deliberately, and I informed me of a man who had 17 wives. On my return home called at Mr. Withington's and left Susan's Album.

Sunday April 10th

Another cold, damp, and unpleasant morning. Remained at home in the forenoon, and read the chapters on "Rewards and Punishments," "Sympathy and Sensibility" and "Vanity, Pride, and Ambition," in Miss Edgeworth's *Practical Education*, from which I obtained many new and I think very good ideas. From the first I extract the following: "Every preventative which is discovered for any defect, either in manners temper or understanding, diminishes the necessity for punishment. Punishments are the abrupt, brutal resource of ignorance, frequently, to cure the effects of former negligence. With children who have been reasonably and affectionately educated, scarcely any punishments are requisite."
As for corporeal punishments, they may be necessary where boys are to be drilled in a given time into scholars; but the language of blows need seldom be used to reasonable creatures. The idea that it is disgraceful to be governed by force should be kept alive in the minds of children. The dread of shame is a more powerful motive than dread of bodily pain." The cultivation

of the intellectual powers is strongly enforced, to regulate properly the sympathies and sensibilities. Her thoughts upon the kind and degree of ambition to be inspired in children are excellent. In this chapter it is said: Some people attribute to pride all expressions of confidence in one's self: these may be offensive to common society but they are sometimes powerful over the human mind, and where they are genuine mark somewhat superior firm character.

Much of the effect of Lord Chatham's eloquence much of his transcendent influence in public mind be attributed to the confidence which he showed in his own superiority.

"I trample upon impossibilities!" was an exclamation, which no inferior mind would dare to make."

And in the afternoon I attended at Mr Fajj's meeting, where I heard a brother of V. A. Skinner's preach.

The evening was passed in trying and witnessing very successful experiments in magnetism. Dr Collyer would have blushed for very shame, could he only have seen the results

Saturday April 16th

As I have neglected this week "to chronicle, while fresh, my sensations," I can only slightly notice such occurrences as have given a distinctive character to the several days. Monday morning met Sarah on my way to school, and returned into the street with her before proceeding to school. In the afternoon was visited by Rachel and Mary Ann Ford. After the close of my school called into Sarah's, and instead of proceeding home, walked up to the old home stead, calling at Mrs Hall's, and Mrs Simpson's. Found on my return home, a brother of George's, from New Bedford.

Tuesday, as things went smoothly on, and I was enabled to dismiss at precisely 4. I visited Sarah Bill's school, which I thought had degenerated a little since my last visit. Had a long talk with Sarah on matters and things, connected public and private affairs.

Wednesday, in the afternoon went to Boston with Quez, and returned very much fatigued. Thursday, being stormy, had a very small school, and but little to disturb the monotony of the day. Yesterday was a delightful day. Met Sa-

rah in Union St just as I started for school, and called at Mr Dillaway's door with her on our way to school. We agreed to visit C. Boston next Wednesday, if nothing should happen to prevent. After spending a pleasant day in school, returned directly home, and employed part of the evening in reading and part in sewing. Mrs Fillebrown called in during the evening.

The weather is again pleasant today, in consequence of which I enjoyed my walk to school this morning very much. As to-day closes the week, I have been led to take a retrospective glance of its character as related to school affairs; in several small, but not unimportant points of which, I think I can discern some improvement. Indeed I should feel quite happy were it not for one thought, which continually intrudes itself, embittering all other reflections. "But 'oft from apparent ills, our blessings rise,' and may it not be so in this case? I will hope so at least, and must await time's monuments, for proof that my predominant faculty either does or does not deceive me.

Saturday Apr. 17.

Nature has certainly assumed her "holiday dress this morning"; but notwithstanding she looks so bright and cheerful, an event has transpired, to render the day a gloomy one to a large portion of the dwellers in this vicinity. Mrs Montefief, a woman much respected, died, after a short illness of a few days. Her loss seems to be much mourned, and the helpless condition of two young children to excite universal sympathy.

Attended Mr Pytramic's meeting all day. The sermon this forenoon, was to show that by a man's works he should be judged rather, rather than by his real in discussing disputed doctrinal points, of comparatively trifling importance. His parable was very good I thought, and much to the point. The afternoon sermon was upon the necessity of works with faith, as in which he earnestly enjoined upon the young or portion of his hearers, to let not the soul's aspirations after purity, holiness and heaven, pass, without manifesting themselves in actions and character.

In the evening I attended a lecture

delivered by Rev. G. H. Chapin, on the Philosophy of Universalism. "I will arise and go to my father," was the text chosen, and in the course of the lecture I learned that the views of the lecturer were not what I had supposed them to be; and that he believed in a limited punishment after death. Added to this gentleman's profound reasoning, powerful eloquence and religious zeal, his rich voice and perfect enunciation renders him one of the finest orators of the day. He seems also free from bigotry and uncharitableness, and whatever peculiar views he may cherish on some points, I cannot but think, that one who listens weekly to the preaching of such a man, must frequently experience the high and holy aspirations, of which I have heard so much this afternoon from Mr. Putnam. He closed his lecture by saying, that every good purpose that should be performed to-night, would cause the angels of Heaven who rejoice over one sinner that repenteth to strike upon their harps a louder and a sweeter strain.

In the evening had a discussion with George, upon a modification of the old sin question; but as it was very evident that he argued for victory rather than truth, was not very satisfactory.

Monday Apr. 18. 1842

A very dull stormy day, all the ills of which I experienced, not with an uncomplaining spirit, for never was a Dr. Sharp so as I was on my return from school.

Upon looking in the paper was informed that there would be a ball at the Monument House in Lexington tomorrow, in commemoration of the great event of which 'tis the anniversary. I could easily imagine the excitement which probably exists among the girls, particularly "right opposite"; and the busy preparations, and solemn deliberations with which their thoughts are distracted, as well as abstracted from the sober duties of the school room. — Got myself sadly into the hobbles in the evening, from which I could not rescue myself, without making myself extremely humble, which I consequently did.

Well, the last sentence strikes me as a "happy specimen" of Tautology.

Tuesday Apr. 19th.

The storm still continues, and everything is as dull as possible. I am almost tempted to throw my journal aside until the sun shines. I am myself inclined to doubt whether 'tis not rather unphilosophical to depend upon the weather for spirits.

nevertheless I do so to some extent.

Called at Sarah's a few minutes on my return home and passed the evening in reading Miss Edgeworth.

The date reminds me that 'tis a memorable day in the annals of our history, and calculated to arouse the patriotism of all who have permitted it to slumber.

Wednesday Apr. 20.

Repaired to school in a storm this morning but returned at noon in the sunshine. Have felt remarkably inactive and inclined to "fits of lassitude" to day, from which I must infer that my physical system is deranged, as my mental faculties have long been; probably from sympathy. Passed the afternoon in "quiddling" and reading Guy Mannering which I commenced this afternoon.

Was called upon us this evening.

Thursday Apr. 21.

It really seemed to infuse new life into me this morning to see the sun shining so brightly, as 'tis the first morning it has made its appearance since Sunday.

Was troubled some with tardiness this morning but have otherwise had a pretty successful school to-day. Found that my second class in Geography had some pretty erroneous ideas concerning it, which I must apply myself to correct.

Made a short call at Sarah's school room on my way home. After I reached there read a few pages in Guy Mannering, wrote in my journal, listened to some edifying remarks concerning Judge Payne's piggery, and domestic establishments, and retired at rather an unseasonable hour for me.

Friday Apr. 22

Was quite exhausted by the time I reached home this evening, having prolonged my walk, expecting to find Guy at Mrs. Stimpson's, in which however I was disappointed. I could not realize, as I traversed the road which was wont to lead me home, that I had changed my habitation, and was not seeking it under the same circumstances as formerly.

The weather has been so exceedingly warm, that I have not had an idea to try, or what could exactly be termed one. The children seem to suffer a great deal from the heat,

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Friday Apr. 22

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The weather has been so exceedingly warm, that I have not had an idea to it, or what could exactly be termed one. The children seem to suffer a great deal from the heat;

and I could truly sympathize with them.
A beautiful moonlight evening, when 'tis much
pleasanter to remain outdoors, than in. How
many such evenings I can recall, passed with
friends, who have long been absent. As I contem-
plate its quiet beauty, my thoughts at once
are busy with the scenes, amid which
I have so often gazed before. Upon the
loveliness of such a night. When I
look above, there is naught to remind
me that anything has changed. 'Tis only
when I look within, and around, that the
illusion vanishes, and reminds me that
although the "starry hosts of heaven" remain
the same, the scenes amid which I am
wandering exist only in "memory's glass."

Saturday April 22.

As I have been able to hear the clock
tick most of the forenoon, feel quite satis-
fied with my little ushins, at the close
of the week.

Was rejoiced to hear on my return home
that Father was down from Canton, but
as he left quite early in the afternoon, did
not see him long.

Walked over to U. Boston with Sarah

this afternoon, where we found Mary and Eli-
za, and as usual at such interviews, had
some delightful reminiscences. I wonder
if the meetings with our Normal Sisters
will always be as "truly ~~and~~ Normal" and
gratifying as ours has been this afternoon.
With some I cannot but believe they will,
though they will doubtless grow less frequent.
And although with others they ^{may} grow less char-
acteristic of what we were wont to consider
Normal friendships, I cannot foresee the time
when they shall degenerate into mere for-
malities, or cease to be ~~the~~ remembrances
of the golden days to which they refer.

Among other things which we heard from
the girls, was the intention of Mr. Purcell
to have a jubilee, before retiring from
the school, when all the scholars who
have ever attended the school are to assen-
ble there. I wonder whether joy or sorrow
would predominate on such an occasion.

— Prude as for as the end of the bridge
on our return in a cab, which was the
first I ever entered, and think them very
awkward, inconvenient things.

After tea walked some distance with Sa-
rah on her way home, when we ~~also~~ sang
the praises of our worthy person and his
sermons.

Sunday Apr 23. 1842.

Have been to church all day, but do not feel much the better for it. But whether the fault is mine or the preacher's, I cannot say, but am inclined to think it lies between us, for he (who was no less a personage than Dr. Walker, Professor at Cambridge) was not very enforcing, neither was I remarkably wakeful. —
Mrs Tucker called in at noon. After church read Gay's Memorial, and had a short confab on swearing.

Monday April 24.

A "complete course" of scholars this morning through one of which I repaired to school, but with less trouble than I had anticipated. Have had a still order by school, with the exception of some slip in some of the studying lessons, which I fear cannot be totally corrected, without resort to measures it does not seem to justify. It is never I think intentional, but arises principally from habit and forgetfulness.

Called at Sarah's door on my return home, and agreed with her to carry my Williams down in the morning.

Tuesday Apr. 25

Started for school earlier than usual this morning, as I had agreed to meet Sarah to go to Mr. Leaver's, but did not meet her on account of the rain.

Was visited this afternoon by Mr. Leaver who is to be my local committee.

I took it for granted as he did not suggest any improvements, that he was not dissatisfied. He made some remarks to the scholars, some of which if not very foolish were certainly very unnecessary. His motive was undoubtedly good, but it certainly did not enhance the kindness of his spirit in my estimation, as it could not be productive of any good. — Called at Sarah's door, and found that Rev. Mr. Fay was within, discoursing with her pupils.

Wednesday Apr. 26.

As I sit alone in my chamber this evening, experience a sort of mixed feeling of sadness and satisfaction, and am rather doubtful which should be the more precious ingredient. I feel very impatient to send aside the veil which conceals the future from my view, and yet would not willingly look beyond. But notwithstanding these thoughts which so "sex and tease me now," do but serve at times as the basis of bright hopes as, as well as dark imaginings. And if I do not realize the former, it shall not be that I have not acted well my part, that I have not faithfully performed the work which was given me to do; and what evil that shall arise from any other source, should disturb me? When I know that all is right, and such as conscience can approve, why not let all else "pass by me as the idle wind"? But notwithstanding all the philosophy I can summon to my aid, poor human nature will display her weaknesses, and at once exclude all idea of that calm content, I would fain experience. — But in transferring the thoughts of the evening, I had

almost forgotten that a day had preceded it, part of which was spent in school as usual. At noon I walked some distance with Sarah relating facts and experiences, and listening to the same; returned home, finished "Ug. Mannerings", and repaired to Mrs. Limpany where Lucy with the "infant Keniwigs" had gone before me.

