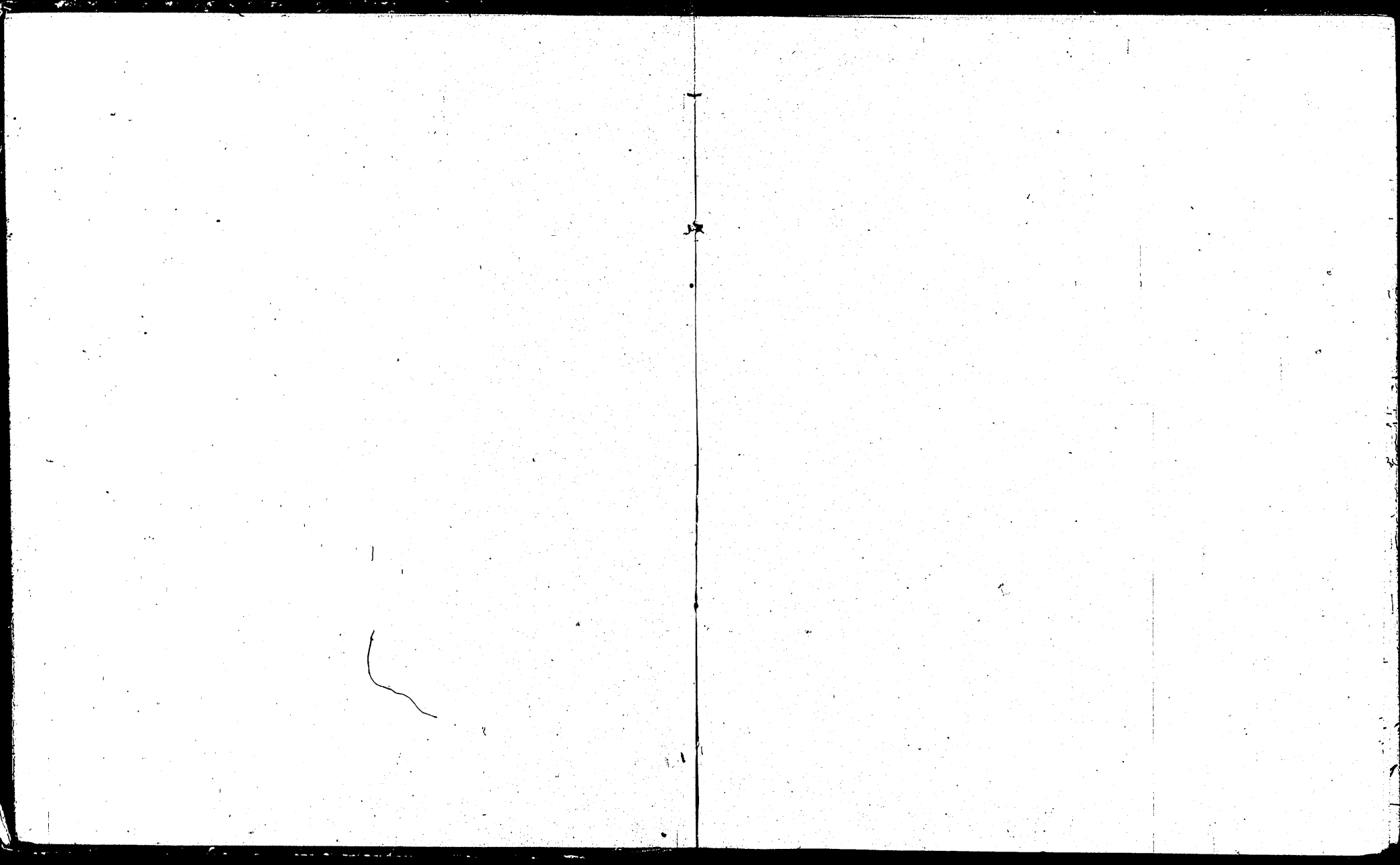


15,000 on the island Lobau with Napoleon - whence they
issued for the battle of Wagram - of which the
brave MacDonald is the hero. 15,000 of his 16,000 men
are ~~slain~~. His charge saved the empire, his
desperate march over the Splügen accomplished in
two weeks.

Lannes crossed the
Lodi in advance of Desaix - gained the victory
of Montebello - where, he said, "he could lead
the boxes in his division crash like hailstone
against windmill"; he fought bravely at Marengo
before a defeat - the battle was renewed
and a victory won - through the desperate charge
of Desaix - who rushed on - without awaiting
orders - and fell in this battle. Hadley says
that Desaix acted thus at Marengo - despite the
fact that he had been shown Lannes's superior orders
as commander in chief of Lannes's troops - the bravest
and most successful European - sustaining a siege of two
months in the face of famine, pestilence and the
sword. Lannes fell at Aspern - but was not
of Marengo and a duke of Montebello?

Messina at the surrender of Genoa to Aust
showed the utmost firmness in face of suffering
and the prospect of despair - expecting Napoleon
would cross St Bernard - finally agreed to
capitulate - though refusing all conditions
by the enemy. His desperate passage of the
bridge at Ebersdorf - across the main, and
westerly retreat from Portugal.

Louisa E. Harris.



Bangor Aug. 8th 1852.

My last journal closes during my visit here. My last entry in it relates to the dear boy who has within a few weeks left his earthly home for the spirit-land.

There have been some things said pertaining to him that I wish to preserve, and will record them here. The following extract of a letter from a young friend of C.'s family to his brother, pleased me very much, written as it is in a tone and spirit not common among young men of eighteen years of age.

"I had heard that John was drowned before I received your letter, but had not heard any of the particulars. You said nothing of your own feelings, and you need not, for I know you loved John, and I believe that when you think of him, your thoughts are turned towards Heaven. We are taught that the Wisdom and Love of the Lord are infinite, that Heaven

is the reality, of which the beautiful things of earth are but an outbirth and faint image, and that all live there who were good, and true while here. The virtues which make us love John, make him and everything about him lovely there. He has an eternity of happiness and usefulness before him, without any of the trials and perils of time. He is surrounded with angel teachers and angel friends. Nor is he separated from those he loved on earth. His spiritual affections for them will never be dimmed, and if they live right, they will see him there, grown to the full stature of an angel man; and although they may perform different uses, and live in different societies, still when their hearts yearn for it, they will meet in sweet angelic intercourse, uninterrupted by space or time. How true it is, Brother, that "the soul should be passed on its immortality" — Tell Mother, I

thank her for her kind messages of love. All the happiness I look back upon — all the usefulness I look forward to, are the offspring of my parents' love, and I am not less conscious of it when far away from them. The following is from a letter of Rev. Mr. Dike of Bath.

You have been called, my dear friends, in the Providence of the Lord to pass through a sad and painful event, sad and painful to your natural feelings. He was a child that you must have dearly loved. I was a good deal struck by his state and appearance when I was in B. last; I can now see his face as distinctly, as I could see him with my bodily eye. He appeared to me like a very promising boy; and still, more like one preparing to live in heaven, than upon earth. There was to me, as I now call him up to mind something exceedingly sweet and pleasant about his countenance, and indeed about

his whole state and appearance. Without doubt, during all the time he has been permitted to live with you, he has been preparing to live in Heaven with the angels. Do not think of him as dead: do not let your minds dwell upon the circumstances of his departure, or upon the painful natural feelings which were then called forth in your minds: but think of him as now living; think of him in his life; think of the blessings that were bestowed upon you in having such a child; in having him live with you so long, and being a medium of so many pleasant and comforting states to you; think of him as he was in his life, and of the many good things he said and did; and think of him as he is now in a brighter and happier world; think of him as the same lovely child, or even more amiable and affectionate than when with you, and as having greater capacities to enjoy life in every form than before he left this world. Think of him as going

to school in the spirit-world, having an angel for his instructor, having playmates and companions whom he will love as brothers and sisters. Think of him, as but a little way from, as still loving you as much as ever and ready to comfort & do you good in every way he can. The world to which he has gone is separated from you only by a very thin veil; it is not distant from you in space, but may be near to you in spirit, and will be near you & your child well be near you in proportion to your own nearness to heaven and a heavenly state of mind. You can continue to love your child as well as you ever did, only your love for him if it be enduring, must be more spiritual. It must be a love of his spiritual well-being and happiness. It must be such a love for him, as shall be willing to have him living in the spiritual world instead of in the material world with you, because the Lord sees that it is best for him to live there.

He has only been called away from you because yours & his highest good required this. You must try to feel resigned to the will of the Lord; try to feel willing that every event should take place as he orders it; and he will do nothing but what is for your good. I hope and pray that this event may do you good; that it may lead you to think more about the world in which we are all so soon to live forever; that it may lead you to be more diligent henceforth in preparing to live happily and usefully in that world. The more you think of heaven—the more you love heaven and the heavenly state, the more will your child be with you in spirit, and the less you will feel and think that you are separated from him. The Lord is constantly endeavoring to call our minds away from earthly towards heavenly things. Sometimes he does this by one event of his Providence, and sometimes by another. In every ^{event} he endeavors to bring us nearer to him; to bring us

more fully into his Kingdom; and if we rightly improve these dispensations of his Providence, we shall cooperate with him in trying to do those things that will best prepare us for living in his Kingdom."

The following tribute is from the Editor of the Bangor Courier. We mentioned yesterday very briefly, the sudden death by drowning of John T. Morris, only child of Elbridge Morris Esq. He was bathing, and accidentally stepped from a rock into deep water and was drowned. We have had a very intimate acquaintance with him for several years. He had been the quiet companion, and much loved playmate for years of a much loved son of ours, who has gone to the better world. We had transferred to him a portion of our affection for Charley, and have found him more than worthy of it. He possessed singular earnestness and directness of mind, and was sure to master whatever matter he took in hand, either to study or to perform. He was eminently

governed by principle, for which he had a sacred reverence. He was truthful and obedient, and all his thoughts and all his conduct were governed by a quiet, unassuming modesty, amiability, and unaffected simplicity, which threw around him a congenial and loveliest sphere, affecting and influencing his associates and friends like a charm.

In the day schools, he was the delight of his teachers - steady in purpose - constant in attendance - reliable in truthfulness - electrical in promptness, and arriving at conclusions with the strength of maturity; they reposed the utmost confidence in him - and his fellows and companions were proud of him. It was in the Sabbath School especially that he gave the greatest delight, and where he was beloved of all, and exerted a most happy and elevating influence. His presence indeed seemed to be needed. A thousand hopes clustered round him, and earnest work for which he was rapidly preparing, seemed to be opening before

him in the intellectual and moral world. In the outward sense it is hard to have all these hopes crushed, and to have one so much needed utterly removed. We can only rely upon that Christian faith which teaches that God rules in Heaven and in Earth, and that when he has higher uses for the spirits of men in another world, it is well for them to be called to perform those uses. It is indeed blessed to be prepared for the transfer from the nursery of earth, to the garden of God, in the bright and beautiful spirit world. An address was made to the Sabbath School of which John was a member, on Sabbath day, in place of the usual exercises; and the following lines chanted by the school: -

O, thou who art above all height,
Our God, our father and our friend -
Beneath thy throne of love and light
Let thine adoring children bend.
And when we sink in death by care,
Or pain, or grief or joys oppress'd -

O, then remember that our prayer
Should take our spirits to thy rest.

The following notice written by the teacher of
John was handed us for publication yester-
day, but which was too late to appear, and
we now insert as an appropriate close
to these remarks:—

"Drowned near Drummond's
Mill, on Saturday last, John J. Hoard—aged
15 yrs. By this painful event, his parents have
been bereft of an only child, on whom was
centered all of affection that parents can
feel for an only child, and one too, worthy
of their fondest love; the High School had
been deprived of one of its brightest and
most cherished ornaments; and his youth-
ful companions have lost from their number
one who was a model of gentleness, ami-
ability, and morality. Most deeply do
we sympathize with the heart-stricken
parents at this severing of the strongest
natural tie that bound them to earth;

and may they derive consolation from their
belief, that though their beloved son is removed
from their natural sight, he still continued
to exist in a higher and more perfect
state; soon to become an angel and the com-
panion of angels." Another date of
the same paper says: "He was the nearest
Heaven while on earth of any boy I
ever knew." As Mary M. says in a
letter to Ellbridge and Jane— "Let us re-
joice that the image stamped upon our
hearts is so exceedingly fair. He has done
us all good by his brief natural life,
and we know his mission to the
earth-bound is not ended."

The following is one of the hymns sung at
the funeral:—

Come to the place of passages,
Thou youthful voyager down life's rapid stream,
Come with the giddy crowd that presses there,
Thou passest like a dream.

Come in the Spring of life;
While the warm current of thy heart runs free,

Ere yet thou minglest in the changing strife
Bend to the Lord thy knee.

Come in the morning light,
While the last cooets in the azure sky,
Adore him who hath kept thee through the night,
O, lift thy thoughts on high.

Come at the close of day;
When the last sunbeam lingers in the west,
While softly dies the city's hum away,
Seek for thy soul a rest.

So when thy journey's done,
And thou with angels dost renew thy legs,
Thou shalt look back upon thy race well run,
And prayer exchange for praise."

"To think rightly is of knowledge; to speak fluently is of ^{nature;}
To read with profit is of care; best to write aptly is of practice.

Therefore to husband thine ideas, and give them ^[substance] stability and ^[care].
Write often for thy secret eye; so shalt thou grow wiser.
The commonest mind is full of thoughts, some worthy of the ^[care]
And could it see them fairly writ would wonder at its wealth.

Thou hast not lost an hour, whereby there is a record;
No written thought at midnight shall redeem the living ^[day]
Idea is a shadow that departs, speech is fleeting as the wind,
Reading is an unremembered purchase, but a writing is eternal.

Acquaint thee with thyself, O man! so shalt thou be humble;
The hard, hot desert of thy heart shall blossom with the lily & the rose;
The frozen cliffs of pride shall melt like an iceberg in the tropics;
The bitter fountains of self-seeking, be sweeter than the waters of
the Nile"

Carlton Place

"The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight."

