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R. B. Howard.

Edwin Thamon Smith  
from Father, November, 1754.

**INDEX RERUM:**

OR

INDEX OF SUBJECTS;

INTENDED AS A MANUAL,

TO AID THE

STUDENT AND THE PROFESSIONAL MAN,

IN PREPARING HIMSELF FOR USEFULNESS.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION,

ILLUSTRATING ITS UTILITY AND METHOD OF USE.

BY JOHN TODD, D. D.

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.—Hor.

Fifteenth Edition.

Northampton, Mass.

HOPKINS, BRIDGMAN AND CO.

1851.

## INTRODUCTION.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by J. H. BUTLER,  
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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### NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

This work has now been before the public a single year, and though no effort has been made to draw notice towards it, yet the sale of one large edition, the unsolicited testimony of many gentlemen who have spoken of it in terms sufficiently flattering, together with the fact, that more than one imitation has followed in its track, give the Author the pleasure of believing that he did not mistake the evidence that such a work was needed, and would be useful.

If it will not be thought out of place, he would respectfully refer those who use this book, to the chapters on "*Study*," "*Habits*," and "*Reading*," in his "*STUDENT'S MANUAL*," for more full directions, and he would ardently hope, for inducements to make the most of their opportunities.

Northampton, Jan. 1, 1835.

THE plan of the following sheets grew out of the author's own wants, and his repeated attempts to supply these wants. Its utility has been tested by his own experience. In conversation with gentlemen of different professions, to whom he has shewn his own Index, there has been but one opinion expressed, a strong approbation of the plan, and an earnest wish that it may become the property of every student. Its only claim is, that it will aid the diligent student, and if perseveringly followed, it will at the end of a very few years, place a fund of knowledge at his ready command, which no money can purchase.

Should any one procure this book with the expectation that it will supersede labor and study, he will be deservedly disappointed. No plans or inventions can ever do that. But if he hopes it will, with a very moderate share of time and labor spent upon it, yield him a great reward, I think I may venture to promise that he will not be disappointed.

The Common-place Book of Locke is the only one that has come into much notice; and if that has, it is not owing to any intrinsic merit which it possesses, but to its bearing his own great name, and professing to be the result of his experience. But neither that nor any other Common-place Book which I have ever seen, will either come into any thing like extensive use, or be of any essential advantage to the student, and the man of literary habits. The reason is perfectly obvious to any one who has tried to use them for any length of time. They require too much time, and too much labor. Every thing that is saved must be copied out in full, and then noted also in the Index. Few have the time, and fewer still the patience to do this. Books are so common, and so constantly multiplying, that few have the courage to undertake to make extracts, and to copy what is really valuable. I have seen multitudes of such books commenced, but have seen but very few which were not abandoned at an early hour.

Every one is aware that we frequently want the thoughts, or the materials of thought with which we have met in books which we have read, but which, though now sought after in every corner of the memory, are not to be found. Their faint impressions are seen, dim, like the ghosts of Ossian, but too distant and too undefined, to be of any use. Nor can we recollect the books in which we met them. We frequently too, wish to recall a fact, or a striking passage, or a valuable discussion, but the memory is tasked in vain. Few are aware, unless they have bestowed particular thought on the subject, how much of all our valuable reading is lost, because we retain only faint impressions of it, and have no method of recalling it.

Let a young man when he begins life, be in the habit of making an Index to all that he reads which is truly valuable, (and he ought to read nothing else,) and at the age of thirty-five or forty, he has something of his own, and which no price could purchase. Many would think hundreds of dollars well spent, could they purchase what they have thrown away; and what each one might most easily save for himself; and to aid in saving which, this Book is prepared.

One of the most distinguished and accomplished scholars of whom this or any other country can boast,\* makes the following remarks: "Old-fashioned economists will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horse-shoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it sometime or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you, at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach. For there is not a fact, within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper, or hear in conversation, that will not come in play, some time or other: and occasions will arise when they will, involuntarily, present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly."

\* WILLIAM WIRT.

This is certainly a valuable thought, and a valuable opinion of a great man. It is appropriate to my subject and design. I read it some two or three years since. And now, how am I to recall it when needed? I cannot copy out all such valuable thoughts with which I meet; and it is in vain to command the memory to retain them. Making extracts with the pen is so tedious, that the very name of a Common-place Book is associated with drudgery, and weariness. But by the Index which I make out, I can preserve this, or any other extract which I wish, and that readily.

Some may think I have done little to aid them, by laying out the work of years. I might indeed, have published my own Index Rerum, and it would probably have been acceptable to some in my own profession. But it would be of but little value to any one of another profession. Every man ought to make out his own Index, according to his profession, employments, habits of reading and thinking. An Index filled out, if confined to one profession, or one kind of reading, would be too contracted for general use; and if it embraced the whole circle of reading, it would be too voluminous.

Some may hesitate about commencing such a book, since their youth is past, and the day in which to lay up knowledge seems also to be past. Such, however, have special need of the aid here offered, and will receive special benefit from it, because it is never too late to read to advantage, and because knowledge, like the seed of the fruit-tree which you put into the ground to-day, will yield its fruits soon; and because also, memory, as life advances, becomes more treacherous, and needs something to assist it. I feel confident that the plan is as well adapted to those who have lived past their youth, as to any other class.

The idea of publishing blank sheets is not very cheering to the fame of authorship; but mortified pride may have this consoling reflection, that many who fill out their sheets, had better have left them blank; and that each one can fill out this book more to his own satisfaction and benefit, than the most gifted mind could do for him.

## DIRECTIONS FOR USING THIS INDEX.

1. Read nothing which is not worth remembering, and which you may not wish hereafter to review. Have your Index at hand, and when you meet with any thing of interest, just note it down, the subject, the Book, and the page, and any word designating its qualities, which you may please, according to the method hereafter described. The Index should be your constant companion when you read.

2. Make your Index according to subjects as much as possible, selecting that word which conveys the best idea of the subject.

3. You will find the Index ruled with blue ink, with a wide margin on the left hand of each page. The margin is to contain the word selected as a guide to the subject noted down. On the corners of the page, you will find the letters of the alphabet (capitals) and in the center the first five vowels, a. e. i. o. u. Each letter of the alphabet has two pages to each of the vowels, and of course, each letter has ten pages.

4. When you read any thing which you may hereafter need, place the principal word in the margin, under the first letter in that word, and the first vowel in it. I will here give some examples as they stand in my own Index. Suppose I wish to note something relating to America. I turn to A. and the vowel e. because A. is the first letter and e. is the first vowel—thus :

AMERICA,	supposed to be known in the time of Homer: Thomas' Hist. Print. vol. 1. p. 20.
ATHEISM,	of France, picture of: Schlegel's Lect. v. 2. p. 199.
BRADFORD,	Governor, notice of : Am. Quart. Rev. v. 2. p. 497. this under B. a.
BROUGHAM,	graphic and powerful description of: Port. Rhet. Reader, p. 248.
CLINTON,	De Witt, Memoir of, &c. (good) Am. Quart. Rev. v. 5. p. 475. this under C. i.
CHRISTIAN,	religion, services rendered to mankind : Chateaub. Beaut. Christianity, p. 453.
DANIEL,	analysis of the book of : Con. Ev. Mag. v. 4. p. 41. this under D. a.
DIFFICULTIES,	of our probation considered : Butler's Anal. part 1. ch. 4.
DESTRUCTION,	of Jerusalem, accurately described : Smith's view of the Hebs. chap. I.
ELOQUENCE,	remarks upon, (good) Goldsmith's Bee, p. 173. this under E. o.

