

Samuel Larkin

No 5

January 1st - 1845 -
May 9th - 1846.

"Journal"
Samuel Larkin
1845 + 1846.



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Wednesday January 1st The year commences with mild, spring like weather, (as the old one went out) That I have been spared to see the commencement of another year, & in the full enjoyment of health is a blessing for which I desire to feel truly grateful, & should it please God to preserve my life to its close I sincerely pray that I may be enabled to look back upon the year with satisfaction to myself & with the acceptance of my Heavenly Father.

Thursday 2nd to Sunday 5th has been a continuance of mild pleasant weather, very unusual at this season - but little snow on the ground, & no sleighing - This day 5th received letters from my Son, at Norfolk, for whose safe arrival again to his native shores I desire to feel grateful to God, who has watched over, & preserved him in his absence, from perils & dangers to which he has been exposed - I trust he will feel deeply sensible of the goodness of God, & be disposed at all times to put his trust & confidence in him who has thus sustained him -

Monday 6th - another most delightful day -
Glas at about 30 above zero



Tuesday January 7 - some snow fell last night, & more this morning, a dull unpleasant day -

Wednesday 8 - fine spring like day - the snow which fell yesterday has made fine sleighing, & should the weather grow cold we shall probably have a spell of good travelling -

Thursday 9th beautiful morning, Glafs 15 above 0 during the day, some snow fell, improving the sleighing - News arrived to day of the (probable) loss of Ship Normandie, Capt Spalding of this town - 'tis said that some Bales of Cotton have been picked up, bearing the marks of Bales taken on that ship, & 'tis feared she foundered at sea, the day after she sailed from New York, Dec^r 11th she must have encountered a violent storm.

Friday 10 - Glafs 25 above 0 - another delightful morning - & pleasant day.

Saturday 11 - weather continues mild, but unsettled appearance of snow - Stacy Hall got his head beat to pieces in a Rum scrape, 'tis said to be dangerous.

Sunday January 12 - This day a son of Leonard Akerman was buried from Church - fine pleasant Sunday -

Monday 13 - This day the City of Boston make a fourth attempt to elect a mayor - & failed - quite a Snow this P.M. & Evening -

Tuesday 14 - not much snow fell last night - fine morning - Glafs 3 above zero - fine winters day -

Wednesday 15 - Glafs this morning 10 above 0 - commenced snowing about 7 A.M. - & ceased about noon - This day, the very interesting rite of confirmation was administered at Church on 8 Candidates (2 males & 6 females) by Bishop Chase - being his first visit to Portsmouth in that character - he appears to be a most estimable Man - he preached a Sermon, at Church, & in the evening at the Chapel, assisted in the services by the Revd J Lambert -

Thursday 16 considerable snow has fallen last night & to day, the weather continues moderate - there is now a fair prospect that we shall have a spell of good sleighing -

"Varied Contents of the Bible."

"The Bible is a divine Encyclopaedia in itself. It contains history the most authentic and ancient, running back to the first creation of our world; and prophecy the most important and interesting, running forward to its final consummation; Journeys surpassing all others in the marvellousness of their adventures, and the dignity of their guide, for they were marked by miracles at every step, and in every movement directed by God; the travels of the most distinguished missionaries—the first preachers of the gospel; and the lives of the most illustrious personages, including the biography of the Son of God; events more wonderful than romance ever imagined; and stories more fascinating than fancy ever sketched; the finest specimens of poetry and eloquence, of sound philosophy and solid arguments; models of virtue, ^{the} most attractive, and maxims of wisdom the most profound;—forms of prayers the most appropriate in every variety of spiritual experience; and songs of praise that would not be unworthy of an angel's tongue; precepts of unparelled importance, and parables of unrivalled beauty; examples of ~~the~~ consistent piety, suited to every situation; and lessons of divine instruction, adapted to every age."

Honor thy Father and Mother

"None love thee so much as they; none are so much interested in fitting you to act well your part, and none so anxious that you should be kept from the evil of the world in which you are, and in which you are to live. If you leave their roof, and go from their counsels and advice, who will you find to fill their places? Who will love you with a purer or more tender affection? Who will nurse you more constantly when sick?"

You hear honied words and fair speeches, as you pass along in the sunshine and by pleasant places; but who among all the herd will pity and befriend, and comfort, and sympathize with you, when the sun has withdrawn its shining, and the days of darkness have come, as an affectionate Mother or a kind Father?

Let no distance hinder you from giving them a large place in your affections. No mighty continents, though they lie between you, should hide from the mind's eye their forms and their familiar countenances. No rolling oceans should blot out the memory of their worth, or the remembrance of their Kindness."

Friday January 17 - Stormy, unpleasant day, - the delayd
some hours, by the weather

Saturday 18 - the storm is over, & we now have clear
cold weather - this PM about 4 the alarm of fire
was given, it prov'd to be in the building occupied by
N Gray, H K Walker, Stoven & it was excessively cold
& high wind, & at first seem'd to threaten a very
extensive fire, but by judicious management -
the fire was smothered in the building, which was
of course destroyed -

Sunday 19 - cold night, the glass this morning was
2 below zero - the coldest this winter, more
moderate through the day, in the evening
a concert was given at the North Church
in aid of the Howard Benevolent Society -
very good concert & well attended -

Monday 20 - 12 above 0 - this morning - weather
moderate all day

Tuesday 21 - more foul weather, snow - hail or rain
all day, Carriage due at 10 - arrived about 2

1845
Wednesday Jan. 22 - Glass 22 above 0 - the storm is over
& we have a fine, clear day - the sleighing is excellent -

Thursday 23 - last night was one of the most brilliant that
we have had this season, it was perfectly cloudless all
night & almost as light as day, & this day has been
perfectly delightful, quite warm in the sun -

Friday 24 - fine pleasant AM - in the afternoon it
commenced raining & continued all night -
Samuel arrived home this PM - after an absence
of nearly 3 years, he comes home in fine health -

Saturday 25 - Stormy all day, very bad walking
snow going off very fast -

Sunday 26 - the weather is still unsettled - travelling
bad, clears off towards night

Monday 27 - this has been a most splendid day
sleighing & dancing party to Greenland this evening

Tuesday 28 - another delightful, mild day

Wednesday January 29 - a variety of weather this day but very mild - public Installation of the Officers of St John's Lodge this evening at the Temple -

Thursday 30 - very pleasant morning, snow. about noon & cleared off cold in the Pm - cold night -

Friday 31 - Glass this morning at zero - clear cold

Saturday February 1 - last night was severely cold - the glass this morning stood 2 below 0 - & the day has been equally cold - Capt John H Seewards was buried from church - aged 86 -

Sunday 2 - Glass 5 below 0 - very cold day -

Monday 3 cold continues - 4 below 0 - this morning a little more moderate through the day -

Tuesday 4th this day commenced a snow storm, which for severity & quantity of snow fallen, has not been equalled for twenty years - it continued snowing through the day & night, during which the wind was most tremendous, many houses, shook, & rocked to the great alarm of the inmates -

Wednesday Feby. 5 - This morning presented a scene truly novel, large banks of snow, 8 or 10 feet high, where it had drifted, & where it had fallen more level - was from 2 to 3 feet deep - but very little doing but clearing away the snow - it continued snowing occasionally through the day & night - Ask Wednesday - 7 persons

at church - Sermon preached to empty walls Thursday 6 - at length we have fair weather, no cars in from Boston since Tuesday night, & the prospect of their arriving to day is small, owing to the drifting of the snow - the train due yesterday at 10 arrived to day at 11 - the cold is fast increasing - this morning the thermometer stood at 18 above zero -

Friday 7. Glass. at 0 - pleasant day, but cold first Friday in Sept, about 30 people at Church - James Sheafe died at the Hospital, Boston

Saturday 8 - Glass 2 above 0 - this has been a very fine day, tho cold - travelling bad yet - Doctor Goddards wife died to day, & the Doctor is quite sick

Sunday 9 a beautiful pleasant day -

Monday Feb 10 - This has been a very pleasant - Glap this morning, 14 above zero - James Sheafe was buried to day from the Stone church.

Tuesday 11 - the travelling is very bad, in consequence of the drifting of the snow - & it is difficult to get about town in sleighs.

Wednesday 12 - This has been a mild day, & very pleasant PM - at 3 o'clock, Miss Statura M. Pierpont was united in Matrimony with Robert Parker Esq. of Delhi - about 20 were present & the ceremony was performed by Doct Burroughs the parties left for Boston in the Evening Car.

Thursday 13 - the Glap this morning was 2 above zero - rather cold day.

Friday 14 - the Glap at 7 this morning stood at 0 - but soon after the weather moderated, & at noon commenced snowing.

Saturday 15 - not much snow fell last night - this has been a mild day -

Sunday 16 the Glap has risen to 30 above - very slippery walking - Mr Davenport preached at Church - Mrs Goddard was buried from the North Church at noon.

Monday 17. This has been a very mild spring like day - the snow melting fast & the walking very bad -

Tuesday 18 - another pleasant, mild day - the winter seems to be broken up, & I hope the severe cold weather is past away for this season -

Wednesday 19 - what with mild weather, rain & the banks of snow, are fast passing away - the walking about town is bad, & the travelling in the vicinity is any thing but good -

Thursday 20 - a dull, unpleasant day - no business doing, & prospect not very encouraging -

Friday 21 - Capt Pierson returned today from Washington, and brot us letters from the children, by which we learn they are well.

Saturday 22 February, Washington's Birth day anniversary
no notice taken of the day in Portsmouth - this has
been a very fine day, & the melted snow has run freely

Sunday 23 - Rainy day - very bad walking - very few
people at Church, to be the preacher - Rev'd Orange
Clark - Doct^r Burroughs in Boston -

Monday 24 - a most splendid day, almost summer
heat -

Tuesday 25 - & Wednesday 26 - continuance of warm mild
weather - Robins have made their appearance, the
immense banks of snow, are almost gone, & Winter
seems to have taken leave of us -

Thursday 27 - a most splendid morning, & continued
through the day very mild & pleasant -

Friday 28 This day closes the winter months, & on the
whole it has been a very moderate winter -
an awful sudden event took place to day, Lieut
Darlington was found dead in his bed

Bear up - Despair not.

"There is a land where beauty cannot fade,

Nor sorrow dim the eye;

Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismay'd,

And none shall ever die!

Where is that land, Oh where?

For I would hasten there.

Tell me - I fain would go,

For I am wearied with a heavy woe!

The beautiful have left me all alone;

The true, the tender, from my path have gone!

O guide me with thy hand,

If thou dost know that land,

For I am burdend with oppressive care,

And I am weak & fearful with despair.

Where is it? tell me where.

Friend, thou must trust in him who trod before
The desolate paths of Life,

Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow and pain and strife!

Think how the Son of God

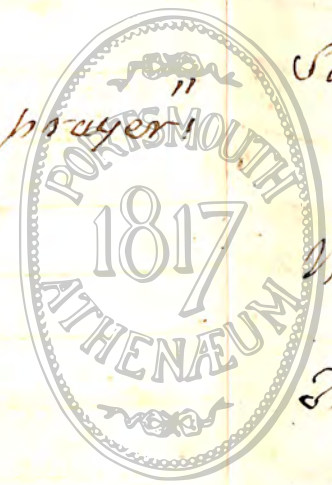
These thorny paths hath trod;



Think how he long'd to go,
Yet hurried out for thee, the appointed wo;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted or cared for him!

Think of the blood-like sweat,
With which his brow was wet -
Yet how he prayed unaided & alone,
In that agony, "Thy will be done!"

Friend, do not thou despair:
Christ, from his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer!



Saturday March 1 - about 3 O'clock this morning, a fire broke out in the Bakery of 1 Forge, in State Street, which destroyed the Bakery-Dwelling House, & several small buildings, attached thereto a slight fall of snow this forenoon, but cleared off about Noon, & was very pleasant -

Sunday 2 pleasant day & full church -

Monday 3 - a splendid day, mild air & warm Sun
Mr Darlington was buried under arms - at Church

Tuesday 4 - A great day in Washington, the inauguration of the new President - in P the day was ushered in by the ringing of Bells and firing of Cannon - a Ball at the Franklin House, & a Collation in Jefferson Hall

Wednesday 5 - some snow fell last night, and this A.M., a smart rain, which of course has made very bad walking

Thursday 6 & Friday 7. March - engaged both those days, selling out Brooks' Stock in trade - 2, very pleasant days -

Saturday 8 - T. H. Millars wife buried from the North Church

Sunday 9th very unpleasant day - horrid walking. I did not go out in the PM - funeral sermon on the death of Lieut Darlington -

Monday 10 - appearance of foul weather, raw east wind.

