

Amanda's

School

Journal

#3

School Journal #3 Amanda would be 14 ½ years old. Dated at front March 2nd, 1839 with the last entry February 26th, 1841. this collection of writing spans many months with gaps in between. This school journal is in the boxes. **Dating 1839 3/2**

School Journal #3 - Page 5	Death of Moses
School Journal #3 - Page 6	Feast of Belshazaar
School Journal #3 - Page 8	Better Moments
School Journal #3 - Page 9	Forbearance
School Journal #3 - Page 10	Madeline
School Journal #3 - Page 11	Conversation
School Journal #3 - Page 12	Scarf of Gold and Blue
School Journal #3 - Page 14	Importance of forming a good character
School Journal #3 - Page 15	American Forest Girl
School Journal #3 - Page 17	Pauline
School Journal #3 - Page 20	Some of the means by which earthly happiness may be obtained
School Journal #3 - Page 21	Crusades Return
School Journal #3 - Page 23	Genius
School Journal #3 - Page 24	Sadness and Mirth
School Journal #3 - Page 25	Sicilian Captive
School Journal #3 - Page 28	Power of habit
School Journal #3 - Page 29	Joan of Arc in Rheims
School Journal #3 - Page 31	Procrastination
School Journal #3 - Page 32	Sulliotte Mother
School Journal #3 - Page 33	Forgiveness
School Journal #3 - Page 34	Spanish Chapel
School Journal #3 - Page 35	Novel Reading
School Journal #3 - Page 37	Tasso and his Sister
School Journal #3 - Page 38	History of a Four-pence
School Journal #3 - Page 42	Peasant Girl of the Rhone
School Journal #3 - Page 44	Musician's Last Hour
School Journal #3 - Page 46	Youth and Old Age
School Journal #3 - Page 47	Character
School Journal #3 - Page 49	Fragment of Linen
School Journal #3 - Page 51	Description of a Shipwreck
School Journal #3 - Page 54	A Coquette
School Journal #3 - Page 56	The Dying Father and his Daughter
School Journal #3 - Page 58	Friendship
School Journal #3 - Page 60	The Gamble
School Journal #3 - Page 63	The Future
School Journal #3 - Page 65	Domestic Happiness contrasted with Fashionable Life
School Journal #3 - Page 67	Art of Man
School Journal #3 - Page 69	Debut of a Bashful Young Lady
School Journal #3 - Page 73	Hard Times
School Journal #3 - Page 75	Vision of My Mother
School Journal #3 - Page 78	Solitude
School Journal #3 - Page 80	Painting

School Journal #3 - Page 82	Switzerland (Untitled)
School Journal #3 - Page 87	Woman
School Journal #3 - Page 90	New Year's Eve 1839 (Untitled)
School Journal #3 - Page 94	Unfinished
School Journal #3 - Page 96	Animal and Vegetable Kingdom contrasted
School Journal #3 - Page 99	Letter about composition writing
School Journal #3 - Page 100	Apostrophe to Hope
School Journal #3 - Page 102	Power of Steam
School Journal #3 - Page 104	Some Incidents in the Life of a Clock, or the Inroads of Fashion
School Journal #3 - Page 109	Apostrophe to the Dead Sea
School Journal #3 - Page 114	Happiness (Untitled)
School Journal #3 - Page 117	Usefulness of the Art of Painting

Page 1

Small cut out and pasted lady's bust

Amanda Bruen

Lexington, Ky. **March 2nd 1839**

Page 2-4 – **Blank**

Compositions: dated 1838 to 1841

Page 5 – **The Death of Moses**

The patriarch stood on the hill of Nebo. he was the leader of the Pilgrims of Israel, through the foaming water, and over the barren deserts. How beautiful was the scene which was spread around him, it was limited by the bright and glorious tide of Jordan, the land of promise was stretched forth in varied loveliness before him, like the bloom of Eden which was wild and magnificent. He gazed over the delightful country of Judea, which was a country of flowers and fruit, of verdure of the softest green, which drank the sweet showers of summer.

He saw the fruitful and abundant fields of the fair Ephraim, laugh with their golden store and far distant the blue wave bathed the lovely shores of Judea. the southern landscape led his glance over the wide plains and valleys, and mountains which were covered with wide spreading cedars, and cities in their glory, the walls of Zoar were faintly seen, and the distant towers of Jericho, gleamed through the purple midst of morning amidst the palmy bowers.

It was the sun, the bright, the morning sun which shone so full, emitting a flood of living light, upon the solitary hill of Nebo. the glow of the loveliest beam of light is dull compared with that bright celestial day. an angel had breathed – devine enchantment, wil'st floating on his wings he charmed the air

'twas a power more great and holy which made the sun rejoice
the spirit of God was in that voice, his glory in the sound,
the patriarch humbly bent, worshipping the high and holy
will, on Sinai's awful mountain, he spake in lightening from
the clouds, his eyes flashed a brighter and holier fire, before the
light disappeared. The voice of prophesy spake thus to his tremb-
ling heart. "I have sworn to bless the land, promised to the chosen
race of Abraham, but it is not for thee that thine eyes behold it."
The patriarch heard with a faithful soul, the terrible words, he remained
entranced for a time, until that voice died away in soft music.

Raising his head he gave one look towards the palmy shore of
Jordan, his eye was glazed, and fixed was his look, which turned to
earth no more. there was a beautiful glow on his face, the gloom of
death was not there. The patriarch met his glory and his doom on the
mountain of Nebo. In the still and silent valley of Moab, he rests
beneath the dewy sod, the leader of the hosts of God had no stone to
mark his grave, marble may rise over heads of the conquerors of
the earth, and mock the moldering grave, but that blessed Book is
his monument which opens but to save.

March 2nd 1839

Page 6 – The Feast of Belshazzar

It was a lovely night, and the bright unclouded moon shone in full
splendour when Belshazzar the king of the Babylonians made a great
feast unto a thousand of his lords and drank wine before them, while
drinking the wine he commanded that the golden and silver vessels which
his father Nebuchadnezzar had obtained from the temple of Jerusalem
should be brought to him, that his princes might drink from therein, they then
drank wine praising the gods. In the same hour the finger of man's hand
came forth and wrote over the candlestick on the wall and part of the hand
was visible unto the king. his countenance was changed and his thought
for his conscience smote him. He cried aloud that the soothsayers, Chal-
deans and astrologers might be brought in, but none of the king's
wise men were able to interpret the writing, and his lords were as-
tonished at his dismay and the change of his countenance. The queen
now came into the banquet and thus said unto the king. Live for
ever, let not thy thoughts trouble thee, not let thy countenance be chan-
ged, for there is a man in the kingdom, a man who has the spirit of
God within him. thy father Nebuchadnezzar made him master of the
Chaldeans, soothsayers and astrologers, he was surnamed Daniel. Belte-
shazzar. Now let him be called in and he will interpret the dream.
Daniel was therefore brought in unto the king. and the king thus
spoke unto him. Art thou that David (Daniel) of the captivity of Judea?
who art possessed of true wisdom. All the wise men of my kingdom have
not been able to interpret the writing, if thy wilt, thou shall be clothed
in scarlet, and be made the third ruler in my kingdom. Then Daniel an-
swered the king and said. I will read the writing, and give thee the in-
terpretation there of, yet thou can bestow thy reward on another, and
preserve the gifts to thyself. God Almighty, gave unto thy father a
kingdom, power and honour and all nations feared his power, yet he
hardened his heart, and all his power and kingdom was taken from

him. and his heart was made like the beasts, he was expelled from the habitations of men until he felt and knew that the Lord God reigned over the earth. and thou his son hast not yet humbled thyself before the High God. thou hast worshipped false gods and rebelled against him in whose hand thy breath is. This is the interpretation of the writing Thy kingdom is now at an end and has been numbered. thou hast hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting and the Medes and Persians shall have the possession of thy kingdom and they gave David (Daniel) the reward promised to the interpreter of the writing and Belshazzar was murdered the same night. March 7th 1839

Page 8-9 – **Better Moments**

How often the voice of my mother sounds in the sweetest – accented on my solitary hours, like dew to the unconscious flowers or healing on the wings of sleep. Her melting prayer was forgotten, when my beating pulse would madly fly. but when the air was silent and undisturbed, her soft tones would abide, o'er and then years, sins, and manhood would flow, and carry me back to those days when I was a child at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, the whispering sea in all its beauty, give me some lineament of what I was once taught to be. My heart is still more hard and there is a blight in the lapse of a few ill spend years. The book of nature is still filled with my mother's lessons.

I have been out of a still spring evening, when night has put on her silver wing, when the earth was adorned – like a bride, the diamond grass and bursting leaves, the waters were bounding and sparkling in the light – when every thing was clothed in magnificence and beauty; then have & wandered with friends, on whom my love is bestowed – like myrrh upon the Araby Winds. and I have gazed with unmingled admiration at the resplendent lamp which hung in the heavens, and when the fair spirit there, cast over me its chain of gold. the voice of my mother came in the air, even as slight falling of rain, as if poured upon me from some bright distant star. Then as if on childhood's bended knee, I murmured a prayer low and fervent, that our eternity might be to tread a path of living light in heaven. I have been on the dewy hills, when the small streams wise over clouded with mist and the shadows of night were stealing from the down and delicate tints were drawn in the gray east, and the birds in the trees awoke with a soft murmur and melody and harmony was breaking forth, in the breeze, all this perhaps when returning from the dance, weary and fatigued. The sun – sprang up bright and glorious and mountain and tree soon caught his bright beams. At such an hour I heard a voice that thrilled within me. I heard its still sweet sound in the breaking of light from the still valley like the soft words of departing night, hath overcome me and I have pressed my fevered brow upon the damp grass, and poured forth one of my earliest prayers, then have I felt the rushing spirit of my mother o'er me as in years, which, have passes never to return, I could not restrain a gush of tears and rose up with humility of a child.

March 13th 1839

Page 9 – **On Forbearance**

Forbearance is a proper garment of the temper, and refraining from what is wrong. Without mutual forbearance there can be no happiness in life. It is necessary in the relation which a child bears to parents. for it is their duty to forbear indulging in their selfish inclination when it comes in contact with strict obedience to their parents. Forbearance is necessary in every situation of life; it should be practiced in all our intercourse with the world. The attainment of this – self control is indeed a great acquisition it prevents in a great measure, those frequent out breakings of passion which frequently terminates so fatally. March 13th 1839

Page 10 – **Madeline**

Thou leavest me my child? That sweet gentle voice will be heard no more. When surrounded by flowers, I shall miss thy footsteps, thy murmuring hymn, thy “Good Night” when separating from repose. I will sit alone under the green leaves of the view, the whistling winds will have a melancholy sound, rustling through their tendrils – when I think of thee my child, while on the soft blue sea, watching with sadness thy native land, fast receding from new, yet I would have blessings attend these where ever thou goest gentle child be guarded by love and oh may the exile’s fate be far from thee. Do not grieve for me my daughter, in my lonely lot for God will be my protector. Farewell, words cannot express what thou hast been since a helpless infant pillowed on my breast, when thou wouldst raise thy bright laughing eyes imploring a glance from me. Those moments are past yes, thou must go my child, may the peace of God rest upon thee, yet one more glance, one parting gaze, farewell! This was the separation between a mother and a child, a young bird on whom fortune and love wooed away from the home of her childhood, yet still she loitered – on the threshold. she heard the warbling of her favorite bird, and fell upon her mothers neck and wept – at the remembrance of former happy days, The parting was o’er. On the still deep young Madeline – chimed her own vesper hymn, that voice was heard o’er the deep until those sound- ing solitudes were past. They had arrived at the bright west, the sails were unfurl- ed, the sun poured forth his brightest beams. The bird gazed on her new home which promised such – full bliss to two united hearts, but that home was soon darkened by the desolating hand of death. How deep was the anguish of her who was made a widow on her bridal morn; as she sat in her solitary hab- itation, mourning the loss of her first love. The young bear but illy the first blow of sorrow to their high built hopes. – it knows not the part that life will teach to bear to sufferings, and be silent to send no busy dreams or visions through hours which are yet to come. This was the first sorrow that young heart felt, she therefore turns in weariness from life, then came the sad yearnings of an exile’s breast, the distant sounds of voices, and soft footsteps, until at last she was stretched on a bed of sickness: she was lost in dreams of her own bright land and often murmured familiar names in wild and soft ac- cents to strangers around her couch. Could it be they who raised her head so gently or shed the tears which wet her young brow and fevered cheek? No, it was not, there was one who out watched the glimmering topaz’s light. Whence and who was it that thus guarded that young fragile flower? She at length awoke from her long delirium and beheld her mother’s face, her

silvery hair, and sweet smile of old; and, had she come from her long and distant home to watch over, and save her child? Yes even so: An light was again raised in the gay young heart, to live and not to pine away: And thus she cried, Mother! can it be that I behold thee once again! Take home thy wanderer to thy breast, and God grant that peace may once more visit my native home.

Page 11-12 – **On Conversation**

In the first place our conversation should be strictly grammatical, in the right. all the rules of politeness regarding it, should be carefully observed, for instance when conversing with any one! strict attention should be given to what they are saying, and never appear absent fro it is very unpleasant to them, it not only hurts their feelings but gives them and i-dea that what they are saying is uninteresting, and thus, be breaking the rules of politeness, we are deprived of the advantages which might have been derived from them, for we are all aware of the many benefits which may be received by paying attention to the conversation of the wise and learned. Another great fault in conversation is interrupting one while speaking, by asking a question or an explanation of any thing, especially when relating a story, or adventure, it causes confusion, beside being extremely rude. It is very ridiculous to see a company of intelligent beings, where the greatest extend of the conversation is “yes, ma’am.” and “no, ma’am.” “Tis a very fine day.” Were you at the party the other evening? another pause and all appear to sit in breathless expectation of another sentence. This manner of conversation is excusable but among the ignorant. among the intelligent is utterly inexcusable.

We should not make the faults of others a subject of conversation, for slander is one of the most detestable vices one can be guilty of.

Page 12-14 – **The Scarf of Gold and Blue**

God Hasten thee. Eutace D’Argencourt be as courageous as thou art sincere, wear this scarf of gold and blue, which I have made for thee with mine own hands. thus spoke Isabel Di Lours when separating from her lover. He bended his knee, pressed her hand to his lips, and made a vow that until his sword had lost its strength, till the last pulse of life was gone, in tournament or fight, that scarf should never be taken from his arm, that it should be his dream at night, his pride by day.

He leaped upon his steed, gave one parting glance, then rode swiftly a forth, the most noble knight of France. He had scarcely rode a week, a day when he beheld twelve Spanish knights, all determined to thwart his path, his squire advised him to return & exclaimed he flee from the lance of mortal, I wear my lady’s scarf of gold and blue. Don Pedulls one of the Spanish knights, rode up and said insultingly. Knight – I envy thy fair fortune thou would die a happy death, if killed by mine own right hand. Sir Eutace fixed his lance not condescending to answer his taunting words, but quickly rode forth and laid him low at his feet. Then up rode Periz, and said,

Thou shalt repent thy pride! Sir Eutace stroked his noble horse then with a hasty leap, and one powerful blow, laid Periz on the ground a stiffened corpse, mine of his adversaries still remained, they gazed on the young knight’s bravery, with wonder and astonishment. He cried approach! & neither give up or fly, & must die

for the Lady Isabel or you. Then the Count Alaric beheld in him his hated rival to the love of Isabel, he pressed his cowardly companions to come forward, they came on the brave knight like a dense cloud. He exclaimed, Traitors base! how can ye fight nine against two, for shame! Be guarded by God, my blessed Isabel, my race of life is nearly run: He fought bravely and Spanish blood flowed fast, until Count Alaric, gave him a false, dishonest blow, he turned around, gave his for a long and thrilling glance, his gallant hand, fell enfeebled by his side. The Spaniards shouted joyfully supposing he was dead. they pinioned hands and fastened him to a tree, and struck his broken lance beside him in derision. Count Alaric said, I will now wear this trifle: begone! my companions there is no breath left in that proud knight, begone! I will yet gain this Isabel. The waves were shining brightly reflecting the beams of the glorious sun, but far more bright shown the eyes of those in the lists of Bousselon. The noble steeds galloped swiftly around, the banners waves, the trumpets sounded, and many gallant hearts beat high for praise: but, who is this who attracts such admiration? who wins all looks, for whom all ride the circle, 'twas glory for a king to obtain a glance from the dark flashing eye. Did you observe that sudden blush, that a shy paleness which over spread her beautiful face, as she gazed on Count Alaric who wore her scarf of gold and blue, the cunning Spaniard said, I took this from one who fell under my victorious hand, he very willingly parted with it, too cheaply I obtain this rich prize, by the death of a coward. Isabel replied, Thou liest vile boasted, she bared her snow white hand and threw down her glove, saying Is there here a noble knight, who for love as glory will make the Count repent his base falsehood, and give me back my scarf of gold and blue. A hundred lords instantly leaped forth to obey her proud command, but she singled from them all a knight who wore his visor closed, not yet had he displayed his mighty power and strength. The heralds sounded the attack, they met with a mortal shock. The count had fallen from his horse, the knight sits firm and erect, but when his foe had fallen he sits still no longer, he perceived his lance was broken to pieces, throwing his own away, drew forth his bright shining sword with one powerful blow, he split the helmet which the Spaniard proudly wore; with another blow he struck off the arm on which he wore the scarf, and thrice kissed the treasure. He took his visor from his face and again bended his knee to her he found so constant. Dearly did Sir Eustace prize that scarf of gold and blue, but far more the precious treasure he obtained in Isabel DiLours.

March 25th 1839

Page 14-15 – **On the importance of forming a good character**

Every one is deeply interested in the character of those with whom he associates. When we see several persons together, or very intimate, if we inquire the character of one of them, and ascertain that he is dissipated, ignorant, or indolent our general conclusion would be that they all had the same faults. thus we see that our character will be judged of by those with whom we associate. we should therefore be extremely careful to select as our companions those whose character would be impeachable, and endeavour to maintain such an one ourselves, as would render us a desirable companion

for any one, so it is evident that no matter how good, or free from blame our character is, if we associate with those who have contrary character we will be considered like them, for Solomon says "A companion of the wise is wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." When we wish to employ a physician, lawyer, tradesman, or servant, we immediately regard their character, for if any of our family are taken ill and require the skill of a physician, we feel pleasure in the employment to one in whom we can place implicit confidence as to his ability or good character. It is the same with a lawyer, we would not employ one in the transaction of some business of importance, without being certain of their honesty and good character. A young man should be very cautious in the commencement of his public cares on the stage of life in forming his character, as honest and upright for these essential qualities in the character of a young

man, will with the blessing of providence always endure success. Young people ought to be doubly careful of the characters, as a false step in youth will sully their future fame.

Page 15-17 – **The American Forest Girl**

The deep toned Indian drum sounded mournfully as it broke over the stillness of the forest. Sing us a song of death for thine hour is come; thus spoke the Indian Chiefs to their young prisoner as he stood forth noble as the son of a king, though his cheeks had once glowed with the crimson blood of his native island, they were now as pale as marble. The blazes of the night fires as they waxed to and fro amid the branches of the cedar threw a fierce light on the face of the captive naught but heaven knew of the sacred workings of his heart in that fearful hour: perhaps he thought of his distant home, and could see his young sisters as they wandered hand in hand, where the Laburnum drooped, or twining the slender jasmine, or at the close of day assembling around the cheerful hearth, where his mother sat wearing her sweet grave smile, perchance the prayer which he learned to lisp at his mother's knee, or the very tone of her Good-night in his days of happy childhood. He stared and gazed around him, the thick cypress waved over him full of strange sounds, the savage brows, encircled his imagination like specters. He saw the pale stars passing through the branches of the trees as if through the bars of a dungeon without shedding one ray of hope.

He knew and felt his doom. Oh! what a tale to sadden the hearts of those dear ones in the happy hall of England! Vain and idle fear! Would the winds tell the dark secrets of the forests? They bound him to the stake, the proud young soldier endeavoured to wake within him his father's spirit hoping to die in silence. He whom all hearts loved! he who had been so fondly reared! making all hearts glad, and fettered thus! He stood beside his death pile, the torch in the hand of the chieftain flamed up to light it, then he thought upon his God. But hark! a cry is heard in the stillness of that dread assembly, another step is in the ring. Who dares disturb the hunters in their revengeful mood? 'Twas a young girl! a beautiful fawn like child, springing up till then like some beautiful unknown flower. Her early tears had been shed for a lost brother.

She sat gazing on the victim long, until the pity of her soul grew strong, and dictated by its power, she rushed to the stake and gently laying his head on her bosom and putting her slender arms around his body to shield

him, she raised her bright eyes, said in a clear toned voice, "He shall not die." The noise of that sweet sound rushed through the gloomy forest, the fierce throng were struck, their hearts and hands were stilled as if by a spell. They gazed on the young maid as her cheek flushed through its olive hue, her rich black hair was blown by the wind, there was something in her look that overpowered them, as if partaking of the nature of heaven. She appeared to them as if sent by the Great Spirit to speak thus. They unloosed the captive's bonds, and took the cup of death from his pale lips, and extinguished the brand which was to light his death pile, and cried, Away! young stranger Away! thou art no longer a captive!

May 20th 1839

Page 17-19 – **Pauline**

The sir thrilled with the sweet music which sounded along the banks of the star-lit Seine; it floated proudly as if there was no dwelling for troubled hearts. Many feet were dancing lightly to its measure. For in one of the palaces of the land there was a festival. The palace was decorated with the green leaves, lamps and fresh roses. a splendid stream of light poured forth from the painted walls on many light dancing forms. The lady from the Danube side was by far the most lovely in the revel's throng, - it was Pauline, the good and bright! - though she is now no more, her eyes flashed with the glee of youth, - yet her look was more holy. A charm filled with more grave and tender sweetness. twas the blending of deep love with matron thought. She mingled in the gay crowd, in all her placid beauty. There was calm quiet joy rested on her brow, as her young daughter passed her in the merry dance, with the light quick step of one who had never known sorrow, and met with naught else but smiles and affectionate voices. Did no secret feelings of approaching evil come in the mind of the fond mother? Such feelings are often awakened in the hearts of those who appear most happy midst the light laughter of gaiety and joyousness, but from whence do they come, alas! enough know how to mingle fear with happiness and triumph. Who spoke of evil? when young feet were flying round the hall in fairy rings, and glad pulses were beating to the sound of the music?

There was silence - the minstrels paused, - hark! - a low strange sound was heard which had been hushed by the tones of the music, behold a light breaks forth upon the dancers, but not such as was cast upon them by their clear and silvery lamps. They were held one moment in breathless dread. The wild fierce light increased, there was a cry of fire, it soon spread around and through the hall.

They rushed forth as if pursued by the lance and sword to the green bowers of the garden, they were a masque of fear and pagentry crushing the flowers and startling the birds from their rest, - volumes of red flames were issuing from the dome behind. But where is Pauline, she had been pressed on by the hurrying throng, as some weary bird by the stormy blast, she passed the threshold of death, and stood in the free open air calling on the name of her child, but no sweet voice answered her summons. Bertha! where art thou? speak my own one!

The poor girl had sunk powerless within the flames, overwhelmed with fear. a beautiful young form decked for death with flowers which shrank from the fierce flames, Oh! thy strength deep love. there is no power prevent the mother from the certain grave, though the fiery flames rolled high and waved from the windows of the lattice like banners, she rushed back through the multitude, powerful is anguish when twined with the affections of the heart. Human eyes never beheld those bright forms again, did they have one brief meeting? one sad adieu! did they perish heart to heart? Oh! who can tell?

The morning beamed brightly and cloudlessly on the ruined palace, in its groves of pleasure, the painted roofs were sunk, the marble adornments were blackened with smoke that had but yesterday been decked with wreaths. the scene was now but one shriveled scroll around. Did the ruins bear no mark of what had been done by woman? Yes there were some gems dimly sparkling mid the dust and ashes, they were those which the mother had worn on her breast encircling the image of her fair child. – and this was all the good had left to prove her sacrifice, the spot was hollowed by grief and love, where mirth had once lightly reigned. The faith is necessary on earth, to make clear woe's mysteries.

May 29th, 1839

Page 20-21 – **Some of the means by which earthly happiness may be obtained**

Religion is a sure means of obtaining earthly happiness. Some imagine that they can be perfectly happy while partaking of the follies and pleasures of the world, but they find by experience that our creator never placed us in this world to pursue its vanities but to prepare for a better one. Religion lessons the afflictions and trials of the life, for those who are under its influence are aware that all things are ordained by the providence of God. It lays the foundation for all real happiness to be enjoyed on earth. It also prepares them for the changes and vicissitudes of life.