ENGLISH,	composition, examples of its steady improvement : Irv. Elem. Comp. p. 206.
ELOQUENT,	remarks on slavery : Cunningham's World without Souls, p. 87.
FACULTIES,	of man, distinguished from those of the brute : Coleridge's Friend, p. 130.
FREDERIC,	this under F. a.
GRIESBACH'S	the great—instances of severity and ingratitude : Buck's Works, v. 4. p. 225.
GENTLENESS,	New Test. remarks on : Ch. Spec. v. 5. p. 187.
HORRORS,	under G. i.
HIERO,	beautiful example of its power : Mem. of Martyn, part 2. Oct. 20. p. 197.
HUME & FINLEY,	of conscience, a powerful conception of : Shak. Rich. III. Clarence's Dream.
INDIANS,	under H. o.
IMPORTANCE,	of Syracuse, remarkable answer to, concerning the nature of God : Cicero de [nat. Deor. L. 1.
JEWS,	their death compared, (powerful and beautiful, by Dr. Mason.) Panoplist, v. 4. [p. 241, & Ch. Magazine.
JESUIT,	Pequot, beautiful description of the war with : Trumb. Hist. Con. vol. 1. ch. 5.
JOB,	under I. i.
KNOWLEDGE,	of Christianity to the World : Butler's Anal. p. 155.
LEDYARD,	some black found in India : Buchanan's Res. p. 255.
LANGUAGES,	J. e.
MEMORY,	missions, glowing and partial description of: Chateaub. Beaut. Chris. bk. 4. p. 413.
MORALITY,	the Book of, investigated : Lowth's Heb. Poet. Lect. 33 & 34.
NIAGARA,	no power to sanctify the heart, (good) Bp. Atterbury's Ser. v. 2. ser. 2.
NOVELS,	his beautiful eulogy on women : Am. Quart. Rev. v. 3. p. 103.
ORIGINAL,	origin of, mod. European : Schlegel's Lect. v. 1. p. 273.
ODE,	remarkable example of in a painter : Abercrombie's Intel. Pow. p. 112.
PRESS,	of deism, fair specimen of : Buck's Works, v. 5. p. 256.
PARABLE,	falls, short and good description of, by Beecher : Ch. Spec. v. 3. p. 463.
PRINCESS,	proof of degeneracy in religion : Wilberforce's View, p. 230.
QUESTIONS,	languages, use, and best mode of studying : Dis. Trans. by Stuart, & notes, (good.)
	the Hebrew, great beauty of : Lowth's Heb. Poet. Lect. 25.
	method of correcting the proofs of : Bigelow's Tech. p. 64.
	of Jotham, Judg. 9. 15. delightful exposition of : Stuart's Heb. Chrestom. p. 234.
	Charlotte, sermon on her death, (sublime & eloquent) Hall's Works, v. 1. p. 179.
	for thought and study : Appendix to this Book, p. 25.

REFLECTIONS,	on the results of the infidelity of France : Dick on Imp. Soc. p. 439.
ROUSSEAU,	morbid imagination of : Stewart on the Mind, v. 1. p. 277.
RELIGION,	christian, short and unanswerable arguments for : Leslie's Deism, <i>passim</i> .
SIEGE,	
SABBATH,	of Jerusalem by the crusaders, awfully cruel and bloody : James' His. Crus. p. 170.
"	common modes of unhallowing : Wilberforce's View, p. 123.
SOCRATES' &	probably lost during the bondage of Egypt : Wilson on Sab. p. 116.
TOOKE,	Christ's doctrines compared, (weak and puerile) Jeff. Writ. v. 3. p. 507.
TRIFLING,	
UNITY,	John—frugality while a student : Am. Quart. Rev. v. 5. p. 391.
UNIVERSAL,	a most beautiful specimen of : Cowp. Corres. p. 171. dat. Nov. 30, 1783.
VARRO,	
VOLUPTATE,	of the Godhead, fine argument for : Yates' Vindication, p. 58.
WORLD,	salvation, lectures, condensed and good : Appleton's Lects. Lect. 21, 22, 23.
WILBERFORCE,	[Edwards against Chauncey, <i>passim</i> ; (unanswerable.)]
XYLOCHARTION,	beautiful letter to, from Cicero : Cic. Epist. Lib. 6. Ep. 2.
YOUNG,	et temperantia de, Socratis disputatio : Xen. Memorab. Lib. 3. cap. 1.
ZALEUCUS,	to be renewed and its material parts to be immortal : Chalmer's Sermons, ser. 7.
	character as a speaker : Port. Rhet. Reader, p. 250.
	or bark-paper, description of : Am. Quart. Rev. vol. 2.
	men, importance of : Hawes' Lect. Lect. 1.
	his propitiation for the adultery of his son : Fuller's Works, v. 2. p. 808.

I have here copied at random one or more specimens under each letter. The selection might, of course, be carried to a much greater extent, but these examples are sufficient to shew the design and method of using this Index. No language can describe the value of such an Index, after it has been growing under the hand of a diligent student for some years. To such I now commend it, hoping and believing that they will find it answering its sole design, which is, to aid them in preparing for usefulness. At the close of the Index is an Appendix which can be used as each one pleases; perhaps for the purpose of recording such facts as are not likely to be met with again.

Northampton, Dec. 1, 1833.

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A

A

Given a signed waiver of liability in absentia  
and was injured getting to & from his  
bedroom at about 10:30 PM  
He had no apparent injuries