Tuesday 11 - quite a snow storm to day, and cleared off about 4 PM - Annual Town Meeting

Wednesday 12, raw, chilly day, tho' not very cold the snow is decreasing gradually

Thursday 13 - This has been a pleasant day tho' the weather seems quite unsettled -

Friday March 14 Snow, raw, disagreeable day -

Saturday 15 Rain, hail & snow - very unpleasant day -

Sunday 16 another uncomfortable day - bad walking.

Monday 17 - To day we have had a variety of weather - Gaps this morning 16 above zero -

Tuesday 18 - this day we received the melancholly news of the death of Mrs Parker, (Statora Pierrepont) she died at Delhi, the 13th inst - of Bilious Fever.

Wednesday 19 - a pleasant day, but cold & raw snow goes off slowly

Thursday 20 - the weather continues pleasant but quite cold - S. J. received orders to the yard

Friday 21 - (Good Friday) very pleasant day & full church - S. J. reported himself



Saturday March 22 - the weather has moderated very much, very pleasant day, news to day of the death of Capt Samuel Marshall of this town

Sunday 23 - (Easter Sunday) - a beautiful day - full Church - we did not, as usual, get a tansy pudding being too early in the season -

Monday 24 - more pleasant weather, but rather cool -

Tuesday 25 - The military Company of Rockingham Guards, buried one of their members, a Mr Charles Grenough, under arms

Wednesday 26 - This day was received in town the new appointments to office, vizt Augustus Jenkins Collector of the customs - Daniel Vaughan Naval Officer, & Nehemiah Moses, postmaster -

Thursday 27 - This has been a very warm, summer like day, &c.

Friday 28 - very much the same -

Saturday March 29 - weather mild, but cloudy & promises a rain storm - none came

Sunday 30 - funeral Sermon on the death of Mrs Stationer Parker - - pleasant day & full Church

Monday 31 - This has been a dull overcast day - &

Tuesday the 1st of April has been much the same with some rain.

Wednesday 2 - this has been a very pleasant day.

Thursday 3 - Mr William Flann died very suddenly this has been a cold blustering day.

Friday 4 - last night, the snow fell considerably, & this morning it is snowing fast about 2 Inches has fallen, but early in the forenoon it cleared away & at night very little snow was to be seen

Saturday 5 pleasant morning but cold - & continued so all day -



Sunday 5th of April - good wholesome weather, not very warm - plenty of East wind -

Monday 7 - wet, rainy uncomfortable day - cleared off for a while in the P.M. - but clouded up again at night.

Tuesday 8 quite a snow storm to day - & cold heavy blow all night.

Wednesday 9 - very cold morning - Glac at 30 above 20 some snow on the ground, & froze hard -

Thursday 10 - more dull weather

Friday 11 - & Saturday 12 - cold & uncomfortable

Sunday 13 - snow all the forenoon -

Monday 14 the snow is all gone & the weather pleasant -

Tuesday 15 This has been a fine day, but very windy - & dirty -

Wednesday April 15 - more dull weather -

Thursday 17 (fast day) a smart snow all the forenoon - but it disappeared before night - cold easterly wind.

Friday 18th - the east wind continues, and our cold weather - Mr Adams died aged 82

Saturday 19 - & Sunday 20 - cold wet weather

Monday 21 some appearances of fair weather

Tuesday 22 - this has been a most delightful day

Wednesday 23. another fine day

Thursday 24 - a fine shower this forenoon - and then cleared off, with a clear warm sun -

Friday 25 - pleasant sun - but cold east wind

Saturday 26 same kind of weather, & nothing new



St
4
This do in remembrance of me.

If human-kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:

Oh shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee;
What love his latest words display'd—
"Meet and remember me!"

Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share;
Oh, memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

"Better Days"

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I
have overcome world."

When sorrow and sadness steal over the heart,
And bid all the gay dreams of pleasure depart;
When each prospect around us looks gloomy & drear,
Those words we'll remember and "be of good cheer."

When death, with cold hand, removes loved ones from view,
Around whom our affections tenaciously grew;
When call'd to part with all those we hold dear,
We will think of thy words, and will "be of good cheer."

When the chances of Life bid us hasten away,
From all we have lov'd in life's earlier day;
This hard is the parting, the trial severe
With patience we'll bear it, and "be of good cheer."

Should misfortunes cold hand sweep away and destroy
Each earthly possession we'd hoped to enjoy;
Should the prospect of want fill the sad heart with fear,
We'll still think of thy words and "be of good cheer."

over

Should each of these evils encircle our way,
And sorrows dark shadows rest over each day;
Should no dawning of gladness, no brightness appear,
We'll hope on to the end, and still "be of good cheer".

We remember our saviour, so patient, yet mild,
Who bore all these evils, and yet was revild;
He says those who trust him he still will be near,
We'll remember those words, and still "be of good cheer".

Resignation

Oh, Thou whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,

There is no mercy here:
Oh, grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the World's supremest gain
Succeeded by a frown.
Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

"Better Days"

From helpless infancy to hoary age,
Amidst life's everchanging, devious ways,

The hopes of things to come our minds engage,
And fancy brightly pictures - Better days.

= The toys of childhood, when they're once possessed
Lose all the charms which first obtained our praise;

And what we thought would make us truly blest,
Remains to be enjoyed in - Better days.

= The youthful lover, glowing with delight,
To some fair maid his ardent homage pays;

When this bright vision fades before his sight,
And leaves him nought to bless but - Better days.

= The anxious parent, toiling for the bread
Which in his craving infants, hunger stays -

Labouring the weary day, then rests his head
And dreams of sweet repose in - Better days.

= The tottering grandsire, hastening to the grave,
Reviews his life; and as he thinks, he prays -

"Great God be pleas'd my family to save,
To meet in happiness and Better days."

= Thus from the first to last, each pleasure flies -
Elude our grasp - in sight a moment stays;

Man lives an instant - in an instant dies;
And dying, prays and hopes for - Better days.



Extract

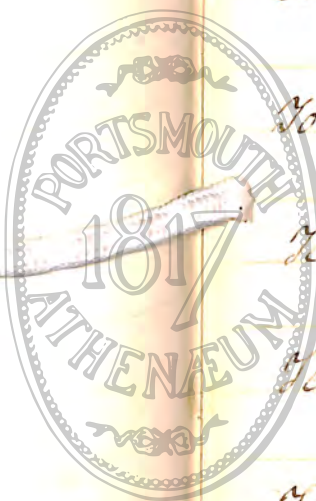
"Life's but a journey that we take,
'Tis but a visit that we make;
And when we part at close of day
With the companions of our way;
Whene'er our friendly visit's o'er
We quit the hospitable door;
Our hearts the grateful words supply,
We wish all well and say, Good-bye."

Heaven

"The golden palace of my God,
Forevering above the clouds I see,
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angel's thoughts can be,
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, thou life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne;
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night."
My Saviour and my God.

What is Man

"To day he's dress'd in gold & silver bright,
Wrap'd in a shroud before tomorrow night;
To day he's feasting on delicious food,
Tomorrow naught he eats can do him good;
To day he's nice, & scorns to feed on crumbs,
In a few days, himself a dish for worms;
To day he's honour'd, and in great esteem,
To morrow not a beggar values him;
To day his house, tho' large, he thinks too small,
Tomorrow, can command no house at all;
To day has twenty servants at his gate,
Tomorrow scarcely one will deign to wait;
To day perfum'd, and sweet as is the rose,
Tomorrow stinks in every mortal's nose;
To day he's grand, majestic, all delight;
Ghastly & pale before tomorrow night.
Now when you've wrote, & said, what'er you can,
This is the best that you can say of MAN."



Sunday 27th April, a contribution was taken to day at all the Churches for the Pittsburgh sufferers - at St John's about seventy four dollars was collected -

Monday 28 - a beautiful warm, pleasant morning - but a cold east wind came up about 9 AM & continued all day cold & uncomfortable, but in the evening it cleared off - & a most magnificent star light sky presented itself to view - about 10 a fire broke out at the Foundry, point du grand which destroyed the building -

Tuesday 29. more cold easterly wind - another splendid starlight night - Lieut French - left town - ordered to sea in the Vincennes -

Wednesday 30 - pleasant sun - but cold, chilly wind

Thursday May 1 - this month commences with cold windy weather & very cloudy -

Friday 2 - this day the wind has blown almost a hurricane, & the dust blown about in clouds

Anonymous.

There is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footsteps have not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

It is all holy, and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows -

It is not fanned by summer gale,
'Tis not refreshed by summer showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky -
It is the dwelling-place of God -

Saturday May 3. the weather continues very dry, rain
is very much wanted.

Sunday 4th - this morning about one o'clock a fire broke
out in a small back of Doct Kimball's store which
raged with great fury for about 4 hours, destroying
about 30 buildings & a great amount of other property

Monday 5th fine weather, the vegetation is coming
on finely, & promises well

Tuesday 6th & Wednesday 7th - dry, dusty weather

Thursday 8th - quite a fall of snow this forenoon
cleared off, pleasant & cool in the PM

Friday 9th cool easterly winds

Saturday 10th - This day I have by the blessing of God
reached my seventy second year, and I desire to
feel grateful to my heavenly Father for continuing
to me the blessing of health, I feel conscious of my

unworthiness, I know that I am unmindful of the mercies
I have received, and I pray God to make me more sensible
of his goodness - to pardon all my misdoings, to help my
infirmities, & enable me by his grace to lead the residue
of my life in his fear & to his glory - & if it should please
him to prolong my stay here on earth, that he would
give me grace to show my gratitude by the holiness
of my life and by doing all the good I can to my
fellow beings - Mrs Howe arrived in Town
this evening to make us a short visit

Sunday 11 - a very Pleasant day, & very full church

Monday 12 this has been a very warm summer day
glass, at 92 - at noon

Tuesday 13 - the same kind of weather till about
3 PM - when the wind suddenly shifted to the
East, & it became uncomfortably cold, so that
a fire became necessary -

Wednesday 14 - a slight shower last night, but
not enough to lay the dust - a splendid day -



Thursday May 15 - This P.M. we had a smart rain, which was much wanted - & has no doubt done much good.

Friday 16 - rainy day, - the sun set, was splendid & promised a beautiful for

Saturday 17 - but not so - the day began and ended in quite a severe rain storm -

Sunday 18 - Rainy day & but few people at Church

Monday 19 - This has been a most delightful day, & one of the most splendid evenings of the season -

Mr Howe returned to Boston this morning -
Tuesday 20 rather an unpleasant day - some rain

Wednesday 21 very fine weather

Thursday 22 - grand celebration of the society of Oddfellows - and also the Young Ladies Fair - it was a fine day and every thing passed off without accident

Friday 23 a smart rain all last night, which gives to vegetation a splendid appearance to day

1845
When I survey lifes varied scene, Amidst the darkest hours;
Bright rays of comfort shine between, And thorns are mix'd with flowers.
This thought can all my fears controul, And bid my sorrows fly;
No harm can ever reach my soul, Beneath my fathers eye.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains, O give me strength to bear!
And let ^{me} know my father reigns, And trust his tender care.
If pain and sickness rend this frame, And life almost depart;
Is not thy mercy still the same, To cheer my drooping heart.

Is blooming health my happy share? Oh may I bless my God!
Thy goodness let my song declare, - And spread thy praise abroad.
While such delightful gifts as these Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease, Devoted, Lord, to thee.

If cares and sorrows me surround, Their power why should I fear?
My inward peace they cannot wound, If thou my God art near.
Thy sovereign ways are all unknown To my weak erring sight;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own That all thy ways are right.

That many have minds, of whose existence they seem scarcely conscious, is a fact continually meeting us. We see it in the young man of dissipation and vice, whose only God is self, whose only shrine, the altar of Bacchus. We see it in the daughter of Fashion and gaiety, the nightly frequenter of the brilliant Assembly, the sportive butterfly of life, whose thoughts center exclusively on personal adorning, and whose noblest aim is to receive admiration and homage for external charms. From her the incitements of ambition are happily withheld, and other motives to cultivate the mind, affect her not. She sees no beauty or wisdom in nature's works, which can tempt her to trace them through their numberless changes: nothing wonderful in the mind which God has given her, sufficient to induce her to leave for a time the gay circle, and devote one short hour to an examination of its powers and principles.

