

No
7

Samuel Larkin

March 21 1847
Dec 31 1848

"Journal"
Samuel Larkin
1847 & 1848

112

nos -
Lieut. Samuel Laska
U. S. Ship Brandenburg
Care of American Consul
either at Rio Janeiro or
Montevideo -

2nd . . . Tom Corwin Capt Mickson

3rd & 4th pr. Ship Talma, Capt Lewin - sailed about May 15

5th - by Barto Mindoro
sent to Boston June 23

6th by the way of Washington

th sent by Capt
Upton of Salem
Oct 16 - 1848

84-Nov-vier
Baltimore,

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[N. Y. Express.]

NAVAL.—Commodore STORER on Friday hoisted his broad pennant on board the United States frigate *Brandywine*, bound for the Brazil station, on which occasion the usual salutes were fired. She will put to sea with all possible dispatch, in obedience to orders to that effect from Washington.

The following is a list of the officers of the Brandywine and the passengers going out in her :

GEORGE W. STORER, commodore; THOS. CRAIG, captain; John A. Davis, Luther Stoddard, Samuel Larkin, Carter B. Poindexter, G. Wells, J. J. Guthrie, lieutenants; John S. Taylor, master; Jos. Terry, purser; B. F. Bache, fleet surgeon; R. T. Maxwell, passed assistant surgeon; Alexander Robinson, assistant surgeon; J. L. Leuhart, chaplain; James Wiley, 2d lieutenant of marines; Storer, commodore's secretary; Wm T. Truxton, John T. Barraud, Simeon S. Bassett, T. Lee Walker, passed midshipmen; John G. Sproston and Charles B. Smith, midshipmen.

Passengers to join the U. S. Ship Ohio.—Captain Wm. V. Taylor, Commander Andrew K. Long, Purser Samuel Forrest; Captain Marines, Jos. I. C. Hardy; Passed Midshipmen, R. L. Law, Thos. C. Eaton, Thos. W. Brodhead; Midshipmen, John T. Wood, Wm. H. Ward, B. C. Hand, A. B. Cummings, Wm. Gwinn, David Harmony, J. P. Baker, John J. Cornwall, Jos. Miller, R. T. Chapman.

To join the U. S. Brig Perry.—Lieutenant Commanding E. G. Tilton; Passed Midshipmen O. C. Badger and Am. Sharp.

Col. R. ...

The Brandywine
sailed from Hampton
Roads. Sept 9th 1847
returned & sailed again
September 13

484-2-4500
Courtesy of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, Portsmouth, N.H.



1847
March

Sun. 21 This is the 5th Sunday in Lent, unpleasant weather but few people at church - The Church has not been opened during the prayer days - except the first Friday, a very uncommon occurrence, but was in consequence of Doct^r Burroughs not being able to officiate by reason of ill health.

22 - Last night & to day a severe storm of rain & snow, suppose the equinoctial storm, 'tis said one or more vessels are ashore, outside the harbour, Lumber vessels from the eastward.

23 The ground is again cover'd with snow, previous to this snow the streets had become quite dry, & in many places quite dusty,

24 dull, dreary day, very bad walking - I had a sale of goods to day, but it was a small concern small goods & small sales, after toiling hard all day I sold about seventy dollars.

25 This has been a delightful springlike day the snow has mostly gone, & in a few days we shall probably have dry streets.



1847
March

26 Commenced raining to day about noon, & a very heavy rain storm continued all day & night, by which I presume the frost is pretty much out of the ground, the springs well fill'd & the streets wash'd clean

27 some appearance of fair weather this morning but it soon vanished, & the weather continued unpleasant through the day - the widow of Capt John Seawards was buried to day - Samuel received orders to proceed to Washington

Sunday 28 pleasant day, goodly number of people at church in the morning instead of a sermon the Doctor gave us an address on the subject of Good Friday and the Holy week, and of our duty to attend Church every day, not to engage in any secular pursuits, either of business or pleasure.

29 a beautiful pleasant morning, but about 10 AM it commenced snowing, & we had quite a snow storm - about 4 inches deep -

30 This has been a very pleasant day, and not very cold, although the ground is covered with snow towards night appearances of foul weather

Wed. 31 Another snow storm last night 3 or 4 inches fell, in the PM - the moon full'd and it clear'd off, bright and pleasant.

April 1 This morning at seven, Samuel, set off for his station at Washington, for duty at the Observatory in that City - a most delightful day though rather cold; the glass this morning at six was 8 above zero - sleighing very good -

2 This morning at six, commenced a regular old fashioned snow storm, which lasted all day, and left about 4 inches of snow on the ground -

3 The sleighing is very good this morning, but will not probably last long - This day ends the season of Lent - during this week, the church has been very well attended

Sun. 4 Easter Sunday, pretty full church - Doct. B. preached in the morning, Mr Foxcroft in the PM

5 fine pleasant day, snow goes off fast - the season is a week later than last year -



1847

April 6 beautiful morning - cloudy uncomfortable noon -
& rainy P.M. and night - most unsteady kind
of weather -

7 This has been a pretty pleasant day snow goes
off very fast - - -

8 a most delightful morning, in the P.M. cold
easterly wind - very pleasant Evening -
letter to day from Samuel,

9 The Snow has disappeared and the streets are
getting to be quite dry, & good walking, about town
should the present weather continue we can commence
Gardening in a week or so -

10 cold uncomfortable day,

Sun 11. pleasant, but cold - a Mr Dow preached at Church
a young beginner - dry & dusty are the streets

12 To day we had quite a snow storm, for about one
hour it snowed very fast, but it had all disappeared
by sundown -

April 13 The streets have got to be dry, & dusty, & with the
strong North winds, makes it quite uncomfortable

14 pleasant, but very windy, - very backward season

15 Annual Fast Day - I did not attend Church to day
those who did go, say the Doct. gave them a splendid
sermon

16 more windy weather, cold and uncomfortable, I
have done nothing in my garden, and from present
appearances I shall not be able to for some time -

17 Cold and windy, & showers all day, more moderate
towards night, hope we shall have a pleasant
Sunday, tomorrow

Sun 18 a pretty pleasant day - Mr Dow assisted Doct Burroughs
at Church

19 cold, uncomfortable day, Ice made last night
nearly an inch thick, the season is very back-
ward, - I wrote to Sucretia to day -

1847

11

April 20 This has been more like spring than any day this month, the weather has been mild & comfortable
 21 dull day, some rain - heavy thunder, or a slight shock of Earthquake was felt by many, last night
 22 A most delightful day, untill about 5 P.M. when it commenced raining, and continued through the night

23 very unpleasant day, it has rained, hail'd & snow'd by turns -

24 the weather continues very variable

Sun 25 a very pleasant day, but cold ..

26 The ground was broke for the Portsmouth & Concord railroad - thus the work is commenced which when completed, will probably greatly increase the business of Portsmouth -

27. cold, windy, dusty day - some rain & hail and a very cold night, Ice made half inch thick
 28 very cold, and windy day, fires & thick clothing as necessary as in winter - Mrs E. Shaw, buried

April 29 The cold has decreased, & the wind lulld - rainy day which stopit a furniture sale -

30 Beautiful morning - rain in the afternoon, sold S.L.s, furniture and it sold very well -

May 1 quite a cold, uncomfortable day - no maying for Girls & Boys ...

Sun-2 A very cold, uncomfortable day,

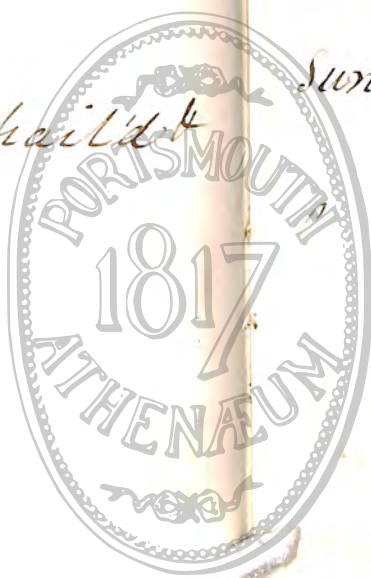
3 This day Mrs S Larkin & daughter sat off for Washington -

4 pleasant day, Sale of Furniture &c -

5 The weather is chilly, the season is backward & the Trees don't put forth their foliage -

6 This has been a spring like day, mild & comfortable

7 another fine day, the season is very backward I have done nothing in my Garden, I now miss Mr Priest very much, and it is difficult to get any one to work that knows any thing about gardening



1847
M

May 8 This has been a dull, rainy day, I heard last night of the safe arrival of Mary & Kate in Brooklyn,

Sun. 9 A very pleasant Sunday - full church - present Doct Burroughs, Mr Dow, and others -

10 Through the goodness of God, I have this day completed my seventy fourth year, and oh how grateful should I feel to that great and good being, who has sustained me in life, and to find myself, at such an advanced age, in the full enjoyment of health, and surrounded by so many comforts & blessings - 'tis true I have met with many adversities and afflictions, but God, in all his judgments has remembered mercy, and I desire to feel resigned under all & every dispensation of his providence, and to praise his holy name for all his goodness and loving kindness vouchsafed to me and mine -

11 This day I had my garden made, & planted some Beans, onions & radishes - about three weeks later than last year -

May 12 The weather is again very unpleasant, cold N.E. Wind Mr Leonard Cotton's Wife died very suddenly

13 cold & uncomfortable weather -

14 cold, strong N.E. Wind, vegetation seems to have stopped

15 some change in the weather, not quite so cold as the last two or three days -

Sun. 16 very pleasant day - tho' the wind still hangs to the East -

17 cold uncomfortable day, raw, chilly, East wind the cherry trees begin to blossom -

18 fine refreshing rain to day, much wanted

19 This morning, the wind westerly - some appearance of fine warm day, but about 9 A.M. - the wind got out east, and cloudy, unsettled weather all day -

20 The weather continues much the same

21 no change, wind the same, cold & chilly

22 cloudy, all day with signs of rain, but none came.

1847

Sun, May 23 - a pleasant day, and full church in the morning
in the afternoon not so full -

24 dull & rainy - very heavy rain all night -

25 unpleasant till noon when it cleared off, & the
wind got in to the westward, and remained
so for two hours -

26 I finished planting Garden to day - somewhat
later than last year - Cherry Trees are in full
bloom, & peach nearly so -

27.28.29 three very delightful days - mild & good for vegetation
the last of those days - Mrs Austin, the widow
of Daniel Austin was buried

Sun. 30 pleasant day, Mr D. gave notice to day, that the
services of the church would be held in the Chapel
during the time. the repairs were making on
the church, which would commence this week

31 this day closes the spring months, and a very cold
spring it has been -

June 1 this month commences with rain, a cold rainy
day, some heavy thunder at night with lightning

June 2 the morning dark & rainy, but cleared off, during
the forenoon, & ended in a warm pleasant day -

3 pleasant AM - PM. East wind, cold & chilly. . .

4 heavy rain from 5 to 9 - AM - cleared off in the PM -
I went to Boston in the Evening train, and returned
on Saturday with Lucretia, who I met in Boston
from Washington -

6 beautiful pleasant day, services held to day in the
Chapel, very full, and every one apparently well
pleased -

7 another beautiful day. . .

8 this has been the most summer-like day we have had -
Capt Kennard & Miss Frances Blunt were married
this afternoon, and sat off for Boston -

9 rainy, unpleasant day - lilac's in full bloom - about
a week later than usual -

10 this has been a most delightful day -

1847

June 11 Another pleasant day, vegetation is going on rapidly

12 some rain fell last night, but cleared off this morning and was a very fine day -

Sun-13 another worshipping in the Chapel - Mrs L. came down stairs to day, after being confined to her Chamber for about three weeks -

14 cloudy, overcast weather, some Thunder & lightning last night.

15 Remarkable cold, windy day -

16 this afternoon Mrs Childs & daughter from Lynn, made us a visit -

17 a most beautiful day, and so was the next day

18th - Mr Barnes arrived in the morning bars, & in the Evening Mrs L. & daughter with Mr E. returned to Lynn -

19 overcast, cloudy day, and rather cold -

Sun-20 Rainy, unpleasant day - and rained very freely all night

21-22 - Rain, Rain, Rain - both days & nights, rained all the time, & very uncomfortably cold, so that fires were necessary -

23 dull & rainy, AM - cleared off, & a splendid afternoon & Evening -

24-25-26 - very warm weather glass over 80 -

27 very warm day, glass to day - 84 -
Robert Smith buried -

28 cool comfortable day - East wind -

29 very heavy rain all day, quite unfavourable for the for the arrival of the President in Boston, where it rained as hard as it did here -

30 another rainy day, and cold withal

July 1 a bright and lovely day.

2 & 3 - weather variable -

Sun 4 - beautiful day - quite warm - arrangements have been making for some days past for the reception of the President of the United States - he is expected to arrive tomorrow at 10 o'clock A.M.



July 5 punctual to the hour, the President was received by the Committee of arrangements at 10 o'clock, at the Bridge - and escorted through the several streets of the Town, to Congress Hall, where he was addressed by Judge Woodbury, and replied to the address - The President this suite with the Committee & several invited guests dined at the Rockingham House, & at half past one he left for Boston -

6 very warm day - Thunder & lightning & some rain at night -

7 another very warm day, 'tis said the glass was at 90 - in the shade -

8 Election held to day, for 2 Members of Congress - & the result will probably be the Election of 2 Whigs heat as great as yesterday -

9 The Glass to day must have been over 90 - Mr Wilson's son - drown'd this afternoon -

10, 11, & 12 - hot days, Glass - at from 80 to 85 -

13 This A.M. - very warm, about 2 O'clock, we had a fine rain - with Thunder &c

++ 10 & 11 - gathered - the Cherries from Tree No 1

July 14 This has been a cool comfortable day, after the rain of last night, gathered Cherries from No 2

15 most delightful weather, vegetation going on rapidly -

16 very warm day, made a visit to the Navy Yard

17 another splendid day, Letters from Washington last night, by Lieut Whipple -

18 more cool, comfortable day - Chapel not crowded -

19 the weather continues warm, & dry - excellent for Haymakers - and good for the whole vegetable Kingdom -

20 This has been the warmest day of the season - my glass, in the entry was at 84 - some in outdoor situations were as high as 95 - finished picking Cherries - from No 2

21 As warm as yesterday, but more air - appearance -

22 the P.M. - but it did not come - very warm night - first Cherries from No 3



July 22 Very warm A.M. - beautiful rain in the P.M.
a few cherries from No 3 - and the last - this tree
was very full, but from some cause, I know not what
they rotted on the tree, & got only about 3 quarts
I gathered the first from No 4 (Mcizzard) this day

23 Cool, comfortable day - the rain last night has cooled
the air, and done much good to the vegetation

Capt W.A. Rice is said to be very ill - to day
Samuel received Orders for the Brandywine

24 a most delightful day -

Sun - 25 very warm day, and a very full chapel - rain at night

26 another heavy rain about noon - cool Evening -
News to day of the death of Robert B. Stoner

27 this has been a cool day, Wind at N.E. -

~~Another cool day, indeed rather too cool for comfort~~

28 James Kennard Jr. died this morning, and Capt W.A.
Rice died about noon -

29 Capt Rice, buried to day, as the body could not be kept

30 Mr Kennard was buried to day, from the Stone Church

"The female heart."