A good education and a well cultivated mind greatly promote our happiness on earth. One who is blessed with either of those, is more solitary, his thought and ideas will furnish him with company, he always delights to peruse some useful and valuable work. An ignorant person takes pleasure in nothing but his own selfish enjoyments, he reads nothing but some light and trifling work, which is calculated rather to degrade than improve the mind. The contrast between an intelligent and ignorant person is visible when seeing them in society the former engages the attention of all by his good sense, his information and the agreeable manner in which he speaks. The latter disgusts every one by his stupidity or the entire want of sense in discourse in all his observations.

An amiable disposition conduces in a great measure to make us happy. one who possesses this desirable quality, does not mind all those petty things which makes an unamiable person completely miserable but makes all happy around him but his sweetness of disposition.

Health is the foundation of all happiness. Without this blessing we cannot enjoy wealth, fortune, or any thing else.

May 31st 1839

on loose paper a poem –

The Return

“Hast thou come with the heart of thy childhood back
The pure, the free, the kind?”
So murmured the trees in my homeward track,
As they play’d to the mountain wind.

“Hast thy soul been true to its early love?”
Whispered my native streams:
“Hast the spirit mused midst hill and grove,
Still revered its first high dreams?”

Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer,
Of the child in his native halls?”
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls.

“Hast thou kept thy faith to the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is night?
With a father’s blessing o’er thee shed
And a mother’s trusting eye.”

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain
As I answered – “O, ye shades
I bring not my childhoods heart again
To the freedom of your glades.

I have turned from my first pure love aside,
O bright and happy streams!
Light after light in my soul have died,
The day spring’s glorious dreams.

The holy prayer from my thoughts hath passed,
The prayer at my mother’s knee,
Darken’d and troubled I come at last,
Home of my boyish glee.

But I bring from my childhood a gift of tears
To soften and atone,
And, oh! ye scenes of those blessed years,
They shall make me again your own.
June 6, 1839

Page 21-22 – **The Crusaders Return**

Pilgrim! rest. – Thou art from the land of Syria, that far famed
land. I see by that withered branch of Palm which thou bearest
by the darkened brow. Alas! the fair and bright who leave for that
distant country filled with hope! and for those who return like thee

changed in heart and looks; fatigued and weary. Stay thou art feeble.
 rest – from thy labours! The breeze lightly wafted through the branches
 of the high chestnut, the stars shine forth, the hour of prayer hath
 passed, and the hymn of the sailor hath died away. Yes thou art
 weary and fatigued! Dost thou hear the fountain murmuring along?
 by the pillars of that ruined place of worship? Dost thou see those
 rich grapes before thee? that loaded vine was twined by him who
 has left me. When he made this bower he was but a child! Oh! that
 I might rest beneath his shade and listen to that sound which
 I delight to hear. – the convents evening chime. My son was always gentle,
 he would have bade thee welcome and brought fresh fruits to cool
 the fever of the burning lips, thou are resting in his place, but where
 is he? (Oh! could I but hear the glad tones of thy voice once more.
 it often wonders by me in the silent night like some past and cher-
 ished stream troubling the heart with its sweet music. Pilgrim, thou
 hast seen a great deal; didst thou see in that distant country a
 youth, my Guide, of vehement main, with the dark flashing eye of
 the shore of Italy? That clear eye smiled on Heaven and Earth as if
 man were not dust, the air seemed filled with this gayety; my
 heart grew young before my boy, if he were but here/ he filled my
 home with glee by his sweet laughter, his wild song, and his light
 footstep. But where is he? my delight, my pride, my darling boy!
 Like a dew drop his childish days passed from my sight. his brow
 had a prouder gaze, his eyes a renewed brightness, then I thought
 perhaps these words would be his no more. He left me but he left
 me, thus it is. those whom we have protected from all evil, blessed
 and worshipped, leave us to our sorrow. He took my sword and
 rushed forth, when he heard the trumpet of the Red Cross sound.
 Why dost thou weep? perhaps you have the dead resting on a
 bloody turf or the young and bright covering the plain where the enemies
 met with their wan beauty. Speak! tell me? didst thou see him there
 or had his bright smile gone? Could the grave close over such wild
 gayety? No I shall yet see his shining hair; for thy looks give hope
 I thought it could not be.

Stranger dost thou still weep? the gaze of a devoted mother in
 thy childhood? dost think of her who bathed thy hair with tears of
 regret when she parted from thee? Speak thy tears trouble me, who and
 what art thou? Why dost thou still weep and conceal thy face from me?
 Look up! alas that pale cheek and brow! Oh! joy it is my son!

June 12th 1839

Page 23 – **On Genius**

True genius is imagination with ready judgment. It is a
 natural view we have of things. without seeking a knowledge
 of them. One has a genius for poetry, one for music, and another
 for painting, one will invariably succeed in whatever branch he has
 a talent for. Men have genius for agriculture, as some farmers
 discover properties in vegetables or means of sustaining them –
 which others never thought of. Genius is the power of invention.
 It is an unseen impulse. Taste and genius are very much alike
 though one may exist without the other. A person may admire
 a fine poem and yet not be able to write a single stanza him-

self, or he may be passionately fond of music and not be able to play a note. for a passion or fondness for an art, is not always a sign of a genius for it. Imitation of any thing however precise and accurate, does not mean a genius for it. An uncommon passion for an art indicates a taste for it and not always a talent. Those who are blessed with a fine genius, should employ it in doing good to others and in bestowing praise upon God, who in his kindness has given it to them. We know where much is given much will be required. All have more or less genius for something, those who have but little, should improve, and employ it to the best of their abilities. The general opinion of the world that people are born to excel in any art very probable.

June 19th 1938

Page 24-25 – **Sadness and Mirth**

Ye both were at the ancient feat where the sparkling wine blushed from the cups of carved gold, - yes. together were ye blended with the sound of the lyre when it rose in the perfumed air as the lightening and clouds meet in the sky so did ye at the glorious feast. Over the banquets of old there rested a gloom, a thought, a shadow of the grave, it imparted to the lute a more solemn tone, to the rose an unnatural hue, to the scent of the myrtle a sorrowful power. Mirth and Sadness, in the hour ye both had your gift. Ye met when the triumph swelled proudly on, when the Roman eagles passed through the sky. I knew then that the heart of the mighty fell, that there was a void in his bosom which the voice of victory could not fill. Mirth thou wast there, increasing the glad sounds, till the temple like echoing caves pealed forth their m=notes of joy, the wreaths, the sunbeam, all the merry voices which filled the air were thine. Sadness thy mournful portion and more than all was the heart of the conqueror.

You meet at the bridal with the flower and the soft tear.
You meet at the grave in a wild and strange manner, at the gleam thrown from the white wing of a sea bird, and crosses the path of the storm, as a mournful dirge approached the summer breeze, so ye come and depart. Sadness and Mirth, you are in the haunted bosom of the poet: the rainbow and darkness are alike its guest; when the sweet breath of the violet comes forth in the spring, when the wood resounds with the sweet voice of music, your currents sweep o'er his dreamy spirit, like the light of the sun, and a shadow o'er the grass of the mountain.

Sadness and Mirth when will ye part? bright and gloomy stream!
I fear never in this world; not while victory and the grave are near thee, not while love and death walk the same orb with thee, or flowers mark where the tempest may rage, and the heart of man is like the soundless deep. Oh! ye inseparable pair, their smiles a distant land, where ye will take no share in the summer breeze. It is for from the breathings of the ever varying sky, it rests over the oceans and graves, it is where the time of lightning and cloud is over and the bright sun reigned above in its splendour.

Page 25-27 – **The Sicilian Captive**

The champions had come from the fields of battle, over the distant waves of the sea. They brought trophies of victory from a hundred shores where the billows had foamed to their victorious arms. They sat around the festal table of the king, and poured the mead by the light of the bright torch. The branches of pine which were heaped on the hearth cast a bright gleam on the shield of old which had long been thrown by. The warriors had chanted their songs of the sword and ancient times, and the solemn tone, as the chord of the harp was touch, had passed away from the walls where the bright spears were suspended. The quivering tone of the harp had ceased, they had summoned a softer voice to sing and at the call of the warrior a captive girl appeared in the midst of the frowning assembly. She stood alone: – in her sorrowful eyes there was the clear midnight of the sky of the south, and beneath her long eyelashes there was veiled the deepest woe, she stood firm and erect. – though her light form appeared as if struck by some inward flame, and her pale and lofty brow, under the waves of her dark hair had a look of scorn. A deep flush passed over her face by the light of the pine fire, twas not a soft hue caught from the breath of the south wind, but a mark of fever striving with death. She had been taken from her dear home, when her locks were wreathed for her bridal day and brought to perish of the burning dreams which trouble the breast of those who are away from their own bright land.

They bade her sing of her dear distant home, her hand trembled as she held the lyre, until the spirit which her own blue skies had given her awoke, and her voice poured forth the richest music. Her strain was at first faint and low, but soon grew more powerful, and swelled into the richest melody.

They bid me sing of thee my own dear native land! I am separated from thee by the mighty ocean? thy shadow covers my soul! let me die in silence while dreaming of thy fountains of silver, thy soft and beautiful sky, why should thy lyre here pour forth its sweetness to the north wind's breath? Yes my spirit shall once more breathe my native tone through the darkness of death, for the sake of thee, my well remembered country, that all may know of thy brightness, though thy daughter may never more be blessed with the glory of thy light. I will whisper of the woods, the bright streams but once my lovely Sicily! Far hence are heavens of blue, their night is beautiful compared with the rich colour of the hyacinth, they are over my joyous home, my own bright land, they hang their cloudless dome over the vineyards of my native hills, and making all the billows as gems; and filling happy hearts with joy. but these are mine no more.

There are haunted in the bright land – oh who can conceive or dream of the loveliness which it concealed in cave and valley, by the rainbow spray from the fountains or the glossy leaves; and bowers wherein the dove builds her nest undisturbed; there is the myrtle, sending around its fragrance; and the violet peeping from the dewy moss: there are sounds that float through the air by light and day, they make the soul melt away in dreams of heaven. Oh! do not let me depart thus! farewell my country. oh no! my spirit shall

cross over the hill and the main and I will once move rove through
my native woods. I break my chain. I come to thee! yes to be blest
in my dear home!

The lyre fell from her pale arms, her eyes lost
their brightness, her dark rich tresses were loosed from their con-
finement, her head fell back on the rough wall, silence dwelt
on the lips of all the warriors: – she had breathed out her soul
with that last note of her song: the lyre was broken, and
the minstrel gone.

July 10th 1839

Page 28-29 – **On the power of habit**

Habit is custom, or what we are generally accustomed to. It is
absolutely necessary to form regular habits, in every thing, and to
adhere strictly to them. All should be careful in the formation of
these, and have certain time appointed for the performance of
all their duties. The affect of this will be, that they will accomplish
all they have to do in the right manner and in the proper time.

Habits are so strong, that if once formed we find it almost
if not entirely impossible to overcome them. If we acquire a habit
of riding late, it will be extremely difficult to break ourselves of it.
It leads to indolence, bad health, and many careless habits. A hasty
and careless manner of doing any thing, ought to be avoided.

Bad habits are much more difficult to overcome, than good
ones. Parents have a great deal of responsibility attached to them, and
much to answer for in the formation of the character and habits of
their children. They should be extremely careful in indulging them
in all the whims and caprices which children naturally have –
Many parent in mistaken kindness gratify them in all these, little whims not
thinking that they are thus forming their own destruction, for habits are
so lasting, that when once formed, even in the earliest period of child-
hood are never entirely subdued. It is lamentable to see parents indulging
their children is a taste for ardent liquors, for this pernicious
habit strengthens and increases every day – till it becomes so firmly root-
ed in the constitution as never to be totally eradicated. The practice
of telling falsehoods, is a very dangerous habit. It grows with our years,
till it becomes a second principle with us, and we do not hesitate to
commit this fault at any time, either at our own expense or that of
others.

July 17th 1839

Page 29-31 – **Joan of Arc in Rheims**

It was a joyful day in Rheims, when strained of melody were poured
from her crowded cathedral, there was a multitude around whose voices
were mute, with expectation. They were elated with the success of their
victorious arms, and listened in silence to the proceedings within the
temple. The rich light gave a tinge of melancholy to the scene. – the
nobles of France bowing in warlike slavery. From amidst that crowd
a king received the crown of his birthright. It was for this that the
hymn was made to swell. The sweet perfume of the censer became

faint. But who is that that stands beside the alter with the white banner waving over her? The helm of gold shone through clouds of fragrance but she stood silent and alone. It was raised and the bright and youthful face which is disclosed, appeared engaged in silent and intense worship. Yes the cheek and brow of woman was there, in pure devotion, it was lightened by the trace of inspiration, the picture of the Holy Virgin seemed as smiling in love on her ardent votaress.

That slight form had been the leader of the fiery battle, the light of that soft eye had guided the warriors when the sword flashed high, yes, she had done all this. The daughter of the lowly sheperd, the humble dreamer of the wild. Never before and never since has woman so displayed her power, or stood beside the holy place of worship amidst the noble of the land, as thou hast Joanne; and lovely with thy gayety and fame raise thy white banner over the crown of France which was ransomed by thee! The crowning is over. Now let the temple be shaken by the notes of the trumpet, and bid the tombs awake an echo!

Daughter of victory, come forth, that the sun which has shone on thy own bright land may welcome thee. A strain of triumph, a proud rich current of martial melodies rushed through the gates of the ancient church, and she came forth; the sound of nations rose on high. Oh what power to bid the heart beat! the wind bears one with the loud sounds man gives unto glory in her proud course. Is there such power? there is far deeper power in one kind voice from home to pentetrate the calls from whence all happiness flows.

For one moment the peals of joy that filled the heavens were ceased, in that short time the tone of a breeze which had wafted over the home of the maiden sank deep in her heart. Joanne! who spoke? the sound of the voice was familiar to her ear, her name was again murmured. She knew from all the crowds that were assembled there, the stately sheperd with his silvery hair and the youth, her youngest brother, whose bright eye beamed with joy when he saw her. She sank on the breast of her gray father: and in an instant her thoughts flew back to her native home. She no longer beheld the grandeur, the plumes, the standards: her spirit turned to the door of her cabin, to the fountain in the valley where she had played with her young sisters by her side, and to the chapel of the hamlet which made the woods sacred by its calm repose; she heard the very note of the bird which had sung in early spring by her father's roof. She took the helm of many battles from her head, and with her bright locks unconfined raised her voice and said, Father dear father bless me! and let me return with you to the still cabin and beach tree!

Joanne thy bright eye will not again wander through the bright haunts of childhood! Thy peasant name was covered by the radiance of renown! Bought alone by gifts which are beyond price, the true repose of the heart, and the felicity of home; – destiny gives the crown of glory unto the brow of woman.

July 24th 1839

Page 31 – On Procrastination

This is truly the thief of time! It is a habit which if it once gains and ascendancy over us, will completely master us, for by instantly delaying what we have to do, we will never accomplish any thing. By indulging in this we become our own enemies, for those who regard their own welfare must know, that to accomplish

the performance of all their duties, a proper time must be allotted for the fulfillment of them, and never delay them, for the least space of time; for time when once passed can never be recalled. It is a habit which should never be indulged, if possible to avoid it; it often causes endless troubles; and sometimes produces serious consequences. Every one has experienced more or less of the injurious effects of it. When we have anything to do, and it interferes in the least with our convenience or pleasure, we say, it will do as well another time! by delaying it we perhaps never do it. Repentance and obedience to the commandments of God, the chief duties of man, are put off in the same trifling manner, thinking that there will be time at the hour of death, but when that arrives it is too late, then all regrets are vain.

July 31st 1839

Page 32-33 – **The Suliote Mother**

She stood upon the highest point of a mountain, in the midst of the cloudless heavens; on her cheek there was a scornful smile, and her dark eye flashed, as she spoke to her son, Boy dost thou see them? – through the gloomy pine trees? dost the see their armour shining? hast thou seen their crest glittering? Wouldst thou spring from my arms with joy? that sight hath cost thee a father! For in the strait beneath lay the Suliote father and son, they had heaped the piles of the dead very high before the passage was taken.

They have passed over the torrent and are coming on; woe for the social hearth and home of the mountain! In the place where the hunter laid his lance, where the lyre hung which is sweet to hear, where I sang thee to sleep lovely babe, nothing shalt mark our place but the stain of blood. The loud blast of a horn was heard, and the sharp shrill noise of the symbol; until the air was put in motion as the hills and valleys echoed the sound. They bring music with them my happy child, what does the trumpet say to the wild Suliote? It light thine eye with as quick a fire as if thou had glanced at thine armed father! Be still! there are many brave men low, thou wouldst not smile if thou couldst now see them. but nearer was heard the clang of steel, and the sound of the horn became louder, and the peal of the tambour was borne farther through the pass. Boy, does thou hear the sound of the savage joy? When I gave thee birth, thou wert free and happy, Cherished son of my warrior, thou hast been blest by him and me, his loved ones must have freedom, yes, you and me must and shall be free! She sprang from the arrowy peak with her fair child, there was a veil cast over the wind, a piercing cry, was heard, and all was over.

September 4th 1839

Page 33-34 – **On Forgiveness**

This is one of the noblest qualities of the human mind. It is however possessed by few, for many imagine that to retaliate an

injury, is much nobler than to forgive one. The Scriptures strongly enforce the duty of forgiveness; tis alone should make us doubly careful to exercise this duty, and prevent all from indulging in revenge. It is one of the most destructive and direful passions of human nature. One may suffer much from an injury, but he will suffer much more if he exercises revenge for if allowed to gain full possession of the mind, it will destroy all the other pleasures. Our Saviour affords the best example for us in the exercise of forgiveness, for he practiced it in life and death.

If we read the history of the world, we would discover that the best, and most illustrious characters were distinguished for this virtue. A noble and forgiving spirit is above revenge, it dwells in little minds. It is extremely difficult to overcome spirit of retaliation, and it is very seldom that it is overcome, many think it absolutely necessary to revenge an injury however slight it may be, or even cowardly to refuse to do so: but if the general opinion of the world were asked, it would be that the most noble conduct is to forgive. The creator of the Universe though long offended by the impiety of men, and their – rebellion against him, is always willing to forgive. How distressing to the generous mind is the refused or unwillingness to forgive when the offence was unintentional. This shows that forgiveness should be extended alike to all, and it will be from a great mind, for to such only does it belong.

September 11th 1839

Amanda Bruen

Page 34-35 – **The Spanish Chapel**

I wandered through a wild Spanish glen, far from the dwellings of man. I roamed along its grassy bank, it charmed me with its sweet singing tone, and bright glance, to a lonely spot of beauty. It was a dim and clustered grove of aged trees, there the young deer, and modest violet dwell. The gloom of the branch of the high chestnut was on the waters, but the bright stream below checked its exulting play: it bore a strain of softened music, and silvery brightness through the deep solitude to the rich leafy scene. there was something of solemn influence, upon it, in the mellowed gloom and soft silence, not to be told, but felt: it sent forth a faint and quiet radiance on the repose of the wood, and upon the twilight of the stream. There was a solitary chapel in the midst of the scene, the path to that still retreat was through many fragrant trees, and there a strange, lovely sight fixed my steps. On a bright bed of flowers, on the threshold, was laid a young and lovely child as if to sleep through the sully day. To sleep! – never on the eye of childhood, or silken lashes, did living slumber rest in such heaviness of repose. Yet still the pale marble of its cheek glowed with a soft crimson it was the lights feeble flow through roses heaped beside. I bent down, the smooth round arm was cold, the breath had escaped from the soft lips, the bright ringlets hung in still and quiet beauty, – alas! the lovely child was dead! I cried, fair , faded thing thou hast caused many tears of sorrow, and left a woe and bitterness which will remain for ever and ever around many

longing hearts.

I heard a low and musical voice, I turned, a woman sat near me with a brow of mourning pale, but not desolate. I could trace in her still, clear, matron face, an image of the young slumbered. Faintly smiling, she said, stranger thou pitied me. as I guarded my fair and precious, though no longer living child: but know that the time worn heart may be riven with keener pangs than those who yield; like me an angel unto Heaven.

Sep 17th 1839

Page 35-36 – **On Novel Reading**

Both sexes are liable to indulge in this evil habit. The excess to which indulgence in novel reading is carried often renders it a serious evil where as if indulged in, in a proper degree, and at proper times, it might become a source of some improvement. The time squandered away in reading novels, might be employed in the perusal of some useful book which would be of lasting benefit to us, instead of the momentary pleasure we receive from reading a fictional tale.

The gratification received from reading a novel is of very short duration, it continues only while we are reading it, then our imagination and passion are excited, but after we have finished, it they subside and the pleasure is gone, but if the same time had been spent in reading history so much more would be added to our fund of knowledge. There are few advantages to be derived from this kind of reading.

The characters of the vicious or virtuous if well delineated, may have a good affect in leading us to avoid the vices of the one, and imitating the virtues of the other, in some instances it gives a taste for other kinds of reading: but these few advantages are more than balanced by the disadvantages arising from it, waste of time, idle habits, neglect of duties, &c. Persons become so extravagantly fond of novel reading as to waste all the precious time, which was given them for their improvement, and the cultivation of their intellects, in this trifling manner.

Like all other evil habits it increases upon us, until finally we become so much under its influence as to neglect every thing else, or be unsatisfied if our time is not always employed in reading some trifle fictitious tale. The young particularly should avoid novel reading, it leads the mind astray from facts and mortality, and destroys a taste for such studies and pursuits that should direct the mind and form habits to continue through life. The too frequent reading of novels or tales of fiction should be avoided by persons of every age.

September 24th 1839

Page 37-38 – **Tasso and his Sister**

She sat where the breath of the citron was wafted near, borne by each sighing wind, while the red gold of evening glowed in the eastern sky of Italy. The close of day often found sweet laughter in her bower, and the glad voice of childhood rose to the surrounding vineyards.

Her children stood around her knee in thoughtful silence: their wild joy, and bursts of song were hushed as if by magic. They stood there in silence beauty, while gazing up in the face of their mother, with wondering eyes, and thoughtful brows. She with a mournful gaze, read the glorious numbers from the magic book of a poet, the noble and unceasing song – which cast a light on other years, it was his of the sword and pen. She read of him who broke the enchantment of the grove of myrtle, of the mighty achievements of Godfrey, of the powerful arm of Tancred who murdered his paynim love. – That bright page, made many young cheeks glow, and agitated many young hearts: and the gentle tears of woman flowed fast upon every consuming word. The sound of the breeze, and the fountain, came sweetly between each pause, when a strange and sudden voice of grief burst upon the group.

The mother turned. – a way worn man in the dress of a pilgrim, stood near. of lofty bearing, a proud but mournful eye. But tears fell from his eyes which pride could not restrain, he pressed his pale brow and exclaimed, “forgotten even by thee! – Am I so changed? – and yet we have often played together hand in hand: This brow has been met with dew from wreaths which thou hast placed upon it. we have knelt down together and said one prayer, and sung one vesper hymn. My soul is clouded with trouble sing me those words once more. Life has been a weight to me. I return a stricken deer, bringing the same heart that longed in crowds to come and die and stillness. She gazed till feelings which has long been dormant were suddenly roused within her. She fell on his neck and wept, murmuring her brother’s name.

Her brother’s name! – and who was he, the weary stranger, who had come to escape the scornful world, - and not recognized by his own? He was the bard for inspired gifts, to rule the soul of man, it was him of the sword and pen.

September 27th 1839

Page 38-41 – **History of a Four-pence**

I have not a very distinct recollection of the early part of my life, but as I intended to give a very particular account of it, I will tax my memory sufficiently to give the most important events. The first knowledge I had of myself, but discovered much to my chagrin that I was with the exception of a few others the most diminutive in the room. There were several gentlemen surveying is with longing eyes, and I found that not withstanding my size. I received quite as much admiration as my larger companions. I was taken from this place which you no doubt must know was the Mint, a large building in Philadelphia, I was taken from this to the Bank, where I remained some time, But one morning I was carried by a little boy, together with my former companions to a large merchant’s store. I was now heartily tired of them, for my new master, a rich merchant, seemed to admire them much more than myself, this was extremely mortifying to my feelings, but before I proceed farther in my history. I must inform you of my ruling passion: it was vanity, a fault which has caused the destruction of many. I was much pleased with my new situation, it was owing in some measure to my love of change. The novelty of my new place of residence soon wore off. but I was destined to remain there a much longer length of time, than suited my roving disposition.

