LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"We want a history of firesides."
WEBSTER.

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PREFACE.

THE rush of progress in our native clime is without parallel in its transforming and effacing power. The sound of the woodman's axe yields to the hum of the village springing amid fallen trunks. The city forgets the primeval forest over whose roots it rises. Every generation takes with it to the grave some trait or treasure which it might be curious to restore or useful to cherish.

The inner habitudes of the last half century are already becoming matters of tradition. Yet, as far as they are mingled with the domestic nurture of females, it is well to preserve their semblance; for if obsolete as precedents, they will become points of historic interest. Those elementary details which, from their simplicity or minuteness, seem to need excuse, involve principles or affections which have given to New England homes stability and comfort, as well as that affluence of virtue which has enabled them to cast freely to the young West germs that cause its wilderness to blossom as the rose.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 1st, 1857.

LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL

Wednesday, August 1st, 1810.

THEY have given me a nice blank-book for a journal. I've written my name and the date as well as I possibly could. What more to put in it I'm sure I don't know.

The schoolmistress says we must all keep journals. She gives several good reasons for it. But what a child of ten years, unless she's wiser than I, can find that's worth writing down, I can't for my life see. I think nobody would care to read it after it was written.

There has been a great storm to-day, with thunder and lightning. I've got nothing else to say. I wish I could get along without this journal, as I used to do; but mamma says I must obey my teacher always.

Somebody has called a journal a map of life. A rude outline I am afraid mine will be. An irregular coast; an island uninhabited; Mountains of the Moon; rivers rising nowhere and emptying nowhere; "Great cry and little wool." Never mind. Let me try to do as well as I can.

I had a grand time in the arithmetic hour this morning at school. I did so many sums, and so fast, that my hand trembled, and my heart beat quick; but it made me happy. I do like those studies that one is sure of. You have only to go straight ahead, and work, and take pains, and all will come right.

My teacher says
"No day without a line."
I wish to keep her rule
While I am in her school;
So here is mine.

If I kept school, I think I'd try to make every body have a good time; for if children get mad, they won't learn. If they are very cold, or very warm, or very tired, and you say to them "*study, study!*" and look cross all the time, they are apt

to think hard. Then there is no doing them any good till they get into a better mood. If teachers would only just look pleasant, and speak pleasant, and not get mad themselves, what a nice place school would be!

I hope I did not write unkindly yesterday. When I read it over this morning it seemed just like a slap of slander. I am afraid I did not feel pleasant myself, and that made me think others were not so. An old lady used to say, When you complain of things around, most likely something goes wrong within. I'll try to carry a sunbeam in my heart to school to-day, and see what that will do.

Tuesday, January 1st, 1811.

Here is a New Year's day, and my birth-day, too. I should suppose I might have some decent thoughts on these two events. So I have, but 'tis such an awful trouble to write them down. As soon as I take a pen away they fly. My strongest impression at present is, that it's terribly cold. I was half frozen in going to school this morning, and not much better off after I got there. We took turns, indeed, in standing at the fire, but the wood was green, and the sap ran out in streams upon the hearth, and the chimney smoked so fiercely that we all shed tears.

They have sent me to a man's school. My mother was induced to believe that it was more thorough, and would be better for me in the end. I'm sure I hope it will. But I love to be taught by ladies, because I always have been. I am awfully afraid here to look up. The gentleman is said to be very learned, and has not been long out of college. It seems so strange to hear him calling me Miss Howard, seeing my name in school has always been Lucy. At first I did

not know who he meant, and did not answer, and looked all round the seats to see who Miss Howard was.

There are twenty-five of us scholars, most of them older than I, and about half are of the other sex. I miss the needle-work in the afternoons very much. It was so pleasant to employ ourselves that way a part of the time, while one read aloud in history; and then to be able to carry home a garment neatly made to mother. That was a very great pleasure, peculiar to us girls, and it seems a pity to lay it aside. But there is more time for study, and I'll try to learn as fast and much as I can, to pay dear mother for the expense of my education. This is a very orderly and strict school, and so still that it is much easier to learn. I think pupils like a strict school best, and are prouder of it, though they may sometimes complain.

That short bench of boys who have entered college, I wonder they don't go there. Why need they be studying a year at home? To save expense, I suppose. Well, that is praiseworthy enough. But it would be much more agreeable

to us younger scholars if they were away. Their room would be vastly better than their company. Mighty grand are they, because they happen to be in the fourth book of the Æneid. It will not be long ere we catch up with them, I trust. But the worst of it is, that every time we open our mouths to recite, they watch, and carp, and criticise. I only hesitated once to-day in a long lesson in Philosophy, and yesterday in the conjugation of a French verb, and heard them whisper to each other, "There! that's a'most a mistake." It was not, neither. I knew what to say, and should have said it as glib as ever, if they had not been looking straight at me with lynx-eyes. Judges, indeed, they set themselves up to be, without any jury. I wish they had to wear wigs and sit upon a woolsack.

I studied all my lessons thoroughly last evening. I repeated them after I lay down in bed. I put my books under my pillow. In my soundest sleep I knew they were there. In one of my dreams I thought they had changed into grappling-irons, and said, "Hold the knowledge fast." When it grew light, I peeped at some of the worst places, and said all the easy ones to myself. While I was dressing, Memory showed me

that she had got the whole all right and clear. So now I will go bravely to school, and that bench of Scribes and Pharisees may take notes as fierce as they please; but they sha'n't have a chance to whisper again, "There! there! ain't that a'most a mistake?"

I hear them talk a good deal about the cold Friday of last winter. Some of the old people say they scarcely remember any thing like it. What made it felt more was, that the previous day was unusually warm, so as to make the difference of some sixty degrees in less than twenty-four hours. For my part, I scarcely recollect any thing at all about it, though I went to school all day. I dare say my fingers ached, but I forget about it. Yet it would be easy for me to remember the date, if I wanted to, there are so many tens about it. For instance, on the 10th of January, 1810, when I was just ten years and 10 days old, it was 10 degrees below zero, with a sharp wind. I can not help thinking it makes people feel both the cold and heat more to be always studying thermometers. I reckon it's better to keep busy, and not mind whether the quicksilver rises or falls.

I do love to parse in Milton. It is so entertaining to have to chase after a nominative for your verb, back and back through so many lines, like a needle in a hay-mow. Then there's idiom enough to keep your mind awake. It would be pleasanter, though, if we did not have to go through all the descriptions just as they come, with those students glowering at us, and amused if there happens to come any new bright color into our cheeks.

Rain! rain! For three days I have gone to school like one of the "amphibia," as our Natural History says. Never mind. I would not stay at home for any thing, and let others get before me in the lessons. It is a nice way to draw the head of your cloak up over your bonnet. It saves that, and keeps the back of your neck dry. Mother was so good as to let me carry my dinner to-day. Several of the girls did, and I think we made too much noise. Then, as the clouds grew a little lighter between schools, we took a walk for exercise five times as far as to have gone home. I wonder what our careful mothers would have said to have heard of us so far away, and in strange places where we never went before. But it was right pleasant to explore new regions, and

our leader proposed that at present nothing should be said about it.

Our next neighbor's little boy, Johnny, is a good-tempered child, and smart. I often play with him when I can get a chance. His mother said yesterday, "How awfully it rains! We can not get our clothes dry; they hang flapping on the wet lines ever since Monday." "Mamma," asked he, with a bright smile on his red lips, "will not the rains bring out the fifth leaf on my cabbage?" So he was as happy as he could be, while the grown-up people were complaining. I should like such a little brother, or, indeed, any kind of a brother, if it had pleased God to have given me one.

The girls have come to a conclusion to call our teacher Preceptor. For my part, I do not exactly discover any added glory in the title. But then there's a good deal in names. I am sure he deserves all the honor we can give him, so faithfully does he seek our good. And I think he has an excellent system with us, and that it is not just to get money that he keeps school. No, indeed! He tries to improve our conduct and char-

acter, as well as to make us recite well. Those are the right kind of folks to teach the young. He takes pains to improve our memories. Twice a week he reads to us from books of history, or other sciences, that we can't get a chance to look over, in a very slow, distinct manner. He chooses such parts as he thinks are important, and closing the book, questions us. Then we write afterward what we recollect, in our own language, and show it to him. He corrects what is wrong, and on Saturday we copy it fairly in a manuscript book, which we call our Remembrancer. To this we add any other recollections of our studies during the week. A regular omnium-gatherum mine is. At the end of the year a medal is to be given to the most perfect scholar—I don't know whether of silver or gold. The pedantic bench of wiseacres expect to have it, members of college as they are, and old withal. Let's see a little to that, though.

I wonder if it is wrong to write poetry. Some wise people say it is a waste of time, and that poets are always poor. I do not wish to waste time, which is so precious; and I am not willing to be poor and beg. But when any thought keeps singing in my ear, just like a bee, I do write it

down, and it comes in rhyme. If I try to drive it away, it flies round my head, as if it meant to sting me. I have quite a pile of such things hid away. I hope mother will not find them. I never tried to conceal any thing from her before.

I am glad I have to knit my own stockings. I used to think it was hard, but now I take pleasure in shaping them right, and seeing them grow a little every day. Besides, I am much more careful not to hurt or lose them, since I know what a great quantity of stitches they take, and how slow it is to knit heel. I asked my mother to teach me to mend a pair neatly that were a little worn, and permit me to give them to a poor girl whom I met without any, and who has no time to knit. She kindly consented; and when I saw the blue ankles comfortably covered from the cold, and the downcast eyes looking glad, I felt such a lifting up of the heart that I could not help saying softly to myself, "Thank God! thank God!"

I love to go to school in a snow-storm. It makes me jump about, and feel so light and gay. I am not philosopher enough to tell the reason.

A school-girl's party. My first one. I doubted whether my mother would let me accept the invitation. But she willingly consented. So we went early on Saturday afternoon, dressed in our best. Entering the parlor gravely, we courtesied to our schoolmate. I think I should have laughed in her face, but I espied her dignified mamma seated in the corner, and made a still lower obeisance.

We sat upright and folded our hands. We talked about the weather, and the babies at home, as ladies do. I longed to jump up and play "Puss in the corner." But no; it was a party. We looked at each other, and thought of some of the tricks at school. One or two of the oldest giggled a little; but that would not do. It was a party.

It seemed longer than a whole day at school before the tea came in. Two large trays—one with cups, cream, and sugar, the other with biscuits and cakes. I never drank a cup of tea in my life; but it would not do to ask for milk, because it was a party. So I stirred mine, and put it to my lips, as the others did. But it tasted just like motherwort, or some hateful doctor's trade, and I should have been glad to throw it out the window. I wonder, when I grow old, if

I shall love to go to parties and drink this horrid Chinese weed.

Just as I was wondering what to do with my plate, and cup, and saucer, not being used to hold my supper in my lap, in came my friend's stately father. Up I jumped to make my manners, and down went my bread and butter upon the carpet. He was very kind to us, and I soon forgot that he was such a great man. But, worst of all, in came our Preceptor, who boards there. I was in an awful fright, and slank into a corner, hoping he would not observe me. It seemed so queer to hear him talking about common things. I expected every minute that he would call on me to construe a passage in Sallust, or tell the genealogy of George the Third back through all the old Saxon kings.

Then I was afraid to see him eat, and would not look up. Methought it would lower him from his high estate in my mind to be swallowing food like the pupils he instructed. So much above other mortals did he seem, that I did not wish to see him subject to their common wants. But he was fortunately called away, and I was saved from my foolish fear, if foolish it be to count the teachers of knowledge superior beings.

After tea we took a polite leave, thanking our entertainer and her parents, and escaped home,

running a little when we got out of sight of the house. We arrived at sunset, as we had been told to do; for Saturday evening is considered as belonging to the Sabbath, and kept sacred. Parties are, I dare say, very nice things when people have once learned to like them.

I so love little children. Their smiles and gay voices seem to put new life into one's heart. They say such queer things too. I think the wit of the world is with them. I know almost all that belong to the neighborhood. One baby-boy I like to hold in my arms when his mother is busy. I stole in so lightly the other morning he did not hear me. He was talking to himself.

"How do you do, boy?" said he.

"How do you do, Robby?"

"Pretty bad, I thank oo."

Learning to walk, he came boldly down stairs to meet me, without touching the banisters.

"Look! see! I came holdin on by nothin."

He learns words nobody seems to know how. Yesterday I stopped to speak to him as I went to school, and a lady came, who had several teeth taken out by the dentist to prepare for a set of artificial ones. He noticed the change at once, and fixing his eyes on her mouth, said,

"Ma'am, you're a natural curosity."

If he lives to grow up, I think he'll be something more than a common man.

Sunday is a good day, though I do not find so much rest in it as people talk about. To remember the texts and a good part of both the sermons, to recite in school on Monday, keeps my mind pretty busy. Then I say, after church at night, the Assembly of Divines' *Shorter* Catechism through, with all the Scripture proofs. If there is any *longer* catechism, I wonder what it is. I stand up through the whole of this, and my mother and grandfather wish me to repeat every answer slowly and distinctly, so that I am quite willing to sit down when it is done. It is a good exercise for memory, and I suppose, when I grow older, it may help my understanding. Grandfather says he could repeat it throughout, and ask himself the questions, before he was as old as I am. He has not forgotten it now, though he is aged. If he feels wakeful at night, he begins to repeat it to himself, and soon falls into a sweet sleep. I should think it would be far more likely to keep one awake.

I have such a lovely time on the Sabbath meditating in my own little room. No one to disturb me. So quiet. I speak to the angels, who the Bible says are near us. They do not answer me in words, but sweet thoughts come into my soul. I seem to hear the rustle of their wings. I speak to God our Father. The whole earth is full of His goodness. I thank Him that I live, and move, and have a being. And the blessed Sunday, like a wreath of love, girds up my heart for the whole week.

Saturday afternoon is the only period of the week not devoted to school. On all the other six days we go at nine A.M., and return at twelve; and at two, after dinner, and return at five. This, with our evening studies, very pleasantly covers the time, so that we have little chance for idleness. At the close of every quarter, which comprises twelve weeks, we have a vacation of one week. At first we think only how glad we are; but at last how tedious it grows, and how delighted we are to get back to our teacher and companions. Even Saturday afternoon would seem long, were it not that I have usually some necessary needle-work for myself or my mother.

This afternoon mamma kindly permitted me to join my schoolmates in the amusement of sliding on the ice. Oh, it was so exhilarating! The pond was smoothly frozen, and by taking hold of hands we could go such long courses. The boys of our class attended us, and were very polite. When it was nearly time to go home, some of the most mirthful took it into their heads to run down a very steep hill partly covered with snow. Down they came, rushing like avalanches, a boy and girl, hand in hand. I thought it looked a little bold and hoydenish, though Henry Howard pressingly invited me to go down with him. I believed my mother would not approve of such wild sports, and refused. Then one of the girls, who came flying past me, exclaimed, shortening one of Pope's couplets,

> "What can ennoble slaves or cowards?
> Not all the blood of all the Howards."

I thought it rather ugly of her, but could not help laughing. Then, not wishing to set myself up for too precise an example, I accepted Henry's hand, and we ran down as swift as any of them.

What a delightful season winter is! The air is so pure, and every body's cheeks and lips are so red. How imperfect the year would be with-

out it. I wonder why the poets need to be always saying evil things about it. I suspect they mope too much by the fire, and do not run about to quicken their blood. Then they fall into the dumps, and blame the weather, when the fault is in themselves. If we wrap up properly, and brave the cold, and keep winter out of our hearts, I suspect all would be well enough.

Our Preceptor says there are many kinds of fraud besides taking money, and that one of them is writing so as not to be read. It is a theft of time and eyesight, both of which are precious things. Now I will certainly take pains not to deceive and trouble my fellow-creatures in this way. I will endeavor to write with a copper-plate plainness, and not indulge myself in careless chirography, because I am in a hurry, for that will help to establish a bad habit.

Wednesday, January 1st, 1812.

My birth-day and the new year meet me at the same time. This double visit makes both more interesting. The girls say that none of them have such a grand date as mine, the beginning of a century. Yes, on the 1st of January, 1800, I was a New Year's gift to my mother.

Four thousand three hundred and eighty days and nights have I lived in this world, each comprising 24 hours. What an immense stretch of time! More days, by three hundred and seventy-six, than there are years from the creation to the Christian era. If I had done all the good in my power every one of those days, it would be quite an amount now. To be sure, in my babyhood I could not have done much more than learn to live; but since I have known good from evil I have been often forgetful and idle.

My dear grandfather mentioned me in his family prayer this morning so tenderly that tears filled my eyes. I think I saw them in his also. May the heavenly Father whom he loves and serves bless him.

My sweet mother folded me closely to her bosom, and said, "My daughter, try to make this

the best year of your life." I will, God being my helper.

I heard two little boys talking. Said the smallest one,

"I've got a beautiful house to live in when I'm out doors. It has a green carpet, and a blue and silver roof."

"Yes," answered the other, "and its builder is God."

What a hateful thing is bad spelling! It ruins the looks of the best writing. Our teacher (I meant to say Preceptor) thinks so too. He requires us to be accurate in every word, but helps us as much as he can, because he knows the orthography of our language is difficult, and defies all rules.

Sometimes he permits us, by way of reward, to choose sides. That's grand! Just before school is out at night, two whom he appoints come forward and choose alternately, just as they please, from among the scholars. They select first those who are known as the best spellers, until the whole are ranged under their leaders like two hosts going to battle.

Then, having a difficult lesson, each leader gives out the words to his regiment, which are to be spelled distinctly, and without waiting a moment. All hesitation is fatal. Down the discomfited one has to sit! The leader who has the greatest number left standing when the conflict is over has the victory. There's sometimes a little boasting; and I suppose 'twould not do to have this pleasure too often. But it helps us mightily over hard places, and I dare say that is the object, as a driver gives his horses a cheery chirrup when about to draw their load up a steep hill.

"I wish I could have my own way sometimes," said one of the girls as we were coming along home from school; "but I can't, because mother will have hers."

"Is not your mother's way the best?"

"She thinks so; but it is different from mine."

"Can't you make your own way the same as your mother's? Then you'd always have your own way."

"I declare that's smart. Why, no! Don't you see that would be only just to be ruled always?"

"What if your were traveling in the new coun-

tries, and did not know the way, and one who did was kind enough to show you—would not it be better to follow the guide than to set off by yourself and get lost?"

"I don't like your philosophy, madam," said she; and so she ran away home.

Now I do most earnestly give thanks that my mother's will has been always mine, and that I never think of any thing different. I dare say it is because she brought me up so, and perhaps there may have been a time when I would have liked to battle for my own way; but if there was, I can't remember it. The praise is hers, and I have had the comfort. If I were thinking how I might rule her, or hide things from her, I should be miserable. It seems to me one of our greatest blessings to obey, and rely lovingly on those who are wise, and willing to guide us. I would have repeated the fifth commandment to my schoolmate if she had not got so angry and flown away.

A neighbor said that her two little ones were going to bed, and, looking at the window, saw it was dark.

"Where are the stars?" said one.

"Tired with shining," answered the other;

"so the cool clouds drew their curtains round, and they went to sleep."

"Did they go to sleep with the spirits of the just made perfect?"

These children had heard their father read the Bible every morning, and laid up some of its language.

We have a delightful school-exercise for every other week instead of a written composition. It is to collect passages of Scripture on some subject which is given us. We arrange them in the order they are found in the Bible, and copy them neatly, and hand them to our Preceptor. If we happen to select one which does not exactly belong to the subject, he points it out to us and explains, and his talk is like holy music.

Each one tries to get the greatest number of texts, and we have a book on purpose to copy them in, and nothing else. Our last theme was the prophecies of the coming of our Lord. I was not aware there were so many, and some of them are the grandest poetry.

We placed them according to the year in which they were written. What a wonderful description is that in the fifty-third of Isaiah! It would seem as if the prophet had looked upon him and followed his life. "A man of sorrows and ac-

quainted with grief; despised and rejected of men; led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

I have learned that sublime chapter by heart, and love to repeat it silently to myself when I lie down to sleep.

One of our schoolmates has lost a dear little brother. When she came back again to school, looking so sad, and telling us of his last sickness, we all mourned with her. He was patient in his pain, and tried to kiss them when his lips were white and cold in death.

One of the last things that he said was, lifting up his poor, thin hands, "Oh, pray! pray, dear Lord, don't let poor mamma cry so much, *so much!*" There stole a sweet smile over his face when he left off to speak, as if the angels took him in their blessed arms.

Owls! Now what strange creatures they are! Faces like cats, and round, unwinking eyes. I wonder why the Athenians chose them as symbols of wisdom. Because they look so grave? People may be grave and stupid too, I think.

But I never can help looking at an owl as long as I can see him. He is so queer and mysterious, as if his great, fixed stare would turn you into stone. I used to wish to have one of my own. Since that, I have heard some things against them.

I guess they are cruel and hard-natured. They feed upon living things, and are greedily fond of little birds. How frightened the poor nurslings must be, who, expecting their pleasant mother, see a pair of great, evil eyes looking over the edge of their nest, and, instead of food, a greedy monster going to eat them!

They catch mice—that is not so bad. I hear they have been seen flying with a snake in their claws, which they let fall to hurt it the more, and then, swooping down, clutch it again. Perhaps that is one of their plays, like their cousin-cats plaguing a mouse they are going to devour.

I am told they can dive and get fish. I wonder at that, if they can see only in the night. But a man who had lived where there are many said he found in a large hollow tree an old owl, with several fishes he had laid up for his private eating. So, if he provides beforehand for winter, or any time of want, he is as wise as the ants.

Gray says, in that beautiful Elegy, which I have just learned, and shall repeat in school,

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl doth to the moon complain,"

perhaps of some mischievous boy who came to steal her preserved fish. Who knows but she had parties sometimes, and made mouse pasties, and a dessert of dried serpents? What a terrible hooting there must be if they had ever a concert!

After all, I wish I knew more of the nature and habits of owls, and of all the winged creatures that God has made.

Our worshipful bench of collegians don't improve in the grace of humility. At our usual Saturday's review of all the weekly studies, they take much more note of other people's mistakes than their own. They are so mighty self-satisfied, too, and boastful. I could not help yesterday just saying to them as they came out of school, "Væ vobis;" whereupon they were exceedingly mad. Drawing together in close conclave, they seemed to be concocting some vengeful plan. I hope there's no branch of the Inquisition existing among them.

We greatly enjoy our Ancient History. In some respects, it is our pleasantest study. Our

recitations give so much to think about, and ask questions too, which our Preceptor is very kind to answer when there is time.

How long it was before men learned to go forth boldly on the waters! The Bible mentions the ships of Solomon, almost a thousand years before Christ, that went to Tarshish, and brought back "gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks." Sidon, and Tyre, and Carthage were among the first of the nations who ventured out upon the deep. I guess, however, they did not go very far out of sight of their own coasts, for they had no compass to guide them, and I doubt whether their vessels would stand storms.

What a grand description is given of the Tyrian ships by the Prophet Ezekiel, almost six hundred years before the birth of Christ! Masts from the cedars of Lebanon; benches of ivory; "fine linen, with broidered work from Egypt, spread forth to be the sails."

But I should not think any of these beautiful things would help them in a tempest. They could not have been strong enough to plow the great ocean waves.

It was the mariner's compass, in 1322, that introduced the world to itself. Then distant climes knocked for the first time at each other's doors. Face to face they stood, bringing what they could

spare, and buying what they wanted. Then commerce grew up and flourished like a great tree, shedding golden fruit upon all the nations.

I fancied I heard some talk among my flowers this morning, and hastily wrote it down:

The Poppy to the Violet spoke,
  There in my garden-bed,
"Stoop down," said she, "you noteless thing,
  And hide your homely head:"
So, then, to drink the sunbeams up,
  Her broad red gown she spread.

But lo! a beauteous youth went by,
  And laid the Poppy low,
Disgusted at her sleepy eye,
  And at her flaunting show,
But mark'd the modest Violet
  Among the grass-blades blow:

And first he touch'd it with his lips,
  Then laid it on his breast,
And then, between his Bible leaves,
  The fragrant flower he pressed,
For the sweet lady whom he loved
  Of all the world the best.

We have got just the queerest little child in the neighborhood, and, I think, the smartest. Her mother died when she was very young, and she lives with her grandmother. Both of them were

highly educated, and have trained her carefully from the beginning. She has not been much with other children, so her talk is like a little old woman. She seems to have a great idea of the precise meaning of words.

One day she was playing on the carpet with a book of pictures. A gentleman said to her,

"I hope you'll be careful and not hurt that nice book."

Fixing her eyes on him, she replied,

"Sir, you should not say *hurt*. Don't you know a book can't feel? The right words are, *You must not injure that book*."

She had been a good deal annoyed by the crying of a baby that had visited there, and on being asked if she liked children, answered sharply,

"Children? By no means! They are my decided aversion."

She has a white kitten of which she is very fond, and a doll that she takes great care of, undressing and putting it in its little bed at night, and dressing it every morning. She was told she must not wash it, for it would take the paint from its cheeks. This rather troubles her, for she says "it would be more beautiful if it was daily bathed."

Her grandmother asked her which she loved best, her doll or her cat. She looked from one

to the other several times, as if it was a hard question; then, wrapping up her doll n a large shawl, as if to prevent its overhearing, she hugged her kitten closely, and, running to her grandmother, whispered in her ear,

"I do love my cat best; but, please, don't tell dolly."

"Why not?"

"I would not for the world hurt her feelings."

What a blessing it is to have such health as to be able to attend school in all weathers. I fear that I am not sufficiently grateful for never being kept at home by sickness. What we always enjoy, like the light, and the air, and the water, we sometimes forget to thank God for. We should praise Him continually, that He never forgets us, though we take His blessed gifts with so little gratitude.

I heard a nice story about one of my schoolmates from her aunt. She had been accustomed to hear her father ask a blessing at the table, and to be still and reverent during the exercise. When scarcely three years old she was taken abroad to spend the day, where they sat down at a table

loaded with many nice things, and began to eat. She was bountifully helped, but did not touch the food, and looked wonderingly and sorrowfully around. Something had been omitted which she thought necessary to every repast. Then she said to the master of the house, "*Peaze, sir, peaze pay*," meaning please to pray. Perhaps he did not understand her broken language, so he took no notice. Then she folded her little hands, and bowed her head till the bright curls fell over her plate, and said distinctly the prayer that her mother had taught her:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

There was silence for a few minutes after the baby-chaplain had done speaking. Then a gray-haired man who was in the company said,

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained praise."

The last day of the year. It seems as if a good old friend was going away. Many blessed things did it bring me, for which I praise the Great Giver, my Father in Heaven.

Friday, January 1st, 1813.

My birth-day again—my thirteenth. That used to be a great era among the ancient Romans, who then gave their sons the *toga virilis*, receiving them into the ranks of men. I do not read that they conferred any distinction on their daughters when they reached that age. For my part, I should not consider it any favor to be hurried into womanhood before the time. I like girlhood better; for, if you don't have as much liberty, there is more chance to learn, and I want to get all the knowledge I can, it makes one so happy.

I wonder if I could not find thirteen events or facts worth remembering to distinguish my birthday. I take such pleasure in dates and correspondent numbers. Let's see:

1. At thirteen the Jewish youth were accustomed to make public resolutions of good conduct amid the prayers of righteous men.

2. At thirteen the garment of manhood was bestowed on the boys of ancient Rome.

3. There are thirteen clauses in the creed of the Jews.

4. Thirteen states which, thirty-seven years since, formed an alliance to resist British power,

and bravely persisted till they won the liberties of our united and happy country.

5. Thirteen kings there were in England from the fall of the Saxon dynasty to the forcible accession of the house of York, under Edward IV.

6. Cranmer was thirteen years old when he entered Cambridge University, a good scholar, afterward an archbishop and a martyr.

7. Thirteen years was King Solomon in building his own palace.

8. In the thirteenth year of the reign of Josiah, Jeremiah commenced his prophecy.

9. Thirteen cubits was the length of the gate of the grand temple described in the vision of Ezekiel.

10. There are thirteen pieces in the ancient game of hazard or bowls, at which our Indians, in the early settlement of the country, used to play madly till they lost every thing.

11. Thirteen lunar months to the year.

12. Thirteen to a baker's dozen, I've been told, but don't know why.

13. Here I'm put to my trumps for the thirteenth date; so I'll add my own thirteenth birthday on this first day of January, 1813, it being three hundred and twenty-one years from the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and twenty-four since the establishment of the

government of these United States. His Excellency James Madison is our fourth president, being now in the fourth year of his administration.

May Heaven guide our happy country, and make us a firmly united and Christian people.

Methinks I wrote somewhat flippantly on my birth-day. God forgive me if it was so. I ought to be humble, for I am very far from the high standard that I hope to reach. But oh! I am so happy! This world is so beautiful; my friends are so kind; my mind is so thankful for the new ideas that enter and flow through it like a great well-spring of delight. What can I do but bless my dear Father in Heaven, and rejoice in his mercy!

The class in Butler's Analogy having nearly finished their last review of that good and very deep book, our Preceptor rewards us for attention to it by sometimes reading to us in Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. He explains it, and examines us in what we think about it, so we are obliged to fix our minds closely on what he reads. He makes it interesting, as, in-

deed, he does every thing that he teaches us. It seems this was a favorite book with President Edwards when he was a little boy. I suppose it gave its character to his mind and his future remarkable writings. He was born in 1703, entered Yale College at twelve, and graduated at sixteen, the age at which young men nowadays begin their college studies.

It was a good reply which one of our soldiers made to a British general in the war of 1776. He was taken prisoner after one of our battles, and carried into the presence of Lord Cornwallis, a proud and pompous man. Looking on the fallen foe with a frowning brow, he asked haughtily,

"Where is the baggage of your party?"

"Out of your reach, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the Americans are between you and that."

This is something like the spirit of the ancient Spartans, who said, when their enemies required them to lay down their arms, "Come and take them."

Our Preceptor says distinguished people almost always keep journals, and that, to feel the full benefit of the habit, we should never omit a day. I have no prospect of belonging to the distingué, and as for writing every single day in a journal, it is quite out of the question. I think the advantage, if there is any, must be in the writing part alone, for to read the daily record of our proceedings would be but too tedious and stupid.

We often have company in our school, and whoever comes is sure to notice one thing. By the side of the Preceptor, at his desk on the raised platform, sits a pupil, to whom he turns with deference, and sometimes consults in a low voice. In the morning, after prayers, when he reads aloud to us the Rules, so that none may say they did not know them, this same personage pronounces from a written paper the annexed penalties for breaking each separate one. During the day he watches with Argus-eyes every misdemeanor, and if any heedless creature leaves a seat without liberty, whispers to another, etc., out comes the cabalistic pencil, and on a large slate, containing the list of all the names in the order they stood the preceding day, down goes the offender in the class

one, two, or three, or to the bottom, according to the degree of guilt. The scholars, at entering and leaving the room, must bow or courtesy to this remarkable viceroy as much as to the Principal.

Now how came they to this place of honor? This is the way. One of our daily lessons is a page in the Dictionary, with the orthography, meaning, and grammatical character of each word. The last exercise, before the prayer that dismisses us to our homes, is this lesson. We all stand in a row, being called one by one, according to the order on the Monitor's slate. If any scholar misses, either in spelling or definition, the word is passed onward, and the successful one goes above the rest. Whoever is at the head of the class when the lesson is over is Monitor for the next day. The last office of the one in power is to write the order of the class on the large slate, placing his or her own the last.

Oh, but to go down and get up again is so fine! Good scholarship and good conduct help you along mighty fast; and then, if there should happen to be no failure any where, which is hardly to be expected, you will be at the head in twenty-five nights by regular rotation. Yet I usually get up a precious deal faster than that; and then at the end of the term the pupil who has been

Monitor the greatest number of times is to have a nice book for a premium.

Whoever should continue this course two or three years would stand a chance to know the true meaning of a good many words in our language. I think this is a right cunning plan; for though the orthographical lessons, going into the structure and root of words as they do, are hard, every scholar is fierce to learn them; and it is quite wise, too, that the magisterial office of Monitor can be held but a single day. The power and honor are so great that they would puff us up, very likely, as "Mistress Gilpin, careful soul," when she went to ride, would not let the carriage come within three doors of her house, "lest folks should say that she was proud."

A beautiful legend of the Turks our Preceptor told us in one of his pleasant talks, where we always get instruction. He indulges us in them when the business of the day is over, if we have pleased him by our conduct.

Every man, say they, is attended by two angels, one on his right hand, the other on his left. When he does a good action, the angel looking over the right shoulder smiles on him, writes it down, and seals it with rose-colored wax. When

he commits a fault, the angel on the left writes it down, but does not seal it. He lingers with a sorrowful face. He waits until sunset; then, if the man repents—if he says, "O Allah! I have done wrong," and gives alms to the poor, the angel washes out the writing with perfumed water, and presses on his forehead the kiss of peace.

But if he does not repent—if the daylight fades away and the darkness comes, and he has not prayed Allah to pardon him, nor given bread to the hungry, or water to the thirsty, or garments to the naked, the record is sealed up for the judgment.

I am sure we Christians might be made better, if we would, by this Moslem moral.

It is an interesting tradition of the ancient Assyrians, that Semiramis, when she was cast out in the woods a helpless babe, was surrounded by doves, who pitied and cooed over her, and were wondering what food they could go and get the poor infant, when a shepherd came and took her to his own hut.

She did not show any very dovelike properties after she became a queen and a warrior, though Romulus always resembled his wolf-nurse. I wonder if the ballad of the robins covering the

children in the woods with leaves did not come in the beginning from this old fable of the doves and baby.

Somebody had given our boy-neighbor a small bow and arrow. He was perfectly delighted. As I passed to school, I saw him on the door-step trying to take aim.

"Whom are you going to shoot, Johnny?"

"You."

"Me! Then you could not come to see me any more Saturday afternoons."

"Well, I sha'n't shoot you; but I wish Satan would just heave in sight."

"Why?"

"'Cause then I'd shoot him dead, and he couldn't do any more evil."

Methought the child had a patriotism as large as the world to wish to rid it of its great enemy.

He had been a good deal troubled by the rain a while since, which had kept him from his out-door plays. His mother was reading aloud in the Bible, not long after, the passage that speaks of sending rain both upon the good and the unthankful.

"I don't think much of that," said he, interrupting her with his commentary. "I expect to

be one of the good people myself, but I don't want to be washed away by the rain."

I have had a party. Can it be possible? I'm sure I never expected to; but my sweet mother proposed it herself. She thought it proper that I should pay this attention to my friends, several of whom had invited me, and that it would please my grandfather, who loves the young. She said the entertainment must be simple, and break up at nine o'clock.

Of course, we were to have an early tea, and our old colored woman was delighted at the thought of serving it round. How kind and busy was my dear mother to see that the biscuits, cake, and sliced ham should be nice and in the best order.

All the scholars were invited, and scarcely any failed to come. How well and neatly they looked, dressed in their very best. Excellent manners, too, most of them had. At this I was surprised, having seen some behave very differently in school. It pleased me much that, after entering the room, they each went up and bowed and courtesied to my good grandfather. He looked beautifully, seated in his arm-chair, his hair, which is not very white for his years, brushed so smooth and shining.

"I like to see young people," said he, as he took them by the hand; "I don't know why they should not like to see me too."

"Indeed, we do, sir," they answered with one voice. Then some of them gathered round him, and asked for stories of the Revolution and of Washington. After gratifying them a while, he requested them to sing a song or tell a story. That used to be the way in the circles of old times.

They tried to do as well as they could, out of respect to his wishes, but soon fell back into a variety of pleasant games. We played similes, and history characters, and "what's my thought like?" and made words out of letters printed on little squares of pasteboard, which we gave to each other to find out, having the right to ask three questions about the word when it was discovered, and whoever made a mistake in answering must pay a forfeit. That's a right good game to review studies by. There's fun in it too.

Then we took to telling riddles and conundrums. I am not very good at deciphering them, but some of the girls are as quick as the light.

"What is it," said Henry Howard, "that gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?"

When some one answered "a draught" or "draft," I wondered I could not have thought of it myself. My mother asked, "Why is a woman

diligent at her needle like the great enemy of souls mentioned in the parable of the sower?" The right answer was, "Because she sews tears (tares) while others sleep."

"What said the cat when she came out of the ark?" was another. And a great laugh there was when Henry Howard replied in the Irish brogue,

"*E'er a rat* here," sounding broadly like Ararat. So swiftly fled the evening that we were amazed when the church bell began to ring for nine o'clock. Then all took a respectful leave of grandfather and mother, and told me how much they had enjoyed their visit.

I could not but feel ashamed that I had so often been displeased and satirical at our class of college students when I saw how dignified they could appear. Quite a number of the pupils, too, who had never been distinguished for scholarship, I found, were so by fine manners and attention to older people. So I felt more strongly than ever that there are various kinds of goodness in the world, and that we should try to do justice to all, and not expect every body to follow one pattern.

When I kissed and bade my precious mother good-night, I thanked her for her indulgence and thoughtful care to make me happy, and was delighted that she and my grandfather both express-

ed their approval of my conduct and manners throughout the evening.

"Social feelings and virtues," said he, "are essential to every well-balanced character."

Truly does he exemplify his own precept. He loves all mankind, and so enters into the pleasures of the young that there is no shadow of the coldness or crossness of age about him.

The examination at the close of our scholastic year is soon to take place. Four terms we have, of twelve weeks each, with a vacation of one week between. I think that is a nice division of time, keeping us close to our studies, but allowing a little rest. Our Principal always takes care not to press the mind too much, and to make it pleasant to get knowledge, so that we do not grow weary in it or of it. We love his gentle rule, and love to be together, so that even our short vacations seem long enough, and too long.