"Some writer has very eloquently said -
that there is nothing under heaven so delicious as the
possession of pure, fresh, immutable affection. The most
felicitous moment of man's life, the most ecstatic of all
emotions and sympathies, is that in which he receives
an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart.

The springs of feeling, when in their youthful purity,
are fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness - the
shell that once draws them forth, is the mystic light of
future years and undying memory. Nothing in life is
so pure and devoted as a woman's love. It matters not,
whether it be for husband, or child, or sister, or brother,
it is the same pure unquenchable flame, the same cons-
tant and immaculate glow of feeling whose undeniable
touchstone is trial. Do but give her one token of love,
one kind word, gentle look, even if it be amid dissolution
and death - the feeling of that faithful heart will gush
forth as a torrent, in despite of earthly bond or mercenary tie.

More priceless than the gems of Golconda, is the female
heart; and more devoted than the idolatry of Mecca is
woman's love. There is no sordid view, or qualifying
self-interest in the feeling. It is a principle and charac-
teristic of her nature - a faculty and information which

absorbs and concentrates all the fervour of her soul, and the depths of her bosom. I would rather be the idol of one unsullied and unpracticed heart than the monarch of empires. I would rather possess the immaculate and impassioned devotion of one high-souled and enthusiastic female, than the sycophantic fawning of millions."

"RETIREMENT."

I would beside a silver stream
An humble cot were mine -
Such as I've seen in fancy's dream -
Round which wild flowers entwine.

The face of nature and the sky,
Alike all gladness wear,
And with the birds that twitter by,
I should be free from care.

Then every morning's sun to me
Would joy and pleasure give,
And moments pass as pleasantly
As where the righteous live.

"Home and Friends."

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it,
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there are that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear,
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes - and praise them;
While flowers as sweet, bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we are taught that earth hath nought
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When home's last need is shaken,
To show us still, let come what will,
We are not quite forsaken:

Though all were night - if lost the light
From friendship's altar crown'd us,
"I would prove the bliss of earth was his -
Our home and friends around us."

"The Atheist."

The atheist in his garden stood,
"At twilight's pensive hour",
His little daughter at his side,
Was gazing on a flower.

"O pick that blossom, Pa, for me",
The little prattler said,
"It is the fairest one that blooms
Within that lowly bed".

The Father pluck'd the chosen flower,
And gave it to his child;
With parted lips, and sparkling eye,
She seized the gift, and smiled.

"O, Pa - who made this pretty flower -
This little violet blue;
Who gave it such a fragrant smell,
And such a lovely hue."

A change came o'er the father's brow,
His eye grew strangely wild,
New thoughts within him had been stored,
By that sweet, artless child.

The truth flashed on the father's mind,
The truth - in all its power;
There is a God, my child," he said,
Who made that little flower."



July 31 A very powerful rain commenced, last night and continued all night, & untill noon, a brilliant P.M.

Sun Aug-1 - dull rainy day, a Mr Darling from Quebec preached at the Chapel, and the Communion was administered, for the first time -

Aug 2 - Capt. Haver left this morning for Norfolk - a very heavy rain this morning -

1847.

- Aug 3 Cool comfortable weather, Easterly winds prevail daily,
- 4 delightful, growing weather, the haymakers have a fine season, for making & getting in their hay
- 5 This day Mr & Mrs Porter arrived from Lowell to make us a short visit - this night a very heavy rain storm -
- 6 Cleared off about noon, and left a delightful P.M.
- 7 Rainy forenoon and rainy afternoon
- Sun 8 more rain, more rain - More rain
- 9 another rainy day -
- 10 Cleared off about noon, & a most delightful P.M.
- 11 most elegant day, Went on a fishing party, Mr Porter & others had a very fine time
- 12 another very fine day

Aug. 13 took a sail down the river with Mr & Mrs Porter & children, and the girls - started at seven A.M. and returned at one P.M. - had a most delightful sail

14 Mr & Mrs P. & children left us this morning for home
Mr Peabody's child died very suddenly

Sun 15 Cloudy & overcast all day - Mr Darling officiated in the Chapel

16 damp foggy morning, but pleasant day

17-18 fine pleasant weather, quite dusty

19 Doct. Glentworth buried from the Chapel

20 set out the last of my celery plants -

21 The weather continues pleasant,

Sun 22 Mr Greenleaf preached at the Chapel, house crowded all day -

23 - went to Boston to day, and found my sister Mrs Larkin very sick - remained till Thursday the 26th - came home - & found all well -

27 purchased 5 cords of wood - at 6.50 per cord

28 Sale of Room papers, & Davenport House

29 Mrs Larkin, my sister died Aged 87 -

1847

Aug 3

The three Voices.

41 What saith the past to thee? Weep!

Truth is departed;

5 Beauty has died like the dream of a sleep,

Love is faint hearted;

Triples of sense, the profoundly unreal,

6 Scarce from our spirits God's holy ideal—

So, as a funeral bell, slowly and deep,

So tolls the past to thee! Weep!

7 How speaks the present hour? Act!

8 Walk, upward glancing;

So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,

9 Slow, but advancing.

10 scorn not the smallness of daily endeavour;

Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;

11 Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;

Work, as believing that labour is gain.

12 What doth the future say? hope!

Turn thy face sunward,

Look where the light fringes the far rising slope,
Day cometh onward.

Watch! Though so long be twilight decaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is god by thy side,
Than armies of Satan against thee allied.

"Our Father in Heaven."

"Our father in heaven!" the thoughtless and gay
Ephemera of sunshine pass lightly away;
But though sorrows on sorrows, like mountains be laid,
Thy love doth o'erleap them and come to our aid.
Thy love doth o'erleap them and come to our aid.
Ah! love is a fable, and beauty is vain,
They sigh to enslave us, and smile to enchain;
And friendship doth fly when adversity lowers,
And honours pass off as the dew from the flowers.

But though "our father" art ever the same,
Through sunshine and tempest, through glory and shame—
Still treading before us to level our way,
And when our hearts fail us, thou bidst us to pray.
There's comfort and bliss in this valley of woe,
To know thou art guiding wherever we go,
Till far from the world, and its follies, and snares,
We shall rest in thy bosom, forgetting our cares.



"The Child, and the Stars."

"They tell me, dear Father, each gem in the sky
That sparkles each night is a star,
But why do they dwell in those regions so high,
And shed their cold lustre so far?
I know that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
That it gives to the flow'ets their birth,
But what are the stars? — do they nothing but fling
Their cold rays of light upon earth?"

"My child, it is said, that yon stars in the sky,
Are worlds that are fashion'd like this —
Where the souls of the good and the gentle who die
Assemble together in bliss;
And the rays that they shed o'er the earth is the light
Of his glory whose throne is above,
That tell us, who dwell in these regions of night,
How great is his goodness and love."

"Then, Father, why still press your hand to your brow,
Why still are your cheeks pale with care?
If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
Dear Mother, I know, must be there."

"Thou chidest me well," said the father, with pain,

"Thy wisdom is greater by far;
We may mourn for the lost, but we should not complain
While we gaze on each beautiful star?"

"Up and down of drinking."

A man that drinks water goes up, up, up,
Enjoying life's sweetest varieties;
He's blessed by the poor and caressed by the rich,
And beloved by Debating societies.

But the man that drinks grog, goes down, down, down,
Without either money or goods;
In an old broken wagon, his family drag on,
And at night pitch their tent in the woods.

The Clergyman, and the Skeptic

If we are to live after death, why don't we have
some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a
clergyman. "Why didn't you have some knowledge
of this world before you came into it?" was the
reply.

1847

Aug 30 I went to Boston again today, and on Tuesday
the 31st attended the funeral of Mrs L —

Sept 2 returned home this evening —

3rd very foggy, unpleasant weather

4th — attended the funeral of Mr Josiah, at Greenland

Sun 5 Warm, pleasant day, Doct Burroughs gave a fine
sermon in the morning, and Mr Dow preached
in the afternoon —

6-7-8 — nothing of note to record — weather pleasant
business awfully dull —

9 This has been a delightful day, & very warm —
John has been sick yesterday & today —

10 heavy rains last night, and quite a rainy day.

11 dull, rainy & unpleasant all day

Alpine Lay

'Mid loftiest Alps God's majesty is spread!

The dawn he painteth red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And washeth them with dew.

'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps sweet herbs profusely grow;
The genial gales that blow,
Health on their wings convey:
The breath of God they are!

'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps the fostering sun the while
Maketh the vales to smile,
The glacier's frozen brow
With rainbow hues to glow,

'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

'Mid loftiest Alps the bleating flocks each day
Across the mountains stray;
Fresh pastures still they find,
And plenty leave behind.

'Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells.

"Mid loftiest Alps gush streams of silver sheen
The yawning cliffs between;
Fearless the chamois stand
And drink from God's right hand!
"Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells."

"Mid loftiest Alps in peace the shepherd lives;
He knows that he who gives
His tender lambs to feed,
Their Master too will heed.
"Mid loftiest Alps a loving Father dwells."

"Yon clambering vine, that courts our walls
With gay fantastic flowers,
And winds in graceful wreaths along
The fragrant garden bowers,
Still glows with brilliant gems, till fall
Blights nature's sweetest charms,
Then leaves its grasp, and dies with all
That springs from Flora's arms."

1847

Sun. Sep 12 The dull foggy weather continues —

13 A very heavy rain has fallen to day, & for some
days past — probably some damage has been done
to the potatoe crop, on low lands —

14 After a long spell of dull, wet weather, we have
at last a most splendid day

15 Horticultural Exhibition at Congress Hall, said
to be a very pretty affair

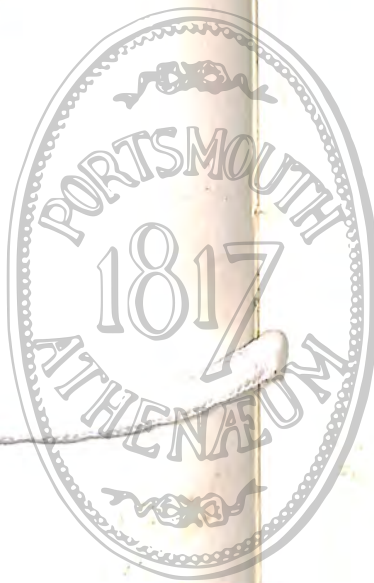
16 very cold mornings & evenings, & not remarkably
warm through the day,

17 cold morning, but pretty pleasant day — a frost
last night —

18 Pleasant but cool — Mrs L. unwell —

Sun 19 weather continues about the same

20 myself quite sick, in bed all day — dysentery



Departed Friends.

Forget not the dead, who have loved, who have left us;
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us,
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love;
Repeat their fond words, and their noble deeds cherish;
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears—
From our lips their dear names or their joys should not part;
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember
The last look of life, and the low whispered prayer?
Oh, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
When love's tablets record no remembrances there—
Then forget not the dead, who are ever more nigh us,
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed—
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us;
Forget not the dead! Oh, forget not the dead!

1847

Sept 21 myself better to day, able to go out in the PM

22 A beautiful day, but cool - no signs of equinoctial storm -

The Frigate Brandywine - drop'd down to Hampton Roads on the 7th Sept - left the roads on the 9th but in consequence of adverse winds, return'd to Lynnhaven Bay, & came to anchor, where she remain'd riding out a heavy gale, untill Monday the 13th on which day she again got under way, & stood to Sea, with a fine N.W. wind - & with Gods blessing may favouring gales waft her speedily & in safety to her destined Port - - -

23, 24 & 25 Cold, disagreeable weather. very unlike the warm balmy days of September -

Sun 26 & 27 - the same kind of weather fires very necessary

28 Weather, various, pleasant & unpleasant -

29 She has got West, & we have a fine day

30 all, cold rainy day, till P.M. - then more pleasant -

Oct 1 Rainy the forepart of the day, cleared off in the P.M. & about 5 o'clock, a most violent Tornado, came over from the North West, very suddenly, & carried off the roof of the Factory building, to some distance, part of which struck against & carried away part of the brick stable of Robert Rice - no other material damage -

2 a very mild pleasant day -

Sun 3, 4, 5, & 6 weather variable, but generally pleasant - rather cool however for the season -

7. Pleasant day -

8 very, raw, uncomfortable day, strong appearance of a storm -

9 & 14 The weather during these days has generally bet rainy, cold & uncomfortable with one or two pleasant days

15 & 16 - pleasant days -

Sun 17 very mild, delightful day -

18 ditto

19 ditto

20 ditto

June 21, 22 - 23 - very fine, wholesome weather -

Sun. 24. another pleasant Sunday - Mr Dow at the Chapel, Doct Burroughs not returned from the Convention

25 a very warm, mild morning - rainy & squally at noon, & a beautiful afternoon -

26 - a very cold windy day - & extreme cold night
Ice made an Inch thick

27 The wind has subsided, but it is quite cold

28 Last night was very cold - to day has been more pleasant -

29 Another pleasant day, but cool

30 The weather has moderated very much

Sun 31 Doct Burroughs returned home last evening, & officiated at the Chapel to day -

Nov 1 Very foggy morning, but cleared ^{off} & was pleasant in the P.M.