Saturday May 24th several persons have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in sitting fine to the town, mostly of young men of the town — they will be examined on Monday —

Sunday 25 — pleasant day, but cool, frost last night

Monday May 26th quite cool weather for the season

Tuesday 27 — this has been a very fine day — vegetation improves rapidly

Wednesday 28 — a most uncomfortable windy, dusty day, the dust flew in clouds to the great annoyance of the good people —

Thursday 29 — To day we have had a very copious & timely rain, which will no doubt be very beneficial to the vegetation

Friday 30 — quite a cold day —

Saturday 31 — pretty severe frost last night — 'tis said some damage to vegetation —

Sunday June 1st — the first day of Summer, and a most splendid day it is — Wm Saunders, was buried by the odd fellows —

Monday 2 — another warm, beautiful day — fine for vegetation —

Tuesday June 3 - the glass to day at noon was said to be 93 in the shade - a most delightful day -

Wednesday 4 - very warm day -

Thursday 5 the weather continues very warm - a fine shower of about 5 minutes - Wentworth arrived from Washington this afternoon -

Friday 6 - quite a change in the weather - quite cold -

Saturday 7 - nothing new - for anything of consequence to record -

Sunday 8 - warm day - pretty full Church

G. Wentworth arrived from Cincinnati
Monday 9 - very warm - my glass in the entry stood at 86 - at 1 o'clock -

Tuesday 10 - Mrs Brown was buried - she died on Sunday -

Wednesday 11 appearances of Rain, passed away & we had only a slight shower

The heavenly rest

"

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast -
'Tis found above - in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven!

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls.
And all is drear but heaven!

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,

over



The evening shadows quickly fly
And all serene in heaven!

There fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven."

The Poor Man's Prayer.

"As much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had,
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son and nature's Lord.

The manger was his infant bed,
His home the mountain cave,
He had not where to lay his head,
He borrowed e'en his grave;
Earth yielded him no resting spot,
Her maker, but she knew him not.

As much the world's good will I share,
Its favours and applause,
As he whose blessed name I bear,
Hated without a cause;
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.

Why should I court my Master's foe?

Why should I fear its frown?

Why should I seek for rest below?

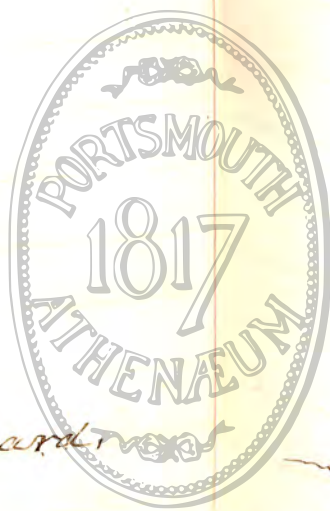
Or sigh for brief renown?

A pilgrim to a better land,

A heir of joy at God's right hand."

Oh! would 'twere true, my Prayer could find
Acceptance with the Almighty mind;
'I would pray the spirit to inspire
And breathe on thee refining fire;
'I would pray, thou Triune God! to thee,
Before whom Heaven and earth shall flee,
To shrine her soul in peace and love,
And bear it to thy realms above.

The above lines were written in a young Lady's
Prayer Book, at St John's Church - April 1838



"The Tear."

I love to watch, when soft emotions steal
Upon the soul, the trembling tear, and note
Its little vagaries: how now, it seems
As gentle errand telling; — then, to
Retire, as tho' ashamed t' expose, unto
A disingenuous ~~mind~~ world, its loveliness!
'Till by repeated tenderness o'ercome,
It drops a gem of purest ray!
If there's a time to better feelings dear —
'Tis this, when every fibre of the heart's
Attuned to liveliest, holiest sympathy!
Sweet Tear! much dost thou grace the manly cheek,
And spread'st a heart enrapturing lustre there:
Yes, nurs'd by kindest tho't thou speak'st the soul,
That e'er can feel another's joys or woes!

Thursday 12th very dry, windy & dusty — rain is
very much wanted. the Farmers begin to talk
about "short crops". if there is not rain very
soon — the prospect however, for fruit particularly,
is very good — it looks as if we should have
rain before long —

Mary Magdalene

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair,
She heard in the city that Jesus was there:
Unheeding the splendour that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair on her forehead so sad and so meek,
Hung down o'er her blushes that burned on her cheek,
And so sad and so lowly she knelt in her shame,
It seem'd that her spirit had fled from her frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
For the wealth of the perfume she showered on his feet.

She heard but her saviour, she spoke but with sighs,
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes; breast,
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly press'd — over

In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as ~~melteth~~ melteth the snow,
He looked on the lost one, her sins were forgiven,
And Mary went forth in the Beauty of Heaven.

~~~~~
"Thy will be done"

When sorrow casts its shades around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun;
When nought but grief and care is found,
'Tis sweet to say 'Thy will be done'.

When sickness lends its pallid hue,
And every dream of bliss has flown,
When quickly from the fading view
Recede the joys that once were known;

The soul resigned will yet rejoice,
Though life's last sand has nearly run;
With humble faith and trembling voice,
It still replies, 'Thy will be done'.

When called to mourn the early doom
Of one, affection held most dear,
While drops upon the closing tomb
The silent, the expressive tear;

Though love its tribute sad will pay,
And earthly streams of solace shun,
Still, still the gracious soul will say
In lowly dust, 'Thy will be done'.

Whatever, Lord, thou hast designed
To bring my soul to Thee, its trust;
If merries or afflictions kind,
For all thy dwellings, Lord are just —

Take all! but grant in goodness free,
The love that ne'er thy stroke would shun;
Support this heart, and strengthen me
To say in faith, 'Thy will be done'.

~~~~~



"The brightest Hope".

'Tis not in wealth's vain glittering show
For which poor mortals often sigh;
Nor yet in honour's shining train,
Does this transcendent blessing lie!

'Tis not in high ambition's aim,
Nor glories of a fading crown;
Nor yet in pride whose haughty eye
Would ever but itself disown!

'Tis not in pleasure's sparkling cup,
That wins ere touch'd the sickly taste;
Nor yet in bowers of indolence,
Presenting but a flowery waste!

'Tis not on Earth — for earth's too mean,
With all its gifts this hope to move;
But 'Tis in Heaven — full there it blooms,
The offspring of immortal love!

Separation

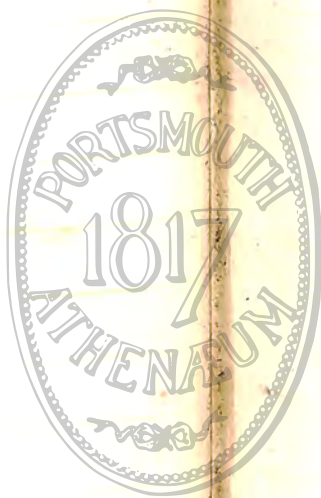
"When forced to part from those we love,
If sure to meet tomorrow,
We still a pang of anguish prove,
And feel a touch of sorrow.
But who can paint the briny tears
We shed when thus we sever,
If forced to part for months, for years,
To part — perhaps forever!

Answer —

But if our thoughts are fix'd aright,
A cheering hope is given,
Though here our prospects end in night,
We meet again in heaven.
Yes, if our souls are raised above,
'Tis sweet when thus we sever,
Since parting in a gavisous love,
We part to meet forever!"

Intemperance.

Thou fell destroyer of the human race,
Who liv'st on misery and foul disgrace, —
Back to thy drear, infernal, cur'd abode,
And ~~may~~ may no more the noblest work of God.



God every where.

"Above—below—where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight ~~there~~ planet's blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,
That turns the ocean-wave to foam;
Nor less thy wondrous power I find,
When summer airs around me roam;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself— for thou art everywhere.

I find thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star,
That drinks its splendour from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car;
Thy foot-stool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes— not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain-tops with gold,
Sonate with the ~~blaze~~ my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold:
That ray of glory bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent moon of night,
The twilight eve—the dewey morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thine hands have fashioned to adorn:
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here!"

Resurrection

"Our life how short! a groan, a sigh;
We live— and then begin to die:
But oh! how great a mercy this,
That death's a portal into bliss!
My soul! death swallows up thy fears,
My gown—clothes wipe away all tears;
Why should we fear this parting pain,
Who die, that we may live again."



"Benevolence".

Daughter of heaven thy smiling, angel form
Can charm our reason and our bosoms warm;
Can lift our souls 'bove the dull scenes of earth,
And to the purest, noblest joys give birth.

O hold thy reign in every human breast,
Shed thy sweet mercies on the sad, oppress'd;
And may thy spirit every heart engage,
From lisping infants to the hoary age.

Yes; from thy hand innumerable blessings flow;
'Tis thine to mitigate the pangs of woe;
With bright'ning hopes suffuse the tearful eye,
Repress the mournful, ever-wasting sigh!

Daughter of heaven! thy smiling, angel form
Can charm our reason and our bosoms warm;
Can lift the ~~the~~ soul 'bove the dull scenes of earth,
And to the purest, noblest joys give birth!

"Both small & great are there"

Go youth, who now rejoicest in thy bloom,
Draw back the awful curtain of the tomb,
Behold! what ghastly forms of death appear,—
Reflect! both small & great are mould'ring there!

Go too, ye gay, so prodigal of life,
Who in the midst of wanton pleasures rife;
Doth not the scene now check thy fond career?
Reflect! both small & great are mould'ring there!

Go ye, whom thousand smiling hopes inspire,
Whose bosoms glow with many a new desire;
Soon will the grave their emptiness declare!
Reflect! both small & great are mould'ring there!

Go ye, whom wild ambition leads astray;
Who would immortalize your little day;
Sunk in the grave your works will disappear,
Reflect! both small and great are mould'ring there!



Friday June 13th - Last night we had a very copious rain, it commenced about 12 & continued till 5 & this has been a most perfect day - took a ride to Rye Beach, with Wentworth & Kate -

Saturday 14 - This has been a rainy day, till about 3 P.M. - when it cleared off bright & pleasant -

Sunday 15 - a most perfect day - 3rd pleasant Sunday this month - Mr M'Crea from North Carolina preached at church -

Monday 16 - fine rain last night, & a beautiful day - sale at the Navy yard -

Tuesday 17 - more rain last night, & this day cool, strong north west wind -

Wednesday 18 - fine, pleasant day -

Thursday 19 - Mrs Wm Jones died this morning at half past 3 -

Friday 20 - Doct Glentworth & Miss Richards married -

Saturday June 21 - fine growing weather - fruit not 18th 45 quite so forward as last year, say 3 or 4 days later -

Doct Bierroughs commenced his summer tour - Sunday 22 - Mr Sabine preached at Church - a fine pleasant day -

Monday 23rd warm, dry day - & very dusty -

Tuesday 24 - this P.M. we had a smart rain with Thunder & Lightning which has very much refreshed the earth

Wednesday 25 a fine, cool comfortable day,

Thursday 26 - very pleasant day - dined at Mr Wentworths - great abundance of fine Strawberries

Friday 27 - very cold day, & very windy & dirty -

Saturday 28 This has been a most perfect day made visit to the Navy yard - Wentworth left us to day -

Sunday 29 - Rev'd Mr Allen preached at Church - a cold, strong East wind, very unpleasant -

Monday 30 June a cold uncomfortable day - we found a fire in the stove at home very pleasant -

Tuesday July 1 - not quite so cold as yesterday, but I found my Overcoat a very necessary garment. both yesterday & to day -

Wednesday 2 - another cold, unpleasant day -

Thursday 3 - a very uncomfortable day, some very heavy rains, thunder & lightning, fine for the procession tomorrow if it clears off -

Friday 4 - this has been the most splendid day of the season - the day was celebrated as it should be on strict temperance principles a very extensive procession, including the floral, which was most magnificent, and gained universal applause -

Saturday 5 - still, quiet day, after the 4th - beautiful weather - Miss G. Wentworth returned to Boston - sent a basket of cherries to Mrs Larkin

Courtesy of the Portsmouth

1845
Sunday July 6 - a most delightful day - Mr Allen officiated at Church, in the absence of the Rector

Monday 7th - another delightful day - very warm

Tuesday 8 - Steamboat Yacht - commenced running from Boston to Portsmouth -

Wednesday 9 - The Steam boat left this forenoon with about 20 passengers -

Thursday 10, a very pleasant day -

Friday 11 - excessively warm day - & very hot night

Saturday 12 the warmest day this season - I passed a most delightful day down the river - about half past 10 this evening the wind suddenly changed & the glass fell 20 degrees

Sunday 13 - Doct B - having returned from his journey - made his appearance at church - assisted by the Reverend Fernando PUTNAM

Monday July 14 another very warm day - the earth is very dry, & rain is much wanted -

Tuesday 15 - finished gathering cherries from Tree No 4 & some from No 5 - Maryzards -

Wednesday 16 - this afternoon I took a ride with Ella and Kate to Nye beach

Thursday 17 - this P.M. we had a heavy shower for about 10 minutes - a barn at Stratham was struck by lightning.