Thursday Apr. 27. 1842

Have had a still and orderly school today; and as I have reason to think it has a been a pretty fair specimen of every day's proceedings, feel an inward satisfaction, which an occasional display of good behavior, though it might chance at the most favored moments, could never produce.

On my return home from school, found a lady there by the name of Wiswall, a connexion of George's. — Emma called in a few minutes in the evening, bringing Lucy and myself a large orange, probably in consideration of the important fact that we were "blood relations".

There has been an alarm of fire this afternoon, which has occasioned an unusual bustle in my quiet neighborhood. There was also a fire in Brighton this morning.

Friday Apr. 29.

Was disturbed last night, but not completely aroused, by a visitation from the whole "Pashwell family" at rather an unseasonable hour, the object of which visitation was to view a large fire in the city, which could be seen from my dormitory window.

Called upon Dr. Prentiss this morning with Sarah when we obtained our orders. Heard from J. that Miss Hamad, formerly assistant in Mr. Plympton's school, was married last evening.

Took a pleasant walk into the woods with my children this noon, notwithstanding which healthful exercise, my head ached badly most of the afternoon.

After school, one of my little pupils who has just returned from N. York, called to see me, and I was really glad to see him.

Another alarm of fire is just given. Mr. Miller's prophecy will surely be fulfilled if these things continue.

Saturday Apr 30th.

Met Sarah and Sarah Tabor, half way this morning, with whom I called at Mrs. Dilla way, where I procured the 2nd volume of Miss Edgeworth's works.

Went the usual round of duties in the forenoon, with some variations.

In the afternoon went out into the street where I obtained a letter from Ellbridge, which I sat down and answered on my return.

Sunday May 1st 1842

This morning ushered in the "merry, merry month of May." The custom of deferring the festivities of "May morning" until the first of June, which has obtained among many of late years, the forwardness of the season will render unnecessary, this year.

Have been reading Miss Edgeworth's "letters for literary ladies," this morning in which the arguments for and against the intellectual cultivation of the female sex are clearly stated in which the former however prevail.

In the afternoon I went to church and heard Mr. Putnam preach from this text: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." He showed that it was not our external condition which made us to differ from one another but the state of the heart. It could extract honey from the bitterest herb, or poison from the sweetest flower. It could draw both sweet water and bitter from the same fountain."

Miss Wilber, one of the teachers in the Washington School was married at the Baptist church, this morning.

Saturday May

As I have felt very much disinclined to journalizing this, ^{we} I begin seriously to apprehend that I am losing my "top" in it. If so I must strive to regain it, as my success will chiefly depend upon the degree of interest felt. Nothing remarkable has characterized the proceedings of the week, yet had some of them been noticed while fresh, they might not have been wholly uninteresting. The aspect of school affairs at the close of the week is gratifying, although I have parted with my two best scholars, Edwin and Clara, who this week entered the Gypsum

Schools, for which they have been some time qualified. If they continue as zealous in the pursuit of study as they always have been, which they undoubtedly will, I predict for them all the success which good natural abilities and persevering habits can give.

Had a short street confab, with my friend Rachel, Tuesday morning. Wednesday accompanied Lucy to Boston in pursuit of fashionable follies, receiving a letter from Davies on my way. Thursday received a note from Sarah (B.) treating principally of one of the Kennebec's. Friday morning called at Mrs. Taber's where I found Sarah, who called at Mrs. Colby and Miss Kelly's with me, before proceeding to school. Have been reading, Miss Edgeworth's "Glenora", "Castle Rackrent", and "Essays on Irish Bulls" this week, in which last article she proves that what are termed Irish Bulls, are not confined to Ireland neither originate there. She is very liberal in her observations on Irish character, exhibiting some of its nobler traits; and has I suppose done much towards elevating it.

To-night I expected to have found myself in Canton, but as Sarah Bickford writes me that I might expect to receive a visit from her next Saturday, when I think she will accompany me, I dispatched a letter in my stead. — Passed most of the evening in Miss Colby's, waiting for my board.

Sunday May 8th

Mr. Putnam preached this forenoon from the 9th chapt of Acts, 6th verse: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He showed the importance of performing our "next duty," which would make plain all the rest.

His text in the afternoon was from James 1. 12: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

Commenced "Rob Roy" this afternoon which I think more interesting than any previous number of the Waverley Novels, I have yet read

Monday May 9th

I could not but rejoice this morning that I did not decide to go to Canton Saturday, as I should have been obliged to return this morning in the rain

Called at Mr. Reynolds before school and obtained some books for my children.

Saturday 14. 1842

Have enjoyed all the pleasures of anticipation this week, but was doomed to be disappointed to-day. Sarah, who had expected from Danvers, did not make her appearance, for which I cannot possibly account. Every vehicle that has passed the window this afternoon, has been suspected of containing her, even to a wheelbarrow filled with lobsters. I ran down stairs to meet her once with the utmost eagerness but was recalled ere I had reached the door, and informed that it was only a neighbor. But the hope of seeing an old friend to-day has lightened my heart and my duties through the week, and although it has not been realized as I could wish I will feel grateful for this, not trifling benefit.

Sarah received a letter from Lydia Ann on Friday informing us that she had assumed the honors of a schoolmame, having taken a school in G. Dedham

Sunday May 15th

Heard two excellent sermons today from Rev. James F. Clarke of Boston. I thought him almost, if not quite equal to Mr. Putnam in this afternoon's discourse, from the text: "Beware of the leaven of the leaven of the Pharisees, and also of the Sadducees." I learned from Rachel that he was something of a Transcendentalist. Lucy and George rode out to Canton today so that I heard from home on their return.

Saturday May 28th

Here I am again seated quietly in my chamber, with all ^{of the} scenes and pleasures which but a week since I was anticipating with so much joy, buried with the past. Vacation is ended: and although its scenes are beheld only in the retrospect, I feel refreshed and invigorated, by their enjoyment. The sweets of home, of friendships and of mirth, have all combined to make it a happy and memorable era in my existence, and one to which I shall often turn, when oppressed by care and sadness. My friend

Sarah, who is about returning to her home in Bangor, arrived here on Thursday evening last week, & spent Friday in school with me, and on Saturday afternoon accompanied me to Canton. We were particularly pleased on our arrival at G. Canton with our first acquaintance who at once sacrificed all selfish interests and become for some distance our pioneer. Indeed, judging from the encomiums which G. bestowed upon him, and her lamentations at his departure, she must have felt

"As though the very looks and eyes
Predestined to have all her sighs
And never be forgot again
Sparked and spoke before her then."

The awakening of some serious apprehensions by the appearance of a small boat ~~on~~ near the surface of a pond, completed a number of exciting circumstances which occurred during our walk to Pleasant Mt, where we found all happy and prospering, with some expectation of seeing us. The evening was passed pleasantly, with frequent "cathartics" and we also heard the notes of the whippoorwill quite distinctly, which, mingling with a band of music which we heard in the distance had a very good effect.

Sunday we attended the Methodist meeting at Bloughton with Laura; but I have many doubts whether my spiritual interests were in the least benefitted by the act. Sarah's

mind was unfortunately quite unprepared for the reception of solemn, sober truths while mine was too deeply absorbed in the manners and customs of the natives to pay that attention I am wont to give to Sunday thoughts. All was "so new, so wonderful, so strange", that we were mutually astonished at each others appearance. After meeting at night we attended a Baptism, at a distance of about 2 miles from home, and were led astray on our return through a wood, by an ox man whom Sarah pronounced to be no Christian, notwithstanding all the proofs to the contrary.

Monday as it rained in the forenoon we kept quietly within doors. In the afternoon we visited the Carpet factory, called on two of the neighbors and took tea with Mary. Towards evening we visited the "echo", when passers-by might have exclaimed with fear and trembling, "I never heard sounds such as these!" Also had a glorious romp over the hills and through the valleys such as I rarely enjoy now-a-days. But to crown the whole day's proceedings passed the evening with "Mr. Tubbs" whose praises we had heard sung the whole week.

Tuesday morning circumstances obliged Sarah and I to return, when Laura returned with us, in the cars. I took my leave with much regret and would gladly have

staid longer. It was about 9 O'clock when we reached Roxbury, where I parted with Sarah who starts for Bangor this evening. I could not repress the feeling of sadness which took possession of me, as she bade me adieu, and the reflection forced itself upon that the few days we had passed so pleasantly together were gone forever; and that years might probably elapse ere we should meet again. Had I sat brooding over my own thoughts awhile, I should have been quite as sorrowful as I have been gay of late; but at about 11 O'clock I went up to Sarah W's, and we reached the Lowell Depot in Boston at about 1 O'clock on our way to Billerica. Being disappointed about taking the cars, we were obliged to seat ourselves in the stage, and arrived at Billerica at about 6 O'clock P.M. after a very dull and tedious ride of 4 hours. We repaired to Mr Calvin Rogers where we soon met Eliza Ann. Messengers were immediately despatched for Hannah P. who came soon after in the less haste. In the evening I called at Hannah's home with her which presented a perfect picture of content. The Grand father made many inquiries about Roxbury where he said he was stationed in Revolutionary times. The next morning we walked round in the vicinity, visiting the

carpet and Woolen factories. We also had a better view of Mr Rogers house, than we had had the previous evening, which is delightfully situated at the junction of the Concord River and Middlesex Canal, which form a pond in front of the house. The rail road also passes behind it, and the scenery around is delightful. In the afternoon we visited Hannah P's school which she seems to govern solely by Normal principles, and was as good I think, as Normal principles skillfully applied can make one. So we were to return with Hannah to Mr Hermon Rogers, her brother "Fred" came after us and had a jovial ride at our expense. We passed the remainder of the afternoon and that night there, taking a pleasant walk into a neighboring wood towards evening, during which Mr R. pointed out a spot once the scene of an Indian Massacre. The evening was passed in conversation with the various members of the family. Thursday morning we again rode down to Eliza's, where we found her ready with the horse and chaise to carry us to Lowell, which proved a delightful ride of about 5 miles, and had a beautiful view of the city on entering it. We stopped at the residence of Eliza's aunt on Tyler St where the chaise was left, and we sallied forth to examine the city, with the appearance

of which I was much pleased, with the exception of its dustiness, which was exceedingly annoying. We crossed the bridge over the Merrimack to Braintree, where we found Miss Kimball, and old schoolmate, who seemed much the same as ever. After making some extra-ordinary purchases we returned to Tyler Street and after resting ourselves, started for Billerica returning by a different route, passing the grounds laid out for the new cemetery. In the afternoon we made several calls with Eliza among her relatives all of whom we found very social and agreeable. In the evening several of them came in to Mr Rogers, with the younger portion of whom we walked down to the banks of the Concord, in which were mirrored the golden clouds, and a portion of the scenery around. Friday morning we were obliged to bring our delightful visit to a close, and bid adieu to our Billerica friends. We took the cars at about 7 o'clock A.M. and reached Boston at about 8, when it rained quite fast. On reaching home heard that Mary Stoddard was at Sarah's, and in the afternoon received a note from her confirming the report. Towards evening I repaired to ~~the~~ and did not return until this afternoon, when Mary came as far as the street with Sarah W. Sarah T.

and myself, on her way home. In the evening I returned some books to the Special Library from George, and took out "Mrs. Hemans Poems," from which I commenced reading the "Siege of Valencia." And thus has ended my vacation; a season when all care and anxiety have been scattered to the winds. And now I am to return to my sober duties, may it not be with a heart estranged by the exciting pleasures of the week, but strengthened, and prepared to meet them with better zeal. May I resume them with an earnest desire to do good, and be faithful, and feel with my whole soul that no pleasure can equal that resulting from their conscientious performance.