2 This has been a perfect summer day, very mild and delightfully pleasant -

Nov 3. This day I went to Boston, with Lucretia - & returned the
4th at 8 O'clock. P.S. - Mrs Howe came with me up to this
day since the month commenced, the weather has
been delightful, & warm - including this day -

5. dull, rainy, & unpleasant

6. cleared off, cold & windy -

Sun 7 a very pleasant day - the Doct^r & Mr Dow, officiated

12 the 5 last 5 days have been very pleasant, what is
usually termed Indian summer, nothing remarkable
has transpired, on the 10th Mrs Howe returned home

13 a change in the weather is approaching - towards
night signs of rain - - -

Sun. 14 heavy storm of rain last night, & which continued
most of the day, - very few people in the chapel

15 cleared off, and a very fine day, - The big Ship
Columbus, sailed for New York -

16, 17, & 18 - elegant, summer weather, much snow has
fallen back in the country -

Nov. 19 & 20 - mild weather but pleasant -

Sun 21. The Doctor & Mr Dow, officiated at the Chapel

22 unsettled weather, probably a storm brewing

23-24 these two days have been wet & unpleasant
lots of poultry in the market, for thanksgiving tomorrow

25 rather a dark unpleasant day. Mr Childs, was with
us to day -

26 a most delightful day, mild & pleasant -
Mr Childs left at seven, homeward bound -

27 cloudy & cool, looks like snow - none came however

Sun 28 no foul weather yet - tho' appearances are
strongly in favor of it -

29 the weather is getting colder - - - towards night
very cold - -

30 last night was very cold, the glass this morning
was 8 above zero - in the evening it had risen

1847

Dec 1, 2, & 3 - rainy each each day, very mild, more like April weather, and might be called a warm rain - - -

4 a bright, lovely morning, Glass 30 above zero

Sun 5 Mr Lambert officiated at the Chapel, very much to the acceptance of the people - -

6 a flight of snow fell last night, the first this season the 30th Congress, commenced its session today

7 The weather is mild, and much appearance of December storms - news to day of the death of Col Watson - at Havana (C.M.)

8 This has been quite a summer like day

9, 10, & 11 - the weather has been mild, with a good deal of rain

Sun 12 a clear, cool day

13 - a good deal of rain fell last night, & dull and rainy all day

14 This has been a dull rainy day, warm & washey

15 very changeable weather, some parts of today has been like May weather, mass of dandelions from the garden

Dec -

16 The weather continues mild -

17 appearance of falling weather - - -

18 considerable snow fell last night - & will make pretty good sleighing - - sleighs have been running merrily to day - -

Sun 19 Very pleasant day,

20 rather colder - but fine winter weather - good

21 sleighing - party to Greenland

21 - dull gloomy weather -

22 Glass this morning stood 6 above zero

23 this has been a splendid winters day -

24 another beautiful day - services in the Stone Church -

25 Christmas day - services in the Stone Church - the Doctor for the last time

Sun 26 Mr Dow assisted the Doctor for the last time & on the 24th he left town with his family for Kentucky

28, 29, & 30, very mild spring like weather - the Glass ranging from 30 to 40 above zero -

31 A most delightful morning - but ended in a rainy day, and ends the year - - -



1848

Jan 7.1 This day commences a New Year, a period of time at which I never expected to arrive. But God has been very gracious to me in prolonging my Life, and in sustaining me through prosperity and adversity, and I desire to feel grateful for all his mercies, should it please God to spare my life through this year I do most sincerely pray that I may be enabled to live more to his glory and for the good of my fellow men

Jan 2 Mr Lambert officiated at the Chapel in the absence of Doct Burroughs . . .

3 a most splendid day, dry streets & the Glass at from 20 to 30 above zero -

4 weather continues moderate -

5 dull, overcast, & at night quite a snow squall ending in rain

6 a most delightful morning - a little cool - very cold night - . . .

7 Glass at 8 am. 4 above 0 - very cold day

8 . do 10. do - commenced snowing at Noon - ending in rain

Sun 9 a most delightful forenoon, grew colder towards night - and very cold all night

10 Glass at zero - 8 o'clock AM - severe cold - at 5 PM. 2 below zero - 8 at 9 - 6 below - bitter cold night

11 Glass, rather below 0 - some glasses say 10 - which I believe was the fact

12 6 above zero at 8 AM - some snow last night - a very fine day - more moderate in the PM - Mrs Marsh who died on Sunday was buried to day, in the New Tomb -

13 14 above zero, Sale of Goods attempted this day, total failure - nobody to buy

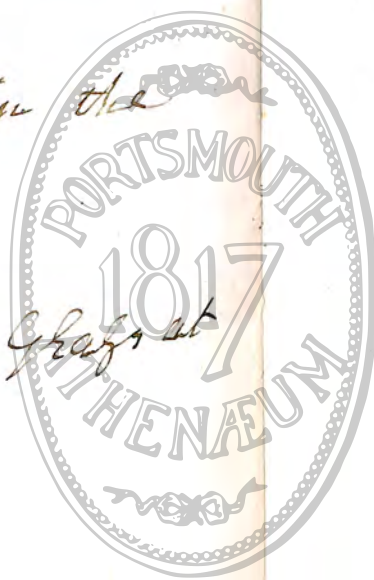
14 weather very moderate, Glass 32 above 0 - foggy bracing day

15 Glass. 45 above 0 - close - damp day

Sun 16 . . . 36 . do . delightful day -

17 . . . same - snow this morning, cleared off about

10 AM - splendid day -



Jan 18 Very cold day, night severely cold with high wind
19 Glass 6 above zero - this morning, and quite cold
through the day - and very cold night -

20 more moderate day, the PM - very pleasant
and mild -

21 pleasant day, the glass this evening was 40 above 0

22 the same continues, many appearances of foul weather
but they all fail -

Sun 23 Doct. B. officiated at the chapel all day -

24 Glass this morning at 7 o'clock - 10 above 0

25 do - - - - - 24 - do

26 do - - - - - 36 - do

27 This has been a real rainy day - a real rain storm
instead of snow - lasted most of the night -

28 A most delightful spring morning - & lasted through
the day & evening - late in the evening there was
considerable display of Aurora borealis -

29 foul weather, Snow all day -

Sun 30 A very fine day, the little snow that fell yesterday
has pretty much disappeared -

31 The month closes with a beautiful spring like day

1848

Feb 1 An old fashion, regular snow storm commenced last
night, and has continued through the day, about
6 or 8 inches has fallen - - - -

2 Splendid, bright day - excellent sleighing -

3 the weather continues pleasant -

4 appearance of foul weather - rain or snow, soon

5 The ground this morning is again covered with
4 or 5 inches of snow, a very severe storm
commenced last night - the Trees make a most
brilliant appearance with their snowy covering
and bending gracefully almost to the ground -

Sun 6 The Trees retain their beautiful appearance
bad walking - but few at the chapel -

7 a fine day, cool enough to keep the sleighing good
& sleighing folk are improving the time -

8 a most delightful day, mild & pleasant

9 somewhat colder than yesterday, but fine winter
weather -

10 This has been another most splendid day -
cold PM - and very cold night - - - -

11 The glass this morning at 7 - stood at 2 below 0 - very cold day
- at zero - much more

12 - - - - - towards night, some
mild pleasant than yesterday -
appearance of snow -



Sun 13 rather cold, but a very pleasant day - cold night.

14 & less 10 above 0 - very fine day

15 pleasant weather continues.

16 This day St Johns Church was consecrated by the Bishop, assisted by about 12 of the Clergy, a very solemn & interesting service, as well as the confirmation of 18 persons - the other services also were very impressive & interesting - the Doctor's Historical discourse was very good, & although rather lengthy was listened to with a great deal of attention.

17 This has been a very fine spring like day

18 - - - ditto in every respect - lovely -

19 The week closes, with mild, pleasant weather -

Sun 20 This day, after an absence of about 8 months, we are again bless'd with the privilege of meeting ~~again~~ in St Johns Church for public worship, during that time it has been undergoing repairs, it is now complete in every part, & will not want any more for half a century.

Feb 21 The weather still continues favourable - & seems to indicate that the winter is past, or at least the severity of it.

22 Washington's birth day, and no public notice taken of it, save the firing a few guns at the Navy yard, it did not used to be so in old times.

23 This has been a most splendid day, very much like April weather. 32 Adams died.

24 A bright clear day, but much colder than yesterday - this evening the remains of Col Watson, were brought home.

25 another, bright cold day. Glass this morning a seven o'clock - 10 above zero.

26 the weather somewhat a little more moderate.

Sun 27 Beautiful day - Mr Greenleaf officiated at Church.

28 pleasant A.M. - Snow. P.M. - glass 8 above zero.

29 Snow storm last night & this morning till 9 A.M. - then cleared off very pleasant, & thus ends the winter.

March 1 a very cold, uncomfortable day - the month has indeed come in like a Lion - hope it will soon become mild like the lamb, and go out accordingly -

2 another cold day, towards right appearance of a storm -

3 some 3 or 4 inches of snow last night, and snowing still -

4 fine pleasant day, but cold, it is now very good sleighing, & likely to continue for some time

Sun 5 Clear, cold, blustering day -

6 - Glass - 10 above zero this morning

7 The weather has moderated very much, very comfortable day -

8 quite a pleasant spring like day

9 Rain last night, & some to day - very moderate - snow mostly gone -

10 more rain and snow, last night & to day -

11 tolerably pleasant day -
1st Friday in Lent - services in the Chapel

Sun 12 a very fine day, but raw easterly wind

Mar 13 dark, foggy morning - but cleared off - & beheld a fine spring like day -

14 another bright day - but cold - the Election for State & Town Officers takes place to day, there is great excitement and a large & close vote will be given - The Jacobins or Lowfoco's, by fraud & unfair dealing, got the Election

15 The weather continues very cold - the Glass this morning was 6 above zero -

16 still colder, this morning 4 above zero -

17 another cold day - some snow fell this PM -

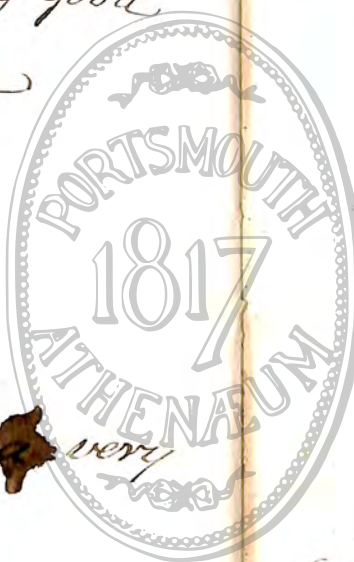
18 The weather has moderated - but quite unsettled - news of the Revolution in France.

Sun 19 A most delightful day -

20 another fine spring like day - snow nearly gone, and the walking about town very good -

21 - heavy rain last night, wash'd the streets nicely & left a most beautiful day -

22 Another fine spring day - the last few days, have brought the Robins out, they begin to be quite merry



Mar 23 Snow all day, and very unpleasant - Mr Hatch, and Miss Harris were married at Church - to day - -

24 A bright pleasant day, but cool - -

25 a very mild, beautiful day - snow mostly gone about town

Sun 26 another beautiful day - Mr Lambert assisted the Doctor at Church -

27 Rainy day - East wind

28 ditto - - ditto

Sun 29 - - The weather changed and we have had a bright, beautiful, pleasant day.

30 another very splendid day, streets quite dry -

31 not so pleasant to day

April 1 first part of the day - rainy - cleared off about noon and a very pleasant P.M.

Sun 2 Clear, pleasant day -

3 do - - do -

4 Cloudy & unpleasant, appearance of a storm considerable much rain during the night

Sun 5 This has been a very fine day

Apr 6 This has been a fine day - I had a sale of Furniture to day - the first sale I have had of any kind since the 10th of February - I had a large company, and the goods sold well -

7 - cold, & windy, but favourable weather for the season

8 - - more moderate weather, the streets are dry & dusty -

Sun 9 another very pleasant Sunday

10 mild weather continues

11 - - the same -

12 Cloudy & chilly, indications of a storm

13 Fast Day - very pleasant, till towards night when it commenced raining, and rained hard all night -

14 dull, chilly, overcast day -

15 a most splendid morning, and continued pleasant all day -

Sun 16 The 3rd pleasant Sunday in the month, hope it will continue - -

17 cold, chilly, N.E. wind, & very dusty - -

18 ditto. ditto - - ditto & ditto, cold increased towards night, and strong appearances of a storm - some rain about 11 o'clock - -

19 This morning the ground is covered with snow, about 4 inches & still snowing - The Trees look beautiful - -

- 20 The snow has diminished very much, & the weather is moderate
- 21 The streets are again dry, & the snow has disappeared
- 22 This has been a summer-like day - & the streets are dusty . . .
- Sun 23 Easter Sunday, & the 4th pleasant Sunday this month full church, good sermons, & good music
- 24 another fine day
- 25 Cool weather - the vegetation however seems to progress . . . some Gardens are made
- 26 I sold to day 234 - Green house plants - Eleanor
- 27 returned home from Boston after an absence of four months
- 27 White washed my trees, to day, gardening next week I hope
- 28 Warm, pleasant day, quite dusty.
- 29 dull, unpleasant, day, & rainy, cleared off. Towards night . . .
- Sun 30 This like the four other Sundays in this month has been a beautiful day . . .

