

BOX 2



Canton Sunday July 27th 1851

I have purchased ~~with~~ this book with vague ideas as to the purpose to which I shall devote it. I have not journalized much lately - as the fact that I have but just finished a book commenced two or three years ago will attest.

I cannot sit down as I once did and record the daily events of my life - neither do I think it would be profitable for me now. Some of my old journals written in my younger days - read strangely sentimental - I wonder how I could so patiently - say lovingly even have discoursed for pages on matters upon which I could not at this time - bring the interest to bear - necessary to indite a line. And yet I believe those old journals did something for me - something I could not well have spared. They preserved

me from error sometimes - now and then a thought was stayed of some value to me which would otherwise have fled - impressions which the thoughts of others made on my mind were recorded to some profit I think - and I fear, if I was really happier than I should have been without it. But I have quite outgrown the desire to record passing events - or to detail scenes which please me. But if a journal can be in any way made an instrument of genuine pleasure or progress - I would not neglect it. That it can, I do not doubt. If it be made merely the repository of any useful or pleasant passages I may find in books - or catch from lips which discourse wisely or worthily; it would not be altogether an unprofitable work - though I should myself wear no web of thought" towards it. Sometimes it has occurred to me that many of the best things I meet in my reading - can not be recalled so distinctly as I would

have them - and that one of the best remedies for this would be to record with some clearness such things as I care to preserve - which would be likely to be otherwise but vaguely impressed on my mind. I think I will try this. — I came here from Roxbury yesterday - with the prospect of four weeks of "elegant leisure". 'Tis a goodly feeling which visits me now - this glorious summer evening - the world about me in this quiet and secluded spot so fresh and beautiful - and my mind so free from oppressive thoughts and cares. Surely that sublime anthem raised in Paradise by our first parents in that morning hour of creation - acknowledging the Author of "These thy glorious works" ~~was~~ not too exalted a strain for us to breathe - did our hearts respond to those deep and earnest voices calling now as then - upon ^{us} to behold and rejoice! This unwanted feeling of

freedom and light-heartedness - will pass away with the season which brings it - and I shall return to "voyage on with care" again. Joyously and fleetly the moments will doubtless pass. I would indeed "wrest a blessing" from them ere they go. I would inweave every pleasant thought and feeling which shall visit me into my being so harmoniously, that I shall carry back with me a stronger and more grateful spirit. There are some duties - let me remember - I must never for the briefest season resign - duties to which I must strive ever to attach myself more closely.

Prosbury

I returned from Bangor - where I have passed most of my vacation Friday ~~July 29th~~ - and came here from Watertown Sunday the 24th. I have been very happy during

my holiday season - but must not be so childish as to quarrel with the necessity which must be recognized. One cannot, however, but falter a little - and regret the "poisoned path" trodden in ^{those} moments of freedom and gladness, when we lay down the wonted burdens of our working-day life - burdens alas! that do sometimes weary and oppress us. It is not in a rejoicing spirit that I resume the beaten track and take them up again. But a "rejoicing spirit" should not be chilled by an atmosphere in which so many of our days are spent; or reserved merely for a brief and rare occasion. May I realize this. Many things I have become pleasant and familiar to me during my visit which I cannot

hope to meet again for a very long day. But the remembrance of so delicious a season should help me to bear up bravely and cheerfully through the life that is now before me.

Friday Sept 5th

This day being no doubt a pretty fair specimen of my days - suppose I review it briefly - as it has brought no particular satisfactions with it. The morning was glorious - and I must confess - that the best part of it was no doubt passed in the luxury of a morning nap - in which the poet has implied there is naught to charm the wise. Consequently my first act - a rather passive surrender to a power I might ^{have} conquered savoured of foolishness. The next

proceeding - breakfast - I will venture to assert was conducted with tolerable vigor and earnestness - to tipping that "Crescent Comforts" are not expunged from my catalogue of noticeable things. I then ironed a few pieces - badly enough I dare say - thinking all the while I would much rather be excused - which any good lecturer on human duties would tell me was a very sorry if not culpable state of mind. Ellen had made the bed when I got up stairs - so I was denied participation in one of my wonted pleasures. This - however I bore philosophically. I then read a few pages in Kendall's Santa Fe expedition which promises to be a witty - entertaining book. I go through with the preliminaries stating

the purpose of the expedition which was got up by the Texan government and with which the writer was in no way politically involved - the necessary arrangements for so adventurous a tour beyond the pale of civilization - purchase of "Jim the Butcher" and some remarks thereupon - Mat Smally's determination to enjoy the full benefit and luxury of a coming shower - as they started for a trip to San Antonio - a place full of interesting associations about 80 miles from Austin - and a very saucy comment upon your English traveller. During this trip to San Antonio the writer mentions an individual he met minus his scalp. Having survived the barbarous process of scalping - the second case of the kind he had seen - both having been left by the Indians as finished.

verifying the Irishman's remark that a "man is not always dead when he is killed". Then I went to school where as usual I have exhausted my energies - to some purpose I would fain hope - though I do not welcome this inefficient state of mind in which I find myself by 7 O'Clock in the evening. I feel neither cross or decidedly stupid - but incapable of any real work - and yet the fact that there is so much to be done stares me continually in the face. All I have accomplished through the day is little - scarcely nothing - and as I left Annie discoursing sweet music below stairs - I would fain have lingered in the darkened parlor and passed my evening in a listening passive state; but something within bade me

Come up stairs and do something - anything - so I should exercise a single worthy faculty. Have I done so? I do not think a shade visible to mortal eyes has passed over my spirit during the week - on the contrary Mrs. Reed has laughingly declared she did not believe I knew what it was to feel repressed - and yet in the inmost recesses of my soul there has been unrest and self-accusation. The beautiful summer has passed away so fleetly - and I have ^{lived} it so feebly! Those long-glorious days have fled as it were - while I was thinking how to spend them. I have thought of the trivial - while nature all about me was telling those ^{who} would hear of sublimest truths. The most favoring influences have at times breathed

upon me - and I have not yielded my whole heart lovingly to them. "Vain thoughts" have dwelt too long - where they should not even have entered. May I not reach a higher state during these Autumn months - fraught as they will be to every truly living soul - with lessons I become it not ^{to} spurn or disregard?

My Chamber Sept. 19th

Today is the last - and greatest of the "three days jubilee" - and I am released from school in consequence. And although I intend to remain quietly at home - my mind is in a truly rejoicing state. There is a sense of freedom - an assurance that the day is mine - that I may follow my own inclinations -

too rare not to be welcomed.
Tis one of those glorious September
days too - in which it would seem
the world must needs rejoice.
The sound of music comes faintly
to my ear - gay carriages pass my
window continually - the children
shout more merrily than usual -
and everything without betokening a
gala day. Ellen has donned her "tother
clothes" and gone to Boston with
the multitude - and with feelings
akin to happiness I have closed
my chamber door and felt as
sure 'tis to be one of my fairest
holidays. I happen to feel no
uneasiness - this morning - no lack
of resources - no vexatious regrets
- and I would only ask that "this
morning mood" may not fade out
or forsake me through the day.

I have no doubt but my heart
would leap and rejoice were I in the
midst of the sights and sounds of
yonder city - for there is something
truly beautiful and exhilarating in
a movement of the kind - and I
have as little doubt but ~~my heart~~
it will be glad and grateful in its
chosen recreations - tame and insigni-
fificant as they may seem. And
what matters it - if the day bring
genuine satisfactions - if conscious
that we have lived it - and not mere-
ly evaded through it - whether we
pass it alone with glad thoughts
and pleasant fancies - or in the
din and bustle of a rejoicing crowd?
I finished Hendall's Santa Fe Ex-
pedition - last evening. 'Tis one of
those books I close with re-
gret - for I have journeyed with

the writer through such diverse scenes - and had my sympathies roused so keenly for himself and fellow-sufferers that I really did not "enjoy the parting" I have referred to the preface remarks before - left Mr. R. making an excursion to San Antonio - from whence he soon returned to Austin - whence the expedition started toward the East of June 1841. - consisting of 24 heavy wagons and about 300 persons - destined for Santa Fe' in N. Mexico - distant about 1000 miles over an unurveyed - and untravell'd region - consisting of immense prairies frequented by hostile tribes and herds of buffalo - wild and fearful chasms of which the difficulties and danger of crossing is graphically described - and all the rough and beautiful scenery

in which such a region must of course abound. Long and difficult marches without water - often with a very scanty supply of food are described with the "pen of a ready writer" - and peculiarities of the country discussed very pleasantly - The Prairie Dog communities are pictured - the animals themselves amusingly gossiped about - facetious remarks concerning the quantities of rattlesnakes in a certain lot - their habit of comfortably rolling themselves in the blankets or serapes of the campaigners &c &c &c. But the hardships of a Prairie life become luxurious and pleasant things compared with their treatment on their arrival at Santa Fe' where they are seized as pris-

oners. by order of Armijo - Gov. of N. Mexico a detestable tyrant whose life the Author has sketched - and after seeing two of their Company barbarously shot - and being arranged themselves for a similar fate - marched under the vile Palesas as far as El Paso - insulted and annoyed by this most brutal Mexican it would seem beyond human endurance. One march of forty hours he mentions without food or water when the prisoners were so lame and footsore as to be almost unable to move - yet sure to be shot down if they should give out - two of the prisoners actually meeting that fate. They afterwards meet with better treatment from Ochoa and Velasco - are invariably pitied and cared for by the Mexi-

can women - whose kindheartedness and gracefulness the Author seems never weary of praising - and grows quite ecstatic when describing one whom he meets with a pumpkin on her head - twin sister in beauty and grace to the prettiest girl he ever saw who was selling stockings at Holmes Hole at 25c a pair. They finally enter the City of the Montezumas seated on donkeys - several of them among whom was the Author were confined in San Lazaro - the hospital where lepers were confined - occupying the same room with them - and in daily and constant companionship with them. He refers to the gaiety and amusements among these victims of a heathsome and fatal disease - says he has often seen

a party of four at cards - who had not a single nose or entire finger among them. From this place he is conveyed very miserably in the night to the prison at Santiago - where he finds many of his former companions in chains about which they jest very pleasantly - and he is furnished with the tinkety himself - having the Scripture quoting Maj. Bennett at the other end of his chains. He gets very impatient of with his state - being acutely sensible of its injustice - and censures the dilatory and temporising movements of his government - when the liberty of its subjects is involved - and is finally released through the efforts of Wadg Thompson. These are many pleasant and profitable

thoughts too distinctly impressed on my mind it would seem now - to require record here. But I am sorely vexed and provoked with myself sometimes to find how little I can recall of books I have read within a few years. I would read nothing which is not really worth reading - and would never read hurriedly and unprofitably.

