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g. Inez PollK, '25
7 July 1964

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Christine Ladd

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Christine Ladd

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Behind a frowning Providence frown
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Christine Ladd

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To be or not to Christine Ladd

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Christine H Ladd

(14)

great [end]

That life is long which answers lifes

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Christine Ladd

Christine Ladd

(15)

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Christine Ladd

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Christine Ladd

(20)

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Christine Ladd

(21)

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Christine Ladd

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Christine Ladd

(23)

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every line

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Christine Ladd

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July 23, 1866. I have gained an important point with my Grandma. She says she thinks Auntie ought to send me to Vassar. She objected that at the end of four years I should be too old to get married. I assured her that it would afford me great pleasure to entangle a husband but there was no one in the [plan] who would have me or whom I would have, and out of [that] place I was destined never to go, gave her the statistics of the great excess of mates in New England and proved that as I was decidedly not handsome my chances were very small. Therefore ... I could not find a husband to support me I must [still] [put] myself and I do so I needed an education. Grandma surrendered.

July, 28, Can I submit? Is it the better part of valor? Wonder what would be the consequences of rebellion? Auntie consents to send me to Vassar and further does not allow me to go. Oh! Oh! Oh! Is then such anger in celestial minds?

July 31. Exhibition tonight. ... Nights in a Bar-Room. [Yumir] was the star of the evening. My part was very light but I believe I took it as well as usual. It is just impossible to get servants in this part of the world, so I personate the indispensable Bridget. I would not mind but that I do admire beautiful hands and hot dish water is not conducive to delicacy of size or texture.

Aug 10. Vassar! land of my longing! Mine at last. In a month I shall have the spacious corridors and bury myself in the volumes of forgotten lore at Vassar! [Gratier] Dei! Does it really seem so beautiful as I thought it would? Is it really for the best? I confess I have misgivings – everyone is so opposed to it. This is the way of it. Another advances her \$[660] and receives a bill payable in the future. 'Tis too good to be true is it not? Be swift – my heart so know thy work, be jubilant, my [put]! Will I not study this year that is coming?

Aug. 24. I am tired to death with the sewing I have done, and the worst is yet before me. Don't I .. it? [Plimnut] listens ... from ... Russell and Mary R. Vassar still seems more like a myth than anything [also].

Spt. 2. ... [nine] ...! Est. ce que je suis [heureux]? The Farrells are ... say that Vassar is a big [sting]. My [music] has gained me much [affluence] this week.... seize the ... New York ladies who play as well as I do. If my [evocational] power were only of equal brilliancy, of might perhaps have some shame in the great market. I have half a mind to open a correspondence with Miss [Dani]. Sept 10 Farewell to thee, my Journal, I start tomorrow for Vassar, and today I bid thee an

(27)

Journal of 1860.

Th. Nov. 22. Went to school in morning. Very cold afternoon went to dentist's – looked at hats. In evening studied and played dominoes until ten.

F. Nov. 23. Went to school as usual. Miss. J. was very pleasant – sprinkled a little when I came home – stayed in the house in afternoon and learned my lessons – played dominoes in the evening with Uncle Henry. Aunt [C's] foot continues quite bad.

Saturday. Nov. 24. Did not go to school on account of the rain – wrote composition in the morning on ... – in the afternoon wrote to H. and Auntie – went down town and looked at hats. Played dominoes in the evening.

Sunday. Nov 25. Went to church all day and learned the 19th Psalm.

Monday. 26. Went to school in morning – as usual – afternoon studied and finished writing

to Auntie – went down town – bought a felt bonnet for \$2 and half and ordered it trimmed in the evening studied and played with Aunt [Y].

Tuesday. 27. Rained hard but I went to school – only six scholars there – enjoyed myself very much – in the afternoon studied and played – evening read Harper and knit on my marapost – a miniature procession has just passed.

28. Wednesday. Went to school in the morning and recited as usual – no school until Monday! afternoon arranged Aunt Caroline's ... and went down town and got the ribbon for my bonnet – no lessons in the evening – read a little while and cracked walnuts for tomorrow is Thanksgiving – received a letter from [L].

Thanksgiving. Nov. 29. Got up late – went to church in the morning – had beautiful singing and sermon – turkey for dinner – afternoon cut leather for making leather work – played with aunt F and dominoes in the evening and ate nuts, raisins and apples.

(28)

Friday, Nov. 30. Went down town in the morning and bought a match safe for Aunt [C.] and a basket for leather work - cut leather until dinner time and after dinner made the flowers and acorns - read Dream Life and played dominoes in the evening.

Dec. 1. Thirteen years old today - what better am I than a year ago? or what more do I know? Went down town in the morning and bought some silk for 22 cents dyed my leaves, basket and Aunt Canno's easel - went down town, purchased a straw bonnet for sixty-seven cents and took a walk - read Dream Life in the evening - it was very interesting.

Sunday. Dec. 2 Learned twenty-third Psalm in the morning and went to church - afternoon went to Sunday-school with Jessie Williams for the first time and to church read library book in the eveing - Dr. Folsom came in in the evening and we had nuts and raisins.

Monday. Dec. 3. Went to school again today and was glad to get back in the afternoon after studying a while went to Bailey's and bought a pair of skates \$2.50, then went off with a party but we could not find any ice to skate on. studied in the evening – I feel real homesick and as if I [hate] every body and every thing.

Tuesday. Rose at seven, went to school early, recited perfectly, afternoon studied a while and then went skating with [Satie] and others and had a delightful time. I think I shall learn to skate very soon, studied and played on the piano in the evening. Uncle Henry went to hear Wendal [Phillips] tonight.

Wednesday. Dec. 5. When I awoke the ground was covered with the beautiful soft snow and the merry sleigh bells were ringing, went to school in the morning and played delightfully with the snow and in consequence have now got a cold, studied in the afternoon and evening and made my first attempt at ...

(29)

Wednesday. December. 12. It is just a week since I last wrote in my journal. I have had a very bad cold, had slept in Aunt [Y's] room until last night and then I was too cold to write. Went to school today for the first time since my cold it was very pleasant to get back to school. Was dismissed a little while after recess because it snowed and came home with [James] studied in afternoon and evening. read Shakespeare and played.

Thursday. Dec. 13. Went to school in morning, recited pretty well, going ahead of my French class fast. Sadie was not at school today her Aunt is dead - met Mr [Parrotte], he asked me to go skating but I was not well enough - studied all the afternoon and evening played backgammon with Aunt Frances who beat me - pulled a tooth today and one yesterday - it snowed this afternoon - pleasant though cold in the morning - I don't think I shall ever learn to get up early.

Friday. Went to school as usual. dreadful cold studied in afternoon - too cold to write any more.

Sat. 15. Went to school in the morning - thermometer below zero - Sadie has not been to school yet and I miss her very much - in the afternoon lined my basket with silk and played backgammon with Aunt Caroline - played dominoes with Uncle Henry in the evening. We played so well that it took us an hour and a half to finish one game. I have just taken some cod liver oil and feel disgustingly after it.

Monday 17 Went to school in the morning warmer today, recited Bible Lesson, Spelling, and Grammar, afternoon went skating upon the pond, Alice Ball helped me along very kindly and other girls - came home early studied and played dominoes in the evening.

Tuesday. 18 Went to school in the morning the reason that the skin of the elephant hangs loosely is to keep him from sinking in the marshes of India. Studied a little in the afternoon and worked on my basket - studied and read Harper in evening Miss Caroline Hill called this evening - Mrs. Fage has come.

Mercredi. Dec. 19 Went to school in morning two new scholars today - the Misses [Hayes] - in the afternoon studied awhile and went skating on the South Pond with Sadie Jessie and others - Aunt Francis went down town and bought me some cloth and tape for twenty cents - studied in the eveing and ate nuts and raisons - have not taken cod liver oil for the last two nights.

Jeudi. Dec. 20 - Rained in the morning and so I did not go to school - wrote to Aunt Maria and studied until dinner time, in the afternoon read Girlhood of Shakespeares Heroines - in evening Harper and played dominoes. I beat two games out of three - I arose late as usual.

Vendredi, 21, Went to school in the morning. I was almost the only girl who recited French & the only one of my class who recited [Arithm]. Studied in the afternoon. Miss Caroline Hill was here to dinnner and in the evening. I have got a very bad pain in my bowels.

22. Went to school in morning, have begun to recite French with May Hayes - rained coming home but in the afternoon changed to snow.

Sunday. Dec. 23. I think I never saw a more beautiful morning - the trees were covered with snow, beautifully soft and white which also formed a carpet for the ground. but in the evening surely nothing could equal the sight - the bright moon reflected on the abundant snow made it nearly as light as day - and the beauty of the morning was doubled - the icicles shone in the soft moonlight like diamonds and the stillness of the scene added to the enjoyment of it. [Rev.] Mr. [Lanphear] preached today - he was not nearly as interesting as Mr. Gage. I feel happy for I have tried to be good today.

Monday. Dec. 24. Went to school in morning, pleasant but cold. Sadie was at school today - it seemed quite homelike to have her back again. I love her very much. Worked on basket in afternoon.

(31)

Tuesday Dec. 25. [A] merry Christmas to my journal. My dear father has come today - how glad I was to see him - went to the Episcopal Church this morning with Aunt Frances and when we got home father was here. In the afternoon wrote a composition on skating but it is so miserable that I don't believe it will answer though it took all the afternoon to write it. Played dominoes with Father and Uncle Henry in evening. Father brought me a present from Auntie of a dollar and a letter from her. [Jessie] sent me some cards and nuts and Harry some nuts.

Wednesday. 26. To school as usual in the morning I was late also as usual - very bad walking but pleasant otherwise. Wrote composition and studied in the afternoon. Father has a very bad cold and Aunt Francis too. [Aunt] did not get up until one - studied and read in evening - I feel lonely and I will go to my heavenly Father for comfort, shall I ever learn to be good or to do good? I almost begin to despair.

Thursday. Dec. 27. Went to school in the morning received a scolding for being late – I am sure I cannot help whispering. I tried hard today but did not succeed – brought home Arithmetic and studied hard with but little recreation. Think I shall take music lessons.

Friday. Dec. 28. Went to school in the morning learned twice the lesson in French – whispered as usual – afternoon studied until four and then went to walk with Aunt Frances and Sadie we went in to Fosters and enjoyed ourselves looking at the pretty things while Aunt F. purchased – afterward Sadie and self walked about town until after dark in evening studied French and played dominoes.

Monday. Dec. 31. Went to school in the morning recited Bible Lesson pretty well and others after dinner studied an hour and a half then called Sadie to go to walk but she would not go – went alone and took my ... to Bennets to be mended – read Tyll Owlglass until dark and Harper and Shakespearein

the evening. Today is the last of the Old Year. How short a time it seems since last I welcomed the new year with my mother - how many resolutions have not been carried out - how many plans for improvement broken! how many times have I disobeyed my heavenly Father commands? O may I spend the coming year to better advantage! It is still without. The moon looks down coldly and all nature seems sad at the death of the old year - I am not sorry that time flies so swiftly. I am happy. But I must be up and doing for a better happiness in a world to come.

Wednesday, January 2nd, 1861. Went to school today as usual. Miss Tompson talked to us quite seriously about tattling and dishonesty. I agree with her in thinking dishonesty is the worst temptation we schoolgirls have. Did'n't make but few communications today. I felt some of Miss G's remarks very sharply. Went skating this afternoon with Jessie and others but did not enjoy myself as well as yesterday. studied and played dominoes in evening.

Thursday. Jan 3. It snowed today and the folks are so careful of me they would not allow me to go to school but I recited to Aunt Frances and sent James for my French books and so I shall not lose much – Sewed today and studied – looked over the children's playthings – Pleasant are my days in this place and I shall always remember them with gratitude to my kind friends – Studied and read "Favorite Authors" in the evening.

Friday, 4. Today is the fast appointed by the President for all the United States and so there was no school – In morning I sewed on [flannel] petticoat and wrote composition on [Dorcas] – after desk romped with Aunt Francis and Father in the evening studied, read, and played dominoes – Not having been to school for two days I shall be glad to get back – snowed again today but neither today nor yesterday did the snow remain on the branches of the trees and though it looked pretty on the ground the bare trees spoilt the effect

Jan 5. Saturday night has come again! I have tried to be good this week and have partly succeeded, but there is still room for very much improvement. Went to school in morning. I whispered it is true but only once or twice – afternoon called on Georgie Halliburton, the Emeries, and Fannie Monroe with Sadie – then went to Shores' and I bought something for Jessie and Harry – went about town until nearly six. studied French in the evening. I am going God willing to Portland with Father next Monday to see Aunt [Riar] and the children. she is going to show us something. I wonder what it will be. it was silver

Sunday Jan. 6. Went to church all day today and to sunday school – sat with Uncle Henry Aunt [Canno] went in the morning – studied on the thirty-fourth Psalm. Attended lecture in evening on the suffering condition of Kansas delivered by Judge Dow. it was very interesting though not eloquent – saw dear Miss Sarah, like her better then ever – I hope it will not storm for I am to go to Portland with Father.

Thursday, Jan. 10. Snowed on Monday but I went to Portland, reached there about two oclock - came home Wednesday - went to school today Miss Tompson was very pleasant to me. Sadie was not at school I suppose she stayed at home because it snowed - studied in the afternoon and took my first lesson on the sewing machine. In evening studied and finished my maraposa. Mr. Parrotte called to see father. I ought to have written home today but I did not have time and must do it tomorrow. Did not get up until half past eight and so of course was very late at school.

Wednesday. Jan. 30. It is nearly a month since my journal has been opened - I have delayed writing for so long that I hardly know how to begin but I suppose I must say as usual went to school in the morning, studied and went down town in the afternoon and studied and read in the evening - there is little variety in m life yet it is pleasant but I have one more thing to add to the list - practiced an hour.

for I have begun to take music lessons. first lesson eighteenth [alt]. I have a headache and am sleepy.

Thursday. Jan. 31. Same routine. Next Monday begins vacation for two weeks, I hardly know whether to be glad or sorry but I suppose the glad predominates. Sadie came in in the afternoon and had a call from [Ridy] Ladd and Fannie Monroe. The last day of the month – how quick time flies! I must endeavor to improve my time for my winters schooling is nearly over. Miss Thompson gave me my bill today of \$9.75.

Monday. Feb. 4. Went to school Friday but Miss F. came and told us she would not keep as her mother was very ill. I believe she is alive yet though not expected to live. Saturday it rained. Sunday the pavements were covered with a solid glare of ice. Went to church all day and to Sunday school. Lounged about all the morning today until about eleven – then went down town with Aunt F. Read sewed and practised this afternoon. I was very much interested in Anna would my religious experiences could be like hers.

Wednesday. Feb. 6. Went skating on the pavements this morning but did not have a very good time - practiced and went down town with Jessie. Practiced another hour in the afternoon, had a call from Ella Preston and Jessie, read and sewed. Aunt Caroline and I have got a great secret - we are going to have tea in her room tomorrow night and invite Aunt Frances. Read Hills of the Shatemuc in the evening even refused a game of dominoes to do so what would not I give to have the talent of that author but still the story was very unreal - a perfect paragon of a young man who makes his way in the world though poor and then marries an heiress.

Wednesday, May. 23. Home again! truly there is no place like home. I have not enjoyed myself for alone time as well as I have today and yesterday. There were eleven children here this evening to see Harry hoist his flag, had lemonade, played and sang until nearly nine oclock and got pretty tired. Lucy has been with me nearly all the two past days. The girls serenaded me the night I returned (21st) but I was asleep and did not hear them.

January 1, 1862. Happy New Year to thee my Journal. With the new year comes good resolutions and I have resolved to resume sweet intercourse with my long neglected journal. In thee shall the flights of imagination remain unchecked and the rivulets of fancy shall flow at pleasure unrestrained by the fear of criticism from the idle gaze of the curious, for no mortal eye with my permission shall roam o'er thy sacred pages. In thee shall both the trivial and serious acts and thoughts of my life be faithfully recorded. How short seems the time since last new years day I commenced with my journal in my little room at Portsmouth, and how long it seems to look forward to the next year where I shall be, no one can tell where - Shall I describe the weather? it is quite warm and the little snow there was on the ground has melted quite fast. There was school today but I did not attend on account of a severe cold, which has prevented my being in my accustomed seat for a week. I made and presented to Lucy a little bead basket, in the evening read aloud in Scotts "Life of Napoleon".

2nd A letter from Sadie: it is delightful to hear from her again - and how kind [in] her to

me, when I had not answered her last letter - She is making resolutions and meant to keep them. I too have resolved to be a better girl with the help of my Heavenly Father. I will try to be kinder to my dear brother and sister and to everyone I meet with - I will try to do good and to be good and to improve my time in all things.

Saturday - No school today and so I went skating with A - and [S.G.] on the river and had a very fine time.

Wednesday. Jan. 8. To school this morning - I tried a little to be good and partly succeeded - no school in the afternoon. I spent the afternoon and evening here and we had a nice time - father has gone out this evening.

May 1, Thursday - A cold gloomy May-day! no may parties for me this year. Today I commenced my term at Miss G.'s school again. I am to study French, Latin, Algebra, Arithmetic and Grammer. There were only eight scholars today, all of whom I knew, Miss [T.] has but thirteen scholars in all, when at our time she had twenty-two. Dressmaker here today
Went out in the afternoon and studied [A.M.] ... evening

Friday. Cold and rainy. Went to school in the morning. Today Miss Sarah came and spoke very kindly to me. What can be the reason that I love her so! She too seems to like me. Perhaps it is some intuitive force that draws us to each other. She put me alone in the [Grammar] and with the [Hennedies] in translation. We are reading Corinne, by Madame de Stael – What I have read of it I like very much, but it is rather harder than what I have been accustomed to. Studied all the afternoon and evening. Grandma is inexorable and sends me to bed the moment the clock strikes nine, though I would much rather sit up longer.

Saturday. No sunshine today in the outer world but some in the inner – for me: I enjoyed myself at school very much. A new scholar today – Katy Wood, whom I think I shall like very well. I have experienced the pleasure of having good lessons and I mean always to be as perfect as possible in my recitation. This AM I went down town and this evening I have read twenty pages of Corinne.

Monday. May 5. I have at last got into the habit of early rising and I find it much pleasanter than sleeping late in the morning. There was a hard thunder storm to-day and some of the girls at school were much frightened. I enjoyed myself at school as usual and had good lessons. Grandma had a letter from father today - they are all well and send love. I went out to the swing for the first time since my arrival and sewed and studied in the afternoon and studied until nine in the evening - Good night I must get up early and write my composition in the morning.

Tuesday. I arose at five oclock and wrote on my composition until breakfast-time went to school I had a good time wrote and studied all the afternoon and evening - my head aches badly.

Wednesday. Arose early. Did not go to school today as I was unwell. Wrote composition all the morning studied afternoon and evening - read two chapters of Corinne - Real April weather - raining one minute and the sun shining the next. Have not been able to go out today. Expected the dressmaker but she did not come. Essayons etre bon

May 8, Thursday. Went to school again today and was glad to get into my place once more – it seems so long to be [out] only one day! In the afternoon studied and went down town and bought a French dictionary and Latin Grammer. Miss Sarah called on Aunt F. but did not ask for me, which I think very unkind of her, though I suppose I have my reason to expect her to care for me though I like her so much. Studied all the evening – Uncle H. has been to Boston and had the phtographs taken. he has got the [cramp] or something in his limbs – Cassie Morrison called on me today.

May 9. Went to school as usual in the morning. Did not have any error in my exercise! had some good lessons and some rather bad ones. Sadie does not go to school very regularly and M. L. seems to be my best friend now – Took a long walk this afternoon with Aunt F. and felt quite tired after it – studied the remainder of the afternoon and evening.

Saturday. Went to school in the morning – had rather poor lessons in the some things but I ... study all the time I have and I have no more studies than the other girls – In the afternoon called on M.L., E.L, E.S., and S.W. and took a walk with Jessie. Studied in the evening but only wrote one French exercise.

Sunday. May 11. Went to church all day and learned the eighty-fourth Psalm Mr G. preached a very good sermon this morning but in the afternoon an uninteresting old missionary gave us a rather [dull] discourse – I have been reading Notes from Beecher's Discourses and am almost persuaded to become a Christian.

Monday. Went to school in the morning and had good lessons. In the afternoon went with Miss Thompson and Miss Sarah and all the girls, out to [Batchelor's] Wood, and had a delightful time. We carried a luncheon and got a great quantity of flowers and enjoyed ourselves finely. E.S. was perfectly devoted to Miss S. and would hardly let any of the others get a glance of her. I see they all like her as well as I do and she is kind to us all, seeming to avoid any partiality. How I wish she would [love] me. I am quite tired and do not know what I shall do for lessons tomorrow – as I have not looked at anything but Latin and have not learned that perfectly.

Tuesday. Went to school as usual – was excused from translation and was reciting Latin when my turn came so Miss S. did not hear my grammar. rained at recess. receive Letters from [A & J.] studied AM and evening.

Wednesday, 14. Went to school as usual and had good lessons especially in Latin and enjoyed myself very much – in the afternoon wrote to father, fixed my [veil], and received a call from Jessie W. Studied in the evening and feel quite tired. Miss [Tetherly] has been here tonight and yesterday. Saturday 17. Went to school this morning and had good lessons but Miss Sarah was out of town and did not come. It has been excessively warm today, quite as warm as summer and this afternoon I staid out in the garden several hours and then came up to my room and read Irving's ... which I like very much. Studied in the evening.

Thursday, May [4], How time flies! it does not seem a week since I last opened my journal, but though it has passed so swiftly I think it has been pretty well improved as far as learning goes for I have certainly studied nearly all the time. I have pretty good lessons and I think Miss [T.] is pleased with me. I do not know but I shall soon begin to like her better than Miss S. but the latter is so fascinating I seem to love her even when she is not pleasant. Yesterday I went to [Sagamore] with aunt F. and today I went out to the plains all alone. It is very warm – I have studied all the evening and feel quite tired.

Monday, 25. Aunt Ellen, Ella and the baby came last Friday - I was very glad to see them! Aunt E. is so good almost as good as aunt [F] and the baby is so cunning and so pretty! Ella I like pretty well but I do not think her as perfect as one might expect. This morning at breakfast Aunt E happened to say she thought my eyes looked dull and as I had fallen asleep on my chair the night before it was immediately decided that I have a cold so I have been kept in the house all this beautiful day. I have studied some and wrote to Aunt [S.], in the afternoon Sadie called and staid some time. Ella was in the room and I did not think she behaved very prettily.

Friday, 30. Arose at five o'clock as usual and studied until schooltime. Went to school and had some good lessons and some not very good, no algebra. In the afternoon went to Effie's and had a very nice time. Maria was there also but she did not arrive until about half past six o'clock, and Effie and I went out into the garden and played with the dogs then went to her room and looked at her dolls In the evening Esther played beautifully for us. If I could play as well as she can, I should be satisfied. We heard the band play some very pretty pieces. Effie is a real sweet girl and I love her very much, or rather think I shall love her.

Oh if Miss Sarah would only love me a little I should be so happy. Today she called me Kitty for the first time but I do not think I like it as well as Christine coming from her, she says the letter so prettily - Miss Thompson too calls me Kitty and and I dislike it very much, it sounds so flat - Effie says she almost loves Miss S. but [M] does not like her at all. Effie and I seem to agree pretty well on most things but of course we did not touch on politics as she is a rash secessionist. I think her father and mother are quite superior people and they are very kind to each other although differing so much in political feelings. Willie goes with his father and Effie with her mother but they seem to be a very happy family and I think E. is certainly a very fine girl.

Saturday. May 31. Today the girls went to Sagamore for a kind of a picnic but I did not care about going so I remained at home. This morning I read something about Beethoven that was so pretty it made me feel dreamy and poetical and then when Ella [teased] me so to play with her I was quite cross with her, I wrote a very commonplace letter to Lucy and called on T.W. and E.P.. Aunt Ellen talked so sweetly to me this evening that I waited and tried to become a Christian but it seems as if God would not take me, but no, I mean as if I could not go to [Heaven]

Friday. June 6. Ah! what a long time since I have opened my journal. but it does not seem very long – time goes so swiftly now. Oh how I love Miss Sarah. She smiles at me so sweetly sometimes that I feel happy but I think she is rather cool in [hearing] my lessons but that is of course. I have very good French lessons almost always. Latin I like more and more every day, and my lessons are quite as good as the other girls. I can hardly believe that my term is half out, only five more weeks I must endeavor to improve my time as much as possible. Today Aunt... and cousin Frank came but made a very short visit. I liked him very much. he seems to be very cultivated.

Sunday. 8. A cold, rainy day. No church today. I think it is very foolish to stay at home for a little rain and I wish now I had gone to church. Have been reading Recreations of a Country Parson. It is a very true book and one by which I may profit and I have enjoyed very much. He says disappointments, rightly met and well used are our greatest blessings and I think it is very much so. [Scylla] and [Charybadis] is a very interesting Essay. In avoiding one error we should be careful not to fall into the opposite one but keep in the middle which is generally the right. This has been somewhat a day of slumber for the family and I feel as if I had lost more than I had gained.

June 11. Wednesday. Very cold weather for June I think. It seems to me to be much colder than in Poquonnock at this season. To school as usual today only four scholars. pretty good lessons. Miss Sarah is going to N.Y. to her brother's marriage, to be gone about a week. O! how I shall miss her. then she is going to come every day until she makes up the lost time. Called on C.H., J.W. and C.M. with Ella. and wrote to auntie in the evening. Tonight there is a total eclipse of the moon to commence at twelve o'clock, & to last three hours, but I do not expect to see it. I have written to father to ask his consent to take music lessons. I hope he will give me leave as I want to very much.

19. Thursday. Alas how swiftly time passes! I have only three and a half weeks more to go to school. Some of the girls long to have the vacation come but for me it will come much too soon. Yesterday I wrote a composition on [Closing] Thoughts, and a letter to father, went to school as usual played "by spy" with S. and E., read Lady of the Lake with S. and took my first music lesson of Mr. [Meinherth]. My time seems to be fully occupied now though I do not have French, and I shall have to study pretty hard when Miss Sarah returns. Il me tarde de le voir. Uncle Harry I think is very cross to some of the family but not to me. He returned with aunt C. the [14] & brought the pictures of my dear mother.

June 24. Tuesday. Today Miss Sarah returned but she was not pleased to see me nor I to see her, indeed I do not think I like her as well as I did. I was the only scholar today and it was very dull to be there all alone with Miss Thompson and she was not very pleasant. All the girls but four have left now and she is going to let school out the Fourth of July. Mr. Smith arrived today and all were very glad to see him. I do not expect to be able to enjoy his conversation much as I am studying nearly all the time. I am rather sorry that I commenced to take music lessons. I wrote to father nearly two weeks ago and have not received an answer yet so I feel quite anxious for I wish to know whether I am going home at vacation. Aunt Frances has made my silk and linen socks and is very kind to me. Ella sleeps with me tonight.

Wednesday. This morning I was all dressed and had been studying some time when the clock struck four so I am so sleepy now I cannot study though it is not quite nine o'clock. As it rained very hard and I was not very well I did not go to school today. In the morning I read Harper, sewed, and studied and in the afternoon wrote to Harry, practiced and took my music lesson. I am glad now that I have commenced to take lessons. I have a very pretty opera for my lesson, I like [Meinerth] very well but he is so [fussy].

Sunday, June 29. Today it is very cold. I went to church all day and in the morning listened to a very good sermon from the Methodist minister on the text "more of us liveth for himself". Mr Gage preached about Nathaniel whom Jesus said was without guile. He had a good deal to say about Gossip and the sermon was not at all to the taste of the good people of the house. Est-ce que il les [touchaient]? je pense que oui. Surtout ma tante F qui a beaucoup [cela]. He gave three rules for becoming something more than nobodies and still gaining the goodwill of others, which I wish to remember. [Vig.] Attend only to your own offenses, do not labor merely to gain the praise or others, and have self respect and others will respect you. I saw Miss S. today but she did not see me. il l'aime plus que jamais, hier. ... j etait le seul ecolier, et elle fait tres bonne.

Thursday, July 19, I have now returned to my old room so I can resume my journal which has been neglected for so long. Ella and I went to Guildford yesterday and I miss her childish prattle very much mais peut-etre suis-je aussi heureux. School was out on the 3rd of July and I have now plenty of time for recreation though I continue to study some. I am reading ... Vaugher and find it only tolerable. I don't like novels and I do not think I shall read any more unless by particularly good authors. I am getting very fond of music and generally have good lessons. I am beginning to feel aspirations for a higher and purer life and I am beginning to see the [unity] of

of the world. Cousin Ralph has become a Christian and why may not I? I long to trust in my heavenly Father and to have faith in the Saviour but my heart is so wretched and cold. I am so proud that I suppose my pride must be humbled sometime or other... Last evening I went to a party at Cassie Morrison's and enjoyed myself pretty well especially in seeing Effie and Nelly [Halen]. I care more for the friendship of those girls and Sadie than that of any of my other acquaintances. Effie called on me today, also Katy Larkin who is a very sweet girl, but I was out and I am afraid they thought it intentional. I met them afterwards and j'aime Effie a l'instant better even than before. Sadie went to Rockport this morning I had the toothache last night and only slept three hours.

18. Arose late and after breakfast practised about an hour, I like my piece, Dreams of Past, very much. I took a walk today and called on Mrs. Robert Smith with Aunt F. I begin to appreciate better the good qualities of my aunts. This afternoon I went to the dentist's and had a large, back tooth extracted which has pained me a good deal. Next week I intend to commence more studies, sew more and not be so idle. I now study nothing but fifteen pages of French but I have not missed that once since I commenced. Today I have written to father. I think I am growing to be a woman and do not feel quite so childish.

Saturday, July 19. Washed the cups and saucers as usual, then practiced and after that helped Grandma, sewed for aunt F, studied an hour, sewed until dinner time. In the afternoon practiced, and commenced making lint for soldiers. This was the day for my music lesson but Mr Meinerth sent a note begging to be excused until Monday. I have not been out today and do not feel as bright in consequence. Aunt Mary and all the children are coming next week but I hardly feel glad – I have such a dread of strangers.

Tuesday, July 22. Practiced and walked, sewed for the soldiers and studied in the morning. In the afternoon made lint, read and took a walk and met very dear Miss Sarah with two other ladies, I think her sisters, going to the cemetery. I thought she looked quite pale and I also thought that I loved her! This was the first time I have seen her since school and it made me very glad and also sad. I have at last received a letter from S. I think she expresses very much in her writing, and it was a nice letter, although so long coming. O how I long to see the old folks at home and young, too. But still I do not by any means wish to go back to Poquonock now, perhaps I shall not go until next spring. It is really very cold weather indeed for July and one can hardly keep warm without fire. J'aime la musique. I am reading another novel, in the evening "Hands not Hearts"

Wednesday, July 23. Practiced as usual and read in the morning. Walked two hours all alone, went to the graveyard and rambled about thinking how soon I may be sleeping, not these lightly my dear mother. C'est un tres bien sentiment que "That life is long which answers lifes great end," Fixed bottles etc. for the soldiers, Aunt F has sent eight bottles of wine vinegar, etc., quantities of linen and such things, papers, magazines, beside money. Wrote a pretty ...letter to aunt [Maria]. Ralph came very unexpectedly about six o'clock. How good and noble he is! He plays very well on the flute & I admire to hear him. But ah! he is a Christian and therefore far [removed] from me, but O, I long to know the Lord and [trust] him for his grace.

Thursday. Ralph did not come down until after breakfast, then he went out and at eleven o'clock he went down to [Rye] Beach, to stay until Friday, indeed he is not coming back here again. I think it is rather funny that he does not want to see the folks more. Today I have cut out and nearly made two inside handkerchiefs by myself. Had a call from M.L. in the afternoon and decided that I did not like her at all. This was the day for my music lesson but Mr. Meinerth has again disappointed me and he has not even sent a note this time. I have taken seven lessons of him. If it is pleasant perhaps I can go to [Rye] with aunt ... tomorrow.

Friday, July 25. Aunt C came down with what she considered a very bad misquito [mosquito] bite on her [e'en] so we did not go to Rye. It grew worse and she sent for the doctor and now seems to be quite sick. Went down town with aunt F, to the vestry and elsewhere, helped aunt F. make wine, & studied my usual French lessons in the morning, and in the afternoon called on G.H., C.G., C.M. Miss U. and Miss [Basher]. The folks have not come though we expected them fully. Practised some today but cannot conceive why Mr. Meinerth does not come or else write a note. Read in the evening. [Joanna Baillies'] Comedy the Country Inn. it was quite amusing.

Saturday. 26. J'ai fait mal au matin. At seven o'clock started for the Beach with Aunt Y. and Uncle H. We went to N. [Hampton] in the cars, then in the stage to where the [Hurds] [are] staying, after waiting there some time we walked down on the shore and saw Ralph. I like cousin Rebecca very much. We did not go on any beach at all and could not get any shells. aunt is going to stay two or more days longer but uncle and I came up in the cars. I did not have quite as good a time as I expected though I enjoyed looking at the waves very much. Now I should admire to go in bathing, aunt rec'd a letter from uncle Joseph and the folks are not coming until next week. I could have remained at Rye but I thought it my duty to come home & I came partly for the pleasure of hearing Mr. Page.

Sunday, July [27]. Went to church all day. I like Mr. Gage's sermons very much, this afternoon the one on James engrossed my whole attention, but it was not what Grandma calls a Gospel sermon, and neither she nor aunt C. liked it. Mr. G. announced in the pulpit that his health was much improved and that he should be able to continue his labors, also that he should exchange but little which Grandma does not like at all, and which she construes into a confession that other ministers are better preachers than he. She is very bitter against him because he did not treat Mr. Smith with sufficient respect, and I don't think that any of the ... of the family have exhibited a very Christian Spirit in regard to it. I have not advanced much in Spiritual things today. I am so disgusted with some of the religious books I read that I cannot make up my mind to be a Christian, although I long to be one.

Monday, 28. I have had a nice time today. After my morning duties, took a very pleasant walk with aunt C., came home quite tired. Then studied and read Harper until dinner. Practised until three, studied French and Latin until five, and walked until nearly half past six. Aunt F. did not come home & we all say we are glad of it because it will do her good. My dear Miss. S. called on aunt F. today with Miss [Nippen] but of course did not come in. I looked out of my window & did not know her.

Tuesday, July 29. Arose some time before five this morning and after dressing read [Cecelia] until breakfast time. Rained so I did not go out. From ten to half past one studied, wrote in my composition book, and commenced my list of Distinguished Characters. Georgie Halliburton and Miss Upshaw called on me. Received a letter from father and a check for twenty-five dollars which I have got to present to uncle Henry though I dread it. I think I really love my father. We had another delightful shower after dinner and just after it aunt F. and cousin Ralph arrived. Je ne pense pas que la visite de ma tante a improve sa [humeur], mais n'importe. R stayed but about an hour and hardly spoke to me.

August 1. Friday. They have come and therefore I have had no opportunity of writing in my journal but now Joseph is asleep and I may sit here and think as lazy as I please. O what a dreary thing it is to have nobody to love one, to feel all alone in the great world. I have secured a kind letter from aunt Riar inviting me to make her a visit. Of course I cannot go. Would that some one would introduce me to a certain lady whom I have seen once or twice whose name is Miss Sarah. If I could know her and be loved by her methinks I should be happy. I do not like [Joseph] any more than she likes me and that is not a great deal. I feel that the little of good, of pure in me will soon become ... her influence. By my troth! Nerissa my little body is aweary of this great world.