1848
Monday
May 1

- pleasant day, tho' not quite warm enough for the Ladies to go a maying . . .
- 2 . . . dull rainy day -
- 3 . . . ditto - a large quantity of rain has fallen . . .
- 4 - This has been a very warm summer day -
Doct Burroughs & Lady went to Boston
- 5 cold, chilly, unpleasant day -
- 6 pretty ^{much} the same as yesterday, . . .
- Sun 7 This has been a fine day, Mr. Thayer preached at church
- 8 a most delightful day, vegetation rapidly improving the Trees getting in bloom fast . . .
- On the 10th I left town for Washington, and arrived there Saturday the 13th - remained in W - till Monday the 29th when I left at 6 a m - & reached home on Wednesday 31st - in good health, & I trust somewhat benefitted by my Journey
- June 1 very cold, blustering day,
- 2 . . . continuance of the same, very unpleasant
- 3 . . . the weather has moderated a little . . .
- Sun 4 - pleasant, but chilly East wind
- 5 - Rainy, uncomfortable weather . . .
- 6 . . . ditto . . . ditto . . . ditto
- 7 . . . more rain -

June 9 The weather continues, cold, & rainy, no appearance of a change

10 a little more pleasant, but no settled weather yet - some prospect however

Sun 11 This has been a most delightful day, wind west & continued so till towards night, when it became more cool

12 very cold, blustering day

13 very much like yesterday

14 Windy, dusty day -

15 a more comfortable day

16 a very heavy rain storm last night

17 appearance of rain this morning, but cleared off pleasant - the Rockingham Guards turned out to day, & went to Newbury Port -

Sun 18 This has been a very pleasant day - more like summer than day we have had

19 Showery, & pleasant, alternately, beautiful Evening

20 & 21 - good wholesome weather, fine growing season

24 St John's day, great Masonic procession - 250 - Masonic address by Rev'd Mr Lambert

Sun -
June 25 Very fine day. Mr Lambert assisted Govt Burroughs

26 a most delightful day -

27 ditto -

28 not so pleasant, in the P.M. heavy rain, lasted all night

29 dull, dog day weather

30 very heavy fog this morning, & cold - put on winter clothing fire in the Parlour

July 1 This month commences with cold, foggy weather, very uncomfortable

Sun 2 ditto, ditto - ditto - fire in the Parlour, was very pleasant

3 dull, rainy, & foggy - & continued so till night, when it cleared off -

4 This has been a very fine day, very little going on by way of amusement - fireworks in the evening -

5 ~~more rain to day~~ another fine day -

6 the weather is cool & unpleasant

7 This has been quite a cold day - fire in the Parlour was very comfortable -

8 more moderate, but cold N.E. wind

Sun - 9 pleasant day - funeral sermon on the death of B.P. Pearce - & Dinah Rollins -



July 10 dull, unpleasant day, heavy rain last night
11 - Very foggy morning - & very fine day, after the fog

12 Another fine day -

13 One of the heaviest rains this afternoon & evening
that has fallen for a long time

14 dull, cloudy AM - very pleasant PM

15. warm & pleasant

Sun. 16 This day two young women, daughters of a Mr Ashford
were drowned by the upsetting of a Boat, by running
against the Bridge

17, 18, & 19 fine hay weather, which the farmers have
improved, very growing season

20, 21, 22 - a continuance of fine weather

Sun 23 rainy all day

24 - ditto anorning - pleasant day -

25 - commencement of dog days - very sultry -

26 - fine warm, pleasant day -

27 very warm day, & in the evening a very copious Rain
with plenty of Thunder & lightning -

28 pleasant day, dust well laid, & fine cool air

29 - another fine day

Sun 30 last Sunday in the month, a most delightful
day - Mr Washburn preached at Church -

July 31 this day commences with rain, & continues all day -

August 1st This has been a most delightful day - Mr Mason
& Lady were in town to day -

2nd Another very fine day, warm, but very comfortable

3 another lovely day

4 Cloudy, dog day - PM very pleasant

5 splendid weather

Sun-6 fine warm day - floods of Strangers in town

7 Accident happened to Lucretia, after a ride to Rye beach
I first employed Doct Cheever, after having Dwight for
about 30 years

8 - very warm day

9 do - do

10 do - do

11 do - do

12 do - do

Sun 13 do - do

14 do - do

15 do - do

16 do - do

17 do - do

} extreme hot days.



Aug. 18. A great change has taken place in the weather, from extreme heat - it has become cold, rainy & uncomfortable

19 the same kind of weather, cold North East wind --

Sun - 20 pleasant morning, but cold unpleasant day -

21, 22, 23 - continuance of same kind of weather -

24, 25, 26 - the same sort of weather, & nothing has happened worthy of record . . .

Sun 27 Pleasant day -

28 - Capt Dana & family left town for St Louis, at night we had a very heavy Rain,

29 A most delightful day . . . Wrote to Washington

30 A. ditto . ditto, ditto

31 This closes the summer, and a short one it has been

Sept 1 The Autumn commences favourably, very comfortable day . .

2 Changable weather, some rain

Sun 3 A very fine day - with some changes

4-5-6 - very fine weather, myself not well, troubled with an ugly, cold & cough . . .

7 my cold no better - must lay by a while - at night took a strong sweat - soaking feet that sage Tea

8, 9, 10 - Kept house, & bed part of the time, by which I think I am some better . . .

Monday 11 - My cold is much better, I am able to be out

Tues 12 - rainy morning - pleasant day -

13, very fine day, but cold - cold night

14 The weather continues cold & unpleasant -

15 the same as yesterday

16 Commenced the sale of Stock of dry Goods at No 33 Market Street . .

Sun 17. fine pleasant day - funeral sermon on the death of Mr Stephen Pearce - this morning Mr J. M. Handy died very suddenly

18 very heavy Rain storm this forenoon, cleared off about one O'clock . .

19 bright, pleasant day, but cold - Ellen - came to service.

20 The weather is more moderate, but rather unsettled

21 Very Pleasant day, Eliza Jane returned to Lowell after a visit of some weeks . . .

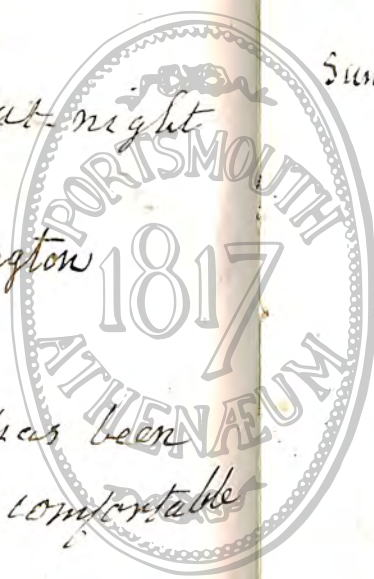
22 Cold & rainy, cleared off in the PM

23 Cold, uncomfortable day -

Sun 24 The last Sunday in the month, & a very beautiful day - funeral sermon on the death of Miss Rice

25 dark, dull weather, no Sun through the day

26, 27, 28 - pretty good spell of weather, rather pleasant



Sun, Oct 1 unpleasant day, appearance of a storm - towards night it commenced raining & continued all night ---

2 The storm continues, and much rain has fallen, & there is no signs of fair weather ---

3 another rainy day

Su 4 And another - Mrs Pierce was buried to day

5 At last we have fair weather

6 most delightful day -

7 very mild, & warm -

Sun 8 This has been a fine day - Doct Burroughs preached funeral sermon on the death of Mrs Pierce

9 Ship Lissak, Capt Hill put into the lower harbor in distress, having been dismasted in a gale -

10-11. 12. 13. 14 - The weather has been pretty uniform this week rather cold mornings & evenings, and warm & pleasant in the middle of the day - several very severe frosts during the week - 14th Hon Jeremiah Mason died, aged 80

Sun 15 Mr Porter from Dorchester preached at Church - a good reader & pretty fair preacher

Su 16 A very mild pleasant day - wrote & sent a package to Samuel -

17 another pleasant, warm day -

18 - Rainy day, this day, much to my joy & comfort, Mary & Kate took up their abode with us -

19. rainy all day - much rain fell . . .

20 weather very changeable

21 ditto . . ditto

Sun. 22 - The Rector gave us an Eulogy on the character of Honble Jeremiah Mason

23 fine pleasant day, but windy ---

24 Storm of rain all day & night

25 a most splendid day, favourable for the grand Celebration in Boston, of bringing the water into the City from Long Pond -

26 The celebration in Boston yesterday is said to have been the most splendid exhibition ever witnessed there, it is computed that 100,000 strangers were in the City on the occasion,

27 cloudy & cold in the forenoon, but pleasant PM

28 a most delightful day -

Sun, 29 rainy & unpleasant, the Bishop, Mr Lambert officiated at Church, the former administered the right of confirmation on eight persons.

30 cloudy, foggy, drizzly, dirty day -

31 weather pretty much as yesterday



Nov 7th Nothing very remarkable has transpired so far this month

6 Revd Mr Nagler died in New York to day & the Corpse was brought to P. for interment

7 this is the great Election day throughout the United States for President

8. Fine pleasant day - rather cool -

9 The first snow for the season fell last night, this morning the ground was covered, but it all disappeared before night.

10 Very cold morning - but pleasant Sun Snow in the night -

11 Good weather for the season - the sun has soon carried off the snow

Sun-12 - chilly, uncomfortable day - went to church in the morning - kept house the P.M.

13 a little snow fell last night, - fine pleasant day,

14 pleasant weather continues - plenty of poultry in the market, but rather inferior to the new, Market, at the spring was opened to day

15 The market was pretty abundant to day.

16 Thanksgiving day - a most delightful day, Mr Lambert assisted the Rector at Church - where was, quite a small audience

17 Good, pleasant weather

18 this morning Miss Alice ^{Quincy} sat out on her journey for New Orleans, goes to Boston to day, to New York on Monday next, & there takes passage for N.O. there to make a visit of 6 or 8 months - may the Lord make her journey prosperous, and her visit pleasant & profitable, may her health be precious in his sight, and may she return in Gods own good time to her friends in safety -

19 Bright, pleasant day, but chilly winds - at night indications of stormy weather -

20 a violent storm from the Northeast commenced - early this A.M. - the wind blew with much violence, & some snow fell, the storm lasted all day, we shall probably hear of some disasters on the coast -



1848

- Nov. 21... a bright, & beautiful morning after the storm
- 22 a beautiful bright, pleasant day -
- 23 This day the Whigs are making preparations for a Grand Torchlight procession, & collation to wine off this evening -
- 24 As arranged the procession &c came off last evening the number in the procession was probably about 800 & the torch lights perhaps 400 they moved at six o'clock, marched through the principal streets and about nine o'clock arrived at Jefferson Hall where a sumptuous collation was provided a great many of the Houses in town were brilliantly illuminated, & every thing went off without accident. - News
- 25 News arrived of the loss of Ship Clara on ~~Truro~~ beach, near Cape Cod, the Captain, Penhallow was washed overboard lost - crew saved
- Sun 26 This has been a most delightful day - very spring like - funeral sermon on the death of a son of Wm R Parker -
- 27 - Continuance of fine weather
- 28 ditto
- ditto

- Nov 29 Another remarkable fine day for the season
- 30 - The month of November goes out with remarkable mild weather -
- Dec 1 The Winter comes upon us, with all the mildness of spring, & may it continue for many days -
- 2 a change in the weather has taken place, and there are indications of a rain storm - it storms all day, & cleared off at night -
- Sun 3 a most beautiful & pleasant day - Rev'd Mr Robinson from Boston preached for the Doctor -
- 4 This day the session of Congress assembles, which terminates on the third of March 1849 - when old Zach. comes into power
- 5 a rain storm has commenced which promises to be of some duration -
- 6 rain continues, a synopsis of the Presidents Message is given in the Boston mail to day - it was delivered yesterday at noon -
- 7 a Hail Storm - lasted all day, weather moderate
- 8 dull weather continues -

Dec 9 very beautiful morning, bright & pleasant, all which
passed away, & rain succeeded.

Sun 10 - Second rainy Sunday this month, I kept house this day
not being very well.

11 This has been a very fine day, very moderate weather.

12 Looks very much like snow, some little has fallen -

13 dull uncomfortable day -

14 do do - C. & S. Howe, arrived in town

15 do do

16 a very pleasant spring like day

Jan 17 another beautiful day -

18 more beautiful still, the air is very soft
and mild

19 unpleasant morning, but delightful day
C. & S. Howe returned to Boston

20 a very pleasant day -

21 ... The weather has changed to unpleasant.

22 a very heavy snow storm all day & very
much snow fell, sufficient to make good
sleighbing, very cold night, Glass 5 above 00

23 a clear bright day, and I should think the
sleighbing was very good, the cold continues
& promises cold weather for Christmas

Sun. 24 rather a pleasant day -

25 Christmas day - the weather was unpleasant
yet we had a full church, good music & a
first rate sermon, & I hope a good collection

26 pleasant again.

27 Eliza & Miss Woodward returned to Lowell
~~28~~ a great quantity of snow fell to day -

28 storm cleared off - & a beautiful day

29 this has been a dull day, some snow, &
appearances of more -

30 heavy snow, lasted till the PM - Cars did
not arrive till 12 o'clock - Susan & Charles
went home to day

Sun, 31 the last day of the year, I did not go out
to day, having a bad cold.

1849

Jan 1 I kept house to day, a very unusual thing
to have my stove closed -

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blank pages at this
point in the journal.

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"The task was ended."

The task was ended, and the day was done,
When down I wandered ~~the~~^{through} the days of June,
And in the broad bright highway of the sun,
Rolled up the solemn chariot of the moon.

Down in the brook I saw the starry sky,
And heard the happy Waters wake the air,
The stars looked down into my soul, till I
Went singing, like the brooklet, unaware.

But where the stream did make a songless rest,
The stars sat clustered like young nested birds;—
So when the thoughts were thickest in my breast,
They, star-like, shone, but had no flow of words.

And thus the glorious night bequeathed to me
The fullest splendor of its blessed looks,
Untill I thought, indeed, that heaven must be
A world of June, of moonlight, stars and brooks.



The Mariners Hymn. by M^{rs} ~~Ligonier~~ Southey

Launch thy bark, Mariner!

Christian, God speed thee!

Let loose the rudder-bands—

Good angels lead thee!

Set thy sails warily,

Tempests will come;

Steer thy course steadily,

Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,

Breakers are round thee;

Let fall the plummet now,

Shallows may ground thee.

Heel in the foresail, there!

Hold the helmfast!

So—let the vessel wear—

There swept the blast.

"What of the night, Watchman?"

"What of the night?"

"Cloudy— all quiet—

No land yet— all's right!"



Be wakeful, be vigilant—

Danger may be

At an hour when all seemeth

Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?

Clear out the hold—

Hoist up thy merchandise,

Heave out thy gold;—

There— let the ingots go—

Now the ship rights;

Hurra! the harbour's near—

Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet

An inlet or Island;

Straight for the beacons steer,

Straight for the high land;

Crowd all thy canvas on,

But through the foam—

Christian! cast anchor now—

Heaven is thy home!

The Lay of the Washerwoman. a song.
Air - "Mary, I believe thee true".

Billy! I believed thee true,
And I was done in so believing;
But now I mourn, that e'er I knew
A chap so given to deceiving.

Few have ever scrubbed like me,
Oh! I have washed to tatters nearly,
The few, few shirts possessed by thee;
Alas! you've worn them too severely.

Fare thee well! yet think, ah do!
On one whose bosom bleeds to hurt thee,
Who now, would rather trust than sue,
And lose her cash than not clean shirt thee.

Fare thee well! I'll think on thee,
Thou leavest me many a bitter token;
For, see! distracting Billy, see,
My soap's all gone, my wash-tub's broken.

"The Lord's Prayer."

The following lines are varied a little from the version of
Henry Lock, of the sixteenth century, and are, perhaps,
as close a version as can be made.