Instead of sitting down so quietly all day as I proposed to myself this morning I rode into town about one o'clk - and saw the procession pass - bringing up the rear thereof. These were some very fine specimens of the men - some very magnificent horses - some rare and beautiful specimens of Yankee skill - and I was not sorry to have a good opportunity to see all these without the slightest

trouble;—and although I deem a holiday of the kind—a very refreshing and beneficial thing for the Community generally—I could never see sufficient enjoyment that could accrue to anybody from one of these everlasting processions to justify the outlay of money and exertion necessary to produce them.

September 24th

I have enjoyed a day, for which I ought—and believe do feel very grateful. Our second class meeting at Lexington was held to-day—and a season of genuine gladness and rejoicing it proved. Whatever changes time may have wrought in our ranks—and they cannot be few nor slight—they surely do not

seem visible on these occasions.

The criticisms come as freely and pleasantly as they used to flow in more youthful days—the laugh follows as joyously as then—and there is a beautiful and genuine satisfaction in the thought that such real love and interest has "lived in long remembrance."

My confession must be—that my thoughts turn reluctantly to my more prosaic world again—but shall it not lose something of its prosaic aspect—and become bathed in the radiant sunshine in which my heart ^{has} revelled ~~yesterday~~—to-day? Surely my way must be brighter and gladder for the refreshing influences of the last few hours—which have flown so fleetly.

Sunday Sept 28th.

Last Sunday I passed at Billerica - and expected to find myself at Canton to-day - but - perhaps timely ~~was~~ warning from some lowering clouds - and staid here. 'Tis not so pleasant as some other things I can readily call to mind - to find oneself Monday morning at a distance in the country - and feel that despite any freaks in which the elements may see fit to engage - you must face them - and "come to town" at an early appointed hour. 'Tis one of the heights of human indifference I have not yet reached.

It is not pleasant this morning - and I do not feel the slightest inclination to go to church - consequently stay at home. I do

not - by any means consider it safe to follow implicitly one's inclination - for that they are occasionally sinful and perverse - I can vouch my individual experience. But I will trust mine to-day - and do not feel any compunctious throbs - from which one might if called upon - argue - their healthfulness - or the exceeding deadness of my conscience. But I will not argue the case here.

The conversation at our breakfast table this morning turned upon Dr. Putnam - pulpit oratory and kindred subjects.

Upon a gentleman's remarking that he wished he ^(Dr. P.) could find his true place - which was not the sacred office - that his productions in a literary point of view were truly admirable.

cc &c. - I felt some thoughts on the subject coming into my mind - and was on the point of expressing them - but forbore in consideration of some other thoughts that followed on the instant in effect somewhat as follows: Perhaps you have not well considered the subject - and very likely have not a word to offer which will not sound "flat, stale, and unprofitable" - and as it is never pleasant and seldom of any manner of use to attack an opinion that has been confidently and decidedly expressed - and as you are not called upon to say a word about it - keep your thoughts if you have any for your own benefit and amusement. But there is no objection to my playing the fool

here - as exposure is out of the question. There was an article in one of my recent Home Journals in connection with some remarks on a lecture of Rev. Henry Giles - in which it was implied or said I believe - that eloquence belonged not to the pulpit - and should be brought into another field. - With this Mr. Poole agreed - and expressed the opinion in connection with Dr. Putnam. Now I will not say this view shocked some pre-existing ideas of mine - for my ideas are all too vague and feebly supported to be easily shocked - but it did jar a little upon some notions that I find myself entertaining. The facts of Christianity are simple and beautiful - it will be said - needing

not - incapable of receiving any
adornment or power from human
lips - and 'tis the preacher's office
to present these facts in their
alluring simplicity. And why
not then take the volume of inspi-
ration - simply read the glad tidings
- the unsifted visions - the fear-
ful warnings - it contains; repeat
the beautiful and touching prayer
Jesus taught his disciples to breathe
- and be silent then? But this
is not deemed the mission
of him who is to minister from
the pulpit. He is chosen from
among men - as one who has power
to speak himself to human hearts -
to speak earnestly - with winning
and convincing power - and
when he can do this - is he
not eloquent - and when men

praise and listen - will they not do
more - believe the truths - and
do the works enjoined? Why
not welcome eloquence to the
sacred desk - and let the god-like
intellect of the earnest man
who has striven with God's
noblest truths - and grasped and
loved them - present to men
as he alone ~~as he alone~~ can
do those blessed and sacred
truths with which our highest
duties are indissolubly linked?
Why shall not learning and
literature lend their aids - I
would not say to adorn - but
to express the dearest and
most vital truths? That like
art should intrude herself as
the equal of Religion - assume
her place and demand the

reverence she alone can claim
— is an idea almost too sacrilegious
to demand a passing censure.
Let eloquence be summoned to
support a usurpation like this—
and well may she be called from
the holy place she profanes— not
by her presence— but by exalting
the "earthly" above the "heavenly"

Sunday Oct. 19th

For two Sabbaths I have been out
of town— at Canton and at Cambridge
Other days I have been to school—
exhausted my strength and energies there—
and performed but little beyond. There is
much work I would fain do— and I
cannot bear that this pleasant
month— so abounding in influences
to invigorate and inspire— should

pass so unenjoyed and unheeded. But—
do not rebel— unquiet heart— but
make the most of the circumstances
to which you are elected.

I have read since my last record
Pendennis— and three vols. of Madame
D'Aublay's Diary. The first I read
hurriedly— and did not enjoy enough
to justify the reading. Laura— Waring-
ton and Helen Pendennis— I dare say
will recur very pleasantly to my thoughts
occasionally— the major may be
brought forward should some accom-
plished— exemplary rank and wealth—
worshipping old worldling cross my
path— and Pen himself is not a
bad specimen— of a moderately
selfish— moderately talented— very
conceited and in some points very
magnanimous and high-souled young
man living and moving under
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no I read my note of Pen's now in 1858 - how tame a mistake
it seems. One must grow yellow to ap-
preciate the shock of ery.

Blanche - with her sentimentality and
affectation and ill. temper - is very dis-
gusting - notwithstanding her lily shoul-
ders - and pink silk bonnet and blue
parasol - and I am glad Pen did not
marry her - though she might have im-
posed upon a worthier soul. But
there are scores - or thousands of more
readable and profitable books yet unread
by me - and I must beware how I
appropriate the few hours I devote
to reading, when my eyes require so
much indulgence. With "Madame D"
Arblay's Diary I have been highly enter-
tained. It is commenced and as far as
I have yet read - by ^{contingent} Fanny Burney - the
very successful authoress of Eco-
lina and Cecilia. In the earlier
pages she discourses very pleasantly
and sensibly of some of the most
prominent among the literati of

London at that period - more minutely
of her much beloved and revered Dr.
Johnson - of whom she saw much at
Mrs. Thrale's - and who was most
sincerely attached to her. -
She afterwards becomes a personal
attendant of Queen Charlotte's - where
she leads a far less congenial life -
though it furnishes material - which
her observant and ready mind have
wrought into a delightfully entertain-
ing form. Of the Queen's judgement
and goodness - she bears frequent
and earnest testimony - and it is
evident that she devotedly and self-sac-
rificingly serves her. But the charm
of these volumes is the close com-
panionship you enjoy with a high-
minded - sensible, accomplished
woman - as unassuming as
she was admired - and I ought
more it would seem for her

lovable, amiable womanly qualities - than for her literary reputation. Yes - Fanny Burney has been a real - presence to me - during the past week - and I can't help feeling grateful to her for keeping her journal so faithfully.

Tuesday Nov. 9th.

For about a fortnight past - we have been in a continual stir - looking for a boarding place - Most of our leisure out of school hours has been devoted to active exertion - and it has troubled and disturbed my thoughts constantly. Yesterday - after finding a place to which we had resolved to go - Mrs R. made proposals for us to remain

which we accepted - and feel comparatively at rest again.