Sunday. August 3. To church all day as usual but not to Sunday school because it is commission Sunday. In the morning Mr G. gave us a very good sermon and I heard no complaints but I could not appreciate it entirely, I was so sleepy. Took a nap at noon and so was wide awake for the afternoon but another old minister preached, and I was interested against my will. I am so [wishers], I do nothing right or good. Grand Seigneur, faites nous [miserable] I have quite and cold, headache, and sore throat but fortunately no one knows of it, so I have not had to take any [medicine]. [II] ne jens, pas beaucoup des proffesions de jenne tente, et je se sois pes per elle est meilleur que les outres de nous.

Thursday Aug 7. Ah the beautiful, the divine, Raffaello! Even the unavoidably imperfect photographs of his Madonnas are so inexpressibly lovely and they create in my soul such a longing to see the originals. I must sometime go to Italy the land of paintings, the glorious land of Dante. I have been reading three different books about Italy and as soon as I become old enough and have money enough I am determined to go there.

Aunt F. went Wednesday. May she have a good time. [J]. I do not like at all she can only think of her beaux & plagues me a great deal. I enjoy my music lessons very much and am making some progress. Would I lived in the city and could go to the opera every night. There's many advantages the city has over the country & yet the country is very beautiful & the Father made it.

Monday. August 11. O what a pity, I have lost my gold pencil and I am so sorry. Last Saturday we had such a beautiful thunder storm. It was so dark I was obliged to defer my music lesson for we could not see at all. The lightning was glorious & the thunder perfectly grand. I like [J.] rather better than I did but am not yet in love with her. I have made six calls today and only got in twice, at Marie's and at Effie's. How charming is E., I love her more than ever. I stayed there nearly an hour & talked about Africa, Italy and dead horses and etc. many other things. O how I wish she was my sister or that I could have her visit me or else visit her myself. I almost [envy] Katy S. the pleasure of her society. We agree in our dislike of [J.]. and in our longing to travel especially in Italy. How unhappy this family is. Poor dear Grandma works herself almost to death and uncle is so cross to her even & she is jealous of aunt M. who with all the children seems quite homesick & aunt C. is as usual. M. is so good & lovely that I do not understand why her children should be so disagreeable. Father is going to be married the middle of next month when he is coming here with the bride and perhaps I shall go home with him. I do long to see the dear folks at home particularly darling J. and yet I want very much to stay here on account of my studies and would you believe it, because I so love Miss S. and Effie. I am reading the great Paradise Lost and like it very much indeed.

Tuesday, 12. Je suis heureux dire que j'ai trouve mon portecrayon. John found it in the garden and was honest enough to return it to me. Went down town this morning with J., took my bracelet to be mended and went for a girl but did not succeed, practiced, studied & sewed, yesterday I read 85 pages of Corinne, today only 5. Have commenced the Mother's Recompense by Grace [Aguiler] & like it very much. I like aunt M very much. She is the only one who ever talks to me decently of my dear mother, she told me lots of secrets about the family & I gave [her] photograph to her. It seems Mr. S. was a charity scholar with whom aunt E fell desperately in love and so they were married. This afternoon [J] and I took a walk nearly to little Harbor and had a pretty nice time but coming home we saw two men by the cemetery who frightened us very much and they actually began to run ... after we were out of sight. I have a sly coming and I can barely see to do any thing.

Wednesday. I am so afraid father will be drafted I don't know what to do. What would become of us children if he should be I cannot tell. How weak and silly I am because Mr. Meinerth flatters me so much I think there is no one like me in the world and J brings my conceit down a peg sometimes but I do like Mr. M very much – his manners are so different from those of an American. Today I have commenced a tidy of worsted and j'enai fait demi!

Thursday. Aug 14. Arose before five and took a walk with J. and C. went down to the water and had a nice time. after breakfast practiced worked, read and studied. afternoon practised, and read. J.C. and C. went to take a sail with Mr. Chase, but I did not like to go. G.H. and J.W. called on me today. Played dominoes with uncle and aunt in the evening until we heard the fire bells ring and then uncle went out and we went up on top of the house and could see it very plainly but I wish I could have gone out to have seen it. It looked very terrible even from the house top bursting out in uncontrollable fury and making even the [dark] somewhat light. It seems it was near Saly [Akermans] house and is now subdued. It is the first fire I have ever seen and I think I shall never forget it.

Tuesday, Aug 19. Read Paradise Lost in the morning and practiced, received a very nice letter from father and am so glad they are not going to draft there. H. has gone to the war and I am glad he is so patriotic but he is such a fine young man that it would be a pity if he should be killed but I suppose there are but little hopes of his ever coming back and I feel somewhat sad about it. I went to the cemetery tonight and listened to a stirring speech from Rev. Mr. Humphrey who is himself going to the war. It was very eloquent and I hope it will do much good in the cause here.

Have finished Corinne today and on the whole like it very much indeed especially the [part] descriptive of Italy. Would I could go there to see the many objects of interest but it would not be very pleasant there now I suppose as they are engaged in war as well as this country. Jessie was in here nearly all the morning and then made two "kiss mes" not very pretty. Father says he wants me to become a good performer on the piano as he thinks that bad music is worse than none and I am going to practice very much and try to fulfil his wishes it is so kind of him to take so much interest in me when he is otherwise engaged to such an extent. The new home is all finished but the fences & grounds & how I long to see it. Wednesday, 20. Practised and went out in the morning & wrote a long and pretty good letter to father. Afternoon, practiced; went with Jessie and Josie to get icecreams and took my music lesson. I did not like Mr. M. as well as sometimes and he still keeps me on the old piece, Lucia, which I am utterly tired of, and it seems as if I could not learn it perfectly. Went to see the tableaux at the temple with Uncle, aunt [M], and Josie. There were some very pretty ones & all were good. Mr. Meinerth played on the piano and played miserably.

Saturday, 23, Yesterday I went with Josie and uncle Henry to Wallace's Sands, a distance of three miles and a half, and when we got there it commenced to rain and we went into the Sagamore House which was unoccupied and stayed until the shower was over. Coming home we ran a good ways and did not feel very tired ... was very pleasant all the way & we had a fine time. In the evening we went a short time to the war meeting but the speech of Mr Prescott was not very interesting. Sadie got home last night and today I called on her and was delighted to see her again. Have not seen Jessie today!!! Called on Bill Emery but did not see him. Commenced making my drawers today. In the afternoon took my music lesson and have at last got a new piece, Minuet de Mozart, which I think will be very pretty. I have taken fifteen lessons of Mr. M. but do not think I have made as much improvement as I might have done, I was too long on [Lucia] but I am determined to learn this piece very quickly. Next week I am going to be very much [industrious], get up early because I must be in the habit of doing so when I go back to school. How glad I shall be in two weeks to see Miss S. and the others! Then, too, I can see Effie every day and that will be indeed a privilege. And in three weeks dear father will be here, and I shall be delighted to see them though I shall be rather frightened at first. What shall I call her I [wonder]

Sunday, Aug. 24. Mr. Gage preached a splendid sermon this morning from the text "Ye (Christians) are our epistle known [and] read of all men", and since it is by their fruits we should know them I think this must be the true Church. What fruits have I ever found in the _s? But it troubles me that their fruit is not as perfect as could be wished, however, Thank God, I have nothing to do but to take care of my own fruit though as yet I don't see as I have any. In the afternoon Mr. Gage preached about Simon the unknown Christian, and was very interesting. In the evening went to a prayer meeting for the country. Mr. Gage spoke beautifully and I enjoyed it greatly. "Tis an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime." These are such grand, such glorious times and every one can do some thing for our beloved country.

Monday, Practiced in the morning on my new piece which is very hard but I wish to have it perfect for Mr. M. said he usually had to give ten pieces between my [last] and this and though I do not of course believe him yet I do not wish to disappoint him. Sewed some in the morning and Jessie came in. In the afternoon they went to the beach and I practiced, read and took a walk with grandma and had an ice cream. In the evening went with Josie into Jessie's and there saw [Dana Whipple] & Alfred [Laarkin] whom we liked very much, played cards and had a nice time.

Wednesday, May 29, Practiced and sewed in the morning, practiced an hour in the afternoon. This morning Sadie and Susie called and were very agreeable and in the afternoon, Carrie M. Took my music lesson today I had a "good" lesson. I made a mistake, today is the fifteenth lesson, Aunt M. came in and Mr. M. was very polite to her. He has written a good deal for uncle [J]'s Journal & sent him some pictures. He praised me much before her but of course I did not believe what he said, perhaps he does not think her as soft as me. He is going to Chicago and will not be back until the fifteenth of September I think he said. This evening I went to Jessie's to tea & had a fine time. Saw the Emeries, [Jay] is as [pert] as ever but I do not think Bell is as pretty as she was. Carrie Peabody was there and I think she is the most awkward girl I ever saw but she told a very good story in the playing stagecoach. We danced a little and played some games, Horned ..., Boston, etc. Neither Josie nor I like G. [Melli] ... as well as we did at first. The girls were all dressed very prettily but Susie D. looked rather the most genteel. Had Effie been there I should have liked it better but I believe Susie does not know her. Willie Jones Ladd is going to the war. Yesterday Josie was fifteen years old. (This is the third time I have written 15) & yesterday the piano was tuned by [Cobb],

Thursday, 28. I feel very homesick tonight & long so to see Jenny, she is the only one that loves me but perhaps she has forgotten me now. I want to stay here and study and I want to go home with father when he comes and I cannot decide which I want most but grandma may go to B. to spend the winter so that I cannot stay here. I do not know exactly how I have idled away the day but I have not accomplished any thing, not even in practising. Tonight there was a Cantata at our Church and we were going but a thunderstorm [persisted]. I was disappointed for I might have seen E. or Miss S. and I think I should have enjoyed Miss Bartletts playing, but I do not think the singing can have been any thing Extra. Jessie has been here nearly all afternoon.

Friday, 29. Sewed & practised in morning. Afternoon went with M. C. C. J. J. down to see our part of the 10th N. H. regiment go off. The poor fellows looked very sad indeed and I pitied them for there is of course little chance of any of them returning. Heard part of a speech from Mr. Patterson, saw Mr. Humphry who is not going until the 13th goes. Played dominoes in the evening with Josie. Have not seen Sadie for two days but see Jessie two or three times a day. I ought to have written to Auntie today but will do so tomorrow.

Saturday, 30th. Took a short walk with Josie this morning before breakfast in the cool delightfulness of the early day. Wrote a letter of six pages to auntie, the longest and perhaps the best I ever wrote, and even in all that forgot to mention Jessie's party. With that exception have done actually nothing worth speaking of, unless a little desultory practicing on the [Fall of Paris] can be so called. About five went out with Cassie to the cemetery and had a delightful walk and talk about mothers in general and ourselves in particular. We found a number of beautiful wild flowers new to Carrie and I placed a bouquet on the green of a certain neglected Christine and also on that of lone Josie Cutter. Crocheted some in the evening. This is the last of the week & month & after today I must try to be more industrious but I write that every night and each day finds me still the same [o'Life]. While writing my letter I felt so much better, happier for exerting myself a little and I sometimes wonder that any one can ever relapse into idleness after once tasting the rewards of labor. Christine, I charge thee fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels & how can men then hope to gain by it? *

*Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

William Shakespeare, King Henry the Eighth, Act III. Scene II.

Sunday, 31. To church all day as usual and listened to a rather "slow" sermon from the minister from Manchester Mr. Gage having gone to some State meeting in Concord. All the others liked him very much except H. but after hearing and appreciating Mr. G. we could not be expected to find anyone else equal to him. Had a nice time at S.S. and like Miss Hazelton very much. Am not a C. yet mais je brule a le ..., perhaps I am 'indulging a hope],' how I hate that expression... A Grecian philosopher dreamed one night and in his dream there appeared to him a beautiful bird which soared up to the sky and disappeared. He thought much of this dream and in the morning when a little son was brought to him he thought it was a prophecy of the future fame of his child and that child did indeed become distinguished and is now known all over the civilized world. I should like to know the [names] and will try to find them out... Last night the glorious news some of the success of ... army and the utter defeat and rout of the rebels. Thank God for it but there are such a number of killed as fills one with horror. Tonight the telegrams say they are still fighting desperately.

Retrospection of the Month. This has been a season of rest from study and has been principally devoted to pleasure but I have not been very happy. In regard to practicing here no [fault] to [find], except with the last few days. I have not otherwise worked enough or been half good enough. Have not set a good example to the other children, of long suffering, gentleness, patience, when my advantages have perhaps been superior to theirs. Have not stood up for the truth as I ought, have not even been sufficiently mindful of it myself though I have told no direct lie and above all have not given enough Mention to religious subjects. When I went to school I thought this vacation would be a good time to become a Christian but now it is nearly past and I have done nothing towards it. Oh I feel that I am very weak and sinful, but it is said Jesus will forgive if I could only go to him and cast my [burden] on the Lord. But have I done nothing well I and have I no fruits to show? Alas but very little.

[Prospection]. In a week more my school commences again and then at last I must be more industrious but I have a great ... to the coming week to mend all my clothes and get myself in perfect order for my school duties. I intend to get up at five every morning and commence the day with prayer and reading, & to endeavor to improve every moment of my time, to write home once a week & to submit to every thing as from the hand of the Lord.

Monday, Sept. 1. I am almost satisfied with the results of my resolutions & I think that today I have done pretty well for the first time though there is still room for very much improvement. But alas! my great expectations of study for the coming winter are dashed to the ground. It is pretty much settled that Grandma will spend the winter in Boston so I, of course, go home with father and I do not think it worth while to commence going to school here as I could only remain two weeks at the most. I have felt a kind of subtle joy all day at the prospect of going home, of seeing the dear ones. I do not think there is much [love lost] in this family. Not one member seems to care for another except that grandma is a perfect slave for uncle H's every [caprice]. Certainly I do not [greatly] love any of them. I like Josie very much now that I know her better & I think she likes me a little and Carrie is a sweet girl but [Charly] is very selfish. My first pair of drawers were finished today, little thanks to [me] though, having been seven days in the works, & the other pair are well under way. Took a walk in [morning] and have not been out since. There has been a dry storm today. [Having] ... & lowering clouds but little rain. Ella and Jessie called.

Tuesday.2. Arose quite late having overslept myself. practiced and sewed in the morning, and played jackstraws & backgammon. This afternoon readied fifty pieces of linen about two inches square for lint for the soldiers & enjoyed doing it very much. poor fellows there are so many wounded & I suppose they are sadly in want of many necessities. I think that when I go home I shall take my twelve dollars from the bank and give it to them. Made five calls this afternoon & only got in at one place, Ella Preston's, where we had a very pleasant call. Finished my tidy this evening. Have been very industrious this afternoon and evening and have not read a word. Indeed have read none of any consequence today.

Thursday.3. My lamp went out last night so I could not work. Made lint nearly all day & began another tidy. Effie and Maria called in the afternoon and I was delighted to see the first. She played splendidly the Mazourka and my Minuet de Mozart and I only wish that I could see her oftener. Today the aunt and children went and I did not feel very sorry though I have been rather lonesome today and homesick. Practiced some in the morning, crocheted & read Harper. Jessie came for me directly after dinner & I have been with her all the afternoon, walking some of the time and making lint. I wish some one from home would write to me. I suppose they have forgotten all about me. It is two weeks since I wrote to father and [Harry] and one since to [Auntie].

Friday, Sept. 5. Practiced until eleven and wrote until one. practised until three, read and sewed, read Shakespeare in the evening. The old house is so still and deserted and lonesome. Aunt C. is sick and will not speak and I enjoy the solitude very much. Have not been out today. I feel that I have grown today, I feel older, more womanly. I wish to become a true woman, to accomplish something for the good of my fellow men. I must be well connected, refined, healthy, and, above all, good, and a Christian. I must learn self denial. I know I'm weak and sinful but Jesus can forgive. I can do nothing without help from above. I long to go home but I suppose the time will come soon enough and then I will long to be back here again, to the quiet and easy life I now lead. I wish they would write to me, I will write to ... tomorrow

Sunday, 7. Went to church as usual but was not much edified. In the morning Mr. G. preached a funeral sermon for the country and Mrs. Webster, and in the afternoon he was not very brilliant. Aunt F. retired home last night and I was glad to see her but I fear I did not show it much. She brought me a beautiful Photographic Album and I am going to have my carte-de-visite taken when Mr. Meinerth gets back. It is my great desire to travel to go to Niagara, Mt. Washington and Italy and I must study now all in in my power.

Tuesday, 9. Hurrah! Hurrah! I am going to school tomorrow and I am delighted. Father is not going to be married until the 18th and he is then going to Niagara, Saratoga, and New York, so will not be here until the 28th of October, therefore it was decided that I might go to school until then. Have not practiced much today. Took a short walk in the morning, read and studied, afternoon sewed, and went in to see Sadie. Studied all the evening. Received letters from [Jes]. and H. this morning. the first not very satisfying, considering my last. H. has improved much and was interesting. [S.] is going to the Normal school and I should like to go with her; perhaps I may. Theodore Cook wants to teach the school in ... and if if he does I should not like to go there. I perceive that I must cultivate my self resepct. I must have a little pride and not submit to every insult.

Wednesday, 10, How glad I was to get back to school today. I study Natural Philosophy in addition to my previous studies, read Racine in French and [Andrews] Latin Reader. At first I thought I did not like Miss Sarah's manner toward me but at recess she came to me and spoke so pleasantly that I loved her better than ever but I, I behaved like a boor. Effie nor Sadie were neither of them there but are coming soon, [Susie] ... was the only one new scholar and she

seems to be a gentle well liked girl whom I think I shall like very much, Miss Tompson is very pleasant and says she will continue so if we do not trouble her. I had a good lesson in Algebra but cannot for the life of me do any more of the examples. In the afternoon practiced, studied, and walked with Jessie, studied all the evening. Received a letter from father today with his Photograph which I think pretty good but he does not like it. I was not particularly delighted with the spirit of the letter and indeed I had no reason to be as it brought the bad news that he may be drafted. I hope he will get a substitute if should be, for I could not, could not bear to have him go. I do love him so and I fear he would never return though I suppose it is only for nine months. There are only twenty to be raised and I do hope he will escape. I shall try to write to him tomorrow if I have time. He is to be married two weeks from today but will not be here until the middle of next month provided he does not have to go to the wars. Mrs. Hill and Farrell have just returned from Europe where they have had a fine time. I should think he might enlist as he a regular soldier. Saw blackeyes today.

(53)

{18

Thursday, 11. I have been happy today with but few exceptions. Went to school and had good lessons but sometimes I feel very uncomfortable when I think the girls do not like me. Effie and Maria came in a few minutes at recess and I was so pleased to see her pleasant face. She is not coming to school until next week. Sadie I think is "real disagreeable" sometimes and we are not particularly good friends. Miss [T.] is very pleasant though one could see that she was tired before school was out.

Monday, 15. To school in the morning. I could not enjoy it much for I was thinking of my father, he must not be drafted but he does not [love] one, what matters it? Had pretty good lessons today but not hard ones. Have not practiced as much as I ought. In the afternoon Sadie came in to study and I am a fool. I was as weak as to show her my composition which I wrote Saturday night, and I brought down my journal to show her and I am afraid she saw the above but I hope she did not. She was very pleasant and I liked her because she praised me, we took a walk together. I hate and despise myself [and]

So does everybody else and if there were no future life I would wish to be in my [grave]. Why is it that I am so ... that everyone dislikes me? [Of course] because I dislike everyone except those precious few and those despise me, especially Effie. Oh I do hope that my father will not be drafted but I suppose that I ought to be willing to give him life to the country, why should I be opposed when so many give their loved ones to the destroyer. Would he was a Christian, it would then be different. There is a ... tonight and I can hear them hurrahing and the band playing at intervals. I should liked to have gone but I had to study. I wish my father were a hero in the strife, it is so mean to be drafted, I feel ashamed to speak of it. Marie's brother has volunteered. My father is selfish so are all men and women too, neerly [sic]. Uncle H. is disgusting, contemptible, man pere meme est mieux que lui, et je suis bien aise qui il ne m'est plus que pour moi, je le hais, et enfin je n'aime personne en ... [maison]. Would that I could see my dear sister

Thursday, Sept. 18. Today father was probably married. Heaven have pity on mes [souffirs] et grant mes priers qu'elle soit Christien, a la [Racine]. Je le [serrais], plutot, se marrin avec Mlle Sarah, mais ce que on ne peut empecher, il faut qu'on should bear, et enfin je pense que je l'aimerai beaucoup, cependant, jamais comme ma propre mere. Ils sont a Niagara etc., et ils serront ici le premier Octobre, providence permitting. Mes priers sont [exancies] et mon pere n'est pas drafted, grace a Dieu. I should have written in my journal every night for I have had much to say but I study until about ten besides all day and by that time I am too sleepy. Tuesday night, wonderful indulgence, I slept with Sadie and enjoyed mon [reprieve] beaucoup. Puis je apprendre de lui, la complaisance a mon frere. J'aime her positively, Effie comparatively, et Mlle S. superlatively. The letter came to school yesterday so pale, so deathlike, was it from mental or physical evil or [pain!] She could not even hear the lessons. Mr. M has not yet returned and I am not practicing much. Que le bon Dieu est tres bon, partout a moi. je dois l'aimer de tout mon coeur et de tout mon ame. May the time soon come when I may sing his praises before his throne.

Friday, 19. Enjoyed my school duties very much today. Miss Sarah was remarkably pleasant et je l'aime beaucoup. Je pense que j'apprends mes lecons francais aussi bien que les autres et je sais que j'aime mon [institution] plus que [pas] un. I shall not write of E. because I am tired of thinking and speaking and writing of no one but those two! Had pretty good lessons and recited a stupendous example in Algebra.

Have not studied much this afternoon, but sewed and read the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table which I have always liked so much. Uncle Harry's copy of it is larger than ours but I find myself very familiar with parts of it. I should like to see O.W.H. pour le remercier pour les [verities] qu'il y a ecrit et qui me ... en beaucoup, si bien. I hope that I shall learn to read Latin as I drink water, without testing it, as the professor does. I am not certain that I have been wise to try three books for only three weeks for perhaps I will never want them again. I decided that I do not care much about going to school anywhere this winter as I could probably improve myself from reading at home but of course it will be just as father says

Tues, Sept. 23. How little I have written in my journal of late; but I have a good excuse this time. I have had a sty on my eye and have been kept at home from my dear school on that account des tantes qui je n'aime pas. Ses appelez-vous Christians! Elles le s'appellent mais, je ne [puis] le vois, comme dit mon frere. J'ai recu aujourd'hui les cartes de ... de mon pere. Donc ils se sont [meries]. [Please] a Dieu de les faire heureux. Je pense que je l'aimerai, mais personne ne sais ne rien dans ce monde. Je me [lesse] de ne pas aller a l'ecole, et j'ai peur que j'ai ete ce que vous disiez "cross", mais n'importe. They are not going to N.Y. to spend the winter and probably I shall stay here s'il plait a mon pere et a moi. Puis, je consente de rester ici quand j'auaris si herureuse chez nous! Cependant je suppose que je dois rester ici for the superior school advantages which I enjoy, and perhaps I like it quite as well. Il ne me faudra pas de voir beaucoup d'eux, j'irais a l'ecole tous les jour et dans l'apres-midi, j'etudera, peut-etre je restirer ici si je le [pourrai]. Dressmaker has been here today for me.

Thursday, Sept 25. Arose with the sun, a little before six and read until breakfast time. Went to school, taking a letter to Aunt to the postoffice, had good lessons and studied pretty well. Miss G. praised my composition, which, by the by aunt F. has never seen, before the whole school and I felt very much ashamed. She said it was the only one she had read that kept to the subject, and I think myself that it was pretty good. I think writing in my journal is a great help in learning to express one's self well and I find I write compositions more easily than I used. Studied steadily all the afternoon and evening and with some success. I am particularly desirous of having good lessons in French, in order to please my dear teacher. This is English day and I must not write in French although I feel inclined to do so. I feel well-satisfied with myself tonight and I am too proud, too self-conceited, but I do not suppose that it will last long. I hope I may stay here all winter for I love my school so much. As I have plenty of time I think I shall take up another study. I have not yet decided between Zoology and Geometry. I think I should like the first best myself, but I should like to study the same as Effie does.

(56)

Friday, Sept. 26. Enjoyed myself very much at school. I have been late but once and absent twice. Met E. and walked with her and talked with her, and we seem to like each other very well. She brings me a pear every day now. The other one did not seem very well today, but she was pleasant to me. Had good lessons but really I do not study half enough. I think I might take at least two more studies but perhaps I shall not until father comes and goes, he will be here next week I suppose, cependant peut-etre il ne prendra aller chez lui et je preferais y rester beaucoup, beaucoup. Some of the girls, E., take lessons in French of Dr. [Gre...] and they are reading Silvio Pellico [Pellico] or Mes Prisons, which when I read it I felt ashamed of reading but liked it very much. Went over to Jessie's to study this afternoon so of course did not study at all. Took a short work with E.P. whom I dislike. I shall try not to associate with her or with any of that set any more. They ne sont nullement [...ssi] gentilles que desdemoiselles de Mme Thomson. Studied in my own room as well in the evening. I do not wish to form particular habits as they prevent one from acting according to circumstances, but no, that is not expressed

correctly but I know what I mean. However I have them and like them. For instance, I learn my lessons in the same order usually and learn my Philosophy walking and I do not know as there is any great honor in it. The last cannot last long anyway for it will soon be too cold to study here. It was quite chilly today and we had fire in the morning. I am certainly a perfect nonentity now if I never was before, and no one cared a straw about me except to dislike me, at least in this house. I love my father and wish he loved me. Sadie was not at school until recess and then did not stay long. She had a bad cold and [head ache] and did not look at all well, and I am afraid she will not be able to go tomorrow. Miss G. was pleasant today at least in all the lessons that I recited to her and I like her assez bien. S.O. I like pretty well. Est-ce parce que elle on'a dit qu j'etais le favorite de Miss [T]. Mais je pense que non. I have written so long that the clock could wait no longer and has struck ten [ten].

(57)

Monday, Sept 29. Only four girls at School today but E. was one so there were enough. Is it that I love her because she hath first-loved me. No, I think it is vice versa. Studied well and had good lessons. Got a letter from father at recess. They have had a very pleasant journey and are now in New York. Father is going to Washington but will perhaps be here by the last of this week and how glad I shall be to see them. It seems [A.] would not attend his wedding. I think it was rude, unkind of her, inexcusable indeed, she certainly will not make herself loved by me if she acts in this manner. I am so afraid that she has prejudiced J. and H. against her but she shall never do so to me. Ruth and Alice are and we are all delighted with them and it does indeed seem very different from the general appearance of the work before. I like them both very much. After practising wrote my composition on Philanthropy and was all the afternoon just writing the first-copy and that was not very good nor was it even finished. Studied at a too fast pace in the evening, and though I did not look at my lessons before, have no fear but that I shall do well enough tomorrow. It is therefore perfectly evident that I have time now for another study and I shall commence another as soon as Effie does. This evening I received

a visit in my sanctum sanctorum, from F. who came to see what I was about. She came at a very good time for I had just finished my chapter in the Bible and had still the book in my hand so she could not say any thing against my occupation nor yet against my sitting up late, which was probably part of her errand, for it had but just struck nine. My room does indeed look quite pretty now. It is astonishing how much difference the making a bed creates in the general appearance of a room: Mine used to look so untidy and now it looks so nice! Father sent two photographs of her which are very good but I do not like them as well as the one he had before. Saturday when I tried to write my composition I could not think of any thing to say but today after some thought the ideas seemed to flow easily enough. How true it is that the mind is an inexhaustible well from which, when one draws one thought, others follow rapidly. I think that keeping a journal even this little time has been of great help in [collecting] facility of expression and I find it much easier to write than I used. Sadie has a cold and was not at school, so also Susie [Dwight].

(58)

Tuesday, 30

Monday, Oct. 6. Just a week since I have opened my journal. The fact is, I study until ten or after and then I am too sleepy to write, sometimes even to read. I have had some photographs taken of myself by Mr. Meinerth. I think they will be pretty good but have not seen them yet. I get more acquainted with Mr. M. and like him much, but it must be confessed he was very cross at my last lesson but n'importe, I was I know very stupid. I commenced the first of October but was excused Saturday. I have a new piece, [Quintette] from the great Beethoven. I feel proud of it but it is pretty easy. Miss S. continues to go very well with me but perhaps the first romance of my attachment is wearing off. I have read two books, the Journal of a Poor Young Lady, but one by ... was [her home]. it very interesting book indeed, good, pretty, religious and I think it made me some better. The other I got at Shores' librarie unknown to any of the family. Nathalie by Julia Kavanaugh, quite exciting and I rather like it. All about l'amour and the plot very similar to the first. I'm I now [know] at a particularly susceptible age or period when all I read makes a deep impression. Perhaps so, I do not think I shall read any more novels at present. At least I shall confine myself to one a week. Father and the bride elect

will probably be here tomorrow. I shall be bashful at first but glad to see them. One moment I long for the time to come and then the next I wish it were deferred for some days. What will she look like and how shall I like her? Of course never is my own cher mere. If she had lived how happy I should be. Oh those who have mothers little know how to appreciate them. Had I only known how soon she was to be taken then I should have loved her but I suppose it was all for the best. But often has my heart utterly accused me for the many times I have grieved her who loved me so, ... even disobeyed my precious. O could I but see her one short time to ask her to forgive, to love her, love her. Who loves as a mother loves.... Ah, no, impossible. Shall I ever be loved? There is time enough yet. I love every one now. It is very wicked for me to indulge in those naughty tempers. I must never do so again. God help me to be good, to do good, and to love--especially.

Sunday, Nov. 9. Ah yes! they have been and gone. Peut-etre je suis [word erased] Que elle est differente de ma propre mere! Elle peut-etre bonne mais si [words erased], elle ne parle pas correctament meme. J'avais [hoste] de lui avant mes tants si grandes. Mais je pense que je le trouverai assez bonne et il me faut ne pas plaindre. She is very pretty & I think I shall like her well. Assez.

A month I have wasted, as to writing atleast. A long long time it seems to me now yet how short in reality. Miss Thompson does not improve on acquaintance but Miss S. I love with all the passionate devotion of any nature, as the novels say. Every day I but love her more but she--she hates me. E. too increases daily in my esteem. But all this time he's not made me a Christian. Alas that it should be so. How sorry I am that Mr. Gage is going. He really is & I have no power to stay him. His health is so impaired that he cannot take the charge of so large a parish, & principally, there is dissatisfaction in the church! Nasty, mean, fault-finding, old hypocrites! Christians indeed: Can't see it. It rained a few drops today & it would keep me at home though I longed to go to church. I wonder if he preached. Read nearly all day "Living Words from Plymouth Pulpit"* being indeed, so great, so true, why does not [C.] like Beecher? I think she may be too conservative. I have so many things to say I know not how to begin & cannot say it all tonight, only the outline. In the first place Aunt F & Grandma are in Brooklyn. They have been gone three short weeks & will perhaps return the last of this week. I have occupied their room & I now write these words at half past ten in F's closet. How splendid I ever thought it would be to have this nice room & especially the closet. So it is and my only trouble is the fear that [C] many hear me.

*Henry Ward Beecher

Tuesday, Nov. 10. By my troth! Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.* What makes me so weary tonight? Alas! unpoetical answer! I have eaten too much I verily fear. I really must learn to restrain my enormous appetite and I am afraid I shall surpass the [Fat] Women from my own State. Though it was a beautiful day I did not go to school, partly because I had a cold & partly to spite Miss Tompson because she would not let me come home when C. sent for me last Saturday, in the snow, but my own reason was that I did not know my lessons! Shame on you Christine! I really fear your ambition has all gone. You are such a great stupid ... dunce of a loggerhead, know literally nothing & yet pretend to think you know so much. C. thinks you very vain. Can nothing arouse me from this dull torpor? I must have more energy, more perseverance. "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away contrition! by that sin fell the angels, how can men then hope to win by it?" but I have no ambition. I used to have a little, now I am a fool. Shall I be learned & famous or shall it be love in a cottage with him? Nous verrons. Wrote my composition on Alfred (dear little fellow) today, not a word of it my own, but of course I know nothing about him of myself. I must

*Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice, (Portia,I.ii.1-2)

(60)

read Modern Europe when I shall have the time. What nonsense I am writing, but when I shall be famous it will be published as the greatest wonder of the age, you know. [Salon] Beecher. How fares my music you ask? but ill. Mr M. is displeased that I take no more pains but do not say I am idle, profligate? Oui, pis. I suppose I could write all night but that I feel cold.

Saturday, 15. "We're all poor critters" as widow B. strikingly observes & especially I. Granmda & F. arrived last night & of course there has been a perfect stream of talk ever since. And now I am back in my old domicile once more, it seemed so pleasant & homelike last night but it is most very cold. I have wasted the day in reading Miriam. I hate & despise novels but still read & read till I am sick to death of the same illustrations of the old proverb, "The course of true love never runs smooth." Actually I have not played a note today though it is Saturday and no school. I have begun to fix my hat & perhaps C. will finish it. Went to walk in the afternoon with C. but did not [have] quite so pleasant a time as usual. Farewell now to the good old 'quiet' times we had together, so pleasant to me at least. Met Mr. [G.] today & had such a sweet bow & smile as I shall never forget, the first time he ever knew

me in the street. I do hope he will preach tomorrow & I shall go if it rains pitchforks. If I do not become a Christian under his preaching, I shall never be one. The famous Gottschalk was really here last evening & I could not go to hear him! It was really a shame. I wanted so much to go &, forsooth, I had no one to go with me. I never saw a place so destitute of beaux as this old foggy town. Were it not for the "attractions" I should be awfully homesick. Yesterday I did several examples in Algebra that E. could not do & I think she did not like it much, mais n'importe. Je l'aimais, je l'adore. I hope it will rain Monday that Emma Stacy may not be there for she always sits next my love & the [impudent] even takes madames hand in hers all the time we read! I never dared do such a thing before but if I get a chance I shall. _____ is the greatest sham that ever was et je la hais un peu. She is so cross to C. who of course is as meek as a lamb. A beautiful Christian family indeed, living together in such brotherly, or rather sisterly love & kindness: such a fine example! I am surprised that I am not induced to follow it. Ella & Mr. [J] are the greatest prodigies there ever was. Mr.[J.] is so spirituelle that even G. does not pretend to come up to him.

(61)

Sunday, Nov. 16. "By my troth! Nerissa, my little body is a weary of this great-world!" and especially of the Sundays of this great world. the most tedious day I have spent for a long time though I went to church all day. I think I never saw so homely a man as our minister today. Spirituelle, F. says, much better sermon than Mr. G. preaches, forsooth, I am 'a weary' of hypocrites. Je penserai que elles avaient-tombe short of the glory of God today, nothing but gossip from morning to night, a perfect stream of petty events of the journey. I doubt if her tongue has erased an instant all the evening. The Sunday School was not nice at all. Miss Hazelton is no favorite of mine, and I should think she would begin to despair of 'converting' her scholars. What shall I do for lessons tomorrow! I shall catch it I suppose from the ogre for she is always cross after the santifying influences of the Sabbath. It is very cold indeed today and I should think we might even have skating for tomorrow. I wore all my new things, and they said I looked very elegant. I am afraid I shall be too proud. I don't want to go to school tomorrow & I certainly don't want to stay at home. I wish, I wish, I wish I were at home.