One morning a lady came in the store, to make some purchases, after she had finished, I was presented to her for change, together with a much injured quarter of a dollar: a companion I did not at all fancy. We were placed in the lady's pocket book, I immediately looked around me to see my new companions. I perceived that they were of much higher station than myself. My pride was not however destined to survive such a shock very long. for the lady on discovering my great beauty and brightness, said, "this will just do for my little daughter: she then removed my from my unpleasant abode, and carried me (words crossed out) to another room, and laid me on the mantelpiece, a very exalted situation. I now had opportunity of indulging my curiosity of which I had no considerable share by surveying my new place of residence. It was a large parlour, handsomely furnished: my new owner was a very pleasant looking lady. there was no one in the room but her and a very beautiful little girl, her daughter. Her mother said to her, "my dear if you will say you alphabet to me, I will give you this bright fourpence, I was much pleased with the compliment she paid me. but extremely sorry when she took my from my high station. The little girl viewed me with eager delight, and said, "mamma I will try." Applying herself to her lesson, she soon learned it and repeated it, then with an anxious look, she said, "mamma will you give it to me now"? Her mother answered, "yes." she then received her promised reward. They pierced a whole through me, which was very repugnant to my feelings, for I was very fearful that it would mar my beauty. but I soon discovered that I obtained more admiration than ever, for there was a piece of blue riband put through me and I was suspended on the neck of my fair mistress. She displayed me to her father when he came home, and indeed to all her friends, her admiration more than satisfied my vanity. The nurse of my mistress took a great fancy to me, being struck with my great beauty & no doubt having a full idea of my value, determined to have me in her possession. She at last took me from my fair owner, and I have not heard of her since, she placed me in an old bag, together with some other old things. I had not time to contemplate my change of place before she removed me, and took me down street, no doubt intending to make very good use of me, having put me in the corner of a handkerchief, the knot became untied, and I fell to the ground.

As beings like myself, are in great demand I did not remain long in my lowly situation, it is true many passed over me, but I was disregarded by them, not intentionally for as I said before I am a being of great importance. I was waiting very complacently for a new owner, when a little boy passed by, he lanced slightly at me, then went on not being sure of my identity, but soon returned and picked me up. He gazed at me with great delight, then put me in his pocket; I was carried along with great speed, meanwhile my new owner took me out several times and looked at me to assure himself of his good fortune. When he arrived at his home, he took me from his pocket; as usual I began to survey my new home. It was a small room furnished very plainly. he showed me to his parents, who were quite as much pleased with his discovery as himself. He put me in a plain box, where I found no companions and was very much disgusted with the plainness of my abode, and the poverty of my owner. I remained there for some time, meanwhile daily having a visit from the little boy. one morning he came and took me

out of the box, and said, "must I at last part with my bright four-pence – all I have"? He put me in his pocket and went to a large Apothecary's shop, and asked for some medicine saying that his mother was very sick, he then gave me to the gentleman who was in the shop who gave him a small paper, a great trifle I thought, in exchange for a bright being like myself. My new master put me in a small drawer for a few days then removed me to a large chest, there I was surrounded by innumerable companions, of all sizes and colours, none however having brighter face than I had. I found that I was now in the possession of a miser; he came every night, viewed and counted over his treasures, "how I hated" the sight of his "ugly face"! still I was doomed to see it every day. Every day he would bring some small piece of money. to this hateful chest saying with a delighted look, "so much added to my fortune" Oh! that I could escape from this awful confinement! that I had been contented in my last situation! I fear I will never, be taken from my contented owner.

I warn all who read my history, to beware of indulging in pride, a love of change, and a discontented spirit lest they should get in a similar situation.

Amanda Bruen October 8th 1839

Page 42-43 – **The Peasant Girl of the Rhone**

A warrior's funeral passed through the night: - there was waving plumes, and ruddy torches, were reflected in the waters of the Rhone. The tread of the horses feet fell heavily and mournfully on the green turf, the mournful swell of the requiem was borne by the gale, and , the quivering of the leaves until it floated lightly away, and died. The proud mourners bore their deep grief with pale and stern brows, - but one, oh who can speak of the anguish of a father's heart, when following a beloved son to his long resting place! The noble train moved slowly through the wood, with a young form laid low on his bier; fair even when it was found among the bleeding dead. They reached the lonely chapel where the gloom of the forest fell heaviest. for the boughs had formed a thick archway, so as to conceal the tomb. They trod with stately steps, through the aisle, a strange echo passed through the edifice: and crowned heads were – brought low, around the ancient monuments of the De Concis: and dust was given unto dust. Aymer rested beneath the waving banners of his race, whose embroidered folds had often been wafted by the winds of Syria, over the fields of Palestine: - the sad rite was ended. The sculptor ere long decked, his grave with trophies, then all was done, and stillness was around the dwelling of the dead. – His name perhaps was mentioned when the wine cup flowed, and hearts were thrilled by the recollection of some ancient song or victory: but in the breast of his father the high passions of man were roused, and in his eye there was no shadow of past grief; his feasts were as gay as before. The place of the dead in his heart, had been filled up, he lay forgotten! – forgotten? not by all! the sunny smile, playing on his proud lip, his dark eye, his black hair, his musical voice, had not been forgotten. These things were cherished with lively remembrance in the bosom of one. whose love still survived. Day after day. fresh garlands of flowers were laid on the tomb of Aymer. breathing their sweet fragrance through the chapel; clothing the trophies with a more brilliant flush. The violet here might speak of secret love; the rose of all things fleeting and bright: the passion

flower tell of heavenly hopes. – But whose light hand wove the bright wreath as if for an altar? whose tender culture brought forth such a profusion of blossoms and flowers from their hidden places. to live through all seasons? They touched and filled the gloomy solitude, with a gleam of summer, for years those gorgeous coronals decked the marble spear and helmet. some fond heart was pouring its vain worship on the dust!

One spring morning a dark hair peasant girl was found within the enclosure of the tomb; who could make known her story? Her still face had been fair; for on her brow and curved lip there rested that beauty which is given by the sculptor. Her jet black eyelashes fell mournfully over her half closed eyes, for death was on them. Her cold cheek was sunken, her lovely form wasted; and her glossy raven hair was dimmed. why was there such a blight? Her place was not with the high De Concis, yet her temple had been there: she grasped the last garland of the tomb. – This was love in death!

Amanda Bruen. Oct. 28th 1839

Page 44-45 – **The Musician's Last Hour**

The old man lay dying. – The breeze played lightly among the leaves of a deep foliaged tree, that threw its shade into the window of his noiseless room. It made a slight rustling noise, like the endearing hush of a mother, over her sleeping infant. All was still, - yet he was surrounded by many friends, who had often been enchanted by the sounds, which flowed from those pale lips, springing from the touch of those attenuated fingers, with the power of thought. – He calmly slept and I thought he dreamed of music from the stars, of the spheres producing sweet harmony of the harps thrilling and quivering to the plumes of Heaven, that fanned their golden strings. He heard the song of the Cherubim, faint and harmonious, he smiled softly and seemed intent on hearing. He heard the loud full choir of angelic band, pouring out a flood of rich music; he moved with restless warmth, and opened his eyelids. It was the breeze that disquieted his repose, as it threw the branches of the leafy tree against the casement, brightening as the gleam of sunset increased. Its first low tones had blended in his fancy, and he dreamed of soft harmony, when it became louder, he heard the angels chorus & awoke!

He cast his feeble gaze around on those who stood near him, they were subdued to silence, but he seemed to look for some dear countenance, his searching glance was answered, for a young girl, as lovely as the seraph of his dream, and with a voice as charming came to his pillow and wept. “What wilt thou with me, oh my dear father?” I am dying Ella, play me an air on thy harp! – I would like to hear it thrill with the sweet music which I taught and loved, and still love next to thee, my own and Heaven! The maiden went and with a trembling step approached her harp. She touch the string lightly, introductory to some sad strain, like the lonely swan's last, but first warbled song. The old man rose suddenly. His dim eye was illuminated, as he rapidly threw his hands across the chords and said, “not so!” not so! my child! let it be a martial air, not a melancholy song; for I would triumph over Death and soar triumphant as a victor to his throne! The maiden paused but a moment: new courage flashed on her brow, she caught inspiration from her father's spirit, which gave her power to touch the strings with a

steady and brilliant hand. She played a triumph such as Miriam sang, when the rescued armies of Israel passed through the sea.

The brightest beams of the setting sun poured in upon the couch of the dying musician. His face shone, as if the gates of Heaven were thrown open before his power. Tharp still poured its mighty music in his enraptured ear: he fell back upon his pillow, with the utterance of a majestic strain – and was still! – His soul had floated to Heaven on that wave of sound!

Amanda Bruen October 14th 1839

Page 46-47 – **Youth and Old Age**

Youth is that period of human life, when the mind is awake to receive new impressions, when it is yet unstore, with knowledge and ever ready to receive it, when it is unencumbered with the cares and anxieties attendant on a more advanced age and the fancy constantly employed. Nothing harasses or vexes the mind, if it does it is only for a short time; for they do not consider anything, and it is to this free state of the mind, that the happiness of childhood is chiefly owing. What is more delightful than to have all wants satisfied, all troubles soothed and every wish gratified by kind parents. At a more advanced age they have to supply their own wants and depend more upon their own exertions. Youth is the period for laying the foundation for future knowledge and greatness. It is “the bloom of life.” The young are all vivacity and cheerfulness, their hopes are all brilliant, unsullied by the disappointments and unacquainted with the vices of the world. they are unsuspecting of the deceitfulness of man. they imagine that every (one) is sincere and innocent as themselves.

In old age they have experienced all the vicissitudes of life and the deceit of the world. The vivacity and flow of spirits which they had in childhood, (and made them the delight of every eye) is gone. Their passions are subdued, and their desire for knowledge is diminished. They reflect with regret on the happy days of childhood, and that the innocent and lightness of youth had fled. they regret that they did not improve the opportunities they had in youth. for improving and cultivating their minds. This period shows the importance of a proper distribution of time in early life, if it has been passed in a useless manner without cultivating and improving the gifts of providence, old age will be rendered a period time for useless regrets, for them it is in vain to try to restore lost time and neglected opportunities, they are gone forever.

If on the contrary they had improved their advantages, it would be a time of peace, and the happy and gratifying contemplation of a well spent life.*

Amanda Bruen Oct. 22 1839

NOTE: *This is a lovely description of Gov. Isaac Shelby’s life in the end!

Page 47-48 – **A Character**

Ellen was the oldest daughter of a wealthy merchant. She had two sisters and a brother, and was blest with a pious and intelligent mother, whose example and instructions had no slight influence in forming her character.

She had all that wealth could procure; and from the earliest period of her life all the advantages of education and means of improvement which could be afforded. She was a gay, innocent child, and thus grew up with the love of all. The first time I saw after she was grown was at a small evening party. I was struck with her appearance; she was dressed very simply. she was beautiful. not that style of beauty however which is given by symmetry of features, and brilliancy of complexion, but that kind which is given to her. not having seen me since her childhood, she had forgotten me. It was truly a pleasure to converse with her, she conversed with such ease. Her brilliant and remarkable intelligence, was never employed in scandal, as the female tongue, too frequently is, much to the disgrace of the sex. I was so much pleased with her, and what I had heard respecting her character, that I was very anxious to continue my acquaintance with her. I found that the promises she had given as a child, were more than realized at her growth. She was well acquainted with the latin and french languages, though only eighteen, and was a perfect mistress of music, and was a delightful singer, possessing a sweet and powerful voice. Ellen had long been a member of the church, and had the sweetest disposition I had ever met with. she was benevolent to the poor, affable and polite to her inferiors.

Her father though uniformly successful in business, was suddenly deprived of his fortune by the mismanagement of a partner. Ellen who had never known a sorrow was not depressed by this misfortune. she was sustained by her piety, and contented disposition. To add to the misfortunes of the family Ellen's mother was suddenly taken away, exhausted by anxiety of mind and unable to bear such a change of fortune. It was now that her character shone forth, it was indeed a combination of all that is good, perfect and lovely in the female sex. She supported her father through his trials and acted the part of a mother to her younger sisters and her brother. They were compelled to change their place of residence (which was a fine large dwelling furnished with all the luxuries and elegancies which wealth could procure, for a small and comparatively comfortless one. Here the superior education and good sense of Ellen was again called for. she exercised economy in all the affairs of the house, and finally by her good management, and her father's industry they were restored to their former affluence. At the age of nineteen she was married to a young gentleman, who was fully worthy of her. She still lives and is happy as she can be in this transitory life. Amanda Bruen Nov. 12th 1839

Page 49-50 – **The Fragment of Linen**

I wish they had have swept cleaner! Here is a shred of linen left behind, a reproach to tidy housewifery! I am glad that no old lady brought up in the days of pudding making, and sampler work; or in scrupulous care of the household had happened to see thee! She would no doubt have exclaimed, while looking keenly through her spectacles, "This comes of book reading": or had it been some nicely dressed, white handed, scented, beaux, "This is the result of writing poetry!" Come forth thou offending one, hath thou anything to say? Can you by thought, or conceit, repay the risk, I have run for you? Resolve thyself into thy constituents! – the

green stalk, and blue flax flower where Moses extended his wondrous rod. I can see thy bloom softly stealing over the valley of New England; the farmer without pity, breaks thy bones, and his wife divided thy tender nerves. – I hear of music and see the bright cheeked maid, with her rustic lover at her side, he listens and counts secretly the bunches of skeins on the wall as they daily increase. Perhaps he is calculating what an economical wife the fair girl will make, and how his shelf will bend, beneath the weight of cheese, while many a keg and pot of butter, borne to the market shall changed. flourish on his back, a new coat for thanksgiving day. I would fain ask New England for the wheel which is now displaced by the sofa or piano. There was no necessity in those ancient times for stately calisthenics, and there was less of gadding, and more of home, and heart felt comfort implanted in industry and bearing fruit which could not be purchased by wealthy. –

But come back thou fragment of linen! I have thee drop in my harangue, as many wiser than myself have dropped the thread of their discourse. What was thy dark complexion made white by the chymical sun. Me thinks I see thee converted into a defunct pillowcase. Perhaps the guest ushered into the best chamber admired the snowy freshness of the youth making thee vain, or some lovely babe poured its pure innocent dreams upon thee. Say, have you heard the utterance of pain or shrank from the tossings of the proud man, or collected an untold tale of love from beauty's sigh?

Why art thou so silent, wilt thou reveal no secrets? Then go down with thy hoard of mysteries to the paper mill, and emerge from its jaws stainless and smooth! Happy shall be the change if on thy fair and spotless page wisdom and truth shall stamp thy linaments for posterity! So thine end shall be better than thy birth, and thy name be immortalized by an abler poet.

Amanda Bruen Nov. 26th 1839

Page 51-53 – Description of a Shipwreck

Wearied with the sameness and monotony of a city life, and for the sake of novelty, I determined to take a trip across the Atlantic, and visit some of the principle cities of Europe.

I took passage in a ship bound for Liverpool. It was a new one, not very large, but crowded with passengers. It was with a mixture of sorrow & joy that I parted from my widowed mother, and only sister. They were surrounded by many kind friends, and relations. Anxious to gratify my thirst for knowledge, and overcoming my regrets, I parted from them one morning in April. The ship as I have said before was thronged with passengers, it was a bright and lovely day; all seemed to have their hearts filled with hope and expectation as they left the happy shores of America. little did they dream that it was the last time, they were to behold that bright land! Among the passengers was a gentleman and his lady and almost infant son. More pleased with their appearance than that of the other passengers I soon became acquainted with them; the lady being in very delicate health

they were taking a tour for the benefit of it. Their child was the most interesting and beautiful one I had ever met with. He had piercing black eyes, and raven hair. When I would become melancholy with thoughts of home and distant friends his innocent prattle would divert my thoughts. he beguiled the tedious hours which wore so heavily, indeed, he became my best friend. Our voyage had been for twelve days smooth and uninterrupted, it was not destined to continue so. In the morning of the thirteenth day of our voyage the heavens became slightly clouded, it did not excite much notice or alarm, it continued so all the morning; in the afternoon the clouds grew heavier and the rain descended in torrents. still no apprehensions were felt: in the night tremendous peals of thunder were heard; vivid flashes of lightening shot across the heavens, the ship rocked, and was tossed upon the sea by the angry billows which agitated its bosom. Now all the passengers became justly alarmed, never will I forget that awful scene! the lightning occasionally illuminated it with the most brilliant flashes; the total darkness greatly increased the terror of the scene. What were the feelings of all when they found the vessel was sinking? it could no longer endure the shocks of the angry elements. – All persons on the ship were frantic with fear; particularly my friends: the gentleman was speechless with agony at the thought of the awful death which his wife and child must suffer. I intreated him to put his child in my care. Oh! how agonizing was the farewell he took of his son; he plunged into the sea (as many had done before, with his fainting wife in his arms. I bound my precious charge to my side, and followed his example. I swam for an hour, till nature was exhausted, and I was motionless. The last object which met my gaze was the mast of the fast sinking vessel, - I was insensible for some time, when I awoke to consciousness, I found myself prostrate on the shore, I saw that beautiful boy senseless in my arms, I tried every thing within my reach to restore him, all my efforts were vain for some time; at length he recovered. Oh! how grateful did I feel that I was not left apparently alone in the world!

I soon overcame my fatigue, and with the little boy commenced exploring the island on which we had been shipwrecked. it was small and covered with the most lovely trees and shrubbery; a purling brook wound its way through the central part; indeed it was the most fertile and lovely spot I ever beheld; but what beauty and fragrance of trees and shrubbery can compare for the loss of friends and home. Much fatigued we returned to the shore. I looked around me, nothing was visible of the dreadful shipwreck but the wreck of the vessel and a few floating fragments of it, all nature was calm: the sun cast its most brilliant rays on the glassy surface of the sea. Wearied with exertion and loss of sleep after witnessing the most gorgeous sunset I ever beheld I hastened with my dear little companion to the resting place which I had selected; it was a grassy nook almost surrounded with shrubbery, on our side it was bounded by a silvery stream slowly tracing its way. Our repose was profound and tranquil; when we awoke in the morning the sun had already touched every object with glory.

We were soon rescued from our disagreeable situation by a ship. It was with far different emotions that I for the second time ventured on the treacherous deep; I thought of all those who were now buried beneath its bosom who but the day before were filled with life and joy. I soon arrived at home, never wishing to leave it again. That interesting child who was placed in my protection still lives with me and faithfully have I performed my trust and promise of protecting him. I sometimes bless that shipwreck when though many precious lives were lost, was secured to me on the Heavens greatest blessings – a true friend. – December 2nd 1839

Page 54-55 – A Coquette

In a drawing room in the midst of a fashionable assembly of the select of the city my attention was attracted by a beautiful young lady. Her dress was splendid; it was a white satin embroidered with silver flowers. Her hair was jet black, a few of its glossy ringlets fell on her neck: the snowy whiteness of which beautifully contrasted with her raven hair. Her high polished forehead was scarcely rivaled by the band of pearls which encircled it. Her bright eyes beamed with intelligence, and her cheeks glowed with excitement.

She was the star of attraction; all eyes were riveted upon her, surrounded with homage and flattery, her lips were constantly wreathed with smiles. She had a smile, a flattering word, a gracious look for all who knelt at her shrine. Possessed of brilliant conversational powers, she employed them to the best advantage, changing her views and conversation with every one. If a lawyer conversed with her she affected to detest even business and profession but his own when a few moments before she informed a merchant that she disliked all professions.

When conversing with a man of pleasure she declares all business and profession & to be too monotonous. If with a "fashionable exquisite" she absolutely abhors every thing but fashion, and would die without it. If she meets a clergyman her views undergo another change; she becomes the pious, conscientious, and charitable young lady detests fashion as a pursuit fit only the weak minded. Though she thus deceived many, there were a few who notwithstanding, her winning conversation, her bland smiles, and fascinating manners, could penetrate the veil of deceit and see beneath all this a heart intent only on gaining admiration, and gratifying that which human nature naturally possesses – vanity. Yet she fascinated all who approached her with a syren's spell. But this engaging and seemingly fair and perfect creature, was one of those detestable objects we are continually meeting in society – a coquette !

But view this fair creature a few hours after in private! Her ornaments are removed, and her hair disordered. Her eyes which but a short time ago shone with such luster are now dimmed by a tear, perhaps she is grieving at some secret disappointment. Who would recognize in

this dejected and melancholy creature, her who but a few hours ago was the centre of a brilliant throng whom all hearts worshipped?

Thus season after season the heartfelt coquette, deceived and is deceived until nature's bloom is gone and she resorts to art. But that will not always lend its assistance; finally it fails, and the coquette pines away with a broken heart, and purse, with useless regrets for time misspent in flattery and dress.

Art and affection may reign for a time, but nature and simplicity finally conquers.

Amanda Bruen

January 15th 1840

Page 56-57 – The Dying Father and his Daughter

Wheels rolled over the pavement, and a slight form just budding into womanhood arrived at the father's door. Midnight frowned upon the stars, and the rich curls of that fair girl were damp. The mother who was wont to dry those tresses, and raise the weary spirit was cold in the grave. The gray tottering nurse was sad and mournful. The old servant who had trained the war steeds for her slain brothers bowed low as he pointed to her couch of her sick father. He had often wished for the presence of his sweet daughter, and through the long dismal nights thought of her smile until a dream would give the warm pressure of her ruby lips, and banish all sorrow. Yet she was far distant studiously pursuing her tasks, unconscious of the sorrows of her father, toiling for that knowledge which he wished her to acquire, but still cherishing bright thoughts of her dear home, and her father's pleasant smile. – A messenger of woe arrived – guided by filial love, she hastened home. But alas! it was too late the lamp of life still burned, but the mind was gone. Those halls echoed to the cry of father! father!

She bent over her father through that long night and bathed his fevered brow. When the rosy morning came it brought a flush to his cheek, she clasped her hands in joy, for she thought intellect had awaked. It was a delusion, the fond dream of hope passed with day. Night as it again drew its sable curtain found that fair creature still watching by the bed of pain. The sick man tossed restlessly on his couch. The low silver voice of the daughter was heard breathing O! my God, would that he could sleep! and then she ran to hush the slow ticking of the clock and the frighten the owl which clung to the casement pouring out its sad notes. The hand of death had struck its victim. They bore the fainting form away, her face was paler than that of the corset. as it drooped on the shoulder of the faithful nurse. It was a melancholy sight to see the young heart

breaking when that of the old went to its rest.

There was another change – the heavy belled tolled out the hour of the funeral hour, many feet passed the threshold. Friendship was there with its full heart, and Curiosity intent on examining the noble mansion. There was one there who like the cold day could receive nothing from this world. She stood like a statue, the faithful old house dog pressed his rough head to her smooth hand. He mourned for his master; could she spurn him who had watched by his bed in sympathy? No! she had shed her orphan tears on his neck. He seemed proud to guard the last relic of his beloved master's house. They spake of the father, and looked at her with indignation as they beheld her tearless eye, and said, "how strange that she should mourn so lightly"! – Oh! woman, the pure pearls of thy heart lie too deep for the indifferent to bring them forth!

The maiden did not give way to boisterous grief, but her heart was heavily oppressed with sorrow and loneliness.

January 20th 1840

Page 58 – **On Friendship**

The human heart, like the ivy is naturally formed to cling to something for support. Friendship is generally founded on a similarity of tastes, habits, thoughts, and opinions; but there (are) a few exceptions, many become friends when all these are dissimilar. Pure and unalloyed friendship is the greatest extent of happiness to be enjoyed, for what (is) so delightful as to have a friend with whom you can exchange thoughts, unfold the sacred treasures of your mind; impart your sorrows and griefs; in short, to go to the bosom of your friend as to a mirror, and reflect your own perfects and defections.

But in the enjoyment of the pure disinterested friendship of another, beware, lest the breath of suspicion with its venomous influence mars your happiness, shun jealousy: for it will destroy the fairest fabric of nature. The bond of friendship is made stronger and dearer in the hour of adversity; it is then its sincerity is tested; if it remains unchanged then it will be steadfast ever afterwards.

Page 60-62 – **The Gamble**

There was a mansion of the ancient style situated on a lofty eminence, which overlooked the vineyards, meadows, and winding streams of the sunny land of France. It had been the abode of wealth and magnificence; within its olden walls many silvered heads had been laid low by the hand of death; children had grown to manhood and passed away.

The sun rose above the fair blue hills. Scattering the midst from them, awaking the flowers and kissing the dew from the leaves. He poured his brightest beams through the casement into a wide tapestried chamber where Eugene was reclining on a couch. It was he who possessed this wide inheritance; his eyes

were riveted upon the carpet; and his raven locks hung disheveled upon his noble brow. His long and oft repeated sigh betrayed the deep sorrow of his heart. The rose had fled from his cheek, and the drooping lid of those once lustrous eyes gave true evidence of hours spent in wakefulness. The finely curved lips were no longer wreathed in the pleasant smile which used to betray the sweetness of his soul, a livid hue had supplanted it.