At the end of every term is a review of our studies, at which the parents are present, but at the completion of the year is a more thorough examination. Then every pupil has liberty to invite three friends, and the Preceptor ad libitum, so we shall expect a full audience, though a select one. We shall adorn our room with vases

and garlands of flowers. Our Preceptor says we must not spend too much time in arranging them, but simply present them as a sweet welcome to our friends, and make the principal entertainment our own faultless recitations, and good conduct and manners. How earnest he is for our improvement, and how his fine, expressive face lights up with smiles when we do well.

What a glorious chapter is the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians! When I read it by myself in my chamber, slowly, and musing upon every word, it lifts up my soul as if an angel spoke. Portions of it have been committed to memory from time to time, and last Sunday I finished learning the whole. I felt happier for it through the day. Now, when I lie down at night, I can repeat it to myself, provided I do not fall asleep before I reach the end; so I take holy thoughts with me into my dreams.

What a beautiful effect it has in the burial service of the Episcopal Church! After that fine train of reasoning, and the terrific assertion, "Then are all that have fallen asleep in Christ perished," like what a music-strain it breaks forth, "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Christian

faith and resolve gather new strength from its grand close, "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

We school-girls have been talking about how far back we can remember. There are a variety of opinions. Some say till four years of age, others three, and others even earlier. It is difficult to distinguish between what has been told us and what is entirely the work of memory. Strange or terrifying things may make a very early impression.

Snatches of scenes and glimpses of persons I remember when a very young child; but they are vague, and mixed up like a dream. Besides, I am not certain that some of them were not described to me. Of one thing, however, I am sure, and that is a clear remembrance of the great total eclipse of the sun when I was six years, five months, and sixteen days old.

It took place on Monday morning, June 17th, 1806. The washer-woman, at her tub in the kitchen, was rather cross because I wanted to smoke pieces of glass at her fire.

"Miss Lucy, you're a gettin in my way every

minute. My clothes is on a bilin, as you see, and it's ten o'clock, and I can't be hindered so."

"Please just let me smoke this last piece a little more, to look at the eclipse with."

"'Clipse! What a fuss starin arter 'clipses! I've seen 'em ever since I was as high as a hen."

But my controversy soon ceased, for the wonderful sight began. The moon moved slowly before the face of her master, and, as she proceeded, the trees and grass assumed a melancholy hue. A ring of brightness was preserved, but growing narrower and narrower, until the usurping satellite wholly covered the great, blessed sun. Then the earth looked dismal, and the birds hushed their song; the herds left off grazing, and stood in solemn silence; my chickens flew upon their roost; the summer air grew chill, and a strange vapor floated over the ground. Here and there might be seen a pale, frightened-looking star, as if it knew it had no business there.

Oh, how sad it seemed, and yet sublime! But the parent sun pitied the earth, and suddenly broke forth, methought much faster than he disappeared. Madam Moon fell into her right place again, and took the stars with her. All Nature rejoiced at the recovered noon-day. Astronomers say that such an eclipse will not take place again for many hundred years.

Friends of mine, who were traveling, passed at this time through the settlement of a tribe of Indians. They all came forth to gaze on this sudden change, not knowing that it was to take place; but the pride of their race withheld them from expressing fear, or even surprise. Though they could not turn their eyes away from it, they just said in the coldest, haughtiest way, "*They'd seen such things before,*" which, of course, was not the case.

We are through with the great yearly examination of all our studies. It was not as bad a time as I expected. We all appeared in the neatest dresses, and the school-room and halls were beautifully clean. When the people first began to come was the worst time. The minister, and the deacons, and the doctor looked so grave, I thought I should suffocate if I had to speak before them; but when my sweet mother, and my grandfather in his serene old age, took their seats and turned their eyes toward me, I said to myself, "I'll die before I put you to shame."

So I determined to speak distinctly whatever I had to say, and not plague any who took the trouble to come and hear us. After we begun, every study brought zeal with it, and we forgot

ourselves. The questions were given and answered rapidly. If any one hesitated a moment it was passed to the next. I inly prayed that the hateful word "*the next*" might not be spoken to me, and God granted my prayer.

I firmly believe that no man on earth besides our Preceptor could have gone thoroughly through such a variety of studies in so short a time. Being himself the sole teacher in every one, and accustomed in our weekly reviews to examine us without a book, and having always trained us to promptness of reply, and to feel it disgraceful to have a question passed, he went on with a clearness of mind and rapidity that seemed to be shared or imitated by the scholars. He took not up a moment of time with remarks to the audience, but simply said to them, with his peculiarly graceful, courteous bow, "Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you, and will all do our best."

The hardest part of the whole was to rise and read our own compositions. I do not know why we should not learn to do difficult things as well as agreeable ones, for life is not always to be filled with easy lessons. I remembered that dear grandfather did not hear perfectly unless one spoke slowly and distinctly. I thought it a pity if I could not take a little trouble for him, and was gratified, when we got home, to be told that

he heard every syllable. A portion only were selected for this exercise, and a few of the boys to declaim, lest the audience might be wearied. They did not appear to be, and our close was beautiful. Hand in hand, like a circle of twenty-five brothers and sisters, we sang, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing."

To-morrow morning we meet for a little while to take leave and receive prizes. How sorrowful it is that our Preceptor returns no more. He bids us farewell, to commence his theological course in a distant city. He does not know of the gifts we have prepared for him. All of us have united and bought him a fine edition of Shakspeare, his favorite poet, and a large, beautiful Bible, having in gold letters upon its cover his name, as the gift of his grateful pupils. So hereafter, in his own home and his family devotions, he will remember us.

We have met and parted, and I hold in my hand the medal toward which our efforts for a year have turned. It seems as if I were not writing the truth. Have I deserved this prize? Indeed, I have tried for it, but have thought for some time past that two or three others had a better chance of obtaining it. I supposed I should

have the Monitor's premium, having filled that office the greatest number of times during the last term, but had requested it might be given to my dear friend Mary Ann, who was next me on the list, because I had received it before. I believed myself a competitor for the credit-mark premium, but this we never know until the final counting of our Preceptor, who gives us a mark for every correct and audible answer in all our studies, copying them from the Monitor's slate at night, and placing their amount every Saturday in his book opposite our names. But, then, every infraction of the rules sweeps off a number of these marks, so that we can seldom tell how we stand in this matter till quite the last. However, I had about settled down that I had as good a prospect here as any one, and that the medal would be of difficult decision between two or three older pupils.

When it was suddenly announced to be mine by undoubted merit, a strange feeling came over me—a mingled shock of embarrassment and gratitude. I did not see clearly, and when it was my duty to go forward and receive it, a sort of nightmare seized my limbs, and it seemed impossible to move. I believed I could not speak, but by some means or other my thought became a murmur that I did not deserve it; whereupon our

Preceptor cried "A vote," and every hand was raised. Then he kindly came toward me, and threw the chain of the medal around my neck while I was blind with tears.

But oh! the parting with him; it was so bitter to us all. He tenderly counseled us about our future conduct, and that we should early and firmly give our hearts to our Father in Heaven. We shall not soon forget his beautiful quotation from Cicero: "I can not think any one in his right mind who is destitute of religion." To the precept of the heathen he added the impressive words of the Psalmist, "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Then he read the twenty-second of Acts, that affecting parting of St. Paul with the flock at Miletus, and, kneeling down, committed us all in prayer to Almighty God for the last time.

The last time! And now he is gone, and we shall see him no more, all of us together as a family, in this world. The Lord bless him wheresoever he shall go. He has done a good work for us, and been faithful. When we come to die, I believe we shall count him among our best, truest benefactors. The Lord bless him and his teachings to us.

I am so pleased that the scholars are not angry at me for having the medal. I felt almost afraid to meet them after the school was broken up. I think in my own private mind that Harriette should have had it. She writes better compositions; and there are two of the older boys who are certainly more thorough classics. I have taken rather more pains, perhaps, to be diligent and obedient, and, I suppose, all such things were taken into view in according the reward for a whole year. But as to the matter of talents and scholarship, I do not believe I stood first, and I guess others think so too.

But they are all so good. It brings tears into my eyes to think of it. Several have called on purpose to express their satisfaction, and others that I have met crossed the street to take me by the hand and say they were glad. Especially Harriette, who is in so many respects my superior, said, "Sweet Lucy, it is your right, for I am older than you, and if I happen to know a few more things, that don't alter the case; so come here and kiss me."

Then Henry Howard must needs call out, in his own queer way, "Lady mine! you have fairly won."

I do feel happy, though in a measure humbled, by this reward, and truly thankful to Him from

whom cometh every good gift, for enabling me to obtain it, if, indeed, I have in any measure deserved it.

Sadness gathers over me when I think of the farewell of our kind Instructor to his pupils. Very strong are the ties that bind our hearts to those who lead us in the paths of knowledge. He was not content with just imparting to us what we find in books. He called into action all our better powers, and tried to fit us to do our duty in the sight of God. He wished us to love each other, and to love all mankind. He taught us to reverence the Sabbath, and, while we enlarged our minds with new ideas, to feed the heart with right affections, and the soul with the bread that came down from heaven.

Therefore we so loved him, because he daily made us wiser and happier. Methinks I shall never cease to mourn the loss of such a teacher and friend.

Saturday, January 1st, 1814.

The vanishing week brings me a birth-day. Methinks it throws it at my head, like a snow-ball, with an icy hand. But I receive it gladly, as a token of good, from Him who, sitting above the clouds and the cold, sends it to me.

Though Winter ranges o'er the plains,
  And strips their verdure bare,
And with a withering touch congeals
  What once was bright and fair,

And strikes the little songsters mute,
  Or drives them far away,
And seals the brooklet's fringed lip
  That sang at summer's day,

He shall not touch my simple strain
  That flows devoid of art,
There is no frost-work on my lyre,
  No winter in my heart.

I am perusing the Sacred Volume by myself, in course, and was struck with the great beauty of a passage that occurred in the one hundred and sixth Psalm, my portion for this morning: "Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that Thou bearest unto thy people: oh! visit me with Thy salvation; that I may see the good of Thy cho-

sen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of Thy nation, that I may glory with Thine inheritance."

I have great comfort with my friend Mary Ann. We are side by side in most of our studies, and always one in heart. I have seen her more than usual during this vacation, and love her better than ever. She is like a sister, as far as I know what a sister would be; at any rate, she is one to me. When we enter school, as our seats are not together, we always smile upon each other; and if any thing goes hard in our lessons, we look into each other's loving eyes, and seem to get light and strength. After school, if we are not obliged to hasten home, I walk with her to her door one day, and she with me the next. She is so beautiful, and her thick, raven hair so glossy. Sometimes I think she is an angel. I wish we might go to school together all the days of our lives.

Some of the girls laugh at us. Others say, they wonder what we find in each other so very remarkable. They wish to give us names significant of our preference. One of the boys said that neither sacred or classic story gave an instance of female friendship, so that the only way would be to form a feminine to David and Jona-

than, or Castor and Pollux, or Beaumont and Fletcher. So, thinking himself very witty, he exclaimed, "For the present, we can do no better than to call them Miss David and Miss Jonathan. But which of them, do you suppose, will brandish the sling and stone? for I don't believe either, for all they're such famous scholars, would have the pluck to kill Goliath."

Alas! alas! what shall I do? It is decided that I must not go to school any more. How can I write such words? How can I believe them?

People have been talking to mother. They say I am a good scholar in French and in Latin, in Algebra, History, and all the common branches, and that there's no more for me to learn. 'Tis not true. I am just a beginner. To be sure, I've taken pains to get my lessons well. I wish I had not. I wish I had made mistakes at the public examination. I wish I had mumbled when I read or spoke, so that they could not have heard me.

I wonder if this does not come from getting the medal. I'd rather never have had it, nor any of my other prizes.

Grandfather says, when he was young, the women did not go to school so much, and were

better housekeepers, and had better health. I don't see why their housekeeping, or their health either, should be helped by being dunces. "You polish and polish," he says to mother, when talking about my education, "but will the foundation be stronger?" Oh dear! I don't wish to hear any of their arguments to this end. I expected to have been a pupil much longer. I feel as if I knew nothing yet as I ought to know.

Every thing has two sides. A clear mind ought to look upon both. Now about this miserable matter of leaving school so young. I have fully bemoaned myself. Is not there comfort to be found somewhere? "If a bee has stung us," says an old writer, "we may as well hunt after the honey."

Our adored Preceptor is going away. He understood all our characters and loved us. Perhaps some one will take his place who may do neither. It would be sad to see a stranger in his seat. So it is a good time to leave when he leaves.

I need not forsake studying. Is not the whole world of books before me? Besides, I have something new to learn, the domestic science of making home happy. It belongs to my sex, and

has many details and an unending scope. One need not be ashamed of it, for it well employs both mind and heart.

Now I can have time to help my darling mother. There is the strong consolation. If I can relieve her from the slighest care—if I can come with my young arm to the aid of that which so tenderly embraced me when a helpless infant—if I can see her, when sad or weary, turning to me as a useful assistant, I shall be grateful and grieve no more.

Many stories of the Revolutionary War my good grandfather knows, which are much more interesting for his having borne a part in those stirring times. Love of country seemed then to fill every bosom. He belonged to the first company in his native state that sprang up and left their homes at the news that blood was shed at Lexington.

In one of the neighboring villages an aged negro servant came into the house, saying,

"What for 'e drum beat? No trainin-day, no town-meetin, but 'e drum beat."

Some doubt being expressed of the fact, he went out again, and, returning hastily, exclaimed,

"I wish Pompey drop down dead if 'e great drum don't beat."

In his steps came the son, the sole hope of the family.

"Father, please to reach me down the gun. Mother, put me up some bread and cheese. The regulars have shot down our people at Lexington. I must go."

There was no holding back of their treasure. The lips of the parents pronounced the words of blessing, and he set off on his journey of more than a hundred miles to peril his young life in the "high places of the field."

Once, while Washington was engaged in superintending the building of a fort, a flag of truce was sent from the British. He left the timbers, and stones, and toiling soldiers, to take the message of the envoy.

The time of dinner arrived, and the stranger was invited to partake. It was simply boiled pork, with the vegetables of the country, brought on in a large tub. No apology was made. Each man was requested to seek out a clean chip for his plate, and partake. This they did cheerfully, and with hearty appetite.

He who bore the flag of truce said on his return, "I thought, until now, that the rebels would be easily subdued; but men who are willing to do as I saw them do can never be conquered."

There was something of the spirit of Rome in her best days, and, what was better still, that Christian reliance on the God of battles, and that belief in the righteousness of their cause, that led on through every hardship to victory. So said my venerable grandfather, and so I believe.

Dear mother says the spirit of order is essential to all good housekeeping. I wish to begin at the right end, and learn it like any other science. "Order is Heaven's first law," said Pope. Then it ought to be ours, if we expect to get to heaven, and feel at home there.

I am to have certain departments in the house committed to my care. Simple enough they seem, and when I am quite *au fait* in them I shall go higher. Besides the regular work of the family, my mother has a particular employment assigned for each day of the week, and our clever colored woman has thus become quite systematic.

I shall try, also, to fix my own hours in conformity with her plans, and my seasons for reading, writing, needle-work, and social intercourse. It will be beautiful, I am sure. Thus, every day, I hope to see that something useful has been done; every week, that something new has been learned; every month, that a good advance has

been made; every season and year, that I become more what I ought to be—what I shall wish I had been when I make up the account of life. My heavenly Father, I look to Thee for wisdom and strength to persevere.

What funny mistakes children make about words! A little sister of one of my friends had been taught to say at night, as a religious exercise,

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep," &c.

She had heard some animals described, and among them the lama, and, from resemblance in the sound of the third and fourth words in the first line, thought it was the name of this quadruped. So, after a while, says she, when going to bed, "Mamma, I'm awful tired of always saying 'Now I *lama*;' won't it do once in a while to say,

> "'Now I *camel* down to sleep?'"

I begin to like knitting very much. I find I can knit and read at the same time. It is mighty interesting to do two things at once. In the long evening, by a bright fire, I knit at my mother's side, and learn of her to shape a stocking, which

is quite an art. Grandfather says there was an old adage that "they who knit their own stockings never came to poverty." I suppose it meant that the habits of industry and economy thus cherished would be a protection against beggary and want.

I have a great desire to know something about cookery, not because the French call it a fine art, but because it makes people happy at the table, and has a great deal to do with health. Heavy bread and puddings, meat half roasted, or fried up like shot, I am sure hurt people's stomachs, and temper too. There shall be no such things in my house when I have one; so I must learn now how long different kinds of meat, fish, and vegetables require to be exposed to heat, that I may teach others. Mamma says she will instruct me how various favorite dishes are composed, and I am to have a book of my own, in which to write the rules and recipes of all that I make with my own hands. I don't see why it won't be as nice as learning a new language, and about as extensive too, if one only gives their mind to it. In one way it seems to be better, for you might decline nouns, and conjugate verbs, and interest nobody but yourself; whereas, if you bring forward

a light cake or a well-browned chicken, there will likely be pleasant words and smiles to repay you.

A new thing has been learned to-day. It makes me very happy. There was a large wheel in the garret, and grandfather said he wished me to spin upon it, for it made a peculiar kind of music, which in early days was pleasant to his ear. Then I began turning it round at a great rate, but he said "not so." My mother produced some long, white rolls of wool, like the softest silk, and instructed me how to draw out a thread evenly from them, turning the wheel with judgment to give it consistence; then, when two or three threads are put together, and slightly twisted, it is in a fit state to make durable stockings. It would please me very much to knit a pair or two for dear grandfather of my own spinning. The exercise is so exhilarating, too. As soon as I was able to manage the machine, I sang involuntarily from lightness of heart. It is said that people have been cured of pulmonary weakness by spinning at the great wheel, so salutary is its action to the chest, as well as other sets of muscles. Some old writer has christened it "Hygeia's harp." I do not intend to be ashamed of its use, though it may be rather out of fashion;

and, if my mother consents, should like to keep it in action an hour in each day, provided I can find enough to spin. Flannel sheets are thus made, which old and feeble people find comfortable in the winter; also cotton may be spun upon it, as well as what is hatcheled out of flax, which is economically converted, I am told, into table-cloths and towels for the kitchen, with other coarse and durable fabrics.

I have now more time to get acquainted with mother's pensioners. Old Mrs. Dean lives in a very small, cold house. She is more than seventy. All the family have to support them is what is earned by her daughter, who goes out to washing, scouring, and the hardest work: While she is away, the grandmother takes care of the children as well as she can. The oldest, Nancy, nine years old, lost the use of her lower limbs by the scarlet fever, and is able only to help a little with her poor, thin hands. Then there are two boys, three and four years old, full of health, and just as rude as they can be. A tight thing it is for the old person and the feeble girl to keep them in any sort of order. Their father went away two years ago, and has not been heard from since. Perhaps he was no great comfort to the family

when he was with them, as he liked drinking better than work, and used sometimes to come home as bad and fierce as a grizzly bear, and drive them all out of the house. Mamma said I might take a nice, nourishing soup to them if I would make it myself. This was a double pleasure, and so, asking directions of her and the colored woman, I proceeded as follows:

A large piece of beef containing a marrow-bone, and which is, I believe, called a hock, was boiled the whole afternoon, carefully taking off whatever rose to the top; then it was poured out to cool. In the morning the oleaginous part was removed, and likewise the sediment at the bottom, in which were small fragments of bone. Returning it to the vessel, which had been nicely cleansed, it was permitted to boil gently and steadily until about an hour before it was to be used. The bones were then taken out, a quantity of carrots, turnips, and potatoes, cut like dice, added, with a little cabbage and celery cut small; some flour, browned at the fire, and mixed evenly without lumps, put in, to thicken and give it color, with salt and pepper sufficient to flavor it. It was a real cold day when Amy went to help me carry it, taking also a couple of loaves of her nice bread. Poor Mrs. Dean sat shivering when we went in, for there was but little fire. When she had tasted

two or three spoonfuls of the nutritious food, light came to her eye, and she said, "God bless you, my dear young lady." I could scarcely help crying for joy. Feeble Nancy received a large saucer full, for the distance was so short that we got it there quite warm, and seemed comforted as she cowered over the hearth, where were a few embers. The two little ragamuffins, who had been pitching each other into the snow, came in for a plentiful share, dispatching soup and bread in a marvelous manner. "That's right good," said they, smacking their lips; "give us some more on't." I told them to make a bow to their grandmother, and thank her for their dinner. "'Ta'n't her'n," said they. But I insisted that they should make her a bow, and showed them how to bend their stiff backs, at which they seemed, in the end, mightily entertained. I am going over once or twice a week to teach Nancy to read, she having never had health to go to school, and then I secretly contemplate instructing these semi-barbarians a little, at least in the alphabet of civilization.

Though grandfather is very much pleased with my interest in household matters, he does not wish me to lay aside my studies. He expressed

a fear lest I should forget what I had acquired at school, especially the languages; so I have translated for him to-day a part of one of the Georgics, and some passages from the Æneid. I could not but observe that he gave more entire attention to the former than to the latter, though it was a stirring portion of the second book, describing the conflagration of Troy. This convinced me that, though he had been so long a military man, his tastes were peaceful. Doubtless he became a soldier from duty, when his country struggled for life, but his heart was with Nature and rural things. He was delighted with this little classical exercise, and desired me to repeat it three times a week, appointing the hour. His own excellent memory seems to remain unimpaired; but I see that he takes pains to keep it in action, not only by recurring to what he learned in youth, but by committing something verbatim almost every day, if only a few lines of poetry. If every aged person would be equally careful in exercising their memory, I think they might prevent its decay. After the reading, when we had talked a little about Virgil, he repeated to me one of the versions of his epitaph, which pleased him by its concise narration of facts:

"I sang flocks, heroes, tillage: Mantua gave
Me life; Brundusium, death; Naples, a grave."

I never much liked William the Conqueror, nor, indeed, any of the Norman line. My sympathies have been with the Saxons. It was tyrannical in the new lords to tear down their houses and plant great forests to hunt in, and let the growling wild beasts in where the children grew. Then they guarded their selfish pleasures by such severe laws, putting out the eyes of whoever pursued any game without permission, though they had so little idea of justice that he who killed one of his fellow-creatures might get off by paying a fine. William laid waste the country for some thirty miles, to make the new forest near his palace at Winchester; drove the poor inhabitants from their dwellings, and gave them no compensation. I always thought it was right that his son, William Rufus, should have been slain in that very wilderness they were so proud of, instead of the deer that he was himself hunting.

Those Norman kings! those Norman kings!
With their stern and haughty port,
They crush'd the life from a thousand homes
For the sake of their savage sport.

For the sake of hunting the boar and hare,
With uproar of horns and cries,
They put out the fire from a thousand hearths,
That thickets and dells might rise.

No more those humble roof-trees smiled,
Nor the mead like amber flow'd

But the conquer'd Saxon shuddering wept
O'er the wreck of his loved abode.

I was glad to find that old Mrs. Dean had a comfortable fire. Somebody had sent a good quantity of wood, she did not know who. I think grandfather may, who, in his alms, observes the divine rule not to "let the right hand know what the left doeth." She was much pleased with some coarse yarn I brought her, of my own spinning, from gray wool which mother had given me. With this, she said, she could knit stockings for them all, and teach Nancy to help her. I was delighted to find how much the latter had improved in reading, for she practices in the simple books I left with her during the intervals of teaching. She is able now to read one of the short psalms to the family in the morning, and before they go to bed at night. "That's such a comfort," said the grandmother, "and seems so much like a prayer." Strange as it was, the two wild boys stood still, listening, while she read to me. Then the oldest twitched my sleeve, vociferating, "I want to use them 'ere books as well as Nance." I asked him if he would learn to read, and he answered, "Yes, I will;" so I gave him a lesson, and, to my great surprise, he attend-

ed earnestly, and promised to learn another before I came again. Then I told him if I taught him to read he must mind his mother and grandmother, and wait upon his sick sister, for the great end of knowledge was to make people good. So he promised that he would, to my great amazement; and when I gave him a little book, remembering my former lesson in manners, he made a low bow, and said, "Thank you, ma'am, for my dinner," that being the phrase which was at first taught him.

My grandfather said that in the olden time a variety of domestic cordials were compounded for the weak and weary, especially during seasons of severe cold. One of these he mentioned as worthy of a place among my practical recipes, whereupon my mother immediately provided me with the materials, viz., one ounce and a half of white ginger in the root, four pounds of loaf sugar, and two large, fine lemons. It is better to have the ginger unpulverized, that it may leave no sediment, and white rather than yellow, if you wish the cordial colorless. Macerate the root; mix it with the sugar and juice of the lemons; pour upon them six quarts of water; add two large spoonfuls of fresh yeast; stir the whole in some

deep vessel, and allow it to stand two days without moving. When the fermentation is complete, pour off the cordial; add enough pure white spirit to prevent its acidulating; strain it through a flannel bag; bottle, and cork it with care. When well made, it is very clear, and has sometimes, at first opening, as much fixed air as Champagne. It is better to put it in pint bottles, as, after being once uncorked, it loses a portion of its life. It is agreeable to the taste, and also a cheap and useful gift to the invalid poor, who frequently, in their convalescence, suffer for the want of a simple restorative, and are thus tempted to the unsafe search of stimulants and the formation of ruinous habits.

I wonder if I could not write a novel. I think I might, though I have never read one. Mamma has not been willing that I should occupy my time with them. I suppose I must take Earls and Countesses, and several singular people, and beauty and love, and dangers and escapes, and perils and quarrels, and shake all up together, and the end would be matrimony. A great deal of uncommon action to arrive at a common condition. And then, I understand, all the romance vanishes.

Emily, Mary Ann's handsome cousin, has some young brothers and sisters who are bright, and say queer, funny things. One of them had a slight touch of fever not long since. Having heard it said that people were sometimes delirious with such complaints, he seemed to be looking out for that condition. One day, growing rather tired with sitting up, he cried out suddenly, "Lay me on the bed! lay me on the bed! my head is getting affected! my reputation is gone!" But the panic, which was half serious, half in laughter, soon passed away.

Dear mother likes the sound of the French; so I have been reading her, by little and little, the two sacred dramas of Racine, Esther and Athalie. It seems he was induced to write them by the request of Madame de Maintenon, who wished something drawn from Scripture history to be recited by the young ladies under her charge at St. Cyr. Thus Miss Hannah More composed her sacred dramas, as a similar exercise for the pupils of the school conducted by her elder sisters.

Adieu to the first volume of my journal. Every possible space in it is covered. I began it with reluctance, as we are sometimes forced into an acquaintance with a stranger whom we do not expect to like. But it has been quite a comfort, on the whole. I have formed such a habit of gossiping with it that it seems like a sort of intelligent companion. At all events, it is a good listener. More than this, I believe it is a good friend; and if I make a right use of its friendship, it will be the means of aiding my improvement here and my happiness hereafter.

Sunday, January 1st, 1815.

Three forms, with this brightly rising sun, seem to stand before me. One bears a scroll, and at her girdle a writer's ink-horn. One, with a brow of beauty and mystery, takes my hand and leads onward. The other kneels and points upward, saying, "Worship God."

I know them to be a New Journal, with unstained pages, a New Year, and a New Sabbath. All meet me together. I give them welcome. I yield myself to their teachings.

Methought I heard tones of singular sweetness, like a blended song:

'Twas the voice of the New Year: it spake to me
With a lip of frost and a smile of glee,
"Be happy! be happy!" and then it pass'd,
With a shower of snow, on the wing of the blast.
The voice of my birth-day! It fell on my ear,
And the heart rose up from its cell to hear,
While Vanity listen'd with drooping crest,
"These fifteen times have I been thy guest;
Monitions and gifts I have brought from the skies;
Hast thou learn'd to be useful, and pious, and wise?
For those alone can be happy that fear
And love the Being who placed them here."

To-day, January 8th, completes a century since the death of Fénélon. Riding in a retired part of his estate, his horses took fright and overturned the carriage, so injuring him as eventually to terminate his life at the age of sixty-four. I admire the simplicity of his writings, the patience with which he met ill treatment, and his great benevolence. So well did he balance his income and his expenses, that, when he died, he left neither debts to pay nor wealth to be disposed of. Once, when his valuable and beloved library was destroyed by fire, he said, "God be praised that it was not the cottage of some poor family." He was often found in the abode of the humblest peasants, tasting their coarse fare, instructing their ignorance, or comforting them in affliction. Long after his decease they pointed out with veneration the chair beneath the trees on which the "good Archbishop of Cambray" sat and talked with them and their children. I think a true Christian example should be revered, wherever it is seen, or to whatever sect it belongs.

I saw last evening, February 15th, a novel and most exciting scene—an illumination for the return of peace. I had no idea it could be so superb. Window after window lighted up, and hill-

top threw to hill-top its signal of joy. When the panes were small, with a candle, or a part of one, placed at each, the effect was beautiful. They had a tremulous motion, as the air swept over them, like twinkling stars. Some were so placed as to form words, such as "Welcome, Peace!" "Hail to the men of Ghent!" alluding to the city where the treaty was signed. Snow upon the roofs of the houses, and trodden in a firm pavement upon the streets, added contrast to the brilliance. There was fine martial music, and the bells rang as if they had souls. Throngs passing and repassing spoke words of greeting, and strangers seemed to love each other. Such delight has the termination of a war caused which never had the approbation of the people; so different from that in which they stood for life and liberty, and all that was dear.

Never have I witnessed such enthusiasm. When the appointed time for extinguishing the lights came, it seemed to be done in a moment. Then the darkness was so mournful. Yet it was very pleasant to see with what regularity and quietness all returned to their homes, as if they knew how to rejoice like a wise people. We three, with dear Mary Ann and Henry Howard, who was at home from college, walked up and down the streets while the spectacle lasted. We

felt no fatigue; it seemed as if we were in a dream.

Last night it was long after returning ere I fell asleep. Then methought I saw an angelic being with an olive-branch, who said,

"My white wings enfolded the globe when it first came from its Creator's hand. I lingered among the green shades and bright dews of Eden. I tuned the harps that on the plain of Bethlehem sang 'Peace on earth, and good-will to men.'

"But my permanent abode is not here. War is loved better than peace. To earth I must be a transient visitant. I find my best shelter in the breast of the humble followers of Jesus. There I speak, and am answered, and leave gifts that the world can not take away."

My mother's birth-day gift was a beautifully-bound blank book, with clasps, and my name and the date in gold letters upon the cover. It is for accounts; and on one page is to be written whatever income I receive, and on the opposite one all my expenditures. At the close of the year the whole amount of each is to be cast up, before a new one begins. She recommends also that this

should be done at the end of every month, by way of turning more attention to the subject; for, if the amount should be small at present, it will probably increase in future, and the habit is of consequence to every woman. Mamma says it is like a map to a traveler, and she does not see how any housekeeper can do her duty without it. She wishes me to have the writing very neat, and the figures plain and clear, that I may take more pleasure hereafter in looking it over, and says she has found it a good way to keep the daily accounts upon a separate piece of paper, and copy them at the close of each week in her book. The ladies of England have the credit of being much more attentive to the keeping of these household books than we are; so my dear mother, knowing its importance to the economical and correct management of every family, wishes to form the habit now, and early instruct me in whatever appertains to woman's sphere.

She also gave me a smaller blank book, bound like a pocket-book, with compartments for money, to contain the items of charity. There is a quiet look of secrecy about it, and it might be stowed away in any little private nook.

The object is not to make a display of that which our dear Savior says should "not be done to be seen of men," but to serve as a guide in

distribution, and to assure you of what might sometimes be forgotten—whether stated contributions have been paid or not. A certain proportion of whatever I receive is here to be recorded, with the proper date, and the sum placed in the pocket-book, to be ready for any claim of benevolence. She suggests that a tenth be always devoted to the poor, as a sacred offering of gratitude to Him who has committed them to our care, and connected the duty of relieving them with such hallowed pleasure. She would not limit me to a tenth, but desires me always to be regular in making at least that consecration of all sources of income, however small, as soon as they come into my hands.

But oh! she said to me so many loving and blessed words when she gave me this counsel, never shall I forget them, nor the affection that moistened her eyes when she folded me to her bosom. How can I be grateful enough to her, or to the God who gave her? What can I do for either to testify my devotion? My poor efforts, my best duties are so inadequate. My mother! I will keep all thy words in my heart of hearts. Methinks I could lay down my life for thy sake. But of Him from whom cometh all we enjoy or hope for, what can we say?

"For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all His praise."

My course of Ancient History I take pleasure in reading aloud, that my dearest ones may enjoy it with me. Rollin seems to interest them as much as a romance. Indeed, some of his descriptions, especially those of Assyria and Egypt, have in their grand and peculiar features an air of fiction. Grandfather is often drawing parallels or contrasts between the heroes of old and those of our own Revolution, which amuse himself and us all. They are usually in our favor, and always so when Washington is concerned, who to him seems as a god among men. I was reading last evening of the attack of Agathocles upon Carthage, when, finding his inferiority of numbers, and that he had not arms enough for his men, he ingeniously contrived some that were counterfeit to deceive the enemy; then, to raise the despending spirits of his soldiers, he let fly among them some owls, which he had taken pains to procure, that their own favorite bird of wisdom might be to them an omen of victory.

"So did the brave General Putnam at Bunker's Hill," said grandfather, "when ammunition grew low, have barrels drawn up filled with sand, to give the impression that powder was plentiful. He did not let any owls loose, for our people would not have regarded them as the ancient

Greeks did. But the English were the owls after that battle, and had to stoop to the new-fledged eagle."

I am convinced that a journal is an assistant to intellectual improvement. I think also it aids in the formation of character. I should not be surprised if it made life seem longer; for the time that I review, even by my very imperfect one, reminds me of a road where there are waymarks and milestones. Every line that is written recalls events and feelings that cluster about it, and might else have been forgotten. It strings the pearls that otherwise, lying loose, might be trodden upon and swept away. I was unwilling to begin it from ignorance, but now, if it were taken away, I should feel as if something had been lost that was important and appreciated.

A journal, to have its full value, should be kept sacred. The thought that it is to be scanned by other eyes destroys its use. It ceases then to be a means of self-improvement, of solitary communion. The moment you cogitate how to make what you record there agreeable or witty, you are tempted to represent yourself better or wiser than

you really are, and its end is frustrated. If vanity or display have any thing to do with a journal, they will uproot all its usefulness. I speak of its moral influence, which should always have the highest place. Setting this aside, it might still have a sort of statistical value as a register of passing events.

My dear Mary Ann joins in our historical readings when she can get time from her school, where she still continues. It is delightful when she comes, for then we question each other about the substance of what we have been reading together, and sometimes I recapitulate what I have read in the interval, so that she may have the advantage of all. It seems a little, too, like an exercise in classics, which vastly pleases me, for my heart still turns back to school-days with a hankering love, notwithstanding I am so very happy in my housekeeping.

She was asking me about my progress in it, and praising some jellies of my making, of which she begged me to give her the recipe. Being in her debt for a poetical morceau or two, I thought I would write it in rhyme:

Cut in pieces four calves' feet,
Put four quarts of water to them,

Make them subject to a heat,
  That to two quarts shall subdue them.
Strain the fluid; let it rest
  All night long from toil and trouble;
Then from foot and forehead take
  Sediment and oily bubble;
Lay it in the pan once more,
  With a pint of wine to boot,
Acid juice of lemons four,
  Sugar that your taste shall suit;
Beat the whites of twice four eggs
  To a snowy froth; and then,
Watchful at your kitchen range,
  Boil for minutes three times ten;
Take it off, and add a cup
  Of cold water to restore it,
Pass it through a flannel bag,
  And in crystal glasses pour it.

CODICIL.

When you compound this jelly, friend,
  I'd simply hint to you,
From motives of economy,
  To make a custard too,
For there are yolks of eggs, you know,
Which 'twere not well away to throw.
So beat them all with sugar fine,
  A quart of boil'd milk use,
And when 'tis tepid, stir them in,
  With flavoring as you choose;
Then in small cups of china bake it,
Or in deep dish a pudding make it.

I told mamma that poor old Mrs. Dean sat on a hard wooden seat, which did not look comfortable, and asked her permission to buy a stuffed chair. She replied that ingenuity and economy were very interesting features of charity, and that this might be a good opportunity to practice them. So, by her advice, I proceeded, with such help as was needed.

A nice and rather tall flour-barrel was cut in the side, at the right height from the floor, for a seat, the head serving for the bottom, on which two or three castors were placed. The remainder was shaped by the saw of the workman into arms and a back; and, as I fancied the latter scarcely high enough, I contrived to have a little frame added, and then covered it with coarse brown cloth, stuffing it with cotton to such thickness and shape as I chose. Mamma gave me dark calico to make an outside cover and cushion, the latter resting on strong pieces of webbing, crossing each other, and nailed firmly within. Really, when it was done, I was surprised as much at its good appearance as at its cheapness, and, moved by the same motives, went still farther in the career of constructiveness. Remembering lame Nancy upon her block of wood, and having some calico left, I made a cushion for a good-sized tea-chest, with a drapery of the same

around the sides. The cavity also made a nice little repository for her books and work. Satisfied with these labors, and the thought of the comfort they would give, I thanked my beloved mother, who was the author of both.

I never could have imagined such a terrible storm as I have seen. A violent northeast wind, coming in blasts, did the work of a tornado. The sky was dark at noonday, and rain fell in great white sheets. I thought of what is said in Genesis, that the "windows of heaven were opened." A wrecking sound was among the trees, and away went the fences like a pipe-stem. Barns and light buildings were unroofed or swept from their places.

In full view of our dining-room window was an immense old pearmain-tree, encircled by a heavy grape-vine. I looked out, but it had gone. Where was it? At some distance, prostrate in a field, its rich red fruit and the purple clusters looking aghast. The mass of roots, with the earth carried on them, was higher than my head.