My 28th birthday has passed very quietly since my last entry and I begged Elly's congratulations the morning thereof - that I still retained my front teeth and had no gray hairs. Purely Time has been marvellously lenient to me! I can remember when 28 yrs seemed a very long sojourn in the land - and the woman who had endured it quite a specimen of the antique. Well I suppose so she still seems to a goodly number of the people whom I daily meet. And yet I think I would not be restored to 17 could the slightest gesture of my hand procure the restoration. My spirits are as good - my views of life more cheerful - my expectations of what others are to contrib.

ute to my happiness less sanguine perhaps - but more truthful and reasonable of trust. If I have not retained all the friendships which I then deemed so necessary and vital to my peace - none of them have been violated by sunsets - or ceased to be pleasantly and gratefully remembered. - If my feelings do not yield quite so pleasantly to influences that used to exhilarate me - neither do I despond so readily over adverse and unwelcome visitants. My work is more nearly finished - or should I not more becomingly say - the time for its completion is nearer its expiration; - and despite the insufficiency and weakness with which at best we grapple with our human work - do we not inwardly - perhaps unconsciously rejoice that we have advanced so far towards

that completion? Does not the very sense of that insufficiency and weakness foster and deepen this tendency? It seems a very common opinion - more especially among the shallow and narrow-minded - that as one advances in years - he must needs advance in moroseness; - become severe and ungenial - cease to reflect in his soul the sunshine and gladness about him - or to send forth the rays of a spirit warm and radiant. But surely the mind that is in a healthy and progressive state will not so manifest itself. New years will bring new acquirements - of moral strength - of intellectual resources. The line which separates the true from the false will be less obscure - and while the True becomes indeed the Beautiful to the clearer eye of the advancing spirit - the

False - ugly and hideous - will win
no worship and find no lurking place
where it may nestle to lure and
tempt under fair and dangerous dis-
guises. Time may and will make
sad inroads upon ^{up} surrounding
circumstances we may wish to pre-
serve unchanged - and resources we
have cherished; - but surely it was
not the will of the Good Father
who formed our hearts - that as we
journeyed on in "the world he created -
the lights which cheered our earlier
days - should be extinguished and
the flowers which gladdened them
wither and die - and we be left
to grope in darkness and cheerless-
ness. No - has he not ordained
permanent and glorious lights - &
eternal and un fading flowers to re-
place the transient and the per.

ishing - if we will but fulfill
the conditions for discerning them?

For what shall we strive and
pray more earnestly than a loving-
genial - cheerful spirit - yearning
ever for higher truth and higher
life - finding them ever nearer -
the way ever clearer?

Nov. 16th 1851

I have spent most of the
day in reading from books - avail-
able when I would recall any-
thing that has pleased me - and
from papers in which I so
often read good things and for-
get them. Here is one from
Henry Ward Beecher's lecture before
the Mercantile Library Association.
"It is not what a man
may do, but what he does

that gives him rank, and circumstances cannot keep him down. The very things that trouble men the most in this life, are the very things that give them an edge, and carry them on to success.

Genius unexercised is no more genius, than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. "Men who desire eminence, must travel for it like the eagle, with wings wide spread."

Here is another from Dr. Dewey's before Lowell Institute.

"Again in this constant fluctuation, how strong the stimulus it affords to exertion. Even in languor the mind gathers strength for coming conflict, and even in its most depressed state, it sometimes makes its greatest progress."

Amid the rustling of the tempest, the ship sails the fastest. Man is cradled upon an ocean, on whose bosom he hurries on to eternity. It is not on a summer lake that he is borne to the shadowy land."

I have been reading in Madame D'Arblays journal - detailing her life and anxieties in Paris at the time of Napoleons return from Elba. - her flight therefrom after that of Louis XVIII became known and her subsequent life in Brussells, where she sojourned at the time of the "Battle of Waterloo" - separated from her "truest of partners". Her description of the season of battle passed within sound of the Cannons roar - gives one it seems to me a livelier sense

of the horrors of war - the individual misery produced by it - than the most faithful accounts of historians can do. You seem in such direct communication with a heart suffering all the anxieties and alarms and terrors of the dreadful day - that you almost forget you are not yourself an actual sufferer from the horrid discord about you. As my sympathies ally themselves with the writer - and thereby with the opposing interests of Napoleon - had anxiously I wish the event that transpires on that Day of Carnage. Napoleon was never my hero - in his most splendid achievements - and I will never strive so to read them that he shall

become so.

Friday Nov. 21st.

From an editorial in my Home Journal - on "The Poetry of the Head & River Railroad" I will preserve the following. When the Kendal and Windermere Railway was proposed a few years ago, the venerable poet, who has since been laid in the quiet churchyard of Grassmere, raised his protesting voice against the mercenary invasion, as if a deadlier enemy than he who once marshalled his flotilla at Bowness, now assailed the ancient sanctities of Eggleston: "Baffle the threat! bright ^{Ordeal heard} scene ^{from} Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance of Nature; and if human hearts be dead

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Of Nature; and if human hearts be dead

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Speak, passing winds; ye lovers with your
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.
We share not the apprehension upon which
such invocations are founded. We are of
the party of those who believe that
the past will be to the future as the
flower to the bud; that the harmony
between man's inward nature and life's
outward state as it has been kept from
the primal morning when all the off-
spring of Creation sang together for joy,
so will not be lost in the going on
of time, that so long as wonder, awe &
admiration, and all the mystic tran-
sient of agents "Whereby we do build up
The mortal being that we are".

continue to be living forces of our best
existence, so long will there not be want-
ing powers in nature to feed these vi-
tal essences, even with increased abun-
dance, as the orderly progression of our

fare is evolved." Then followed some
remarks on the revelations of the
beautiful and sublime in scenery
which have been made by the con-
struction of the Erie Railway.

"Charles Lamb tells us," says a
correspondent from abroad, "that he usu-
ally entertained a small dog about
his person, of a very snappish dis-
position whom he called Test, and
whom he made use of as a measure
of the equanimity and endurance of
his friends. The cities of Europe serve
me as dogs, to try the spirits of my
compatriots, who have been roaming
through the various nations." This will
suggest the rest of the article.

To-morrow, my school
labors pause for a week - and I
go home to enjoy my Thanksgiving
vacation. Last year, at this season

I was to take a new - and I had reason to believe difficult school on my return - and I went home anxious and care-burdened. What I then ~~made~~ ^{made} as new and uncertain - has become familiar work to me - from which I do not shrink - or apprehend trying experiences. Thus the disturbing thoughts of one year vanish with the hour that brought them. Surely 'tis a sustaining fact - if we will but remember it at the needful hour.

Tuesday evening Dec 2^d

I read the "Castles" while at home last week - and will preserve a few of the fine passages which pleased me - trusting the impression which the whole book has made on my mind will be as salutary

as pleasing. "Why then" Squills said my father familiarly "you would know that though a scholar is often a fool, he is never a fool so supreme, so superlative, as when he is defacing the first unsullied page of the human history, by entering into it the common-places of his own pedantry. A scholar, sir, at least one like me, is of all persons the most unfit, to teach young children. A mother, sir, a simple, natural, loving mother is the infant's true guide to knowledge. I agree with Helvetius, a child should be educated from its birth; but how? there is the rub, send him to school forthwith! Certainly he is at school with the two great principles - Nature and Love. Observe that Childhood and Genius have the same master organ in common - inquisitiveness. Let Childhood have

its way, and as it began where genius begins,
it may find what genius finds. A certain
Greek writer tells us of some man who, in
order to save his bees a troublesome flight to
Hymettus, cut their wings, and placed before
them the finest flowers he could select.
The poor bees made no honey. Now, sir, if
I should teach my boy; I should be cutting
his wings, and giving him the flowers he
should find himself. Let us leave nature alone
for the present, and nature's living proxy -
"the watchful mother" - - - -

"I say then" said my father, "that books
taken indiscriminately, are no cure to the
diseases and afflictions of the mind. There is
a world of science necessary in the look-
ing them. I have known some people in
great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last
light book in fashion. One might as
well take a rose draught for the plague.
Light reading does not do when the

heart is really heavy. I am told that
Goethe, when he lost his son, took to
study a science that was new to him.

Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew
what he was about. In a great grief
like that, you cannot tickle and divert
the mind; you must wrench it away, ab-
stract, absorb - bury it in an abyss - bury
it into a labyrinth. Therefore for the ir-
remediable sorrows of middle life and old
age, I recommend a strict chronic course
of science and hard reasoning - Counter-
irritation. Bring the brain to act upon
the heart! "If science is too much against
the grain (for we have not all got mathe-
matical heads) something in the reach of the
humblest understanding, but sufficiently
searching to the highest - a new language -
Greek, Arabic, Scandinavian, Chinese or
Welsh! For the loss of fortune, the door
should be applied less directly to the un-
derstanding - I would administer some

thing elegant and cordial. For as the heart is lacerated and crushed by a loss in the affections, so it is rather the head that aches and suffers by the loss of money. Here we find the higher class of poets a very valuable remedy. For observe that poets of the grander and more comprehensive kind of genius have in them two separate men, quite distinct from each other - the imaginative man, and the practical, circumstantial man; and it is the happy mixture of these that suits diseases of the mind, half imaginative and half practical. There is Homer - now lost with the gods, now at home with the homeliest, the very "poet of circumstance" - as Gray has finely called him; and yet with imagination enough to seduce and coax the dullest for a while into forgetting, that little spot on his desk which his bankers