Friday 18 - Mrs L - rode a few miles out of town, and through the streets, to see the ravages of the fires, and the improvements that have been made and are making.

Saturday 19 - this has been a cool, comfortable day - a very extensive & destructive fire in New York

Sunday 20 - another delightful day,

Monday 21 - very warm day -

Tuesday 22 this morning about 2 O'clock, commenced a most violent rain storm, attended by some thunder and a continued blaze of lightning.

A Song

Weep not for the pleasures of youth's sunny hours,
Now borne far away upon time's rapid wing;
New joys may arise, like the gay summer flowers,
More fair than the early gay blossoms of spring.

The objects that dearest in memory we cherish,
By sighs and by grief can no longer be moved; -
Let the living affections in tears never perish,
Poured forth o'er the ashes of them that we loved!

Tho' the gay scenes of life be all clouded with sorrow,
Yet mirth shall not languish, nor hope flee away; -
The sun may come forth in new splendour tomorrow,
Enhanced by the gloom that surrounds us to-day.

Intemperance

Thou fell destroyer of the Human race,
Who liv'st on misery and foul disgrace, -
Back to thy drear, infernal, cursed abode,
And may no more the noblest work of God.

Lines written in a Lady's Prayer Book, at Church, in
Delhi-Newyork, & discovered by the bereaved Husband
a short time after her disease, which took place in one
short month after their marriage.

Is thy path lonely? fear it not, for he
Who marks the sparrow's fall, is guarding thee,
And not a star shines on thy head by night,
But he hath known that it will reach thy sight—
And not a ray can beautify thy lot
But tells thee still, that thou art not forgot—
Nay, not a grief can darken or surprise,
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes;
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek thoughts above.

"Silent Sorrows"

There's not a heart but hath within
Some secret sorrow long concealed,
And, though to nurse it be a sin,
For worlds it should not be revealed.
It eateth like a canker there,
And wasteth all the heart away,
Till hope is turned to deep despair,
And leaves the sufferer cold and gray.

Sometimes it is, alas! how true
That crime doth bring its own reward:
Though not an eye marks what we do,
This conscience is a sleepless guard.
Sometimes 'tis love; a love that shames
The beauty of the vestal soul;
And hell can boast no fiercer flames
Than o'er its tortured victim roll.

But often 'tis some sinless thought—
Some act of others, mad or blind,
Who never see the pain they wrought,
On heed the mysteries of the mind.

Arckless word hath often drove

Deep in the breast a poisoned dart;
And then not all the herbs of love

Can ever heal the wounded heart.

And ye who deem each smiling face

An index of a peaceful mind,
Know that each one, of all the race,

Hath anguish in his soul confined.

"God - never sleeps"

Mourner, with the tearful eye, Watching through the hours,

While the gathering dewdrops lie On the half-shut flowers;

When no kindred heart is near, In thy grief to share,

Then, upon his watchful ear Falls thy silent prayer,

Who the midnight vigil keeps Round thy bed - God never sleeps.

Sailor, on the troubled Sea, When the storm is dark,

And the winds, with pinions free, Sweep the trembling bark;

When amid the quivering shrouds, Lurid lightnings fly,

And the thunder rends the clouds, Upward raise thine eye;

Look to him who holds the deep

In his hand - God does not sleep.

Captive writhing in thy chains, Through the long, long day,
And when silent midnight reigns, Waking still to pray;
Or if sleeping, in thy dreams Visiting thy home,
Where beside the glancing streams Thy fair children roam,

Freedom cometh - cease to weep!

He who guards thee does not sleep.

Homeless wanderer, from whose heart Earthly hope hath flown,
Thou hast seen the loved depart, Leaving thee alone -

Search hath now no joy for thee, - Sorrowing child of care!

Look to heaven - thy loved ones see Blest forever there -

Thou shalt join them - He who keeps

Watch around thee never sleeps."

Lines written after a night's debauch -

Again the sanguinary tide is cool,
And runs in gentle motions through my veins;
Again my thought its free excursion takes,
And once more abdicated reason reigns.

What were the scenes of the preceding night?
Perhaps amid the fullness of my joys,
I gloried shameless in the fest obscene,
Or to the wanton sonnet raised my voice.

Perhaps I forged the libel on my friend,
For absent friend, Oh misery to say;
Yet what a contrast will not Bacchus make,
Or what is Man, when reason is away.

Come gentle peace with all thy shining train
Teach me to by thy prolific ray

Death of the Young

When into dust, like dewy flowers departed,
From our dim paths the bright and lovely fade;
The fair in form, the pure, the gentle hearted,
Whose looks within the breast a sabbath made;
How like a whisper on the inconstant wind
The memory of their voices stirs the mind!

We hear the sigh, the song, the fitful laughter,
That from their lips in balm were wont to flow,
When hopes beguiling wing they hurried after,
And drank her siren music long ago;
When joys wild harp to sweetest lays was strung,
And pour'd rich numbers for the loved and young.

When the pure stars are burning high in heaven,
And the low night winds kiss the flowering tree,
And thoughts are deepening in the hush of even,
How soft those voices on the heart will be!
They breathe of raptures which have bloomed and died;
Of sorrows by remembrance sanctified.

Yet when the loved have from our pathway vanished,
What potent magic can their smiles restore?
Like some gay sun-burst by the tempest banished,
They passed in darkness, they will come no more!
Unlike the day-beam, when the storm hath fled,
No light renewed breaks on the lowly bed.

Ode by Collins. written in 1746

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping pilgrim there.

The still small Voice.

A still small voice is whispering In accents soft and mild,
It comes upon the Zephyr's wing. That fans the forest wild.
It comes upon the evening breeze, Its plaintive notes I hear,
Low murmuring through the waving trees, It whispers God is near.

It comes not in the whirlwind's roar, Nor in the ocean gale,
When angry billows dash the shore, And loud the tempests wail;
But ⁱⁿ night's silver shades around The slumbering waters brood,
There comes a soft and solemn sound, Which whispers God is good.

It comes not in the thunder-tones, When fiery lightnings glow,
When nature fierce convulsive groans The requiem of her woe;
But gently, when the moon's pale light Comes streaming from above;
Sweet as the hum of angels' flight, It whispers 'God is love'.

O, sinner, hear the 'still small voice', That comes from Calvary,
That makes the wounded heart rejoice It whispers now to thee;
O listen to the pleading strain Of Jesus' dying love;
It bids thee seek a saviour slain, And dwell with God above.

Love Unchanging.

And is it just or kind, my Mother,

To break my heart to soothe your own?

And would you give me to another

Than him I love and love alone?

Shall I be false to every feeling,

To every plighted word untrue —

And with poor smiles my thoughts concealing,

Bestow this wedded heart anew?

I never loved but once — no, never!

And when a heart like mine is given —

It fondly loves, and loves forever,

Unchanging as the truth of Heaven.

Before the sacred marriage altar,

With him alone, hand linked in hand,

Sustained by trust that cannot falter,

Dear Mother, will your daughter stand!

Then deem not that such love will perish,

By any change, or time, or chance,

Or I can never cease to cherish

The thoughts you vainly call 'romance'.

Undimmed will glow my true devotion,

Now rendered to his dearest name, —

Unfaded bloom each sweet emotion,

Through life, through death — the same, the same!

"Christ walking on the Waters."

"Bear him, submissive waves, upon your breasts!

Softly as mother bears her darling one:

Wear him a moment on your snowy crests,

The brightest beam from Heaven's eternal sun!

More true than faithful servants to their lord,

Guard him, ye winds, across the watery track,

And breathe your whispers into warning words

That bid Life-hunting Death stand meekly back!

He is your Master. When the Master wills

Do ye his bidding — shrink when he is near.

Yes, be not Judas like, the while he fills

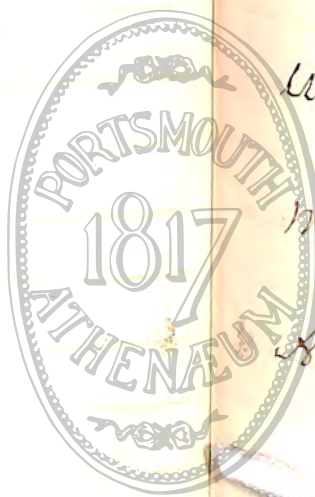
Your presence, seeming but to love and fear.

For he your author is. Your strength and might

Drew ye from him, O, great and boundless sea!

And know his power, whose self is infinite,

And know his power, whose self is infinite,
"Death, through all time, made you forever free!"



Praise of Little Women.

In a little precious stone, what splendour meets the eyes!
In a little lump of Sugar, how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman, love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says - A word unto the wise.

A pepper corn is very small, ~~although~~ but seasons every dinner,
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her -
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of Paradise.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

Tuesday July 22 - continued from ^{another} page - which lasted
for 2 1/2 hours - the rain & hail was most tremendous
the squalls about 4 inches of rain fell - it cleared
up about 6 - & we had a most perfect day -

Wednesday 23 - another fine day - thunder shower
in the P.M. - & some considerable rain fell in
the night

Thursday 24 - Friday 25, & Saturday 26 - fine, pleasant
weather nothing remarkable to record - -

Sunday 27 - splendid day - very full church in the
morning, & very thin in the P.M.

Monday 28, strong appearances of Rain, but it did
not come

Tuesday 29 - pleasant - but unsettled weather

Wednesday 30 this day & night we a very
heavy rain, which lasted for about 6 hours
with some thunder & lightning -

Thursday July 31 - This has been a most magnificent day, pure air, warm and lovely -

Friday August 1st - This day I went to Boston - the evening of this day Ella was attacked with bleeding at the lungs, which was repeated the next day, and reduced her very much -

Sunday 3 - I spent the day in Charlestown heard Mr Greenleaf preach . . .

Monday 4th - hearing of Ella's illness, by letter from Samuel I came immediately home, and found her somewhat better, she has had no return of bleeding -

Tuesday 5th a most delightful day -

Wednesday 6 - another splendid day

Thursday 7 - Eliza Jane return'd home from Lowell where she has been residing for 8 years -

"Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

How lost in wickedness thy heart must be
O man! in such a world as this, to ask,
"Am I my Brother's Keeper?" fearfully
Thou sinnest, for it is a blessed task
Assigned to us by heaven, to be the stay
And helpers of each other, in our way.

God hath made no man competent to steer
His course unaided o'er life's waters dim;
And thou, who scorn'st a weaker brother here,
Art but a man, and needest help like him;
Lest thou should'st meet the whirlpool in the wave,
Or perish on the rock, - and none to save:

And thou, who walk'st in Pharisaic pride,
Viewing the erring with a scornful eye,
And heedless, passing on the other side,
Seest the fallen by the way to die!
Thou may'st be free from crime; - but look within!
Thou art not free from weakness, and from sin?

And wo to thee! if thou hast seen man stand
On the dark precipice of wickedness;
And seeing, hast not reached the kindly hand,
To save him from destruction's dread abyss:
Thou art his keeper, — And if sin have led
His steps to death, — the blood is on thy head!

Friday August 8th this has been a very warm day Glaps at 93

Saturday 9th another warm day, P.M. appearance of rain
which is much wanted at this time

Sunday 10 — very warm day, rather hotter than any yet

Monday 11 — A.M. we are now having a beautiful rain —
considerable rain fell, and again in the night
quite a smart shower, with thunder & lightning

Tuesday 12. E. L. Childs arrived in town
from Washington — some few showers to day,
the last rains have been very serviceable to
vegetation.

Wednesday 13 August — A most lovely day — 1845
a great party to day at Kittery Point — given
by Col. Boyd . . .

Thursday 14 — The Jenness party came off this evening
in great style — — —

Friday 15 the weather continues very pleasant

Saturday 16 — Ella, is still confined to her chamber
& is mending slowly — by the blessing of God, we hope
she will soon be restored to her usual health

Sunday 17, a very comfortable day, full church

Monday 18 — this morning, the Roberts of Philadelphia
left for home

Tuesday 19 — E. L. Childs — arrived in town —

Wednesday 20 — very dry, dusty weather — rain
is much wanted

Thursday 21 — some slight showers to day, but
not enough to lay the dust . . .

