

Excelsior diary for 1872

[Calendar for the year 1872]

[Pages for the rates of postage, domestic and foreign]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for January 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for February 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for March 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for April 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for May 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for June 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for July 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for August 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for September 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for October 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for November 1872]

[Dates and their miscellaneous holidays or historical events for day. The rising and the setting for the sun and the rising of the moon for December 1872]

Married

Whitenack %0Û0 Hepburn. %0Û0 Feb. 15th at the residence of the bride's father, Cowden Hepburn, by the Rev. Wm Sterling, assisted by Rev. A. D. Hawn, Mr. Frank H. Whitenack of Ralston, to Miss Sue C. Hepburn, of this city. [No cards.]

Newberr [obscured by rip]

Meritorious pupils%0Û0 [obscured by rip]

[cont.] noir School. %0Û0 For the mon [obscured by rip]

Friday, May 20, two pupils in theâ [obscured by rip]

Berry Senior School attained a distinguishdd standing, and a nine a meritorious standing. Of the first, the names are Ella Fessler and Rebecca Dale. Of the last, as follows: George Tosier, Motey Tosier, Rebecca Goldy, Gertie Ramsey, Fred. Meddaugh, Ida Hall, Annie Baker, REgina Fessler and Lizzie Toner.

Respectfully submitted, Fannie M. Bromley, Teacher.

Fannie M. Bromley.
Castleton, Vermont

Take it up bravely,
Bear it on joyfully.

January Monday, 1 1872.

The tea kettle began it, and it boiled all day long. We in the capacity of did severally, and Art was long. Why are we here my friends, all of us? Let us in a spirit of love inquire!

Mother says ten times one are ten! and we bestow our selves variously. My sister is priestless in the cantata of Pierce to either pole! The rest of us are not priests. O, no! We were grave. Went down to our graves, like shucks of corn fully ripe. All of us. Sure enough!

Ring in the new, every thing says, and there's no, knowing what beautiful things are up that river.

January Tuesday, 2 1872.

Are the wrens and phoebes martin's we be? Mother says not. It's a question that has been upon my heart some time, for cogitation. Several things are owing to the resistance of the air. Maybe it is. The above is the result of my brother's profound thinking.

Aggie dispenses love. We all do. We are a little love than the angels. If I hung my harp up, it was on willows. Willows stands for optics, mirrors, angles convexities, concavities and Merlins willinwood. Mother demurs.

January Wednesday, 3 1872.

Again.

If I had birds I'd name them. Coke, Gum, Dr. Aldens, strawberry short cake, and Harlem Extension. I'd set out to liberate them when Dan came home with a change and mother had given up going to heaven bodily. The [faucet] rises

up against us, and we are founded on Mrs. Leslie. This story is founded on fact.

Miss Van Kleeck appears to us, and mother wanes. Mother has never heard of the Pied Piper but we who have, know that they exist, sometimes when there's no fire in the front room.

January Thursday, 4 1872.

One of my troubles is the walking. This puts the wind in the east. Slush is indescribable, and I come back accurately described. Did I go out to be stoned at my friends? Why am I out? Why, my friends! Brother Crip interests us by his ecclesiastical forthcomings, "What if the Judgement Day should come to night?" Nobody being able to answer him meeting closes. The faucet has it and visions of water commissioners yawn over us, with plumbers all shuffling off plumbing.

Is that right?

January Friday, 5 1872.

One of my refreshes is Bleak House. Before my mind reached the present mature age of twenty three, once B.H. yielded no supply. Things is worken.

Mother's ruling passion is old pants. I have come to the solemn conviction that new ones won't do. She'd rather not have them. Give her my old pair, a very old pair, or a water proof cleak. She'll first rip then wash, then color, then make up, & be very much obliged. I wonder where the shirtless city is. I'd send the boys there to school if I knew so mother would go to bed.

January Saturday, 6 1872

Mother washed. If you don't know what that means, just be me. The whole day is a perfect treaty of aches-la-shapelle! and Ma was aches and I was shapelle! Agnes appears as Mr. F. aunt. Dan and Ed "move on". The former has known mother to wash before. Sure enough. Mrs. Husted gets the first call in the [...] little brown dress, the dress that mother put together and sent to meet me for Merris Christmas, made beautifully, but covered with places where the fingers were tired, and the eyes hurt. The call isn't old enough to be written about.

January Sunday, 7 1872.

Nearer to these, and the heart was in it. Dr. Bridgeman led us down among the beautiful things, so gently, and we scarce knew it until the beauty was around us and the breezes of Tiberias fanned our cheeks.

"Simon, Son of Jonas, [lovest] thou me more than these? Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee"! And the music said it, and we answered Jesus all of us, and He heard.

Then silently with the holy types we remembered Jesus.

January Monday, 8 1872.

Eddie goes back to the delightful town where we've both been set down, and my mother insists on his taking all my precious [vistmoments] of labor, cards, [pens], broke note books, and without bestowing proper thought upon the subject I yield. Mother makes tea quite to my liking and I enjoy our tea drinkings as a pleasant piece of home, something not resembling the stiffness and solemnity of our Seminary teas. 'Guess not!'

January Tuesday, 9 1872

Well? and again, well? "Nice little beautifullest ma" says my sister in her favorite style seeking cold corn and finding none. My brother seeks other latitudes, the prelude being less repose than usual, and the drama a pioneering down to the train early. Another drama was announced for ten o'clock. It ended by Frances giving up going to Rondout. [Ad libitum-ad infinitum-et cetera air!] ["according to what pleases" or "as you wish"]

Mother looked glad that I came back. I want to see Susie so, that I must somehow, but there is no somehow. I can wait.

January Wednesday, 10 1872.

This is a pretty time to go around sick. Frances I did not bring you up this way! And it needs fell into my hands to go up to the train for Miss B's mother. It does no good to tell me, not any. I shall never find the R & S depot alone in the world. No ma'am. I can't even pick it out when I'm there. I was sure I should know her for was I not duly around with a piece fast purporting to be her, and of course no other lady would get off the train. How delusive! I found her by great skill, which behold, all the other ladies were borne off, one was left. Who knew not where to go and I found her, and lo!

January Thursday, 11 1872.

If not, what? As near as I can make out Mrs. Brayton and Mrs. Bromley after an eventful career have been blessed with wonderful children. I lay on the bed and hear them talk. Wonder if they ever lay on a bed so and heard mothers talk, way back somewhere. I shall have to talk of other people's children when I am old. Mrs. Brayton has not quite spoiled my visit. I like to watch her. She has a [savor] of sunshine [pursuing] through years and years.

And I am standing to look forward. All I can see or know is just this, "Wish ye not that I must be about the Father's business!"

January Friday, 12 1872.

Mother gives me a most uncomfortable feeling. Mother suggests, "My wife and I", I fail to see how it is attainable since my sister informs me that "she knows nothink, nothink at all"! and mother has no shoes. My back is polarized. Two sets of vibrations are in motion in different directions, therefore I must be a tourmaline. I wonder if Mother would still suggest porous plasters if she knew I was a tourmaline. I expected [...] this to be encased in porous plasters, having for a shield or buckles, a mince pie but things didn't work.

January Saturday, 13 1872

Mother thought I wouldn't be well enough to go but I thought I'd better, somehow. The little sitting room looked pleasant when I came to leave it, and the tea kettle sang, and mother looked sorry. The nice cup of tea and the cosy dinner of mother's peaches seem too bring back so much. The ride I liked, all the way, but the Seminary looked grim, and I am alone of all the comers back. The house is desolate, and [Elim] only [Elim] comforts me. Come we'll get our places little pictures.

January Sunday, 14 1872.

Imagine me eating in Mrs. Slater's room, walking down to church with Mr. Williams and coming back to a burden of Gyre, dinner. Not a sounds in the hall, nor any where, and every body speaking in gulturals. I was glad when Eddie came up for me to go down there, to tea. I was glad to go any where. I send out feelers into next week, and the after

weeks, and I feel strong for them. I can make them bright and cheery if I will. "Neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord".

January Monday, 15 1872.

And I've got to where it begins. The Normal again proceeds to flourish under the direction of Mr. Williams and his estimable companion! Folks come back by degrees. Anna Phelps of all these astonishes us with short hair. The empty seats of those that haven't come stare at me. I put a peg here and a peg there and slowly begin to settle myself for twenty three weeks. Would you! By tea time we were all established, place had joined place, and we began.

January Tuesday, 16 1872.

The piece of Albany that we represent is heard from. The wind never was so far from the east, hopes are built on roomers, and on Model Schools. We, up here in Vt, catch hold of our piece of the life that joins 99 Philip, and try to fit it on to the piece up here. I've make it do.

There is one building fitty joined together, but it is further on. It is a part of the life where we go to begin the world. "Not here. O! No!"

It was nice when Annie Adams came and we said "how do do?" Guess.

January Wednesday, 17 1872.

Everything that belongs to me has reached a place where the centrifugal force is 17 times greater. There are scenes of rollings and pitchings! My lady's chamber is perplexed but not in despair. School receives a new impulse in the shape of green wood. Quiet times! Cesarean [velies]. Yes, we! How do we know when we are striking the right notes with a human soul before us. And mine are such unskilled fingers, [...] must we strike and hurt, and not know how to go back and do it better. What I said to Anne to night was for some night when she was stronger and ready for hard things. And the signs how wrong I read it. Well? Anne needs something, and perhaps I'll read better next time.

January Thursday, 18 1872.

To day it was Jakie's letter. It sort of set me straight and sent reflected rays into the afternoon. Perhaps they went into my face.

Something sent Miss Heath up after school. To fix things, and kiss me and say somehow they all liked me very much. Five minutes after she had gone one thought was in my heart. It came welling up from where the tears are, and the springs of life, and the earnest things. "I don't believe I shall ever be cross to my girls again".

January Friday, 19 1872.

The little something that came to piece out to day, the little comer from the great world outside, was Susie's letter. "I will be at the Ferry Monday night". The little girl that hears and has waited, must listen and wait on. The good time is for some one else, for some other far away day. "A few souls can wait".

The old, old pains. To see blue, and live red. Unless Anne asks, we shall not talk again for a long long time. I've been striking the wrong key and the discord has hurt me so. Somebody else may understand and be the one. I'm afraid it is never for me.

January Saturday, 20 1872.

Frances built a fire, nothing that she achieved all day could afford her half the satisfaction of that fire, for the pieces that got together to make it, and how she knew, and how twas done was a romance with a sequel. When Miss Worcester came she was elected, poker. And the fire burned!

At dinner Frances who might have been kept unruffled was very much moved to know that some piece of the State had also been making a fire. While she mused the fire burned, and she was a stick, a Model Recitation! Whew!

January Sunday, 21 1872.

Something must be done. I am all adrift. For days and days and days I have just gone on, and I must stop a little while and rest and think.

"It is not what Christ is to us, but what we are to Christ, that we should think of when we are humbled and before God". we are so much to him, and he does see while we are yet a great way off. Like as a father pitieth, and I am resting and thinking.

January Monday, 22 1872.

When there were funny things! This day, when Julia Ward Hine lectures and I was to believe hard & hear her. No, I had to live red. Mr. Grady, "Like the jewel that he isn't" says Miss G. and its "Dan" that we're both after, or freezing is inevitable.

My Model Recitation Class is formed. Miss G. and her father. Miss Bissell is trying to make it evident to us that she's the "estimable companion". Why, no! its me! The day goes out scorched, and it was me that ailed it.

January Tuesday, 23

I go to buy shoe strings. I say to monsieur, "Have you shoe ties?" We have lazings! "Do you want lazings?" "I don't know", says she befogged.

It ended by a venture on one [part].

Miss G. attends a lecture on Proughress. She fears in mind the finis for these pages, which is, "And be carried to their nuptial brown with anthems of immortal praise".

That's precious. Mr. W. approaches me on the subject of "model [recitations]" in Middlebury before [gums] and sour of [gums]. I am very much surprised.

Spoiled another day for my girls, and with O, yes, yes, yes, that there was help for it and comfort, and beatitudes not there.

January Wednesday, 24 1872

There has been no interposition and I believed hard. Which means for Susie & I, "an everlasting No!" No here in [El...] it means a sort of choking, smouldering gum cotton, all along of the State Association and F. Bromley, Castleton! The girls befogged suppose that mysteries are working about them! O, No, only Model recitations [El...] gets the most of whatever it is. The amount of brain evolved is displayed all around, the [...] reminds me of Vashti or perhaps Edgar A.

Poe. Overcome by the thought of what awaits the Association she falls asleep.

January Thursday, 25 1872.

Did you ever hear of such a performance? Nobody did. The principal parts are. Go. Go it. No go! Passive Forms! The Model Recitation lies comfortably on my work basket, my satchel is robbed of its victim and here I am in brown dress and fixings at the donation! Miss child! How wise it was and is, and we all said so. What is like a country donation any way? Nothing but being a little girl and sitting down in some far back winter night with the old faces, the little round faces, them of some who are mothers now. Of some who sit and love us up in Heaven.

January Friday, 26 1872.

This morning we all came back bundled and fixed as you never was. And in the fresh crisp morning air why couldn't I shut my eyes and play it was Broad fields?

What is it to be back? Don't ask, only stir yourself up to think what an otherwise busy pretty piece of my life that State mountain howitzer has spoiled for me. No wonder I feel so good with the blessed relief of staying here, and not going near.

Act II. Sent five of the class home to write compositions. That's what we call bringing to terms. Not settled, as I should say for some things but, rather a stirring up a whew of things out of which should be thought forth a composition & a knowing better next time.

[from left hand margin]
Ellena. Jed. Luce. Auntie. H'm.

January Saturday, 27 1872.

Miss Heath is a Hydrostatic Press, and what of it? Only a paradox. I laid down at the door as a first principle, (it was the principle that was laid down), that I could not go in, it was not to be thought of. She made me! She kept me! and two hours of my precious morning went out in a note book at Northrop's, a word with Eddie and that Miss Heath!

Long Pause, Dinner! And we went off over the hills to Laura's and took Miss Bissell, always genteel, brought her back, always one, Normal.

Can she now? Yes?

January Sunday, 28 1872.

Elim on Sunday. O come and see then, if you would know. Sit down in it and hear what the pretty, dreamy little belongings will say to you. Was the half told you? "Winding down through the night", but the blessed daylight is full in the sunset behind us and in the day break before us and He shall compass me about with songs of deliverance! Wrote to Grandma. I am so glad I thought of it!

January Monday, 29 1872.

We do have to take big steps now and then, from the poetry into the prose. One thing I lay down for Frances, she must listen to me. "Don't let me hear one cross word this week!" Love your girls too well, please do. The prose I commenced with is grand to me. My life opens into such larger wide ways, and if I rest in poetry I work in prose and the work makes

me so happy, poetry ripples in and the whole is like giving the little ones the kingdom!

January Tuesday, 30 1872.

A thread brought up from way back and afar off. A tender little thread that hurt so, a year ago, and the days that followed this last year. How near I lived to some thing, how sweet they were, how very hard and sad. How near Sue grew. How much we learned! and have since I shut my eyes and I'm there! To night I am riding with George and Eva through Market St. to Mr. Horne's. How plain I can see it all. Mr. Horne comes out in his study gown. Wonders a little to see us. Takes my letter, and we go over in Fourth St. to finish our ride. It took such a little while, but the thread broke and I came up here to begin again.

January Wednesday, 31 1872.

Mr. Williams is spouting down stairs and I hear him. I'll container! January is packing her trunk to leave us, and Spring is a little nearer. I have watched more than they that watch for the morning, and its so long! The day closed with a prayer meeting, but then the meeting had hovered in the air all day. "By me you shall go in and out and find pasture", and we all came, and found it.

February Thursday, 1 1872.

It opened with a Caesarem vehis! February and Frances! The latter didn't storm, she carried Caesar. Miss Worcester is mad! Yet [quid] times! [Quid] sorry all of us! Of my letter there is little to say. It takes a strong strange hold of me as few letters on things ever do, and the afternoon, and the going down of the sun, the quiet dark to morrow's work, it has made beautiful, it is one of the meanings, one of the signs that life is to work out.

February Friday, 2 1872.

I was pretty good considering. I let patience work experience. Didn't get any further than that. Spun round furiously, and little new old book, let me tell you how that the finishing touches all found bright places and made a week for me. One round little week that has gone out into as many weeks as I have girls. Children of my week, for girls that belong to me, & for girls that shall belong to them, on and on. "The rivers run into the sea, yet is not the sea full?" Anne came up and I said, "Stay".

February Saturday, 3 1872.

I can't look just as Miss Grose does when she says it but indeed "things is peculiar". Very! The sepulchered dormitories of the Normal School will be invaded no more until that key is put back. However I sit down to color lessons and twins with india rubber platitude, outwillaming even R.G. (himself!) Sure enough.

By anb by Mary Bryant comes over and I put her on the feathers & try to shine up, a bright little hour in her life to stand out and look cheerily both ways over the dull dark ones. Dinner was taking up the cross. Outside snow fell bountifully. In the home I wrote color lessons until my eyes like two stars starts from their sphere. Inside is was beautiful.

February Sunday, 4 1872.

A foot of snow says the Positive Declarative. The statistics relieve our minds. I spend much of the day in toasting. So would you. Its' [nill] to be all shut in by such pretty white walls and then send out dove after dove up into the blue, and feel as they come and go, the smell of hay and clover, and sweet alyssum from my summer home.

Patience Strong's Outings fits in like Chapter VI after Chapter V, all of it.
It had one verse. Shall I say it for you?
"And his tender mercies are over all his works".

February Monday, 5 1872.

Even a snow storm to happen is better than to depend on Sarah Kelly items. Its a good deal to understand a stove, especially ours. If you would see me without a rival behold me at and around that stove! Do! R.G. bethinks himself, and not unlike Van Winkle stoves around. He would like Frances, and she nothing [doth] lets every ear attend. A new term says he, "One to begin two to crow!" How does it crow?

February Tuesday, 6 1872.

Mr. Williams selections for family prayers tends to build one up! We get a great many "burdens of"! Its so unusual to hear from Mr. Sias, and more than that. He varies in a powerful manner. Which disposes of two subjects. The snow looks as if it might hear us any minute. Hear no money, see no money, lose faith in Frank Adams. Who's he. For [zions]! Stand forth in the age of bronze, and proclaim examinations to my girls. They've [read] to it to most anything.

And my hands keep busy [hive], while I think and think of my little girls down in Bennington, to come back, glad, or real disappointed.

February Wednesday, 7 1872.

Examination days tire me more than almost any others. Its a different kind of tired. And we are on the last day of the old times. How dear every thing is getting! And as I think of it to night I am sure that all that is tenderest and closest I can keep always. I do like the work, and the girls, and the thoughts that are sent out and come back to tell me of the spring time that I look for with longing unspeakable.

February Thursday, 8 1872.

In which I make [...] said on Frank Adams. It's destined for me that all my songs I must sing myself. So I struck off on this one, having wanted seven days for my friend W. Who ever knew me unequal to such an occasion? If you know speak now or be forever silent! I first encountered Miss Peck and a regular [Ike] marvel fire. After wards to my infinite satisfaction Frank Adams appears and we proceed to a long conversation briefly touching at the class on capital.

February Friday, 9 1872.

I go down to the bank but no Frank Adams. Boy goes out, but returns unto us void. Disappears again, returning bringing his sheaf with him. The sheaf does whatever's necessary to give me the survey, then informs me that Mr. Hope's picture is splendid, very fine. This was a cause. A first cause to a first effect. Weltha Annie Adams, Anne Phelps, Mathi Abbie Hattie, Nancy and Lucy go with me to see the picture. We were twice paid for there came out on the west of the sky a painting that night that went into the night and left the seven colors which is white light.

February Saturday, 10 1872.

And I'm glad for I wanted it so much, and how could I wait to know? So I went over to Mr. Patterson's. Mary had gone to bed, could I wait? Wait. Of course I couldn't. The cushions were unruffled, not a track or a spot or a wrinkle or any such thing any where. Positively uncomfortably spotless. The old lady talked of health & school and headaches and dear

me knows what, & I excitedly restless to know. How could she? "Has Mary passed?" I interrupted. "O yes, she got her certificate. Both of them did." Then Mary came down to tell me. "I know. I do know that he heareth me always!" This is the house Jack built not. To Rutland went not. "Drummer boy" saw not. Things took not off. Scolded not.

February Sunday, 11 1872.

I feel pretty good to day. So does every thing. [Souls] of heaven was on earth, and there were foreshadowing of unrevealed fullness of joy, pleasures forevermore. Does light always reflect light? never shadows?

Jesus comes, let me know for sure that thou are near, and I shall say, "Abide with me for the day is for spirit". Make today, or it shall be lonely and dark.

February Monday, 12 1872.

Burnt hash for breakfast which put me in a very uncomplaining spirit. The first cause which is Truddie Brown is to the second cause which is accumulation of flesh and weariness, as the first effect which is death of smiling countenance is to the second effect which is unthankfulness!

Did at considerable, expected at on to and infinition! My eyes are not Tracie's. I shall weed harts home to keep them.

Data.

A cold back.

And a long long talk on into tea time with Marcy Bryant.

February Tuesday, 13 1872.

Quietly and not without touches of cheer, the days move on. I am so glad that Mary will listen to me, and let me do for her just as I want to. If I could only take her away somewhere and muse her, and see her well and strong it would make me real happy. I must let her feel that there are bright beautiful things to live for and a few things not all selfishness.

Out of the crimson we climb into the blue.

February Wednesday, 14 1872.

And I took comfort in doing up Patience Strong's Outings, and writing on the fly leaf Sue's birthday, & sending it tied on the Charles Dicken's edition to go to Williamsport.

A year ago to night was that sleigh ride with my boys and girls. It was such a funny time. Taking Sue to the doctor's, taking tea at Johnny Clark's & staying with Eva after the ride. Eva with her arms around my neck just as Weltha puts hers now.

"To see a light upon those Crows which is the day light only"

February Thursday, 15 1872.

I am not writing this page at date, it is weeks later. Were it otherwise I could not write what I shall at this time.

My dear girl's wedding day.

Giving herself joyfully and yet with conscious fear to another so long as they both do live!

My Sue. My Austiss. Are you married through and through?

And yet, says her letter, they were happy after so many years!

O darling come close and know at the feet of his Christ!

And "beyond the sunset forever and forever are the hills of God".

February Friday, 16 1872.

I miss Neithesto ever so much, and look longingly toward the little place on my shelf where it stood. Pretty soon its coming back. I forgot all about Miss Bissell's birthday which was Wednesday. All along of writing up! Why not tell it now. How Miss Grose and I dressed up in attire beyond our years. How we sent Miss Bissell off and all the girls came in to see. How we called Miss Bissell and seated her in the bedroom while Nell acted in the capacity of pulling the sheet which hung in the door back & forth between the scenes. How Miss Grose got up the very taking little tableaux for me to enact alone and named it "The Velentine" because it was Feb. 14. How her little tableau was the [nap]. How we had a very suggestive little dialogue. The [boy] & rubbish & how hell say I then & how and

February Saturday, 17 1872.

how the oysters bubbled up and almost stewed over in recognition of the fact that it was time to commence 1. incision. 2. mastication, 3. deglutition. How after my cap had fallen off and been readjusted and one dish of soup had sought its level the floor, I calmly [came] & read "An ode to Miss Bissell" and a programme to be carried out Feb 14 1873, both of which were duly presented to that lady. Then she of the cap that would not stay on but fell backwards unceasingly recited Mr. Chadbaud's two most celebrated speeches the first beginning "Why are we here my friends". Loud applause from the friends. All this on the eve of Feb. 14.

To day Sue's letter came. It was written the night before she became some one, little girl for aye.

February Sunday, 18 1872.

How could I help it? I had to be a little sorry, but I didn't tell any body or take on, or let melancholy mark me for her own. But of it I thought and thought until the whole grew so real to me that it seemed as if Sue had been married a year instead of only since Thursday, and that I'd known her married and talked with her and wore off all the strangeness of the new name. And my thoughts went back to it and back and back, even while I sat at the window in the afternoon and drank in the fullness of my Sunday. My work over the examination papers left me tired but Sunday rests me. I sit down under His shadow with great delight.

February Monday, 19 1872.

And the world turns around or it would never be the twentieth. And there's good mornings to say and a chair to walk up to and sit in and fifths and sevenths to add and roots to extract and natural boundaries to give and kingdoms to explore, and adjectives to compare, and corollaries to think up, and trains to set in motion to go noiselessly on temples to bear without sound of axe or hammer.