Our Father, which art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In heaven and earth the same.
Give us this day our daily bread,
Our trespasses forgive,
As we for other men's offences
Do pardon freely give.
Into temptation lead us not;
From evil still deliver;
For thine the kingdom, glory, power,
Is now, and shall be ever.

"Providence."

"Yes, thou art ever present, Power, supreme!
Not circumscribed by times, nor fixed by space,
Confined to alters, nor to temples bound.
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In earth, in heaven, or on thrones, the faithful find Thee!"



Farewell — By G. T. Richardson.

Farewell the enchantment of beauty,
And friends of my bosom, adieu;
I'm called by the mandates of duty,
And can no more linger with you.
Away o'er the tremulous billow,
My little bark gaily shall leap;
The next lullaby for my pillow,
Shall be the rough surge of the deep.

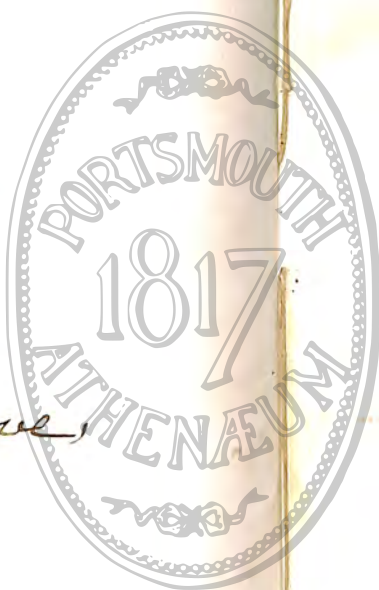
Yet lashed by the merciless ocean,
And drenched by dark clouds from above,
My heart with its deepest devotion,
Shall pray for the beings I love.
And oh! may the one that has bound me,
With bonds that ^{can} never decay,
Be blest, though the billows surround me,
And bear me reluctant away.

Admiration — admiration is a every short-lived passion,
that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object,
unless it be ^{still} fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a
perpetual succession of miracles, rising up to its view.

"The casket and the Jewels."

I have a casket rich and rare,
Three jewels bright within:
And tho' I often view them there,
They never can grow dim!
They sparkle in the morning sun,
Like dew drops on the flowers;
And when the evening shadows come,
They cheer my dreaming hours!

Yes! mine is wealth beyond compare,
And well I know its worth;
My wife and little ones so dear,
That cluster 'round my hearth —
These are my jewels, all so fair,
The casket is my home;
Oh! these are all my heart holds dear,
Nor will I from them roam.



"Tears"

Man hath been likened to a flower—
A budding, fading, fragile thing;
And tears, methinks, are like the shower
From which its bloom or bane may spring.

As rain-drops from the bud will glide,
Which, closed to ill, no damps destroy;
Tears seldom with young hearts abide,
Which open but to love and joy.

And, as upon the full-blown flower,
Refreshing moistures longer rest,
Griefs, at a man's maturer hour,
Chastening, sink deeper in the breast.

But as the rain-storm never spares
The loveliest leaf, when past its day,
So wasting sorrow ever bears
The aged and the weak away.

"The wife and mother."

'Tis evening,— and alone
The mother watches o'er the slumbers of
Her babe, and thinks of one, the much-loved one,
Her husband dear. He is her hope, her joy;
Yet she is sad: her heart is sorrowful
Because of absence.

So she lifts her thoughts
To heaven, and seeks his blessing, who alone
Is life. "Father in heaven! keep him—
Direct his way, and grant his quick return—
O, on thy arm support, strengthen, and save
Him, unto endless life!"

Her heart is cheered
By hope, and, thus confiding in the love
Of him who watches over all the earth,
She goes to rest. Sleep visits her, and dreams
Refreshing; such as waft the soul on wings
Celestial, to the pleasant portals of
The paradise above. The morning smiles,
And ushers in another welcome day
Of hope and love.

12
"Religion in Youth."

If thou dost truly seek to live,
With all the joys that earth can give,
If thy young feet would gladly press
The ways of peace and happiness;

Go thou with pure and fervent love
To him who dwells in light above,
Who sees ten thousand suns obey,
Yet listens when the lowly pray.

Cling thou ^{to} Jesus faithfully,
As vines embrace their Guardian tree;
Nor shame thy pure and lofty creed,
Be his in thought, and word, and deed;

And thou shalt breathe in this low world,
An eagle charmed, with wings unfurled,
Prepared, when once thy bonds are riven,
To soar away, and flee to heaven.



"The Fisher Girl."

Be hush'd thou restless ocean!
Ye panting billows sleep!
Oh! calm your raging motion,
My love is on the deep!
Alay my heart's emotion,
Be calm, thou raging deep!

My heart with grief o'erflowing,
I gaze across the sea!
Ye tempests cease your blowing,
Let him return to me!
Ye angels, peace bestowing,
Subdue the swelling sea!

I love the dark blue billow,
I've kiss'd its angry waves;
It oft has been my pillow,
And soon may be my grave!
Then sleep, thou boisterous billow,
My love is on your wave!

"Temples not made with hands"

'Tis not in temples made with hands
The great Creator dwells;
But on the mountain's top he stands,
And in the lonely dells;
Wherever fervent prayer is heard,
He stands recording every word;
In dell, on mountain, every where,
He never fails to answer prayer.

Yes—in the poor man's lowly stall,
And in the prisoner's cells,
And in the rich man's lordly hall,
The great creator dwells;
Where two or three are joined in prayer,
His audience-hall, his house is there;
Wherever prays the child of grace,
Is his peculiar dwelling place.

Think you that temples built with stone,
And blessed by priestly hand,
Are more peculiarly his own,
More reverence demand?

Go to thy closet—shut the door,
And all thy mercies ponder o'er:
Thine all-pervading God is there;
He loves to answer secret prayer.

The temple thy creator owns,
That temple is the heart;
No towering pile of costly stones,
Nor any work of art.
The cloud-capp'd spire that points on high,
May draw the lightning from the sky;
But 'tis the humble, modest flower,
That drinks in the refreshing shower;
And in return for favours given,
It breathes its fragrance back to heaven.

Lines taken from a grave stone, in Copp's Hill
burying ground—Boston—

"A sister of Sarah Lucas Lyeth here
Whom I did love most dear
And now its soul hath took its flight
And its spiteful foe good night"



Those Sabbath Bells

Those sabbath bells! how sweet the sound
Comes pealing through the air,
With fervent love my heart is bound,
It knows not, feels not care.
Up to thy temple, magic bells,
My willing feet do tread;
Those lovely sounds, how true they tell,
When holy things are said.

Chime on! chime on! I love those notes,
To me they bring sweet rest,
My heart it every hour devotes
To him, supreme and best.

Thy lot it is to mourn the dead,
How sacred is thy trust!
The funeral train with measured tread
Returns its dust to dust.

Toll on! toll on! we're going home,
Soon, soon, our lot 'twill be,
No more on this wide world to roam,
Then toll, sweet bells for me.

The following lines by Coleridge, are not wholly inappropriate
at this time and in this country.

Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for a morning meal!
The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongue,
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds, to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound:
As if the fibres of their God-like frames
Were goled without a pang; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven, translated, and not killed—
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him!"

November 1847



"Suspense".

I was disturbed and sought relief. No ray
Of hope could I desire, and all looked sad
As death! Suspense was hovering o'er my head,
With dark and fearful wings. I was afraid
To even hope to look beyond suspense;
Because I could not dream that this most foul
And frightful monster was the cause of all
My woe. But so it was,—the sky beyond
Was clear, and not a cloud to threaten ill,
Or dim th' horizon! Now I see again
The form of cheerful hope, and I'll rejoice
And welcome her with songs of gladness. If
Our path in life is sometimes overcast
With clouds, 'twill only seem more pleasant when
They disappear.

"God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened, in the fields and groves.

"Look at the bright side".

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays
All nature illumines and the heart of man cheereth;
Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze
On that dark cloud which now in the distance appeareth.

Look at the bright side! recount all thy joys;
Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee;
Muse not forever on that which annoys;
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind, it is true,
Have their failings, nor should they be spoken of lightly;
But why on their faults concentrate thy view,
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart
Sweet peace and contentment, and grateful emotion,
Reflecting its own brilliant lines on thy heart,
As the sun-beams that mirror themselves in the ocean.

Look at the bright side! nor yield to despair;
If some friends forsake, yet others still love thee;
And when the world seems mournful colours to wear,
From the dark earth to heaven above thee.



"Sing with the harp."

By Rev. James Gilborne Lyons, S.S.D.

Minstrel! my spirit is sorely dejected;
Take down thy harp from its place on the wall;-
Long has it slumber'd untuned and neglected,
Long has its voice been unheard in the hall.

Tyrants have triumph'd, and all have consented,
Orphans are wrong'd, and the spoiler is glad,
Just men have perish'd, and none have lamented;
Marvel not thou that my bosom is sad.

Teach thou the sorrowing chords to awaken
Thoughts of the dead who for ages have slept,
Martyrs that shrank not though scorn'd and forsaken-
Bards whom the people have honor'd and wept:-
Harp thou of heroes, the valiant, the chaste,
Bleeding for rights which the weak have betray'd;
Sing thou of goodness, the lowly, the stainless,
Burning her incense unseen in the shade.

When thou hast told of the lost and the dying,
Bid thou thy strain of lamenting to cease;-
Sing thou of him on whose promise relying,
Guilt may have pardon, despair may have peace:
Sound thou of worlds, where the seraph is sweeping
Harp-strings unworn by the war-notes of men;
Lands of delight, where no mourner is weeping-
So shall my spirit be tranquil again.

To E. by Blanche Bennairde.

Farewell-Sister, fare-thee-well!
May no evil e'er betide thee,
And may heaven ever guide thee,
In that land thou goest to dwell.

Farewell sister, fare-thee well!
Think of me when thou hast sadness,-
And in all thy hours of gladness,
Don't forget thy joys to tell.

Farewell! Sister fare-thee-well!
Fare-thee-well through life forever,-
And though distance may us sever,
Think thy sister loves thee well.

Paraphrase, of the following extract, of
from a Letter written by a young lady to her female friend:
"If you have the most remote idea that it will ever be seen, con-
sign it to the flames as soon as you read it, and watch the
progress of the fire as it destroys each word, and compare the
disappearance of the last syllable to the last breath of the
friend of your childhood, who now addresses herself to you."

Let not another than thy faithful eye,
Rest on this secret, consecrated page,
Read for thyself, then lay it safely by,
Unseen, to catch the gathering dust of age.
But if you think that any one beside
Might, peradventure, find it where it lay,
Consign it to the flames, — we may confide
In them as confidants that ne'er betray.

Then give it to be burned, however dear,
And while it perishing shall feed the fire,
Watch it as word on word shall disappear,
Till the last burning syllable expire.
And this compare to friendship's latest breath,
That will, like holy incense, heavenward rise,
On thee invoking blessings, e'en in death,
From him o'er throned supreme in yonder skies.

"A single Star was Shedding"

A single star was shedding its azure light on high,
In silent beauty reigning, sole monarch of the sky;
I thought of thee, my absent, — thine eye of kindling light
Seemed to my soul reflected in that lone star of night.

For in my thoughts thou reignest, thou teacher of my youth,
And still my heart keeping the lesson of its truth;
I think of thee, my absent, I bow in love to thee, —
Star of my early worship, art thou thus true to me?

Long thou hast been a wanderer where softer voices breathed,
And rosier lips beguiling, with brighter smiles were wreathed;
And chide me not my absent, if that sad star above
Hath less a glory for me, since I distrust thy love.

If wandering from the compass, or false to me thou art,
Unlearn what thou hast taught me, this lesson of the heart —
If faithless to the covenant we plighted, when we met,
Who taught me first to love thee, shall teach me to forget.

The while I thought on memories, in lone oblivion hid —
A gentle voice beside me my sad reproaches hid;
And thou, my own, my absent, e'er kneeling at my side,
Our hearts, again united, in love by absence tried.



Humility

"Humility, the faintest, loveliest flower
That grew in paradise, and the first that died,
Has rarely flourished since on mortal soil.
It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
'Tis gone, if it but look upon itself:
And they who venture to believe it theirs,
Prove by that single thought they have it not."

Hasten slowly.

Hasten, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions—let me change the rule—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool. ...
If the wild folly "Progress" thou wouldst ride,
Have young companions even by thy side;
But wouldst thou stride the stanch old mare "Success",
Go with thine elders, if they please thee less.

A Soldier's Epitaph

Here lies an old Soldier, whom all must applaud,
Since he suffered much hardship at home and abroad;
But the hardest engagement he ever was in
Was the battle of Self, in the conquest of Sin.

Good advice — Uncourteous habits have prevented
many a man's success in life. Hasty, hot-brained,
care-for-nobody individuals often plunge themselves
into difficulties in consequence of their arrogant
or overbearing manners, or their rude and ungen-
tlemanly language, though it may be thoughtlessly
expressed. It is often not the great, but the little
acts of incivility, that are treasured up and remembered.

"The Poor"

"They are poor, who, rich in gold,
Confiding in that faithless store,
Or tremble for the wealth they hold
Or thirst for more.
Whose hands are fettered with the touch.
Whose lips no generous duty plead:
Go mourn their poverty, for such
Are poor indeed!"


"The rich"

"They are the rich whose treasures lie
In hearts, not hands, in heaven, not here;
Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh,
And mercy's tear."



"The outward Bound."

Fare well, farewell — a moment since,
And thou wert at my side,
And now I see thy little boat
Leave swiftly through the tide;
I hear the sturdy oarsman's strokes,
And shudder at the sound,
Untill their echos die away
Beside the Outward bound.

I see thee near thy vessels side,
I see thee on the deck,
(God shield thee in the time of storm,
From tempest — and from wreck;) 
I may not tread the trackless waste
That compasses thee around,
But my heart's prayer of hope, and love,
Follows the Outward bound.

And now upon the lovely shore,
I watch thy less'ning barge
Fade dimly from my aching eyes,
Upon the waters dark;

The sails are sett — each swelling sheet
By haw'ring breezes crown'd,
Spreads forth to hope its snowy wings, —
Heaven shield the Outward bound!

Farewell! Farewell — her lofty masts
Are passing from my sight,
And now her wide-spread flowing sails
Are little specs of white.
'Tis gone — no more to fill my gaze
That speeding barge is found;
In God — and thee, I put my trust,
Oh! shield the Outward bound!

Impious Self-Esteem.

"One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem,
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Of from apparent ill our blessings rise
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble and be wise." Beattie

"The sailor Boy, on leaving home."