note can cover. There is Virgil - far below him indeed

"Virgil, the wise,
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies"
as Cowley expresses it. But Virgil still has genius enough to be two men - to lead you into the fields, not only to listen to the pastoral reed, and to hear the bees hum, but to note how you can make the most of the glebe and the vineyard. There is Horace - charming man of the world - who will console with you feelingly on the loss of your fortune, and by no means undervalue the good things of this life; but who will show you that a man may be happy with a vile modicum or *parva rura*. There is Shakspeare, who above all poets, is the mysterious deal of hard sense and empirical fancy - and a great many more whom I need not name; but who if you take to them gently and quietly will not like your mere

philosophes or unreasonable Stoic tell you that you have lost nothing; but who will insensibly steal you out of this world, and its losses and crosses, and slip you into another world before you know where you are! — a world where you are just as welcome, though you carry no more earth of your lost acres with you than covers the sole of your shoe. Then, for hypochondria and satiety, which is better than a brisk alteration course of travel — especially early, out of the way, marvellous — legendary travel! How they freshen up the spirit! How they take you out of the humdrum yawning state you are in! See, with Herodotus, young Greece spring up into life; or note with him how, already had the wondrous old Orient world is crumbling into giant decay; or go with Carpini or Rubruquis to Turkey, meet the carts of Sagathia laden with houses, and think that a great city is travelling

towards you. Go on that vast wild empire of the Tartar where the descendants of Genghis multiply and disperse over the immense waste desert which is as boundless as the ocean. Sail with the early northern discoverers, and penetrate to the heart of winter, among sea-serpents, and bears and tusked mooses with the faces of men. Then what think you of Columbus, and the stern soul of Cortes, and the kingdom of Mexico, and the strange gold city of the Peruvians, with that audacious brute Pizarro? and the Polynesians, just for all the world like the ancient Britons, and the American Indians — and the South Sea Islanders? How petulant and young and adventurous and frisky your hypochondria must get upon a regimen like that! Then for that vice of the mind which I call Schaefferism — not in the religious sense of the word — but little-narrow prejudices, that make you hate your

philosophes or unreasonable Stoic tell you that you have lost nothing; but who will insensibly steal you out of this world, and its losses and crosses, and slip you into another world before you know where you are! — a world where you are just as welcome, though you carry no more earth of your lost acres with you than covers the sole of your shoe. Then, for hypochondria and satiety, which is better than a brisk alterative course of travel — especially early, out of the way, marvelous — legendary travel! How they freshen up the spirit! How they take you out of the humdrum yawning state you are in! Pee, with Herodotus, young Greece spring up into life; or note with him how, already how the wondrous old Orient world is crumbling into giant decay; or go with Carpini or Rubruquis to Turkey, meet the carts of Zagathia laden with horses, and think that a great city is travelling

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next door neighbor because he has his
eggs roasted while you have yours boiled,
and gossiping and prying into peoples affairs,
and backbiting, and thinking heaven and
earth are coming together - if some broom
touch a cobweb that you have let grow over
the window sill of your brain - what
like a large, generous mildly aperient
course of history! How it clears away all
the fumes of the head! Better than the helle-
bore with which the old leeches of the
middle ages purged the cerebellum. There,
amidst all that great whirl and storm bath
as the Germans say, of kingdoms and empires,
and races and ages, how your mind enlarges
beyond that little, feverish animosity
of John Styles; or that unfortunate pre-
possession of yours, that all the world is
interested in your grievances against Tom
Stokes and his wife! I can only touch
you see, on a few ingredients in this magni-
ficent pharmacy; - its resources are bound

less but require the nicest discretion. I
remember to have cured a disconsolate widow
er, who obstinately refused every other medi-
cant, by a strict course of Geology. I dipped
him deep into gneiss and mica schist. Amidst
the first strata, I suffered the watery action to
expand itself upon cooling crystallized masses,
and by the time I had got him into the tertiary
period, among the transition cherts of Meastricht,
and the Conchiferous marls of Gosau, he was
ready for a new wife. Kitty, my dear, tis
no laughing matter. I made no less notable
a cure of a young scholar at Cambridge, who
was meant for the Church, when he suddenly
caught a cold fit of free thinking, with
great shiverings from wading over his depth
in Spinoza. No one of the divines whom I
first tried did him the least good in that
state; so I turned over a new leaf, and doc-
tored him gently upon the Chapters of faith
in Abraham Tucker's book; then I threw in
strong doses of Fichte; after that I put him

on the Scotch metaphysicians, with plunge
baths into certain German transcendentalists;
and having convinced him that faith is not
an unphilosophical state of mind, and that
he might believe without compromising his
understanding - for he was mightily con-
cited on that score - I threw in my divinity
which he was now fit to digest; and his
theological constitution since then - has become
so robust - that he has eaten up two livings
and a deanery! In fact I have a plan
for a library, that instead of heading its com-
partments, Philology & Natural Science, Poetry
&c, one shall head them, according to the diseas-
es, for which they are severally good, bodily
and mental, up from a dire calamity, or
pangs of the gout, down to a fit of the spleen
or a slight catarrh; for which last your
light reading comes in with a whey posset
and barley and water. "But" continued
my father, more gravely "when some
one sorrow, that is yet reparable,

gets hold of your mind like a monomaniac
- when you think, because heaven has denied
you this or that, on which you had set your
heart, that all your life must be blank -
oh, then diet yourself well on biography,
the biography of great and good men. See how
little a space one sorrow really makes in
life. See scarce a page, perhaps given to some
grief similar to your own; and has trium-
phantly the life sails on beyond it. You
thought the wing was broken! Tut - tut - it was
but a bruised feather! See what life leaves
beyond it when all is done! A summary
of positive facts far out of the region of
sorrow and suffering, linking themselves with
the being of the world. Yes, biography is
the medicine here! Poland - you said you
would try my prescription - here it is," and
my father took up a book and read it to
the Captain.

"Robert Hoall was a brave man
and a true soldier under the great Commanders,

said my father artfully.

I have another copy for you Disistrating - that is mine. I have lent to Poland. This which I have bought for you to day - you will keep. "Thank you, Sir" said I listlessly, not seeing what great good the life of Robert Hall could do me, or why the same medicine should suit the old weather beaten uncle - and the nephew yet in his teens...

"I have said nothing," said my father, "of the Book of Books - for that is the *legnum vitae* - the cardinal medicine for all."

But the young man testifies to Poland - how the book "thrilled him with an admiration that elevates while it awes - in that solemn "dedication of himself to God": "Here" he says "is a life of remarkable fullness, great study, great thought, and great action; and yet how small a place those feelings which have tyrannized over me, and make all else seem blank and void - hold over that

life. It is not as if the man were a cold and hard ascetic; it is easy not only to see in him remarkable tenderness and warm affections, but strong self-will - and the passion of all vigorous natures. Yes, I understand better now, what existence in a true man should be." And Poland sees courage in the book - "a poor creature rolling on the in agony - from childhood to death tortured with a mysterious, incurable agony malevolently, and who does by his heroism more than bear it - he puts it out of power to affect him - and though his appointment by day, and by night was incessant pain - yet high enjoyment was the law of his existence. Robert Hall reads me a lesson - me - an old soldier - who thought myself a bone taking lesson - in courage, at least. And as I came to that passage, when in the sharp paroxysms before death, he says, "I have not complained, have I, Sir? - and I won't complain," - when I came to

that passage I started up, and cried,

"Roland de Carter - thou hast been a coward! or thou hadst had thy deserts, thou hadst been cashiered, broken and drummed out of the regiment long ago." But I cannot copy all the good things in this book. May they find a record however where I can scan them when I would.

Dec 7th

Kossuth is the dinner-table topic this week, having arrived in N. York on Thursday. The newspapers teem with accounts of his reception - speeches - projects &c. These last are pretty candidly expressed in his harangues since his arrival. There is a fire and earnestness about in his words that methinks will rouse something more than barren sympathy. Nothing could be more complimentary and enthusiastic than his entry into the country - and

shall such unbounded honor be shown towards the man - and the object of his mission be overlooked or coldly responded to? And why should not a strong and favored people succor an oppressed and downtrodden one, in a righteous and manful struggle against its enslavers? Kossuth is evidently the soul of a mighty movement in the old world - and he has not crossed the Atlantic to "rest from his labors" - and wear in quiet and safety the laurels he may have won. If I read aright the spirit of his words - he will not disappoint the hopes of his people - mighty as are those hopes. It cannot be long before the "hour of trial" will come - when enfranchised nations shall raise the song of victory - or - the night of despotism shall close over them - and no herald of a coming morn. Who can doubt which is their destiny?

And what is America to do towards this enfranchisement? is a question that thrusts itself forward just now. But if I can succeed in enfranchising my own spirit from the despotic powers which threaten an invasion - if they have not already gained possession - it will be work enough for the present. Surely this tendency to unrest - this distaste for the routine of my daily life - this longing for leisure to devote to more congenial pursuits - will prove a tyranny more galling than any political regime can establish - if I do not revise some Massachusetts among my spiritual powers to strengthen and free them. May I never weary of my work till it is done. Would that I might infuse into it the earnestness with which this patriot exile pursues his Fatigue must not beget weariness of Spirit. O, no!