I go to this. Do you suppose I think of it all? Not now, but by and by after tea when I go up to Elina and sit down, it will come over me and I will be so glad! And it does, even to night. The Father knoweth that I have need of these things.

February Tuesday, 20 1872.

The passing days do not leave any blank spaces. The living joins itself on and on to the old pieces and even our first poor work we have to wear. Let a day like this come, when the noun was more than ever noun and none of us verbs, then does Miss Grose rise to assume the benevolent shape of Mark Tapley. Miss Bissell comes wild possession of the body and temper of Gabriel Varden, and I try to be a Dinah, such as was dear to Adam Bide.

I am coming to look upon knitting as a fine art, and one that I would like to be skilled in. Happy Miss Grose.

February Wednesday, 21 1872.

There I dropped some stitches yesterday in my knitting and I must pick them up to-day. I was talking about Miss Grose and her knitting. Sometimes there are days when she don't pick up the shiny needles. Those are her hard days. Then bright days come full of letters from Howard and she laughs and goes quick to the knitting. My graduated scale of ups and down is not thus indicated.

You may look for it in me outward tokens [safe] now and then. Sometimes you can read it in the little old book.

February Thursday, 22 1872.

I enjoy the delightful sense of being revered in the spirit of my [mind]. I suppose its all along of an expected tramp. It makes me feel good to lay out the things I am going to wear on the bed and look me over to see where the stitch in time shall [...] mine and all other suggestive poetical things, that make one about to tramp, furl loudly!

Half past eight, and I've marked it off in years, one by one. Ten times one are ten! When they go from us up into the mystery, if we could only know they were ours yet.

It seems so long to wait. O. God to clasp those fingers close and yet to feel so lonely!

February Friday, 23 1872.

"This is the way Vermont teachers do" says our philosopher and guide as we wheel off in the stinging air, bundled head and foot! Auspicious is every breeze and favoring every gale. Which suggests not only life and liberty but the pursuit of happiness. The man beguiled us and we did eat a great deal but Mr. Dana's box was not like the broken cisterns that held none. It was more like Mrs. Williams' excuses inexhaustible. All this and more on the train. We were conducted on our arrival in Bennington tenderly but fiercely from the train. Thence to the mansion of Miss Parks. We got in as Weltha would say with a "Known crew" but other fate lay wait for us and [...] their house opened wide its doors to us.

February Saturday, 24 1872.

Thinks I. I like this! I'll come again. So thinks Sister Bissell. The folks were good to us. I forget their names and we were good to them. I forget how Sister Bissell leaves us at noon for the material roof, and I am consoled by Miss Clark. Our friend philosopher & guide R.G. surprised every body greatly by getting up to say that we had nothing to say on the subject of grammar but would introduce to the association Miss Bromley. Not less me! I might say, me much less. I remember, one distinct thrill, from the rest I shall never rally. Think of it! Scenes going home beggar all description. Mr. Williams and the small boys, Mr. Williams and us. "You sit here and here & here". We do wondering. Coffee and doughnuts and please picture the rest.

February Sunday, 25 1872.

And we come trooping into the house to find it two o'clock and all things silent and desolate, which we soon reverse. I go to sleep laughing in an unheard of manner about Mr. Williams and the small boys and the coffee and doughnuts. Locked in slumber I dream of them and so does Mattie.

I talk some, read some and sleep a good deal. The other teacher does so too. I go to church and the most that I recall now of the service is small boys, and Mr. Willams, coffee, and doughnuts. If I remember right the singing affected me

to tears. It often does.

February Monday, 26 1872.

Mr. Austin cannot take away from my firm belief in diagrams as a means of. It is a joy he did not give, therefore. [3], sing. I always like my school better when I have been off and seen folks and come back to it. What is macaroni? Who first harrowed mankind with its being offered for sale? Why must it be set before me and no dessert but ginger snaps. A ginger snap is a desert, but macaroni is dead men's bones!

February Tuesday, 27 1872.

The best thing we have set before our hungriness is rice pudding. How it came to be so good doth not yet appear, but it possesses many saintly qualities. We always have it with beefsteak. Such days too we smile on butter. Why all this but to make macaroni more dreadful? I set faith on two [ch...], with from, in or by, my friend, Mrs. Foote. She duly promises me a Christian Unison which shall appear weekly. How long before I'll go and break the news to Miss Bissell.

February Wednesday, 28 1872.

Let me see. Where shall I hang my [...]. They will be done in oil and smile upon my whole room. I guess I'll clear a place for them on the bureau. Shall I put trust in [...]? Shall I know of a surety they will be here? or will all the Halicamassus tribe stand on their wall of unbelief and point at me.

Will not some guardian genius interpose and give Miss Bissell & I a theme to talk about at table? Minister thus, unto us, or we shall call upon the coffe cups, the soup plates, to hide us from the face of Mrs. W.

February Thursday, 29 1872.

Again the big noise in our house was me. Twasn't bringing a trunk down nor taking a trunk up but taking Mr. Williams down and bringing life liberty and the pursuit of happiness up. Was supposed to but then people never do, when they go to work that way. You mustn't scold unless you want to ease your mind or see what you can do, or show a man that you are not afraid, or give him an idea of his [meanness] but to carry a point never. Take a silken shuttle and silken thread and spin a man into any thing you want, but don't scold him. Then I ran over to take tea with the girls.

March Friday, 1 1872.

What girls? Who do I tea with any more save Mary, Abbie and Mattie? Bless your heart, they're enough.

So would you have been surprised, as much as me. A real, live sleigh ride! Why I'd as soon thought to see John Brown's soul marching on, and there it was with Miss Heath and a boy and me to get right in, and go before the snow went. A bright thought was the offspring of this command, "I'll make them leave me at Miss G's". Apparently guiltless of my planning I ride and talk and listen to Miss Heath's fullest accounts of how she teaches Geography and how she has the asthma. I quietly ask when we reach the brown house if they'd as soon leave me there.

Wicked child.

March Saturday, 2 1872.

How did you live? Doing so.

[diagram]

Yes'm! Mr. Grose queries. Mrs. Grose wonders. Miss Grose interferences, and makes strong appeals. I listen but relent not.

By and by the people come and we all sit around in the cosy kitchen for the covenant meeting. The covenant of His [pence] overshadows us and we sit under the shadow with great delight. Most of the words were spoken by men & women who had grown gentle and childlike in long year of walking with God. It is all so sweet, so restful, so unlike the strife & harshness of living young.

March Sunday, 3 1872.

Is a vow any the less holy because a repeated one? Not to me. I feel more solemnly than I could possibly have done the first time what it is to pledge myself before God and his church to walk in love, in faith, in meekness, in Christian forbearance and self sacrificing [patience] with the people of God!

Jesus, come down into my garden, breathe upon it that the spicec may flow out!

March Monday, 4 1872.

And we both sleighed up from Hydevill, guessing what this week would bring. Pretty well I thank you. Mr. Hart who sits himself up to write "fax" says, it is unlawful to write "up", in diary keeping. Probably so. Nevertheless I write up, every Sunday! "A diary" says he "is a record of events". Mine aint, hence it is no diary. It isn't an editorial. Isn't and essay nor "News", nor Fiction. Its a treatise! Then, moreover being the product of a creative imagination must be versification!

Treatise.

{diagram}

March Tuesday, 5 1872.

Mr. Williams is on a perfect rampage. Stands primed and ready to go off any minute, usually. Lately he runs around to hunt up things to go off about. Hawklike in his nature he looks for a chicken and finds one, Miss G. The burden of the valley of vision. I've heard of four footed hearts and creeping things and fowls of the air! [Don't] remember to have seen, then combined before, which discourse admits of no further heads. Do I like Sarter Resartus? Yes'm.

Do I get cross any? Not much. There's untold sunshine down deep and it torches me and shines for me.

March Wednesday, 6 1872.

How can I tell it? Of course it was the prayer meeting. I mean The "Lo I am with you", made it holy and we came and rested. It was so dear to me to hear Lucy say in my car going out, "Please pray for me", and Abbie say, "I will try and pray more earnestly", and Anne say "Jesus is nearer than He has been for weeks", and by and by in the evening to hear Annie say, "I will speak next time". "A hundred fold in this life", That is all I can think of.

I am almost sure Addie has at last decided for Jesus. I wish the old happily look would come back.

Dear Mrs. Browning "It is beautiful!" The half [hear] after day break.

March Thursday, 7 1872.

Our friend Master Willis Hyde is marched against. R.G. thinks Willie and his eggs are poles of the same battery and suggests something of the kind to him. Slightly [detestful] to Willis, who objects to such delicate insinuations.

Annie Adams looks like an untimely frost, bluely dreadful. We're all sorry but there's a never failing cure. Is Miss Patch cross. Patch? Dear me! knows! I should think it was! and without the best of my knowledge and belief. It's all been

planned and I'm to be Barbara. Nice old lady to stick her head out of some illy fastened window and scream a la Grandma Nash, "Shoot if you must this old grey head". I see it all. However I must go back to United State Constituted [tabulated], Judiciated!

March Friday, 8 1872.

"Things is happening most years" all of which I affirm it my solemn intention to believe. Nothing could have made me out of sorts, for Susie's letter came, written by her own self, and it kept close to me every minute. "I shall never see the little home again. Does that look hard? It would be only the dear Christ has made it easy".

It seems easier now for me to fear it but I am not brave enough for the present to open the gate into the last three sermons. Not yet. I shall be stronger by and by, and there went in once more to composition which I stride, and much more which I stood and can stand and be not at all overpowered. I simply said, "Mr. W., Since I have been informed that questions are to be settled by force of power I have nothing more to say"! [Surrendeth].

March Saturday, 9 1872.

The right proportions says Miss G. is an ounce of serpent to a pound of dove. She was in my room writing a cross letter, both of us cross every where but inside! We be, Miss Worcester wants to know, "Do I tabulate food, clothing diagram, what I don't tabulate? Do tell her. Sort of a meat hash Saturday afternoon. First we sat down in the midst of visual angles and took to [Phataswagon's]. Laura said several remarkably bright things, Mr. Williams prays with his eyes open. She wonders if it isn't time his convexity was nullified. Then we went at with [...] and there was bread to tend to. Annie is fixed for a breathing space, (in Mary's room, by the window). O, how it tires me! Sure of W. as she was never before, and she wrote and I'm glad, and I know now.

March Sunday, 10 1872.

Spring does think kindly of us, does not forget, only we must wait, "For as long as hill and vole shall last. Will the green leaves come again". There was something for me in to day. A little. There are things that have never entered into the hearts of man. They are too grand for us, too full of the deep things of God, but reaches of them are for us, little types of what will be when we are kings and priests and can understand. While I was writing Addie's letter I drew near, just felt how much could be, and then after that it was S.S. & dinner, and such a tired tired [tiredoutativeness].

March Monday, 11 1872.

And this is how it came about, and its so fine to start out on firm decideds (Now) and see it safely through. It's so much better than having faith in Halicarnassus. That horse we drove, is of a very retiring disposition on the walk. When on the gris vive which is at rare intervals unless it is suggested, he is a modern acrobat. The harness like sails must no where to allow not only freedom but expansions. He neither ran nor sidled. He bounced up & down. His early childhood must have been spent in picking cherries from high trees! Wendell Phillips! The third attempt. The complete triumph!

And was it nice? O yes, my dear, and we'll have long talks about it for who could forget it? Daniel O [corrects]! and we learned things.

March Tuesday, 12 1872.

Another something that stopped; and I only stop once in long times to think of it. "Times driveth onwards fast, & in a little while our lips are dumb".

Miss Heath came up after school. Why am I always so uncomfortable after I see her? Why must we go over & over things we can't help? O for the quiet, calmed down, turned down, if need be, only let it reach me.

"Friend of sinners". I am in the dark, and bewildered and sick at heart!

March Wednesday, 13 1872.

A man has passed the window twice taken of butter. Out of the strong lately has come forth no sweetness.

"Wist ye not that I must be about the Father's business?" and in the meeting hour we listen and let the words touch us, the music is to be played out in the years. My years perhaps, that are full of things laid up, "prepared for you". It's so good to me lately, the thought of the joy and the rest of it. The joy of to day too, every day, even being taken down, clear down with Christ to learn.

Adjourned meeting of Miss G., Miss B. & Miss Br. at Mr. Spencer's. Who'd have thought it?

March Thursday, 14 1872.

I think I can say with Paul, "I am ready to be offered". You soon get into that frame of mind if you come here. I have a sore finger, a stubbed toe and a pimple. When my hurry is very great, stirs me up, makes me top like. I'll immediately go to Miss Heath's. Get pulled in, made to stay " whether I will or no"! Miss Mason writes me from beyond the Mississippi! I hear and am glad.

Forty three dollars for tooting. More than it ever brought me in before! And there's a wee breath of spring, just a breath, and from some land a great way off.

March Friday, 15 1872.

O if breaths would stay, would come faster, would do anything to make the leaves come out. We are cheered by prospects of snow. Miss Grose takes herself off, and a prophet has left us. She's him.

All the poky things possible to be condensed in four walls take this howling wilderness as their business centre! Why can't some fertile arrangement be made simply & solely for me. (But first mother must marry a minister) by which I can be stricken out of existence each successive Friday night & take part in a resurrection Monday morning.

March Saturday, 16 1872.

I have learned to fill my soul with a horror of Saturday. I am in horror over the long, dark hall, the sweeping around above below me, the orders from below, the inspection of drawers, the bell, the dinner, the mail box, the surveys by R.G. & M.E. But then I am not a ghoul. I ought to have a nice sense of propriety and if I did all this would be vital breath, native air.

[...] me away from the thoughts of so dreadful a fate ever to befall me. I rejoice not to be in the bosom of the family.

March Sunday, 17 1872.

There comes such a gathering of sunshine as there has not been for weeks, a sign, one of the hesitating tokens of a coming April. Why didn't I go to church? Sunday isn't going out. The last of my Sunday is the sermon. It's so good to be all alone and think a whole Sunday is before me. The answer to my questions "where can we wash and be clean?",

comes over me, like somebody's strong arm, making me safe and glad. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanses us from all sin". Why did my talk with Miss B. wander back to Hoosick and Judge Ball?

March Monday, 18 1872.

A query has suggested itself to me. Am I a self made woman? Is it probably so? I'll ask Miss Grose! A verb is to be, to do, and to suffer. Mark Tapley said he was always a bein, sometimes a doin, and now and then sufferin! So be I! E.P. Whipple says in reading Emerson he feels like the English reader who had the delightful sensation that might have been his had he asked for in agricultural reports and been handed [...] mince pie. My sensations prolific or otherwise have all centered in bein and doin! Suffered but little as the Principal of the State Normal School saw me not! And I him not, and there was a great calm. The little flannel skirt for Grandma is all done.

March Tuesday, 18 1872.

I'll go on with my last sentence and say, and sent. I just get time to get into one day and look at it when it is another. Mr. Williams has gone to practice for the Peace Jubilee! Which suggests several things. I've been in several big things in my life but nobody ever knew of it. I never could get any body up to the feeling of it, or was able to convince them how big it was and I was the biggest thing it it, but let R.G. water his plants with hot water or play a flute, and [how] his name has gone out through all the world and his weather reports to the end of the earth. I did not scold any body and yet there were rough places that did not become smooth. O for infinite tact, infinite something. I can think of only one verse, and it was my last thought before going to sleep. "There is now therefore no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus".

March Wednesday, 20 1872.

A very interesting conversation at dinner. Mrs. W. to Mr. W. on seeing a trap, "The mice are not very fond of your society". No answer. "Is that your trap?" "No" "The mice are not very neighborly". Deepening frown. "Have?" "Did you set the trap?" "No what would I set a trap here for?" "It's a queer place for mice!" "No mice here at all". "I saw the trap and didn't know but you had set it". "I don't know anything about it". "I thought that it was all right if you had set it". "I didn't set it at all". "I supposed you'd set it there for some reason, and I thought it was a queer place".

My cold shows me that I am mortal, that I am of the earth, that I am not of the air.

We read Milton up in my room and Mary stays to talk. I can see faintly how that sometime there may be a help, for the trouble with Mattie. Not soon, but I can wait.

March Thursday, 21 1872.

There is a sort of centering point in some days. To day it was Mattie. I watched her and watched, and watched, and it seems as if she couldn't hold out much longer with the trouble, but would have it settled. The anger has all gone out of her face, now, she is feeling [keenly] sorely.

I invested in a cramp today, none of your short lived ones, but an hour and a half kind. Have [...] cold i'd my 'ed!

Was unlawfully deprived of liberty, but bore it with a sweet submissive spirit, and Triffy was sent to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of prison to them which was still and holy, and Annie Adams spoke for the first time. The tea with the girls was so different from any other we ever had together, but Mary and I act our drama admirably for novices.

March Friday, 22 1872.

[After unmitigated interruption I will now sit down to my journal in peace. Tableaux begin and end all things. Wash ails Philip! Every where all over, come Philip's tread, "under a slouched hat left and right! Miss Bissell waxes wroth. Very! All of us get "afraid", and crouch down under the shadow all protecting of our "valor"! For we wrestle with the ruler of darkness in high places!] It seems so strange to me to have one trouble take hold of me so and possess me until my heart goes out of my work, and work drags. Annie only guesses what it may be and she says, "It will all come out beautiful, all the hard things do". Mattie and Mary came over and I got Mary off early, then by and by I said, "Mattie are we ever going to understand each other again?" She broke down in a minute and after a long cry she told me all about it.

March Saturday, 23 1872.

A shower of snow flakes, that shot downwards, and quivered and fell all about us, not guessing in the wildest flight of their dreaming fancies that it was the 23rd of March, and that down here the sun was shining! And so all things have been to day softly, hurriedly leaving no sound. Saturday has not come to the top to day. My highest order of standing is falling and a day over examination papers is worse than a thousand, if your eyes ache, and your back, and you can't sit comfortably with your feet up, and have to, what then? Mary and I plan campaigns with renewed vigor, and this time, it's Addie. I lay on the bed and toss around.

Is there not a land of peace beyond my door. O lead me to it. Give me rest.

March Sunday, 24 1872.

Poor little sick Addie, and I've had her in my arms all day, while I was on the bed beside her. I learn lessons hard, all my lessons, but to day I have been learning slowly, seeing a little way, wondering, praying, and I may get it. It isn't Addie. Everything is all right & happy with her, but the little things the girls have said. That worries, and hurts like knives, and it is so tender and sorry where the hurt strikes.

I wonder if Annie is any thing like Emery Ann! She flies around just like her [forzino]. Mrs. Granger shakes her head at me and emphasizes!

I do not feel brave to night, more crushed and pitiful than for a long time. Is it because my girls are so very near that they rebound from everything, or am I a female bear?

"Closer than a brother", closer. O, my Lord, for I am in the dark.

March Monday, 25 1872.

Well its all strange. Anyhow I am all mixed up! My troubles after assuming the shape of comes, pimples, colds, stomache, Barbara Fristchie's, and compositions have taken a form, which I can not define but will proceed to illustrate. In the new scenes of Philip's marching, I am given a dramatic personas and act it [...] & Philip sees me. Perfectly unconscious of Philip on drama, I behold Philip rise and leave without my best of knowledge and belief! Philip is still marching on! My affections linger, around that office, and my solicitude is contrary to the hypothesis.

Let me write a cheery word now. Mattie is real happy and every thing is so bright and clear for both of us, in the reading each of the other. Can you guess how good it is?

The old prayer of a year ago is on my lips. "Lord I am oppressed. Undertake for me."

March Tuesday, 26 1872.

In which we are all Philips and march. It snows and every body don't come to see. For particulars are large bills! If I have any preference as to character or costumes I think I appear best as a none! I shall never cease to have a tender affection for Barbara. I always reached her as an exceedingly brave old lady. Well worth being handed traditionally dowry but now, my interest in her is all absorbing! I want to know all about it! How high up she was, where she set the staff, what she was doing when they fired, and how she caught it, and how she was prevented from being shivered, and if she said her past as Mr. Williams told me to say it! I am still enquiring.

That office yields to me its ear attentive. I meet the High Priest when I meet about as often as the Jewish law requires. Carry no turtle doves or young pigeons. Haven't any.

March Wednesday, 27 1872.

In which I find time to pity myself, and bend and [slackens] in the storm!

The pivots on which the State turns, came down upon us at the first class. We all came in in the afternoon without feathers, we had been picked clean, and not even the little sprout of me is left to tell where they were.

The rest of it is hard. I can bear hard things. I do not ask sweet cordials to like them with, and I can bear this. "To distal the one elixir, patience." Must there be another crucible, and another, and another? Will I learn?

March Thursday, 28 1872.

I shall be careful how I give two roots to form an equation next time. One of them has proved to be the root of all evil, and the other three more!

My cold assumes new forms, shuts my throat full and backs me in every thing that I do!

Am shut out from society, and the way to be happy she found she had got not! I suppose I ought to be let alone, when I'm still down stairs and say nothing, but I can't talk today!

I turn to that dear little poem by H.H. and say it again and again. The sunshine on the long windows, says things and I pray that bearing oneself still royally may be for me. Me under the sunshine [pour] the long windows.

March Friday, 29 1872.

Where nothing happened except chicken for dinner and a better back.

Winter is a continued story, and bless me what a chapter this is! I hear nothing from Philip and I can't get ready yet, to let Philip hear from me! But why agitate?

I am seeing a little further on, and am learning to feel the force of those words that have come over me so many, many times. "How vain is all architecture save that which is not made with hands! And the face with the trouble and the work is growing paler and thinner, and still the architecture is vain & vanishes even before the tired eyes.

If ever I was dragged to [use] in this world against my will, it has been to day.

March Saturday, 30 1872.

Spring is waiting to be [woved], and so is somebody else. Well!

A stand borrowed brought over to Elina, put down by the register. Rocking chair drawn up. Frances in it, never off it, still upon it.

By and by three parcels are tied with strings and I live, several blessed minutes.

I am next seen investing in soap. Honey soap, three cakes.

I am going down into something this Saturday night, it may be, a hard dark way, but I feel and know that I can go!

March Sunday, 31 1872.

"It is a far better thing that I can do than I have ever done. It is a far, far better [rest] that I go to than I have ever known". It seems to me (as I wrote Susie) that "Twenty three" is such a sweet fulfillment, so like death challenging the strong. March dies in just such a storm as father did. Such storms bring it back even over ten years! across and far back.

A beautiful sermon and the text was Twenty three!

The righteousness and joy and peace in the Holy Christ might have helped me to prepare for the hard things that are coming, but they came not or I knew them not. But the glad Easter time is come, and all of heaven is nearer.

April Monday, 1 1872.

"The night is far spent. The day is at hand", read Mr. W. this morning. If he had written it, it would be the day is far spent, the night is at hand! Such cheerful things!

Everybody's soul is on their guard, and imaginations grow creative! Not a bell was heard.

We walk continuously and are not communicative! Every five minutes no matter where we are the hall or the skies, or the house shakes with a peal of fun. Every body's at it. The best joke of to day was inguinal with our friend Mary. She went todwn stairs informing Mathi that she was to make a cake. Came back & was called for to go to the pastor, asking Mathi as [reparting] request to tend to that cake. Mathi's patient soul goes down to tend to cake, & Mary & Arbis laugh away as to this time.

April Tuesday, 2 1872.

Said I, "Diagrams", "I had a large high cap made of goats skin".
One of them.

[diagram]

A look of love in the eyes of April a soft glad sunshine coming down. I would not let anything keep it from me. It all began with a query. Shall I send for Miss Worcester, or after everything has opened my eyes or shall I say to the Dr. that I can't do it? Since the whole trouble started and has been carried on by her, I cannot feel that I have any amends to make and I shall not so I wrote to Dr. F. What will come of it I know not. It may cost me my place, but I will be just to myself. The rise of notions such in & out of my head to day, as if I were drowning, perhaps I am.

April Wednesday, 3 1872.

I feel that I have been sent as an apostle into the world to teach cut root. From present appearance the undertaking promises to be a solemn one. How shall they teach except they be sent? How shall they hear without an extractor? In most cases possibly not! I am an inspector of buttons and three are gone!

All seems quiet along the Potomac to night, but I suppose there is thunder on the horizon as well as dawn.
Lot has not entered into Zoar.
The sun has not risen.

The face is not lifted nor the vision clear!

April Thursday, 4 1872.

Several things.

It was supposed in [Cornell] several families also have that I should this day break off from the present stem, and go, but nay, not so. Anne is off and away without me. And here I have been all this time intending to tell that tomorrow is fast day. The principal thing is not getting wisdom this day, it's getting off.