"Tis not a dream;

My heart throbs wildly sad - I must away;
The ship is ready, - friends and home, adieu;
Far o'er the trackless sea fate bids me roam -

Oh, if perchance

No more I greet the friends I sadly leave,
Hope shall uplift the heart that falters now,
And I, in fancy will behold a land
Of changeless beauty - ever sunny clime
Where saddened spirits joyous meet again,
Feeling that all is fadeless youth and love,
And music, such as heaven alone reveals.

Farewell ye bright enchanting groves - ye fields
Embell'd with sweet flowers, where oft I've strayed;
Ye warbling minstrels of the glossy plume,
That oft have thrill'd with joy and love, this breast;
Ye crystal streams that leap o'er crag and rock
Murmuring soft music as ye wind along;
Ye playful herds upon my native hills -
And you low cottage, 'neath whose mossy roof
Bright eyes do brighter grow when friends come nigh.

All, fare ye well, I may not come again.

And thou, Oh, noble river, ever clear,
On whose translucent bosom oft my sail
Has caught the summer breeze and borne my skiff
Smoothly along thy grassy banks - and there
Beneath the shadow of overleaving trees
Anchored my light canoe to quaff the breath
Of wildwood flowers and list the song of birds -
Farewell - no more eyes those scenes may view.
Far in a distant clime may rest this form
In narrow room beneath some cypress shade.
Yet not my will, while heaven directs my course,
Not mine be done - I am resigned. ... - ALPHONSO."

"A Childs Laugh."

I love it, I love it - the laugh of a child.
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the soft twilight's hush;
Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that swells in the heart of a shell -
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!



"
A Fragment"

'Tis night upon the ocean! Maiden like,
From 'neath heaven's high drapery peep down
Th' diamond twinklets; tremblingly to watch
Their own fair beauty, mirrored far below
In glass of liquid sapphire. All is still:
Soft on the ear fall gently pealing notes
Of ocean's harmony, now hushed to rest.
Like weary bird with folded wing, yon ship
Sits droopingly upon the waters' breast,
Moving with flapping sails the truant breeze
Which scarce a ripple wakes in all the wide
Expanse of ocean's restless glories.
The fair young moon, with silvery crescent shamed,
Presides o'er all, and shines approvingly.
A calm! and such a calm!—like that methinks
Which breathed its spirit o'er thy mighty waves,
Old Galilee! when from the Saviour's lips
On thee the Mandate fell, "Peace, peace, be still!"
I gaze; and from my inmost soul swells up
The fervent prayer to thee, Redeeming love,
That o'er its restless surge may breathe again
Those words divine, and hush each crested wave

Of passion's strife which stirs its waters deep,
Fain to overwhelm, beneath its turbid spray,
The imagery of Deity!" H ———

"Bachelor's Hall."

Bachelor's hall! what a queer looking place it is!

Kape me from such all the days of my life,
Sure but I think, what a brownin' disgrace it is,
Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old Bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his tunkle over the fire,
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the quire.

Now like a hog, in a water-bed wallowing,
[Awkward enough] see him kneading his dough;
Tooth if the bread he could ate without swallowing,
How it would favour his palate you know.

His dishcloth is missing, the pigs are devouring it,
In the pursuit he has battered his shin—

over

A plate wanted washing, goin'alkin is scouring it;
Thunder and turf what a pickle he's in!

Pots, dishes, and pans, such greasy commodities,
Ashes and prata-skins liver the floor,
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Things that had never been neighbours before.

His meal being over, the table's left settin so,
Dishes take care of yourselves if you can!
But hunger returns, then he's fuming and fretting so;
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Late in the night then he goes to bed shiverin',
Never a bit is the bed made at all,
He creeps like a terrapin under the kiverin'-
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!

The Yankee.

The foibles of the Yankee spring from the best traits of his
character. He guesses and catechises, because he thirsts
for knowledge; he whittles, because is inventive; he sings
because he is pleased with music; and he whistles,
because he is contented and happy.

To the memory of Col. Truman B. Ransom.

He wring my hand at parting,

And I saw a chrystal tear

Slow from his eyelid starting,

But held by manhood there.

"Farewell," I said, "my gallant friend,

"Farewell — perhaps forever;

May victory with her bays amend

The chains that we now sever."

Again he struck my ready hand,

And clung in friendship there;

And stood erect with noble mien,

But uttered low and clear:

"Hear from yonder land of slaves

"You hear the battle anthem ring,

"Know that New England's band of Braves

"Were first to strike the glorious hymn,

"And that thy friend wears honored blade,

"He sleeps forever with the dead!"

We parted — and I heard a shout
Uplifted — and I heard a shout
Of glory, from Contreras' height,

From San Antonio's bloody route,
And Chumabusco's fight,
And high upon the scroll of fame
I saw the noble Ransom's name.

The funeral dirge, the echo dirges
For once again the charge he led,
And as he touched bright victory's crown
The leader fell.

My friend is dead:
But yet I cannot weep as when
I see disease lead death's dim car,
But rather envy him who fell
Beneath his country's banner'd star.

"Belknap"

Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love, and passion unappeas'd;
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows,
Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the tie;
Joy rolls on Joy, an inexhausting stream;
And virtue crowns the sacred scene.

Smollett's Regicide. -

"The Ocean Dead."

"How calmly they lie on the ocean floor,
By the sparkling gem and the gilded ore,
The shining sand and the glittering stone,
With the wealth to the blue sea's depths gone down.

Youth and beauty - age and care
Have laid them low in chambers there -
And opening buds and spreading flowers
Bloom side by side in the coral bowers.

And what to them is the angry roar
Of surges, lashing the pebbly shore?
Or the sea-bird's shriek o'er the troubled deep,
Where they repose in their dreamless sleep?

Oh! slumber sweet in your lonely graves,
Beneath the swell of the curling waves!
Let the tempest and storm the requiem be,
Of the sleepers who rest in the deep blue sea!"

M. W. Beck.



"The beautiful Thief."

"You are a cunning thief I know,
Who stole the whiteness of the snow,
That matchless bosom to adorn;
E'en now the rosy blush of morn,
Is flashing o'er thy beauteous cheek,
Coquetting with the smiles so sweet;—
You stole them all."

Oh! I know all your winning wiles—
You stole them from the graces' smiles;
The sweetness which your breathing sheds
Was stolen from the lily-beds—
And ripest cherries, dipt in dew,
Gave to those blushing lips their hue—
You cunning rogue.

I long had known your thieving art—
But, after all, you stole my heart;
O, mighty Jove, revenge my wrongs,
To thee the dreadful task belongs;
But, if thou'lt not chastise her charms,
I'll lock her up within these arms.

And hide the key."

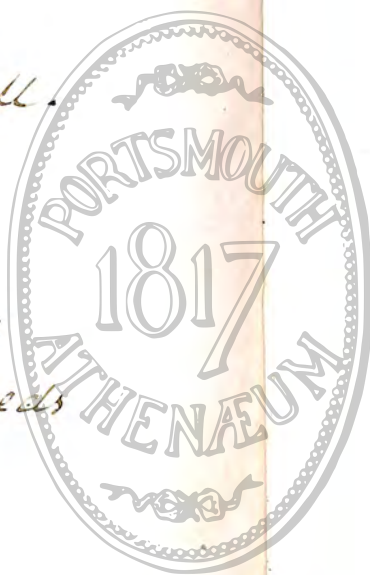
"Memory."

"When backward through departed years,
On memory's wings we stray,
How oft we find but founts of tears
Along the wasted way!
The heart will vainly seek the light
That rested there before,
And sadly turn to mourn the blight
Of all it loved ~~before~~ of yore!"

We watch for footsteps that have come
To breathe the twilight now,
We listen to the silver tone
Of voices—silent now!
We gaze on old familiar things
And marvel that they bear
No gladness in our spirits' wings,
Like what of old was there!

Intoxication —

"An old law in Spain decreed that if a gentleman was convicted of even a capital offence, he should be pardoned on pleading his having been intoxicated at the time he committed it, it being supposed that any one who bore the character of gentility would more readily be deterred than confess himself capable of committing such a vice."



"He led her to the altar."

He led her to the altar,

But the bride was not his chosen,

He led her with a hand as cold

As though its pulse had frozen.

Flowers were crushed beneath his tread,

And a gilded dome was o'er him,

But his brow was damp and his lips were pale

As the marble steps before him.

His soul was sadly dreaming

Of one he hoped to cherish,

Of a name and form that the sacred rites,

Beginning, told must perish.

He gazed on the stars and gems

Of those who circled round him,

But trembled as his lips gave forth

The words that falsey bound him.

Many a voice was praising,

Many a hand was proffered,

But mournfully he turned him

From the greeting that was offered;

Despair had fixed upon his brow

In deepest, saddest token;

And the bloodless cheek, the stifled sigh,

Betrayed his heart was broken.

Sleighing Song — by James T. Fields.

O swift we go o'er the fleecy snow,

When moonbeams sparkle round,

When hoops keep time to music's chime,

As onerily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,

And health is on the wind,

We loose the rein, and sweep the plain,

And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along

Across the fleeting snow,

With friends beside, how swift we ride

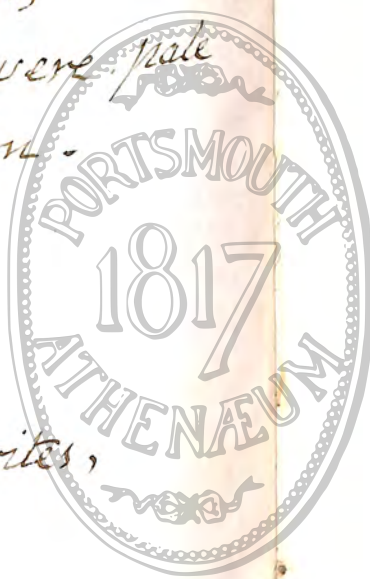
On the beautiful track below.

O! the raging sea has joy for me,

When the gale and tempest roar;

But give me the speed of the foaming steed,

And I'll ask for the waves no more.



The Reward.

By J.G. Whittier

Who looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his mispent time —

And through the shade
Of funeral cypres, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?

Who would not cast
Half of his future from him, but to win
Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed past?

Alas! the evil, which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;

Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,
Are we always.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,

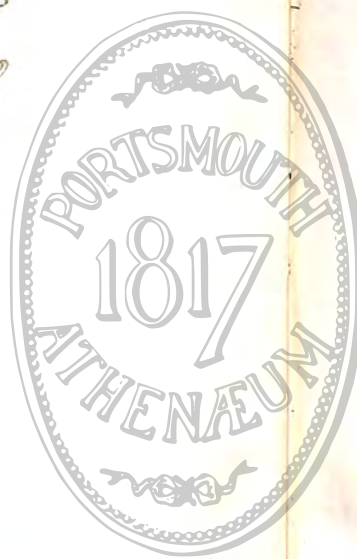
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;

If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
By hue, hath bent.

He has not lived in vain; and, while he gives
The praise to him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,

He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never more
Can henceforth part.



"The magnetic Telegraph."

Along the smoothed and slender wires

The speechless heralds run

Fast as the clear and living rays

Go streaming from the sun:

No peals or flashes heard or seen

Their wondrous flight betray,

And yet their words are quickly felt

In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat nor winter's hail

Can check their rapid course;

They meet unmoved, the fierce wind's rage,

The rough wave's sweeping force:—

In the long night of rain and wrath,

As in the blaze of day,

They rush with news of weal and woe,

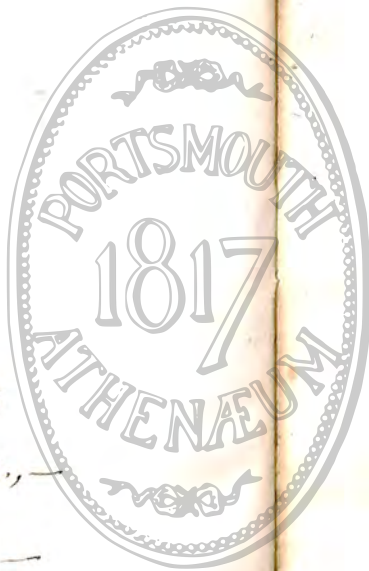
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne

On that electric cord,

Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves

The Christian's life and Lord,—



Of him who taught in smiles and tears

With fervent lips to pray,

Maintains high converse here on earth

With bright worlds far away.

Ah! though no outward wish is breath'd,

No outward answer given,

The sighing of that humble heart

Is known and felt in heaven:—

Those long frail wires may bend and break,

Those viewless heralds stray,

But faith's least word shall reach the throne

Of God, though far away.

"Christianity"

"Christianity is a pledge of social order which none of us sufficiently prize. Weak as its influence seems to be, there are vast numbers into whom it has infused sentiments of Justice, of Kindness, of reverence for God, and of deep concern for the peace and order of the state. Rapine and bloodshed would awaken now a horror altogether unknown in ages, in which this mild and divine truth had not exerted its power. With all these influences in favour of social influence, have much to fear from *

* the free, earnest, universal movements of our times? I believe that the very extension of human powers is to bring with it new checks against their abuse. — Doct^r Channing

Hymn, — by Prof. Longfellow.

Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing more
If thou wouldst perfect be;
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words has said;
And his invisible hands to day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of trust
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the saviour's breast
And thus to journey on!

"Family Worship".

'Tis sweet to hear the psalm
Swell from the hearth at even:
It makes the troubled bosom calm —
Makes earth resemble heaven.

When woman's gentle tones,
And manhood's deep and strong,
And trembling trills of little ones,
Blend in the sacred song;

When those we love are there,
And all their voices raise
With one consent, in David's prayer,
Or David's grateful praise.

'Tis pleasant in the psalm
To worship God at even —
It soothes and makes the bosom calm,
And fills the mind with heaven.



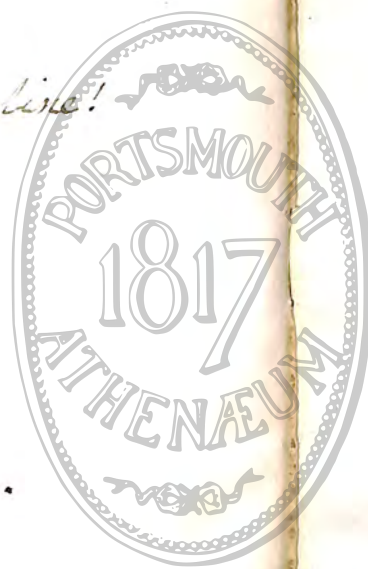
"Heralds of impartial Grace."