Sunday May 29th.

Rev. Mr. Paupod of N. Bedford preached this morning from the 26. Chapt. of Matt. 4. 1st verse: "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation: the Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." He thought temptation necessary for the development of man's character, and to prove his principles of virtue or of vice. The different characters of men, he said depended greatly, on the different

ways in which they met temptations. And it was not the mighty temptations which we were occasionally called upon to resist which were the most important but the small temptations by which we were daily assailed. And he spoke of prayer as the most effectual means of preserving us from the power of temptations. He closed his sermon with some very beautiful and appropriate lines, enforcing the command in the text, "to watch and pray." The rain prevented my attending church this afternoon, so that I passed the time in reading and writing.

Saturday June 4th
Have passed a pleasant and prosperous week in school, without much excitement, either in my public or private walks. Father has made us a short visit, from whom we learned that an heir was born on Sunday last to the "Pashwell family;" but as the novelty of these occurrences has in a measure worn off, I did not experience the sublime emotions, wont to be produced by such communications. Have been reading Miss Edgeworth's "Belinda"

la" and Mrs Hemans' "Siege of Valencia"
and "Vespers of Palermo". As there are
some beautiful passages in the last two
I should like to preserve, I shall
transfer them without any regard to the
connection between them.

"Strength is born
In the deep silence of long suffering hearts
Not amillat of"

Lyonela bids, *Clmina*:

Hope but in him

Who bade the patriarch lay his fair young son
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice, and when
The bright steel quivered in his father's hand
Fast raised to strike, sent forth his awful voice
Through the still clouds, and on the breathless air
Commanding to withhold! — Earth has no hope,
It rests with Him."

"Men! Men! too much is yours
Of santage; ye, that with a sound, a breath
A shadow, thus can fill the desolate space
Of rooted up affections, see whos said
Our yearning hearts must wither, so it is,
Dominion must be won! —"

Clmina. "All, all thy gentle race
The beautiful beings that around thee grew
Creatures of sunshine! Wilt thou doom them all?
— She too, thy daughter — doth her smile unmarked
Pass from thee with its radiance day by day?
Shadows are gathering round her — see'st thou not?
The misty dimness of the spoiler's breath

Flings o'er her beauty, and the face which made
The summer of our hearts, now doth but send
With every glance, deepodings through the soul
Telling of early fate!"

Lyonela.

I see a change
Far nobler on her brow! — She is as one,
Who at the trumpet's sudden call hath risen
From the gay banquet, and in scorn cast down
The wine cup, and the garland, and the lute
Of festal hours, for the good spear and helm,
Disarming sterner tasks. — Her eye hath lost
The beam which laughed upon the awakening heart
Even as morn breaks o'er earth. (But far within
Its full dark orb, a light hath sprung, whose source
Lies deeper in the soul. —

Clmina — They have cause, to tremble
To tremble who behold th' unearthly light
Of high, and it may be, prophetic thought
Investing youth with grandeur! —

Love! those! — there are soft smiles and gentle
And these are faces, skillful to put on
The look we trust in — and 'tis mockery all!
— A faithless mist, a desert vapor, wearing
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
The thirst that semblance kindled. —
(*Clmina* to *Lyonela*)

Thy heart! — thy heart! — Away! it feels not need
But an hour comes to tame the mighty man
Unto the infant weakness; nor shall Heaven
Spare you that better chastening! ^(live) *My gaze*

To be alone, when loneliness doth seem,
Most heavy to sustain! - for me, my voice
Of prayer and fruitless weeping shall be seen
With all forgotten sounds; my quiet place
Low with ^{low} lovely ones, and we shall sleep
Though kings had armies o'er us, we shall sleep
Unstir'd in earth's covering mantle! you the while
Shall sit within your vast, forest-hall,
And hear the wild and melancholy winds
Moan through their deepening banners, ^(more) never
To wave above your race. Ah, then call up
Shadows - dim phantoms from ancestral tombs,
(But all - all glorious - congresses, chieftains, kings -
To people that cold void! - and when the strength
From your right arm hath melted, when the blast
Of the shrill clarion gives you heart no more
A fiery waking; if at last you pine
For the glad voice, and the bounding step,
Once through your home re-echoing, and the clasp
Of loving arms, and all the joyous light
Of eyes that laughed with youth, and made your
A place of sunshine; when those days are come,
Then in your utter desolation, turn
To the cold world, the smiling faithless world,
Which hath swept past you long, and bid it quench
Your soul's deep thirst with fame! immortal fame!
Fame to the sick of heart! - a gorgeous robe,
A crown of victory, unto him that dies
I th' burning waste for water.

Hernandez. I tell thee, those
For whom - in earth's remotest nook, however
Divided from their path by chain on chain
Of mighty mountains, and the amplitude
Of rolling seas - there beats one human heart.
There breathes one being unto whom their name
Comes with a thrilling and gladdening sound
Heard o'er the din of life! are not alone!
Not on the deep, nor in the wild alone!
For there is that on earth with which they hold
A brotherhood of soul! - call him alone
Who stands shut out from this! And let not ^{those}
Whose homes are bright with sunshine and with ^{flowers}
But on the insulance of happiness
Glorying in that proud lot! - A lonely hour
Is on its way to each, to all; for Death
Knows no companionship.

Pity's voice comes with pain sweetest to the
Of anguish, e'en as music heard afar
On the green shore, by him who perishes
Midst rocks and eddying waters.

He who shadows forth his power more gloriously
In the high deeds, and sufferings of the soul
Than in the circling heavens, with all their stars
Or the far sounding deep, doth send abroad
A spirit which takes affliction for its mate
In the good cause, with solemn joy!
And who art thou, that, in thy littleness
Of thine own selfish purpose, wouldst set bounds

To the free current of all noble thought
And generous action, bidding its bright waves
Be staid, and flow no further? But the Power
Whose interdict is laid on seas and orbs,
To chain them in from wandering, both assigned
No limits unto that which man's high strength
Shall, through its aid, achieve! — — —

Earth receives not one red drop
From faithful hearts in vain.

When Elmira has listened to the story of
Hernandez, she says: 'Tis ever thus!
And the unquiet and foreboding sense
That thus 'twill ever be, doth link itself
Darkly with all deep love.

She replies, when questioned by Abdullah:
Think'st thou there dwells no courage but in breast
That set their mail against the ringing spears
When helmets are struck down? Thou little knowest
Of nature's marvels! — Chief! my heart is nerved
To make its way through things which warrior men,
Ay, they that master death by field or flood
Would look on, as they braved! I have no thought!
No sense of fear! — Thou'rt mighty! but a seal
Wound up like mine is mightier, in the power
Of that one feeling, poured through all its depths
Than monarchs with their hosts! — Am I not come
To die with these my children?

Again: To strive with such a world
Hearts should be void of love.

Timena to Thessa: To me the voice, the hues
Of Summer, whispering through young flowers, and
Now speaks too deep a language? and of all
Its dreamy and mysterious melodies
The breathing soul is sadness! — I have felt
That summons through my spirit, after which
The hues of earth are changed, and all her sounds,
Seem fraught with secret warnings. —

Elmira to Timena:

Why who would live, if unto mortal eye
The things lay glaring, which within our hearts
We treasure up for God's.

Timena: Mother! let us kneel

And blind our hearts in prayer! — what elms left
To mortals when the dark hour's might is on them?
To heaven's benignant

My mother! peace
Is heaven's benignant answer to the cry
Of wounded spirits. Will thou kneel with me?
Edmira: Away! 'tis but for souls unstained to
Heaven's tranquil image on their breasts depths.

The stream is my dark thought, all broken by the storm
Reflects but clouds and lightnings! Didst thou speak
Of peace? 'tis fled from earth.

Edmira to Elmira: But there are things
Whose very breathings on the soul erase
All record of past love, save the chill, pensive
The unquiet memory of its wasted faith
And vain devotedness! thy that fire
Affection's perfect trust on aught of earth
Have many a dream to start from.

He who made us, knows
There are dark moments of all hearts and lives
Which bear down reason.

Timon to the citizens: And for whom
Flath he who shakes the mighty with a breath
From their high places, made the fearfulness
And ever watchful presence of his power,
To the pale startled earth most manifest,
But for the weak? Wait for the helmeted and crowned
That suns were slaid at noonday? Stormy seas
As a will parted? Mailed archangels sent
To wither up the strength of kings with death?
I tell you, if these marvels had been done
Twas for the wearied and the oppressed of men
They needed such!— And generous faith hath power
By her prevailing spirit, e'en yet to work
Deliverances, whose tale shall live with those
Of the great elder time!— Be of good hearts!—
Who is forsaken? He that gives the thought
A place within his breast!— 'Tis not for you,
I know ye this banner?

Alcina. The clouds are fearful that ^(twice) ^{thy}
Oh! thou mysterious heaven!— It cannot be
That I have drawn the vials of thy wrath,
To burst upon me through the lifting up
Of a proud heart, late in happiness!
No! in my days full noon, for me life flows
But wreathed a cup of trembling; and the love
The boundless love my spirit was formed to bear,
Flath ever in its place of release, been

A trouble and a shadow, tinging thought
With hues too deep for joy!— I never looked
On my fair children in their buxant mirth
Or sunny sleep, when all the gentle air
Seemed glowing with their quiet blessedness,
But o'er my soul they came a shuddering
Of earth and its pale changes; even like that
Which vaguely mingles with our glorious dream
A restless and disturbing consciousness
That the bright things must fade! How have I
From the dull murmur of the unquiet voice
With its low tokens of mortality
Till my heart fainted midst their smiles! their smiles
Where are these glad looks now? Could they go down
With all their joyous light, that seemed not earth's
To the cold grave?— My children!— Righteous Heaven!
There floats a dark remembrance o'er my brain
Of one who told me, with relentless eye
That this should be the house!

Timon. There are far deeper and far warmer
Than those which draw their coloring from the faint
Of youth, or health or hope.

Why should not He, whose touch dissolves our
Put on his robes of beauty, when he comes
As a deliverer? He hath many folk
They should not all be fearful!— if his call
Be but our gathering to that distant land
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst
Why should not thy prophetic sense be borne

Into the hearts deep stillness, with a breath
Of summer winds, a voice of melody,
Solemn, yet lovely?—

Joy for the soldier when his field is fought,
Joy for the peasant, when his vintage task
Is closed at eve!— But most of all for her
Who when her life changed its glittering robes
For the dull garb of sorrow, which doth cling
So heavily around the journeyers on,
Cast down its weight and slept!,
Ulysses to Odysseus.

Oh! a life's love, a heart's long faithfulness
Even in the presence of eternal things,
Wearing their chastened beauty all undimmed
Assent their lofty claims; and these are not
For one dark hour to cancel!— We are here
Before that altar which received the vows
Of our unbroken youth, and meet it is
For such a witness in the sight of Heaven
And in the face of death, whose shadow arm
Comes dim between us, to record the exchange
Of our tried hearts forgiveness.— Who are they
That in one path have journeyed, needing not
Forgiveness at its close?

The following is from the Vespers of Palm Sunday
of youth, sweet Constance, hath not manhood
A wild and strong waking?— They depart,
Light after light, our glorious visions fade
The vaguely beautiful! till earth, unceiled

Lies pale ground; and life's realities
Press on the soul, from its unfathomed depth
Raising the fiery feelings, and proud thoughts
In all their fearful strength!

My soul disdains the grief
Which doth unbecom its deep securities
To ask a vain companionship of tears
And so to be relieved!

There is no joy!
Who shall look through the far futurity
And as the shadowy visions of events
Develop on his gaze 'midst their dim throng
Dare, with oracular mien, to point and say
"This will bring happiness?" Who shall do this?
Who, thou and I and all!— There's One who sits
In his own bright tranquillity enthroned
High o'er all storms, and looking far beyond
Their thickest clouds; but we from whose dull eyes
A grain of dust hides the great sun, can we
Usurp his attributes, and talk as seers of future
Joy of future joy and grief!