Sarah Enright is here, and it seems nice to see her. "For our God is a sun and shield". What made this come to me this morning? How glad it makes me. It's good to feel that His is a sun, but it does not help me today, that His is a shield why it fills me full, and I'll abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

April Friday, 5 1872.

Fast Day.

Appearance.

Eyes - With marked effects of being called too soon produced.

Ears - A generous expanse.

Nose - Coincides throughout its whole extent & is suf.

Tongue - A lives of the first class

Lips - First future indicative.

Hair - Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Apparel.

Shoes - A layer of cloth between stratas of chalk.

Dress - Blue and white all wool.

Neck-gear - Funereal trappings.

Adornment - A meek & quiet spirit.

Air [Caesarins velies]

Health.

Hand - Volcanic action has ceased.

Nose - A sea and my banks are tossed hither & tither.

Lungs - Fertile.

Brain - Has found a vent for collected vapors.

Nervous action - Inversely as the squares of the times.

Digestion - Abhors a vacuum.

Virtues.

Meekness - Went out with the tide.

Easy to be entreatedness - Some.

Brotherly Kindness - Graduate.

Simplicity - Largely developed.

Occupations.

As an apostle - To hang up my fiddle & my bow.

As a First assistant - To be clothed with sabulations as with garments.
As a ghoul - To get Miss Bissell's feet wet.

April Saturday, 6 1872.

What a merciful provision that two corns cannot grow in the same place at the same time. Getting about is accompanied with difficulties, and a footing any where is [unsartain]! So are potatoes. Whether the problem of getting potatoes and butter to my mother will be solved or approximated remains for further developments involving the theory of bags. Sarah came over to say good bye, and I watched her from my window down the walk. It was a little thing but it was so like a spring ago. Then I went from my thinking into "Great expectations and little Pip and old Joe", and the dreary marsh, and the corner by the kitchen fire. April 6th. What does it suggest. The strong, beautiful love that has come into my life, to be about it, in it, and through it always.

April Sunday, 7 1872.

Why were some people ever allowed to write hymns? Why must we sing them? The words which the speaker and [cheer] seem to regard as most directly appealing to our sympathies and aspirations were the following very impressive ones. "Whether we walk, or fly, or swim, We are one family!"

Sat by Mr. Williams at table and was a source of great amusement to Miss Bissell chiefly by nodding to the Aged. And I came up stairs and there's gold in the west and April around the window and to try to forget everything for a little while, but Jesus. It seems a long time since I stood by the door of the tent and said "Through the Flood on foot" longer since I felt that the [Veiled Quest] in the starlight dim was Christ the Lord.

April Monday, 8 1872.

I am going to adopt Milton's models of address the next time I talk with Mr. Williams. Out of respect to his favorite author, of course. It will therefore be something like the following: "Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys, Earth's hallowed would, O, prince of men, Offspring of Heaven & Earth and all Earth's Lord, O sacred wise and wisdom giving Plant! My Author and Disposer. What then bidst unargued I [...]" And he would answer (probably) Fair Consort, my latest found associate sole!

Me teach penmanship?! There are things not dreamed of in your philosophy Horatio, but it isn't me that's Horatio! Flying or swimming to my mind is much to be preferred to walking, and as the [hymn] gives us a choice, lets' fly or swim! My home letters give me so much confort lately. Especially that I am troubled and need a little soothing. O, girlie. If you walk alone, let it be with no faltering tread!

April Tuesday, 9 1872.

Where we find causes for thankfulness, for dry feet, for a bag, a basket, dry wood, and for good society. We dig at Arithmetical Progression. We hoe, we harrow, and deduce and are deduced. Miss Bissell is on a rampage. She packs, she hammers, she sings, chiefly from Plymouth Collection! I rejoice with exceeding joy as I sit and see brought up big hand the last line of Thomson's Winter. I feel as if I had lived to see!

I have one sad fact to chronicle. Did not go to see my potatoes! I am to be sure and return the bag. I am told from reliable sources that those potatoes are brought and lodged and await my word of command!

April Wednesday, 10 1872.

Whereupon I take great pleasure in chronicling the fact that in the brief period of time between tea and dark I went to see my potatoes. Of course I was haunted by nameless fears! What if somebody had with malice aforethought been & claimed my bag and taken it. What if the family at the depot had been supplying their table with them. What if the bag had bursted? What if the depot was shut & locked! But no! a light, a man, Said I, "are my potatoes here?" He caught the fourth word. "Yes, yes, & seemed to know all about it. He passed on as if our conversation had ended, as if I had come all the way down there to say that I felt [lowed] him. "May I see them?" I asked meekly, "O yes you [...] them. So after lighting a lantern and proceeding cautiously & with great difficulty we came to a bag, my bag, and as the [...] had concluded gave orders & I found my way back. Feet wet! Soaked, dissolved!

April Thursday, 11 1872.

And the house is left unto us desolate, [as] is Eddie, George Sharpe and I! Who could care or be dreamy with real, live April sun shine every where?
It's tolerably comfortable to feel that you can do just as you please for three whole days, and then feel precisely like doing the very thing you ought to! I really believe that must be a coincidence! Such a load went off my mind with those potatoes!

I keep getting near to Susie to day. I wonder if she knows it, if she thinks and thinks as I do how we shall surely see each other in the summer. I've lived over some of the dear things. Why does a bright day, a rare sunset, or all holy beautiful things that love the light & have the sky above them make me think of her?

April Friday, 12 1872.

I commenced by being sick to my stomach, breakfast was undesirable, even with omelet. I laugh away as if things were funny, but they aint. Why should they be, and why shouldn't they be? Is it bacause we are of the earth, because we are not of the air?

Annie Adams has come to live with me until Monday, and we contemplate together, many things.

I sit down with my head tied up metaphonically to finish Old Curiosity Shop. It leaves me with a sad, yet calm and holy feeling and I go to sleep and renew my youth abundantly. The birds sing out doors, and the girls come Addie with them and we go down out of a glorious morning into a cloudy November afternoon.

April Saturday, 13 1872.

Memorable for the contemplated talk with Mr. W. Are you sorry to hear that Milton's Models were omitted?

I know well now, how things look different to us as we learn. I can see that it is better for me to keep the assistants place, even though conscious that upon me falls the principal's work and more than the principal's care. It is some my fault that I have not consulted Mr. W. more. W. is not altogether. I will put all the mistakes together & build better this time.

The April afternoon wooed us out into the sunshine Annie and I, and we saw the folks and it was a good time!

And so we go on learning, wondering, opening our eyes to the awakening glory, and living in two far off summers.

April Sunday, 14 1872.

Which was composed of winds, church, a letter, a praise meeting and a nap. I wish I could say sunshine but there wasn't any. Taking them up in regular order I will say of the winds, that they have come so old a story that they excite in us not

even an attempt to a remark. Of church, there was more of a likeness to the winds that some would like to own. The choir must admit it. Blow ye, and they blowed, and he blowed! The letter attempted at, aimed at, went out, but struck nothing. It was there humble pages revised and enlarged!

The nap, suggests many things. A [noise] in the Flying Dutchman Constantinople, Circumnavigation! How to determine the form of the earth!

April Monday, 15 1872.

No one has had half as good a time as each separate individual that comes back! It's ay a wonderful thing says I who haven't been away, how folks take on!

It's a sealed fact that I am to have Easter morning two times, once for me and once for [Jeune] K! The verb, bear and the noun bear, walk before us prepositional to their interceptedance! School was pleasant and I was in a mood to enjoy it. I was thoroughly happy and contented in my work until the hard things came. Now expediency seems to urge me. I fear the quiet closing, the pleasant good byes, that I had hoped for, will not before me, and my heart aches through it all. Aches as it did one spring, a little while ago.

April Tuesday, 16 1872.

I am a society I myself and there are several members in me what was. Miss Grose said 63 gallons made a barrel and I said it didn't & then she said I must tell how much the cube root of the radical [symbol for pi] times x y x z would be! Which I don't think much of! Of course I know, but she shouldn't ask. I went to tell her how that Abbie Adams brought me a bottle of cider and it broke. She followed a discussion on what I know about keeping cider sweet in which Miss Grose knew a great deal, all accounted for in the following formula. Cider is kept sweet thus!

[P [square root] M : b of c : : [pi] [divided by] 32 x y z : 63!]

Winter has now fairly set in! Hearing of the soldier who has sent out gold pens and holders, and half dollars from his loins and fore arm we have written to see if as yet he has ejected any chromos!

Come gentle spring, ethereal, mildness come!

April Wednesday, 17 1872.

In which I get into the confidence of Mrs. Williams. Which shows that things is happening! Who ever understood making people thoroughly comfortable better than she? Or thoroughly miserable better than he?

And here we go up up up. And here we go down, down, downy. And here we go backward & forward. And here we go round, round roundy! So you'd think! Which shows that things is on the gui vive! A letter from home informs me that the bag of potatoes landed and that they (the bag) are nice! Which shows that things is marching on! Castleton is the garden of delight! Mr. & Mrs. Williams are "children of the Heavenly King". The Normal School is a joy forever. Crops without handles are a source of pleasure. Soup is grateful to the eye, & sweet to my taste. Which shows that things is workin!

April Thursday, 18 1872.

I wish ethereal mildness would come to me! I do not possess much. Things conspire to keep me stirred up, and I am stirred and stirred but do not [...]. I have remained at the freezing point so long that a crust is formed!

I kept my eye on four resolves vigorously & swerved not! The very Spartans did not complain! It is such a relief to me to be busy setting myself right instead of other people. I know better where to begin. I think I have got down where I can begin. Mathi and Abbie were nice to night and we walked until our feet grew cold, so weary and cold we thought they'd never be warm any more.

April Friday, 19 1872.

Then it up and rained. This act was followed with intense shivering on our part, and intense smoke on the part of our stove, but we learned long ago to endure hardness as good soldiers. Mary Bryant has at length decided to be sick and she gives up and I miss her. The tea bell finds the Normal School still in solemn conclave. I address them on the subject of white dresses and blue sashes. I think early in the afternoon I'll go to bed the minute I get up stairs, and the next thing is I don't do it!

April Saturday, 20 1872.

Which must be written about in a hurry. The sun touches me on every side, or else I turn every side toward it. Don't stop to tell which. I think I'll do a good deal, but who can when they feel so good. Mr. Williams dispatched me over to Mary's to give her any [...] sweat with full orders. Florence and Addie collect me from a vigorous nap. Would I like to go and ride with them, and sugar off? To my mind such interrogatives admit of but one answer. You just ought to see me seated before the snow and the hot sugar. It was an era in my history.

Susie's letter was too nice for anything. She could look forward into the vacation too if she knew I was coming there to spend it with her, perhaps.

April Sunday, 21 1872.

My morning devotions consist in getting up before six and getting home to breakfast.

I just revel in my Sundays. I have time to stop and watch the light over on the hills & across the slope of the park, time to think not hurriedly of the dear Christ and take into my heart deep, it may be only one thought one word of his, but but it takes hold of me, and I cling to it. I have time to think that I would like to be with him, like to over come, and sit down on a throne even as he also overcame and am sat down with the Father on his throne. It would be grand to overcome as he did. Laid down his life that he might take it again. Laid it down of himself.

April Monday, 22 1872.

It is time that Oliver complained. When Philip commences to march on and sits in your own spacious domain and takes your notes and your words fitly spoken and brings an excuse for absence signed R.G.W. and is excused not, then the Spartans may complain. Sparta is not dead. It seems to me that its very much like the sun shining on the evil over the good.

And I am exalted. Again Mrs. W. takes me into her confidence & tells me such sealed mysteries that not a word is to be said to Miss Bissell or Miss G.! I'm afraid I shall get things I ought to tell mixed up with the confidential & never breathe it! What if I should? Dear me! I very much surprise Mr. Williams by saying that I will not receive Miss W. until she apologizes & I make him say he would do just so. Then I feel good.

April Tuesday, 23 1872.

I have only breath left to regret in this connection the poor government of the State Board. Now it takes breath to do that

may be a source of surprise but don't worry. Philip marches to me and falls down at my feet. Philip will love me all my life if I will let her. Philip left my class because she could not trust herself to speak. She has not trusted herself to speak since, perhaps! The tableau enacted at the close had evidently been practiced on. Philip was to rise, put her hand over my right shoulder, her arms entwining. She was to say tremulously, "Will you forgive me?" I stood and took the spirit of departed Stephen and then it was eleven o'clock!

Miss Grose is called upon to go to the sugar party at the Town Hall. "Have I a feeling in my bosom for a fellow creature?" said she. "Will I go?" I do in a yellow bow. The Methodist minister makes himself many. We that is Miss G and I, approximate!

April Wednesday, 24 1872.

Chromos? No, not yet. Marins seated upon the mires of Carthage! Breathless expectation. Lips compressed. Eyes fixed! Miss House the relief Committee carves, and where R.G. abounded she abounds! None of the rest of us abound. Miss Bissell saw a cough open and gulp her down. Miss Grose says "Lets all get sick to oncet! We do. I call a teacher's meeting. Miss Grose exclaims, Give me liberty or give me death! She goes to bed I go to the flat top of a mountain and see Physical Geography forever.

April Thursday, 25 1872.

In which Miss Bissell takes too much Down's Elixir and barely gets out of the dining room, I find her, up stairs presently, defying competition! Miss Grose says "Sister B. won't you have a cold boiled egg?" Sister B. will. She eats it without an emotion!

Mrs. Williams raises Frances to perpendicular height scarcely less than cotopaxi by saying, "There is something in your room that makes me stay! or somebody!"

In the quiet time of shadows Annie Adams and I go over to see Mary and come home through the village! Then I can read my Physical Geography dear!

April Friday, 26 1872.

Where the undercurrent was away back and far off, and not very far away, and coming. Scarce anything touches me lately as tenderly and close to me as the little thought swatches of things we did and said and thought when I was with Susie. I sort of feel as if we should be together this summer, and I shut my eyes and I am there an you won't see any thing that there isn't. Of course not!

Mathi puzzles me. I am ashamed of myself for caring so worn down tired. I feel a great deal more like running away somewhere than like being brave and earnest and strong. Chromos. No, not yet. Faith in Halicarnassus! Yes Ma'am.

April Saturday, 27 1872.

Mr. Williams asks at dinner would we have hot scotch or solid meat. We live to regret the hot schotch and long for solid meat. Miss House broke up dimurely and sends me aghast by saying, " Have your chromos come?" How dare she? My propensity is bedward, but I'm good and sit up.

I find Mary in a very high up state of mind & when I ask her who tells her she may do things she says "Mollie". Mattie thinks Mollie is too free with her permissions!

It's nice to hear the sound of the croquet mallets, nice to hear the girls laugh, nice to walk around the park, over the new

springing grass.

April Sunday, 28 1872.

It took a vast deal of nerve for me to say to day I'd go to church. I'd been looking to Sunday longingly all the week. Besides I hadn't any gloves. Well, Miss Bissell wore an old pair and blessed me with her new ones & I went. As a special discipline to me a man from way off somewhere preached. Said the Missionary Association was raised up the Lord. Said it was a beautiful sight to see a man out of all her sex leaning on his strong arm. I am sensitive on the subject of being called. He read a letter from [Tungalor] and told us he had lived among the Zoolu Caffars.

Miss House has set up to teach me. I won't have it. I staid with Mary while Abbie & Mattie went to church and, well. Read over Susie's letters and the journal for the summers I've been with her, and it was beautiful to me.

April Monday, 29 1872.

"And hands that are swift and willing". That's what comes into my head the first thing so I've written it, to think of. One [shoreless scarf [tabulations], and for me it filled four blackboards and stretched into the time of other people's dreams. Under their skilful teacher who didn't know not that May flowers were chicken berry blossoms because they were tied up together [...] for [...] class analyzed their first flowers. My senses on the subject of May flowers came back to me in time to save me from utter distraction before that class. Addie is in a barrel of brine, and dear me I came near being too. It closes as it commenced.

And do God's work with a cheerful heart. And hands that are swift and willing.

April Tuesday, 30 1872.

It's so satisfying to me on appealing for money to be met with the assurance that Mr. Adams is a queer man. Enjoyed the luxury of a letter from Mr. [Lias] to day. It soothes me. Eighty dollars, stage five, interest fuel. Present do. Past did. Present participle doing, being doing having been doing. When shall I. Both done? (done) I go to bed marvelously at 8:30 and all the world wondered! Made a tabulation that the world will never see. Then went at in upon six chapters of Christiana!

Looked out from my window at the good things, the near things that have come, and I saw what I could not reach, away and away, and yet for me. [Now tender pitying blue awaits far off for the [enger] asking red!]

May Wednesday, 1 1872.

Chiefly executive and judicial! Mr. Williams says two or three days to me and my executive propensities say, one. I open a correspondence with Mr. Grey betake myself to the bank, and do Mr. Lias, and Miss Witherby, and Mrs. Leslie and Mr. Gilmour and the Model School, and come back immensely bankrupt! "A little of Ralston sweet for Fannie". And the little pleading eyes of the star flower and the tiny ferns tell me what Sue would if she was her. But she wrote me, and Fannie was glad. May Day, and I went a [...] among misty shadows, and Mary was worse and Mattie is going home! May Day among the angels. Where the [...] and azure have [...] each other. The joy of the Lord and the place which passeth understanding.

May Thursday, 2 1872.

Miss Grose calls Miss House "The Vampire", and then adds, "poor thing!" We talked things over generally sitting on the bed in my room, Miss G, Miss B. and Miss Br.

And the sunshine out doors fell lightly, too lightly for such a heavy heavy heart as mine. It's a very sad and sorry thing which one is made to stand before's one's self as I have to day. How could I write it or tell any body but you Dr.? I have seen the good, the glory of living, and have fallen in the very presence of it.

Did "be ye kind one to another, tender hearted forgiving one another", ever look so beautiful to me before? And I stand such a sorry wreck before myself. I have made shipwreck of a whole year. O, how the words hurt.

May Friday, 3 1872.

Several things conspire. Christiana is not one of the them. I scarcely, dare say even that confidently. I've wanted to say all day, "Please don't", but things did, and they are yet. I am thinking of Hope Devine just this minute of that something that had it touched her would have been a pain, but she could not let it, she must be happy. But the pain I said Please don't to come hard, and I lived an old new word, endure. From five until half past nine, hearing what Addie had to say. Must we reap then the hard things that we've [...] unconsciously! not knowing! Perhaps I've hurt her and made her feel these things, but I didn't mean to. I can't always see things.

May Saturday, 4 1872.

It commenced by dashing and splashing. Then Mary commenced. We wise ones thought it would not do to let her go, and we wise ones were right. She looked so funny sitting up in bed ejaculating "come girls get me ready". "Abbie can't I go? You'll let me go won't you, Abbie?" Then Mattie, "Yes she shall go, Mollie and Marfy will go, wait till Marfy finds her shoe". I talked Grant and [Greety] with Mr. Maranville at dinner. Do you know of any way to get to Hydeville? Neither does Jerry Beach. Over the hills and far away, trudged first person, singular "gathering soil by traveling". Sat down at last in the middle of my pasture, in a wonderful happy home.

I set up to laugh, and things are funny.

May Sunday, 5 1872.

When has there been such a Sunday out doors? I just ached for some green leaves, but don't you see them coming, coming, coming, right along? Miss G's. infant class occupied our thoughts at the tea table! Her questions had been supposed to be adapted to the capacity of the youngest. She asked What does [...] stand for. Quite surprising to hear them say, Adam! But after superhuman effort she at last got them to say Bethlehem. Who was born there? "God", say they. Quite discouraging thinks Howard. "How should they be supposed to know when they don't know their letters?", says father. "Simply because I've taught them", says Miss G. But the infant class does not be heard from at the concert. Not any. I am a new feature. B.W.B. knows.

May Monday, 6 1872.

What I know about driving. H.G. "That horse means well. He doesn't do so good as his intentions". How much better one feels in being reassured, especially on the subject of motive powers and intentions. But you just ought to have been along. The next bit of life for me was to find myself with Mary, and see them get ready. Then we ride down to see them go, and come back to put something in the vacant places, so they won't look at us so. But banks stretch wide and we follow the moring specks on the far off far away side. We can't see flame and azure finding each other. We only see the morning and the place left. There now. Susie writes that Mother D. and Father D. say No, ma'am, and I rise up.

May Tuesday, 7 1872.

In which there is a possibility of a [few] days of quiet content. Of storms that have gone over, staying gone over. Our latest was the botanical excursion. We found blood root, hepaticas, wake robin, and wild forget-me-nots. Rocky proved himself an excellent shot. Came very near scaring three squirrels and a great big black bird!

There was scarcely much of any thing else except a straightening out process, and a girl trying to go to sleep. George Reed is a brilliant boy, gifted in conversation. He is of great help to Annie in teaching her to be sociable. How to talk by George Reed. Hitherto unpublished sketches taken from the dinner table.

May Wednesday, 8 1872.

Quotation from dinner table poetry, "How doth the busy Mr. G. improve each shining hour, and seek for office every day. From every opening power".

Howard and Charley came over to our infinite amusement and we were very much obliged. It's so fine to see folks that dare laugh real good downright hard and hang their hats on your stove. Now I've just thought of it. Howard is like Sue.

I am pretty generally decent to day, and my crust has been less short than common. I take great pleasure recording the fact that I have found where the [Revilleagedido] Revillagigedo Islands are, so Miss B. will class her devastations on me in the shape of that.

We go down to see Miss Briggs and gain admittance after knocking for entrance with unusual noise. Miss Grose has just informed me that what [remains] to be told now is where are the Long oooooooooooooo Mountains?

I enquire about my hanging baskets. No body know. I gave to the world a work on Practical Physiology and work it was. That is I exercised. [...] me to Mrs. Cook's. Saw hats, and a frame. Mrs. Cook thinks I will pay her. Miss Bissell * Clarence reassure her.

The leaves aren't out but they are aching that way. I have such strange pains in my head, it feels real badly & especially in the morning. I rotate in my mind the summer prospects for Susie and I. See no fish. Why can't somebody interfere and let us be together?

May Friday, 10 1872.

What I know about trimming! Just you step in here a minute and see. After the frame comes the sewing over and then the putting on of things, all of which bring out hitherto undeveloped capacities in the art of hattitudes! The crowning feature of this day has been "The story of the Parson's Hen", by the author of Too Numerous to Mention & c! And our laughs to the ramparts we hurried. We go over to the words by the cemetery Annie, Addie and Georgie with me and find blue and white violets. After tea coax Miss Bissell into a peanut investment which proves a perfect success.

May Saturday, 11 1872.

I [array] my upper extremities in spring attire and feel dressed up! I patch, and take many stitches! Then I tear around with a brush and a broom, and a dust pan, and [ape] well to do housekeepers in processess of renovation, and rejuvenation! Misses B and Br. go out together and find the meadow air pleasant. Did I jump out of last summer into two Stephens' pretty home or hear there been winter between? Does any body know? The moment I opened the front room door I said "Has Miss Freeman gone?" I need not to ask. She was not there. Nothing that made us think of her was there but the rocking chair I always sat in. A rest remained and she has entered into it!

May Sunday, 12 1872.

"Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law", said the text. Come out into the sunshine, and rest thy tired hand with the joy of everything and the stillness and beauty of everything, said the little breezes to us.

"That in me ye might have peace", said the dear Christ and so Sunday was beautiful.

Everything out doors is growing more and more beautiful, and God is over all and in all and through all, blessed forever. Out of the crimson we climb into the blue, the holy restful blue, that never looks so blue, so near as on Sabbath nights when the sun is going down.

May Monday, 13 1872.

I don't do a great deal, not even trim. I just sit and am come at. It takes a great deal more grass to do that than the other, as I have inwardly decided. "Miss Bromley what shall I do about my essay?" is coming at me from all the cardinal points! Miss Worcester and George Reed, Co-seekers after bliss and flowers, add zest to teachers meeting, so does Miss House! Everybody is wrapped up to day & the Mercury falls. So do I who appear in a calico waist, and look according to Addie, "terribly cute". Annie Phelps says she has the non compos Mentas! It reminds me of what Mr. Williams read closing up with "anybody can tell when a dog has that".

[...] abound in the faculty!
[...]

May Tuesday, 14 1872.

I am still in calico, and the world is put away to cool in one vast refrigerator. In Geometry we made through that dismal lesson in pi times! There it stands just pi times, and pi times it will be.

It kind of seemed to me as if there were things to live for, rare, holy things. It seems so restful in the nights now, and when I am not too sleepy I have nice times laying awake to think. In His own good time, and we wait and long for it. Sometimes we do.