"Heralds of impartial grace!
Pursue the path your master trod;
And publish to the human race
The great salvation of our God!
On love's exalted mission go,
Armed with the frankly divine;
Truth's holy signet ever show,
And mercy's broad broad and golden line!"

To Zion's everlasting hills
Invite the people to repair,
And drink of the exhaustless rills
That freely flow and sparkle there.
'Glad tidings' unto all proclaim —

The boundless goodness of our sire!
For faith invoke his glorious name,
And light his altar with true fire —

On Salem's tower, immersed in light,
Attune your hearts to strains sublime;
And wide unfurl your banners bright,
Emblazoned with Immanuel's name!



Reprove the erring — lead the weak —
And brush the weeper's tears away;
Yes, blessed words of comfort speak
To all, and show the heavenly way.

Go, Herald, go! a Saviour calls!
Advance his Kingdom in the land:
And on the everlasting walls,
As faithful watchmen, fearless stand!
Then onward, let your motto be —
The fields are white for harvest now,
Where Murray sowed the precious seed,
The golden sheaves do brilliant glow."

"On the death of Col. Henry Clay Jr."

"Nobly he stood in the midst of the fight,
With the flag of the West waving o'er him;
And its star-spangled folds were the pride of his sight
With the foes of his Country before him.
When the battle was fierce o'er the rugged ravine,
He thought not of pause or surrender;
But foremost and first of his ranks he was seen,
The nation's unshrinking defender."

At wild Buena Vista the foe ^{he} had met,
To contend for his country and glory;
And twice o'er the fight, ere the red sun had sett,
He fell on the battle-field gory.

"O, give to my sire my weapons," he cried;

"I have used them as duty commanded—
Press ye on to the fight," he repeated, and died,
As his soul for his country expanded.

They buried him there on the field of the fray,
With the funeral guns o'er him booming,
To sleep till conducted in silence away,
Where the soil of Kentucky was booming.
They mourned for the fallen at Ashland's retreat,
On the joyless return of the morrow;
And the heart of the nation in unison beat
With the throbbings of filial sorrow.

His relics they bore from their war-crimson'd bed
That his bones might his birth-sod encumber
And many a tear for the hero was shed.

O'er the last hallow'd place of his slumber—
An army of friends formed his burial train,
And with funeral garlands they crown'd him;
And they laid him to rest, and ^{with} let him rest
With the flag of his country around him.

The pleasures of Sleigh-riding.

Sleigh-riding: isn't it very good fun,
With the mercury almost too thick to run,
Down below zero twenty-one?

When if you sneeze,

The spray will freeze,

And your legs are numb, as high as your knees,

Glorious pastime is this I ween:

How you admire the silvery scene,
As your lungs collapse in the blast so keen.

Of nose and ears, as the steeds progress,
You pleasantly lose all consciousness;

And the Buffalo hide,

And the lap well tied,

And the woollen et ceteras too, beside.

And powerless all to shield off the blast,

That knives your vitals in hurrying past.

Oh, 'tis fine, on a moonlight night,

Thus with the icy winds to fight!

And frost bitten ears, when the race is done,

Aptly close the "Capital fun."

"All's for the best."

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise;
All for the best, - if man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
There is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and... all's for the best!

All for the best! set this in your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A way wearied swallow, or heartstricken dove.
All for the best! - be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of his creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man;

All's for the best! - unbiased, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that all's for the best.

"Wear a Smile."

"Which will you do, smile and make others happy,
or be crabbed and make every body around you
miserable? you can live among beautiful
flowers and singing birds, or in the mire sur-
-rounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of hap-
-piness you can produce is incalculable, if
you will show a smiling face, a kind heart,
and speak pleasant words. On the other hand,
by sour looks, and a fretful disposition, you
can make scores and hundreds wretched almost
beyond endurance. Which will you do? wear
a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye
and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so
great as that which springs from a kind act or a
pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night, when
you rest, and in the morning when you rise, and
through the day when about your daily business."



"Song of the River."

"Lightly I play on my woodland way,
O'er the sands in the sunshine sparkling,
And I murmur a song, as I rush along,
Where the forest-shades lie darkling.

The birds in the tree have a note of glee,
And the flower-bells are musick ringing;
And should I, alone, have no pleasant tone
To join in sweet nature's singing?

My song shall be of the willow tree,
That o'er my waters is bending,
Of the nodding flower, from the woodland grove
Its tribute of incense sending.

I'll sing of the sky with its blue arch high,
O'er the forest in beauty spreading,
I'll sing of the moon, when the sun goes down,
And the skies bright tears are shedding.

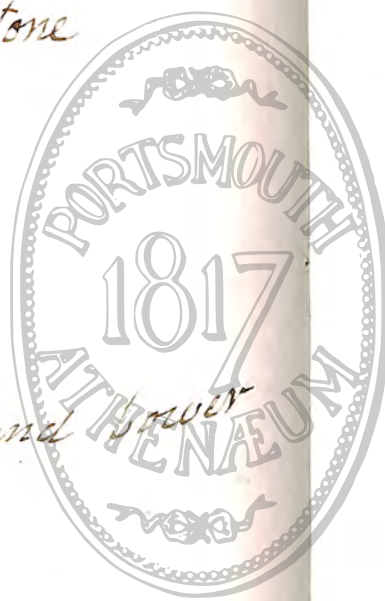
And ever my song, as I murmur along,
The choros of nature swelling,
Shall rise to the throne of the infinite one,
Whence the waters of life are welling.

The Treasure and the Heart. by M. W. Beck.

Ask the Miser, where's his treasure,
Where he finds his greatest pleasure?
Is it in the love of schools?
Is it in the sport of fools?
Is it in the open heart,
Giving to the poor his part?
No - it's buried in his gold,
Clustering o'er his wealth untold.

Where do lover's treasures lie -
In the maiden's sunny eye,
By her side in forest shade,
Whispering love-tales in the glade -
Where the brooklet murmurs sweet,
At the trysting where they meet -
With her image on his mind,
There his thoughts are close enshrined.

Ask the warrior, where his glory?
'Tis in chivalry's rich story -
Or, far better, battle's strife,
Sabre stroke and life for life -



Where the bagpiper's blast is shrill,
On gory plain and blazing hill—
There on highest scroll of fame,
Would he write a glorious name.

But the man of noble soul,
Spurning passions base control—
With no burning thirst for self,
Boasting conquests o'er himself—
What to him the miser's lust?
Warrior's boast or lover's trust?
For the humble Christian's part,
Lies his treasure and his heart.

Beautiful Allegory.—

"Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divided.
They are born and flourish, sicken and die together. They are
offspring of good sense and innocence, and while they
continue under the guidance of such parents, they are
invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay."

Version of an Ancient Prayer.

"O Thou eternal source of light,
The Sun of righteousness most bright,
Rising in glory evermore,
And never setting—giving store
Of food, life, gladness, unto all
That duly on thy bounties call:—
Vouchsafe, great God! on me to shine,
Thed on my mind thy rays divine.
Illumine its darkness, as the day,
Disperse my sins' black mists away:
From error's path my footsteps guide,
Nor let me from thy presence slide,
O Thou, the God whom I adore.
Be with me now and evermore."

Never give up. — What if you fail in business? you will have life
and health. don't sit and cry about mishaps, for they never
get you out of debt, nor buy your children frocks. Go to work
at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing
exiting, and above all, keep a merry heart, and you'll be up
in the world. (Franklin)

"Address to the Deity"

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchang'd through time's all-devastating flight;—

Thou only God!— There is no god beside!
Being above all beings! mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;

Who fillest existence with thyself alone,
Embracing, all-supporting ~~all~~— ruling O'er—
Being whom we call God!— and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays, but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure:— none can mount
Up to thy mysteries.— Reason's brightest spark,

Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark,
And thought is lost, ~~even~~ thought can soar so high
Even like past moments in Eternity.

SONG.

"
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may return— not a hope may remain,
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ere'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care
And bring back the feature that joy us'd to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round you still."

"Sabbath Bells"

Those Sabbath Bells! Those Sabbath bells!

How solemnly they sound!

And what a holy influence

They seem to shed around!

They lure us with a pleasant peal,

To many a hallowed spot;

To scenes, that our too truant feet

Have suddenly forgot.

Their music hath a melody,

A gentleness of tone;

A soften'd earnestness, that dwells

In Sabbath Bells alone.

They come as pleading voices sent,

Love-mission'd from on high,

To lead our thoughts from things of earth,

To things above the sky.

They break upon the listening ear,

In the still Sabbath morn,

With a soft chiming unity,

Like something heavenly born.



They whisper thro' my casement now,

Those sweet mysterious swells;

Blest is the home within the sound

Of holy Sabbath Bells.

Love never sleeps.

Love never sleeps! The mother's eye

Wends o'er her dying infant's bed;

And as she marks the moments fly,

While death creeps on with noiseless tread,

Faint and distressed, she sits and weeps,

With beating heart! Love never sleeps.

Yet e'en that sad and fragile form

Forgets the tumult of her breast,

Despite the horrors of the storm,

Overburdened nature sinks to rest.

But o'er them both another keeps

His midnight watch — Love never sleeps.

over ...

Around—above—the angel bands

Stoop o'er the careworn sons of men;
With pitying eyes and eager hands

They raise the soul to hope again.
Free as the air their pity sweeps
The storms of time! Love never sleeps!

Around—beneath—and over all,

O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A higher bends! the slightest call

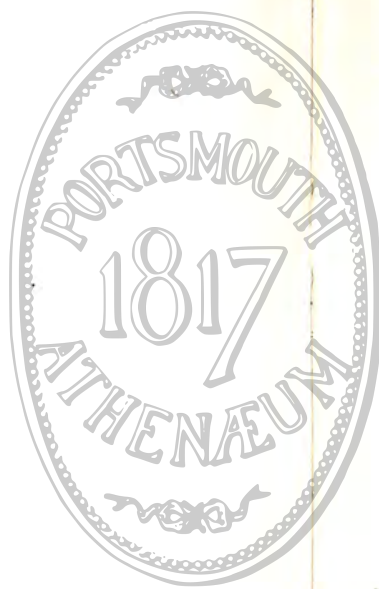
Is answered, and relief is given
In hours of love, when sorrow sleeps
The heart in pain— He never sleeps!

O God of love! our eyes to thee,

Tired of the world's false radiance, turn;
And as we feel thy purity,

We feel our hearts within us burn;
Convinced that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill— Love never sleeps.

"Look not mournfully into the past, it cannot return; wisely improve
the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the future
without fear, and with a manly heart."



"Forgiveness."

Forgive him: it is sweet to forgive. No matter how many times
he has erred, or how deep the wounds he may have inflicted in
your bosom. His hand is extended—will you not regard it?
His heart is open to receive your forgiveness and love—will you
close it by harsh rebuke? It is God-like to forgive a fellow creature
how can you be stubborn?—you relent. That is right. Tears fill
his eyes and tell how great the joy that thrills his bosom as you
take his worn, extended hand, and call him brother. What words
can express his feelings? An angel's pen alone could describe them.

What shall we say of the man who will not forgive a Brother?
Can he possess a spark of genuine feeling? Is he not more brutish
than the dumb beast? He who will not relent—who will not
extend a hand to the repentant—is not worthy the name of man.

Demons laugh over his stubbornness."

"Oh, if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I could trace as with a pen of fire;
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel's visits and repels
The minister of ill—'tis Human Love."

Life's sunny spots.

Though Life's a dark & 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,
Unchanged whate'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,
Bath 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 whene'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.

Extract

"Modest friendship, like the moon, shows herself not in the
sunshine, but in the hour of darkness. When ^{the} shades of
adversity thicken around, she meekly and unostentatiously
steps forth from her retirement, and sheds her welcome and
soothing light upon the heart of woe."



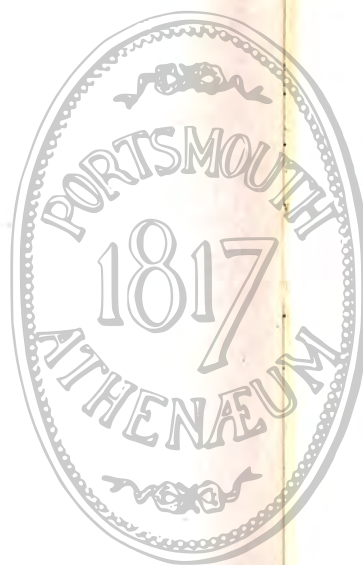
Lines by B. J. S.

O, who can speak a mother's wo,
As o'er her dying child she bends,
And watches each returning glow,
The lamp of life expiring sends?

Long sleepless nights, days full of grief,
Pass on, and seem as nought to her;
She strives so hard to bring relief,
For death seems ever hovering near.

Ah! none can stay his withering hand,
None e'er can flee his cold embrace;
His presence is divine command,
He takes all to his resting place.

He dies. The spirit mounts to god,
To swell the throng 'round his bright throne;
The mother breathes the silent prayer,
"Thy will, not mine, O Lord, be done."



Bad Men. Bad men love to make themselves notorious. If they cannot be lifted into notice by fair means they will resort to foul means. We have in our mind's eye several characters - infamous in the view of all respectable men - who have attacked the best of men and the noblest of institutions - for the sole purpose of notoriety. But who regards their lying words? - their infamous insinuations? - their dastardly attacks? As men run from the approach of a skunk, so they turn away from those characters, and for nearly the same reason. If you have any thing to say or do with them, it will give you a bad name. Better suffer them to go on without notice and they will finally be smothered by their own depravity and rot out. There are human skunks, with whom it is dangerous to meddle. Bolesworthy."

"Another Jewell"

Sound the stage horn! ring the cowbell!

That the waiting world may know;

Publish it through all our borders,

Even unto Mexico.

Seize your pen, Oh! dreaming poet,

And in numbers smooth as may be,

Spread afar the joyful tidings,

Betty's got another baby!

To Tyrants

Go still the heaving ocean's roar,
Go chain the viewless wind,
Then upward with the eagle soar,
Till earth is left behind.

Pluck each bright star that shines on high,
And quench the sun in night;
Roll up the beauteous azure sky,
Then downward bend thy flight;

And when thou hast the ocean still'd,
When thou hast chained the wind,
When sun and stars are quenched in night,
Then turn and fetter mind. "

"I love to look on Woman when her eye
Beams with the radiant light of charity;
I love to look on woman when her face
Glow with religion's pure and perfect grace;
O then to her the loveliness is given

Which thrills the heart of man like dreams of heaven."