A

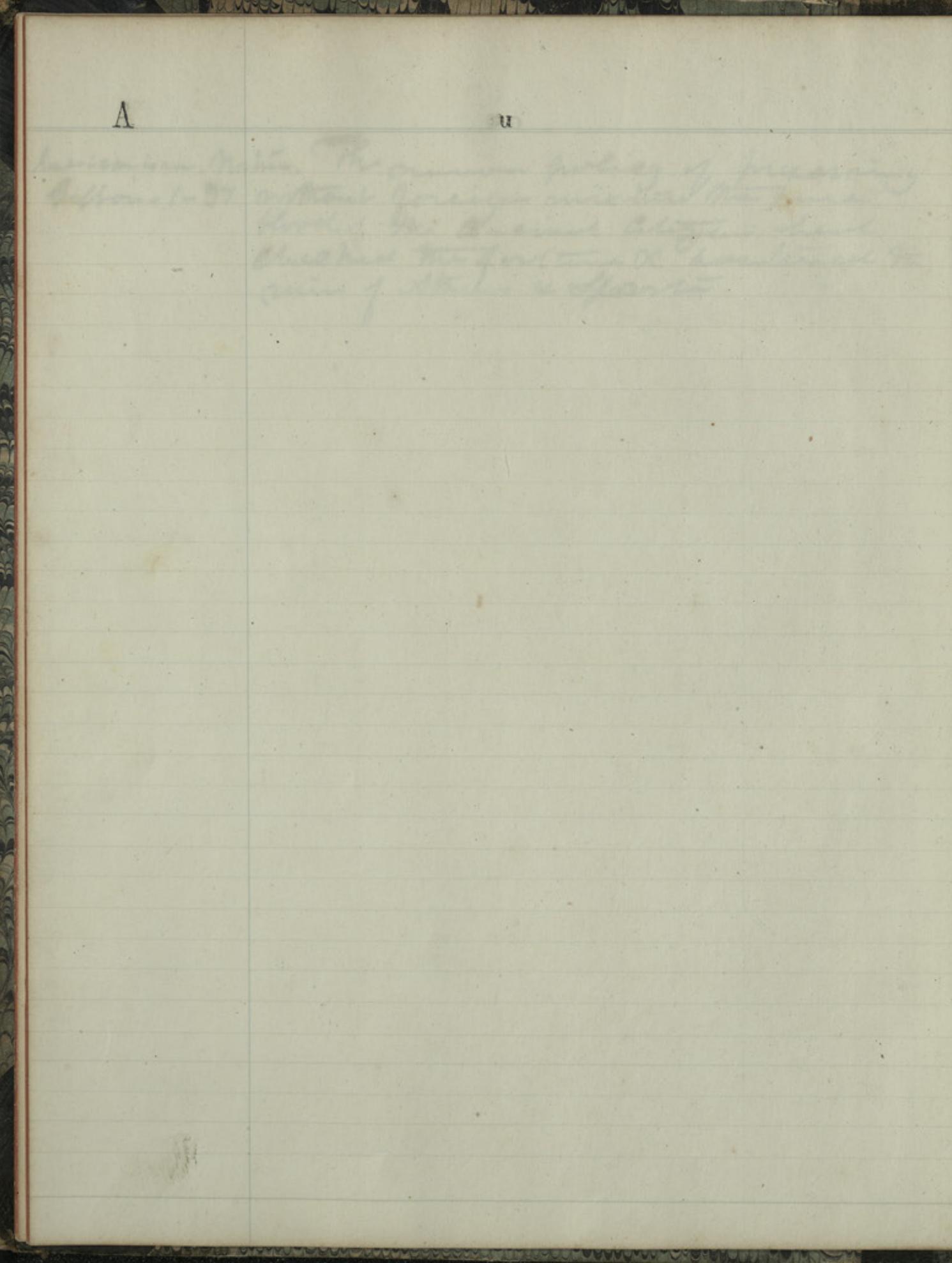
A

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American Native. The narrow policy of preserving  
Gibbon - 1 - 97 without foreign mixture the pure  
blood of the ancient Citizens had  
checked the fortune & hastened the  
ruin of Athens & Sparta

A

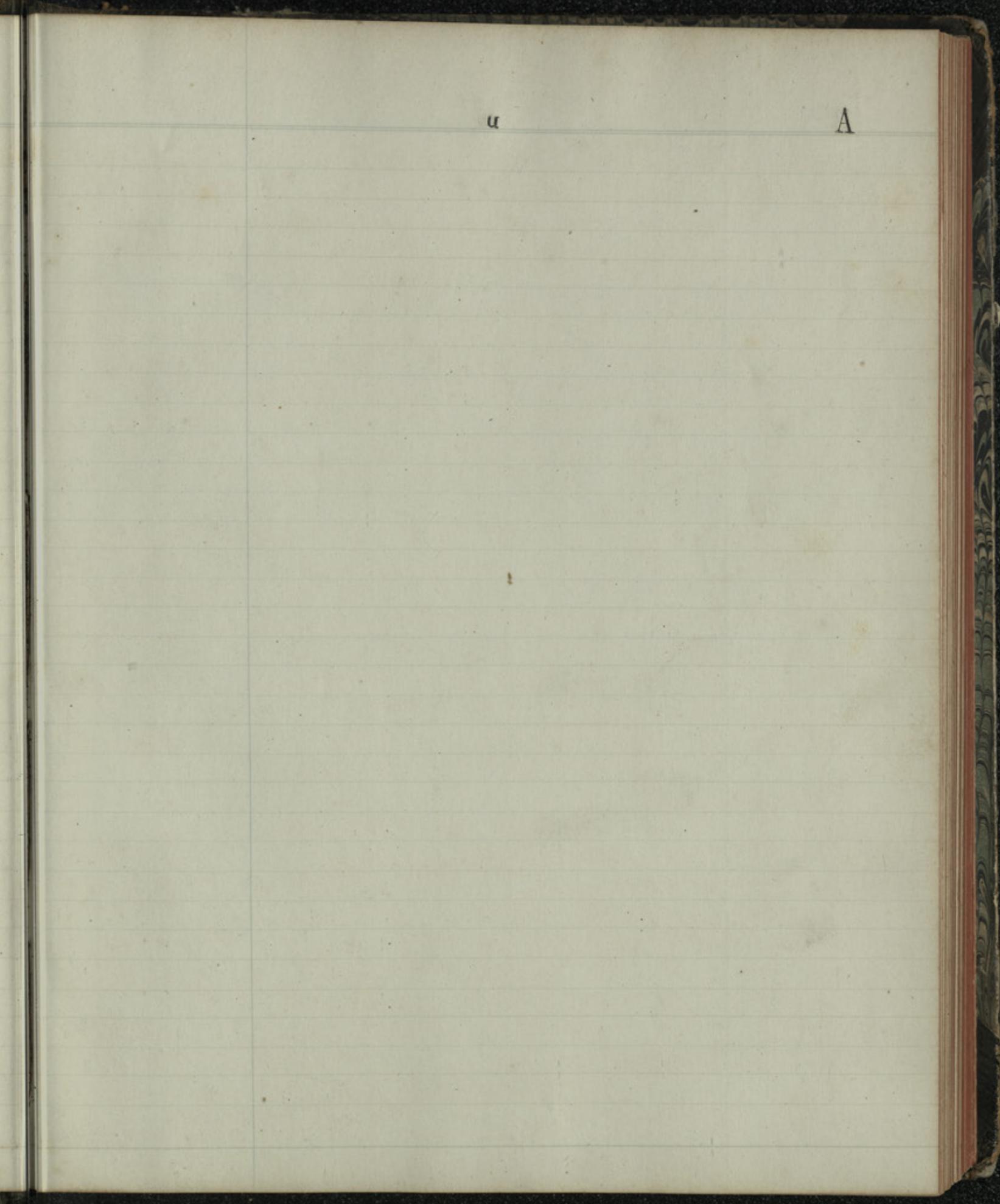
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Bickenteth  
Ms. 179

"On Prayer" - There is a true devotional feeling peculiar to our well being and happiness, of the greater value & importance, and producing the most blessed effects, a devotion which humbles yet exalts, which softens asperities of temper, & makes the self-indulgent self-deceiv'd, and firm; which changes the world with the heavenly mind; which heightens every enjoyment, mitigates every trial and suffering, gives peace with or a cheerful hope & happiness without.

B

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longer of time for the use being  
a great part of the period when I am  
at home in the country. I have  
had little opportunity to go  
to the hills and the country  
is very limited. I have had  
the pleasure of making a long  
journey into the high  
mountains and villages. These  
are so far from the sea that no  
specie of fish can be found.

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B

B  
Burns

Carlisle - These Poems are but little rhymed fragments scattered here & there in the grand unrhymed Romance of his earthly existence - And this too, alas, is but a fragment. The plan of a mighty Edifice had been sketched - some columns, porticoses, fine mosaics of building stand completed; The rest more a lip clearly indicated. The work is broken off in the middle; almost in the beginning; and rises among us, beautiful and tall at once unfinished and a Ruin.

" Burns was nothing wholly & no man constituted like him could be anything by halves.

" Scott. If from reverent awe to the memories of Skiffs & Grey deer, we tolerate the grossness of one & the indecency of the other, the respect due to that of Burns may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humor -

" While swimming, struggling and finally yielding to the current, he never lost sight of the beacon which ought to have guided him to land -

B

Burke - "Nov. 22. 1855. Thoughts, extracts &c while reading Prior's life - He caught the language, style, eloquence, train of thought power to enter into conceptions, in short the subtle mind of Bolingbroke". Surely he was reciting in low footsteps - R.B. 38. - 40 years later. Burke's noble strength was required to pack down his own Shaddams -

C  
Classics

a

It is one evidence of the interest  
which authors of repose generally  
take in the Classics, that they introduce  
some learned Pick or Schoolmaster  
regaling us with frequent Classical  
quotations. Then the author may display  
his erudition by the aptness of his  
quotations - just as in the mouth of his  
favorite character -

Ned - Hunt of Mid-Lotian - Character  
of

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C

C  
leicesterfield

e

members of page - 231

Friendship & esteem are the blunted  
arrows of love, that pierce with care but  
when torn out, leave the wound greater-

In my debates with the fair sex I  
have been more surprised at the copi-  
ousness of their Rhetoric than at the  
conclusions of their logic -

Common sense is to the mind what  
conscience is to the heart -

e

C

C  
Crime

i

Memoirs of Keanue Pages 98 & 88

In 1775. The City of Amsterdam containing 250,000 inhabitants, had in its prisons but 18 delinquents and the whole city contained but 18 debtors.