Do always behold the face.
Of my Father.

May Wednesday, 15 1872.

Howard is a means of grace to us, and we laugh very much. Miss G. has resolved, for some dark reason to read the chapter on Charity every day for two weeks. I commend her but she fears Howard will act more directly upon her than the chapter in making her good. To that I cannot find an answer expedient. I am honored by a dissertation on reproductions, and then the house comes down. Simultaneously or thereabouts the House comes up.

Mr. Williams thinks at supper that water is nothing but a medium. Miss G. thinks not and talks wisely on cellulose.

Howard believes in the Inductive methods of teaching. Miss Houses opinion I am very sorry to [rent] but not having heard her express one how can I give [rent] to it here?

Visions of blue muslin flit before me, but no blue muslin! Miss G. addresses a letter to her friend and author Howard in German, after three weeks study. We who never dreamed of such a thing wonder.

"They always write so in Germany", says she.

May Thursday, 16 1872.

George and James and Rocky and Charley get under the windows and sing "We are little sun beams". We listen.

Miss G's German letter has met with the attention it demands. Both father and Howard linger showering on the brink. "Doud it?" One word proves uninterpretable. To linger showering is not altogether metaphorical, it is concrete. We shiver and wear shawls. While the reproducing of Ancient History process was in its bed and early blossom between the hours of seven and eight we had a fortification meeting in the Corner Room. The objects used were sliced pineapple sliced several hours under Miss G's judicial management in much sugar under Miss G's financial management.

I know I am uncomfortably tired. I know several other things.
Most like a tired child at a show.

May Friday, 17 1872.

All of our heads ache! Awfully!

I am found in combination with paper and pencil and essay subjects. Worst of all Annie who puts all my music in minor key and won't be set right. O, dear. Such wretched measures we make of it when we could be so happy together! It gets sort of Friday night-ish, as the carriages wind in and out, every time taking somebody. I coax Miss Bissell out doors again and we peep in on Florence and Addie! Then I render up my accounts to the General Proprietor and Great Head of Learning Dispensed, and it gets later.

When I've laughed at Mr. Hart and played a few minutes the drapery of my [...] is wrapped about me and I am laid down to wait for the next day!

May Saturday, 18 1872.

Which comes.

For we wrestle not against principalities and powers, but against the geography of Vermont, and a map, and Physiology questions!

A stump bug. Spartan's, incommensurable from my sister, whose business talent and inclinations swallow up, moral reflections. Measuring the distance to Hydeville by feet is less delightful than we previously, fondly, imagines. We see a boy! alone! A little sunbeam! I aske him. We both mount, are seated, and fly on the wings of the wind.

Howard sets me at fox and glass. After several attempts I retreat and fly away bundling, which means Howard beats. He lectures me because I will not expect to beat so I will be worth conquering. Not I!

We are made quite happy by a ride on the lake. A cosy ride way up to the bay and we sung coming back. Over the blue we rode to the upper far away blue.

May Sunday, 19 1872.

What there was of this Sunday is all around in bits, and I must get it together some way.

Some of me lay a good deal between the head and the foot of the sofa. Some of me was up in Delaware to. It rained up and down, all over, it made me think of that day Mother and Dannie came to Rondout. Bye & bye it looked green and glad out doors and I had to go out and see it. So we did, bareheaded. Know ye that the Lord hath set apart the holy unto himself. Reward was having it over when he came in and he sat down zealously and talked about the sermon, and

Unitarianism and close communion, and Liberalism and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, to me.

May Monday, 20 1872.

Miss Bissell expects me to forgive her. I know she does. I don't believe I will. She said my horse was fabulous and a phantom. "Twenty minutes more of surprise" quoth she and ere the words fell from her [...] lips, a horse appeared, my horse, and we rode over in the joy and the green and the newness of life. How could it help touching us. The Normal Scholars sat mute, inglorious I take large [...] of fine point credit to myself for not scolding a bit. Not any. Writing up. You'd think so to see me at it, and in it. Notes? Yes'm!
Frances Bromley.
Present!

May Tuesday, 21 1872.

Some sunshine, some faith, some Dolly Miss G. and I talk over our little dialogue, the cunning little one that we spoke Miss Bissell's birthday night. We all laugh. When Miss G. and I, ladies of our dignity and position speak about a rabbit and I a boy, and improvise as we go along it has to be very funny.

I show them how Mr. Williams teaches Butter and with the small shovel show them how Mary passes things to me.

I am in blue muslin. Not that the days for blue muslin have come, by no means, but it was smuggled in by me. I do not wear it comfortably, but I make a fire and sit in the corner behind you.

Notes still, "Plenty, plenty".

May Wednesday, 22 1872.

The unlimited leisure also supposably mine is broken in upon. Mr. Sanborn supplicates. Her O.C.U.T.A. rises before me, and [...] I run to Miss G. to find out what flower I behold before me. Says she, It is the Polygala possifolia! I think perhaps it is.

Further from Delaware Co., Fish! No, not yet.

Will I propound plan November 3? Plan No.3 is in embryo, needs stirring. Miss Bissell is like some banquet hall deserted. Miss Grose asks questions. A great many.

Weltha says "Will Miss Bromley trust her if she'll be good and is sorry?" And she will.

May Thursday, 23 1872.

"The rain is falling very fast. We can't go out to play"! nor swing.

An event that I had not [Kalkilated] upon came about which was no more nor less than a missive from my brother Daniel W. I am fearing it with fortitude.

My head has been taken into consideration. It behaved in a manner vacuum table for a member so well brought up. Miss G. has just left me, left me in a perfect fog, all along of the names of brain, nerves. Why should she talk in language unintelligible to me, and I a teacher, a propounder of Anatomy!

I wish I could write stories. I would not like to be "a sweet swan of avon". Shakespeare is! It says so in the Troy Whig,

at the dinner table! Also some other things.

May Friday, 24 1872.

The distinctive feature was Miss Tebordo and her horse and me, taking Miss Grose to Hydeville. The [feature] being a grand division, the subdivisions were Miss G's new bonnet, and my Great American attempts.

G.A.A.

Held my big hat on, and an umbrella over all of us including the horse and kept Miss T. and Miss G. in the buggy, and held in my hands geranium slips!

It rained not coming back, & how glad I was, how good it seemed to see beyond the gate for the first time this week! I see tonight farther than I've been and I sit down in the quiet somewhere to rest and get well for eight weeks.

O, how the girl dream do vanish as we learn. How vain all architecture becomes save that which is not make with hands. Hathie Boardman makes me come and see her and Mrs. Knapen fusses for me which nobody does often.

May Saturday, 25 1872.

No. Nobody fusses for me often. Not any. so I let Mrs. Knapen do it quite conscious that she would any way. It's lovely and I think so. To stir and to be stirred. Wherefore, my friends? Let them Riches, we'll just have a good time!

The next was something else. Somebody else is called upon to fuss for me. Namely the whole house! Was it a faint or a feint?

Shut your eyes!

Mrs. Williams says, "Exhausted worn-out, worked out", to me, also rest and Reunion back and great care! Well, so be it! back and all!

May Sunday, 26 1872.

One of the kind of Sundays that I dread. When I lie still all day, and sat up stairs. Thinking is so close to doing, that it's hard to have to think when one cannot do. They took me over in the corner Room, and were good to me. Addie has gone away and she came and said "good bye". Why did she worry me so?

When don't Mrs. Browning seem good to me? blessed? And I was glad just to listen to her and think how restful and dear it is to love.

"Not then least then!"

May Monday, 27 1872.

O, Wisdom! thy name isn't this from Miss Grose over the Relief! I hear only echoes of what goes on for I'm sick. I have waived the matter, have argued, pleaded, postponed incessantly, but it's got to this that I am down here, on the bed, and forbidden under penalty of losing all friendships in this house contracted dare I arise and take up my bed! I teach one hour with my head in a whirl, and then resign myself to any thing, every thing, and "bark".

May Tuesday, 28 1872.

I am the Invincible Armada! The infinitive. To wait governs the Infinitive To see. I wrote that to Susie! and believe it. I reel around but am very thankful to be let alone and allowed to reel if I want to! School is nice. My hurry of letters is done away with and I shall be quite comfortable shortly, Very. To days track has been hidden in there, and all the colors find each other in the sun!

May Wednesday, 29 1872.

Annie is all in a Maelstrom. She makes it a duty to be happy as little as possible and stay so as short a time as possible. Georgie is a constant treasure, a sunbeam that is bright all the time!

My strength what was once considerable is lessened as the square of the times! I get very tired but I "came up stairs to talk"! Just so!

I will not worry, a pain to bear now that came near enough to be a pain would make me so miserable. I just think. I can lay no plan for next year. Not one. I have been where I could not see ahead before. It was best in the after [...].

May Thursday, 30 1872.

Would I decorate? I said not. She was mistaken! Miss Grose and I went ahead with a flag and an umbrella and a flower or two. The former moralized. "Nothing but the consciousness of her position could sustain her". No more me, sez I!

Mr. Pitt Hyde said the first business would be prayer by Mr. Williams! He said as some of the grass were not known he wished the veterans to take their places by their fellows! And then I laughed and Miss G. was moved.

The mountain howitzers said much. Very much. A great deal.

We came home for the loaves and fishes and found loaves but no fishes.

Ever present with me has been my summer when Susie and I are to rest and condense the joy of many weeks into one!

May Friday, 31 1872.

Mr. Williams' methods fortify, are many and not forsaken. Weltha writes notes as follows "Don't commence at the butt end!!"

Things are the matter, tired things and head panics. I came up stairs and say to myself, I will not think I will not see any one now. I'll lose myself in [Hannah] and will feel better. I do. Anne Phelps comes up after a while and I don't spit out much of any of the hardness that is in my heart lately. The bitterness that has to come over me when they have wrought much, loved much, and last much. Never mind. Now is a glorious word. We can still build if it be on the mounds of old attempts.

June Saturday, 1 1872.

Dear June. Have you some thing for me besides the breathe that came sweeping over me of the old Junes? Will your sunshine, your rains, your breezes, your freshness, be answered in my life or what will there be of it for you?

All available accessories are before me, and I "dig" which is one of Anne's words. All digging is not for the present joyous, but afterwards it yields!

Mrs. Williams consults me, says many things. I say a few. The day goes out in a reign of rain! R of R! I wonder where are my little chimney swallows? Does anybody know. I have not heard them, since when? Thermometer has gone down to 35 degrees. We shall keep cool!

June Sunday, 2 1872.

Where the first drama was a bed, my bed which came down. Think you my dreams would have been so uninterrupted my sleep so unbroken had I known that I was being balanced in the air by one wee weak nail? What startling disclosures do get to us now and then! Some of me slept and dreamed A.M. and P.M. Some of me read between times. Some of me talked with Miss Bissell. All of me went to meeting in the evening and saw the going down of the sun, and helped sing.

Some of me thought and was sorry.

To night every thought is precious for the Presence that fills and rejoices, heals, and loves freely.

June Monday, 3 1872.

And the mill goes round and round, and I if not a hopper what am I? On to the day of it, the good time out doors, the gala time up in the trees, the rest up in the blue. The whirl in the mill and the heartsick of it, and what did I do to [...] away the heartsick for somebody else? Ought? Anything? How can I tell? The harvest hours are so far away that they have in them no song for me, else I should not come up stairs so whizzy and perplexed! with the good time out doors, the gala time up in the trees, the rest up in the blue.

Aggie's essay! and I handle it but it yields me no supply and I don't fast. We compile treatises in geography all of us do. Encyclopedias of useful knowledge, and think of State Boards and what is dreamed of in their philosophy! Yes'm!

June Tuesday, 4 1872.

I am the first Assistant plum. Statement deduced from Weltha's essay. Weltha multiplies oral statements, speaks of her and Annie, first as buds, then as blossoms, now green plums. Miss Grose asks for tea at dinner. And what scene doth mine eyes behold? Mrs. Williams arises in presence of us all, unlocks emerald treasures wafting ideas of Yeddo, and Chang chu for chu. Passes to mysterious precincts eastward. Is gone a long time. We eat on. Reappears, gets a cup. Disappears. Is gone a long time. The door opens and Mrs. W. does not walk in with the tea. She teas in with a limp! Summary. I'll never ask for tea for dinner.

Out doors the great tea kettle boils, and the steam comes down into our eyes in rain! Peruvian bark enters my mouth last thing at night! I taste it in my dreams.

June Wednesday, 5 1872.

My condition is indeed to be thought upon. Much. I put on cuffs Monday, tight ones, and pin them beyond the possibility of a slip through. On Wednesday (I've slept in them) enough of my flesh has vanished to allow my cuffs to come off easily! I revel in dough nuts from mother, home, just think of it, and mother made them. First crumb from mothers table in twenty weeks, (weeks)!

Three goodies. My pretty brown linen dress, [brought] from mothers fingers. Sue's letter and "Hedged In!" How glad I was in it all.

The things that make for peace are hidden from the eyes of this house. Miss Grose and Miss Bissell and I are very wise. I say over to myself the Japan divorce service looking toward Miss House, "I no likey you!"

Hedged In comforts me once more. Where is its poor little sister what I had before? I, evening with William T. meaning friend Ross!

June Thursday, 6 1872.

I've just found out where my flesh goes to what vanished as show by objects, cuffs. The effect of rain in hard substance is to wear them away. Constant dropping will [&c]! Now the weather of this week has been quite farmable to wearing away, and I've wove, crumbled, vanished? I need alluvial deposits. The Lord knoweth them that are His and I am glad for we have a hard time finding it out. The butter is abominable. Never mind, it's intentions were all right, it meant to be good! Miss Grose is [...] this day save by those who seek her [sanctum] sanctorum. Her supper is very tempting. Cold tea, one cup, blackish. Two crackers also blackish, some of the butter that meant good. Would we have such work? Not any! When strawberries are in time, came to day, and granulated sugar still abounds. Not a wee bit does she know about it until I act before her sun filled strawberries and granulated sugar!

June Friday, 7 1872.

I wish we could browse indiscriminately. We do not. We "take" mealls, regularly. I like it not after a vacation of fried cakes. School wheels more slowly. Some friction, but it's overcome and every body goes home thoroughly finished in all good works.

Miss Bissell and I look peanut ward, and we go that way and come back like spize bearing the fruits of the goodly land. We do not eat. No. How can we when I'm in the office reporting to the Head and stay lengthely?

Appear, friends, in my brown linen. All the world runs up to meet me waving palms and shoos!

I draw heads from Susie's letter. There are folks in Delaware Co. Housekeepers. There will be a place for me. Will I come? When?

June Saturday, 8 1872.

I write the following brilliant sentences on my forth coming essay, "To do one thing well is worth striving after. True power is a growth, not an accident". Be-entifful, be-entifful. Read more! This is where the sad part of it comes in. Frances wrote no more. She couldn't! She can't write, maybe she never will, maybe she won't go! There's still comfort but it's not in eight o'clock suppers. If I was home [...] were going to have egg, and fried potatoes, for supper. As it was, didn't Mrs. Williams dwells long on Miss Stephenson, who practiced on the piano twelve hours a day for 16 years! She wouldn't abate a year or an hour. That is Mrs. W. wouldn't. Miss Bissell says They always practice so in Germany!

June Sunday, 9 1872.

I slick up and evidences of it abound. I feel good while at it and was heard to sing, some.

I go to what Miss Bissell calls the tomb but which is nevertheless a Congo church in my brown linen. So does Miss Triffy. Hers is not brown. Mr. Brainard believes that good nature is a cardinal virtue. He told us how to inculcate it and what he said was creamy and off the top!

Out on the balcony it was nice, out under the trees it's nice too, in the long shadow of the grass, but its Sunday and we can't go.

When I didn't read Mrs. Browning and Tilton I rested, joyfully!

June Monday, 10 1872.

There are rains and rumors of rains! Never mind we shall have grass. But Miss Grose adds "And no corn". This proves her theory of compensations!

"Impartial fate that shakes out boils at most uneven rate hath shaken mine & here I lie!" This from Howard in the felicity of seventeen boils! No alluvial deposits, wrists or otherwise my theory of cuffs is imperfect. I forgot to add "Agamemnon & Elizabeth Eliza, and Solomon John & the little boys with the india-rubber boots!" I do so now. And my Eddie is going which makes me sorry. The class motto as suggested by me and revised by Mr. Williams must be thus. Our [aim]! [small figure]

June Tuesday, 11 1872.

One day there was a big noise in our house! It was me, running around! "What did I do?"

Weltha asks did I ever know of folks paying for their diplomas before? I say "only doctors when they are matriculated". "Have we been that?" she says. I get the juice not of today in several ways. I'm glad to be out doors in the ocean of sunshine drinking in life and making me feel new! I write to Mr. Sanborn, "No, Sir". Will he make a big noise in his house? Miss Grose has just come in and would I go over to her house and have milk? I spring up [instantly]! It was sure! Would I just as soon have ginger tea?

June Wednesday, 12 1872.

June Wednesday, 12 1872.

No Brandon. Not any! Glad? Hei-igh! Art is long. The teaching art much longer to me now than comfortably agreeable. Do I wrought? Only with my vocal chords and thorax!

After sweaty, prolonged inelastic prayers I go up to Elena and resign myself to Oliver Twist. Wise perhaps. Perhaps not. It was far from being sunshine faith and the Dolly.

The girls all feel good and I feel good and so. There's no variety in the way of making up! I sit on the hill at Washington's Headquarters with Susie only by faith today.

After one process of instigation from our good natured postmaster Woulton I get that chromo done up & write O.S.Y.D. & its gone!

June Friday, 14 1872.

I sit and deal out unlimited constitution! Some of it, they know. Much of it they know not!

Would I go to Brandon? Would I please go to Brandon? Miss Bissell says, Write! read! for the "immortal glory" of it. We all commence a stirring process. We are moved to go and do. The clouds move back and we are soothed! I trail down the park on a trail scenting of wild goose chase! Very much. A happy fate laid wait for us in Brandon and we five are decreed together! See me sitting up through the naps of other people, [yawning] vengeance on gold pins, and learning what it is to write, to read. Sleepy, ugh!

June Saturday, 15 1872.

I take to myself the immortal glory promised by Sister Bissell. She takes additional some to herself bysides for at her feet, ever cast the clothes of the martyr meaning linen talma! & she held gloves, two, and a hat! The circus added to the interest of the occasion. Why not? Intending to furnish for my log a connected account of thus highly interesting day the reordering of it here must necessarily be brief! My voluminous pin hesitates! My thoughts in Faking definite shape through the ad interims are settled on the evening prospect of Bates House, and the red eyed man! We are strong in spirit, ah heavenly! and we were found laughing even between the hours of two and three!

June Sunday, 16 1872.

A leaf [iver]. Home, [vesh] and several things. Keep just awake through church, although Miss House doth not! Come home and sleep until dinner! Diner. Enter Elina and sleep until supper. Sup. Proceed then to find that I am awake and its Sunday! Misses B. and Br. turn from the pathways of our fathers, and enter a path with here and there a traveler all of which means that we went to the Methodist Church. The minister said "we did what we could".

June Monday, 17 1872.

Elocutionary
Entertainment!

W.T. Ross and I perch up to see. "That's very good" says he. "Yes, I think so", says I. "How's that?" said he. "Fine " says I! And thus do I buoy up his drooping weak heartedness! The Good Ungrasped appears in blue silk with a "train" and is pronounced by Miss Burt "grace itself". Anne Phelps carries off the palm, for she did very nicely and looked just as nice as could be. I got to myself feet what were tired, and a regular old maid's headache. Moreover a cancer is forming under my nose giving my facial expression a red precipitate appearance.

Peace Jubilee! Boo! Dont you hear it?

June Tuesday, 18 1872.

I rise betimes which according to Sue of W. means "awful early"! The early birds hop around to enliven my inelastic spirits and early trains come along and carry my boy off. I is sorry.

We have a glorified sky and an atmosphere that would lift one up in spite of fleshly hinderances. We were lifted up!

Who would think to hear the girls recite and all of us going on in the old ways that we were in the eve of the breaking up? Never mind!

It't such a luxury to sit down and copy off that performance of mine. I like it! I come up stairs tired, and proceed at once to have the back-ache. The dress comes as the conqueror comes!

June Wednesday, 19 1872.

Echoes from the Jubilee. Strauss and the other fellows. A very ill-looking day today, giving us better than we expected! Also hopes I have opened a correspondence with my mother! Letters fly! and expectations sprout. Mrs. Williams broke out laughing unexpectedly at dinner. Very. Wherefore? She proceeded to explain such unheard of proceedings. Miss Bromley looked serious & she laughed to wonder how she'd look a week from to day!! Hard telling. Miss Grose is engrossed in the art of making her various, I, in the art of exuming them. Miss Bissell is on bisselled in the art of marching Master Edward Crocheron to sacred precincts and it all comes to a phiz, afterwards she bizzles over a dress in progress of construction! I, no little nomen, turn reverently to grammar notes!

June Thursday, 20 1872.

A very abstruse Botany lesson on the Circulation and conveyance of the Elaborated Sap! How's that? Miss Bissell is rolled away in Swiss Muslin we shall never see her any more. Miss Grose is pressed into the Great Castleton Seminary Herbarium and we shall never see her any more, only in a flattering cut pasture. As for me I go round fashter, and fashter and fashter!

My forthcoming history has found a name, I did it! It will be called "[Ahsrahie] on Civilization in the U.S., Ancient and Modern recised and, enlarged, completely illustrated, and containing a full account of the Aborigines with Appendix!"

Mrs. Williams gave me a Passion Flower.

June Friday, 21 1872.

Yes'm. Hat it is not. The memory of yesterday is enough! We are glad! I stir up Anne & Georgia on the subject of herbariums. They go! The buy, and I am free no more. (I write this in the intervals of hiccough!) Mr. Williams returns highly elated. Mr. Willard, not so. I am in despair. My passion flower has gone and shut. I unacquainted with it's characteristics and in a bit of generous thoughtfulness for eyes that have never looked upon passion flower caress it lovingly and entwine it with water. This morning I looked upon a spring shut up, a fountain sealed, and am consoled by Miss G. who says it will never open! Intense amazement on the part of me!

Elina is despoiled! I commence on the carpet and want for a box. Do yet.

June Saturday, 22 1872.

How do you progress? Come and see! Summary; a box to pack next in size to the Bomasein House, two herbariums to make, a room to turn! Tea to dress for, and a back that once was strong but now is weak! (Note, one does not need backs to make herbariums) Incidents!

My trials consist in getting hammer and nails! Mr. Williams deals out nails like matches, companionless. My steps multiply. That I can get along with! My steps that are of no avail multiply. Which troubles me. Officeward, Query. "Do you know where Mr. Williams is?", and sighed immovably, but answered "No"! In order to have Miss Worcester, we have to take Mr. Brown. We do. Festoons hang over us. We look, and possess our [snils] in cedar! The herbariums please me and I'll show Sis how next spring!

June Sunday, 23 1872.

Miss Grose has succeeded in getting two verses from Georgie Billings, "God am love", "Jesus am wept"! I had just one of the best naps ever recorded, and it did me good all over! We then went down to bread and butter and platitudes and beheld a bouncing short cake with our eyes, from the kitchen window! Alas, not for us. How bitter to reflect on! A passage occurs to me. What good are strawberry shortcakes to me "save the beholding of them with our eyes!" Miss Grose arrives in state and we in state receive her. The graduates sermon whatever else it might have been was Boxalaureate!

The last Sunday night says Miss Bissell on her rounds! The last Sunday night says Mr. Williams in the long-tailed prayer. The last Sunday night say the girls [...fully].

June Monday, 24 1872.

Well? And then we all look at each other. Don't suppose for an instant we stand still to do it! Not once. Not a minute! Ex.....ation is in progress in the [...]. So are all things but meals. "Thou shalt not eat" says our Lawgiver, & do we? Look into our pale and sunken faces!

Six of one hang picture on our class room walls, so do half a dozen of the other! We shoot high! Well! And then we all look at each other, neither stand still to do it. No, not once. Not a minute! Reports, marks. 10's, 6 and 3/5's, 7 and 2/3 'ds, 8's go into my brain ans set my nerves on a Tam. O' Shanter excursion. I put them away!

Concert in the school room, and from shore to shore is still being sung to me on and on!

June Tuesday, 25 1872.

I. Morning.

The girls have their wish, bountifully behold it rains! They watch the gate, the park, the door. We all laugh a little, talk some, and speculate. Dinner? No, not yet.

II. Noon.

Saunterings by O.M.Bromley author of Pickling and its consequences. Dinner? No, not yet.