Monday, Nov. 17. I did not want to go to school today but after I got there I enjoyed myself pretty well and what lessons I recited were perfect. It is a perfect shame that Miss Thompson does not hear half the lessons. The last hour is always hurried, and she hardly ever hears us recite more than the review of our lessons, so we don't learn any more. I was so ashamed of myself at recess, but I do not like to write the story, I shall remember it only too well without. Effie is a sweet darling. E.[S.] says she is not going to study French any longer & I am glad on one account, for now I can sit next Miss S. in reading. Perhaps Sadie will leave school because her health is not good. I suppose I am sorry but I do not think my tears will overflow the ocean. Practised some this afternoon but I am afraid I shall not have a very good lesson next Wednesday. O! I am so homesick! I only wish I could look into the 'new [house]' a few moments, see dear little Jenny, even get into bed with her. Has she forgotten me! O! the agony of the thought. I pray God she has not. I do love her so. They send me to bed before ten so of course I have to study up in the cold.

(62)

Tuesday, 18. How strange that now, try as I may, I cannot wake up until so late, twenty-minutes after seven at the earliest. Either my bed is too comfortable or I sit up too late. But I go to bed at eleven nearly always, and I think eight hours of sleep enough for any body. At least I shall not allow myself more. My loves were both beautiful, as usual. We had a new scholar today, one Miss Benham. We are all perfectly charmed with her. She has such elegant manners and is so excruciatingly polite. She is a splendid French scholar, and I suppose, as good in every thing else except perhaps arithmetic. She is only to come in to recite her lessons as she is said to be delicate. What will the ogre do now, to get through at half past one? I never get home until two o'clock and am so well acquainted with cold dinner. Sadie left today. She says she is going to study just the same at home but I reckon it won't last long. Practised and finished my hat and then went to walk with Jessie & G.H. dressed up to the nines. Didn't I cut a ... though! none of the girls knew me at first-sight. My outfit is so becoming.

Wednesday, Nov. 19. Today E.[S.] did not recite her translation so I sat next to Miss [S.]. I did not dare to take her hand as E. does though I longed to do it, but on my book there there appeared these words: "[Neseri quod, certe est quod me tibi temperet cestrum.]" She took no notice of them. I do not know that she read them. Miss Benham did not come to recite French but I was in great dread every moment, of seeing her enter. She is such a superior French scholar that the girls say she will be greatly shocked with Miss S.'s pronunciation. 'The ogre' would not let me recite my French Grammar because she was hearing Algebra. She keeps the schoolroom so hot, it makes my head ache dreadfully. At last a letter from dear father, and such a long one and nice one too. They are all settled in the new house and had a serenade one night of all the Pequonoch folks. Buckshot among others. I always like that boy; why, I know not. took my music lesson today got along pretty well. I have such a beautiful piece for my new lesson, 'Gondellied' by Theodor Oesten.* When I can play that I shall consider myself almost made. I am the proudest, crossest, most disagreeable creature that ever was, & that is the reason F. hates me so.

*A German composer, musician, and music teacher.

(63)

Thursday, 20. It rained this morning so E.S. was not at school. I had the pleasure of sitting next to Miss S. but she is as cold as the Ice [Ring]. I think she must be greatly displeased with me and no wonder, I am such a good for nothing old sotte. How I wish I was more like E.L. in some things. My 'example' was a little darling today. She has a lovely character and I must try to imitate her. She does not appear to hate me but still she does not feel for me the passionate devotion that her superiority awakens in me. The ogre would have been very cross today if she had ... a chance but we had such good lessons she could not find much to scold about. The ['bugbear'] is not going to study French and I am delighted. She had but three scholars and five after recess and yet she did not get through until nearly two and then did not hear more than half the lessons. It is a perfect shame for her to treat us so. Practised until half past three, then wrote to father, a pretty decent letter. Studied hard all the evening. Today I did two examples that the example could not [do].

Saturday, 22. How I wish Miss G. would have school Saturday. I think & so do the others, that it is a barbarous practice & ought to be Stopped. She only does it from her own selfishness. It rained steadily all day so I could not go out & I felt somewhat like a fish out of water. Practised some time & nearly learned my new piece. Romped with [F] a little & spent most of the evening in the kitchen with Beth. I did not like her much because she talked too much & would not let me talk enough.

Tuesday, 25. It is so cold now that I write in my journal with reluctance. I scramble into bed as fast as possible and there read Barneby Rudge* until about eleven, but today my love was so sweet that I wish to record it. E.S. has left school I am happy to say, so I now sit next my love every day. I wrote some amorous Latin sentences in my book which she of course read. She had a terrible cough and it was distressing to hear her. No man can serve two masters. My example was not cordial today. I cannot tell whether she was displeased with me or not, but she was, I have

*Barnaby Rudge: A Tale of the Riots of the Eighties by Charles Dickens

(64)

not for what reason. H. arrived last night, direct from dear old Poquonock. They are all so happy there and moi, je suis si miserable. Que je voudrais bien etre ... less. Oh! if I only had someone to love me love me as I could love. If my dear ones at school would only like me a little, but I am so unpleasing, so disagreeable, no wonder I am despised. I have flung away ambition and love is now my dream; or if that be denied me I wish to be tortured, to be killed with all possible torments. How my heart thrills when I read of such things! When a Vestal broke her vow of chastity she was dressed for burial as if dead, taken to a bier to a deep pit into which the common executioner conducted her and there she was buried alive. Would such could be my fate but I suppose it is impossible.

Wednesday. 25. Rained here today & the ogre did not come until nearly nine, & then she brought such bad news! My sweet love is very sick, had to have a doctor & of course was not able to come out. My example was not there so it was not so pleasant but I got along pretty well. The ogre told us that she fell from the top to the bottom of

of our stairs and gave us a very interesting account of it. I believe I really like her better than I pretend. We are to have no more school this week for which I am very sorry. I seem to have lived so very long since this morning that I can hardly remember my feelings then. I suppose the reason is that I have been reading such a nice book this evening, "Leisure Hours in Town" by the Country Parson.(1) What a [splendid] writer he is! No, that is bombast, I mean truthful, earnest. I am now in a Vealy(2) state. Five years hence I shall look with perfect contempt at this journal, but indeed I do that now. I must write a great deal to throw off the bombast, but I don't think I have a great [superfluity] of that now, so I suppose I shall soon be dry & prosy. However it is of course very necessary for me to write much, and I must not have any help in my compositions. I must be particular to write in as good taste as I can and to improve continually. I must take great pains with my writings & make them as good as possible though they are so very crude and immature. And I must not think so highly of

(1)Leisure Hours in Town, by author of The recreations of a Country Parson [i.e. A.K.H. Boyd]

(2)Vealy: not fully developed

(65)

myself. I know I am very, very vain. I think myself superior to everyone around me and think others are always looking at me and thinking of me. This is one of the things that he says are slowly learnt but I must persevere and when once learnt, must not forget them. I must remember that I am not of the very slightest consequence in the world, beyond my own narrow circle, and only of very little there. I am very immature, I know nothing at all, I am the very meanest of God's creatures and why am I so conceited? There are so many valuable things in that book, so much to remember. I must read it very slowly and think as I read.

Thanksgiving-day. A clear beautiful day, warm and pleasant for winter, and the sky of such a superb blue. Went to church in the morning. The music was splendid & Mr. Gage's sermon was unexceptionable. Even the good folks of the house could not possibly find fault with it and it exceeded even my expectations. His subject was of course to discover the numerous reasons we have for thankfulness, and he made the silver lining of our cloud of national troubles, clearly to appear ...

sermon was [foreable] and earnest and the exercises all together very interesing. We have had a very fine dinner and supper off the feet of the bird and I pray to be much thankful for all the tender mercies of the Father but more especially for my educational privileges. Not all children have such good opportunities for improvement and I must endeavor to improve them. I must have energy, industry, tact, decision, promptitude. I am very unhappy. I am so very very silly. I never know what to say when H. addresses me and I make the most foolish replies and the worst of it is, I know it at the time. Oh how I should strive to attain the knowledge of truth and reality. My time on earth is so short that I ought not to waste a single moment but to try to reach the greatest possible perfection, but after that, what then? Alas I know not, only would I loved the Father. It must be a very pleasant feeling to feel entirely satisfied with oneself, to have perfect self respect and to feel that one can never do wrong. But yet I pray God I may never come to that state for it is at least very unpleasant to others.

(66)

Nov. 29. Hateful, despicable tyrants! At dinner time H. talked shockingly of dear Poquonock and the others joined in making it out a perfect heathen land. And I, false-hearted creature, sat by and listened, never daring to say a word in defense of my own, my native land. How my blood boiled to hear them speak such lying slanders about my sainted mother's birthplace. Oh! why am I not at home! Half a year is as much as I can possibly stand among these saintly hypocrites and I shall never come here again to be so insulted. Yes insulted every day of my life and I am such a smooth tongued rascal that I lick the hand that lays me low. I was invited to a party at Alice Ball's but of course did not go. At first H. was going and I was to go with him but at the last moment he said he would not go. I was not in the least disappointed for I did not care at all about going but they pretended to think I was and goaded me to on to bitter tears and made me make a fool of myself before H. Oh how very tedious it is not to go to school. I shall be so glad when next Monday comes and I shall see my dear loves. Wrote a disgusting composition (while angry) about My Own Church not indeed

theirs. Met Mr. G. this morning and he bowed so sweetly. Fate is always cruel to me or I should perhaps have had a few words from him. Went into Sadie's this morning and really saw her at last and borrowed her Algebra. She is very pale and thin and I am glad she is not a love of mine. Alas! why did God make me so very homely, ugly, and ____ so very pretty? No one can ever love me. Oh mother come back from the echoless shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore, Over my slumbers your loving watch keep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.* Alas, my passionate longing and tears all in vain cannot recall the dear one. Oh, does she know how I love her, I who was so naughty while she stayed? Does she watch over me now

Sunday, Nov. 30. I cried so last night for my darling. Oh could I but have her again all would be well. I am utterly depraved, is not my wickedness great and my iniquities infinite? Words cannot express my hatefell(sic), hating, despising spirit and yet I will not come to the Comforter. A nasty old minister preached, so conceitedly. G. must favor us next Sunday for it will be communion. I

*from the poem Rock Me to Sleep by Elizabeth Akers Allen (1832-1911)

(67)

have had such a strange experience last Sunday and today. I do not like to write it even here and did I not know that no one but myself will ever see these pages I would not think of doing it. Upon the whole I do not think I will yet for indirect I do not know how to express it, but I may say that I have acquired a strange power of attracting the gaze of any one at my pleasure, especially in church. Tomorrow is my birthday. I shall be fifteen, very aged indeed. How well I remember Laura Manner's Birthday that Jenny used to recall so much. Darling Jenny, shall I ever see her? and if I do will she still love me? Alas, if I am bereaved of my sister, then I am bereaved. I am so miserable, and I show it in my countenance and so look more homely than ever if that were possible. And my nose is so tremendous and is still increasing in size. If I act in this disagreeable manner they will soon get tired of me and send me home and were it not for the disgrace of it, that would be the best thing I could possibly have happen. F. began to take me to account in her disagreeable way, that is to talk "good" to me & try to convert me but she soon tired of that.

Dec. 1. I did not come up tonight until after ten!!!! Really I have improved vastly for formerly I was out as soon as ever the clock struck nine. It seems as if it never would stop raining. However I do not mind it for I think indeed I have a better time at school when there are few there than when there are many. Maria is always there and Miss Benham after recess, and today we had a new scholar, Josephine C a little motherless girl of fifteen. She was clad in deep mourning and was ushered in by a great coarse old woman and I did pity her. I shall try to make friends with her if possible. M. said we were to lose another of our old scholars but she would not say whom. I have a fear, a terrible fear that it may be my darling example. My love was not well enough to come out today but she will probably be at school tomorrow. Miss Becky Call is making my green merino dress and I have been to her closet a dozen times and it is not finished yet. I have actually got forty-five cents in silver! I have not seen so much before for a long time. Did not study at all in the afternoon but worked hard in the evening. I have often thought of "the eyes" today but have not seen

them and Mary Kimbell are not at school. I have been very happy today, just because I went to school. My birthday and not a person even knew it but myself. Now I am fifteen, as old in years as Effie, and how very, very little do I know compared to her. I must study very hard this winter and not waste a single moment. And I must study to improve, not merely to recite my lessons. How I wish I could recite my Section to my love. The ogre knows nothing at all about it and yet she will persist in trying to hear us. I must work, work with all my might. I have perfect health, praise be to God, and am as strong as a lion so the work cannot hurt me and now I need hard discipline. And I must not cultivate one [faculty] to the exclusion of the others but try to become easily developed as far as possible. I am now nearly a young lady and I must endeavor to improve manners for I am very deficient in that department. I wish especially to learn to read well and I must practice untiringly by my self. I must also take particular pains with my music now that I have such an excellent teacher.

Dec. 2. Alas! my worst fears are realized. My darling darling Effie is really going. And not only going from school but even going from town, going to N.Y. to spend the winter! Ah! that I should be so afflicted, that my sweet should leave me just when I love her so much. But in my heart of hearts I do not feel so very sorry as I ought. I thought I loved her very much & I am sure I shall be very lonely without her for she is the only one of the girls that I care for. And yet I seem to regard her departure very complacently, can it be that I think I shall now ... the very first in the school? No I cannot accuse myself of so base a thought. May she be very happy. My first love was at school at last. She had a very bad cough, but she smiled as sweetly & looked so pretty and I loved her so much. But I am never demonstrative and she, why should she care for me!! I have written all this without saying anything and I am going to limit myself to one page a night, for I get so very cold before I get to bed.

Dec. 9, Wednesday There are many contradictory reports concerning Effie. Some say that she has gone to live and others that she has only gone to make a visit. Yesterday I studied some in the afternoon, then from five to eleven except while eating tea and this morning from six to seven in bed, making in all thirteen hours with this morning at school, and yet I did not have very good lessons. I felt very happy this morning because I had worked so hard and I always enjoy the school time so much but when I come home I am always so miserable. I wish Miss [F.] would have an afternoon session. My love was very sweet, as usual, and I love her very much. Mr. Meinerth came this afternoon and I had a remarkably good lesson for me and he was very agreeable and I not so foolish as usual. F. came in and spoilt all the fun. Que je la meprise! que je la hais. I long for the Sunday for Mr. G. will preach and perhaps I shall see the eyes. I have not yet had an opportunity to speak to Mary [K.] on the subject.

Thursday Dec. 4. Il a fait tres froid ce matin et quand j'etais venu a le'ecole, Madame, n'a pas fait le feu. J'... grand besoin de donner a ma chere un bouquet des chrysanums mais je craignais d'en voler et je n'osais en demander a ma tante. Had very good lessons and studied with a relish but the ogress was rather what you call cross. Emma T. goes to Mrs. Medbury and were it not for Miss Sarah I should prefer going there also. I walked home with Mary [H.] and she said the eyes belonged to a Mr. M. a classmate of her brothers. He has an office at the navy-yard and being a member of the church, George asked him to sit in their pew, so he will probably be there again. Alice Brooks was at church last Sunday and now she is dead. I knew her only by sight, bit I have always been deeply interested in her, she had such splendid eyes and paid such earnest attention to Mr. G. How true it is that in the midst of life we are in death. I too

may be taken at any moment, as suddenly as she and how unprepared should I be! Oh, why have I not given my naughty heart to this good Sheperd who loveth us all. Sadie had a party this evening and not invited me nor Jessie, but she has all the other girls.

Friday, 5th. Tonight I have been to the prayer-meeting with Ruth. Mr. G. was not there but some of the others were very interesting. I was particularly pleased with Mr. Stephen, the Sunday School Superintendant, he appeared so earnest. Alice Brooks had been indulging a hope two years ago but she had never had sufficient courage to come out. The day before her death her father asked her if she loved the Savior and she said "yes" distinctly, "he was precious to her." So they send her to heaven. Only one more day and the longed for Sunday will come and I shall see so many I like. It is raining now but I am in hopes it will clear by tomorrow for I want to go and see Mary Kimball. I have a double interest in wishing to know her. I heard her recite today and I think she will become one of my loves, but I shall be able to patronize her.

Saturday, Dec. 6. The beautiful fleecy snow has come again. The rain of last evening changed to snow and in the morning the trees and shrubs were all loaded with their sparkling winter robes. The deep red berries of the fire bush peeping from beneath their dazzling caps were particularly beautiful. I went out in the afternoon and was very happy with only looking at the snow and I longed to have a sled and someone to play with. I have practised bravely today but that is all. I do not like nearly so much when I do not go to school and I hardly accomplish anything. I do not always get down to prayers in the morning and that is a great crime in grandma's eyes. The fact is I get very sick of her reciting the same prayers year after year and nearly the same every morning. So she is very much displeased with me though of course she says nothing directly, but she cannot dislike me more than I do the whole of them. I have one comfort & that is that I shall never come here again.

Thursday, 11. It is so very cold that I cannot afford to write in my journal but get into bed as soon as possible and then read or study. I have really worked very hard studying. Was the first at school but did not have particularly good lessons. We recited To my love in Section and I was so glad I could hardly contain my joy. Immediately after dinner I practised an hour and then went to work at my composition. We had to choose our own subject which I do not like at all. Mine was Difficulty. I was three hours and a half writing it but it was not very good though I devoted to it much pains but the worst is that I took some from a book. Have studied hard until ten and soon I must continue my lessons in bed until eleven at least. Last Sunday that I had anticipated so eagerly passed a failure. Mr. Gage did not preach and the eyes were not there. Mr. G. has received his appointment as paymaster in the navy, so I shall never hear him again.

Monday, Dec. 15. I do not seem to care much about writing in my journal now. I get so cold when I do. Thursday I wrote a composition on Difficulty but I was not satisfied with it and so I wrote it over again on Saturday, but by some mistake I did not carry it in so tonight I have written A Fairy Tale which I like pretty well. I have commenced to study Greek but I don't suppose I shall make much progress in it. Geometry I commence tomorrow and I think I shall like it very much. The eyes were at church yesterday in the afternoon but they are no longer my eyes, and I do not like them.

I cannot conceive why father does not write to me. It is full three weeks since I wrote last asking for money. I am now in debt to [F.] upward of twenty dollars and if he doesn't send me some money soon I don't know what I shall do. Practiced an hour and received a call from Sadie who was very pleasant.

Wednesday, Dec. 31. The old year is going, going. In two short hours we shall be in the year of our Lord, 1863. How little have I accomplished these twelve months to which I must now bid farewell forever! I verily believe I have grown worse instead of better and I should hang my head in very shame at the little improvement I have made in worldly matters even. I am now in my sixteenth year and my time for study is fast passing away. How can I so culpably neglect all my duties. O! may the coming year see me trying with might and main to do the things I ought and especially may I learn to do the will of the Father. It is not certain that I shall ever look upon the light of another year, then how should I prize the swift moments as they fly. The wisest men have compared life to a breath, a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. Oh! let me not utterly waste this life so short but let me be up and doing that I may give some

good account at last. We know not what a day may bring forth, but they whose ways are in the hands of the Lord have nothing to fear.

January 1st 1863.

Thursday. The New Year came in bright and beautiful. The day could not have been more perfect, the thermometer stood at fifty at noon, no snow on the ground and the sun shining brilliantly. For presents I received a ring, a thimble, and a collar and cuffs, but I had much more pleasure in giving my mite than in receiving. I have read and thought much of the great love of Jesus for poor sinful men. Like the rays of the sun, which fall with no less power on me because they give light and heat to millions of others, so is the love of our Lord. And he has commanded us to love one another if we would follow him. All this day I have tried to love all with whom I have

come in contact, and I think I have succeeded somewhat better than usual. I have been much more respectful towards my teacher and a little more complaisant to those at home and I have been very happy all the day. I may say with Burns, "Wad that some power the gift wad give us, to see oursels as ithers see us."* I have studied faithfully today and if this is the forerunner of the year, I think it will not be wholly void of improvement. This afternoon I went with F. to visit a poor woman, Mrs. Cuntts. She is very funny specimen of humanity and should much like to go again. Miss Rand, with whom she board[s] has a school of seventeen little children between the ages of four and twelve. She seems to be a very nice girl and her scholars appear to love her very much. How I wish I could do some good in the world. Sadie and I have talked of visiting the poor but I hardly imagine we shall ever do it.

*O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us / To see oursels as ithers see us! Robert Burns, poem "To a Louse", ver. 8.

Friday, Jan. 2. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." I have been to a party at Sadie's. All the elite of the city were there and I felt somewhat like a fish out of water. There have been four great parties now in direct succession--to the others I have not been invited and I am very sorry I went to this. I was dressed richly to say the least, and before I went I thought I looked well, but I was not introduced to a single gentleman, did not dance at all, and came away at half past ten. Some of the girls looked very pretty and all seemed to be enjoying themselves, yet I would not care to change places with them. Went skating for an hour this afternoon and who should I see but my own "love". she had the grace to say a few words to me but E. Stacy was there and she of course completely [monopolized] her. The bells have been ringing joyously for today the glorious emancipation proclamation goes into effect.

Saturday, 3. I have a picture in my mind's eye of three young girls seated around a plain deal table on which are Algebra, French and Latin textbooks which engage their complete attention. By the fire sits the mother and younger children knitting. Presently there is a knock at the door and the minister and teacher enter. The party converse on various subjects, especially books and literature and the students are helped over the hard places by the elders, and encouraged to renewed labor by the recital of their early difficulties. Mutually benefitted, they separate at a late hour. Tell me, ye vain seekers of pleasure, is there not more pure enjoyment in this honest toil than in all your boasted happiness. Labor is heaven's choicest gift to man and the satisfaction that arises from a sense of "something accomplished, something done" is the sweetest of rewards. Behold another picture: One of those girls, older now and alone, is in a small room of a handsome house.

The pile of books at her side show that the "midnight oil" has not been wasted in vain. As the hands of the watch near the hour of twelve, the last lesson is thrown aside, and ... a timeworn journal she hastily records a few of the experiences & thoughts of the day and hour, and then that "sweet story of old" enchains her attention and fills her with new strength and love. So She seeks her pillow, and do you not believe her dreams are sweet? Shall we go farther? Shall we follow the celebrated authoress into the social circle where she is beloved and honored by the most gifted? Or is she one whom "unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster" until one more unfortunate, weary of breath, rash importunate, goes to her death? Be it as it may, these sweet days of youth and hope, when once they are gone, will return "nevermore". [Let] us then be up and doing with a heart for any fate, still achieving still pursuing, learn to labor & to wait.*

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Sunday, Jan. 4. I have listened today to a distinguished Connecticut divine, the Rev. Dr. Hooker. It takes the good old state of the blue laws to produce fine preachers. To be sure he was horribly dull, but then it was sound doctrine. I understand Mr. G. will preach again before he leaves and I shall be delighted to have him. I have been reading a very nice book from the Club, "Spare Hours" by John Brown, M.D. The exquisite pathos of Rab and his Friends I have seldom seen surpassed, "puis Aillie" goes to the heart and will retain her place with Mrs. Stowe's Eva* or any other creature of fiction. How I love these bonnie, bold, warm-hearted Scotch writers, from Burns to Boyd and Brown. My poor brother Harry has met with a sad accident. He was playing in a neighbor's barn and fell from a height of fifteen feet and has broken his arm. It is a merciful providence that he was not killed, but as it is he will suffer great pain & perhaps the arm will never be all right.

*Character in Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Monday, Jan. 5. I must learn to get up earlier. The hands of my watch pointed to seven before I commenced operations, and I have so very much to do during the day that I cannot afford in future to waste so much time. I am resolved that hereafter I shall arise at six o'clock at least and as much earlier as circumstances will permit. Then half an hour at least I must devote to religious exercises. I was late at school this morning but this must not continue and neither must I ever be absent. I must give all my attention in school hours to the lessons and endeavor to improve my time, and especially I must have perfect lessons. After dinner I must practise full an hour, then I may either go out or spend some time in studying, sewing or writing but I must try to take a walk every day if possible. In the evening I must study faithfully.

H. has gone to N.Y. so F. sends me to bed before ten, but I suppose I am at liberty to remain up as long as I please here and I shall never close my eyes

(76)

until eleven, except perhaps Saturday and Sunday nights. I must always read the Bible before going to sleep and also write in my journal and record how I have kept these resolutions. Probably they will often be broken from unavoidable circumstances but as far as I can I mean to abide by them. I am sensible that I can do nothing without the aid of the Father and I pray he will help me to do the right and to overcome all difficulty--

We are having glorious weather. It seems almost as warm as summer and the roads are almost dusty. I have had very good lessons today but there are so many things I ought to have done and did not do and so many more I did that I ought not to have done. I must try to get up early enough in the morning to write to [poor] Harry. How he must suffer and how irksome must the confinement be to him but he has probably good nursing and I am in hopes he will soon get over it.

Tuesday, Jan. 6. Arose at quarter before six and wrote a letter to Harry before breakfast. I should have been late at school but Miss Tompson was not able to come out on account of a very bad cold. My own love came at nine and heard some of the lessons. How I wish she was my teacher all the time instead of the cross old ogre. My Latin was not very perfect but the other lessons did very well. We sit so near each other in French that I could easily put my head on her shoulder, but still I am so bashful. What shall I do when the time comes that we must part, I do love her so very much. I think I shall write to her when I go home. I have kept my resolutions pretty well in most things but I still may improve. I have written & copied a composition on Samuel, but I must get up in the morning & write another on The Old Year. I find my eyes do not feel as strong as they used and I must be more careful of them. I have felt nearly happy today, but I have not loved enough. I am afraid I am very selfish.

Wednesday, 7. Last night I wrote my composition until half past eleven so did not wake up until half past six, then copied part of it. When I wrote it I thought it was very fine but now I despise it. I was early at school and had particularly good lessons. Miss T. came out though she had a very bad cold, for she never neglects her duty if she can help it. My love was excessively loved and a little loving. I have been at the piano nearly all the afternoon but did not have a very good lesson for Mr. M. and I was so very stupid in picking out the new, I don't wonder he gets discouraged. My feelings are fluctuating, sometimes I find myself at the loftiest heights of courage and hope and the next moment I am deep in the valley of humiliation. Ainsi va la monde. I sent in my orders to Jack Frost this morning, and tonight, on entering my room, I find the window with the most magnificent curtains imaginable, of darling brightness and purest brilliancy.

Thursday, Jan. 8. It is all very well to resolve to get up early at night or even warm mornings but when it is freezing cold it is quite a different thing. I had nothing in particular to call me up so I enjoyed the nice warm bed. I do not know when I have had worse lessons than today, although I studied very hard last night, I cannot comprehend it exactly, but on some days I seem to be able to recite much better than on others. Probably it is owing to physical causes. Alice Ball and Miss Britain called on me this afternoon. The former has improved wonderfully in manners since I last knew her, now she is very genteel.

I felt rather boorish at first but behaved pretty well on the whole. I have been reading that splendid book, Spare Hours. How I wish I lived among educated people, who appreciate the value of books and study. I find there is nothing like intellectual labor to polish one, even Susie P. becomes agreeable when she has been studying hard and successfully.

Friday, 9. Cold weather has now really come in earnest. These bright clear brilliant days are much preferable to the murky warmness we have been having. Ogre was passably pleasant and my lovely love was never more lovingly loved by love-lorn, loveless maid, but for her, she was rather sarcastic, we do not have lessons well enough to suit her. Geometry is very interesting and I am getting on very well in it. The ogre's knowledge of the Latin language is inconceivably minute and we become more and more sensible of it every day. If she only would have us recite to Miss Sarah (how strange it seems to write that name) I should be content. I practised about two hours, mostly on old pieces. The piano was tuned yesterday and it is quite a pleasure to play on it now. Immediately when I had finished practising I went out and staid until nearly six. Went with F. to see a poor woman, Mrs. Hagen, who has a little girl with the reddest hair imaginable. This evening I have been reading "Rab and his Friends" to F. I must confess I am a very bad reader & she did not seem much interested.

Saturday, Jan. 10. Alas for the pride of the human heart. The more one searches down into that deep, the better does pride conceal itself, and is even proud of that vast capacity and its own wisdom in exploring it. Each thinketh himself entirely different from his neighbor and loveth to take to himself praises for all his weakness. Truly the heart of man is desperately wicked, and who can number all his iniquities? The angels look down on the weak and the mighty, and pity the perpetual striving of earth. The rain beateth bitterly against the window, and never seemeth to grow weary of complaining, while in the distance the wind moaneth without ceasing, caring nothing for pain it [hapely] bringeth. God be with our dear soldiers in the battle thinking now perhaps of the loved ones they leave at home, loved ones many ne'er shall see again. O comfort [Thou] their hearts; be their kind Shepherd, lead them into Thee from all their pain. Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.

Monday, 12. Last night was the first time this year I have failed to write a few words at least, but never mind the excuses; rest assured they were all sufficient. I had a great inclination this morning not to go to school but I conquered the idle thought and trudged off; and I was well paid for the exertion in feeling that I had done my duty. Miss G. was particularly trying but we managed to survive her cruelty, though we made all manner of fun of her. The room she keeps very cold, the greater part part of the time we are obliged to keep our cloaks on and then it is so cold we cannot write. I have been studying Greek somewhat and I am determined to persevere in it, why cannot I be my own teacher at least in the beginning? "What man has done man may do" and certainly many young ladies have made themselves mistresses of Greek at a much earlier age than mine, so why with patience may not I? I have practised & studied faithfully and feel rather tired for I have had no walk. I have no idea of sitting up until eleven, but only of getting to bed as soon as possible after ten.

Tuesday, Jan. 13. My sweetest love was very gracious today, she gave me a smile I think I shall never forget; but the poor child is not well at all. She looks miserably, and I am so sorry for her. Elle m'est tres chere, mais elle ne m'aime point. Il y a deux jours qu'il a fait tres beau en veritie. Il me semble que nous n'allons pas avoir d'hiver cette annee. Tant mieux. There is splendid skating now but I have not been able to improve it yet and tomorrow I must take my music lesson. Alas for the blunders I shall make! This afternoon I called on Sadie & made a perfect fool of myself, also on Maria Ladd and with the same result. S. has not treated me very well lately and I am not particularly anxious to be intimate with her, and I dare say she reciprocates the disposition. It seems to me I would give any thing for permission to sleep for once as long as I please, but it is impossible. Tomorrow I must get up and practise, or Mr. M. will bid farewell to all patience.

Wednesday, 14. I was surprised to find the ground covered with snow this morning for last night there was no appearance of a storm. I was early at school and though we had but few scholars I enjoyed the exercises greatly and recited bravely. My love said she was very glad to see the snow and so of course I was very glad too. "O I'm wat, wat, O I'm wat and weary. Sleep I can get none, thinkin' o' my dearie."* I recited The Cumberland, I think it very beautiful and I believe I love poetry very much, especially this that I associate with my dear mother. O, if I could but be a true poet, could but make the world somewhat better by my writings, and could but have some fame awarded me! [Susie] Penhallow is a cousin to James Russell Lowell, the first poet of America and I almost envy her the acquaintance she may have. O the pain, the bliss of longing! Let my life be spent in searching for the truth, let me learn to appreciate the good, the true, the beautiful in art and in nature.

*An essay by John Brown

Thursday Jan 15. L'amour n'a-t-il qu'un langage? Elle et moi nous nous sommes parlees des yeux, et elle m'a fait l'aimer. I think Miss Benham will soon be on the list of tres aimee. Maintenant que ma chere exemple est partie, je ne parle plus de lui, est-ce que je l'ai oublie? Esperons que non avec beaucoup d'empressement, car ce serait trop detestable (applied only to moral wrong, Etc....) d'en penser. Aujourd'hui [Martha] Salter a apporte un Atlantic Monthly a l'ecole et j'ai ete le bonheur d'en lire quelque chose, au neglect de mes autres etudes. Une histoire ... pour titre "One of my ..." m'a interesse beaucoup, l'etait concernant un homme qui pourrait lire les caracteres par l'ecrivant, et aussi par le physiognomy, qui pourrait donner toute leur ... seulement par regardant un mot qu'ils [auraient] ecrit. Mirabili dictu!* Tous les jour j'aperceus plus mon insignificance, comment ai-je ose penser que j'avait de genius, que j'etait au dessous de la mediocrite? Ah! mon orgueil est inepuisable.

*Latin: wonderful to tell

Friday, Jan 16. Je m'a leve a sept heures, assez de bonne heure pour moi, maintenant. But how culpable it is for me to waste so much precious time in idle sleep, henceforth I really must get up at six, bongre, malgre. J'aime presque ma tante F, elle m'a dit qu'elle ecrivait dans un journal autrefois, (elle ne sait pas ce que je fait) et elle pense que c'est tres bonne habitude pour s'improvir. "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man who judged another" says the Good Book, then how very wicked have I been! I must try to overcome my [indomitable] pride but I can do nothing of myself I know, only the Father can subdue my wicked heart. O would I were a Christian! I have recited very good lessons and immediately after dinner I commenced to practise and continued an hour and a half, then read "Spare Hours" as long as I could see and also in the evening. About dusk I dressed myself, opened my window and enjoyed the gentle, refreshing breeze for nearly an hour. It had been raining and the wind drove the fitful, sullen clouds with great rapidity along the sky.

Sunday, Jan. 18. Today Mr. Gage preached, at least in the afternoon, but it seems like all day, he was so interesting. The text was "Jesus wept," the shortest & yet the longest verse in the Bible. He showed that that one act has forever redeemed tears from the contempt we might attach to them, calling them weak and womanish and pusillanimous; now that our Lord has wept they have an eternal dignity. It is a most solemn sight to see a strong man weep, but Jesus was the strength of the strong. Also, it is not wrong to open the floodgates of the soul and let the gushing tears relieve our agony, but much better than to crush our sorrow down and never give it vent. Sorrow is common property in this sad vale of tears and if one does not weep today he will tomorrow. Then, the tears of Christ reveal the character of the Father, show that he is not the emotionless, impassable God of the heathens, but a living loving, sympathizing being who feels for the sorrow of men. If Jesus had not wept we might have looked upon him as perfect and righteous but we could not have loved him so much as we do now that he has shared

the tears of men. It has been said that the life alone of the Christ, the Lord of heaven and earth submitting to such humiliation and indignity, was sufficient to compensate for all the sins of mortals but God also gave his death to convince our [child] understanding of his incomprehensible love. Jesus also was made perfect through suffering, even he had to learn sorrow by experience in order to teach men the all-healing power of the atonement. But oh, I cannot say any thing as he said it, he was so earnest so impassioned and yet so calm & composed. I never listened so attentively to sermon before and I think I never heard so fine a one, every sentence so perfectly expressed and betraying everywhere such deep knowledge of the philosophers of antiquity, as well as of all the needs of the human heart. The "eyes" were at church and many other interesting "subjects" but I hardly looked at them. The next Sunday will be the last of our beloved pastor's ministrations, among this people, he is then going to Newmarket I think it is and perhaps into the service of his country. I think his prayers are peculiarly beautiful, so earnest, so

"prayerfull" as if he really wanted what he asked and [withal] so trustfull of the goodness & justice of the good God and of His ability and will to bring all the troubles of our country out right in the end. The singing was very fine and I enjoyed all the services exceedingly. This evening the old Dr. Folsom called to the great disturbance of the [usual] quiet contest. I like him pretty well on most subjects, especially did he discourse very learnedly of the human eye, but the way they used up poor Mr. Gage was really shocking to such a firm advocate of him as myself. The subjects of complaint are not at all interesting to me so I shall not enumerate them, but the most serious seems to be that he did not resign when he first came back last May, or rather when he was taken sick about a year previous. How very thankful I am that he did not!!! There is to be a convention this week, part of the business of which will be to consider his resignation, and undoubtedly it will be [exception]. We are to have two of the ministers here [bid] luck to them.

