

At "Hono". 9 o'clock P. M.

When the sun went down in the west, behind the high hills which surround this quiet village, I could not resist the temptation of going to walk. Nature seemed to have clothed herself in so beautiful a garment, that even my un-poetical eye could not help being arrested; that even my hardened heart must feel a sensation of delight, of rapture, while gazing upon her, revealing such varied, voluptuous charm. The very air seemed to be tinged with happiness; repressing every sigh, refreshing every nerve. And the little sparrow twittering forth his evening lay, drove all gloomy thoughts far, far away. The shrill notes of the night hawk sailing round & round in the sky yet colored with a golden hue, seemed but a higher part played on angels harps: and the deep, herald voices of the distant frogs, but deep bass put in to make a perfect chord. However great might be the discord, my happy soul blended all together in sweetest harmony. - The thick clouds in the west, with tops of black & bottoms reflecting all the colors of the rainbow, but too plainly established in my heart the superiority of the beauties of nature over those of art.

With my hands behind my back I went to walk, - could I help being reminded of my ~~very~~ many



pleasant walks than in Brunswick, of my dream
& thence of my promise to write.

Lawrence.

I have no doubt but that if you expected a letter from me, you thought to see it sooner than now. However, try and comfort yourself with the old adage which my correspondents so often write to me, viz "Better late than never."

So far my vacation has been a very pleasant one. To be sure it has been rather cold, but to one who has stayed at home in the house, not hardly disagreeable. I have read my French books & am in a fair way to accomplish all that I undertook.

How do you prosper? I had a great time coming home the next day. I arrived at Salmon Falls at 9, & stayed there looking at the mills (& girls) until 5 P.M. and found myself at home in time for supper.

Lawrence

I was going to write you a long essay on the good which woman exercises in the world, & how I liked them, & that I hardly could live "unless I have the young and beautiful bound up like pictures in my book of life": but as I think to speak, the verse which I used to read once to a good old "school-marm" commencing, "And has my darling told a lie", comes so vividly across my mind, that my hand is numb - I must refrain.

When shall you go back to B -



I think I shall go on Monday.

You must excuse me for writing so short
a letter. Give my kind regards to all your friends
whom you may chance to see and remember me
as your true friend and
12. T. No.

March 29th 1849



to but that
thought to
try and comfort
spondents so
never.

J. Lawrence Chamberlain
Brewer
Maine

paid



Dr. A. Hays
Jan 15 1849