Sunday Dec. 28th/51

After a scarcely cold week - we have a mild rainy day. The aspect without is dull and heavy - and I have remained within doors - finding no difficulty in employing my mind. But as the day declines - and at this season it seems hardly begun before night overtakes us - I find myself inclining to a change of employment - growing weary with what has entertained me through the day. As I had no particular book from the Athenaeum to read - I have read Wordsworth and Milton. I chanced to open to that part of the "Excursion" in which the Wanderer converses with the Voluntary - exhorts him to Commune with Nature - "How bountiful He shall find who seeks not," tells him "What a joy it were to roam an equal amongst mightiest Energies";

exalts superstition above apathy -
which in the world's infancy was
not felt - "When on the breast of ^{earth} new create
Man walked and Solitude was not."

Tell him - "Whatever we see
Whatever we feel, by agency direct
Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse
Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seat,
Of moral strength, and raise to lofty heights
Of love divine, our intellectual soul."

I could not have listened
to a loftier discourse - surely - from
any divine our neighborhood affords -
- and there are few more bountiful
neighborhoods in this respect.

I read in Milton where Satan
"Like a black mist, low creeping, held on
His midnight search, where ^{might} ^{him} he
The serpent" in whose shape he,
he invades Paradise - where
"forth came the human pair"
And joined their vocal worship to the choir

Of creatures wanting voice." Eve propos-
es that they divide their labors.

"Thou where choice leads thee
Or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I
In yonder spring of roses, intermingle
With myrtle, find what to refresh ^{me} till
For while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder, if so near
Looks intervene - and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and the hour of supper comes unlearned?
That Adam very amiably demur-
heeding the warning of the lurking
foe - and bids her

"Leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shade thee, and pro-
The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

Surely Mr. & Mrs. Adam must
have led a glorious, care free life—
"winding the ivy round the arbor"
and directing the ivy where to climb,
breathing pure vows of "faithfullest" love
— pouring forth praise and thanksgiv-
ing to the "Parent of Good"—entertaining
angels—not unaware. No school
to keep—no politics to fathom, no
systems of theology to perplex their
souls—no tyrannical world without
demanding conformity to absurdities.
Beauty—luxuriance without—joy-
harmonious within. A The genius
that portrayed a life so innocent
and peaceful—yet joyful even to
ecstasy—must even conscious of its
own high and glorious possessions—
have yearned sometimes for the un-
perplexing pleasures of this primi-
tive pair—so free from all anxiety

and foreboding thought, as first they
dwell there. Surely "twas "From a height
They fell." Who does not yearn
to reascend it? — How this
burden of responsibility rests like a weight
upon the spirit morning and evening!
And can we evade it—and not owe our-
selves to what is trivial and unworthy?
These are some whom I meet in my
pathway whose words and lives seem to
express entire satisfaction with them-
selves and their achievements; who grap-
ple not with interests that invite and
urge—it seems to me—attention and
interest from every progressive and
healthy soul. And can there be real
joy or even content with apathy?
Is the careless air of easy satisfac-
tion they wear but the expression
of an empty or slumbering soul—
too low and dead to feel its wants?

I love a cheerful spirit - that de-
spends not - murmurs not - though the
way look dark - and the burden heavy -
that feels the weight - yet resolves not
to let it crush the powers which can
and should sustain it. But I love
not the empty mirth that rises
from the soul blind to all the loftiest
influences that should appeal to it -
that forgets that "life is more than
meat - and the body more than rai-
ment." May I not enrol myself
among the number.

I was at this time forming a set of boys who were
to form the nucleus of the new Scarborough School - of which
I became first assistant in March 1852 - at the urgent
solicitation of my father-in-law - my salary was \$1500 per
year - March 11 1852.

What shall be my record for
this New Year's day - which comes
to us as a season set apart and
consecrated? There may be nothing in
its outward observance to distinguish
it from the other days of the year -
but there is an inward consciousness
that we are called to look more
earnestly about and within us - to
gather up the flagging powers of
the soul - and put on the armor
of a stronger faith. The years
roll by so silently and fleetly -
that we hardly pause at the
completion of a link in the end-
less chain; almost forget that we
have passed the threshold of a new
season - and are to begin the record
of a new leaf in the book of our
existence. Would that I might
write that new leaf in characters

of light! That if the record bear testi-
mony of conflict - it may also present
the Song of victory. If I grope some
times where the way looks dark and
mystery misty - may it be trustfully
and imperiously - to emerge into the
clearer and purer light of a loftier
region. May I find those "calmer
seats of moral strength" of which
I dream sometimes. And when its
last word shall be written, may I not
desire to tear it from the book of
my Remembrance because it bears
upon its face the trace of a mea-
gre and feeble purpose; - but cherish
it as token and evidence of healthy
progress and development. —
I have worked on a dress to-day,
played with our angelic little Johnny
read Whipple's Essays - and had my
contempt roused by a simple

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Have read Whipple's Essays - and they suggest
^{Murray's} style, and displays analytical power
of no common order. But I can only
clip a few passages.

Criticism in the
old days of Monthly Reviews, and Gentle-
men's Magazines, was quite an hum-
ble occupation and was chiefly monop-
olized by the "barren rascals" of letters,
who scribbled, sinned, and starved in
Attics and Cellars.

The ~~Empire~~ Review, which took the lead
in the establishment of the new order of
things - was projected in a lofty attic
by two briefless barristers and a little
parson; the former are now lords -
and the latter is a snug prebendary re-
joicing in the reputation of being the divin-
est wit and the wittiest divine of the
age. That ^{celebrated} respectable journal made re-
viewing more respectable than author-
ship. It was started at a time when the
degeneracy of literature demanded a

radical reform and a sharp vein of criticism. Its contributors were men who possessed talent and information, and so far held a slight advantage over most of those they reviewed, who did not happen to possess either. CrubSt quarterly quaked to its foundations, as the northern Comet shot its portentous glare into the dark alleys where bathos and peccadillo buzzed and hived.

... The descent of Attila on the Roman Empire, was not a more awful visitation to the Italians, than the fell swoop of the Edinburgh Review on the degenerate denizens of CrubSt and Paternoster Row. — These Reviewers were found not to be of the old school of critics. They were found not to be contented with the humble task of chronicling the appearance of books, and merely condensing their ^{worst} contents, for the edification of ^{low} ~~walk~~ heads; but

when they deigned to read and analyze the work they judge, they sought rather for opportunities to display their own wit and knowledge — than to flatter the vanity of the author or increase his readers...

As nimble and concise in wit as Sydney Smith; an eye quick to seize all those refinements of language and happy turns of expression which charm us in Jeffrey; displaying much of the imperious scorn-passionate strength and swelling diction of Brougham; as brilliant and acute in critical dissection as Haslett, without his unsoundness of mind; at times evincing a critical judgment, which would not disgrace the stern gravity of Hallam, and a range of thought and knowledge which remind us of Mr. Ingham — Macaulay seems to be the abstract and epitome of the whole journal; — seems the utmost that an Edinburgh reviewer "can come to".

The amount of his knowledge surprises even book worms, memory mongers and other literary cormorants. . . . He seems master of every subject of human interest, and of many more subjects, which he only can make interesting. . . . He possesses his knowledge, not his knowledge him. It is stored away in compact parcels - ready at any time for use. . . . In the dissection he makes of Bacon's moral character, and the cool unconcern with which he lays open to view his manifold frailties, we are often led to ask with Hamlet "Hast this fellow no feeling of his business?" But if great men receive more justice than mercy from Macaulay - men of low intellectual stature fare worse. . . . His harshness to the captive of his criticism is a violation of the law against cruelty to animals.

A heretic in the grasp of the holy father of the Inquisition; - a pauper who has incurred the displeasure of the parish beadle - a butler in the hands of a man of science - all have reason to be thankful that destiny has saved them from the torment which awaits the dunce - who has fallen into the clutch of Macaulay." - In a review of Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America - Whipple says: There is hardly a hack in Great Britain, who has not in Penny Newspaper or Sentimental Magazine directed his popgun of wit against Samuel Rogers, the banker and poet. Men who get a living or an epitaph by the pursuits of literature, seem to think no person has a right to be clever who is not something of a vagabond. We cannot think them at all competent to decide the question whether Commerce or banking be inimical to poetry. Bank notes, it is to be regretted visit their pockets too rarely

to make them anything but dogmatists in
deciding on their poetical or prosaic
nature. This is prefatory to his remarks
on Spenser's poems - of which the tone
is pronounced pure and harmonious -
and a anecdote told concerning "Curiosity".
Dana is spoken of as our most
original poet; no American production
with which the reviewer is acquainted
being characterised by such intense
subjectiveness, or bearing such an im-
press of individuality, as those of the
author of the "Buccaneer", in which we
feel the inner life of the man has
found utterance in the rugged music
of the poet. Of Bryant - "the
translator of the silent language of
nature to the world," he says his poetry
addresses the finer instincts of our nature
with a voice so winning and so gentle
they search out with such subtle power
all in the heart which is true and

good - that their influence though quiet is
resistless." Of Perceval, it is said by
Griswold that "he has all the natural qual-
ities of a great poet, but lacks the artistical
skill, or declines the labor, without which
few authors gain immortality." He has a brilliant
imagination, remarkable command of language -
and an exhaustless fountain of ideas."
Here is an extract quoted for the exquisite
fancy and sentiment it displays.

"The world is full of ^{poetry} beauty - the air
is living with its spirit, and the waves
dance to the music of its melodies,
and sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
and mantled with its beauty, and the walls
that clatter the universe with crystal in
are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity
In harmonies too perfect and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mould
And speak to man in one eternal hymn
Unwinding beauty and unyielding power."

It is a mysterious feeling which combines
Man with the world about him, in a chain
Woven with flowers, and draped in sunset, till
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts.