III. Afternoon.

We all sat there. Just as we've done lots of times, and I in the chair before them, all as it has been and will be never again! The work kept in my hands until the last, the very last, and then Dr. came and the people fled! I got up out of the chair and in took it. The girls make their pens go hopefully cheerily! Dinner? No, not yet.

Evening.

Still the pens went. By and by the girls! I had that talk with the Dr. He made me see things and feel good and now I am coming back next year.

Night.

The tenderness that is in the midst of the Almightyness! The melancholy days have come, says Miss Worcester.

June Wednesday, 26 1872.

It is necessary for me to sit there, it is not necessary for me to live! Nor eat thinks Mrs. Williams! but I do one and do not the other. It is the first which I do!

Pretty hard day. Frances. Pretty hard day! What Dr. knows about boxing as Dr. Webber says! What did he know? Ask me!

Resolved that henceforth and evermore classes presented for boxing shall be previously drilled! Resolved that that drilling shall include the principal parts of lay, lie, sit, sink & swim! I do here by affix to this my seal in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight-Hundred and Seventy Two! The next for us was joy and salutations and a good time. Dr. says they all shall wear white dresses tomorrow! Are we glad? Ask me!

June Thursday, 27 1872.

To begin with it rained and didn't and did and kept on and ceased! The [...] summons of the A. M. consisted of Dr. Fletcher. The line of march as was announced ran thus, Pupils, parents, corporation teachers and friends! We queried, which we were. Don't know yet! A church aisle, two pew doors, but one was taken and the other left, miss Grose took her! and he, never mind! so much for the A.M. The centering point in the afternoon was Miss Tebordo's essay. Scarcely

less was Nancy's bow. I forget to say in the morning Mr. Williams made a pen. Howard says, "his sorrow is better than his mirth!" The other teachers thought so too! Things worked, riz, and became.

And dim the shadows fall over all!

I enjoyed to night. There were so many happy things, and so many good words for me to think about and believe in. O, it's all good says Barber.

June Sunday, 30 1872.

Mrs. Phelps is perfectly sure that I am going to faint. Every few minutes this lady in a state of marked perturbedness chases me up, with "There she is going to faint". Meals are collected together every few minutes with all possible speed on the supposition that I must eat constantly or faint. I haven't expected to any of the time! I hear rumors of a highly exalted thermometer. Feel some so, though the [...] & coolness I observe is indeed expressive. How dare I do otherwise, in the presence of Mrs. P.? All things in weather and surroundings fainting lassitude and disinterestedness we are addressed on the subject of the Freedmen's Missionary Association it being about the only subject in which something interesting could not be said!

I am glad there are books in the morning books. Glad too that days live in what they suggest and in what God out of His fullness pours into them!

July Monday, 1 1872.

How am I to convince Mrs. Phelps that I am a skilful, ay, a successful traveler? How is she to know that I have unharmed and victoriously rode over continents, islands, penninsulas, isthmuses, capes, mountains and plains? That I never lost anything but veils and never carried a veil that I didn't lose, which proves that railroading was not the matter, that it acts independently and without veils. I can convince her of but one thing, one palpable & stubborn fact, that is that I shall faint so, to my experienced ears she gives numberless directions and [mentions] innumerable about cars, baggage, checks, [presence], discretion, watchfulness, and partiotism. A half past four in the morning ride through grand old Vermont. By and by a car ride home. Aggie and Dannie waiting! Mother not expecting company. A bill of sale's hustling of things into one room and a Heaven help us attempt at a Biennial Reunion.

July Tuesday, 2 1872.

Yes, small world twirling round into space my sister has a word or two to say today. It's her day! Set the wild echoes flying, flying! We are all so glad for her. Glad to see the pale face hid in the beautiful white organdy, caught up with flowers, and here and there held by loopings of lose, glad to see her go away in the carriage, glad to see her stand among the others to be greeted and cheered after the long waiting weeks with less of white organdy and flowers and greetings than goings without, and self crucifyings, and patience.

July Wednesday, 3 1872.

If you want to know something definite in regard to the formative period of this planet, just behold our basement, our parlor, our back room, our bedroom, our back door, and in short all the occupied space included in fourteen dollars a month. Two revered dorms, Aggie and me, agitate. A revolution ensues, and things take to themselves quiet and settle down! We did a lot. We arose up and called ourselves blessed! So did Aunt Mary.

Anne betook herself to "My Summer in a Garden", and slept between the chapters. I see just enough of Summer in a garden in our back yard to make me long and long and long for the country. Will he bring me to his banqueting horse? I know his banner over me is love.

July Thursday, 4 1872.

How surprised we were over our half past nine breakfast to see by the morning paper that the procession moved at eight thirty! No processions moved from our house at that hour. The spirit of seventy six withers in me after each day's holding forth like this. Rigga, jigga from, from every direction, and all things that I behold send out fire, smoke, and lava. My brother, to comfort us, puts a [...] in the front door. We are comforted. Our hopes set on fireworks rise and fall, as it rains and ceases to rain. We venture forth and we are dry no more. They always do so in Albany.

July Friday, 5 1872.

A cool breath like we had to day seems delectable. I've stifled and gasped so long. Agnes installs herself. Marshall proclaims the line of march, direction, distance extent calls off, and by viture of her office, suggests and reiterates. Anne and I follow, follow. We merinate in the contiguous shade when there is any. We learn how uncomfortable a thing it is to suffer and be hot. We suffered and were hot, first to see what Denison would take Anne's picture for, [&] second to see Broadway and the Art galleries. We merinated in the contiguous shade at Washington Park. Anne [muses] on these things in her heart. I don't. I fan.

July Saturday, 6 1872.

Once peace was the pillow for my head, not since these melancholy days have come. Now I say Let us have peace and there is no peace. The insect world hold high carnival night times. Bozzaris, cheers the band! The beauty spot in today lay where so many white days of my life have lain on my well-loved river. We sail along amid the glory of it, the beauty of it, and it sparkles and ripples for us, and we are happy. We get off at Cedar Hill and come back on the Eagle. We come back, not as we went, but hopefully, trustfully, lovingly, tenderly.

July Sunday, 7 1872.

And then Sunday came. Sunday, when the red and the blue get closer to each other than they ever do other days, and something in us answers to something above us, and recognitions write themselves in the new up-springing light. The light that is about the hard. The light that is shining on me as I go.

Again Dr. Bridgman's words thrill me, go through and through me, and I miss not one. "Friend, where fore art thou come?". Jesus and Judas. In the know of betrayal, even with the kiss upon his lips, Jesus the loving Master calls him friend. The Cathedral music pleased Annie and I'm glad we went. How close things follow on each other. We come home from Ashgrove full of the music, and the prayer to learn that in the sacred house from us is the small pox.

July Monday, 8 1872.

I was glad to see the light break and the day begin. We had such a night of it. Tossing and fidgeting, and dreaming aloud. I wonder if the small pox itself is so very much worse than the dread of it.

I plan an early start so as to let Anne see our cemetery on our way up to Troy. We have a quiet hour in this beautiful place, & the next for us is forward march! Long after the cars move on, I follow Anne over the well known road, on and on, past the Seminary, and the little brown recitation room, still on over the pleasant meadows, and wood lands to the quiet homey farm house where there is so much for her. So much that there has never been nor ever will be for me. I do so like that noble, unselfish, kindly man, her father. I have lots of time to think of all this coming back alone.

July Tuesday, 9 1872.

Martha of old was no commencement to my sister in having house keeping streaks! One has been on her today! Now small boys get out of the way! I believe fully that this morning I had the small pox! Of course I haven't it now. May not have it again for several days. Standing the heat does not work out patience in me. Flies are added to the discipline, flies that have the power of locomotion and thrive in darkness. If headaches endure for a night does joy come in the morning? She was mistaken!

Aggie saith, "This is the way" and we walked in it. Three cents to walk. Two cents to ride! Which shall it be my little man. You pass your money and you takes your choice!

July Wednesday, 10 1872.

Well, I couldn't be jolly. I tried and tried and what is better calculated to awaken the most mournful sensations than to see any one trying to be jolly! It always makes me dejected! Having small pox for a neighbor is living face to face with a terror for which there is no relief save to wait and see! I can't wait and see and be jolly. Buying and using a cyringe has not conspired to a flow of spirits today. Aggie has been as merry as a chipmunk all the time since her eyes opened. She washed and has visions of white things and clean things innumerable!

A blessed little shower passes over, hopping tides of clear pure water and sending to us a [sprightly] breeze.

July Thursday, 11 1872.

It seems as if the hope and joy and promise, and blessedness of the last Thursday at the Seminary & the Sabbath with Annie was long, long ago. I can't bring them back. I'm having a long hard time of waiting and seeing! The sick man died this afternoon, and they are coming soon to carry him away. It makes me in spite of the awfulness think of pleasant things. Of the shadow of the great Rock. Of being in Paradise today. Of coming close to know. I am in a fog, all along of Susie's letter. I am sorry it came today but if I wait, I'll see I am so glad Annie's letter came with it. It helped so!

"Thou will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee!"

July Friday, 12 1872.

Barnaby Rudge is such an odd story, It's wild and dreams of not so full of little tender home things as some of Dickens other stories. I just like Gabriel Varden.

I can't get up rested any more. It seems so strange for me to be kept awake. I who always sleep so hard and sound.

We have had such a beautiful cool breath this afternoon, and it seems like a God send. We were so warm and sort of used up with the intense heat. Apropos of this was our visit to Mrs. VanZandt. We talked small pox in its various forms and stages and then varioloid. I build several small dams and sent the current into more refreshing channels when I could. I gave them long detached accounts of Vermont and the pleasures & charms of green bills & etc.

July Saturday, 13 1872.

"You see, he was not busy with his thinking, but his living". And that has come to me today twice or three times. A great many of those things come to me when I am writing to Sue. I never was more glad for those words, its hard at home, not to be busy with living but to walk gently and patiently before God, living and growing the right way. News local and otherwise centers in our household on Dannie's going away. The afternoon and evening was occupied in buying pants. You see we had to talk about it, then go for Aunt Mary, then come home and hunt up an old pair which

we found not. Then Aunt Mary had to come up to signify that she was ready to go then we had to find the store and believe it closed. Then and only then we got to the pants. The members of this family approve, confirms.

July Sunday, 14 1872.

My brother flourishes like a green bay tree. So does my sister pretty near. Those pants are a perfect, not only fit but hit. Who shall take the glory, Aunt Mary or me?

I reverse the order of things by taking breakfast after church instead of prior. It necessitated haste on the way back. What was Dr. Bridgman's sermon like? To me it was like a little of the Mount of Olives in sight of Jerusalem. I lingered longingly around it all day. Every word of the text helped me: Isaih 82-2.

"And a man shall be a covert from the wind, a hindning place from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place and as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land".

July Monday, 15 1872.

The silence is broken by a big noise in our house. It was us getting breakfast for Dad. You have probably heard ere this that Dad is about to go away. Breakfast being over we make ready. We bring a trunk up by hand. A drawing room car conductor sets up to arrouse the people at Sundry times and in diverse places. A woman is late, the train speeds, seven men lay hold on her, she runs along, they lift her up and our friend highly pleased shows us from the last car how "she couldn't get her foot up". The next most memorable circumstance was being shingled. During the process think of all that God says about barbers and believe it. Then I in full possession of all my faculties though deprived of much of the natural covering enter a pork store and determine by actual measurement, my [avoirdupois]. She opened not her mouth!

July Tuesday, 16 1872.

Ninety five pounds and a half say I. That's not such a [wery]. Now listen to me. Six new pounds a week is the word. How shall it be? I look at her. She looks at me! Silence and night were again broken betimes by a noise in our house. It was the arrival of my grandmother. We were glad. It cheated the flies out of half a meal! They feed on us gratefully, cheerfully, not having any hair to be cut, or train to go to, or weight to be ascertained I take refuge in saying we had chocolate for supper and baked beans. Once more. I flee with a fact to the mountains, a fact which tells how I went where the raspbery groweth, is picked and [buyded]. Mother did it. So did I. So did Aggie. Mother did buy ten quarts. I did carry them home. Aggie did [...] [...]! Then we all went to the flies!

July Wednesday, 17 1872.

I am not frizzled nor fried but burnt up, burnt all up. Well done! Before taking a bath I washed me all over with water. My lips feel as if a [...] had passed over them. My stomach rolls and surges like an intermittent geyser. My throat is a desert in a perpendicular position and our only fan is lost. Never mind, one must melt out the condensed frosts of a Vermont winter and I'm at it. I go to seven places saying "Have you lemons?" They answer "we have no lemons". I do not despair. My desperation urges me on. One man has lemons. I carry one home in triumph. Grandma is not silent. She knits and while her fingers and the needles go this way and that way she tells us of the summer she was on the island, that awful summer of '57 when cholera stalked forth and the plague up on the people fell! A new arrival. Our [wringer]. Aggie fastens it on a chair and wrings and wrings.

July Thursday, 18 1872.

"We will have a treat tomorrow" quoth my sister, "baked beans". They are without father or mother and emphatically

they have no end of life. I still set away a dishful after scores of meats.

As I write we are in the midst of a shower which is "evingly". That last word was the result of reading two chapters in "The Luck of the Roaring Camp". And so forth and so on, go our tongues, all of them. So do our fans when found.

The uncommercial Traveler is read in bits. I pick him up, and lay him now. Read line upon line precept upon precept. Here a little and there a good deal.

I like the scents of Easter Morning, it is flowers to me where no flowers grow.

July Friday, 19 1872.

Today has touched me where I ache and long, on my book side. It was gala time to me up there in the State Library. I came back elevated seven pegs and a pole. I make milk excursions this time having abated on the question of lemons. Whatever else my grandmother is, conservative she is not. Her radicalism betokens foretastes of what has reappeared in Frances. Very.

Find mother desiring to depart and be with Mrs. Wooster which is far better. Coming back on the ferry boat with the red lights of the little tugs dancing over the water and the moon shining laughingly down and the water dancing and laughing too. What comes I think of but Her and the bank the water at my feet is flowing to!

July Saturday, 20 1872.

Haarlem Oil! How could anybody ever have anything after taking that? I smell it and smell it! "Approved by grace" says the bottle and I implore manifold grace to get it down. Aggie's end of yearativeness requires different treatment [...] and abstinence! Grandma unfolds to us Dad's exploits and Lyman's that [miserable] summer Fate threw them together. A beatitude has been added to my history in the shape of weather, this weather. Am so thankful to be allowed to shiver.

Speculate in books. It ends. Speculative further in yarn and conjectures. Could I? May I? You can. You may. I shall foot a pair I may. I can. I arise and go reverently to Haarlem Oil.

July Sunday, 21 1872.

This is stiller, softer, holier! I was in the bay resting, a grand, deep bay overlooking the sea. A great life is before me majestic in its depth and possibility as the sea, and I rise stronger to meet it. What was Dr. Bridgman. I came home wrapt in the thought of self surrender, self sacrifice. I was in a still, shut in valley wearing pink and purple chains, taking in my heart the thoughtful tenderness of "If it were not so I would have told you" and that was Gates Ajar.

I was on Red Hill thinking how I should come close and know: Now. Austiss saw the smile still on His dear face as it was left after the sinning woman went away and she took her place! Now the gold that could purely endure was beaten and last of all how the hills lie ever beyond the sunset and that was Hitherto.

July Monday, 22 1872.

And living assumes the shape of washtubs, suds, wringers, knitting needles, and stitches. Our only visitors were the postman, the milk man and the ice man! That makes me think of my incidental morning meal. I won't say breakfast, when it comes any time o'day. I open the door from the bedroom to find the first meal just vanishing down the throat of Grandmother and Agnes. Aggie had taken all the sugar, grandma all the milk, and they were assisted in there devotions by fried bread. What I was to do looked very large to me, but diminutive to the rest of the planet.

I traversed nearly a block for a cucumber, sugar was borrowed, the milkman appeared in about an hour, and bread was fished up from the depths, and I took my morning meal! This is housekeeping.

July Tuesday, 23 1872.

A week of pills: Think of it and this, day, the first! Does he know? Who's he? How very indefinite you are! Well I've so far yielded my samples, as to go and see a doctor. A he. A him.

Mrs. Foote comes and talks houses to me. I feel better and think how I'll tell my mother tomorrow! Susie's letter comforts me. It says "There should never be anything but truth between my little girl and me"! A name has been found for the trouble of so many years. O, dear, words, words, words. How tired I am of putting such things into shape when in my heart they live so whole and so complete!

We are having a dear little shower and I love to hear the sound of the rain. Shall I read Dombry & Son or go to bed?

July Wednesday, 24 1872.

Grandma has made the last thing evident to my senses a panorama. The door being shut she gets into bed as she supposes a la usual. She feels around, all over for evidence of her location. Keeps still, feels more, finds herself in a shoveless bed, feels more. Has it, feathers? It has feathers! We hear sounds as of uneasiness and open the door. Grandma is cuddled in a mass about an inch or so from the foot, feeling around! I'm worse off, lost in the intricacies of knitting a heel without the feet of knowledge and belief. I've cast anchor. I'm feeling round. Mother when I visit at set time and place, place more set than time on account of Foote prints on the sands of time and more too, to start again, mother waxes highly elated on the subject of houses which necessitates on my part a visit to Troy!

July Thursday, 25 1872.

Folks upon folks, business wind in my throat, and hours without things, all along of going to Troy! A "no not yet" would have been blessed in my experience, but I had to hear "fifteen minutes ago" from a big fat very old man who might have said "no, not yet". It was all Mrs. Foote's fault. Then cause hours without things, a great many! But I bought shakes, pears, and I can wait in perfect bliss.

By and by he comes and I am happy! I forget even pills and Haarlem Oil and heels to knit in my one thought of real estate! It has feathers! It can crow, and I want to buy it! So does mother. Where's the money? "Two hands to work addressed".

And jollity over the green & under the blue that stretches from city to city.

July Friday, 26 1872.

Dickens says, Life is a great deal sloppier than he expected to find it and by and by I am going to [...] it. We've had some very fast rain by spells all day! Aggie held forth quite enthusiastically on the virtues of flank meat over wasting pieces. She next goes into a somewhat abstract analysis of the components of the gravy we had for dinner consequent in my weekly suggested remark that it tasted some like catnip tea. Then she fishes up stitches with four steel poles for grandmother. Her stitches today eel-like drown themselves in a sea of stocking. Aggie likewise builds up chemises from ruins. I build up written communication from nothing!

Blessed, also once more is peace in the abdominal regions.

July Saturday, 27 1872.

I regain my senses on the subject of real estate, and theorize. A little leaven leaveneth a whole lump, but hadn't you better have the little leaven, before you build hopes on lumps? Trying to get well puzzles me. I'm in the condition of poor Paul. Some tell me to eat meat, some say let it alone. I must [heart] it up and see what decision he comes to! One enters into the kingdom of [hearth] through much tribulation! However I'll hang unto the Graham. Above all things argue not with Aggie or grandmother. In either case your sublimest logic is unavailable. Aggie dispenses [shot] that means all convincing and its a pity you can't see it. Grandma will fall back on what you haven't experience! I keep still. I think of Aunt Mary's large heart.

July Sunday, 28 1872.

It was cool and hot in streaks! My senses were called upon to remember the long space between church & dinner at the Sun. This on account of bread which I have come to learn is made edible by slow processes. Breakfasted at eight. Our next meal was 8:40. However [washcabin] once commenced it went on from the original impulse. Missed what Dr. Bridgman might have done for me in the way of thought and consecration, but could not walk to Swan street safely. I want to learn how to get well. I must care! I looke a little while with Elizabeth Stuart Phelps into some of life's deep sad chapters, and life, why it stands up before me like the intense earnest thing it is! "How often would I have gathered you and ye would not"!

July Monday, 29 1872.

Grandmother says, "Charlie gives the girls up to Syracuse, garters". When Hughes showed them to me I told him Mary had washed a good many pants for Charlie, and he's never give her, garters. Facts grandmother, facts and you believe in em as I'm finding out! It's all good old grandmother logic. Something like the grandmother talk we shall believe in when we're old, Sue and I. There were a few come and go, minutes in which it was a joy "not to be doing but to be". There was a joy in both in the cosy seat reading Margaret Fuller and Bacon. Before that and after that I took up the thread of my forsaken heel, and saw how. Yarn and patience! One to be more in the other to be spun out! Life is sloppy still. It has thunder and lighting for us too! Grandma says "I want to hear from Mary". Forth I trudge to bring back and take the good word.

July Tuesday, 30 1872.

I do not read a word of Human Organism. We have too much Magna [Enstauration] within house hold limits. The quiet precincts of first floor 99 Philip becomes the scene of Jubilate [Drs]. For days back it has known only the cries of the breadman, ice man, milk man, postman! The soup begun it. That is the dilapidation of temper that preceded the unusual demonstration in our house was consequesnt on the effect of the soup in its action and ejection. That is we were both cross. Aunt Mary came up, and [Agamemnon] Elizabeth Eliza, & Solomon John and the little boys with the india rubber boots. That is we all made a noise, and we settled down quietly. We betake ourselves to further action and ejection.

July Wednesday, 31 1872.

And it was so. Very much, and grandma helped. We feel as if the State Board had just gone. I expected to sleep tonight in the mansions of the rich and great my friends, but am here yet, and do not. Wherefore, my friends? Because mother is a [mouse]. Because we need refreshment! Every day we have a new house hold staple. Today it is baked apples and cod fish. I knit human Organism and read stocking heels. A new project enters my unoccupied cerebrum. Aggies too. A piano forseeth and we sit & play untold tunes on it that echo off and away, and resolve themselves into... cash! Well, we'll kill the bear Becky. Poor, dear, old grandma, has been so sick all day and all night & we are so glad to see her better!

August Thursday, 1 1872.

Many things, comprehending much and many people. Also a conclusion which summed up is adverse to Sir Charles Grandison. Thread and patience. There are four volumes more. The postman comes with loaded argosies. He brave in his hands Susie's lost letter and I do not dash my foot against a stone! Sue sends a hundred fold in this life. Dr. Tremaine sends greetings, and yes ma'am I may have the little girls, and more. Spiders a great many said to this two will you walk into my parlor? and we walked and beheld grands, squares, and uprights! Over the river and back, our river that brings her unspeakably near, and I'm glad yet.

August Friday, 2 1872.

I saw the elephant! Her was dressed in drab. The cirkiss came as the conqueror comes! I was on State St. bargaining for fowls which I bought not, peaches which I bought not, oranges which I bought not, and pineapples which they had not! Surely this is a "little old world". What can we get for tea? Our guest came not, so I am resigned to forego fowl, orange, peach & pineapple. Why, he not come? The answer is lost with Bo peep's sheep. Shall we leave it alone? Will it come home? Young Arthur you are not of the Round Table or I should not look in vain. Happily I told not my sister & philosopher! Aunts Mary & Esther walked in while I was in the middle of a letter to Susie. I stopped. Aggie was reading David Apperfield. She stopped. We brought in tea & sich & they partook & sich! At our later tea we laughed. Very much!

August Saturday, 3. 1872.

We are not laughing now. We did not laugh all night. You will understand when I tell you Grandma's last remark. "I hope the bedbugs won't fight Aggie all night to night or Frankie choke to death". This long morning gave me primary lessons in being bedridden. [...]. To cultivate memory, perception and language. Rose up to dinner, and disappeared presently. Let her! Wasn't Mrs. Akin good to sent me in the flowers, the pretty little flowers, all she had. The thought came from some very, warm place in her heart.

I'm up now. Was a good while ever since three o'clock, when soon after mother arrived, & presently young Arthur who shall be of the Round Table. Yes'm! I shall not choke to night!

August Sunday, 4 1872.

Text.

"Which because she is at all shall be for her". Ah, and how it goes on, "which hope we have as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast and it taketh hold of things that lie behind the veil". Are not all the beautiful things of the new life included in that "which", and I thought of it today because there was no breaths of the Long Orchard, no Pine Lane, no still shut in Valley, no bay and I was longing for a thought and a vision or the Veiled Guest. "To be with me where I am".

Mother had sick head ache, all day. Grandma said it was a long, long weary day. Aggie scolded for delicate cake and I thought and cut papers.

August Monday, 5 1872.

Mother begins it. She drops her bread dough pan and all, dough downwards. Aggie, meekly, "Bread has fell". I meekly, "Yes, bread has gone" down. Aggie being left Chief Chancellor of cake, takes it out early. Sequel. It is not done. Her doom. She must eat it all. The man up in the State Library says as I enter "Come follow, follow, follow, follow me!" I say, "Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, follow Whither, shall I follow, follow thee!" The he leads me gently but

firmly up to and through four volumes of Audubon's Birds of America.