The tempest extended to a great distance. Miles of woodland were laid low, and streets obstructed by fallen trunks and branches. On the coast, up came the sea and rolled where it never

was before. A family who lived several miles from it, and whose house was blown over, ran into the fields, and said the torrents of spray that covered them were salt as the ocean. Great damage was done to shipping and by inundations. The oldest persons remember nothing like it, and I am sure this storm of September 23d, 1815, will not soon be forgotten in New England.

This morning I found old Mrs. Dean and Nancy seated in state, and more grateful for their comfortable chairs than I can describe. I carried the latter the fragments of the calico that had covered them, cut into squares for patchwork, recommending to her to sew them neatly, and persevere until she should get enough for a bed-quilt. Then came the oldest boy, wishing to learn to sew too; and, thinking it might help to amuse and keep him out of mischief, I instructed him a little, and promised to give him a thimble if he would work with his sister and mind her. I asked if he should not like to knit on a stocking for his mother, to keep her feet warm when she went out to work to get bread for him. He said promptly, "Yes, ma'am, I will, if you'll give me a new book with pictures in't." I heard him read, and was pleased with his improvement. It

seemed as if a desire for knowledge had tamed him. He stood like a lamb before his teacher, ready to do whatever he was told, though so lately he was as a wild bear from the woods.

While pleasantly busied with him and his sister, I observed the youngest boy standing in a corner, with his back to us, now and then repeating in a kind of recitative, "Old Tom and old Nance." Supposing it one of his usual tantrums, I went on with my teaching, till at length, noticing that his face was distorted with emotion, and tears gushed out to the tune of "Old Tom and old Nance," I asked his mother, who chanced to be at home, what was the matter. She said he was jealous. At first I felt provoked; but, after considering a moment, pitied him, and asked if he would like to come and read to me. At first there was a crab-like movement; then he slowly approached in zigzag lines, as if alternately attracted and repelled by contradictory forces. Perceiving that he gained on the distance between us, I told him to go first and wash his face and hands, and have his hair brushed. With astonishing quickness he achieved these changes, and stood at my side. He read the alphabet three times at the top of his voice, and when I gave him a lesson to learn before I should come again, looked up with a clear eye, as if de-

livered from a demon, and said, "Now I guess I'm as good as Nance and Tom."

Poor little heart of childhood! who can read aright all thy trials save Him who made thee?

"*A place for every thing, and every thing in its place.*" Homely adage, but most important. A kind of keystone to every orderly household. Daily I make it the rule of my practice. It requires close observation and a good memory; so it is an intellectual exercise of value. Mother tells me, when I go to the kitchen for cookery, to put back in its place, and in a neat condition, every utensil that I have used. It is due to servants not to disturb the policy of their empire when we enter it for the furtherance of our own designs.

In meeting the varied wants of the poor, we find it a good plan to mend thoroughly any garments we may have done wearing, and lay them in a repository to be ready for applicants. Though they are not so useful for those who labor hard, yet there are almost always some sick or old people who are gratified with clothing of a finer texture. I begin to like to mend since we have had

this object in view. There is a sort of friendly satisfaction in prolonging the existence of what has faithfully served us; and, in repairing its decays, we can imagine how the nurse or physician feels when the invalid patient is built up again, or the lame walks. My mother excels in that ingenious industry by which materials for the wardrobe, or household use, receive new life, or pass through transmigrations. Like the cotter's wife of Burns,

"She makes auld claithes look amaist as well as new."

She gave me last week several partly-worn sheets, and told me to use them as I pleased. Taking the strongest portion, and making the others double, black Amy was kind enough to dye them for me, with a little Spanish arnatto, a good salmon-color; then, cutting them of a proper size, and filling them with cotton batting, I passed a needle with strong thread through and through, at equal distances, and made thick and good comfortables, in which, I hope, some poor people who have nightly shivered will greatly rejoice. But a long time must it be, if ever, before I can hope to equal my mother in the economy of charity. When I see her so ingenious in devising and executing, I often think of two lines in the quaint old version of the Psalms:

"Blessed is he who wisely doth
The poor man's state consider."

I have always been cheerful, and have had every thing to make me so; but I never imagined such a flow of spirits as come over me continually since I have begun to learn housekeeping. Like a bird, I can not restrain my song. Grandfather wished me yesterday to sing to an old friend of his. I did as well as I was able. "It is not equal," said he, "to what I hear from you up stairs when you ply the broom and duster."

I wonder any young girl should be unwilling to learn cookery. She misses a positive pleasure. The French ladies are said to be very skillful in this science, and not to consider it inconsistent with a position of elegance. Since it has so much to do with health, I wonder why it should be wholly trusted to ignorant and wasteful servants. As yet, I know but little of this accomplishment, but am anxious to learn more. To-day we had unexpectedly some company to dinner. Mamma always makes it a rule on such occasions to give a cordial welcome, to produce the best she has, and make no excuses. Yet I fancied that a shade of thought passed over her mind on the subject of dessert, for which we happened to be unprepared. It was then rather late, but, hastening to the kitchen, I asked Amy to give me a quart of milk. While it was preparing to boil, I mixed

four spoonfuls of flour with some cold milk, taking care that there were no lumps, and at the full boiling-point stirred it in, with a cup of sugar, and half that quantity of butter. When all was well incorporated, I took it off, and, letting it cool, added six eggs well beaten, four drops of essence of lemon, and a cup of raisins, a quantity of which we usually keep stoned, to be ready for any emergency. The pudding was baked in a deep dish, and when it came on the table, well browned, and rising lightly up, the silent look of approving delight from my loved mother more than repaid me. Besides, I was conscious that it was not only an acceptable addition to the repast, but one that might be eaten without injury, and not like some of the rich sauces and confectioner's compounds, which cause the doctor to come at the heels of the cook.

We have had some company at tea, and it was the wish of my mother that I should prepare, with my own hands, all the entertainment, and preside at the table. It was a simple matter, yet I felt some responsibility. Mary Ann was invited, and her cousin Emily, a very handsome girl, and Henry Howard, to wait upon them home. Mamma thought it would be a good time also to ask Ensign Conant, who was in a part of the

Revolutionary War, and sometimes calls to see grandfather; and Miss Keziah, his daughter, a rather ancient lady, who keeps his house, and prides herself upon her speckless neatness, is quite critical in household matters, and addicted to keen remark. I, however, felt no anxiety about any of the eatables, except the cake, which I feared might not be quite as light as usual. The biscuits were fine, I had stamped the yellow butter beautifully, cut the dried beef as thin as possible, arranged the sweetmeats unexceptionably, and had an eye to the making of the tea and settling of the coffee. We formed a glad circle around the pleasant board. Miss Keziah sat up as straight as a pikestaff, tasted every thing, and praised nothing. With her long bony arms, covered to the knuckles with the tight sleeves of her dove-colored silk, she reached the cups as fast as I poured them, so that Amy, in her smart turban, ready to help with her small silver waiter, found herself superseded. Finding that I took pains to ask each one if their tea and coffee was agreeably mingled, or if I should alter it, she said, "'Twas a much better way to push round the sugar and cream, and then every body would stand a chance to get suited." I found this quite a valuable suggestion. By-and-by, says she, in her usual sharp tone, "Miss Lucy, what's your rule for that cake?"

Having a secret consciousness that this might be a weak point, and she had fixed upon it, I was aghast for a moment; but, as it happened, the cake was really nice, and being assured by a smile from my mother, I proceeded laconically to answer her inquiry. "Five cups of light dough, ma'am, four and a half of sugar, two and a half of butter, and four eggs, mixed well together, and suffered to rise a little before putting in the pans to bake." "Don't ye put in no seasonin'?" "Yes, ma'am, spices and raisins as you choose, and a glass of wine, if you like it." "Well, I declare, if this ain't just the best cake I've eat these many a day." A load was lifted from my shoulders. Miss Keziah had approved. I think she felt happier through the rest of the visit for having been so amiable as to praise any thing.

A pleasant evening we had. Songs were sung and stories told. Henry Howard, who is always so polite as to put every body at their ease, pleased Ensign Conant vastly by asking information about the encampment of his regiment at Rye, New York, in the early part of the war, where they suffered from the dysentery. It gave me pleasure to see the warm social feelings of the aged gentlemen, and that they received such marked attention and respect from my young friends. On the whole, all passed off well. Miss Keziah

was mollified, her father pleased with the attention of being invited and the opportunity of talking about old times, the young people cheered by making others more cheerful, my best-beloved ones satisfied with my attempts, and I grateful to our Father in heaven, from whom every joy proceeds.

Henry Howard, who has a fine voice, sang at our house, the evening we had company, that stirring ode of Robert Treat Paine, entitled "Adams and Liberty." The first stanza runs thus:

"Ye Sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought [scended,
For those rights which unstain'd from your sires had de-
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil that their fathers defended.
Mid the smiles of mild peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome,
And the wisdom of Greece;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls in waves."

It was affecting to see with what enthusiasm the two venerable soldiers joined in the chorus. They felt its true spirit. Ensign Conant sprang up, and beat the time, as high as his head. Zeal made him young again. My grandfather's still rich tones swelled the music with a solemn joy, as though it were a patriotic prayer. I thought it a beautiful scene.

At our pleasant little tea-party last week, we had in the evening some preserved apples and cream handed round, which gave general satisfaction. I was requested by one of the younger part of the community to give the recipe, and write it in poetry, with the remark that it would be better remembered. So I have chosen a measure of considerable amplification, thinking, if an exercise of memory was desired, I would make it as comprehensive as possible.

Have you any Greening apples?
If you have not, take some Pippins;
Mark! I do not say they're equal
To the Greenings, for they are not.
Pare and core them very neatly;
Mind you do not waste their substance,
Nor impair their fair proportions;
Poise the household balance nicely:
In one scale, like careful Themis,
Put those flay'd and heartless apples;
In the other strew the product
Of the graceful cane, that yieldeth
Its sweet blood for our refection;
And for every pound of apples,
Weigh three quarters of that sugar,
White, and saccharine, and luscious;
Lay it in a wide-mouth'd kettle,
Cover'd o'er with limpid water.
That same kettle of bell-metal
Set upon your kitchen furnace,
And your stand beside that furnace

Take with lynx-eyed observation;
Still with silver spoon removing
All the feculence that rises
On the eddies, and the bubbles
That within that tossing caldron,
Like a realm in revolution,
The caloric disengages.
When 'tis clarified and perfect,
Plunge your apples in the liquid;
Let it percolate, and enter
Every pore, until they're tender;
Then from the hot bath remove them,
Ere their surface decomposes,
Or their rotund form is broken.
Not in headlong haste remove them,
But with kind consideration,
Cautiously with spoon of silver;
Side by side in dishes place them,
Glass or china, as shall please you.
Cut within the fragrant sirup
Lemons from the sunny tropics;
And when this transparent fluid
With the acid mildly mingles,
Saturates, and coalesces,
Pour it o'er the waiting apples.
Serve them at dessert or tea-time—
Serve them with a smile of greeting,
And each tasteful guest will like them,
For their youth and simple freshness,
Better than the year-old sweetmeats,
Candied, and defunct in flavor.

Among those to whom my dear mother has indulged me by being her almoner, is a poor mu-

latto boy, who has been long sick. He lives alone with his mother, and seems now to be fast declining. He is not very intelligent, and sometimes rolls his eyes and distorts his features awfully. It troubles me so much that I dream about him, and see large, strange creatures making up horrible faces like him, and, starting, wake up affrighted.

This morning I begged mamma to permit me to send what I had made for him, telling her my reasons. But she said very seriously,

"No; go yourself, my daughter. Though young and in health, learn to look suffering and death in the face. By one gate we must all go out of the world."

I obeyed, but with more of shrinking reluctance than I should have been willing to own. The place looked as dreary as usual, for the poor mother had no idea of that neatness and order which makes sickness comfortable. He drank some of the chocolate, and seemed inclined to taste the other things I had brought. Then he murmured to himself, in a hollow voice, "Angels—there's angels here;" and, glaring at me, said, "She's one." I asked his mother if he was crazy, and she said his mind wandered, and had a good deal of late. Then he shouted, "Wings! I see wings!" and, straightening himself out, with

a great cry that left his mouth wide open, ceased to breathe.

Have I indeed seen death? What a solemn, fearful change! That lowly room, its miserable inhabitants, seemed lifted up and majestic. God's mysterious messenger was there. He had done his great work, yet no hand was seen. He had taken out of the dead clay the living soul.

That living soul! While here, it was little regarded, being clad in weeds of poverty. Now it sees what is hidden from earth's wisest ones, the world of spirits. What will it avail the man of wealth that he has lived luxuriously while his poor brother ate the scanty bread of toil? "They shall lie down alike in the dust."

Death, the silent teacher, has thrown a new light upon life. With cold, invisible hand he hath written, "Vanity of vanities," on what the world holds forth as enticing. God grant that I may never forget the lesson.

Monday, January 1st, 1816.

Beautiful New Year's morn, lead me with thy cold, frosty hand to the Beneficent Giver. Pleasant, smiling birth-day, come with me to His footstool, and implore His favor upon both; for "He is good, and doeth good. His tender mercies are over all His works."

Father in heaven, I bless Thee for my continued life and all its joys. Fain would I devote it to Thee. Wilt Thou accept the offering?

O Thou, who touch'd this sleeping dust,
And call'd it forth to life at first,
So oft Thy boundless love hath shed
Unnumbered blessings on my head,
That, wheresoe'er my footsteps stray,
I'll trust Thee as my guide and stay,
And, undismay'd at storm or foe,
Whene'er Thou call'st, will fearless go.

I have for some time been desirous to make the baptismal vow of my infancy my own intelligent act. I wish to be enrolled among the friends and followers of my dear Redeemer. The sacred duties that belong to this character I hope He would deign to teach me. The dispositions that are pleasing to Him may I more and more receive,

till this faint, glimmering light shall become the perfect day.

Has not the Savior commanded, "Do this in remembrance of me?" And shall I not obey? Is my youth any objection? The divine injunction is, "Seek me early." Father, I come. Make plain to me what thou requirest. I am as a little child before Thee. Say unto me, "Fear not." Methought I heard a voice commanding, "Praise!"

I have partaken of the holy communion. Side by side with her who nurtured my infancy and him who guided her own, I have received the symbols of dying and redeeming love. I saw in their loved eyes tears of joy, and blessed them, and blessed God.

I feel that I have given myself up entirely to Him. But have I not been His from the beginning? What more can I be now? Only His by my own consent and deed. His by the consecration of my poor services—by the open promise of allegiance until death. Oh, may these not be words of course, but living, lasting principles.

Is it an illusion, or have I indeed taken a place at the table of my Lord? Me, at His table! Have I not intruded? Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, forgive me. Shall I not see Thy face at last? Wilt Thou not give me the lowest place at Thy feet, among the least of Thy servants? At Thy feet, the least and the lowest place?

What an excellent man is our minister. I have always admired his sermons, and his pleasant, serious manner when he meets his people. He makes no display, but there is about him a character of holiness, which, in his public services, sometimes brings to mind those exquisite lines of Goldsmith:

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorn the venerated place;
> Truth from his lips prevails with double sway,
> And those who came to mock, remain to pray."

Yet it is only since I have conversed with him about my own spiritual concerns that I have realized the depth of his piety. When I first went to his study to consult him on the subject of becoming a communicant, I was agitated and unassured. I told him all my misgivings, that I was not able to point out any precise time of passing

from darkness to light, and felt unworthy to approach with confirmed saints the table of the Lord. He asked why I wished it, and how long it had been my desire. He seemed satisfied with my answers; and, after explaining the duties devolving on a professed follower of Christ, inquired if I were willing, if necessary, to bear self-denial or reproach for His sake, and if I would serve Him unto the end.

Afterward, in conversation, for he was so kind as to call and see me several times while preparing for that sacred ordinance, he was so anxious that I should understand the full requirements of the Gospel, and determine in all things to be a true and not a nominal Christian, that I revered him as an embassador from heaven.

He is himself a model of what he requires others to be. His whole life is devoted to the service of his Master. Faithfully he watches over his flock. In every time of sorrow he is at their side. He shrinks from no fatigue or toil for their benefit; indeed, it seems as if he never thought of himself. Though superior in learning to most with whom he associates, he shows no ostentation or vanity.

I admire the arrangements of his household, where simplicity and contentment reign, and enable him, with a small salary, to keep entirely

free from debt, according to the divine injunction, "Owe no man any thing, except to love one another." His example of humility, avoidance of display, and industry in devoting all his time and talents to those whose immortal interests are committed to his charge, is not lost among his people. Great is our blessing in having such a faithful and holy spiritual guide.

To-day, February 8th, is the two hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the execution of poor Mary, Queen of Scots. What a strange and sad romance was her life! A strong contrast there was between her luxurious training and regal life in France, and the rudeness of her native realm, to which, in her young widowhood, she returned. It must have been like coming from the sunny tropics to the Arctic Zone, and the bears too. She seems to have had no wise advisers, and to have been thrown upon treacherous friends. No wonder that she committed errors. I do not wish to excuse, or speak lightly of them, but her long captivity and violent death make us forget the spirit of blame in sympathy.

In faded beauty, who so meekly bends,
And with weak step the scaffold's height ascends?
Why do those stern-soul'd guards exulting bring
The daughter, wife, and mother of a king?

Oh, broken lily of the Stuart line,
Unfriendly blasts and adverse fate were thine.
By flattery nurtur'd, and to folly lured,
How deeply hast thou err'd! how much endured!
Slow, wasting years the captive's bars between,
And the sad memories of a fallen queen.
Lo! one brief struggle, and one savage blow,
Blot out thy charms, thy charges, and thy woe.

Dear mother thinks I am not sufficiently cordial in my manners at all times. The presence of those we like to associate with will usually secure an agreeable deportment. But she wishes me to keep in mind that to every person some palpable degree of kindness is due. The very circumstance of their taking the trouble to enter our doors, and putting themselves under the protection of our roof, implies trust on their part, and imposes obligation on ours. Many more of these than we imagine may have concealed sorrows, and a secret longing for sympathy. A cheerful brow, a pleasant tone, an animating word, may be the medicines they need, and give them strength to go onward. She says I am not careful enough to greet guests as if I was happy to see them, or to smile when speaking; yet that both belong to the science of home and social happiness.

How kind it is in my tenderest friend to tell me these things. How much I thank her for

making me sensible of my deficiencies. The love that, even at the risk of giving pain to itself, points out faults for our improvement and benefit, is a true love, and I am more and more grateful for every renewed proof of this affection.

I am so glad that this day of Washington's birth, February 22d, is observed among the people. Thus may he be ever held in living remembrance, and his glorious patriotism and disinterested goodness made a pattern to be followed by every new generation. I pleased my dear grandfather this morning by offering this little whiff of incense at the shrine of his idol, in honor both of him and of the recent return of peace:

Thou, who didst rise 'mid war's alarms,
  With courage firm, yet spirit meek,
Still, like a father, in thine arms
  Shielding an infant young and weak,
Until, the time of trial past,
  He tower'd in youth's refulgent pride,
With strength to meet the wildest blast,
  Or brave the ocean's billowy tide,
Didst sometimes mark his wayward course,
  Perchance with secret prayer of fear,
And strive to give thy counsels force
  To lure his inattentive ear,
Look from the realm of bliss, and see
  His brow once more with olive crown'd,

His heart from rankling discord free,
  While hope and joy his path surround.
If joy in heaven more brightly burns
  When men their slighted duty know,
If the poor wanderer that returns
  Bids seraphs' lyres with rapture flow,
If there, in disembodied minds,
  One trace of mortal feeling rove,
If memory's power intensely binds
  One lingering thrill of earth-born love,
Oh, Washington! more deep and large
  Thy stream of deathless pleasure runs,
That once this nation was thy charge,
  And these repentant wanderers, sons.

It is so much easier to write poetry than prose. I don't mean that high poetical thoughts would be easy to find; but for such thoughts as you happen to have, rhyme is a great help. It hovers like music around you, and beguiles the toil. It is like the song the bees sing when they are abroad at their work. I suppose that amuses them while they are getting their honey. So is the rhythm of the measure to the mental bee, as it stores a little sweetness in its hive.

I think I am in love with my beautiful mother. She is so young for her years, so graceful in all her ways. Sometimes, in the street, we have

been taken by strangers for sisters. This pleased me much. We have summer dresses alike, which favors the illusion.

I enjoy her society more than that of any gay companion. Our confidence is perfect. I tell her every plan and every thought. This seems to me always due from a daughter to a mother; but it is an immense protection, besides, from the follies that beset our way. Those who fail in filial trust are the losers.

I suppose we are drawn more entirely toward each other from having neither of us a brother or sister. At any rate, the affection which has sprung up from continued benefits on one side, and gratitude on the other, is the sweetest solace of my life. Then she has so much tact, that, though we are so intimate, she never compromises her authority. I should no more think of contravening her wishes or opinions than when I was a child. It is doubtless among the secrets of her attraction that she ever keeps her true position, and still leads me by that "perfect love which casteth out fear."

Early rising is such a privilege. Not only does it give you time for your employments before interruptions begin, and show you Nature's

great wonder, the rising sun, but it seems to reveal the deeper beauty of life. I suppose this may be from its cheering effect on the spirits, making them throw a brighter sunbeam around. I can not philosophically analyze it, but I only know I am as happy as a bird when I rise before the sun, and *vice versa*. One of my school companions, who better loved her couch, said she "would not treat the sun so disrespectfully as to rise before he was ready." This was an ingenious excuse, putting the best face on the matter, as the Yankees usually do. This morning I was up earlier than usual, and while I was discharging my household duties, with the golden sun-rays first glistening on the windows and waking a sleeping world, and the air so pure and exhilarating, my heart overflowed with inexpressible happiness. Ere I was aware, I heard a murmur, "How beautiful is life! how beautiful!" and found it came from my own lips. Then I blessed Him who had given us this being, and this paradise, his earth, and the high hope of a heavenly inheritance, and said with the Psalmist, "He is good; His mercy endureth forever."

I am much pleased with a carpet of domestic manufacture which has recently come home. Its

colors are simply black and green, the latter very prettily shaded. I had formed such a friendship for the great wheel, that mamma told me, if I would like to conduct an enterprise of this kind, she would purchase coarse wool for me, and give me liberty to employ such poor women as I should choose to aid in the spinning, provided I would keep an accurate account of debt and credit, and see that they were regularly paid as soon as their work was done. In this way I had opportunity of getting better acquainted with their characters and concerns, and about their children and old people, when they had any, and how they might be helped if they were sick or ignorant. This feature of charity was one of the pleasures of the undertaking.

I could not help feeling important when those grown-up women came bringing their yarn to me to be examined, while, with due dignity, I counted the skeins, and saw that each had the requisite number of knots, and gave them the price of their labor, and they were so pleased to be paid and carry it home to their families. Then I felt the truth of my grandfather's maxim, that the best way of helping the poor is through their own industry, for that saves their self-respect.

By my mother's requisition to keep a statement of all expenditures, I know every iota of

the economy of the enterprise. There is some pecuniary saving, imported carpets being very dear at present; but the principal gain is in the pleasant excitement of the thing, the good done to the laboring poor, and the ultimate durability of the article. Amy, who has given much assistance in this affair, especially in the dyeing, for which she seems to have a native genius, was rewarded with the superfluous yarn, of which there chanced to be quite a quantity. So the industrious creature gave it to a weaver; and, having prepared a filling of woolen cloth, or cast-off clothes cut in narrow strips, has made herself a comfortable carpet for the upper part of her kitchen, where she sits in great state in the afternoon, as in a servant's hall. Our own new carpet is fitted nicely to a back parlor, where it has quite a cozy aspect, and grandfather is never tired of praising it.

Some say that female domestic occupations are unfavorable to mental improvement. I think they may be so mingled as to help each other. A consciousness of doing one's duty gives vigor to every thing. That versatility which can turn from one employment to another, and apply itself to all with zeal, and not waste time in the transition, is valuable, and may be cultivated.

Under the smiling morning's face, Emily comes gayly in and says,

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Why, the great news."

"No, Emily."

"Then nerve yourself. It is neither more nor less than this—Henry Howard is engaged. They say it's to a very beautiful young lady, the daughter of some gentleman connected with his college. For my part, I think it is ridiculous, so young as he is."

"How young is he?"

"Lord! I don't know. Somewhere about twenty, I suppose. Don't he graduate this fall?"

"Yes."

"Every body thought he was engaged to you, and said you were made exactly for each other, so elegant and so learned; and then he was forever following you. I think it is a shame to be so changeable. How silent you are! Now do just tell me frankly if you were not engaged."

"We were not."

"If that does not beat every thing! You take it so coolly, too. I expected you would faint away. I thought you'd at least be surprised at the intelligence. Perhaps you knew it before. Don't you correspond?"

"No."

"Well, if you are not a real philosopher. I expected quite a little scene this morning."

"Did you look, like the islanders of old, that I should have swollen and fallen down dead?"

"You're mighty polite to compare yourself to the chief apostle, and me to the barbarous inhabitants of Melita."

"I did not mean any thing invidious."

"No, I dare say, Miss Lucy, with your sweet way of speaking, you think you never did a wrong thing in your life; but I am sorry for you. I know you feel bad, though you won't own it. I think you *are* a little white round your mouth. Sha'n't I get you some camphor?"

So, opening her little green parasol with a graceful flourish, and bidding a pathetic adieu, she skipped away like the butterfly among the flowers.

My dear grandfather is very partial to Young's "Night Thoughts," as I think people of his age are wont to be. I have read the work so much to him that I begin to get interested in its sententious style and weight of sentiment. Some of its passages have become familiar, and he occasionally asks me to repeat them. This is one of his favorites:

"Where thy true treasure? Gold says, 'Not in me,'
And 'Not in me,' the diamond.
Gold is poor;
India's insolvent. Seek it in thyself;
Yes, in thy naked self, and find it there.
A being so descended, so endow'd,
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race,
Erect, immortal, rational, divine."

The beginning of this passage reminds me of those sublime expressions in the twenty-eighth chapter of Job: "The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me." "It can not be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof."

I do not think Pope's Universal Prayer, as it is called, is held in sufficient estimation. Some of the stanzas are very expressive. This is a favorite of mine, and surely breathes a Christian spirit.

"If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, Oh! teach my heart
To find that better way."

Some suppose the petition implies doubt, or uncertainty of belief. To me it seems rather an echo of the apostolic sentiment, "Not as though I had attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after."

Alas! my blessed mother is very sick. She was seized several days since with chills, followed by a high fever. I am not willing to leave her for a moment.

The physician says she has a modification of typhus, which was prevalent here. Some of her pensioners had it. I think she might thus have been exposed.

What a fearful disease! But her constitution is so good, I hope it will not be long ere she surmounts it. I have never seen her sick before, and am greatly distressed. She takes all her medicines and nourishment from my hand. I would trust no other.

What a comfort to have such a good physician! He is so attentive, so studious of the case, and asks minute questions of every change of symptom before he prescribes. I confide more in him, because his hair is gray, one proof of experience.

A nurse! No, indeed; while I have strength to serve her, I resign that privilege to none. She who took care of my helpless infancy so long, night and day, can I not "watch with her one hour?" I have never had opportunity before to prove my love by its nursing services. A stranger has no right to that honor. I am too selfish to yield it at all.

Lord, she "whom Thou lovest is sick." Thou knowest it. Yet, like the disciples, we have liberty to come "and tell Jesus." She is ready for Thy will; but remember me, a "reed shaken by the wind." Remember, and have pity.

It is most touching to see my poor grandfather. He comes and looks at her in her broken sleep, fearing to fatigue her by conversation. There he stands, his head drooping upon his breast, the statue of despair. Sometimes he lifts his hands over her in silent prayer:

> "The God who made the earth and sea,
> Have mercy on thy prayer, and thee."

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. *Out of the depths.*"

More entirely than ever is Mary Ann my second self. A great part of the time she spends here, filling my place to my poor grandfather. She reads, talks, and walks with him, and, whenever we meet, has a sweet word for my burdened heart.

Our dear physician has pronounced the crisis over.

> "Oh, God of grace!
> Henceforth to Thee
> A hymn of praise
> My life shall be."

For two nights only have I trusted my treasure to the charge of others. I could see that the change and the ways of the watchers troubled her. Her nervous system is debilitated, and more sensitive than usual. I am determined not again to leave her.

How precious are the consolations of our religion, and the visits of its ministers in such time of trouble! Faithful and kind beyond expression

has been our own spiritual guide. His voice of prayer beside her pillow breathed like subdued music. "I come myself to be instructed," said he, when, week after week, he saw her serene faith and saintly patience.

My dear mother is reduced to a state of almost infantine weakness. Yet I am so thankful that she can sit up a short time in bed, supported by pillows, while, placing myself behind them, I can once more comb out and arrange her beautiful hair.

Her eyes are so much affected that she can scarcely bear the light. The doctor has advised a simple remedy, which already begins to do them good. It is an ounce of fresh rose-water, with a teaspoonful of brandy, and a few drops of laudanum infused. I bathe them often in this with a soft linen cambric cloth. It was fortunate that we had our own fine damask roses distilled. The extract is better, and more fragrant than any we can purchase.

Our kind physician said to-day, taking my hand in a fatherly manner, "Permit me to point

out a fault, one that is common to the most loving natures. They forget themselves in the care of the sufferer until their own health is utterly sacrificed."

"Please not to say any thing to me against taking charge of my mother at night."

"That is the very thing in which I desire to indulge you. I wish to tell you how you may sit up. Ah! now I see you listen to me. Will you do as I direct?"

"Be so kind as to instruct me, sir."

"She will probably have a long convalescence, for she is extremely weak. Her nightly rest will be broken, and yours, of course. Promise me, therefore, that you will every afternoon retire to your own room, and take three hours for sleep. Then rise, bathe, and dress yourself, and return to her renovated and cheerful. In this way you will be able to hold out. Were your body as strong as your heart, there would be no need of this; but you are already a little hollow-eyed and care-worn. Will you take my prescription?"

"Oh yes, sir, if my mother consents."

"She will; for your good is hers, and you have fully proved that hers is your own. Now you are my patient, and must hear me farther. Take a little walk every day, when the weather is fine. Turn to the breezy hills, and fill your lungs with

fresh air. Once in the day, also, when you can best be spared, leave your mother's room and take some household exercise. Rub a table, if nothing more. The object, as you will see, is the circulation of the blood, and a new flow of thought by change of object. It would be no proof of affection to her to neglect yourself, when she needs the aid of all your powers to recover her own."

"I am sure I can never sufficiently thank you for your great goodness to her and to me."

"Show your gratitude, then, by obeying me. Will you? We shall see."

I have followed the doctor's advice. Mamma has so much self-denial that she gives me up for a long interval every afternoon. Faithful Amy is but too happy to sit beside her, and Mary Ann comes to read to grandfather. Laying aside my cares, I rest on my bed. God gives me sweet sleep as to an infant. Then, after a bath, I arrange my hair in the way that I know pleases her, and put on one of those pretty calico morning-dresses which she likes, of which, having several, I change them ere they are at all soiled, for she is neatness itself. I hasten to her with delight. We meet as lovers who have been long separated. Methinks a tide of fresh, hopeful spirits

flows into her warm heart through mine. Why should we not take as much pains to make ourselves personally agreeable to our sick friends as to our well ones? They notice more closely than we imagine, and a serene brow and cheering deportment are often among their best medicines.

I had no idea there were so many tonics in the world. Every creature who calls "hath a proverb, hath a doctrine, hath an interpretation." Each one desires my mother to take her own particular favorite. If she did, I don't know what would become of her. One old lady sent a bottle of "*boneset*," which would set your teeth on edge. Something which Mary Ann's mother made I gave with the doctor's permission, and it proved useful. I inquired its ingredients, and she said, "One ounce of valerian root bruised, and boiled in two pints of water till reduced to half, then strained upon a dessert spoonful of chamomile flowers, and, after standing an hour, one ounce of the compound spirits of lavender is added, and the infusion kept carefully corked in a bottle." But the sweet air, which we are careful to admit as freely and frequently as possible, quiet sleep when she can have it, and the calm-

ness of holy trust, which is always hers, seem her best restoratives.

I find her regular rest much promoted by making preparations for the night quite early. Moving around the room, with a light flashing upon the bed, or bustling about to get what may be necessary for comfort at a late hour, annoys the mind, and disturbs the little seeds of repose that were beginning to germinate. I doubt whether any one who has not been very sick can imagine how much inconvenience arises from such sources, from careless moving of furniture, sharp, sudden noises, or heavy footsteps.

Our physician says that the nursing of convalescence, especially after a fever, is as important, and sometimes even more difficult, than during the previous disease. After the patient has been able to see a friend or two, it is not always easy to regulate that matter. A little social feeling may be salutary, but all approach to excitement is prejudicial. If the brain sympathizes ever so slightly with the disease, quiet is absolutely essential. All my mother's friends wish to see and congratulate her, and she can not bear to deny

any. I can see she is easily tired, and it is better to prevent fatigue than to trust to getting rested afterward; so I have become a very Cerberus in guarding my Hesperides. I venture to refuse the most intimate when necessary, and to shorten the stay of the most ceremonious. However invidious it may seem, it is still a duty to protect her from being "wounded in the house of her friends." Who shall do it if her sentinel falters?

I have had such comfort in feeding her to-day with part of a little bird that a kind friend had sent her. Yet so feeble is she that even to take this was an exertion. Her delicate appetite has been of late somewhat stimulated by a preparation of our good physician, which I had better write, in order to remember it. One ounce of pulverized columbo root, put into a pint of pure old Sherry, with a little dried orange-peel, and a handful of raisins. A wine-glass, or part of one, to be taken daily, an hour before the principal meal.

"I am glad you always keep a calm and pleasant face in the sick-room, my daughter," said the kind physician this morning.

"You praise me too much, sir. All the first part of the time I was going out constantly to weep."

"Yes, but you wiped your eyes and returned cheerful. I am always telling professed nurses of the importance of a calm deportment. There are stages in some diseases where loss of self-command in those around is fatal. The thread of many a frail life has been severed by the fright or uncontrolled emotion of the objects of its love."

I think there was never so kind a people as those among whom we live. Not only from friends and neighbors, but from those with whom we were scarcely acquainted, the attentions have been unbounded. The sympathetic message, the fresh flower, the rich fruit, the varied niceties prepared on purpose for her, have been continual. The cheering influence of these remembrances have been among the means of her recovery. Mary Ann's services it would be impossible to recount. The wife of our good minister has been his helper in this work of benevolence, and the physician's whole family have learned of him how to be kind. His son Egbert, in particular, has been constant in his calls, bringing things that were acceptable, and offering brotherly services.

I think I shall now know, better than ever, the value of every mark of sympathy in such time of affliction.

Down to dinner! *down to dinner!* Leaning on her father's arm came the beloved, I going a few steps before, carrying the pillows and blanket for her chair, and Mary Ann bringing up the rear with a cricket for her feet. Amy stood by the nicely-spread table ready to wait, her honest black face radiant with joy. Surely every heart lifted itself on the devout words with which the silver-haired father blessed our food and the Giver of our life.

But oh! I had not realized, until seeing her in a stronger light than that of her own chamber, how emaciated and ghastly pale she has grown. I wished to weep like a child, and should have done so but for fear of distressing her. I felt the tears swelling under my eyelids, and peremptorily ordered them back.

Our good doctor and his son, happening to call during the repast, joined us at the dessert. What deep delight must a Christian healer feel at seeing one brought back from the gates of death through his instrumentality. Surely our giving of thanks this day was from united souls.

I have made a written list of all who have in any way testified kindness to my mother in her sickness. They are her benefactors, and henceforth mine. Always will I remember them when I have gifts to bestow; and if, in sickness or sorrow, they should need aid or sympathy, I will strive to repay them, for I am their debtor.

The first ride! What an era in our lives when we have said, with the sick monarch of Judea, "In the cutting off of my days I shall go down to the gates of the grave." The reviving invalid enjoyed so much the rich blue of the distant hills, varying as the clouds floated over them, and the sparkling waters dancing in the sunbeam. Autumn kept back some of its beauties for her. In sheltered spots the golden rod waved, and the purple asclepias looked up to greet us. The forests were fading, but here and there the maple flushed, and deep yellow and umbered brown mingled their fleeting tinge with the constant evergreen.

Once more at church again, side by side. "Into Thy gates, our God, we came with thanksgiving,

and into Thy courts with praise." Methought I had never before felt true gratitude. I felt that I could give thanks for the great sorrow that had passed over me. Without it I might never have known the depth of this holy, filial affection. What would I not do for thee, my blessed mother, who hast done so much for me!

Her sweet, pallid face was radiant when, after divine service, the good minister came to our pew and welcomed her again to the house of God. In his prayer he had given earnest thanks for her recovery. His sermon was feeling and impressive, and some passages adhered to my memory. His text was from Revelations:

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent."

Afflictions are not always received in accordance with their design. The Prophet Jeremiah speaks of some who had "set their faces as a flint." But when grief presses the bitter tears from the Christian's heart, and he asks, Why is this? Is not God pitiful, and of tender mercy? Why is this?

Behold, a letter! He opens it. What are its first words? "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." He is answered. He is content. He will strive to endure patiently, whether the suffering be from sickness, bereavement, the dis-

appointment of cherished hopes, or the attainment of these hopes, and the discovery that they are but vanity.

Still, is there not something more intended by this discipline than simply the recognition of a Father's hand, and the belief that his frowns are but the "graver countenance of love?" The lesson follows, "Be zealous, therefore, and repent."