This a glorious Summer evening, and I am
far away from the bustling world where I mostly
sojourn in one of Nature's quietest nooks.
The sun has just sunk below the trees
that bound my horizon, a clear and placid
sheet of water lies outspread before me,
a grassy lane is the only highway I can
see, and the ceaseless hum of the crickets
is the only sound I can hear. In the
work-day world, I sigh sometimes (near
andibly) for a scene so removed from the
dust and noise of the town, and weave
regretful fancies of the fuller, richer
life I would live there. It would seem, I
should never live through the heat and

hurry of the day, finding not the "green pastures
and the still waters", whence come strength and
refreshment. But when I reflect coolly and
soberly, I am inclined to think we place too
much stress upon scenes and circumstances,
make them too responsible for our shortcomings.
It is so much easier for an undisciplined
mind, to say, when tempted to spend too pro-
fusely the moments in listening to the voices
which call us from ourselves; "I am placed
where I cannot tend and nurture those qual-
ities demanding silence and solitude; there
is such a constant whirl about me, I
must needs catch the motion, and lose
my power to look calmly and steadily
within me" than to say; "I will retire
into the soul's inner chambers; the sights
and sounds, which it is right and pleas-
ant to observe sometimes shall not
so absorb and enslave me, that I can
command no season for the service of the
inner sanctuary; that instead of vanquishing
the tempter and gaining strength thereby, we

weakly yield and follow. Few, perhaps none can choose the circumstances in which they shall unfold their powers or do the work given them to do. 'Tis one of the higher motives which prompt men to toil and traffic, that they may find those which shall most favor them; but how often is it proved that men cannot buy even with wealth a lot that shall be free from disturbing causes they seek to evade. Had those "grand old masters", who have entranced, while they have taught and raised us, touched the Lyre only when they rested peacefully in fair and beautiful homes, around which Nature wreathed her glories with unsparring hand, where should we find the sublime anthems they have sung? Had the Sages and philosophers who have read man and nature with prophetic eye, waited for Eden bowers into which they would withdraw in the happy consciousness that the world and its grosser cares were naught to them, where should we seek the lore

that has come down to us through the ages? Suppose Helenus had never reversed her power, when "life's iron fetter was on", instead of her "wreaths", had never told her errand to the world, until the world grew so anxious to hear it, that it enthroned her on a pinnacle so far above the jarring sounds of life, they could not mar her melodies, placing at her disposal every outward appliance she could need while dwelling on the "Timeless shores of time", when and where would she have found utterance?

No; circumstances have seldom favored those who have wrought high deeds, or have spoken the words that have inspired others to do them. It is by putting it beyond their power to affect them, that they have nurtured the strength needed in the high performance. 'Tis only the weak and timid, who seek apology in outward position, for being of smaller stature than they might and should be. True, there is a state of refined leisure,

a freedom from cares that weary, and labors that oppress, that is pleasant to contemplate, and natural to desire. It would seem so easy to abandon one's self to the cultivation of qualities of heart and mind that we are forced to forget or neglect, in the pressure of outward duties that tax our time and weary and exhaust our faculties. None but would gladly welcome such a state. But when convinced that it belongs not to us, is perhaps unattainable by us, how noble is it to strive with energy almost divine, if need be, to reap, without these fostering helps, wisely perhaps withheld, a harvest as rich as they could ever furnish us!

If one could only soar above the region of fatigue, while dwelling in the work-day world, could triumph over all weakness of the flesh or the spirit, do something daily and hourly that should bespeak a soul conscious of a high, immortal destiny, resolved to soar into regions of purer light and more perfect peace - how blessed and glorious would

the life be! I want my journal to testify to such a triumph - but fear it will not. I am very nonsensical and frivolous in my intercourse with those about me during my leisure moments; and if I can redeem any portion of the day to sit down soberly here, I shall feel that I have done something.

Monday Aug 23rd

My holiday season is ended, and I have been in school. It has not been the gay, glad season it was wont to be, for I have passed most of it in a bereaved and stricken home. But I have much for which to render thanks, and will not frown or murmur that I must "voyage on with Carl" again today. Everything was pleasant and satisfactory at school, and it was pleasant to meet again those with whom I am associated in my labors there. I met Ellen here Saturday, as well as the rest of the family, and I have only to conceive

that destiny has parted us, and my return does not bring us together, to realize that some very bright spots in the path of my life must not be forgotten. The home where we sojourn is pleasant too, and there is nothing to excite a morbid, regretful spirit, and I feel no tendency towards it.

I read an article in my Home Journal this evening from the pen of Mr. Downing who was among those lost in the recent burning of the "Henry Clay" - on the subject of "Shade trees." In it the *Ailanthus* tree is denounced for its bad, unhealthy odor, and the passion for foreign, to the exclusion of our native forest trees commenced upon with some severity. The above named tree, which it seems is a native of China, and the Poplar or Abele, it seems have been the rage in N. York and other cities for the last few years, and they have devoured the soil by their suckers and infested the air to a most disagreeable and injurious

extent. The graceful foliage, and rapid growth of the *Ailanthus* has recommended it, though the writer thinks this rapid growth is only in the first start, and that the Maple would be as fine a tree at the end of 20 or even 10 yrs, if the soil be good. To see the glory and beauty of the maples, he recommends Stockbridge, as furnishing the finest show of Sugar Maples while Burlington N. J. offers the best exhibition of Silver leaf Maples. The *Liriodendron* or Tulip Tree is eulogized as offering every requisite as a shade tree for streets. There are some on the celebrated Fisher estate near Philadelphia over 100 feet high and from 3 to 6 feet in diameter. In Germany they have been planted for the avenues in the Royal Parks. Mr. D.'s patriotism seems to be roused on the subject, and he asks what we should think if the Italians were to overlook their own Orange, and Citron and Pomegranate trees, and import the poisonous *Jumae* of our swamps. It seems there are over 40 species of Oak in America -

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while there are only two in England and five in France.

Sept 5th. 1852

I have found no time when my eyes were not weary to devote to my journal. I have done some reading since my last record, and will chronicle what I remember of Mr. Ware's *European Capitals*. As a remedy for the loose and vague impressions I find myself retaining, of objects familiar in name, and of which I have read so many times that I am quite astonished that I do not know more exactly what and where they are - I am going to sketch briefly here what I have found in the above-named book concerning some of those of which travellers in Italy have so much to say. There are some valuable

remarks and criticisms that too pleasant to recall to, when we speak or hear again of the subjects of them again. I want more distinct and well-defined ideas of things, and think this method of writing out what would so easily escape my memory, may help me to secure them.

In his approach to Rome, he speaks of the Campagna, that vast plain extending an equal distance from the walls of the city to the Mediterranean on the South, to the roots of the Appenines on the other sides. This was once a fertile and cultivated region supplying the great city with food - and furnishing a habitation for vast numbers; but the exhalations have become pestilential from the dampness and corruption of neglected vegetation - and among the ruins of the abandoned villa, castle, and farm, lurk the robber and assassin, and the passage is to this day unsafe. In order to make one's first impressions of Rome what

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they would prefer - he recommends an entrance at Jerusalem gate, from which you soon reach the Colosseum - which he pronounces the grandest, most eloquent and instructive monument the past has bequeathed the present - censures the spirit that suffered it to decay because of the bloody deeds of which it was the arena - and expresses gratitude to Benedict XIV. who erected on its centre the Christian Cross - and instituted Christian service there. The Pantheon was built by Agrippa and presented to Augustus 2000 yrs ago.

Of St. Peter's - he acknowledges the grand, almost overwhelming effect; - but its characteristics are, Eastliness, richness, brilliancy, profusion of glittering ornament - but the idea of a Christian Church refused entrance, there was too little to suggest thoughts of religion. Popery and St. Peter's are in alliance like parts of one stupendous fiction, but neither bears any relation to

the cradle at Bethlehem, or the character of Him who was laid there. He criticises the Porosco as one of the childish conceptions of Bernini - there being a dignity and grandeur in parallel lines, lost in winding twisted, circular forms. The Baldachino, is a vast tent of bronze covering St. Peter's tomb. In this connection - the Gothic style - as being a more fit expression of religious feeling is discussed. In the Vatican - he says the restoration of statues by modern artists make it more a display of art - than what it professes to be - a representation of the works of the Ancients. As a case in point, he mentions the two horse Roman chariot - now beautiful and complete - the nucleus being the back of the horse and a seat of the chariot. Here is the world renowned Apollo Belvedere - discovered in the 16th Century at Antium at the mouth of the Tiber.

but awakened no sentiment beyond admiration of animal beauty. Of the "Lacoon" placed here by Leo X, he says the tragedy is too real, too wholesome for enjoyment. Here is the "Transfiguration of Raphael" the finest picture in the world - and the "Communion of St Jerome", the second - pictures which if sold - kings only could be buyers. "The Incredulity of St Thomas" by Guercino - is a picture of most touching interest - the states of mind of both Jesus and St Thomas - so wonderfully and truthfully expressed. "The Prodigal Son" by the same artist has no less power and moral beauty - and is overwhelming in its pathos. For power of expression this artist is thought not inferior to Raphael. and but for his too dark tone of color would equal him. A head of Christ by him is pronounced a miracle of art more grand than any by Guido or Raphael or Angelo. In the Transfiguration there is a cold, heavy look in the celestial part of the pic.

ture, a fault observable in Guido's Aurora - where the "Hours" look as if attending the funeral of the Sun, instead of rejoicing in his morning resurrection.

Like Shakespeare, Raphael could present every phase with equal truth and ease. He was everything, and therefore could do everything. Speaking of the Sistine Chapel - whose ceiling is the work of Angelo - he says we should be tempted to deny the possibility of executing such a work in two short years - or else Divine Creatures stood by his side - inspired his mind, and guided his pencil. And yet it was the same mind that raised the Dome of St. Peter's - and struck out of marble the marvellous statues of Night & Day - Morning & Evening. There is more genius involved in some of these figures than in the building of St. Peter's. - Capitol Hill the highest of the hills of Rome, is adorned with the finest Equestrian Statue in the world that of Marcus Aurelius. The

cottage of Romulus was here - also the golden house of Nero - which Vespasian declared too sumptuous a residence for any mortal. On the remains of the Caesar's palace stands the brick villa of an Englishman - and its stony hues and flaunting foppiness offend the eye from all quarters. The Aventine is covered with two Convents. On the Quirinal stands a palace of the present Pope. In Florence - the Riccardi Palace is a most impressive building; it preaches like a sermon; it harangues like an oration; it inspires like a poem - and yet it presents only two sheer unbroken fronts on the corner of two streets - but so grand are its proportions it far surpasses all other structures there for true sublimity. Of the famous Cathedral Duomo - he thinks much is lost in the exterior owing to its pink colored material giving it the appearance of an uncommonly large toy. Its dome

served as a model for Michael Angelo - who used to say despairingly - "like thee I will not build and better - I cannot!" But he built - both like it - and better. The Campanile or Bell tower - four stories and 258 ft high - profusely enriched with sculpture - and the bronze gates doors of the Baptistery - are among the wonders of Florence. In the Imperial Gallery at St. in the apartment called the Tribune - is the famed Venus De Medici - ascribed to Cleomenes - found among the ruins of Hadrian's Villa in the 15th Century - broken into 13 or 14 pieces. The language of the countenance is smirking and shows the disposition of the hands to be one of affectation. To the eye delighting in mere form the most beautiful statue in the world. The two Venuses of Titian are also here. In this connection it is remarked how much easier 'tis to express the stormy and tempestuous

then to arrest the vanishing hues and
lines - where beauty - the highest beauty
dwells. Of Raffelle's Madonnas, it is
said, his mind did not rise the lofty
height of imagining the countenance
which became that lofty the mother
of that wonderful being who was to
become the Savior of the world. In the
Holy Family of Angelo - the head of
his Madonna is the most incomparably
noble female head - for that subject
he ever saw in art - the only one worthy
of the theme. There is a collection here
of the portraits of artists of all ages,
countries and schools - and the first
sketches of the great masters of Italy.
In the collection of the Grand Duke
is Canova's Venus - in which the
slight curve of the head - in the Venus
de Medici - which is a great beauty -
is carried too far - and the effect lost -
at least so says Powers the American
Sculptor.

Sept. 12. 1852

I have not found my way to my journal
during the past week - and I am constrain-
ed to confess that my interest in it is
very feeble, if not completely dead.
Instead of finding my thoughts bound hither-
ward for preservation at the close of
my daily tasks, it seems more refresh-
ing to treat myself to those choicer
ones that others have preserved.

School exhausts me, too; mosquitoes pro-
test against a lighted chamber, - and
"solitude is not". But to whom am
I apologizing - and why? No one, that
I am aware of, has prescribed for me a
course of journalizing, or will demand of
me a reckoning, if I neglect it. Neither
has it ever occurred to me, that my own
thoughts, arranged and chronicled - would
be found telling either with profit or

entertainment: I never penned them because I thought thus. There are fountains of wit and wisdom ever accessible - gems from the richest mines of intellectual wealth over which I may pore if I will - and be glad and grateful for the privilege - and why should my weaker puerilities be recorded - to the exhaustion of my time, and may be perversion of my taste? My answer is this. Because in a calm hour, in what I believe to have been a healthful mood - I felt that it was good and right to search my soul's chambers - and bring forth some evidence that all was not dead or slumbering there; because I felt that my review of the day would be more satisfactory, and my repose at night more truly peaceful, if I pause, even briefly and exercised a faculty that I have recognized as an efficient agent in developing ones

mental powers; and it savors of weakness and unsteadiness of purpose after such a recognition - to allow untoward circumstances to divert me from it.