Alas for the sacrifices made to our country! My friend Henry P. is dead, dead. What else could I have expected, when so few return? but somehow I never seemed to think but that he would come back again; how glad I am I have his photograph even though not given by himself. His poor mother must feel his loss sadly indeed for he was chief support, and how many mothers throughout the length and breadth of our land who are mourning for the lost ones! O it is very hard to think that this cruel war is for the best and that a merciful Father appoints all these present trials in mercy and for the ultimate good of the nation, but it is our duty to believe he does it all in love, chastening his people for their manifold transgressions, but not in hopeless anger. Oh may he protect us and bring us safely through this great trouble and pour his balm of Gilead into all mourning hearts! Now indeed may we say "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land,'* and who has not heartily given his all to that beloved land."

*Sir Walter Scott, from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

Monday, Jan 19. Today Mr. Gage called! By good fortune I happened to go to the door, and I wonder if my countenance betrayed my joy at seeing him. I rather think not for of course I acted like a fool. I did not go into see him but staid in the the next room and heard most of the conversation. F. invited him to dine tomorrow but naughty man, he was "previously engaged," as I might have expected. His voice sounded so sweet but naturally the converse was not very edifying as no one saw him but F! It is Newburyport that he going to, only to stay a short time. He is now engaged in writing a book, I did not exactly understand the title but it is based upon some of his favorite German authors. How I should like to read it! His voice reminds me of "linked sweetness long drawn out,"* I declare I almost envy his wife and and he speaks so lovingly of her. I fear I have never appreciated him thoroughly before, they say we never know our treasures until about to lose them.

*John Milton, "L'Allegro"

I have received a letter from Juliet who with Grandma is now in Cambridgeport. She says Jenny is very pretty both in looks and in manners for which I am unequivocally and exceedingly glad. Would that my mother might see her! The new mamma is very good and kind, could not be better, as they say, and I am very glad that my father was so wise. Aunt gave me some additional particulars of the death of my soldier. Not in the brave battle did he lose his life but from the worse enemy, sickness, a severe cold I think. [Sophie] writes that he was greatly beloved by all his regiment and no one will be regretted more in our own village where he was always a shining light. Father wrote me last Saturday, he is now in W. to be gone about a week. H. has nearly recovered the use of his arm and the others are well. The ancients used never to let soft slumber steal away their senses before thrice reviewing the events of the day, what that hath learned that was worth knowing, what good they had done and how far they had progressed in the path of culture. Go thou and do likewise Christine-----

Tuesday, Jan. 20. I do not think mon amour was particularly interesting today, but the kindness of the ogre made up for all deficiency in her. Miss G. gave us a very fine lecture (with some compliments for me) on the sinful frittering away of time so prevalent in our school. At dinner we had the ministers, Mr. Miles & Mr. Sawyer. I like both very well, both have fine eyes, especially the latter. In the evening I went with F. to hear the serman by Mr. Miles, totally disregarding all claims of lessons. He was rather interesting, on the whole I felt paid for going out. I had the felicity to hand a hymn book to Mr. Gage and receive it again. He did not speak but it was a pleasure even to look at his countenance. It is eleven o'clock now and in the morning I must get up very early and finish my composition on Hospitality besides looking over the lessons a little so I must write quickly and get to bed as soon as possible. Ella Kennedy came back to school today. She is quite pretty but rather silly & nothing of a scholar. Alas for the insufferable pride & conceit of my wicked heart!

Wednesday, 21. I have been studying Greek for the last half hour and am really beginning to see into it a little. O if I could only know every thing! but I know indeed nothing yet, let me not waste any more of this precious time but try my best to be a little more than an ignoramus or a nonentity. Took my music lesson and Mr. M. was very pleased. I do not see how the girls can call him quick & irritable for I find him wonderfully patient with my stupidity. He had just come from Miss Benham and did not seem to think very highly of her proficiency in music. I am still harping or perhaps I should say pianoing on *La Fille du Regiment** but I expect to finish it by the next lesson. I really ought to have written home before this but I will try to make up for all neglect on that score tomorrow. Alas for my resolutions of early rising! My eyes did not think fit to open before half past seven but the composition did not suffer as I had time enough in school. Miss S. does not affect to understand the regulating of her stove very well for sometimes the temperature is at freezing point & sometimes at nearly boiling or roasting---

*Opera by Donizetti

Thursday, Jan. 22. It is inconceivable to me why mon amour should hate me as she does. We recited Latin to her today and but for one last effort of mine which met with partial success, I should be in perfect despair. It is not possible is it that I should ever forget her! Miss G. has really given us up for good now, she has found that our young heads went ahead faster than she could keep up, so she had to resign us to the care of her amiable sister. We will have to study much harder now for she does not accept lessons half prepared. Some one is so very "capax, sagax et perspieux" that I love her with all my heart.

Today I procured an Atlantic Monthly but have not yet had time to read much of it on account of the old lessons. Mrs. Stowe's Reply to the address of the women of England entreating their sisters in America to do all in their power to exterminate Slavery, first attracted my attention. Like all the writings emanating from her graceful pen, it was replete with genius & esprit, and must do much to correct the sentiments of the English toward our much-abused country.

Friday, Jan. 23. Love--what is it? How very strange is it. Shall I ever know it, learn it? Does every one at sometime know the meaning of the [cabalistic] word, or is the bliss, the pain of loving known only to the favored few? I am a woman or will be one, ergo I must love, but when, where, how? I almost wish I were old and all of life were nearly gone. I feel I shall be weak in the great struggle. What is the World, and where? Will no one satisfy my longing? Ah! experience alone can teach me the things of life & the things of eternity. Would this hateful childhood were past and I might enter on the great work. But everything in the Lord's good time. He knoweth best and doubtless I shall sometime reach womanhood if the breath of life is continued to me. O may I be pure, gentle, loving, accustomed to looking into the eternities, and able to train some soul to heaven. If only I knew the truth as it is in Jesus, if only I had the living Christ in my heart and knew and loved Him really. O why, why did my mother leave me all alone. If she had but staid to lead me over the rough places, to love me. The tears come & blind my eyes.

Saturday, Jan. 24. This morning I wrote a letter to Harry, perhaps the best I have ever written both in penmanship and composition. How vain and silly for me to record the trifling events of every day, just as though I should ever care whether I studied, read or practised first on such a day if [in] such a year. Only if I try to make it an improving exercise (in the path of virtue I mean) can it be beneficial. Only by making the memory of each day better than the preceeding can it be excusable. But alas! I have not yet taken the first step toward the perfect end, the giving of myself wholly to the Christ. Just as I am - without one plea, ... that my Savior died for me. Dear Lord to Thee I come. Is it not astonishing that I have not looked to Jesus, the author & finisher of our faith; that my cold wayward wicked heart is still struggling with the darkness all the night instead of running into the light & safety of His Countenance. O the helpless hopeless pride of woman's heart. But no not helpless for there is always help in the Comforter if he is sought. Tomorrow Mr. Gage preaches his farewell sermon. What would induce me to stay at home?

Sunday, 25. I am now delightfully ensconced in my easy chair in my closet at eight o'clock with the prospect of a charming evening if my eyes do not fail me. I have plenty of books of all kinds, writing materials & everything to make the time pass agreeably. For once I have plenty of time for indulging in my favorite Journal. The subject of my discourse is of course the farewell address of our pastor. It is very probably that I shall never look upon his countenance again, (though he may sometime exchange). This thought impressed me deeply and made me more attentive than usual if that were possible. I shall write his text entire--Acts XX,18-21. "And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, Serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews. And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, Testifying both to the Jews & also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."--- I have stopped awhile to read over old

letters--a very entertaining exercise. I now resume. Mr. Gage commenced by saying that it would be folly for any minister of our days to pretend to take to himself the words of the apostle, especially for one so consciously unworthy as he was. In Paul there was nothing of arrogance but on the contrary the deepest humility in appropriating to himself the praise so justly his due. He said he should not attempt to be personal but only endeavor to set before the people his own ideal of the Christian minister. First his heart must [be] wholly sanctified. Without that, all charm of manner or voice or any thing else were as nothing, he must bring a heart wholly subdued to the will of God & the Spirit. Certainly Mr. Gage cannot be found at fault in this respect for if anyone has been in earnest it is he. Next, this model preacher must be of wide and liberal culture. It is not enough for him to be thoroughly conversant with the technicalities of his own faith, but he must also have general knowledge and be able to reach the philosopher as well as the fisherman, the scholar as well as the farmer or the tractorman. Next in order, and in direct continuity of thought comes the sermon writing. However much he may here attest to other things, his study, his reciting & in fact all his

work, must tend directly to the sermons. These should always be most carefully written, put as much care & time bestowed upon them as if they were for the press, and never extemporaneous. In writing letters as newspaper articles he may wield the running pen but in his sermons [way] they must be studied & finished, even at the risk of appearing stiff & labored. For if once he begins to slacken, his course will ever be backward. They must be [forcible], concise, clear, distinct, but above all, intensely simple. So simple that anyone can understand & yet containing so much that all may be interested. ..., sharp, critical, each sentence a telling sentence & condensing two or three in one. Then he must have a constitutional disinclination to extremes. Sound without being bigoted, liberal without being too fast, able to keep an even course between the conservative and the radical. The man who has this faculty has a great deal to be thankful for, & he himself possessed it in a high degree. Therefore he had hoped to be able to suit the many tasks of this North [Parish] but he had been disappointed. A preacher must not be continually preaching of the

country, however patriotic he may be, but neither is it right never to speak of our beloved and stricken land in prayer or sermon. But when the hearts of the people are sad & despairing it is his duty to go before them & show them the silver linings of the dark cloud.--- Another important thing, the minister must be a perfect gentleman. This does not consist merely or chiefly in being able to bow well or wear kid gloves well, or walk well, or appear well at the [hospital] able ...,--manner is not the essence but only the flowering. He must be truly courteous, gentle, kind, sympathizing, as ready to visit the hovel of the poor as the mansion of the rich and not easy to take offence. His language to his heart is, I care not for the insults of those whot are not gentlemen, and no true gentleman will insult me. The highest praise that can be awarded a man is the name of a [christian] gentleman, and in all truth & sincerity & justice can that name be given to him in my humble opinion. But after all, the chief duty of the minister is to teach repentance toward God & faith in the Lord Jesus, to make every thing else converge to that one point, to know nothing ... [without] Jesus Christ & him crucified. This

is the ideal he has ever had before his eyes but he is thoroughly conscious that he has fallen far below his standard. He came to this parish something more than two years ago in all the freshness of youth, full [of] vigor & earnest purpose. His whole strength has been spent in the service of the Lord & now he departs a sadder but perhaps a wiser man. Those who came there today expecting to hear him hurl denunciations against those in the church who might be [inimical] to him would be disappointed. At parting he had nothing but kind [ideas] to offer. To that pulpit [so] long his peculiar Love he bid a sad farewell; to that beautiful church, the scene of his current endeavors to lead the people aright, he bid a sad farewell; to the church & the congregation he bid a sorrowful farewell and should ever remember with deep [gratitude] the many kindnesses he had received, especially during his sickness. He had reason to believe that he had many friends there. And for the wellfare [sic] & prosperity of the church he offered his sincere prayers. So I have attempted to give the [heart] of his discourse, to aid my future memory. Here is nothing of the living words, the sweet [imagery],

the apt illustration, and particularly the earnestness as well as the grace of manner & charm of voice for which he is celebrated; but I could not refuse this slight testimonial of my deep regard to one whom I shall ever remember with heartfelt gratitude for his blessed ministrations, and with sweet recollections of his evident friendship during the last few weeks (at least if eyes have language). I noticed no one moved to tears for that was not his purpose, only my own eyes became suffused once or twice though I tried hard to control myself. The house was more crowded than I have ever seen it before--it was a long time before we, being near the pulpit, could get out. His discourse seems to have produced something of an effect upon this family, at least they are not quite so bitter as they have been though much of it did not exactly suit. There is one thing I forgot to mention, he said there was a strange fascination about the ministerial office, when one had once engaged in it, it was hard to give it up & take some other employment; it must be indeed a strange fascination if it can overcome the hatred he might naturally feel at [leaving] a place where he has been [extracted] so spitefully.

Tuesday, Jan 27. After writing all that unpardonable nonsense I may well be excused for neglecting one day. I did not retire until half past one that night but that is not the ultimatum of my ambitious designs for some future time. Nous verrons. The day commenced with snow, shortly turning into rain and making very bad walking but of course I could not stay from school especially as it was French day. I have not yet been absent this year & do not intend to be if I can help it. Mon amour was somewhat agreeable but appeared rather preoccupied. It is so pleasant to recite the Latin to one who knows something about it--she is so interesting & infallible, even sarcastic to those who know not their lessons, and sometimes I am of that class, but she is a little partial to me I think. I have been reading Childe Harold(1) and find it very fascinating but I cannot get much time to enjoy it. This evening The Autocrat(2) was on the table and I could not resist the temptation to look into it, and could hardly lay it down at ten, though it is so familiar to me that I think I could repeat much even of the prose. Tomorrow I recite The One Hoss Shay(3). How many sweet memories does it recall of the dear ones.

(1)Childe Harold's Pilgrimage by Lord Byron

(2)The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table by Oliver Wendall Holmes

(3)The Deacon's Masterpiece; or The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay" by Oliver Wendall Holmes

Wednesday, Jan 28. Oh! ever loving, lovely and beloved, how dear thou art to me! Thou art the most beautiful of mortals, and the foolish worshippers of Venus of the olden time should look upon thee to learn true beauty. The deeps of thy soul lie fathoms below the bright surface that sparkles in thy brilliant eye, but one may get some intimation of thy sweet thought by those dazzling orbs. Thy teeth of purly [sic] whiteness peeping from their ruby covering, shame by their lustre the most precious of diamonds. Thy coal black, wavy locks, unwillingly obedient to the stern severity of thy modesty, seem ever ready to break their ungrateful restraint and fall in luxuriant loveliness over thy snow white neck; but understanding that they would thus excite thy displeasure, they rest in graceful folds on thy fair brow. Thy attire modest but so neat and becoming, seems made by fairy fingers on purpose to deck thy sweet beauty. Thy dainty foot & ankle have never been surpassed in symetry [sic] by [dame] of China or belle of Broadway. But O! the magic charm of thy voice! Every thing else is forgotten when once thy lips open and emit sound like the tinkling of silver bells and the sweet-sounding lyre.

Thursday, 29. Heaven help me! The temptation to hate is strong within & will come out on every occasion. I struggle to subdue it but cannot always succeed. This morning the beautiful snow lay soft and thick and deep on every spot of surface exposed to it, and the stores of the clouds were not yet exhausted. I of course had no idea of not going to school and was astonished as well as dismayed when the cruel mandate came that I must stay at home. I tried to be patient but it was very hard and I fear I looked rather "sour" et importe. How true is it that life is made up of trifles! Great events happen seldom in a lifetime and to some people perhaps never, but the wear and tear of petty trials is often as hard to bear as deeper sorrows. But no! I must not say so. These little things must not have any great effect on true souls. You must conquer circumstances or circumstances will conquer you, as Napoleon, I think, said. Today I received the long-promised letter from Mary. Je ne m'etonne plus qu'elle a negligé de m'écrire. Mais c'est ce que j'aurais dû attendre, et tout dit, c'est mieux que je ne l'ai crue pouvoir faire. Ce me semble qu'elle ne me hait tout à fait, et peut-être nous nous aimerons un peu, si elle aime mon [enfant]. The

sent me a copy of the verses written by my cousin Theodore book on the death of my soldier, styled They reflect credit on the boy - ah! [what] is that I should say man, who wrote them, perhaps he will one day be a great poet. Only I hope he will not resemble his father in many things. O.W.H., mon beau ideal, a dit, que tous les hommes et toutes les femmes ... s'aiment sans cesse, et pour moi, je lui obeis tres bien. Voyons, combien d'amours eu-je ete? Oh! je n'en puis rendre compte. The monotony of the day was somewhat enlivened by my music lesson. I conducted myself with propriety and though my lesson was not quite perfect I have reason to hope that I have risen slightly in my master's esteem. I think I was not quite as bashful and stupid as on some occasions, I even managed to get off several sentences all by myself and without assistance. How stupid he must find me after coming from "the elegant Miss Bonhem," in manners I mean, selon dit. I shall make a good performance if I practise faithfully enough, he has discovered that mathematics is my forte but he is such a [flatterer]. How prettily Holmes says: Nullum tui negotii.

Saturday, 31. Again we have arrived in safety at the end of the month, thanks be to God. This year has but eleven twelfths of its length remaining, a very short time if only eleven times that which is past. It seems but a few weeks at most since the beginning of the month, but I think I have improved it pretty well as to study. Slow but sure seems to be my maxim, certainly the first if not the second. I have written fifty five pages in my journal, much more than on any preceding month but I cannot say that I think I have made much improvement in compressing my thoughts. And I am still more deficient in conversation, if I should ever make an observation at the festive [board] I have no doubt the family would be thunderstruck, but there is little danger from that source. When I am with my schoolmates it is not quite so bad and I think there has been some improvement the past year, but still I am not wholly at my ease. There is nothing I wish more than to be a fluent talker, but no I do not mean such a talker as F., but a real good conversationalist, the style of Margaret Fuller would not be amiss, but I can only acquire it by

great effort and that effort I fear I shall never learn to make. We are to have no school the next two weeks, it being the annual winter vacation. Probably before the close of another term I shall be at the dear home. I have been reading aloud in "Compte on the Constitution of Men,"⁽¹⁾ doubtless it will be a very beneficial exercise as well as imparting to me great and important knowledge. This evening I have read "The Army of the Potomac" from the French of the Prince de Joinville. I have been very negligent not to make myself better acquainted with the affairs of my country which I profess to love so much. This is a very usefull book, gives much knowledge of the unfortunate campaign of the Peninsula so bravely conducted by McClellan. My former prejudices against that general are completely renounced. I see how he was hampered and harrassed by the Government, all his plans knocked in the head and himself subjected to such evil accusations. Perhaps the President will find himself mistaken in thinking it best to dismiss him, but time will show. God only knows, let us trust to him.

(1)Auguste Comte, French philosopher and mathematician (1798-1857)

(2)The Army of the Potomac: its organization, its commander, and its campaign. By the prince de Joinville. Tr. from the French, with notes, by William Henry Hurlbert.

Joinville, François-Ferdinand-Philippe-Louis-Marie d'Orléans, prince de, 1818-1900., Hurlbert, William Henry, tr. 1827-1895.

New York: A. D. F. Randolph, 1862.

Sunday Feb. 15. I have taken vacation in my writing as well as in my school and now the two weeks are gone I resume both. The first question is, How have these weeks of recreation been improved? Conscience answers, Miserably, miserably indeed. Can I never learn to be industrious, learn to conquer this indolent spirit? I had intended to pursue steadily both Latin & Greek but I have hardly looked at either! Other lessons have been entirely banished of course. I have practised some but not as much as I might for I fear both spirit & flesh were weak. I have made some use of my needle and that is my only consolation. As I look back it seems but a day or two since I left my dear school and now I am to return, gladly indeed, but without the consciousness of hours wholly improved, either morally or intellectually. But now let me take new strength from the Father of Light and go on my way rejoicing. I am going to try to follow Jesus, and to do his sweet will as much as I can. I am not yet at rest but if I seek him perhaps he may be found. Mr. Southgate preached today and every one was delighted with him. He seems to be endowed with the right spirit and almost he persuaded me to be a Christian. But it is so dark, I would I had a counsellor to lighten my doubts. If I am not of the

elect, the predestinated, how can I be saved? I do want to love the Savior but I do not know how.

I have been reading a very pretty book from the library, and I feel encouraged to go on with my Greek even without a tutor. Perhaps I can make some little progress in it, get over the first hard places all by myself; and they say self-made men (& women) are more independent. I greatly fear that when I get home I shall not be able to persevere in my studies, there will doubtless be so much to interrupt me, but still I shall try. And while I stay here I must not be slothful in business but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. And one day may I take my [stand] with the noble Christian women of my country to fight for the truth. I have been thinking lately of the choice of a vocation in life & I have almost decided on that of teacher. My dear mother thought I would not be strong enough for the confinement consequent on that but now I am perfectly well and I feel able and willing to take the work. If I have not the talent for writing I may at least teach to others what I myself may learn and do some good in my humble sphere.

(94)

Tuesday, Feb. 24. I have somewhere read that a journal loses all interest unless carefully continued every day, but ah me! every night I am so sleepy & cold that I think I will put it off once more. In future I really will try to be more regular. The Greek progresses finely. I read a chapter in the Testament nearly every day but once in a while circumstances prevent. I am studying diligently the school lessons but my progress seems so very slow. I have lately taken up Rhetoric. It was Miss ... desire but I should much prefer Algebra. However I like this well enough & doubtless it is useful. I have today received letters from aunt [R]. & [L]. I love [R]. very much and she has always been kind to me, besides I think she was my darling mother's favorite sister. She certainly writes a very fine letter, she goes to ever so many lectures and has all the advantages of the cultivated society of Cambridge & Boston, so different is it there from this old foggy place. My glorious Wendel [Wendell] Phillips* lectures here tonight & it is the greatest shame that ever was that I cannot go to hear him. I tried my best to do so but could not succeed. Grandma po-

*Wendell Phillips (29 November 1811–2 February 1884) was an American abolitionist, advocate for Native Americans, orator and lawyer

-lately expressed her wonder that having been here so long I did not want to go home, calling me a good little girly for being so patient, and gave me some other pretty plain hints. Thank Heaven I shall not be here much longer. Perhaps sometime I can go to school in Cambridge, that is at present the ultimatum of my wishes & desires but I fear they will never be realized. [R]. lives in an atmosphere of books, they always have all the new works of the the best authors and read & appreciate them, whereas I can hardly remember the time when a new book has come into this house, and they do not even take a single periodical. But how goes the affaire du coeur? There is certainly not much progress but it is all owing to my excessive stupidity & awkwardness. If I were in the least lovable how could she help loving me a little when I am so devoted to her. But Alas! it is my nature. I shall never be any thing but despised and hated by mortal man, and my belief in a future existence is at present veiled in a dim & melancholy twilight.

Wednesday, Feb. 25. My music teacher has again disappointed me. Last Wednesday he put me into perfect extasies [ecstasies] by promising to give me the photograph of my beloved pastor as well as of himself, so it is natural consequence that he should not come today. Miss Benham and all his pupils complain of him greatly for the same offence. By the way I think that young lady very charming. She studies Mental Philosophy now with Miss Wood & their recitations are so very interesting that I can never attend to my own lessons during their continuance. I must be always and everywhere a learner. So much does not depend on the number of books read as the manner of reading them---or the number of facts gained as on the mirror of reflecting them. I feel that I am growing older every day but I greatly fear that many precious hours of youth are wasted. If I could get a habit of always improving every moment, it would doubtless be of great advantage to me & now I will endeavor to employ every hour to some good purpose, but somehow when I make such resolutions I always seem to sink deeper & deeper in sloth and idleness therefore. If tomorrow I make no progress in [industry], I shall begin to despair.

Thursday, Feb 26. I think I am nearly perfect in making good resolutions but the keeping of them is quite a different affair. How little do I appreciate the shortness of life! I deeply regret now the many hours, months, years of my time in unavailing regrets. Let me be up & doing, doing with my might what my hands find to do. The past is past and never can return but perhaps it may be in part redeemed by excessive industry in the future. If I could through the day feel as bold and energetic and determined as I always feel at night, perhaps I might do better---

I am afraid I waste more time in school even than at home, there I never seem to care a sou for study on its own account, but the evenings are the happiest times. Then I have no excuse for laziness. As soon as the clock strikes the hour of ten I retire to the sacred precincts of my own little chamber, there to write or study until eleven. By that time I feel tired enough to allow soft slumber to steal away my senses without resistance. My hour for rising is usually a quarter before seven but sometimes [I] oversleep myself.

Monday, March 2. I have neglected my journal for some days for I have had a novel, Dr. Thorne, to read after retirement but tonight I must record my emotions & thoughts. I have even been to hear Anna [E.] Dickinson(1) lecture & of course I was delighted. I went fully prepared to find fault and to criticise but now my faith in woman's ability is restored. So long have I been under the government of these antiquarians that I had surely become like unto them but of now I shake off the shackles and am once more my own master. But the lecture. It was very eloquent and will doubtless do much good among the Copperheads(2) of this mean old [State]. Much was severe on McClellan & other traitors of our beloved land and the whole was interspersed with anecdote and illustration. On the whole I was very much pleased and so was my party, the B's, of whom however I have not a very high opinion. We went into Mrs. Oliver's rooms afterwards and very pretty rooms they are, very elegant & refined. Many of my favorite books I recognised & she spoke finely of Gail Hamilton. General ... is in town today & there are great celebrations. One night this week [Leo] Miller is the lecturer & I hope to hear him.

(1)Anna Elizabeth Dickinson (October 28, 1842 – October 22, 1932) was an American orator and lecturer, an advocate for the abolition of slavery and for women's suffrage.

(2)The Copperheads were a vocal group of Democrats located in the Northern United States of the Union who opposed the American Civil War.

(1)Anna Elizabeth Dickinson (October 28, 1842 – October 22, 1932) was an American orator and lecturer, an advocate for the abolition of slavery and for women's suffrage.

Tuesday March 3. Did I follow my inclination tonight I should quickly seek my pillow without writing a word but duty ever comes before pleasure. In consequence of my great dissipation of last night I had rather a poor lesson in Latin & mon amour was extremely sarcastic--but how ugly of me to say that when she was very much more complaisant to me than mine iniquities did deserve. Mr. Meinerth came to me this afternoon and I think he must have been in a very pleasant [mood] not to be more impatient than he was with me for my innumerable imperfections. My hour is now changed to Tuesday at five o'clock. Last week instead of coming himself he sent the promised photographs and they certainly were very acceptable. Mr. G. looked as natural as life, he had that peculiarly happy expression of his that he always wears when about to say something pleasant. How many happy hours does his countenance recall to me & with what pleasure do I gaze upon those noble features. Greatly to my surprise it was reported today that aunt Ellen & family are to be here next Thursday, Providence permitting. I shall be very glad to see my cousin but I fear she will not help my studying.

Wednesday March 4. The evening is lovely. The [bold] and brilliant moon traverses hill and dale with her piercing rays, lighting up the secrets of [sable] night. The spotless snow sparkles brightly in the effulgent light & perfect quiet reigns. My front curtains are closely drawn to keep out the unwanted cold & the curtains of my eyes remind me that it is time they also should be closed. Shall I not follow the example of the brave Hercules & [chose] the guidance & protection of fair Virtue, thereby bringing to myself perhaps misfortunes and troubles here, but hereafter glory and immortality? Shall I not be ready to suffer all things, to hope all things, to believe all things, to do all things? Shall I not perform my allotted labor faithfully & heartily as unto the Lord? I think the old Adam is very strong in me, the strongest argument to my mind of total depravity is what I find in the recesses of my own heart, but I do not say that I am yet a believer. I have grown weary of dust and decay, weary of flinging my soul-wealth away, weary of sowing for others to reap, rock me to sleep mother! rock me to sleep. Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, mother oh mother my heart calls for you.*

*Rock Me to Sleep, Elizabeth (Akers) Allen. 1832–1911

Thursday, March 5. The whole family has arrived and has been most graciously welcomed. I delighted to see Ellen myself & she seemed equally happy to see her obedient servant. I don't exactly know how I am to prepare even the modicum of lessons, to say nothing of the Greek &c. for she is the wildest thing imaginable. I find also that I cannot study in the drawingroom any longer in the evenings, so I shall probably be obliged to remove headquarters to my own little room. Tres volentiers. Ella is a perfect prodigy in learning, & geography is her especial forte. I never had much taste for that study and I find that she is at present much ahead of me. I shall be obliged to resort to some expedient to conceal my ignorance. She says very demurely that she does not like to play but she does love to study. How I wish that my early advantages had been like hers! [That] my father...[hush].sh sh I have no right to complain but indeed I almost wish I had my youth to live over again, perhaps I could improve it a little better. But the use of experience is certainly to make us do better in the future, & I must profit by mine though it be not altogether pleasant. Ella

is also a great Bible reader & as I have never read the whole of the sacred Book I am now doing it by rapid [steps], about eighteen chapters a day. perhaps she will not introduce the subject before next Sunday (I cannot hope for a longer reprise) and by that time I think I shall have nearly finished. The child has already signified her intention of going to Sabbath school with me & in all probability she will be in my class for she doubtless knows more of holy things than do I. But why do I lower myself so before this mere infant? I have certainly the experience of riper years than she has yet attained, and that should give me some advantage. Besides I am not her inferior in quite everything yet a while, but this boast I imagine will not be long mine. Can I not use her some way for my own benefit, make her be of some help to me in ascending the ladder of knowledge? But perhaps her honored father understands Greek & will give me some assistance. However I cannot summon courage to ask him & of course he will not volunteer his useful aid. Ellen will perhaps inspire me with some ambition to excell her youthful powers, & this be of advantage to me.

Friday, March 6. At the end of the school week I really feel somewhat tired, & not indisposed to accept Saturday as a day of recreation. However I do not of course, mean that I give up all studying, that is the time for Greek & Arithmetic to flourish & the other lessons that do not come in the school list. I find after all that I am about as proficient in Geography as Miss Ella herself & I have quite regained my self-respect. She [teases] me considerably & likes especially to have her way as I do too, but as yet we have got along very well together. Tonight the long wished for "Graver Thoughts" by the Country Parson have arrived, and I expect a great deal of pleasure from the perusal of them. Alas! how aimless & useless is this idle life I lead. If I had more energy & perseverance I might hope with some prospect of realization, but woe is me; I seem to grow worse & worse daily. How fruitless are all my efforts for improvement. Why not abandon them all & live only for pleasant pleasure & selfish gratification? What big difference can it make whether I am good or bad, learned or ignorant?

Saturday, March 7. I am not at all pleased with the manner in which this day has been spent. The glorious old Second Regiment went by in the morning, and preparing for that & looking at it, broke up the morning so that I hardly accomplished anything. Then the afternoons are always very short and Ella & I studied Geography until nearly dark. Of course, the piano has not been neglected so thus the day has passed. But the evening remains to be accounted for. Shortly after seven I took my ... & retired to my own room with the full intention of writing my composition, but I also took up Ella's Geography to while away the time, & beginning on that I could not possibly leave it until ten. At least I should be able to keep up with my little cousin & perhaps I shall soon be as expert as herself. I now feel myself pretty safe on mountains. A terrific snowstorm is now raging which commenced early in the morning & has continued all day. Rather severe for March but we have had such a mild winter that I suppose we deserve it. I have half a mind to discontinue this foolish writing altogether, it is so silly to waste so much time over such nonsense.

Thursday, March 10. If this exercise is to be continued, I must endeavor to analyze [analyze] my feelings & sensations rather than simply to recall events; for now I am just in the transition state between childhood & womanhood, and when I am old perhaps I shall look back with some interest upon this period of my life. I will tonight give a synopsis of my usual occupations with some remarks on my method of spending the time, in order that in future, [trivial] circumstances may be denied admittance to my book of remembrance. I now rise almost invariably at six (as the days lengthen my hour will probably be earlier) & at about seven am ready for study. To this rule there will doubtless be numerous exceptions. After breakfast I usually have a few moments for study before trudging off to school at half past eight. I am not very often late & absent I have been but two days this year. The perfection of my recitations is of course a matter of very great importance & in this respect I am happy to say I have usually reason to be satisfied with myself, especially in the departments belonging to mon amour. My deportment during school hours is generally correct & always I am supremely happy in our sweet palace of learning. Even the [sharp]

speeches of the ogre do not have much effect if I am not conscious of desiring them. By the way I think I am rather a favorite with her, though I can hardly say that is my ambition. I greatly desire to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with Mary [H]., for although orthodox, she is quite *comme il faut*. I frequently hear some of her lessons when the ogre is in a great hurry. After dinner is my hour for practicing & here especially do I need great improvement upon my ordinary mode. I really think I waste more time here than at any other part of the day. I must remember that I cannot much longer have the advantage of such an excellent teacher & that thought should spur me on to super... activity. Mr. M. came today & was very kind & I also was rather more gracious than usual. He kindly left a book of photographs for inspection & he's promised me the sweet Mocking Bird for next time. Sometimes I study & nearly always walk from this time until six. Now I shall be particularly devoted to Geography. But the evening is perhaps the time most enjoyed & to that enjoyment my book of dates contributes much. I study with some gusto & relish & perhaps success at this time but here I might save many precious grains of gold. Eleven o'clock usually finds me on the point of retiring.

Wednesday March 11. Now I suppose I am liberty to analyze [sic] my feelings but I do not feel so much like doing it as I did last night. However, I'm in for it & I may as well go the whole hog. I wish I studied Phrenology so that I could know where to begin & where to leave off. I do not know whether hatred & disgust come under the Animal, Moral or Intellectual Faculties but certain I am that they enter largely into the composition of my mind. Seeing as I do the daily bickerings & backbitings & sharp words & bitter retorts that continually pass between the members of this sweet family, I can not but be assured that I shall never become a convert to their religion, since Jesus himself says By their fruits ye shall know them. I have even had occasion to doubt their strict veracity at times. Still, it cannot be denied that this propensity to hate so easily is in itself totally wrong & that I should use every endeavor to eradicate it. But I fear it grows upon me in spite of my efforts. Surely I who am so totally, totally depraved should not be so fault-finding with them so much better than myself. I must earnestly strive to overcome this wicked thought.

Thursday, 12. Tonight I may speak of love. I think that amateness must be largely developed in me, & I must endeavor to restrain it somewhat by the exercise of reason. My love appears to be selfish rather than self-sacrificing. I suppose I love because I cannot help it but I cannot be happy without some return. She whom I call "mon amour" does not in the least reciprocate my extreme affection for her & I often resolve that I will put away such foolishness but as well might I resolve to fly. She is fascinating, but withal so tantalizing. I have an idea (foolish perhaps but true) that she is not entirely displeased with my proficiency under her sweet tutelage, for I cannot help perceiving that I am somewhat less stupid than the others. But why should I mention this love before my own relatives! Can it be that it is greater? With a few obvious exceptions, I can answer in the affirmative. My darling sister, the legacy of my sainted mother, occupies of course the first place in my heart. Ah how seldom I speak of her in these pages, but is not that I do not think of her. When I go home I have a great work to perform in training her, moulding her first thoughts, instructing her & watching the unfolding of her young innocent mind. I fear

alas, that I have so far been unfaithful to this my first great duty in life. It is true I have been with her but little, but conscience whispers that that little has not been improved. But oh! if I only had my own dear mother to love once more. She who loved me so tenderly, who shared by every trouble & who watched over me with none but a mother's care, how sweetly would she comfort me now. How can I ever become a true, noble woman without a mother's sweet care to guide & instruct me? She would so encourage & strengthen me for my many difficult duties & sympathize in all of my trials.

March 13. Last night I was about to speak of my love for my father in high terms, but emotion overcame me & I deferred it until tonight, little thinking that one day would make any change. But one can count upon nothing in this fleeting world. Aujourd'hui j'ai reçu une lettre de mon père, avec trente cinq piastres; mais en langage si froid so businesslike il écrit, pas le moins du monde comme le père que j'aimais autrefois. I believe that I have been deceiving myself with the idea that I am rich--or at least able to obtain an education. Now all such ideas are rudely dashed to the ground. I imagine my father does not intend that my

instruction shall extend beyond Madame Thompson's jurisdiction of course he has no idea of sending me to college, upon which sweet hope I have been building Chateaux en Espagnes. But I must be firm, perhaps I have some money in my own which will take me to that consumation [sic] devoutly to be wished. I will give up any & every thing for knowledge. What am I, that I should deem myself capable of such superior advantages; or my father's house that I hope to receive them! Only from my mother have I received any genius or talent or love of books. Certes, mon pere est loin d'etre litteraire, je presque envie ce ma cousine son pere, pas pour son bontes enfin, but for his appreciation of literary things & people. I feel that I am born for something higher & nobler than to be married off [to] the highest bidder in the market of husbands. Je ne peut pas ecrire ce soir que j'aime mon pere, mais je suis fache contre lui et je ne peux juger avec raison. I imagine that I love books & study and am capable of some achievements in the [arena] of literature. Last night I studied until after twelve & arose at six this morning nor do I feel any the worse for my indulgence. My resolution of studying all night has not yet been fulfilled but perhaps the coming week will afford me some chance.