Oh, be diligent to learn God's lesson, ye whom He hath in kindness afflicted. Look over your lives, your words, your motives. Forsake whatever conscience pronounces to be offensive to Him; for if one arrow is not enough, He hath a full quiver; if one plague fails to humble the proud heart, are there not ten more? If one wave will not suffice, He can make you walk "under the cloud, and through the sea," until, in prostration of spirit, the wanderer exclaims, "I have sinned! What shall I do unto Thee, O Thou Preserver of Men?"

I was greatly pleased, as we came out of church on Sunday, to see so many friends gathering around my mother to express their joy at seeing her once more among them. She deserves to be loved, and I am sure such marks of love cheer her. Some whom she had fed and clothed came

forward to bless her, and she took their outstretched hands so kindly.

"Even children followed with engaging wile,"

and if they did not "pluck her gown to share her smile," it was because she smiled on them without it. I thank Thee, our Father in Heaven, for Thine unspeakable goodness.

Henry Howard graduated some time since with honor. He has fine talents, and was always an excellent scholar. His uncle, who has directed his education since his father's death, does not wish him to study a profession, and has placed him in a bank here, with which he is himself connected. I regret not seeing him as formerly, for we have been friends from childhood. He seems to spend what leisure he has in Emily's company. When I see them they are cold in their manners, and distant as strangers. The rumor of his engagement abroad is, I presume, unfounded.

The intimacy one forms with a Journal is remarkable. It seems as a living friend. It is always ready for us, and has no occupation but our concerns. As soon as we have formed the habit of resorting to its society, it gets a strange sort

of power over us. It remembers for us, and gives new life to scenes and emotions which might else have been forgotten. It never speaks a word, yet it has a reproving power, so that we respect it. If we should persevere in evil doing, I think we should be afraid to meet it. I don't see how a very wicked person, if they told it the truth, could keep in its company. I believe that, by little and little, it would grow very confidential, and that we might lay words upon its silent brow that would scarcely be uttered to those who have ears and voices.

Our regular habits of reading have been for some time broken up. Since dear mamma's recovery, we have resumed Marshall's Life of Washington. At first I thought it dry, and the style deficient in life; but it conveys information of the most important kind, that of our own continent and country. There may be more fascination in the history of other climes, especially in the far-off fabulous ages; yet we ought not to be ignorant about the land of our birth.

This work was begun out of compliment to grandfather's taste, but I continue it for mutual pleasure and personal instruction. Mary Ann has often participated in its perusal, and this

evening Egbert joined our reading-circle. We have been struck with two prominent points in the character of Washington—his greatness in the midst of difficulties, and his freedom from ambition. Secret troubles he had while the great burdens of the war devolved upon him, misconstructions, treachery, opposition where he least expected it, complaints of the Fabian policy which saved the nation. Had his motives been less high or holy, he would have gone back in disgust to the retirement that he loved. He differed from almost all other leaders of armies by understanding the policy of peace as well as of war. Many heroes have fought and conquered, but knew not how to rule. They were at home among the thunders of revolution, but knew not how to rest. They could outride the deluge, but were puzzled when they "saw the bow set in the cloud." But Washington, being placed at the head of the nation he had rescued, knew both how to stay there and how long. He was not so dazzled by power as to aim to make it perpetual. To sustain it was self-denial. Far better did he love the tillage of his ancestral acres. He was destitute of the selfishness of ambition; he sought only the good of his country and the approval of his God.

There has been a succession of storms. Ice clinging to the rattling trees, and snows heaping themselves up, as if to stay forever. Grandfather says,

"Where is Henry Howard? Why does he not come with his flute as he used to do, and entertain us? I think him the most agreeable young man who ever visited here."

Ah! I wish he had not spoken those words. He did not know that they touched a chord painfully vibrating. There was at that moment a deep longing in the heart for the music that he praised and for the presence of the musician. I wish, at least, he had not spoken them just as I was retiring; for sleep, fickle goddess, scarcely visited my pillow, or only in fitful dreams, like an unamiable traveler, sullenly riding on a broken car.

Would that I could have seen my father, or, rather, that I might have looked upon him when old enough to have remembered his face, and once have lisped his sacred name! My mother has spoken of him recently more freely than is her wont. I used incessantly to ask her questions of how he looked, and what he said, but they gave her pain, and I desisted. Now, since she has

been so near a reunion with him in thought, she seems inclined to gratify me by describing him. In her limning of love, he was a model of manly beauty and virtue. She has long since told me that my hair was of his color, between chestnut and auburn, and inclining to curl; and during her sickness she once said, when I bent earnestly over her, that the expression of our eyes was alike. If there is any resemblance, may it increase for her comfort. In that purer world, may I kneel beside him and call him father? And will he know the daughter whom he scarcely beheld on earth? There will be then no separation, no change. Blessed clime! may I be made fit for it in God's appointed time.

The winter solstice is always a point of thoughtful observation. Nature seems to be tired of giving daylight, and fills the cup of the year to overflowing with night. She calls us to rest and refit for the duties of a more active season.

Is there an art to stay the hours
  That fleet away so fast?
To stamp an image on the cloud?
  To stay the rushing blast?

We may not check their swift career,
  We may not quell their speed,

For so the Power that can not err
  In wisdom hath decreed;

But we may still each other aid
  In virtue's heavenly way,
And thus, in colors not to fade,
  Impress this *shortest day*.

Shall I say, Wherein have I offended? And why is thy countenance changed? Come back, as in days of old, to a friend who has never swerved? Come back; the lone-spirit hath a void place for thee?

Shall I? or shall I not?

Be patient, restless heart. "In quietness shall be your strength. But they said, Nay, we will ride upon horses; so shall they who pursue you be swift."

CHRISTMAS.

Hail, blessed morn! that, robed in gold,
Look'd o'er Judea's summits cold,
  And bade the world rejoice;
A world that, wrapp'd in darkness deep,
And trembling on destruction's steep,
  Had heard no pitying voice.
Then came an arm all strong to save,
And pluck'd the victory from the grave.

In thee would ancient seers have joy'd,
Who, gazing through the dreary void,

  Foretold Messiah long;
While sages o'er their native rocks
Star-guided went, and from their flocks
  The shepherds join'd the throng,
Gifts at a lowly shrine to lay,
And listen on their wondrous way,
  Unto the angels' song.
Even I, of noteless name and mind,
This wild flower with the anthem bind,
  "Good-will and peace to all mankind."

There is something very soothing in the search and linking of poetical sounds. Sometimes they so beguile the mind that the thought which should give them solidity escapes. The "tinkling cymbal" amuses, and the sense becomes secondary, or takes flight. Nevertheless, this writing of rhymes is a fascinating, and may be a useful thing.

The last moon of the year. She goes wading through clouds, troubled, but tinging them all with silver. They float away, wearing the beauty that she gave them. As I muse this evening, the yearning after a father's love comes strongly over me. Why should that name seem dearer, more expressive than even that of mother? One is a part of ourselves, but the other—*father! fa-*

ther!—imbodies the protection which the helplessness of our sex needs.

When they taught my baby-tongue the prayer, "Our Father, who art in heaven," I thought it was this father of whom I asked for my daily bread; and when there were none by me, and the lamp was taken away, I lifted my head from my little couch, and said, "Father, come back. You stay a long time in heaven. I so wish to see you. O, father, come back."

I sometimes think that I have seen him, so often do we meet in dreams. I stretch out my arms to the sacred form, but it vanishes away; yet the smile is always the same. When we meet at heaven's gate, by that image shall I know him among the angels; and will they not rejoice at my glad cry of "Father! father?"

Wednesday, January 1st, 1817.

My journal! my true friend! walk with me through this year, if it is to be mine, prompting me to higher endeavors and a purer piety. Walk by my side as a prompter, and, if need be, a reprover; for my own strength is but weakness, and my wisdom vanity.

Almighty Father! remember me, in Thy great mercy, at the return of that day in which Thou didst call me into existence. Deign to look upon the whole frame of my nature, and elevate it to its noblest ends. Make me more in unison with angelic influences, and uplift me by a prospect of the world to come. May both the sunbeams and the clouds of this lower life raise me heavenward.

Thou hast told us of those invisible guardians who "bear us up in their hands, lest we dash our foot against a stone." Grant me pleasant meditations on those celestial messengers, and a likeness to them; for they "do Thy pleasure, and hearken unto the voice of Thy word." In communion with them, and with the holy spirits of the departed, who once loved us in the flesh, may I find themes of joyful thought, and motives to a more entire obedience.

Immense comfort have I in my little conservatory. It was erected for me on the promise that I would take the principal charge of it. This has been an unmixed pleasure. Simple it is, and small, but neat and flourishing. Built on the southern side of our common parlor, where the window has been made into a door, the access is easy, and we can see the plants at all times. It is especially pleasant to look at them while we are seated at the table. Methinks we are more grateful for the food that we receive while we see them happy and healthful. Sometimes, when I give them water, or move them that they may better meet the sun, I think they have intelligence, and amuse myself with Darwin's fanciful theory. I have no great variety yet, as my establishment is comparatively new. A scarlet geranium and great lemon-colored artemisia are the present aristocracy; but my prime favorites are two pure white roses, an Egyptian one of the richest crimson, and a young orange, which will soon bud, and which, when I bathe its thick, deeply-green leaves, seems to look up at me like a loving child. The very care endears every plant that shares it. I never realized how valuable was the gift of flowers until I watched the progress of the swelling blossoms and unfolding

petals. Surely He who brought all this beauty from the unsightly mould meant that we should admire and be made better by it.

It seems like a dream to write we are in Washington. Grandfather had for some time been wishing to visit once more the capital of his country. The physician said that a milder climate, for a part of the winter, would promote my mother's entire restoration. She, in her great love, fancied that I needed some change of scene after the confinement of nursing. She erred in supposing that any service for her could do me aught besides good. I have no ill health to complain of, though I may not be quite so buoyant as when I was younger. However, the reasons were deemed sufficient, and, as the boy said, "I was born, and up I grew," they decided, and here we are.

The capital of our country is delightfully situated on the noble Potomac and the classic Tiber. It is a place of magnificent outlines, which methinks it will take a long time to fill up, though our young land has great vitality. Still, it can scarcely be called central, especially when the Far West, and the large territory purchased by the

late President Jefferson, are settled. But dear grandfather will not admit this, and persists in giving it unqualified praise, because it was the choice of the "man of men," and bears his honored name.

Mr. Madison, our fourth president, is now nearly at the close of his administration of eight years. He is of small stature, and formal in his manners. He is said to possess varied and profound learning, and, when he was Secretary of State, to have produced documents uncommonly powerful and luminous. I can see that my grandfather's high-toned chivalry does not pay him perfect respect, for having made what he considers a rash war, and for his want of bravery when the invading enemy approached. Yet, if "caution is the better part of valor," flight was on such an occasion commendable.

Politics seem to me but another name for strife; and, as Falstaff says of honor, "Therefore I'll none on't." One of the privileges of our sex is that they may keep clear of such matters. Our wisdom, even if we were not Christians, is to be peace-makers. Now it is our duty. What a

mistake to feel that we are injured by being excluded from an active part in the arena! Thrice blessed is our own quiet sphere of duty, where, in making others happy, we find our own truest joy.

Every body admires Mrs. Madison; so queenly is she, yet so full of kindness. She puts all at ease around her, especially the youngest and the lowest. Her deportment is almost maternal. It mingles with native dignity a simplicity and truthfulness which at once inspire confidence, and whose elements may have had something to do with her Quaker nurture, as she originally belonged to the denomination of Friends. Her brilliant complexion heightens as she speaks, and she seems the personification of an exuberant benevolence.

Our pilgrimage here would have been wholly incomplete had we failed to visit Mount Vernon. We have been to that Mecca shrine. We have entered the ancient mansion, where the sweetness of domestic love and the quiet of rural pursuits solaced him who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." We have

stood by his tomb. It was touching to see my dear grandfather, his venerable head uncovered, and tears dropping from his cheeks like rain. What a wonderful man must he have been who could create and sustain such love!

The opinion of the Marquis de Chastellux, who, being here with the French army, had many opportunities of personal intercourse, throws some light on this point, and is fervently expressed. In his volume of travels he says,

"It may be truly asserted that Condé was intrepid, Turenne prudent, Eugene adroit, Catinat disinterested. Not thus simply can Washington be characterized. It will be said of him that at the close of a long civil war there was nothing with which he could reproach himself. If any thing can be more marvelous than this, it is the universal suffrage of the people. Soldiers, magistrates, commoners, all admire and love him, all speak of him in terms of pride, tenderness, and veneration.

"Still, the confidence he inspires never gives birth to undue familiarity. Rochefoucault has said that 'no man is a hero to his valet de chambre.' Washington is an exception to this maxim. Those who are nearest to his person love him most. Yet this love is never separated from a sentiment of profound respect.

"In speaking of this perfect whole, of which Washington furnishes the idea, I would not exclude personal appearance. His stature is lofty and noble; his form exactly proportioned; his physiognomy grave and agreeable; his brow sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude: in awakening admiration, he inspires reverence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence."

We are all so interested in attending the debates of Congress. I fancy that I can tell from what section of our country the representatives are when they first come forward to speak. The New England and the Southern members have a marked idiosyncrasy, and I think the Western men have a freedom and bravery of manner, as if caught from their broad, unsettled regions. It is beautiful to see them, as brethren of one common family—more beautiful than if they were all alike. Legislating as they do for the good of the whole, each has some little sacrifice to make, which adds moral elevation to their bond of brotherhood.

Above all places in the Capitol, I delight to go to the room of the Supreme Court of the United

States. There seems the gravity and wisdom that would save the republic, should it be shipwrecked elsewhere. One feels such a repose of mind in this spot, as if here would be the regulating power if things outside went ever so wrong. I look with the deepest reverence at Chief Justice Marshall, so wise, so truthful, yet so simple in his greatness. He has filled this exalted post about sixteen years, revered by men of varying political creeds. I like him better for his native love of poetry, and that he does not despise it since he has risen to so lofty a station. I could not but remember that in his early boyhood he copied the whole of Pope's "Essay on Man" in a clear, fair chirography, and that now, though the highest judicial authority in our realm, he never had the advantages of a collegiate education.

We had the honor of an introduction to him at an evening party. How kind and simple are his manners, the true dignity that knows no display. I was so enthusiastic that I wished at once to thank him for the pleasure and instruction derived from reading his Life of Washington. Of course, I could not take such a liberty, but was glad to hear my grandfather express our sentiments to him in his own earnest and dignified manner, neither saying too little nor too much.

It is said by the knowing ones that it will not do to ask the President his age. I thought that kind of weakness was confined to females who had passed their prime, or who are called, in common parlance, old maids. The reason assigned for this fastidiousness is the disparity between himself and Mrs. Madison, some twenty or thirty years probably, which it annoys him to have made prominent.

It was our last levee in Washington. The great room at the palace was crowded almost to suffocation. While promenading and conversing with the many acquaintances we have made, through a vista in the throng a pair of "deep, dark, spiritual eyes" met mine. No other could have so touched the inner pulses of the soul. They conveyed a glance of unutterable intelligence. The response was electric.

Their owner immediately joined us. He returned with us to our boarding-house. Full explanations ensued. What had seemed so mysterious was capable of solution. The apparent alienation was unfolded and dissolved. Arts had indeed been used; yet I ought to forgive Emily, since all has so happily terminated.

Grandfather says at breakfast, "How pleasant it was last evening to see a face that we knew in a land of strangers." Mother added more significantly, "Now Henry can attend us home;" and my heart in its secret chamber breathed something about a "*home forever*."

Poor Emily! I wish she had not done so wrong. I need not blame her for admiring attractive excellence, or wonder at her being willing to appropriate it; but

> "Oh, what a tangled web we weave
> When first we practice to deceive!"

To one accustomed to the New England cold, a winter thus far south is cheering, and, I think, salubrious. Certainly my dearest mother has found it so. Still, there are sudden and high winds here—gusts, as they call them—of which I am no admirer. If you chance to be in the opposition, and on foot, it is no trifle to surmount them with hat on head.

I believe the weather is considered uncommonly mild, and the season precocious. The aspen-tree has hung out its long, drooping tassels, and the grass is green by the side of the pavements, and in sheltered places of the fields. The leaves of the lilac are already "larger than a mouse's

ear," to borrow the comparison of our poor Indians. The snowdrop and crocus lift their beautiful heads among the gardens. I hope they may not have crept forth too soon from their safe retreats, lured by the fickle air and wintry sunbeam. I should be sorry to see them laid low by the Frost King, sweet, trusting innocents.

We have decided to leave before the inauguration of the new president, Mr. Monroe, on the fourth of March. It is necessary for us to be at home soon after that period, and we would like to have a little time for the intervening cities, through which we passed in a hurried manner on our way to the capital. Besides, we are filled to surfeiting with show and pomp, and do not care to mingle with the throng of a still more gorgeous pageant.

Baltimore has a pleasant location and some fine buildings. I heard it remarked that the illumination for peace, some two years since, was more striking here than in most of our cities, from its boldly undulating surface, and the position of its edifices.

More and more am I attracted by the ease of

manner and hospitality of the Southern people. It is not possible to retain the feelings of a stranger among them. We at the North have, I trust, as much heart, but we do not show it as readily, or succeed as well in drawing out that of others.

I shall always be so happy to have had the opportunity of seeing the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who chanced to be in this city. None would suppose him to have numbered fourscore years, so slightly has time marked him, and so cheerfully does he enter into the pleasures of others. A finished gentleman is he, with the courtliness acquired by intercourse with foreign lands, having been sent to France at the age of eight for education, and continuing there and in England, in legal studies, and in wider European travel, until mature manhood. His talents, wealth, and personal influence were freely devoted to the liberties of our country, and his signature to the declaration of our independence was given with a firm hand and full knowledge of what he hazarded. He retired from his seat in the Senate of the United States more than twenty years since, that he might enjoy the quiet of home, where he is surrounded by all that domestic hap-

piness, elegant hospitality, and universal respect can bestow. Long may he live to enjoy these blessings.

"And Penn's thronged city cast a cheerful gleam."

So sang the author of the "Columbiad," Joel Barlow, who was sent on an embassy to France by President Madison, and died only four years since at a Polish village. We were reminded of him, and this little strain from his lyre, by entering Philadelphia in the evening. Methought the spirit of William Penn, that great and good man, still hovered there.

I very much like this city of Brotherly Love. Its perfect regularity pleases me. How beautifully it sits between its two fair rivers, the Delaware and Schuylkill! The quietness of the people, and the frequent appearance of the Quaker costume, please me. I think I have an inherent love of that sect. Their perfect neatness, the neutral tints that they patronize, their rescue of time and thought from show and fashion, and the familiar friendliness of the plain language, agree with my taste, and seem favorable to repose of mind and contentment.

Good, venerable Bishop White, I shall not soon forget him. Through his acquaintance with Henry's uncle, we had the pleasure of an interview. Though scarcely seventy, his patriarchal manner, and the silvery whiteness of his hair, give him the appearance of more advanced age. His aspect and saintly life would win the most thoughtless to admire the "beauty of holiness." His smile, and the sweetness of his fatherly words, will dwell among my most cherished memories, the finishing tint of the picture which this noble city has given my heart.

We have met no person in New York with whom our whole group have been more entirely delighted than Colonel Trumbull, the soldier-painter, "him of the pencil, the pen, and the sword," as he has been well styled. His perfect courtesy adds grace to all he says, and his conversation is by no means restricted to subjects of art, but has gained richness and variety by residence in foreign lands. He is fair in countenance and graceful in person, bearing no trace of time, though he must be at least sixty. He is engaged on four large national pictures for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Being

president of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, he politely took us to see its collection of paintings and sculptures.

His wife, who is an English lady, accompanied us. We were told that he was made captive by her beauty, but that has passed away. Her dress and manners were both peculiar. Objections were made to the way in which the light fell upon one of her husband's pictures, which had been newly placed on the walls. Calling his attention to it, she exclaimed,

"Look! look! God Almighty only knows why they have seen fit to hang it here."

Not being accustomed to hear emotion thus expressed, I think I looked surprised, and the gentlemanly artist strove to efface the impression by pointing out and commenting upon other works of genius.

Two pictures from Trumbull's pencil attracted me—one the knighting of De Wilton, suggested by a description in Scott's "Marmion," the other a scene from the "Lady of the Lake." The latter depicts Douglas in his exile, speaking to Malcolm of Ellen, who at a little distance, playing with Lufra, her favorite dog, still seems listening to the conversation of her father and lover. The surrounding scenery is wild and Scottish.

Whose is that lofty form, which, mark'd by time,
Stands, like the forest-king, pre-eminent,
And bends, but not decays? We breathe the name
Of Douglas, Scotia's peer.
Fast by his side
The noble Malcolm, beautiful and brave,
In the transparency of honor stands,
Lover and hero. And that maiden fair,
Withdrawn a little space—her tell-tale eye
Listening, yet speaking too, reveals the truth
That neither Lufra, seeking her caress,
Nor yet the falcon perching on her wrist,
Absorb the heart's attention.
Allan, too,
The poor old harper, sorrow-bent, and rapt
In scenes of other days, still wakes the strain
To cheer his exiled chieftain.
Hark! with shout
Of revelry and pride, the stately barge
Of Roderick cuts the wave. The rapid stroke
Of Highland oars keeps measure to the song,
"*Row, vassals, row!*" while the exulting praise
Of that grim warrior bursts from cave and glen
Of the wild trosachs, or in softened tones
Floats o'er Loch Katrine's bosom pure and blue.

What a busy, bustling city is this same New York! How full of vitality and progress. The people hurry through Broadway as if there was a bailiff at their heels. I wonder how they got into this fast way of walking. Not from their Dutch ancestors, I fancy. The grave old burgomasters and thrifty vrows, could they trundle about here again, would scarcely believe this to have ever been New Amsterdam.

Immense capacities for commerce has this powerful metropolis. Already it numbers one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Grandfather says that, before the Revolution, Boston and even Newport had precedence; but since that period its growth has been astonishing. Perhaps nothing will limit it but the island on which it stands. I am bewildered by its unresting activities; the more so for having just come from Philadelphia, where people take time to sleep, and sometimes to think too. Men from all regions of the earth congregate here, and all, with one consent, agree in chasing each other.

Some noble institutions I have visited in this city, and am glad of the opportunity of seeing them. I was thankful for safe arrival in it, and more especially thankful to get safely out.

Home! sweet, sweet home! how doubly delightful after absence! However much a visit may have been enjoyed, one of its greatest gains is the heightened value of home. We know better how to estimate its daily comforts, and come back with new vigor to its duties. Even its hu-

mility seems to endear it. We may have admired lofty mansions, and their luxurious appointments, where it is proper they should exist; but we would not wish to appropriate them, with all their show and care. In neat, plain apartments there is more of quiet comfort, at least to me. We admire the green-house exotics, and to visit the kingly magnolia, but we kneel down by the lily of the vale, or the violet in our own garden, and press our lips to the woodbine that climbs over the door. Thankful to have been permitted to see the high places of my own land, peopled and made glorious as they are by the great and the good, my heart overflows to Him who hath guided and restored us, and I enter these my lowly "gates with praise."

Dear Mary Ann's face, as she stood at our door to receive us, was as the face of an angel. And good Amy in her gladness, "though black, was comely." Of what consequence is color where the loving heart is right?

Our engagement is completed. It has been fully sanctioned by my beloved mother and grandfather, and by Henry's uncle, who has long been

his sole guardian. Their affectionate consent and blessing have added greatly to our happiness. The love that has been in our hearts from early years, and almost unconsciously "grown with our growth," until it became entwined with the fibres of our being, has been solemnly confirmed in words and in the fear of God. My whole soul praises Him for his great goodness.

My dear grandfather says that the entrance of true love into any house, or its increase there, is a blessing to all who dwell in it. So may the fountain here opened in our hearts ever shed refreshing, cheering influences upon those who have nurtured ours—all who have been kind to us—all who may need our kindness.

I know not how I could ever have been worthy of the love of so pure and ardent a heart, such a vigorous and accomplished mind. Indeed, I am not worthy. It is God's unbounded mercy. A new strength seems to have inspired me, as if all life's troubles would be light, all its clouds silver-lined, through the aid of this kindred spirit.

I am so pleased to have relations. Henry's uncle, who resides near us, has adopted me into his affections; and his only brother and wife, though far off, have written and welcomed me as a sister. I have always been hankering after relatives, because I had so few, and have tried to make various friends into brothers and sisters, and hunted for years even to find a twentieth cousin. Now I feel as if I was "suddenly made rich and my glory increased." May the Giver of all these treasures grant me wisdom to make a right improvement of them.

The voice of the early bluebird! His bright plumage gleams through the budding branches. Methinks there was never so tuneful a carol, so fair a spring. To admire the beautiful things of nature does us good. Was not beauty so profusely scattered in our paths to make us better? Its perception seems the most active in the purest hearts.

Many friends call to congratulate us on our betrothal. They kindly express an opinion that there is in it a fitness and congeniality. It adds to our enjoyment to find an important decision

thus approved, and to be bidden God-speed both by "old men and maidens, young men and children."

We have had some company to dine—two of my grandfather's friends from Washington, who were passing through town, and to whom he wished to pay respect. Henry's uncle and himself, our good minister and his lady, and my loved Mary Ann, were of the party. More of preparation and circumstance attended this than any of our previous hospitalities. Mamma trusted the whole to my arrangement, but was kindly ready with advice and aid. Every thing went off well, and I was repaid for all exertion by seeing the guests so happy.

I could not help remembering, with a secret risibility, my former anxiety when we had only two or three people at tea, and my terror when Miss Keziah Ensign's sharp eyes inspected my housekeeping. Now, though there was vastly more responsibility, I was entirely at ease. Why? A pair of dark eyes might answer if they would. Their approving glance was on me at the right times. Whenever I needed a little aid, they knew it, and threw me strength. Their owner was so considerate as to send his uncle's serving-man,

who is an accomplished waiter, to assist at the table, so that care was taken from my mind. Continually do I feel how true love gives energy for every duty, as well as zest to every joy.

Emily appears shy and crestfallen. I hope to convince her that I am neither offended nor disposed to exult. I can not help pitying her that she should have been tempted to such inventions and crooked ways. If she feels any compunction, it may be salutary. But that is her own soul's concern. Sometimes I wish there was another lover equally perfect for her, and that she might have the grace to meet him in ways of truth.

On the whole, we are both indebted to her, for we might not so soon have discovered the depth of our mutual affection if she had not probed our hearts according to her own fashion. I hope we shall take pains to show ourselves friendly when proper occasions offer; for, inasmuch as she has sustained loss, she needs sympathy.

The first arbutus of the year, brought me by a hand most dear. Afterward we went in search of more in the surrounding woods, accompanied by Mary Ann and Egbert. It seemed to have

put itself away more cunningly than usual, "but the ointment of its right hand bewrayed it." Among the decayed vegetation of the last year and the young springing turf we found it, hiding under its dark leaf, and got enough for the mantel vases and to fill the house with fragrance.

Of all kinds of exercise I prefer the equestrian. It gives such a sense of power to rule a noble animal, and be fearlessly borne by him through rural scenery, where the sweet air lifts up the heart to the Maker of this wonderful frame of Nature.

I have thought that the officers of the Revolution rode better than other men. My grandfather, even now, manages the most spirited horse with address and elegance. He has heretofore instructed me how to keep my seat, and criticised all indications of awkwardness or fear. We have ridden much together, and I hope may long continue to do so. To-day he declined going, and proposed to another person to take his place. Who was that other person?

Oh! but we had a delightful time, though his horsemanship is less elegant than that of my former companion. Amid the retired haunts that Spring is beautifying, it was like music to hear

his rich voice break forth in that exquisite stanza from the Minstrel,

"Ah! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms that Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields—
All that the genial ray of morning yields,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven?
Ah! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

This poem of Beattie, which abounds with fine passages and the purest morality, never seems to me to have been fully appreciated. Henry admires, with me, the Spenserian stanza. The closing Alexandrine gives force to a grand thought, if there happen to be one to bring out. Thomson has shown that he could easily wield this elaborate measure in his "Castle of Indolence." Some parts of that poem I can never read without wishing to go to sleep, so soothing are its lullaby melodies.

Henry has from boyhood desired to study a profession, and thinks his bachelor uncle very arbitrary to overrule him in a thing of this nature. But he has long claimed the authority of a father, and possesses a great share of worldly prudence.

He says the necessities of this young country are for men of action rather than of sedentary thought; that Henry can do more good in his day and generation by adhering to the former class; and he prefers his entering the banking business. He adds that he regarded his native thirst for knowledge by giving him a liberal education, which will be of value to him in all positions, and that the world of books being widely open to him, he will always be adding to his mental stores. I trust Henry will acquiesce in this reasoning, as he has already signalized his obedience from early years.

Summer moon, so queenly fair,
Gliding through the waveless air,
Peering through the trellised vine,
And the fragrant eglantine,
Thou hast ever seem'd to be
As a chosen friend to me;
O'er my childhood's couch wouldst steal,
Kindly asking of my weal;
To my hour of lonely thought
Thou hast pleasant musings brought;
Smiling now, thou seem'st to shine—
Dost thou know whose heart is mine?

Summer moon, with silver ray,
Sweetly calm pursue thy way,
Through the cloud and through the blue,
Ever to thy duty true;
Teach thy Maker's love and might
To each watcher of the night—

He who, mid the starry plain,
Duly bids thee wax and wane.
Is it arrogance in me
Thus to pour my strain to thee,
And to ask its praise may flow
Higher than thou darest to go?

Henry has become much interested in the German, having met with a good native teacher while in college. He made very commendable progress in the language during the intervals of his other studies. To please him, I have given it some attention, he being my instructor. We have amused ourselves a little this evening by forming phrases on the rule that "adverbs beginning a sentence require the verb to precede the nominative;" for instance:

"Thither wandered a young shepherdess."

"Hither comes, rejoicing in the east, the King of Day," etc.

Though I know comparatively nothing of this language, it seems majestic in its structure, and to comprise immense stores of untranslated riches. Elizabeth Smith, so remarkable as a linguist, said that she had only a few select friends whom she thought *worthy* to be acquainted with the German.

I wonder people should be so inattentive to the accomplishment of good reading. I do not mean oratorical declamation. There is enough of that; but a plain enunciation, so as not to cheat any word of its power, and an entering into the spirit of the book, so as not to defraud the writer of his aim and labor, is what I mean—a sort of justice to the author and the language—which those who will not render had better let both alone, or read to themselves, and not make the tired, impatient listeners parties to their fraud.

Among the poems of Walter Scott, I have been inclined to give the preference to "Marmion," as expressing the force of his genius more fully than the others, perhaps, with the exception of parts of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The "Lady of the Lake" is more popular, and probably more symmetrical; yet nothing in it is as thrilling as the "Convent Scene," or the whole description of the battle of Flodden Field. The introductions to the several cantos are fine poetry, but seem to me unwisely placed, as hindrances to the dramatic action. It is better to read them by themselves, when, ceasing to be intruders, their merit is apparent.

I have never appreciated "Marmion" until hearing Henry read it aloud, with his melodious, manly elocution. It is a favorite of his, and that renders it more effective. How thrilling he made that picture of Constance before her judges, in the dark vault of Whitby's convent!

"And there she stood, so calm, so pale,
Save that her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And snowy bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax
Wrought to the very life was there,
So still she was, so pale, so fair."

The description of Constance, when about to make her last appeal before the infliction of her cruel doom, is as graphic as the pencil could have made it.

"And now that blind old abbot rose
To speak the chapter's doom
On those the wall was to inclose
Alive, within its tomb,
But paused, because that hopeless maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd:
Thrice she essay'd, and thrice in vain
Her accents might no utterance gain.
At length an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled at her heart,
And light came to her eye,

And color dawn'd upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter'd streak,
Like that which tints the Cheviot peak
In autumn's stormy sky.
And when the silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke, she gather'd strength,
And armed herself to bear:
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy
In form so soft and fair."

My dear grandfather and mother have listened with delight to Henry's readings of Marmion, by which he has rendered a few rainy evenings pleasant, and have occasionally pointed out subjects which they thought an artist might successfully illustrate. One is the last interview of the haughty and high-minded Douglas, at the gates of Tantallon Castle, with the hero of the poem, who would fain have given him the parting hand.

"But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
'My manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet as honor'd guest or peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.'"

What a rebuke for soiled knightly honor to one of the proudest warriors of England!

Dreams are such a pleasant part of life. They seem a proof of God's loving kindness, that, while we are apparently unconscious, he provides for us a happiness which we have not sought after, and can scarcely understand. "He giveth to his beloved *in* their sleep," as some translator has rendered it, instead of the common version. I often think of this passage at waking with gratitude for the action of the unslumbering mind, and the scenes through which it has been led, so wild, so wonderful, that memory, with her plodding pencil, can scarcely touch their rainbow hues.

How is sorrow ever treading on the heels of joy! Henry's father-uncle has been smitten by a stroke of apoplexy. He is no more. Oh Death, how fearful art thou when thou comest unawares! One moment man moves in the glory of his strength; the next, what and where is he?

Pale! pale! How changed! Never more to speak to us! The bereft house is as solemn as

the tomb. Those who pass to and fro on necessary avocations glide with noiseless step and suppressed tones, revering the sheeted dead.

My mother and myself came to Henry in his trouble. We remain with him much of the time during the day, for we can help and comfort him. My tears have flowed freely with his, for I love those whom he loved, and it is my privilege to share in his griefs.

Love deepened by sorrow. I did not know how perfectly my heart was Henry's until this affliction came upon him. He divides his cares with me, and asks my counsel so confidingly, that I feel as if I had not lived in vain. There are many things to be done in which my mother's advice and aid are important to him and to the housekeeper.

What a change when the head of a household falls! What utter desolation! The band that held it together is broken. The divinity that presided in the temple has departed. As before the fall of Jerusalem, mysterious voices are heard, saying, "Let us go hence."

The funeral obsequies are past. He who so lately entered his own doors in the glory of his strength has been borne from them to return no more. I have never before fully realized the solemnity of such a scene, from not having been called, until now, to take part as a mourner. How unspeakably impressive, yet consolatory, is the burial-service of the Church of England! The most thoughtless are arrested by its tender pathos. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." After that shudder of the heart which comes with "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the echo of the clods from the cold casket of the sleeping clay, how like a triumph-strain breathe the words, "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write: blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The soul that has been broken, and laid low with grief, lifts itself up and responds, "Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors." In the thought of their peaceful rest, so precious after this weary life, with more intense faith in Him who is "our resurrection and life, in whom he that believeth shall live though he die," we go from the grave which we have enriched by what we love. If we turn away from it no wiser, humbler, or more confiding in Him who can alone give us victory over this death that destroys the body, methinks

"neither should we be persuaded though one arose from the dead."

This bereavement of Henry's will hasten our nuptials. They had been appointed for the next spring, but his home is now closed, and he scarcely comfortable at a public boarding-house. He is so sad and lone-hearted when away from us. He urges that on my approaching birth-day we should utter with our lips the vow that our hearts have long since taken. As he has consented to come to us, and there will be no separation of the family, but only an addition to its happiness, it will be far better to comply with his wishes than to constrain him longer to lead the life of a stranger.

I sit alone in my own room this thirty-first of December, until midnight, to bid the year farewell; a year to me so eventful, so fraught with changes that take hold on eternity. Its mantle fades in the dim distance, but the smile of a cloudless moon silvers the landscape while it gives me the parting kiss. As its last voice, *Twelve*, slowly knells itself away, my heart is lifted in fervent praise to the Almighty Giver who has led it

on, through light and through darkness, in unerring wisdom, and crowned it with love. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Thursday, January 1st, 1818.

With the first light of this hallowed morn of my birth and of my bridal, I look unto Thee, the father of my spirit, the high rock of my salvation. I cast myself at Thy footstool before the blessed sun comes "rejoicing in the east." Humbly I take Thy glorious name on my lips, yet in the confidence of faith. Thou, who hast never forgotten me since I was laid on my mother's bosom, remember me now.

Much have I to implore on this, the most eventful day of my existence. What shall I say? Thou knowest all. Thou hast filled my cup with an overflowing mercy ever since I was born. In the new brightness that now surrounds me I would not proudly wrap myself, thinking that there will be no cloud. May I press the cross meekly to my breast when trouble cometh. May I seek the happiness of others more than my own, not resting too much on this beautiful earthly love, save as it enhanceth that which is divine and eternal. And now, Almighty Protector and Guide, I consecrate unto thee the being that thou hast given. What I omit to ask for my true good, deign to grant; what I desire amiss, deign

to deny; for I supplicate thy wisdom in all my ways, the smile of thy sustaining Spirit on my soul, through the intercession of a blessed Redeemer.

Our wedding was quiet and simple. It would not have been proper, on account of recent bereavement, that it should be gay or festive. Invitations were given to those only who had peculiar claims. The circle was therefore select, but pleasant and sympathetic.

The rooms were beautiful with flowers. Our little conservatory gave forth all its wealth and fragrance. The hyacinths were in full glory, in bulb-glasses and in pots; and the English ivy, climbing out of its baskets, almost covered the principal windows. Heliotrope and mignonnette, Henry's favorites, were so disposed among the rich crimson roses as to have a good effect. Mary Ann's taste and assistance were freely lent. She and Egbert stood up with us at the solemn ceremony.

"Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" asks the prophet. I was gratified that the entire simplicity of mine was approved by those whom I best love. A pure white dress, a fair white rose in the bosom, white rose-buds

and orange-flowers wreathed in the hair—that was all. I was so glad not to be absorbed in preparing an elaborate costume, or for the excitement of a large and strange company, at an era so sacred. My grandfather's blessing and my mother's embrace, after the thrilling, hallowed ceremony, and their sweet welcome of my beloved to their heart of hearts, I can never forget while memory holds her seat.