His wife, the jewel of his heart, sat by his side; he had lavished all his wealth and love upon her; and valued her above riches, fame or any earthly possession. Her fair arm was laid on his, and she gazed with tenderness upon his anxious features, and with her snowy hand smoothed the moist hair from his forehead.

There stood a light hearted child prattling words in her happy innocence, and offering to her father a boquet of flowers which she had plucked while the dew of morning shone on the foliage. They were unnoticed, and she was not greeted by the usual kind caress; the pearly tears rolled down her damask cheek. She spoke in sorrow and placed the lovely flowers upon her father's bosom, by an effort he raised himself and smoothed her flaxen hair, but before he had spoken a word his thought returned to their gloomy channel. He drew forth a silk purse which contained but one coin, it was nearly the last of his large fortune. His eyes shown with its usual luster as he held up the toy and looking at his wife calmly said, "my love, fate has made me poor! but start not! we have gold yet. I will try the game with borrowed means, for we are beggars now, I must go and make you rich!"

Midnight was at hand, and the untrimmed lamps burned dimly and cast a melonchaly light on the walls of the large chamber. In the centre of the room was a table scattered with coin, and heaps of cards; a splendid purse and handsome pocket book were thrown aside. A costly fretted candlestick was placed on each end of the table, the light fell full on the faces of the four who sat anxiously awaiting the result of the play. It was the last game of him whom fortune had forsaken; he had spent his immense wealth by hazard. He had been nursed in the lap of luxury sine his infancy. Not a sound was heard while the last game was undecided, save the muttered curse by him who had staked his last. Occasionally a savage fierceness would pervade the looks of the group as Eugene suspected the deep plot laid against him. They suppressed their smiles at the certainty of their golden victory; yet not a word was whispered, every one was intent to see the issue of the game. — The moon was mounting in the sky, and countless brilliant stars gemmed the blue canopy of the heavens, zephyrs were upon the hills, and fragrant fields, their wings were laden with sweets from the dew blossoms.

Eugene stood on a high bank that overlooked the sea. He looked first upon the sea, and then extended his arms to a white sail which he decried approaching and laughed until the sea birds were startled from their nest. They flew around him with a cry of fear, he answered them, fancying (in his delirium) they were the voices of those he loved. He spoke fond words to his wife, and little one; then reason returned, and awaking to a sense of the awful

reality of his situation he knelt, and breathed a prayer to Heaven.

All was still; - the birds of the ocean were slumbering; the green sea quietly rolled its billows; and far, far beneath them in the caves, and graves of coral floated, a proud, but beautiful face. The monsters of the deep were passing by the cold lifeless form of Eugene.

Amanda Bruen

February 10th 1840

Page 63-64 – **On the Future**

It is beyond the power and abilities of Man to know the future. It is dreary blank, unknown, and associated alike with pleasing prospects and dark uncertainties. The wisdom of God is seen in this as in every other dispensation of his providence. Were we possessed of a full knowledge of the future, its cares and perplexities, our present happiness would be marred. All would be miserable; for there is not one person upon whom the ray of sorrow does not shed its gloomy light. All have experienced the gloomy influence of approaching evil. Who could retain their happiness when expecting the death of a dear friend or relation, or anticipating the frowns of Fortune. Was it not for the wisdom and kindness of our Creator, the world would exhibit one continual scene of misery.

Curiosity the first born passion of the human breast calls for a knowledge of the future, but it is not to be gratified. Astrologers and conjurers may by the assistance of art and of what must naturally happen, predict future events, and their predictions may be fulfilled; - but the true knowledge of the future is confined to him who rules and directs all things.

Were the future to end with this world, it would be nothing, but when we have passed our day upon the stage of life! there is something more: - another future which will be a state of unalloyed misery or unimaginable bliss. There is another point of view in which the future may be regarded when the ever fruitful ingenuity of man shall have invented more, when the means of traveling are facilitated, and the aerial regions are explored. It would seem from the late rapid improvement of the sciences and manufactures that the ingenuity of man would be almost exhausted, but it unfolds constantly, and the future will show that it is inexhaustible, and like the depths of the sea fathomless.

Pet all temper their hopes, and be not to sanguine in expectations of a brilliant future; for Time is rapidly unveiling its mysterious picture; then all will receive their portion that of adversity or woe; or be cheered by the perpetual gleam of happiness, and eternal sunshine.

Amanda Bruen

March 2nd 1840

Page 65-66 – **Domestic Happiness contrasted with Fashionable Life**

Behold the social family! Happiness beams from every eye it is painted in glowing colours in every face. The father returns from his daily occupations; he is greeted by a pleasant smile from all; even the prattling infant welcomes him, the sunny cloud of content sheds its cheering beams upon every member of the family. The father opens his storehouse of knowledge to enrich the minds of his children; they look to him to answer their simple inquiries, and natural desire for knowledge. The mother encourages them with a soft smile, and joins in the interesting conversation. If the fatal seeds of passion make their appearance the parents of exerting a proper influence will eradicate them entirely from their young bosoms before they gain any ascendancy.

In such a family there is peace. All seem intent to promote the mutual happiness of each other. After this sweet intercourse of pure hearts they unite in harmony to give thanks to their God, and retire to rest with a consciousness of having fulfilled their duty to man, and his God. Is it thus in the private circle of the votaries of Fashion? No, for different, every thing wears a different aspect. No happy smile lights up every face. The father returns, his face clouded with disappointment or perhaps lightened by miserly delight at the anticipation of an acquisition to his fortune. The children of present are unnoticed save to receive or reproof for the indulgence of natural curiosity. Their simple inquiries are unheeded, and unanswered: they are left to wonder at their parents conduct, and in time to follow their steps. The infants sweet simplicity and prattle are wasted, in the dismal walls of the nursery. The mother sits musing over a death pang she has received from seeing some hated rival with a splendid mantilla, or article of dress: perhaps an elegant piece of furniture purchased by a wealthy neighbour.

What is call domestic happiness reigns not in such a family. The rudiments of passion instead of being exterminated, are cultivated. Sociability and true happiness have fled, and their thoughts and talents are completely given up to Fashion. They retire, but give no thanks to their Creator, for they do not think of him who sustains them. Their last thoughts are the anticipation of the total eclipse of a rival.

Are such persons always happy? Only when in the possession of the transitory admiration of the gay and vain, or while basking under the ray of Fashion's sun.

Contrast the families in after years; the children reared in the domestic circle under their parents watchful eye have become ornaments to society while those left to themselves and to follow the example of their parents, are forsaken by wealth and necessarily by fashion, have become useless members of society, or dependant on the bounty of the world.

Who would hesitate to determine which is most desirable

Domestic Happiness with its bliss, or a Fashionable Life fraught
with follies and uncertainties.

March 10th 1840

Page 67-69 – **The Art of Man**

In the present age art has almost superseded nature. It is displayed in every thing. Man is full of it: from his noblest structure to the most insignificant work of his hands this unlimited power is seen. Examine some of the splendid edifices of the day: could grandeur or elegance wish for more? Again look at the convenience of dwellings; can comfort or ease wish for more? Behold the inferior works of man: they seem almost perfect, yet with all this the mind, the art of man wishes for more, and will to the end of time.

Art or ingenuity was planted deep in the bosom of our first parents; it was exercised in the first days of their existence in their unsuccessful attempts to conceal themselves from the searching eye of an offended God, in their feeble attempts to procure covering for nature's garb. It has been transmitted, from generation to generation, and as from the first still continue to flourish, until it now has almost arrived at a state of perfection. The regions of air and earth, the elements of fire and water are all subject to the ravages of this mighty power: it penetrates the veil of clouds which surround the planet Earth: by means of it fire and water are made to combat with and almost overcome each other. What parts of the globe are inaccessible to the ingenuity of man? It pierces inaccessible mountains, the deep parts of the earth, barriers of rocks formed by the strong hand of nature, seemingly impenetrable: but art and ingenuity oppose this strong holds and finally appear triumphant.

By means of the power lightning; the regions of air and earth have been explored. It would be impossible to enumerate the fruits of man's invention and art, for volumes could be filled with them. – –

The art and address of man may be seen in every profession. The minister makes use of the beautiful truths of the inspired word to illustrate his doctrine. The lawyer of the powerful shafts of wit and the fascinating power of eloquence combined with all that, is splendid in oratory. The physician declares with unmoved countenance that his medley of minerals, herbs and powders is good, as infallible cure. The mechanic by means of polish and the use of instruments with which he in some measure corrects the defeats of his workmanship, declares it to be perfect, without blemish.

Art may be considered in another sense, as a clock for hypocrisy, and the defeats of mind and body.

The art, the ingenuity of man still exists and augments and will be perpetual till "the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the elements shall melt

with fervent heat". "Then the secrets of al hearts shall be laid opened", then all art shall cease!

Amanda Bruen
March 10th 1840

Page 69-72 – The Debut of a Bashful Young Lady

My parents were numbered among the aristocracy of a large city and were immensely wealth. From my early childhood I had been tormented with a governess, and many private teachers, until I had become disgusted with them, and the fashionable accomplishments of the day, which my parents thought their imperative duty to give me. Etiquette with all its formal observances was daily instilled into my young mind. – My parents frequently gave splendid dinner and evening parties, but I shunned them and fled to the nursery. I was an only child: extreme bashfulness was the reigning trait of my character, only occasionally noticed by my parents, having no one of my age to associate with: it increased to such a degree that I shrank from the observation, or approach of any one.

When I emerged from the nursery a "young lady" I was bashful to the greatest extent of the word, and my mind was full of the lessons I had received on etiquette without knowing when to put them in practice. A month after my escape from the thrall-dom of the nursery, and dominion of my governess, all the private conversation was of a grand party which was to be given to announce my entry into the fashionable world. Mantuamakers and friends were conducted as to the dress I should wear. Extensive preparations were made. The invitations were numerous.

The eventful evening at length arrived. The dress prepared for me was a blue crepe robe spangled with silver, trains were in vogue: mine was longer than usual, for my mother generally excelled fashion. My underdress was of the richest white satin; my slender waist (for my maids had compressed it within the smallest compress possible) was adorned by a girdle wrought with silver. My rich tresses hung on my snow white neck, they were only confined by a circlet of diamonds. My mirror told me a flattering tale, but I heeded it not. – The last article was adjusted: with flushed cheek, trembling step, and beating heart I descended to the drawing room clinging to my father's arm. The magnificent rooms were brilliantly illuminated: never had my unpracticed eye met such a blaze of light and fashion. Notwithstanding the frequent injunctions I had received to be composed and graceful, the moment I entered the room seeing all eyes fixed upon me, my bashfulness and awkwardness returned with unusual strength. As my father was introducing me to some of his most distinguished guest I unfortunately in the agitation of the moment, forgot my dancing school instructions, placed the wrong foot first, and indeed what was intended as a courtesy terminated in an ungraceful movement of the body. Such a slight accident indeed it can scarcely be called one, threw me into such confusion that I felt the colour mount into my face; I articulated a few words and imagining all eyes to be upon me, I fled for concealment to a recess

which was partly shaded by a rich damask curtain. But it was in vain: the eye of curiosity was upon me and sought me.

My mother discovered me and introduced me to many of her acquaintances. The dance commenced. Several gentlemen claimed the honour of my hand: unfortunately I selected as my partner one who was as awkward as I was bashful. As I was dancing he stopped upon my train and made a rent in it, in my haste to remedy the disaster I only increased it by making the rent larger and more perceptible. My face was suffused with a hue that might have shamed the most brilliant crimson cloud that ever adorned a sunset. I had not regained my composure when I confused the whole cotillion by having forgotten the figure: instead of rectifying my mistake, or supplying my awkwardness with good humor – I fled in confusion to a seat leaving the set confused and enjoying themselves at the expense of myself and partner. I declined dancing any more.

I was introduced to several. but all their attempts at conversation ended in a few scarcely articulate monosyllables from me. I was much annoyed by the attention paid me by a bachelor in low report reputed to be in search of an heiress. He flattered me continually, I was too bashful to repress it; mistaking my timidity for silent delight he continued it. – Supper was announced. Still accompanied by my hated companion I proceeded with others to feast my eyes and palate on the delicacies which wealth had procured. The fruits of a tropical clime, the delicious wines of France mingled with the rich viands of our own land were sufficient to gratify the most disdainful taste. Much attention was paid me as queen of the revel. indeed too much to my mortification.

A gentleman standing near presented me with a glass of wine, I received it with confusion; in my agitation it fell from my trembling hand with its contents into a bowl of delicious ice-creams. Nothing could have equaled my mortification, but it was somewhat increased by hearing a young lady request a saucer of the unfortunate ice-cream: a gentleman in a low whisper replied “I would with pleasure, but an awkward young lady has unfortunately added to its delicious taste and flavour by a mixture of wine and glass. This was more than my sensitive nature could sustain; I left the scene of festivity, and the gay votaries of fashion, and sought in the solitude of my chamber that calmness and composure which I had in vain attempted to assume in the gay crowd. I there poured out my full heart, A kind flood of tears came to my relief. Though I had suffered much from my bashfulness yet I felt comparatively happy, that the dread ordeal was now over. Thus ended my “Debut.”

Although modesty in all ages has been extolled as one of the chief ornaments of the female sex, yet that excessive degree of it which is termed bashfulness, should be conquered by every one who possesses it. I will close with again advising all young ladies to overcome bashfulness and acquire self possession before they enter “the stage of fashionable life.” Amanda Bruen

March 24th 1840

What is the cause of this general complaint? Look around, and we see nearly every one diving deep in the mine of gold and silver which they possess not. that is living upon "credit". The merchant yearly replenishes his store with the most magnificent goods, but where are they from? foreign lands. The grower in the same manner fills his storehouse: but with what? principally with the products and fruits of industry of other climes. Is this right? Should such a fruitful thriving land as ours depend upon others? No, nature has been kind, and bestowed alike her blessing upon it. Is it a benefit to our country to impoverish it and enrich other lands? Reason and good sense answers, no! Yet the fast increasing ingenuity and industry of our countrymen are disregarded or checked to encourage that of other countries. They need not our assistance, and why not bestow it at home. A general spirit of patriotism should prevail: but if such a feeling it seems to be for other countries. Every thing, clothing, furniture, and even food must be of foreign import.

Men in the higher circles of life are reveling in luxury, while those in a lower condition mourn their lot and inability to be on the same level with them. Many after receiving one sunny smile from fortune plunge into extravagance in expectation of another, but it is a delusion, and they are left to regret their folly for their nonimprovement and destruction of the first.

Liberty the glorious gift of heaven's bounty is mocked: nearly all are governed by wealth ad the tyrant fashion. Man, the "lord of creation" destined to be an independent being, is a slave to the uncertain possession of wealth. It is the standard of virtue and real worth. But one word from the almighty ruler of heaven and earth is sufficient to destroy it. It is confined to this world but virtue reigns triumphantly in this one, immortal in the other; it shines as a bright gem in the celestial world. –

The "hard times" have been attributed to bad government, failure in business, stoppage of specie payments in short to every thing but the chief cause – the pride and extravagance of the people. It has been assigned to so many causes, that many really ignorant of the cause, have possessed in perplexity that they had no share in it.

Economy is rarely mentioned and still less frequently practiced: it is considered by some a vulgar practice, but so far from being such a proper degree of it is ornamental and all that can retrieve our country from the present embarrassing state of affairs. The ladies add greatly to the difficulty of "the times." Their clothing must be imported from the most fashionable emporiums of Europe. Industry and economy do not take possession of their minds. It would take the wealth of a Census to furnish the dress of a modern "fashionable", or to support some of the princely establishments of the day. Then it is no matter of astonishment that there is a scarcity of money to supply the real wants of life when it has all been expended on the gaudy and useless trappings of fashion.

Not until, such extensive importation, speculation, pride and extravagance are abolished; economy and industry practiced; will Fortune gild our bright land with the sunbeam of prosperity and content.

Amanda Bruen
April 1st 1840

Page 75-77 – A Vision of My Mother

'Twas twilight: the last bright cloud had sank behind the horizon. The silvery green of night was mounted high in "heave's blue dome". The azure curtain of the sky was gemmed with a few brilliant stars: but soon all the blue canopy was overspread, (from The azure....overspread is crossed out) and soon all the innumerable lamps of evening were lighted. The scene upon which this assemblage of beauties dawned was no less lovely. It was one of the brightest spots of the fairy-land of Italy. A lake in quiet repose reflected upon its glassy bosom, the villa which I had left to gaze undisturbed upon the scene, and the luxuriant foliage, summoned by rich fruit trees whose half-opened blossoms perfumed the air. The sweet notes of the nightingale had lulled many of Flora's daughters to close their petals, and seek repose until the sweet songsters should waken them. Around, above, below, presented a lovely picture of nature's penciling, giving to the eye (crossed out) mind or thought of Paradise.

Venus was the guardian star of my destiny; in it I imagined the pure spirit of my mother dwell, for she had long before then, been borne to the "better land." Every evening I gazed upon the bank of the lake: my couch was the verdant moss, intermingled with flowers whose velvet petals had caught a tinge from the effulgent moon, and whose hills were moistened with pearly drops of dew. – Surrounded by such a scene I was transported on the wings of the god of sleep to a far different one. It was the planet Venus. I was in one of the vast halls of a dwelling which seemed formed by the power of magic. The ceiling was a sheet of amethyst, supported by walls, and pillows of silver and pearl. Vases of crystal filled with flowers, whose sweet fragrance blended with the soft air added to the enchantments of the scene. A fountain of pellucid waters jutted up from the centre of the alabaster floor. The quiet stillness of the place, was disturbed by a slight sound and I beheld approaching me a tall female clothed in a flowing robe of vestal whiteness. On her head was a diadem of precious jewels. In her hand she held a harp of gold. She touched it, and sang a song of the angelic show. Such music never awoke from Apollo's lyre: it breathed of Heaven.

That angelic creature was my mother. Her face was cloudless as a moonlight sky. No human, earth-born passions could have been traced in those features: - all was heavenly serenity. She had been clothed in the robe of righteousness: she had received the crown of everlasting life, and a harp on which to sound the praises of her redeemer. –

Never had mortal before trespassed on the hold spot. I shrank from my sainted mother, but she said, my son, approach me, fear not. Listen to me! Since my soul was freed from its corruptible body I have dwelt in this paradise; I have enjoyed sweet communion with my maker, and await that day when he shall call all nations

unto him and give them their everlasting portion, a swelling with im,
or in the place of torment. Leave earth's alluring pleasures, and moor thy
bark to the haven of bliss and peace: the current of thy path will be
obstructed, but press on with zeal for the prize which will be awarded
thee! Come and view this lovely land and see if the possession of
such an one is not worth of a struggle. My dreams of fancy were
realized; this then was the abode of my mother. – With my hand pressed
in hers. I was seeking for farther charms in that land of beauty
when Fancy waved her magic wand and ceased her power. My
sweet sleep was no more but my dream was still vivid.

It was morning when it vanished. The sun was peeping
forth from a mass of golden clouds; the moon had resigned her
sway, and retired with her train of lovely brilliant, daughters, before
the approach of the victorious chariot of Aurora Morning's songsters
had awoken the flowers from their dewy sleep. A small bark
skimmed the glassy surface of the lake: its white sail was kissed
by the morning breeze. I returned to my residence, heedless of the
glorious dawn of day. My mind and soul was filled with the
pleasing picture which I fancy had wreathed for me.

(this last paragraph crossed out)

Many years have elapsed since I enjoyed that sweet
vision of my sainted mother, yet still I imagine I hear her sweet
voice and counsel, "tho it was but a dream."

Amanda Bruen
April 7th 1840.

Page 78-79 – **Solitude**

Solitude is the time when man gives himself up entirely to his
own reflections and thoughts. Indeed not always imply the absence
of all but one individual, for a man may be in solitude in the
midst of a crowd. The haughty Baron feels himself alone in the
in the midst of his inferiors; the sound philosopher finds himself truly
solitary in the society of the gay and foolish. Then is the time for
examining the mind; then it can be laid open as a picture for
the view and scrutiny of its possessor. A person of sense will not
expose it to the observation of the world; therefore solitude is the
time and place for cultivating, searching out and storing that vast
possession which is common to the bosom of every one. Its natural
activity is made more vigorous; the ideas are multiplied; the sources of
information are more numerous, for the curiosity becomes keener; in busy
life it is soon satisfied, but in solitude it augments. After passing our
time in retirement we return to the world with our intellects bright-
ened, with a clearer view of things, and our judgement more correct.

The soul is capable of more improvement than
it is generally supposed to be. In the depths of solitude, when unin-
terrupted, it acquires lofty ideas which elevate it above the common
affairs of life: then its true power is ascertained; it rides superior to
the low vices and dissipations of society, and continually increases
until it is assured of its own immortality. But it is incapable
of such progress in the busy haunts of man, when disturbed,

and surrounded by minds which do not reflect, or ascertain their own powers. Many think with truth that a taste for constant solitude is generally the impulse of a selfish heart and hatred to mankind: and that it is often spent in forming vain chimeras of the fancy; - in being swayed by a wild imagination. It frequently gives the mind and thought a melancholy cast, but it is the result of indulging too much in it. We are placed in this world as social beings, solitude, is intended as a recreation, and should only be indulged in as such, and not as the manner of passing a life time. But if it was not for this means of spending the time, where would be the works and productions of genius? Would it be possible for any one to have collected such a number of ideas, in a crowded assembly, or in the busy haunts of man?

Many important discoveries may be, and have been made by retiring from the vortex of fashion and disposition, and employing the time in study and reflection. It is then that the foundation of a great character is formed: it is the time for conversing with our minds and hearts. How comforting to fly from the bitter sneers of man, and the callous world, to seek relief in solitude!

When alone we feel more forcibly the wounds inflicted by a quilt conscience; the powerful (though often unacknowledged) influence of a God. Though prayer is not confined to place or time, in solitude we should hold this sacred and holy communion with our maker. "They who wish to acquire true wisdom must learn to live in solitude."

Amanda Bruen
April 14th 1840

Page 80-82 – **Painting**

This art first appeared in rude sketches made by men who were gifted with the talent, but knew not how and had not the means of improving it. From rough outlines it gradually increased to correct ones, but then had no beauty of colouring and shading. It has made a gradual advancement until it has attained such fineness and variety of colouring and shading as to excite man, elicit his admiration, and even to cause a doubt whether the painting be reality, or a strong resemblance.

It is an art worthy of assiduous study. Since it has received the patronage and encouragement of kings, nobles, and men of wealth, a spirit of rivalry and emulation has arisen, which has added greatly to its improvement.

Italy is, and has always been the nursery of painting. There its most noble artists have been born, flourished, and died. It is owing to the liberal encouragement given to it, and refines taste of the people, that it has there arrived at such perfection. In landscape painting the Italians are unrivalled; perhaps, their superiority in this may be attributed to the unequalled beauty of their scenery. Combine all its beauties; its lakes, valleys, hills & fruits; the quiet beauty

of the sky, with the thundering sublimity of its volcanoes, and Italy will stand unsurpassed. Surrounded by such a variety of scenes could talent slumber? no: their loveliness gives birth to genius, and cherishes it. –

If a young artist wishes to improve, or become a great one, let him go to Italy. There will his talents (if he have any) be appreciated and encouraged. He will there have never failing subjects for his pencil. The exquisite taste and imagination of the Italians, has led to an excellence in their artists which cannot be found in any other country of the world. Among the painters of Italy, the names of Raphael and Correggio are conspicuous; glory will ever attach itself to their names.

England has produced many painters of whom she may boast. Reynolds has by his mighty productions of genius gained a celebrity which will even shed a halo around his name. The culture of this art in America is much more general than formerly. The artists of America will soon compete with those of Italy. Their names will ere long appear as glorious on the lists of fame; as those of their predecessors the sons of the “mother world.”

Were it not for this inimitable art by what means could we preserve in our remembrance the face of a dear friend or relation; a forsaken home associated with all the tender recollections of childhood? Memory may serve for a time, but will soon prove unfaithful. Language will fail; it can only describe: but painting can portray every lineament and feature with a vividness which almost makes us fancy we behold the lost one, and with a durability which will last for ages. It can present to our view such a glowing picture of home, and its beloved haunts as to make us fancy ourselves there, living over the happy days of the past. The slightest circumstances may impair the memory, but a painting will remain for years unimpaired.