Now I vibrate to & fro, from 99 Philip to 70 1/2 Hudson Dr in? No, not yet. I have no faith in Halicarnassus.

August Tuesday, 6 1872.

In the resurrection morning Grandma will be the first one up. That I know. I was just in the middle of my second nap 2 P.M. when I am awakened by Grandma sitting on my foot on her way out of bed. "What's the matter, Grandma?" O nothing! only it is time to get up! There was donder and somthing struck! I was some scared but one becomes reconciled to misplaced affinities and thunder claps after living here awhile. O, for a wilderness in some, vast lodge.

All basting is not for the present joyous but grievous.

August Wednesday, 7 1872.

The man in the State Library talks to me. Very much. He tells me concerning the Mammoth Cave, Scotland heather geneologies & skimmers. I look at him with big eyes.

Gramma gets mad some and threatens but not much. Mother is in for pax, pacis, paci, paceni, pox, pace. She accomplishes pacification by suggesting peaches and me to buy one which I do. Agnes en route for School Boards and a place to teach, tells us on departing that she will not return until she is hired & paid one month in advance! She returns unto us [vied]!

I write heaps to Dr. Austin. I plod my weary way to the far distant P.O. and it ventures forth, and me back.

August Thursday, 8 1872.

"What's a valetudinarian?" says my sister walking in the bedroom. "It's one who shoe's the old horse, shoes the old mare and lets the little colt go bare". It was the best I knew. Smoothness has comforted us today which accounts for the perspipring processes. Where smoothness is, heat tarries. We fan some.

Of the vaccination I need and of say, "How does the old thing work?" Don't hurry nature! It needs, well I can't tell by the looks of it, but it seems to me it needs vaccine and another chasm. Problem suggested by the evening walk. If there is our vacancy and twenty-two who are entitled to it and fifteen more who want it when will Aggie's turn come?

August Friday, 9 1872.

Vanquished! My conquerors hold full possession and I flee. I love to steal awhile away.

Once it was a big day at our house. It was today. He came. He talked, and we were hot some more. "And thou hast walked the streets, how strange a story". But it was not Thebes. Dr. Tremaine says to himself, "Now, they'll do". We are pretty glad.

I'm glad more yet, because the little girls are coming and I looked & lo, on the desk a great multitude which no man could number. And I said what are these and whence came they? These are they which saw General Grant through great tribulation! So was I.

August Saturday, 10 1872.

I'm going to commence with the nicest thing first I was over on the ferry boat with mother, and in a carriage by us I saw Austiss and Richard. She looked just as I know Austiss does look, and she was talking with Richard. She has such deep, thinking eyes and such a pretty head. O, how glad I am that no one but me knows how I'm longing for Broad fields. If only a little piece of it could come into this vacation.

At home things are real and hard, but there is a way out. We know not anything save "getting a school" and "earnen money", and "paying it back". Please don't tell me the old old story! "What I know about starving". "What I know about buying butter". "What I know about knitting". "What I know about borrowing baskets".

August Sunday, 11 1872.

Which wasn't broad and deep and blue and grand. But it went out early for in the early lamp light I went to bed and talked with God, and sent out flags to Susie. Grandmother wishes to go home soon, only she waits patiently. Her heart has grown very tender these last years and her voice quivers, always when she talks of the little tender things, Dear old lady. I bless Hitherto. That and Tennyson's Princess. One said, "You can't have more than both hands full at once". The other said, "O, tell her, brief is life, but love is long".

August Monday, 12 1872.

Through how many tubs of suds have I wandered this day? Only sitting, sit and knit, and nothing more. Mother was not as quiet as a weaned child, nor Aggie. Do they wash in Heaven? Do they suds and hang up? Please don't say yes, for I want to leave the great tribulations I come up through this side. To buy or not to buy. That is the question. All things looked and said Piano. The voices of the breezes & the birds played tunes and then said, Steinway and Sons. I shut eyes & ears & marched down to the man and I said, "No, sir". Then he lingered shivering and said many things. I grew less resolute. Said, "may be" man, glad. A crisis elsewhere which takes mother. A noise is heard and our Dan comes home. So wags the world away.

August Tuesday, 13 1872.

My repose is not unbroken. My breath gets snarled up or lost on its way up and out, and I get up to help find it. Wake up my sister who [rikuperates] recuperates! We all get up in a blue. The cloud is bigger than a man's hands. It has flown away, [hirdling] hurdling. It soon did when the mailman came, and the letter said "Yes, she could have the Fair Haven School". Poor child, she's had her worries, how that there is a place for her in the world she is cheery. So are us all. There's always a Halicarnassus where there's fish!

I want to see some chunks of light and a passage or so out of my light places.

August Wednesday, 14 1872.

Another fish which sends our lines and hooks in another direction! Keep on.

We have some courage to hope even through bigger baits than ours may have been cast. Cohoes, may open and take her in. Who knows? We, full of a good time coming send aprons wrought by our own hands to mother. Every thing happens between showers, while they have the floor and the heavens we put down the windows forbid all [drang] [its] take the middle of the room, and gasp, while it rains and thunders and goes on.

Aunt Mary happens but does not tarry.

A pie happens which we have for supper.

August Thursday, 15 1872.

To be sure I was mad. I looked for eleven letters. Was sure of three, and here I sit and bless. Well. Well. Suppose my days all went like this. Work and sick like. Made yards of trimming for my black alpaca. Where is it now? Vanished. Took my stocking out to the heel, knit more. Where is that. No friend took note of its departure. Not much to show for a day's work Frances. I found my breath and lost it again, and am looking for it.

I wait no more but rush to Hudson St, 70 1/2, Find a [...] for my carryings on physically and get powder and return. As long as the Dr. is not [seared] need I be? Wherefore, my friends.

August Friday, 16 1872.

I am "song hing it". On my part there is evident reluctance. Just as the peep of day awoke with a head which was merciless. It kept on. My pleasure is enhanced by powders, nameless and sour.

The postman arrives dripping. Papers two, letters two. Aggie wax is fervent over Mr. Hubbard's soon reply, I over a ticket to Williamsport.

I trim dresses and knit. It looks as if I should take the knitting out. I do, often.

Our boy is sick. He is still and says little and we're all so sorry. I can't help wondering what if he go in the country, that strange country, where even the dear little boys never come back.

August Saturday, 17 1872.

My stocking has all come out, and I'm back working away at first principles. The nicest thing in all day was sitting down by the window with grandma to knit, after the tea dishes were all washed & put away. I wish my life, the whole of it could be washed and put away for a long time. Little Dad wanders amid mustard and wet clothes, and dreams of health. Aggie exults over her little boy here to tea.

It has taken the whole of me to bear it.

August Sunday, 18 1872.

It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known. Does a girl of twenty-three know?

The text and the sermon was in Isaiah. Was I left comfortless? How could I be with the shadow of the great Rock in the weary land?

Went out to Kenwood with mother and I told her the hard long story of March 25, that it seems will never end. Then I sat down in the shadow of it till one came up through the meadow where the mists lay [dim]!

August Monday, 19 1872.

Which tells of a journey and expectations. Also of Green Island Bridge. Miss Monk is not a friar. Shee meets us and introduces us to the committee-in-chief. Aggie is assigned a place among the strivers. In the race run twelve but five receive the prize. We withdraw now to cotton mills and contracts and [erich] things, and so run the hours away. I do not find Aggie on the qui vive in my return but she is not spiritless. We all rally. A kind Father has watched & she has a way to ride to crescent, while I also move on.

August Tuesday, 20 1872.

Dannie thrives on my treatment, but not rapidly. It's too awful hot to thrive. Mary Bryant is heard from and my every thought of her is glad and sunny. My troubles are found abundantly in combinations with cake and clinkers. I cook a great while but not much. I live to see those I institute rolls start for Dr. [Frinde] and we three awhile let loose breaths.

Found mother at dinner in the atmosphere of lapis lazuli. Cheery.
The way is rough my Father.

August Wednesday, 21 1872.

I got up. Washed. Dealt in coke, cinders, clinkers and various things I rub too.

The sun cooked a goose. Not unusual. Neither unusual for the goose to be cooked. This is very plain. Has Aggie a school? Mr. Ryan sends up to know. Dannie. Wither does she. Hopes build themselves on Mr. Ryan. Will he? I have rowed all my future prescriptions shall be evermore filled at Speigle's. Reasons are powerful.

Poor little Dad is tired after his walk to the doctor's.

August Thursday, 22 1872.

Which wasn't as I'd have had it, a bit. Much coke is not a promoter of heat. I had always supposed so but it isn't. I never would have believed coke was such and [...] to all righteousness. The whole of it ready to be summed up. It's all a "no not yet day". My sister ought to be here and she aint. How interesting this author is when in a stew. But there's a dear sky for Mr. Hubbard proclaims she did run well and obtained.

Mother came home earnest in huckleberries to be fixed or something. She enacts the dream of tunnels & jugs and is in a bigger stew than I.

August Friday, 23 1872.

And I stew yet, immoderately. Does mother? Don't know. I went at a certain linen overskirt dreadfully. Took it hard. My fingers were weary and worn. And so my eyelids were heavy & red. Did I sit in unwomanly rags? The saddest are these. It might have been.

Remember that I got supper desperately. I didn't give up the ship. It was the day boat. It has got on futher. Agnes stalks in so do my hopes. Once more in my memorable life the beans have drowned! Aggie comes home jolly, and in a moment it is all jolly. Aint it good?

August Saturday, 24 1872.

And a certain woman went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. It was me. Who is my neighbor? The nearest that anybody got to that was the boy at the fruit stand in Jersey who sold me peaches for five cents a quart and gave me Bible measures.

Did I ever come nearer wanting anything very much and getting it than today! Behold my dreams of summer every where about me and I in the midst. Isn't it nice?

"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly". Just like today and many days!

August Sunday, 25 1872.

A zone of calms after days upon the unsteady ocean. Yes, and I look away back over it and far beyond to the next for Hopes. I looked up into the hills from whence has come help in other days, and it was still blessed to look and live. O, for one more sunrise over these hills to see from Jen's room.

One of my little girls comes to see me and I like her big black eyes. How strange things seem to me, ahead. If I could only take to my heart what Jesus said. "That in me ye might have peace". "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world".

August Monday, 26 1872.

O, Bozzy, Bozzy again. Life hasn't many better things than this. "He hath made every thing beautiful in its time!" And again we sit and take up the little threads just where we left them. It is the Father's good pleasure!

It is all full of Sue, just the same neither one replacing or rearranging, and we do just as we used to. [Day] has been gathered to her fathers and Philip Pirrip is instituted in her place. Breaths from the Pine Lane came to us, and [...] steals into the house from everywhere.

By and by we go up to Sues' room and lie down. Then we know soon that it is Red Hill. How do I go back after she is gone? With prayers and a bit of the kingdom in my heart.

August Tuesday, 27 1872.

And I wake up. I had to. It seemed to come very natural, only why couldn't the space between yesterday and today have been a little longer, so I could hold on to my white day.

In the old carriage riding with George up to Newberry, a new piece on to an old garment. A garment that was taken off and put away, months ago. "In feelings, not in figures on a dial". Newberry sits in its hills as of old, and in it the old desolateness comes over me that comes of old. I see old faces in the old places and drive on.

Visit Jonny Clark, See Mary Denniston and go to be my friends! Much to think of Little Benediction to say.

August Wednesday, 28 1872.

Why are we here my friends? Why are we here? Since in due time and under many laborious propulsions Mr. Tramaines at last gets us together and off. We follow follow and ride glorious through Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Uncle Thomas awaits us and we are glad to see something to be eaten from dishes, not lunched. Surely there are meetings and greetings, feastings and flows of soul and things. But my frame turns away from merry making and seeks a bed and my heart goes after a little boy, sick.

August Thursday, 29 1872.

It is beautiful on the river until the Catskills are in sight. After that it is rainy and cheerless on deck. The little girls look for the pretty things onshore and show them to me. I sit looking up to greener far away shores, asking only for strength in the hard near year, and the Lord of that country says, "Be of good courage and He shall strengthen thine heart". I can never quite get my heart away from the banks that slope down close to the river near the stone light house. O, ye, hers.

We land to find nobody waiting. To find house cheerless where I'd left it warm and full. We make it as bright as we can and go to sleep.

August Friday, 30 1872.

Did Mark Tapley ever move? Was he still booked, "jolly"? I wish I knew. Mother gets away and comes over and we tear up. Even in today there is dim, strange pain. There are no longer any knittings by the window with Grandma. After the work is done. No sitting on the doorstep watching for the postman. No walks with Aggie after tea and comings home for a quiet time in the parlor. No more of doing work together or planning or wondering in the little bright back room where the sun always comes in. How little the rooms look like these things today! Who'll come in and do it now?

A dreary walk off up to the freight house alone and a cup of tea and bread & butter at Aunt Mary's.

August Saturday, 31 1872.

Mrs. VanZandt and her dear, old mother were so good to us and took such nice care. We are glad to see Aggie, but we only sit on trunks in the old bedroom to visit. We say good byes around at last and buy tickets and take checks for Castleton.

Even the woods has a dreary sound, how dreary who can tell but me? What am I going back to? The faces of the little girls look bright as they look wistfully out from their future home, but my heart sinks so that an awaiting gloom would be quite unlooked for. It's very dark and we have dark times finding the gate and a light and Mrs. Foote.

Sept. Sunday, 1 1872.

This is a drearier Sunday than I shall spend often. I will make the rest bright in some way.

I take times of inspection through the little brown house No. 2 very much after the manner of a regularly appointed custom house officer. I can't just see how we are going to live in a shoe, but I give it up.

Mrs. Foote's house keeping is more dreadful than my imagination ever pictured, and I'm in for it until deliverance arrives in the shape of mother.

Sept. Monday, 2 1872.

I begin by speculating and throwing up works. Then I approach Mrs. F. on the subject of writing the parlor and find her on the first attack invulnerable. If at first you don't & c. Unsuccessful expedition Number 2. Going over to Fair Haven with Mrs. Loveland in search of a school.

Mr. [Westcall] shakes his head, and we turn around.

Emphatically I throw up more [crooks] which means I don't do [...]. Things come?
No, not yet. [Marius] riding up to the ruins of Carthage.

Sept. Tuesday, 3 1872.

After a most delightful reclining in Mrs. Foote's non clad bed, which also possesses the quality of long used little washed bedding, I rise and go at the windows and here the narrative must end. I've washed and scraped out all my

strength and the story is too heart rending to admit of being produced. Still if Mrs. Grose or Mrs. Briggs who saw me should ever in the lofty spirit of inspiration wish to give it the world I should say with all the zeal of the departed Mrs. [...] Davis, "Take it!"

One hope vanished in the shape of Aunt Mary's bread.

Sept. Wednesday, 4 1872.

An institution has become inaugurated, which I can call by no name and must therefore develop.

I make it out of milk and water and butter and the juice of a joint of meat which has no end of life. This that I make we eat on our taters.

I send up to R.G. to know if he would like any help in the examination. His answer foreshadows dimly what I may expect this year.

"No, there are so few I can attend to them".

We take up the line of march to the nine o'clock train to find mother.

Sept. Thursday, 5 1872.

Things look better. There is at least the prospect of a clean bed. Mother brings deliverance in her very eyes and we set to work cheerily, cheerily.

I never went to my first day with such a heartache, nor with so little, to expect, but like Parson Avery when he was going down in the night and the storm and the darkness, I can challenge the promise of His word. I meet Miss Bissell first and she threw her arms around my neck and breaks out crying.

Sept. Friday, 6 1872.

Well its born and begun and I suppose all I've got to do now is to be born and follow which I do in my black dress and Nile green bow. I seize upon my brother and take him up and introduce him to the United Head, also Charlotte. There is evident agreeableness but that means nothing only for me so look out for him. Obedient to orders I go up and talk. I cannot see that there now exists any better understanding, but I knew before, and I acted under orders. My path this year lies neither to the right hand nor to the left. I have marked it out.

Sept. Saturday, 7 1872.

And then the piano arrived. I am glad to be able to announce that it is also only installed in the walls of this house not far from the hard finish. To bring it about cost many [grants] and many Olivers complained. Order slowly begins to rise out of chaos, and though we have many tribulations we have to be very thankful for good milk.

My poor bones call loudly for that bedroom [up] from Syracuse.

And Addie came, but not the Addie of old but Addie in a chair of state.

Sept. Sunday, 8 1872.

No, "inspiration is not spontaneous! It is not acquired". Would that I could speak with the tongue of men and of angels! Why should that be tongue? Why not, tongues? Will Dr. French want to know when he comes to make up his? At present we are all engaged in making up our minds! We know not any of us what a body we shall be, it may choose of chaff or of some other grain!

Sept. Monday, 9 1872.

Forward, march! his little tune to go to, Frances' for one of your easily entreated spirit! All things considered I am not placed to grow in a hotbed in the usual acceptation of the term. If I am its in the neglected corner under the eaves. Sometimes plants shoot up and grow to as near a bay tree as they could ever be even under eaves, sometimes little cold chickweed grows against the wall! Is a hot bed always the hotbed of popular defining! I [know] not. I insist I am in one!

Sept. Tuesday, 10 1872.

And they made merry! To their longing visionary perceptions came the image of a cart stopping at the door. An off repeated image lately. He brought much, and it was done up in swaddling clothes, and tacked and tied. They staid! It was a long expected bedroom set. Does Mr. Patterson know all things? Does he know how to measure the earth? I'm afraid he does not. He uttered dark sayings of old but we knew better. We knew that head board could be made to go up stairs. It came to pass!

Sept. Wednesday, 11 1872.

Has it ever been recorded in later eras that Oliver complained, save once? I wait to know that I may govern my actions accordingly. Mollie does not appear. We wait wondering. What of all the ills art cannot alleviate has made her, heir, and kept her from our boiled potatoes and milk gravy. Addie walks after the pattern of godly Sarah, Abraham's wife, but to me she says naught. She has for me no words, no kisses, and our ways are separate ways for now.

Sept. Thursday, 12 1872.

I am indebted to my mother for a clean white dress, starched like Kingsford and Son's cash, and arrayed in this betimes I proceed to the portals of the Seminary to call upon the teachers. They came down in Phalanx deep. We talk of the solemnities of the constantly recurring funeral rites in Seminary habitations and in the middle of walls that have ears send up perpetual protest. At a late hour I dream of home and mother, and the phalanx conduct me to the gate, the boundaries of those regions.

Sept. Friday, 13 1872.

Some day we are all going to take a ride! That's what we said we'd do, and though our plans are not fully sprouted we shall probably go. Mrs. Foote built a tub and we are all set down in it. Mother goes off about the size of our dwelling place and hopes it is not wicked for us to believe we shall throw off this temple of clay and hard finish for a more abiding one. That does not necessitate of each and all of us that we become [Disgenes]! Well, there are evening winds in the long elm boughs!

Sept. Saturday, 14 1872.

I believe Red Hill is nearer heaven. I don't believe Austiss knew. Anyway the hills over which we went today mother and Dan and I were infinitely nearer heaven than any places our feet have tread. In the land we have journeyed through, I found pretty ferns in the woods all along the lake road, and I stopped & picked them while Dad held the horse.

Dan encouraged my [pinchgions] labors by driving off out of sight screaming back to me. What! take you home! Upon my word I never dreamed of such a thing!

Sept. Sunday, 15 1872.

Mr. Briggs and I are gaining ground fast. Dont mistake me. Don't I beg of you suppose that we skim along the ground with celerity, like other people, whose mares go. No, we are gaining ground in becoming mutually acquainted. He unbosoms to me his struggle at reading Scriptor because folks won't see through it. He don't know whether God can change his mind or not. Think of his asking me!

The Silent Side mine, is growing more and more silent as there is daily less to tell and more to bear.

Sept. Monday, 16 1872.

The one diverting object of comment is Mrs. Foote's house. The one ever returning question to be brought up, is, What shall we do with that piano box? It is no doubt a matter that will require the brain of a Newton or a Robinson Crusoe to fathom! All the world wonders, but then shall ask for a place to store that box and none shall be given thee! Has Mrs. Foote less executive ability than she supposed? O, [thens]. How is Lucifer fallen! Lucifer, son of the morning. I have just room here to tell that Mollie has come!

Sept. Tuesday, 17 1872.

Mollie looks upon the room she is to inhabit and the accessory, who is no less a person than Mrs. Foote herself, with evident reverse of composure. It is not indeed conducive to mental kingdom come, at the first glance. It is less so when the accessory takes out her teeth! And nineteen weeks is a long time. Mother's going to move, says she is. Not that a house can be had, or made, or hoped for. That's nothing to do with it. "This little house was surely made. To hurt each other's eyes!"

Sept. Wednesday, 18 1872.

When does Mrs. Foote go? She doth much deceive [me]. She does not go. Lately she catches mice. Let me relate an incident! A mouse finds his way to the shrine of her cupboard. The mouse don't know much. How should she get him out! Allie Wright has a cat. Hattie is stationed at the cupboard door to hold it tight while Mrs. F. goes for the cat. The cat is brought & introduced unceremoniously "Now, kitty, get it quick!" (Mew). "Come kitty" (Mew) "Have you got it kitty?" (Mew) "There I guess she's got it". (Mew).

Did she? O, sad sequel. O, blighted hopes. The mouse is still alive.

Sept. Thursday, 19 1872.

Even so the weak things of this world confound the mighty. (After reflections on the unpleasant relations between the cat and the mouse. See Sept. 18!) Miss Thomas is not Gabriel Varden. She is not a land flowing with milk and honey. She is not the full corn in the ear. She is not an April day.

I'm so afraid Mr. Williams will have one of those fits. I keep thinking of it. Dr. Perkins says he will never come out.

Sept. Friday, 20 1872.

The ride is no longer prospective. No, longer do we see it as through a glass darkly! It has been and is no more. The motive power was Maynard's horse, with printed instructions and warranted not to cut and run. We pitched under the shade of the sacred oak and pitched in mother's bountiful lunch. We ran around after it. Found one, ay all. It was a dentist! O, tell it not in Gath!

Mr. Maynard has sent my gray hairs in sorrow to bed.

Sept. Saturday, 21 1872.

I wish these days would stay. Why need I when it isn't weather that keeps me fit to live but grace! Sometimes grace takes the form of weather. Today trouble took the form of a ruffle to be bound. Sure enough. Folks come and I see them and they go, and I'm properly thankful. We glory in a dinner of brown bread and milk, followed by excellent digestion. Does that help on the ruffles? Yea, verily. Mr. W. is worse than ruffles. I come back from that gent, ruffled.

Sept. Sunday, 22 1872.

There was a Broad fields air, and drawings near to the real, whole best. What ailed me? How can I tell? Can any one. Why should just here those words step in my thought. "The Heart that bled and broke for you and Roy!" Is it because I need to know and feel a love that can bleed to teach me what it is to go in peace.

Hydeville held in it's lap land up things even for me who went thither sorely needing. I took up little ones and blessed them. I did not receive the kingdom as a little child. I never have. Return O, Lord how long.

Dannie brings me two beautiful mosses from the woods.

Sept. Monday, 23 1872.

And so it came to pass through Steinways & some that Mrs. Bunker came to see us and sang. It did not come to pass that mother went in for that she'd never! No, No, not if I coaxed. Everything is pretty all around us, and I can sit down in corners, and other places and feel, how good home is!

Mrs. Bunker can sing and she sings things nice and pretty to be sung. Annie and Addie and Georgie and all of us talk afterwards and so do the pretty flowers from Lucy and Mary Bibbins! I am not conscious that this ink is making a mark.

Sept. Tuesday, 24 1872.

"Doody, dood, dood! The beans have [droned]! The beans have [droned]!!" "Must we give in", says she with a grim? Do I rejoice to watch the flight of that [Loce Catalogne]? Ask me! Move doody, doody, dood! The sun turns a warm side usward, all the sides too that have turned this way have been warm. Neighbor Mayward invites me to see squashes, and squashes. I look upon and ejaculate. He says I know how to eat a grape. Asked me if I did. Think so.

Mr. Guy appears and he comes not in which is kind. He must be regenerate. Is he. Who else is? All of us.

Sept. Wednesday, 25 1872.

Doody, dood, dood. The boils have [droned]. The boils have [droned]! One has got up on my ear!

We almost went to Rutland but not quite. So we're here now. Distress is rampant at the Sem. and the office is the seat of

all enduring persuasion. But Frank didn't do it. He didn't know any thing about it!