Henceforth, in all my prayers, another soul standeth with mine. I implore the Divine favor for that soul before my own. I would stand back that it may receive the first fullness of the heavenly blessing. I would be lost in its shadow, if it might but drink a double portion from the fountain that cleanseth unto eternal life.

Henry has seen Niagara in the frigid drapery of winter, and thinks it more strikingly majestic than when surrounded by the gorgeousness of summer. He is very urgent to take me there, and I should be delighted to behold that magnificent work of Nature in its most solemn garb, and with him. But dear mother is not entirely well, and I should not think it quite right to leave

her for a tour of pleasure. He acquiesces in my reason, and thinks anxiety would mar the enjoyment of both. She would not permit this renunciation on her account, if she knew it, for she does not call herself ill. But since I have been a sentinel over her health, I perceive the slightest approach of the most insidious foe sooner than she does, because she never thinks of herself. With our united care, I trust these slight symptoms of evil will vanish. In the mean time, we have fallen back upon our original plan, which was to visit Niagara at the period first appointed for our marriage.

Mary Ann and her mother have given us an evening party, as pleasant as refined society, sweet music, and elegant refreshments could make it. Those kind feelings reigned which impart so much enjoyment, and are long remembered. The manners of one of the guests I could not help observing. Every lady received from him some notice or polite attention; in the graver conversation of gentlemen he mingled, and his opinions were heard with regard. But he sought out the oldest persons in the company for his especial attention, and brows marked with age brightened as he drew near. The respect thus paid to the

hoary head seemed both an offering of the heart and the result of high principle. Then he looked after those who chanced to be embarrassed or overshadowed, and, being at ease himself, succeeded in making them so. There was a boy of that certain age which is constrained in a ceremonious circle, and feels that it is wanted nowhere. To him he went, and anon the bashful creature was talking as to a companion. A young child of the family wandered about like a stray lamb, and resisted every advance. But she was found sitting on his knee, and presently, lo! she throws her white arms around his neck. His deportment was evidently no attempt at popularity, but an amiable desire to make others happy, and a pleasant consciousness of being able to do so.

Who was this gentleman? and why did I feel proud of him?

"*Husband*" is a new, great word. I have not yet learned to use it. It seems to denote a being quite above me; something to look up to and be afraid of, like the Grand Mogul. I still cling to the more familiar cognomens, endeared by early association. This proper and dignified title will get learned by little and little, and naturalized in due time.

Henry sympathizes with me in fondness for noticing anniversaries. Sometimes, instead of simply mentioning the recurrence of the birth or death of some distinguished personage, he amuses us by throwing himself into the character. This morning he came down rather stylishly wrapped in a large cloak.

"Whom have we the honor of receiving?"

"Excuse me, I pray you, for thus appearing before you without introduction. Deign to question me, and I will endeavor to give you satisfaction."

"Of what country are you a native?"

"Of England."

"In what year were you born?"

"Forgive me for not being quite ready to tell my age. It is rather a delicate matter. Dates might reveal me too soon."

"Where did you learn to make that elegant bow?"

"Of my father."

"Was your father a schoolmaster?"

"No; schoolmasters don't make the best bows."

"Did he superintend your education?"

"Not so much as my mother. To her I am under unspeakable obligations."

"Was she qualified to instruct you?"

"She was a learned woman, and, being but feeble in my childhood, I was by her side when the deepest impressions are made on the mind and heart."

Perceiving who he was personating, I said, in a low voice, "Notwithstanding her great learning, she was willing, it seems, to be the *Cook of Bacon*," and left the examination to others.

My mother said, "Had you any brothers, who were distinguished like yourself?"

"I had one, madam, who was much regarded, and deservedly so."

"Had you many friends?"

"Some; but more in seeming than in truth."

"Were you much of a traveler?"

"Yes, in early years."

"At what college were you educated?"

"At Cambridge."

"How old were you when you entered?"

"Twelve, madam."

"What was your employment through life?"

"I had various vocations. My most congenial one was the writing of books."

"What kind of books?"

"I wrote about the earth, and about the winds, and the life of one of the kings of England."

"And about philosophy, for you early 'took all learning to be your province.'"

My grandfather, who seemed to imagine that he was some military personage, or, perhaps, wished only to prolong the entertainment, said,

"Were you ever personally in a battle?"

"No, sir."

"Had you any thing to do with the American war?"

"Nothing at all."

"Did you know George the Third?"

"I had not that privilege."

"Had you any part in making the laws of England?"

"I held an office under government."

"Under a king or a queen?"

"Under both."

"Did the latter ever pay a visit at your house?"

"I think it possible that she might."

"I wonder if it is possible that you were once the little boy who, on such an occasion, being asked his age, replied, 'He was just two years younger than her majesty's happy reign?'"

"I was."

"Fairly caught, my grave Lord Keeper. Now I understand the pun of that fair little wife of yours, as your mother was the daughter of Sir Anthony Cook; so please take a seat at the breakfast-table, and apply yourself by affinity to that excellent plate of bacon. And pray help us

also, since I think you said of old that 'you took it upon you to ring a bell to call other wits together rather than to magnify your own.'"

Laughing, he divested himself of his immense envelope, and, as the repast proceeded, an occasional interrogatory was addressed to his assumed character.

"Since you are found out, have you any objection to tell your age?"

"I was born on the twenty-second of January, 1561, at York House, in the Strand, two hundred and fifty-nine years since, this very morning."

"I always wondered why so eminent a man should suffer his servants to rule him."

"My mind was upon greater things."

"What made you offer so much flattery to such a person as James the First?"

"It was the fashion of my times."

"Being so much wiser than other men, why did you seek so slavishly for court preferment?"

"That was my weakness."

"Were you friendly to Essex?"

"I advised him for his good to conciliate Elizabeth, and enforced it by the words of Scripture: '"Martha! Martha! attendis ad plurima, unum sufficit:" *win the queen.*' But he would not take my counsel, and followed his own wild temper."

"May we ask if you were true to him in his adversity?"

"I gave assurance long since, in my works, that 'I had the privy-coat of a good conscience.' Nevertheless, I am glad that my present engagements do now call me away, inasmuch as your questions are more numerous and searching than comport with my perfect convenience."

Our intervals of leisure through the day and stormy evenings, when we have no company, are made so happy by the mixture of reading with our conversation, and the luxurious music of the flute. It seems as if we could never be satisfied with its dulcet melodies. I know of no instrument of music, when skillfully played, that so well illustrates Milton's line of

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

Shakspeare's delineation of Catharine of Aragon has interested us anew. The combination of high Spanish pride and religious bigotry with the truthfulness and tenderness of womanly nature is well portrayed. To awaken strong interest in such a personage, without any allurement of beauty or talent, required skill in the poet.

Much is owing to her position in history, and to the injustice of her lot, which creates pity. There is to our sex some secret charm in her domestic character. Her gloomy residence at Kimbolton, sequestrated from the company of her only daughter and all the allurements of the court, she cheered, as far as she was able, by the industry of the needle among her maidens. One of the old chroniclers says that, when visited by the wily cardinals on matters of state, she came forth to "meet them with a skein of white thread hanging about her neck." Notwithstanding the courtesy and resignation with which she received them, how spirited is her rebuke when she discovers their duplicity:

"The more shame for ye! Holy men I thought ye."

Touching indeed is her mournful admission of her unprotected state, far from her native country, and devoid of counselors and friends in her adversity:

"Those whom my trust should grow to, dwell not here."

The contrast between her dignity and the thoughtless impulsiveness of her beautiful rival must have required some adroitness to manage, inasmuch as the latter was the mother of Queen Elizabeth, under whose auspices Shakspeare then wrote; a woman inured to flattery, and not delicate in either manifesting or avenging her dissatisfactions.

What strange things children sometimes say! Mary Ann's young sister asked her mother if she might invite two schoolmates to spend Saturday afternoon with her. Permission was granted, and the inquiry made if they had not a little brother who could accompany them, and play with her own. The young girl replied,

"No, ma'am, they have no brother, except one who is much older, and I believe he is only a half-brother."

The child, who was giving close heed to their conversation, exclaimed, with a ludicrous look of dismay and wonder,

"A *half-brother!* Have they got the part that has the head on it?"

Perhaps Solomon's decision to divide the contested child with the sword might have been in his mind, and lent some precision to his ideas.

We have had a delightful sleighing-party of our more immediate friends. The pure snow, the elastic atmosphere, the rapid motion over perfectly-beaten roads, the exhilarating sound of the silvery bells, the surpassing glory of the full, liquid moon, and the cheering voices of loved ones, formed a singular combination of pleasure. The bridal vehicle was expected to take the lead, and the white steeds, tossing their manes, seemed to enjoy the exercise in every nerve and muscle. Arriving at a township of several miles' distance, a favorite point for such excursions, we found, at the spacious house of entertainment, a fine orchestra awaiting us, and, after listening with delight to their spirited and varied music, partook of an elegant supper. The only drawback to my happiness was some apprehension, which scarcely sprang up, however, till we were ready to return, that the unusual lateness of the hour might cause anxiety at home. But, lo and behold! I found them entirely prepared for the result, and sitting up to receive us in the best possible spirits, having been apprised of every arrangement for the concert, which was to be a bridal surprise, and, of course, kept secret from me. I can not, by any form of words, express my gratitude to my Heavenly Benefactor for His countless blessings.

We have great comfort in Sandy, an excellent Scotch servant, long trained and trusted by Henry's uncle, who has lived with us since our marriage. Both in the house and out, he is equally efficient, never tired, and always respectful. This mixture of Caledonian blood with New England

culture makes a very reliable and intelligent person. He has also knowledge of gardening, and is already pondering how our grounds may be improved when the season opens. His ruling idea at present is a grapery, which it has been decided to erect, as a prolongation of the conservatory, and already he sees in imagination long Syrian clusters depending from the roof, like the grapes from the valley of Eshcol. On this and kindred subjects he sometimes enlarges to Amy, his sole auditor, who begins to think all wisdom inherent in the Scottish clime. He studies, during the long evenings, whatever he can find on horticultural subjects, and sometimes comes to ask for a volume of the Encyclopedia, having, like most of his nation, a love of knowledge. Occasionally he reads aloud to his African friend, who has great respect for mental improvement, and reciprocates his condescension by little offices of kindness. It is pleasant to see them so contented in their lot; for surely the kitchen, from whence so many important supplies daily issue, and which has so much to do with the well-being of the household, should not have its own comfort and respectability neglected.

It cheers and makes me inexpressibly grate-

ful to see the entire reliance of my dear mother on her new son. This affection was an unspoken want in her heart. Perhaps she was not fully conscious of that void until it was supplied. Whenever it is in his power to assist her, he legislates or acts for her with such tenderness and discretion that she needs to burden her mind with no weight of care. My grandfather, too, is equally pleased with his activity and perfect respect for advanced years. At every proposition that is brought forward, it is, "Wait, and ask Henry;" on any matter of taste, before an opinion can be given, it is, "Wait, and see what Henry says;" no enjoyment, however trifling, can be partaken of until "Henry comes home." Sometimes it amuses me to see them surrender their opinions, as if they were scarce accountable beings. I knew they would eventually love his goodness, but had not supposed it would be so absorbing a sentiment and of such rapid growth. Earnestly and continually do I bless God for this bright sunbeam upon the path of their advancing years. It would be impossible for me to enjoy my own added happiness unless I also saw theirs protected and promoted. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Who love the Spring? The snowdrop pale,
The crocus bursting through its veil—
These dare the Frost King's ire to meet,
And risk their lives her step to greet.
Whom doth Spring love? The hyacinth rare,
The tulip gay, with queenly air,
To them her choicest gifts she flings,
And "coats of many colors" brings;
Yet none 'mid all that petted race,
Who garden proud or green-house grace,
So well her fond regard requite
As snowdrop meek and crocus bright—
For her the deadliest foes they brave,
And buy her love-kiss with their grave.

With the fine settled weather we are beginning to prepare for our journey to Niagara. Great pleasure are we anticipating from the view of that wonderful scenery, and the new regions through which we shall pass together. Yet it will seem so strange to leave those behind who have hitherto accompanied me in all my excursions. We shall write daily during our absence to our blessed mother and grandfather, that they may know all our movements, and, as far as possible, partake our joys. The angel of the covenant spread over them his protecting wing, and bring us again in happiness to our sweet home.

Niagara! God's voice! God's voice! Let man keep silence.

That fathomless flood! That torrent falling night and day! Have they never rested? Will they never run out? Hath it been so from the beginning? Will it be so unto the end? No other such symbol can there be of God's eternity.

If any are disappointed in this glorious cataract, it must be either because they did not know what to expect, or did not stay long enough to become acquainted with its sublimity. In all changes of light or darkness, by starlight, by glimmering moon, or under the storm-cloud, it grows upon you as a mysterious and awful presence, an embassador from Him who "poureth out the waters in the hollow of His hand." Should it be possible for them to be disappointed at last, methinks it must be from their inability to grasp the great thoughts that sweep onward and overwhelm the soul.

The Rapids are beautiful. From the window of our hotel we have a fine view of them. The

volume of water becomes suddenly compressed, and opposed by rugged rocks. In contending with them it prepares for the terror of its great plunge, from which it seems at the last moment to recoil, as if it would fain escape, like an intelligent being shrinking on the verge of some great calamity.

There is wonderful fascination in the recesses of Goat Island. Thither we often turn, and linger long. When our senses are overpowered by the majesty of the great fall, and our earthly natures seem unable longer to endure such sublimity, we hide in the shadow of its umbrageous trees, like the prophet in the cleft of the rock, when that ineffable glory passed by which "no man may see and live." There we sit, in silence too exquisite for speech. Sometimes we gather the wild flowers that cluster around our feet, still unconsciously, for we "wist not what we do." It was in one of our flights to this enchanted isle that we first beheld the lunar bow. We had often seen Niagara thus celestially "clothed by the sun," but now, like the mystic vision of the seer at Patmos, it "had the moon under its feet." Neither pen nor pencil could touch the tremulous beauty of that crescent, "born of the evening

dew-drop, and the smile of starry queen." So pure, so illusive, it seemed like the folded shadow of some heavenly thought.

It would be desirable that every visitant of Niagara should, if possible, choose that time when the moon has power to present him this gift, her own delicate, unequaled tinting of Nature's grandest picture.

We have been so annoyed in what we intended should be solitary visits to different points of the surrounding scenery by the company of a statistical genius, whom we tried vainly to avoid. Enthusiastic is he too, in his way, but it turns to matters of admeasurement. He has spent quite a long time here, and is lavishly benevolent of his knowledge. When you fancy yourself concealed in some quiet nook, he suddenly appears at your side, and raises the screech of his explanations above the thunder of the torrent.

"Have you visited the Cave of the Winds?"

"Not yet."

"I shall be happy to show you the way. I have been seventeen times to the Termination Rock. When do you go over on the British side?"

"We do not know."

"You are aware, I suppose, that the fall is longer on their side, but not so high as on ours by six feet. Their part of Niagara is 2100 feet, and ours not more than half as long, but it's 164 feet in height."

We relapsed into silence, hoping to be left undisturbed; but he continued:

"Do you know how wide Niagara River is when it first bursts out of Lake Erie?"

"No."

"Well, it is full two miles, and at Grand Island it spreads out to three; but the rocks shut it in so that it's scarce a mile broad here and at the Rapids above. The four great lakes that it's the outlet of cover a surface of 150,000 miles."

"Could not you have something of a water privilege here?" said Henry, hazarding a joke; but he took all in good part.

"Grand mills, indeed, there might be, sir—no end to the water-power. But the trouble would be where to build them, and how to make them stand."

The man is neither foolish nor ignorant. On the contrary, he has gathered a large stock of information during his sojourn here, and is, I believe, writing a book. But the mistake is, he thinks it his vocation to do the honors of Niagara.

The voyage to the Canadian shore was to me unique and impressive. I had never before been on such deep waters. As we reached the middle of the current we were sensible of its giant force, bearing up the boat like an egg-shell upon its terrible tide. Instinctively I glanced at the muscular arms of the rowers, wondering if they were equal to a task which seemed full of temerity. The view of the falls is here magnificent. A stupendous column with a fathomless base, and its head among the clouds. It utters not, like Memnon's statue, musical articulations, but with a great thunder-voice warns you not to approach. Unable to turn away your eyes from the beauty and the terror, you gaze at it, amid fragments of rainbows, until you are blinded by the baptism of its spray. Forgetting all the apprehension that at first oppressed you, you are lost in humility, and feel what you really are, an atom in the great creation of God.

Niagara is but imperfectly appreciated until viewed from the Table Rock. As you stand upon that unparapeted verge, its unveiled glory bursts upon the astonished senses. Its scope, its majesty, the ineffable beauty of its coloring, the white, the green, and the violet, are more fully revealed.

Flocks of little birds dare to disport around, dipping their slender wings in its clouds of spray unharmed.

Descending to its base, and looking up, we were awed by another aspect of sublimity. Though less overpowering, it seemed, in some respects, more congenial to us, born of dust, to dwell among the lowly thoughts that there sprang up like blossoms in the shade.

This is Thy temple, Architect Divine,
By whom the pillars of the universe
Were rear'd from chaos. To the thundering flood,
Smiting austerely on its ear of rock,
It answereth naught.
Man brings his fabrics forth
With toil and pain. The pyramid ascends,
Yet, ere it reach the apex-point, he dies,
Nor leaves a chisel'd name upon his tomb.
The vast cathedral grows, while race on race
Fall like the ivy sere that drapes its walls.
The imperial palace and the triumph-arch
Uplift their crown of fretwork haughtily;
Yet the wild Goth doth waste them, and his herds
The Vandal pasture 'mid their fallen pride.
But thou, from age to age, dost heavenward raise
Thy rocky altar to Jehovah's name,
Silent, and steadfast, and immutable.

Here we are, in the dominions of his majesty, the British king. No perceptible change in ourselves by being under a monarchical government.

There is doubtless in us Americans an innate love to the good old mother-land. It was inculcated on our ancestors as a part of their religion, and, though the war-cloud dashed it with bitterness and stained it with blood, it is not dead. I trust she will be proud of her high-spirited offspring by-and-by. These Canadian subjects of George of Brunswick are less intelligent, and wiry, and wide-awake than the Yankees. They seem an industrious, well-disposed people, not made uneasy by a surplus of ambition.

We are well accommodated here, and from the windows and piazza of our hotel have commanding and enchanting views of the great cataract. Among the places in this vicinity to be visited, we went to Drummondsville, and stood on the spot where the sanguinary battle of Lundy's Lane was fought three summers since. This we did that we might better describe its locality to our grandfather, who, though he deprecates the last war, has a soldier's reverence for bravery. A guide pointed out to us where the conflict had most furiously raged, and the earth drank deepest of their blood whose veins were filled at the same fountain. Near by was the burial-ground, where, their brief hatred over, they quietly sleep, "whom fate made brothers in the tomb."

Back on the American side, which is, after all, more beautiful, though less sublime than its competitor. One more walk together on the Terrapin Bridge, an unpoetical name given to a strong abutment, ending in a single beam of timber, and projected over the flood as far as it can be with safety. To stand on this point and look into the foaming abyss beneath your feet, amid the whirl, and the eddy, and the tumult, rocked by the winds, and bathed in the spray, gives a sense of isolation from all God's created works. At first it needs some firmness of nerve, and you grasp the balustrade at every step, but eventually there is a strong, strange pleasure in standing there, as though the soul were alone with its Maker, and swallowed up in Him.

A romantic young man persuaded his lady-love to let him lead her blindfold at her first visit to this terrific spot. At the extreme point he removed the veil, and she fainted. It must have required no small degree of skill and tact to convey a helpless form from so singular a location.

Farewell to Niagara! I could not have supposed that the parting would have caused pain. Henry, who has been here before, says this reluctance to leave increases at every visit, and that the attachment is proportioned to the length of your stay. It does not seem like common, elemental matter, a great flood put in motion, but a mighty soul with which you intimately commune. Its sublimity is not like that of the grand, solemn mountains, on whose heads the clouds settle. It has a voice, forever speaking one great Name. Their ascent is with toil and peril, breathing through blood, from the rarefied atmosphere. Here, you seat yourself, as friend with friend, in the shadow of green trees, under the loving skies. Neither is its sublimity like that of the ocean, now tossed and towering in the madness of storms, and then subsiding into a dead calm that sickens the mariner. More than any other thing of earth it may be called always the same. But is it a thing of earth? Nay, rather of the skies, and in affinity with the "Sky-builder."

'Tis never angry, and it changeth not.

We have solaced our sorrow at parting with Niagara by a visit to Boston, the fair capital of the grand old "Bay State," to which the other New England commonwealths look with filial pride. This is Henry's favorite city, and he confidently trusts that it will be mine also. It con-

tains about forty thousand inhabitants, and has many elegant public and private mansions. The State-house, on its lofty eminence, is imposing, and the Common, with its graceful elms, a truly pleasant spot. The environs, with here and there a baronial country residence, are exceedingly beautiful, and under high cultivation. I am glad there are no falls to visit. I would not see them if there were. I am jealously pledged to admire only Niagara.

On the sacred ground of Bunker Hill have we stood, at that very anniversary (June 17th) which has given it in history a place with Marathon and Salamis. Before us spread, as in a great, living picture, the recorded events of that day: the anger of the regal troops at discovering the breastwork thrown up during the night by the toil of our fathers; the "arming in hot haste" under morning's peaceful smile; the indignant pride of the more powerful host; the resolved firmness of the other, on whose brows was written *Freedom or death;* the rush to "battle's magnificently stern array;" the trumpet cry; the commanding form of Prescott; the thunder-voice of Putnam; the fall of Warren; the flames of Charlestown; the volleys from the deck of the Asia, making the quiet waters

a partner in earth's conflict; the countless circumstances which, by eye-witnesses and actors, had been related to us, gathered new force while standing on the soil which had so deeply drank the blood of its sons. Methought the spirit of '76 came over us, and we were filled with more enthusiastic gratitude to those who, for us their posterity, thus "periled their lives on the high places of the field."

Boston is far less bustling than New York, less calmly serene than Philadelphia, more staid and ceremonious than Baltimore. Its English habitudes are deep, and yet it has a marked idiosyncrasy. Its dignity has been sometimes thought to amount to stiffness, especially by our Southern friends, who have such a pleasant facility in getting acquainted. There is great respect for ancestry testified here, in which both Henry and myself sympathize. He says the aristocracy of honorable descent is far preferable to that of wealth, and brings with it a loftier class of sentiments. The society which we have met, principally on account of his late uncle, who had many acquaintances here, have given some fine specimens of the "old-school manners." Among these, the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis has appeared to me

the most perfectly polished and courtly. He knows how to say elegant things in an elegant manner, and just at the right time. Though past fifty years old, a senator of the United States, and distinguished as a lawyer and politician, he has all the freshness and amenity of early manhood. I should think he might possess that kind of popular fascination that distinguished Themistocles, seeming to know every one, and to say gracefully what every one would best like to hear, yet without compromising his own elevated position. Why should any one assert that gentlemanly manners are of little consequence? I doubt whether I could entirely, or long, love any one who was radically deficient in them, provided opportunity had been given to acquire them. True politeness, springing from a knowledge of what is due to others, a desire to render them happy, and a disposition to please itself last, is not only a most attractive accomplishment, but in sympathy with the spirit and duties of religion.

Exceedingly beautiful is the scenery in the richness of this leafy month. Sparkling streams wind like ribbons through the vales, and silver lakelets are adorned with the iris and water-lily. The pastures are profuse with the white blossom

of the blackberry, seen through vistas and forest ranges of the sweet wild rose.

While I stop to gather these till the carriage is paved with bloom, Henry interests himself in the various geological formations. Sometimes he discovers slatestone, and a kind of gneiss unusually brilliant with mica; then comes upon limestone ranges, where fine marbles are imbedded. But I am allured from his scientific eloquence when the wild, bold hills, or excavations among the mountain spurs break on us radiant with the most splendid specimens of the laurel. Its delicate tints of pink, now fading into white, and anon deepening to a decided red, contrasted with its dark, lustrous leaf, continually reminded us of Him whose pencil could alone paint it. We were happy that our leisurely mode of traveling permitted us to take note of Nature's charms, and to heed even the simple lessons of a flower. When the object is only to surmount space with as much rapidity as possible, the rural sentiment receives no culture, and some of the purest pleasures of which we are susceptible must be sacrificed.

How that little word *home* underlies all our satisfactions! The heart comes back to it as a key-tone from all the wanderings of its song. For

myself, I shall be content to roam no more. In Niagara have I not seen the utmost that Nature can display? My eyes have "looked upon the king in his beauty, and, until they behold the land that is very far off," methinks they are satiated.

When the sound of our returning wheels was heard, in the prolonged flush of a summer twilight, my blessed mother and her father, the beautiful old man, hastened forth to welcome us. A joyful meeting was it. Faithful Amy, too, participated in our pleasure; so long a bearer of our toils, she has a right to be a sharer in our joys. Her attachment to us seems like that of feudal times, and her sable skin and lot of servitude are no reasons why it should not be reciprocated. She was glad also to see Sandy, our kind and careful driver, and anticipates great entertainment from his details of the wonders of his way.

Into our evening devotions and chanted hymn, voices and flute concurring, the incense of grateful hearts was pressed to overflowing. As a family reunited by God's mercy, we knelt before Him in love and praise. Graciously may His Spirit guide us until this heaven below shall lead us to a heaven above.

Methinks I am too happy and too idle. A most ungrateful return for distinguished blessings to become inert and self-indulgent. What can I do for the good of others that shall involve some effort or self-denial? Hitherto all my services of that sort have been pleasant and overpaid, gifts cast into the treasury that cost me nothing. I would fain bring those *two mites* which were approved by Him who "pleased not himself," and whose followers we profess to be.

It seems as if I might be useful by instructing poor little girls, were it only in the use of the needle. Many home-virtues are connected with that simple implement, and much wretchedness has it power to prevent; but, unless acquaintance with it is formed in early life, it is seldom resorted to with pleasure or profit. After a family consultation, there has been full consent that I should undertake such a plan, and once a week have as many of these neglected children as our back parlor will conveniently contain. Henry is especially zealous about it, because he knows it will please me. He is arranging to have benches made, of a proper form and height, which can at other times be slipped into the conservatory and

grapery, and serviceable there. God bless his kind, ardent heart.

Mother and I have been out canvassing for scholars. I reap the benefit of her large acquaintance with the poor, and of their gratitude to her. Into the "highways and hedges" have we gone, yet not compelling them to come in, for they scarcely needed persuasion. The argument that had most weight in overcoming any shadow of hesitancy was, that, after they had learned the use of the needle, they were to have for their own any garment that should be given them to make in school. I trust that ere long some of the tattered habiliments we have seen in our visits will be mended, or replaced by better ones, through the little people committed to my charge.

They have been, the poor young creatures, for several Saturday afternoons. At first they were so uncouth and so frightened. Two of the smallest set up a great cry, not knowing what evil was to befall them. I was so glad that they could look into the conservatory. The flowers seemed to quiet and assure them. They gazed on them with dilated eyes. Was it the perception of beauty that soothed their poor hearts, or felt they His protecting presence who careth for the lilies? Now the feelings of the timid ones have subsided. A few are bold and coarse, and require to be repressed. But all are the beings of Thy power and love, Father in heaven, and should be dear to us, for the Savior's sake.

My children have greatly improved. Some of them did not know at first on which finger to wear the thimble, or, indeed, what a thimble was. Now they begin to sew carefully. The plainest needle-work and reading are all that I at present attempt. These simple branches are interspersed with oral instructions, in the form of short stories, precepts, texts of Scripture, or verses of hymns. I cultivate in them the habit of attention when spoken to, and of respectful manners. Instead of rushing into the room en masse, and making for the benches as if pursued by a wolf, the strong pushing the weak, and the bashful slinking behind the brave, they have learned to enter and leave the room with a decent courtesy, each taking her own particular seat in an orderly way. I am resolved they shall have civil manners, if they fail in every other accomplishment; also, if they read only ten words, they shall pronounce them distinctly;

if they go over them ten times for that purpose; and not, like the pupils of some of our fashionable seminaries, who, perhaps, may excel in music, yet neither in reading or speaking enunciate so as to be understood, leaving it doubtful whether their words be "piped or harped." I seem to love these little ones, more for their ignorance and their faults, because, in a great measure, they are not to blame for either, being the result of their condition in life, and because they are so ready to forsake them, and learn better things.

The changes that have been made in our grounds by Sandy's Scottish zeal and perseverance, under the direction of Henry, and the daily supervision of my grandfather, are surprising. Especially have the productions of the garden expanded and multiplied. Beds of rich esculents, which to my eye are comely, furnish our table with abundant supplies, and are acceptable presents to neighbors and friends. Raspberries cover with their fruitage the espaliers that support them; currants, trimmed in the form of small trees, display long, pendent strings of red and white, while at their feet, and circling out beyond them, the strawberry in its season ran luxuriantly, breathing fragrance. Grape-vines, loaded with

clusters, from wall and trellis, promise an abundant harvest. Upon these fruits of our heavenly Father's bounty, bearing so directly on health and comfort, I look with more delight at this season than even at the flowers, which are the especial solace of winter. Mine, from the little green-house, are disporting themselves in the free soil and open air like city children let loose upon a farm. Henry so enjoys his walk and work here when the confinement of banking hours is over. There we wander together "at the cool of the day," and devise improvements. Then, also, he often inquires about my pet school, and its different members, and co-operates with a strengthening sympathy.

All our family congratulate me on the improvement of my school, both in diligence, good manners, and neatness of appearance. The latter has been quite an object with me, keeping in view the ancient adage that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Faithful Amy presides over a tank and a robing-room, through whose transmigrations they pass ere they enter their school, which I am glad has been kept in a parlor, for it authorizes me to claim more of that preparation which is so useful to them. Faces and hands receive a

thorough ablution, if necessary, and the hair gets a careful brushing from this mistress of ceremonies; then long-sleeved aprons are put on, covering their whole dress, which she keeps nicely folded for them until they come again. I was amused to see her drawing back two who had rather lightly escaped her criticism, exclaiming, "Here! here! clean hands and a pure heart before you go in to the mistress." She is fond of quoting Scripture, or any wise saying she may have heard, having a remarkable memory. She considers these services of purification a part of the educating process, and herself honored by being permitted to preside as priestess at the laver. Her kind heart is therefore comforted by counting her office, which is surely no sinecure, as comprehended within the sphere of benevolence to the poor.

It is not merely during the time allotted to my school that the children occupy me. Their work must be prepared during the interval, and the sewing materials supplied, that I may be able, when with them, to attend to their lessons, and mingle as wisely as possible those instructions which I hope may prepare them for a better life. I was not before aware of the strong interest of the teacher in those under her care, though I knew the affection the young heart bears its teacher.

We have a list of the families of the scholars, and call on them in rotation. This kind of parish visiting is very useful, for, thus becoming acquainted with the interior of the laboring households, we better learn how to aid or encourage them; and this wider sympathy with humanity is a material of true happiness.

One pleasure of a journal comes from writing our thoughts without the trouble of correcting or elaborating them. Giving them their course, just as they rise, on the "cream-bowl" of the mind, they have more freshness than when churned into butter, to use, like Socrates, a homely comparison, though this is borrowed from Milton, who describes in L'Allegro the goblin toiling to "earn his cream-bowl, duly set." A journal has almost a magician's power in recalling past scenes and clothing them with their first life. When you review it, a single line, like a seed-thought, draws around it countless associations. Its wand touches departed friends, and they come back; books long since read, and they pour out their wealth anew; forgotten events, and they burst brightly upon memory; buried feelings, and they are quickened in their graves to a resurrection. So, by the aid of this silent annal, the unwritten

pages of life are made plainer and more vivid than those which the pen has traced.

The breath of the Frost King, hastening before his time, has not yet prevailed to whiten the dew-drops, but he has torn the leaves from their boughs, and turned them brown, tossing them about spitefully. Ah! what have they done, thus to be abandoned to a tyrant's power? Greenly had they waved, making the landscape beautiful, and hurting none. They had, perhaps, looked into the nests of the birds, and spread a cool curtain over them while they slept, and thrilled with joy at their morning song. Innocent were their lives and lovely; but the birds have flown away to a warmer clime, and forgotten their tender care. In poverty and desolation the smitten leaves die, with none to mourn for them.

The happiest anniversary of our blessed Redeemer's birth that I have ever known. Impressive and delightful were its sacred ceremonies in the sanctuary. Sermon, music, and all the services seemed in unison with the angel's song on the plains of Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, and goodwill to men." Almost like inspiration breathed that sweet old hymn:

"While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground."

The exchange of gifts at the early morn softened and cheered our hearts, while the love of God and of each other, with the high praises of Him whose coming was our salvation, made earth like heaven.

The children of my home-school were not forgotten in our joy. The Saturday after Christmas was a festival for them. Each was permitted to invite two guests, and generally brought their parents or sisters, while a few of our own intimate friends came to witness the scene. The pupils entered two and two, entirely neat in their persons, clothed in white aprons with long sleeves, made by their own needles for this occasion from materials given by my mother. They saluted the company with a respectful courtesy, answered a few simple questions about what they had learned, and read very slowly and distinctly a verse or two from the Sermon on the Mount. Our good minister made them a kind little address, which they seemed to comprehend. Then they received their gifts with thanks and joyous faces. Henry, having had a nice basket made for each by an Indian woman whom he patronizes, pre-

sented them, filled with cakes and fruits, which they were to carry home and share with their families, instead of selfishly consuming. My grandfather's gift was a pair of thick shoes, my own a warm shawl, and my mother's a nice quilted hood, on which we had both been for some time busily engaged; so that the whole class will now be in a plain, comfortable uniform. We had selected such articles as we knew most adapted to their needs, and I detected my grandfather pressing into the hands of such as had aged relatives at home parcels which he had privately prepared for them. Blessed old man! At parting, they stood in a circle, taking hold of hands, and sang to a simple tune the following still more simple strain:

We will sing, companions all,
On this Christmas festival—
Sing with hearts of joyous cheer
To our friend, our Savior dear.

Not to palaces of fame
On his day of birth He came;
No, He chose the humblest cell,
Bow'd with lowliest ones to dwell.

All our gifts from Him proceed,
Every blessed word and deed,
That to Christian friends we owe,
From His glorious Gospel flow.

We would thank Him o'er and o'er,
We would love Him more and more:
Poor and needy though we be,
Teach us, Lord, to follow Thee.

Friday, January 1st, 1819.

Almighty Father, "the rolling year is full of Thee." With the voice of thanksgiving I approach Thee. My whole being offers thee praise. All my joys, all my hopes, I place in thine Omnipotent hand, with the repose of undoubting trust. *My* hopes, *my* joys, have I said? What right have I to call any thing *mine?* For all mine are thine, and I am thy servant.

The mercies that I need, Thou knowest. Supply them according to Thy wisdom. The trials that are appointed me, Thou knowest. Let Thy grace be sufficient for them. Command the angels, whom Thou hast appointed our ministering friends, to draw nearer with their sustaining smile, their strengthening wing.

The soul that Thou hast incorporated with mine, in every request for Thy favor, grant it a double portion. Fill us more and more with Thy most excellent gift of charity. Deign to accept us, while we lay upon Thine altar all that we have and are; commending ourselves to the watchfulness of the compassionate Redeemer, to the Spirit of grace and consolation, to the un-

slumbering Former of our bodies and Father of our spirits, through time and through eternity.

"Yet oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise."

I think the chief value of a conservatory is to furnish tokens of friendship and cheering gifts for the sick. Our own has been so prosperous as to supply us bountifully for such purposes. One class of these opportunities has been more frequent than usual, many of our acquaintances having suffered from an epidemic influenza, whose effects are singularly debilitating. Among them has been Emily; and in sending her our sweetest flowers, I have breathed the silent prayer that their heavenly fragrance might lead her in Christian obedience and love to their bountiful Giver.

I am laboring now with my scholars during their intervals for conversation, and, indeed, while they are working, to impress the importance of truth as the foundation of all moral duty, and necessary to acceptance with that Being of truth who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly. I endeavor to simplify the subject by breaking it into parts. I require of them, in any statement

they wish to give me, or any narrative I desire them to relate, a strict adherence to facts as they are, and to words just as they were spoken. The obstacles to this accuracy are not so often a love of falsehood as inattention to minute circumstances, and ignorance of the precise import of language, which are common to uneducated minds. Therefore I try to quicken their habits of observation, and to instruct them in the meaning of words. The culture of the powers of perception is no slight part of a proper training. Much deception arises, not from an intention to deceive, but from neglecting to make that use of the eyes and ears on which correct testimony depends. To impress the import of words, I accustom them to constant definition, whether in reading, spelling, or conversation, asking them what they understand by such and such a word, until they comprehend and remember it.

I am convinced that the untruthfulness which is so freely charged upon the lower classes and upon children often comes from the bewilderment of undisciplined minds, or from want of moral courage to confess what has been done amiss. If you set fear in array against truth, it will be very likely to prevail, where there is no strong religious principle. What a mistake to frighten those who have committed a fault. As

if the pain and disgrace of doing wrong were not sufficient to make us pitifully yet firmly set them right again, and not plunge them into the deeper shame and grief of falsehood.

I have found it useful, while enforcing this cardinal duty of truth, to show them, at the close of the week's school, the engraved likeness of some person eminent for integrity founded on religion, and to describe the character, that they may bear away the force of example with the remembrance of the picture as a monitor until we meet again.