March 23. How different is the life I write from my real life! Inward life I mean, here at least I am truthful in the outward & perhaps as far as I know how in the inward also; but when I read over what I have written a day before, it seems like the thought of long years past. And even while I write I feel that I do not say what I mean to say. However this probably arises from my want of skill in Language. Oh, I am very unhappy, I mourn all the time for the presence of my angel mother & I will not be comforted because I see her not. It should be my chief desire to follow her counsels & to do always what she would wish me to do in any case. I am still young & I suppose my character is not yet formed. O I do want to be like Jesus, but I cannot love his Christians as I have seen them. Even now I have lived long enough to find that this world is a ... house of corruption & woe which goes swinging through the ages to one unceasing anthem of pain, that there is nothing here but impending sorrow eternal grief. What then remains to one with no hope & without God in the world! O God, if there is a God, save my soul if I have a soul.

March 27. I am crying for very joy. I have been reading an account of the Vassar Female College that is to be. The glorious emancipation proclamation for woman has gone forth & no power can put her back in her former state. She has tasted the sweets of Liberty & now nothing can hinder her progress in literary achievements. I must give an outline of what I have read. The College is founded by Mathew Vassar, a venerable citizen of Poughkeepsie, with Miles P. Jewett, L.S.D., as president. The writer says: "Whatever may be the issue of this effort to found a large & amply endowed college for women, the effort alone is laudable; it arrests wide & instant attention; it commands the benedictions & prayers of all who have learned to wish well to noble purposes & pray for their achievement. It is possible that Vassar College may fail to meet the hopes of its founder & the high expectations of the public; but at such a cost to have attempted the establishment of a women's college, is a grand and an auspicious act, and demands commemoration among the foremost beneficiaries of these times... On the 20th of June, 1861, ground was broken for the foundation of the college edifice, & by the middle of November of the present year (186[3]) all will be under cover. The building is to be in the Norman style; the material is brick, with stone trimmings, three stories high with a mansard roof. Under one roof

will be contained a chapel, a library, an art gallery, lecture & recitation rooms, the president's house, apartments for lady teachers &c, & finally, accommodations [sic] for three hundred ladies, each one of whom is to have a separate sleeping room. The edifice will be nearly fire proof, will be heated by steam, lighted with gas ventilated in the most perfect manner & supplied throughout with an abundance of pure soft-water. The grounds will be everything that can be desired & the whole will consume [sic] somewhat more than two hundred thousand dollars. [Here] then is the best that money can buy, but out of which, after all, money alone cannot make a college. Here is the cold man of clay, beautifully wrought of finest texture; ere long we must be looking for the all defying genius of a Prometheus, whose thrilling [reed] shall conduct into this image the spark of heavenly fire. The idea at the bottom of Vassar College is a very distinct one and easily put. Its founder desires to establish "an institution that shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men." Shall not woman, too, have the privilege of a university education is the question that millions are asking. Matthew Vassar, with his abundant dollars, with his practiced wisdom, & his trained executive power, replies SHE SHALL! The great capitalist of Pough-

keepsie offers to reduce to reality the long and passionate [year]-dreams of Mary Lyon & Catherine Bucher." ---- The writer discusses the predictability of making the college a home, and arrives at the conclusion that it is much the better plan, in which I fully agree with him. For what parents would trust their innocent daughters unprotected in the midst of that large city? "If any man will faithfully search the condition of woman in all lands and times,--the tyranny of law & custom & maxim, under which she has been oppressed, her deprivation of the means of general experience and special culture, by the selfishness of her stouter male, degraded beneath him, & then tainted and cursed for that degradation, [deep] of injustice & suffering evermore underlying ...,--he will be tempted to define woman as that being who was created for the express purpose of showing how mean man could be without particularly trying. It may be questioned whether civilization has, thus far, essentially meliorated her case. In such ages, she has been the victim of rude meanness, & in refined ages, of refined meanness..... "She who knoweth how to compound a pudding is more desirable than she who skillfully compoundeth a poem. That is the grim verdict of the seventeenth century." Chemistry enough to keep the pot boiling, & geography enough to know the location of the different rooms in her house, are learning enough

for a woman." That is the sardonic verdict of the eighteenth century. "A female astronomer has no other notice for looking at the moon than to see whether there be a man in it." That is the libertine verdict of the first half of the nineteenth century. But we shall hear no more of such despicable [flings]! From every living authority, in original thought & criticism, come words of cordial salutation to women, gladly recognizing her capacity for knowledge & her contributions to the world's store of truth & right feeling. The meanness of masculine jealousy is being shamed out of the world. The day is breaking for women. The chivalry of the soul is to commence its golden era, never to close. And of this the rearing of these massive [vaults] is one gladdenly taken. They will not, they cannot, be reared in vain. And this magnificent example will be contagious;---for

"Hither, as to their fountain, other stars

Repair, & in their urns draw gold light."*

Glorious! Glorious! never have I passed two happier hours. Oh, I must go, I must prevail upon my father to send me. It is to be opened in the spring of '64, & then I shall be just the age. Let me study diligently now, as preparation.

*John Milton (1608–1674), *Paradise Lost*, vii, 364

March 28. Last night I was about to discourse eloquently on the charms of returning spring, & the vernal joys of Persephone's sweet arrival. but tonight my proper theme should be the glories of winter, the lofty sublimity of the raging elements & the splendor of nature's spotless mantle of snow. This morning, with [les "soi-dirents] perfections" I went to Fort Constitution. The mud was ankle deep, and with less delightful company ma tante would never have proceeded such a distance, le predicateur however was irresistible. I enjoyed the walk much, & especially was it a great pleasure to see "my own blue sea" once more. The soldiers of the glorious Second Regiment were also interesting. I do not feel nearly as tired as I think I might, after a walk of six miles but I have some indications of disagreeable pain in my limbs... I was in a perfectly ecstatic state of enjoyment last night. I felt completely elevated above petty cares & troubles, & almost insupportably happy. But I must not cherish too great hopes, for they are probably destined to be frustrated as is everything I undertake. Nothing of course could afford me more pleasure than the accomplishment of that scheme, but at present I cannot exactly see the means.

March 29. I believe we are now regularly supplied with a minister, a stupid old foggy, but n'importe. I shall soon be home & then I shall not be here. Isn't that good logic? I'm excess of company now present grandma's having prayers but when regularity is again restored I intend to read in Greek the morning chapter. Doubtless I shall meet with many disappointments but I can only persevere. I form delightful pictures of that college to which I hope to go--but how funny it sounds to say it, boarding school should be much more proper for poor degraded woman. How can I deceive myself with such "great expectations" which I know can never be realized. I suppose I ought to be happy now but I hardly think I am. Perhaps I feel a certain fearful looking for [of] judgement & fiery indignation. But no! that is not the reason of my wish for I never can fully apprehend that doctrine. I almost think I repudiate it altogether--it is only present comfort that I care for.

March 31. Every object wears its winter's vestment of fairy like loveliness & the brilliant orb of night produces diamonds in abundance on every branch & twig, making a scene of irresistable beauty. All perfection departed this morning, leaving poor sinful human nature to repose [&] happiness once more. I believe I am rather sorry to lose the company of Mademoiselle, but there is not much doubt of my surviving even such intense unhappiness. Can it be that from eleven to six does not allow sufficient time for sleep? In no other way can I account for my frequent drowsiness in the evening, but I cannot now afford more for wanton indulgence. The ogre informed me today that my lessons in Geometry were not satisfactory lately, at first they were remarkably perfect, but I have greatly deteriorated & kind madame cannot account for it. Nor can I any more, though I fully appreciate the justice of her remarks. Either I do not study enough or my mind has become incapable of apprehending such stupendous truths. Neither are my other lessons as perfect as I could wish. I have no longer un amour to please but whatever she is she requires good lessons, & it is no easy thing to please her.

April 11. I feel very guilty for having neglected my duty so long. I study unremittingly until eleven and then have not much to write about, so have not been as persevering as usual. Today however an event of unusual importance occurred. As I returned from my morning walk (being Saturday) I found my aunt Riar in the parlor. I think nothing could have surprised me more, but I was delighted to see her, and it was very kind of her to come to me in my loneliness. I really think she loves me a little, if so she is the only one in the world, and from childhood I have always had a great affection for her; she reminds me so much of my darling mother and she played Kinlock of Kinlock(1) that she used so often to play. And she reminds me of old times, when I was young; and walked in maiden meditation fancy free.(2) Perhaps I was not sufficiently cordial but I certainly love her as much as my cold nature will permit. She was welcomed very kindly by the family and entertained hospitably; she was pleased to praise my musical performances somewhat. We took a walk together, & went into the Universalist Church, where I have never before been & was surprised to see it

(1)Kinloch of Kinloch - A Scotch air

(2)In maiden meditation fancy free — Shakespeare, Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Sc. i.

so beautiful. I do not know what my faith is at present. Sometimes I am on one side & again on the other. If it is true that "by their fruits ye shall know them" I could have no more doubt, from my experience, at least. But Bible evidence I rather think is on the other side. N'import. Effie has been here the past week & I have not seen her!!! My own darling one! I called & she was out, she called & I was engaged, that means aunt [C.] was expecting the doctor & forbade her being admitted. I was so angry I cried from vexation, but that could not help the matter. A few moments afterwards I saw her repass the house & look up at the windows with seeming interest. I just caught a sight of her face, but it was only tantalizing to see such beauty & animation without being able to approach & pay the worship due to such surprising intellect & talent & everything good & noble & beautiful & true. By the by, aunt R. thinks I am no beauty, nor &c &c. I have seen the eyes for several days past, but I cannot say they took much notice of me. Miss Benham is acquainted and think the [possessor] handsome, she showed my ... photograph but I could not agree with her. By the way, that interesting young lady is short to leave, not however, from her own desire.

Sunday, April 12. The month commenced with rain & snow, but this a perfectly lovely day, as warm as mid-summer, and winter clothes are quite uncomfortable. I sleep now with my window open & even then it is almost too warm. I have been to church with Grandma alone & listened to a sufficiently prosy discourse from Mr. Eddy. I would give anything to have Mr. Gage back again. I wonder if I shall ever see him any more. I have no books that I care for here today. I have read hardly any thing but Greek, in that I am making some progress, & with the aid of the English testament, do not find much difficulty. All my wishes are still centered upon the one object of going to Vassar Female College. I have many misgivings as to my ability, for I am everywhere acknowledged to be a stupid dunce, but perhaps for that reason I ought to have good advantages. At any rate, I shall do my best to succeed in a consummation devoutly to be wished.* I have communicated my hopes on this subject to no one as yet, not even aunt Riar, & I do not think she would approve. But what matter? I know it would be the desire of my only mother, & that is suf-

*Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished--Shakespeare, Hamlet

ficient. R. described to me my room in the new house, said it was the very pleasantest, looking upon the river & with a delightful view. I almost long to go home, I think I shall be so happy. She said also that papa appeared much pleased with my proficiency in music and probably he will get me a nice piano. Now I have a new incentive to unwearied practise. Miss Thompson grows much more pleasant under the influence of this genial spring weather, & I am studying bravely. She can now find no fault with my recitations in Geometry, or indeed, any thing else. And with mon amour I am much the best scholar, but that does not soften her rigidity; however I suppose it is more my fault, for I am particularly constrained and uninteresting with her. I have finished Mythology & taken Rhetoric in its stead, also I am reviewing Natural Philosophy & I hope to commence a second Algebra soon if Madame is not unwilling. Mr. Meinert has not given me a lesson for two weeks & naturally I have not practised as well as I should if he had been more faithful, however it is not his fault, poor man, he has been quite sick with a cold. I realize myself that I have made some improvement here.

Tuesday, 14. I arise shortly after five now, and the mornings are perfectly beautiful, the birds are all singing to welcome the light & every thing looks so fresh and pure. Rejoice, rejoice, the summer months are coming, in very deed. Yesterday I was detained from school by the illness of aunt F., only the third time I have been absent this year. I submitted with very good grace, but did not particularly enjoy the vacation. Today my lessons were as nearly perfect as possible, especially the French & Latin but my dear iceberg was impregnable, although I was her only pupil for the nonce. I have enjoyed the rare pleasure of Mr. Meinerth's attentions. He was kind, as usual, & expressed himself highly pleased with my progress during his long neglect. I was somewhat astonished to learn that even he had not had the good fortune to see Effie, indeed did not know that she had been in town. So my great grief was partly alleviated by his sympathy. I think I shall not try to write every night--it is so silly to keep repeating the same foolish trash--in future it shall only be once in a while, when I feel particularly happy or sad.

Wednesday, 15 What shall I do when I have no longer this pleasant school to attend? For the present, I do not think my lot could possibly be more to my taste, and I must try not to be over anxious for the future but to be happy while I may. The trials & sorrows of womanhood will soon come upon me; of course I shall endeavor to do my part in life as faithfully as may be, & that I may so do, I should now be preparing my armour & any weapons. Now seems to be a transition state in my life. I have put away the frivolities of childhood but have not yet reached the strength and wisdom of mature age. Grandma talks much about laying a good foundation, & I hope I appreciate the justness of her remarks. Miss Thompson certainly does her best toward the work, but after all, it will depend on myself more than any one else. If I had a better sense of the importance of these years of my life I should probably improve them better. As it is, I feel daily more & more how far behind my [beau] ideal of perfection I fall. If I could deeply impress my mind of the value of time perhaps I should not waste it so prodigiously.

Saturday, April 18. My closet is a very agreeable place of an evening. I am obliged to retire hither when I intend to exceed the proscribed limit of study or when the weather is too cold. And tomorrow I care not if I am sleepy in church for we are to have a very uninteresting minister. Mr. Gage is really going to preach in Greenland tomorrow. I would give worlds to hear him once more, if I could only go there by some means or other. There is considerable bad feeling about him here and it is not probable he will ever come to preach. Uncle Henry (who has arrived this evening) had the exquisite pleasure of riding from Boston with him & his wife. H. saw father in N.Y. several times & says the family are in good health, Harry's arm as well as ever. He informs me that they have been in the habit of breakfasting by candlelight, quite an innovation that, and of which I highly approve. Probably one can sit up as late as he pleases & it is very nice to save so much time in the morning. I wonder if I am ever going home again. Father does not write very often, so I have no other correspondent of any description from home. I shall commence another quarter next

May, if I do not receive orders to the contrary before that time. I can hardly tell whether I desire to go home or not; doubtless it will very pleasant to see my darling sister & brother, & Mary I am certain I shall like very much, quoiqu'elle ne soit pas [littéraire], and the new house is a great inducement; but here I have a very quiet & perhaps happy life & especially I have the great advantage of a good school and I do not know that I should better myself by a change. But how foolish for me to think & write this, when I well know that my preference will have nothing to do with it. One important question is: will M. oppose my cherished scheme? If I could gain her influence perhaps she would persuade my father to consent. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* I have enough to do for the present in studying what I can. My advantages here are full great enough for my present benefit... I have been mending today, a task I detest but have to perform. Now I intend to enjoy myself for some hours with my Greek Testament & a life of Franklin that I have accidentally found.

*King James Bible, Matthew 6:34

Sunday, 19. Last night I went to bed at one, & this morning arose at six & finished the Life of Franklin. This evening I have also been studying Geometry so it appears that I am not quite as perfect in obedience as I ought to be. The only thing I have for Sunday reading is a Review from the Book club, in which I generally find something entertaining; but this only comes once three weeks. I have been much interested in some articles on English Orthography, and an essay on Athens & Aesthetic Culture I consider very fine. In this country there is hardly any attention paid to the beautiful in literature or art, all is so practical & every body is in such a tremendous hurry. This war however has done much to produce a more manly, serious style of thought among the people. I have fine form at church with human magnetism. Every one of any sense, I perceive, believes in it, nor am I the only one who thus desecrates the sanctuary. Mr. N. in particular seems to get rather [wruthy] sometimes. As yet I can only make their eyes meet mine, but I practise every chance I have & am making some experiments. Mrs. Gage was at church looking sweetly but of course I could not speak to her.

Monday, 20. I have seen Mr. Gage. He looked exceedingly handsome and well and happy, and he gave me a very sweet bow and smile. Why should he remember me? Is it because I paid such attention to his preaching? Perhaps. He was riding and so of course could not speak, which I imagine he would otherwise have done. I was kept out from four till after six, doing errands for the good folks, but I was fully recompensed by the sight of many friends. The "eyes" I frequently see in town, but they have not been to church lately. Can they have fallen into bad habits? I also caught sight of another interesting subject whom I have not found under my jurisdiction for some time. All the girls of my age have plenty of beaux and I have hardly a gentleman acquaintance in town, except perhaps a butcher or so with whom I may have traded. For this I am very thankful and I have thus much more time for attending to my studies. From all that is said, I find that my favorite scheme can meet with no approbation here. But is not from them that I have ever expected cooperation. Where there is a will there is a way & perhaps I may yet succeed.

Tuesday, 21. Actually going home, at last. I have only a week more to go to school & after that I start when it shall please my father. "This is the way I long have sought and mourned because I found it not,"* but now I have found it, I am not quite sure that I am glad. I believe I am constitutionally averse to change, and now I have really [get] domiciled in this house, I am loth [loathe] to leave it for the tumult & disturbance of my little world. Here I have been accustomed only to please myself, there I must obey, & probably take my share of the household duties. I am about to see & know my father's wife, she with whom I am to be happy or miserable, & I tremble for the event. I am the eldest child and perhaps of some little importance in the family, and I feel rather cowardly at resuming my long-neglected post. I am about to take a great responsibility in leading & training & instructing my younger brother & sister, and I tremble for my resolutions to be of some use to them. I have it in my power to bring peace or contention into the household & I must be very careful of my conduct. But my greatest fear is that I may not be loved. I know I am very [unlovely], but perhaps that will reform me.

*line from the hymn "Jesus My All, to Heaven is Gone"

Wednesday, April 22. I have considered the negative side of my happiness; there is also a positive. I am to leave this mansion where I have had so many trials, where I have not the least sympathy, where there is not one to care for me or to know whether I am happy & miserable. I am to leave the school where I have but one true love, where I am at once envied and despised, where my teacher is a saintly hypocrite, continually finding fault. And where am I going? Into the bosom of an expectant family, where I shall not be snubbed every moment & made to feel my perfect nonentity, where a darling sister & brother await my care and friendship, where I can study when & how I please & shall have plenty of books, and above all, where I shall be loved. [Jenny] loves all, why shall not I! Peut s'on faudra qui je l'aime a present, et quoique je ne pourrai [les] respecter en literature, cela ne sera rien. Perhaps my greatest sorrow at departing will be the loss of ma chere amour. If I only durst ask her to write to me I should be happy. But how excessively conceited in me to allow the thought of it? I have no course to hope that she cares a straw for me although I adore her.

April 23. I have been to hear Madame Bishop(1) sing and have been highly pleased. From all accounts she must be about fifty years of age, but she still looks quite young. Her voice is finely cultivated and under perfect contrroll {sic}, and her manner was unexceptionable. She was assisted by several instruments, the piano especially was very beautiful and also the violin. Uncle H. was my escort, & "a very good one too he made." He made himself very agreeable and I was perfectly at my ease, and we conversed fluently on music, celebrated performers & singers, especially Jenny Lind. (2) I have not passed a pleasanter evening for a long time. I have found that I can talk as well as any body when I please, & I think H. is pleased with me. The temple is a fine place for experiments in magnetism & I did not neglect such an opportunity for collecting proofs. I think there is no doubt that there is something in it but how to account for it, I cannot tell. I saw, lately, a book advertised on the subject & if I had the money, I would not be long without without it.

(1)Madame Anna Bishop, English soprano singer

(2)Johanna Maria Lind (6 October 1820 – 2 November 1887), better known as Jenny Lind, was a Swedish opera singer, often known as the "Swedish Nightingale". One of the most highly regarded singers of the 19th century.

Monday 27. Last night I heard a Mr. Dudley speak on the contrabands, or freedmen of the South. Part of the discourse was interesting & he gave many facts & incidents. I think I should like very much to teach them if circumstances did but permit, & if I were old enough. The last is certainly an insuperable objection for the present. I am begging some money for the great cause. Susy [P.] has left school & today she came to see me. She staid an interminable time & was not especially agreeable. She is excessively awkward & countryfied & large & homely. Is it owing to birth or education? Probably to both. It is my pet theory that a child born of common or vulgar parents can hardly rise above their level, even with many advantages for refinement & culture, neither of which however Susie has had. I imagine I appear very much like this girl when I am in company, & that my mind is hardly above hers. My disposition is grovelling, I have no tendency or inclination to rise in the scale of mankind & I shall never be more than a drudge.

April 28. Naturally, I desire to record Mr. Meinerth's adieux. We had a particularly pleasant lesson, during which he was very kind & agreeable & gave me many parting injunctions about my playing. Then he had the grace to say some very pretty things to me, of which If I could believe one half, I should feel highly flattered. He said he should be pleased to receive me under his care at a future period, even though he should have no other pupils. He seems to have a very bad opinion of Portsmouth, both as to climate & society. The greater part of his pupils he appears to have found rather mediocre. But he spoke charmingly of Effie,--he considers her a being of superior order & almost too pure to live with common mortals. She, he says, has some mind. He has awakened again my strong desire to see my darling & I idolize her with renewed devotion. Well may I call her my example, & I should have that bright example continually before me. Comme dit Rousseau*: Proposons nous a nous-memes de grands exemples a imiter plutot que de vain systemes a suivre. E moi, je dit, de tout mon coeur.

*Jean-Jacques Rousseau, French philospher

April 29. I am highly indignant. It was incidentally mentioned to mon amour that this was my last day at school, and she took not the slightest notice of me. This is all that my long & unremitted devotion has accomplished--even now her heart feels not a single sensation of regard for one who has been a good scholar with her at least. I perceive from this total failure of my greatest endeavors how very unlovely I am, how utterly devoid of the power of pleasing. If she, whose love, I have tried my best to gain, finds my affection so odious, what a melancholy picture I may draw of the esteem in which I am held by those whom I have not cared to please. I shall probably see mon amour again, but not alone, no sweet converse---but whither do I wander? I cannot seem to comprehend how vile & contemptible [sic] I am in her sight. I have lavished my affection upon so worthless an object, & wholly neglected the homelier virtues of Madame. She seemed quite affected by my departure, & indeed could hardly restrain her emotion. True, that is her custom with all her pupils, so I need not feel particularly flattered. She was kind enough to say that she was well pleased with the proficiency I had made under her tuition. O my heart is breaking. One kind word or smile from my mistress would have made me so happy, but I have nothing but the remembrance of her beauty.

May 1. This is really May-day, so full of sweet memories of the past & of one dearer than life, whom I cannot see, but is not the distant, the dead, while I love it & long for it & mourn for it, here, in the genuine sense as truly as the floor I stand on? I have had a ride with C. & a walk with F., have had plenty of time for reading, especially Greek, & have rather enjoyed this part of my vacation. It seems so strange not to be going to school that I imagine I have just come here & am just domiciled for the first time, instead of being on the point of departing. I have not yet heard from my father so I cannot tell when the important event is to come. H. has kindly given me permission to take what books I please from the Atheneum & I have actually in possession the long-wished for Sartor Resartus.* I was much frightened when I went into the large building, but H. had given me a written order & I had but a word to say. The librarian is a German, Pfeifer, & very interesting, & fabled to understand uncounted languages. I had some fears that the book might be beyond my comprehension

*Sartor Resartus is an 1836 novel by Thomas Carlyle

but I have as yet met with no difficulty. it is very interesting & I am highly pleased with it. I shall desire to read it several times before parting with it, & tonight I intend to have a great feast of reason. Whom shall I invite to partake? Of all I know in the world now, there is but one whom I love in my heart of hearts, one whom I truly respect & whose esteem I desire. True, that one is entirely out of my sphere. She is known to me, for a cat may look at a king, but to her I am but one of the vast unthinking multitude that she scorns. Shall it not be my aim in life to make myself worthy of that only one? Ah! when life is short, why cannot we sweeten it with some little love? Why must people be changed into icicles? I have been reading Mrs. Adams' Letters & have been pleased & instructed. How true it is that we imagine a writer so much superior to his works. I concede this lady to be sensible & educated, but to be sure, rather behind the times now. She says that as Eve first trusted the tree of knowledge & smarted so for her curiosity,

woman has ever since been afraid to touch, taste or handle any thing of the kind. But surely if woman was the first to try the delicious fruit, by what law of justice or humanity can she now be excluded so rigorously from that intoxicating world of wisdom? Thank Heaven! a brighter day is dawning for poor benighted woman. May I do a little to aid the great reformation, a widow's mite,--if I enter the cause with some remnant of my angel's zeal, I may hope for some success.

Sunday, May 3. I have finished the renowned Sartor Resartus, & now for my opinions of it. First, the value of the reasoning; and what does it prove? It pretends to be a Philosophy of Clothes, or rather, properly, the life and opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh, the author of a Philosophy of Clothes. The first part treats of this novel volume, gives extracts from it, & discusses its merits. The origin & influence of Clothes. They were first worn from vanity & not for the warmth they afford. Part second is the life of this singular German, & is the finest portion of the work. After bringing him safely through childhood, puking & muling in the nurses' arms, the

editor introduces him into the mazes of love, & here are many beautiful ideas & thoughts. But his beautiful Blumine proves false & then he is in despair. Here he neither dies, nor goes mad, but the light is extinguished from his soul and even the existence of a God is doubted. He wanders over the whole earth without object or hope, a prey to melancholy, but at last the truth breaks in upon his soul & he finds himself in the bosom of his Father. Here all is holy and sweet and beautiful. Man, he says, weighs his pretended merits and then expects a certain amount of happiness for reward & thus is disappointed & thinks himself miserable. Whereas, if he did but confess that he deserves to be hanged, as undoubtedly he does, he would think it a mercy to be shot. In book third the original work is again referred to, & especial notice is taken of the influence of clothes. By clothes, of course, mere cloth is not meant, but all that renders the invisible visible. The Earth-Spirits speak in Faust: "T'is thus at the roaring loom I fly, and we are for God the garment thou see'st Him by;" begins to have some meaning. On the whole, I have been greatly pleased & instructed. It will instantly appear

that I have no experience in reviewing, but now I am going to practice analysis & synthesis, & not for yet my little rhetoric entirely. From a second reading the book will doubtless become clearer to me, & I can keep it as long as I please. Today I have been reading over & making copious extracts. What would the good folks say, did they know one half my wickedness?.. Emma Stacey is the most intelligent young lady of my acquaintance at present, & I desire to cultivate her friendship. She is reading the works of Hugh Miller* & I mean to read them also. She is very ambitious. Beecher says the time to be ambitious, if ever, is when all is dark & we cannot see our way clearly, not when everything is favorable for ambition. According to this, I need not be ashamed of that most inspiriting motive for exertion now at least, for I cannot see how I am to get an education. It is mere foolishness to indulge in dreams of Vassar Female College. My heart however is strong, & I will do with my might what my hands find to do, in order to accomplish this great & most desirable object.

*Hugh Miller (1802-1856), a 19th-century Scottish geologist

Wednesday, May 6. My father has come, quite suddenly at last for he had not written, and tomorrow I start for home. I think, indeed I know, that I am very glad to depart. My father is very delightful and very kind and appears perhaps to love me a little. But I am so exceedingly mauvaise & froid & every way disagreeable, not, however, quite so bashful as usual. It may be that at home I shall learn to converse with ease and propriety, and I imagine that I shall be sufficiently happy this summer. Harry is going to be away to school but I shall have Jenny left to me, & Mary I am prepared to love. Of course, I do not intend to broach the subject nearest my heart yet a while, but from something my father said incidentally, I conceive that he does not consider my education by any means completed.--- What with packing & farewell calls, it has been a busy day & I must retire by eleven at least, in order to be fresh for my journey tomorrow. So I can say but a few words of my most affectionate partings. I went to Miss Thompson's & had the cruel misfortune of finding mon amour out. Is it really probable that I shall never see her again? So it seems now, for Grandma intends to sell the house, so

I may never even be in Portsmouth again. It is very sad to leave our loved ones forever, and without a last kind word & smile even. I shall ever remember the precious moments that have given evidence of the slightest regard from her, though I have no hope that her most devoted but humble admirer will ever more awaken a passing thought in her celestial mind. I have seen her lately looking so sad that my heart ached for her & I would willingly bear her trials if I might thereby mitigate her sufferings. The ogre was most formidable, but I managed to survive the encounter, & came off the field with flying colors. I am not sorry to leave her, though I suppose I ought to have some compunctions in expressing so boldly my sentiments, for she thinks she has done her duty by me, & perhaps she has, but not very agreeably... I also saw [Saber], & had a most affectionate parting. We are to keep a running fire of letters, & I have also promised to correspond with Miss Emma Stacey (care of W.M. Shackford), but this I don't exactly relish, she is so superfine.

Saturday, May 9. Je crois qu'il faudra cacheter mes pensees dans la langue francaise puisque mon livre est tout a fait expose. Au mois il vaudra mieux se servir d'un mot ci et la pour tromper quelqu'une. First then, for my impressions of my novel situation. Nous sommes arrives a onze heure, Jeudi. Ma nouvelle mere a ete tres bonne pour moi & I love her vastly. She is so pretty et moi si mauvaise! La maison ess tres jolie, quoique'il me semble assez petite, apres celle de ma grand'mere. Mais bientot, je m'y ferai grand plaisir. Mon pere me tient pour sa propre fille et je suis tres heureuse en son amour. Ce que me semble bien change, c'est que je parle beaucoup, san que je sis debaraseee le moins du monde. Ma chambre est assez jolie et je parfaitement contente. I shall be so very happy this summer. Jenny is a sweet darling, & Lucy is my firm friend. Greek has not yet begun to propser but I shall not delay much longer. My chief difficulty now is comment je trouverai ma tante et ma grand'mere. Je les ai vues un fois et je crains que I shall have some trouble in avoinding both Scylla and Charybdis. le sais que je dois les aimer, mais elles ne sont pas tres lovable. God help me to do my duty; [but] qu'est-ce que

lui? Je ne le sais pas, personne ne le sait ici. Le Samedi est seulement to go courting. Father has been so kind as to promise me a piano, & I am even going to take lessons in Hartford! Glorious indeed. From his great liberality I am led to take some hope for my cherished project. Harry is going away immediately & I cannot but hope it will be greatly to his advantage to be from home a time. I am sorry to confess that he is rather awkward & so very shy, afraid of mon pere especially. But he is very lovable & interesting. He reads much, but principally novels. I cannot seem to collect my thoughts this evening. I go from one thing to another without order or precedence. I must, however, speak of Lucy's call. I was somewhat afraid to meet her at first. She has been in H. so I did not have the pleasure of seeing her until tonight; but we had a nice confidential talk & will soon be as thick as two peas. It is wonderful how she is improved. She is very ladylike & intelligent & speaks so correctly, all provincialism polished off. She thinks of reciting to Mr. Bissell this summer & I hope to persuade

father to let me accompany her. Mon pere is so nice & agreeable, & it is so very nice not to be afraid of him, & I am so very glad to be at home once more. But I have so much to say, that I do not know when to leave off. We retire early however & I dare not stay any longer.

Sunday May 10. Elle est charmante! Et si jolie! Et elle aime mon pere, mon frere, ma soeur et moimeme. J'ai ete a l'eglise et j'ai entendre parler le grand predicateur, M. Bissel, mais je ne l'ai pas trouve tres interesant, too plain spoken perhaps, et il dit trop de l'enfers. M. n'y est pas aller, parcequ'elle n'a point en une bonnet a la mode. I went to Sunday School & fancy I shall like very much. They think so much here of "beaus". Is it, then, all that a woman lives for, to be married? Has she no higher sphere than merely to entertain the other sex? I know not. Mon pere says I am to go to school at Wilbraham next winter. That will suit very well. I do not care to go to a particular place until a year hence at least, & this little

time I must do my best. But I greatly fear it is all a myth upon which I am feeding my imagination. I have never heard of it but once, & then in an old review, & probably it is quite exploded now.

This evening we all went out in the fields & made wreaths of the beautiful violets, then sat on the piazza, & enjoyed the delicious fragrance of the cherry blossoms & the sweet mildness of the air. Then callers came, & I could not but notice how superior was M. to the country [gawkys] about here. I have not yet had any time for reading or study, but after Harry is gone I shall endeavor to be very regular. I have not seen Lucy today, but I have been building air castles about the excessive studiousness we are to have.... We have a chapter in the Bible to prepare for Sunday School, & I feel quite proud to think that I shall be able to read it in the original though of course it is only by myself.

May 11. It is so intensely hot that I can not keep my light burning long enough to write much. The change from the last few days is very sudden. This morning I wrote to F. & a long letter to Sadie, and this afternoon went over to grandma's & staid to tea. The piano is shockingly out of tune and I could hardly play any thing on it. Lucy & [Susan] were there & I enjoyed it somewhat. S. is very pretty and graceful, indeed I have always thought her superior to her sister.

12. Lucy has been making me her confidant and such queer secrets as I have been intrusted [sic] with. I did not know that she was so old & expert in the ways of the world--and yet so simple. I am inclined to think that she has fallen some degrees in my estimation since the first evening. She is ambitious, but somehow I am afraid we shall not get along very well this summer. [Theodore] book is said to be coming here soon, I am only sorry

Thursday, May 15. I have been reading a charming book, *Bertha and Lily**. Surely woman has in her something noble, something higher than bread and butter. If ambition is right in man, is it not also right in woman? Shall she not seek with all her strength to elevate her sex above its present degraded position, seek to attain her proper sphere in the world? Great changes, it is true, have been wrought within the last few years. Woman is now deemed worthy to practice the divine art of healing, & the great success of Miss Anna Dickinson is a proof of her capability for public speaking. The true sphere for every one is that for which his capacity fits him, and to no other ought he to aspire. But the ages onward roll & still the world progresses. Nothing can be stagnant, we must grow better or worse, and God cannot let this people continue forever in ignorance and blindness. If men would only learn to let the dead past bury its dead, and to live & act only in the glorious present.

**Bertha and Lily; or The Parsonage of Beech Glen, A Romance*, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith, 1854

The past is as indefinable, as uncertain as the future, & why do we continually revert to it for instruction & precedence? This very present is all I can call my own, what is gone is only the bridge by which I have reached the living now. How glorious is eternity where all is the ever-present Now, the visible Here. We live only in the present. No other time has any semblance of reality but is a vague dream. The past moment is gone for ever & never can it be distinctly recalled. [Morals]---Improve the present moment. Let not a second pass onward to eternity without bearing the record of something accomplished, something done, if nothing but a determination, a purpose, but much better the act or true thought. More veneration would make the world happier. Did we but respect entirely our fellow men, we should love them more purely, serve them more willingly. It may be doubtful whether there is a person so utterly degraded that there remains not one speck of good in him, not one quality that can be respected.