Be of good cheer said all things lit up as they were by a radiance glorious to behold, beautiful to be near. How near was I to it? O, I could feel it and be glad.

Sept. Thursday, 26 1872.

That day when I met Dannie with Susie's letter to mother. The sad pitiful tender letter that almost made me cry. "What has become of Fannie?" "If she is sick I shall see her if I have strength to get to her". That day when through every notch there were flame and azure finding each other. That day when with me was the light about the head!

A very stupid man also stuck his head in this day for No. 33. Sure enough, and neighbors administered grapes and gravy never tasted better.

sept. Friday, 27 1872.

Fun, but of a mild type. Believe me. Report no, report there, report ye or you!

Other bliss awaits me. Mrs. Bunker is here. Would I come? Come I may and come I must and it was a bore. O, you cloud in my well remembered [Latham]. I remember not your name. I only know how bored you were!

I have quite an existing consciousness of being almost and altogether thoroughly tired. Too tired to hem veils but I do. Too tired to talk but I do, and [...], [...].

Sept. Saturday, 28 1872.

Fun much less and purely wild. I dream a dream and it comes to pass in Kansas, so does a letter. Then comes much to eat and little to pay, assuming the shake of hot well to do johnny cake, and in the middle of things and eats with us. Hope indeed maketh not ashamed but what it gets right here in this place for I shant tell. Proceed I don't walk. I don't get even out to the back yard. I stay home and sew some and write much and be naughty about trunks to poor Mrs. Foote. Dannie is uncommonly funny and I'm all upsot, but think maybe I won't be long.

Sept. Sunday, 29 1872.

And there is not indeed an end to all things, but good prospects. Come lets have a good time! Yes, Ducky. Why did the sun shine, and the restful tender green get right where I could see it and the Hydeville be kind, and the ride be jolly unless to calm me down and make me fritter to live? If religion consists in being pleasant to have about I might as well ask the dear Lord please can't I commence again?

See me drawing near the Seminary a sure hiding place for oyster soup. See me meet the great powers unflinching. See the royal proclamation & me going from U.S. over in Canada unprevented! has there ever? No, never!

Sept. Monday, 30 1872.

I rise betake myself to dressing, scrubbing and other things Alexandrine [...]. Also needless Alexandrine I fear it is the last day of September. Would it be indeed a complete record should I omit to say that I put on my white dress and felt like I looked clean in it which was worth attaining even through unlimited starch.

Mrs. Foote must be talked to. Mother declares it. I am to do it. Mother also declares that I take her to the solitude of my

own apartment and dwell much on many things. "Does I like [auntie] Foote any more?" Probably so.

October Tuesday, 1 1872.

Have you come to me my honest well loved October or have I whirled round to you? I don't know. Does Mrs. Siddons?

How funny everything Miss Thomas and I talk over seems. Our inevitable conversations are so sort of "don't know what to make of you" like that I fell uncertain. But we had a fire both of us. While I mused the fire burned! We shall probably hear Mrs. Siddons though hope sometimes maketh ashamed. I came to a day to day, this one when on me was my new dress, and my friends it was because I was of the earth!

October Wednesday, 2 1872.

[picture of can to get oil]

The can that Mrs. F. gives Molly to get oil in. The invincible Molly, who plunges, who crosses, not with the trappings of royalty, but the one ancestral can. I take great comfort in earthly blisses. To be more explicit mother has just completed a calico dress which I consider an earthly tabernacle not easily dissolved! and where architecture is without a rival.

Little Miss Bissell is the joy that cometh in the morning. All of her.

October Thursday, 3 1872.

As for me give me potatoes. O care not whether alien to American soil or native born, they are roots and rootlets of past present and future happiness. Bin Quirk even now is digging them in Heaven's broad potato patch! Bin Quirk's descendants on earth are tillers of the soil!

Where's my knitting? My stocking half footed that I lied away in the vacation! Behold it, ye who have tears! One [annogomous] mass of ink & without form or [...]!

October Friday, 4 1872.

It there's one thing that might be improved its Mrs. Foote's line of remark! She fortified herself on two things. Business talents and house keeping. She continually doth proclaim to us, "Consider my ways and be wise". Mother institutes but one line of attack, "If she don't, I'll move". After that Mrs. Foote always does. "Something just shown her and withdrawn".

O how we in our helplessness lift up hands to reach the somethings.

October Saturday, 5 1872.

It commenced by binding ruffles. I bind a great many. Who should come down to see me but Addie? That she would never come had long been a settled principle with me. She's such a queer Addie. Does anything come of it? We shall see.

It's pleasant out doors through the quiet blissedness of the October day. There are laid up in its thirty days treasures incompatible. There are places prepared for us. Even earth can tell of glorified [...].

October Sunday, 6 1872.

My infant class occupy my thoughts of late. It is with great difficulty that I can make Charley's Billings mind clear on the subject of Bible [rendition]. He believes to this hour that Cock Robin is one of the books of the Bible. Eddie Whitlock insists on my attention, he pulls up his entire wardrobe for me to see. Dreadful child! How can I make him know such occupations are not for Sunday. I have learned to tremble when ever Georgie Billings opens his mouth to speak. He has the voice of the ghost of Marley.

October Monday, 7 1872.

When the base and rate are given how do you find the percentage. That's what we talk about up to school! Can we afford a new oil cloth for the dining room? That's what we talk about at home! How can I come close and know? That's what I talk about all to myself. My often question is a dear one. What of all royal strengths in life?

October Tuesday, 8 1872.

Every day now sweeps away the dear, old leaves. The winds come like somebody's strong arms. Inside the cheer is coming which shall have to be for weeks and weeks. Mollie and Dan keep the house propped up. She thinks Dan is so funny, and she laughs at all he takes it on himself to say and do.

Sue wants to know. Do I make "home bright and sunny"? How is it? Are you pleasant to have about?

October Wednesday, 9 1872.

Dan's music is very like the old lady's religion. She used to have it once but now she was old she didn't putter with it. Mother institutes a series of down beats for him to go by. One: two: three! But not he, is the one to take heed. You might as well hope to regulate the growth of parsley.

Present weather does not encourage me to have my Japanese silk made. I don't see now as there's anything left for it to do or be or become but an upper bureau drawer.

October Thursday, 10 1872.

This wasn't the day we intended to do it in but we seized upon it. Tomorrow Mrs. Foote will be here. Tomorrow Madame Bishop will lecture! We sit down to regale ourselves over the promised hulled corn and milk. We are not silent. We talk a great deal. Miss House does not come, weeping. Neither does she return with sheaves. She returns with an apple and two cakes! And such a rain!

October Friday, 11 1872.

If you have seen me this day it has been with my head down. Here I have to say with humility and sack cloth that I have never heard of the celebrated author and lecturer, Madame Bishop! I atone by paying, no, letting Miss Thomas pay 20 cents to hear her.

"Put not your trust in judges".

October Saturday, 12 1872.

The idea of trying to keep a diary such weather! Nothing new to tell, everything to see, and expect. Not the least of all

are the October sunsets, which makes me think how thankful I am for two west windows in my room. Addie comes back today and is as chatty and sunny as can be but no, no, no. Georgie can't room with her. Its out of the question which leaves me in a quandry for Georgie. I build hopes on Mrs. Knaken.

October Sunday, 13 1872.

Poor Geogie. I make her come to our house and spend today, and I tried to make it as cheery and nice for her as I could. Besides mother has just bought a quarter of lamb. We domesticate ourselves in Mrs. Foote's room and talk over Harper's Magazine and other things, and the afternoon wears away while we say in our hearts, "How pleasant its been!"

October Monday, 14 1872.

And Mrs. Knapen shows me that my hopes are earthly, and sends down the girl to say so! I start out again and come back in a sea of rain and glory to tell that Mrs. Hoodby will take Georgie. Dear child! I'm glad for her. Mr. Maynard across the way is our unfailing friend! He showers upon my green tomatoes for pickling! We take them. They've all he's got. He can't use them!

And Addie, child, what can I do for her?

October Tuesday, 15 1872.

This day has been set apart for peculiar uses. We always expect great things to follow, when we're the monkeys that did it. It consisted in the assembling of ourselves teacherally at Dr. Sanford's, which was all just and proper, and to conclude it well, let me say we were home at a very reasonable hour. The Dr. did not at all endeavor to make our months smaller, and dignity is an undeclinable noun with him!

October Wednesday, 16 1872.

I never feel particularly exuberant the next morning after dissipation! I have to be called more. It is a great thing to be among the called! I wonder why I don't see Annie Phelps more. I thought I should see her lots this time and have some of the old talks.

I can't make school seem as I want it to. The girls are nice and all that but there's trouble somewhere. I work in a sort of problem all the while and if I ever find the value of x, I shall be glad!

October Thursday, 17 1872.

Addie don't get any better, and I'm afraid she'll leave school. O, blessed and benign position, where one counts scholars by ones, and trembles lest some highborn kinsman come and bear them away from me! O, it is so good Mr. Breacher! But still there are deeper things to feel and worship, and all worship is holy.

October Friday, 18 1872.

Folks can live and still not have things as they want them! They can still live and not do as tney have a mind to. Then significant facts are chapters from my experience. I know they're so. I rise up to proclaim it. I wonder if folks live to a great age who don't do as they have a mind to. That is a point quite chaotic in my mind. I'll ask Mr. Williams!

It dawns upon me that there is no school tomorrow. Also that I shall not read reports for a week.

October Saturday, 19 1872.

The weather is like last hours with friends before they go. The looks are kinder, the times more gentle, as the hour draws nearer. So I gather the autumn leaves as they fall, and I paint the sunsets, and I take long looks at the grass, wondering if the time will be very long before the pleasant summer afternoons. Why my Saturday is almost gone before I really get set down in it. "How sweet it were ever to seem".

Falling asleep in a half dream.

October Sunday, 20 1872.

Have you ever been over on the other side of the lake on the road to Cookville? What could have taken Fannie and her mother and Dannie over that road today? It was for the self-same reason that the people in Sabbaths long ago went up to the Jordan with John. The hills came down to the lake on every side and shut us in and the hymns were wafted for miles and miles where there were no ears to hear. God's witness was with the baptism and indeed "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased".

October Monday, 21 1872.

Which comes upon us in a hurry and carries off mother! I never shall lay down my consent! But what a day of days to go in. I shall never forget how everything looked when we were walking along down to the depot.

Mother says, "Now try and get along", and that's just about what it will amount to, a getting along. I'm afraid Rienard we shant "get along as well as the rest of the world".

October Tuesday, 22 1872.

Here we are my friends, "not dead but in a serious collapse!" Nothing can allay our ills unless mother will pop her head in the door and say, "I'm back". She probably won't. "Where shall we find our panacea?" I must read to my brother some bits of advice to men in small authority! It's strange the devotion there is to a little brief authority! On hill. 2:40 is a new time to her to dance to!

October Wednesday, 23 1872.

All day I remember this. There in silent silver lights and darks undreamed of, hid in ever blessed memory of today, and I love best when the years tell me the day, one by one, to sit and hurt and bless myself with silence.

Shall you. O, tell me, years, shall you lead me on from strength to strength, from glory to glory?

October Thursday, 24 1872.

And Mary sits on her budding bough, but she does no bow buddingly or bud bowingly. She can't with the toothache. It's a queer toothache. Sometimes it runs through all the fibers of her and one tooth seems the mountain that shall not depart. She lays down as a self evident truth that I do not know how to manage. My full belief to this very day is that I do.

So she goes around with the red [rubia] on her head. (It is used as a bustle when not called out. As a bandana,) Peace is not her pillow yet.

October Friday, 25 1872.

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" Don't ask a question but come and see our house! Anybody'd think that I had opened a correspondence with the Borriboola Gha, and was acting as their missionary! Let me reassure you, my sphere is home. Lately I am gliding on forever. I am here. I am every where. Money is the root of my evil. I'll let it be no more. I'll have a girl. I'll rush as if to embrace her.

October Saturday, 26 1872.

Which speaks for itself Horatio. As I think of it one day later, the whole appears to me in a mixed savor of ends, and delayed hopes and constructionness. The hopes had to do with clothes to be dried, the constructiveness with a dinner to be cooked. I've always felt my head grow, it seemed so large, and the flow of [heads] to that organ does not build me up. I thought of this birthday of little Sis almost the first thing this morning.

We creep off to bed after binding long drawn out ruffles, rather sorry than otherwise that our fate is to sleep [...] aus sheets!

October Sunday, 27 1872.

What has today been worth? It's wise to ask it as for me, I only know that my good opinion of myself has progressed in a descending series, and if I don't retire presently and shut up, it will be out of the question ever to think of recovering. What I may call, a calm opinion of I. Half of the house is gone and I wander round wondering why all things look so to me. As for meals we browse indiscriminately.

By and by we go up stairs, and lie down and read Charles Dudley. O, Gail, and Mary tells me of herself, in threads bright and mottled and grey and broken.

October Monday, 28 1872.

what makes me get so tired, so right down tired. I almost wish what I never wished before. That there were not five days in a week. That there were not forty weeks in a school year!

A Marcy is revealed to us in the form of Mary Welsh. My house keeping takes to itself, wings.

By great exertion I work out a tabulation, to give tomorrow, but it's too much. I have nothing left where with to originate more so I take to sewing. Soing! The process is not as restful as one might reasonably expect so I betake myself to the process of disrobing which is accompanied with speculations as to.

Will the fire keep?

October Tuesday, 29 1872.

No, the fire will not keep often. Die it may and die it will, we too often alas realize! I get up cross, so cross, so cross, so cross as never was! I do nothing rash which comforts me and my friends. I make a resolve, a huge enterprise for me. I depose and say that I will not drink any more tea. This is doubtless a very wise conclusion. I hope doubtless it will be kept but time waits to know!

I dress up in brown and blue, and things and call betimes. The call savors of sewing hour. Dr. Sprague toothless and ever

so to be of cactuses and muskrats, or three rats, caught at me! Think of it! Ah, and of the great discretion and capability of the new girl!

October Wednesday, 30 1872.

Did three weeks ever stretch out into space so far, so interspersed with sterile soil and sandy flats as these now upon us, with Mollie gone and Mollie gone?

O, but there's a kind Providence. He gives us Mary Welch. With her comes to me at last a balanced state of mind! and [gotable] bread. The girls undergo their first ex...ation which in their minds eye begins with o. Agnes says, "Thank you". Aunt Sarah says "Send to me", and exports to me flannel samples! Ivory. Do I want a flannel suit. Possibly. Do I know. Probably.

For the rest I can only say, "To bed to bed O Sleepy Head!"

October Thursday, 31 1872.

Which was tangible in what it brought. Chiefly, baked apples and a Gale! Both appeared at supper. "Will you have sugar?" "If you please". And sugar twenty miles away! House keepers will have dilemmas. I'm one therefore be. My little girls are getting dearer and dearer, and they light up home.

October dies, and it takes its glory and its glow with it. November will be cold, and spring far, far off. Will the year be hard all the way?

November Friday, 1 1872.

I go to school. That fact is settled beyond question or gainsay. Sometimes I teach school. Other times I only go! It rains which sentence will stand for many days in this connection for it rains constantly since I began to be lonesome for mother to come back. Addie is simply wretched. Which makes me to stand in a puzzle. I've got to help it some how.

And shall I forget my chromos which come? It happened yesterday just before the Gale. More it came about through Dan. "Left them for you to catch!" Then I forgot Dr. Sanford's call! Didn't!

November Saturday, 2 1872.

A fulness of things which makes me feel good. I've lacked and suffered hunger so long and waited. It began with dear Mary Grose and her little letter. It came upon tender, grieved places, and the tears had to be, because it tred so softly and with such loving [...] wasn't ready for kind unquestioned confidence and tender appreciation. It came upon me too suddenly. Pretty soon Sue said, "Is there room in the brown cottage for a piece of my "wonderful fingers" work?" There was room. And the giver came to my heart.

Addie is fixed, so you see I did study it out.

[Rumor] of a new Normal teacher crowd thick and fast, and I wonder on.

November Sunday, 3 1872.

It comes upon me early, for Addie wakes me with kisses. I do not stay, early waked. I sleep more. "Is Mr. Briggs going to church". I send Nellie over to enquire. She brings back a "He is" and I think I won't get ready quite yet, and don't. It's

sad to relate that I get in the midst of neck gear and he comes. I get on something and present myself to Mr. Briggs. He explains to us the action of gravel in the feet of the [equus] family, and so forth.

The Lord's table brings with it a nearness that I needed sore. An hour of prayer would keep the nearness and I need that sore, indeed. Addie come over and lets me say things to her.

November Monday, 4 1872.

And so you've come again and again you bring to me good cheer! I commence by all of us going to ride. I find an old man and I bring home honey. I found a land that flowed with it! My evening looked two ways, toward mass meeting and card questions! While I stand in the "don't know scale", Addie knocks, "And would I help her with Algebra?" What do my eyes behold but the hall full and the yard full and the stairs full of closely wrapped folks who stick our their hands and there countersign is Normal! Our dignity! Where is it? All stuck up with lasses candy! "You have the idea Frances".

Verily my days have been prolonged like a stick of molasses candy.

November Tuesday, 5 1872.

I wake up early to pick up chips in my new silver basket, and to try on my handcuffs. Not that I arose betimes. I never do. I lament even now that I had to walk out at seven to let in Mary Welch. Her treatment at my hands is purely homeopathic! She thrives on sugar crated management, we'll soon be as lazy as she ought, might, could would or should! She devotes a great deal of her time in my employ to the cultivation of her mind. I hold her up as a pattern to succeeding kitchen girls who foolishly do not take the time!

[Girlsy] or lament? Which?

November Wednesday, 6 1872.

I have lived to see things ironed up once more and the house to be little in peace! I live to tell of that good old-fashioned article grandma designates "elbow grease", as being used in small quantities by the water of this novel without a hero! I usually combine that with water and soap in small proportions! Not the novel but the elbow grease!

Mary has groaned in spirit. She has even disfigured her face that she might appear unto us to complain of the looks of our yard, and now the tooth has carried her away, for two weeks, and nobody now can carry away the yard.

November Thursday, 7 1872.

Pleasant mornings' like this, the fire goes out. Then Mrs. [Fut] decides she won't go, and Dannie is lonely, lonely.

Other things turn up coincidentally, long afterward in the evening. It takes the whole of me and the morning to build a coal fire. Result. I don't do it. Cause. Wet sheets and a flowing sea.

Patiently Lottie and I trudge to that inveterate nine o'clock train. P.M.! Its the coolest train that runs. Acadia desolate. Sad tale of Acadia.

The teakettle boils and sings for no mother tonight. It's taken off and gets cool like that train.

November Friday, 8 1872.

I keep getting madder and madder because mother isn't here! Dan keeps propping us up with ainy metaphorical cushions such as saying, "Maybe she'll come today", "Maybe she'll write!". It's just like going to heaven in the sauce of the Deacon's application of it. Close by, near to, a little way off, just far enough to see what I have lost! No, Mary Welsh you and I will have to journey on together, yet a space and a little bread and apple sauce with now and then potatoes will look up in our faces, to make us think, "How unlike the place from whence we fell!"

November Saturday, 9 1872.

There's great things in store for the upright. Housekeepers get to those joys early, they die young. I know a great deal about it now. Mrs. Foote has lost her savor. Wherewith shall she be salted. I can't stop to hunt that up and keep house too. The latter I wait to do. Mary Welsh waits to do! I know what mother will say! My house was the house of the clean, but ye have made it!...

November Sunday, 10 1872.

Sundays Mary Welsh goes home. It is not a case inapplicable to other days. Of these I do not speak. Friends, I came not here to talk! By super human efforts I got to Fair Haven to see Friend Witherby. I took day trains, possessing all the aggravations characteristic of local freights! Poor Mr. Proctor. His slight acquaintance with me has cost him so much. The visit was nice, so nice I got to talking, some like the Sundays in Miss Mason's room two years ago!

When the hamlet is still I find me set down at Hydeville!

November Monday, 11 1872.

I begin by sending home Mary Welsh, and going without bread. Through my housekeeping and Mary Welsh's the mice have got into the cracker barrel.

Home is very cheerful. The poetry of home after the day's work reminds me of all the sad words of tongue or pen! Also of the Cotter's Saturday night conjugated negatively. Every body's horse is sick. Our witherto noisy village is quiet. The tramp of the steed is no more known.

November Tuesday, 12 1872.

I am on a rampage today. I came down as the Assyrian came down, but without a cohort. Nothing about me is purple and gold! Mrs. Foote hears me out. We have a sitting together, but not in heavenly places. I make urgent protests that I'm tired of doing the work for two families, tired of paying rent for rooms she occupies. I'd rather content myself with working for one family and supporting me. I don't want to be too ambitious. She harkens to my words and makes promises!

November Wednesday, 13 1872.

And one quarter of the dreaded year is gone. It has not brought a pain that I was not ready for. It has brought all the smiles and hopes I hoped for. I am only sorry to see the retreating form of summer, and the grim visage of the Storm King. The usage of an order on the bank would not be given to me. No, not a bit. I'd welcome you. I'd hold out hands as if I would embrace you. I rest hopes on reading my title clear next Monday. Hope so.

November Thursday, 14 1872.

In which Mrs. Williams atones for a change of which she was entirely innocent, whereby I out of the order of things in her view of eternal fitness get invited to the swear-a-way. Of course I went not, but Halicarnassus did. I sit me down a dress waist to trim, and a pensive [hour] to spend. We have dreadful times browsing. We eat potatoes and crackers mostly. Miss House is dethroned and Miss Bissell gets talked to for saying "Hash please"! Never mind.

I sit at home pensive and sew. Good!

November Friday, 15 1872.

In which the house looks like as never was, and school crosses the equinox. All of these things move me, and I wait. She flies! She flies! Who flies? Miss Bromley. I sit down happy.

Later.

Whew, how cold it is to go up and read ruperts, but she perseveres and never minds it.

Then she comes home and finds "Bits of Travel by H.N.". more felicitous than "Bits of Normal School" by R.G!" I close my book in humility and long for mother and a revolution!

November Saturday, 16 1872.

She goes about to revolutionize and the events before hostilities commenced Charlotte can tell for the agitator wasn't yet risen commencement of hostilities!

Expedition against the kitchen, under Sink and Table! Expedition against Mother's Room, under bed, bureau, and oilcloth. Expedition against the Hall Table!

Points Noted!

Sedimentary deposits removed! Prevalent order succeeds him!

Turnips, potatoes and cabbage dished up! dished down, dished away!

Treaty of aches-la-good night terminated this war!

November Sunday, 17 1872.

I ride to church with the Professor, which was foreordained, and therefore not I am responsible. Down in my heart the Sunday blessedness finds a place, and I feel once more, the joy of Him whose sin is covered. Yes, washed in that blood which cleanses from all sin. Christ is much in my thought and his words come very near.

I get back from church and cook a dinner. I feel pretty well satisfied that with materials at hand, the dinner was an elaborate success. It might be well to remark that all the details that make up a dinner we were out of, been [...]staple, (crackers) had [bailed].

November Monday, 18 1872.

And the sounding aisles of the dim words rang. Has anybody the slightest protest to make? As for us, we are tired of crackers and milk, and no bread. Tired of expecting to grow in grace in household pursuits! And mother comes as a messenger bringing good tidings. She thinks she's got to the wrong place. She thinks she's come to Mr. Squeers school, but we reassure her.

A revolution is immediately to ensue in housekeeping arrangements. We are to know the blessedness of extension

tables, and casters, and silver forks!

November Tuesday, 19 1872.

Peace is once more restored and the family spared from shipwreck by the inauguration of mother. In the afternoon Mollie comes, and we are all together and things go on as they did before the fall! I set apart times and seasons to talk to Mary but in vain. Folks come and talk and talk, and supper is set before us, and we kill the bear, Becky. By and by a pause ensues and she is enabled to tell me, what Dr. French said and ad infinitum!

November Wednesday, 20 1872.

The procession from our house to school slowly moves this morning! My work begins with a row. It promises to be a big one and Addie is the driving wheel. "If May takes her seat she'll take none". No trains left Quebec that Sunday!

All the weather has just now to do is to wait for snow. That too is my business. That flowers and suns, and blue is not for me well I know. I too have only to sit and wait for snow.

November Thursday, 21 1872.

My face today is like that of Long Tom's. It must be when the girls see it in their dreams! I go up stairs in the Normal Hall to be alone. Things go so wretchedly I cannot teach! Addie comes up softly and puts her arms around me and says, "What do you want me to do about the seat?" I look about as pleasant as the piano box and don't want anything. Poor Addie goes down. I call myself a narrow neck of land chiefly stone, and say, "Addie will never come near you again!" but she does after school and I make myself more human!