'Tis looser phrase
To say— Time lags; and therefore meet for you!
But with an equal pace the hours move on
Whether they bear, on their swift, silent wing,
Pleasure or — fate.
Raymond when told by Præcida, that

Every deed
That sanctity, if bearing for its aim
The freedom of our country: replies:
There is no path but one
For noble natures, Providence says:

Who to the earth has dashed a nation's chains,
Rent as with Heaven's own lightning, by what means
The glorious end was won? Oh, swell 'tho' acclaim!
Bid the deliverer hail! and if his path
To that most bright and sov'reign destiny
Hath led o'er trampled thousands, be it called
A stern necessity and not a crime!

Raymond, Father, my soul yet kindly get the thought
Of nobler lessons, in my boyhood learned
Given from thy voice. — The high remembrances
Of other days are stirring in the heart,
Where thou didst plant them; and they speak of men
Who needed no vain sophistry to gild
Acts, that would bear Heaven's light. — And such be mine

Oh, breaking hearts
Require a drapery to conceal their throbs
From cold inquiring eyes; and it must be
Ample and rich, that so their gaze may not
Explore what lies beneath.

There is no place
So hallowed as to be unvisited.

By mortal eyes. Nay, whether should we go
With our deep griefs and passions but to seem
Lonely and still; where he that made our hearts
Will speak to them in whispers?

There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we seek
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. — Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?

The sternest hearts
Within their proud and guarded fastnesses,
Hide something still, round which their tendrils cling
With a close grasp unknown to those who deem
Their love in smiles.

This is a world
Of joyous beauty and magnificence
Almost too fair to have! — Yet we must tame
Our ardent hearts to this! — Oh, weep thou not!
There is no home for liberty, or love
Beneath these festal skies! — Be not deceived;
My way lies far beyond! — I shall be soon
That vicissitude which, with its mortal weeds,
Casting off meaner things, yet we trust
Forgets not how to love.

There is
A world, (ay, let us seek it) where no blight
Falls on the beautiful rose of youth, and there
I shall be with thee soon.

Saturday June 11th

Returned from Canton Monday afternoon
whence I repaired last Saturday.

School was visited on Tuesday by Mr Seaver
who expressed himself highly gratified with
with the order of things, and informed me
that my quarterly examination would take
place on Thursday afternoon; but as the weather
was very unpleasant on that day it was deferred
until Friday, when Dea. Parker and Rev.
Mr Fog, made their appearance, and sat in
judgment on my deads, which I am
inclined to hope gained their approval;
on which point I shall probably be gratified
satisfied before many days. Friday night
called at Sarah's, and found that she
had also been visited by the above named
gentlemen; when we compared notes, and
I returned home with a lighter heart
than I have carried about with me for a
long time.

To-day Warren has been down, but brought
no very important intelligence

Saturday June 18th

Heard Rev. Mr Morrison of N. Bedford preach
last Sunday. His sermon in the afternoon
from the text "Every thing is beautiful in
its time" must have been in its time

for I have not heard anything of late that
equalled it. — Monday Sarah & Billy called
on me after school, from whom, among
many other interesting things, I heard a
most affecting instance of inconstancy.

Wednesday she passed the afternoon with
me, when we were disappointed at not
seeing our "Friend Packer, whom we had
expected to complete the trio.

Thursday morning Mr Seaver called here,
the bearer of most important dispatches,
important at least to me.

Indeed I take my pen with a lighter
heart, than has dictated what I have
written for many weeks. The clouds
which of late have hovered round
and obscured my path, have all dis-
persed; and I feel convinced, that it
was for a wise and good purpose, that
my happiness has been for a time sus-
pended; and that through what I have
deemed the death blow to my hopes, has
been wrought a glorious end.

It has all terminated as my hopes
have whispered that it would
notwithstanding the intrusion of my
fears; and I feel that I have
cause for deep and heartfelt joy; of
such a transition from the most
painful suspense to the most pleasing

certainty must always inspire

Saturday June 25.

Tuesday afternoon, while pursuing my usual round of duties in school was surprised and delighted by the sudden entrance of "Adie". After I had closed my school, we visited Miss Pomeroy and Sarah Taber's department, where we remained until almost 6 o'clock. After tea, I repaired to Sarah W.'s to pass the night, meeting on my way Sarah B. who has today received news of promotion which afforded an exhausted theme for our conversational powers. Having reversed her position and walked some distance with me, we had time to contemplate the subject in all its bearings. Her success thus far, augurs well I think for her future course as a teacher; and that she will succeed in her new situation to the utmost of her wishes, and merit this mark of confidence, I cannot entertain a doubt. I also encountered Sarah T. before reaching my place of destination with whom I held a

an hour's confab, chiefly concerning our professional duties. It was quite dark when I reached Sarah's, where I passed a very wakeful night with Sarah and Adie. We sat up till about 1 o'clock, discussing old friends and friendships, recalling by-gone days, and indulging in that flow of spirit, which was once the life and soul, and to our good landlady the pest of Attie St. Oh! what are made exhilarating than these occasional holidays of the mind, when with old friends, old pleasures seem restored; when as we sit we down to think and talk of former joys we almost forget they are not present realities. One such interview is sufficient to repay me for the toil and anxiety of months.

Saturday July 2nd.

Last Sabbath Mr Putnam preached a funeral sermon, referring to all who had died in the parish for the last six months. The fact that they completed the 12th year of his ministry in this place gave rise to some excellent and not inappropriate remarks. His text was: "I have been in death oft" and was suggested by the death of two

of his society this past week; one, a young wife and mother, the other, the celebrated Dr. Wymore. He said but little however concerning the latter, as he intently preaching a funeral sermon next Sunday, for him alone.

To spice my sojourn here this week, I took a pleasant trip to Harrison Grove in Dedham on Wednesday with Mr Pierponts society, at the invitation of Mrs Stodder. We left Boston in the cars at 1/2 past 12 and arriving there in about 30 minutes remained until 1/2 past 5. The day was delightful, the company remarkably lively and agreeable, and the children as "light of heart and gay of wing, as Eden's garden bird." Met my friend Lydia Ann who accompanied Mr Lomsons society, at the grove, with I passed a portion of the time very pleasantly. Also met several other friends whom I did not expect to see. Took tea in Boston at Mrs Stodders; and on my return home found a letter from Lydia Ann, who had forewarned me of its arrival, thus preventing an "agreeable surprise."

Have been reading Miss Edgeworths 'Patronage' this week, which is a most bewitching work. I think. The wretchedness of that "poor man, who hangs on

princes favor", is well portrayed; while the noble independence of character, which accepts no reward, but such as its own merit may have earned, is placed in a most enviable light.

Saturday July 9th

Since my last entry, the anniversary of our countrys independence has been celebrated throughout the land, though I was, of course, eye witness only to the proceedings in this immediate vicinity, which unfortunately for the public, authorities did not gain my approval. The temperance cause is certainly a noble one; and it cannot be denied, inseparable with the growth and prosperity of the nation; but with this day there seem to be associated events, which alone should claim the attention of the patriotic mind. The story of our countrys early struggle, and final triumph; of her subsequent growth and greatness, it is true has been oft repeated. But even though stripped of the beautiful imagery, in which eloquence has loved to array it, it cannot become a tedious one to us. It awakens emotions which every pa-

triest must love to indulge, stirring
up his better nature within him, inspiring
purer and loftier thoughts.

Saturday July 16th

The weather has been very warm this
week. — Wednesday afternoon I passed
at Sarah's, where Mary Stoddie was expec-
ted, but did not arrive. Spent the time
very pleasantly, and was entertained with
some excellent singing before my return.
Walked into Boston and back again this
afternoon, but met with no adventures
worth recording. Have been favored
with a letter from Colbridge, this week
and also one from Sarah Sparrell.
Have been reading Irving's Biography
and Poetical Remains of Margaret
Millar Davidson; to whom the author
says may be applied the following lines
from her own pen.

— "One who came from Heaven awhile
To bless the mourners here
Their joys to hallow with her smile
Their sorrow with her tear.

Who joined to all the charms of earth
The noblest gifts of Heaven,
To whom the muses at her birth
Their sweetest smiles had given.

Whose eye beamed forth with fancy's ray
And genius pure and high;
Whose very soul had seemed to bathe
In streams of melody.

The cheek which once so sweetly beamed
Grew pallid with decay
The burning fire within consumed
Its timent of clay.

Death, as if fearing to destroy
Paused o'er her couch awhile,
She gave a tear for those she loved
Then met him with a smile."

From her poetical remains I select
the following:

The spirit, what is it? mysterious, sublime
Undying, unchanging, forever the same,
It bounds lightly athwart the dark bellows
And moves on unscathed by its keenly flame.

Man sees thee and feels thee, and knows thee divine
He feels thee not his, and thou never canst die;

He believes that a gem from the Maker's pure shrine
A portion of purity, holy and high.

'Tis around him, within him the source of his life,
Npt too weak to contemplate its glory and might;
He trembling shrinks back to dull earth's humble strife
And leaves the pure atmosphere glowing with light.

Thou spark from the Deity's radiant throne,
I know thee, yet shrink from thy greatness and power;
Thou art mine in thy splendor, I feel thee my own
Npt behold me as frail as the light summer flower.

I strive in my weakness to gaze on thy might,
To trace out ^{thy} ~~these~~ wanderings through ^{open} ~~to~~ come,
Till like birds on the sea all exhausted, at length
I flutter back weary to earth as my home.

Like a diamond when laid in a rough case ^{of}
Which may crumble and wear from the pure ^{closed} ~~gem~~ ^{en-}
But which never can be lit by one tremulous ray
From the glory crowned star in its dark case repaid.

Fragment.

Oh, for a something more than this
To fill the void within my breast,
A sweet reality of bliss
A something bright, but unexpressed.

My spirit longs for something higher
Than life's dull stream can ever supply,
Something to feed this inward fire,
This spark which never more can die.

I'd dwell with all that nature forms
Of wild, or beautiful or gay,
Bow, when she clothes the heaven with storms
And join her in her frolic play.

I'd hold companionship with all
Of pure or noble or divine,
With glowing heart, adoring ~~back~~
And kneel at nature's sylvan shrine.

My soul is like a broken lyre
Whose loudest, sweetest cord is gone,
A note half trembling on the wire,
A heart that wants an echoing tone

Where shall I find this shadowy bliss
This shapeless phantom of the mind,
This something words can never express
So vague, so faint, so undefined?

Language! thou never canst portray
The fancies floating o'er my soul
Thou never canst chase the clouds away
Which o'er my changing visions roll.

Fragment.

Oh, I have gazed on forms of light
Till life seem'd ebbing in a tear,
Till in that fleeting space of sight
Were merged the feelings of a year.

And I have heard the voice of song,
Till my full heart quaked wild and free,
And my wrapt soul would float along
As if on waves of melody.

But while I glowed at beauty's glance
I longed to feel a deeper thrill,
And while I heard that dying strain
I sigh'd for something sweeter still.

I have been happy, and my soul
Free from each sorrow care, regret,
Yet ever in those hours of bliss
I long'd to find them happier yet.

Oft to see the darkness of my mind
Some meteor thought has glanced at will,
Twas bright — but ever have I sigh'd
To find a fancy brighter still.

Why are these restless vain desires
Which always grasp at something more
To feed the spirits' hidden fires
Which burn unseen, unnoticed sore.

Well might the heathen sage have known
That earth must fail the soul to bind,
That life, and life's tame joys alone
Could never chain the ethereal mind.

The following is the introduction to "Genore",
her longest poem:

"Why should I sing? The scenes which roused
The bards of old, arouse no more;
The reign of poetry hath passed,
And all her glowing dreams are o'er!"

Why should I sing? A thousand harps
Have touched the self-same chords before,
Of love and hate and lofty pride,
And fields of battle bathed in gore!

Why should I seek the burning fount
From whence their glowing fancies sprung?
My feeble muse can only sing
What other, nobler bards have sung!

Thus did I breath my sad complaint
As, bending o'er my silent lyre,
I sigh'd for some romantic theme
Its slumbering music to inspire.