God help me to become a true woman, true to myself, my inner nature. Let there be no hypocrisy in my soul, no deceit. Truth is beautiful & brave, strong to love and strong to ..., follow the truth. I feel within myself the promptings to a better, a holier life. I know that I am not always to be a mean, cringeing [sic] felon, but that I am to do something, no matter how humble, for the benefit of my race. No one can live without doing either good or harm to those in daily contact with him, & O! let me strive to do & to be something befitting to my womanhood. And now it is my duty to love and to study. I have books & I have something of a "foundation" as Grandma says, & there is no excuse for not improving this summer. Mr. B. finds it impossible to attend to Lucy at present, so we shall probably study together. I am somewhat in advance of her in most things & I presume I shall occupy rather the position of teacher.

Friday, 16. It is very easy to be good on paper but practice is entirely different. I always resolve to rise early, and now I have no excuse for not doing so, for I retire so early that I have plenty of time for sleep. the only time I can get for my Greek lesson is before breakfast, and since I have returned i actually have not read a chapter. I have been to a little party at Alice G's. I find the girls of this village are for the most part very inferior. One would not imagine they had every studied Grammar, their language is so excessively incorrect. In justice, I must say that Lucy and Susan present remarkable exceptions to the general rule. But they evidently feel their superiority, and are very proud. True, they have a right to be proud for they are doing their best to improve themselves; & so far, they have succeeded well. They are ambitious. They need to go into society to polish off a few rough corners, & then they would do very well. Susan is a strong Copperhead & really makes herself rather [dis..picable]. They both seem slightly to look up to me, I hope it is not ... to say so.

Saturday, May 17. I am retrograding instead of advancing. I know that I am excessively commonplace. My sphere in life is very humble. What dreams have I been indulging? Do I imagine that a poor country-girl, a simple farmer's daughter can ever make a mark in the world? That she has a right to ascend into the higher regions of refinement and culture? My aspirations are growing weaker and feebler day by day, and I am losing every vestige of self-respect. I even begin to feel inferior to my friend Lucy. I have been reading some of her productions and really begin to entertain some respect for her ability. Ah me! how conceited is the heart of the fool! I can no longer deny that she writes much better than my humble self. She is fluent, and careful in the selection of her words, & I believe manifests some talent, but several mistakes in Grammar have been apparent to me. Auntie gave me to understand that she

(123)

had published some articles, but our private confidences have not yet progressed so far. We are going to recite to each other daily, after school, in French, Botany, & Geometry, and I am inclined to think we shall make some little improvement. I intend to be very industrious and really study to accomplish something, and if I cannot yet write, I can be cultivated. O how limited is woman's sphere of action! My words are weak and pusillanimous & my phraseology very defective. I ought really to undertake some method of improving my diction. I must practise analisys [analysis] and synthesis.

Sunday, May 18. It seems strange to be in this heathen land after my Pharisaic grandma's house, where no regard is paid to the Sabbath. I do not say that I dislike the fashion, indeed I curry it to the utmost degree. And for me it is the greater sin, for I have light. I cannot help thinking of the parable in which the last state becomes worse than the first, for at one time I thought myself a Christian. Now I almost hate the

name, and wholly despise most of the hypocritical professors. If I apply the rule of love, how far short do they fall. F. I am certain has not a spark of love for any neighbor, hardly for her own family, while M. who is not a church member, is very lovely and loving. I rather like going to church, but thing vexes me. There is but one pew occupied in front of ours so I do not have a good opportunity for indulging in my favorite science. I attend Sabbath School and have quite an interesting young gentleman for teacher. He may inspire me with some respect for his religion for he seems a brave soldier of Christ. This evening we have been down in the meadow and gathered a number of bouquets of the beautiful wild-flowers of all varieties. Then M. sang, so sweetly. She has a fine voice and a powerful, and sings very prettily. Harry is going tomorrow and I shall miss him vastly.

May 21. I have been an hour trying to teach Jenny her spelling lesson and now she cannot spell the first word! Where lies the fault? I am sure I have been patient, going over and over the lesson, quite as disagreeable to me as to her. At last I threw down the book and rushed away in tears of sorrow, not anger. Perhaps if she loved me she would try to please me, but she shows a deep aversion for me while she overwhelms M. with her love.

May 30. Somehow I never seem to feel much interest in my journal when at home, though I certainly ought to find enough to write about. My life is not particularly monotonous, at least not as much so as when at Portsmouth. I am now quite domesticated in my home and I suppose I have found my proper place therein. In the presence of my father I am not yet altogether free from embarrassment, and I fear I do not improve in this respect. And in company I am at times exceedingly awkward. As for my relations with M., je suis staisfait, c'est a dire, je ne suis pas

disappointe. J'ai su qu'elle n'etait que de l'ordinaire en esprit, mais elle est tres bonne pour moi, tres sensible, et pas le moins du monde desagreable. Je crois, enfin, que je l'aime. Je suis forcee de racommoder mon garde-robe mais I have not revolted for I know it is for the best. Harry is now at school, likes very well, and writes me nice letters except in the spelling. And now for Jennie. A marked change has come over her. I almost think that she loves me. Tonight she chose to have me put her to bed in preference to M. herself who was intending to go. She understands that I read better than M. and that I tell acceptable stories, and this perhaps is the secret of her good will. I have been reading to her Longfellow's Golden Legend and she seems to have quite a penchant for poetry.

Tuesday June 2. I have today recited to Mr. Bissell in Latin, in company with Lucy. He is very pleasant and kind but particular and perhaps he will in time take the place of Mr. G. in the catalog of my friends. Of course, at such times he cannot speak of the truth as it is in Jesus and that is all the more agreeable to me. We both had good lessons and are going along very fast. He showed us his Hebrew and Greek books, pointed out the differences of the two languages and the particular difficulties of each. Greek he pronounces comparatively easy. My researches in this department have not amounted to much since my return, but perhaps, if circumstances are favorable, I shall prevail on him to be my teacher here also. --- I am now commencing another month. Already one third of the year is gone to return no more, and during this last month at least I have made but little improvement, morally, intellectually or physically. Only perhaps under M's example I have

grown more gentle and forbearing [sic] to those with whom I associate. She has wrought a good work in this family, Jenny is a much better girl than formerly and I think that mon pere is somewhat improved under her gentle ministrations. This summer is not to be waste time with me. My opportunities for studying are to better than I had imagined and if I am diligent I may make some progress. Vassar Female College is still a favorite idea with me, it is never long absent from my mind and I have formed in imagination a perfect picture of the whole even to trifling minutiae. My roommate seems as real to me as many a person I have known. Shall I not believe in the old adage, "Where there is a will there is a way"? I have written in a composition that faith and energy can gain all things that it is possible to gain and is it not true? But perhaps this impossible. Pshaw! Napoleon had no such word in his vocabulary, why should I?

Friday June 11. Lizzie has come. I need not say how glad I am to see her once more, and what bright anticipations I have of happiness this summer. I have been to the Society of my aunt's and there I met my friend, among scenes and faces that vividly recalled the memories of the past. She is as merry and joyous as ever, full of fun, yet perfectly self-possessed and graceful. She plays splendidly and with wonderful ease, and I could only regret my own inability. She and Lucy do not harmonize at all. I do not yet understand which of the two makes the discord. Lucy is the one who suffers by it. In the presence of both I am always attracted to Lizzie, and I imagine that Lucy feels some resentment. Certain it is that the former comes much nearer my ideal than the latter. Lucy has not a good disposition, perhaps she would say I'd better look to home. Doubtless I am very much pleased with Susan the more I see of her. She is trying hard to rectify all accustomed inaccuracies in grammar and pronunciation, and she grows more polite daily. Probably the secret of my dislike is that they are strong ... at heart.

July 17. One month of the year I write fifty pages, another, not one. So it ever is with me. The phrenologists say I am very defective in continuity & I daily experience the truth of it. However I do not write now to invent excuses but to record an event relating to Portsmouth life. In a late letter from aunt F., I received from Mr. Meinerth a stereoscope of the residence of C.H. Ladd Esq. Do you not think I prize it--fraught with such sweet associations of his person who materially relieved the dreary monotony of that year and whom I shall ever remember with affection? I do indeed. It may be the height of foolishness for me to aspire to friendship with Effie--no, that is of course impossible, I should say for me to worship her with such idolatry. Probably she has passed from my sphere entirely & I shall never have aught to do with

her again. I have had the audacity to write to Mr. M. expressing my thanks, a real schoolgirls letter--so very immature. Nevertheless it goes tomorrow and I shall expect and answer with eagerness, but probably without success.

Aug. 3. Time passes quickly now. Josie has been here the past week & has effectually prevented journal writing; even had I the desire. She will stay until after my departure for Wilbraham.* I cannot say that her influence over me is one of the best (I know that each one of us must exert some influence over all those with whom we are associated) nor is she a girl with whom I should choose to have intimate connection. I am nearly certain that she has never read any thing but novels and love stories and she is in her element only when [flirting]. I think she is naturally good hearted but her character has deteriorated by indulgence and flattery. I do not mean that she affects me much--still as my guest I am obliged to entertain her and give up much of my time to her. In regard to M. my feelings fluctuate daily, even hourly. Her language is at

*Wilbraham & Monson Academy is a prep school located in Wilbraham, Massachusetts. Founded in 1804, it is one of the fifteen oldest schools on the eastern coast of the United States

times so very ungrammatical that it makes my ears ache to hear her, and again she is really cross and disagreeable. Our triffling [sic] disturbances are thought and acted and shown in the tone of voice or slight expression, never thoroughly [sic] open. And even then the fault is chiefly my own. From my own experience I could never doubt the truth of the doctrine of total depravity, harsh as it seems, and when I look at others I am disgusted to perceive an entire absence of piety. I should like to be a disciple of Christ but--- Alas I can give not reason for not being one now.

Mr. Bissell had the grace to tell me one evening that I was getting along "bravely with my Latin and from him such an expression of satisfaction is worth something. At one time I was strongly tempted to give it up but I gained the victory over my lazy propensities and persevered. I am now reading Virgil and it is sometimes rather hard to pick out the heterogenous stuff this hot weather. The words are so mixed up I should

think they had been thrown together like Hussy's Jeu de Mots. I am learning to scan now and the lessons in the grammar are tedious but nothing can be gained without labor.

Aug.4. Josie writes a journal and I have again commenced to be regular. In two weeks I am to go to Wilbraham. I am glad to go. I do not really suppose that is a very superior school but experience is the best test and I shall not have long to wait to form an opinion. It may be very fine and I may learn something, at any rate it will be better than my life here for I can get no chance to study more than Latin lessons. It is an open question whether my education is to be finished there or not. I know nothing of the plans of my father, nothing of the state of his finances except that he has lost heavily in stocks this summer and that he has not gotten me a piano although he gave me the promise of one. It is my great desire to have a college education & I shall use every means to bring my plans to a consummation. As I grow older I realize more vividly the rapid flight of time. This summer

has seemed very short to me when I look at the very little that I have accomplished. Two weeks will soon pass and then for labor once more. I intend to work very hard for if I would succeed it is very necessary to form habits of unremitting industry early in life and another incentive is that my youth is fast passing away. Josie already considers herself a young lady and seems to think I should envy her gay city life, but in my calmer moments I certainly do not, though I am sometimes fascinated by her spirited accounts. I wish I had a habit of application of mind. Last night I made a series of good resolutions but they afforded me but little aid today. (I wish I could write as fast as I can think but I cannot do both at the same time and when I would write what I have thought is gone from my memory and I write only the most trivial things.)

I have decided in my own mind what I shall study the first term: Greek, Latin, French, (German at some future time) Algebra, Geometry & Bookkeeping. I shall also take music lessons.

Aug. 5. Ann awoke Josie & myself this morning at half past five, as usual, and after hesitating a few minutes we arose and dressed and went down to breakfast after the others were seated. Father had returned from N.Y. the night before at twelve and we had not yet seen him. A simple "How do you do" passed between us and we took our seats. I presume his business was not successful for he was morose and taciturn. To the best of my memory he spoke only once, and to ask how high the thermometer had been. After waiting a moment to give M. a chance, I answered Ninety-Eight in the piazza but it is very warm there. That was the extent of conversation. M. did not speak at all except once or twice in some civility of the table. Josie had just read a letter from her mother and gave some triffling [sic] messages that elicited no remark, then asked father if he had delivered a letter intrusted [sic] to his care. He replied that he had not seen her pa but had left it at his office. All then relapsed into perfect silence which remained unbroken during the entire meal. I was sufficiently uncomfortable, for I saw Josie was wondering but she has said nothing. After breakfast I tended to the bird and as there was not milk to skim nor butter to churn my

my regular labors for the day were ended. At seven Josie and I went down to the road to give a letter to the stage. Then I had my room to put in order while Josie read which occupied until eight. From hence to dinnertime I mended stockings and did other sewing, interrupted by eating a luncheon and shelling the beans and husking the corn for dinner, enlivened by a short reading aloud from Josie. M. was cross all the morning but through the day the changes were sudden and entirely independent of any agency of mine. The dinner was not quite as taciturn as the breakfast for there were some questions to ask about Jenny's school. Shortly afterwards Josie & I withdrew to our own apartment, where I studied Latin some time and then wrote a letter to Harry. It was after four when we came down, and I had intended to take my sewing. But Josie's solicitations induced me to take a walk in the meadow. We waded in the brook a while and then read -- she the *Woman in White*,* I, Racine. That book is redolent with sweet memories of little sayings & doings of my beloved teacher. Many of my tender sentences remained on the pages, & when I consider that she must have read them

*The *Woman in White* is an epistolary novel written by Wilkie Collins in 1859, serialized in 1859–1860, and first published in book form in 1860.

I can no longer doubt that she knew of my love, and now the remembrance, softened and strengthened by time, of many moments when she regarded me kindly, lead me to believe that she was not altogether adverse to my affection. ____ In the evening my cousin and myself went "over there". She said she thought my grandma & aunt very pleasant indeed, and we have arranged to go over to practise very often. It is now after eleven. Josie has been asleep some time and when I have reviewed my Latin lesson I too shall seek a short oblivion from the cares of the world.

Aug. 6. I read the papers regularly and thoroughly. At first I undertook it for the purpose of letting nothing relative to V.F.C. miss my eye and I am also much interested in the war news now. I have never received the least light on the object of my search but I do not yet despair. If my memory serves me it opens next spring. Even if I am never connected with it, it will always be an object of intense interest to me. Today I saw two young ladies from Wilbraham. If they are a specimen of

the students there I shall despair of any decent society, for they are of the lowest class. They are visiting Amelia and some weeks ago two others were there. None of them however are going back, so they will not affect me. I am certain I shall never have any of them come to see me if this is the prevailing style. Amelia is not going back at present and she thinks I am sorry but she is very far from the truth. Today Josie and I were talking about the society here, calling some of the girls real countryfied when a remark from her induced me to say that I too was a country girl. "Are you?" said she, "I was born, bred and brought up in the city" in a tone of immeasurable superiority. Is it then such an inestimable advantage to have lived in the city? Are all country girls in so very inferior to their city cousins? We shall see. Alas! I am utterly disgusted with myself and every one around me. Is woman really incapable of rising above the emptiness & vanity of every day life?

Aug 15. Josie and I have given a party. It was really quite a grand affair for the place and every thing passed off *comme il faut*. Thirty-six were invited, twenty-four present. the same old kissing games that have descended from so many generations are all the vogue and any thing else is barely tolerated, but I think I am getting more reconciled to them and do not feel so much disgusted. I imagine it would be very pleasant to go into society, flirt and receive attentions from the gentlemen, and that in time one could hardly live without; but still I am not dissatisfied with my destiny, I am glad my lot is cast in a different sphere, but it is not in the heart of man to see others enjoying great happiness without wishing to partake of it. Josie gave me much pleasure the other day. She said suddenly, Oh! I have a compliment for you. Your father said at the breakfast table that in another year you would be prepared to enter college! It is not for the compliment that I record it, but that it indicates that he has thought of my going at all. Oh, if it could be true, if I could really go!

Aug. 17. Sunday evening an event happened that to say the least was entirely novel to me. The lights were lit and I had just settle myself to my Latin (for I am even so wicked) when there was a knock at the door and in came two young gentlemen, Mr. Warner and Mr. Griswold or Frank & Charley, and they actually staid until after twelve o'clock! Principally on Josie's account I submitted but I perceive that M. thinks I am always going to do so. In this she will find herself mistaken.... MY conscience reproaches me for not having been more neighborly with my aunt and grandmother, for they have indeed good reason to complain of my neglect. There is but very little sympathy between M & myself and now I begin to fall back upon my aunt. I do indeed love her very much. Tomorrow we have all got to go down to Mrs. Barnes' to spend the afternoon. For myself I would much rather be excused but I suppose I shall be obliged to go. Then in the evening we are invited to take a ride with the above mentioned gentlemen. I should like to write much more but my eyes trouble me.

Aug 20 At last I am Wilbraham. Father & myself left Windsor at nine and after a pleasant ride arrived at the depot at W. From hence we rode in a stagecoach two miles through an agreeable country with a line of steep hills on one side. At last we reached the school. It is a very handsome building, beautifully located & entirely surrounded by trees. The boarding house is spacious and magnificent from the exterior and rooms inside are as good as can be expected in such a large family. I have the misfortune to occupy a back room on the fourth floor, but it has the advantage of facing the west, and I shall enjoy the setting of the sun and the watching for "my star". The prospect is also pretty if the eye does not happen to rest on the yards & barns of the building. In short I think I shall like it very well in time. But its worst feature is its occupant. I must confess I am disappointed in my roommate. She is nineteen, very tall and proportionately awkward and though professing to understand

English Grammar perfectly, yet mangling it shockingly in conversation. Father tried to get me a room by myself but found it impossible. If I can manage it I shall endeavor to change my chum however. I am very tired and though I intended writing more must defer it until tomorrow.

Aug. 27. I have been so negligent in writing during the whole of this summer that now I actually forget it when I have an opportunity of indulging myself, and usually I am so tired and sleepy by the time my lessons are learned that I do not feel much like attending to this duty. I will now however give a short account of the regular manner in which the days pass.

In the morning I am generally dressed about half an hour before breakfast which is in the vicinity of seven o'clock. This time I spend at my physiology after having made the bed and put the room in order. At table the gentlemen sit on one side and the ladies on the other. The students number about three hundred and fit

three long tables. My opposite appears to be a foreigner, and though he is very attentive to all my wants, yet we never speak. He seems so solitary that I really pity him and I would talk with him if I could but the beginning is almost impossible as I have not been introduced. I have found out in a roundabout way, that his name is [...ltz] Next to him is a gentleman with whom I frequently converse though I do not even know his name. He is in my class in Geometry & not a particularly fine scholar though rather intelligent than otherwise. On one side of me is a Miss Brown and sometimes Miss Bella Morgan, both of the first standing in school society. The other side is indefinte and indistinctly marked. On the whole I am pretty well satisfied with my seat and usually enjoy the hour very well although the fare is not of the best. About five minutes after breakfast the bell of the Academy rings and I go to my class in Physiology. This recitation is not particularly interesting, the effect rather of the stupidity of the pupils than of any fault of the

teacher. To say the truth the lessons are usually very well prepared by the class. At nine the bell rings for prayers when all the students assemble in the chapel, and besides the proper exercises, generally listen to some remarks from the Doctor. After this I write for an hour and then my lessons for the morning are over and I repair to my room to devote the next two hours to French translation and Geometry. The dinner hour is a little after twelve but my duties sometimes oblige me to lose this meal. At one o'clock I go to French. I am the second scholar in the class and I do not expect to gain much benefit from this study as I require rather to be drilled in composition. We are reading a very useful and entertaining book however, Madame de Stael's *L'Allemagne**. The class is animated and of average standing. Next comes Geometry. This has always been my favorite study & I take great pleasure in comprehending

*Anne Louise Germaine de Staël-Holstein (22 April 1766 – 14 July 1817), commonly known as Madame de Staël, was a French-speaking Swiss author living in Paris and abroad.

the propositions. The teacher, Mr. Chester, is very kind and loveable and one feels perfect confidence in his ability which is more than can be said of Miss Tompson. The class is composed of a superior order of students and I enjoy it exceedingly. From three until a quarter past four I prepare my Latin lesson, and at the expiration of that time, go to recite. What shall I say of this lesson? I do not think I can properly define its attractions but I feel that I would rather give up any other study than this. The principal points of interest center in the teacher and one of the pupils, the first especially. His hair and eyes are of a jet black and the lower part of his face is covered with whiskers of the same dark color. [Thus] his power of magnetizing is very great.

Oct. 9. 1863. Auntie writes that I ought to keep a Journal, it is such a pleasure to refer to past scenes and emotions. My last letter to Emma Stacey was a dissertation on the advantages of Journal writing, (be it understood that our correspondence is not the frivolous and aimless letter writing of boarding school masses, but has for its object our mutual improvement in reflection and expression). I frequently read over the pages of this book with unfeigned pleasure and perhaps advantage, and I would I had been as faithful the past month as in days gone by. With these multitudinous incentives to action, I do hereby solemnly and firmly resolve that I will henceforth and forever recall and record the important incidents of each day in order, or at least write a few words indicative of my success or my failure in performing the duties incumbent upon me, when I do not feel otherwise disposed. That is a fair proposition and I confess myself willing to adhere to it; therefore I commence tonight.

If I were to give an account of the time that

has passed unrecorded, and there were leisure to write the annals of my labors, before my task were done, the evening star would shut up the day, the heavens being closed. The day is occupied in the same manner essentially as I have already described, with the exception that at nine and quater [sic] of three I practise an hour and twice a week write at eleven. This leaves me two or three hours of the day for study beside the two evening study hours. I find this time fully sufficient for committing my four lessons. I mean to have my recitations all perfect and in reality I have not exactly failed while I have been here, though sometimes I hesitate a little. I cannot reproach myself with having wasted my time so far. Hardly a moment of the whole day passes unemployed, and when I study I study heartily and zealously. I feel well satisfied with my progress in intellectual things this term, and I think I can say that seven weeks never passed more advantageously to me. In fact, I am working hard. My health continues unimpaired and for this great blessing I feel deeply grateful. I will not speak of my chum to night for I am displeased with her and perhaps should not do her justice.

Saturday, Oct. 10. This is always a busy day with the students. In the first place the room has to undergo a general cleaning and putting to rights and when that is done there is a formidable array of mending from last weeks wash, to nothing of the countless gloves and triffling [sic] holes that wait to take their turn today. Then I have to practise and that breaks up the day in a wonderful manner. This afternoon I went with some of the girls to the summit of the mountains. The view was truly magnificent. I am too tired to describe it now and in fact it is almost indescribable. I have enjoyed myself exceedingly.

Sunday, Oct. 11. This day we poor sinners are all forced to go to church like a flock of sheep, but it is fortunate for me that we are not obliged to keep awake for I should find it hard to obey such a command. This evening I have written four long letters. It is nearly eleven & my chum is waiting but I must do my duty however.

Monday, Oct. 12. Today we have had the long promised chestnut walk. At prayers, after a long rambling discourse on other subjects, the Dr. put the question to vote, and it was immediately decided in the affirmative with great acclamation. At first I had not the slightest intention of going but I thought better of my resolution and decided to try it. We met at the chapel and after some delay, at ten we got started. Each of the gentlemen took a lady and we proceeded in the most approved style. My escort was a Mr. Avon. I had not previously been very much prepossessed in his favor from what I had seen of him, but today he made himself very agreeable. Soon the whole school were dispersed over the mountains, a merry company indeed. The chestnuts were abundant and the day perfect. I and my companion climbed to the highest point in sight and the view was exceedingly beautiful. I have never seen any thing equal to it. On the east was the fertile valley of the Connecticut, blooming as a highly cultivated garden and radiant with the golden colors of autumn. We grew very poetical under the genial influences & I could not have enjoyed myself more.

Tuesday, Oct. 13. Miss Evans, my dearest friend here, is very sick and will go home tomorrow if well enough. She has studied so hard as to seriously endanger her health. She is a splendid scholar and a very fine girl, perfectly refined and cultivated and as good as she is wise, but I think she has done wrong to sacrifice her life to little book knowledge more or less. She was to graduate in the spring and it will probably be a severe disappointment to her to be obliged to give it up thus. She is from Evanston, Ill. and cannot come back such a distance very readily.

Wednesday, 14. I wish I felt more like writing. When the time comes to lay aside my physiology I feel nearly exhausted and very little like putting my thought on paper, but perhaps it will come easier to me when I get in the habit of it once more.

I have lately received a letter from Sadie. Among other things she says that at the White Mountains where she has been staying some months she has been intimately associated with Miss Sarah T. my old love, and that she now thinks her the

most fascinating person imaginable! Now Sadie used to be one of "mon amour's" most bitter enemies, and I consider it quite a triumph for my dear love to say nothing of my wonderful powers of penetration in discovering her superior qualities even under the iron mask of daily school duties. If under such unfavorable circumstances she has appeared so surpassingly lovely to me, what would I not give for a better acquaintance with her, to gaze deep in to the unfathomable orbs of her hazel eyes, to press lovingly her gentle hand within my own, to view with her the fairy like loveliness of that beauteous land and to catch from her the lofty enthusiasm that such scenes would inspire in her noble breast. I find that in my inmost heart I have lost nothing of the passionate idolatry I have always entertained towards her. If she were only here now I should be perfectly happy. But as it is, her place is not entirely destitute. Mr. [Shumway] is now my beau ideal of manly beauty. He is my Latin teacher & he looks as if he might be a perfect Machiavelli if he were not a good Christian. His prayer are very beautiful as it is.

Saturday, Nov. 21. The close of the term approaches. The school is regularly dismissed next Tuesday, but a great proportion of the students have left today, and among them my chum, so I am now left alone in my room. Every thing is in perfect order tonight and looks so cozy & comfortable; but just as I was congratulating myself on the prospect of passing a very pleasant evening, Alice Regina, a little girl from the south, came and entreated me to sleep with her as she also was left alone. i was obliged to consent, though with bad grace. I have half an hour longer to myself however and I will endeavor to improve it in estimating what I have done this term.

It is miserable thing to be motherless! I have no one on earth in whom I may confide with perfect love & confidence, no one that I feel cares for my well-being & rejoices in my happiness. It is especially bitter to be left alone after having experienced the love of a mother like mine and it grows more & more bitter as I grow

older and feel daily more nearly the need of her sweet guidance and counsel. I have no one to whom I can speak of my plans for the future, & no one to encourage me in present labor. My father is very good and I love him dearly, but is impossible for him to take the place of a mother.

Consequently I have not taken as great interest in success as if I had someone to please especially. Yet I have not much cause for dissatisfaction in point of study. I have gained the reputation of being a good scholar and I feel that I deserve it. I rank first in all my classes, except, perhaps, Physiology, as there are a good many excellent scholars in that. My grade perhaps will not be perfect, as at first, a stranger & bashful, I was not acquainted with all the rules. But that will make but little difference with me personally, for I feel that I have done my best here. The last few weeks especially I have careful not to injure my health and I now feel strong and vigorous for the winter campaign.

Sunday, Nov. 22. The day is lovely. Yesterday it rained all day and now to see the sun once more is very pleasant. I am sitting by my open window on the fourth floor, the church bells are ringing sweetly, the rays of the sun fall bright & warm upon me and by my side are my Greek books but I do not feel like studying now. There is the bell for the prayer meeting & I think I will go as it is the last time.

I should like to give a good description of my chum, that in after years I may have something to recall her to remembrance, but I do not find the words at my command. However I will try to say a little of her. Her name is Fannie [Shillman], she is nineteen years of age

Sunday. Nov.29. I am now at home for a vacation of one week. My father is the best and dearest of men. He takes much interest in my studies is proud of my success--my grade was No. 1.-- and best of all he has almost given me permission to study Greek. At least he has not forbidden it. I summoned courage at last to last him when a good opportunity offered; the question had been at my tongue's end all the day. It has long been my day-dream; what will Mr. Chester think now--will he be pleased I wonder? My father is so good and kind, I love him to distraction. For the rest, the family politics are in about the same state as when I left. I spent the Thanksgiving with Grandma, and it seemed to cool my father's kind feelings toward me, and I had reason to fear that he was seriously offended. As a natural consequence, the last few days have not been very pleasant to me. But tonight he is very kind. Ah! he has never been unkind, it is my own foolish perverseness & awkwardness.

Friday, Dec.11. Back at Wilbraham again and Lizzie with me. No Greek this term. My father waited several days, leaving me in sweet & untroubled hope, but at last came the fearful mandate that English studies must suffice for this term. I have taken Rhetoric, Latin & Bookkeeping only, with three hours of practice. I do not feel exactly contented for I feel that I might be doing more, but everything else that I desire to study comes in the hours that I am engaged in other things. I am pleasantly situated, but I feel miserable tonight. ...

Saturday, 12. I have a very pleasant seat at the table. My opposite does not speak, but the [waiter] who sits next him is very agreeable, in fact, the most desirable gentleman here for conversation. He is in my Latin class and a very fine scholar. His name is [Ayers]. Opposite him is a Miss Holman not very remarkable, and on the other side of her one Miss Felton whom I like very much. I believe our division is preferable to any other--

Tuesday, 15. We are getting along swimmingly in our Latin. We have now forty lines of Virgil a day and very soon we are going to get it up to seventy. Mr. Ayers desires to enter college at the close of the spring term, and to effect his purpose, we must read five or six books of Virgil this term and enter Cicero in the Spring. Some members of the class demur at this proposition, but it suits me exactly. Dr. Raymond is a splendid teacher. He makes his class on Rhetoric the most interesting of any of my studies. He occupies a considerable part of the hour in conversation relative to the topic under discussion, and some of his remarks are very appropriate as well as instructive. Perhaps one reason of my partiality is owing to the fact that I have very good lessons and that he appears very well pleased with me. Mr. Harvey is the teacher in Bookkeeping. I recited to him in Physiology last term and liked him very much. He is terribly stern and unapproachable but the class is large & I do not come in contact with him to any great extent.

Wednesday Dec. 16. Lizzie has been giving me an account of one of the numerous squabbles between "our set" in Poquonock, herself & Lucy on one side, Amelia and Josie on the opposition. It is so perfectly childish and yet malicious that I wish now I had not importuned her to favor me with the recital of her woes. Is it possible that they slander me behind my back in the same way? Yet I have no reason to suppose otherwise. Lizzie's character does not excite in me an emotion of admiration--she is sitting by my side and if she could divine what I write, would she not think me as deceitful as Amelia? I believe I am generally very careful of what I say about my friends, but now I must be still more so, and never say a word if I cannot praise. I wonder if there is any such thing as friendship in this world? Is it true that familiarity always breeds contempt? I cannot respect these girls. Effie & Miss Evans I think are the only girls of my age that I have ever really loved.

Sunday Dec. 20. When I write so seldom I never know what to write about. I think for the time that my journal is a stranger instead of the well-known friend of [yore] and I forget that he is interested in the commonest events of my life and that here I may be as conceited as I please and talk about nothing but myself.

I have got into Mr. Ayers bad graces by advocating the cause of abolition and almost about Woman's Rights. The other ladies can never speak when a topic of interest is introduced and Mr. Ayers turns to me when he is in earnest, at other times I am rather silent. I try to impress my mind with the necessity of doing my share towards sustaining the conversation but I lack courage to speak often of my own accord. Not that he ever is at a loss for words, for he is an incessant talker, but it is not always enough for the conversation to be all on one side.

Monday, Dec. 21. I am a fool, and what is worse, I know it. I wish I could deeply impress my mind with Carlyle's ideas of happiness, but I am always thinking that I deserve better treatment than I receive. I cannot conceive what induced my father to send me here in the first place, to this old-fashioned, Methodist, School. Now that Miss Evans has gone, or at least has left the school, there is not one truly refined & cultivated young lady, one whom I can respect and who is capable of making me nobler and purer. Perhaps I might make an exception in favor of a certain Miss Jenny, but I have not much acquaintance with her--have only heard her recited in the Rhetoric class. If it were not for Mr. [Shumway] I could not survive it, but he is going away in the spring, & what I shall do then I cannot imagine. I wish one were not obliged to live.

Wednesday, 23. Last night I did not retire until one, tonight I am too sleepy to study at half past seven. I agree with the physiologist that nothing is gained by burning the midnight oil, and in future I mean to retire punctually at ten. I am very irregular in my habits and I must strive now to attain a greater degree of regularity. Yesterday I received a letter from father. He had just returned from New York. Annie Murray & Camille Gaylord are making a visit at our house, and next week they with father & Mary are going back to N.Y. But what most concerned me was that I am to stay here at school as long as it is to my advantage to do so. He says I had better not graduate next term, not take too many studies and be careful not to injure my health. Mon pere est un bon pere, et ma mere est une bonne mere. A class in light gymnastics has been formed to day & I have joined. It is all the vogue in school now.

Thursday, Dec. 24. Christmas eve! and spent in a very un-Christmas like manner, for I have done nothing but knit all the evening. Lizzie is quite sick today. She seems to have caught a bad cold and has been very feverish, but I have been nursing her and she seems to feel better tonight. I am in hopes nothing serious will result. On her account I staid at home from the Interview, and as I am not a Sabbath School scholar I did not go that festival. It would be very nice to receive a box from home about these times, but father is in N.Y. so it is useless for one to think of it. The teacher in gymnastics is a student from Amherst, handsome, intelligent & polite. He is very expert in his vocation and enthusiastic in the cause. He is to give twenty lessons for half a dollar. The exercises are very entertaining and create much laughter.

Thursday Dec. 31. or rather I should say Jan. 1, for it is now after twelve. I meant to write oceans tonight--that is, the last night of the year, is it too late now? I have been trying to keep Lizzie awake until the new year and she got quite [wrathy] under my system of tormenting. I succeeded however and had the happiness of wishing her a happy new year--pardon. Je voulais dire de lui souhaiter la bonne annee. I have my Latin to learn yet ... I do not feel much like writing sentimentally. I am to have an essay for Open Society--a great and unexpected honor which is likely to overwhelm my weak nerves already surfeited to the full with conceit. If I could only write a splendid composition, replete with wit and learning, unexceptionable in style and taste and calculated to delight and astonish "u" and "i", I should be a happy mortal.

I have been making new and repeated experiments in my "favorite science", and if I am not grossly deceived , I have been strangely successfull. [sic].

"i" has splendid eyes, large, full, liquid, melting at times, again cold & unpitying. Most of his pupils are afraid to look at him; I am not. I can make him look at me almost instantly, in church, at the table, at chapel & in class. He also magnetizes me. After Latin he walked down directly behind me, it was slippery & I loitered behind the others. He has never spoken to me except when compelled to do so, but now I tried to make him ask me if I had ever scanned. I could not. I do not give up. I will try until I conquer him. The speech a man has held with God & the Devil will tell itself in every turn of his head, every jangle of his laugh. He cannot help that.* Is this man very good or very bad?

*...the speech your soul has held with God and the Devil will tell itself in every turn of your head, and jangle of your laugh: you cannot help that. The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. XL, p.11 "The Promise of the Dawn: A Christmas Story", 1863.

He is much the most intelligent and profound of any of the teachers and he is well aware of the fact. Sometimes I am convinced that he is a very devil; the evil flashes from the unfathomable depths of his burning orbs, and his very attitude is purely wicked. Sometimes there is love & melting tenderness in his eyes, when he speaks of holy things, and a soul pure as light, true as Gods gospel, looks out undismayed & unashamed. Thus I read him, & he is unreadable, to me, at least. Do I confess it, I who thought that I know him so well?

Thursday, Jan. 7. Today I went into Mr. Shumway's class in Algebra. We are in quadratic equations & I do not find the examples difficult at all, but the recitation will take one valuable hour. I have now only three quarters of an hour in the daytime for study, beside the evening and three difficult studies, but I suppose I shall manage to have good lessons. My essay is now a dead weight upon my spirits. I despair.