In one hundred years preceding there were but one hundred executions. In London in 22 years of the same time, there were 678.

In A. one a year. In S. nearly 90.

In Hamburg, there were but 3. Drs.

i

C

C  
Coincidence

Lorelace & Byron. former. Charn. Encycl. page 144.  
latter. Bride of Abydos. page 148. line 12.  
"The music of her face"

Coleridge

Walesstein. Part I. Act II. Sc. 4  
The intelligible forms of Ancient Poets  
The fair humanities of Old Religion  
the power, the beauty, and the majesty  
that had their haunts in dale or pine mountain  
(or Creatures and Waters, cliffs; all these have vanished;  
they live no longer in the firth of reader

C

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the coast of the Bay of Bengal  
islets, now known by  
various forms of local title  
as the islands of the Bay of  
Bengal, or the Malabar  
coast. These islands are  
now under British protection  
and are being developed.

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Death

Startling description of its woes. Shakespeare.  
Measure for Measure. Page 84.

Democracy

Its evils. Alison. Modern British  
Ecclesiastical Review of Balinus' "Others" &  
an article entitled "The future"  
Talfourd. Chas. Lamb. Let. Sketches & Letters.  
Page 295. It is this intense feeling  
of the nice regards of flesh and blood;  
this dwelling in petty felicities which  
makes us, apart from religions fears  
afraid to die. Small associations make  
death terrible; whereas great thoughts  
make death less fearful because we feel  
that they will be our companions in  
all worlds & link our future to our  
present being in all ages

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progress. Many of the  
trees have been cut down  
and the land is being cleared  
for agriculture. The  
water supply is good, though  
there will be some flooding.  
The Moncloa Park will be a  
beautiful place to live.

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Faith

Alshaeus III. 529. a longing - 535-  
only an abstract conception of a desire -

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French & English

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Wilson. Noctes Ambros. Page 109. Vol. 1.

No Natal Nation could overcome a great general  
people

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Genius

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Giles. illustrations of - Art. - Bucos  
page 286-287. Necipit of labor to -  
Homer. Socrates + the Christian apostles. Roger Bacon  
Galileo. Tasso in a mad house. Cervantes - a beggar  
Locke, banished + in a gaunt. Cervantes - in prison

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G  
Gibbon

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Thoughts occurring to me while reading  
A History of the Decline & Fall

Nilton

It is not wonderful that  
God should have reserved it for  
England to produce the greatest  
Christian State! It is seems a special  
honor bestowed by him on the  
Angle Saxon race

Religion

Superstition is better than no  
religion. The morals of the Romans  
were better, and their statesmen more  
prosperous, when when like the men  
of Athens they were less religious. When  
their ancient religion fell in disrepute to the nation becoming  
irreligious, public & private virtue  
was destroyed & moral & social  
ruin was her consequence. Whether, then,  
the religion of a nation is important  
One should cling to it than neglect  
it and find no substitute.

Polytheism is better than atheism.  
Superstition than irreligion -

G

O

but don't let me get you  
out of the house. I have  
been having trouble with  
my chest. I feel like I have  
a slight heart attack. I have  
had asthma and I have had  
pneumonia. I am not able to  
breath well. I have been  
having trouble with my lungs.  
I have been having trouble  
with my heart. I have been  
having trouble with my lungs.  
I have been having trouble  
with my heart. I have been  
having trouble with my lungs.

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I have noticed that those apparently  
most interested in my lectures and  
are insane - Idiotic or otherwise weak  
- minded. A deaf & dumb man once  
awakened my enthusiasm by the  
intensity of his attention - Remarks often  
concerning among weak minded  
persons - because the rashes are more  
easily noticed than the trees

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Insanity

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This is most likely to be the place in that portion of the scene most exercised - Maria will appear on the point most considered & dwelt upon - Thus a fear of poverty is the most common point by which New England people give means & oftenest commit suicide. It is because gain is their greatest object of thought & pursuit -

" Those Pastors & Preachers are most "interesting" & excite most attention who are almost constantly on the verge of insanity, but do not pass the barrier

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Jefferson

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Memoir of Revolts. II. 241 - Mr Jefferson notwithstanding his great services, has done more than any other man to dis settle & injure the political temper of the American People

L.S.P.

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Justice & Generosity - living. We may express decent respect  
for the memory of the just, but we bleed tears,  
only at the graves of the generous.

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Lamb Charles. - Thoughts from his sketches & letters.

P. 19. In this world it's better not to think too much of pleasant possibles. Well - we may not be out of humor with present insipids.

22 Charming, admirable, & exquisite are the words expressive of feelings more than commanding ideas -

P. 104. An intelligent reader finds a sort of insult in being told. I will teach you how to think upon this subject. This fault, if I am right is found in some and many novelists and modern Poets who continually put a sign-post up to show you where to fulfil your promise. Mackintosh might rise with elegance in art & various knowledge; but there the competition between these great talents would end, and the contrast begin: the contrast between facility and inspiration; between the ready access to each ticketed and labelled compartment of history, science, art, criticism and the genius that forced & reverenced all

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Love

Compare Romeo & Henry V. Shakespeare. Pages  
400 & 759

The love that does not come from  
Heaven, that does not look to Heaven  
for its perfection cannot raise, cannot  
purify the heart - it is the restless mind  
that this the troubled soul, & will not  
let it be at peace - it is unquiet &  
ingenuous as self-torture - Charles Dickens

"of low  
company -  
Goldsmith & Burns - Johnson used to  
be here as Goldsmith for mixing in  
these society circles, observing, that having  
been originally poor he had contracted  
a love for low company - living in his style  
of life, explains it by saying. He was guided  
not by a taste for what is low, but his  
taste was coarse & ill-tempered - It  
was the failing of the artist - Ben Jonson  
died the same to die Hazards -

Davy

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Milton

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"It penetrates the finest poem in the  
English language". Edmund Burke  
Life Prior. Page. 68.

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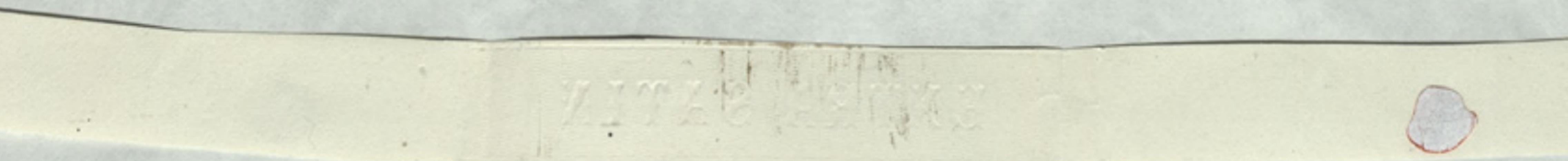
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**EXTRA SATIN**



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(Pathos

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Mackenzie. Man of Feeling. Page 37. E.

Alas! I'm grown naughty of late; I have  
almost forgotten to think of Heaven: Yet I  
pray sometimes; when I can, I pray, and  
sometimes I sing, <sup>when</sup> am saddest. I sing.

Opinions

Faithful representation of malignant ones. Marlow  
Jew of Malta. Chamber's Encycl. Page. 173,

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Political.

The President has no authority  
under which he could have  
granted the Kansas Ballot Act  
against fraud & violence.