Amanda Bruen

May 20th 1840

Page 82-86 – **Untitled (Switzerland)**

I had traveled through Europe, visited its proudest cities, its noblest works of nature and art; its lofty edifices and cathedrals, the boasts of past and present generations, its crumbling monuments of antiquity; its magnificent palaces; saw the glittering pageantry of its courts, all had I seen save the bright land of Switzerland. How did I long to see that far-famed land of beauty! To view with my senses its charms! Its sublimity of scenery, has been the theme of the poet; the subject of the artist; but all attempts have been fruitless to paint with the pen or pencil its unrivalled loveliness. When I actually beheld it I was entranced; it realized my expectations. I wondered why man had ever attempted with language, or the flowery wreathings of imagination to describe it: the most skillful artist may paint and combine a glowing picture of its

beauties, but it will sink into nothingness compared with the reality.

It was in July when I visited Switzerland, all nature was clothed in her summer's garb; That part which first met my gaze was one of nature's finest paintings, it had received the most exquisite touches from her pencil. It was a verdant valley – encompassed on each side by mountains and ledges of rocks, it was curtained above by the indo stretching canopy of the heavens. The giant Alps reared their lofty heads to the sky as if in consciousness of superiority to other objects. Some with their snow covered summits, pierced the clouds in proud defiance. They seemed soaring above earth. Their snowy tops glistened with unearthly brilliancy. Parts of their brodd sides were rugged, covered only with a few stinted shrubs and barren rocks, but at their base luxuriated high forest trees, waving furs and pines. A silvery lake slumbered in the quiet bosom of the valley. In it was married the same scene which glowed above and around it, the same brilliant sun was there lighting up another world below. On one side of the lake were the ruins of a small chateau, nothing remained but a few pillars which seemed to have formed part of a portico: they were almost concealed by the creeping ivy which had wound around then for support. The walls had almost crumbled into decay, they were covered with grass, vines ad wild flowers. It was now the habitation of owls and insects. Around it, here and there were scattered shrubs, lofty trees, and rare exotics: a hedge of low bushes and trees, was new scarcely discernable, though I could still mark where it had enclosed the now decayed dwelling and garden. An avenue leading from the lake to the chateau, still retained its original regularity, time had made more deep its lengthening shades, and more cool, for the rays of the sun never penetrated the green canopy formed by the spreading foliage of it trees. On the other side of the lake was a low ledge of rocks, carpeted here and there with moss and adorned with vines, whose white and scarlet flowers bring in rich festoons over their emerald bed. Beneath there rocks sprung a fountain of limpid waters. They leaped and sparkled over small protruding rocks, forming a miniature cataract or waterfall, until they were lost in the windings of a pearly brook. By its side was a small stone cross (shaded and almost hid by a luxuriant shrub, bearing the simple inscription, "To the memory of Laura." This, with the chateau and its garden excited my curiosity. What hand had intruded the works of art into Nature's temple, and thus forsaken them? One of my companions (a native of Switzerland) satisfied my curiosity. He thus related, "Ten years ago the peasants of the neighboring cantons were surprised by the long continued stay of a gentleman in this neighborhood. Their surprise was no less great when they ascertained the object of his stay. He was having the chateau erected the remains of which you now see. It was built of the finest granite, its dimensions were small. It had a portico in front of small fluted pillars. The garden and walks were well planned. – The gentleman left for a short time, and soon returned with his wife and infant child. They immediately took possession of their swelling. Under their tender culture the

rarest exotics bloomed, and shed their fragrance in this stranger land. The chateau, its garden, and inhabitants, all combined, a happy union of order, elegance, and simplicity. The tear of sorrow never fell there, the ray of affliction never penetrated, but peace and joy reigned undisturbed. Its charms might have vied with Paradise. It was a mystery why this small family came here, and made it their home, it is still unknown. Religion and music added to their happiness. Such felicity was unhappily destined to cease. —

One bright morning their infant daughter strayed from her home to gather flowers, she with difficulty gained the top of those mass of rocks, She had nearly filled her little basket with flowers, when the rock on which she stood gave way and she fell rapidly over the jutting rocks. Her fall was terminated by a pine which grew by the fountain. The shock was too much for her gentle and infantile frame. Nature was overcome. Unconscious, she there breathed her last, alone and unseen by mortal eye. but a company of invisible angels awaited to bear the cherub saint, to the “spirit land.” The parent soon missed the little wanderer, They sought her at the fountain,, and thought her sleeping. Her small form reclined on a bed of soft moss as if in ease. One auburn curl had escaped from the hood which partly covered her head and lay on her forehead which even at here early age bore the stamp of intellect! Her bright hazel eyes were closed for even the silken lashes lay on her round cheek from whence the rosy hue of health had scarcely yet departed. Her coral lips were closed, a cherub smile still lingered around her mouth. One dimpled hand and arm lay motionless at her side; the other lay across her breast, the tiny fingers clasp in the rigid grasp of death a snowy flower. The hand of the destroyer seemed content with the destruction of the gem within the casket, and left it perfect. The pearl was returned in is sullied purity to him who gave it — The parents gazed in deep sorrow at their child, alas! thieves’ no longer but Heaven’s! Oh, could a Raphael have been there to portray on canvass the loveliness of simplicity and innocence! On a Canova to breathe ito marble the semblance of such perfection! Then you could form an idea of the loveliness. — They had her buried by the fountain, and erected the simple monument to her memory which you now see.” They left immediately and have not been heard of since — — I gazed with redoubled curiosity at her grave, the simplest memorial to her memory, and her forsaken home. I imagined I could hear her light footsteps and mirth within the decayed walls; that I could see her slight form bounding from flówer to flower to chase the gaudy butterfly, or amusing her fond parents with her innocent prattle. But it was a delusion! — She slept alone, and almost forgotten. The flowers had many times bloomed and withered upon her grave; the gay cascade danced lightly over it as if in mockery of its sadness — The flowers had moistened it with dew from their coloured cups, and it had been sipped by the morning beams. The night birds had many times sung their

requiems to her memory over her low resting place.

Though she rested there unknown, away from friends and relatives she was not lonely: it was only the corruptible body which had been lain there. The jewel has left, and now shone with lucid luster in the celestial land of glory.

Amanda Bruen
June 16th 1840

Page 87-89 – **Woman**

What is the sphere of woman? Is her plane in the lofty halls of justice, in the courts of judicature, to award to the trembling victim freedom or death? Is it her office to lead on the proud array of battle, and penetrate its dangers? To drink deep of the fountains of knowledge? To soar above earth and traverse the vast immensity of air? To explain the wild unfrequented parts of the globe? No: - gentle shrinking woman was not designed to fill such affairs, engage in such pursuits. Tis true she may like a Joan d'Arc marshal her troops in the field, gain the palm of victory, and plant its glowing banner on the fortifications of the enemy. Or like a Queen - Elizabeth, or Lady Jane Gray solve the problems of art, master the sciences, elucidate their mysteries, acquire the dead and living languages; and be crowned with the bright wreath of fame. Yet she was not created for these; - her office is to sooth the sick, alleviate their wants, comfort the dying, and point them to Heaven. To succor the helpless, replace the tear of sorrow by the smile of contentment: to arrest the perpetuation of crime, allay the tumult of anger, by her mild reproof, calm the babe into a gentle slumber with her sweet lullaby. - Home, domestic retirement is her province, the centre of her actions, from thence her benevolence, intellect and piety can radiate and cast their light far around. - She was born to twine herself around the heart of a brother, bring him from vice to virtue; to admonish her sister with the voice of an angel; to fill the heart of a parent with joy. More than all to her is allotted the training up of the immortal soul which is imperishable as its another, more precious than riches.

Our first mother dwelt in a paradise, and each of her fair daughters has the happy privilege of forming and cultivating one for themselves. They may plant in these exotics which will grow, bloom and shed their fragrance & beauty here, or make around them a paradise of the mind, and plant in it the seeds of virtue and piety which will grow, bloom shed their charming fragrance and sweetness not only here; but in the paradise above through ages, and endless eternity.

The right of woman have been disregarded, seemingly unknown, they have been trampled upon. Within the last two or three centuries woman has been more appreciated, her work will not be fully established, in all the world, until the golden rules of religion and civiliza-

tion sway every part of it. Woman should adorn herself with piety and modesty they are more ornamental, more brilliant than jewels. – Could an inhabitant of mother planet with draw his attention from his own sphere and fix his gaze upon our earth, see the false system of woman's education, its aim, its effect; - to display her beauty, accomplishments, and grace before an admiring community, - the devotion to dress, and fashion, the total neglect of eternity, would he not be inclined to say with the Koran that "woman had no soul? The fact that she has a soul to prepare for eternity, seems to be almost forgotten. She is taught to think only of improving person, and not the mysteries, and beautiful perennial within. She learns only the light literature of the day, It is true there is a vigour and nerve of character in man which belongs not to her, it prepares him for deeper erudition; yet her intellect is not inferior but her life calls for a solidity and refinement in education which is rarely bestowed. The idea of a learned woman is ridiculous, she is regarded as a monster; but is it ridiculous to fan the hidden spark which an Almighty God has implanted within her into a flame, until its brilliancy and glory shall place it on a level with angels.

Woman's value is unfolding: - the almost "Ethiopian darkness" which enveloped it is clearing away, the midst of ignorance are disappearing, and ere long it will shine forth through all the world, a peerless gem!

Amanda Bruen

July 1st 1840

Page 90-93 – **Untitled (New Year's Eve 1839)**

It was a cold New Year's Eve, I sat in my chamber by a blazing fire reading an interesting sketch of Washington Irving in the last number of the Kincker bocker. But reading became prosy and throwing my book aside, I lolled back in my large arm chair, and resigned myself to thought. Every thing was favourable, Sorrows had fled from me. Without was noise and glee: occasionally I heard the freed school boys shout of joy, at the noise and light of his little fire works, or the near approach of "Happy New Year." (the season of presents and good wishes). All was still within, save the slow, measured tick of my watch, and the gentle purring of a kitten at my mind wandered back to my home, my boyhood's home when I sported in the shade of the oak, or played by the winding stream and guided my tiny canoe in its smooth current; when I watched the anger of its little waves as I plied my busy oar too roughly; when I gazed with childish delight at the sunbeams dancing o'er them now disappearing one moment, then reappearing, and sparkling again with brilliancy. It dwelt on the animal festivals of Christmas and New Year! I thought of those happy days when I was a prattling child!

at the dawn of every New Year, fairy favours were showered upon me by parents relations, and friends. Each had for me a pretty toy, or gilded bauble, I would play with them a moment, then throw them aside, and in childish caprice, wish for more. – The neighboring clock slowly struck eleven! It waked me from my reverie, and recalled my wandering thoughts from the past to the present: that e'er an hour, another New Year would dawn upon the world! I inwardly asked myself, how I had spent the year? whether I had improved it and counted the moments as they passed, or suffered time to sweep his broad wing over it and find me still the same & unimproved, and unimproving! But e'er I had endured myself, my meditations were again interrupted by hearing a strange voice utter the following soliloquy. (It was the mourning of departing -39.) "Twelve months have passed away since I first trod on the earth with light and joyous footstep. During my existence, sorrows and blessings, diseases and scourges have visited man! Various, many, and sudden, have been the changes on the globe during my stay. Earthquakes have rent assunder the bowels of the earth engulfing populated towns and cities, sending thousands of immortal souls to stand face to face before an unknown, unworshipped God. – The "hard times" have wrought many changes among the enterprising citizens of the great reputation. The rich and great have vanished like a bubble from their high stations in the aristocratic circle. The poor – the forsaken children of Fortune have struggled in vain against bitter poverty, - it has conquered them with its reproaches and cruel taunts. England's youthful queen has been crowned with the diadem of earthly power, and sways with her scepter the united isles! Every hour and day has been marked by the death of mortals. They have descended to the regions of woe; or passed the other portals of the sky to the land of unclouded happiness. –

Man ye wait anxiously

for the down of my sister year, ye have become weary of the sound of my name; but I leave the world not as I found it. Manufacturers, agriculture, and commerce have increased! The fine arts, literature, learning and refinement have been rapid in their imprisonment. The press has been constantly promoting the efflux of knowledge. In Europe the melioration has been great and extensive. In Asia civilization has progressed but little! Paganism still has its deluded votaries, yet a few have forsaken their inanimate gods and blocks of stone, and bowed down to the only true Divinity. Heathenism and ignorance still prevail, and will; until many yet unborn years shall live and be forgotten, and one of our sisterhood shall hold the lamp of knowledge to lighten the benighted paths of superstition, and herald forth the glorious down of the Millenium.

But very fast approaching and

warns me to stop such reflections! I am now old, my sand hour race since the world began, to form but a speck on

the pages of time, and be forgotten! – Specters and spirits
of bye-gone days beckon me to the dim and shadowy
region of the past! I shall soon be gone, and be forgotten
or occasionally thought of, as that which once was. I fancy
I can hear the footsteps of my sister – 40 – her light form
bounding with that elasticity with which my own was wont!
Oh! the thousand voices which will greet her with the
pleasing welcome – “Happy New Year”! But fancy and
memory, back to the hidden recesses of my heart!
Render not more poignant my grief at leaving earth,
and dwelling with the mournful sisterhood of past
years! Mankind! I must soon leave you, often times with
a sigh and tear of regret ye will wish that I could but
live over again the fleeting days of my existence! that ye
might improve it and never think with sorrow of one
moments passing away unheeded. I shall meet you once more
at a day far hence, to reproach you for your neglect, and
hear with indifference your feeble cries of regret, But I
must cease! I am expiring! Vain world farewell! a long
farewell!

The clock pealed forth in sadness the knell of
the departed year – the hour of twelve! The same sound
and moment which proclaimed the death of the old year 39,
ushered in her blushing sister – 40. She appeared in silent
beauty amidst the shouts of thousands! – But ‘twas
midnight! the old year was gone! she had fled forever from
the earth! Her existence had been numbered with the days
beyond the tomb!

Amanda Bruen
July 8th 1840

Page 94 – The Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms contrasted - **unfinished**

Both of these vast kingdoms present to inquiring minds
variety in all its forms, so it does to the

Page 95 – **false start** for last page of “New Years Eve 1839”

Page 96-98 – **The Animal and Vegetable Kingdom contrasted**

Both of these vast kingdoms present to inquiring minds
variety in all its forms, order, utility; a universal harmony; - and
“last though not least” the indelible impress of a Divine Author.

But contrast them. – In the animal kingdom man the “lord of
creation” first claims attention. In him alone is implanted intellect:
he alone is intrusted with the keeping and polishing the precious
gem of the immortal soul. He is fitted by the mighty powers of
his mind to penetrate and overcome every difficulty; - to fathom
the wells of science and knowledge to their very depths, and
bring forth their hidden treasures glowing with new found bril-
liancy. To search farther in the unending path of discovery, and
reveal with tenfold pleasure its hitherto unknown windings.

To leave Earth, float in the regions of air, and explore the worlds which surround it, or known only as being governed by the same laws, upheld by the same hand which sustains his own. To commune with and think of the past as but a dream of yesterdays – and almost draw aside the impenetrable veil of the future. He has the enviable privilege of holding sweet intercourse with God. – Man is subject to death and decay. He is born, his existence like the short lingering of a sunbeam upon the wave continues but a moment; he dies, and is gone; – but whence? Let the dark, distant, future answer, it only can make known to us the destinies of mortals. – The larger quadrupeds and animals next call for notice, they are endowed with instinct, and some portion of intelligence. Although they are strictly inferior to man, he could not exist without them. They die and are gone forever; unlike man whose life is but a short path-way to his endless existence. We descend in the scale of animated creation from man and quadrupeds to animals gifted with a small portion of instinct, but scarcely possessing any of the senses; entirely destitute of a brain, and nerves, and consequently of thought and feelings; from these we descend to those myriads of animalcules which inhabit air and liquids. They can scarcely be said to possess life. Their existence and death are almost equally unknown. These form the terminating point of animal creation, unless there exists a still smaller race, which by their minuteness defy the powers of optical and microscopical vision.

Examine the vegetable kingdom.

do no find plants or vegetables possessed of feeling, thought, or intellect? no, no – do not, they possess not either of these powers. The nearest approximation they make to the animal kingdom is in the possession of an inherent power which some have attributed to them, – termed instinct. We see in the vegetable, the same state of order which prevails in the animal. We see in it a principle of life which ceases, and as in the animal is followed by death and decay. There is one marked difference between the two kingdoms; in the animal, their perfections vary from the animalcule to the perfect man; in the vegetable kingdom one plant is as perfect as another. In the minutest flower, in the most perfect tree, the same symmetry and harmony of parts may be traced. The animal kingdom could not subsist without the vegetable kingdom. The later furnishes food for the farmer, and offers for the cultivation of man a world of sweets, to the gratification of his senses the most pleasant odours, the greatest beauty and brilliancy of colouring from the azure tinted violet or the snowy Clematis, to the gaudy poppy, increasing variety of form and size; and to his reason, the work of a God. The vegetable kingdom will terminate with this world, but the great portion of the animal kingdom will never terminate but with eternity itself. Each of these kingdoms have a mutual dependency upon each other. The animal world is far superior to the

vegetable world, from the fact that it includes man,
who is only excelled by his maker.

Amanda Bruen

July 10th 1840

Page 99 – Letter to her teacher

Lexington – July 20th 1840

My Beloved Teacher,

It is with pleasure that I now attempt to thank you for the welcome substitute of letter writing for composition. Happy indeed is the change, to write for the private perusal of you my indulgent teacher, rather than for a room full of girls impatient with curiosity to hear the next production. There is not among our joyous band of school girls, one who will not join with me in thanking you for this privilege, and also for another change; that of a delightful excursion into the country, instead of the worst of all evils, most lamented of all events, an examination. Indeed my feelings are similar to those of a reprieved criminal, yet there is our bitter ingredient in my cup of joy, (but can you not anticipate it?) – composition. But why should I regard with such repugnance this useful exercise? – The name itself is foreboding, – composition, something original, to be read before many inquisitive girls, and more than all to be read and corrected by

But why attempt to describe my feelings on this subject, can you not estimate them by appealing to your own when compelled to submit to the same painful task? And were you not now convinced by experience of its importance, I am confident your kindness would be too great to impose it upon me.

Great indeed is your patience to read week after week our dull and prosy productions, – to accompany us in our short and productive flights into the regions of fancy, and return with us again to sober earth, to tread with us the walks of knowledge and return with despair from its dark labyrinths to the lass mystic mazes of fancie's world and dwell with us on the dreamy phantasms of sleep. Many sheets of snowy paper are doomed to be sullied by our mixed gleanings in fancie's flowery paths, and imaginations glowing track. I hope (and know that you will share it with me) that ere long imagination with gilded wing will take its flight, and the busy conception of twenty girls will rifle fancy of her sweets, and compel us to resort to thought, to find refuge in Minerva's temple, rather than seek the "Graces" with their silken ringlets, and like forms. –

Composition is a dread monster making weekly ravages on the thoughts and spirits of our unfortunate school girls. He gives to the countenance a melancholy cast, to the brain confusion and ransacking of its ideas a few of which when discovered will serve to transmit to paper for your inspection, – perhaps criticism! In future we will all bless him

for his weekly visitations, when he stirred up the fountain of thought within us; for preparing us for conversation by an habitual calling up of dormant ideas, for fitting us for making all written communications with ease, without having to search in every corner of our brain for one idea, to con our spelling books & decline our verbs before we can form one grammatical sentence. Perhaps it may lay such a foundation that each and all of us may one day become an authoress! But you will say, my dear pupil bid adieu to such aspiring hopes for you nor your companions will never realize them. I will forget them (and leave to some of my companions the wreath of fame) being content with reaping its plain and solid advantages. -- What gratitude do I not owe your untiring patience with me, I cannot express it, but will never cease to bless and love my kind teacher.

I must close with begging your pardon for writing this long letter on a subject which is ever sounding in your ears in dismal groans and lamentations. That you will forgive me for thus trespassing on your time, and that my next letter may be more interesting is the earnest wish of your affectionate pupil,

Amanda Bruen

Page 100-101 – **Apostrophe to Hope**

O! hope thou bird of beautiful wing thou visitest the hearts of all mankind, the youth, the man, and the aged. To the youth you appear painting future honour and wealth, he desired distinction and you promise it unto him, his heart panteth for glory, and you tell him it shall be his; - you leave him to feed upon thy delicious poison, and he finds by reason an the reality of the present that you are false, and spread your gilded wings but to snare him! To mankind you appear loaded with new distinctions, and promising him fame which shall be as bright as perpetual as the rainbow, and like it showing forth to all ages and generations; then you leave him to drink in the sweet perfume of your breath! Unto the aged you bring renewed health, and long life, or conduct him through the dark pathway between life and death, even unto his heavenly father; thou leavest him too, not find thy sweet illusions false. but to realize them in one unfading dreams of happiness!

You dwell with the captive criminal is his call of ever reigning darkness. The moon sheds her mild radiance, the sun his refulgent brightness, the stars their modest light, and pleasure even lightens the path and abode of man with her gladdening rays; but they enter not in the captive's cell. All of light and gladness are excluded save thee: - then enterest converting his chains into pinions of liberty, his prison the free, open vault of nature, himself a free being stamped with man's first innocency. -- But the galling chains which fetter him prove that thou hast deluded him, yet still he cherishes thee, and will not give thee up until life departs, and the chains of captivity he exchanged for the chains of death, and the gloom of his cell for a

darkness more intense. – perdition. Even when the glittering axe is lifted to sever asunder life and body, he cherishes thy last, lingering ray. – You visit the sick promising restoration from disease, and long days of life and health. – to the dying you appear shedding glory upon that future to be passed in another world. If he forgets you, and heeds not your promises, you but fan him with your gentle wings, and he remembers your presence, and listens with joy to the sweet witching of your counsel.

Celestial hope whence are you? Have you not your origin in man. Did you not dwell in the heart of Eve and whisper to her when she took the fatal bite that it would be undiscovered? Since then you have occupied a place in every heart! Do you roam to distant spheres, and visit their inhabitants, dropping from your wing honied drops of sweetness? Thy storehouse of sweets must be inexhaustible thus to furnish for ages, food for desponding hearts. But there is a time when thou wilt no longer be welcome! “Thou wilt be in Heaven where all is pure, its sainted inhabitants do not wish thy presence to flatter them with more happiness, for their felicity is full. From the dark world of woe, thou wilt be excluded! There thou never enterest! The misery of its inhabitant has so alleviated, thy feeblest ray would there be extinguished. There then will thy wing droop, then wilt cease thy magic power, and Hope, bright-bird”! thou wilt vanish and be no more!

July 27th 1840. Amanda Bruen

Page 102-103 – **The Power of Steam**

Its power is vast; it is used and appreciated by the greater part of mankind. It formed no inconsiderable share in the wonderful changes wrought, or known only in name. It is indeed strange from whence it derives its mighty power, so in gravitation; yet the secret impulse which propels, and exists within them is yet undiscovered. It is a combined with heat, possesses a power which mocks and reduces to nothingness the combined strength of man. Machinery, navigation traveling, and manufactures are propelled and affected by means of it.

Mr. Livingston was among the first of those who attempted to render the force of steam useful in effecting practical purposes. Many have refused to give him the honour of discovery. – We owe this valuable invention to his ingenuity, and the combined experiments made by him, and the indefatigable Fulton. The latter for some time cherished the idea of propelling boats by steam, under that imperfection he constructed a small steam boat. Though small and imperfect, it called forth the merited admiration of all. It has been made the model for all others; it has been improved upon, and modified. A steam boat was at first regarded more as a curiosity, than a wonderful specimen of ingenuity, and means of usefulness. Man experiencing the increased facility of traveling on rivers by steam, have attempted the same facility by sea, and have succeeded. – thus by this powerful agent a rapid and easy communication is formed not only between cities remote from each other, but between far distant hemispheres. – It is not on

water alone that its power is exercised, man feels its assistance on land. Railroads have been made; steam engines constructed which propagate such motion to a train of cars, as to enable them to travel these artificial roads with a speed which far exceeds the strength of man and animal. It also assists man in procuring the necessaries of life for use and exportation, It prepares and reduces grain, and cooks food for his table. In manufactories, the most complicated machinery is set in motion by it, and thus the desired effect is produced – Steam as the grand agent of machinery has wrought wonderful revelations; - what formerly was regarded as the greatest trial of human force, and consumed large portions of time, is now effected by its agency; man unemployed looks on, and regards with astonishment its invisible, yet mighty power. Cloths of coarsest texture, and finest fabric are woven by the operation of its power. It is exerting its influence upon the press also, rendering more rapid, its wide and ever flowing stream of knowledge. Steam may yet propel vessels or machines through the air and its native element the clouds. Half a century ago it was not thought that the ocean would one day be traversed with “Steam Packets,” or rivers with steamboats, when the same period has again elapsed, similar unlocked for improvements may again take place. Who can think of steam, a vast power, the assistant of man, without wonder? and should not that wonder be increased when we find that if chemically examined, it consists only of a watery vapour, to subtle to be weighed, invisible, and imponderable?