Jan. 8. I like Mr. Shumway & I like to be in his classes for he thinks I am a good scholar and always refers to me in contested points. He looks at me with his eyes, & I look at him. I have been trying to make him lend me *Evangeline* or the *Courtship of Miles Standish* but I am perfectly impotent. I wish I had power. I go down to the Reading Room every day after school, for half an hour. It is of no use for me to write thus when I am half asleep.

Jan. 9. I walked to the depot this afternoon, about five miles through the snow and cold. I have been several times before & always resolve that I will never go again but I enjoyed my solitude very well. I have written to my old chum tonight. I write miserable letters as I do every thing else miserable. I am disgusted with my self but I don't see as being disgusted helps the matter much.

Jan. 17. Open Society is over at last and my essay has been read. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that it was a miserable failure, but such is the fact and facts are stubborn things. It was well clapped, owing to the friendliness of Ayers & Clapp, and I have received a sufficient number of encomiums but I have no faith in their sincerity. I [lugged] in a compliment for Miss Ray & the next day she received me with an angelic smile, and most affectionate kisses & embraces, and declared that she almost love me. Alas! poor human nature! Shumway is the only object that interests me and consequently the thing that I can write about. I mean to fill up this book with his name & then consign it to the flames. It appears he is actually going the next term & we shall see him no more---

Sunday, March 6, 1864. The last Sunday of the term we are not obliged to go to church so I will spend a while in pleasant communion with my ancient friend. Before speaking in general terms of my intellectual progress, I must describe an event of recent occurrence [sic] that is causing much excitement in the school. On Washington's Birthday a large company of students went to the house of a Secesh family about a mile from here, hurrahed for the flag, and made some violent demonstrations, breaking several pains of glass in the encounter. A lawsuit was instituted by the injured parties, & yesterday the case was tried in the vestry of the Methodist church. I never attended a court before and I was very much interested in the proceedings. The lawyer on our side was very smart, and awakened quite a degree of furor among the students; but as the judge was Secesh the case was decided in favor of the plaintiffs. It has been referred to a higher court, however, and there is not doubt but that we will gain our cause eventually. There is intense excite-

*Secesh: a U.S. secessionist

ment about it, impromptu indignation meetings in all the halls, and a general feeling of detestation toward Secesh in general and that vile judge in particular. Every one wears red, white & blue, and we cannot eat our meals without the flag over the door. Some of our best students are among the criminals, and two of the Dr.'s sons with the others. One boy, Olin Wood, who was known to have been in the house all day, was convicted, in the very face of Mr. Shumway's evidence. On the whole, it is a shameful proceeding, and will not reflect much honor upon the plaintiffs.

Now that the school term is ended, it remains for me to state whether or not I am satisfied with the amount of labor I have accomplished. I think in imo pectore, that I have done as well as I have known how. My lessons have, I believe, been invariably perfect, and I feel that I have met with marked success in my labors generally. In Latin I am first in the class, indeed, Mr. Shumway said that I was the best Latin scholar he had since he had been here--quite a compliment considering the source. In Algebra I frequently do examples that none of the

others can perform, and in Rhetoric I am at least second. I also feel that I have done pretty well in music. Miss Raymond has said that I was the best pupil she had ever had, not the best player. I am far from that. Father wrote me to bring my music as he wanted to see what pieces I played, and I am indulging the hope that I may find a piano when I go home. I have acquired a thorough knowledge of Book Keeping, and feel competent to keep the Books of any establishment. The improvement in my conversational powers has been almost imperceptible, but I flatter myself that I have gained rather than lost in this respect. I have formed many pleasant acquaintances, have some warm friends, and one name to add to the list of truly loved ones, Miss Libby. She is a charming girl and I love, honor & respect her with my whole soul. She has gone home sick however & as she is not coming back it is very possible that I may never see her again.

Respecting my relations to "[S]" it is difficult to speak. He hardly every addresses me, but he is not averse to looking at me with soul-subduing eyes. At one time I passionately adored him, then I hated him with the bitterness of scorn & detestation, and now I am half indifferent & wholly undecided. He is consumately[sic] lazy except when he is aroused by extraordinary occurrences[sic], but he is very powerful when once his will is called in play. He is a delightful enigma to me, and I think I could never tire of watching & studying him. In two short days, however, he goes, and next term his place will be filled by another. The last day that he conducted prayers at the chapel he read part of the chapter Kings II,2, implying that his mantle was about to fall on his successor; but I am sure no one can fill his place in my estimation. He is coming down from Boston to be present at the examination of our Cicero class, but is sixteen dreary weeks before then. Can I exist without seeing him for so long a time? He is very attentive to Mary Raymond and they are said to be engaged. Success to them!

Monday, March 7. My last Latin lesson to Mr. Shumway has been recited. He expressed himself well pleased with the progress of the class & not ashamed of Miss Ladd. It seems that before I came in, he was speaking to Miss Ray of my humble self. I do not like to sully these pages with the silly flatteries she repeated to me, and indeed, I have forgotten most of them. He said that of the thousand Latin scholars he had had five hundred here and five hundred elsewhere, I was the greatest-genius; that I had not failed once since I had recited to him; that I had written a translation of fifty lines which was perfect, &c, &c. How elated I felt! Nothing is so sweet to me as praise when I feel that I deserve it. I am in good humor with myself and everybody else tonight, and I am so happy I can hardly conceal my joy. Yet I am full of sorrow when I think that this must shortly end. The Dr. goes to Middletown tomorrow to procure a new teacher, a ranting Methodist probably.

The question arises, am I better, purer, holier, than at the commencement of the term? Truth compels me to answer, no! I am aware that the influences that have been brought to bear upon me, have not been for good, and I feel that I am lower in the scale of being than ever before. Alas! I have not yet given myself to the Good Shepherd, and consequently, life is all a dreary blank. I despise a woman whose every thought is not in perfect subjection to the will of her Maker; I perceive that every person here of true beauty of character is a child of God; and I see the perfect bliss of serving Him manifested in his countenance and wrought out in his daily life. And yet I cannot humble myself in the dust, and take up my cross and follow Jesus. Nothing is more beautiful than a life of religious devotion. Nothing makes life worth the living but the consciousness of loving God and his image in human beings. Cui bono ego? Will my life's work be done acceptably, at last?

Thursday, March 10. I am at home again and well pleased to see those I love once more. My father is the best and dearest man upon the face of the earth. He has been so good as to buy me a piano and a splendid one too! The tome is remarkable for its sweetness & clearness. My only wish is that I might be able to play more brilliantly.

Saturday, 26. Back at school now. My room is third floor front, not particularly pleasant inside but the prospect very fine. I think I could never tire of looking at these grand old hills. I have somewhere read that mountains lift the soul up towards God and noble thoughts and deeds--that when one continually sees the grand works of nature, the sphere of his mental faculties is imperceptably[sic] enlarged and he cannot return to mean & petty actions. Something of this I have felt gazing day after day at these gray and barren, yet majestic hills. When they are clothed in the vernal hues of Spring they will become beautiful, even now

when the sunlight lies bright & warm upon them they are so, but today is cold and dismal and gives them, to my unsophisticated eyes, a solemn & even sublime appearance. I think I could learn to love them very much. Mr. [Kimpton] once compared them to sin shutting out the rising sun of righteousness; but the comparison was not forcible for I would rather dispense with the sunlight an hour or so than lose the agreeable train of thought awakened by these hills.

My chum is Irene Dibble. She did not come until today, but, from appearances, I think I shall like her very well, though she is not particularly brilliant. She is said to be a coquette.

My father has given me permission to study Greek! Now that I write it, it seems wonderful--almost the realization of my cherished plans! Still it requires considerable courage and I confess that I have faltered; for I shall be the only girl in the class, in fact, the only girl that studies it at all. However

I am determined not to give it up. Let me look steadfastly at my noble example, Miss Evans, and at the end I have proposed to myself, and, confident of success, let me press onward with earnest will.

Our Cicero class is very pleasant. There are about thirty members; the two classes in advance of ours, with several [scattering], are thrown in with us, and it is our ambition to equal if not excel our competitors. Mr. Ayres is doing bravely of course, and doubtless expects to lead the class. I have not recited yet, but I mean to study harder than ever. Would it not be glorious if I could stand first when Mr. Shumway comes! This shall be my aim, and, as I have a good reputation already, I do not think success will be difficult.

My other recitation is Botany. I suppose it will be dry at first, but we are anticipating delightful walks in due season----

Tuesday, 29. I am now [duly] established as a member of Mr. Chester's class commencing the Greek Grammar; and, what is still more wonderful, Pelton is with me! Mr. Bussell appears to be the best scholar now, and he is really very intelligent. There are six other gentlemen but none of them are opimatium [sic]. Mr. Chester I heartily admire. He said to me, "You are going to try the Greek, are you, Miss Ladd? I wish I had half a dozen more." He is a very firm teacher, pleasant, and remarkably thorough.

Strange to say, I am again in Mr. Ayres division, and that by his own invitation. I was rather surprised, as I know he does not like me because I am too fond of expressing my own opinion and not sufficiently sensible of his assumed superiority. Perhaps also because I was a better scholar than he under Mr. Shumway's tuition. Nevertheless I like my seat. My opposite is Mr. Cook, a returned soldier, not much of a beauty, but very good & sensible, and ranking high intellectually & socially.

Apr. 9. My chum is low and vulgar and will do me more harm than good. She is such a rattlebox that I cannot study while she is in the room, and it is degrading to my social position to be associated with her, for in no sense of the word is she a lady. Yet she is rather pleasant and obliging after a fashion of her own, and I have nothing to do but to endure my cross as patiently as possible. I have been unfortunate in the matter of chums. Never have I had one that sympathized with me entirely. Fannie S. was good and noble sometimes & Lizzie I loved but still they were not exactly to my mind and now it could not be worse. I wonder if there is a being in the world I could love & respect? I think I have known a few but the trouble is they did not reciprocate. I am naught but an idiot anyway and a most fearfully conceited one at that. There is a new music teacher here whom I particularly admire. She may be destined to usurp Miss Sarah's place.

Apr. 23. I am going to write the records of our breakfast-table, or rather of our division generally. Doubtless it will be more interesting to me than anything the Professor can say. Let me introduce you to the *Dramatis Personae*. First is the Autocrat in propria persona. If you wish to recognize him you have only to give a local habitation and a name to your ideal of Young America and you have him before your eyes. It is his sole ambition to be president of these United States, but he also counts it some honor to lead the Cicero class. He is generally a good talker, free & easy, of tolerable good-breeding, and the one element that saves the division from mental starvation. At his left sits my opposite, the Professor. He does not say much but when he does speak he hits the nail on the head. It is my fault that he is not more loquacious. I do not draw him out. My left-hand neighbor is Mary, rich but underbred, bashful, self-conscious, always making mistakes. I would describe myself but I am not

equal to the task. The center of romance sits farther up, her opposite at present a booby, herself an ignoramus. The others are all good children and faithfully obey the old-fashioned role of being seen & not heard. I have now laid down the premises--from time to time I shall take jottings of the arguments.

May 7. Let me interrupt the records of the breakfast-table for a few moments to speak on a topic of more absorbing interest. Mr. Shumway is here! He is the most handsome man I ever saw. His dark eyes sparkle with the scintillations of genius, his hair would make the raven's coat look brown and rusty, his teeth are pure pearls flashing radiantly from out their setting of midnight darkness. His features are faultless yet nearly of the swarthy color of the Ethiopian and that he is himself a negroworshipper renders him still more to be admired in my eyes.

It is fortunate that I have this secret valve to let off the steam, otherwise I fear I might explode sometime & do myself, at least, considerable damage.

I went to walk this afternoon & as I was returning, tired and dirty, one hand full of mosses & the other of flowers, I met Mr. Shumway between two other gentlemen. The sun light flashed in his face & almost dazzled me with the brilliancy of the reflection, but I believe I passed them in safety, bowing to Mr. Shumway with the utmost decorum. I have been trying to remember how he looked. He smiled pleasantly but whether at me or at something Mr. Harvey had been saying, I could not determine. But I was disappointed that he did not stop & ... speak to me. Beyond this I have only seen him across the?

May 8. I am disgusted with Mr. Shumway, & I am not going to say another word about him.

This morning the Autocrat was entirely alone & had to sit in the girls [section] & pour his own coffee. Mary & Miss are going to [Oregon} four weeks before the close of the term. I am wondering who will be the Autocrat's opposite then. I would be very glad of the honor but I know I do not deserve it. Probably too the professor ... [go] distracted if I were to leave him.

The examinations [commence formally begins] now) tomorrow evening. Mary [dreads] them but she will undoubtedly pass whether she [fasts] or not.

I had a [Medley] with Belle Morgan & a duet with Rita Berry at [Open] Society. The [Medley] was something new & took very well, in fact was an [undoubted] success.

May 21 There I sit looking at my new chum & she says tell him your sleepy & must go to bed. Yes! in a minute. Our noble brother had a grand match game of ball in Springfield with the Easthampton ... & conquered gloriously. We girls have been excited in their behalf.

Sunday, June 6. I never feel like writing, it seems, but when Mr. Shumway is here. I went to walk with my chum last night, she expecting to meet her brother in the ..., but he did not come. In his stead whom should we see but Mr. Shumway himself, large as lie and twice as natural. Mary Hall, however, mistook him for her brother, and was hastening to meet him, dragging me after her. Suddenly she discovered his identity and turned around in dire confusion. Then we hastened up the "... walk" to avoid seeing him and after marking some time returned just in time to catch is eye at the Dr.'s window. The whole affair was most foolish & ludicrous.

Friday, June 10. I have just returned from Society. I am strangely excited & I fear I shall not be able to express myself very clearly, but I must say a little about the exercises. Miss [Pierse] was in the chair. She makes a miserable President, she has no confidence & is continually making mistakes, nevertheless we managed to get through. Just as the disputants took their places Mr. Chase & Mr. Welch came in. Our discussion was not as animated as usual, in fact it might be called dull in comparison with our accustomed brilliancy. I spoke, but not well at all, yet my side won. While Miss Merrit was reading the Classic Wreath Mr. Clapp & Mr. Russell entered, afterwards Mr. Holman & finally Mr. Ellis. They all spoke very encouragingly to us and gave us almost too many compliments for sincerity, but Mr. Holman bore the palm for eloquence. After

lauding the Athena's in the usual style, he branched off upon Woman's Rights, and here I could say "amen" to every word he uttered. He said that woman might be eloquent if public opinion were not bigoted and so harsh, that it was in her and only required opportunity to prove itself-- that we ought to be most thankful for the privileges we enjoyed here of cultivating our powers of argumentation-- that we ought to very very diligent in the performance of our Society duties-- & that perseverance alone was needed to make us true women. Then Mr. Ellis spoke & strongly advocated a discussion for Open Society. It was quite a coincidence that immediately afterwards the [bills] were read with the discussion on the programme. I feel greatly encouraged to go on and do my best for the good of glorious old Athena. I have a prophecy [O.S.] and I mean to do my best.

I suppose I may look upon this as the happiest time of my life. I have not a care in the world that is really crushing. I am enjoying the best of educational advantages, my social position in the school could not be more to my taste. i am naturally retiring & quiet, but I feel that I have many true friends here and I think not one enemy. I will give some recollections of yesterday's experience, just to show how happy one day may be made by the merest trifles [sic]. At breakfast I sat opposite the autocrat, my present lean idol of manly beauty. Our conversation was very interesting and inspired in me a feeling of contentment towards all the world. I walked up to prayers with Beth Morgan, my most intimate friend, and was somewhat elated by a little morsel of flattery she granted me. Coming down Mr. Ayres walked by my side & made himself most agreeable. In the

Cicero class at ten I met with a signal success. The usual limit of our reading is fifteen lines, on review. I read forty and I read them well, "if I do say it, as shouldn't." My cheeks burned & I was well pleased with my success. Miss Ginny, the Valedictorian, read after me, and this inferiority of her translations was palpable. (Thank fortune I have one place where I may be egotistical to my heart's content). From eleven to twelve I wrote on my Essay and scraped up some ideas that pleased me pretty well, and sallied forth some encomiums from Mary Hall. At noon Mr. Smith, quite a pretty little bug, brought me a letter from Harry. I don't know when I have had a letter that has given me so much pleasure. I really begin to think my brother loves and esteems me. My afternoon recitations were perfect and my French class unusually intelligent & kind. In the evening I solved a problem that had long been troubling me, viz. the examination of that same French class. I have an idea now and I expect to succeed.

Wednesday, June 15. I should rather like to finish up this book before the term is out and if I can find anything to say I think I shall do so. But still it will seem like parting with a dear friend to close forever these kind pages. Though I have been far from faithful the past year, and have written but little from my heart, I have ever regretted my "somnolence, corpulence & temerity."

I have been to the Interview tonight. They are really quite agreeable affairs when one gets used to them. I walked every time but once and enjoyed myself very well. I was introduced to Mr. [Cowell] for the first time, though we have been here together for three terms. I never appreciated him fully before. He is really quite a genius and his powers of conversation are wonderful for Willbraham. Walked out with the autocrat as usual. To say the truth

I am getting more and more disgusted with that fellow. The Cheney girls are [shining] around him and I am in hopes they will take the [Holman's] places, for in that case I shall escape the professor also, for of course I should not stay in such a position. The autocrat's plan of attack in his overwhelming [defeat] is to pass the last examination in the Cicero class & to have the best oration on the stage. Probably he will succeed for he is a go-a-head-a-tive Yankee who always does what he means to do. But such wonderful egotism as his I hope never to behold again.

My Essay is finished and ready for the Doctor's inspection. It is almost a week beyond the time appointed and I am a little ashamed of that part of it. Then it is a most miserable affair in itself considered that will appear on the stage. I have not tried as I ought to have done.

Monday, July 11. That happy term of school life is over and I am only sorry that more of its pleasures have not been recorded in my journal. I would like now to give a resume of the closing scenes, but where shall I begin? The Exhibition, I suppose is first in importance. My Essay was rather well written but it was hardly adapted to public reading and I cannot call it a success although it was clapped by ... Andrews. Mary hall bore the palm among the ladies. The valedictories were remarkably fine, and next to Mr. C... ranked the Autocrat. The Interview in the evening was crowded and of course most pleasant. I walked every time as usual and had the Autocrat's company home. I had felt proud because I went with him to Open Society & Pierian Exhibition & had been his opposite, but I ... him & he was shallow. To be sure, our party was warm & we promised to write, mais quoi donc?

I said I should rejoice to see his success in life but I should not, for I know it would not be for his country's good. He has not the elements of a true, devoted noble-hearted man. He is supremely selfish and his talent, though passable in the boy, are not such as will distinguish him as a man. And yet, I like him. Perhaps, after all, his Yankee go-a-head-activeness will carry the day and he will become famous. Oh if he were only good, a Christian I mean, he would be almost perfection. I agree with Mary Hall in her sweeping assertion that no man can be great unless he is good. If so, what is woman without the Christian graces? A very incarnation of evil. My dreams of ambition are dead. There is nothing in a woman's life but to love and to be loved. Alas! I am so ugly no one will look twice at me. M. is continually twitting me on my want of grace & beauty.

July 21. I have received a letter from my old chum, Fanny [Shillman], tonight, and it seems her old flame for Mr. Shumway is in a state of complete preservation, which proves simply that she has no new one yet. She does not hesitate to say "I admire him, I reverence him, I love him and always shall" with the woman's fondness for underscoring. My passion might be in danger of reviving, were it not for the memory of his perfect indifference towards me, his total failure to recognize his quondam adorer. And yet, how I have loved that man! it is singular that each of my chums has been a great admirer of his, but some of them have equaled myself in hero-worship at this shrine. Uttered not but comprehended has been my adoration. Says one, Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was waster. True. It enricheth the heart of the giver, though the loved one be cold and relentless.

We were disputing about slavery today, when Lizzie said, There is worse slavery than that, at the North, here in our very homes. Look at Woman! The Spiritual lecturers about here are strong Women's Rights. I confess I am disgusted with my ideal of perfect equality. My sole object now is to get an education. I graduate at Wilbraham next spring, taking the Valedictory, in all probability. But that is not enough. I shall never be satisfied with the paltry amount of knowledge possessed by those who received diplomas three weeks ago. After the Academy, my ambitious hopes aspire to the College. Harry has as yet no desire for a Collegiate course and M. once more than intimated that father would be willing to send one of his children to College. He is a north man. He is educating us liberally so far. I think his finances are prospering, for I hear nothing of hard times in this ... [Family].

Aug 1. I have been to Boston the past week. Auntie kindly offered to pay my expenses and of course I could not very well decline, although I would much rather have staid at home. The pleasure to be found in promenading the dirty streets of a city this warm weather is not especially overpowering. I do not like my aunt. She is so confoundedly mean in the first place that there is no comfort in going with her. Then she is continually maligning my friends on this side of the road, and she is moreover inherently cross and disagreeable. But how wickedly ungrateful I am to think so of one who has done so much for me. I am a firm believer in total depravity in my own case at least.

(159)

We have a new girl coming tomorrow who has been living in Waterburg. ... knows--perhaps bah! ... that I am.

I return to the in two weeks.

I write a line here and there but my pencil cannot keep peace with my thoughts so there is no connection in my composition.

Aug 10. By the merest chance, I saw the other day a notice of the Vassar Female College. It has really an existence and is not an imaginary creation of my own. The committee have decided not to open the college until the fall of 65', just the most convenient season for me. But how am I to broach the subject, I wonder? I am verily afraid my sweet father will never give his consent to such a Quixotic scheme. Sure an I that I by no means

deserve such an unspeakable boon. There are to be accommodations for three hundred ladies, but the Times correspondent seemed to think that about that number had already applied for admission. Perhaps there will be room for me. I do not write with my usual enthusiasm on this all-absorbing topic, but a college education is my aim and I am determined not to be balked.

Harry returned today. He is very tall and so strong and manly that I feel ashamed of my little insignificant self in his presence.

Lucy, Susan, and I, have been talking over old times tonight. The auld lang syne has many attractions even though the *dramatis personae* are not particularly aged. I like those girls very much. I think they excel Lizzie in general intelligence. [Lizzie] is slothfull [sic]--thus are ambitions in the [extreme].

Aug. 22. I am at school. I am afraid I shall not be able to endure the burden I have imposed upon myself for the term. This is the first day of really hard labor and already I feel completely overcome with fatigue. I am now well established in my studies and I will endeavor to "give an account" of my plan of operations for the day. I prepare ten or twelve pages of [Mental] philosophy before eight, so am of course obliged to rise in good season. Then I practise until nine when we assemble in the chapel. After prayers I recite Greek an hour, Mental [Science] an hour and German an hour, which brings the day to twelve o'clock. After dinner I go down to the office, change my dress perhaps, and amuse myself generally until half past one. Devote myself to my Greek lesson until two, read an hour, study Chemistry an hour, recite the next hour and return at five

to tea, immediately after which I practise another hour. By this time evening study hours commence when I finish Greek, prepare my German lesson, and perhaps read or write a while. This is the record of today but I have only two hours of practise yet. Three is the full complement.

Dr. Cooke, the new principal, is a fine teacher and just the man for his position. The music teacher has a perfect knowledge of her art and teaches scientifically, but beyond that is a nonentity. Mr. Wood is the professor of German and natural science and so learned a man it has never been my fortune to meet before. He knows every thing and what is more he is going to teach it to us. I like him. I shall take him under my special care.

(161)

Aug. [22]. I thought I had not studied enough to occupy my time so I have commenced French again. I find that although I have been a teacher I am very ignorant of the language.

My music rests me so completely that I feel strong for new effort after practising an hour.

Mary Hall has been down here tonight so I have not studied. I feel compensated, however, by one morsel of joy she granted me. Shumway said I was the best scholar he ever knew, and recommended me as a chum for Mary.

Aug. 29. I have been sick since I last wrote. Est-ce que mes études me [gênent]? Je ne veux point penser comme cela, c'est toute autre cause, mais je hais M. Bois. Il ne m'aime pas comme le faisait M. Shumway. Il est un bête--un animal sauvage.

"Where I was raised" "Keep your mouth shut"
[Upside down on top of page]

Sept. 4. I like Mr. Wood very much. He is remarkably kind in all his classes and one cannot but respect him for his infinite learning. After my little sickness I went to him to get excused for my absence. I had heard that he had called me a very foolish girl for studying so hard and I felt displeased with him--what business was it of his? But now he was so kind to me. I blushed and trembled for I am afraid of him. He said, "One sometimes accomplishes more by understanding less. You must not study too hard." It was so considerate of him to show that he understood I wanted to accomplish a great deal, and to tell me how best to do it. Still I shall not profit by his kind advise [sic]. I can learn my lessons as it is & I shall do it. But when it comes to compositions and Classic Wreathes it is, I confess rather hard work. I have written five letters this evening. Now I hope I shall have some in return.

(162)

"So she was" "Yes she was" "The wind is howling and the rain drops are keeping to it's ..."

[Written upside down at the top of the page]

Sept. 11. I had a gay old time last night. There is a great revival here and Mother Ray has taken me under her special charge it seems. She went on in the true Methodist exhorting style, while I made fun of her to my heart's content. I wonder if I shall ever become "..."? I don't see much hopes of it now--I have the character of a hardened reprobate in the school. The graduates last year were without exception, Christians. The candidates this term are invariably Methodists. It is you see, rather surprising, to say the least, that I, the best scholar in the school, should remain incorrigible. Mother Ray compelled me to go to Class meeting last night and then got up & boasted that she was doing her best to bring one lost sheep into the fold, & wouldn't they help her with their prayers? Whenever they prayed for "arrows of conviction steeped in blood," she squeezed my hand awfully. O, it was rare fun. I could hardly keep sober.

Good reason why "because" you room with me.
[Written upside down on the top of the page.]

Sept. 14. I don't enjoy myself at all this term. I study hard and have pretty good lessons, but the trouble is I have not a single friend and I feel so "alone". Mary Hall & Annie Noble are the only ones I associate with and neither of them enters into my heart of hearts. Go say the truth, I am getting tired of Mary. There does not seem to be much sympathy between us. She has a fashion of rather ridiculing me sometimes--then we are both of us too selfish, the rough corners do not seem to fit in very harmoniously. Besides, there has never really been any intimacy on my side. As for Annie Noble, she approaches more nearly my ideal--she is a very fine scholar and has much general information, but her intellect has been cultivated at the expense of her sensibilities. She is utterly devoid of feeling. Belle Morgan is the one true friend I have ever had & she is gone. Among the gentlemen, there is not one whom I do not heartily despise. The fact is I am sadly disappointed that the Autocrat does not write, & this it is I suppose that fills me with such [spleen].

Sept. 1[7]. I had a paper in society a week ago and it was said to have been the best that has been read this term. It is pleasant to have such a success, very pleasant, but tonight I was appointed quite unexpectedly first on the affirmative in the discussion--and--well, I lost my side. it made me feel rather badly, but I don't suppose it will seriously affect my happiness in this world or the next. I had a letter from Belle Morgan today. We are bordering rather too near on the sickish sentimental in our correspondence--it is well & adapted to her style but when I attempt it I am apt to overdo the matter. I like Herr Wood--chiefly & principally because I have good lessons in his classes, at least tolerable. Not as I used to recite to Shumway to be sure--but it gives one a certain confidence in a teacher, to feel that you are appreciated &t.

M... K... won't tell me what to write.

"In the grand onward march of ages." Mary Hall

[written upside down at the top of the page]

Oct. 9. I have come to a wonderfully wise conclusion in the course of my reasoning. It is summed up in the very original maxim, "Tempus fugit."

I wish "tempus" would be so kind as not to "fugit" for a little while, for I am very happy in my present life.

Our French class is quite interesting this term. We have been learning some dramas in the original & the other evening we had a rehearsal in Mrs. Binney's room before all the Faculty. Then Herr Wood sang us a German song & the evening passed very pleasantly. We are learning a new play now "La Bataille des Dames," and we have just commenced Bocher's Grammar, a charming book.

I have another thing to record, viz. the affectionate solicitude of brother Ellis in behalf of my spiritual welfare. He was so devoid of good taste as to broach the subject at Interview, and then he even had the audacity to send me a letter, a perfect specimen of Methodist exhorting. It is very amusing but, I confess, I felt rather insulted.

My hopes are withered and dead. My lifedream has proved a failure. Earth's fairest treasure has become a mere illusion of the imagination and my condition is now that of no hope & without God in the world. Is a reason necessary for these lamentations? There can be but one. The chimerical idea of Vassar Female College has vanished into thin air. My one object in life has been to obtain an education and now -- [hor-hor-or-or hor or]. What shall I do. The little knowledge to be derived from a full course at [an] Institution-like is inexpressibly meagre, and I have been wandering in Elysian fields of bliss unutterable, feasting my imagination on realities that prove to be ideal & on sure formulations that left me ship-wrecked. I know of no reason for the abandonment of the scheme, I simply heard it mentioned by one of the girls some days ago. It struck terror into my heart, and now desolation & despair [in] my daily [comparisons]. Nothing can console me for this cruel bursting [asunder] of my one sure anchor.

Oct. 18. What startling coincidences there are sometimes in this strange world of ours. I received a letter from Mr. Ayres today & it has seemed as if every body that has spoken to me since has had something to say about him. I have been looking back to on what I have written about Mr. Autocrat. [Have] I made a food of myself? Je crois que oui. What shall I say of the letter? It was two sheets of the prettiest kind of paper, well written & exceedingly interesting, but betraying his usual insufferable egotism. On the whole I am glad he has written but I know not how to answer him. I cannot write as good a letter I am afraid & it would be dreadful to have him criticize. No matter--what do I care for him? I have a composition to finish tonight ... goodbye.

[Oct.] Is there any use in living? I have come to the conclusion that i ought to be Christianized but what good does the conclusion? I am too wicked. I am reading Schiller's Thirty-Year's War in German. I suppose it was supremely foolish for me to join the class, since they have all studied it at least two terms & I am just commencing, but I am very sure I have as good lessons as any of them. Does my egotism appear insufferable? But I cannot help thinking that I am a good scholar. I wonder what are my chances for the Valedictory? I confess I have very little ambition in that line--bah! what's the use of being such a hypocrite here. I know that it would be a terrible disappointment to lose it. Rose Merrill is in the same condition & she is much more confident than I. Nous verrons.

I have a new object of love & worship in the person of Mr. Chester. I think he is the best, sweetest, most lovable person I have ever known. A perfect angel in human guise. He is so inexpressibly good & kind to me. Have I ever said anything then of my devotion to Eva Well? She is a very

powerful girl, will always lead wherever she may be, beautiful, superb manners, everything lovely in person & character. Mr. Wood I like because he is student, but it is my opinion he will never set the Thames on fire. He is crammed full of book knowledge and that is his only forte. The reason why I do not like him is found I suppose in the fact that he does not praise me as Mr. Shumway used. I'll make him, I'll learn my lessons so perfectly that he must praise my scholarship at least. I believe I have had no compliments at all lately. I cannot live without flattery. The nearest approach to anything of the kind was in Philosophy Class. Mr. Chester & Mr. Dyer came into the class. I was called upon to recite on the subject of Friendship although it was not my turn. The author said one might have any number of friends without inconvenience & I humbly said I didn't agree with him. The Dr. went on to tell some long-winded yarn but afterwards Mr. C. came to Eva & me & said "I think Miss Ladd is more than half right. He said something I do not remember, but I know it made me feel pleasantly.

Nov. Last night-- Oh how I hate Mary Hall--she is always triumphing over me in every possible way. Won't I be glad when we part to meet no more! To resume--last night was much eventful by a most remarkable occurrence. Mr. Russell & I took a moonlight walk! We went about three miles, had a nice time but I am too sleepy now to go into extasies [sic] over it. I hate myself--there is not one good thing in me--worse than that there is not one thought that is not absolutely vile. Depraved? That does not express the millionth part of my condition. Is there no healing power in this wide universe? Go change the subject. I will speak of Mr. Ayres letters. He writes quick regularly and very pleasantly--and I, I am foolish. I do look forward with pleasure to the day his letter comes. I am reading Schiller's Thirty Years. [... ... is charming].

Nov. This afternoon has been the scene of another remarkable event. A number of ladies & gentlemen, twelve of us in all have been in the third parlor, enjoying ourselves to the best of our ability. The gentlemen invited the ladies and we were treated quite sumptuously with pie, coconut apples & cider. I have made a strange discovery. I believe that Russell is actually--well, I feel rather delicate about expressing it, but I mean he's growing serious. We played these silly kissing games that I despise, for children of our size, they seemed superlatively silly, but still I cannot deny that I like it a little. Mr. ... my apple & the seeds, I cast away the ... being William A! ah yes, ... You seemed quite amused. Really he has quite put himself out of the way to please me this evening. Success to him.

(167)

It is rumored that we are to have an Interview next Tuesday evening, and that the college boys that were here last term are coming. We are anticipating some pleasure. What will become of it?

The new catalogues have arrived. My name appears in the Senior Class, and is the only one of the thirteen that is not from Mass. & moreover, the only one that is not a church member. Our special examinations in Geometry, Physiology & Grammar are finished quite satisfactorily, I believe. I rather am inclined to think I passed as good an examination as any one though it was by no means what it ought to have been, & though I am heartily ashamed of my want of [prompting] & accuracy. I am growing to like Mr. Wood a little. He has so much feeling.

So much feeling! I was interrupted at a strange time. A month later I write this: Mr. Wood called me into the third parlor to talk about the German

class ostensibly. Of course, it was very unnecessary to take so much trouble as that. Come in Miss Ladd, sit down. He placed a chair. I sent for you, Miss Ladd, to tell you about the German. Well, I don't remember the rest distinctly, but the result was that the class would be formed if Miss Handy would join. Miss Handy refuses and the class is not. I thought then that he was making a motion to go and I began to rise also. My heart stood still at the words, I would like Miss Ladd to speak to you about another thing and lest you should be offended I beg your pardon beforehand. I bowed. You have been raised Congregationalist? Yes, sir. Supposing this and knowing the difference between your raising and mine, and watching your conduct, I have assumed that you are a Christian (the memory of Miss Ballard flashed across my mind) whether with reason or not I do not know. Ah! but I cannot go through with all he said. His two direct questions

(169)

which he did not press--were, have you considered the subject? and what is the result? I answered I think I have, to the first; the second remains unanswered. I said I had been raised half a Universalist. Is it so? he asked in a voice of mournful compassion. There are two other points to notice. He dilated upon the influence I possessed, and told me it was not rightly exerted my fortunate circumstances and hinted at gratitude--then he said the Almighty had chosen me for a special work and he feared I wasn't going to do it. Afterwards he spoke of a pure, holy, righteous life, the beauty of it, the necessity of it. This was the only point that touched me. I loved it then. But again he alluded to my own salvation. I did not like the theme. It seems crime to me to love God for the hope of reward or at best of escaping punishment. I would rather suffer the most fearful agonies, for an eternity.

of eternities, than kneel to my maker for the purpose of escaping [them] solely.

Ah! but I do want to be a Christian. Why am I not? I believe the [pride] I feel is being the only graduate that is not a Christian deters me as much as anything. [Then] my heart is so vile it cannot appreciate the beauties of Christ. It is so dreary to have no God, to be without hope in the world. I have long felt with my intellect the necessity of a change of life, but my heart is utterly died & cold. I have sometimes doubted if I have any sensibility at all. I appreciate the beauties of a symmetrical character. I long to be a servant of the true God. Mr. Mrs. did not tell me what to do. Where shall I find help? O, I know I have only to take the anxious seat in a Methodist prayer-meeting and everything is accomplished. I fear I have not faith enough.