Is not the secret of all success - of all that we call greatness - the possession of a will, that pursuing steadily what it has recognized as the true path - tramples under foot every temptation to swerve a hair's breadth therefrom? Listening to no "siren voices", sing they never so sweetly of the brighter glories of a more flowery way? Few, comparatively, err, because they do not see the way; but because because efforts that require the awakening of powers that incline to slumber - are not made when it is suggested to the soul's ear they should be. - How am I constantly tempted to make the day but a bustling, busy hour, succeeded by an empty, nonsensical, one. It requires to be sure, a strong effort

after my days employment, to find
the spirit - and perhaps a still stronger
one to find the opportunity in this
house where I can scarcely find myself
alone or still, to write anything. But
did I refuse to yield, and wage success-
ful warfare against contending circum-
stances - how much stronger I should be!
I think sometimes, I will be weak no
longer; I will fulfil the better destiny -
of which I dream in moments that
I pray may never quite forsake
me. How many idle words I
speak; - how many vain thoughts I
think! How many foolish pictures
I paint and ponder - when the same
canvass would not refuse to show
me blessed, soothing, and uplifting ima-
ges, did I more faithfully fulfil the
conditions for the higher work.

Tuesday Sept. 14.

It has been one of those blessed Autumn
days that make one feel healthful and
strong - and capable at least of happi-
ness - if not exactly happy. School
never seems to me the most enticing
place on such a day - and I go in the
spirit somewhat "akin to the school-
boy, creeping unwillingly" - And then
if the boys happen to be stupid and ob-
tuse, and tax my powers and patience
till a late hour, when I issue from
the building where I have passed the
day, how the glad hues of the morning
have faded out, and the spirits that
revelled and rejoiced within me, become
hushed. In the morning, at least on
a morning like this - as Sam Slick
would express it, "I feel good all
over" and my soul seems welling
up fresh and ardent, to meet
the goodly sunshine, and mingle

with the healthful breezes. At night -
an earthquake would scarcely thrill
me - and I feel that I have not realized
the visions of the golden morning hour.
And so I am weaving my web of life.
What shall the figures be, when it
is woven?

Sept 15th.

I was going out of town this after-
noon, but rain prevented; so I have
staid at home, and heard Ellen & Annie
read from the "Days of Bruce" a story
of Bruce Aquilino's, of a thrilling period
of Scotch history. Though there are many
commonplace pictures of overstrained
and sentimental scenes, it is the whole
an interesting, well-written, & very cap-
tivating book. One essential benefit
it has been to me; suggested a culpable
ignorance of Scotch History - which
I feel moved to remedy. The

name of Bruce has always raised in
my mind the idea of a patriot king
of Scotland, divine-hearted and noble, who
has become one of the heroes of history; - and
further than this my ideas have been very
undefined. 'Tis well to acquaint ourselves
with the great souls, who have "dared im-
mortal deeds" in the world's drama -
those powerful spirits before which
multitudes of noble and true-hearted men
have bowed as worthy to lead and direct
them at momentous seasons.

Monday Sept. 20.

I spent the Sabbath at Dedham - and
enjoyed a very pleasant visit; - but af-
ter all I do not feel so much at ease
to pass the only season of rest allot-
ted me in the spirit and excitement of
visiting, as I used once to do. My
ride I was delightful this morning;

but as usual under the circumstances,
I was sleepy and obtuse through the day -
I want to remember that it was
in the reign of Edward I that the brave
Wallace was executed, betrayed by Mon-
teith in 1305. After the battle of Falkirk
in which the Scottish army were broken -
Edward marched victorious through Scot-
land, abrogating all the laws and customs
of the country, and substituting in their
stead those of England. His barbarous poli-
cy enraged the Scots to greater efforts - and
under Bruce who presented himself as their
leader renewed the struggle. Bruce had
whipped Wallace, from the opposite banks
of the Carron to abandon so fruitless
and ruinous and enterprised - assuring
him he could neither advance himself
or benefit his country. Wallace replied
with so much patriotism and disinter-
estedness - as to inspire Bruce with
the spirit that led him to embrace
the cause of Scotland. By his murder

of Cummin or Comyn the traitor - the conspira-
cy of the Scottish nobles was sealed, and Bruce
was crowned at Scone - the English were
again expelled - and Edward was preparing
a large army to subdue Scotland when he in-
expectedly died ^{near} Carlisle ^(fell & Edward established) in 1307 and was
succeeded by his weak and imbecile son
Edward II, whose exaltation of favorites
obnoxious to the nobility embroiled him
with the barons and nobles, headed by Lan-
caster. Through their efforts both Gascon
and Spenser were murdered. During the
reign of the second Edward - the battle of Ban-
nockburn, in which 30,000 Scotch, under
Bruce, defeated 100,000 English, and secured
the independence of Scotland and fixed the
throne of Bruce, was fought. There was a
hill on the right of Scotch army and a mo-
rass on their left, and along the banks of a
rivulet in front he dug deep pits, planted
them with stakes, and covered the whole
with turf. The English cavalry rushing
confidently forward, became so entan-

gle as to be thrown into disorder, when they saw an army on the heights marching to surround them. This was composed of the waggoners and people attached to the army who had been supplied by Robert with military standards. This stratagem, caused a panic to seize the English who were pursued to the gates of Berwick.

It was this Edward whose queen Isabella became enamored with Roger Mortimer, one of the Lancastrian faction, whom she met in France. She summoned a parliament at Westminster, when a charge was brought up against Edward, proving nothing however but want of capacity and misfortune. He was deposed by vote of this parliament and his son, Edward III. placed on the throne. After his deposition, he was inhumanly murdered in Berkeley Castle, in 1327. Plume says of him: "It is not easy to conceive of a more innocent and inoffensive man, nor a prince less capable of governing a fierce and turbulent people.

Oblige to devolve on others, the weight of which he had neither the ability nor inclination to bear, he wanted penetration to choose ministers and favorites qualified for the trust."

Saturday Evening Sept. 25th
Ellbridge & gone have been to see me this week, and I passed Wednesday afternoon and night at Newtonville where they were. This has been a bright spot in the week's experiences. This afternoon I have been into Boston to procure an inside handkerchief and am convinced that of all tedious, unsatisfactory things, shopping holds a very prominent place. And yet I have known some who seemed to regard it as a pastime in which they could not indulge too often. There is truly no accounting for tastes. After all you can't help admiring the penetration of green boys and simpering dandies, when they tell you exactly what you want.

or their wonderful and extensive knowledge when they assure you with a confidence not to be doubted just what articles are not to be found in the city.

A few sensible, manly fellows who stand behind the counter, say just so much as is polite and necessary - annoying you with no elaborate descriptions of fabrics that speak for themselves, or solicitations to buy what you would not take as a gift, suggest a train of reflecting if any body has time for so great an indulgence - as to the ways and means best adapted to successful enterprise in this line of business. Surely good sense and truthfulness, are better than foldrol and falsehood in any department. But I have never suffered enough from this state of things to enlist as active reformer, were I qualified for such a tremendous work.

The bright, genial September days with which this week began, have not continued; but it has looked gloomy, chilling and Novemberish, reminding one that "Summer's gone". There is something sobering, almost chilling in these first intimations that the bright, out-door season is over, and we are to shrink into narrower limits - feeling less joy in nature and more care for "creature comforts"; - seeing the sunshine more seldom, the clouds oppress. May internal sunshine abound, and mental clouds obscure not; sobered I may probably be, saddened, I hope not to be. If storms prevail without, may there be no parring conflicts within? Indian Summer, the "smile of the year" is yet to come, with its misty and sobering light; and I would drink in freely the sweet influences that seem to abound then.

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A few sensible, manly fellows who stand behind the counter, say just so much as is polite and necessary - annoying you with no elaborate descriptions of fabrics that speak for themselves, or solicitations to buy what you would not take as a gift; suggest a train of reflecting if any body has time for so grave an indulgence - as to the ways and means best adapted to successful enterprise in this line of business. Surely good sense and truthfulness, are better than folds of and falsehood in any department. But I have never suffered enough from this state of things to enlist as active reformer, were I qualified for such a tremendous work.

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Sunday Sept. 26.

I heard a sermon from Dr. Walker to-day, that I would ponder and remember.

It was concerning our control over our thoughts, convincing of a truth, I have never really doubted, that we have power to dismiss or entertain the thoughts that come to us. We know that we have power to arrest any thought among the current passing through our mind, choose the side of it we will contemplate - if it be of a sinful indulgence, dwelling only on the indulgence it may afford, or the sinful nature of it. And what we call impulses, are such as our tone of mind has made them taking nothing from our responsibility. By inviting or cherishing sinful thoughts, the whole character has been covertly undermined, and the rot of which we hardly knew the beginning spread over and corrupted the whole soul. It was thus with what we

hear called a sudden fall. A sudden fall? There is no such thing as a sudden fall. Tell me what are a man's thoughts, and I will tell you ^{not} what he is - but what he would like to be; not what he is to human judgment - but to the eye of God.

Every crime was once a thought, and it was by rehearsing it again and again in thought, that the doer found the resolution or hardihood rather to perform it. And does he find his hand falter when he thinks himself ready, what does he - but go to his accursed rehearsals, a gain. A regard for that apothegm of ancient wisdom "Reverence thyself," would give dignity and purity to our thoughts.

But his most impressive appeals were in behalf of the motives which Religion urges. Is it in mockery that we stand up and say: "Search me and know me?" Believing that God seeth us always, and yet cherishing thoughts that we would hide from

our fellow-man. There are some transgressions pertaining to the body, that would seem to die when that of which they are the occasion and use shall die.

But the thoughts belong to the soul, and will go with it, and it must take its place according as they shall report of it. Keep inviolate the sanctuary of the soul; plant a double guard round the heart, round out of which are the issues of life. Otherwise there can be no entrance into Heaven and no Heaven to enter. When evil suggestions pass through the mind, and are not indulged, we may be stronger than without this trial, for it is temptation overcome.

This sermon was a noble production; what I have written is meagre and imperfect

Is there any interchange of friendship true and genuine - I will not say as can exist - but as is commonly found among mortals, or any pleasure that society can offer, that contains so little alloy or so much of real satisfaction and peace - as intercourse with our minds furnished and enriched as 'tis possible for the humblest of them to be - would afford us? I am not one of those who believe there is nothing but sham and mockery in the world about us - and that the only smile an earnest man can becomeing
If wear - is a ghastly grin of horror.
Oh no! I not only truly believe there are many honest, humble, truly refined, and thoroughly well-bred, Christian people on this mundane sphere - but I have actually seen a few specimens in my day. You can read of them by scores - but that they are often so extravagantly, superhumanly refined and beautified & that

you lose your faith, despite your wish-
in their actual existence. But exist-
without this superhuman tint, they certainly
do. But after all - among those who en-
compass us from day to day, whom we like
and maybe rejoice with - how often
does a word or tone remind us that
to rely upon such intercourse - with
no companionship within to which
to flee and find no discordant tones -
is to be weak and powerless indeed.
To have a "fairy peopled world" to re-
sort to, when the actual looks tame
or sombre - to turn neither dis-
gusted nor angered from manifes-
tations to which we cannot - and
would not, if we could, respond - is
better, infinitely better, than to feel that
this outward is our only world - and
if it fails us we have nothing
left. It is well too, to keep in mind
the fact - that we ourselves fall

for short of the goodly proportions in
which others delight - that when we toler-
ate shortcomings in matters of courtesy or
delicacy, in those about us, we are only
reaping what we may have sown in a
different form - to our own eyes a less
rude and objectionable form of course,
but equally so to them. Whenever we
observe anything that strikes us as uncouth
or ungentle, tending to discomfort and
annoyance - if we would only suffer it to
rouse our own watchfulness - to make
the resolve that we will guard against
all violations of good faith and good
feeling - disturbing never by word or
tone the peace of a fellow-mortal for
one second's time - would it not be
wiser than to fret ourselves because
we do not meet just such qualities
combined, as the heart yearns and sighs
for in its better moments? To strive
to offer such a combination in

our own characters - would surely be
a blessed, noble work.

Oct. 3rd 1852

The following lines from Milton on his
own blindness met my eye to-day.

"I am old and blind,

Men point at me as smitten by God's frown
Afflicted and desec'd of my kind

Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,

I murmur not that I no longer see;

Poor, old and helpless, I to none belong
Heaven supreme! to thee.

O, merciful One!

When men are furthest, then Thou art most near;

When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy choicest I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is beaming towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimm'd, that I may see
Thyself; Thyself alone.

I here nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand trembling
Where feet of mortal men hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless band,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

Dr. Putnam was in the pulpit to-day,
Having returned from a short visit.

to Europe, a few days ago. Dr. Walker preached.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime, my being
Kills with rapture, - waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit - strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Set by no skill of mind."

Since copying the
above, I have seen, that they were not writ-
ten by Milton - but a young Quakeress
of Philadelphia - though they have been
extensively circulated as proceeding
from that "divine orb of song"

Sunday Oct. 10th.

It is a dull and misty day - raining
occasionally, and threatening it constantly
if the statement doesn't involve a con-
tradiction. I have labored through the
last week with a severe cold on my
lungs - fettering my efforts in school
very seriously - and rendering me "flat
and feeble" - when at home - equal to
nothing more than brief excursions
among newspaper paragraphs.

Let me recall what happens to
reason have kept a place without
slipping through my mind's fingers - and
see what a motley, desultory page
it will furnish. I will not even
separate my items into classes - la-
belling them according to their character,
but chronicle them in the pell-mell
shelter shelter fashion in which
thoughts are admitted into my

own disordered mind - grave following
the gay so close as to chill them by
their frown - and gay thrusting themselves
so frivolously upon the grave as to call
forth smirks and grimaces, where they
set most unbecomingly.

Thackeray is
coming to America to displace Bodley
his ideal - and experiment which
Hosuth and Dickens found so disastrous.
When a man is once demi-god he
had better stay in his cloud. Willis
thinks T. is calculated to be person-
ally more popular than any English
author who has visited this country. He
is satirical on the surface - genial at
heart. Lifted above twaddle by the gift of his
genius - and ~~to~~ little personal beauty and
prosperity in early life to contract any
permanent illusions, he is more blunt
peremptory than will be expected.