August 10th 1840

Page 104-108 – Some Incidents in the Life of a Clock, or the Inroads of Fashion

In the month of November during the year 17 – while standing quietly in the shop of a cabinet maker I was seized roughly and conveyed to a small brick dwelling. I was unceremoniously ushered into the best parlour, and placed in one corner. Its inmates notified of my arrival, some made their appearance, and truly welcome was my reception. They consisted of a lady and gentleman. The lady was clad in a plain home spun dress of blue cotton; her full, round face adorned a figure small and neat. The gentleman was no less prepossessing in his manner . tall, well-formed, with an open, ingenious countenance, he was clothed in a gray suit of domestic manufacture. Loud and frequent were their expressions of admiration! The delighted wife exclaimed, “Oh! dear husband how shall I thank you for this handsome and useful present? It is indeed an ornament to our parlour, happily too it is in a conspicuous place – that the passer by may have a peep at the grandeur within! There is but one more in the place.” I know not how long her volubility might have continued, for seeming struck with some sudden idea, she ran out of the room and returned leading by her hand a little black haired, dark eyed boy. He gazed upon me with all the intensity of a child’s curiosity and said, “Pa will it stay here and hollow, and make noise like that one we saw?” The parents answered his questions to his evident delight; he continued gazing at me; he would

run off at a distance, then approach me and press my sides with the little palm of his hand. Suddenly, he exclaimed, "why Ma there's little sissy! pointing to the head of a cherub which was painted in glowing colours on my face. The parents gazed with increased interest for they too saw the resemblance to the little loved one spoken of; soon she appeared as if anxious to participate in the general joy. She was a smiling babe, lovely, and attractive; she too, looked pleasingly upon me. — My feelings were aroused I felt that I was of some consequence. My hand pointed to the hour of ten, with some pride I struck each number loudly, slowly and distinctly. At the sound the servant ceased her work, and appeared at the door modestly asking permission to come and look at the new clock. Her petition was granted, she scrutinized me from head to foot. —

The excitement on my arrival had subsided, until renewed by several remarks made upon me by some visitors who were struck by my handsome exterior, and lofty form. My mistress launched forth into such a strain of panegyric, as to rouse all my latent pride. —

Years rolled on George the little boy who had evinced such joy at sight of me had grown; quite a large boy, and with his sister Lucy daily went to school to an old pedagogue who punished all defects with rod and lash. Every morning before leaving home they would look at me. Yes, often and regular were their visits for they were compelled to be punctual at school, that is always to obey my command. Happy are they who have this habit enforced upon them in youth! Although I became somewhat neglected, that is, I was no longer the object of constant notice, or remark, I felt that I was of importance: I but gave the word and the family assembled together to take their meals, I gave the word and the retired, they arose! I was an unheeded spectator of domestic broils, unconsciously made a confidant of all private and sweet affairs. Meanwhile years elapsed, one by one in quick succession they were swallowed up in the vortex of the past. With me all was the same, I still retained my high conspicuous place. but around me was change! Fashion who rules states, families, and individuals had here commenced her sway. Many of the articles of furniture were removed and replaced by what were then termed fashionable. The wall was adorned with paper of gaudy colouring, the floor covered with a carpet of countless brilliant hues: yellow, high backed chairs, were displaced for new green ones, ornamented with gilt stripes, the large arm chair with calico cushion was taken away and a stiff mahogany one with merino cushion supplied its place. The oaken tables were exchanged for mahogany ones. The mantel was striped of its shining brass, (so long the pride of my mistress.) and loaded with silver. The ceiling was all which retained its hue, and escaped the general fate of being turned up side down. Even my young master and mistress had changed. George had

grown, and matured into manhood – Lucy had become the charming, sensible woman. Their parents too, had changed, they had laid aside their tidy and quaker like attire, for the gaudy trappings of fashion, and become its idol. It seemed content with the changes it had wrought in our domicil and left it in a great state of things for years. – But this was to be interrupted; sundry little domestic clouds in the form of quarrels betokened the approach of a storm. It came, - and suddenly, with a shock. One morning suddenly the parlour was deprived of its furniture; the carpet was taken up; the wall stripped of its gaudy covering; I was enveloped in a cloud of dust; yet I stood unresisting, unable to repel the insults heaped so fast upon me. Part of the wall was torn down and in its stead was placed two lofty folding doors. The walls were covered with light paper, and hung with mirrors. The floor covered with carpet soft and splendid; Sofas, rocking chairs, and ottomans were arranged in elegant confusion, Damask drapery hung from the windows in rich folds. Branching candlebras (candelabras) with sparkling lustres, were placed on the mantelpiece. I was removed to give place to a grand piano forte. I stood thinking upon the changes which had taken place; of the moment when I had first entered that room, its appearance, my joyous reception, when I was interrupted by seeing my master enter, and place on the mantel piece a small clock. The work was exquisite figures small and delicate were tastefully carved upon it, It was covered with a small glass shade. I felt the death blow was struck, I must go, I was conveyed to a lumber room. Oh! what were my feeling! My vital powers me longer performed their wonted functions! My hands ceased to move, my voice was silent! Once a parlour's pride, now the inmate of a lumber room! Never did being before so degenerate from of dignity and lofty station! Once my voice was thought all melodious, all musical, now it is forgotten, and replaced by the notes of piano forte, and guitar! I am the home of the insect; the spider spins her gossamer threads across my face, it has lost its shining hue! Oh! the past! Could I but drink of the waters of Lethe to drown memory's vivid awakening! Now all has changed, and fashion had made the change: I wish I could hear the fate of my friends, but fashion has issued forth that I am old fashioned! I must stay here until I suffer decomposition. Gentle reader pity me, a sad monument of the inroads of Fashion.

Amanda Bruen
September 15th 1840

Page 109-111 – **Apostrophe to the Dead Sea**

Mighty art thou O sea, and vast are the treasures which thou concealed in thy deep bosom! Thy dark border of lofty mountains, and barren wastes add to the gloom soon upon thee!

Thy bitter waters rest in stillness, naught disturbs their sad
repose; 'tis serene as the infants; 'twould seem that some secret
power hushed them into such unbroken silence!

Romance hath not with magic influence woven
a tale around thee, thy blackness, thy colour, clear and rugged
mountains and awful scenery are not fit subjects for its
power; it loves to weave its tabs round scenes more charming;
chooses nature's fairest spots, the purling brook and mossy dingle;
the sparkling fountain, or the gay cascade, mellowed into softness
by the silvery moonlight, or glowing with strange beauty beneath
a "star lit sky." Mid such scenes it loves to linger. — Yet super-
stition has wreathed thee with tales of horror; it has told to
believing ears that thou wert the haunt of the bandit, the scene
of the midnight murder; that thy surface emitted deadly
vapours; that the beautiful fruit on the shores is of the nature
of death and withers at the touch of man! But thy desolate and
majestic features are well suited to the tales which superstition
has connected with thee, and which makes its victims shrink
from thy deceitful allurements, and baleful influences. Thus a
passion for the marvelous has affixed for ages false characteris-
tics of thee when thou shouldn't only be regarded with sublime
associations. The pen of truth and inspiration have written for the
warning of all generations that thou art a monument of the
certainty of the fearful mandate of God that sin and disobe-
dience will be punished. Where now thy waters rest dark sea
once stood the proud cities of Sodom and Gomorrah! They neglected
their God and disobeyed his commands; he denounced a curse
upon them if they did not report; they still rebelled, and God
in his righteous wrath (last 4 crossed out) hurled the thunderbolt of his vengeance
and destroyed them. Awful was their fate! It was sudden and
overwhelming! The morning dawned fair and bright, the
sun shone gloriously upon the fertile plains of Sodom and
Gomorrah, again the morning dawn, the sun arose; but
mark the change of scene! the noble cities were gone, naught
remained to mark their place but a black moss of ruins,
and a dense cloud of smoke! Their magnificence, wealth, power
and glory; their long boasted plains of fertility; their acres
of golden grains, their stores of richest fruits, palaces and
kings, all, all, was gone! Now life itself was gone, and what
was left? but one wide stretched scene of desolation, ruin, death! —
Soon there appeared great sea to cover with thy darkness
the melancholy scene, and to serve as a beacon to the
sinner and scorner of God! For who can gaze upon, or
think of thee without recalling the awful fate of the cities
of the plain! — Yet who can tell where now that grandeur
is for which they forsook their God! Their souls have reached
the immortal, bourne to rest through an unending eternity!

- Canst thou not resolve the doubts of man, and tell
whether thou keepest midnight revels with specters
and departed spirits on the gloomy deep! Reveal the
mysterious converse which thou art said to hold with all
that is buried beneath thee! 'Tis a strange, thought that

where now thy waters rest once all was life! millions of beings
once lived heedless of there God, and their interest only on this world's gain.
but their footsteps will no more tread that ground! thou
dost guard the spot with mournful quietness. (Evan Shelby doodled here)

The gigantic shadow of Time hath often, often
passed thee, always making his shadow more deep,
more dark, yet thou changes not, thou wit ever the
same! Remain on forever in thy gloom, until thou
shalt be called to give up all the dead which thou hast, then
thou will cease to be what thou art now called, the
still "Dead Sea"!

Amanda Bruen
November 10th 1841

NOTE: this last composition was written two months after her return from Europe at age 16

Page 114-116 – **Untitled (Happiness)**

What is that which has engaged the pursuits of men
of all ages? The king in his stately palace, surrounded by his
courtiers; marked with rank, possessed of wealth; ever received with
the lip of adulation, the tongue of flattery; always met with
the art of homage; conscious of swaying the tongues and
actions of thousands: seeks it there. His gilded abode will
cease to glitter and to shine; his courtiers to please; he will
become disgusted with their oft repeated words of reverence,
low, respect, he finds the lip of adulation but the
trumpeter of a deceitful heart: the honied words of flattery
lose their charm, and leave a sting behind; he finds
not the expected prize, wins not the promised goal. he sighs
for the humble cottage thinking that there it would be
found; but it is not there for the cottage in return sighs
for the magnificent palace of the king; his busy fancy had
conjured a thought that there it may be found. Yet neither
king nor cottager will obtain the prize. The victim of ambition
even when seated on its highest pinnacle, finds it not; it
is far onward and unattainable. The miser in the possession
of countless coffers stored with gold has not yet obtained his
all; he thinks that if the mines of Golconda were but at
his foot, the golden ore, the silver vein, of all the
million mines embedded I the earth's vast bosom were
accumulated within his grasp that he could gain the prize,
but he finds in not. The recluse seeks it in solitude; the
votary of the world I the mazes of pleasure; the idler in the
haunts of vice. Like the philosopher's stone it has never
been found, though often it is seemingly like it in the
grasp of mortals, and similar to it if once found it would refine
all else – This long sought prize is, pure happiness! –
Since the world began it has been the pursuit of

man; and now he is no wiser than in centuries past; time has not lent its powerful aid, experience has not had its tutoring effect. The same which has cost to others years of unproductive toil, is still the object of hope, of labour the centre in which is concentrated all that binds us to the earth.

Turn to the past. – its history tells of numbers who met danger unshrinkingly, calmed the fever of disappointment to realize the one fond object until hope was extinguished be despair/ None will cease to listen to the warning voice, to follow the meteor which has dazzled others with its false rays, and left them shrouded in gloom.

Reason and experience might well be dumb, for they are of no avail in the mad, wild mania of finding happiness on earth: each one fancies himself the favoured one on whom the choice gift will be bestowed; he lives, strives on in the delusion till he falls a victim and offers up his disappointed heart at the shrine of blasted hopes, and empty expectations. – This desire is implanted within us, it is a part of our nature; though presumptuous in us to suppose that we can without the aid of a Superior Power obtain happiness; he has provided means and if we use and direct them aright we will enjoy it to the fullest extent that we are capable on earth. We are not always miserable, but never happy! who can say they have ever enjoyed pure happiness, without one alloy, none but the spotless angels in the courts above. The sky of our life may be clear awhile, flowers may spring in our path with Eden loveliness, hope illumine with brightest ray, we may cease to have the sigh of sorrow, to shed the tear of grief: - but the cloud will gather, the sky be o'ercast; the flowers wither, hope die and when the jewel seemed within our grasp, snatched away, and withdrawn from us. –

If we but dedicate to the Almighty God our immortal souls the only bow he asks, we will wear the wreath of happiness upon our brows, around our spirits, ion the Heaven of Heavens; where alone it will be fadeless, and shed its richest sweets through all eternity.

A Bruen.

November 9th 1840.

Page 117-118 – **The usefulness of the Art of Painting**

This is a trite subject, so much so that it is seldom if ever the theme of eulogy, or the object of that deep heart felt importance it so well merits. The school boy in simple untutored language endeavours to set forth its usefulness. The child acknowledges the benefits of it in communicating to him the simple tales, and wonderful stories which cause so much delight. Man has almost ceased to use his pen in extolling its praise; is it right thus to forget the usefulness of a thing

because it is extensive? no, the very extensiveness of it should increase its value. It should be regarded as the kindest gift of providence made known by a fortunate discovery of man. This illustrious art has improved the mind, refined the heart, of illumined with new light an age of barbarism. By its assistance Luther arrested the crimes of the clergy of Rome, and cleared from the mists of superstition the pure, gentle light of Christianity. What would man have been, what would he be now without this art? The world would have been involved in a mental gloom, broken only here and there by a growing brightness. The mass of people would be in utter ignorance, devoid of knowledge, being scarcely conscious of the existence of science and literature and if they were being prevented from acquiring it by poverty. The amount of labour, the exertion of physical power, even in writing one, single volume would make the price so exorbitant as to render its being purchased by persons of medium fortunes impossible, consequently the power of obtaining it and similar productions is solely enjoyed by the rich. At this period of the world the prevalence of writing in the ancient style might have made it more attainable to the poor. Yet if the same practice had continued for centuries its speed would increase but little, man's muscular power would be the same, the number of persons employed might be multiplied, still the price of such writings would far exceed the means of the lower class of people to purchase them. But consider the vast and general diffusion of knowledge since the discovery of printing. All indiscriminately can enjoy the light of science and religion, before a select few only had such privileges.

If an author of the present day wishes to publish an extensive work, if deprived of the means of having it printed what plan would he adopt? none, he would be utterly at a loss and would be compelled to give up the attempt. —

Now a copy of the Sacred Scriptures may be obtained, for the most trifling sum, before the perfection of the art, a fortune was the price of the holy treasure. Now books containing information enough for years of reflection and thought can be purchased for the merest trifle, formerly such works were not to be had. Printing is the nurser and preserver of the arts and sciences. It cannot be argued but that painting in point of usefulness, is incomparable to any other arts yet discovered. — .

Amanda Bruen
February 26th 1841.

Poem — Page 59 — on loose paper “The Return”

Blank — Page 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 112 & 113, 119-127

Last Page

Doodles - Manage money paid to keep walls in repair

Mrs. W. Lawrence

Nanny – please come to Win!

A child's drawing of a lady in a dress. Amanda has added words coming out of the mouth in the artist pencil "Do you think my dress fine?" and in her ink "Is it so? adding (M.P.S. – the artist)

NOTE: I believe this to be Harriet Staples Douglass Smith, 2nd wife of Bishop Benjamin Bosworth Smith. They ran a school along with his church duties. A few years later in Louisville, his daughters Elizabeth and Virginia from his first marriage, helped to run a school at their home called Kalorama. This letter was written a few days after Amanda had turned 16. Because of the closeness of the date to a letter she wrote to her teacher, Mrs. Smith on August 4, 1840, (Page 99-101) I feel this too was written to Mrs. Bishop B. B. (Harriet Douglass) Smith or to the Bishop himself.

Probably hand carried –

Addressed to: Mrs. H. D. Smith (Mrs. Bishop B. B. Smith)
Lexington, Ky.

From: Amanda Bruen

Lexington August 4th 1840

My Kind Teacher,

When I last wrote to you it was under the pleasing influence of change, but now the novelty of the change has worn off and what I a week or two ago called delightful now appears under the form of a hated composition. The task is allotted to me and I must hasten to perform it.

Vacation is again approaching, promising us ease, and recreation, exemption from study, and to some of my companions giving an opportunity for visiting "home" and again filling their places in the domestic circle. It indeed flatters you my teacher, and in your pupils, with prospects of ease and recreation. To you it will be a pleasant respite and to us one no less so. We will arise each morning with the happy fact ever present in our minds, "no books today"! – this freedom will soon end and we will again resort to our constant companions our school books, then almost dusty with neglect. Our very cessation from study, will strengthen our love for it, and prepare us to renew it again with alacrity. It will afford to many the privilege of returning to their homes, to meet fond parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, to recount to them their joys and trials.

But this same joyfully anticipated vacation may be mixed in another light as it may bring separation; our number may be broken, and some of those who now form part of our classes for recitation and join with us in listening to your kind instructions may leave and form other friends, forgetting school with its delightful associations. This anticipated time of pleasure and ease may be one of disease and pain. Or death,

Page 2

may intervene and snatch from our circle one or more leaving in their

places a blank, filled in the gay portions, an hour of study only by sad remembrance. Like one dear lost companion we may pass it on a sick bed, and end it in eternity. It was her unexpected lot, and may it not be ours? May we all prepare for such a change, then when our voice is missed in the merry laugh, and hour of recitation, its absence will be cheered by the sweet assurance that in another land it is employed in praise to God.

That the ensuing vacation may pass pleasantly to you, and us, that it may prove beneficial to us in invigorating our minds with new strength to study, and anxiety to excel in it, and that in all may meet again in health and in hope of,

Your pupil Amanda.

NOTE: This is Amanda's note in **School Journal #3**, page 87, with no quotations, so not sure if she copied or summarized something she read and she dated at the bottom. **Dating 1844 1/10**

Persons of want in late days have stript
the ancient temples of their rare specimens of
architecture. Among these is Lord Elgin, who
has filled a number of galleries in the British
Museum (London) with the spoils of ancient
Greece & Egypt. They have dismantled fabrics,
which since, man and barbarism have spared
for centuries.

Such rapacity is a crime against all ages
& all generations, it deprives the past of the
trophies of their genius and the title deeds of
their fame. The present of the strongest inducements
to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can
contemplate, the future of the master pieces of art,
the models of imitation. **January 10th 1844**

NOTE: This is poem Amanda copied into School Journal #3 where a random collection was kept by her from her childhood friend **Jane W. Mitchell**. I cannot find the author. **Dating 1844 2/23**

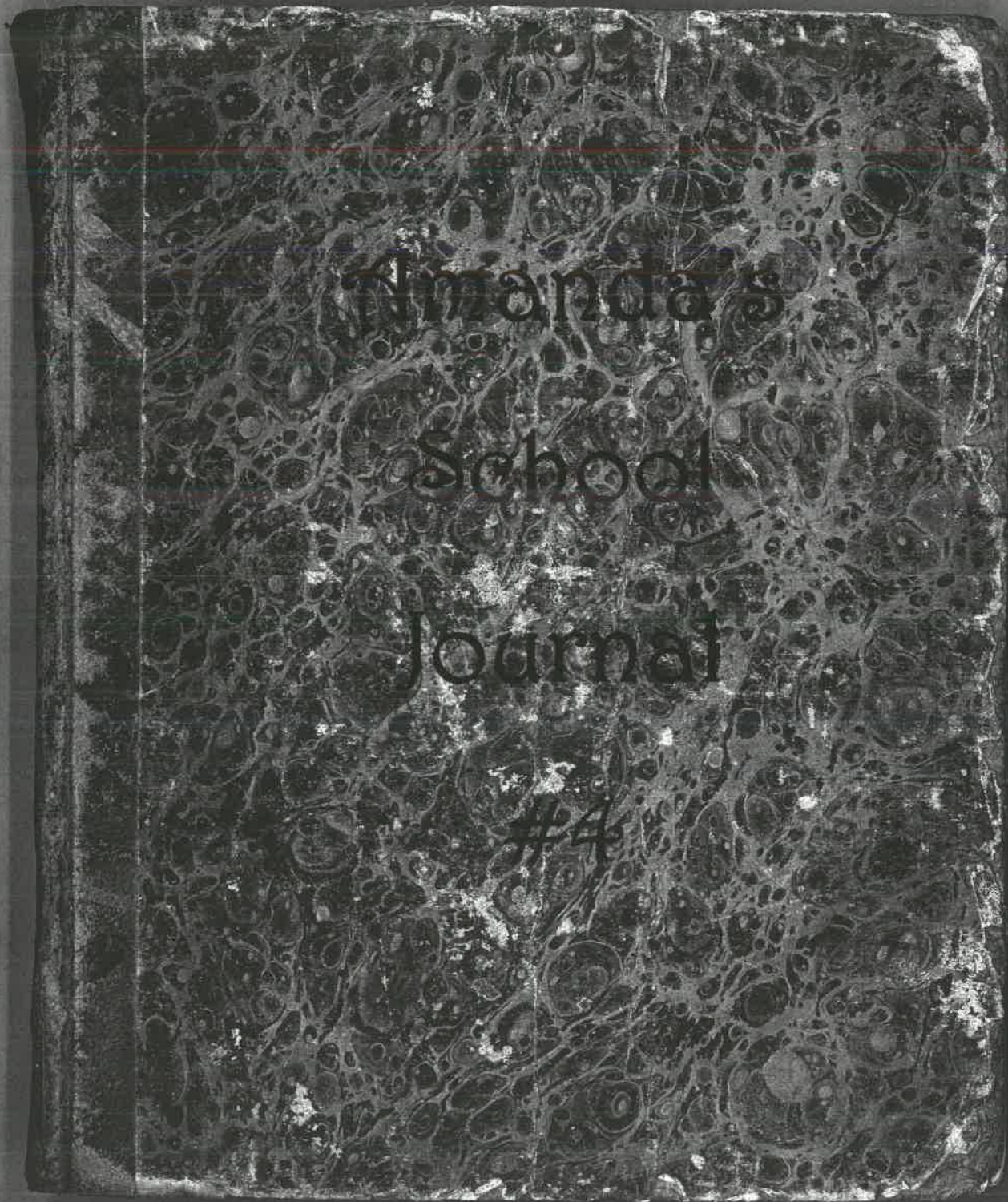
Page 66-67 – **Musing on the Past** School Journal #3

When care's cold hand has chilled thy joyous heart
And sorrow has attained its gladsome chords
To melancholy music, would'st thou feel
The full sublimity of loneliness.
Go pace at midnight consecrated hour,
Some old Cathedral's sad and silent halls,
Magnificence in ruins! earthly joys
Wrapped in the col embraces of decay!
It is a spot for feelings purest flow,
For fancy's noblest dreaming; its high roof,
Its moldering columns, and its tattered robes,
The monk's cold radiance o'er the ruin cast,
All are the voiceless monitors of many
To warm him of his weakness and his doom
But even more the inmost soul is moved,
And holy thoughts and high resolve of ringing
More fresh from feelings fountain when we gaze
Down the long archway of departed years.
The mighty temple of the Past, whose shrines
Are hung indeed with times dark drapery
As with a mourning robe, yet gilded o'er
With memory's mystic light; and whose dark walls
Are marked indeed with many a strange device,
Graced by Decay's wan fingers; yet on these
Can well portray its friendships lingering eye
Some unforgotten form of bygone years,
Some bright remembrance of those childhood days,
Or some gay scene of gentle unclouded hours,
That light the darkness of the Past, and throw
There radiance on the Present.

J W M.....