Parker J. Vol. II. Page 407 - Union. Oct. 7. 1855

Slavery is sustain by no prestige  
of antiquity. or abstract fondness  
for a patriarchal institution.  
Special zeal for Christian is -  
which the Churches hitherto demand  
it, but solely because the Americans  
have invested over 12,000,000 dollars  
in the bodies & souls of their slaves;  
now & fear they shall lose their  
Capital.

Political

To bully & brow beat the southern  
Representatives - to operate on the timid  
& timorous among the citizens of  
the free states - to alarm the covetous  
of place & purchase the visual by layers  
of office - these are the instruments  
by which southern种植 masters have  
hitherto succeeded in bending the course  
of government in subservancy to their  
interests

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In what estimation are Milton & Shakspeare  
among nations who do not speak their  
language? How do they compare their  
with their own authors & with the ancients?

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Retract to me Goldsmith the life of Ward. His simplicity in  
trusting persons of whom he had no previous  
knowledge, seems to be one of those lights of his  
character which, while they impeach his  
understanding, do honor to his benevolence.

The low & timid are ever suspicious;  
but a heart impregnated with noble & heroic  
sentiments, expects from others sympathy &  
sincerity.

Religion

Persons are educated most on the  
subjects of those sins which they  
are at the greatest pains to avoid.  
Archbishop Usher the most con-  
scientious & conscientious professed  
man died lamenting his sins of  
omission

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R

Ridicule  
Sidney Smith's  
Lectures on  
Wit & Humor  
Page - 196-

'But learn from your earliest days to  
inure your principles against the  
perils of Ridicule. You can no more exercise  
your reason if you live in the constant  
dread of laughter, than you can enjoy life  
in the constant fear of death.'

If you think it right to differ  
from the times, and to make a stand  
for any valuable point of morals, do it,  
however rustic, however antiquated, however  
pedantic, it may appear; - do it, not  
from ~~in~~ <sup>inner</sup> ~~conscience~~, but seriously & gradually  
- as a man who bears ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> soul of his  
own in his bosom. & did not wait till  
it was breathed into him by the breath  
of fashion. - Let men call you mean  
if you know you are just, hypocritical, if  
you are hot-tempered religious, pusillanimous  
if you know you are firm! Resistance soon  
converts unprincipled wit into sincere  
respect and ~~we~~ <sup>as</sup> after him can bear  
more feelings which every man carries  
within him. who has made a noble &  
successful election in a virtuous Cause' -

There a sentiment that does your  
honour, Sidney. Thank you! in the name of every  
young man who has felt the shafts of Ridicule  
directed at some honest undertaking - R.B.H.

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Vimile

Pet. Woods, Eulogy on Webster. Beautiful & appropriate.  
Ex. His literary taste turned closely around his  
intellectual greatness as the vine among  
the boughs of the sturdy oak

Smith Sidney I have, read the first volume of his  
life by Lucy Holland this Lem & was  
rarely so much interested in a memoir.  
Glorious old Sidney - October. 21. 1855.

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S

Grove

Little. No. 523. Pg 993.-

The composition of his last Sounds  
 My sister says for me & my wife  
 knits while I read a chapter -

Whoever is fond from the perusal of  
 the book and recall the scene that  
 was passing in the County parsonage -  
 the Clergeman of the Parish composing

the work - his daughter transcribing  
 his wife hearing and applauding  
 it - will agree that the proceeds

were neither Clerical or a genuine  
 Fletcher - Let me make the song of a  
 people and you shall make its Laws -  
 Carlisle - surely if any Poet might have equalled  
 himself with Legislativeness on this ground, it was  
 Burns - In Nut & Hull as the heart unites itself  
 in the joy or woe of its existence, the name, the  
 voice of that joy or woe, is the name and voice  
 that Burns has given them -

Songs &amp;c. Laws

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Temperance

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Dr Johnson. Lives of the Poets. Page 166. Ex.  
Who that ever asked favors from Bacchus  
was able to prevent himself from being undone  
by his auxilliary.

Do

Charles Lamb Vol Page Ex.

To swallows draughts of life destroying wine  
which are to be distilled into airy health  
to tickle vain auditors; to mortgag[e] miserable  
monos for nights of malediction; to waste whole  
hours of time on those who pay it back in little  
inevitable drops of quenching applause —  
are the ways of buffoonery & debauch.

"

Theodore Parker. Addresses & Sermons. Vol 2. Page —  
Ex. Rum is to the aristocracy of gold what the  
sword once was to the aristocracy of blood.

The cattle of the Baron, and the Ram-shorn  
of the Capitalist are alike adverse to the welfare  
of mankind.

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Wit  
Sidney Smith  
Lectures  
Page 146

i

Genuine & innocent Wit is surely the  
flame of the mind. Man cannot direct  
his ways by plain reason & happen to his  
life by tasteless fovel; but God has given  
us wit & flame & brightness, & taught us  
perfumes to enliven the days of man's  
pilgrimage & to charm his wearied steps  
over the burning marble.

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Gordon College March 17/1854

I commence a journal here tonight because I have been much interested in looking over one that I kept when I was a small boy. I asked myself the question, Will not one that I should keep now be equally interesting at some future time. Hearing answered this question in the affirmative I appropriate the last part of my Uncle Remond to this purpose. I mean to make this the depository of my daily thoughts. Shall I succeed. Will not laziness and procrastination destroy this attempt as they have almost every other which I have made in a proper direction in my short life;

I am not nineteen years of age and of a large size and full habit but of a weak constitution.

My health is more lame and troublesome tonight for no other reason than that I have not my feet for a few days back in getting from my room to College. My object introducing my age and health in to my journal was to ask myself, What have I done towards educating myself and rendering my body and mind fit for contact with the world. Fit to fill some useful and important position in society. What have I done? nothing! There is a sort of floating ill defined idea in my mind of what constitutes a good Education, but the more I understand it, the more I make a personal application of the rule, the more I am led to blame, to despise myself for the course which I have pursued and am pursuing in regard to my Education. I lack basic formation, I can feel about in my own mind like a man measuring the depth of a muddy pond, there is room enough

to plunge the measuring stick but there is no bottom, You cannot bridge a bog pond for there is no foundation for the pillars to rest. So in my mind, When a beautiful idea is floating in the brain and I just begin to grow vain of its conception, I find it has no basis. It is suggested by my good or evil Genius and may be in accordance with common sense or it may not. My vanity prevents an impartial judgement and I have no friend, who does not want always to please me, so I remain ignorant and stupid as ever. I can't write my themes as I have to fear of this but on the other criticism but on these pages I will write as I please, just as nonchalantly, just as often just as frankly, just as I please.

I began my education wrong and I have continued it wrong it is now going on wrong and will in all probability end wrong. I often ask myself the question. Can a man be built out of the material which I find I am composed of? Can I ever become such alone as I hear in the pulpit or see in the daily pursuits of life? I actually cannot find the elements which constitute the manhood, the true greatness of those men in my own character.

When I am thinking, talking, writing the moral and intellectual precepts of others as my own, the inquiry always comes within, Do you practice the principles which you advocate. Men doubt total depravity. Such have never investigated the state of their own morals or else they were naturally infinitely better than I am. If I can possibly shew myself to the more I shall continue these scribblings

night after night and then see if in the end I come to any more rational conclusions as to what I am and what I am intended for. I am reading Channing perhaps I may get some light fed time. In reading over what I have written I am more and more convinced of my infallibility. I cannot patiently investigate any subject I cannot maintain a connected course of reasoning. My mind shrinks instinctively from what it ever demands effort and consequently it performs nothing decently. If there is anything that fully shows what a fool I have made of myself for ten years it is my themes one of which I have just produced. With more reading and actual knowledge of the subject than perhaps any man in my class I have perhaps produced the poorest theme. My foolish vanity would not let me acknowledge it abroad but my own mind tells me that I fall below in those efforts those who do not have half the knowledge of the subject that I do. The reason of all this is very evident to my mind. Whenever I take up the subject and determine to write it in a dormant state, like a snake in winter, it cannot muster up courage to crawl but moves away in lazy inaction constantly revolving in a slow dark circle marked out by other men. It never attempts anything worthy of a man, but instinctively shrinks from labor, and rather prefers to sleep in ignorance inactive unmoved under clothe, to taking any ascent or attempting anything lofted and bold - The least effort requires it, if only to search Cicero for a pertinent quotation.