Portia, or Countess Rossi - is in N. York.
If Time has robbed her of her youthful
bloom - Time repentant has given in return
a charm made up half of queenly dignity
and half of maternal grace. She is
it seems a faithful wife and devoted
mother - had returned to her vocation in
consequence of change of fortune - having
choked down and swallowed pride to do
the brave thing for a husband in misfortune.

Speaking of Downing - Willis says
"of that lesser world of Taste and Re-
finement - which is so overshadowed
by that larger world of Ambition and
Enterprise - he was the ever-remembering
ever diffusing prophet."

I have made a slight acquaintance
with Madame Pfeiffer - the famous voyager
and find her to be a wonderfully brave
heroic woman; - but can't help wonder-
ing at the bent of her genius - I do
not mean her desire to travel - but

the strange, unheard of routes she chooses. From Rio Janeiro she goes into the interior to visit a German Colony at Petropolis - walking through the forest accompanied by a German Count - a great abounding to be sure in nature's loveliest exhibitions - where she is attacked by an armed negro and narrowly escapes with her life; and being obliged to leave the Count because of his wounds - resolves to take her pistols, procure a guide, and travel to the home of the Puri Indians - which she does - passing one night at an isolated house in the impenetrable forest - and one among some demi-savages whose domestic arrangements as she describes them are very disgusting - and finally reaches the natives. Here she says - she saw such poverty, as she had never before witnessed in her travels. The Puris

are described as a very ugly looking handsome, though impassive race; she accompanies them on a Parrot and Monkey hunt - lets them fetch a ring round her and perform one of their war dances - which becomes unbearably hideous - and spreading her cloak on the ground and taking a log for a pillow - passes the night amongst them. How many women from homes of civilisation would have braved and dared so much? She saw on her journey through the forest only some green serpents 6 or 7 feet long. Only! The bare thought at this sage's descent makes me almost shudder.

She visits Toketa on her voyage to China - meets Queen Pomahe at a ball given by the French officers. She retired during the evening to regale herself with a cigar - and asked for a basket in which to put some of the good things to take home with her. Her husband "Prince Albert of Sa-

hiti, and a neighboring potentate in a
brimstone colored calico coat were also
present. On this island she makes another
break neck expedition with a native
for a guide - in order to see a lake lying
among some mountains 1800 feet above
the sea. It was necessary to walk 18
miles - cross 32 brooks and a large stream
over 60 times on account of its meander-
ings - often up to her waist in water -
often cutting her hands in climbing over
the stones. This lake is supposed to be the
burnt out Crater of a volcano. The guide
took some stems of the pesang - twisted
it together with some strong grass - threw
some leaves over it - and told her, the
boat was ready if she wished to
cross. She felt some fear - but was a-
shamed to say so - and crossed and re-
turned in perfect safety.

The island of Tahiti is watered
by beautiful mountains, in the centre

of which rises a singular mass of rock
called from the form in which its peaks are
arranged "The Deaden". It is surrounded
by a girdle of woods of 5 or 600 yds in breadth,
in which grow the breadfruit, orange man-
go and guava. The water vies with the
land in beauty - being clear as crystal - and
as you look into its transparent depths you
see groups and combinations of colored corals
and madrepores of incomparable splendor.
It is like looking into an enchanted
garden. But I can't follow Madame
P. to China, and go in a junk with na-
tives only up the river to Canton - and
walk brazenly through the streets of a city
where women never walk abroad.

I would exhaust, Cathedral and Castle,
Rhine and Tweed - Bannockburn
and Marathon, Vesuvius and Alps,
metricks - and all the accessible beauties
of nature and wonders of Art - before
I would find myself restless to see
what she dared - to see what she saw -

grand and satisfying as it frequently must have been. But a genuine and unmistakable heroine she certainly is. —

Dr. Putnam preached his first sermon to-day since his return from Europe. The house was thronged to overflowing. In alluding to his visit - he said it was natural that it should give some color (these are not his words) and direction to his thoughts today - though the objects that engaged the tourist's exciting curiosity until it was almost ardent - and gave place to indifference - are not such as should be made theme of the pulpit - not spiritual in their character. But there were some moral lessons to be derived from travel - not inappropriate or unprofitable. Western Europe was written all over with memorable histories. What we have read so long in books we find written there in another language - in her rivers and

mountains, in the indentation of her bays and coasts. Surely it would not desecrate the hour and place to speak of the Alps - standing like the very throne of God. He had seen Europe's famed Cathedrals - which had exhausted the wealth and genius of their builders - but when standing in remembrance beside the Alps he recalled none that were not poor and mean. Men had entered them and gone out Atheists; - not so this temple for God himself seemed to sit enthroned there. Beside the awful and subduing skillness - the organ's peal was feeble. — You climbed mountain peaks - before you could even gaze upon them - and seemed then only to stand at the footstool. But I find it useless to attempt to write what pleased me most in this sermon. How foolish to murder his remarks - even to benefit myself. How can I recall what he said of Waverloo

where every drop of blood spilt was
so precious to sister wife and mother
— where the days strife was a prepar^{tion}
for unpass'd anguish — his command
upon the victor's words when Congrat
related on his victory — the noble spir-
it of self-sacrifice and patriotism that
led so many to that field; — the lesson
he learned while looking upon the
peaceful vine covering and taking
the place of the those strongholds
of the barons — Paris — constant on-
ly in its end stable only in the
constancy of its instability — London —
where his most intense interest
was for the places made sacred
by those great and sainted men
who had been his mind's nourish-
ment — his nursing fathers. He felt
that while bending reverently over
their graves — he was discharging a
mighty debt, and receiving at the

same time new benefactions. He had indulg'd
no richer feelings — none he felt it more de-
sirable to retain — than those he experience'd
at Windmead, Aston and the Thames.

It was good for one to removed from
the narrower sphere of interests and du-
ties — from that world which he was apt to
think occupied so large a place in the lar-
ger one — but after all the purest joy
was when the traveller entered his own
home again; — and his words in this con-
nection could not come from one who
did not possess a home in ^{city} ^{travels} and
holiest sense. Then he referred to the
changes since he left — some ages only
whom he hoped to have met again —
some among the young — in whose glad
faces he thought to have seen'd him-
self — and many little children had gone
to their rest. He did not like the thought
that while he was examining a ruin
 dug from Nineveh, or witnessing a
Boursois fête — they were laying their

dear ones in the grave. Then he said
some excellent things concerning an
ocean voyage. — But that divinest
most replenishing word ^{is} was not over
the sea — but nigh thee, in thy mouth
and in thy heart — that thou mayst do it.

The above may suggest some of the admi-
rable things I have heard today.

Monday Oct. 11th

"Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease
When all the fields are lying brown and bare."

The gray barns looking from their hoary hills
O'er the dim waters — widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed — and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther — and the streams sang low;

As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, crewlike armed in gold
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stand, like some sad, beaten host of old,
Melancholous afar in June's remotest blue.

On slumtrous wings the vulture tired his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star, slow drowning in the light
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew —
Crow three — and all was stiller than before —
Silent till some replying warbler blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wing like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy motions of the leaves
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest, and a plentiful year,

When every bird that cheered the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn
To warn the reapers, of the reaper's last
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn!

There are several more verses in
the poem I have written above, but they
are not at hand now. But a part
of so exquisite a production, is better
than none.

Thursday Oct. 15th

Yesterday was held at Lexington
the third meeting of our class. It was a
very joyous day - and I brought with me
such delightful memories - as one day
seldom furnishes. I can almost forget
while there - laughing so merrily with
my old schoolmates - that "the light of
other days" that is shining round us -
And yet I would not forget that if I
could - for I believe our mirth is hallowed
by a deeper, holier feeling - than it ever
mingled with that which rose in Nor-
mal Hall - light-hearted and genuine as
I believe that was. - 'Tis like basking
in "the light of morning, shining on
the fields of youth," to go up there
with those early friends - and rejoice over
the memory of "those days that are no
more!" - It sober, one to think how
soon time's inroads may make them

Sad, almost painful reminders of the losses we have met on the life-journey.

But I will not think of that now.

It would be a pleasant, grateful thought to me - that my presence would be missed from such a company - and my memory kindly cherished at these yearly meetings - when I should mingle with them no more bodily. I do not pass a happier day through the year - not one in which I forget so entirely the "heat and burden of the chase" - and abandon myself so wholly and heartily to real enjoyment.

May the cares I resume today be sweetened and lightened by the joys of yesterday - and the glad spirits that recalled and rejoiced within me not abandon me when I need them so much. I trust they will not. But my cold troubles me to-night - and I am very tired.

Wednesday Oct. 20.

The news of my friend Sarah W.'s engagement reached me a few days ago. I was invited to pass the afternoon and evening there, to meet Mr. Drummond - the fortunate gentleman - for such, I certainly deem him. When two people are invited to meet for mutual exhibition - they do not usually exhibit to the very best advantage. But I like the gentleman - and from what I have seen and heard today - believe that S. has been true to the higher voices which should alone be heard at such a crisis. He is a man of genuine worth and refinement. I should judge - and I rejoice that Sarah has found her other self. She is qualified for the noblest wifely duties.

As for as self is concerned, I do not deem it a matter of rejoicing to have one's choicest friends married, or en-

gaged, for in spite of all the protestations to the contrary, it does materially affect our relations with them. But it is dangerous, as well as uncomfortable to make self too prominent in the arrangements of the Universe.

Sunday Oct. 24. 1852

The booming guns

announce this morning the death of Daniel Webster. A great man has indeed fallen in the land, and the event will send a thrill through the heart of the nation. Few, I think, but will regret with genuine feeling, the departure of him whose giant powers have given a glory and strength to our national name. I cannot sympathize with

the few, who dwell only these political measures they condemn and recognize not that overshadowing greatness - that it so grand and uplifting for us to reverence and admire. A "great light is indeed quenched in the intellectual firmament," as Dr. P. has said today

At the opening of the Manchester Free Library, some very happy remarks were made by Bulwer & Dickens and Thackeray. Sir James Stephen, Professor at Cambridge in a speech on the same occasion said: "I cannot but in this presence, take the liberty of expressing to the three great masters of the dramatic romance of our own time and country, the gratitude, not only both as a father of a family and a tutor of youth, I cherish towards them. Thus these authors have a negative merit of value of which will be best appreciated by those acquainted with their literary rivalry - the merit that they have

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er caused modesty to blush, or virtue to frown. But the merits of the writings of the third is of a yet higher nature. It is that amid all the riot of their fancy, their humor and their whim - while they teach us to laugh most heartily at each other's follies, and to be dissatisfied with each other's faults they still have in common - the one unbroken aim to teach us all to assist, to pity, to forgive, and to love one another!"

"No wonder Madame Stael would have given the large heart and clear head, for a fair form and beautiful face. Genius has no triumph, the pen-sceptre no power such as I have seen accompanying a beautiful girl as she swept down a ball room heavy with the air of incense admiration. This last sentiment I deem, open to discussion."

"Though galled with fetters, ye have lain
To nurture hopes and fears, a prey,
O, mourn not o'er your ceaseless pain
Or slow decay,
Nor know, the soul thus files, its chain,
And breaks away!"

Oct. 28.

My Father, Mother and Sister, start for Bangor to-day, where they will probably remain in my brother Ellsidge's family. Consequently, I have henceforth no home in this region. The change I am convinced is to be advantageous to them; so will not complain of it. If they will be as happy there, as I have been, I shall be very grateful. Yesterday was the birthday of the dear boy, whose death has so overshadowed the home to which they have gone.

Tuesday Nov. 30.

Webster's funeral obsequies are celebrated in Boston to-day. I have attended the funeral of a cousin, whose life has been unfortunate and very weary. A heavy burden was laid down with her mortal life, and if it be true, "that as the trial

Is intense here, our being hath
A nobler strength in Heaven",
surely a noble strength hath hers. I felt not sadness at the event, for Death "came as a deliverer", and must have "put on his robes of beauty", as he approached her.

The Good Father ordained not such suffering as hers. For his children - and fearful must be the account rendered by those who so far forget all that is worthy and manly in their natures as to inflict it.

Christmas Day.

My Chamber - 9 O'clock, P.M.

In company with a host of teachers, I went out to Dedham Thursday morning to attend the Norfolk Co. Convention. I had an excellent time - enjoying with several friends the hospitality of the "Marshes", the roof of whose house - I fear we have unsettled. The usual amount of talk has been called out at the Convention - yielded reluctantly however by those of fullest mind and purest English - and with a readiness quite shocking to behold by those of stupid ideas and vehement utterance. How really solid or brilliant things are spoken at these occasions - but those few perhaps may be sufficient to stir a soul that seeks its true place - to a better interpretation

an enforcement of the great law of Du-
ty. I regret that I attach so much
stress to the manner in which things
are said. A great practical truth, though
clumsily uttered—should neither be over-
looked or ridiculed for its unbecoming
dress. Rev. Mr. Peirce's lecture was
decidedly a gem of literary excellence
containing ideas that are getting too
unfashionable among us. Mr. Bak's
was merely a well-written abstract
of Dr. Arnold's life; and as I had read
it quite recently—and ^{was} consequently
quite familiar with some of the
best passages—did not feel very
wakeful. Mr. Pike's character as
a lecturer was during the day so
completely lost in that of yesterday
that I can hardly recall him in that
capacity. At the dinner-table yesterday
there seemed to me less of wit, than
that "honest good humor", which Geor-
gey Crayon declares to be the "oil

and wine of a merry meeting; though
"the jokes are rather small and the
laughter abundant."—In the afternoon
yesterday—I met with an old friend I
have not seen for years who invited
me to her home in Dedham—and car-
ried me where I wanted very much
to go—to Needham—from which place
I have returned this evening—pleased
very much with my visit—but my
spirits a little inclined to a reaction-
ary movement. Ellen is gone—Annie
has not returned—Frank is sick—
and Mrs. R. is sober—and it seems
like anything but "Merry Christmas"—
and I am obliged to strive a little a-
gainst the "Genius of Dulness". But
I am rejoiced to know—that it will
vanish with the morning light—and
not really oppress me this eve-
ning. My fancy is for conjuring
the charming pictures with which
poetry and even sober history has

quished us of the "Yule Log", the "Mistletoe", and the "Wassail Bowl"; the "Brace bridge Hall" of Geoffrey Chaucer - and the humbler blessed homes, of Dickens - where good cheer prevailed - and human hearts so warmed and overflowed with love, that we are led to devout and grateful remembrance of the the Story of Bethlehem, and that immeasurable Love which there became incarnate. Next to this highest, holiest thought, what brighter image does the day suggest, than the glad, rejoicing homes of the earth; not existing merely in poet's fancy - or the chronicles of a past golden age - beautiful, and satisfying even as we find them there; but glowing and radiant to-day, the abode of "All the gentlest virtues, such as plain life's more cultured walk, and charm the way." Why are there not more such homes? - Because human passion

and human weakness so prevail; because men so shroud themselves in selfish purposes, that the glorious of sunlight of Love cannot reach and warm them. Ellen has come home; my ennui is completely dissipated, and I feel in a tolerably grateful, contented mood.