March 23rd 1844

copied by my dear friend Jane W. Mitchell



Amanda's
School
Journal
#4

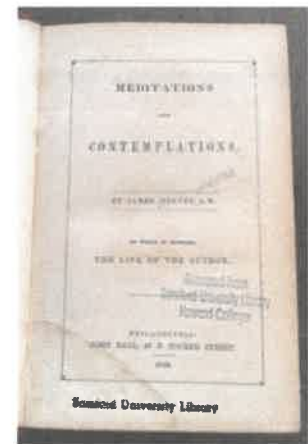
School Journal #4 – This begins with April 10, 1840 – October 23rd, 1840 sermon notes and portions of books like Longfellow’s, “Hyperion” published in 1839, Moore’s play Paradise & Peri published in 1843, :d’Aubigne’s Reformation, Vol 1 & 2 published in the 1830’s, she took assignments. Later she used these pages to gather quotes & writings from 1842-1852 in no particular order. This school journal is in the boxes. **Dating 1840 4/10.**

School Journal #4 - Page 5	5	Hebrews 12: 1 & 2 Preached by E. F. Berkely - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 6	6	John 5: 28 & 29 Preached by Edward Winthrop - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 11	11	Romans 8:7
School Journal #4 - Page 15	15	Preached by E. F. Berkely - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 16	16	Matthew 24:42 - Preached by E. F. Berkely - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 20	20	John 7:39
School Journal #4 - Page 20	20	Luke 7:9 - Preached by E. F. Berkely - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 24	24	Morning text - Matt 7:7 noted
School Journal #4 - Page 25	28	2 Timothy 3:15 notes from sermon
School Journal #4 - Page 28	28	Preached by E. F. Berkely - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 29	29	Revelation 2:6-7
School Journal #4 - Page 34	34	Revelation 2:10-11 Preached by E. F. Berkely - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 38	38	Mark 12:38 Preached by E. F. Berkely - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 41	41	1 Corinthians 11:23-26
School Journal #4 - Page 46	46	Romans 3:3-4 Preached by E. F. Berkely - notes
School Journal #4 - Page 51	51	Scriptures of assurance and Christ’s return
School Journal #4 - Page 52	52	Scriptural Prophecies & Fulfillment
School Journal #4 - Page 55	55	Martin Luther from: d’Aubigne’s Reformation
School Journal #4 - Page 57	57	Zwingli the great Swiss from: d’Aubigne’s Reformation
School Journal #4 - Page 60	60	Chinese Proverb
School Journal #4 - Page 60	60	Quote from poem "The Old Batchelor"
School Journal #4 - Page 61	61	Epithalamium by J. G. Brainard
School Journal #4 - Page 62	62	Musings on the past - author unknown
School Journal #4 - Page 64	64	Exodus 14
School Journal #4 - Page 65	65	Infant Year - Rev C. Clarke
School Journal #4 - Page 67	67	Hyperion quotes from Bk 2 & 4
School Journal #4 - Page 68	68	Musical Puffings of John Hoffman Kreider
School Journal #4 - Page 69	69	Quotes from Dr. Young, Frankin's Letters
School Journal #4 - Page 70	70	Quotes from Draper, Fletcher & unkown
School Journal #4 - Page 71	71	History of Poland by Fletcher -quotes from
School Journal #4 - Page 75	75	Blanche Daventry - from “Wife of Leon and other Poems”
School Journal #4 - Page 77	77	Italy - quote by Roger’s
School Journal #4 - Page 79	79	Byron - Above the Alps
School Journal #4 - Page 79	79	Council of Constantine quote
School Journal #4 - Page 80	80	Retaliation - Goldsmith
School Journal #4 - Page 81	81	Byron brother's quotes by Aleppo & Manfred
School Journal #4 - Page 81	81	Switzerland by Campbell & Roger’s Italy
School Journal #4 - Page 82	82	Byron lines from "Curse of Minerva"
School Journal #4 - Page 84	84	Lord Elgin's distructive collecting - Amanda's notes
School Journal #4 - Page 85	85	Various quotes unknown

School Journal #4 - Page 86	86	Richelieu - a play - lines from it
School Journal #4 - Page 90	91	Descant upon Creation - quote from Harvey's
School Journal #4 - Page 92	92	Quotes from Pope, Beaumont & Fletcher, Massinger
School Journal #4 - Page 93	93	Meditations among the Tombs - quote from Harvey's
School Journal #4 - Page 93	93	Paradise & the Peri (Moore) quotes from play
School Journal #4 - Page 94	94	Exodus 10: 3-14
School Journal #4 - Page 96	96	Lippard - Thoughts on the Battlefield - quotes
School Journal #4 - Page 96	96	Quotes from unknown about Men
School Journal #4 - Page 97	97	Napoleon quote
School Journal #4 - Page 97	97	Paradise & the Peri (Moore) - quote from play
School Journal #4 - Page 98	98	St. Peter's at Rome - Impressions on visiting by Beckford
School Journal #4 - Page 100	100	Suetonius - Nero's Golden House quotes
School Journal #4 - Page 104	104	Dart's history of Canterbury Cathedral quotes
School Journal #4 - Page 105	105	Exodus 9: 23-24
School Journal #4 - Page 107	107	Return to Ashland - a poem with Henry Clay substituted in last line
School Journal #4 - Page 128	128	Richie, Leigh - Versailles - 24 pages of excerpts
School Journal #4 - Page 154	154	Hemans, Felicia from Henry Chorley's writing
School Journal #4 - Page 157	157	Hyperion 1st Vol quotes
School Journal #4 - Page 169	169	Hyperion 2nd Vol quotes
School Journal #4 - Page 171	171	Uhland's poem Passage - quotes from
School Journal #4 - Page 174	174	Vaughan, Henry - poem, They are all Gone into the World of Light"
School Journal #4 - Page 180	180	Quotes from Milton, Fletcher, Young, The Meeting, Christina & Keats
School Journal #4 - Page 182	182	Amelia, Poem, Last Interview, Pulpit Eloquence
School Journal #4 - Page 183	183	Quotes from Richelieu, Locke & Cecil
School Journal #4 - Page 184	184	Sherwood - from one of Mrs. Sherwood's Tales
School Journal #4 - Page 185	185	Paradise & the Peri (Moore) - quote from play
School Journal #4 - Page 185	185	Reveries of Bachelor quotes from (by Marvel)
School Journal #4 - Page 190	190	Cecil's Remains - quotes
School Journal #4 - Page 191	191	Poem "Memory" author unknown
School Journal #4 - Page 191	191	Quote on sinking of passenger ship & Moore
School Journal #4 - Page 195	195	Origin of Chess from Gouiv'er
School Journal #4 - Page 196	196	Brainerd, John J. C. poem quote
School Journal #4 - Page 196	196	Cowper, William quote from Poem, Winter Morning Walk
School Journal #4 - Page 197	197	Hyperion & unknown quote
School Journal #4 - Page 198	198	Young, Conscience, a poem
School Journal #4 - Page 200	200	Byron - "The Ocean" fragments (Childe Harold)
School Journal #4 - Page 202	202	Shakespeare - Hamlet's Soliloquy Act 3 rd fragments
School Journal #4 - Page 204	204	Keats - Endymions fragments
School Journal #4 - Page 211	211	Fry, E. - Dancing from "Love of the World"
School Journal #4 - Page 215	215	Shelley Poem fragments
School Journal #4 - Page 216	216	Coleridge - "Fall of Robespierre" fragments
School Journal #4 - Page 216	216	Quotes - unknown
School Journal #4 - Page 217	217	Coleridge - "Remorse" fragments

School Journal #4 - Page 220	220	Keats - fragment of Sleep & Poetry
School Journal #4 - Page 200	220	Wordsworth fragments and poem
School Journal #4 - Page 221	221	Montgomery - "Poetry and Painting"
School Journal #4 - Page 225	225	Quotes of Young & Wordsworth
School Journal #4 - Page 226	226	Quotes of Byron, Bertram, Dryden, Young
School Journal #4 - Page 227	227	Events Before Christ
School Journal #4 - Page 229	229	Events Before After Christ
School Journal #4 - Page 230	230	Coleridge note
School Journal #4 - Page 230	230	Shelly note
School Journal #4 - Page 231	231	List of learned Men before Christ
School Journal #4 - Page 235	235	Miscellaneous Items
School Journal #4 - Page 237	237	Cowper poem fragments
School Journal #4 - Page 237	237	Southly, Robert on Prayer Book & poem
School Journal #4 - Page 240	240	Brainerd's The Falls of Niagara
School Journal #4 - Page 241	241	Goldsmith says of Garrick that
School Journal #4 - Page 241	241	Sigourney, Lidia Huntley poem Niagara Falls –
School Journal #4 - Page 242	242	Punctuality -source unknown
School Journal #4 - Page 243	243	Quotes of Franklin plus others
School Journal #4 - Page 244	244	Cowper poem
School Journal #4 - Page 245	245	Pollok Poem "Primeval Nature" from Course of Time, book 5th
School Journal #4 - Page 246	246	Keats & Coleridge from Christabel, Part 2 nd
School Journal #4 - Page 247	247	White, Henry Hart poem
School Journal #4 - Page 248	248	Byron – The Giaour, fragments
School Journal #4 - Page 251	251	Kosciusko from Warner's Literary Recollections Vol
School Journal #4 - Page 252	252	Quotes of Cecil, Melanchon Vol 2 p. 107
School Journal #4 - Page 253	253	Moore – lines from a poem

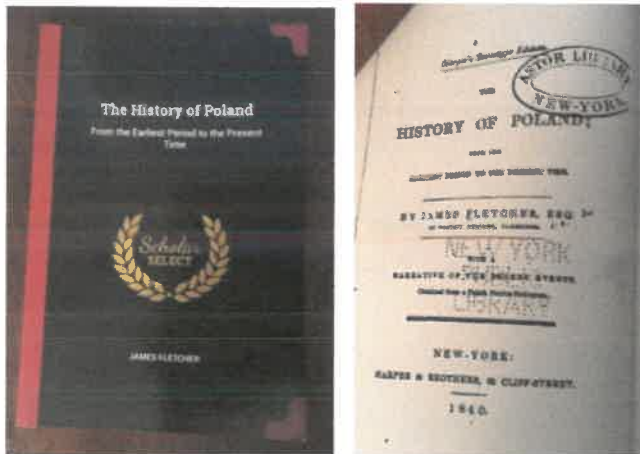
NOTE: There is a lot of learning and exposure to English Literature in this journal. Many passages are copied from Hervey's Meditations, Longfellow's Hyperion, The History of Poland by James Fletcher (available only in new reprint form) and Moore's Paradise and the Peri that I found copies on the internet just to hold them. They are in the boxes.



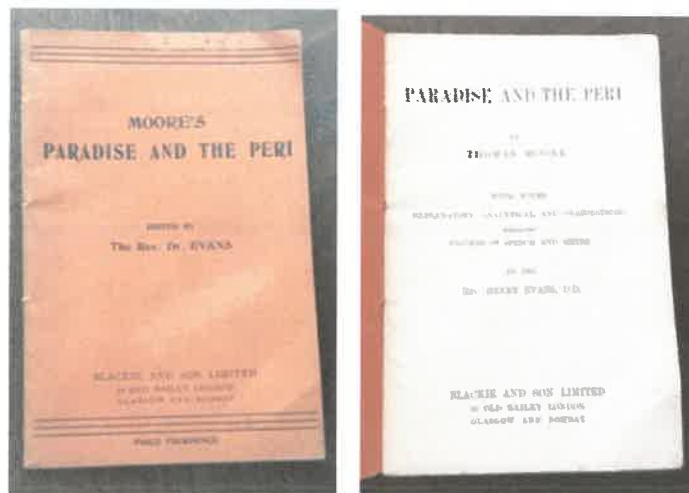
Hervey's Meditations and Contemplations with Sketch of His Life, published by John Ball, 48 N. Fourth Street, Philadelphia in 1849 (some foxing on the first page)



Hyperion, a romance by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia in 1892 (loose binding)



The History of Poland, by James Fletcher, a Scholar Select Reprint of 1840 copy published by Harper & Brothers, New York



This is a little paperback (6-1/2" x 4-1/2") copy of Moore's Paradise and the Peri, and published by Blackie and Sons Limited, 50 Old Bailey London, Glasgow & Bombay. It is written with Notes, Explanatory, Analytical, and Grammatical embracing Figure of Speech and Metre by the Rev. Dr. Evans. No date, however, publisher's name change to Blackie and Sons Limited occurred in 1890.

Inside Cover – Blank

Page 1 – blank with rectangle cut out and slits above cutout

Page 2 – Rectangle printed with: Amanda Bruen
April 8, 1840
and woven through the slits

Page 3 – Amanda Bruen Nov. 20, 1848

also: Married. May 23 1844.
By Rev. Ed. Berkeley. Evan
Shelby Esq. to Miss Amanda,
second daughter of Jos.
Bruen Esq.

also: Amanda Bruen
of Lexington

Page 4 Amanda Bruen
Lexington August 1840
at Bishop Smith's Seminary for Young
Ladies – Commenced 1839

Page 5 – Hebrews 12: 1. 2

“Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with
so great a cloud of witness, let us lay aside every
weight, and this from which doth so easily beset us,
and let us run with patience the race set before
us.

Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of
our faith; who for the joy that was before him, en-
dured the cross, despising the shame, and is set
down at the right hand of the throne of God.”

The author of the epistle was not, dis-
posed to give a fabulous history of Christ, to
please the eye. The eleventh chapter of this epistle pre-
sents us with the conflicts and successes of the early
children of God. The imagery is borrowed from some
of the ancient games which celebrated, the conquests
and achievements of the heroes of those times.

We must first consider the duty enjoined, in the
heart, secondly the means by which the aim of the
gospel is accomplished; thirdly the encouragement given

School Journal #4 – This begins with April 10, 1840 – October 23rd, 1840 sermon notes that she took (assignments?). Later she used these pages to gather quotes & writings from 1840-1852 in no particular order. This school journal is in the boxes. **Dating 1840 4/10.** Many of the last pages still not transcribed.

Inside Cover – Blank

Page 1 – blank with rectangle cut out and slits above cutout

Page 2 – Rectangle printed with: Amanda Bruen
April 8, 1840
and woven through the slits

Page 3 Amanda Bruen Nov. 20, 1848

also: Married. May 23 1844.
By Rev. Ed. Berkeley. Evan
Shelby Esq. to Miss Amanda,
second daughter of Jos.
Bruen Esq.

also: Amanda Bruen
of Lexington

Page 4 Amanda Bruen
Lexington August 1840
at Bishop Smith's Seminary for Young
Ladies – Commenced 1839

Compositions (from sermons – preachers noted)

Page 5-9 – Hebrews 12: 1, 2

“Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witness, let us lay aside every weight, and this from which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us.

Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.”

The author of the epistle was not, disposed to give a fabulous history of Christ, to please the eye. The eleventh chapter of this epistle presents us with the conflicts and successes of the early children of God. The imagery is borrowed from some of the ancient games which celebrated, the conquests and achievements of the heroes of those times.

We must first consider the duty enjoined, in the heart, secondly the means by which the aim of the gospel is accomplished; thirdly the encouragement given in the text. In the ancient games, it was said “ let us

lay down every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us. "The chiefs laid down their armour or whatever was cumbersome. The most distinguished of the nation were competitors of the prize.

Is it not often supposed that but little is required of us in this race, a peculiar state of mind, which it is easy to arrive at, and sustain. Life is a perpetual struggle. But, let us answer those who wish to entice to the affairs of the world in the words of Nehemiah, "we are doing a great work and cannot come down." A deep sense of guilt, will accompany the servant of the most high;. In a race the course is marked out. The Christian course is prescribed in the word of God, it does not consist, in practice without faith, or faith without practice. Religion is believing and doing all that God teaches, in other words "running the race set before us."

Secondly, we must consider the means by which this aim is to be accomplished. If we are preparing for this conquest, we must deny ourselves. Let us live in this world as in a land of enemies, where snares and temptations beset us on every side, we must increase in diligence. It is said in the text, that we must run our race with patience or perseverance.

Numerous are those who begin this race with clarity, but fail before they arrive at the promised goal. Many leave from fickleness, others from the snare of the evil one. We may despair and even be tempted to deny him, or disregard his grace, but it is the duty of the true Christian to guard himself from these dangers, with the shield of faith, give diligence to make your calling and election sure. Thirdly, the motive to this form of conduct. as the servant of God commenced his race, with his eye fixed on the cross. However weak you may be, you sill have the privilege of calling upon him who endureth forever. He has been exalted the prince of the world, let your hope in him be strong. Look to the source of encouragement. We are said to be encompassed by a cloud of witnesses.

The conduct of some professed Christians may distress us, but look above and see the number of them who hang over us a cloud. They were subject to the like infirmities that we are. Are you tempted? so were they. Have you yielded to these temptations? so did they. The same instrument they employed is in your hands, the same faith is yours, the same treasure house is open to you. My friends, let us derive due encouragement from the death of the Christian. You may have lost a friend, and are almost, tempted to question the love of God for such for such an affliction. But was there nothing in their death to comfort you?

The master we serve is able to sustain us, and fill our hearts with joy. Our departed Christian friends are said to bend over us, watch us, and sympathize with us in our dangers and difficulties.

Finally let us learn so to live and die as to gain, encouragement and example to our successors. How high and solemn is the truth, reposed in the servant of God, may they pray for a firm spirit and truly fulfil it.

And may those who may be called upon some future day, when we are consigned to our grave, point to us as among the cloud of witnesses, and monuments of the triumph of true religion. May God incline you to hear and receive his word, that, ye may finally become heirs of everlasting life.

Amanda Bruen

April 10th 1840

Sermon preached by Rev'd E. F. Berkely (Berkley)

Page 10-14 – John 5: 28 & 29

“Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in that which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice,

And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.”

One of the most noble and sublime conceptions of the gospel is the general resurrection. The ancient philosophers thought the body the prison of the soul, and that the precious gem would be unhappy until rescued from its perishable casket. We learn that there is a glory for the righteous, that often having long slumbered they will arise purified and united to their souls.

The fact of a general resurrection may be argued from this analogy of nature. This is not a ready truth but singularly harmonized. The sun sets behind the western clouds and vanishes from our sight, but when a few hours revolve, it again appears the glorious “king of day.” Seeds are planted, decay, but arise into varying corn and luxuriant harvests. Behold Autumn! the trees are divested of their lovely clothing, the flowers disappear, but in Spring, the trees are again clothed in their beautiful verdures and the earth carpeted with brilliant flowers. What is the most rational influence to be drawn from all this? That he will raise our corruptible bodies. Is it incredible that after such a resurrection he will raise us? It is not necessary to prove the resurrection of Christ, we have the testimony of many who witnessed it, and would have no object, in deceiving us. He rose from the dead and we will, by this the resurrection is satisfactorily established. Many in ancient times

were conveyed to heaven, by marvelous means. Lazarus was raised from the dead. Another proof is the many and unequivocal declaration of the word of God.

Says John, "I saw the dead both small and great stand before his throne and they were judged." The analogy of nature, the fool that men of old were translated to Heaven, and that Lazarus and many others were raised from the in the life time of Christ, his resurrection, and the many unequivocal declarations of the Scriptures, established the general resurrection beyond a doubt. It is fixed, unavoidable and fast approaching. Can anything arrest it? Did the vain boastings of Sodom and Gomorrah make their destruction less awful or certain? Many, many in the great day will be engaged in ordinary employments but the mighty trump of the Archangel shall awaken them. The resurrection will be general and universal, All will share in it; great and low, rich and poor, bond and free; from the King on his throne, to the captain in his dungeon.

If you love your parents you will there meet them and hold sweet concourse in the presence of your Saviour. It is natural to all, with what bodies will we be raised? The body shall be raised incorruptible and full of glory; it is sown in dishonor, but raised in glory; in weakness but raised in power, the bloom shall be distorted by the eroding hand of time, but shall be raised like unto Christ's glorious body. As the stars differ from one another, so shall the saints in glory; but all will be brilliant and glorious. As the sun transcends in brilliancy the planets which revolve around it, so will Christ the heavenly host which surrounds him.

It is sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body, sown in dishonor, raised in glory, sown in weakness, raised in power. When this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall death be swallowed up in victory. But the wicked shall be subject to the diseases of this life.

Prepare to meet thy God, for the morn of the resurrection is fast approaching; then all stand before their God, the good and evil. The good are those who rest their merits in Christ, the evil who will not obey the voice of their God, the first shall rise to the resurrection of life, let this support and encourage every Christian. The second shall rise to the resurrection of damnation and to reap the punishment for warnings despised and neglect of the means of grace. You have the fact of the general resurrection, it remains for you to take your choices whether your immortal spirit shall wing its eternal flight to bask

in the sunshine of Jehovah's grace, or to the dark and heartless mansions of gloom. Is it possible that this monumental decision is left to you? I implore you to think of your eternal welfare and fasten it not for the few paltry gewgaws of time and sense. These truths are solemn and important. Will you have these blessings, accept their terms and gain your salvation? Yield to the straining of his holy spirit, acquaint yourself with him, and be at peace.

Amanda Bruen

Preached by Edward Winthrop
April 19th, 1840

Page 15-18 – Romans 8:7

“Because the carnal mind is enmity against God”

Language cannot express more forcefully than this, the state of the state of the unrenewed heart. God himself has described it to be such and the experience of mankind individual and collectively. It is seen in every page of history, in superstitions men who prefer light to darkness. This enmity is owing to the natural state of man's heart. Look at the Temperance Society! it does not forbid the use of wine and spirituous liquors but the abuse of them. In the world we find far greater self denial and restraint than the gospel enforces. Man partook of sin from the devil, and hated all opposers to it, therefore he hated the word. The Scripture wishes them to deny themselves and their flesh, they complain of the severity of it, it crosses their lusts and wishes. Against this particularly the human heart is at enmity.

The divine was veiled beneath a human form, they scrutinized his person, in him he told them they saw the father. How was he received? he was insulted, reviled, spit upon, mocked & crucified.

This is not the last evidence of the enmity of the heart. If they hated him then, they now hate his character as reflected in his followers. Let a man become a Christian, the most holy conduct will not exempt him from the reproach and reviling of many, the watchful eye of scrutiny. To entwine this conversation with our minds to the evaluation of every other topic is to lay them open to scorn and contempt, we then find that the carnal mind is truly at enmity against God. You all know such to be the character of man. What does it teach us? The new birth, the implanting of a new spirit. Does not the old mind hate the word, the image of God? but the new one loves them all. This is the mind which is produced by the regeneration. It also teaches the necessity of a new birth. We are commanded to love him, but before we

do this we must be born again. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Of ourselves we can do nothing, the assistance of God is necessary. We can no more love and serve God by our own exertions than the dead body can perform the functions of animal life. We must live by grace, or nature; one or the other; we must serve God or the devil. There is this conflict in the bosom of every one. The flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh. He who has never felt this struggle, has not felt the renewing grace. He who has not felt the one or the other, has had no struggle, and consequently no grace.

it has been said

that sin shall not have dominion over us, but no promise had been given that it shall not destroy us. It is the office of the Christian to pray against temptation. Such is the continual conflict between the carnal mind derived from Adam and spiritual mind derived from God. You may not decidedly belong to the one or the other, but you belong to the one to which you most nearly approach. If you are spiritual minded praise the heavenly author of it, if carnal minded, repent, for such a state is death.

Amanda Bruen

April 26, 1840

Preached by Rev. E.F. Berkely (Berkley)

“Christ will come again to receive all his faithful followers to himself. He sends for them privately at death & gathers them one by one; but they are to make their entry in solemn state together at the last day & then Christ himself will come to receive and welcome them out of the abundance of His love.” March 1849

Page 19-22 – Matthew 24:42

“Watch therefore, for you know not what hour your God doth return.”

The end of the world, the period of life are events to which our Saviour referred, and which we both are involved in uncertainties. We should always consider the shortness of life and to prepare to meet our death. It should continually occupy our minds, that it may not come upon us as a “thief in the night.” Yet there is no event which men are more prone to forget, and more willing to exclude from his thoughts upon in the

midst of business or pleasure, are in one moment startled by a voice uttering the awful warning, "This night shall thy soul be required of thee? That we must die is an undisputable fact, so oft repeated that men heed it not. Death strikes all, every moment from infancy to death may be regarded as the possible termination of our existence.

Life is a fountain of many streams; a silver chord which may be snapped by the slightest breath. The seeds of disease are planted in our nature – impregnated in the air we breathe. Yet not withstanding the certainty of death, we think not of its ; friends and neighbors die around us; their death warns us not, yet our own death knell may be the most fruitless warning. If we have the exact period of our existence the world and its pleasures would find no place in our hearts. Death is ever at the door, and is forgotten while the voices and pleasures of the world take possession of our souls. The dreadful uncertainty of life should induce us to seek our soul's salvation.

You stand between Heaven and Hell. It is uncertain whether you will be borne by angels into Abraham's bosom and the mansions of bliss, or be plunged into the dark recess of woe and perdition.

When we reflect on death with thought and reason it loses its terror. To the Christian it is joy, he is crowned with immortality; to the sinner a dark, fearful, uncertainty, the anticipation of the burning wrath of an offended God. A most important lesson may be derived from this subject that of placing our affections on heaven rather than earth, and living as though believing that the "Fashion of this world passeth away." Look at the dead who lie mouldering into their native dust – where is the promise of which they once boasted, their riches, grandeur, and power? Is it now of any benefit to them? Soon we will all slumber in the same dark mansions of gloom. Are we prepared for the change? whence then will be the transient things which now occupy our minds? They will be gone, the places that know us will know us no more, The things only which will remain will be our services to God, our improvement of our own immortal souls, and the gift of salvation. God gives you te present to choose death or life, the future will be unchangeable, unattainable. Will you close your eyes and blass forever you future prospects? Watch therefore, for in an hour which ye know not of your Lord will come. Your father waiteth to receive you. His language is "Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."