March 24. 1854

As I was coming over from Recitation today I was forcibly struck with the exceeding beauty of the scene. The ground the houses and trees were covered with a foot depth of snow of a dazzling whiteness and the great snow flakes had now ceased falling but were fluttering noiselessly down. When the sun having made a little opening in the thick clouds poured in a few rays on the church spires, the house tops and fleecy trees, the effect was beautiful. I was standing just without the flood of light and could watch the scene at leisure. The old elms along the street whose branches abounded with white as the pines does with green foliage, glistened in the light, the spires and the churches seemed to cluster together and all presented a winter scene which I have seldom been surprised.

The subject of our next theme is the importance to a young man of just and firmly established principles. Prof. Bloody remarked that this subject seemed not only useful to us in a literary point of view, but still more useful in calling our attention to many truths which as young men we ought to deeply reflect upon — In the society of my friends alone it is natural to ask myself. Have I any just and firmly established principles. It is comparatively easy to discuss on their importance in general. And to quote individual examples of this fact. Of men who have lived according to such principles and men who have not, and to draw conclusions from such men's history. but let me put the question to myself. What does principle consist in? Do I possess it?

I regard principle as the basis of human action. the cause of men's deeds. Principle is motive —

Nar. Let me candidly investigate my deeds, the ultimate exhibition of motive. Then let me ask myself, why I did so. Let me judge myself by the same rule by which I judge others. Let me see as possible. See myself as others see me. Let me not recoil from the investigation on account of the self-condemning traits which I may discover. Let not my own selfishness, my own love for my own follies, deceive me. Consciousness tells me that the picture thus brought to light will be very dark. having nothing to flatter my vanity or court my pride — but I stand for a time, by the exercise of will, overcome these influences and approach the subject with a willing spirit to know the whole truth, distasteful or not to self — the love of truth. The necessity of understanding my own heart must counterbalance and leave me as near as possible free to investigate the sources of my actions — What then are the principles on which I act in every day life? Why am I in college seeking to educate myself? Why do & study? My heart answers, what would not suffice to the world? It is because I seek future renown. Ambition is the motive power. I would make to myself a name, I do not care much what the particular foundation on which my fame is raised, so that it is honorable, nor the particular walk in life in which it is gained if the result is attained finally and I become an individual extensively known and respected among my fellow men. As a means to this end, viz. Reputation and influence, Expediency is the ruling motive, towering above the rest and rendering them subservient to its dictates

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Apr 1. 1854

The subject of our next theme is a narrative. Now let me cast round among my memories to find some incident worth relating. Shall it be ludicrous or pathetic - Let us see. Two subjects are suggested to my mind picturing of both these characters, my first grief. My first School - The latter grief

I was just fifteen when I became a Schoolmaster. For some reason my father took it into his head that I felt big enough if I was in reality no little to teach a Winter School. So one day when I was enjoying my vacation as only a boy can enjoy it. He surprised me by the announcement that he had "engaged" me a School. As soon as the first astonishment at the boldness of the proceeding was over I began to feel myself gradually enlarging. I had always had a great reverence for Schoolmasters, and the Childs veneration for that calling had not yet been worn off - A Schoolmaster, was my ideal of all that is learned dignified reverend a man full of his office. How I used to look up to my old Schoolmasters. How it has surprised me when I saw them rubbed when out of the School Room and smile and converse like other men. I have then watched them with childish solicitude to see if they were really like other men. I have wondered whether they had the same thoughts, and feelings with those I draw about me. If they had what came that hump. That hump that impertinency of character which seemed the very embodiment of Murrays Grammar and Kinneys Arithmetic. This problem I could not solve.

While all these exceptions of the Pedagogues

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State and dignity who can wonder that

then I heard the abounding announcement that I was to be elevated to the Kingly office. I instinctively grew somewhat taller, my waistband needed enlarging and my suspenders lengthening. I immediately retired to private to meditate on my new condition and prospects -

Thinking I to myself here a pretty girl, No more must a mill simple my fat cheeks. My voice must take a lower key and a deeper and more sonorous tone, I must abandon all my free and easy manners, and must conduct myself like Mr B. who used to keep our School, I must have a master. I must hold up my head. I must impress the whole world with the dignity and responsibility of my position. And how shall I conduct myself in the immediate presence of my pupils & my subjects. What that question must have much anxious thought -

After a dignified ride from my own into the neighboring town which was to be the scene of my labors, and after visiting the Committee and receiving the necessary documents certifying that I was fully qualified to discharge the duties of teacher in general and particularly in District No - I set out al foot from the village where the pleased old master who examined me resided, for the region of future toil and I doubt not future woe.

For thinks I to myself, as I trudged along in my good thick boots, and coarse gray coat, I would give it up if it is ever so bad. Should not I look pretty tattered home again at the end of a week with my business abandoned and my reputation destroyed. No said I aloud, with all a boys enthusiasm. I'll die first, from some chancery word of the Committee I had gathered that the place of trust and employment to which I was bound was known a Funeral City -

From the natural suggestion of the word City - I had imagined quite a collection of houses round some kind of a mill, for such are known in the

*Country as Cities*

*My First Grief*

It was a lone place in which I spent the first years of my happy childhood. Through changing seasons anducceeding years, the memories connected with it, are all and joyful. That old house. How many times have I wondered if there were any larger in the world. It stood somewhat isolated from the street on the top of a gentle acclivity. In front a green field was spread out smooth by the scythe and enclosed by the roller. What a beautiful park it would have made if planted with trees and filled with game. As it was but an modest row of maples run round its outer limits and there my father had our just plan tree.

The house was one of those old fashioned two story dwellings which the early settlers used to erect in imitation of those they left in the West. The coat of paint had grown dull, the front blinds were kept suspiciously closed. The gable was full of Rose Bushes and lilies, the usual ornaments of such humble dwellings. To the left of the house spread out a noble field reaching to the summit of what would anywhere else been called a mountain, but which we all knew by the name of the great hill. This field was surrounded on all sides by forest trees which were kept well trimmed and neat in consideration of suppose of their proximity to cultivated land. Behind the house was our extensive old orchard. This decreased gradually from the buildings and was enclosed by a strong stone wall. I cannot stop to describe those great red and yellow apples which were the delight of all the little boys in the neighborhood. I must not forget the garden which was a wonderful spot to me. It was a nice plot of land laid out a few rods from to the left of the house and surrounded by a high and to me impurple fence. Here were cultivated all the niceties which our cold climate would permit. The garden precincts

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I was not to trespass upon earth accompanied by my Father. But the most lovely characteristic of our grand old farm house was the view which it commanded. I cannot gaze upon it even now without a thrill of pleasureable emotion. In front on every clear morning the White Mountains raised their long line of summits covered with snow except in the very warmest of the Summer, there were sort of ideals to me I did realize their existence anymore than I did the Clones floating round their peaks. I formed no idea of their size or structure but wondered at them as a slight degree beyond the reach of my conception. My imagination was not full and wider enough to fill up their dim outline, but that long row of blue mountains which always skirted the horizon when mists and shadows shut out the white mountains from view, were my delight. From my earliest childhood I could never gaze upon a long range of distant mountain tops, towering one above the other and stretching away on either hand as far the eye could reach, with anything but the most happy and elevating emotions. These noble mountains marked out the limit of vision in the west and north. They were a solid wall whose very irregularity was sublime piled in as they were in the grand ranges, they formed the great pillars supporting nature's vast canopy. I have thought that it was one of the provisions which God has made for natural beauty, that there should be no abruptness of color to astonish rather than to delight us with the contrast. When looking in the prospect from from our old mansion house, the eye at first scanned a long bright green field and then when distance dimmed the vision came the darker green of the forests, then the grayish tint of the neighboring hills, then the gradually increasing blue of the far off mountains, more and more the color of the sky until we reach the sky itself with its own deep hue of blueness.