SONG

O! Lady, leave thy silken thread And flowery tapestrie;
 There's living roses on the bush, And blossoms on the tree -
 A Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand some random bud will meet,
 To Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find the daisy at thy feet.
 'Tis like the birthday of the world, when earth was born in bloom;
 The light is made of many dyes, the air is all perfume;
 There's crimson buds, And white & blue, the very rainbow ^{shows}
 Have turned to blossoms where they fell, and gown the earth ^{flowers} with
 There's fairy tulips in the east, The garden of the sun;
 The very streams reflect the hues, and blossoms as they run;
 While morn opens like a crimson rose, still wet with pearly ^{showers}
 Then, lady, leave thy silken thread Thou twinest into flowers.

Liberty

Oh could I worship aught beneath the skies,
 That earth hath seen, or fancy can devise,
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
 With fragrant turf and flow'rs as wild and fair
 As ever dress'd a bank or scented summer air.

Adversity

Adversity! at thy approach why should
 I fear; is aught of thee so terrible?
 Full well I know thou hold'st, in thy dark hand,
 The rod of trial sore; and oft, thy stroke's severe,
 'Tis true: yet, to the humble soul
 Good dost thou bring, that, when by thee chastis'd,
 Unto high heaven's will submissive bows,
 And trembling leans upon her God;
 Be then thine hour, however sad, rightly
 Improvid; and that almighty friend, who ne'er
 In vain afflicts, the broken heart shall heal,
 And peace vouchsafe!

The Miser

Do but observe that tottering, care-worn wretch,
 Of sunken eyes, and dark and furror'd brow:
 See how he hugs his bags of shining dust, -
 And, as his store, with trembling hands, he counts,
 Mark on his pale, lank cheeks, that sordid smile,
 Which tells how poor and pitiful his heart!
 How rust of avarice has settled there,
 And canker'd all its social, manly joys!

'Affection:

What is it that drives every pain from the heart,
That bids all our sorrow and sadness depart;
In the breast of affliction which checks every sigh,
And in sympathy wipes every tear from the eye?

'Tis the voice of Affection, pure, deep, and refined,
Which comes from the heart in tones cheering and kind;
Like the ~~true~~ sound of sweet music which falls on the ear,
'Twill refresh the sad heart, and repress every tear.

Whatever befalls us, whatever our fate,
In joy or in sorrow, in love or in hate;
Like balm to the heart is the voice of a friend,
To each moment of life it will happiness lend.

As the prophet of old once smote the hard rock,
And watched with much fear the effects of the shock;
As the cool gushing fountain, so limpid and clear,
Came bubbling forth every sad heart to cheer;

To sympathy's voice, when it falls on the heart,
Will soften its hardness, and kindness impart;
Th' pure springs of affection the summons obey,
And floods of rich feeling with joy mark their way.

Affection is sent as a boon from the skies,
With brightness to gild every hour as it flies;
'Tis the gem which receives its bright rays from above,
And reflects them with lustre on all whom we love.

Beverly July 12. 1845

Agnes.

A little child's death.

"No bitter tears for thee be had,
Blossom of being seen and gone;
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
Oh blest, departed one!
Whose all of all - a rosy ray -
Blushed into dawn, and passed away!"

Friday, August 22 - Rev'd J.O. Lincoln arrived in town
this evening & passed the night with us.

Saturday 23 - Mr L - left town this morning for Portland
in the midst of a heavy rain, which commenced at
about 7 - & lasted till noon

Sunday 24 - a Mr Wheaton from Poughkeepsie -
New York - preached at church

Monday 25 - this has been a very hot day

Tuesday 26 - went down the river on a Chowder party
and had a fine time

Wednesday 27 - a very heavy rain has fallen to
day, with much thunder & lightning - cold evening
I found a fire very comfortable

Thursday 28 this day I gathered from my dwarf Pear Tree
8 pears, being the last of 18 which the tree bore - & a
most delicious fruit it is

Friday 29 - had a fire in the sitting room this
morning - & fire at night

Saturday August 30 - the weather is more mild to day ¹⁸⁴⁵
cloudy with rain - J. Rogers left

Sunday 31 - the summer closes with a most perfect day -
such a uniformly warm summer has not been
for many years

Monday September 1st - this month commences
with a fine comfortable day

Tuesday 2nd - a smart rain about 3 this morning

Wednesday 3 - a fine pleasant day

Thursday 4 - Cloudy, & P.M. a smart shower

Friday 5 - dog days end with a splendid day

Saturday 6 - pleasant day - E. S. Childs
arrived from Boston

Sunday 7 - cloudy, & rain - few at church
Not a sample (I hope) of the Sundays through
the month

Monday 8 - The weather is cold & uncomfortable

Tuesday 9 - E. & L. Childs left town for home

Wednesday 10 the cold keeps on, very windy & uncomfortable

Thursday 11 to Thursday 18 - weather variable
sometimes fair, sometimes windy & cold

Friday 19 - Last night we had a very heavy rain, some thunder & lightning - this has been a splendid day -

Saturday 20 - rainy morning - but very pleasant day - E. & L. Rand returned

Sunday 21 - rainy day, the 4th Sunday in succession

Monday 22. a very fine day -

Tuesday 23 - This day I gathered the last peaches from the garden

Lost time never regained

When sailors, heedless of their duty, sleep,
Neglecting every favourable gale,
They'll find it hard their aftercourse to keep,
With a wet sail.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which all should watch with carefulness to hail!
Once missed, it scarcely can be caught again,
With a wet sail.

And yet who wishes cautiously to live,
Fixing no hopes on phantoms which may fail,
Will not a chase to every object give
With a wet sail.

The swiftest do not always first arrive,
In war the strongest do not aye prevail;
Then keep the golden mean, nor ceaseless drive
With a wet sail.

Think not to eagerness alone is given
The happy mind which nothing can assail;
He's on the wrong track who would enter heaven
With a wet sail.

Wednesday Sept 24 the weather is cool & unpleasant

Thursday 25 - cold & rainy all day - -

Friday 26 dull weather yet, sometimes fair and sometimes foul

Saturday 27 - fair day, but cool & windy -

Sunday 28 - This has been a very lovely day - bright & pleasant, after four successive Sundays of foul weather

Monday 29 - another bright pleasant day -

Tuesday 30 - the month closes with good wholesome weather

October 1st Rain all the AM - fair weather in the PM - the Portsmouth Greys, Capt Bowle sat off on a campaign for Dover, Exeter & Newmarket

Thursday 2nd - a very fine day - & a prospect of a continuance of the same

I will Praise Thee.

For what shall I praise thee, my God, and my King?

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?

Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,

For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast?

For joys in perspective, and pleasure possessed?

For the spirits that brightened my days of delight?

For the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I thank thee: but if only for this,

I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;

I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,

For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I share,

For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,

A present of pain, a perspective of fears;

I thank thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,

For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed -

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone!

The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to thee!

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone!

The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to thee!

Friday Oct 3 - this has been the annual muster
day, on Portsmouth plains - very pleasant day

Saturday 4 - Cloudy, unpleasant day, prospect of a storm
Samuel & his wife went to Boston in the evening
train on a short visit.

Sunday 5th - rainy, uncomfortable day, very thin
Church -

Monday 6 - this has been a cold, wet, uncomfortable
day -

Tuesday 7. to Saturday 11 - one continued series
of wet rainy weather, and now, P.M. no prospect
of a change, very uncomfortable and, I believe
very unhealthy.

Sunday 12 - very rainy & unpleasant day - few
people at Church, a contribution was taken for
the Bishop and about fifty dollars collected

Monday 13 - fair weather at last, a most
beautiful day - the Bishop preach'd at
Church, assisted by Mr. Horton of Dover, &
confirmed 3 - he also preach'd in the evening -

The night is closing round, Mother!

The night is closing round, Mother!
The shadows are thick and deep!
All around me they cling, like an iron ring,
And I cannot - cannot sleep!

Ah heaven! thy hand, thy hand, Mother!
Let me lie on thy nursing breast!
They have smitten my brain with a piercing pain:
What 'tis gone - and now I shall rest.

I could sleep a long, long sleep, Mother!
So, seek me a calm, cool bed:
You may lay me low, in the virgin snow,
With a moss bank for my head.

I would lie in the wild woods, Mother!
Where nought but the birds are known:
Where nothing is seen but the branches green,
And flowers on the greensward stream.
No lovers there with the ^{air} ~~thy~~ mother!

Nor mock at the holy day;
One may live and be gay, like a summer day,
And at last like the summer die.

Tuesday Oct 14. 1845 - another fine day -

Wednesday 15 & Thursday 16 - very fine days, rather cool for the season - the 16th Capt Penhallow was married in church - - -

Friday 17th - very cold last night & a heavy frost - very pleasant to day -

Saturday 18 - pleasant day - sales of Furniture at the Brown House - - -

Sunday 19, a very day, an uncommon occurrence about these times - - -

Monday 20 - very cold & uncomfortable and, so is

Tuesday 21 - very cold & blustering - sales of Fort Constitution -

Wednesday 22 another cold day, very unusual for this season -

Prayer of the dying Christian

Almighty Father, by whose love,
I first drew life's uncertain breath,
Oh, let thy presence from above,

Sustain my soul in death.

False and ungrateful, Lord to thee,
I feel that I have ever been,
And now my last and only plea

Is Jesus died for me!

Wild passions, unsubdued and strong,
Have led my erring feet astray;
And with the wicked thoughtless throng
My life has passed away!

Father! forgive, through thy dear Son,
Who came a guilty world to save;
And let the ill these hands have done
Go with them to the grave!

Be calm as a summer's setting sun
Lord, let these my last moments be;
And when this strife with death is done,
Conduct me home to thee!

Thursday Oct. 23. Mr John Haven died to day,
about noon aged 80 —

Friday 24 the weather has moderated, & is more
comfortable --

Saturday 25th to day I took in my celery, about
10 dozen.

Sunday 26 - mild & pleasant -----

Monday 27 - Tuesday 28 - & Wednesday 29 - very warm
for the season, more like June weather —

Thursday 30 - I took 2 doz of Cucumbers to day, & they
appeared to be as plenty as at any time —

Friday 31 - unpleasant to day, appearances indicate
a storm —

Nov. 1 - Saturday rainy all the forenoon —
cleared off at Noon, & splendid P.M.

'Boast not of tomorrow'

Boast not of tomorrow; remember, to-day
Is the time for poor mortals to love and obey;
Tomorrow the sun may illumine the dew,
But its light and its warmth bring no comfort to you.

Boast not of tomorrow; the leaf on the bough
Is a thing not more tender and fragile than thou;
Every breath that you draw, and each moment that flies,
Are mercies direct from the throne in the skies.

Boast not of Tomorrow; the sun may go down
On a king with his sceptre and cohorts and crown,
But the light of the morning may find him alone,
A monarch bereft of his subjects and throne.

Boast not of tomorrow; to day you have health,
The smiles of affection, and friendship and wealth,
But the wave of tomorrow may bear them away
From a heart left in sadness to weep and to pray.

over

Roast not of tomorrow; though poor you may be,
To-day has its smiles and its comforts for thee;
Then sigh not for riches; too often they bring
With their sweets and their pleasures a poison and sting.

Roast not of tomorrow; remember to-day
Is the time for weak mortals to love and obey;
Tomorrow the sun may illumine the dew,
But its light and its warmth bring no comfort for you.

Lifes Sunny spots

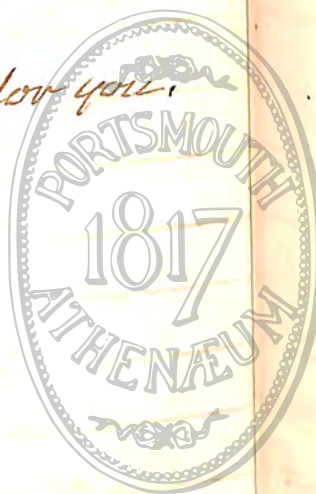
Though Life's a dark and thorny path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
It yet some spots of sunshine hath,
That smile amid the gloom;
The friend, who weal and wo partakes,
Unchang'd, what e'er his lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches,
Is sure a sunny spot.

The wife who half our burden bears,
And utters not a moan;
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears,
Unheeded all her own;

Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgot,
And carols blithely as a bird -
She's too a sunny spot.