November Friday, 22 1872.

Mary packs her trunk and says in the indicative mode future tense first person negative, "I will not stay to graduate!" Mine not to ask her why. Mine not to make reply, and so that's how things are at present sitting. My hairs are beginning to go down in sorrow.

My reports are rendered and I come home rejoicing as those who have hope. I think so often the year cannot go half fast enough for me.

November Saturday, 23 1872.

It ends by Mary's unpacking! all through the machinations of the head of the family.

A new state of things is to ensue. Mary is not to sleep with Mrs. Foote. She is not to sleep at Mrs. Briggs. Mother having provided some better thing for her.

I keep at work on tabulations. They are without beginning or pausing, and they have no end of life. It's cold and bleak and home looks cheery always now.

November Sunday, 24 1872.

Yes. O, my Sunday you come after a dreary week and its grand to run away with Mr. Briggs. The ride over fits me for anything that may follow and I almost always come back a better girl, even on top of Mr. Briggs Scripster?

Where was Daniel when Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast into the fiery furnace? Why don't somebody tell Mr. Briggs? Addie comes over for a Sunday visit and we have it. She teases hard. "Will I go home with her next Wednesday?"

November Monday, 25 1872.

Famous as being travelistic and redolent with return checks Miss Bissell and I build no more hopes on teachers. We rise on the ashes of former expectations and go without them! Not the ashes do we go without, but the teachers! Georgie, Addie, Mrs. Hawkins & Miss Heath flank us round about.

And Anna Dickinson is glorious yet. To me she will ever float in the cloud that I have builded for her, so long as her words thrill me, fill me with an impulse never known before.

November Tuesday, 26 1872.

Mother is good and gives us a three o'clock breakfast warm: for to me it falls dear reader to announce that this day broke for us in the parlor of the Bates House! Our little eyes were never made to stay open so!

I do not exemplify the live teacher this day. I am dead to the world as soon as conscious will allow me to get home from school.

November Wednesday, 27 1872.

In which Dan is sent to buy a turkey. Mother said she sent a turkey to get a turkey. He brings one home fat and fair. The teachers duly announce their intentions to smile on us tomorrow and all goes as merry as a marriage bell. One, only thought adds to my course I had hoped to finish with joy. Mrs. Slater and the rest take my train tomorrow. One comfort blesses I do not take drawing room cars.

November Thursday, 28 1872.

Which is named Thanksgiving, and it sends us to church, and keeps our heads down through a "long-tailed" prayer. I had said "Come and it shall be very quiet at our house all day", and we made it so. We just sat around the [cool] stove and talked and sang some of the old hymns. Then we went out and had the dinner all to ourselves. I wish I could make home seem as good to other teachers as Sue always made hers seem to me.

By and by it was four o'clock and we all go up to the train. Only I am taken and as I ride on and on I wonder how East Wallingford will look and what the folks will be like.

November Friday, 29 1872.

We wake up to see a big snow storm that commenced away back in the night. The dear, quiet night that shuts our eyes and gives us visions. How good it is to me not to have it hushed and still only but to dream and dream of yonder amber light. That will not leave the myrrh bush on the height. Even though we wake to say, "Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass".

Addie thinks she wants to be at Eliza's. No means of transportation appears, so we foot it up, and get much dampened. Comfort begins to dawn in the figure of a fire up stairs and a bed, and in animal comforts, we delight ourselves, but the spiritual remains for us by and by in the coming night.

November Saturday, 30 1872.

A day when I wanted to go home. A windy, snowy blowy day, when folks wanted me to stay. I took well meant advice and rejoice Addie's heart much by saying, "I will stay". That's contrary to the good old hymn which says, "I will go, I will go".

We have a downright good talk sitting by the window, and then we take rocking chairs round the stove, and crack nuts and eat candy and popcorn. Loads of it.

December Sunday, 1 1872.

It lays me out and gives me pains where I called for peace, but taking in the uses of things as a whole I am pretty comfortable. For just think in the after part of the day I bundle up to take my first sleigh ride. It landed us at "Rufe's". The event of the evening was not church which we all went to but Tesh's head which came to an untimely end. The untimely end was the leg of the sofa, and Tesh made a big noise in the house. Tesh has not learned the uses of adversity.

November Monday, 2 1872.

The antecedent of an early train to this individual is broken repose. I broke some of mine and scarred the residue. We were up and faithful. Do you suppose the train was? Not at all. Dr. Hayson kept us from solitude and we owe him for that and other services unhesitatingly rendered over eternal thanks. I build hopes on reaching Castleton at ten. We deal in freight trains. The first breaks into in the middle and we are the rear car. Rescued by a train that comes up behind and backs us in. Train 2 is expected to start at 10:15. Moves off at eleven and even that is second best. But where is Addie's satchel? No Normal School this morning. Harps hung!

December Tuesday, 3 1872.

I wish there was more to tell, of me and other things. I appear this A.M. clad in my new green and blue plaid. That marvelous plaid which took the combined brains of the family to select and at last seized by Frances in a moment of desperate despair. (A Last Ditch)

My feelings fluctuate and fun lies dormant.

Mother's grain does not run parallel with mine, hence invitation!
O, for sunshine, Faith and Dolly.

December Wednesday, 4 1872.

A mercy is revealed to me in the form of credits but I live to tell that they are not surplus credits. You'll see me trudging home from school earlier after this. I have resolved! WHY?

The teachers with great success assisted by the well known Mr. Briggs, sleighride back and forth, up and down. It's all well enough to tell about, but just you be there, and if you wouldn't sing Aunt Nabby too. Whew, it's good to be free. Our feelings are greatly soothed at the price, only six cents apiece.

December Thursday, 5 1872.

I buy my little book for next year. It has a dear little garnet face. I take another color hoping that the color of my days and weeks will also change. I take to my heart the wee hope that they will grow brighter or I braver, More. The rest of the hope expects deliverance from R.G. Not much of anything else was inaugurated! It did not even snow.

A deal of comfort lives in brown cottage number 2, and Sue sent a little more. "Does Frantiss member?"

December Friday, 6 1872.

Lottie inquires of weather. What would she like for Christmas. Mother has decided that she would like the pater, familias [Tremaine] to buy her a hood having abundant faith in his power of selecting! Dan thinks Nells' hood looks like the caboose of a freight train.

We all resolve ourselves into a committee of Puzzled Dutchmen. We are all so glad we rush here tonight.

I get back safely from my report renderings and feel as if I might be comfortable for a week. Then I [paste].

December Saturday, 7 1872.

I am pasting yet, and the midnight hour is near. Most of me is paste. A great deal. Mother makes me nice flannel waists to wear. All things look wintry, and the air goes through me and fills them full. I just enjoy this cold bracing winter weather. I don't while pasting but when I put the book away and go out for a run.

Mr. Knapen comes down upon me like a wolf in the [fold]. His cohorts all gleaming with equation of payments. I won't says I.

December Sunday, 8 1872.

Couldn't go to church for maybe the house would catch cold in the rain. I wanted to suggest that there could be no danger possibly. I never knew him to catch anything.

If I didn't go to church what did I do? Ate a half past ten breakfast of boiled rice, moped around in a drowsy aimless attitude for awhile, then went off by myself and read of days with Susie, and arms around me. It was good and I went to sleep, and slept and slept. True, honest, on Nells expressive vernacular, waking up seemed like being off and coming back.

December Monday, 9 1872.

The persecution of the Scottish Covenanters has a parallel. I am that.

I Addie had only appeared on the scene in the snow storm my martyrdom would not have missed a pang. As it was I lived out of it and came home at three minutes past four. Afflictions may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning. I am glad of that, but what's the promise when afflictions endure all day?

My tendencies are all in the direction of scrap books and I wish I could, but I can't.

December Tuesday, 10 1872.

Addie appears on the scene, and I am superlative by martyred, without even the parting triumph of a Scottish Covenanter, that the cause was worth it. Mother adds to my enjoyment of the day and I fly. I fly. Who fly?

The evening partakes of two calls. Anne Phelps is way up, high up.

Then we present ourselves meekly before the dignitaries of the institution of Carmin in this community. I learn many things. Wasn't any of [...] in Dr. Sanford's piece. All he said was in his piece he wrote.

Three years ago tonight I sat before Annie Dickinson and a new piece was added to my days and years.

December Wednesday, 11 1872.

Jim Smith said he didn't see a darned a thing. That's when the girls enquired what he saw in the tourmaline. It's all Mr. Williams doings showing tourmaline and things. I never do.

It's cold enough to freeze a Sphynx, but bites are not forever, anymore than other things I could mention. I could tell if I would says our friend Mrs. [Fat].

Consecration day is like a chapter of precious stones. There is to every thought and experience its own peculiar color and with the light of the Redeemer upon them they lend unfading glory to the day.

Indeed all the borders are precious stones.

December Thursday, 12 1872.

Which was a pretty good day, two foldly! It brought cash and relieved a little debt or two that had grown old enough to distress me, and it kept the second course class on most commendable behavior, but it brought no milder weather, no longer days.

Mrs. [Hoadley] comes to call, and the call, induces active and prolonged exertion in all of us. Very prolonged. Of me tis written. Her teeth, they chatter, chatter still.

December Friday, 13 1872.

It partakes of "Why are we here my friends" but is not distinguished for hilarity. Dr. Sanford says, "Come hither all ye weary souls, ye, heavy loden, teachers come", and we list, list, list. The Dr. moralizes a great deal, and jokes once. The joke was mild in form concerning the name of R.G's daughter. "What's Trip's name?" We explain.

Apropos before this [friend] of the family and I take a sleigh ride and Dan drives.

December Saturday, 14 1872.

I must not forget my lesson on fence viewers apropos of last night's visit. Fence viewers must possess qualities not possessed even by Chief Executive or high priced officials. There are three per town. One, tall to look over, dumpy thick, to see through & appreciate width, the third, equally short to peep under! O, how glad I'm here tonight. I spend another stupid day, pasting my life to stick it on something, and some sticks and some does not stick. I put both stick and sticker away to wait vacation.

December Sunday, 15 1872.

Which came in gently to stand among weeks, the weeks behind, the worldly never resting weeks, and the weeks ahead,

the unknown, dreaded weeks. And I find the Eden Shore, just a little while, and I tarry and rest. I walk through the prophecies of Daniel XI, and it seems too grand to me for utterance.

Then I tell Susie things. Of how hard I am trying to be the [mortal] that can purely endure! How I cannot turn my eyes away from the hill from whence help cometh, nor my heart from the dear Christ "with the pity in his eyes".

December Monday, 16 1872.

Did I know Weltha was very very sick, is the first thing somebody said to me up to school. No, I didn't know.

By and by school gets out and I go to see her.

"Miss Bromley what shall I do about my essay", is an all abounding question. Miss Bromley fidgets around to find out but yields afterwards no peaceable fruits.

December Tuesday, 17 1872.

"Let it sear". That's what Anne Phelps said about my conscience, and then I did. Mother thinks so readily, but then mother's mad at me.

The centre of oscillation lay behind those four inviting pillars of the Sem. and the subject matter is ice-pitcher. It's much talked up! "So what do you think of that my cat, and what do you think of that my dog?"

December Wednesday, 18 1872.

Dan brings forth, and goes on. He is mild in his requests for Christmas. A watch and a gun. I go down into the deeps and fish up a headache which is much enduring. Mother from the goodness of her heart broils spare rib. Dannie would fain fill his, with the spare rib, his sister did eat and no one gave unto him.

Mother's closing remark is much like the following, "Dan is a growin boy".

December Thursday, 19 1872.

Tarnation is not a very good word to use. I do not advise it. Let this stand to refute all testimony to the contrary. Addie invites me out to sleigh ride way off where we please, and she comes back saying, "Too bad, Take the little teacher out and freeze her". Then little teacher says, "No, guess not", but inside has fear of it. She don't tell.

The pangs of hunger, who can paint them? And yet I had [one], and folks came in layers, and still no eat, and at last I am glad to take refuge in a little piece of apple pie and [exit] [hints] a hungerless sleep.

December Friday, 20 1872.

Which came to an end in the midst of cedar. I was there.

Mary and I talk up or as mother has it "cook" up, wonderful things to be brought out next week when I en route for Albany. My sakes. You don't know how we fix it. I do. How we shall get mother into it, we don't know. We decide to break it to her in driblets, and succeed beautifully, until we come to the color of the silk. There we would never meet through sufficiently produced.

December Saturday, 21 1872.

In which I use the word tarnation. See Dec. 19! I repeat I do not advise its profuse use, but experience today that it expresses certain stages of feeling in me better than lies emphatic words. The only decent thing I do is to buy mother an oil cloth. I didn't feel good. Mother advises tea. Give me liberty or give me death!

I lay down "My wife and I, unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

December Sunday, 22 1872.

Fragrant with the memory of dumplings, mother's best. There also rises up in it other smoke, slow curling wreaths of graduating dresses, and lace trimmings and Albany. The night that announced this day might itself to be announced and hereby is duly announced. A very well written and a much needed essay might be written on the "Duty of Slats in Bedsteads". I find myself all night forever climbing up the climbing wave", for want of a refugee slat. I awake to hear the four winds shriek, from the four corners of the earth.

December Sunday, 22 1872.

Fragrant with the memory of dumplings, mother's best. There also rises up in it other smoke, slow curling wreaths of graduating dresses, and lace trimmings and Albany. The night that announced this day might itself to be announced and hereby is duly announced. A very well written and a much needed essay might be written on the "Duty of Slats in Bedsteads". I find myself all night forever climbing up the climbing wave", for want of a refugee slat. I awake to hear the four winds shriek, from the four corners of the earth.

December Monday, 23 1872.

When much was wrought. Besides the attention of the people was attracted to the weather. School was a shadow that declineth. Mary meantime is learning that one enters the Kingdom of State certificates through much tribulation, especially if they wear silk. But Ella Mills has an uncle.

In the evening great things transpire. Very. Mr. Williams forgot in the event repose of manner, and said he knew but couldn't tell it. Indeed it was a great event.

December Tuesday, 24 1872.

Rising betimes again means "awful early", but mother event is about to transpire, at once. I wheel away on an early train and riding before daylight gives me an extraordinary feeling of being above the common herd, when for the time being we suppose are in bed. Cohoes is a freezing place, but Sis is glad I came! In Albany I see visioins and dream dreams! It's so jolly to be in the good times and everybody looks so glad. The silk is bought all the rest are stowed away and I hurry to Auny Mary, and blessed fate, they are alone! Cosy little visit, then off, then Murdoch. Then home to a splint bed with Sis!

December Wednesday, 25 1872.

But not long to lie on splints. We are up now Merrie Christmasing! We get home and our shouts rend the air! My Christmas gifts are spread out before me and I take an inventory! Perfume from Dad. Handkerchief box from the little girls. Set of toilet mats from Miss Bissell. Diary from Aggie. Wedding cards from Fannie Taft. Addie comes to carry us off, and its go, freeze, thaw, go, freeze, thaw!

December Thursday, 26 1872.

The transit of Venus is to be next year. Who said so? The man with the Stella-Tellurian said so. When he was through telling us, Mr. Williams got up and said, this was a funny little ball we live on. It went wabbling in the air!

In the evening I am waited on by Judge Bromley. What is this I hear? A weapon formed against me prospering! I call mother to a council of her & I.

December Friday, 27 1872.

Dan has set apart this day to himself as a birthday. Strange nobody partonizes it. Goose vein seems to be his motto, and the rest of us appear at the little end of the [horn]. Was it ever so cold before? I can't keep ward no way, Impossible!

Mary and I hold long consultations! Mother and I hold long consultations. But we, what can we see or know of the misty, unknown weeks. The pain, or the peace of them!

December Saturday, 28 1872.

Nowadays I always have an essay about me somewhere. Just going to invent one, or fix over one or go at one. Then I write Milton for Mary. An awful job, but see me, aint I ready for it?

I get into the middle of the second book and then I put it away until Monday. "Roughing It" by Mark Twain, is perhaps inferior to Paradise Lost in literary merit. I am afraid it is, but then Roughing it is a Paradise Lost, every word of it, and I read between spasms of Milton.

December Sunday, 29 1872.

Dan says Mary's bustle is like a bay window. Indeed I never thought of it before. Mr. Briggs is on the qui vive. "When does Sunday begin?" That's what he wants to know. Elder Grose give up the pulpit to him and it moves on. While Charley and I hold concourse Mr. Briggs most impressive speed to me was when he wondered what "scripter they'd fetch up".

The rest of the Sunday goes on in streaks composed of chicken gravy, and writing up, and psalm tunes. The consequent noise makes me give vent to the following, "My ear drums were not made to split, Nor any other man's".

December Monday, 30 1872.

When does Monday begin. Poor Frances. She knows too soon. It began before she was ready. It came with torture in its wings and not one but all the weapons formed against her are prospering! She sits down in the dark telling mother, without seeing the helping hills, or the pity in the eyes. She say over to herself, "What vein force, went mean gain from naps. If not, what resolution from despair".

"This is a specimen of my handwriting before I took lessons of G.A. Stockwell".

December Tuesday, 31 1872.

Things are talked over and speculations increase for an unheard of thing is to transpire on the morrow. Mr. Willims has actually lived to invite the Normals to ride tomorrow. Is that all? He has even added to that. He has invited them to supper!

Let me describe myself to you. I look like the ninth boy in the row while the eight before him are taking a whipping.
For we walk by faith not by sight!

Memoranda.

Memoranda.

In all the ages Love is the truth of Life. Men cannot injure us except so far as they exasperate us to forget ourselves. No man is really dishonored except by his own act.

Wouldst thou bring the world unto God? Then live near to him thyself. F.W. Robertson.

Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office demands great and sublime parts where must be very two before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large natures mutually behold mutually feared before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath these disparities mutes them. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. R.W. Emerson.

I have read that those who listened to Lord

Cash Account, January.

Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man, than anything which he said.

Characters, a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means. "O Jole, how didst thou know that Hercules was a god?"

"Because", answered Jole, "I was content the moment my eyes fell on him, he conquered whether he stood or walked or sat or whatever thing he did". R.W.E.

"One self approving hour whole worlds outweighs,
Of striped stories and of loud [...]
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Then can say with a [...] at his heels"

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. Ruskin.

Cash Account, February
[Loons], Queen's Gardens.

Lar among the moonlands & the weeks far in the darkness of the horrible streets, these feeble flowrets are lying with all their fresh leaves torn & their stems broken, flowers that have eyes like yours, which once saved you can save forever? Will you not go down among them? among those sweet living things whose new courage sprung from the earth with the deep color of heaven upon it is starting up in strength of goodly spire, & whose purity washed from the dust is opening hid by hid into the flowers of promise, still they turn to you and [joy] you. "The Larkspur listens, I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers, I wait".

"[Arms] into the garden [heard]
For the black bat night has flown
Come into the garden [hands]

I am here at the gate alone."

Who is it think you who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden alone,

Cash Account, March

waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Mande, but of a Madeline, who went down to her garden in the dawn and found one waiting at the gate when she supposed to be the gardener. Have you not enough? Him often sought him in vain though the night sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fierce reward is set? He is never there, but at the gate of this garden He is waiting always, waiting to take your hand, ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley to see whether the juice has flourished and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding, there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed: more, you shall see the trunks of the

Cash Account, April.

angel keepers, that, with their wings wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown and call to each other between the vineyard rows. "Take we the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes".

Oh, you queens, you queens! among the hills & happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the fox have noles, and the birds of the air have nests, aren't in your cities shall the stones cry not against you that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay his head! Ruskin

In a valiant suffering for there, not in a slothful making others suffer for us did nobleness ever lie every noble crown is and on Earth forever will be a crown of thorns. (Carlyle)

The deepest pathos and the quickest gayeters hide

Cash Account, April.

angel keepers, that, with their wings wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown and call to each other between the vineyard rows. "Take we the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes".

Oh, you queens, you queens! among the hills & happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the fox have noles, and the birds of the air have nests, aren't in your cities shall the stones cry not against you that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay his head! Ruskin

In a valiant suffering for there, not in a slothful making others suffer for us did nobleness ever lie every noble crown is and on Earth forever will be a crown of thorns. (Carlyle)

The deepest pathos and the quickest gayeters hide

Cash Account, May

together in the same nature. E.B.B.

There! There! all this was in my heart and it never was said out till now. F.W.R.

O my brothers, God exists. R.W.G.

There are graces in the demeanor of a polished and noble person that are lost upon the eye of a churl. These are like the stars whose light has not yet reached us. R.W.E.

Once taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its [...] because it is astonished, carting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy, lamenting over itself and testing itself by the way it fits things. Ruskin.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us or we find it not. The rest of beauty is a finer charm than skill in surfaces, in outlines, in rules of art can ever teach, a radiation

Cash Account, May

together in the same nature. E.B.B.

There! There! all this was in my heart and it never was said out till now. F.W.R.

O my brothers, God exists. R.W.G.

There are graces in the demeanor of a polished and noble person that are lost upon the eye of a churl. These are like the stars whose light has not yet reached us. R.W.E.

Once taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its [...] because it is astonished, carting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy, lamenting over itself and testing itself by the way it fits things. Ruskin.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us or we find it not. The rest of beauty is a finer charm than skill in surfaces, in outlines, in rules of art can ever teach, a radiation

Cash Account, June.

from the work of art of human character, a wonderful expression through stone or canvas or musical sound of the deepest and simplest attributes of our nature, and therefore most intelligible at last to those souls which have these attributes. R.W.E.

To see the King in His beauty is the softest and most unearthly attainment. Can any one be keenly alive to this, who has no heart for external beauty? R.W.R.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. (Emerson)

I slept and dreamed that

Life was Beauty

I woke and found that

Life was Duty.

Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man's History and Men's History a perpetual [Evangel]? Listen and for organ music

Cash Account, July.

thus will ever as of old, hear the morning Stars sing together. Carlyle

Art is never Art till it is more than Art. Kingsley.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom better than by any other, what kind of man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be. Carlyle.

"My fairest child I have no song to give you

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet ere we part, one [...] I can leave you
For every day.
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song. Kingsley.

To me it seems we best remember Him by prizing loving all the things He gives. Miss Bromwell.

Cash Account, August.

Who could have suspected diversity in a beetle or theology in a mass?

What's done we partly may compute. But know not what's resisted. For several virtues I have liked several women;
never any with so full a soul, but some defect in her did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned and put it to a foil.

The soft sad eyes set like twilight planets in the rainy skies with the brow all patience and the lips all pain.

My hair was black but white my life; The colors in exchange are cast! The white upon my hair is rife the black upon my
life has passed.

If there were not an eagle in the [feathers] of birds must then the owl be king among the feathered herds?

Yea, this is life; make this forenoon sublime, this afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer, and time is conquered, & thy
crown is won.

Cash Account, September

Cash Account, October.

Cash Account, November.

Cash Account, December.

Cash Account, Summary.

Memoranda.

Memoranda.

Read:
Bleak House. Dickens.
Vashti, (Humph!) Augusta Evans.
Real Folks. A.D.T.W.
Patience Strong's Outings. A.D.T.W.

Boys of Chequasset A.D.T.W.
Sartor Resartus. Carlyle
Tale of Two Cities. Dickens.
Great Expectations. Dickens.
Old Curiosity Shop. Dickens.
Reprinted Pieces. Dickens.
Culprit Fay. Drake.
Lothair. Disraeli.
Hannah. Miss Mulock.
Oliver Twist. Dickens.
Little Women. Alcott.
Vacation:
Little Men. Alcott.
Barnaby Rudge. Dickens.

Memoranda.

Hard Times. Dickens.
Uncommercial Traveler. Dickens.
Luck of the Roaring Camp. Bret Harte.
Deerings of [...]. Virginia Town.
Her worshiop. Carlyle.
Life Without and Within. Ossoli.
Society and Solitude. Emerson.
Summer in a Garden. C.D.Warner.
Woman in the 19th Century. Ossoli.
Novum Organism. Bacon.
Sir Charles Grandison. Richardson.
Essays and Sketches. De Quincey.
My Wife and I. Stowe.
Roughing it. Mark Twain.

These Easter hymns Love I [was] you to have. I have put them in book.

Room [Elins].
Thursday 22, 1872.

Nansie, Little Wife,
Fannie is glad, as glad as she knows how.

Dear Teacher.
Good Night, and a kiss
Laura.
Emma,
Mary.
Anne.
Jan. 24th.