Among my most favorite plants is the Cyclamen Persicum. Its fair, white, modest flowers steal forth so unostentatiously, and stay so long. I had never seen it until it was sent by one of Henry's acquaintances at a distance. It has become such a favorite that I do not place it in the conservatory, but keep it in my own window, as a sort of intelligent, suggestive companion.

A modest plant was sent me by a friend,
Bearing in meekness on a slip of board
Its own cognomen, like a christen'd child,
"*Cyclamen Persicum.*"
That blended name
Touch'd pleasant memories of classic Greece,
And of that ancient clime where Ormus swells

O'er pearl-sown depths, and to whose generous hand
The princely guerdon of the peach we owe.
A host of leaves my welcome guest put forth,
Heart-shaped, and vein'd with purple—fleshy stalks
Of sanguine hue, with here and there a bud,
Tiny and bent to earth. It shared my care
With jonquil, and the sweet-bell'd hyacinth,
And gorgeous tulip. Lovingly it took
The water-drops, that every morn I shed
As on the forehead of a healthful babe.
But soon a blossom, breaking from its sleep,
Bade us good-morning. Full of simple grace,
Its five smooth petals, neatly folded back
Like a white rabbit's ear, were faintly flushed
As the pure snow on some untrodden height,
That feels the warm kiss of the parting sun.
Lapp'd in the purple of its central orb
Daintily dwelt the stamens, while its eye,
Methought, regarded us as though it knew
What we were saying, or was half ashamed
Of its own praises.
Other buds ere long,
On pensile stems, like lowly shepherd's crook,
Straighten'd their floral spines, opening their lips
To the soft, wooing air. All unassured,
The enfranchised petals timidly diverged,
Some laterally, and some on half-poised wing,
Until with toil they found their fitting place
And perfect form. I felt constrain'd to watch
The strange transition, though each blossom seem'd
Hurried and ill at ease, like half-dressed belle
Surprised with hair en papillote at noon,
And prone to hide until is deftly made
Her full toilette.
Sweet flower, I love thee well
For thy long constancy, amid the change

And frailty that environ thee. Behold,
The fair narcissus corrugates its brow
Like some proud lady, wrinkled ere her prime.
My tulips, flaunting in the noonday sun
But yesterday, draw close their tarnish'd robes;
And the o'er-wearied hyacinth exhales
A sickly odor, as though fever raged
In its spent veins.
But thou, my Persian flower,
Week after week, like some unshrinking friend,
Most loving in the winter of our joys,
Renew'st thy beauty, and wouldst lead our heart
Unto that Hand from whence each season comes
In wisdom and beneficence to man.

Mary Ann and Edgar join us one evening in each week for the consecutive perusal of history. Hume is at present occupying us. Such intercourse is perfectly delightful. The remarks thus called forth rivet the knowledge in remembrance, and often inspire original thought.

Methinks the African race have warmer affections and more lasting attachments than our hirelings of other nations. Probably I have formed my judgment from our faithful Amy. So long has she served us and been interested in our welfare, both as a family and as individuals, that I feel as if she were our own flesh and blood. To

be served from the heart is a luxury, a privilege for whose continuance we should give thanks to God.

The pleasures of feminine industry are always worth securing. To the highest domestic happiness they are capable of adding a consciousness of discharged obligation, of marking the fleeting hours with usefulness, and of adding with our own hands to the comfort of those we love. A zest is thus given to the ministries of the bright little needle, that instrument of woman's weal which was not despised in Paradise. "Was not Eve the first seamstress?" asked one of my scholars, as I was giving her some advice about her work. Another little one, as quick as thought, rejoined, "Who was her teacher? Who sewed her aprons for her till she learned how?" One is almost shocked at the familiarity or irreverence of the idea; but I have encouraged them at proper times to converse freely with me, if they will never interrupt each other. Thus I am in the way of hearing some strange and bright fancies.

"I love flowers, and all that God loves," said the eloquent Bishop Taylor. Would not that

conformity to what is revealed to us of the divine character be a better evidence of congeniality and acceptance than any form of words or peculiarity of doctrine? "Men build the walls of religious controversy so high that no beam of divine love can penetrate or surmount them," says an old writer. How was the sublime poet, Milton, deprived of his last remaining eye? Not by the labors or demands of Urania, but his bitter polemical warfare with Salmasius, whereby the world is now neither better or more wise.

"I don't know any thing about housekeeping," said a young acquaintance of ours soon to be married. "I am sure I shall not like it, so I think we will take our present abode at a boarding-house." This seems to me a fraud upon her future partner. Putting capital into the concern, he has a right to expect that it shall not be frittered away by mismanagement or indifference. The most common trade requires an apprenticeship, and this profession, which involves so much, ought not to be entered without at least some wish to understand it. My mother says there are two stages in the novitiate of domestic duty which must be overcome ere it can be performed with pleasure. One is the ignorance common to

all, the other the dislike which indolence or mistaken education fosters.

Sandy has been permitted to add to his rural realm a few hives of bees. His especial pride are they, and he appears to understand their management. This is an occult science, and not always a safe one. I hear him talking to them early in the morning, in his favorite broad Scotch dialect. He says they like to be spoken to pleasantly, and maintains that they will not sting the family who take care of them. How far this is a fine fancy remains to be proved. I recollect reading, when a child, in the Memoirs of Marmontel, a very pleasing account of the temperament of his father's bees, and how an aunt of his, when they were oppressed by chill and humid weather, used to take them in her hands and warm them by her breath, while they crept in gratitude over her neck and shoulders. I think it will be some time ere I proffer such marks of tender regard. They surely have strong characteristics, an independent way of providing their food, and no despisable power of testifying displeasure. I love much to hear their busy, monotonous song, as the tireless troop

"Make war upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor."

Shakspeare, whose knowledge of human nature was so great, seems not quite so well informed about the polity of bees. Modern naturalists represent them as under feminine rule. The relation that their chief ruler bears to them would seem to make their form of government matriarchal, if we may be allowed to coin a word. At all events, they are no upholders of the Salique law, and prosper notwithstanding.

The great bard just quoted styles them

"Creatures who, by a ruling instinct, teach
The arts of order to a peopled kingdom."

Without knowing much about their interior legislation, I love to watch the progress of their architecture through the glass in their hives, which sometimes they secretively cover. Curiously they find their way into every crevice of the conservatory, and travel, I am told, for miles, guided by favorite odors. Their diligence in the garden is unwearied. It was such a pleasant sight to see them clustering around the apple-trees when they were in blossom, eagerly entering every little cup for its draught of nectar, and swaying the light branches downward with their weight. That kind of efflorescence seems peculiarly gratifying to their taste, and the honey

drawn from it, like that from the Southern orange-flower, has an exquisite flavor.

MY BEES.

Ye gossip not with the insect tribes
That pipe mid the morning dew,
Or with light wing float on the evening breeze—
Ye talk with the souls of the flowers, my bees—
What do they say to you?
Ye whisper long to the rose's heart—
Doth she an answer of love impart?
Scorning the butterflies' gaudy hue,
Sub rosa to them, is she frank to you?

Ye linger long in the lily's cup,
The apple-blossom kiss;
The little white clover, with pearl-drops set,
The heliotrope and the mignonnette,
Prolong your strain of bliss.
No idle lovers ye are, I ween,
But thrifty and close as a banker keen,
Ye turn each moment to good account,
Keeping an eye to the full amount.

What do ye bring to your hive, my bees?
Wealth from the world of flowers.
Ye hoard it all with a miser's air,
Ye seal it well with a chemist's care,
In your scientific bowers.
Builders ye are of a fair design,
Without the architect's rule and line,
Striking your hexagons all so true,
Though a problem of Euclid you never drew.

But amid your many trades, my bees,
I am told you are teachers too;

Though to earn a living, and teach beside,
Both patience and zeal must be sorely tried.
By a work of such versatile power and pride
As a Yankee scarce could do,
Good lessons ye give, if your lore we'd heed,
Of the happy life the industrious lead,
Who dwell with the sweetness in Nature found,
And shed sweet gifts on the world around.

Henry is troubled because he fancies he has checked my taste for writing poetry, which he says I do not cultivate as before our marriage. He kindly adds that he could not forgive himself should he be the means of destroying any gift or attainment I might have possessed in earlier years, but would feel it his privilege as far as possible to add to their number. So, to remove his scruples, I immediately wrote a dialogue for two boys, in whose education he is interested, to speak at their approaching school exhibition:

Philosopher. I feel the weariness of life, and fain
Would rest me in the grave. I've had my day.
I know what earth can give: its gilded lures,
Its show of wealth, its shallowness of hope,
Its sound of friendship, and, more light than all,
Its hollow gratitude. Lo! he's a fool
Who stakes his birth-right on its shifting sands,
Whelm'd by each fickle tide.
Christian. And yet this world
Is counted fair. Hath it not aught beside?
Phil. Yes. Shouts of power, and trumpet-blasts of fame,

That make the hero stagger with delight,
And then with death. A million souls went forth
At Cæsar's bidding, and the dagger's point
Let out his own.
The Scandinavian dyed
The snows with crimson till a dubious shaft
Laid him as cold as those he trampled on.
The Corsican rode high o'er nations' crests,
And quaffed the froth of honor, yet no monk
Caged in his cloister more ignobly sank
Than that same rampant lion.
Chris. Is this all?
Phil. No. Obelisk, and monument, and arch
Triumphal, and the column to the cloud,
For storms to wreck, and dozing time to spoil,
And worms to eat, and men to idly ask
Whose names they guarded.
Chris. Yet this life is sweet,
And earth made beautiful with flowers, and stars,
And winged music. Brother, why is this?
Phil. Ah! why? We know not, save to make the weak
Cling closer to it when they're torn away.
Chris. Not always turns our planet from the sun,
Nor hath the heavenly Gospel fail'd to leave
Witness of glorious peace.
Phil. You, Christians, yes,
Your creed is perfect, but your deeds are lame;
And when your Master bids ye dwell in love,
Ye lanch your javelins at a differing thought,
And count a doctrine crime, and wake a strife
Of hate and bitterness, compared to which
The honest warfare on the tented field
Is merciful.
Chris. Do ye not greatly err
To judge God's truth by man's infirmity?

Phil. Would that I were like you; and yet methinks
I'll not admit so much. Alas! alas!
The weight of life misspent doth burden me,
And in my heaviness I go the way,
I know not whither.
Chris. Brother, the deep sigh
Of penitence shall ease thee. Let us kneel,
Soul by the side of soul, to Him who calls
The heavy-laden.
Brother, cast away
The shield of scorn. Go love some little child;
Cull some sweet flower, and let it breathe its balm
Into thy nature; throw thine alms abroad;
Smile on the outcast; cheer the darken'd hut;
Uplift the sorrowing by thy sympathy,
And thou shalt feel the morbid stream of self
Ebbing away, and sunbeams wrap thy soul.

Henry very kindly accepted my extemporaneous dialogue for his protegés, and thinks I have happily kept in view their different style of elocution in the characters assigned them. It animates me to have won his approval, "for his applause is more than fame."

The close of our dreary season threw out a bright smile, but fickle and deceptive it has proved. Somebody or other, perhaps Thomson, has said or sung, that

"Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May."

I never much admired his metaphor.

Stern Winter quakes upon his tottering throne,
Yet heads his legions from the stormy North,
While Spring, the uncrown'd princess, seeks her own.
The loyal willow hangs his banner forth
First, mid the frowning ranks of haughty peers,
While by the brooklet, creeping all about,
The cottage children, roaming with their shears,
Cut cress and dandelion to help out
Their simple meal. Lo! thundering on his path,
The usurper-king prolongs his tyrant reign;
Yet timid Flora, trembling at his wrath,
Still slow and sure her rightful rule doth gain;
But when rich music stirs the nested tree,
And insect life exults—shall I be there to see?

What was the gift of Spring to me? yes, its very first morning? A snow-drop? an arbutus? a daffodil? No, the Frost King kept too sharp watch for that; but a blossom never to die was laid in my bosom. It has spread fresh greenness over the soul.

Can it be possible that for four weeks I have cherished this gem in my heart? Not like the mother of Moses, hiding from the footstep of foes, but amazed at the weight of my own great happiness.

This new affection has awakened in the young father an ineffable tenderness. It has opened a deeper fountain in his manly nature. He is never tired of watching the creature that to him seems so wonderful. Scarcely will he trust himself to touch it, lest he should disturb its velvet mechanism.

My mother almost fears to take her portion of the heart's wealth that God hath given us. So full has she been of apprehension for her darling, that she can not at once lay it aside. Methinks this maternal love hath ever an element of anxiety.

"Blessed is the house to which a babe is sent." So said our loved patriarch as he made me his daily visit, asking that this child of the third generation might be laid in his arms. As he bowed his head in silence, I knew, by the saintly spirit on his brow, that there was a pause of prayer. May the petition of the righteous man for his posterity prevail with God.

How precious is a nurse that understands her duties, and is faithful to them. The health of a

young mother throughout life may depend much upon wise care at such a crisis. The habitudes of an infant are of such importance, too. I was surprised, novice as I am in such matters, to see how soon it might be led to that regularity in taking food and sleep which promote its well-being and the comfort of all around.

How wonderful the exquisite workmanship of God in this miniature of humanity! Breathing, moving, opening its eyes, unfolding its tiny fingers, every change is a study of which I never tire. The first night after his birth I could not sleep for watching him. I had never seen so young an infant before. I was not kept waking by pain, but by the curiosity of wondering love. I said to myself, "Am I in a dream? Is this *my* baby?" I feared that the breath, heaving the little breast, might stop, and, when any slight sound stirred the lips, exclaimed, "God's mystery! God's mystery!"

It is a nice time to be convalescent when Nature also is recovering from her wintry gloom. There is a sweet consent between her and the heart in their song of gratitude. A warm spring

rain has just cheered the earth and tinted it with fresh green.

A nurse of her own sex, in the most critical period of their lives, if she has a knowledge of her profession, should be clothed with authority. She takes a fearful responsibility, and should be obeyed accordingly. I have submitted to the wisdom of mine, and found benefit. The entire reliance which her knowledge and kindness inspire keeps the mind in quietness. Her strenuous exclusion of company, until a proper time, shelters the nervous system. It is true that I have often fancied myself able to bear effort and excitement, but yielded to her experience, and reaped the benefit. I have been obedient to the sway for which now I thank her, though I might have felt at the moment that I could fly through the window, with baby in my arms, and follow the birds, who, "singing, up to heaven's gate ascend."

Henry is prouder of his baby for its being a boy, that I can see. There is such a peculiar ring to his voice as I sometimes hear him saying, "We have a *boy* at our house. You must come and see my *boy*." I have discovered a new

beauty in the name of *husband* since it is associated with that of *father*. Dignity and completeness do they lend to each other. Around them cluster all those images of protection, reliance, and love, which our weaker sex needs from the loftier.

Our first drive. Short and sweet. I did not wish to return so soon. Every thing was so fair—even the humblest shrub and grass-blade. Nurse essayed to cover baby's head, thinking that at his first exposure he might take cold; but he was restless, and lifted up his little arms as far as his blanket would allow, opening his eyes, large and round, and seeming to say, "Let me see this mighty fine world I have got into."

The baptism of our child. How solemn the service! This consecration of the gift lent us, perhaps for a little while, has called forth the deepest devotion of the soul. On his brow the pure water of the covenant has rested, and over him been uttered the great Triune name. Now we more realize his immortality, and our own accountability as guardians of a being dedicated to God, teachers of what may be tempted to evil,

hostages for his appearance on the right hand at the last day. Our duty as parents assumes a weight and seriousness never before realized. May we not fail. Lord, instruct us, that we may instruct the child; for, if continued in life, how soon will he emerge from this dream of infancy into the chances and changes of that path which passes "under the cloud and through the sea," until the pilgrim's staff is laid down at heaven's gate.

I am so thankful that it was in the heart of my husband to give our child my grandfather's name. It was my secret desire; but, ere I had breathed it, he kindly proposed it, saying, if we could thus give pleasure to the living, he thought it our duty, rather than to select from fancy, or even from among names of the departed. The happiness that this choice has imparted surpassed all my anticipations. The heart of the aged saint expands with fresh vigor. He identifies himself with the little being as though it were a new edition of his book of life. He is so affected that Henry should thus have chosen him instead of his own ancestors. Every returning day brings a new gush of delight. Never can I sufficiently express my gratitude for the tender consideration thus shown to his venerable age.

My kind nurse has gone. I can not help mourning as for a valued friend, though I was fortunate that her engagements should have permitted her to remain with me almost double the usual time. The secret of her excellence, beside her knowledge and native decision of character, is a conscientious, consistent piety. I have discovered, though she makes no boast of her doings, and never voluntarily alludes to her own concerns, a circumstance in her history worthy of remembrance and honor. She had a brother in the newly-settled states who suddenly died, soon after his wife, leaving three young orphans. She felt that it was her duty to receive and shelter them. No one had she to send on this distant and difficult embassy. Therefore she, who had scarcely ever before passed beyond the limits of her native county, set forth, a lone woman, for the far, wild West. Traveling night and day by public conveyances, or in all manner of vehicles, she at length reached the new settlements, searched out the forsaken little ones in their different places of shelter, took them into her motherly care, and, with the babe in her arms, turned homeward. No trifle was it to perform this journey of many hundred miles with those three helpless creatures. Yet she trusted in God, and in all

danger he succored them. Safely to her own house and to her sister she brought them, and now, by her own industry, supports and educates them. All this is without ostentation or allusion to the subject, unless mentioned by others. It is beautiful to find such heroic virtue in humble life, and a self-denying piety that looks not to this world for appreciation or reward.

Would that we might have a race of nurses like her. Would that we had some institution for their training, and such a teacher and example at the head of it. Whoever should project and sustain an establishment of that nature would confer a greater benefit on the community than by endowing a professorship of some science or accomplishment, to be laid aside or forgotten when the duties of domestic life supervene.

The first gleams of intelligence in babyhood are so sweet, the mind beginning to look through the sleep of the beautiful clay. I am sure Willie spread out his little waxen hand to-day and looked at it. His half-wondering eyes said, "Is that mine?" Ah! and what are you going to do with that hand, when time knits its sinews and reason guides it? The good grandfather thinks that he made him smile. Henry, in tossing him with a

strong arm, reports that he laughed aloud. I am not so certain. Perchance the "wish was father to the thought."

The problem is at length solved. The long incredulity is over. Steam has conquered the ocean. It has been asserted by our cautious ones that to take sufficient fuel and surmount other obstacles to the voyage would be impossible. But be it remembered that in this year 1819, and of the independence of these United States the 43d, the steam-ship Savannah hath passed prosperously from our own shores to those of the mother-land. A great column of smoke was seen moving up the Mersey, and the Liverpool people, in dismay and pity, dispatched two lighters to relieve the burning vessel. But when the character of the pioneer messenger was comprehended, cheers and acclamations swept in full tide from the surrounding coast.

My poor, dear scholars have come back again. During my sequestration, my loved Mary Ann has taken charge of them, and has found Nancy Dean, now fourteen years old, quite an assistant in fitting their work. The diligent use of her

hands is some solace for the crippling effects of the scarlet fever. How glad the affectionate creatures were to return, and how thankful was I to be able to resume their instruction! At the close of the school they requested to see the baby. Their welcome was touching, and their admiration so profuse, that it was well those little ears and eyes could not take it in, and be vain. He has not yet had experience that "flattery is the bellows which blows up sin." Yet I was grateful for the love that thus reflected itself upon an unconscious infant. I feel now how precious is the simplest offering of the heart to a teacher. More and more do I realize that the right nurture of the poor of my own sex is a benefit to the community. If, instead of misery and crime, they can be taught industry, and neatness, and virtue, will they not be apt to carry those examples into their own households when they have them, and bless a future race as well as the present? At any rate, I am cheered by the hope of making a patriotic offering, however small it may be, to the country of my birth.

What a touching scene this morning! A delicate little baby, of the age of Willie, whose mother has recently died, was brought in to see us.

Its large, sad eyes turned earnestly to every person and place. Thus has it seemed to be searching for its lost mother ever since she left it. She was a gentle, good woman, and I had that kind of acquaintance with her which nearness of seat in church creates, and now and then a pleasant smile or bow at passing. But now methought she stood visibly before me, bespeaking kindness for her child. The eldest daughter, a girl of remarkable energy, takes charge of the family, and tries, as far as may be in her power, to fill the mournful vacancy. The babe is neatly and tenderly cared for, but now, amid the trials of dentition, will receive scarcely any nourishment, and pines after that which the mother took with her to the grave. With a burst of irrepressible tears, I offered that proof of love which a mother only can bestow. The enraptured eagerness of that famished infant, and its look of intense wonder, I shall never forget. The loving sister was filled with a speechless gratitude. I told her to bring it over for the present daily, at the same hour. I hope I may be enabled thus to give this poor little forsaken soul some shadow of content. My heart overflows with joy for the comfort already imparted.

Is it possible that a babe of a few months is susceptible of jealousy? I should not have thought it. Yet when wee Willie saw another baby in what he counted his own peculiar place, he opened his eyes large and round, until there was a white stripe above the blue iris. Next he knit his small brows, and distorted every feature, and stretched his hands nervously to pluck the intruder from the post of honor; then he uttered loud, passionate cries, till my pitying mother removed him from the trying sight. When he was brought back he cast exploring glances into every part of the room, so as to be sure that the disturber of his peace was not ensconced in some secret nook. Even after he was fully reinstated it was not easy to pacify him, but he regarded me with looks of reproach, as one who had conspired with the invader of his rights. Indeed, after he had been lulled to sleep on my bosom, the long-drawn sobs attested his sense of injury.

The happiness and caresses of a babe when it wakes in the morning are inexpressibly endearing. I can not make up my mind to banish mine to a crib. Infancy is so short, I would fain enjoy the whole of its blessed intercourse. The

varied sounds of Willie's voice after his long, unbroken night's sleep, are different from what they are during the day, more sweetly musical, touching the chords of the parents' hearts like a strain from heaven.

The only bequest of value to Henry from his uncle was a large tract of land at the far West. He is bound by the conditions of the will to dispose of it to some person who will settle upon it and improve it, unless he will do this himself. The time has arrived for the decision, and he feels that he can not understandingly make it without a view of the premises; so he leaves with little warning, that he may avail himself of the company of an intelligent gentleman who visits that vicinity for a somewhat similar purpose. How can I part with him? How can I be divided from him so long? The journey and change of scene may be favorable to his health, which is not very firm. Selfish heart, be silent.

Poor little Willie has entirely ceased to resist our will with regard to the motherless babe. The discipline seems perfect. Familiarity with the daily visitor has ended in love. He smiles upon

it as they unhood and unblanket it, like a blossom coming out of its sheath. To-day he would fain kiss it and give it one of his toys; and, strange to say, it has lost its marked sadness, and grown plump and playful, so that we call it the melancholy baby no more. How truly I rejoice to witness its growth and improvement!

Letters from my husband. Prosperously on his way and invigorated. Methinks regret for his absence must be ingratitude to God. His descriptions of the grand, bold scenery are beautiful. An artist might make a picture from his graphic sketch of a prairie:

> A sea at rest, whose sleeping waves are flowers.

The sorrows of dentition, the advance-guard of those many ills that flesh is heir to, have come upon the baby. He moans in his sleep, and is feverish throughout the day. I am now much interested in physiological works, treating upon the welfare of infancy. With the aid of dear mother's counsel and experience, I fancy myself quite a doctress. To this I was inspirited by my excellent and accomplished nurse, who says a mother, best knowing the symptoms of her

child, has an advantage in treating them which no other person can possess. If a true mother, she is a sentinel always at her post, so that nothing can escape her. Her wisdom lies in the early discovery of every foe, in parrying the first indications of disease, in prevention rather than in active medicine. This is all I should venture to do, and not cope with sickness in those acute forms which belong to the province of the regular and thoroughly-educated physician.

My beloved grandfather's delight in the baby is surprisingly great. Every new gleam of intelligence is watched and commented upon. He evidently feels a right in him, as bearing his own name, which gives, if not a new lease of life, at least new brightness to its faded years. The beautiful aged head and the fair infant one are ever in close proximity, and, as all babies love to be whispered to, I see the little form as still as sculptured marble while the saintly voice breathes into its ear loving words or holy precepts. Perchance their spirit may tinge the scroll of the heart ere slower Reason brings her pen to record them.

It seems so long, so long, since my husband went away. Just as I was feeling anxious for letters, and fearing accident or illness, he arrived, radiant with health and happiness. Every heart under our roof overflowed with joy. The rapture of the young father, who fancied his boy recognized him, knew no bounds. How can I ever express my gratitude to his and our Preserver? Treasures of knowledge his observation has amassed for our entertainment and instruction. The quaint verse of an old hymn gushes up, and sings like a hidden fountain in the silent heart:

"Oh, God of grace,
Henceforth to Thee
A hymn of praise
My life must be."

So invariably good have been my scholars during the past year that their Christmas gifts took the form of merited rewards. We studied to make them useful: a thick, good dress, a bag richly furnished with working materials, a book containing the Testament, Psalter, and Hymns bound together, with the name of each in gilt letters on the cover, were in addition to the parcels of cake and fruits which they took home, and on which the baby put his little hand — if he were the giver. Their voices at parting, and those of the friends

present, mingled with Henry's magic flute in the grand melody of Old Hundred, to the words,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

As the closing hours of this most blessed year fleet away, I sit at the still eventide by the cradle of my sleeping child. The soft rays from the shaded lamp gleam on the placid brow of innocence in repose. Beautiful emblem of the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The Lord be with him, and guide him, when my head shall slumber in the dust. Ah! why do tears cover my face? Are they not tears of joy?

Saturday, January 1st, 1820.

"Oh, my Lord, I know not what I should ask of Thee. Thou only knowest what I need. Thou lovest me better than I can love myself.

"Give to me, Thy child, what is proper for me, whatever that may be. I dare not ask either comforts or crosses. I only present myself before Thee. I open my heart unto Thee. Behold the wants that I am ignorant of. Behold, and do according to Thy mercy. Smite or heal, depress or raise me up.

"I adore all Thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent. I offer myself in sacrifice. I abandon myself to Thee. Henceforth I have no will but to accomplish Thine."

I have selected on my birth-day this prayer of the saintly Fénélon, as an expression of the implicit faith I would aspire to rather than that which I have already attained. Sometimes I have felt that my religion might be of doubtful root, having had no trials to test its sincerity. Perhaps, in my arrogance, I have wished that it should be thus tested. Has that time come? If so, may

the perfect resignation of the form of words that I have here chosen to utter enter into my soul, and indue it with strength from above.

The first word of a babe! Is there any other such music to the ear of a parent? The language of our own, the dove-cooing of his love-moments, the chirp and carol of his joy, have long been understood by us. Those sounds shaped by imitation were sweet, and constantly solicited; but the application of the first words as a being of intelligence, the call for the mother, the father, the other kindred spirits, the outstretching of the round, waxen arms, as on little, tottering feet he hastens toward us, is a delight surpassing all power of description.

My husband's heart has been much at the West since his visit there. He desires to become a resident. His only brother, who has been for several years settled on a large tract of land, given by their uncle on similar conditions with his own, urges him by letters to the pleasures and independence of an agricultural life. I tell him I have no ambition for wealth; but he rejoins, "We have a boy. We must legislate for him. Have

I any right to throw away his princely patrimony, and leave him unprovided for, perhaps dependent? Your grandfather's pension will expire with him. When I am worn out with this galley-slave business in the bank, what will become of our child?" So work the seeds of ambition in the strong soil of a father's love.

Alas! Henry grows thin and sad. He starts from broken sleep, murmuring of the green West. His toil at the bank is disgusting to him. His dark eyes have lost their lustre, and evidently his health fails. How can I distress my heart of hearts? God knows I would lay down my life for him. Not for myself do I hesitate a moment; but oh! for those who live in our life, and whose advancing years lead them to rest more and more upon us. He has said to me, "Make them willing." I will try. Heaven help me.

My dear, blessed mother! I have spoken to her with many tears, she from whom I have never been separated since I was first laid in her bosom. She anticipated me. Though nothing had been said to her of this matter, her spirit seemed to have had an indwelling with mine. She met

the subject with such self-abandonment, and poured strength into my weaker soul. After finding that Henry's preference was pervading and persistent, she said, "Your vow at the altar, my darling, was not the allegiance of a summer's day, but for all changes until the last." We held each other in a long embrace, and then she sank into the attitude of prayer, while I knelt by her side. Her supplications for submission, divine guidance, and strength according to our day, will be answered. I feel already their holy influence, and am fortified.

No one has yet spoken on this painful theme to the aged grandfather, who seems garnering himself up in the love of the child with an almost fearful idolatry. I have told Henry that this must devolve on him. Last evening I heard him say, in an adjoining parlor,

"Will you counsel me, dear grandfather, on a subject of great importance?"

"State your case, and I will endeavor to do so."

"You are aware that my only patrimony is a broad expanse of land at the West, which, by the written will of the donor, I am bound either to settle upon or to sell at a certain time, which time

has now come. By my recent visit to it I have learned its value, and that to part with it at the present rates of sale would be a sacrifice approaching madness. What is my duty to do?"

"Is it possible that you are gravely asking my opinion whether to remove or not to the far, wild West?"

"Even so, my father, for such my heart calls you, having no other since the death of my uncle. He was full of enthusiasm about the settlement of the newer portions of our country, and, had he been younger, would have gone thither as a pioneer. How happy I have been to live here, surrounded by all that I love, you know; but, being now a father, I am called to look beyond myself. I must act for him who bears your name. Have I a right to dispose of what will eventually be his—what will secure him wealth and influence—for a paltry consideration?"

"You argue as if you were sure that nothing could befall him on the road to manhood. But how do you expect to live in that wilderness?"

"The means of subsistence are more abundant there than you in these worn-out states can conceive. I have already established a practical farmer on a part of the estate, and caused a house to be erected in the simple style of that

country, which will afford comfortable shelter until a better one can be obtained. These steps I thought advisable, even if I should decide to sell the premises."

"Will you take away in my feeble age the lamb that has grown up in my bosom? the little darling that, as an angel, has newly come to our house?"

"Oh, do not reason in that way. You will break my heart."

"If you are pressed in spirit to go, leave them behind."

"My blessed grandfather, you would not ask impossible things."

"Leave me, then, to my grave. It will come all the sooner for this."

"Ah! no. Life is still strong within you. Nurtured in the athletic habits of the olden time, you have more vigor, and a better prospect of continuance, than many who are twenty years younger. You will come and see that great, glorious West. Your noble heart, that stood out the war-tempest without shrinking, will rejoice more in its prosperity than those who know not the cost of its freedom. Yet, though I confess that I long for the free, earnest life of a large agriculturist, and believe it would also be congenial to her whom we both love as our own souls,

do not suppose that we will go without your consent—your full and free consent."

"And this do you expect me to give?"

"When you were called forth to the battles of the Revolution, did you say I would be excused? My home is too pleasant? Let others go; I am not ready; I am afraid? No; you took in your hands your life and your sacred honor, and God gave salvation to your native land. The patriotism of your times was the sword. Is not ours to build up the waste places, to plant the unbroken soil with the right seed, ere the wicked, entering in, shall sow tares and destroy the harvest? Were Washington here, would he not say go forth, and the Lord be with you? And will not you, a disciple of Washington, a follower of Jesus, say the same?"

"You have asked of me more than man ever asked before—the apple of my eye, and the core of my heart. Yet take them. I give my consent."

"Oh, not consent alone. It must be a blessing. We can not depart in peace except thou bless us."

"My son, you have conquered. The Lord bless and keep you. The good Lord strengthen me to say at all times, His will be done."

This morning, when I came down to breakfast, the beautiful old man took both my hands and wept like a child. Then I sat long on his knee, as he has loved to have me do from infancy, and, leaning my head against his, comforted his heart. As I whispered, "Our God loveth a cheerful giver," he said, smiling through his tears, "I ought not to have allowed you thus to get the advance of me. I should have told you that myself. Long have I been in Christ's school, yet babes and sucklings teach me."

How blessed is the zeal of true friendship, how sustaining its sympathy! Mary Ann, who from school-days has been as a sister, now proves herself one indeed. She has consented to take charge of my scholars. My poor, dear scholars, must I leave them? She will pursue the same course to which they have been accustomed, and be assisted by Nancy Dean, who is skillful with her needle, and fully capable of fitting work, and will be allowed a small regular salary for the comfort of her feeble health and poverty. So, in this respect, it seems that good will come from my going, while in my vanity I was counting it but as loss to those left behind.

I have implored those who are most dear not to indulge grief in my presence at our approaching separation, or allow me to do so in theirs. I would not enervate myself with vain regrets. I need their clear counsel, and all my own strength, for the necessary preparations. I would not be remembered by tears, but as a sunbeam, and pray of Him who wisely appointeth every stage of our pilgrimage that I may change my orbit like a cloudless star.

It is decided now that we go when the season shall have sufficiently advanced to render the roads pleasant for traveling. We shall proceed in public vehicles as far as their routes correspond with ours, and at the point of termination purchase a large wagon and horses, with such housekeeping articles as we can not take from here, the stage-coach admitting, of course, only our trunks of clothing. Henry has written to have the house in readiness, and some additions to be made, which he did not direct while there was a doubt whether we should ourselves occupy it. He has recovered his health and spirits since the ultimate decision has been made, and should not I be grateful to have been the instrument of restoring to him the brightness and energy of his own noble nature?

Baby's first tooth. Take no offense, my good journal, that I should make such an inscription on thee. New cares bring us new pleasures, and, in the maternal record, the item that I have chronicled is one of grave importance; so count it no derogation from thy dignity that the event should be intrusted to thy keeping.

Good old George the Third has paid that debt which Nature levies both on prince and peasant. In the regal apartments of Windsor Castle, bent beneath the weight of fourscore and two winters, Death found and took him. Mental light had been long extinguished, save in snatches and gleams, which always revealed the tendencies of a feeling and kind heart. In the domestic virtues he set a good example for kings. Strongly contrasted in structure, accomplishments, and motives was he to Louis the Fourteenth, who has been called the "best actor of majesty in Europe." No such ambitions had this venerable monarch. His birth-day (June 4th) was, previous to 1776, a glad festival among these colonies. The succeeding war, which changed our relations, created a bitterness which was expended rather on the ministry than on the monarch.

Those who had been brought up, Sabbath after Sabbath, to pray for him as the father of the people, found it difficult to count him as their foe. Thus there has been always among our older inhabitants a lingering of filial feeling toward the white-haired king, which prepared us all to pay a gentle tribute over his honored grave.

WILLIE'S FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

First birth-day! Many a wish benign,
With fond affection's smile, is thine,
And fonder kiss,
Thou, who o'er life's alluring tide
In tiny, flower-crown'd bark dost glide,
Our babe of bliss.
Another year will bring the rose
More freshly o'er thy cheek of snows,
And deftly teach
That wondrous art to name the toy,
And make thy wish a parent's joy,
With lisping speech.
Oh! that thy virtues, sown with care,
And foster'd by parental prayer,
The heart might leaven,
Give its young features life and form,
And make its pure soil rich and warm
For plants of heaven.

Is it wrong that I do not wish to see the spring blossoms? to listen to the murmur of the

bees? that I go not forth, as of yore, among the early hyacinths, or to draw the first arbutus from its hidden cell? It is not that I forget to admire them, or to thank their Giver, but I would fain avoid multiplying the charms and ties of a spot I am about to leave. Already is it too strongly incorporated with all my tenderest memories, so that I am as one spell-bound when I wander about it and think I may return no more.

Always is God better to us than our fears, than our hopes. Mary Ann, my darling friend, is to take my place. She will occupy my own chamber, and be to those I leave behind a blessed comforter. Her mother, who has several daughters, most kindly permits this arrangement. Edgar also, who aspires to the hope, at some future day, of the dearest connection with my loved substitute, will be often at the abode which I said in my foolishness must be left desolate. Now is the crushing load lifted from my inmost soul. Now am I free to follow my husband and not repine. With him I could be content to dwell upon an Alpine rock, or a lone island in the melancholy main; but to leave those alone who, from my birth-hour, through the helplessness of infancy, the waywardness of youth, have

never forsaken or forgotten me for a moment, to cast them forth and leave them amid declining years and sickness to the mercy of strangers, would have uprooted for me all capacity of enjoyment. Now I can intrust them to the tender hand, the brave heart, and strike the key-tone of undying praise to Him who has had compassion on my weak faith, and permitted me to see with my own eyes the blessed provision He hath made for their protection and comfort.

Little Willie's foster-sister, no longer the pensive baby, but the plump, merry child, is to be brought over every day to amuse the household after our departure. She is in advance of him in the accomplishment of talking, as our sex are wont to be. Nevertheless, she borrows his baby appellatives of "greatie-papa" and "greatie-mamma," which he has always been strenuous in substituting for "grandfather" and "grandmother." I find it pleases them to be thus addressed in his dialect by her bird-like voice. Very likely he may make these, his favorite titles, familiar to the echoes of his Western home.

I have been considerably occupied, and found much pleasure in preparing keepsakes for my

friends and acquaintances. I have made an accurate list of them, and think not one has been overlooked. The choice books of my library availed for many, in some of which I put little embroidered marks to designate passages worthy of remembrance, or such as we had perused together. Some of these marks were emblematic; on others I wrought such phrases as "Dinna forget," "God bless you," or simply my own initials. For the most respected or intimate I embroidered the chapter and verse of those exquisite passages, Genesis thirty-first and forty-ninth, and Philippians first and third. Articles of taste or of nice apparel, which I could not take with me, I also found recipients for, giving some attention to the matter of adaptation. My pensioners, the poorest, the oldest, the youngest, have also every one received something that may be useful, or quicken serious and holy thought. I would be remembered by them all in some way to do them good, if possible—lasting good. Perchance they may sometimes, in their moments of devotion, breathe a petition for the wanderer from the graves of her fathers, who pitches her tent toward the setting sun. At all events, I have had great satisfaction in these gifts, and have realized the truth of the inspired assertion that it "is better to give than to receive."