This constitutes the background of the lovely picture, the

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light in shade caused by the passing clouds illuminated by the sun relieved the scene of all heaviness and huncy like graceful drapery round a beautiful statue. Such was the place where I passed my childhood but I must not forget the Lake that spread out for miles to the east and the deep and sluggish river which flowed into it. The islands covered with verdure, and the surrounding of rich meadows rendered the scene from my eastern window refreshing and beautiful. Among my earliest recollections is my father. I can not recall his late erect form his mild gray eye benignant expression of countenance. He had not then in good health anything like a pale habit, but was rather spruce I was so young at the beginning of his fatal sickness that I can recollect little of him except now and then an expression of regard and tenderness when he would return at night from his labor and take me upon his knee. How proud I was of his attention. But my father grew sick, his step lost its elasticity, his form its uprightness, but his cheek retained its ruddy glow, his eye its wonted fire and his spirits their ever cheerful flow. It was thus that I best remember my father. When his physical constitution was slowly decaying before the racking course of disease, but when his mind was as clear and his heart as cheerful as ever, I almost enjoyed my father's sickness, for he was now able to walk with me in the sunny mornings up the gentle slope of the South field and relating old tales under the shade of an old beech that grew in its center conversing with me pleasantly and instructively until the ascending sun became too hot for the invalid and then carefully resting on his cane

and leading me by the hand we again returned to the house. I could not help marking the indications of fatigue and exhaustion at every such effort but it still flattered myself that he would again recover, and fix his own station in our household.

Our evening conversations when he would indulge my childish prattle and easily turn it in the direction we chose, were delightful.

I was the weak one of the family and I had not taste for the boisterous mirth and rude plays of children of my own age but rather preferred a quiet hour with my father to the amusements of my fellows.

We used to sit down at the large hall door in front of our house and watch the sun descending over the blue hills of the West until the evening air seemed to invadeth to atmosphere. How well I recollect his melancholy wife when I was passing the little grove of maples which his fostering care had protected until the new flourishing little trees.

He doubtless was assured of ultimate health no thought that he would never witness their maturity. But the

Autumn was followed by the cold storms of our northern winter, and the severe confined my father to his house and in a short time to his bed. The disease that was preying upon his vitals was nourished by the harshness of the season. I now saw my father less often. Doctors would quietly come and go the leisure must be very still. I must not play I must not speak very loud. It would hurt my father.

So my mother would tell me and I tried to be very careful. I used to steal in now and then they carried him his breakfast and when I would creep up near his bed side I always <sup>gently</sup> reward ed with a smile and a pat on the head from his poor thin faded hand. When he was able to

sit up as was frequently the case in the less violent periods of his disease. my little stool was brought in and I sat with my hands in his and my head upon his knee until his failing strength made him return his bed. Thus the winter passed away and when the days grew longer and the rays of the sun grew brighter and hotter. when the snow was disappearing and here and there a knoll suddenly raised itself from its white load of ice and now I began to hope for those mornings upon the hillside and over days on the piazza which I had loved so much. The snow disappeared. The buds were bursting with their new life. The faded knoll grew green with the early verdure. The little birds were singing on young maples. The lake which for so long time had been a vast white plain ~~as~~ a watery blue and merrily rippled around its green banks. The western mountains put off their covering of cold pure snow, and decked themselves in Spring garments of gay and variegated hue, and took their place in

October 16. 1874

Tomorrow is my twentieth birthday and by its near approach I am led to think anew of myself. What I have been since I am what I shall be - I shall take this time to consider my past life and see if I can understand the influences which have been at work to form my mind and character -

I was born, Oct. 17. 1834. in a large square room house in the rural town of Leeds - How well I remember the old house of my infancy! It was the largest and on the whole the most wonderful structure I had ever seen. My parents were not wealthy - My father was one of a large family and his father was poor struggling with all the inconveniences of a newly settled country and his sons as soon as they arrived at the age of maturity used to take their fortune far from their parent's roof -

One I recollect was an artist - He had no education, but took to his painting from his love of the art - His portraits were correct and beautiful - His uncle was deformed & I never saw him die at the <sup>(1852)</sup> death <sup>(Georgia)</sup> while following his profession & his brothers did not hear of his illness till too late to attend him <sup>EVERETT</sup> Another brother became a merchant in some town in New York, but at last went to Louisiana where he married a very lonely woman and after losing all his property and experiencing much bodily affliction, he died almost penniless - He had one noble daughter who used to send her father money earned in the factories of New England - Another Uncle settled in Peekskill when

he still resides. He too has been unfortunate in business and is now poor - He is a man of much natural eloquence & is well known and highly respected in his neighborhood. He is now a politician <sup>WARD</sup> Another Uncle lives in Leeds a wealthy & economical Farmer - A man who thinks more of money than anything else <sup>STILLMAN</sup> - Another brother of my Father is afflicted with epilepsy, trades horses, enjoys life in his own way <sup>BENTON</sup> and appears to be a pretty happy man - My own father was among the younger sons and was endowed with much of the natural quickness, war & feeling - genuine eloquence which seems to have distinguished the family. He was propulsive & generous, ambitious & enterprising - He began life with the highest hopes and most sanguine expectations - His advantages as a boy for Education were necessarily limited but he made the best improvement of them and he was always regarded by his schoolmates as a fine Scholar - After he left his father's roof, he engaged in teaching school in Virginia & also became afterwards a merchant & a wholesale with a brother of my mother - His letters to his parents are full of parental love, and hearty good wishes & give evidence of cultivated natural talents and well cultivated taste - Father was regarded as a handsome young man, and his frank open disposition, warm & sympathizing heart & a certain light tone of mimicry giving him a great popularity with the fair sex - I do not know the circumstances of his more intimate connection with my mother, but they were old schoolmates at the lower school of which he was a student

teacher and which she attended as a scholar.

My mother was hardly won. She had to be approached with care and disengaged. The least presumption was unwarded by coldness & neglect - and it must have been a man and earnest affection which could continue so long and be so persevering in gaining her favor - I learn this from the letters of the parties - Father was not successful in his business and he abandoned reluctantly the hope which he had always cherished of making his fortune suddenly and rising to a high and commanding social position in the world - It is principal wants over prudence in business - and a thorough, complete education. Had he been possessed of these he would have risen higher in the world - My mothers father was one of the pioneers of my native town. lived in his log cabin. and during the age of the woolman which at the age of 21 was his only property.

Her father did hard and laborable hard work & energy - He worked hard and had but little sympathy for the idea. His business began to develop itself early - and he employed his first wages to earn more. He became a money lender as soon as he became a money man -

He understood how to lay up money in a new country. He lived frugally and taught his family the strictest economy. He was scrupulously moral & would not tolerate the slightest delinquency in this respect on the part of any of his children of whom he had a large number. One son went thru college. practiced law, became wealthy and died in Congress. Another studied medicine but died of the rheumatism of

his professional life - Another became a farmer

but never seemed to succeed. He was always better in theory than practice. and as in learning he has been in every thing else Lawrence Ruth & followed his father sooner than that of most men. but from some want of close application. and a dislike for long continued effort has derived

This brother the success in life that his talents ought to have command. He is now engaged in a Railroad enterprise. My mothers sisters have not uniformly married well - One has been divorced after many years of unhappiness. Another married a man in every way unworthy of her - she died by a stroke of lightning - Another became a farmers wife & had led a busy life surrounded by a large family. An other is yet quite young and has been married about ten years to a man whose history is not yet known and therefore not to be written -

After a somewhat long but very happy courtship (as what courtships are not often long and happy?) My father & mother were married - He was then young a slender man - My mother was regarded as beautiful by all means of the time although more or slight & fragile for the hardy life she must lead in a new country. She had improved her advantages for education in the Union and had given unmistakable marks of a fine mind. and elegant taste - Her reading was extensive for that time and country and embraced the popular English & American Poets & Novelists

with a good knowledge of genuine history.