The child who lifts, at morn and eve,
In prayer its tiny voice;
Who grieves when'er its parents grieve
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eye young genius glows,
Whose heart, ~~without a blot~~,
Is fresh and pure as summer's rose,
That child's a sunny spot.

There's yet upon life's weary road
One spot of brighter glow,
Where sorrow half forgets its load
And tears no longer flow;
Friendship may wither, love decline,
Our child his honour blot:
But still undimmed that spot will shine -
Religion lights that spot.



"Yield not to dark despair"

Hast thou one heart that loves thee, In this dark world of care,
Whose gentle smile approves thee? Yield not to dark despair!
One rose, whose fragrant blossom Blooms but for thee alone—
One fond, confiding bosom, Whose thoughts are all thine own?

One gentle star to guide thee, And bless thee on thy way,
That e'er when storms betide thee, Still lends its gentle ray?
One crystal fountain springing Within life's dreariest waste,
Whose waters still are brining Refreshments to thy taste?

One tuneful voice to cheer thee, When sorrow has distressed—
One breast when thou art weary, Whereon thy head to rest?
Till that sweet rose is faded, And cold that heart so warm,
Till clouds thy star have shaded, Heed not the passing storm.

Till the kind voice that blest thee All mute in death doth lie,
And the fount that oft refreshed thee, To thee is ever dry,—
Thou hast one tie to bind thee To this dark world of care;
Then let no sorrow blind thee— Yield not to dark despair

"Lines, suggested on seeing the youthful dead, placed in a Tomb"

We went to the lone tomb
With the young, beautiful and fair,
Unlocked the door of death, and there
I gazed in that dark room.

But dimly shone the light—
And there I saw the worms which fed
Within the coffins of the dead!
Ah! sad, sad was the sight.

And must we place her here,
So beautiful, so fair and young,
To rest in silent sleep among
The mouldering coffins near?

Oh! do not so with me,—
No, no, but place me, when I die,
In a new grave, where I shall lie
Alone—there let me be.

My friends, oh place me where,
I, ~~unhappy~~ ^{unhappy}, can sweetly rest

Upon my mother's quiet breast;
Yes, there, and only there.

And plant upon my grave
The flowers that I love, the cypress fair,
And plant the weeping willow there.
And let them o'er me wave.

Then will the zephyr's wing
Fan soft my flowers, the breezes play,
The sweet birds near my grave will stay,
And requiems will sing.

Inscription on a tombstone.

"I came in the morning — it was spring,
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon — it was summer,
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even — it was autumn,
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night — it was winter,
And I slept."



"In whom may we trust?"

In whom may we trust? shall the buckler of power
Be the aid of the heart in adversity's hour?
Shall we lean on the hilt of the warrior's sword,
Or trust on the breath of the sovereign's word?
The sword may be snapp'd, or the mighty one's breath
Be child'd ere its promise is plighted in death!
Aid hopes which were springing to brighten our way,
Fall back on the heart in woe's darkest array.

In whom may we trust? cannot love's watchful eye
The perils which threaten life's pathway descry?
But though it has guarded and gladden'd our home,
Can it still be upon us wherever we roam?
Or if, with prescience, it heralds the hour
Or peril approaching, can love boast the power
To bar from our portals the footsteps of care?
No; only to lessen the grief it will share.

In whom may we trust? shall we turn to the sage,
And seek the experience hoarded by age?
Ah, coldy such counsel will fall on the heart,
Unless in its tidings affection takes part;

Or even if wisdom be blended with love,
Still power may be wanting our cares to remove;
While slowly and sadly the lesson we learn,
That something is absent wherever we turn.

But were there a being, in whom all combin'd,
Power, wisdom and love—some omnipotent mind,
Which all things foreseeing, could all things prevent,
Or mould into mercy the coming event—

There, there might the spirit with safety confide,
For power to assist, and for wisdom to guide,
For love to support till the rough path be trod,
Then pilgrim look upward—that being is God!

"The Christian's Reward"

'Tis not like the Monarch's, a chaplet of gold,
Nor yet like the victor's, a laurel so cold;
But his ^{is} a crown never fading and bright,
A laurel 'twill last till eternity's night.

It is not the wealth that this world can bestow,
Or honours so transient from mortals below;
Nest his is the richest of treasures combined,
The blessings bestowed by the infinite mind.

While sojourning below, his thoughts are on high,
With the God of his fathers, beyond the bright sky;
Where seraphs in glory exultingly sing
Their anthems of praises to Jesus, their King.

Having finished the ^{race} he is destined to run,
His labours all ended, his work being done,
He rises in triumph to mansions above,
To bask in the smiles of a dear Saviour's love.

Sunday Nov. 2 first Sunday in the month, rainy day
very unpleasant, and consequently very few people at
Church - according to common saying, I suppose we
are not to expect many pleasant Sundays this
month -

Monday 3rd another rainy day very much rain
has fallen -

Tuesday 4 - dull overcast day - cleared off
at night.

Wednesday 5 - Thursday 6 - & Friday 7 - mild
pleasant days -

Saturday 8, dull weather, appearance of a
rain storm -

Sunday 9th - heavy rain last night - & rainy
unpleasant to day - second Sunday in the
month -

Monday 10 - a violent North west, squally
wind has prevailed all day, which subsided
at night - Rachel - came to service

A Song, by Thomas Hood

O! lady, leave thy silken thread And flow'ry tapestry:
There's living roses on the bush And blossoms on the tree.
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birth day of the world, When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes, The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue, The very rainbow shows
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell And sown the earth with
flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east, The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues, And blossoms as they run;
While morn opens like a crimson rose, Still wet with pearly showers;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread Thou twinest into flowers.

Tuesday Nov. 11. 1845 This is a most splendid day after the storm -

Wednesday 12 - Thursday 13, Friday¹⁴ & Saturday 15 the weather these four days has very fine, and beautiful for the season, nothing new has occurred -

Sunday 16 - Splendid day, and the first pleasant Sunday for some time,

Monday 17. Pleasant day ...

Tuesday 18 - Rain ...

Wednesday 19 - ditto,

Thursday - 20 - very pleasant day & mild

Friday 21 - rather unpleasant day

Saturday 22 - a most splendid day, & uniformly warm & mild for the season

Sunday 23 - another rainy Sunday - very few at church

Monday 24 - a very pleasant, cold day -

Tuesday 25 the weather continues cold, but pleasant
• The glass this morning at 7 - was 20 above zero

"To my Mother"

It there be, as there is, in this "valley of tears",

One remembrance more sweet than another,

It is that which runs back to our infantile years -

The remembrance of thee - dearest Mother!

In the wide span of memory now circling the past,

There are loved ones long lost to each other,

And as thou wert the first, so thou still art the last,

To smile fondly on me - dearest Mother!

Though endeared as it is - think much as we may

Of the love of a sister or brother,

Yet it borrows the warmth of its brightening ray,

From thy heaven of love - dearest Mother!

Then be this my love - 'tis a spark of that flame,

Which age upon age cannot smother -

'Twas enkindled above - from heaven it came -

Oh be it, then mine - dearest Mother!



Wednesday Nov 26 - a fine, pleasant, it is the opinion of many
that on no occasion has there been in the market so much
poultry as to day, and very good also.

Thursday 27 (Thanksgiving day) commenced raining
about 8 o'clock AM, and rained a continual, heavy
shower till night - Cabs & coaches were running
all day long --

Friday 28 - It has cleared off cold and windy, the
wind is so high, & withal so cold, that the masons
on the factory building were unable to pursue their
work for the day --

Saturday 29 - Glass this morning stood at 14 above
zero - colder by 7 degrees, than it has been this
season, but a delightful pleasant day --

Sunday 30 - the first snow, fell this day, it
commenced about noon, and fell pretty fast all day
to the depth of 2 or 3 inches, it will probably turn
to rain, before tomorrow morning - thus ends the
Autumn, and a very pleasant season it has been.

"Nature's Nobleman".

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
Where pleasure itself cannot please,
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still,
Affects to be quite at its ease;
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest are first in the band,
And nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is the man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,
He warmly can love and can hate,
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust
To fashion's intolerant state;
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
Though lowly and poor in the land,
Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand.

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His impulses simple and true,
Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good sense,
And cordial with me, and with you.

For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
It is you, Man! or you, Man! who stand
Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
A man with his heart in his hand.

"A Beautiful Hymn."

When morning pours its golden rays,
O'er hill & dale, o'er earth and sea,
My heart unbidden swells in praise,
Father of light and ^{life} ~~light~~, to Thee!

When night from heaven steals darkly down,
And throws its robe o'er lawn and lea,
My gaddened spirit seeks thy throne,
And bows in worship still to Thee.

If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,
If joys or sorrows dim the eye—
Father in heaven, I turn to Thee.

"Sabbath Evening Musings"

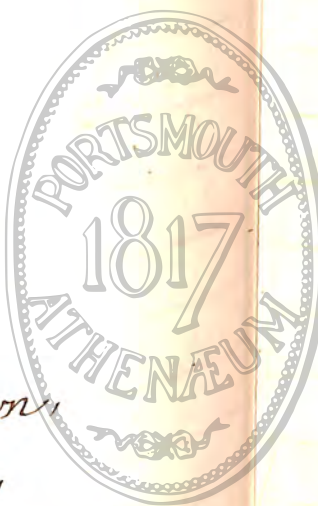
Oh, ever sweet is twilight's pensive hour,
When with the sun, all nature sinks in rest,
The weary spirit feels its soothing power,
And every passion slumbers in the breast.

But sweeter far the holy sabbath eve,
When scarce a murmur floats upon the air,
When angels' spirits seem to come and breathe
Their tones of love into the listening ear.

Soft music seems to float upon the air,
Coming from some angelic choir above,
Bidding us strike with trembling hand the lyre,
And tune our harps to sing redeeming love.

Oh yes, our raptured spirits catch the strain,
And back to heaven the chorus shall ascend,
Till ours shall be a paradise again,
And Earth and heaven in concert sweetly blend.

over



Come, unbeliever, in an hour like this,
And bathe thy spirit in its soothing light,
And tell me if earth's sweetest, purest bliss,
Can yield thee such a flow of rapt delight.

Oh no! for earth's delusions pass away,
And every earthly tie by death is riven,
Then yield thy spirit to this gentle sway,
And strike thy lyre with the redeemed in heaven.

Grieve not thy Father as long as he liveth,
Ah! grieve him not, whose silver hairs
Thin o'er his wasted temples stray;
Grieve not thy sire when time impairs
The glory of his manhood's sway.

His tottering steps with reverence aid, —
Bind his swan brow with honor's wreath;
And let his deafened ear be made
The harp where filial love shall breathe.

What though his pausing mind partake
The evils of its house of clay,

Though wearied, blinded memory break
The basket where her treasures lay:

Still with prompt arm his burdens bear,
Bring heavenly balm his wounds to heal,
And with affection's watchful care,
The error that thou mark'st, conceal.

Know'st thou how oft these powerless arms
Have clasped thee to his shielding breast,
When infant woes, or childish harms,
Thy weak, unguarded soul distress?

Know'st thou how oft these accents strove
Thine uninstructed mind to aid?
How oft a parent's prayer of love,
Hath pierced dense midnight's darkest shade?

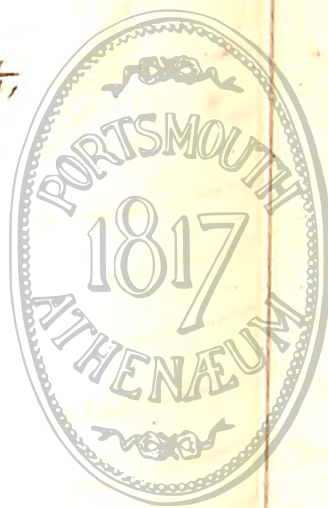
Grieve not thy Father, till he die,
Lest, when he sleeps in earth's cold breast,
The record of his latest sigh
Should prove a dagger to thy rest.



"The Storm on Genesareth"

It is the middle watch of even,
Peace o'er the earth doth reign;
But stormy clouds are in the heaven,
A tempest on the main.
The waves forsake their wonted rest,
And curl their crested forms;
The strong wind sweeps the blue lake's breast,
And lifts its voice of storms.

Most mildly, o'er the flashing deep,
The dazzling lightnings play;
But still, in his unbroken sleep,
The calm Redeemer lay,
Till fiercer ocean's surges broke,
And blacker grew the sky;
And to the thrilling prayer he woke—
'Lord! save us, or we die!