Genore had I spoken when o'er my soul
A low, reproving whisper came;

My heart instinctive shrank with awe,
And conscience tinged my cheek with shame.

Down, with thy vain repining thoughts
Nor dare to breathe those thoughts again,
Or endless sleep shall bind thy eyes,
And scorn repel thy bursting strain!

What though a thousand bands have sung
The charms of earth, of air or sky!
A thousand minstrels old and young
Pour'd forth their varied melody!

What though, inspired, they stooped to drink
At Fancy's fountain o'er and o'er!
Say feebler warbler, dost thou think
The glowing streamlet flows no more?

Because a nobler hand hath cull'd
The loveliest of our earthly flowers,
Dost thou believe that all of bloom
Hath fled those bright, poetic bowers?

Know then, that long as earth shall roll,
Revolving 'neath yon azure sky,
Music shall charm each pure soul
And Fancy's fount shall never dry!

Long as the rolling seasons change,
And nature holds her empire here;

Long as the human eye can range
O'er yon pure heaven's expanded sphere;

Long as the ocean's broad expanse
Lies spread beneath yon broader sky;
Long as the playful moonbeams dance
Like fairy forms, on billows high;

So long unbound by mortal chain,
Thou genius spread her soaring wing;
So long the pure poetic fount,
Unchecked, unfettered, on shall spring.

Thou say'st the days of song have past,
The glowing days of wild romance,
When war poured out his clarion blast
And valor bow'd at beauty's glance!

When every hour that onward sped
Was fraught with some bewildering tale;
When superstition's shadowy hand
O'er trembling nations cast her veil!

Thou say'st that life's unvaried stream
In peaceful ripples wears away;
And years produce no setting theme
To rouse the poet's slumbering lay.

Not so, while yet the hand of God
Each year adorns his turning earth;

While dewdrops deck the verdant sod
And birds, and bees and flowers have birth;

While every day unfolds anew
Some charm to meet the searching eye;
While birds, of every varying hue
Are bursting 'neath a summer sky.

'Tis true that war's unparing hand
Flath' ceased to bathe our fields in gore;
That hate hath quenched his burning brand
And tyrant princes reign no more.

But dost thou think that scenes like these
Form all the poetry of life?
Would thy untutored muse delight
In scenes of rapine, blood and strife?

No — there are boundless fields of thought,
Where roving spirit never soared;
Which wildest fancy never sought,
No boldest intellect explored!

Then bow not silent o'er thy lyre,
But tune its chords to nature's praise;
At every turn thine eye shall meet
Fit themes to form a poet's lays.

O'erforth, prepared her sweetest smiles
In all her loveliest scenes to weave;

Not deem though others there have knelt
Thou mayest not weave thy garland too.

It paused — I felt how true the words,
How sweet the comfort they conveyed;
I chased my musing thoughts away —
I heard — I trusted — I obeyed.

The fact that the writer of these lines
died before attaining her sixteenth year
lends them a charm and interest they
would not otherwise possess, although they
contain in themselves much sweetness and
beauty. "She was" says Irving, "to use one
of her own exquisite expressions, "a spirit
of Heaven, fettered by the strong ~~impulse~~ affec-
tions of earth;" and the while of her brief
sojourn here, seems to have been a struggle
to regain her naked skies".

Saturday July 23^d.

Visited G. Boston this afternoon with
Sarah and Sarah T. where we found
our friends Mary and Coliza as true
and unimpaired as ever. Sarah White
belonging to another generation of Normal-
ists, was also there; and when Mary Stud-
en and Margaret Florence joined us

the latter part of the afternoon, we formed a party of 8, and indulged as usual, in pleasant reminiscences of our Normal days. I always enjoy a feast of mirth, and flow of spirits, if not a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," when visiting these dear girls. May these pleasant interviews, and the kindly feelings which have always characterized them long continue, is one of my most heartfelt wishes.

Tuesday Aug 16th 1842

A visit to Canton with Crenoville and one from Father and mother and also from my sister Gene, are the only events of which my memory at present reminds me as having occurred since my last entry. As one subject alone absorbs my thoughts to night, former negligence negligence must be accountable for my brief notice of this long interval. Oh! now there a thousand things rushing into my mind well worthy of a better record, and soliciting admittance into these precious pages. But I must give them an absolute refusal. The spirit which prompts me to write them, prompts too late. Today's jubilee casts them all into the shade, and has gained such full possession of my mind, that I feel I can do nothing else justly, and this I am sure I cannot. But what is this jubilee? — "Long time ago" when a laughter-loving

generation of Normalites were enjoying the benefits of the institution from which their name is derived, they were prone at the winking hour of twilight to congregate in some pleasant corner and there indulge in visionary schemes for the future. One of the most cherished of these, I remember to have been, a meeting of all who had "lived and loved together" here. This may have been suggested in part by the graphic sketch entitled "The first and last dinner" which, although not so much from the "truth to nature," I fear, as the painful mental effort and awkward embarrassment an abstract cost, made a very deep impression on the minds of certain young ladies. But as in most things with which they were concerned, there was much originality in the thought I am inclined to think; but as many of that generation were of a giddy, wayward nature amusing themselves with one agreeable whim until another occurred recommended by a more recent appearance from their whimsical brains it was finally abandoned as many other good things have been by older and more discreet assemblies. — But that a somewhat similar idea has occurred to a mind whose superior strength and steadiness of purpose enables it to persevere in every good cause it undertakes, of which our jubilee is not to one of us the only illustration we have been today reminded. When first in

informed of the intended festival, the question immediately arose in my mind, will it be a tragedy or a comedy? a jubilee of sighs and tears, or one of smiles? The first thought

immediately inclined me to the latter opinion. I had to be thought of, if ever it be banished from any place, it must be there. I cannot dream of such a quest at such a time.

Every countenance must beam with gladness, such gladness as was wont to make these walls reecho in days gone by. And as imagination busied itself in conjuring up the scene, I was convinced still further of the absurdity.

The very spot itself suggested a joyful tale. And as I glanced about me, familiar glances met my own and in each I read some mirthful story. Around me were the merry girls, who used to group themselves in twos for the prosecution of some mighty intellectual task which philosophers of old would never dared to undertake. The writing of an important essay, the solution of some abstract problem in ethics, and when at intervals between deep thought, glancing from some attic window to "tender passions" were resigned. These mighty minds were all fresh in my memory, and again I thought surely we cannot be

sad. But I need not thus particularize. Suffice, that the presence of each suggested some happy thought, which seemed to summon away dull brooding care, and create bright sunshine. And

"He too who had been our guide
To warn us when we stepped aside
From Duty's narrow road"

He, too was ~~with~~ with us again; and as each token of his love and kindness, long since written on our hearts, was with us too, there was another cause why we should be glad. With the friends of other days, the scenes, the thoughts and feelings of other days, came too; and surely the scenes, thoughts and feelings connected with the days which these friends recalled were joyous ones.

But before this imaginary scene had closed, new thoughts crept in. Things I had been contemplating as present I had forgotten were only recalled by the occasion. The scene was not a perfect one; How could it be? All were not there. And of those that were, although I trusted the same loving hearts throbbed within, change was written on their brows. I felt there was there always must be something mournful though it might be sweet in the mem-

informed of the intended festival, the questions immediately arise in my mind, will it be a tragedy or a comedy? a fabliau of sighs and tears, or one of smiles? The first thought immediately inclined me to the latter opinion. Sadness I thought I, if ever I be banished from any place, it must be there, I cannot dream of such a quest at such a time. Every countenance must beam with gladness, such gladness as was wont to make these walls reecho in days gone by. And as imagination busied itself in conjuring up the scene, I was convinced still further of the absurdity. The very spot itself suggested a joyful tale. And as I glanced about me, familiar glances met my own and in each I read some mirthful story. Around me were the merry girls, who used to group themselves in trios for the prosecutions of some mighty intellectual task which philosophers of old would never dared to undertake. The writing of an impudent essay, the solution of some abstract problem in ethics, and when at intervals between deep thought, glancing from some attic window to "tender passions" were assigned these mighty minds were all fresh in my memory, and again I thought surely we cannot be

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From Duty's narrow road"

he too was & with us again; and as each token of his love and kindness, long since written on our hearts, was with us too, there was another cause why we should be glad. With the friends of other days, the scenes, the thoughts and feelings of other days came too; and surely the scenes, thoughts and feelings connected with the days which these friends recalled were joyous ones. But before this imaginary scene had closed, new thoughts crept in. Things I had been contemplating as present I had forgotten were only recalled by the occasion. The scene was not a perfect one; how could it be? All were not there. And of those that were, although I trusted the same loving hearts throbbed within, change was written on their brows. I felt there was there always must be something mournful though it might be sweet in the mem-

ory of past joys. True, the friends with whom I had once pursued my daily toils and pastimes, with whom I had drunk at the same fountain, but from whom time and distance had removed me, were again present in reality as they had often been in thought, and I gave thanks for this. And he who had ministered so faithfully, whose words of kindness had been as music to our ears, who had labored to foster principles which should elevate and ennoble character, with undiminished interest in the welfare of each and all was again in the midst of us, and I felt grateful that it was so. But then the hours were fleeting fast; soon all would have bade adieu and each pursue her separate path. The day like all those of which it served as a remembrance, would be viewed only in the dim, shadowy past. Ah, I began to discover many causes why sober thoughts should mingle with, indeed why not form a part of, the joyous festival. They were there so many of them there; but ere another sun should rise, again they were divided. In spirit they still might roam together, but not they were present in spirit and body too. It was with

us, but soon the spot where we had known and loved him, and listened to his kindly counsels would know him no more. I felt that he was retiring to a peaceful, happy home; that loving friends were impatient even now to extend the greeting hand and bid him welcome to his island home; that he was crowned with laurels which angels might love to wear; that although he was encircled by ocean waves, calmly and lovely his life would glide away; but I felt too that he would not coldly turn away from this hallowed spot; that he would not joyfully depart from these his loving children; that although so many charms were sweetly blended in his future prospect, deep sorrow would be his, as left forever the scenes in which he had been the "guiding star." And as on "Fanny's soving wing" I still sailed on, I felt that although the teardrop would moisten the eye, the heart would be made better; that it would be a jubilee of the noble feelings, in which joy and sorrow would mingle with and refine each other. And the reality which I have today enjoyed, has more than equalled my imaginary pictures. As Mr. Peirce is about

to retire from the school at Lexington
all who had ever been members since
its establishment received from him
an invitation to assemble there to-day
I repaired with Sarah last evening to
Mrs Stoddard in Boston, from which place
we intended to have started for L. this
morning at 1/2 past 6. in company with sev-
eral of our Normal Sisters; but as we
were disappointed of the expected conveyance
in consequence of some misunderstanding,
John Stoddard procured a carriage, in which
a company of four, consisting of Mr Stoddard
and his sister Mary, Sarah W. and my-
self being seated we set forth in high
spirits. Upon our arrival in L. we drove
immediately to the Normal House, where
all around things wore a decidedly holi-
day aspect; an appearance of something
out of the common course of events.
We were directed into the Model School
room, and a gayer, happier scene did that
nursery room of good principles, never present,
or a more perfect model of what a meet-
ing of old friends should be. As we made
our appearance rather late, some had al-
ready numbered us among the missing;
and we were hailed with congratulations
from every quarter; and as at every
glance some familiar countenance was
met, ^{and} at every turn the hand of some

dear friend grasped our own, I felt that
it were indeed a jubilee, if this joyful meet-
ing were alone to constitute the pleasures
of the day. Besides the scholars there were
also assembled a vast body of dignitaries,
among whom were Rev. Mr. Stetson of Med-
ford, Rev. Mr. Murray of Cambridgeport,
Rev. Mr. May, and Rev. Mr. Simon, the
editor of the Lowell Journal and many
other who were unknown to me, some
of them friends of the pupils.
Mr. Peirce rung the bell as of old, and
call was silence in the room. He then
welcomed us with the eloquence which
deep feeling alone could have called forth,
to this scene of our earlier days; referred
to those days in a manner, which could
not fail to touch the hearts of his chil-
dren, as he called them, and make them
sigh for their return; said that next
to God's approval, that which he most
desired was a place in each of those
young hearts before him; enlarged upon
the teacher's duties, bidding us deem it a
privilege to rescue the meanest of God's
creatures from mental darkness; and spoke
of his Normal days as the happiest of his
life. He also remarked upon the sym-
pathy which existed between the present
and ex-members of the school, who he
said were acquainted, although they had