Sunday Jan. 2. 1853.

Yesterday was New Year's day - a season when I have been used to pause for a few moments at least, and look thoughtfully about and within me. With the lack of opportunity, I believe I am losing the power to withdraw from the busy, bustling actual - and becoming so absorbed in the outward and trivial - that those refreshing and sustaining thoughts - without which life is meagre and barren - do not deign to visit me. 'Tis a painful con

sciousness, that one's better nature is grow-
ing weary and sluggish - that strength
to exercise the noblest part of our
mission - is failing. I would not like
to be convinced by this. I would not
overrate my delinquencies - but see them
as they are. That my outward, daily,
duties should claim ~~should claim~~ the
better part of my strength seems a ne-
cessity. They weary and exhaust me
too - leaving me absolutely insuffic-
ient, at night for that mental exercise
and culture I so much need. But
there is a lack of internal order - I
must struggle against; a tendency to
trifle with great themes; to jest
when I should reflect; and to grant
a rambling license to my thoughts -
when they should become fixed and
sanctified. There is a daily, if not
hourly intimation to my soul's ear,
that a greater, richer life is
possible for me; there is a con-

stant protest against this mental
sojourn in a land abounding in
thought to satisfy a healthy soul. -
Surely as the years roll on, the chains
which habit is forging, become stronger
and less likely to be broken. Does
it not become us to see to it, that
they bind us closer to "whatsoever
things are true and lovely"? Is not
this a good and acceptable time, to gather
up the soul's flagging energies; to give
a willing ear to the better voices; it would
be so painfully sad for us to silence
and to seek reverently those higher in-
spirations without which we must
grope in darkness and weakness?
I cannot but think so.

March 6th 1853.

Early in January I wrote in my journal; 'tis now March, and I have again seated myself for the purpose.

The spirit that once led me here is dead, I believe, though I had hoped it only slept. Did I wish to write profusely and with spirit, I would pour forth the regrets, I feel at times, at the abandonment of a practice my heart once loved, and my judgment always approved. But that strain has been the prevailing one of late - and will sound soon to my own ear, mournful and unmeaning. To whimper or lament idly over shortcomings which our own will is too feeble to remedy - is affectation and folly. —

The last two months have flown unmarked by any striking or memorable ^{events} in my personal history;

my thoughts and energies having been devoted to school more exclusively than is good for my mental growth - or the mind's sweetest satisfactions. I do not know that I have sighed for the "primrose paths of dalliance"; I hope not, certainly; for I certainly do not believe those satisfying are to be found in them; but I have sighed sometimes, I know, for hours when I should feel less oppressed and wearied by my daily tasks. I believe I am not so physically strong as I used to be - though I am never sick. I must not forget how many motives there are for vigilant and earnest application to these tasks - motives higher and stronger than I could summon to sustain anything aside from them. That should be enough to ensure my perfect obedience. — Yesterday, I re-

turned with Ellen from a week's sojourn in N. Hampshire. It has furnished us with delightful memories, "The pearls of life's brief story". The home we visited was a good one for the heart to repose in, and the grand mountain scenery that surrounded us was suggestive of loftier states, than I have yet reached.

I feel that it has been very good for me to spend the week as I have, and I ought to return strong and grateful to the work-day world.

The Rev. Mr. Moulton's wit and drollery we shall not soon forget, remembering it all the more pleasantly for the deep feeling and genuine manliness that gleamed through it. The record of this visit suggests some remarks of Willis with regard to Mountains. Speaking of Savannah, the city of Shade and Silence he says:

"It must be one of the advantages of the town's roof of leaves - that it prevents the inhabitants from being reminded that there are no mountains visible - a lack of an apparent ladder to the sky which the fancy feels, even if the faith of the believer works just as well without it. Mountains are privileged refuges, blessings, Arcads whereon the dove of thought may alight when weary of the deluge around. An hour's conversation without one is an unfurnished apartment of the planet we live in."

April 10th.

Since my last entry I have been out to W. Newton with Adie and Hannah D. to visit our friend and classmate Rebecca Pennell who has been honored with a Professorship in Antioch College. Mr. Moun-

who is President invited us to join
the institution - which I for one would
very gladly do - if such a thing were
practicable for me. How I would like
to put off the pedagogue for a season -
and become a pupil again. I build
aircastles to that effect ~~sometimes~~ -
but am confident they can never be-
come substantial fabrics. Last Thursday
being ^{the} Last Day, I passed it with Hannah
& in Boston - enjoying a delightful
ride in the afternoon - in which we
were joined in Cambridge by Addie.
We went out to Waltham to call upon
Father Peirce - but found only Mrs. P.
at home. Hannah has made me
a most tempting proposal - but I
must not, cannot accept it. If
I will leave school in May - and
retire with her to some pleasant,
quiet town - where we can pursue
a course of reading and study -
determined before we go - she

will gladly pass the Summer so.
What a brief golden age I should
deem it! To rise in the morning in
some delightful country village - feel
that the day was mine - that the cares
and distractions of a school life could
not reach me! That the glorious Sum-
mer days could be passed with books
and nature and glad thoughts with-
out weariness of mind or body!
A witty, sensible, and amiable friend
to share it with me! What a bliss-
ful state of things! I almost per-
suade myself for a few minutes -
that after 12 years continued labor
in school - it would be a justifiable
indulgence. But I must not con-
template such pictures too long - or
connect my happiness too closely with
their realization. The fingers of Duty
does not point that way - and though
it be a rougher one to which it
does point, it behoves me to

walk in it not only without faltering or murmuring, but with a spirit attuned to every note of gladness and good cheer it can discern.

The fact that we are obliged to leave Mrs. Reed's is not a pleasant one. They are demolishing one room after another, and it is time we were settled somewhere else. We cannot find a home suited to our wants - indeed find it difficult to find any at all. Very likely we shall settle in some family with whom our sympathies will be as strong almost as with an Esqui-maux family. We have been happily provided for almost four years - and I hope to muster philosophy enough to sustain me should the lines fall to me in unpleasant places. There is no circumstance in my lot I regret so much -

as this: that I can have so little choice in my home - and the society into which I am brought in daily contact with; for I depend more than I ought perhaps upon those about me for my own tone of mind. There is a measure of refinement and good sense in a home and its belongings, below which if it fall, I do not want to enter it. But it cannot be a matter of vital interest to me - else it would not be placed so far beyond my control.

Mr. Bigelow, May 2nd

I returned from Cambridge to-day with my friends, Adie and Hannah to see my old friend and chum Sarah M. married. The ceremony took place in Dr. Putnam's church, and was solemn and impressive as it should be. Sarah

was less composed than I would have seen her, but knowing as I did that not one dissenting voice was heard in her soul's inner chambers, it did not seriously disturb me. Through the excitement that succeeded the ceremony, I found small opportunity to realize that one who has been so very near to me was entering upon a new life; a life involving so much earnestness, responsibility, and I will believe in her case, so much happiness. I believe she is fortified for its duties, with noblest motives and a love so wedded to esteem that it shall not fail. That she must henceforth be less to me, is a fact that is not painful, but a little sobering perhaps. I have learned not to murmur at Time's changes, having found they never leave me without resources and satisfactions, ^{even} when they do not seem to be particularly attentive to my individual happiness.

The founding of another home on the face of this earth, is a matter of rejoicing I think, when assured that it results from a genuine union of hearts that do not beat to vanity or self-interest or any of those lower motives which so desecrate the marriage bow. 'Tis erecting a new and holy temple to the service of the "Living Father" — May Heaven bless and prosper hers! I recall so many precious hours passed in closest intimacy with her, that she can never become wholly estranged from me. Such hours, of course, I cannot hope for now — but I am content that it should be so.

I am separated from Ellen — until we can get a home together — and find that she is very necessary to my happiness.

Hubbly and Wify! How can two human beings — really loving each other — moderately endure

with intellect use such terms in
sober, everyday intercourse. I would
not have the sentiment which hallows
the conjugal relation, expressed in
degraded and dainty terms; indeed
I would not have it expressed at
all before indifferent spectators;
but if the heart does so overflow
that it must speak out its ecstas-
ies, do spare me the insipid,
baby terms that so degrade a
noble sentiment. Love seems
to me infinitely more exalted
and satisfying when the intellect
as well as the heart is great,
and both are growing to be great-
er still.

Last week being vacation, I
passed from Saturday until Wednes-
day at Amesbury, visiting an old
schoolmate in company with Ad-
ie. We found our friend in possession
of an agreeable, intelligent husband,
a beautiful, and well brained child,
rejoicing, apparently in the sphere
for which she is peculiarly fitted.
Her home is a pleasant one, on
the banks of the Merrimac, which
is a noble and beautiful stream
at A. We enjoyed a fine ride to
Salisbury, and several walks, one
of which I shall often recall.
Adie and I climbed the highest
hill we could find on the banks
of the river, and throwing ourselves
on the grass passed a few

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hours in viewing the beautiful scene of hill, dale and river before us, almost fancying in our own unwelcome freedom from care, that fairy land lay outstretched before us, and we could henceforth revel and rejoice within its borders. How delicious did life seem in that bright May morning hour, contrasting so beautifully with the weariness I have felt of late. My burden of responsibility laid down for a season, a friend to sympathize and philosophize with me - and the consciousness that visits the soul at such seasons that it must and will find higher joy than has yet thrilled it - it was a gently and refreshing hour! Every harsh and discordant tone seemed rebuked to stillness - Nature ministering

to my highest needs! How few such seasons I am able to snatch from the turmoil of my life! Do I seek them earnestly enough? The remainder of the week, I passed happily at Needham, returning from there this morning. There is a home feeling there, for which I feel very grateful. I also enjoyed some delightful walks there in the woods. It is so much pleasanter there than in our dusty city.

June 19th

Last Sunday Adie spent with me, and we went from church to the Wymans, where we dined, visiting Sarah's pleasant home the previous evening. I also passed the previous Wednesday there. It is really an enviable

looking place. Today I have not
left the house. It seems a blessed
privilege after the hot, dusty weeks
to spend the day quietly in my
chamber. The genius of Dulness
has quite got possession of me,
and I don't seem to have strength
to rally my powers. How I should
welcome the freshness and glow
of feeling that used to seem so
natural to me. Will it
return with vacation, or shall
I plod on my stupid way hence-
forth, with no revival of strength
or spirits? I hate moribund, stupid
people, and tremble, lest I "perish
in my own self-contempt."
I wish that regally shop that
bounds the view opposite my
window were a mountain
or a row of elms or maples,
and that dusty street of
which I am permitted a

glimpse, were a noble river or
a silver lake. This little
patch of ground beneath my window
seems to reflect the barren, dingy
aspect of my mental grounds.
The children's voices that assail
my ear are not the pure and
silvery tones of glad and hap-
py childhood, but querulous
and harsh. Even the cock that
crows at early dawn pours
not forth that joyous welcome
to the morn, which cocks are
wont to do; but his crow is
a most distressing hint of
croup or asthma. My sur-
roundings do not seem inspir-
ing.

Roxbury Aug - 1858

It is four weeks yesterday since I left town rejoicing in the prospect of four weeks' vacation. What an ocean of bliss seemed to lay outstretched before me! And how remote seemed this opposite shore which I have now reached, - and with how little complacency do I then contemplate it - when it would thrust itself into view! I love Bangor and the life I lead there, too well, to return with a light, rejoicing heart. It requires all the philosophy I can muster to keep me from the state of mind as uncomfortable as it would be sinful. For a day or two I can't help feeling a great loss

of healthful and inspiring influences of a freedom that my whole spirit revels and rejoices in. A "weight seems in the Summer Air" - and what I leave assumes a shape so much more desirable, than what I return to! I must do battle with this weakness I know - for weakness is written on its front. I must consent to wear no fetters forged by a love of leisure or a desire to follow pleasant inclinations. The daily excitements and healthy pleasures of my vacation season which I love so well, must give way before the requirement of the Great Law of Duty. Why should I childishly rebel against an arrangement so much better for the growth of what is really of highest

worth in my character? Suppose I do resume cares that will often weary me - a life that affords but little leisure and few opportunities for that higher social intercourse and culture that I believe I could so well appreciate? Is it not braver and nobler, ay, and easier, too, when the first struggle is over, to resume them cheerfully and resolve to "wrest a blessing from them"? Undoubtedly it is. Pleasant memories should not be marred by mingling with them foolish and uncomfortable regrets. What is lame or uncongenial or unsatisfactory in the life about me, and is beyond my control, I must strive to counterbalance by nurturing

a richer and more genuine life within me. I have not much faith that my animal spirits will maintain the height they have reached during my holiday season. Perhaps I should not regret this. This is a matter my will cannot control, and one I need not be necessarily despondent or morose who is not gay and smugful. Apathy and indifference are graves in which I would not bury my powers; lamentation and sniveling are employments that degrade the soul that permits them. Therefore,

"Awake, my soul! sketch every nerve,
And press with vigor on!"
I have heard two excellent sermons today from a minister whose name I did not learn. This morning, he discoursed of

that purifying exalting influence
in the soul, spoken of as the "Holy
Spirit"; how it might be, grieved,
offended, and even quenched; the
barrenness and desolation of
that soul, from which it was
withdrawn; and this afternoon
he preached from the words of David
to Araunah. "I will surely buy
of thee at a price; neither will
I offer burnt offerings unto
the Lord of that which has cost
me nothing"; showing how vain
were any offerings we could
present which had not been
purchased through struggle and
effort. But I do not pretend
now-a-days to write down the ser-
mons I hear. — I am sur-
prised to learn since writing the
above, that Rev. John Trow was
the preacher — one whose person

and voice I thought I knew so
well.