With all existences in earth and heaven
That meet him in the chain of grace & power.

It is not the noisy babblers who display
In studied phrase and noisy epithets
And round periods, poor and vapour thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overland their littleness. Its words
~~are~~ few, but deep and solemn."

Of Keats - "He has few serious
thoughts that are not blended with ludicrous
ideas. A little laughing imp seems to sit
opposite the fountains of his heart, and dispel
with the merry flash of his eye every shade
and then essence which rise in misty beauty
from their surface."

There is a review of the poet and essay-
ist Talfourd - abounding in excellent and
well dressed thoughts. He is of the Words-
worth school in his tone and spirit - and
the reviewer quotes the following tribute
to the master whom he revered.

"But most of the subjects of Wordsworth,
though not arrayed in any ardent pomp
have a real and innate grandeur. True it is,
he moved not among the regalities, but the
humanities of his art. True it is, his poetry
does not make its "bed and procreant cradle"
in the jutting frieze, cornice, or architrave
of the glorious edifices of human power.

The universe in its naked majesty, and man
in the plain dignity of his nature are his
favorite themes. And is there no might -
no glory - no sanctity in these? Earth has
her own venerablenesses - her awful fens
which have darkened her hills for aye with
tremendous gloom; her mysterious springs
pouring out everlasting waters from un-

searchable recesses; her wrecks of elemental
contests; her jagged rocks elemental mon-
umental of an earlier world. The loveliest
of her beauties has an antiquity beyond that
of the pyramids. The evening breeze has the
old sweetness which it shed over the fields
of Canaan, when Isaac went out to meditate.
The Nile swells with its rich waters
towards the bulrushes of Egypt, as when the
infant Moses nestled among them, watched
by the sisterly love of Miriam. Lion's hill
has not passed away with its temple, nor
lost its sanctity amongst the tumultuous
changes around it, nor even by the accom-
plishment of that awful religion of types
and symbols, which once was enthroned on its
steps. The sun to which the poet turns his
eye is the same which shone over Therapsy
lee; and the wind to which he listens, swept
over Salamis and scattered the armaments
of Ulysses."

With reference to "Ion" - Whipple says;
Schlegel in his observations on Lessing says:
"Of the heavenly beauty of Cordelia I do
not dare to speak." A similar moral fear
should come over the heart of every critic,
who attempts to break into parts, for separate
contemplation, this exquisite creation of our
author's mind. Its ideal of greatness and
virtue is the same which Christ taught and
realized. The character of Ion is the em-
bodiment of moral beauty. It is one of
those things of beauty which "become a
joy forever," which "floats like a lily
on the river of our thoughts." Any ob-
jections to the work which criticism
may raise cannot break one link in that
golden chain by which it is bound
to our deepest sympathies and highest
imaginations."

Of games it is said: He manu-
factures novels, as other people manu-
facture shirts, shoes and sheetings.

He continually works up the raw materials into nearly the same shapes. For the last ten years, he has been repeating his own repetitions, and echoing his own echoes. As space has no limits, and as large portions of it are still unoccupied by tangible bodies, it seems not very philosophical to quarrel with any person who attempts to fill up its wide chasms; yet in the case of Mr. Gales, we grudge the portion of infinite space which his writings occupy. We dispute his right to pile up matter, which is the type or symbol of so small an amount of spirit. We sigh for the old vacuum, and think that though nature may have abhorred it in the days of Aristotle, her feelings must have changed since modern necessity has filled it with such weak apologies for substance and form.

Feb. 15th.

I have been reading the 2nd Vol. of Whipple's Essays this afternoon - in which I have learned more of Jeffrey's mental traits than I knew before. His chief defect is pronounced lack of earnestness - that earnestness which comes from the deep conviction of a man's whole nature. The character of his understanding is skeptical and refining - and he argues for victory rather than truth. While his facile grace of diction - and the charm of his wit is allowed - his peculiar unfitness as the critic of Coleridge and Wordsworth is seen in his lack of profound and earnest feeling - sentiments of awe - wonder and reverence - of a mind trained to contemplation of man and the

universe - and his reviews of these authors - called masterpieces of impertinence. He is complimented for the zeal with which he warred against political abuses with the whole weight of government against him and the small minority to which he belonged.

"We have sometimes thought that an argument for the Whig party of Great Britain might be based on the simple fact that their general principles and conduct were warmly approved by such a man of so much comprehensiveness of heart and understanding - and so much freedom from partisanship as Sir James Macintosh.

Tuesday March 2nd 1852.

Yesterday I began my duties in the new Dearborn School - in which I was some time ago appointed First Assistant. It was a day of preparation and excitement - with none of the ordinary routine of school labors. To day - the building has been dedicated - by appropriate and impressive ceremonies. Doctors and Divines and Citizens of all degrees have thronged the rooms - and all praise and admire the goodly structure. I have been excited and talkative - jested with those about me - felt glad that I was to occupy so fair a place in so fair a building. But I must indeed be frivolous and weak to listen to those solemn words of prayer and dedication - to hear the good and wise express such

earnest confidence that those whom they
have appointed will not disappoint their
high expectations—without feeling the heart's
deeper fountains stirred. A sense of responsi-
bility almost oppressive at times comes
over me—and I would fain shrink
from the duties I am about to assume.

But no! it must not be oppressive.
Earnest and laborious my new life
must be—but burdensome I must
never deem it. Very noble does it
seem to me now—with those words
of cheer and inspiration yet sounding
in my ears—and may they nerve
me to noble efforts.—But there will
be times—when in the heat and struggle
of the day—they will be heard more
faintly—silenced ^{perhaps} by the harsher din
incident to wearying and trying duties.
Oh, then—when human words—though
eloquent—fail to cheer or strengthen
me—may my soul's ear still listen

to voices eloquent of duty—proclaiming the
untold peace awaiting the laborer who
neither faints or falters at his work. May
my soul's eye discern those great, sustaining
motives, present to every healthy—earnest
soul's—and I will dare hope to be success-
ful in this new vineyard to which I am
called.

Sunday March 7th.

Dr. Putnam preached a very excellent
sermon this morning on Christ the Pass-
over—showing that what the sprinkling
of the blood of sacrifice on the door of
the Israelites—was in preserving them
from the slaughter to which the Egyptian-
first-born were doomed—Christ's Spirit
in the hearts of his true worshippers—was
in protecting them from the attacks to
which those who were not fortified with

this spirit must yield. I used to remember and record much of the sermons I listened to and enjoy the occupation but I have lost my relish for it. I believe I do not care much about writing lately - 'tis all more laborious than formerly. I looked over an old journal the other night - was surprised at the taste which could have led me to record so many details of matters now so uninteresting to me - and the patience that could have sustained me. And yet I remember with how much zest I chronicled those puerilities - how happy I was in the performance - and how it seemed a very necessity with me. I would gladly recall the glow and freshness with which I sat down to pen a prolix account of a walk, a visit or a lecture; even the minutiae of school proceedings - and the attentions of an old yellow cat on my homeward route. But it is all gone, I fear.

These matters seem less trifling now to waken rhapsody or enthusiasm either feigned or genuine - and I should grudge the time I then bestowed on them. But to abandon writing altogether - or to write in a forced, unwilling spirit - the idea does not please me. I wish I could find the path of true life - in thought and action - or as Dr. Pulney has happily expressed himself to-day - make my life a pure tone in the melody of the Universe.

March 14th.

From the Life of Story.
"From the circumstances" say his Autobiography "to which I have alluded, you will readily understand that, in my early days, I gathered very little from general society or even from books, to stimulate my ambition or waken my curiosity. I was therefore left very much to my own thoughts and amusements. My delight was to

roam over the wide and narrow territory
of my native town; to traverse its secluded
beaches and its narrow inlets; to gaze up
on the sleepless ocean; to lay myself down on
the sunny rocks and listen to the deep tones
of the rising and the falling tide; to look a-
broad when the foaming waves were driven
with terrible force and uproar against the
barren cliffs or the rocky promontories which
every where opposed their immovable fronts
to resist them; to seek in the midst of the tremen-
dous majesty of an eastern storm, some ele-
vated spot where in security, I could mark
the mountain billow break upon the dis-
tant shore, or dash its waters over the lofty
rocks which here and there stood along the
coast naked and weather-beaten. But still more
was I pleased in a calm summer day, to lay
myself down alone on one of the beautiful
heights which overlooks the harbor of Salem, and
to listen to the broken sounds of the hammer

in the distant ship yards, or the soft dash of the
oar of some swift moving boat, or the soft ripple
of the murmuring wave; or to gaze on the
swelling sail or the flying bird, or the scarcely
moving smoke, in a reverie of delicious in-
dolence." The Biographer continues: Goethe,
in his correspondence with Zelter, says: "that
the most remarkable excellences of all the
English poets, may be traced to descent &
education; the meanest among them has
Shakespeare for his ancestor, and the ocean
at his feet." The ocean individualizes those
who live on it and beside it more than any
other influence of nature. The wild, lonely
and exposed position of Marblehead, surrendered
as it were to the ocean, and beaten by the surf-
wave rolling heavily along from the far or
western shores, must have had a strong influence
in shaping and tempering the imagination of
the boy." His Autobiography continues;
or rather, he writes, to a friend: Concerning
my dear fellow, what is my situ-

abscission, doomed to spend at least ten years
the best of my life, in the study of the
law; a profession whose general principles
enlighten and enlarge, but whose minutiae
contract and distract the mind. Ambition
is truly the god of my existence and for that
alone life is desirable. Yet, hard lot!