I have taken leave of every part of the home in which I was born. Even the articles of furniture that I had aided to keep in order had the aspect of friends. In proportion to the care I had bestowed on them, and not their intrinsic value, was their power over me. I wonder if woman's cares are not the secret of her attachments? To each parlor, to the library, to my mother's apartment, to my grandfather's, to my own quiet writing-room, to the little oratory, my soul's home, to the nursery, where my child was sleeping in the cradle, I have made the lingering, parting visit. I could not but thank those inanimate objects for the happiness they have helped to give my most happy life. In Amy's attic, whose walls are adorned with a variety of framed prints which had been given her, I found her weeping, and said, "My dear, good friend, be to my mother and grandfather what you have always been. I could not leave them with an easy mind but for you. I thank you for all your kind offices to me. Let us both walk in the steps of our Savior, that we may live together in heaven."

I have taken leave of the conservatory, the busy, singing bees, the nested birds, the great, broad-armed elms. To the lowliest violet at their feet I breathed "thanks" and a loving "good-

by." Henry says we shall be here again in two years. Such words are more easily uttered than verified. Still, I bear with me the shadow of this hope in every farewell. I bade adieu to all home objects at the close of day, because we are to leave quite early in the morning. Many friends came afterward with good wishes and loving words. It was a great comfort that our good pastor staid and conducted for us our last family worship. *Our last* did I say? I meant only our last at this time. May the incense of that parting prayer rise acceptably to our God from the peaceful altar which He has so long deigned to bless.

It is over. Would that the Lethe-stream might ingulf that hour. And yet the scene will be with me a soul-set picture till all remembrance fades.

It was the early gray of the morning when the stage-horn summoned us. There must be no waiting. All things were ready. The baby, roused from his usual slumbers, looked wonderingly around. Let me not think again of the parting embrace. *No, never.*

At our last glance my mother stood at the door with that calm look which, I doubt not, she would wear though soul and body severed. Sweet Mary Ann's arm was around her. My aged grandfather trembled like a bent branch shaken by the wind. Edgar was near, and full of sympathy. Poor Amy was of the group, and, though I had cautioned her, was not able to restrain her grief. Blessed wheels! that bore us so swiftly away.

Alas! might not that last drop have been spared in the cup of bitterness? The coach stopped for a few moments at the post-office. There stood all my scholars, though the sun had not yet risen. I had bidden them farewell before; I had given them my parting precepts and gifts; I had commended them to our common Father, the Maker of heaven and earth. Yet there they stood again, to have, as they said, one more look. They climbed upon the wheels; they begged me to hold out the baby for them to kiss; they pressed little keepsakes into his hand and mine; they cried loud and passionately. What mean ye thus to weep and to break my heart?

Through that day's journey I bent my head over the child, soothing him, and anticipating his wants. How could I note the landscape? How could I converse? My husband did not require it. He feels the weight of the sacrifice. His heart is bowed within him. Yet I did not go to be a clog or a self-seeker. As soon as possible, I will be his aid and solace.

At our first night in a strange tavern I should have wept but for distressing him. When, at length, the deep breathing announced that he had found rest, and Willie's home-sick moans were allayed, the blessed tears gushed, and the suffocating anguish subsided.

O faithful friend, kind old journal, thou hast not been forgotten. But upon our long and weary journey it has been impossible to find time and conveniences for writing beyond the brief, daily sketch in letters expected by the dear ones at home. Many interesting localities have we seen, and much glorious scenery, such as quickens the heart with admiration of a country which is stretching out its limbs like a waking giant. Wonderful indeed is it in its resources and its rapid growth. In safety have we been borne onward, and in health. We have reached the

point where the public conveyances leave us, and are resting for a few days, and purchasing some of the necessary articles that we could not take with us. Willie's little heart still turns backward with sorrowful tenacity. Through the day he is amused, but at night the great home-sickness comes over him. Whenever he retires, he cries, "Come, greatie-mamma! come, greatie-papa!" and thus moans himself to sleep. These are his last sounds at night, his first in the morning. It is painful to see such constancy of grief, and hear the long, quivering sobs from his little heaving breast, even after slumber has overtaken him. I had thought the troubles of infancy brief, and more readily soothed.

We have been fortunate in securing in this place almost every thing that we sought except a servant. That, indeed, seems a *sine qua non*, and we relied on finding it here, since none from the older settled states could be tempted to what they deemed expatriation. To our great surprise, that feeling seems equally strong here. Plenty of able-bodied damsels have presented themselves in consequence of our inquiries, and sturdy, middle-aged women, with square hands and broad shoulders, looking as if they could fell

a forest. The rate of wages was attractive, and all promised well till the remote location was mentioned; then negotiation was at an end, and persuasion powerless. One had "no notion of going out into the wild woods;" another "was not a bush-whacker," with other expressions equally significant and genteel. These jar provokingly on Henry's nerves, with his romantic views of our Utopia. There appears to be no other way than to depend for the present on Sandy, who is as good within the house as without, and on the family of the farmer, whose dwelling being within our own inclosure may be able readily to render assistance. At all events, it will not do for me to look back. No: *onward* must be our motto, and I hope *upward* also.

We have purchased an immense covered wagon and a powerful pair of horses. It is astonishing how much may be stowed away in these houses upon wheels, and yet leave space for our persons. Henry has engaged another vehicle of equally formidable size, with a practiced driver, to accompany us to our place of destination, carrying additional varieties of what the Scotch call "plenishing," and also a small tent, as we are to pass one night on the way out of the reach of

habitations. That will give quite an Oriental feature to our cavalcade.

What a unique and wonderful object is a prairie! We have now a far better view of it than we could have had in the rapidity of stage-coach traveling. It is impossible to describe to one who has never seen it the effect on the mind of its interminable extent, its unbroken level, varied only by waving grass, and coarse, gorgeous flowers.

Little Willie is delighted in passing from one carriage to the other, and taking note of the horses. He fears no one, and is welcome every where. He will make an excellent settler in the frank, free West. Nothing subdues him but the periodical home-sickness. That I think abates. I hope so, for I know not how I should bear to hear those beloved names stirring, in wild tones of grief, the echoes of the wilderness.

In traversing the prairie we occasionally saw the *mirage*, so alluring and so deceptive. Placid lakes, with pure, glittering waters, fringed by

waving and woven shades, gleamed in the distance, but fled away as we approached. This visioned beauty so attracted us that it was difficult to believe it not a reality. Sometimes, like the star-gazing philosopher of old, who fell into a ditch through his astrological researches, we were not always aware of the marshy regions that here and there intersected our route.

On one occasion, while Willie was enjoying a pedestrian excursion in Sandy's arms, he pointed to something in his near neighborhood with a lively delight, shouting,

"See! see! pretty, pretty ribbon."

Behold, this admired ribbon was a large, gliding snake, who, with upraised head, regarded our caravan. It is said they are quite fond of living among the long prairie grass, and leave their dens and caves in the mountains for these lowland abodes. So it seems that even here there are serpents among the flowers. I should prefer to dispense with their company, not having such a love of Natural History as to seek acquaintance with their snakeships, notwithstanding their brilliance of color and costume, in which, perchance, they imitate him who won our mother's ear amid the shades of Eden.

We occasionally see one of the cone-roofed wigwams of the Indians, but scarcely any marks of their being inhabited. I have always felt a great interest in our poor aborigines. A few of the men have sauntered listlessly by us in the course of the day. They had a sulky look, and did not return our salutations. The guide said that the remnants of the neighboring tribes were at variance, and had recently had an affray which put them both in bad humor. As evening approached we passed from the prairie into a region with more of the characteristics of a forest. It was delightful to be again in the company of the protecting trees. The road was sometimes obstructed by fallen trunks or branches, so that traveling was slower and more laborious, and, ere the setting sun cast his last golden rays, we selected a fitting place for our nightly encampment. The tired horses were unharnessed and turned out to forage, the poles planted, and the tent pitched with great celerity. A fire was kindled, tea made, a comfortable supper partaken of, and a bed spread in our greenwood dormitory, with proper precautions against the dampness of the earth. Sandy and the guide were to act as sentinels, occasionally taking rest in the wagon, and Henry, sometimes in the tent and sometimes without, took superintendence of the whole. I

perceived that each one put his gun in order. As darkness deepened, they replenished the fire as a protection against wild beasts, for we had seen now and then the red eyes of the panther glaring down upon us through the woven branches.

Oh, the solemn grandeur of that night in the forest! Methought it was God's temple, and He visibly near. We, poor emmets at His footstool, cast out from the fellowship of our kind, from the pride of a strong shelter with bolts and bars, were still in the hollow of His hand, girt about with His immutable strength. Through the dark, lofty arches of interlacing trees, reddened by the fitful flame, it might almost seem that there were glancing wings, and a voice, "He giveth his angels charge over thee. They bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Even the baby seemed to drink in some influences from the sublimity of the scene. For the first time at night since leaving our distant home, he ceased to weep and mourn after its loved habitants. He drew near to me with his gentlest caresses, and joined his face to mine, so still, so

lovingly, as if fearing to break the pause by a breath, and yet full of happiness. Were God's thoughts within his innocent soul?

The watches of the night passed slowly. At length I had fallen asleep, but suddenly awoke. There was a sound of creeping footsteps around the tent. Henry rushed out, and I knew that the guns were all in readiness. Lifting the tent-curtain, I exclaimed,

"Stay! stay your hands! I hear the moaning of a child."

At that moment something sprang by me through the aperture, and, falling prone on the earth, clasped my knees. It was a girl, crying in broken English,

"Oh, white man, don't kill poor Orra!"

Our guide suggested that such decoys were sometimes used by the natives, who were of late more obnoxious to settlers on the new lands. Sandy, shouting at the top of his voice, "Nae doot it's a trick of the pizun Injuns," would have drawn her out by the arm. But I had seen by the fitful watch-fire her streaming eyes and agonized features. Oh, creature of God, of my own helpless sex, His voice speaks through thee.

"Husband, husband, will you let me keep her?"

"My dearest wife, would you run such a risk?"

"God has sent her to us."

"What could you possibly do with her?"

"I will find room for the poor outcast. Henry, may I take her?"

He consented. I spread a blanket, and motioned for her to lie down. But she continued crouched on the ground, and, with head resting on her hand, steadfastly regarded me.

With the first gleams of morning I saw that our protegée was a well-formed girl of probably twelve or thirteen. Her long black hair lay in masses upon her shoulders, and she had that delicacy of hands and feet, and sweetness of tone, that distinguish the females of our aborigines. She made me understand, partly by pantomine and partly in broken words, that her father and mother were both killed, and she alone had fled away. I shall never forget the gratitude with which the poor famished one received a piece of bread and decent garments. Wherever I went she followed me, as though a part of myself, or as if she believed that in me was her protection. When I looked kindly at her, a loving soul seemed to leap out through her eyes. I put my child into her arms, and her rapture knew no bounds.

She knelt down and embraced my feet. As for him, he twined at once his little waxen arms around her neck, and, gazing up in her dark face, said, half incredulously, half exultingly, "Amy come?"

Our day's journey, though a weary one, was lightened by the hope that it was the last. We were enabled frequently to walk, which relieved the fatigue of a constrained position. Willie's fondness for the stranger, and her tender care of him, were pleasant features of our progress. The declining sun was still bright in the heavens, when Henry, falling on his knees in mock homage, said, "Hail, my lady of the manor! Welcome to your own!" for he had entered on the bounds of his estate.

My husband, who had hastened on in advance as soon as the blue smoke from his farm-house was seen curling through the trees, returned with unelastic step and a fallen countenance. His own domicile was far from being in the condition which he had ordered and expected. Some of his letters had not been received; for, accustomed as we have ever been to regular intercourse through

mails, we had not fully estimated the inconvenience of residing at a distance from post-offices, and other causes of interrupted intercourse. His anticipated pleasure and pride in our triumphant installation were therefore overthrown. He was, in truth, highly exasperated, and the more so that his farmer, with the ease of the free, Western character, did not trouble himself to make elaborate excuses, or consider it a matter of any great import if a few animals had chanced to be occupants before us. He did, indeed, say that his wife had been ill, which should surely be admitted as some apology. As it was, I cheered Henry by telling him it only gave an opportunity for Yankee ingenuity to operate. So, in a trice, the wagon-covering was fitted as a temporary carpet to the broken floor, a blazing fire surmounted by the singing kettle, several boxes raised and covered with a snowy cloth, on which suddenly appeared tea, coffee, and other edibles. A cup of fresh milk from a beautiful cow within the inclosure made Willie as happy as a king, if kings are any happier than other people, which, as a Republican, I doubt. A few of faithful Amy's biscuits and ginger-cakes were discovered lurking in a secret hoard, and, notwithstanding undoubted marks of antiquity, were easily soluble in a cup of tea, and my first nourishment in my

new abode. The blessing of our Almighty and Merciful Father be with that we have left behind, and this to which He has led us.

I am reproved for what I fear is a deficiency of gratitude by the perfect delight of my poor Indian girl for the shelter of a roof and a bed to rest upon. We have found a little cubby for her own, which she occupies with thanks and gestures of joy. To see the smile that lights up her dark but comely countenance as, following me like my shadow, she endeavors to aid in all that I do, is like a perpetual sunbeam.

We supposed that we had bought every article essential to our simple mode of life, as far as the limits of two carriages would suffice for freight. Yet, what should we happen to forget? Hear it with horror, all ye in the shape of housekeepers. *A broom!* Yes, that indispensable appendage of all notable women. What was to be done? Behold the Indian ingenuity! Orra, of her own accord, was seen dividing thin slips of whitewood into narrow, pliant splinters, which, after forming into an even mass, she bound firmly around a smooth handle prepared for her by Sandy, having

seen this work done by the women of her tribe for market among the whites. Even the Scotchman pronounced it "cannie," and seems to be laying aside some of his prejudices against the "evil race of Injuns."

My dear husband is overflowing with energy. He is up with the lark, never weary, and seems attaining a degree of health and vigor to which he was before a stranger. Taking into view his classical education, and subsequent sedentary life in the bank, I am surprised at his practical knowledge of agriculture, and the wisdom with which he apportions to different purposes his extensive domain. The man who accompanied us on our last day's journey has returned, according to promise, with three other assistants, to pursue for a short time the farm-labor on a large scale, making a band of six men, of which Henry is captain. Such pursuits harmonize with his native tastes, and I am grateful that I put no more obstacles than my poor, weak heart could help in the way of his physical welfare and happiness.

The farmer's wife, who has quite recovered, is a strong woman, and ready whenever we require

her aid. In our small home, which will be enlarged when we have leisure, the spirit of order has already done much. The sleeping accommodations are comfortably arranged, floors mended, white curtains hung at each window, and that in my own apartment is already clasped by the green tendrils and fair bells of a morning-glory, whose seeds I brought from my own dear, far-off garden, and sprinkled in the rich mould immediately after our arrival.

Time is sweeping rapidly on. Constant and varied employment leaves no room for loneliness, and less and less for those regrets which, at first leaving the East, I feared might become a part of my being. One of my sources of daily interest is an immense flock of poultry, whose eggs and chickens are important additions to a table which can be supplied by no regular market. We have also a small flock of sheep, Sandy being conversant with the charge and welfare of both these races. Willie is never tired of feeding them, of calling his dog, and prattling with his prime friend Orra, to whose name he pertinaciously adds that of *Amy*. She proudly attends his excursions, ministering to his every want, and apparently finding her great capacity

for loving satisfied by the innocent fondness of the fair child.

The time of bare, leafless boughs has come, and of what the Scotch call the "sough" of the melancholy winds. Cold weather promises to set in here earlier than in our eastern home. My husband is now hurried with preparations for it. A large piece of ground at some distance is being cleared and made ready for the sowing of winter wheat. I feel something like indignation when the great kings of the forest fall from their primeval thrones to make room for a plebeian race of short-lived roots and grasses.

To-day, in the absence of all our male protectors, stealthy footsteps were heard around the house. At length the heads of three huge Indians were discovered, apparently reconnoitring, but strenuously keeping behind the covert of the trees. Orra was in an agony. Every feature was distorted with terror, and her lips bloodless. While I carefully secured every mode of entrance, she clasped the baby with a death-like grasp.

"Orra can fire master's gun," she exclaimed, suddenly dragging it forth, examining if it were

loaded, and showing how she could poise it and take aim, having had the training of a hunter's daughter.

They drew nearer, a gray-headed man and two braves, as they are called, hideously painted.

"Oh, mistress," cried the girl, "they kill, kill! Orra go out. Let them kill Orra. Then mistress run—run with baby. Oh run—run to the thick woods and hide. Fly! don't stop! they are swifter than eagles."

I said, "Pray to God in your heart. He will be near us. He is stronger than they."

The child was strangely quiet. He caught no terror from the frantic girl. Came there into his heart the spirit of that brave old man whose blood is in his veins? or spake some angel unto him? Still was he as a statue, with his eyes fixed on mine.

A hand shook the barricaded door, and a fierce red face glared through a curtained window. Suddenly a change came over the girl.

"Oh, lady! blessed lady! let me go out to them. Let me go; they are my own people."

They had retired to a little distance, and, with the swiftness of a deer, she stood among them. She spoke with strong gestures in her native language, and they listened as if transfixed. Then the gray-haired one took her by the hand

and moved toward the house, followed by the others. Breaking away, and preceding them, her unbound tresses flying in the wind,

"Dear mistress! blessed mistress! it is my own old chief. He will not hurt you. May he come in?"

Never can I forget the expressive countenance of that aged man as, throwing wide my door, I welcomed him, and drew my arm-chair for him. No word; but a strong soul looked through the black, glistening eyes, a vanquished purpose of malevolence melting away in wonder.

I placed food before him as a token of peace. The two younger ones, exceedingly athletic, powerful men, out of respect to their ruler would not enter and partake with him. Seated outside of the door, they were fed and served by Orra, on whom they incessantly smiled. She, in a passion of joy, was their interpreter. They had discovered that this orphan of their tribe was under our roof. With their national prejudice against the whites, they had supposed her held in tyrannical captivity; therefore they had come to her rescue, and, if need were, to burn, and ravage, and destroy. Other warriors, stationed in an adjoining wood, awaited the signal to come on and do the bidding of their leader. But her few words of love had changed the lion to the lamb. They

had believed the pale faces always their foes, or, what to a proud nature is still more bitter, holding them in contempt. A new set of ideas seemed to have interposed. Orra said they united in giving me a new name, the "*good white woman.*"

The repast ended, the old chieftain rose to depart. His lofty head almost touched our humble ceiling. Bowing low, he gave me thanks in his own tongue. Then he reached his hands for the child. A mother's misgiving, with horrid imagery of kidnapped and tomahawked babes, swept for a moment over me; but Willie, to whom a dark face seems a letter of recommendation, settled the matter by determining to go to this tall old lord of the forest, pleased with his nodding plumes, like Ascanius in the arms of Hector. Raising him high above his head, he uttered, in deep intonation and in a devout manner, a form of words, and restored him to my bosom. Orra said with delight,

"He blesses him in the name of the Great Spirit; he makes him his young white chief; he says because of you there shall be peace between us as long as the stars shine and the waters flow."

Scarcely had we recovered from the excitement of this scene when Henry returned with his farmer and Sandy. His first impulse was to pursue the men who had trespassed on his grounds with a belligerent purpose; but, after due explanations, he was content to remain. He makes himself merry with my oathless treaty, and doubts whether it will remain in force as long as that of William Penn, ratified under the sacred oak at Kensington. He says my enthusiasm for the aborigines, which has been with him a matter of ridicule, will now intrench itself anew since my son is installed a chieftain. Yet the prevailing sentiment in our souls is praise to Him who averted a danger that might have left our happy home a smouldering ruin of desolation and blood. May the lives thus spared be more perfectly devoted to the Giver of all our mercies.

Letters from our first far-off home are now necessarily like angel visits, "few and far between." Every parcel is opened with a tremulous hand. Still, they have all continued to speak the sweet language of health and happiness. Good news, and cheerful words of themselves and to us, come from dear mother, and Mary Ann and Edgar, her blessings, who do all in their power for her comfort and that of the beloved grandfather. Her last epistle had a post-

script from his own hand, bearing, amid all his feebleness, traces of that clear, bold, elegant penmanship by which in earlier years he was distinguished.

"When you drove away from our door (it says), I thought you and the child the most beautiful objects that my eyes ever beheld. You drove away, and I shall never see you more in this life. Your husband says he will bring you to visit us. But I shall not be here. 'Ye shall seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.'

"Yet when I meet you among the angels of God, I shall know you by that same smile of love and grief which was on your brow when you said farewell. The grief will have faded, but the love will be there forever. By that shall I know you. So give diligence, that we may meet no more to part in the mansions the Savior hath prepared for those who are faithful unto death."

Monday, January 1st, 1821.

Almighty Creator, who never forgettest those whom Thou hast made; compassionate Savior, who for our sakes wert content to be crucified; Spirit of light and power, prompter of right thoughts in hearts unholy, accept the consecration that I make of the whole frame of my nature, this mortal body, this living mind, this undying soul—the babe, dearer than all—deign to accept the unreserved offering. Endue what is thus yielded with new strength for thy continued service. Let life mingle with every duty—such life as the heart gives when it flows out and quickens the deed.

Suffer us—my soul's companion and myself—to cherish no undue expectations or anxieties for aught that hath root in earth. Placed here to do Thy will, to strive to conform ourselves to Thine image, let us not swerve from the true heavenward path. Teach us so to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom; so to see and revere Thee in all things, in every passing event, in every fleeting enjoyment, that the year on which this first cloudless morning breaks may be a blessed waymark amid the memories of heaven.

To have but few books is an advantage. They are better prized, more thoroughly read, more frequently meditated upon and talked about, so that their contents are more likely to be appropriated or their wise suggestions adopted. What we considered a privation, because we could bring with us but a small selection, may therefore prove a gain. From the luxury of periodical literature we are indeed excluded; but important intelligence reaches us after a while, and the habit of much miscellaneous reading, though it may entertain, does not strengthen or discipline the mind. Whoever reads without the intention of remembering—indeed, what it is impossible to remember and logically arrange, will find his retentive power growing inert, as masses of ill-assorted food impair digestion.

How the magic of correspondence softens the pain of separation. Every package of letters from the East brings the loved circle around us. Rivers and mountains no longer divide us. We sit among them and hear their voices. We speak and are answered. Our habit of writing a little every day of whatever occurs, and sending the sheets when they are filled, gives much of the

freshness of living intercourse, and an indwelling with each other, as though we led our existence in two places. Is not this sort of double life a gain? a multiplication of sympathies? Continually I bless my dear Father in Heaven for His protecting care of our earliest home, and that His mantle over all its inmates is love.

Is there any thing like the ringing laugh of an innocent, happy child? Can any other music so echo through the heart's inner chambers? It is sympathetic, too, beyond other melodies. When the father sits absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears little Willie laughing in his sports, and laughs also, he knows not wherefore. The bright being, continually gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thought and pearls of affection, till our paths seem paved with precious stones from heaven's treasury. No day of storms is dark where he is, no wintry evening long. We had neither of us fully realized what a full fountain of delight a young child is to the house and heart until separated as we have been this winter from accustomed and extraneous sources of enjoyment.

Why do we not think and speak more frequently of the invisible company around us? Are we not assured that, hovering over us, they take charge of us in all our ways? that they bear us up in their hands, lest we dash our foot against a stone? Stood they not by my dear Lord, strengthening him amid the horrors of Gethsemane? Shall we not strive to be in unison with that heavenly host who watch for our good, with "only this veil of flesh between?" Shall no strain of gratitude flow forth to them for all their ministry of patience?

We often speak to each other of that night when we pitched our tent in the wilderness. The strange, stirring events that marked it broke up for the time its impression of sublimity; but it has since returned to us like the imagery of a grand, solemn picture. The primeval forest, touching the black sky; the white, speck-like tent, nestled at its feet; the red watch-fire, with its glimmering shadows; the gliding forms that fed it with fresh fuel, or stood as armed sentinels at our postern. Once the great moon looked through a torn cloud, as though she said, "What do ye here?" and hid herself. The life that was around us seemed strange and unfriendly. The

cry of the boding owl, the bay of the prowling wolf, and now and then a mysterious sound—was it the blast smiting the gnarled branches, or the distant whoop of the blood-seeking Indian? Yet there we stretched ourselves to sleep and rose up unharmed. We were girded with needful courage, and God was near.

Orra, our dark-browed child, is exceedingly useful. I scarcely see how we could have done without this gift of the forest, or, rather, of Him who planted the forest. She learns readily, and promises to become expert with the needle. She is desirous of being able to read, and her instruction keeps up the pleasant old habits of teaching. Her overwhelming love of the child, and his reciprocity, with the gratitude for her home which she continually evinces, gives her a place in my affection, and in that of the whole family.

It is amusing to see with what miserable accommodations some of the surrounding inhabitants are satisfied. Almost like a mushroom the log-house rises. The growing tree of to-day may find itself to-morrow part and parcel of the roof that shelters a family, a fixture in the wall where

the board is spread and the cradle rocks, or hammered into the shrine of the Lares and Penates. With the Eastern people, however poor, there is a laborious effort to add to their internal comforts. Compelled to bring but few with them, they never rest until they have obtained more, or conformed in some measure to the habitudes of early life; but the native dwellers are content. They are satisfied to take their food from maple blocks, or to sit at the table on stumps of basswood. Free and easy are they; and if any improvement is suggested, they say, "This way will do a while. I reckon we'll try it *a section.*" Great are they at borrowing. Orra sometimes brings their requests with amazement.

"Will mistress lend her rolling-pin, her chopping-tray, her tea-kettle?"

A large woman came this morning for a wash-tub, which she took upon her head as if it were an egg-shell; but, suddenly returning, said,

"I forgot to borrie some knives and forks, and a platter big enough to hold the meat and saase too, cause we expect a stranger-man to dinner."

With as much readiness as they request will they oblige. The simplicity of their colonial life induces a fellow-feeling not known where the ceremonious and artificial prevail. Still, civilization and refinement make advances, and progress, in

many respects, comes onward with such a whelming tide that these regions can not long be called young or new. What is entirely essential to the women who emigrate hither is a spirit of bravery and cheerfulness. The burden of the childrens' quaint old song would be a fitting motto for them, "Come with a good-will or not at all." Come with a determination to bear up boldly, to despise trifles, to take part in every duty with a smiling face, and, when things do not go to your mind, see if you can not find a bright side, or "some soul of goodness in them," and all will go well enough.

I have found a new, great pleasure — riding on horseback with my baby. I can do it now quite well, though it required a little practice to keep him steadily balanced and feel at ease myself. He is never so gayly happy as on these excursions. He pats the horse's neck and kisses his white nose ere we mount. Then his bright eyes look on every object so inquiringly as we pass along, and his clear tones weave themselves into music. He seems as a brother to the birds and the springing flowers. For my own part, I was never half as happy in the most luxurious coach. Oh no! Methinks the noble steed that

bears us onward has almost human intelligence. The slightest expression of my will controls him, and he seems to take part in our satisfactions. Where wheels are unable to pass we career safely, with an exulting consciousness of strength and power. We make friendship with the trees that overshadow us, through whose parted boughs we see the blue, arching skies, and the fleecy clouds, like a great unfolded flock, following the crook of their shepherd. The fresh breeze that uplifts us is but another name for health, and the untamed earth speaks of Him who made it. Who calls it solitude? More fully peopled is it than the haunts of fashion. There, the heart, among crowds, might feel alone; but not here, with the happy young soul that is a part of your own, and in the great, glorious temple of the beneficent Father of the soul.

In one of our equestrian excursions—Willie and I—we overtook a lady who removed hither from the South, and resides within a few miles of our habitation. Every body here knows every body; so I told her my name and my baby's, and we were as sociable as new settlers always are. In every community where mutual needs keep the tide of sympathy open, useless ceremony is thrown

overboard. She had been brought up amid refinement and luxury, but conforms herself to their absence with an unbroken spirit and a gayety that borders on wit. She said that, for a long time after their arrival, her very small house, with the exception of two rooms, had no flooring save of earth. The walls had no plastering, and over head were the open rafters. Being at a great distance from carpenters, they were for months without even an outer door. A counterpane hung up was their only barrier, and the mode of forming partitions between the apartments.

One night, while her husband was from home, she was kept waking by an unfamiliar sound.

"What is that?" said she to his sister, who had been longer a dweller in this newly-settled region.

"What's what? I don't hear any thing," she replied, slowly waking from a deep slumber.

"There *is* something. Listen! listen! It is like the barking of a hoarse dog, and yet not quite like it."

Whereupon she imitated, as well as she was able, a growling, suffocating sound, and the sister, quietly turning to sleep again, answered,

"*Oh, that's nothing but wolves.*"

Nothing but wolves, indeed! and no fastening to the fold. Who knows but what, in default

of lambs or chickens, they might make a meal of the human inmates?

"At length," said the lively lady, "winter drew on, and it was right cold. I was told that we should have our outside door by Christmas. The day before Christmas came, but no front door. My husband was absent, and the carpenter lived several miles from us. I saw no way but to go and stir up his memory. The snow was deep, and I mounted an ox-sled and arrived at his premises. It was not finished, but I told him it must be, and should not go until it was; then he worked right smart, and I helped him to drive some of the nails. Before dark I reached home, riding upon my front door; and I never had a pleasanter Christmas gift in my life," said she, with a ringing laugh, as she parted from us and cantered away on her homeward path through the forest.

It was longer than usual since Willie had been out on his favorite horse. Seeing him pass the window, he so earnestly besought in his sweet way, "*Please, oh please, dear mamma,*" that I could not but indulge him. Noticing every passing object, the playful lamb or the leaping squirrel, he prattled in his own broken way to his

heart's content, and then relapsed into a quiet reverie, varied by that tuneful, monotonous murmur, the precursor of slumber. On our return we were overtaken by quite a heavy shower. Drawing up under the thick boughs of a lofty ash, and throwing over our heads an extra shawl, which I carried at my saddle-bow, we were comfortably sheltered, and enjoyed the scene. The child was pleased with our temporary umbrella, and with the patter of the falling drops, whose superflux the higher leaves shed down upon the lower with a quivering pleasure, as if they had discovered what man was divinely taught, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Then came a rich red bird, and sat upon a dancing spray, and poured forth the melody that thrills those winged hearts after a fresh vernal rain. Willie was delighted, and, while clapping his little white hands and gazing upward, he espied, through an opening in the thicket, the arch of a glorious rainbow. The rapture that had kindled his blue eye suddenly was mingled with awe as he whispered,

"*God's picture, mamma—God's greatie picture.*"

Would that some limner or sculptor might have caught the expression on that innocent face. The holy delight of the upraised eye was sub-

lime. Methought He who had made that bow the promise of hope to a drowning world was touching with its penciled rays the admiring new-born soul; and the mother's bowed heart said to itself, "Behold! thou hast nurtured an angel, and knew it not."

Poor little Willie! Poor little Willie! I could better have borne to yield him back whence he came than to see him suffer. Might it but have pleased his Heavenly Father to have taken his own, like some transplanted flower, that I need not have looked upon the struggle with the Destroyer, and the ghastly white settling over those cheeks of rose.

Short and sharp was the way, dear lamb, to thy Shepherd and the fold of rest.

Fearfully rapid are these Western bilious diseases. In perfect health, in the midst of his plays, he was smitten. The remedies which we brought with us, which had always been successful in similar attacks, utterly failed. The nearest physician was at the last township where we paused on our journey. The distance, which then occupied two days, was quickly surmounted

by Sandy riding at full speed, and not staying for darkness. In the same manner they returned. The first glance of the medical man was as a sentence of death. He approved every measure that had been pursued, but added, "*There is nothing more to be done.*"

"*Nothing to be done!*" Indeed, there is much to be done. To lay him in the arms of the Great Being that reclaimeth him with undoubting trust. Not without tears. That he requireth not. He knoweth that we are but dust; yet, having said in our prayers from the beginning that our babe was a lent treasure, having signed him with the baptismal water as belonging unto God, why are we so little prepared to take this cup that He giveth, and drink it in peace?

Can the last scene ever fade from my heart? When light at noonday began to forsake his eyes, he said in loud, clear tones,

"Orra, Amy, bring a candle."

Supposing himself going to his nightly rest, he began his accustomed prayer,

"Our Father, who art—" But breath failed him.

Recovering himself after a while, he murmured,

"Good-night, mamma."

Then there was a struggle and convulsion. Life kept strong hold of the beautiful clay. He gasped, with sorrow on his sweet brow,

"Don't cry, dear papa."

His lips turned ashy pale. We thought them sealed forever; but from the deep slumber he opened widely once more those large blue eyes, whispering his cradle epithet,

"Come, greatie-papa."

An ineffable brightness passed over his face, a blessed smile settled there, and the babe of two summers was at rest with God.

Thy funeral, my own darling, nurtured at my bosom. *Thy funeral!* And still I live.

We have chosen Willie's grave where he best loved to play, an expanse of smooth, rich turf, overshadowed by lofty trees. It is in sight of my own window, just where he gathered the first grass and buds of the season, and brought them, a simple offering, to his mother. Would that she might, with the same confiding love, lay her stainless blossom upon the altar.

It was near the sunset of a cloudless day when our small procession wound its way from the vine-clad porch to the open grave. Faithful Sandy, suffused with tears, bore the body in its little coffin, white buds in the fair hands, white buds on the pure brow and bosom. Following the parents was poor Orra, the farmer and his wife, and two families recently removed to this region, who joined us in this our affliction.

Coming forward to the brink of the pit, the beautiful face uncovered at his feet, the father read the sublime burial service of the Church of England. How holy was every word. How touching the inflections of that voice, striving to quell the tide of parental anguish, and reach the majestic devotion of one called for the time to act as a priest of God. A strength not his own upheld him until the close. At the last words his voice faltered, and, falling on his knees by my side, he covered his face with his hands till the last work was over. Orra, who had stood motionless as a statue, listening to the blessed words of the resurrection and the life, threw herself on the finished mound with wild, passionate cries, and long refused to leave it.

Oh, let us gather up the blessings that spring from the grave of our child, that our hearts perish not. It was a blessing to have had him with us so long, a type of what angels are. Was not his an angel's ministry to us all, calling forth our best affections — our most hallowed services? "Burned not our hearts within us while he talked with us by the way?"

It was a blessing to have enjoyed the comfort of loving him—to have been able to love him so much. Should we regret that we loved him as our own lives? Would that I had been able to have loved him more. He was worthy of it; he came from God to teach us this new, great love; he has gone back to the land of perfect love.

Is it not a blessing that he has gone thither ere the world had changed his innocent joy and bowed his soul to sin? Ere the battle was fought, in which he might have fallen, the victory has been given him. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

I constrain my own grief lest it should increase that of my husband. I had no idea before what the mourning of a strong man might be. Sometimes the tide of anguish swells so high that I have feared it might sweep reason away. Through

the day he pursues his necessary avocations and directs his men, though without his former interest; but his nightly weepings are as one cast out of God.

My poor husband gets but little quiet sleep. I watch for the deep breathing that announces it, as I used of old to listen for the music-strain. Last night it fell gently on my ear, and I blessed our Father in heaven; but at the rayless midnight he started as from a terrific dream, exclaiming,

"I am a sinner above all men. Pride and the spirit of accumulation ruled my heart. I called it a father's prudence. It was not so. Now my idol is broken in the grave, and my heart with it."

I tried to vindicate the integrity of his motives, and spoke of God's great goodness to us, and to our child who had gone to Him.

"Let me speak out. Let me tell the whole truth. Promising solemnly to protect and cherish you, I have torn you from the paradise where you were so happy, from refined society, from hearts that are now bursting for your loss. I have brought you to a waste, howling wilderness, to a land uninhabited, and hardened with labor those beautiful hands that were a model for the

sculptor. All this I have done to make my son richer than others when I should pass away. I have sacrificed you to my own unhallowed ambition; yet you have never reproached me, no, not by a look. If you had, perhaps this self-loathing might be less deep."

To my repeated assurance that I would go with him to the world's end, and be happy if I might but see him so—that what he calls privation is counted as nothing by a love stronger than death, he replies, in the same mournful voice,

"Always looking on the bright side, my own love—always, like the angel standing in the sun, having no shadow of earth. But I seem to have given my hand to the powers of darkness."

Then he goes on, speaking of every folly of his past life, which he calls before him in full array, magnifying them, and making himself as blamable as possible. He seems to find relief in this self-crimination. It is in vain to attempt to stay its tide. The Everlasting Father, whose mercies are over all His works, sanctify this agonizing compunction, which He alone is able to take away.

Among men, Henry is, as formerly, a man clear-minded and of a ruling spirit. But when

we are by ourselves, and the excitements of the day are over, his voice is so ineffably mournful when he laments our lost son and his own unworthiness.

Great Ruler of our being, deign from this rayless darkness to bring forth my beloved into Thy marvelous light. My whole life is a prayer for this.

That little billow upon the green sward! White blossoms begin to crest it. I see it when I rise in the morning. The moon silvers it with long penciled rays. My child! my child!

"He is not there—he has arisen."