Calm, as when from the widow's son
He broke the bands of death,
His sad eye scanned each trembling one—
'O ye of little faith!'

One glance above, to where the blast
Piped 'mid the cordage shrill,
One look upon the wave he cast,
And then—'Peace! be ye still!
Fast from the sky the clouds passed o'er,
The conquered seas were calm;
And when the wind had reached the shore,
It scarcely stirred the palm.

Redeemer! in that trying hour,
When earth's allurements flee,
Grant thou my fainting soul the power
To rest itself on thee!
Should fear's overwhelming surges swell,
Or passions' tempest thrill,
Come to my help, Sonmanuel,
And murmur, 'Peace! be still!'

"Winter is coming".

Nov^r 4th

Winter is coming! who cares? who cares?

Not the wealthy and proud, I trow:

"Let it come," they cry, "what matter to us

How chilly the blast may blow?"

"We'll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,

The goblet of wine we'll drain,

We'll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth

And music's echoing strain.

"Little care we for the biting frost,

While the fire gives forth its blaze;

And what to us is the dreary night,

While we dance in the wase light rays?"

'Tis thus the rich of the land will talk;

But think, Oh, the pompous great,

That the harrowing storm ye laugh at within,

Falls bleak on the poor at your gate;

They

They have blood in their veins, age, prone as thine,

But naught to quicken its flow;

They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,

And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming—oh! think ye great,

On the roofless, naked and cold;

Deal with them kindly, as man with man,

And spare them a tithe of your gold!

"Forgive."

"How beautifully falls

From human lips that blessed word forgive;

Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—

The sound which openeth heaven; renews again

On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings

Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.

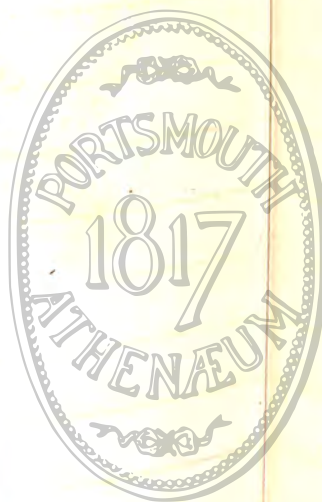
Thrice happy he whose heart has so been schooled

In the meek lessons of humanity,

That he can give it utterance; it imparts

Celestial grandeur to the human soul,

And maketh man an angel."



1845

December 1st Monday - The day appointed by law for the assembling of Congress

Tuesday 2 - cold, blustering day, 7

Wednesday 3 - glass, this morning stood at 8 above 0 - a cold day - Presidents Message came to night

Thursday 4 - Snow, and rain, very bad walking - pretty ugly storm - - -

Friday 5 - the walking to day is rather bad, tho the weather is pleasant for winter.

Saturday 6 - Glass this morning 18 above 0 - fine winters day, the workmen continued their labour on the factory yesterday and to day -

Sunday 7 - - 18 above zero - pleasant day -

Monday 8 - weather more mild

Tuesday 9 - this day I attempted a sale of dry goods, a large lot of prime goods - but could not succeed - sold only about \$200

Wednesday Dec. 10 - a most beautiful day -

Thursday 11 - the weather is fine, but the cold has increased

Friday 12 - the glass this morning was 4 below zero, and continued about the same all day -

Saturday 13 - the weather has moderated considerably

Sunday 14 - commenced snowing about 10 A.M. & continued till night when it turned to rain & rained all night -

Monday 15, rain storm all day -

Tuesday 16 - pleasant again

Wednesday 17 - engaged at the Rockingham House taking inventory of Furniture &c.

Thursday 18 - Friday 19 - & Saturday 20 - pretty much all the time about the same business as above - - - more snow - - -

Sunday december 21 - pleasant winter's day -

Monday 22 another fine day -

Tuesday 23 - as pleasant as yesterday

Wednesday 24 - pleasant morning - but appearances in the afternoon foreboded a storm - & on

Thursday 25 - (Christmas day) sure enough, we had a very severe snow storm, which lasted through the day - two coasting vessels went ashore on Rye beach

Friday 26. a continuance of foul weather -

Saturday 27 - this has been a most delightful day

Sunday 28 another pleasant day, very moderate -

Monday 29 - The weather is mild for the season

Tuesday 30 - This has been quite a spring like day -

Wednesday 31 This day closes the eventful year of 1845
Thanks to a kind and gracious God, who has permitted me to remain to this period, and for all the blessings I have enjoyed through the past year I close in the fulness of a grateful heart, to praise his holy name -

1846

Thursday January 1 - The glass this morning was at zero - - -
in looking back upon the year which has just closed, I can recognize many instances of God's goodness, calculated to call forth grateful feelings, and cannot I also call to mind many, very many instances of omission of duty, alas, too many, and too often do such sins arise up to view, and serve to show me the "weakness and corruption of my nature", and amidst the manifold temptations which daily surround me I am impelled to beseech my heavenly Father to "look with compassion on my infirmities" - and to implore the "aid and assistance of his holy spirit" to "restrain me from sin, and excite me to my duty" - and should it please God, to spare my life to the close of the year on which I am now entering, may I be enabled so to live, that in all my thoughts, words and actions I may meet with his divine acceptance -

Friday 2 - some snow last night and much rain, which continued all day, and made very bad walking -

Saturday 3 - this has been a mild, spring like day, and the snow has much diminished

Sunday 4 - Being unwell, I did not attend Church to day -
Beautiful weather



Monday Jan 7. 5th another very fine day, remarkably mild and pleasant for the season, thus far the winter has been very favourable, but very little cold weather & yet some very good sleighing -

Tuesday 6th - more snow this night & on
Wednesday 7th snow & rain all day -

Thursday 8 - fair weather again - Mr A. J. Penhallows & Miss Pickering were married -

Friday 9 - a very pleasant day, very mild and spring like -

Saturday 10 - Sunday 11 - Monday 12, & Tuesday 13 the weather continues about the same, more like spring than winter

Wednesday 14 - the mild weather continues -

Thursday 15 - the same - - -

Friday 16 - the same - - -

Saturday 17 - Snow to day lasted more or less all day and night, the cold increases -

Sunday 18, clear, cold day, considerable snow on the ground, I did not go out in the afternoon -

Monday 19 - glass this morning is below zero -

Tuesday 20 - more moderate -

Wednesday 21 - ditto - more cold towards night and snow - - -

Thursday 22 very cold & blustering - the cars from Boston, due at 10 o'clock A.M. - did not arrive till

Friday 23 - at 4 A.M. - owing to the drifted snow -

Saturday 24 - this day I went to Lynn to attend the funeral of Mr Childs - went into Boston same night and remained till

Monday 26 - when I returned home -

Tuesday 27 - beautiful, pleasant day -

"Power of Forgiveness"

To the dark hall of Pilate the multitude throng:
Who is it that follows so meekly along?
Unheeding the foreheads with diadems bound,
And the blaze of the jewels and girdles around.
And even the scoffer that mocks at her prayer—
The Mary, forgiven of Jesus, is there.

Who sees the thorns flatted, the cross and the nails?
As the spirit that said, I will follow thee, fails;
The sun at the noontide his brightness refuse,
As they cry in derision, hail, King of the Jews!
The spear of the Roman, the writhe and the prayer,
The Mary, whom Jesus forgave, still is there.

The third morn is breaking; how lovely the forms
That are bearing sweet roses and spice in their arms:
But the white brow of beauty is saddened with woe,
The dark locks are down on her bosom of snow,
As she sits on the rock by the tomb in despair—
'Tis Mary, whom Jesus forgave, that is there.

She folds her pale hands on her desolate heart,
And takes up her spices and myrrh to depart,
But lo! at her feet there are shadows of gold,
The tidings that Jesus is risen are told—
As she hastens to Galilee, sweet on the air
Is the song of her bosom—the Saviour is there.

A 6

Mount Healthy, Ohio

"Never give up"

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubts rankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:
Never give up! or the burthen may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in ^{all} trials or troubles, bethink you,
The wath' word of life must be, NEVER give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges
Ever ~~sure~~ success, if you'll only hope on.

Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst
Never give up! if adversity presses
Providence wisely has mingled the cup
And the best counsel, in all your distresses
Is the stout watchword of never give up!

Nature's Nobleman.

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
Where pleasure itself cannot please,
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still,
Affects to be quite at its ease;
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest is first in the band,
And nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just.

He warmly can love and can hate,
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust,
To fashion's intolerant state;
Nor best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
Though lowly or poor, in the land,
Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand.

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His impulses simple and true,
Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good sense,
And cordial with me, and with you:
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
It is you, man; or you, man! who stand
Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank.
A man with his heart in his hand!

"Stanzas for the irresolute."

Go ahead, though dark clouds should surround you,
They may all disappear on the morrow;
There are others far worse off, around you,
And yet are unconquered by sorrow.



Keep trying - you should always keep trying,
And never give up till you're dead;
You can never excel by your sighing,
You must rouse yourself up - go ahead!

To do what man has done before you -
There's no kind of merit in that;
But to finish what ne'er has been thought of,
Is what you should try to be at.

There are ten thousand things to discover,
On which a new light you may shed:
And whether you're a scholar or lover,
Write out on your flag - "go ahead"!

And if she whom you love should reject you
And tell you that you must forget
Let our soul-stirring motto direct you
I'll warrant you'll marry her yet
With the heart of a man in your bosom
And soul, whom you will you may wed
O, never despair, but keep stirring
And say to yourself, "go ahead"!



Wednesday Jan 28. the glass this morning was 8 above zero

Thursday 29. more moderate - glass. 12 above 00 -

Friday 30 - & Saturday 31 - pleasant days -

Sunday Feby 1 - cloudy - unpleasant day.
N. Moses, married at Mr Ballou's House

Monday 2 - very mild & soft weather
Tuesday 3 - do - very fine April -

Wednesday 4th - a most delightful day -

Thursday 5 - Friday 6 - & Saturday 7 - very mild,
& very remarkable weather for the season -

Sunday 8 - the weather has changed - the glass
this morning stood 8 above zero - & a very
cold, blustering day -

Monday 9 - glass this morning 2 above zero - but
more moderate & pleasant through the day -
this day I sent 8 hams to L. Akerman's to smoke

Tuesday Feby 10 - Glass 1 below zero - very cold day.
This morning Mr Mark Pierce died very suddenly
he was found dead in his chamber -

Wednesday 11 the weather has moderated, the
Glass this morning 12 above 00 - commenced
snowing about 8 AM & continued all day

Thursday 12 - bad travelling - snow much drifted

Friday 13 - it has grown colder - glass - 8 above 0 - at 7

Saturday 14 - Glass this morning 3 above 0 -
appearance of snow - Mr W Pierce buried from
Church -

Sunday 15 a very heavy snowstorm - the most so this
winter - Mr Watson from Boston officiated at church

Monday 16, a great deal of snow has fallen -

Tuesday 17 - this has been a mild day.

Wednesday 18 very cold 3 below zero -

Thursday 19 - 19 above 00 -

Friday feby 20 - a very severe snowstorm commenced this
morning early, and continued with great violence through
the day -

Saturday 21 - the storm has ceased, and we have a most
delightful day overhead - the snow has drifted
very much, & probably the travelling will be bad
for some days.

Sunday 22 - Mr Royle - preached at Church today
Doctor Burroughs in Boston.