Aug 31st '53

I have now been in school
nearly a fortnight; received a call
from Jane on Wednesday, passed
Sunday at Newtonville, had a call
from Elbridge today; an old fash-
ioned frolic at Mrs. Reed's last
night, and have spent this after-
noon alone in my chamber
writing to my classmates con-
cerning our meeting in Sept.
How I enjoy a quiet afternoon
like this occasionally, and how
seldom I pass one. I wonder
if that cricket chirping be-
neath my window spends its
Autumn here; — or whether
it has ever dreamed of a

more desirable place of sojourn.
If I were a cricket, or any
other creature endowed with
locomotive powers of even a mod-
erate degree - bound by no
duties to any particular spot - I
certainly would not settle down
in this locality. Does no kindred
cricket ever chirp to this one
of sunny hillsides, and shady
groves beside "silver, cheery
ing" rivers? Do not its own
pure instincts rebel against
the clouds of dust, and lum-
bering wheels, and clumsy speci-
mens of architecture hereabouts?
Or snugly ensconced beneath
some sheltering leaf, sees it only
the delicate tracery of its roof-
tree, looking not out into the
larger, grosser world that sur-
rounds it? Its organization

may be such that it sees no
more the sights that greet us, than
the poet sees the barren pros-
pect upon which the church
looks with contempt or wear-
iness. - 'Tis not a very joyous
creature, I ween - for there is a
sad, complaining tone that chimes
with saddened human feelings. If
it be really forlorn and unhap-
py, I wonder it should persist
in telling the story of its sorrow
so unceasingly - pausing never
to hear the voice of the Comforter.
It cannot be afflicted with that
profoundest grief that stuns
the very soul of suffering - for
it would be silent then - not
garrulous.

Hannah Garrison and her sister came to Mrs. R.'s. To see the children.

Tuesday Sept. 20 - 1853.

Sunday should have brought me here, as I felt a desire to come; but, as circumstances rendered it advisable to spend the day at Mrs. Reed's. I found no opportunity. I say "spend the day" - though I went to Church both forenoon & afternoon, and heard from Starr King two admirable sermons; one, on the scene of Human Life - the Gospel of Experience; - the other, suggested by the phrase, "Sabbath Day's Journey" - which he used as designating those advances into the souls higher regions - those ascents to the divine hillsides and mountain tops - when we breathe no more the murky atmosphere of our common region.

Since my last entry, my sister Lucy has buried her Lucy - a girl of uncommonly amiable disposition. After a fortnight's illness, attended with extreme suffering - she died last Wednesday at 12 O'clock, Most unselfish and yielding in her nature, she was better fitted for the Heavenly home than this; - and though her presence was a blessing and a gladness in the household - shall not a diviner, holier influence flow from her suffering and death? The gentlest spirits seen first recalled. We are inclined to murmur that it should be so - we need them here so much. But in our most unselfish moods - we cannot deny that it is a beautiful and wise ordination. To go home with the "Sunbeams, radiant on their wing" - to exchange the

"Sunless shores of Time" for
the deep-toned harmonies of etern-
ity; - to exchange unrest and yearn-
ing - for sweetest peace and blessed
fruition. Who can doubt that it
is so for such as she was.

We know that rough marches and
lonely wanderings await all who
sojourn long amid the thorn-girt
fields of Time; and we know, if our
hearts have yielded to the teaching
of a loving and sustaining Faith,
that "beyond the River" there must
be joy unspeakable for those who
have walked in pureness here;

A young girl of sixteen Sum-
mers, must see a host of joyful
spirits beckoning from the future
wreathing thornless garlands for
her adorning. We can scarcely
have known the weariness that
makes the soul's whisperings of
the Immortal life so welcome

and consoling. The greatest duties
of our human experience, have scarce-
ly dawned upon her - and she has
caught but faintly the notes that
shall one day summon in trum-
pet tones - to do battle bravely in
their fulfilment. The burden of
responsibility has but little real
meaning to her ears - and she
has walked "amid the flowers"
chiefly. But how shall she bear
her "woman's lot"? Is not this
a question with which many
a loving heart has throbbled - and
many a lip trembled? And could
the "chord of self" be struck, to
"pass in music out of sight" -
would not that loving question
or rejoice that God's purposes
required her not to wear
that lot, so beset with experi-
ences from which the healthiest
heart must often shrink? That

she is chosen, to develop her powers where the "perils of Time" cannot assail them? That they shall unfold amid the "airs of Heaven" - where purified and saintly spirits shall bear her company and "He whose name is above every name" shall make make radiant with his presence?

O, yes, it could not be otherwise.

Everything in the outward world looked bright and rejoicing when they laid her in the grave; but who has not known how dark a cloud envelopes the heart and the home in such an hour?

Her schoolmates sang "Peaceful be thine early slumbers" shrouded the coffin with fresh flowers - and we left her not in the embrace of the tomb - but she had left us for a radiant and blessed home.

I cannot remember calling upon me Sunday Eve

Thursday Sept. 29. '53

How refreshed and happy I have felt today! Yes absolutely happy - though double duty has awaited me at school in consequence of Mr. Long's absence. And yet the influences that have so stirred and gladdened me, were last night numbered among past joys, and can live again only in "memory's glass." But there they shall be mirrored so faithfully, that I will almost forget they are among the things that were.

Our class held its fourth annual meeting at Lexington - and though the day was very stormy, we had a good attendance. Again we returned to our school day scenes - again we forgot the cares and vexations of our ma-

tures years, and rejoiced together
with raised and happy spirits.
How unchanged seems the love that
so hallowed our intercourse in
girlhood - unchanged, if it be not
deeper, stronger and more abiding.
There are many who return with
us, that speak of new ties - ties
that so often estrange the heart
from its earlier attachments. But
all look upon this day of our
reunion as one of the brightest
spots our yearly journey brings
us - and to me there seems
revealed a fountain of sweet,
uplifting influences, of which I
cannot but drink to the purify-
ing and strengthening of my better
nature. How grateful I feel that
such a day has fallen to my desti-
ny! There have been words of
wit and wisdom - mirth and
good cheer - and yet I have

seen the mother's eye moistened
with tears, as in one of our conver-
sations, her last darling was recalled;
books & boxes were laughingly
discussed; - the relative claims
of housekeeping and Mathematics
on the attention of matrons
wittily considered - and a very
pretty poem delivered by Hannah
Janon, dedicated to the Brides
of the party. It was a goodly sen-
son. - I must not forget
to mention that I am indebted
to Mr. Long's thoughtful kindness
for the enjoyment of the day - as
circumstances seemed to require
me to remain in school. This
I shall never forget.

Oct. 2nd 1853.

Ellen & I went to church this morning - anticipating much from the fact that Margaret Fuller's brother was to preach. The sermon was exceedingly commonplace and unsatisfying - his examples to illustrate a truth too self-evident to need illustration, so factitious, as to be almost absurd. So far as his part of the service was concerned I did not feel benefited. But "good thoughts are apt to drop upon us from sacred roofs," and if our hearts be not cold - and worldly - we cannot come out from the service of the sanctuary as feeble as we entered it. - We have spent the afternoon in our chamber reading. I have read Carlyle's pamphlet

on Hudson's Statue - in which he denounces so fiercely the nature of Hero-worship in Britain - the meagre conceptions of their Ideal men - to whom Coal shafts should rather be sunk than Columns reared. He would snatch one Statue in a thousand from the bad company it is in, reducing the other 999 to broken metal again - thinking many of them would benefit men as warming pans and candlesticks - whereas now they only nurse a horrible idolatry. If the world were not properly anarchic, the question "Who shall have a Statue?" would be one of the greatest and most solemn it could ask, as it would mean - whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men? Sacred; that all men may see him, be reminded of him, and by new example added to old

Clara's Blackberry and bush tea with

perpetual precept, he taught what is
real worth in man. I like to
read this earnest detester of shams
and pretences - for although he goes
beyond my depth at times - makes
free use of words & phrases that
are foreign and obscure to me -
there is a continual recurrence
of sentences so full of meaning,
and so stamped with the seal
of truth - that I feel my own
heart more loyal toward the
genuine; - more withdrawn from
the shallow and pretensions. One
thing occurs to me sometimes in
reading him: The sins and foibles
of his Countryman seem to cause
his great soul's earnestness - and
with words of flame he contrasts
Hypocrisy and Affect with the Sincerity
and Unmercifulness with which they
are willing to ally themselves;
and in the same breath, he is

as facetious and droll in his ^{expressing}
as any comic writer would allow
himself to be. Did he not discern
a Kingdom purged of Shams, ^{Heart}
triumphant, ^{Sincerity} Falstiefy dethroned - he
could not thus indulge in drollery.
Great Hope must accompany
such great discernment.

It looks like Autumn from our
window today. "The russet year
inhales the dreary air" - the
trees "are armed in gold" -
the sober voices of the season
have been heard in my soul's
ear and I yearn for a pleas-
ant home circle where I can
profitably and happily turn
from the chilling air without Ellen
and I live a very retired life
in our chamber - not a very
enjoyable place. There is no play
and life blows stairs in which

we can mingle - and I sometimes wonder - not exactly repiningly - why that great blessing - a congenial home - is not permitted us. I sometimes think that life is so meagre and barren without it - that 'tis hardly worth the effort to sustain it. In a pleasant, intelligent circle, where conversation is high-toned (not dull) and refined in its character - when the surroundings suggest pleasant and refreshing thoughts - at least do not interfere with their indulgence, how much more does our daily life seem worth than in this humdrum existence where ^{we} are merely fed and housed! I like to come in contact with minds that will give my own an impulse - like that social intercourse in a home that is a change and refreshment after

a wearisome day. There is no substitute for it. Books are a resource and a blessing - and sickly is the soul that finds not in them companionship and refreshment; but the life is "afflictively incomplete" that has no other. The best thoughts we derive from them or are drawn to by them, are more completely ours when we have discussed them with others. But a great bookworm is almost invariably a great bore - and healthy social life is a needful agent in the formation of a well-developed character. How we do sigh for it here!

Oct 5th.

Enjoyed a delightful meeting at Sarah's with Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Loring, Adie & Hannah D.

Oct 8th.

Ell & I passed the afternoon in Boston - were most of the time with Hannah D.

Sunday Oct. 16th.

John Trase has preached two impressive sermons today. This morning he was enforcing the truth that God's image and superscription were stamped on all his words - everything revealed by nature, Science and History bearing so plainly His impress; this afternoon exposing the singfulness and danger of permitting habit to weave about us its chains until the will became unnerved and powerless - and the moral sensibilities deadened; becoming shorn of our strength like Sampson in the embrace of Delilah. This last sermon came home to me. I felt rebuked and humbled - as he described so well the process that I have felt from results must have gone on

within me. There is a secret, gnawing regret felt at times - that I can bring less power to vanquish foes within me, than I used to summon. There are habits of mind and thought now exercising dominion over me, over which my will seems powerless although I feel it is a degrading bondage. Is their reign so fully established that I must henceforth yield in weakness - or is there yet some vitality that may be roused until the will's supremacy is asserted? Surely, 'tis a sight over which angels might weep, a human soul grovelling amid trivial, earth-born thoughts, absorbed in material duties - catching glimpses, which daily grow more dim and feeble, of those purer, more exalted regions of thought and action which lie beyond I yet so enfeebled by our sojourn in this

lower one, that we cannot "rise and follow." How sinful to rob the Will of its power to execute the behests of Conscience! How we do rebel against our highest interest and peace, when we fail to fulfil the conditions by which alone she can retain her sovereignty! Mr. W. Simon made me feel this - and I am grateful for it.

This day is one of the marked days in my Calendar - not to be confounded with the many. 'Tis 14 years to-day since I began my school life at Exington; a life which introduced me to new scenes and friends - scenes and friends now among my dearest memories. They have become so inwoven with my thoughts that I can hardly realize that the time was when they were not a part of them. But how plainly I can

now recall that evening - fourteen years ago to-night, when I joined that company of strangers, a little homesick, a little shy, and altogether quite uncomfortable. The day had brought much excitement with it, and I had not thought very seriously of my changed life. But the evening had come - I was almost alone with a company of strangers - about to commence duties of which I had a very vague, imperfect idea - and a picture of that happy, genuine life I afterwards lead in pleasant companionship with these girls - was one of the last I should have been likely to have conjured. But what an influence has that school life exerted over my destiny! It seems to me the whole tenor of my life and thought has been higher and truer than it would otherwise have been! And how many cherished friendships do I date from that hour! Friend

ships "kept till now, unchangingly".
And what a beauty and glory have
they imparted to my life. Could the
the hours thus consecrated be strik-
en from my life, how comparatively
meagre and incomplete would
it seem to me.