Genius.

"He is not the greatest man, who, with a giant intellect,
can startle the multitude as with sudden thunder.

The impression left behind is not agreeable and lasting.
He who would stir up the soul, must have a calm
sympathizing heart. It is this which vibrates through the
human heart, leaps in the warm pulses, and urges us to
deeds of mercy. The man whose sympathies are with common
humanity—whose heart is moved by pure benevolence—
breathes thoughts that will never die. Like the silent dews,
they descend in the bosom to cheer, to bless and to save,—
The breath of true life is thus felt in the heart."

A spirit abroad.

A spirit is abroad, free, bold, uncompromising, and terrible as an
army with banners, which is trying the opinions and institutions
of the world as by fire. It is the duty of the wise and good
to endeavour to guide this spirit, to restrain its excesses, and above
all, to imbue it with a sincere and earnest love of truth, humanity
and God. But we fear not the issue. We believe that every
accession of new light and intelligence will be found to illustrate
and enforce the evidence of the Christian revelation, and give
mankind a deeper and more living sense of its truth and reality.

Walker.

Ecclesiastes XI-6-

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand
for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether
they both shall be alike good."

Go in morning's earliest hour,
Where the dew is on the flower,
Ere the canes of day begin,
With thy seed, and thrust it in;
To thy joy it may appear,
Bearing fruit some future year.

When the evening shades are nigh -
Darkness shrouding all the sky, -
When no star of hope is seen,
Storms and tempests intervene,
Sow thy seed in humble trust,
Thy reward is with the just.

God, who doest all things well -
He who sits above can tell,
Which shall prosper, early soil,
Or the evening's later toil;

Wait, and work in patient trust,
Seeking for reward above.

Faith and hope will bear us through,
What earth's charms can never do,
Patient labour will repay
In a future trying day,
Be the field in which we move,
One of Universal love!



She died in the Spring.

She died in the spring when the meadows were green,
And the bird-haunted woodlands were silvered with showers,
When the brooks sang of love, and the roses were seen,
Fully blown in the shade of voluptuous showers.

She came like a spirit gift, spotless and rare,
So peerless in form, and so blameless in heart;
As gentle herself as the spring, and as fair,
She chose with her sister the spring to depart.

And sorrowing friends twine the lilly and rose
Above her, and weep o'er the flowery sod;
And sweetly the sunbeams of evening repose
On that mound, like the lingering smile of her God.

Her spirit, as pure as a ray of the West,
Was wafted away o'er the world-parting river,
And found its true home in the land of the blest,
Where the spring of the soul will be blooming forever.

"The Elements of happiness are within."

"The reason why so few men are really happy is - they look abroad for pleasure; while the elements of true happiness slumber in their own bosoms. It does not depend upon the condition of this man or the other - upon the course of one party or another - whether you shall really enjoy yourself; but it does depend upon whether you look into your heart and draw out its love and affection. If you love some being tenderly, you will be happy. If you visit the sick to comfort them, you will be happy. If you strive earnestly to promote the welfare of another, you will be happy. If you do all the good you can, you will be happy. The seat of true happiness, then, is your own bosom - and when you live in a measure as you ought, you will never look about for true pleasure."

Punctuality - "If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. make it your own rule not only to be punctual but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too. To prevent the tediousness of waiting for others, carry with you some means of occupation; for example, books which can be read by snatches, and which afford ample materials for thinking."

"Forget not the Dead."

"Forget not the dead who have loved, who have left us"

"Canst thou forget the dead?

Are not their voices ever round thy home,

Do not they shower rich blessings o'er thy head,

And guard thee lest thy steps from virtue roam?

Canst thou forget those forms beneath the sod,

Whose souls have passed away to dwell with God.

Canst thou forget the dead—

Who gaze upon thee with their gentle eyes?

Who watch at eve with love around thy bed,

From their fair dwellings in the azure skies?

Who serve to guide thy thoughts and ways aright,

And glad thy path by love's unchanging light?

Canst thou forget the dead?

Those who have loved thee with affection's truth;

And all the words of tenderness they've said,

To make thee happy in thy trusting youth?

Thou never canst! Their memory, as a spell,

Will hover round and seek to shield thee well.

Remember then the dead, but not with tears,

Not as the lost whom thou shalt meet no more,

Nor yet united with death's gloomy fears,

But as bright angels on a glorious shore!

Yes, think of them, as truly, purely blest,

Sweet guardian spirits in the realms of rest."

Prayer.

Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart; or rather, Man was born to pray; to glorify God, or to implore him was their only mission here below; all else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, or of love, which he raises toward the creator, does not perish on his passing from the earth; it ascends; it resounds from age to age in the ear of the almighty, like the reflection of his own magnificence. It is the only thing in man that is wholly divine, and which he can exhale with joy and pride; it is an ^{only} homage to him to whom homage is due—the infinite being.

"She sleeps in Beauty."

"She sleeps in beauty—like a lake
With ne'er a rippling wave:
She sleeps in beauty—like a rose
That's fallen o'er a grave.

She sleeps in beauty—like the moon
That quits the pearly dome;
She sleeps in beauty—like a dream
Of joy, and hope, and home.

She sleeps in beauty—like a dove
That's found a long lost mate:
She sleeps in beauty—like a sprite
That's free from earthly hate.

She sleeps in beauty—like a song
Whose words are lost and fled:
She sleeps in beauty—like a blush
That decks a fair one dead."

"The pleasures of this world are so transitory and fleeting,
that it seems a crime for man to pass his days in joyous
pursuits, or to stake, as many do, their whole mind
upon what before tomorrow's sun shall go down, will
become as mist and vapour. The uncertainty of life,
the dark veil which covers the future from the piercing
eyes of man, the ignorance of what a day might bring
forth, have a salutary effect upon the thoughtful, and
warn them from a too great love of the world, its pleasures
or of themselves. Though there be a few who live
to the age of three score years and ten, it is no guarantee
that we shall live till then. Health and youth are
not to be relied on, for the withering frost often destroys
in an hour the fairest flower, and the lightning
from heaven often rends the sturdy oak. If we place
our hearts upon the riches of the world, they fade away
before our sight, and the hard earnings of years in a
day have been swept away."

"Earthly Bliss," an extract.

"Pure Air."

Throw open the window, and fasten it there!

Fling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give a free entrance to Heaven's pure air,
'Tis the life and the health of mankind.

Are you fond o' coughs, colds, dyspepsia, and rheums?
Of headaches, and fevers, and chills?

Of bitters, hot drops, and medicine fumes,
And bleeding, and blisters, and pills?

Then shut yourself up like a monk in his cave,
Till nature grows weary and sad,
And imagine yourself on the brink of the grave,
Where nothing is cheerful and glad.

Be sure when you sleep that all air is shut out!
Place, too, a warm brick at your feet,
Put a bandage of flannel your neck quite about,
And cover your head with the sheet.

But would ^{you} avoid the dark gloom of disease?

Then haste to the fresh open air,
Where your cheek may kindly be fanned by its breeze:
'Twill make you well, happy, and fair.

Oh prize not this, lightly, so precious a thing,
'Tis laden with gladness and wealth—
The richest of blessings that heaven can bring,
The bright panacea of health.

Then open the window, and fasten it there!
Fling the curtain aside and the blind.
And give a free entrance to Heaven's pure air,
'Tis life, light, and joy to mankind.

"Healing the blind man."

The sacred name of Jesus dwelt
On every tongue throughout the land;
Where Jordan rolls his silver flood,
Where Zion's mould'ring temples stand.
It was a name whose holy sound
Was discord to the unhallowed ear;
But music to the bosom wrung
With deepest agony and fear.

Of him, whom countless mourners loved,
A blind and wretched beggar heard
How he had raised the dying one,
The sad and sorrowing bosom cheered.
"O, might I find him, he would open
My sightless eyes! O, could he know
My hopeless grief; that mercy shown
To vilest ones, would heal my woe!"

But, lo! the sound of voices falls
Upon the breathings of the gale;
"What do I hear? Does Jesus come?
And will my tears with him avail?"

O, might I only gaze upon
The forms of love before I die!
Grant it Great God—I ask no more—
O listen to my earnest cry!"

The crowd would stay him. "Come thou not,
Thy voice is lost upon the wind;
He will not hear thee!" "Stay me not—
O stay me not—for I am blind!"

His nerves are filled with maniac strength,
And doth the Lord his anguish see?
He calls— "O holy David's son,
Wilt thou not come to succor me?"

"O, give me sight!" His weak voice sunk
To whispering tones; his strength is o'er;
"O, let me gaze on those I love,
And I will bless thee evermore."
'Tis done. New vigor fills his frame,
His eyes are filled with sunny light,
While heavenly mercy's dawning rays
Break o'er his soul more purely bright.



"The Faithfulness of God."

"As one of the many proofs of the faithfulness of God in answering the prayers of pious Parents who die leaving no inheritance to their children, Mr Newton mentions a friend of his, a laborious Christian minister in the west of England. This devoted man, when dying, was advised to make his will; but he replied, 'I have nothing to leave but my wife and children, and I leave them to the care of a gracious God', and soon after he died happily. No prospect appeared for the support of his helpless family; but the Lord disposed a man who had always despised his preaching to feel for his destitute family, and by his means 1600 pounds, or about eight thousand dollars, were raised for them; and the clergy of Exeter, who had never countenanced his Ministry, gave his widow a house and Garden for life: so that she afterward lived in greater ease and plenty than in the lifetime of her husband."

"The time of falling leaves."

It is the still October time, the time of falling leaves,
When with a dirge-like music sound, the wind moans round the leaves;
When footsteps thro' the quiet woods send forth a rustling sound,
And all of summer's drapery lies thickly on the ground;
The streamlet to its pebbly bed runs silently along,
The summer birds have left their homes of sunshine and of song;
The timid squirrel cautiously his little head upheaves,
And gathers in ^{his} store of nuts amid the fallen leaves.
The coloring of the autumn woods is beautiful and bright,
The glancing sunbeams on the trees gleam with a crimson light,
Or linger with a loving ray on some ^{more} ~~severe~~ and old,
And like the babled Alchemist, transmutes them into gold.
With many-tinted rainbow-hues they people all the plain,
And lie like vanquished foemen on a field of battle slain,
Their requiem the mournful sound the wind's low murmur waives,
In the still and sad October time amid the fallen leaves.
But chillier breath and bleaker winds are hast'ning from the north,
November, like a conqueror bold is rushing madly forth;
He lingers not to mark the spot where prone to earth they lie,
But grasps them in his mighty arms, and hurries swiftly by.
They ride upon the Worldwind's wing in terror and alarm,
They shrink before its angry breath, and shudder at the storm,
And pass over valley, plain, and hill, its way the tempest cleaves,
And cold December's robe of snow enshrouds the fallen leaves.

"Life and Death."

In youth, life seems a long, long day of joy—
A scene of future bliss, without alloy;
We think 'twill always be thus fair and bright,
For hope gilds every prospect with delight.

The ag'd one hastens daily to the tomb,
And life's to him a night of pain and gloom;
He knows full well the sum of human life,
Has felt its sorrows, trouble, toil, and strife.

Then wouldst thou find pure happiness below,
Seek through all life thy Father's will to do—
That when to death thy spirit draweth nigh,
Thy heart, thy hopes, thy joys, may be on high.

"The Forest Wanderer." to his little friend.

My little friend, that round my heart
Hath thrown a silken chain,
That time in vain may strive to part,
Though ne'er we meet again—

The memory of whose ~~loveliness~~ loveliness,
Like breath of fragrant flowers,
Shall fill with sweets, my wandering thoughts,
And cheer my lonely hours—

So noble in thy little self,
Of such precocious mind;
That little heart with gems so fraught,
Of earth's most precious kind!

Oh I will pray to him who keeps
The spring time's earliest flowers,
For purity, and ~~in loveliness~~ loveliness
Amid the chilling showers—

To keep thee as he keeps those gems,
All innocent and sweet,
And fairer than the fairest flowers
That blossom at thy feet.

"There's something good in every heart."

Wouldst win the crime stained wanderer back
From vice's dark and hideous track—
Let not a frown thy brow deform,
'Twill add but fierceness to the storm;
Deal kindly—in that bosom dark
Still lingers virtue's glimmering spark;
Plead with him—'tis the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart!

Bring to his mind the early time,
E'er sin had stained his soul with crime;
When fond affection blessed his hours—
And strewed his joyous path with flowers;
When sportive jest, and harmless glee
Bespoke a spirit pure and free;
Plead with him—'tis the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart!

There was a time that head did rest,
Clod to a mother's yearning breast—
A time his ear the precepts caught,
A kind and virtuous father taught;



It matters not what treacheries may
First lured his steps from virtue's way—
Enough to know thou yet may'st save
That soul from sin's engulfing wave;
Plead with him—act the nobler part—
There's something good in every heart!

"Birth Days."

Why should we count our lives by years,
Since years are short and pass away?
Or why by fortune's smiles or tears,
Since tears are vain and smiles decay?

I count by virtues—these shall last,
When life's short weary race is o'er;
And these when earthly joys are past,
May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Who are old? Not they whose canes
Have white locks o'er their temples spread;
Wisdom alone is man's grey hairs,
And those may crown the youthful head.

"Passing Away."

The old battle board, with its thundering sound,
Which showered every Monday the soap suds around,
The mop handle, carved from the bass wood tree,
And the raspberry leaves that were once steeped for tea,
They leave our sight, and seem to say—
Passing away! passing away!

The pudding-stick, too, which our grandmothers made,
The broom, which they peeled in the birch tree's shade,
The distaff's bar, and the old quill wheel,
The clump of the loom and the twist of the reel,
You find them rarely, and then they say—
Passing away! passing away!

The old trundle bed which rolled on the floor,
The nail-fastened button which held fast the door,
The fork that was stuck in the window to keep
The rogues all without, that the honest might sleep,
Like the star of empire, they westward stray,
Passing away! passing away!

"LOVE."

Love is fickle; Sages say
Beauty cannot hold him;
Love will steal himself away,
Maidens, if you scold him.
Love, he will not live with strife;
Even turns from beauty,
If the Lady plagues his life
With her household duty.

You can have him in your power,
Ladies, if you try it;
Use him as you won him first,
Love, he can't deny it.
Do not rant and scold and prout,
Aggravating trouble;
Beauty kicking up a rout,
Makes misfortunes double.



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