Those favorite studies, those peculiar pur-
suits, by which I have fondly (however vainly)
hoped to attain celebrity, are snatched from
me, and I must consent to be a plodder, in
order to be what the world calls a man.
Yet it is the part of cowardice to shrink,
and of imbecility to hesitate. I have de-
termined and will execute." But he
soon began to be enamored of the harsh and
crabbed rules of the law. In 1801 (three
yrs later) he writes: "You will know my
love for my profession. The science claims
me as a fixed devotee; it rules me, and
with my studious inclination, binds me
more firmly to literary pursuit."

And how he executed what he so nobly
determined - has become one of the proudest
records which grace the annals of the
greatly good. To be a plodder, could
not be the destiny of one with such
exalted ideas of manhood. Though
his path was heaped with dusty man-
uscripts - whose ancient and forgotten
lore he must possess and digest - to
fulfil his desire for excellence and use-
fulness - it was yet a path thronged
with joyous satisfactions - to which the
"primrose one of dalliance" can lay
no claim. I remember Dr. Putnam
referred to him in a sermon as one
"whose judicial ermine was never
soiled with the suspicion of an unworthy
purpose" - and in reading his life - one
must respond heartily to this thought."

March 31st

From the Life of Dr. Arnold of the Rugby School. - I must preserve a few extracts. He was a lover of knowledge and goodness - an earnest worker - distinguished as a scholar, teacher, and Christian. While at Laleham where he taught a few private pupils, he wrote to a friend about to engage in the same work. "Do not take your work as a dose, and I think you will not find it nauseous." In another letter he says:

I think you have acted right, for lenity is seldom to be repented of; and if you should find it has been ill bestowed, you can have recourse to ^{expulsion}. It is very often like kicking a football up hill; you kick it onwards 20 yards and it rolls back 19; still you have gained one yard, and thus in a good many kicks you make some progress. But if the pupils laugh behind your back at what you

say to him, he will corrupt others, and there is no help for it but he must go. This is to me all the difference: I would be as patient as I possibly could with irresolution, inactivity and fits of idleness; but if a pupil has set his mind to do nothing, but considers his work as so much jargon which he will evade if he can, I have made up my resolution that I will send him away without scruple, for not to speak of the heartless trouble such an animal would give to myself, he is a living principle of mischief in the house, being ready at all times to persecute his companions". . . . Again: "I ought constantly to impress on my mind how light an evil is the greatest ignorance or dulness, when compared with habits of profligacy - or even of wilful irregularity and idleness." The healthy and earnest tone of everything about the Rugby School is traced to the "breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold's character, as well as its

striking truth and reality; the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds. Thus pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated; none felt that he was left out, or that because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honorable pursuit of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and of awaking in them a consciousness of the duties that God had assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labors, was one of Arnold's most characteristic features as a trainer of youth. His hold over all his pupils was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for genius, or learning or eloquence which shined within them; it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world - whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God - a work that was founded on a deep

sense of its duty and its value; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling and with the belief that they too, in their measure could go and do likewise."

Who that has ever had the happiness of being at Laleham, does not remember the lightness and joyousness of heart, with which he would romp and play in the garden, or plunge with a boy's delight into the Thames; or the merry gun with which he would battle with spears with his pupils? Which of them does not recollect how the Tutor entered into the amusements with scarcely less glee than himself? His mind was so full of well-digested knowledge - and his heart so full of desire to Christianize & elevate men so far as he might - no wonder that his influence was so mighty in his little world - and extended too far beyond it. Purely knowledge, sanctified by a spirit of holiness - is power

'Tis the last evening in March - hail
and sleet are driving against the parlor
windows with a very un-spring like
sound. The wintry season has been long
and tedious - and tolerably amiable people have
been heard to express a sense of weariness.
Annie, Frank, Ellen and myself are
seated cosily round the parlor table - the
evening papers have been come and talked
about - and "silence like a poultice" has
come to heal the blows of sound. But si-
lence never reigns for an interminable
period under these circumstances - and
I must seize the moment - before the
"trick of speech" which I have caught
too effectually - manifests itself. I don't
exactly know what has sent me here this
evening - as I dare say I might be more
profitably employed. Perhaps 'tis because ma-
terial for working chance to be ^{at} hand - I
don't mean those materials of which the
"web of thought is woven" - but those

necessary to the production of the symmetri-
cal characters with which I adorn papers.
Heigh Ho! It need not be an unprofitable
employment - and I sincerely regret the lack
of spirit and vigor I bring to it of late.
How glorious is the vision I sometimes
dimly see - of a mind in which good ^{kind} knowl-
edge is not only stored - but well digested
and arranged - whose thoughts are an en-
tertainment ever new and gladdening; a
mind so healthy in its tone and action,
that the trivial and unworthy can find
no place in it. Nothing calls more loudly
for reform - or subjects me to severer cen-
sure from my inward monitor - than
the confused and ill-managed household
where my thoughts abide. I wonder if
a stringent course of Mathematics would
not remedy the evil. I seat myself to
read a book my judgment has approved and
it interests me - but it does not absorb
and occupy me so entirely - but a host

of images intrude and blend most inharmoniously - marring the sense - and impairing the benefit. I go on Sunday to the "Church" to use the words of Longfellow with regard to his village Smithy; but, alas! how incompletely are the world and its concerns banished from the soul so sick and feeble that it surely needs the spiritual food it can never find unless it loose its hold entirely - upon frivolous and trifling things. Not that these "unbidden guests" are always so often in themselves censurable or improper - but that I have not the control I ought to exercise over my mental functions. It seems to me when one has gained the power to say to any train of thought - "thou shalt not enter the Sanctuary, into which I am about to retire," "I will ascend into regions of spiritual communion thou must not prostrate with thy

presence fitted to a waldies mood and hour" - he has gained the power to "fill himself with all nobleness" and excellence. Is it not worth striving for?

"He leadeth me beside the still waters" were the words from which Dr Putnam recourse this morning - in which the spirit's repose - the Sabbath stillness of the soul was described. Our life must be a feverish tossing, a wild wandering - an apoplectic dream - if we come not to the still waters. Let prosperity or suffering visit the soul, it cannot be well with it - if it find not the gracious, halcyon repose - when it rises above itself - above all earthly tumult, and confides itself trustingly to the care of the Good Shepherd. Among the Spirit's varied experiences, one of the holiest was that in which Piety skilled the throbs of an

quish. — It was a sermon that remind-
ed — in words touching and eloquent — of a
want that every ^{heart} feels and acknowledges at
times — but amid the din and clamor of the out-
ward world, too often forgets to minister
to.

June 14th 1852

My vacation of a week passed in the
country at this glorious season, when
glad and healthful influences so surround
us there, methinks should have had a pass-
ing record. But alas! I do not seem
to pause of late, to chronicle a glad
or pleasant experience. It is not
good, I know it is not, to live right
on, so carelessly and I fear morosely.
I keep school, and it seems to me to
nothing else. I wish I could exalt
my spirit above the region of fa-

tigue and exhaustion, and train it to
be a progressive and satisfactory work.
It can be done — it has been by thous-
ands, who would not yield to the suggestion
of weakness — and blessed results have
come from such a conquest. But alas!
How hard it is! —

I rode home yesterday and passed a
few hours. Last Wednesday in company
with Ellen and Mrs. Reed. I rode to Weymouth
where I passed about half an hour at a
Convention and the rest of the day in visit-
ing. I have read little or nothing that
has impressed me much since vacation,
but have talked a great deal — and thought
very little. Of Charles Lamb and his
sister Mary I learned something during
vacation — of "The trouble"

Many and strange that hung about their life,
and the "Dual loneliness" in which they
dwelt. — and yet loneliness is not
a word to apply to Charles Lamb.

His spirit was too genial, his taste too glowing and refined - to be without companionship. Even when his spirit was torn under the burden of drudgery - he bore so long at the Coast India office - the noble satisfaction that he was sacrificing hours he grudged for nobler things, to the acquisition of means to sustain with honor and independence, one bound to him by more than common ties, was a feeling he might well cherish as a quest. And as he lived with those old poets he loved so well - and drank so freely at the very fountains of song - reproducing his own sweet, quaint style - all that was best and purest in them - surely a fairer people's work was his. I love to read of men like Charles Lamb - who look out into the world with such loving, merciful eyes - harboring no bitterness - though

his outward lot was far from enviable - never thrusting intrusively his griefs, Byron like, before the world - though he could have recounted them with such plaintive sweetness - that none would refuse to listen. He must be enrolled among the bright spirits - through whose suffering the world has been made more glad and thoughtful. If he had only murmured and sunk under his griefs, instead of soars and wails as he has done - what a different mission had he fulfilled to the world!

Sunday June 20th.

Dr. Putnam discoursed this morning upon Solitude and Hardship, two conditions implied in the circumstances of Jacob, when the heavens were opened and he saw the angels ascending and descending. Solitude, truly a Christian ordinance without which the higher regions of spir-

itual life could not be gained. The life must become frivolous and superficial, that is in constant contact and companionship with those about it - retiring never into the inner sanctuary. Influences that stir great emotions within us, are not fully ours, until we have pondered them privately in solitude. We are never wholly true in our intercourse with others - never open our whole hearts, even to those who are nearest to us. And to most of those who surround us, how little do we reveal, compared with what we reserve! - and it is not well to judge of ourselves by our actions and words, but by searching self-examination and self-communion. We are not what we seem - better in some things, worse in others - and quite opposite in many. There are moments in which we must feel it a disturbance to speak or be

spoken to. Prayer - personal and heartfelt - can wing its flight only when the spirit retires into itself.