After anguish that seemed interminable, a blessed change has passed over my adored husband. No longer he repines at the Divine allotments. No longer he calls himself of all men most miserable. A serene peace is in his soul and upon his brow. Meekly he rejoices in those daily blessings which for a time he had lost the power to recognize. Night and morning he summons his whole household to the heartfelt orison. At every repast he bows his head for a blessing. Continually he now seeks the spiritual as well as

temporal good of those around. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes. I would be still, as one who had seen Him walking among the tops of the trees, and sending down his white-winged messengers with the gift of salvation.

The settlement is enlarging itself beyond our most sanguine hopes. Here and there, sometimes in spots where they might have been least expected, rises the roof of the emigrant. Volumes of blue, curling smoke mingle gracefully with the solemn groves. I am amazed at the mushroom vitality with which they spring up and finish themselves. In less time than is allotted to the digging of a Yankee cellar, walls are upreared, floors laid, children's heads peep out at the windows, and the bee-hive work of busy life goes on. It is true, they do not, as the Scotch say, "fash themselves" with much decoration or any great array of what we call creature comforts, but all the purposes of hardy, healthful existence seem accomplished. In due time there will doubtless be progress in what is more refined. "First the blade, then the ear, then the ripe corn in the ear."

My husband has solaced himself by erecting a little chapel. He felt that our increasing population should not be without a place for the worship of God. Its pointed roof among the dark foliage is beautiful. It stands near our baby's bed, and casts a protecting shadow over it. The renovated father calls it the "first-fruits from his grave."

The first Sunday in our new chapel. Henry had arranged it with all the scrupulous neatness and taste that the materials which we could command permitted. With the most reverent manner, and his perfect elocution, he read the service of the Episcopal Church, and a simple sermon from a volume in our small library. The audience was larger than we expected, and deeply attentive. The selected hymns were adapted to familiar old tunes, and sustained by a few sweet voices. We hope by practice to make this devout music, and the chants also, sit on the lips, and lift the souls of all who are gathered here. My husband intends to continue this sacred service every Sabbath, *Deo volente*, until a regular clergyman shall be called to minister at the altar. May a blessing descend upon his own soul from Him who despiseth not the lowliness of the temple or the worshiper, but looketh upon the heart.

Doth not grief ripen the character? Are not some of the Christian graces watered by tears? I have read of a gardener who, in cultivating a pomegranate, found its strength was expending itself too much in leaves, and, by cutting the stalk almost through, caused it to bring forth fruit.

A poor young Irish woman, who, with her husband, came as farm-servants to a family recently removed hither, has lost her babe. I went to see the stranger, moved by the strong sisterhood of a like sorrow. She was convulsed with weeping, and told me at broken intervals how beautiful he was.

"If he could only jist have been buried in his own swate home, with the wake and the grandmother's tears to keep his grave green, it would not have been so bad. Och hone! but now here he is in the wild woods."

I suggested that it would be a comfort to her to visit his little bed, which she could not have done had he died on the voyage and been buried in the deep.

"Then the fishes would have ate him; and here 'twill be the crawling land-beasts. And we

got ye through all the throuble of the ship and the bad storms jist for this, ye darlint. Oh! what for did ye die?"

I began to despair of comforting her. But, as I was going, she seized my hand as with a lion's grasp, exclaiming,

"Oh, but ye're kind and good, so ye be; for, indade, there's a tear in your own eye. I see it."

With what a holy charm God's consecrated day steals over us, like an angel's pinion. It makes a pause in the world's discordant song. To the throng of cares it says, like the kingly patriarch, "Abide ye here, while I go yonder to worship." It uplifts from earth the powers that were not lent to die there; it inspires new strength for coming duties; it brings armor for unknown trials; it soothes the spirit into patience, that it may have victory. Never have I so fully realized its influence as in this little unpretending chapel, surrounded by humble companions, divested of all pomp of ritual, confessing with one voice to Him whom they worship that "they have erred and strayed from His ways like lost sheep." Sometimes their earnest humility of devotion suggests the thought that "such the Father chooseth to worship Him,"

when not "many mighty, not many rich, not many noble are called."

Is it possible that I shall never look again upon the beauty of that venerable brow? My blessed grandfather, standing ever to me in the place of a departed parent, how dear thou wert to me! dearer for thy silver locks, the dignity of thy saintly age, the child-like confidence with which, in advancing years, thou didst rely upon those whom once thy strength protected. Alas! wherever I go, whatever I do, a voice of lamentation is flowing through my soul.

His last letter was so cheerful, who could have thought that the change was so near? He had mourned much for little Willie, his namesake and idol; but the sorrow had gone by, and he spoke of him only as a lamb in the fold of the Chief Shepherd. Life brightened until its latest drop mingled with that River of God which is clear as crystal. His transition was with brief warning. So he wished it to be.

"Sing, my own daughter, sing! Give me back, with the hymn that I love, to the God of love. Gently hath He led me all my days."

Sweet messages he sent us and other friends—flowers cast back from heaven's gate as he entered.

"There is no fear in death. Perfect love taketh it away. He maketh the valley light. Henceforth there is no more darkness."

Radiant grew his features, as if youth had returned. Raising his eyes, he murmured for the last time, like the tuneful cadence of a harp,

"Give praise! give praise!"

And so he departed.

Thoughts from thy grave, dear saint, how strong their trace!
  Bright wings unfold, and seraph voices cry,
There is no death, but only change of place;
  No death! no death to immortality!
In God's great universe is room for all
  The souls that He hath made. The shroud, the pall,
False trophies of a fancied victory,
  Behold their boasted terrors fade and fall!
Out of the ship, pale trembler! Tread the shore
Of the eternal life; thy voyage with Time is o'er.

Question not God, oh being of the dust!
  Make no conditions what thy lot shall be;
Ask for no pledge of Him. Be still, and trust;
  Trust, and be joyful, for His grace is free.
So pass in faith where'er He bids thee go;
  Gird thee with truth, in sunlight or in shade;
Uproot the weed of self, and meekly sow
  Sweet seeds of love for all His hand hath made;
Build not on rituals: make His love thy text,
And all shall work thy good, in this life or the next.

Now my blessed mother will come to us. She will dwell under our own roof. We shall be sundered no more. Have I ever before written words so full of joy? Shall not the whole of my life below be one unmixed strain of gratitude to God?

My dear husband is so delighted at the coming of my mother. Had he been nurtured at her breast, he could not more perfectly participate in my feelings. Continually he is forming plans to promote her convenience and comfort. He is constructing two additional apartments, that she may have the consciousness that a portion of the house is peculiarly her own. When she has completed her necessary business, Edgar will accompany her a part of the way, until Henry meets and takes charge of her in the public coaches as far as their route coincides with ours; then faithful Sandy, in our own carriage, will convey the precious travelers to this peaceful rural abode. Constantly am I now devising or executing something to accommodate or give her pleasure. Is it indeed true that I shall see that serene, heavenly face here, in this room, under these trees? Fly swiftly, intervening moments! Beating heart, be still!

I am thankful that we have been enabled to do something to improve the premises, originally so rude, ere my mother saw them. The inclosed grounds in the immediate vicinity of the house might seem to have really been under longer cultivation. Fruit-trees have been set out, a garden of esculents is in full prosperity, vines encircle the rustic piazza and trellises, and a rich morning-glory, from home-seeds, looks in at my window. Immense flocks of poultry flourish in their own proper domain; beautiful cows add healthful luxuries to our table; fine horses are ready to bear us wherever the still improving roads invite. On every one of these objects I now look with an interest unknown before, saying perpetually in my heart, my mother will see, my mother will share them.

Sandy, who has remarkable constructiveness, has made, out of common boards, sofas, toilet-tables, and a variety of seats, which, with the aid of Orra's needle, I have covered with rich, highly-glazed chintz. Recently, also, we have been able to procure pretty paper for our walls; and Henry, who determined, soon after our arrival, to have carpets, procured them at a great expense of

transportation, so that I hope my dear mother may find her Western home not comfortless, nor wholly devoid of taste.

My blessed husband has left me to meet our mother. I would fain have gone with him, but he feared the fatigue for me. I count the intervening hours, and talk with them. Every parting one I thank, for it has brought them nearer. Every opening one I charge to take upward my supplication for their safety. I think it was a rule of the excellent Bishop Taylor at the striking of every clock to lift up the heart for a blessing on the new-born hour, and for strength faithfully to discharge all its duties in the fear of God. Such a numbering of our hours would, indeed, insure the growth of wisdom.

The last day of expectation. I keep myself employed as much as possible in little services for the comfort of the darling travelers. Still, I am ashamed to say that the hours seem interminable.

As sunset approached, I walked forth, hoping to meet them. Twilight found me thus roaming

and listening for the sound of wheels. At early eventide, having assured myself for the twentieth time that every article was in readiness for their refreshment, I caused the whole house to be lighted, that through the vistas and arches of the groves every window might be to them as a star.

They have come! they have come! the two dearest beings on earth — my *all the world.* Paler and thinner is she; but with the same serene brow and soul of love. Henry put us in each other's arms, and wrapped his own around both. It was no time for words. Poor, poor words!

Faithful Amy stood waiting for some token of recognition, the tears upon her cheeks. Warm was our welcome of the good creature to her new home. She and the kind forest girl will be congenial companions. Sandy, too, who had borne an active part in bringing these treasures, was comprehended in our congratulations.

It cheered me that my mother was pleased with the spreading of a Western table. With me

there is a certain sort of pride, and innate independence, that most of its viands are of our own production. I can now understand the exultation of Dioclesian over the cabbages which he had reared. We have, indeed, a commendable variety; our sense of abundance is as limitless as the soil we cultivate, and what we miss of foreign luxury we perhaps gain in health. It gratified our dear observer to see that we mingled with the simple life of new settlers attention to neatness and order, and some attempts at the taste of those more refined habitudes in which we had been educated.

Inexpressibly sweet was our united worship that first night of meeting. Bowed down with a weight of gratitude, chastened by a mutual grief, bound together by links of love, sustained by faith in Him who died for us, most precious were "the means of grace and the hope of glory." Music was with us too, in her fervent simplicity. Our small household had been duly trained to the melody of the devout old tunes, and the voice of my mother, on whose knee I learned them in lisping infancy, had lost none of its warbling pathos. We sang the hymn that our departed patriarch loved, "There is a land of pure delight,"

and his favorite chant, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who hath visited and redeemed His people." The memory of those who were once with us around our two family altars melted our hearts; but the chastened tear had lost its bitterness. Some above and some below, joined they not still in the same symphony of praise? A deeper lowliness had been gathered from our sorrows, befitting creatures of the dust; yet, guided by the Divine strength of our religion, we could trust to be made heirs of glory when this brief probation closes. At retiring, methought there was on every countenance, in different degrees, some expression caught from that passage of inspiration so adapted to the weariness, the bereavement, and the trust of our earthly natures, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Exhaustless are our themes of discourse, my mother and myself. Side by side we pursue the employments of the day; hand in hand we seat ourselves when they are over. Each hour supplies some description of what occurred during our separation, some bright sunbeam flashes over the disk of memory, some silver ray of moonlight lingers there, or some tearful cloud passes, leaving its blessed rainbow. Even the silences that some-

times settle upon us are understood and enjoyed. This perfect confidence is precious. It seems always due to the being who has borne so much for us. I can scarcely imagine how it should ever be otherwise between a mother and daughter. Henry is unspeakably cheered by it. He says he can now leave upon his necessary avocations without anxiety for my loneliness or pressure of care. When he returns, the gladness of a double welcome awaits him, and his tender consideration as a son heightens his honor as a husband; so a new tide of joy flows over our peaceful habitation. We know that its fountain is above. The heart of our servants is made glad by it. We delight to see their faces decked with smiles, and to know that their willing aid is rendered from love. Can we ever be unmindful of Him whose "mercies are thus new every morning, fresh every moment?"

The good, kind creature, Amy, is teaching my forest child all the best modes of household work and attendance. I could not be myself so perfect a trainer. She finds a docile pupil, and their zeal is wonderful. They keep my house and table in speckless sanctity, and every window as clear as crystal. Not content with former limits, they

explore new ground with a sort of patriotic ardor. They have obtained permission to take one of the finest cows from the farmer, whose wife has charge of the dairy, that the golden butter for our own board may be made and stamped in the most approved fashion. Moreover, they have set up a spinning-wheel, of a wondrous brisk, monotonous chorus, and a reel, whose sharp snap makes one start like a pistol, to supply some deficiency in what the Scotch call "*napery.*" It is pleasant to see such an active partnership so amicably conducted. It is founded on love, and that desire for the general good that makes industry thrice blessed. I trust, also, that the fear of God mingles with their fidelity. We all feel it a privilege to be served from such motives. Having been through life thus indulged, it would be to me a serious trial to depend on hirelings, where pecuniary gain is the only acting motive, and who mete out sullen service without a consenting heart.

We have stood together by the spot where Willie slumbers. With him the bitterness of death hath passed; with us, the keen anguish of sorrow. Birds poured deep melodies from the trees around. Oh, winged child, dost thou hear and answer them?

A little stone of the purest marble marks his rest. The loving father has caused to be engraved upon it his mother's lines:

> Released without a sorrow,
> Exhaled without a stain,
> We, on whose hearts that angel lay
> A little while, to cheer our way,
> Give God his own again.

Through the influence of my mother's heaven-born piety, we are learning to speak of our dead not as the heathen do. Freed are they from the temptations which life might have brought them, from the misery of breathing on through weary years after the light of mind has departed. No "leap in the dark" have they made, but through the lighted valley gone peacefully to the loving Redeemer. They have exchanged earth's soiled garments for the white robe of immortality. The victor's palm has been given them. Would we take it away? Would we force them back? Would we repine that they have entered before us the gates of the celestial city? Should we not rather praise the hand that has earlier drawn them from the tossing of the deluge, and which, from the window of the ark, is still stretched forth for us? Should we not give higher thanks for that part of our family who are at rest, over whom

no change can pass, whose feet may never fall, nor their treasures fleet away? Yes, let us praise God for them, and take earnest heed so to walk that we fail not to meet them at last, a family in heaven.

The poetical element, like the religious one, is a source of happiness. It may be so cultivated as to soothe suffering, to refine enjoyment, and to sublimate our whole nature. I speak of only the very limited measure in which I have been enabled to taste it. Those who have taken deeper draughts can better set forth its Bethesda properties; but often throughout my not yet very long life have I thus apostrophized the spirit of poetry:

> I bring a broken spirit. Make it whole
> With the sweet balm of song.
> To her I spake
> Who rules the spirit's inborn harmonies.
> And not in vain; for as she struck her harp
> Of varied symphony, and claimed response,
> Forthwith the brooding sadness fled away,
> And, sitting at her feet, I was made whole.

Tuesday, January 1st, 1822.

Great Maker of the universe, all worlds, all systems are Thine. They keep the order that Thou hast established, and hearken unto the voice of Thy word. All their countless habitants are Thine. In Thee they live, and move, and have their being.

Yet Thou dost not overlook us on this poor planet—we who, like moths, flutter a moment and disappear. Atoms of dust, how are we worthy to come into remembrance before Thee? Not worthy; but we have an Advocate with whom Thou art well-pleased. We would hide ourselves in Him. Not worthy; yet in the richness of Thy great mercy Thou dost listen to our supplications. Thou art even more ready to hear than we to speak. Blessed be Thy name that we are not left to build our faith upon the shifting sands, the broken cisterns, the fleeting dews of human goodness.

Oh, teach us to pray. What the disciples besought of Jesus while still in His presence, within the sound of His voice, much greater need have we to ask, who are so far away from both. Lord, teach us to pray with the concentration of

every faculty, with entire homage of the soul, with love stronger than death.

We believe that there is within us a hope that can not die. Thou hast planted it. Crown it in Thine appointed time with the glory which Thou hast laid up for those that love Thee, which the eye of man hath not looked upon, nor his heart conceived. So, uplifted by Thine immutable promise, leaning on Thine omnipotent arm, striving to leave nothing undone which Thou hast commanded us to do, may we pass on this beautiful pilgrimage till the whisper of the death-angel summons us, and we are at *home* with Thee.

In the vision of an immense temple, which, with its minute admeasurement, is described by one of the prophets, he mentions, among the ornaments upon the walls and massy doors, palm-trees and cherubims alternately placed: "so that a palm-tree was between a cherub and a cherub." Did these beautiful objects, in their fair order, shadow forth the peace of earth and the music of heaven? mutely enforcing that

> "He who hath God's spirit here
> Shall see His glory there?"

Henry is busying himself with a good and great plan. It occupies his thoughts and conversation. It is to lease, at low prices, small portions of his lands to industrious settlers, for whom he will put up simple but convenient tenements, keeping in view a pleasant degree of external uniformity. Afflicted as he has been, he says he renounces the desire of becoming rich, but will enrich his country as far as he is able by a thrifty, meritorious population. He is determined to admit only such as have a correct moral character, and are willing to work. His wish is that they should derive subsistence for their families, or the principal part of it, from their leased lands, and to furnish employment on his own, at fair wages, for such time as they can spare. To that end he is to devote large expanses to the culture of grain, lest their own element of bread should fall short, and to cover his pastures with sheep, whose fleeces will be salable in distant markets. He contemplates, also, that each household, according to its ability, should sustain domestic manufactures for the supply of its own coarser and necessary fabrics. Sandy is entranced with delight at being told a Scottish weaver has decided to come, and I have been almost equally uplifted at hearing that a physician and merchant from our own native region may be

expected, each of whom are also to take a glebe for cultivation. Henry, with his ardent fancy, already sees this Laconian community in full operation, and intends to offer agricultural and horticultural premiums at the earliest possible opportunity. But his colony is not Utopian, for applications have been already made, though he wisely examines credentials so scrupulously ere he accepts, that it will scarcely increase too rapidly to be healthful. I tell my lord of the manor that I have also some private ambitious views to gratify, and foresee among the children who will thus come together materials for such a kind of school as cheered our dear old home. He assures me that I shall be advanced to the honor of domineering over them for one afternoon in the week, but that his plan, when completed, comprises a school-house and regular teacher, as well as a clergyman and church. May God grant him life and strength to mature his designs, for I am sure they spring from unselfish motives and a pure patriotism. If his purposes and prayers could be perfectly illustrated, he would, in the words of the eloquent prophet, "make the wilderness an Eden, and the desert a garden of the Lord."

I believe home-happiness to be the secret of national prosperity. Men who have not this fountain of peace, this wing of love folded around them, are more ready for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." Herein is the patriotism of woman and her privilege. Not to wrestle at the ballot-box; not to shout in popular assemblies; not to steer the ship through the blackening tempest, nor sound the trumpet for the battle-field, but to cheer and charm at board and hearth-stone; to teach the sanctities of deathless affection; to breathe heaven's melodies over the cradle-sleeper; to fashion by holy example every soul under her roof for a realm of harmony and peace. Homes thus ordered, sprinkled over a land, are as dew-drops, giving freshness and beauty; as the hidden salt, preserving the great heaving ocean in health and purity. Who can desire more honor than thus to be priestess at the shrine of the household affections till she finds her place among "an innumerable company of angels, and spirits of the just made perfect, whose names are written in heaven?"

In my stated perusal of the Scriptures this morning, I was impressed with the great beauty of a promise in the Divine name which occurs

in the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel: "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and bind up that which was broken, and strengthen that which was sick." Methinks it would be an excellent text for a consolatory sermon, as comprehending the prominent varieties of human suffering with their merciful antidotes. A passage in the thirty-seventh chapter of the same book, at the sixteenth and seventeenth verses, furnishes a natural foundation for the structure of a discourse on national union, should any dissension ever arise among these banded states, this spreading, happy, and prosperous family; which may our Almighty Protector avert. The prophet from whom I have quoted, though overshadowed in eloquence by Isaiah, and surpassed in pathos by Jeremiah, has occasionally great vigor and picturesque power. He seems, also, to have been an observer of dates, or of that minuteness in chronology which I so much regard, as he thus records the period of one of his visions: "In the five-and-twentieth year of our captivity, in the tenth day of the month, in the fourteenth year after the city was smitten, in the self-same day, the hand of the Lord was upon me." Sometimes I find striking texts which ministers seldom use. Would not this from Kings, "Then he said, What title

is that I see? And the men of the city told him, It is the sepulchre of the man of God," be a good one at the funeral obsequies of a distinguished saintly person? And might not the solitude and meditation which are salutary after any great affliction be enforced by the description of Moses: "While the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abode in their tents?" The question of the lawless Danites to the recreant priest of Micah, "What *makest* thou in this place? and what *hast* thou here?" might be made to rebuke that venal spirit which counts the gain of money above the gain of godliness; and the accepted prayer of Jabez, "Oh that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me," shadows forth that elevation of spirit above the ills of time which should be sought for by those whose home and heritage are in heaven.

People who enter on the roughnesses of Western life will do well to divest themselves as soon as possible of enervating associations. This is not merely an accomplishment, but a species of self-defense—a heart-shield. "Forgetting the things that are behind" is essential to a brave "pressing onward to those that are before."

"Behold, all things are become new," says the wondering housekeeper, who, entering her rude mansion, misses the carpeted floor and the marble mantel-piece. Yes; but it is of no use to complain or to compare. The direction to the nephew of Abraham and his emigrating family, "Look not back," is appropriate to you; for, though you might not, like his wife, in case of disobedience be turned into a pillar of salt, you might, perchance, become a stumbling-block to those around, or be reminded of the regrets of the good lady who said, "*I'm a stumbling-block to myself.*" Go ahead and work. See where there is any good to be done, and do it. Look aloft, and gather strength, and wear the smile of the "angel who came and sat under the oak at Ophrah while they were threshing wheat," or of him who found Hagar a wanderer in the wilderness, and comforted her.

In reading the touching narrative of the last-named exile, who, when her slender store of water was spent, "cast her son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way from him, as it were a bow-shot, saying, Let me not see the death of the child," I am sometimes troubled by an association quite at war with the spirit of the scene.

It is of a picture I once saw, from a school for embroidery, wrought out with much labor, and many stitches in gay-colored silks. Of Hagar and Ishmael I wish to say little, save that their attitudes and perspective destroyed the pathos of their condition. The principal figure was a winged creature, descending with a huge cistern of indigo-tinted water, whose immense curved and twisted handles were done in a profusion of gold thread. His back was crooked, as if in jeopardy from the weight he bore, and under his eyes was a thick stripe of purple, perhaps to show that the blood settled there from over-exertion. A distant view of a fine bay, with a vessel under sail, completed the artist's idea of *desert* scenery.

It is unfortunate when any ludicrous recollection mingles with those sacred pages, which we would fain regard with the highest reverence. It is not enough that the art which seeks to illustrate them should be honest in its purposes; it ought to draw from a pure taste the ability not to injure them, or debase the conceptions of other minds; it should have some fitness and consecration for the office, as the sons of Levi were required to purify themselves, and put on holy garments, ere, even in the humbler services of the sanctuary, they were held worthy to "light the lamps and bear the vessels of the Lord."

In our own far home we were greatly interested in a little deaf and dumb girl. Its babyhood was singularly thoughtful, and the mother wondered why it would not smile at her caressing voice, or be soothed to sleep by her lullaby. When old enough to speak, it mingled in the sports of other children, but heeded not their call, and when it was spoken to, answered not. The poor mother was slow to admit what others discerned, and what she perhaps inwardly believed. To her it seemed a blemish to have borne a child doomed to perpetual silence and ignorance. When she could no longer conceal the fact that the loved creature was indeed forever shut from the world of sound and of speech, her agony was intense. Our sympathy for her and for the little one, who, though sprightly, was somewhat unruly and wayward, caused us greatly to rejoice at hearing that an institution for the instruction of deaf mutes had been projected, and a philanthropic gentleman sent to France to learn the system invented by the Abbés L'Epee and Sicard. This unique and ingenious mode of education commenced a year or two since, under the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet and Mr. Clerc, the latter a professor from the Institute in Paris; and we were looking forward with pleasure to the time when our

silent neighbor should be old enough to be sent from home and share in its benefits. Recent intelligence from the East announces that a fine edifice, devoted to that purpose, has been erected at Hartford, one of the pleasantest cities in Connecticut. It was consecrated with solemn religious services on the 21st of April. My dear mother, who, warmly remembering all the circumstances connected with the little deaf mute who had so often sat on her knee, and whom we both vaguely endeavored to teach by pictures and signs, exclaimed, "The 21st of April, 1822, is a date that should be ever bright in the annals of benevolence." Henry, whose mind is rich in historic lore and its coincidences, said that the era had been long since distinguished, the building of Rome being announced by chronologers as on the 21st of April, 753 years before Christ. Differing events, indeed, were those thus divided by the solemn march of more than 2500 centuries. One, the birth of that heathen empire, the clangor of whose arms disturbed the world, and whose tyrant foot trod upon the neck of kings, gathering their meat under her table; and the other, the quiet rising of that peaceful dome where the dear Redeemer still says to the deafened ear and the sealed lip what he once said when on earth to the blinded eye, "Ephphatha—be opened."

Cowper, in his "Task," asserts that we might learn, if not too proud, many good and useful lessons from animal instructors. How true is his remark! The dog and horse have long been authorized teachers. To descend somewhat in the scale of quadruped preceptorship, I have thought that the quiet movements and noiseless footsteps of a mouse might not be valueless models in the nurse's chamber.

The needle, that sure friend of our sex, still affords unabated pleasure. A stated part of each day dear mother and myself enjoy it together, engaged on a beautiful set of shirts for the beloved husband and son, and reading alternately. Orra considers it a privilege to be permitted to sit with us and pursue her plainer work. She also takes her turn in reading, having been diligently instructed. She is readily adopting by this practice a correct emphasis, without any direct teaching except example. She is growing a girl of rather striking appearance, with her wealth of raven hair, a complexion not too dark to show changes of color, a form rather more *en bon point* than appertains to her race, and the sweet, low voice, and delicately-shaped hands for

which their women are remarkable. Her mind readily opens to knowledge, and her heart to religious feeling. In speaking of the Author of all our mercies and hopes, she prefers the epithet of her own people, "The Great Spirit," which she always utters reverentially. Her warmth of gratitude is intense, and might disprove the assertion, so sweepingly made, that the "lower classes are not susceptible of it." I should like to have the believer in this philosophy see her glistening eye and expressive features when she says, as she often does spontaneously,

"The Great Spirit *gave* me life. You *saved* it."

Her attachment to the memory of little Willie is very touching. The sudden mention of his name, the unexpected finding of any article that he wore, or any toy he played with, calls forth a burst of irrepressible sobs and tears. Sometimes she steals silently to his grave, and hides her face among the long grass there, as if the love of that innocent being could never be forgotten by her lone heart. These things endear her to us, and we thank Him who enabled us to throw our protection over this outcast daughter of the forest.

Letters from our New England home sometimes come to cheer and keep our interests awake. Our last convey information that dear Mary Ann and Edgar, so long affianced in heart and congenial in spirit, are soon to enter the holy estate of matrimony. They have prudently waited until he should have completed his medical studies, and obtain a feasible prospect of establishment in his profession. It is decided that in the course of the present year he shall become an assistant of his father, whose amount of business and declining years render such a connection desirable. Their wedding journey will be to visit us. Oh, with what delight shall we welcome her whose friendship from our school-days has known no interruption or shadow of change, and who has proved by services and sacrifices that this holy sentiment is more than a name. Blessings be on her true heart and that of her chosen life's companion.

Dear mother much enjoys our drives through the forests and their fair openings, and to notice the vigorous productions of this fertile soil. She does not mind an occasional jolt, though Henry, with his laborers, has made our favorite rides as smooth as possible. One of our more distant ex-

cursions is to the nucleus of a village, where, on a fine, bold stream, a grist and saw-mill are in busy operation. The latter transmutes with wondrous rapidity immense trunks into the boards that form our habitations.

In a small tenement adjacent is an old man, who removed thither from New England with the family of his son, and officiates as the Crispin of the surrounding region. He is a happy Methodist, and from his work-bench, which stands under the trees, near the door, in pleasant summer days, his voice may be heard ere you approach singing the hymns of his sect. It is cheering to be met in the primeval forest by the echo of such soul-strains:

"Oh tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined
On that happy ground."

He is greatly pleased when we stop to see him, and ask for some story of his early days. To talk is a luxury, since most of those around are too hard-working to listen to him. He spontaneously falls into themes connected with the Revolution. The taking of Burgoyne, in which

he was a participator, is his chief and choice subject.

"Five-and-forty years will it be, come next October, since that time. I was a smart young fellow of five-and-twenty, with a long gun, which spoke up pretty sharp and often, when there was a good chance to take aim. To see them handsome red-coats lay down their arms, polished just as bright as a dollar! Oh, what a day for the country!"

Down go last and awls, and up jumps he, if not to "shoulder a crutch," at least to "show how fields were won."

"I got a shot in my knee. I did not mind it much, though I've limped some ever since. General Arnold was a courageous critter, real Connecticut born. Why, I've seen him in the battle of Stillwater storm the enemy's works at the head of his rigiment, and leap his horse first over the breast-work, and fight like a dragon all alone by himself till his men came up. The sogers liked him, he was so darin; but he was a wicked body, and come out at the leetle eend of the horn, as he desarv'd to."

One of his favorite forms of narrative is the circumstance of some British prisoners being quartered in his own town while he was remaining at home in consequence of his wound.

"Fine fellows they was too, them British officers and sogers, when you did not have to fight 'em. Plenty o' gold they had, and spent it as free as water. The old king, George the Third, paid his troops well, I'll say that for him. Why, I guess the women-folks there took as much specie from them for eggs, and chickens, and butter, and sich-like, as their husbands got through the whole o' the war-time; cause, you know, they was paid in Continental money, which was no better than rags, and finally dwindled down to nothin."

We like to make his honest heart happy by leading it through the past, as well as by gifts of some article of apparel we have made for him, or something for his palate, founded on its New England fondnesses, which he always receives gratefully; but the principal benefaction is that of listening with a marked attention. They with whom the old dwell should find time for their recitals, for it keeps the mind from becoming dormant; and should feel it a duty, not only to have patience with, but to cherish the garrulity of venerable age.

Dear little Willie! How often he glides before me in dreams. I stretch out my arms, but the vision mocks my embrace. I say, "*Darling,*

speak to mother," but there is no sound. Yet ever on the brow is that same sweet smile.

Oh, lamb of my bosom, still come to me, though it be in silence and in mystery. Still dwell beside me, though shadowy and impalpable. When this sleep that we call *life* breaks, shall we not meet, and be as one soul in thy Shepherd's fold?

Is it not an unspeakable privilege to "live, and move, and have a being" in God's beautiful world? My heart is filled to overflowing with a sense of the Divine goodness. How can I testify the gratitude that it creates? Shall it not be by doing good to His children according to my ability? Are not all mankind His children? the creatures of his power? the partakers of his bounty? To the lowest, the most unrefined, the maimed, the mendicant, the despised, the fallen, I would turn with an aiding hand or a prayer of pity, and, for my dear Savior's sake, who died to save the lost, embrace all with the love of untiring benevolence.

It was mentioned at our breakfast-table this beautiful autumnal morning that it is the nine-

teenth anniversary of the death of Herder. That event took place on the 18th of October, 1803, when he had attained the age of fifty-nine. While composing a hymn to the Deity, every thought uplifted and absorbed, the wheels of life ceased to move, and he was summoned to His presence. What a sublime transition! The last theme of earth caught up and finished in heaven.

While conversing on this subject, a feature of similarity was recollected in the passing away of Poliziano, the Italian poet, more than three centuries since. Smitten with sorrow for the death of his munificent patron, Lorenzo de Medici, and while fitting to his harp some elegiac verses he had composed as a tribute to his memory, he suddenly fell from a high flight of stairs, and received such injury that he expired. He died at the age of thirty-nine, the same year that America was discovered. Though in the unwarned departure of these poets of the Tiber and the Rhine there is some resemblance, the contrast is still more marked, inasmuch as the grief and gratitude of earth are inferior to the aspirations of saintly piety.

The circumstances in the life of Herder have always been interesting to me. Self-made men are especially so to us Americans, because we have so many among us who have thus attained

distinction. The poverty of his father stimulated his filial heart to do something toward his own support. He sought the employment of copying for his minister, who, discerning the talents of the diligent boy, gave him gratuitous instruction in the classics. The young hand, so faithful to make every written character true and clear, was in due time to be raised in the dignified explanations of the professor's chair, and in the strong eloquence of the pulpit, where he received the appointment of court preacher. As an author as well as theologian, he occupies a high place in the literature of his native land. His works on Nature have her own vividness and life; his philosophy breathes a hopeful spirit; and his poetry bears the varied impress of genius. One of his most popular volumes, the "Voices of the Nations," has been called by a critic from his own clime the "great song-book for all mankind." From the Scandinavian ices, from the sands of Arabia, from the islands of the sea, from the long-veiled shores of the Western world, he has gathered characteristic harmonies, opening to the ear of Germany the choral heart of all the world. Among those lesser lyrical pieces I have been pleased with the tender simplicity of an "Esthonian Bridal Song," which thus closes:

"Put on thy head the band of duty,
On thy forehead the band of care,
Sit thee down in the seat of thy mother,
Walk in thy mother's footsteps;
Yet weep not, weep not, maiden!
For if thou weepest in thy bridal garments
Thou shalt weep all thy life."

The wise monarch of Israel spoke to me this morning as I perused the inspired page, and, among other sublime teachings of the Great Being whom we worship, said,

"He hath made every thing beautiful in its time."

Oh God! how beautiful is earth,
In sunlight or in shade,
Her forests with their waving arch,
Her flowers that gem the glade,

Her hillocks, white with fleecy flocks,
Her fields with grain that glow,
Her sparkling rivers, deep and broad,
That through the valleys flow,

Her crested waves that clasp the shore,
And lift their anthem loud,
Her mountains, with their solemn brows,
That woo the yielding cloud.

Oh God! how beautiful is life
That Thou dost lend us here,
With tinted hopes that line the cloud,
And joys that gem the tear,

With cradle-hymns of mothers young,
And tread of youthful feet,
That scarce, in their elastic bound,
Bow down the grass-flowers sweet,

With brightness round the pilgrim's staff,
Who, at the set of sun,
Beholds the golden gates thrown wide,
And all his work well done.

But if this earth, which changes mar,
This life, to death that leads,
Are made so beautiful by Him
From whom all good proceeds,

How glorious must that region be
Where all the pure and blest
From chance, and fear, and sorrow free,
Attain eternal rest.

In our highest requital of earthly hope, our fullest measure of joy, there seems to me a hidden proof of immortality. We are still conscious of capacities that aspire to higher gratification. Something that the world gives not, the soul reaches after. Would it thus reach if there were nothing beyond? Would He who so wisely and kindly proportions means to ends have implanted such desires if there were no state of existence in which they could be satisfied?

With me, the argument of future, unending life is not derived so much from what is called the

insufficiency, the infirmity of human happiness, for it often seems as if our finite nature could bear no more than is here given us; but from a conviction that we possess innate powers, pressing toward a larger development, for which this sphere of action has neither space or permanence. What can I ask to render my lot of happiness more complete? *Nothing.* Nothing, save a heart more gratefully and intensely to appreciate it. Yet is there a fixed and glorious trust of a higher condition of being, where, through the merits of the Almighty Intercessor, the cup now so full shall be enlarged, and overflow with "all the fullness of God."

A blessed Sabbath has this been. The employments and meditations of that hallowed season, prized from early life, grew more and more dear. Their tranquilizing, sublimating influence becomes every year more apparent. Its various departments, in the closet, the family, the loved little chapel, impart from week to week a heightened joy. One cause may be the reciprocity in the household. My mother's time-tried piety is ever an example; my husband evidently makes progress in the Divine life; every one under our roof concur, according to their ability, in calling

"the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable." Its balm-drops are with us throughout the week, and, ere they are exhaled, it again returns.

All the way in which God has led me from my birth has been full of love. All the discipline I have had has been but for my soul's good. Already I can see it has fitted me more rationally to enjoy earth's happiness. Ever in view, as a consummation, is God's reserved happiness. In the glimpses of that noontide glory, how beautiful to walk through this silvery moonlight below, admiring the foundation and the columns of the "temple not made with hands," catching even in its vestibule some echo of its high celestial symphony, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory."

The homeless child, the unshelter'd guest,
  Whom thou on earth didst cheer,
Perchance, when cares no more infest,
Shall rise in Heaven among the bless'd,
And greet thee to that realm of rest
  Which sorrow comes not near.

She whose intimacy we have so long shared through these pages thought not to write in her journal, "*These are my last lines.*" Prescience was not hers.

He, the utterly bereaved, is as one amazed—one whom God hath forsaken. Ever before him, as if still in life, is an image paler than marble, the upraised eyes beaming with ineffable brightness. Ever in his ear are the last faint tones, like a harp's cadence,

> "Beauty, and glory, and joy!
> Come, come, beloved!"

For this lightning stroke that hath scathed him, for the blight and blackening of all earthly hope, what we call language hath no tint nor pencil.

> "Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
> The tears of bearded men."

Who can realize that to her home, where she was the tutelary spirit of gladness, she returneth no more? Instead of that sweet voice, the echo of the soul's harmony, instead of the holy hymn at morn and eventide, is the wail of two new-born infants, left by the angel in her heavenward flight.

She, with the few threads of silver in her hair, whose loss is irreparable, murmurs not. Her lip trembles, but her trust is above. Where her treasure has gone, there is her heart also. Ever wrapped in her arms or clasped to her bosom is one of those motherless babes. The loving, dark-browed woman, so long comprised in the circle of home-charities, the poor forest girl, her raven locks disheveled on her shoulders, with tears perpetually dropping, watch over the other. Helpless, unfledged birds, there is still a nest of love for you.

She lingered not to press the mother-kiss on those innocent brows. For her the parting scene had no terror. She saw in death only the moment when the soul draws near to its Father, the stream returns to its Source.

THE END.