Oct. 29th '53

I feel engaged to-night to an
extent I have not experienced
of late. After a little reading
this morning I went to church
and heard Dr. Putnam preach of
the different styles of Saints, dif-
ferent ages and sects had fur-
nished. The sermon interested me,
and passages struck me as forcible
and eloquent - but my better
soul was untouched. The day has

been sombre and Novemberish, and my
mental mood has been all too
sympathizing with it. The place I
call my home is so far from reali-
zing my idea of a home - as to be
chilling in its influence. I wrote a
letter this afternoon, but there was
not vitality enough in the work
to make it at all interesting or
satisfying; I have been reading
"Holland Six Months in Italy", and
though quite absorbed at times, I
have been often restless and weary.
From his charming picture of Ven-
ice "rich with the beauty of a thou-
sand dreams", its "air bathed in sun-
beams", its "shadows only veiled and
softened lights", its Gondolas, trip-
ping over the water, like a maiden
over a ball room floor, I have
turned with a most realizing
sense to the leaden sky above
me, and the procession of bon-

yard fowls beneath my window.
From the pictures of Titian, so
steeped in golden splendor, that they
would light up a room like a solar
lamp, and those of Correggio portraying
the foliosome graces of childhood to
perfection, what a cheerless contrast
are the meagre walls, and the romp-
ing ill-bred children that do actually
surround me. This is my frame
of mind to-day - and to my shame
do I not record it? I feel that
I, myself am responsible for so
low a state - that no circumstances
can justify it. Of course I am
not so childish as to quarrel
with a lot that does not fur-
nish the luxuries of art, or per-
mit me to visit the glories
of the past, as revealed in ter-
cities, cathedrals and moun-
tains. This would certainly be
speaking a spirit too feeble to

appreciate or enjoy them. I cannot
define this feeling of unrest that dis-
turbs me - unless it be - that asso-
ciated with glowing and happy descrip-
tions of these pure and refined sources
of culture - are ^{the} men and women
who are imbued with their spirit,
whose discourse would be to me
a recompense for any ills of for-
tune - and I unconsciously fall in-
to regrets at the meagreness of my
privilege in this respect. But
where is my philosophy? There is
always a voice, heard too faintly
I know at times, protesting against
this tendency to contrast the unattain-
able with my actual possessions;
to draw comparisons that throw
into deeper shade whatever is com-
bined in my destiny. I am
not ~~not~~ so far the victim of
it, that I do not realize this
a morbid and singular tenden-

cy, that will lead me far astray
from the pleasant paths in which I
would fain to walk.

Nov 5th '53

This is my 30th birthday. Wil-
liam's lines written for 35th have
been on my tongue all day,
though they were not, I think very
deeply graven on my heart.

"Hence Youth and Hope a parting tear
Press onward with a placid brow,
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And Reason takes the guidance now."

The tone and spirit
in which I have repeated them to
my friends at school, augur badly
for the supremacy of Reason.

Hence Hope a parting
tear? Not during my So-
journ in the land so often

made radiant by her presence.

South of course I could not stay
in her progress, if I would - and I
feel no inclination to do so. There
are some qualities, most generally
associated with youth, that I would
retain and cherish - and may I
not, if I will, the most valuable?

Shall I enrol myself to-
day with the forlorn and wretched
sisterhood who snore through
life, grumbling - or sninelling - as
their temperaments decide - over the
incompleteness of their destiny?
Implying, if not saying that the
world has wronged and overlooked
them - filling its desirable places
with the less deserving? Striving
to satisfy their craving souls, with
the hecks which petty aims and
trifling pursuits can alone fur-
nish them? Or shall I walk
nobly and cheerfully in the

path of life in which so many
highminded women have achieved
an harmonious and blessed destiny.
Accepting their lot, as no chance
offering, or arrangement of perverse
and mischief loving mortals, but as
part of that high mysterious plan
devised by the Author of Life for
the best developement of their powers.
Ever discerning noble duties, and
finding the strength needed in their
performance? — But I am re-
minded that this decision has not
been deferred till today — uncon-
sciously it may be — but I have
decided... Is it matter of re-
gret or rejoicing, that my 30th
birthday has found me in spir-
its that would become a laughing
loving damsel of sixteen? The
"voist that dwells in sober birth-
days" has hardly obtained a hear-
ing. — I must feel grateful

Nov. 14. Spent the Sabbath
at Cambridge very happily
with Alice & Hannah.

for these spirits, trusting they will
not interfere with the serious work
that claims me, but rather strengthen
me for its performance.

Saturday Nov. 26 - '53

I have returned this evening
from my "Thanksgiving holidays"
which I have passed mostly in
Portland with Ellen at her home.
going to Lowell yesterday, where
I have returned via Biller-
ica to R. I have dodged "Thanks-
giving day" by my movements —
they had kept it in Maine the
previous week. I consider this
festival one of the best and most
salutary in its influence of those
observed amongst us — but do not
welcome it nowadays as I used
to — as my home is too distant

to visit - and the "family gathering" is a thing unthought of! I have been in friendly and homelike circles, happily and hospitably entertained - but memory has at times been busy - and a half sad, regretful feeling would steal over me, as I have thought of a home where Father, Mother, Brothers, and Sisters returned and rejoiced together, forgetting weariness in their gladness - brightening each others hopes and strengthening the chain that unites them by new and golden links wrought of Love and sweetest Sympathy. It is a beautiful and blessed thing for those who have gone out from one home to return lovingly and joyfully to it; giving evidence to each other that they have wrought nobly in the "World's broad field." Since they parted; that they have been true to the highest voices that

spoke to them in the purest of their childhood's hours; that instead of becoming estranged by separation and new interests, a new worth and value is given to the love they cherish for each other. - What a motive for purity and uprightness of life! To Sanctify and adorn the Sanctuary of Home! -

When we become indifferent to the high privilege of such reunions in our earthly homes, we may well ~~feel~~ ^{think} that there is a fearful slumbering of our better nature. - If I am debarred this blessed privilege, may I never cease to appreciate, and within healthy limits, sigh for it.

Sunday Nov. 27. '33

It was pleasant to hear Dr. Putnam again this morning. The substance of his sermon is contained in these lines of Milton from which he quoted,

"Who best bear his mild yoke,
They serve him best" — and the spirit of it is breathed throughout Wordsworth's lines on the Beggar of Cumberland.

It was to show the high & holy uses of what are often deemed the useless members of the human family. That it is not by work alone, God's people serve Him; though he requires the full exercise of the energies and powers he has bestowed; and the high satisfactions resulting from that exercise attest the wisdom and beauty of this

necessity for labor. But to bear nobly to be incapacitated for the work of life, to be dependent on the love and sympathy of others, and rebel not against it, to learn the great lesson of patience and meek submission was even a better service. And then Dr. P. told so lovingly of the great good it wrought in the hearts of the strong and active, to labor and live for these useless ones; learning from them such lessons as no other teachers could impart; how the ruder, bustling features of life were softened by the presence of the invalid, and how were it not for these stricken and dependant ones, the energies and affections would become divorced.

Went into town this evening and heard Handel's Oration of Samson.

Dec. 8th

I passed the afternoon with Sarah yesterday, and brought home with me Hannah D's poem read at our last class meeting, which I will here transcribe.

Companions dear of school days now no more
Heart-cherished friends of later, riper years,
Now, as in "auld lang syne", ye bid me soar
Where high the ~~adverse~~ mount its summit rears,
And from the limpid, living fountain there,
A draught of inspiration hither bear.

Now, as "lang syne", I strive to work your will,
And now, alas! as then, I vainly strive;
I may not climb that consecrated hill;
Down to those crystal depths I may not dive;
Few, and much favored of the Gods, are they
Who thither find their Heaven-appointed way.

Forgive me, that I can no offering bring,
Fitting to grace this happy, festive hour,
If fervid wishes could my fancy wing,
Mine were the Poet's flight and magic power:
Forgive me, and receive with judgment kind
This humble tribute of a willing mind.

And since to-day, I leave my daily toil,
To greet dear faces, where dear scenes arise,
To tread, Old Lexington, thy sacred soil,
With those first known and loved beneath thy ^{skies,}
I see ready, pilgrim-like, I turn to thee,
The thoughts, thou awakest now, my theme shall

Old Lexington! to me a household word;
Yet wedded to a world-wide, deathless fame:
The well-springs of emotion deep are stirred,
And swell for utterance, as I breathe that name.
A mighty influence mingles with the sound,
"This place whereon we stand is holy ground."

Fair Freedom, driven forth from elder lands,
Sought in this western world, a refuge sure;
And here, her earliest, noblest altar stands,
From spoils desecrating hands secure;
Hallowed by patriots' prayers and martyrs' blood,
And woman's, childhood's tears, a priceless flood.

The hero's heart beats high, as History tells,
That here, our fathers dared heroic deeds;
A freer, fuller god, his life-tide swells,
A loftier impulse kindles while he reads;
Through clouds of doubt, Hope's day-star breaks a way,
"How great the harvest sowed by labour's few."

The way-worn exile wandering far from home,
Here turns aside, and kneeling on the sods,
His eyes uplifted to the overarching dome
Prays to our country and his country's God,
Leaves to the answering winds his bitter moan,
And sweeps his hostones o'er our father's bones.

For me, as Moslem to his Mecca turns
His wistful, frequent gaze, e'en so my heart
Towards thee, dear Lexington, unceasing yearns,
And will not from thy cherished memories part;
More vital far to me, than all the thought
Thy boundless fame, and glorious past ^{brought} have.

Here, many prophets to my soul were born,
My hopeful soul! they came as bright day-dreams,
Bringing sweet promise of a roseate dawn
And noon resplendent with meridian gleams,
And evening all serene, whose guiding star
Should light my spirit to its home afar.

Ah! that indeed was a blest golden age;
But darker ages followed all too fast;
Annals Life's volume showed a sadder page;
Those bright, but fleeting visions early pass;
And yet, I know they were not idle quite;
I only was too blind to read aright.

Life in our childhood is a fairy tale;
In youth it changes to a bright romance;
In riper years, stern Tragedy all pale
Answers at every turn our unveiled glance;
And then we backward look to re-peruse
The joyous Past, and the dark Present lose.

As the green, living ivy fondly clings
To an old parapet, or crumbling shrine,
So amid the shattered and discordant strings
Of the worn, weary heart still intertwine
Affections and dear memories of the Past;
And till its final throbs they yet must last.

They yet must last, and well for us they must;
For when our brightest, dearest hopes are dead,
From their ashes springs a childlike trust,
To bear us upward, onward in their stead;
Goad sick, we lay our burdens off, and drink
From Memory's healing waters, lest we sink.

We drink and gather courage, while we quaff;
And though Life's mystery here, we may not learn,
We have learned to lean upon this staff,
Who will not this dependent creature spare,
The Kingdom which our youthful dreams foretold
We in a future, brighter sphere may hold.

Yes, it is good that we should hither come
To talk together of those vanished days,
Yet if words fail us, and our lips are dumb,
The stones are eloquent that line these ways;
The woods, whose vines and branches interlace,
Bend kindly down to meet our fond embrace.

And now I do bethink me, that last ^{Spring} ~~day~~
When the young leaves and buds were fresh ^[gone] ~~and~~
And all the merry birds returned to sing,
A lonely lady decked in bride's array,
Plighted her love and faith with holy vow,
To him who is her happy husband now.

They live not in the Past, full well I know,
Perchance their Present is so full of bliss,
That for the Future, they no care bestow;
Long may they have such happiness as this;
With wealth of wishes for their lasting weal,
To this my humble lay, I set my seal.

Dec. 31st 1853.

"~~My~~ ^{My} ~~year~~ hath passed the year."
It does not find me
in a ~~state~~ ^{state} so blissful as to
endow the powers enfeebled by
unclouded joy; neither am I mis-
erable enough to crave a comfort-
able complaint. I am in a
~~very~~ ^{very} lame, spiritless mood to-
night; inclined to look with
some weariness upon my
surroundings, and sigh for
a more orderly, cheerful

looking home, in which I should
delight to dwell. My school life
has much that is pleasant and
compensating; I find pleasant so-
ciety among my co-workers there,
and here nothing to complain of.
I have Ellen when I get home,
and what should I do without
her? But the arrangements here
are not suited to my taste, and
notwithstanding all the good feeling
and good intentions of those
who make them, I can ^{not} feel re-
conciled to them. In some minds
this seems a serious, vital evil;
in others it looks only like an
annoyance, that it belittles me
to dwell upon, and proves me
destitute of those resources that
I ought to possess. Which is the
healthier mood? I am perplexed
to find the happy medium.

If I were only as deserving a delightful home, as I am anxious to find one, what a meritorious person I should be! But is there not a home, quite as real and important to me, whose character receives its impress from myself? A home to which I must return ever, from all my wanderings, and partake either its good cheer or its unsatisfying humors? A home, in which I alone arrange the furniture, select the occupants, determine the spirit that shall pervade and animate it, making it the "abode of all the gentler virtues"; or peopling it with ungracious guests? — I would realize on this threshold of a new year that the interior life is

of more value and worth than the outer to which I yield so much thought and anxiety. Could I only make it purer, richer and nobler, though my idea of home and society would rather be exalted than lowered, I should not be so wed to circumstances, as to despond or murmur when they seemed untoward. Must not this direct my striving for the coming year? Of course the way will not always be clear: taken I would find it; or look inviting and desirable when found. Duties will sometimes rise grim and stern before me, so grim and stern that the Will shall quake and tremble, and almost yield its supremacy. Heaven grant it may not altogether.

I know there are many foes
firmly seated in my soul that
do sadly fetter its wings; I know
that my mental stature is too
low; that my heart is too cold
and selfish. I know that I
have not found the path of true
and genuine life, nor that
inner sanctuary of the soul, into
which we must retire, that
we may find it. I would not
rest satisfied with a state
so meagre; a life so barren
in the blessed fruits that every
human life should bring forth.
I would feel unrest until
I have conquered an honorable
peace; a peace not born of
apathy, if such there can be, but
one that shall be wrought
by the harmonious action
of the conscience and the

will.

"And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless ^{[see}
Of infinite oblivion, speed thou on!
Another gift of time, succeedeth thee,
"Gush from the hand of God!" for thou hast done
The errand of thy destiny; and "none
May dream of thy returning! So, and bear
Mortality's frail record, to thy cold
Eternal prison-house;— the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts; the miser's dream of gold;
Ambition's grasp at greatness; the quenched light
Of broken spirits; the forgiven wrong,
And the abiding curse. Ah, bear along
Thine wrecks of thine own making
Go! thy knell gather upon the windy breath of ^{night}
Its last and faintest echo! Fare thee well!"