(170)

Dec. 20. A heart at peace with God and man, a heart filled with the unutterable joy of believing. I have been through all the ceremony of conversion in the Methodist style and now I have taken the bonds upon me, or in other words I have entered into the liberty of Christ's salvation. I pray God that it may be real.

Next in importance, Vassar Female College is no longer a mere figment of the brain but a living reality. It is actually to be opened in the coming September, and, still more enchanting, I have well-grounded hopes of being one of the pupils. The realization of my life-long desire! I can hardly comprehend the magnitude of God's kindness to me.

Jan. 1, 1864. I am God's and God is mine. On this first day of the new year, I do hereby consecrate myself wholly and unreservedly to the service of my God. I would have every thought

of my heart clean in this night. I would have every act of my life in perfect conformity to the will of God. I would have every word of my daily conversation show that I have been with Jesus and learned of Him. Oh! I do pray for perfect consecration, entire self-abnegation, a yielding of every thing that is in me to the Lamb of God. Why, but it is so delightful to feel that Jesus save me, Jesus save me just now. To feel that I have an [advocate] with God the Father even Christ lives which taketh away the sins of the world. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my God. What shall I to ... show this burning love of God that is

(171)

Jan. 16, 1865 I have an opposite now--rather a strange specimen of humanity--beautiful eyes, piercing, truthful, imperious. He is small & I cannot endure a small man. Moreover he is a poet & is always quoting his insufferable nonsense. But then on the other hand, he skates superbly. The past week we have been on the pond together, the brilliant moon, the glittering ice, the mysterious forms flitting by, made pleasant dreams. Either he is very wicked & is trying to deceive me, or he is very good and---loves me. How strangely it looks on paper. How wonderful it seems to think of it. Is there any such thing in this broad earth---as what the poets call love? Ah! monsieur! I must not write about him, for I am trying to put him out of my head & heart---no thought [was] no word I ... to use.

I have half a mind to resume this journal writing for a while for variety.

Jan. 26. Moonlight walks are, I suppose, of sufficient importance to be recorded in the journal of a Boarding School Miss. My escort tonight was not Mr. Russell but--Mr. Sherman. The difference is that between a boor and a gentleman. I wonder rather who will be my opposite next term--for both will be here. I hope neither, for I always get sick of gentlemen after one time. By the way Mr. Ayres sent me his picture the other day, stylish just like him, rather good looking but not noble [talented]. He writes rather pleasant letters calls me My Dear Friend, & in fact is assez interessant. I hate myself. I am not the pure & holy being I pretend to be to Mr. Sherman. I am one bundle of false... throughout. My life has been I failure. I am a hypocrite. But I do love the truth. Oh I do want to grow in everything that is good and acceptable.

in the sight of the Lord. I sometimes wonder if I have a heart, wonder if I am more than the superficial schoolgirl I appear. Is there a depth deeper than I have sounded yet? Is there that capacity for suffering that shall make me refined, beautiful? Is my life to be that of Evangeline? O woman's heart how beautiful & yet how miserable does thy [delusion] make [thee]! I do not like Mr Sherman fully, & moreover I am very glad he does not like me.

Feb. 7. I have been living by heart throbs. I have found that I have a capacity for loving and that I am capable of awakening love in others. Yes, I have declared my passion and my mistress loves me! Eva is my love. I slept with her one night. We remained awake many hours confessing our love. Ah! I cannot say how much I love her; better than any one in the world. She is beautiful. A skin fair as the foam of the sea whence she Eyelids that droop and flutter and triumph and then rest lovingly over

the witching orbs beneath. She said in her deep earnest voice, I never loved any one as I love you, Kitty. Oh, can I believe it? Is it true that anyone can love me, homely wicked as I am? I have had my lady-lover before, but I worshipped at a distance, made happy by a smile, intoxicated by kind word dropped carelessly; but never have I had the exquisite joy of love returned. Now I know what is meant by the ecstasy of a kiss. Ah! why is it we have no words given us to express the things we feel so deeply? I believe it is no idle boast to say I would lay down my life without a murmur for my Eva. My capacity for happiness must have increased, for I never knew such joy before.

I have a great many friends. Why is it people love me when I am so utterly repulsive in form & feature and still more in mind? Were I anyone but myself I know I should hate this vile Kitty Ladd. It must be I am a hypocrite and do not show myself as I am.

I have had such nice letters today. First from Mr. Ayres. I never came so near loving him as I do today. It was in answer to mine announcing my change of life, very kind and good. My lamp is going out so I must delay the rest.

March 21. The close of the term approaches. It has been eventful in some respects, especially in that I have determined to become a Christian. It is good to serve the Lord, but alas! I am unworthy of this love. My heart is vile. When I of the unutterable goodness of God, my heart is convicted of sin unpardonable. Writing here, where I cannot help speaking the truth, reveals to me something of my depravity. I have not been faithful as a follower of the Lamb. O, I would walk in the path of virtue. I would draw nearer & nearer into the perfect day. Ah, could I but feel the joy of an approving conscience. I am completely disgusted with myself. I would I could change places with someone.

Is it necessary to speak of my improvement in intellectual things? In one respect I think I do know more than ever before; viz. I am fully convinced of my utter ignorance. Worse than that, I am aware that there is no possibility of my ever improving for my mind is incapable of comprehending truth. As to particular recitations, I have been the dunce of every class. I am thankful to Mr. Wood for for that that--he has helped me to this conclusion. We have had private examinations this week which have done a good deal to take down my self conceit. They have been demonstrative proof that impressions made on my mind have no more durability than if a seal plunged into the water. ... I am so inconceivably illogical. It is impossible for me to apprehend the relations of things. Education of such mental imbecility is a gross mistake. My father will find it so some time and regret his kindness.

March 14. He kissed me tonight, my own dear father. Ah! but his lips were soft and sweet and loving. He is a dear kind father, gives me everything I want and still more loves me a little.

Mr. Lewis, the village schoolteacher has spent the evening here. Never was it my fortune to pass these weary hours with so bashful and taciturn a young gentleman. Mr. Shuman and I meet in the parlor and instead of having nothing to say cannot find time to express our flowing thoughts & brilliant ideas. [To me Mr. L.] has been otherwise. The consciousness ... the fault is more than half mine bears with it a story that suits [some] badly. I wish I could go to some school where they teach ... to say something when it [falls to their lot] to entertain company. I fear my heart is very susceptible. I like bashful people.

Mar. It is so noble to be a hero in the strife, to know that this great world is conscious of your presence, feels your power. And yet, since my work is among the lowly, since it is at most to be but the widow's mite, I should be thankful too for that. My heart is overcome by the blood of the Lamb. I do long to do something for my precious Savior and first to lead a holy life, to be wholly consecrated. How much, how very much have I to be thankful for! God is so unutterably good, so very full of love to us, miserable sinners. I have been reading that wonderful book, The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyne and it has thrilled me with a new impulse. Glorious indeed is it to write books, but still more glorious to live on God's earth and do his will. Oh, I am so glad that I have been brought back to good place. Oh that I might grow in grace while I stay [home].

Eva is coming. It is not wrong, is it, for me to love her so? "Oh, I guess not, Kitty," were her words when I said so. Would she, will she, I mean, love me when she comes back? I room with Miss Steele now. I engaged after Eva said she was not coming back and now she does not seem inclined to release me.

April 1. Just to think that Eva is here and I see hardly anything of her! Lizzie Steele is a noble girl wondrously good and kind, whose forte lies in the sublime, but when I think of Eva I am almost wild with vexation and despair. It must be because I am not pure enough to appreciate Lizzie but nevertheless I cannot help shrinking from the touch of her hand, almost the sound of her voice.

My book year closes today. I have not read quite a book a week, only forty-eight during the whole year. I mean to do better in the future.

It is natural I suppose, for the genius school-girl to build air-castles. Pleasant is it certainly to dream of that far-off future wherein we are to be workers. What will be my destiny? Is the picture to be light or shadow, is happiness or misery to be my position? The question of Vassar College rises in the distance. Am I to pace those Classic Halls, drink at those illimitable founts of wisdom, and there satisfy this insatiable thirst for knowledge? I wonder if Prof. Wood does really hate me? It would seem so. He is a wonderful man, so simple-hearted pure souled for such a strong man. He is infinity beyond me in goodness as well as in greatness. I have a good reputation as a scholar. My thoughts are becoming more & more diluted therefore I close.

April 11. The history of my connection with Vassar will doubtless be of vast interest to me in future ages, so I add a few words tonight. The last circular informs the inquiring multitudes that they must be examined rigorously in Geography, Grammar and Arithmetic, the rudiment of Latin and Equations of the 1st Degree!! I am a graduate of the Wesleyan academy and am reading Homer. If that is really the limit of the "pre-requisites," I can only say that the College will do more harm than good to the [oasis] of female education. I have almost decided not to go. There is one other point however. In Mr. Ayres' letter today, he spoke very highly of Vassar and said he wished I would go. I cannot deny that this has some influence. I am waiting anxiously for the final catalogue, that I may know definitely the course of study.

Apr. 16. What is the record of my Christian experience? Am I making any progress in the way of holiness? I think that in my inmost heart my desires & determinations are stronger than ever. One thing that gives me courage,--I certainly do love the Christians that are around me, instead of hating them with the old bitterness. I attend Mr. Wood's class-meeting, and I cannot help thinking that it will be a means of good to my spiritual life. He told us that we must throw off the sin that does most easily beset us and forgetting the things that are behind press forward to the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. I do wish to grow pure and beautiful in word and deed. We have had eloquent sermons today from Bishop Clark, one of the first men in the Methodist Church. "What lack I yet?" was his text this afternoon. Alas! I am utterly wanting in every good thing.

May 24. I am glad tonight that I am a Christian. That is the way I have decided to commence the announcement of the melancholy news that is to follow. Plainly, Ellen Holden has the Valedictory and I--a Classical Essay. I have been trying to get passionate over it, to tear my hair and wear sack cloth and ashes, but it is impossible. I am perfectly surprised that I do not care more. If it were not that Mr. Ayres is coming I think it would not be so very bad. Only every one had told me for so long that I would have it, and I had so confidently expected to triumph! I am sure I do not envy Miss Holden, I would not change places with her, for I know I am the better scholar. Honors! What matters it? One thing I have heard. The teachers confessed that my scholarship deserved the highest honor, but taking all things into consideration Miss Holden was preferred.

I would give anything to know what those other considerations are, and also to know how each teacher voted. That I should fail so utterly, who have thought myself so sure of success! I cannot help think it is strange.

--I understand that gracefulness, dignity, and a quiet self-possession are the fortunate characteristics that have procured my rival the contested honor.

June 15. I have lived in a wonderful atmosphere today. That is wrong, it is not the atmosphere but myself that am in an unusual condition. I do not know whether to call this abnormal state physical or mental. I cannot describe it otherwise than that I feel tense. My nerves are wrought to a high pitch of excitement, and this by no cause except that I have been working out astronomical problems. I glory in this power of comprehension. No

life-work appears to me more beautiful now than to explore the mysteries of nature, to seek out the laws that govern matter, and to become master of this universe at my feet. It is glorious to live. I have so many friend that I love, the familiar scenes are growing so dear to me that I feel I will tug sorely at my heart strings to break the ties that have bound us. Two weeks! I do bless the Lord that he led me to this place. When I came I had two objects in view. I wished first of all to become a Christian, and after that I was eager to grow in knowledge. My heart is at peace. I love my God. My life is to be devoted to his service. For the rest, I feel that at least I have grown in the love of knowledge. It is so fascinating to find out things, and to feel that your mind is gaining strength.

It has been my fashion to record Moonlight Walks, so I will just note the last. The unfortunate part of it was that we staid out until three o'clock. Of that I feel ashamed in the sight of others, but for myself I have not the slightest sense of having been degraded by it. On the whole I enjoyed it, though we were at swords points when we started. Since then we have been more congenial. I have accepted Mr. Ayres company for the last day of school, and what will be the result of the collision I cannot imagine. Two weeks! and it will be ended--this dream of mine. --It is rather unpleasant to have too many dreams at once. Of course, I am faithful to the once center of dreaming, but since that is unattainable, I [parly] on the outskirts. My woman's destiny is wrapped up in the few years that succeed. I tremble, yet I would not [rid] it now.

(179)

I find that I have neglected to give the latest intelligence from "Vassar". The Catalogue has come, and is a perfect model of the college of my imagination. I can only say that I am charmed. But fate is against me for the present. This year I do not pace the spacious corridors of Vassar. I am not sure that I regret it, for I have a pleasant picture of [me] home-life before me. I have arranged to study hard, take music lesson in Hartford and prepare myself to enter the third year of the course. Then there is a baby at home. Incomprehensible as it may seem, that is a pleasant prospect. Ah! I am in such a happy mood tonight every thing paints itself in glowing colors. The world is glorious. More, it is God-like & the Father's. On every side, I behold earth with [its] thousand voices [praising] God.

July 2. All is over! My dream of school-life is dead and my other dreams all are no more. I have a right to feel proud now. My success was perfect. I was clapped when I went on the stage, clapped when I got through more than anyone else, received four bouquets and was called back upon the stage. I was the only one that could be heard at the doors.

Bah! a month is gone and this is stale. Pleasant enough was my success but school girl triumphs are fleeting. Wonder if I couldn't moralize a little now on going "forth" from the cloister and assuming the responsibilities of an educated woman. What a strange feeling is this that comes over me! I did not know I was a woman. I commenced this book a girl. Day by day I have turned the leaves and suddenly I find a page whereon there is laid open the heart of a woman with its mysterious

(185)

magic, its power of divination, shrinking, receding, into its native darkness, ... the living, quivering fibres. Ahem! a digression. To descend. I was about to introduce the closing tragedy. Mr. S. made himself fascinating the last week. One night his invitation for the [morrow] was not accepted. Very calm. Perfect control. Something savage underneath meanwhile. Good-night a la icicle. Mr. A was charming at first! talked orators, music, college-life. The Interview was a success for me. Walked with Mr. S. ([E.V.] Milbury, Mass.) talked a la indifferent, then tenderly. Last morning, Mr. S. in parlor said the rival had been boasting that &c.--warning pathetic. Good-bye. It was so pleasant that morning to think that people liked me. The center of dreaming had not a word or look, however. That dream is crushed then. That center is not at Westfield. Going home, Mr. A & I very simply discovered our want of affinity, and our paths parted.

July. 2[9]. Saturday night! Pleasant memories have been floating over me of the Methodist classroom. I wish it were an institution of the Congregational church, for it gives me strength. May God help me tomorrow. Sunday with Josie & uncle Joe to entertain.

Aug.5. I gaze at the stars and they inspire me. I read Les Miserables and it inspires me. I dream. I wake to life and I am spiritless, insipid, weak. I am stagnating here. It shall not last. Perhaps I am recruiting my forces, but no, I feel that my life is oozing away at every pore. I write here and am fascinated with myself, my ideals, my destiny. I look at Josie and I abhor myself. Yet may not my life be noble? May I not consecrate it to the Lord. Though I inspire, dislike repulsion, is not God merciful?

(181)

Is this utter weakness? God help me. A life of consecration, of devotion. It is beautiful. It is for all.

Before me as I enter upon life are three paths. What destinies hang upon my choice! There is, most glorious, a picture of Vassar. The door-keeper is my Aunt and she is not reliable. Almost enticing is a winter in New York, unendurable but for music, with that a temptation. Most true presents me a teacher.

Aug. 13. Next Wednesday I am to be examined for admission to the church and early in September I make profession of the faith. God grant me strength! Not that I am ashamed to own my precious Savior, not that I hesitate to identify myself with Gods people, but that I sometime

doubt my own heart. Comes the promise "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Shall I not trust my Faith? Blessed words. I thank thee God. My heart is full of peace and joy tonight.

Aug. 19. Tonight they are ... in the fourth parlor. "Brother" Wood is breathing into hearts that may be faint and weary the magnetism of his earnest words & spirit of devotion. My nature is such that I need Christian intercourse and communion; this week has been pleasant because the examination has shed a light over it. It seemed strange, almost formal to have those brothers [is] Christ at such a time call each other Mr. I think at heart I am very much of a Methodist.

(186)

The records of a soul struggling upward! The contest with darkness, the gleams and flashes of light, the heavy settling down that block impenetrable, the crushing ... of being, the torn veil, victory, light. The unutterable, the [infinite].

It is decided that I teach. Vassar & ... stand in the antechamber. I am even pleased. It is a glorious mission to beam light to others.

I am really growing to love my new mother. We are perfectly in accord of late. Love is the everlasting [year] wherein all things [earlier] I have written here that I hated. I hate no longer. The world is beautiful and good, full of love and harmony, [singing] continued [praises] unto God continual songs of [joys mortal].

I am in hopes that when my engagement as teacher is consummated I may have a sufficient motive for exertion. There are so many things I want to do that I succeed in accomplishing nothing. Even my letters remain unanswered.

Sept. 9 I am tired of the things I have written in this book. I wish I might strike some new vein and be original.

I joined the church last Sunday.

Life is such an inexplicable mystery to me. I think I am looking at a picture through bits of colored glass as the children do. The different [media] give appearances that differ essentially and I know not which is the truth. I have this thought that ere many years the glasses will all be broken but the white

(183)

that I cannot distinguish now. Even thin glass with refract the straight rays and the picture is still distorted and dim, but the time will come when we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face.

Oct. 7. There have been certain matrimonial infelicities today resulting in tears and utter silence.

I have found an old volume of the Edinburgh Review for 1837, and it is decidedly interesting. My ... book in course is the Wealth of Nations.

I was in want of [monie] to file my application at the [Graham's] Institute and then plans suggested themselves. Father was coming home from Portsmouth he might bring me a present. I might write for the press, or the German paper or try to obtain

work as a translator. Perhaps I could draw my friends from the bank. So far I failed. I might borrow of Aunty [or make butterflies] or wait until I went to Hartford and there might be some change left from shopping. By this last means I came into possession of two dollars which [some how] already gone its errand. May it prove successful.

Such a charming letter from Eva. She really loves me and once more we are [affianced] lovers. I so long to see her.

I have worked out this fact: that we do learn in a wonderful manner to accommodate ourselves to our circumstances in whatever state we are in therewith to be content.

(184)

Oct 30. I did not expect to be at home so late as this. Certainly it is not very pleasant here. My plans for teaching however have not as yet amounted to anything, though I have expended a small fortune in postage stamps. In imagination I am now living in Indiana teaching German, Latin, & Mathematics.

I am reading an interesting volume of Voltaire's Letters, and for the languages, Cicero.

Nov. 2. O the terror, O the horror, O the exceeding hatefulness of "our paper". Was it herein [approved] that I am an editor? [Our] class have commenced "The Chronicles" and I have to write an article. All day I have been trying to think, but not a single idea will come to me.

Nov. 20. I think it must be pretty well known in this country that I am a woman in search of employment, for my missives have been wandering about in almost every direction. The latest intelligence, up to the moment of going to press, is that I am to be a music teacher at Wilbraham provided there are scholars enough to occupy the time of a ... assistant. Very doubtful that.

--21. My plans are shifting as the wind which today blows cold and relentless. Aunt Riar wants me to go to Cambridgeport with her and spend the winter. Que dit mon pere? Nous verrons

(185)

It would be delightful to have music lessons there--operas, Lectures, &C &c. But it would be more than delightful to converse with Prof. Wood on the subjects in which we are both interested. May God direct me aright. It is my sincere desire to submit my will unto the divine guidance. My grand object is still Vassar, the question is how to dispose of this year of patient waiting. It must in some way be directed into the grand channel, but how best?

-26 Oh, Vassar, land of my longing! When shall I [pace] thy spacious corridors & bury myself in thy ... of forgotten ...?
Echo ... When.

[Dec.1.] Eighteen! Life is not a dream then? It has years and ... number ...?

Dec. 3. Whither, ah! whither! Who am I and what? Why do I live? (Where am I tending? What am I to do?

Let me die the death of the righteous and let my end be like his.

Meanwhile, how I should like to know something of the [centre] of dreaming. A wish may summon me to Wilbraham. I do so long to be doing something that even this prospect rejoices me, and I can even conquer my repugnance to meeting the outskirts. Far from pleasant it is to be sure, but infinitely better than idleness. All my ways are ordered of the Lord. May I ever acknowledge him and may he direct my steps.

A-t-elle de la beaute, ma soeur? Que je l'aime, qu'elle est bonne! Mais oui, et je crois qu'elle m'aime un peu. Certainement, elle me respecte, elle me regarde comme son guide. Nos cousins sont venues et elles sont tres-gauches; mais la gaucherie, ce n'est pas la la [pise] chose du monde. J'ai sommeil, et il n'est pas sept heures. Ai-je tort? Mais que ferai-je? Ou irai-je? Dieu est bon! Ma soeur a la mal du tete.

Mademoisellle [Nandy] enseigne la belle langue a mon ecole. Ah! je ne peut me souvenir des mots de cette ... langue Francaise. Ils m' Si je pouvais voir un peu un Francais ou un Allemand! Ou demeure-t-il en un? Quand verrai je la bel homme?

Dec 19. I shall believe soon that all households are continually at war, if I trust my experience. Aunt [Leucadia] and family, Aunt Riar & family & Mrs. Robinson & ... are at Grandma's, and [Jennie] & I have delightful times there playing charades &c. Then when we come home such sour looks & cross words as we receive! It is really laughable to see how slight a thing calls forth spite and sneers--fraid I'm getting personal--if it were not also pitiable to see how miserable two human beings can be when they try. I sit in the far off spheres and look on, do?

(187)

Oh! but is it wrong for me to weary at this life? So utterly unsatisfactory is it to make beds. So little real enjoyment do I find in mending stockings. I live without one friend. I am-- Ah! it is so wicked for me to complain. What is life but trials? What are we that we should be happy? As ... on the ... years that remain here as elsewhere. I have not the least faith in great actions & noble thoughts. It were impossible to inspire me to look beyond this very narrow boundary-line that is drawn for me.

Let us be patient. Let us not gaze upon the windows of our prison house. Forgotten sky & lake & meadow.

--It is hard to serve two masters. Jennie & I are to be ... for we succeed in making friends of neither. Oh, it is so miserable--I'm tired--I'm crying--I want my mother.

Why do I persist in [kicking]?

Dec. 31. A year ago I watched in the new year on my knees. This evening I have spent in foolish talk at my Grandma's, but joy of joys my father was with me, and tomorrow we take dinner there. Who would have thought that this year was to come in with a peace anthem to our private [hearth] as well as to the altar of the nation. I am so, so glad of this reconciliation after three years of hostility. Got sei Dank.

(188)

And now what of my inner life? Shall I continue in the usual cant or shall I confess that I am dead long since and am only praying to be buried deeper deeper down under the earth, only a little deeper for Christ's sake. Not that there is the least vital warmth remaining, or any danger of a resurrection. Dead, Dead.

So let us continue the story of gradual decay, the gnawing of the worms, the slow putrefaction, the resolving into the primitive essences.

I see the curling smoke of the ears & listen to the far off winter with a dull passionate pain at my heart. Such an intense longing to be somewhere, to do something other than what is before me. Content could not be happiness.

I sit in my bower and wait with mournful patience the arrival of the prince. Was he passed by and was his disguise too perfect? Ah me! to think of the women who have waited in vain. What, oh what is this wonderful commingling of forces? Whither do we [tend] & wherefore are we? Are we not [rather] phantom shadows from the light of the Invisible, or light sparkles floating in the ether of divinity? Wherefore, Wherever, Whereto?

The heavens are immeasurably grander when the moon is bright. The eye is not restricted by the starry orbs but [gazes] into limitless space. O for the time when the attraction of the infinite shall overcome this gross corporeal gravitation toward the earth, and draw us resistless

(189)

into itself.

The interstellar spaces are so much greater when the moon is bright! Is it that as the stars grow smaller the mind insensibly places them at a greater distance?

The moon in mid-heaven--ten thousand stars in the snow--a fleecy line of cloud stretching along the ... resting on the horizon in a narrow point. O my loved [Maienthal] out there sleeping at the foot of yonder mountain ... of you? and thou, Emanuel [dost thou] gaze tonight upon this glorious scene! does thy soul expand beneath thy great teacher and art thou longing to be hence! O thou pure soul thou great! thou inexhaustible! Is there no subtle chain of flowers between us and does not thy heart take cognizance of [science]?

Feb. 17. There have been some faint efforts at resuscitation in our charnel. house, but they are nothing worth.

I am the heroine of an exhibition that we shall have, but [Willikins] is not the hero so I am not particularly interested.

Collected the past fortnight twenty three dollars for Sunday school Library.

Attend sing schools occasionally for the purpose of weakening the force of magnetic attraction by proximity without contact. A painful but highly gratifying process. The only difficulty is that the victories are not permanent.

I live without a friend, and even my correspondents desert me. Continue to answer advertisements, and to apply through the Teachers' Institute, but as usual without success.

Hostilities are renewed on the aris et focus.

Am reading Richard III. Admire his character & find striking resemblances between it & my own.

(190) F

18. Willikins has invited me to a party at Ellen Marshall's or Lamphere's rather.

"The Cronicle" came tonight after a long delay. [Moriss] ... pronounced it "very good-- my peice[sic] I mean to say.

26. Delightful party at Ellen's. Willikins au fait in everything, et le gentilhomme always.

March 14. The grand exhibition came off last evening. We played the "Skeleton Witness" for tragedy and for comedy the Vermont Wool-Grower. Gorton's hall was nearly filled between four & five hundred being present. I think we were successful but I am not sure. Willikins took me out to supper. He leaves us for Chicago in May. Mr. miserable! I am in love with Mr. [Loper].

Glad he's married so I can't suffer from disappointment.

I continually rebel but in silence and without effect. I am [haste]-with-gusto now. I am a wretch, a hypocrite, a villain, and anything else you can think of. Ah! that I might be in the world and of the world! I am stifled in this close atmosphere. Am I ambitious? Yes, and am eager for praise no matter from whom. Is there anything that men long for more than this--that they might sleep in their cool graves? These [words are swimming]in my mind continually. "Oh [wretched], hungry, starving, poor!"--that is my [lamotype]. I am darkness only. Willikins likes Greek, I have

(191)

discovered a [latent] passion for that language.

March 23. I am so wicked sometimes as to paraphrase the sermon, and by this means I make it very interesting. Mr. Peabody is not a particularly fine preacher. Tant mieux. No danger of the miracle of resurrection.

Apr. Finished my book year with the full complement of fifty-two volumes. My aim for the next year is to show a better class of books.

Commenced giving Music lessons the 28th of March.

It is very strange that our pulses thrill / at the sight of a voiceless thing. / And our breasts yearn so with tenderness / In the beautiful time of Spring.

I have opened my Botany. The pages are filled with faint odors of by-your-summons. Here and there a leaf or a faded

and broken flower looks out at me as a symbol of the hopes that like broken and withered.

Apr 15. I think it is not advisable to keep a journal--it leads one to think so much of self. I am utterly selfish. I think of nothing, care for nothing but my own advantage.

May 8. I have seen two women who preserve religiously the eternal silences of the soul. Never a word escapes their lips beyond the bare necessities of daily domestic life. Are they continually full of sweet contemplations? Are the inward cadences of their lives attuned to the soft and beautiful sounds of nature? They have a musical instrument. Does it serve them instead of vulgar speech? At their door are two doves whose cry is most sad, yet tuneful. Is it not a very

(191a)

echo of their lives? The face of the younger sister has that expression of speechless, [brute]-like woe that we sometimes see. Their eyes are the eyes of oxen, sad, waiting eyes, eyes that see not in the world even the dim foreshadowing of that inner divine light, yet still seek it, without hope, without despair, only with a restless, every present sense of incompleteness and of longing. The other is gifted by nature with a stronger faith, ... more [dauntless] courage, and clings relentlessly to the few great truths of nature.

May 11. When the city of Donay was besieged, the inhabitants had been celebrating a festival and were all deep in their drunken slumbers with the single exception of an old woman who ran screaming through the streets, around the people and thus averted the danger.

For eighteen hundred years we have had no word from God. How do we know that he is still alive? By the testimony of Christians.

A crazy astronomer wished to build an immense triangle, large enough to be discerned at the distance of the spheres, that other worlds might know this globe was inhabited by intelligent beings, since the triangle is a figure that is not found in nature.

Does ... require a continued exertion of power, or when once the fiat goes forth is it sufficient to endure throughout the ages?

Commenced taking music lesson of Babcock May 24th ... 28th.

June 8. Josie is coming & to stay all summer it would appear. Strange to relate I am really glad. It is a fact that I am getting tired of the taciturn existence.

(192)

that I lead and I shall enjoy having some one to talk with. My little plans for the summer are quite pleasant if they are only destined to be carried out. [First] we are going on a little excursion up to Thompsonville. That is for tomorrow. The last of the month I expect to go to my beloved Marienthal. Ah! Emanuel! art thou still brave & true & joyous! dost thou live in the midst of heroic thoughts & art thy days a continual inspiration! Mr. [Shum] has the Philosophical Essay, a well-deserved honor. After Marienthal, I am going to Portsmouth where Josie & I are to have a magnificent party given in our honor, then perhaps to Aunt Riar's, & then joy of joys, the White Mountains are to crown my happiness. [Sarah Tupper] too I expect during the

summer & perhaps some of the other girls, and for the climax I think I think I will put down for September Vassar College or it may be Oberlin. Could anything be pleasanter? I confess though that all the rest would willingly be sacrificed to secure the realization of my long cherished college scheme. I have dwelt upon this so long that I have become quite morbid on the subject, & life presents a perfect blank without it.

It is rumored that ... is soon to boast a ... room. Tis most wonderful but it may be true.

...9. The temper of the lovely woman or the "lovely [woe]" as we abbreviate her name ... not exactly perfect. Now that she has a child of her own to absorb her thoughts I suppose it is not to be expected that she should be other

(193)

than jealous of the rest of us. Certainly she does not waste much affection or kindness upon any of us, and I am afraid our feelings are not of the pleasantest towards her. I have at length conquered my aunt I suppose it was natural that being so much with me she should at length come to depend upon me & to ... my character for [sanctity] & wisdom. Aunt [Frank] & aunt Carolina are coming soon.

[17.] I am writing now to kill time waiting for Josie to go to sleep so I can write some letters. Goodnight she has just said and turned over so I will just bid adieu to this old journal of mine.

Sarah Tupper is coming the last of the month. I am so glad, only I wish I had a dear good mother to receive her. Tis so unpleasant for me to receive company in the present condition of the family politics.

Studies of Character.

F.R.L. A working Christian I suppose, but rather of the class disagreeable. Think herself and every thing she does entirely perfect which is not a pleasing characteristic. Always driving and never stopping a moment to rest. Does what she considers her duty unswervingly, unflinchingly, but is without natural affections. Never has the least sympathy with others but is always unmoved, expressionless. Not at all literary but thinks herself so, hardly ever reads and never with a seeming relish, but is very sensitive on that point. Does a great deal of active good to the world, gives freely to the poor, both time and money. Without her, the family would have gone to rack and ruin long ago. Is very devotional on Sundays, fastdays and Thanksgiving and also at morning and night, but seems to forget it all at other times. Considers herself an exemplary Christian.

What bombast I have written! One would think I was altogether a superior person, being much above her. I have shown the ... [very] clearly. I have studied her more lately and I think I may have written too severely. She is very good and kind, very self-sacrificing, does all in her power to render others happy sometimes, but she is very [methodical], I know not how to express her sense of superiority over all others and of perfectness. I have sometimes thought she [held still consideration] ... in her constitution. She often seems quite [verdant]. I cannot think her just while she so lightly accuses others of dishonesty.

July 4, 1866. I write tonight in this book for the last time, and I cannot close more appropriately than by giving a resume of what I saw & heard at Wilbraham, for it is the last scene of interest in my life provided Vassar continues a myth. I reached there Tuesday evening. Mary ... was glad to see me and took me right to her room. Strawberries and Grout for

tea and after tea a lecture by Mr. Newhall, Professor of English Literature at Middletown, subject Shakespeare, well written & exceedingly interesting. Slept in Prof. Chester's old room. Next day was the exhibition, did not get there ... the hall was crowded & so heard more of the exercises. Met Mr. W.I. Wood & Mr. Cowell in Athena Hall & chatted very pleasantly for an hour or so, called on Mrs. Hempstead, & walked & talked with Abbie Spear. In the evening there was the Interview of ancient memory. Walked every time & had three or four engagements at twelve o'clock when the affair broke up. Promised to correspond with Mr. Ellis & refused W.I. Ever so many old students were there & it was really very pleasant to see them again. Only Mr. Sherman was very sick & had been obliged to go home. They say he does not expect to live / is very sad. I am so sorry for him, even a little conscience-stricken? Saw his sister and was quite charmed with her. Now

(195)

I believe I have cleared away the rubbish of minor affairs and am ready for the Professor. Met him in the hall first where he talked a while very pleasantly, then after tea Mary Nell & I went to his room to give him some flowers. His father & mother were there, having come from Indiana to see their children graduate. Had a most agreeable call & the Professor promised to give me his Photograph, as it was dark then he would bring it to me during the evening. At least he came & took me to walk. We talked about Astronomy & the kindred sciences. Sirius is the beautiful star of my Emanuel. Talked about the Netherlands whence his family came. Talked about his studies--everything he liked when he was successful in it, but Physics was ever that to which he returned continually and irresistibly. Talked about his teaching--he tried to give some foolish reason why his classes were so apt to become discouraged, while I was too stupid to think of the true reason which is that he knows so infinitely much more than any of his scholars can ever hope to know that it ought to make them despair. Talked upon literary [society]--the terrible [desolation] of being entirely without it.

[columns of names]

Smith / Cowel / Ayres / Allen / Cook / Bryant / [Voon] / Dusenb...

Smith / Ayres / Allen / ... / Ellis / Welch / [Frank]

Ingham / [Voon] / Moses / Moses / Ellis / Cook / [Dusenb... / Ayres

Russell / Booth / Cook / Hall / Ingols / Ingols / Ellis / Baker / Lincoln / Davis/ Barnes / [Peck]

Ayres / Sherman / [Dunn]

Cowell / Booth / Grant / Wood / Ellis / Allen / Leland / Cooke / Russell / Russell / Grant / [Holway] / Welsh / Davis / Professor.

[11-75]

And most of all we talked thus: May I ask you one thing, Mr. Wood? You said once in one of your political speeches something about women's voting. What do you think about it? You may ask me and I will tell you. Do you remember exactly what I said? Yes, you had proved that there should be no distinction of color & then you said you did not see why there should distinction of sex. I saw no ground for that distinction then and I see none now. From my reading of history I consider it arbitrary and I think that in time it will pass away. I would not urge women to vote only let them have liberty to vote. Still let them not ask but let it be given them

from the justice of man. Tis very bad logic to say that because they vote they must go to war, we must exempt ministers, officials, why not another class? Do you think you & I will live to see a lady of color in the President's chair? At his he laughed, had not considered it in that light before, yet the philosopher if once convinced of his premises must not shrink from carrying them out to their legitimate result. Yes, if a colored woman was the fittest person in the country to be President, let her be president. Women, he continued, are not gregarious. Alone they would never govern the world successfully, but associate them with men and you infuse a new vigor into political life. Why should the world be deprived of all the power & talent, the high thought and noble purpose of half the human race. Then with exceeding boldness, I spoke thus: Men care for women only as playthings. You philosophers when you are wearied with your deep research & long hours of study, like the children, need a pretty toy, an expensive toy in these days, to amuse you. He winced. Did he think me rude? Certainly this [sow] is the most insignificant creature of my acquaintance. Then he gave me his picture & we parted forever. Is it not a long time? I did not see him in the morning & thus I came away from my Alma Mater. Sarah Tupper came home with me & made a very pleasant visit.