never seen each other. When Mr P. had finished, Rev. Mr Stetson was introduced, who had prepared an address for the occasion very good indeed, but not exactly in harmony with the feelings existing, being upon the subject of education. Miss Potter made a short extemporaneous address in which she informed us that Miss Johnson had been chosen to be welcomed the ex-Normalists back; after which our friend Emily arose and performed the duty assigned her. After this Mr Peirce called for our pieces which had been prepared for the occasion; when several were read. One very beautiful one, written by a Miss Spear, upon the motto: "Live to the truth." A beautiful poem written by the same young lady was read by Susan Johnson, in which the spirit of the woods was invoked to bring us news of Mr Peirce when he had left us. The Normal Experiment was then read, containing specimens of the sublime and ludicrous, all well written and interesting. Mr P. then informed us, that we could repair to the grove at our pleasure, two o'clock being the hour appointed for meeting there. The scholars then proceeded to the upper or Normal School room at the request of Miss Potter. Upon entering the room, each rushed for her old seat, and each seat had

as many claimants, as would the throne of some mighty kingdom have, did all its kings return to claim their right. Two gold pencils were then exhibited, which the present members of the school had purchased to present to Mr and Mrs Peirce, and as it was suggested that all might wish to contribute towards them, it was accordingly done. The time was then spent in social intercourse, in recalling scenes which had been enacted in that room in days gone by in which we had been actors.

About 2 o'clock we all proceeded to Flanck's grove, which had been fitted up in admirable style for our reception. At the entrance, was written in large letters, entwined with green, "Welcome, sisters of the Normal bond." In the several corners of the grove, were suspended, Dwight, Florence Mann, Our Teacher, and Board of Education all of which were entwined with oak. Near the centre was suspended the blackboard, with a few fractions and the "Normalites Friend" written on it. Seats had been prepared, the Piano was there, and the tables were loaded with everything that could tempt the appetite. A stand had been prepared for the "orators of the day" and was first occupied by Susan Johnson, who presented the pencils to Mr and Mrs P. with a very good grace, which was the

first thing done upon our arrival at the grove.

Upon receiving them Mr. Peires made an address of some length, in which he told us, if ever we came to the "sageist isle", to look towards the north shore and there we should see a little white cottage; to go directly to the door, where we should always find a welcome; not to forget the little white cottage on the north shore.

He said that in joy and prosperity he must here from us; and oh! in the dark hour of adversity" said he "do not fail to let me hear from you."

Rev. Mr. May who is to succeed Mr. Peires also addressed us.

A poem delivered by our friend Hannah Damon was certainly one of the best things offered, in which wit and solemnity were most happily blended; but I flatter myself I shall at some future day obtain a copy, and will not therefore attempt to give any idea of it. It was more than "enough to make a minister laugh"; for the whole body of them which encircled her were in a continual roar.

Rev. Mr. Waterston from Boston then mounted the stand and spoke with much feeling and eloquence. He said it was impossible to describe the feelings he had experienced to-day; at times they had been sad, and again when listening to some

of the lighter pieces, they had been gay. He referred to the poem which had just been read in such low, sweet numbers; and said he had thought as had been there expressed that the young ladies would receive offers which should be made; but he hoped that some would be so devoted to the cause of education as to devote themselves to it. In alluding to some lines which had been read in the morning, suggested upon hearing there were no trees in Hantusket, he said "we knew there has been one tree transplanted from there; a tree of knowledge, yes and I may say a tree of life, and I trust acorns enough have fallen from it to sow the whole continent." Several more pieces were read, some very good toasts given, some songs, written for the occasion sung, the "feast of good things" partaken of, and concluded by a dance in Merrydale. One of toasts was: The five Normalites who have entered into matrimony: The five wise virgins took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

At about 5 O'clock we started on our return to Boston, taking Hannah Damon with us as far as W. Cambridge. And after a very spirited race with the Lexington Mail Stage, reached the city too late to return to Roxbury, and therefore accepted the invita-

tion of Mrs Stodder to spend the night there. And thus ended one of the happiest days I have ever seen; a day which I have long anticipated, but which has far exceeded my anticipations. I cannot conceive it possible to enjoy a greater amount in one day than I have enjoyed. It has been one of those seasons when, I verily believe

"The soul, in its fulness of love

Would never if bidden to choose between this
And the paradise promised above."

All was so bright and gay; so successful seemed to have been the effort to banish melancholy from the feast, that I could not realize there was a dark side to the picture; I'm the midst of social mirth and festivity, revelling in the delightful feelings, which the peculiar circumstances of our meeting excited, I did not feel as I do now that one of the great objects of that meeting was to part that our communion must at best be brief; that from it we must date a sad change in scenes we loved. These thoughts were not allowed, at least for any length of time, to intrude upon the festive scene; but were reserved for the meditative hour, when it should have closed. Indeed too with a sort of melancholy pleasure, that I review the events of the day; buried as they are with all the events, of by-gone days,

but so long as memory retains its power, will it love to linger round the scenes which have consecrated this memorable day; to recall the words of eloquence and love which have been spoken; and the deep emotions and holy aspirations which have been awakened.

Friday Aug. 2nd.

Just one fortnight from today, I set forth in high spirits, to visit my eastern home in Bangor; as the picture which my mind had retained of it was beginning to grow dim and needed retouching. I expected to have been accompanied on my voyage by my sister Jane, but hearing on my way to the boat, that Colbridge had just arrived from Bangor, it was at once evident that new arrangements must be made. According to agreement Jane met me at the boat where Colbridge soon after made his appearance confirming the report I had heard. — But as I did not like to turn back after having proceeded so far, it was finally resolved that I should prosecute my journey, leaving the rest of the party behind, which I was more ready to do finding some friends on board. So after a very pleasant sail of about 24 hours, during which times the

weather was delightful, I found myself landed on the shores of the Penobscot; and taking a hack was soon conveyed to my brother's residence, where I took my friend Sarah by surprise. As we were to have full possession of the house and all things pertaining thereto, until the return of the rest of the family, we at once began to lay our plans, which were very fine, and very finally carried out.

A sumptuous banquet was prepared by us for Colbride and Jane who arrived on Wednesday, upon which all our taste and garden vegetables were expended.

The whole of my visit has been one of those joyous seasons, when "dull care" has been completely banished; and every hour brought some new delight.

Whether on a visit to some friend of bygone days, or in the midst of the happy happy home, which I regard as a model of what a home should be, I have enjoyed a lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirits, which will furnish "many joys for memory".

I returned this morning, having left Bangor yesterday morning at 5 o'clock, and had a very rough passage. I was obliged to confess to myself that I had never before experienced the delightful sensation of seasick-

ness, after yesterday's voyage.

But all the anticipated pleasures of vacation have been realised, and taken their station with all those which have preceded them; but a retrospective glance I will often give them.

Sunday Oct 16th 1842

'Tis now almost a fortnight since I resigned my school duties, on account of illness, but shall resume them to-morrow. Having just emerged from my bed-chamber, where as an invalid I have been kept, fed on powder and molasses, pills, gum arabic tea &c, received daily calls from the physician, and partaken largely of all the "refined joys" of sickness, the privilege of walking abroad and enjoying the light of heaven, awakens very pleasurable emotions.

'Tis just three years to-day since I first went to Lexington and formed my connection with the school there. How very quickly the time seems to have flown since then! 'Tis but three years to-day, since the scenes now so loved and familiar, were new and strange; since I read in the countenance of

of many of my loved Samaritan Sisters
the cold glance of the stranger. 'Tis three
years to-day since I first trod the path,
so strewn with flowers, and free from
thorns. Surely 'twas the commencement
of a happy and I trust a profitable portion
of my pilgrimage. New ideas of self, of knowl-
edge, the capacities and inestimable
value of mind were there unfolded;
my knowledge of character increased, my
social affections cultivated and freely
exercised and good impressions received
of life and duty, which can only be effaced
by death, I trust. Therefore I love to distin-
guish this day from among the many and
embalm it with the few, which memory
carefully treasures, as brighter than the rest.

Friday Nov. 11th / 42

After having slightly performed the very
painful duty of self-examination, I am
compelled to pronounce myself guilty of
neglect, shameful, unpardonable neglect,
for which I have been sentenced by the
higher power, within me, to suffer pa-
tiently all the bitter reproaches with
which conscience may be pleased to
favor me. Without the least regard

to distance, I heap from one month to a-
nother, as dates will testify, without noting
either passing thoughts or events. Now al-
though the one might be very insipid
and the other very unimportant, still
as affording evidence of my persever-
ance in an effort undertaken with a
view both to my profit and improve-
ment, they would be valuable.

Instead of making it a bosom friend
with which to hold communion sweet,
or a repository of facts or ideas, I would
fain treasure up, it has become a neg-
lected forgotten thing upon which no
time or pains are expended. The in-
terest which I formerly felt in my jour-
nal if not dead has long been permit-
ted to slumber, and I would fain re-
vive it; at least I feel that I would
just now, this Friday evening at 9 o'clock,
but lest the demon of Procrastination
which ^{has} rendered of no avail so many
good resolutions, should step in by
morning and put her veto on the re-
solver I was about to make "to repent
and sin no more", I will not be
so rash. 'Tis much to be lamented
that so many passages, in so interesting
a life must be forever lost to the
world, and the few recorded should
be selected with as little loss, and

treated with so little ingenuity.
I must forsake ease and return to duty; must rid myself of the idea that journalizing is a task, as it has only been made so by my negligence.

Saturday Nov. 12th

Having completed my school duties for the week, I prepared myself this afternoon to attend a lecture of the "Lowell Institute" delivered at the Odium, being indebted to the kindness of one of my friends for a ticket. Sarah W. having called for me, we started, and meeting with a detached portion of the company in the street, with whom we held a solemn consultation concerning that hackneyed but sublime topic—the weather—concluded to retrace our steps and settle down quietly at home, as it began to rain quite, which we accordingly did calling at Mrs. Taber's, where after a very agreeable chit-chat, we separated for our respective habitations. — Now this was something of a disappointment; but there then as Riker White says: Disappointments chastening and but terrified the guilty and the

bad" of course I wasn't alarmed at all. Besides my thoughts had become deeply interested in Cooper's "Lyn", to which I again devoted them after my return, and finally concluded this day, which unfortunately has not been a very eventful one, in the very unpoetical unromantic employment of darning stockings.

Sunday Nov. 13th 1842.

Had my slumbers and patience simultaneously disturbed this morning, by the very glad some but unseasonable frolics of Morlina and Master Kermisig. I have not the least objection to listen to psalm singing, but it loses at least half its good effect to assail me, before the complete assual of my senses.

Employed my morning hours in various trifles, and as the weather was unpleasant, seated myself to read; but a few minutes before the second bell announced the hour of church, the idea suddenly struck me that I would go. 'Twas no doubt the stirring of the divinity within me; but to whatever feeling the movement was indebted I had no reason to regret it.