Tuesday Jan 24.

Friday, Mr. Plympton of the Dudley School, invited the "prose-
sion" in a body to his house. A
very formidable encounter of
course. I am perfectly aware
that the motive which prompts
people to make social parties,
is often a very amiable one, and
that some genuine ^{pleasure} comes of them.
But as a general thing one does
not meet more than ten or a
dozen persons in a tolerably
large company for whom he
cares much, and how much
more gladly would he meet
them without the chilling, re-
straining influences of the other
dozens for whom he does not
care one straw. If there are

persons who talk well, I do not
mean profoundly and drily, but
with that power which raises
a glow and sparkle in all
who hear, then it is worth while;
then it is a high privilege. But
where a company divides itself
into groups, the groups often
compose accidentally of those
who are as indifferant to each
other as members of our human
family can possibly be; where
nothing but barest common-
places are discussed in most
common place style; where
the shallow and pretentious
feel bound to display airs which
they consider elegancies, and
talk without even a command
of the lighter weapons needed
for the onset; where those
who are really entertaining

agreeable people feel too little at home to reveal their better selves; it is not worth while.

I saw nor heard nothing to carry me above my everyday level of feeling, enjoying principally the company of those whom I can see every day under circumstances that suit me better. I could now and then hear the voice of a professedly "strong-minded woman" giving her "opinions"; and saw some of the opposite extreme of milk and water damsels doing the agreeable with a simper that must have cost some practise. The hostess - Mrs. P. is a very agreeable, pleasing woman, and spared no pains to make her guests enjoy themselves. - But this is not the kind of social intercourse I crave.

Sunday Jan. 29th '54

I have stayed at home and "nursed my misery" today - a misery which has claimed almost constant companionship with me for some months, in the form of a dull, heavy pain in my stomachic region. I try to withdraw my attention from it, as a theme "quite beneath me", but 'tis a most persistent claimant, and will not take the "cold shoulder". It usually accompanies Fatigue, and "we three" form a most depressing trio as we issue from the schoolhouse at night, fet for nothing in particular. If there was something enlivening in my surroundings - something to amuse or interest me without effort on my part, it would no doubt be better

for me. If it will not seriously
attack my spirits, I shall be
glad, for what will sustain me,
if these take to flight? I find
there is a waning of interest,
a loss of zest and relish with
regard to employments beyond the
schoolroom, that is not good;
a feeling of weariness and exhaus-
tion that protests against all
well-meant efforts to "go up
higher". This is a way I do
not like to travel; it is too
plodding; it is not glowing, earnest
life, but sluggish existence.

I trust I am not on the thresh-
old of the "quicks of the Incircu-
blis"; destined to tend and
watch the needs of this mor-
tal prisonhouse, and bestow
upon it anxiety and nice
attentions. I thought will

not play freely, or work vigor-
ously when this physical frame
is disordered; this is certain.

If I could only lay down the bur-
den I have borne so many years—
for a season—breathe more
freely, think more leisurely—re-
cruciate the powers that are so
weary—would it not be breath-
ing I anew the breath of life?
But are there not scores, ay, thou-
sands, right about me, weaker,
and worthier, for whom no
respite is ordained? Who
find the strength and the spirit
without evading the work?
I verily think so, and must
heed the example.

In reading Bruce's Home Life in Germany - a book conveying much useful information, in a very entertaining, lively style - I have found a chapter treating of the German Union - a phrase which the author confesses has always been a vague one to him - as he believes it has to many historical scholars.

As I have frequently felt perplexed with regard to this subject, I will help myself to Mr. B's account.

The intense, almost poetic, desire of the Germans for a "Union" is well known to all who read European journals; that there is a confederated whole called Germany is also well known; but what is the basis of this confederacy; on what pact it rests - a very few among intelligent men can explain. The Germanic Empire of history - the basis

of the present Confederacy - dissolved through the influence of Napoleon in 1806 - may date its origin from 962 - when Otto the Great King of Germany acquired by the conquest of Italy - the title of Emperor. It was made up of five nations, each governed by its own prince, and all united under one elective monarch. The development of this empire into a confederacy is different from the political changes in any other country of Europe. - In France, and through all the feudal Kingdoms, the provinces or duchies were bestowed by the King upon his favorites as temporary governments, finally reverting to the Crown as fiefs - the result being that each kingdom became a compact whole and the King absolute ruler. In Germany on the contrary, there was a principle of law from the first -

that no fief should revert to the crown, and he should retain none that he possessed before election; the result the Dukes and Electors becoming gradually independent of crown; so that Germany instead of being one State with a single head became a confederation of States independent and self-governed - though yielding nominal obedience to an elective monarch and Diet. From the crowning of Otto to the peace of Westphalia 1648 - it presents a scene of unintermitted discord - Electors encroaching on the power of Emperor - and Emperor against Electors. In 11th Century Henry III. succeeded in exercising almost absolute power - but his posterity are dispossessed - and in 13th Century the place has become a mockery of greatness. For more than 2 centuries - notwithstanding temporary influence of Frederic Barbarossa and non-imperial authority is gallingly

gradually into decay. In 1220 & 1232. the territorial independence is first legally acknowledged, as the Em - engages not to levy imperial dues, or permit jurisdiction of palatine judges over the states. Up to peace of Westph - Germany though nominally an Empire, was scarcely on one occasion able to exert any combined power on rest of Europe. Lesser Unions were formed within - the rise of Protestantism caused a still wider division - and there was no exposition of German Constitution until treaty of West - and on that exposition have the relations rested until its dissolution. There in Germany is not recognized as an undivided kingdom - but the sovereignty of the States is recognized - and their relations treated - as of conflicting states - sinking the importance of Central power. Austria rises prominent - gain-

from defeat, accident, marriage, and scheming - until Austria and not Ger - is the empire. The King of Aus. is emperor of Ger - commanding one third the force in his imperial capacity that he does as King. One hundred yrs later another state suddenly arose by a series of successes more wonderful, and acts of fraud more base - Prussia. Her position in 18th century as Protestant rival of Aus. destroyed the last semblance of Ger. unity. Ger. was lost out of view as a separate state - Aus. and Prus. appearing henceforth in field of Euro. politics. Ger. states still nominally provinces of empire - but maintaining a loose confedⁿ for internal peace, clustering round the two great states henceforth to dispute power and territory of Central Europe. The last blow was struck in 1806 when 15 states separated from imperial alliance forming

Confederation of Rhine under protection of Napoleon. This old Empire of Charlemagne after nominal existence of two yrs dissolved and Francis II legalized, the same yr - this act of dissolution by relinquishing crown of Empire and declaring himself Emperor of Austria. In 1814 a 15 the Ger. States met at Vienna to re-construct Germany to frame a Constitution remedying evils of past and answer enthusiastic wishes of the people. The devotion and self-sacrifice of the nation seemed about to be rewarded - their cry for popular representation and a Federal Court to decide upon differences between states and other rights - to be answered. The result was a confederation of princes - an access of power to Aus. and Prus; - none of the rights for which the people had struggled and suffered being granted.

And to this Constitution are the people
now enslaved - after various changes
and the terrific outburst of 1848.
In Feb. 1848, a mem. of 2nd Chamber of
Baden, proposed that a petiⁿ be presented
to the Diet for a popular Chamber in
the Diet. This motion met universal ap-
plause through Ger., and on 31st of March
the new National Parliam^t was delib-
erated upon at Frankfurt by Revolu-
tionary assembly. In July the old Diet ter-
minated its existence. The Nat^l Parl^t
is spoken of as a splendid experiment
to build up a free, compact, united Ger.
But these legislators knew nothing of prac-
tical politics - and they at length called
in the soldiers of the princes, to save them
from violence of people, when their
day of power was over. Efforts were
still continued by princes, and three
separate Unions were formed, rivals
and enemies - the result of these em-
pirewide struggles. At length Austria

with a bold forgetfulness of 30 yrs dis-
content and suffering, with an insulting
defiance of all Prussia's efforts for a
new confederacy, calmly summoned the
Gov^{ts} to Frankfurt to a session of the
old Diet. By bold bearing and shrewd diplo-
macy, she ousted Prussia from every need
position, degraded her in the eyes of
her own friends, and returned formally
to Vienna treaties of 1815, as the basis
of German Constitution

March 22nd '54.

There have been several things
I intended to record, but have
not - for what reason I am sure
I cannot tell; unless it be the
humiliating one - that I have
grown excessively stupid and
indifferent. Blue pills and Ro-
chell powder, have wrought
no marvellous change in

this respect, though I confess to considerable reliance upon their efficacy. If I am really beneath to be enrolled among the "stupid" - I must beg for an occasional "brightening up" - just a glimpse of that Shivelier state of being - I would never have voluntarily surrendered.

I have had a vacation since my last entry - beginning the 25th of Feb. It nearly passed in Fall River and Dedham. Adie accompanied me to the former place. Before vacation I made some pleasant visits; one at Mr. Lang's - and one at Rachel's. Since vacation we have returned to our old home - Mrs. Reed's. It possesses so many advantages over that in which I have lately dwelt - that I

feel very glad to be there. It is much changed in some particulars - owing to the character and style of the boarders chiefly. The meals have thus far been as solemn as a funeral service. Eating seems to be recognized as the proper and legitimate business of the meeting around the board, and I find myself frequently, ^{more,} to internal laughter at the sombre visages and awful "silences", the depths of these last being disturbed only by the sound produced by masticating one's food. - How meagre is the refreshment, it seems to me, brought by a meal thus conducted, even though the table groan beneath the weight of most tempting viands! But I have heard Mrs. R. express

satisfaction that her boarders were not talkers, so good manners will require an acquiescence to the prevailing tone; and indeed I have heard nothing to tempt me to any thing I like conversation.

How cordially I agree with the following remarks of "Brace" 'I am inclined to think, dear J., that the true view of human life would bring in eating as an important element. Not eating as a mere animal pleasure, but as an expression of joy and aid of sociality. I am disposed to believe that the true course is to sanctify eating, not to look down upon it, but to make it a means of the higher influences. As was natural in an early age, eating in the Old Testament

was always the expression of happiness and sociality. In the New, is it not remarkably how much Christ is spoken of at meals? His noblest thoughts, his freest outpourings of real feeling are at the table when good cheer has been. His best speeches and teachings are often at dinner. The peculiar rite - yes, the only rite, which he transmitted, is the changing of the convivial meal into a remembrance of Him. And His last appearance after the crucifixion is at the breakfast table; and his last appearance on earth is at a dinner in the open air. Is not this the idea of the Eucharist? But is not the real idea, that the meal is one of the best aids of sociality, and best expressions of happiness and that in that time of friendly pleasant intercourse,

me especially want the aid of
God and His company in mak-
ing it all noble and good?
Is not every meal a Lord's
supper - and should not
every Lord's supper be a so-
cial meal? Is not this the
healthy, natural idea of eat-
ing - of a man who has not
been a glutton - with good ap-
petite and social affections?

If I could have a top top Senator
Meyer's dinner, with eighteen
courses and wines, all by myself, I
should not prefer it to my soup and
roast goose for seven and a half
cents - but give me a company or
family dinner, where thought
and kind feeling and language
are waked up by the good cheer,
if it be only tea, and bread and
butter, and I confess I do like
it for better."

"... a fountain to whose living side
By divers ways, the children of the earth
Run day and night, a thirst to measure forth
Its living waters; Health, and Wealth and Power,
And Gladness, and Arms, and Wisdom, and Lust,
But one, apart from all, as seem to stand
And take no notice of the hollow quest,
What to their golden vessels is denied
Of pleasure, this to most reach; the pain and noise
In the glad sound and freshness of the place,
Drinking momently its dew, and feels no thirst,
While his hoarse groans of sunny place
He sorrows for that troop as it returns
Through the waste wilderness with empty
pots."

Why, my sweet fellow, it would be time for a
new deluge, a very bright spot on the surface of
the earth could be so shut from you! No! there
is no such right of property possible in our
public. Parcel out pigs we may - if we know how
and nobody leaves the gate open - but to fence an
a general eye from any corner of the earth which
were too longy touched with that parcel which never
repeats itself - to shut up a glen or a waterfall for our
man exclusive knowing and enjoying - to lock up trees
and glades - shady walks and haunts along rivulets
it would be an embezzlement of one

man of God's gift to all. A capitalist might
as well curtain off a Star, or have the mono-
nopoly of an hour. Doors may lock - but
out doors is a free hold to God and eyes."

H. P. W.

"The brook is silent when it mirrors most
Whatever is grand or beautiful above:
The billow which would kiss the flowery eunuch
Dies in the first expression of its love:
And could the bard consign to living breath
Feelings too deep for thought - the utterance
were death." J. B. P.

"The sweet and silver sandal tree
Which like a maiden fed the flowers,
Hath waned into the belldame forest,
And walked amid our bowers." J. B. P.

"Circumstances were favorable to you, only
as they are to the pine, which possesses
within itself strength to entwine its roots
among the rocks, and to spring into the
air from the mountain peak"
Kiebur.

"And that which hath been thrilled with song
May thrill a song to one"

Church of St. Peter is almost entirely of white
 as the glass is of the most perfect color
 when the sun is bright, is beautiful and
 enlivening. It is a house of general delight
 whose rich, soft, ins. look, is only a
 revelation of a glory begun in the
 common day, though invisible, as redemption
 was its humanity. This church by
 the appeal of its simple and natural sancti-
 city, which destroyed so many monuments
 in this region, secured its grace; and
 though plundered by the Hapsburgs in 16th
 century its frame remained unimpaired.
 It was begun in 1318 and finished in 1500.

1854 -
 1858

The impersonal character of this Cathedral,
 the meagerness of the ornament in the trib-
 unal gives them a peculiar interest.

1520 - 1535

- Donatello 1117
- Lionardo 1519
- Praxiteles 1520
- Correggio 1524
- Angelo 1568
- Giorgione 1511
- Petrus 1516
- Titian 1576
- Veronese 1588

Donatello
 Guido 1600-1660
 Correggio

58