As I said before my father abandone his speculations on his marriage and concluded to settle on the homestead farm with his now somewhat aged father & mother. Supporting them by his wife, and her farming in all things the duties of an affectionate son. Then he began to experience the realities of life. He had known its pleasure, but now the willow bough on his farm, was respected by his neighbors and passed the years happily at a fireside cheered by the presence of an amiable wife.

I do not know much of the first years of their married life - but they had their share of the afflictions as well as the blessings of the world. Their first child was a noble boy whose flexion ringlets, bright eyes, and high promise remained vividly stamped on the heart of my Mother. He was their first and he was their darling. He had just learned to kiss the common sayings of those around him, and to give evidence that he returned the affection of his parents. When death came and took him in all his childlike beauty & promise.

This was a hard blow for Father & a still harder one for the young Mother - They laid him very sorrowfully in the cold grave. I remember a little lock of his golden hair which Mother used to show me when a mere child. The hot tears would always below this little memento of her lovely babe - For my mothers tears have consecrated my memory. My brother although I am now far gone. My next brother is now dead. He died in 1855. We will four years before myself and I shall continue his life in memory

with my own. The next babe died before he was

a month old, and the next I remember about him is hearing my older brother tell about the little Coffin, which was one of the earliest and liveliest reminiscences of his infancy.

And now I come back again to the time of my own birth and the early recollections of my childhood. As I said before the old house with its large ungracious rooms, its dark quiet and flat roof was to me a most wonderful affair. My earliest recollections are of my father to be returned at evening mounted by his days farm labor and kindly took me upon his knee and patiently tried to teach me the first little lessons of babyhood. My next are about my playing a playground. There last were the Hall & Orchard. Our house was some distance from the street at the summit of a gentle hill, which overlooked a large and beautiful pond in the rear and furnished a fine view of the blue & white mountains in front and to the North while to the South the "Great Hill" of Leeds rose to a considerable height, but gradually so that the Cul-de-sac fields reached nearly to its top which crowned with trees and covered with verdure. The garden was south of the house and surrounded by what I regarded as a very high board fence which was opened by a high gate whose door was much beyond my reach. This garden with its various herbs, plum trees, beds of beet, carrots, turnips cabbages &c. I used to love to visit with Grandmother for I regarded it generally as terra incognita.

The large old oak tree was in the rear of

of the house. I well remember a large clump of trees at its upper extremity - which was called the nursery, under the shade of them I used to linger in the warm summer days rolling on the green grass and watching a line of busy ants who were busy at their labors - grandfather used to sit on a stump near by

My recollections of my great father although he removed from us in my ninth year are very distinct - that I recollect my childish impressions - He was a venerable old man of 70. white-haired stooping but almost always wearing a smile for the children - He told me stories of the Indians the Revolution and many like till I used to think him the most learned & interesting person in the world. All my fears and all my waklike forebodings were aroused by the Asootook War. I hardly dared to sleep at night so great was my fear of the Roofed British Indian I imagined might be prowling round our house

March 20, 1856

What a fool I am - I can convince myself very easily of that fact but I can't, for the life of me, I can't shake off those things in which my folly consists - the particularly foolish thing now is, that, if I am in credit what I have heard & read about the passion I am in love - What a true remark was that of one of the French Essayists of the Montaigne School - Says he, in beginning an essay on Woman & Love - "I shall not stop long on this subject for one can't be in love without doing many silly things & one writes about it without laying as many silly things - Here am I, always supposing I was created a sensible man or at least a reasonable being and yet the imaginations of every hour give the lie to such a supposition - I am angry with myself, whenever I try to reflect. I am mad, literally mad that I can't shake off an influence, which my reason tells me has no foundation in common sense. My journal - You shall here the symptoms - Would that you could prescribe the cure - One form always is present to me. It comes between me and my books - It is now between me and this paper - I seem to see one smile, the very light of the eye, the expression of the lip, the rounding of the form - All these things float in air realities before me -

I mourn the gay gaudy day  
When thy lips I think of thy charms  
And welcome the dream of sweet slumber  
For now I am locked in thine arms  
Yes the night brings no rest to my busy fancy - the beloved object is the last thing before sleep & the first in dreams - We walk now over green field together - We recline under some grateful shade - We confess our mutual passion - We whisper soft words of love - We silently caress - She is in

difficult & I muse her she is in love & I meet  
with her - She is happy and clasp our hands  
and laugh together - I lay my head on her  
bosom in sweet confidence - She puts her hand  
fondly on my brow - I kiss a tear from her cheek  
I drink in a sigh from her lips - I tell her my  
love, my folly, my falsehood, wickedness, my losses  
my expectations, fears, ambition - I confess to  
the lack of every merit - but that I love her -  
and then melt into as I do now, I can't tell  
why I do love her - Even my loves fancy can't  
say she is beautiful - My warm nature constantly  
beleves her of coldness - She always greets me  
distantly - and now there not now and the whilst  
my imagination concretes into a lone light in the eye  
I should despair - Then any foolish wandering fancy  
rises - It conjures up a manner of situation, dulls  
thoughts, expressions and in each my before & has  
a part - Every scene which I imagine with her  
about is inspired - The beauty, wealth, intelligence, goodness  
of all the world beside seem worthless - and I feel  
"It is better for the dispairing them <sup>but</sup> to the world  
beside" - Why do I love? What do I love? and poor, silly  
fool that I am I can't answer either question - Her virtues  
are not more prominent than those of others - Her faults  
I readily perceive - I havn't the consolation, even,  
of saying "I love her that loves me" - for I don't know  
that she does - I can't find cause for this strange in-  
fatuations -

A bonnie <sup>old</sup> wife confess  
Is pleasant to my eye  
But without some better qualities  
She's not the wife for me

But Kellys looks are fly the & must

And what is best of all

Her reputation is complete  
And fair without a flaw

The dropsy her clear & meek

Both decent & gentle

And there there something in her gait  
has onc crept into well

A gaudy dress & gentle air  
May slightly touch the heart  
But its innocent modesty  
That polishes the face

There's truth in that, Robert, but it don't quite  
justify the case - it comes near enough to ex-  
allow of explanation - but the more I smile  
the more I am foolish & silly - hal over -

March 25. 1856

Well my love told her yesterday somethings that  
my tongue will hardly dare to repeat. I spoke  
of friendship, confidence & sympathy and  
here are the true words of good cheer that  
came me today. Your letter was a dear kind  
one to me said she - If you could get a  
pupil into my mind of fancy you would  
find yourself reflected often than you per-  
haps suppose - The dear girl - She fears she  
has been too bold & begs pardon for one of the  
gratuitous blessings that I ever had bestowed  
& I have written again tonight, hinting still  
more the story of my love - for it must go  
by drops that the delay may yield pleasure  
to me & gratification to her - for no woman  
can hate to be told that the poorest fool loves her  
dearly -

Collected at the top of the mountain  
at 10,000 ft. above sea level.  
The air is very thin and cold  
and there is a great deal of snow  
on the ground and on the trees.  
There is a small stream of water  
running through the valley.