Monday 23. the last snow is much drifted & the travelling
is bad

Tuesday 24, very pleasant day -

Wednesday 25. first day of Lent, I was not able
to attend church -

Thursday 26 - Glass this morning 2 above 00 -
& a very cold windy day -

Friday 27 - last night is said to be the coldest of the
season - Glass this morning 4 below zero -

Saturday Feb 28 the month ends with cold weather

Sunday March 1 - quite a cold day tho, pleasant in the sun - Eleanor went to church this morning, for the first time since July last -

Monday 2 - the weather is still cold - a great deal of snow on the ground --

Tuesday 3 - more moderate - rather pleasant for the season -

Wednesday 4th a very mild pleasant day

Thursday 5 - Friday 6, & Saturday 7 - very pleasant days, & good wholesome weather

Sunday 8, quite a snow storm, I did not go out had a bad cold, and thought best not to expose myself to the storm -

Monday 9th - Mr Wentworth had a severe ill turn this morning -

1846

Tuesday March 10 - this is the day of general election throughout the State - in Portsmouth ^{the whigs} were successful carrying the whole whig ticket by a handsome majority we were favoured with a fine day for the occasion

Wednesday 11 - a most brilliant day - the melting of the snow to day has caused the water to run down our streets like a river - a few more such days will make good walking about town

Thursday 12 - this has been another delightful mild and spring like day - snow going off rapidly -

Friday 13 - I attended Church to day - the ^{first} time I have been able to attend since the commencement of Lent - rather a pleasant, towards night began to rain

Saturday 14 This has been a rainy day, much has fallen and the snow & ice much reduced, thus far the month of march, has been uncommonly mild and pleasant and bids fair to be a pleasant month -

Sunday 15 - very fine day, and the Church was well filled -

Monday 16 - very unpleasant day, rain & snow, all serving however to carry off the snow and ice, and to settle the streets, in a few days I think we shall have good walking ---

Tuesday 17 - some little snow on the ground this morning, but it soon disappeared under the influence of a clear sky and bright sun -

Wednesday 18 - clear bright day, but rather cool, it is very good walking about town

Thursday 19 - another spring like day -

Friday 20 - this has been quite a summer's day - the streets are almost dry ---

Saturday 21 - the mild weather continues - the melancholy news reached town to day of the death of Commodore Brown by suicide, on Wednesday last ---

Sunday 22 - a most delightful day, and very full Church -

Monday 23 - another fine day

Tuesday March 24 - Doctor Burroughs delivered a Lecture at the Temple this evening to a crowded audience - Subject "The poetry of Religion" - and the Doctor acquitted himself very handsomely -

Wednesday 25 - Rain storm all day ---

Thursday 26 - - - ditto ditto

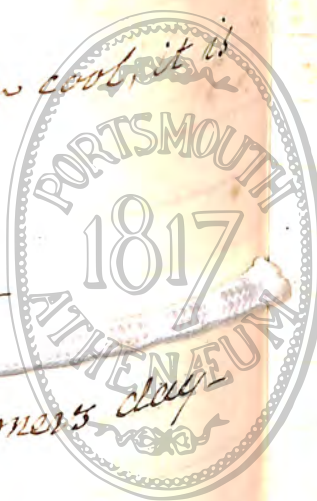
Friday 27 - the storm has subsided & the weather is more pleasant, but in the P.M. it is again foggy, and promises more foul weather - a child of Mr Peabody's died very suddenly

Saturday 28 - the weather is pleasant to day -

Sunday 29 - another very mild day, the streets are quite dry -

Monday 30 - same weather as yesterday -

Tuesday 31st this closes the month of March, and a very pleasant month it has been, no blustering winds as is usual in March - but the weather has been nearly uniformly pleasant through the month



Wednesday April 1 - The month opens with mild and pleasant weather the snow is pretty ^{much} gone & the streets are dry -

Thursday 2 - The State fast day - in the P.M. I heard Mr Clark preach a very fine sermon -

Friday 3, Saturday 4th - engaged in appraising the Furniture in the Rockingham House, with Hatch of Boston -

Sunday 5 - very pleasant Sunday and very full church

Monday 6 - very warm day

Tuesday 7 - To day I pruned my Trees, & overhauled my garden, the frost is entirely out of the ground & Mr Priest has picked up the Asparagus beds

Wednesday 8, it has tryd very hard to rain to day, but it has not come yet, it is very dusty and rain would be very acceptable

Thursday April 9 - Clear bright day, but raw & chilly

Friday 10 - Being Good Friday, I did not open my store; but attended church all day, the Doctor gave a very good sermon on the death and sufferings of the Saviour - the church was well filled

Saturday 11 - a little rain, but pleasant withal

Sunday 12 - rather a cold, rainy day - full church in the morning - Letters to day from Washington

Monday 13 - the weather to day has been cold & blustering we seem to be having March weather this month -

Tuesday 14 - Ice made last night half an inch thick

Wednesday 15 wrote to Washington to day by Mrs Whipple - who goes tomorrow -

Thursday 16 - had my Garden dug to day, and all my Trees wash'd - Samuel's infant child died last night after lingering for about 5 weeks - Mrs Geo. Haven died to day -

Light and Darkness

O, thou, before whom angels fall!

And the archangels Trembling stand,
How lavishly alike on all.

Come down the blessings from thy hand!
'Tis not in happier hours alone

The soul thy guardian goodness feels;
The fulness of thy grace is shown

Where'er a sorrowing mourner kneels.

For even when beside the tomb

We mourn the unconscious dead below,

Thy angels come amid the gloom,

With solace for our doubt and woe.

And looking through the shades of death
To that bright land where none can die,

How clearly then the eye of faith

Beholds the portals of the sky!

And they whose lives serenely even
In pleasures flowery way have kept,

Have never known the love of heaven,
As they whose souls have mourned and wept!

For stricken by the hand of woe

The soul must seek a father's love,

And they who weep can only know

What healing balm is found above!

And one repentant hour of tears,

Of sweet communion and of prayer,

Is worth a thousand, thousand years
Where pleasures thoughtless children are!

And O, if ever man below
Draws nearer to the eternal throne,

'Tis when his soul subdued by woe,

Seeks refuge with its God alone!



"The wilderness of the mind."

There is a wilderness more dark
Than groves of fir on Huron's shore;
And in that cheerless region hark!
How serpents hiss!—how monsters roar!

'Tis not among th' untrodden isles
Of vast superior's stormy lake,
Where social comfort never smiles,
Nor sunbeams pierce the tangled break.

It is not in the deepest shade
Of India's tiger-haunted wood;
Nor western forests, unsurveyed,
Where crouching panthers lurk for blood.

'Tis in the dark uncuttured soul,
By Christian knowledge unrefined,
Where hissing, hateful passions prow—
The frightful wilderness of mind.

"Dreaming of Heaven."

I sit where the shadows of twilight steal o'er me,
While the wild birds are warbling their last fitful hymn,
And I think of the loved who have enter'd before me
That dwelling whose glory shall never grow dim.

For ever the land of the spirits seems nearer,
When twilight steals over the earth's quiet breast,
And the harps of the angels sound sweeter and clearer,
What time the last day-beams go out in the west.

Oh! if all my dreams were as bright and elysian,
As those which the eve to my spirit still brings,
I could sit here forever to woo the sweet vision,
And dream about heaven, and heavenly things.

For I long to be up where the seraphim gather,
With the ransomed of Zion whom Jesus has blest,
And where in the smile of our heavenly Father,
Our purified spirits forever shall rest.

Wm. H. Heathy
Ohio
eum, Portsmouth, N.H.

"Sabbath - The Isle of Rest"

Sweet sabbath of rest, how refreshing its hours -
Like a spring in the wilderness, shade in the bowers;
I love ^{to} repose in ^{the} rest it has given,

And contemplate the bright, calm sunshine of heaven.

We are passing along on the ocean of life,
Our bark tossed with tempest, or riven with strife,

The billows uncertain, roll calmly, or rave

O'er the throng that repose in the sleep of its grave.

The sunlight of joy gleams on us awhile,

And tinges each wave with its beauty and smile;

But ah, how soon clouds intercept the bright beams,

And cast their dark shadows o'er life-glowing dreams.

Oh the light and the shade of time's ocean-way,

The darkness of midnight, the brightness of day;

How changeful our skies, and how changeing our cares,

It is thus that our week-day pilgrimage wears.

Then care-worn and weary, how bright and how blest

Are these green little Islands, our sabbath of rest,

Where we moor all our toil, our care and our strife,

And rest for for a day in the Ocean of Life.

Lines to an Orphan

Thou lone and friendless little one! my heart is sad for thee,
For ne'er by doating father thou wert dandled on his knee;
And e'er thy lisping lips had learned with half-formed words to play,
Thy mother, by remorseless death, was torn from thee away.

Thou, like a bird of unfledged wing, exposed to every blast,
Upon life's stormy wilderness from cradle dreams were cast,
To hide the rains of cold neglect, the tender heart that chill
And early learn in sorrow's tones thy tiny harp to trill.

But he who silence keeps in heaven to hear the raven's cry,
Has never turned from thee his mild and ever open eye,
For though a thousand birds of sin are hovering o'er thy way,
Thine innocence to wiles of none has fallen yet a prey.

Beneath the wings of heavenly trust a shelter early seek, bleak;
Then, though thy home on this cold earth may be on mountains
Though storms should make thee shrink at times, and notes of
sorrow pour,
Yet doubly sweet will be thy song, when life's brief years are o'er.

Knickerbocker

Friday April 17. 1826 - a very pleasant day - Samuel
buried his infant child -

Saturday 18 - This has been the warmest day this month
quite a summer like day -

Sunday 19 - another delightful day, vegetation begins to show itself in strong colours -

Monday 20 - pleasant weather continues -

Friday 24 - the weather all the week thus far has
been warm & pleasant, but very dry, rain is
very much wanted -

Saturday 25 - very cold day - but clear, so that
the Eclipse of the Sun was seen to advantage

Sunday 26 - very beautiful day -

Monday 27 - Doct. Burroughs went to Boston
to day to attend the wedding of his Sister
Rebecca

Tuesday 28 - this Evening, Revd J H Milner, was
united in holy wedlock with the Widow Maister.

Wednesday April 29 - appearances all day of a change of weather, rain is much wanted.

Thursday 30 - the month closes with a copious Rain
it commenced last night, and rained pretty much
all day - the first rain for about six weeks -

Friday May 1 - beautiful day - till the PM - when
we had more rain - in the to the Earth

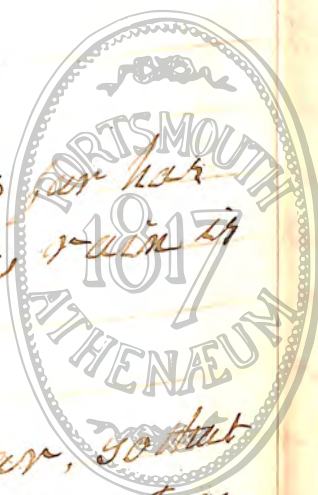
we had more rain -
Saturday 2 - rainy day, very joyful to the Earth
hereabouts -

Sunday 3 - pleasant day - no services at Church
by reason of Doct Burroughs being indisposed

Monday 4 - Mr Halliburton died this morning
aged 75 -

Tuesday 5 - this has been a very warm, summer-like day, wind West all day - quite cool

Wednesday 6 - great change in the weather, quite cool to day, with appearance of rain -



Thursday May 7 - Friday 8 & Saturday 9th the weather
has been raw & chilly, East winds, & very uncomfortable
dusty withal, rain is much wanted, although nothing
is suffering for want of rain, vegetation is getting
along very well, and if we have no frosts we shall
no doubt have a bountiful season - this day closes
seventy three years since my birth - and here I would
pause, and wonder, at the goodness of my heavenly Father
in permitting me to remain so long in the enjoyment of
my family, and in almost uninterrupted health - how
unworthy of such goodness and mercy - I have been
allowed a longer term of time than either of my Parents
and out of a family of seventeen Brothers & Sisters, ten
of whom were my Juniors - I have survived them all save
one sister, and she is my Junior by some 14 or 15 years -
and when I reflect on my own unworthiness, and how
little good I have done through so long a period of time -
and how ungrateful I have been of all the blessings
I have received, I am ashamed at my ingratitude
to God - and am ready to exclaim "God be merciful to
me a sinner" may the remaining days of my life
be more devoted to the service of God, and the good
of my fellow beings -

"Humility"

The bird that sings on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest!
In Lark, and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends,
The weight of glory bends him down
The most when high his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be,
The footstool of humanity.
By Montgomery

The Star of Bethlehem.
By Henry Kirke White.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud - the night was dark,
The ocean yawnd - and rudely blowed
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose -
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It had my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd - my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore

The Star! - The Star of Bethlehem!

"Faith"

I will not fear! the storm may rage
As wildly as it will,
For he, who bids the tempest blow,
Can whisper peace be still.
I've seen the angry sea as rough,
The night as dark as dark before;
And yet with morning's light my bark
Came safely to the shore.

Then though the straining mast be bent,
And all the canvas riven,
It will not make my heart despair,
Nor shake my trust in heaven!
For God will guide the helm of love,
Till all life's storms are past,
And where the tempter never comes
I'll anchor safe at last!

Mount Healthy
Ohio.



Sunday 29 June gathered Cherries from No 1 - but
they were not quite ripe —

June 30 gathered a few from No 2 - hardly ripe

July 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 & 7th gathered from - do - & finished —

also - the 7th, from No 1 —

July 8 & 9 - finished No - 1 - & No 3 —

August 6 do . . No 7 —