As two several weeks since I attended Mr Pulman's meeting, I was glad to see my favorite preacher in the pulpit. His text was from the 12th Ch. of Jeremiah 8th verse: "The harvest is past, the Summer is ended and we are not saved;" He said that as the late Dr. Channing lay upon his deathbed glancing from the window of his apartment upon the rich mountain scenery of Vermont, which had not begun to assume the rich and varied tints of Autumn, he repeated the passage "The heavens are the work of his hands, the earth also and he made it" "yes," he continued, "the earth also, and oh! how beautiful it is! this earth upon which God will carry out his vast designs! and a fit theatre it is for this noble purpose. This glorious earth cannot will not speedily pass away." Mr P. remarked how well these dying words harmonized with the views he was known to cherish, with regard to the establishment of God's Kingdom in the world; and he cited them not to support any particular argument respecting the earth, but to show with what feelings a devout Christian looked upon nature. Her then went

on to speak of the effect of a loss of natural scenery upon the mind; which he did with an eloquence I could only feel and not remember; summing impressed with the idea "That as the mind turns she frowns or smiles"

He said that imagination and perhaps experience, had given the various seasons an influence over the mind. And this season in particular it had been said indeed the mind to solemn thought and meditation. There might be something sober, pensive, perhaps, but nothing sad or saddening he thought, throughout any of the regular changes of nature.

After many very beautiful thoughts, he several times repeated the question "And what saith the seasons?" "The lesson they so plainly taught, of the renewed life of everything that died; that death was but the harbinger of life; that the grave of Nature was also her cradle; that the dawn began to streak the Eastern sky ere the twilight had faded from the West; and that that of man could ^{not} be the only death, not to be renewed", was one answer to this question. And another, that Nature has yielded bountifully of her fruits to her children; but that

they were not equally distributed; that some had little and many none, and she calls on your her favored children to supply that which the season has with-drawn; to let none, no not even the erring and faulty, suffer, remembering that all are brethren.

And again, as we are driven from the converse of the world, to our own fireside, the season bids us meet there in love, and reminds us that there is no winter of the heart.

And finally it saith, that nature has again almost performed her yearly circuit, and we have been permitted to accompany her on the journey and see that she hath done all things well. And can she say the same of us? Have we done all things well? Oh! no! It bids ^{us} to redeem the time, and be more faithful.

As 'twas quite stormy in the afternoon I remained at home and finished the "Spy", which although it has continued throughout deeply interesting, is not quite minute enough towards the close to gratify my curiosity if tis no worthier feeling. Oh! I wish I could gaze if only for a moment upon such specimens of humanity

as I frequently find portrayed. But to see and commune with, for a time even in fancy with beings so pure and exalted, so much of "the divinity" within them is surely worth no small sacrifice to obtain. The "Spy" is one of these works of fiction, which it seems to me the most fastidious could not condemn. As the story is connected with scenes interesting, in the history of our country during her struggles with Great Britain, it instructs as well as amuses, and kindles the patriotic fire within.

Monday Nov. 14th

As the Governor of this Commonwealth is to be elected to-day, school-keepers are permitted to run at large and amuse themselves as they please. For what purpose the day is given unless it be to impress us more forcibly with the idea of its sublime and awful character, I cannot conceive.

Have suffered a good deal today, from that "Hell of a disease" - the toothache.

Have spun stout yarn enough since morning, to knit a comfortable pair of stockings for the Belgian Count

Tuesday Nov. 15th dr.

Met Sarah at the gate this morning, with whom I called at Mr Dillaway's where I exchanged "Life and Land of Burns", for Miss Martineau's "Society in America". Received a note from Sarah Billy, during the morning containing the fact that it was a beautiful day, and a ticket to the "Lowell Institute Lecture"; but as I had already received one from Sarah W. called upon her at night to return it, when it was decided to transfer it to our friend Rachel. Called at Miss Kelly's in the evening, on a very important business affair.

Received an epistle this evening from Sarah of Bangor.

Wednesday Nov. 16th

Took a long roundabout walk this morning in order to call at Mr Ford's. In the afternoon attended an Astronomical lecture delivered before the Lowell Institute by Mr. Hozer of Cambridge, in company with Sarah Taber and Rachel. It referred principally to the planet Jupiter, and the manner of calculating longitude by the eclipses of its satellites. The lecturer also explained the various systems of Hipparchus, Tycho Brahe and Copernicus respecting the earth and showed wherein the latter was more

satisfactory. Mr T. seemed thoroughly to understand his subject, and spoke with an ease and fluency I have seldom heard equaled. Ran or rather walked a race from the Odion to Union Street performing the journey in about 45 minutes.

Thursday 17th

Was accompanied by Sarah T. in my morning walk, who called at Mr. Reynolds with me. Received a letter from my sister Laura in the evening which was like good news from a far country.

Friday Nov. 18th

Upon awaking this morning, a vague recollection of something a little above the ordinary nocturnal transactions of the neighborhood floated across my brain, which proved to have been a serenade, in consequence of a couple having just set forth on the matrimonial voyage. "Such fairylike" I never did hear. It reminded me of "Eden's Bower", Heaven, and all such delightful retreats.

Saturday Nov. 19th

As I closed my labors this morn,
and felt in taking a retrospective
glance of them, that their aspect was
bright and encouraging, & with
almost a childish feeling of joy &
gladness, that I went about making prepa-
rations for my journey homeward, where
I shall spend the whole of next week
as a holiday. I rode out to Canton
in the cars and reaching the depot at
about 4 o'clock, found Father awaiting
my arrival, and was soon in the
midst of my best friends, of whose society
I enjoy so little, if late.

I would not have exchanged the
quiet enjoyment of this evening, for the
gayest and most joyous party, with which
I have ever mingled. Wherever those
who have hitherto constituted my home
shall assemble, I feel will be mine
also, although it be a spot of which I
have never heard before.

Monday Nov. 20th

Finding myself again at home this
evening with leisure to glance at the
scenes I have left, I feel inclined
to journalizing from two motives. First
the pleasure which the review itself will
produce, and secondly: the pleasure
arising ^{from} the associations which the brief
record may suggest in future time.

Last Sunday, I attended the renowned
Methodist church in Cloughton, where
I have received so many good reli-
gious impressions. Also called at
Mrs Pitcher's.

Monday the only trip taken, was a short
one to Mr. Adams' extensive warehouse,
where, Salt-Fish, Broadblts, Pepper, Yams,
Flouring etc, etc. were sold at reason-
able prices. Tuesday made a call
with Laura in Cloughton, character-
ized by nothing very particular, except
good treatment, and agreeableness (which
latter of course I am not presump-
tuous enough to attribute to myself. Oh, no.
mine hostess I mean.)

Wednesday towards the close of the day,
which had been a very beautiful one
according to previous arrangements.

went with Laena to Staughton, called upon Mrs Standing who escorted us to Mr Hodgkin's factories. Although it was quite dark when we set forth I soon recognised the road we travelled, as that which led us to the memorable baptism, last Spring, and which I then thought so very pleasant and romantic. First calling at the "variety store" where the conversation was chiefly upon "Coon Skins" we proceeded to the factories, where only two operating were at work, in consequence of a social gathering in the neighborhood.

We then called upon a pretty, pleasing lady by the name of Keith, and withal very intelligent; who gave us the rare entertainment of good conversation and agreeable manners.

Upon leaving this lady's Mrs C. stated her intention of calling upon Mrs. Cloune remarking by the way, that Mr. Hodgkin (the owner of the neighborhood) was a charming bachelor of 45 for whom Mrs. C. acted as housekeeper, promising also that he was doubtless absent from home. Being ushered in, the emotion produced by seeing the above named bachelor calmly seated at his supper table is indescribable. "What a glorious chance for some spinster!" I almost said aloud,

Then the noble factories stood before my mind's eye, the thriving store with all its rich and varied contents, the mill pond, the whole village, were again before, and again I thought of the bachelor, and sighed deeply that he should enjoy all these things alone. He was so pretty too! and "so gentlemanly withal!" We stopped about 10 minutes, and oh! in that 10 minutes, I lived many months if not years. Upon emerging from the house, our companion furnished with some very interesting facts, one of which was that the housekeeper, being tired of her widowhood, had resolved all the thoughts which so naturally arose in my own mind, before me, ~~the~~ and offered her services as housekeeper in consequence; in which relation her opportunities of bringing his heart are favorable and frequent; but there had as yet, been no signs of its yielding. Indeed to such a pitch of excitement had her remarks wrought me, that when I had heard of his antipathy to tall ladies, that I resolved at once if any danger could be apprehended from that source to be beheaded without delay, to drown the widow if need be and at all events to hurry home and make arrangements for the nuptials. Upon reaching home, in breathless

haste, I related the adventures of the evening enlarging with all the eloquence which Truth alone could inspire upon this remarkable freak of fortune, which had so suddenly put me in possession of such an abundance of this worldly good, and then retired to dream of machinery, obnoxious widows, wealthy bachelors, and the sublime and phrasing duties of the nation.

Thursday was Thanksgiving, and the only stormy one I ever knew. It rained and snowed alternately throughout the day. But I was at home and what more appropriate place to observe this "time honored festival"? All the associations connected with the institutions are of home and its gatherings; at least to such that I associate, next to a common Father's love, which it is calculated to awaken. The fragment as it were of our household, who were assembled, awakened in my mind several times throughout the day the remembrance of this day "longtime ago", when the chair was unbroken, and all were with us. A change has indeed been wrought in our domestic circle, since I first remember this season, which I always associated with the light hearts and merry noises, it

was sure to bring. "But that time has long passed", and those whose presence was wont to cheer the scene are and I fear must ever remain among the absent. "The sea, the lone blue sea hath one", whose generous heart, and buoyant spirit, I will always remember, and love, though he return no more. Surely I could not forget him today; but most ardently did I wish that he might again be with us; that having not only proved but survived all dangers, with the generous nature of his boyhood, without its errors, he might mingle again in the scenes, from which he must ever be missed.

And to him who, though distant, I know is blessed, did my thoughts also flee. I know he has a happy peaceful home, where loving hearts surround him; but I could not help regretting, that in all probability, his meetings with us must be "like angels visits, few and far between"; that he does not come with the day, as in older time.

But I did not forget in vain my pinings for the absent, the few who were yet present with me. I felt grateful for the privilege, and in social mirth and festivity the hours go by

passed; and when I retired to rest the memories of the day brought many seasons for thankfulness.

Friday afternoon in company with Mary, Laura, Miss Everett and free I visited Mrs Johnson, who is distin-
guished as an aunt to two of my pu-
pils. Called at Mrs Uphams on our
return, and upon reaching home
found that Mary's Sister had arrived
from N. Hampshire.

Saturday made a call with Laura
and Aunt Betsey, and took tea with
Laura at Mrs Uphams.

Yesterday was obliged to take my
leave of home as I must be at my
post in due season this morning,
which I did not without some
regret. Warren carried me as far
as Dedham, where I remained at
Aunt Fairbank's till this morning.
My visit at D. though short was
a pleasant one. I was much sur-
prised with the altered appearance
of cousin Mary, who, I could not but
think would soon "regain her native
skies; Her disease has imparted such
a look of melancholy, even of beauty
to her countenance that it haunts me
still.

As I proceeded directly to school from
the depot where I quitted the cars, was
ready to resume my duties in due season
which added not a little to the plea-
sure I had experienced during vaca-
tion. After a pleasant day in school,
on my return home in the evening
found a letter from Colbridge awaiting
which was refreshing to my spirits as
usual.

Wednesday Dec. 14th.

Attended a lecture this evening
delivered by Rev. Theodore Parker of W.
Roxbury. It was the first of a course
of six lectures, to be adapted to the wants
of the times. Mr. P. stated at the commence-
ment that he had come, at the invitation
of some of our citizens to state humbly
and modestly what he believed to be
some very great truths, and he would
also say that after the manner that
some count heresy, so did he worship
the "God of his fathers". The subject of
this evening's lecture was "Morality and
Conspicuity", and was such a specimen
of elegance as I have rarely heard
equalled. If this be heresy, thought I,
willingly would I embrace it. Not that

poetry words, and well turned periods, middle bad principles, not only acceptable but enchanting; but there was as much truth, and purity in what was said, and so much sincerity and earnestness in the manner of the speaker, that I could not but believe that if ever there was a sincere inquirer after truth, a devout worshiper of the Father, one who not only admires, but practises the "good, the beautiful, and the true", who "does right let what will come of it", this man whom some of his Christian brethren have pronounced an infidel, and denied the hand of fellowship, is one.