And the pillow of stones on which Jacob's head rested when he saw the heavenly vision led to the contemplation of the truth that hardship is one of the conditions on which we shall see the glories hidden from the weak. The heavens open not to those ever vexed by luxury and indulgence. Life is a warfare, a campaign - and ^{it is} these glorious marches and praetions in the wilderness that energy of soul is to be conquered. The softness of the downy pillow lulls the soul to a cataleptic sleep which is spiritual death. Learn to resist pleasant inclinations; do constantly and frequently something you would rather not do - so shall good influences descend - and good aspirations ascend, as the angels the ladder which Jacob saw.

But what an imperfect idea of a most excellent sermon.

June 27th

Would that I might realize daily and hourly the impressive lesson Dr. P. has enforced so eloquently to day - that the door is constantly shutting on opportunities - and though we wear away the threshold with our bended knees - it parts not one inch - nor moves on its hinges - that the avenues to the great festival of virtue will close and wait not for us to enter if we pause and slumber by the way - to watch and pray - words of warning spoken by Christ & God and Conscience spoken on earth and echoed through out eternity. But how faintly words will impress us as they come echoing back upon the soul during the din and hurry of the week - compared with the power with which they waken us in the holy time and

place! I wish it were not so. —

Could I but see the fairer regions into which I might have entered - had I never loitered till the door was shut - should I not shrink and shudder at the contrast? Do I not remember gems of thought - that I refused to cherish at the needful season - and the door was shut when I was ready to unfold and rear them? Gems that might have become a joy and a resource had I not slumbered too long while the dew and sunshine were wasting? Upon how many golden, blessed opportunities, have I suffered the door to shut - when had I entered and embraced them - my whole inner life would have received impulses wafting me beyond the influence of "spirits" but of bright wing alone". Let me ^{not} dismiss so lightly the whispered suggestions that come to me at times, bearing evidence of divine origin - then many voices to which

I listen with too much reverent regard
the sky of June, clear and beautiful is
above me now - the breeze is balmy
and grateful - while the trees wave
rejoicingly as it kisses their leaves.
The church bell is tolling for evening ser-
vice; harmonising and elevating influences
seem to reign triumphant. But how fleet-
ly does so tranquil and welcome a season
pass while we are rejoicing in its
presence. And shall we permit the door
to close upon it - and take with us no
token and evidence of its delicious
beauty? Shall the yearning sense of some-
thing higher and more beautiful which
it suggests - lead to no record on the
soul's tablet that shall inspire it ^{with} a
more heroic strain? - I shall go
back into the work-day world to-mor-
row - into the region of fatigue. It
will not look so fair and pleasant

I fear, as the world I am enjoying now.
But as the door shall close irrevocably
upon its sterner duties, Heaven grant - I may
be haunted with no spectres pointing their
"awful fingers" to something within the closed
portal - I should have done - or left undone.

July 8th.

" A large party opposed to the property
qualification of voters required by the
old charter of Charles II, and claiming
a free suffrage of all citizens in their
elections, called a convention, and in
defiance of the laws, adopted a new
constitution, and elected Thomas Dorr,
Governor, under its provisions. To pro-
tect this self-constituted government
arms were taken up against the
state. A requisition was made on
the President to protect the establish-

authorities against domestic violence. Such assistance however was not needed as the insurrection was satisfactorily put down by the State. But it was rather the mode in which the free suffrage party attempted to enforce their views, than the views themselves, which roused opposition. A new Constitution was proposed to the Legislature altering the Charter, and though strongly opposed at first, was finally adopted. A correspondence is maintained between Judge Pitman of N. J. and Judge Story. From the life of the latter I find the above facts, which I had almost forgotten, and thought worth preserving.

The case of Stephen Girard's bequest to the City of Philadelphia in trust for the erection and support of a college for the support and education of poor orphans under certain restrictions and regulations, was submitted to the

decision of the Supreme Court, while Judge Story was on the bench. It was argued in the will that no missionaries, ministers, or ecclesiastical whatever should, should hold or exercise any station whatsoever in the college, or be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor - stating as a reason, that he desired to keep the tender minds of the young orphans free from the excitement which flashing doctrines and sectarian controversy were apt to produce, wishing, however, that the purest principles of morality should be instilled, so that they might from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer. It was argued by Mr. Webster that the bequest was null and void - as the plan of education proposed was unchristian, and inconsistent with

the laws of Pennsylvania - while Judge S. Shaw
very satisfactorily that it is not - and the
case is finally decided against Mr.
McLester's argument.

Sunday July 11th.

I received a telegraphic despatch from
my brother Ellidge of Bangor, last evening
saying that his only child - John - was drowned
in the afternoon. It has so surprised
and shocked me - that I can only realize
at intervals that I have indeed received
the dreadful tidings - and then what a scene
of desolation and anguish does that hitherto
happy and prosperous home present!

I have always looked upon the noble
and manly boy when present, and thoughts
of him when absent, with pride and
fond hope as well as affection. All

who knew him were eloquent in his praise
and he was a joy to many beyond the circle
of his home and family. The great, manly
heart of my brother will bleed as it has
never bled before - and may God send strength
in him in this needful hour. And fare thee
In E's last letter to me John was prepar-
ing his cannon to celebrate his mother's
birthday. Who shall measure the depth of a
mother's love for such a boy? And then
the dreadful detail, such a death will
doubtless furnish! My heart sickens at
the thought! I have always loved to send
my thoughts on the beautiful Sabbath morn-
ing to that home where I have found such
peace and gladness. And how has my heart
yearned towards it today - stricken and bereaved
as I know it is. He was their first, and
chief, earthly possession - and to have it
 wrested from them so suddenly and by a
death so shocking - surely it must
be a great and loving Faith that

shall sustain ^{them}. I trust it will not be wanting. I loved him with my whole heart in his infancy - as I have loved but few. And I have watched his growing character with a pride and satisfaction few have watched in me. I never saw in him a single tendency to the low, selfish, unmanly qualities, from which so few boys are free - but have seen with delight his love of books, of goodness, of friends - and his frank, open, intelligent and manly spirit. Surely "it is well with him" - but languishing and bleeding hearts remain.

Bangor, Sunday, Aug. 1st.

A week ago last Friday I quitted school and started for this place. My heart did not leap joyfully as 'twas wont to do, as I neared the home I have always entered with raised and happy spirits. A great

sorrow has indeed fallen on it - and plain do I see its effects - though the voice falters not, and the face is calm. I have listened to the sad, and painful - should have heard repeated the words and deeds that have acquired a sacred interest from the event that closed the earthly course of him who ~~speaks~~ and wrought them.

I have occupied his room, & filled with the things he loved, and is identified with - and I have realized that we shall indeed behold his face no more in the flesh. There is his library with the books he loved; his slate & covers with the last figures he scribbled; the little ornaments he had treasured, some of them of loved companions who has gone before him - and there too is his hat with everything arranged in it as he kept it on the shelf - a sad remembrance of the event which removed ^{him} to his Heavenly home.

I have laid my head upon the pillow
where his so sweetly rested - and where
no doubt ~~staying~~ as well as sleeping
he dreamed of the bright years to come
which he would live so honorably. On
that last night what could have been
fairer and happier than his thoughts?
His school term was finished - and he
stood high with schoolmates and teachers,
he was beloved in his home, and beyond
it as few boys are; he was about setting
forth on his vacation tour - from which
past experience had led him to expect
nothing but gladness. There was a sweet-
ness and manliness about him - that
must ^{have} brought good angels to his pillow.
His life-journey had brought neither care
or weariness, and a career of happy use-
fulness seemed opening to him. But in
a moment that none dreamed of, he
was summoned Home - "Home with the

Sunbeams on his buoyant wings." His
earthly home is indeed darkened - and his
joy-inspiring presence is felt there no more
as when he walked in it. There is a
yearning sense of desire to behold him
again; to hear the voice that rang so pleas-
antly - to see the smile that beamed so radi-
antly - and as we feel that it cannot be
that the grave has closed its portal over his
loves and cherished form - dark and painful
is this consciousness. Human hearts must
bleed and languish in a grief like this
and feel not for a time the realizing sense
that those we mourn walk in peace and
joy unspeakable beside.

"The deep-toned strains
That glance in sunshine through a brighter sphere,
And warble forth the music of rich dreams."

But these are seasons, and will they
not, as time rolls on, become more frequent
when we can feel that "Spirits loved like
his," belong not to the "tuneless shores

of time" that being fit and ready for the
companionship of the angels, God calls them
from the thorn-girt fields of life; that Death
is only the "Love restorer" bringing rich
and glowing life. May this vision become
more real and present and light burst
upon this now bereaved and darkened soul
with a radiance bright and heavenly
as the memories that cluster round
the dear one who has left it.

I have reached the last page of my
journal, which I began a year ago. I have
not recorded much of my inner world's
experiences, or entered into very close
companionship with it. It might I should
have been made more profitable to me;
but I am glad it has preserved me from
abandoning altogether a habit which I
deem a good and necessary one. May
my next testify to a more earnest and
healthy state of soul.