The political sins of the country since produced by man's acting upon the law of expediency, rather than upon the law of God written in the heart of man, were attacked with so much fearlessness, yet solemnity, that many of his hearers, must have felt constrained to say "God be merciful to us sinners".

Speaking of the character of our newspapers, he says "we, New Englanders wish to be told that we are the daintiest, preciousst people in the whole world. Write a paragraph of a people!"
If any present were possessed of the

idea, a "change must have come over the spirit of their dream"

Our treatment towards the aborigines of America, and the institution which makes us the "scorn and the byword of the nations" were adverted to with much truth and eloquence.

The character of two clergymen, one who followed, the law of expediency the other, God's sacred law written in the soul, were beautifully drawn. Of the latter he said: "Such a one there was in your city, but he has gone to that home where angels though less needed are more plenty than here," referring to Dr. Channing.

Wednesday Dec. 28th.

A severe storm occurring last Wednesday prevented our attending Mr. Parker's second lecture, the subject of which was "Morality and Religion". This evening's discourse was upon Theology and Religion, which he said were often confounded. The former he defined to be our thought about the latter. Religion was a feeling a sentiment, while Theology meant

only our intellectual thoughts about
that sentiment. The animosity which
Theologians of our sect cherished tow-
ards those of another, he pronounced
the bitterest of all animosities, often
following its victims even to the grave;
while a pure life, rich in good
works, and love towards God, were
considered unworthy of remembrance.
It was not in their religion he said
that they differed, for we had all
the same religion; it was in their
Theology only, and in this it was cer-
tain that no two of us agreed.

The sins of the clergy, were treated
with even more severity than those
of politicians in last week's lecture.

Friday Dec. 30th

"The waters covered the earth" this
morning, to a very inconvenient
depth; which occasioned some shun-
king on my part from my customary
walk; but fortunately I had not
proceeded far before Mr. Leaver hav-
ing espied me, took me in his
sleigh, in which I was soon transferred
to my point of duty; for which act

of kindness I was of course very grateful.
In the evening I attended an
Anatomical lecture, in which several
parts of the human system, with their
uses were explained, and the effect
of their abuses. The necessity of man's
obedience to the Organic Laws, was
enlarged upon with an earnestness
which reminded of the days when
Combe was the hero of all discourse.
Also received a letter
from Edbridge this evening.

Saturday Dec 31st 1842

As 'tis the last opportunity I
shall have to write '42, I could
not refrain from including it in the
date despite my usual practise.
Now the fact that today closes the
year, which in my own history has
not been altogether an uneventful
one, very naturally disposes one to a
contemplative, moralising mood.
But never did I feel less prone to
reflections than today. On the contrary
the childish propensity to laugh
and be merry with the present, has
complete hold of me. I indeed did

I train my thoughts, to a brief retrospect of the past as the season seems to require, certain am I, that in my present frame of mind, the flowers only, of my path would be culled, while the thorns, would remain unnoticed and forgot. I should glance only at the rainbow tints of the past year's varied aspects; consigning to oblivion all that was not bright and cheering. And as such a review would I fear prove very unprofitable I abandon the task altogether. But to account for my peculiar state of mind today, I would just mention, that Mr. Leaver made me a short visit on Thursday, when he gave me next Monday as a holiday in consequence of which permission I start for home this afternoon, with a mind disencumbered by present cares, and buoyant with hope and expectation. As my visit will be wholly unexpected

I deal on a very "agreeable surprise"
Before starting received a long letter from my friend Lydia Ann, who is at present stationed in Fall River

Tuesday Jan. 5th 1843

As my last entry testified that I was about making preparations for a short excursion, so will this testify that I have today returned from it; having realized and more than realized all my anticipations. During my visit, I have indulged in a flow of spirits, which some might deem very unbecoming my age and profession; but as I felt happier for such indulgence and Conscience did not reproach me, do not in the least regret it.

As I expected my arrival drew forth many expressions of surprise, and gave rise to various surmises, while I abstained from furnishing any satisfactory cause for the sudden appearance, for some moments.

Never have I left home with more regret than today; but Duty summoned me, and if her call be neglected I can never experience that lightness of heart, which obedience will surely bring. — And now that I have just passed the threshold of a New Year, Heaven grant, that her faintest

calls may be sacred with me; that the "outward action and the inward thought", may be such as to furnish at its close, a happy retrospect.

Wednesday June 14th

Have kept school all day, in consequence of having borrowed a half day yesterday.

Attended Mr Parker's 14th lecture this evening, which was upon the "application of common sense to Theology." And in this lecture what are termed his heretical views were boldly and very beautifully expressed.

He complains that Theology is not investigated as other sciences, by the exercise of that reason which God has given man. Described Theology as it would be if studied aright, making it the holiest and sublimest study which man could investigate. He then went on to speak of the assumptions which our popular Theology made, without any authority. One of which assumptions was, that the Bible was every part true. He said if he could find one who reverenced

the great truths of the Bible more than he did, he would go far to sit down at his feet and learn of him. The deepest words that man ever spoke were registered there; the holiest aspirations that were ever breathed.

He speaking of Jesus, he says, I will say nothing of that gentleness; that heroic boldness too which called sin, sin though surrounded with all the pomp of the world. But the impression which his eloquence made upon my mind when referring to great and precious truths of the Bible, I cannot transfer to paper. But whatever is at variance with reason, should be not sooner accepted because found here, than in any other book, he thinks. And Jesus, he regards as but a perfect man. Why are we to regard him as an example, he asks, if endowed with a nature totally different from us. But if his nature and attributes are like ours then may we indeed aim towards that perfection, which he exhibited.

Mr P's reasoning seemed so convincing, his love of truth and reverence for everything holy so deep, that I was tempted to assent to all he said.

I could not but feel gratified to find that so profound a searcher after truth, deems reasonable the doubts which manure the pious teachings of my youth would arise. And yet I do not feel satisfied. I am constrained to ask to what will these doubts lead, when once admitted and where will they terminate. If the divine nature of Jesus, the miracle which he wrought be denied, why not doubt the existence of the perfect man? On the other hand, the answer so often given, to... questions concerning contradictory passages of the Bible; passages contradictory both to reason and experience, that we must not doubt, on account of the source from which they come, I cannot tolerate. But I trust that more light will be revealed, before the subject shall be closed. —

Wednesday Jan 11th

The walking was so very bad last evening that I did not return home, but passed the night at Mrs. Day's, whose hospitality I have be-

fore enjoyed

This evening attended Mr. Parker's 5th lecture, which was upon Religion as developed in the soul of man, and contained nothing which could alarm the most fastidious. The religion of fear, that of hope, and the religion of love he described, portraying an individual who was influenced by each.

And how beautiful and attractive did he make the life of the truly religious man! Making religion to invest the humblest lot with charms towards which all the pomp and magnificence of the world can contribute nothing. While listening to his earnest and eloquent words, how utterly vain and worthless, seemed the pursuits and pleasures, in which too many of us are apt to be engrossed; how vain everything but what is pure and noble in character.

Seldom have I had my better nature more effectually aroused, than by Mr. Parker; seldom felt more powerfully the "beauty of holiness". Surely one who can thus portray a life of goodness, the character of that great source from whence all goodness flows

must be worthy of as much homage
so man should render his fellow man.

Would that the return of my daily
toils and pastimes, the return of
my daily temptations, would ^{not} make me
forget the impressions I have received
from this evening's lecture; impressions
which if cherished must make me
better and happier; worthier of the
glorious gifts, which God has vouchsafed
to the meanest of his children.

Saturday Jan 14th 1842

A very rare phenomena was observ-
ed this morning by the dwellers on
this mundane Sphere, which was the
appearance of the sun, which has not
been visible for a week before.

Witnessed a little incident this
morning, which impressed me very
forcibly, with the idea, of what great
pleasure may be conferred by a trivial
act of kindness. The sunshine which
such an act spread over the heart
and face of a little child, was
enough to warm and cheer all within
in its presence, and excite a feeling

of gratitude towards the author

Sunday Jan 15. 1842

Have attended Mr Putnam's meeting
all day. In the morning his text was
"Be ye angry and sin not. Let not the
sun go down upon your wrath"

The necessity of consecrating a portion
of every day, to a faithful review of our
daily life, was strongly and beautifully
enforced. Hallowing the last still hour
as a holy sabbath, when to retire within
the soul's secret chambers, and hold com-
munion with it and the Father.

His afternoon discourse was concern-
ing the body, that temple wherein the
spirit dwelleth, and the necessity of
caring for it and observing the laws
by which it is governed.

Tuesday Jan 16th

Having brought my daily lab-
ors to a successful close, called
at Sarah's school house, where with
the proprietors and "Cousin Sarah"

topics of vast import were discussed with much gravity and more accordance. — After leaving this literary retreat, Met Miss Pomeroy, who reversed her position, and accompanied me into the street making my walk a very agreeable one.

Wednesday Jan 18.

"Walked abroad" this afternoon, as much to drink in the sweet influence of the weather, as anything, calling at Mr Reynolds, Miss Kellip, and Mrs Thompson. In the evening attended Mr Parker's last lecture, which was upon the application of Religion to life, in which the folly, the cant, and the selfishness of our times, was most severely censured. The beauty of goodness, of a divine life, were portrayed with even more eloquence than in his preceding lectures. In taking leave of the audience he said; he knew not what had brought so many together, and kept them so long. Some, he supposed knowing that an attack would be made on the popular

theory, had come, hoping that Religion would go down too. If there were any such before him, he could only say that he hoped, "fools who came to scoff would remain to pray. If he had stered the fount of religious feeling in any of their hearts, he had within a rich reward which would last till this frail tenement of clay should be laid in the dust. It might seem arrogant he said, for a young man inexperienced and still more ignorant to attack the wisdom of ages; but he had only said what he couldn't help saying, what his heart was overflowing to say. He then took an affectionate and affecting farewell of his audience recommending to them a pure and divine life in words such as flow more freely from him than any man I have ever heard, strengthening the impression he had already made on my mind, that of all the great men whose eloquence has ever charmed me, whose goodness has ever awakened my warmest admiration, and made me feel that I should love to arise and follow" Mr Parker stands most prominent — That Marcus Norton assumes the title

of the course of this Commonwealth, to-day
must not go unrecorded.

Friday Jan. 20.

Called at School house No. 3. again
this evening, meeting the same compa-
ny as on Tuesday; when we looked into
the future with a very prophetic
eye; and from the query made by one
of the party "when will we return our
books?" were led to a discussion
quite as foreign to the original question
as why old maids had peaked no-
ses, was to the expediency of admit-
ting gentlemen to the Normal School.
Made an agreement to visit Boston
to-morrow, wind and weather permit-
ting. Also called at Mrs. Vila's
on my return home.

Saturday 21.

Called at Mrs. Taber's this after-
noon, where I met Sarah, with
whom I started with the intention
of going into the city, but receiving
a note on the way informing her
that Mary Stodder would come out
this afternoon, after walking as far

as the S. Boston bridge retraced, our steps
and after calling upon C. Brooks, I
accompanied Sarah home. Soon after
we reached Mr. Wyman's, Mary arrived
in company with Mr. Ueann, which
gentleman I suspect has some serious
designs upon Sarah's heart, that is if
it be not already given to Mary, which
young lady is such a complete riddle
that I cannot understand her.

After passing a very agreeable after-
noon there, Mr. Wyman carried me
home; and after a short siege of
homesickness, retired in no very envi-
able mood of mind, wanting sadly
to go home, which was undoubtedly
very foolish, being unattainable.

Sunday 22.

A lovely morning, so mild and
beautiful, that I felt if I could
"hike me away to some woodland
scene", I could better "reassure my
feeble virtue", than in the temples
made with hands; but as this was
not practicable, in accordance with
my usual custom went to church,
where I lent an attentive ear to

the preacher, who was Mr. Gethrop of Boston, concerning whom, I obtained some facts before the services commenced which did not much prejudice me in his favor. He, however, delivered two very good sermons; one, concerning the worship of other than the true God, and the other of God's providence, as discernible everywhere and in everything.