If you still neglect him you will purchase to yourself damnation. Fly to the shelter of the cross!

If you still remain unchanged, your doom will be unchangeable, unmitigated woes – therefor I say unto you “watch!”

May God bless his words, and sanctify it to your soul’s salvation. Amen.

Amanda Bruen

July 18th 1840

By Rev’d Edward F. Berkely (Berkley)

Page 23-27 –Luke 7:39

“Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner.”

It is encouraging in no ordinary degree to the minister of God when he finds himself surrounded by those who have an interest in their God and Savior. He also finds himself in circumstances to the rewards of this when he is surrounded by multitudes who are flying away from him and God, and openly committing guilt. He looks upon them as so forever gone, as to be incorrigible, yet turns not away, but opens to them the way of salvation, and turns their eyes to the sunlight of God’s mercy. Some individuals look with a suspicious eye on the latitude of the Christian religion. They ask if such invitations as extend to the profligate are favorable to mortals. This question is worthy of attention. The angels proclaimed unto the shepherds good tidings of great joy, but those glad tidings were not only for the moral conscientious and the upright, but for all people. When our blessed Lord described his holy office upon earth he says; “the son of man came to save that which was lost.” John directs us to that blood which cleanseth from all sin and directs and extends to us that blessed invitation, “Come freely and drink of the water of life.” Open the bible and follow Christ in his pilgrimage upon earth, see him in the lowest hands of vice, pouring the stream of life into the most polluted spots. The evidence of his promises also prove his Remembrance, “he receiveth sinners and healeth on the sabbath day.” In quilting heaven perhaps Christ chose our orb out of the thousands which surround it as the only one in rebellion. Look to the doctrine of the apostles! How strictly does their language harmonize with that of Christ. They declare the utter suffering of morals to save the soul. Shall we then continue in sin that righteousness may abound? As the rebellious children of man should seek as a right

that which is promised as a gift, the tender father will become the inescapable judge, and precipitate them into that pit of smoke of which ascendeth forever. Many object to religion saying that God only designed to save part of mankind, It is to the contrary of this however, in his word he says "I am not willing that any should die, but that all should turn from their wicked ways and live." Some men of a particular belief determine certain barriers to religion which cannot be passed. In answer to this so merrily say, "God died for all." Some men attempt to set up a spurious philosophy in opposition to religion, but this is to compare the mind of man with the mind of God. The withered hand with he who restored it. Many say, does not this free salvation permit man to turn to God on his death bed (the evening of his life), an be saved. We read that the gate of contrition is narrow, that we must deny ourselves and strive to enter in. Can the Ethiopian change his skin? then also may he who is sinful do good? Is there a word or letters in scriptures to sanction the belief that God will await his wrath to give the sinner time to repent and rouse himself from ? The search of many men has long been directed to some secret principle by which the basic metals may by corrected into gold and silver. That principle in the moral world is the love of the Redeemer.

If these offers of happiness are this extensive the sincerity with which they are received should be proportional. God might have made our guilt and hypocrisy the subject of his wrath, but "even as a father pitieth his own children so doth he pity us." There is a period rushing upon us with all the impetuosity of time "when all that is holy shall be holy still, and all that is filthy shall be filthy" devising more repentance will not then change it. – To the desponding we would say in the words of the bible, get up, and be not cast down; is thy sin heinous? it shall be pardoned. Art thou far from God? thou canst be brought near unto him. The day spring from on high shall visit them.

There is a land of which the Lord hath said, "I will give it to you." Come and dwell in the land, for the Lord hath spoken good of Israel. May you be inclined to join his people on earth, that you may be one with him in Heaven.

Amanda Bruen

By Rev'd Edward F. Berkely (Berkley)

July 26th 1840

Morning Text. Matthew 7.7

Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall
find, Knock and it shall be opened to you
August 3d, 1840

Page 28-31 – 2 Timothy 3.16

“All scripture is given by inspiration of God, In a sermon delivered on a former occasion, we endeavored to prove the truth of the scriptures, on the present we will prove that the arguments of infidelity are false and without foundation. We will take truth for our panoply and disprove that infidelity which has boasted herself as the goddess of wisdom. Some assert that the bible is full of contradictions. Let those enemies be and they will find that those parts which they term contradictions corroborate its worth instead of impairing it. If these were real discrepancies, the ancient adversaries of the Bible must have known of them, They would have seized the weapon and yielded it with force and power against the enemies. The bible is said to abound with difficulties, but if examined they will prove to be apparent and not real.

As to the assertion that there was an insufficiency of water to deluge the world it is not worthy of serious notion. Chance was or there was not sufficient. IF there was, there was no difficulty. If there was not, God with whom all things are possible could supply the deficiency. The scriptures are not intended to furnish us with all the minutia of science, yet the facts recorded are true. It is alleged that the doctrine of the bible is contrary to reason; this is not true, though it is sometimes above it. We cannot well understand the mode or theory by which the difficulties and mysteries of the Scriptures may be explained, those parts on which they are silent, should not effect our belief. The atonement of Christ was a sacrifice for sin, which put forever at rest all doubt as to his abhorrence of it. The inhabitants of these brilliant orbs which bespangle a crowded firmament may for aught we know be perfectly pure. They are either pure or impure if they are so, no atonement is necessary, if they are not in the wise economy of providence an arrangement may have been made so that it might have extended to them. With the regard to historical facts it may be said, that the Bible

is plain and impartial, intended for all. It exhibits the vices not in the glowing colours with which they delude their viciousness but in all their natural deformity. It makes them stand out in bold and prominent relief as beacons to warn un. They represent the Bible as

conserving vice at one time and rewarding it at another.

The word tempt has been misconstrued, its proper meaning is to put to the test. The objector may assert that we call David a man after God's own heart, who he was wicked and cruel. Psalm may be regarded as informational or predictions for they are curses denounced against those who violated the law. The scriptures though they record the vices of man, never sanction them. What is the general character of the Bible? It is the earliest of authentic histories, the text book of freedom and liberty. The model of poetry and eloquence.

The character of the bible, and the plan of redemption have been laid before you in language plain and unaffected. If you reject your salvation it will not be for want of evidence. That evidence has been given you, it has been written with a sunbeam.

The door of mercy is open, enter before it shuts death is approaching, enter in and you will conquer him and find refuge in those arms which support the Universe.

Amanda Bruen
August 9th 1840

Preached by Rev'd Edward Winthrop (**Num 6: 24-27**)

Numbers 6.24 The Lord bless thee and keep thee
25. the Lord make his face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee
26. The Lord lift up his countenance up on you & give you His peace
27. How shall they put thy name upon the children of Israel & I will bless them.

April 23, 1843

Page 32-36 – Revelation 2:6-7 (begins with writing out Rev. 2: 1-7)

“Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write;
These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars
in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of
the seven golden candlesticks;”

“I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy
patience, and how thou canst not bear them
which are evil: and thou hast tried them which say
they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars:”

“And hast borne, and hast patience, and for my
name's sake hast laboured, and hast not fainted.”

“Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because
thou hast left thy first love.”

“Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen,
and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come
unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out
of his place, except thou repent.”

“But this thou hast, that
thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes,

which I also hate.”

“He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.”

The blessed Lord by whom so sublime a declaration is given, is represented by St. John as conveying his first message to the church of Ephesus. We must first consider the commendation given by our Savior to the churches. I know thy works, and thy labours. It appears that they had for some time been employed in good works. He said unto them. I know thy patience, much is to be suffered as well as done, in the service of God. There are personal difficulties to overcome, and the designs of promise to resist. He proved them saying they have left their first love. Their love for the church had decayed. How common is such decay, not only in collective bodies, but on individuals. In modern times Christianity has almost vanished, and nothing is left but the name. Decay is not confined to material objects; it passes on to the very heart of the Christian, and assails it, he almost plucketh him from the altar of his God. In this text, our Saviour says unto the churches of Ephesus, remember from whence thou art fallen. When threatened with apostacy it is well to look back to the time when we were first awakened. What is there in this empty world, its friendships, its follies, to compensate for the loss of former happiness? He also said unto them repent. Example for your life, the storm of everlasting desolation is gathering around you. Do thy first works. Be as humble as in the first days of the infancy of religion. Consider the threat denounced in the text – and has it not been fulfilled? Look at Ephesus once the light of the earth, whence and what is it now? The Turks in the fourteenth century burst upon it like a flood, and disobeyed it; now it consists of piles of stones, mud cottages, and not a single Christian. So certainly as they have fallen shall the wicked be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. Are the cities of Asia all that are to be destroyed? Will our vice, dissipation, and sin be rewarded? It seems already that the curse has descended upon some. “He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches.” In judgment God remembers mercy. He hath said, “to him who overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of the paradise of God; It is these who struggle with the powers of darkness, and

pass their lives in the service of God, who will receive the reward. There is another paradise beside that in which our first parents fell, the paradise of Heaven. God is the glory thereof, there are sweets which never satiate, in it is the tree of life, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nation. Seek the father of mercy for a disposition to contend with sin, and power to resist it. Take refuge in the arms of him who is both able to save you, and present you spotless and pure to your maker.

Be thou faithful unto death,
and thou shall receive a crown of life everlasting. Amen

Amanda Bruen
September 6th 1840

“Preacher’s – living books” Luther

Page 37-40 – Revelation 2:10.11

Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.

Our text is a part of one of those beautiful epistles which our Saviour directed to be written by John to the seven churches of Ephesus (the first). It is highly probable that the churches were founded by St. Paul. Even at the end of the eighth century they retained much of their former splendor, and at the present day they afford many interesses of the truth of our blessed religion. In the book he said not the churches “The devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried.” No point can be more certain than that all Christians are subject to outward trials. “Ye shall have tribulation ten days” This declaration may refer to the plagues which visited them, or the ten days may have signify years as they frequently do in the Scriptures, and refer to the ten years of distress intensified and suffered during the reign of Diogenes. Your trials are remitted in love to try your patience, to stimulate your zeal, to be worthy of him, who is sufficiently powerful “to save you to the uttermost”. “Fear none of those things which thou shall suffer” The Lord himself

presides over the instrument of torture, weakens its power, or increases your strength. He hath said, Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. The grand difficulty in religion is perseverance. It is easy to make resolutions, but the difficulty is in keeping them. There novelty ceases, then the fickle and treacherous heart feels the need of the power of omnipotence. Ye may have formed something for his sake, The cloud of adversity may gather around your soul, Temptations may rush in upon you like a flood, but I say unto you, "be faithful" Be ready to die for him, for he hath died for you. The trial and death of Polycarp offers an illustration of these words. He promised a crown of life to those who have lived in poverty, that they might find in him a friend, and live with him forever.

These are his promises, how hardened and cold is that heart which will not receive them! Is it a good reason for not excepting them that they are written instead of verbal, that they are to be enjoyed by all, instead of a few, that many have died and live upon them. Sin absorbs the hearts and destroys the souls of men. Those promises are designed not only for the church of Smyrna but for all churches, even for this church. Let us endeavor to cultivate those qualities which gave such loveliness to the followers of Christ. Let us one and all seek him, and yield ourselves his willing captives that his love may be shed abroad, and abound in us.

Let us live in hope, then died to go to an everlasting rest. May God bless his words.

Amen. Amanda Bruen

September 13th 1840

Preached by Rev'd Ed F. Berkely (Berkley)

(Verses copied at the end of this page)

"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with. Prov. 17.14

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. Prov 16.25

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness. Prov 22.20

Page 41-43 – Mark 12:30

“And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.”

This love is founded on the goodness, benevolent and gracious superintendence of a superior being. To obey him should be our first duty and the crowning virtue above all others. The nature of this love comprehends all those inward regards to the Deity which his parental affection and kindness demands. A just view of his character may be found in the Scriptures, they present him in the full luster of his moral and ministerial character. The mind justly estimating it drives its chief and most noble pleasure while serving him. The pleasure enjoyed by the assurance that such love is reciprocated. We should have a reverential fear of his displeasure and justice and feel a quiet resignation to his will in the most painful events. But let us inquire into the motives of this love, if God is really amiable it is natural and proper for us to love him. It is evident that no man can esteem a character unless it is for its very excellence. We must love him as our God and creator; for he has given us our faculties as our caregiver who has an undoubted right to give them to us and has summoned them in the one grand law of love to him. Love to God for our redemption and preservation is constantly held up in the Scriptures as due from us. What is the measure of this love? We are to love him with all our hearts, with all our souls, with all our minds and with all our strength. These emphatical words are designed to express the great idea that he should be loved by all to the full extent of these capabilities. The will must embrace him, the affections rest upon him as their ultimate object. We must be vigorous and devote all our bodily strength to him and his service. Yet these words do not imply that we should shut out from our affection all other objects, but govern them by our love for God. As he is infinitely superior to all other things, so should our love for him transcend our affection for all other objects. This is the first commandment; it is the great source of our happiness, it improves us in those graces which constitute all rational pleasures. It invite us to chose as our friend, one who is ever faithful, wise, good, glorious and ever our own. What happiness

it is to dwell with him in all the bliss of future glory. Oh! it will be unspeakable joy & his own goodness has formed the ground work for our happiness in this world and that which is to come. My hearer do you obey the text? If you do not, you are still in the "Gall of bitterness and bond of despair." but I pray that you may be rescued from such a state and may the Holy Spirit guide you into all peace. October 4th Amanda Bruen

Page 44-48 – 1Corinthians 11:23-26

"For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread:

And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, this cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come."

When our Saviour was about to offer up his life for our sakes on the cross, he assembled his disciples and took bread and broke it saying, this is my body which is broken for you. In obedience to his injunctions we have convened in this hour to celebrate the sacred ordinance.

Let us consider the nature and design of of which it should be taken, and benefits arising from it. The Lord's Supper is an emblematical observance of his crucifixion; he hath said "eat, this is my body, drink, this is my blood." We should partake of the sacrament with a genuine and cordial attachment to Christ. It should be observed with heartfelt gratitude to him, and love to our brethren. If we love him, shall we not love those who have his image set forth in their hearts? Jesus hath said, "Love your enemies. bless them that curse you!" The religion of Christ is one of universal benevolence, it is not confined to State or Empire. The glad news of salvation is carried to the prisoner in his dungeon and to the poor man in his cottage.

We cannot love the wicked but we can love

their happiness & strive for it, for it is more blessed to give than to receive. The delightful spirit, the Holy Comforter dwells in Heaven, it gathers the wide spread of divine sunray in one grand point, one brilliant focus on the sinner's heart. Such a spirit prevails in the religion of Christ, such should be the temper of those who approach the table of the risen Lord.

Who can partake of this blessed feast? The whole human family, that is all those who have heard the sound of the gospel. The friends of Christ only are to partake of the banquet. The question has long been asked, whether if one is thoughtful and serious, though not decidedly pious can they be admitted to the Holy Communion; We answer only the friends of Christ can be admitted to the banquet. Convictions of sin are produced by the Holy Spirit. How first convicted of sin one is serious and thoughtful. If those thoughts continue, the longer they are resisted, the longer is the sinful engagement between the Holy Spirit of God, and the spirit of the evil one. often times the struggle is so powerful as to make reason bottom on her throne.

However serious are his thoughts, however, deep and alarming his convictions, if he refuses to give himself unreservedly to God, he is not a friend and consequently unfit to approach his table. The Lord's Supper is spiritual food, for the strengthening of our spirits. It is said, whosoever shall drink unworthily is guilty of the body and blood of Christ.

If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; he loves what he before hated and hates what he before loved. Pleasures will fade, they will fall upon on sense, like the fabled fruit of the Dead Sea which when tasted is converted into bitterness and ashes.

The qualifications necessary to become a partaker of the Lord's Supper are repentance in God, faith in Christ and obedience to his commands. When at meal together at his table our love for the brethren is increased, we recalled that we shared one common ruin, and are saved by our common sacrifice. May the day soon arrive when there will be but one church, above all discord shall cease and all be peace.

When the hour of death arrives and the bridegroom shall say "come, there may we be found ready with our lamps trimmed and burning and the oil of grace flowing around our hearts.

Amanda Bruen

November 1st 1840

The harvest is fast, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!"

Page torn out

Page 49-52 – Romans 3:3-4

“For what if some did not believe? shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect?

God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar; “

In every age of the world man has been prone to disbelieve the word of God. Our first parents have fatally followed their example. By disbelief the anti-delusion world was overwhelmed by the flood. Such disbelief continued to the present day. Christ declared that the disbelief of the Jews could not invalidate the word of his testimony. We will first consider the prevalence of disbelief. The sacred volume is in our hands, in our own language, but how few those are who properly study and regard it? how few who do not give a decided preference to works of service. Could they manifest such indifference if they really believed it true, and directed to them? Our position is strengthened by the contempt of others. They believe in Heaven, the abode of saints, in Hell, the dwelling of the wicked, yet they do not feel alarmed. Could they disregard their future fate, if they believed it was to be so? The nonconverted are as sure of Heaven as though the Scriptures were on their side, but God has said that the unrighteous can not inherit his kingdom, and the “the wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forgot God.” If they believed it they would know that however well it may be with the righteous it will be ill with the wicked. Some say they believe there is a God, that they have an immortal soul, yet take no pains to ensure the future welfare, that there is a judgment day when they will stand before Jehovah’s face, and reckon up their account, that there will be a day when grace is ended, yet they live as if days and years were all their own. Can they believe in God and the Sacred Scriptures? Let us consider the folly of unbelief. It cannot avert the punishment of sin, it did not in the days of Adam, it will not now. Of this ordinance I would ask, what if ye do not believe, will it change his word, avert his wrath, will death await your pleasure; will the

judgment day lose its solemnity, will you account be less strict or hell lose its sorrow, its awful misery; is it reasonable, possible that God's truth shall be changed, because you do not believe? Unbelief recorded the words of the text and give to man's groundless conjectures more truth than the unchangeable word of God. It rejects the only possible means of reconciliation and invites all our guilt upon us.

The point to be determined is, do we believe? Have you a clear and lively hope of Christ as the Saviour of the world? are you convinced of your guilt and need of atonement, do you feel healed from your corruptions? if you do you shall be saved. if you do not you shall be damned. "Let God be true, but every man a liar." Let us guard against unbelief and find where it lies. To whom God blesses he shall bless and whom he curses shall be cursed.

May God incline you to seek riches in Christ, and at last bring you to himself .

Amen. Amanda Bruen

October 22nd 1840

Preached by Ed F. Berkely (Berkley)
in Christ Church, Lexington, KY

Page 52-53 – Scriptures on being troubled and Christ's return (a page torn out)

Let not you heart to troubled, ye believe ye believe in God believe also in me. In my fathers house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you I go to prepare a place for you

And if I go and prepare a place for you,

I will come again and receive you unto myself: that where I am there ye may be also. And whether I go ye know and the way ye know.

Peace I leave you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. John 14.1-4

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 Corinthians 5.1

Page 52-53 – **Scriptures of assurance and Christ's return**

Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe ye believe in God
believe also in me. In my fathers house are many
mansions, if it were not so I would have told you
I go to prepare a place for you
And if I go and prepare a place for you,

(a page torn out here)

I will come again and receive you unto myself:
that where I am there ye may be also.
And whether I go ye know and the way
ye know.

Peace I leave you, my peace I give
unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto
you.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let
it be afraid. John 14.1-4

For we know that if our earthly house of this
tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of
God, an house not made with hands,
eternal in the heavens. 2 Corinthians 5.1

⁵⁴
Page ~~50~~ – **24 Scriptural Prophecies & Fulfillment**

<u>Prophecies.</u>	<u>Fulfillment.</u>
1. Was the Messiah to be of the seed of Abraham? Gen 22:18	1. This was true of Jesus of Nazareth. Gal 3:16.17 Heb 11:15
2. Was he to spring from the Tribe of Issachar? Gen 49:10	2. Our Lord was of that family. Heb 7:14
3. Was he to be of the family of Daniel? 2 Sam 7.12.5.17 Isa 11:1-6 Jer. 22: 5.6	3. Our Lord was of that family. Luke 1: 32-69.
4. Was he to be born at Bethlehem? Mic. 5:1.2	4. Bethlehem was Christ's birth place. Matt 2: 1.5.6 Luke 2.4.11
5. Was he to be from a virgin? Isa 7.14	5. The virgin Mary was his mother. Matt 1: 20-24
6. as he to be called out of Egypt? Hosea 11.1	6. This happened to the child. Matt 2:13-16

- | | |
|--|--|
| 7. Was his way to be prepared by another? Isa. 40: 3.4 Mal. 3.1 and 4:2.7 | 7. This was accomplished in the ministry of John. Matt. 3: 1-4, 17:10-14. Luke 1:1.17, 2: 7-27 |
| 8. Was he to show him divine authority by working miracles? | 8. This He did. Matt 3.7 |
| 9. Was he to enter Jerusalem in a particular manner. Zach 9:9 Psalm 118: 25.26 | 9. This was ? ?. fulfilled. Matt. 21: 2:12 |
| 10. Was he to be rejected of his country men? Isa 8: 14.15 28:10 53: 3 Ps 118:22 | 10. It was done as we find in Matt 21: 42-45 John 1” 10. 11.12. 37-42 and 15: 22-26 |
| 11. Was he to be betrayed by one Of his disciples? Ps 41:9 | 11. It so turned out John 13:18 |
| 12. Even the sum was foretold. Zech 11:12 | 12 And the event answered exactly Matt 26.14.15. 27: 3.11 |
| 13. The ill treatment he should receive is described. Isa. 1:6 | 13. And such he did receive Matt 26:67. 68. 27: 26.32 |
| 14. That his hands and feet should be pierced. Ps 22:16 | 14. And it was so done to Jesus. Luke 23.33 John 19: 17-18 |
| 15. That he should be numbered with the transgressions. Isa 53:13 | 15. And so he was Luke 22:37, 23:33 |
| 16. That while on the cross, he should be mocked. Ps 22:2.8 | 16. And it happened. Matt 37: 39-44 |
| 17. That gall and vinegar should Be given him to drink. Ps 119: 18 | 17. And they were. Matt 27:34 |
| 18. That they should part his garments and cast lots Ps 22:18 | 18. And they did. Matt 27:35 John 19: 23.24 |
| 6. left out Was he to be born in Bethlehem? Micah 5:1.2. | 6. Matthew 2:1.5. |
| 19. That he should be cut off by a violent death. Isa 55:8 Dan. 9:25 | 19. And he was John 19:30 Acts 2.23 |

- | | |
|---|---|
| 20. That he should be pierced,
yet not a bone of him be
broken. Zech 12: 10 Ezekiel 12: 4
Psalms 24:2..5 | 20. And it was so
in fact. John 33:38 |
| 21. He was to make his grave
With the rich. Isa 53.9 | 21. And he did. Matt.
27: 57-67 |
| 22. He should not see corruption
In the grave. Ps 16:10. | 22. And he did not.
Acts 2:27.32 13: 34-37 |
| 23. His resurrection was foretold.
Ps 27: 10-11 Isa 53: 8 | 23. And it took place.
Matt 28:6 Acts 2:30
31:13 33:34 |
| 24. And his ascension into
Heaven. Ps 118:18 110:1
Joel 2:28 | 24. Which is recorded.
Mark 16:9 Acts 2:30
Eph 14; 3.13 |

October 23rd 1843

Page 55 – **Martin Luther** From: d'Aubigne's Reformation, Vol 2 pg 166
March 1844

“Martin Luther of middle size, and so thin, by reason
Of his continual studies, that one can almost count
His bones. He is in the prime of life, and his voice
is clear and famous(?). His knowledge & understand-
ing of the Holy Scriptures are incomparable, the
whole world of god is at his finger's ends. Add
to this, he has vast resources of arguments and
ideas. One might perhaps desire more judgment
to arrange every thing in order. In commendation
he is against and obliging; in no respect storied
and famed; he accommodated himself to every one;
his manner of speaking is pleasing and full of
joviality & he evinces much firmness, and has
ever a contented expression of countenance, whatever
may be the threats of his adversaries. So that one
is constrained to think that it is not without divine
assistance that he does such great things. He
is blamed however for being more seen(?) in his responses
than is becoming in a divine especially when advan-
cing penalties in religion” A description of sin as his

appeared at the time of his disputation with Eck
(the learned theologian) which took place at Leipzig
June 25th 1519 Vol 2nd page 67.

“The reformation engendered by the solitary struggle
of a broken and contrite spirit, in the “will of the

moment at Erfurt's, had him gaining strength
from the moment of its birth.
a man of humble station, holding in his hand
the word of Life had stood erect in the presence
of earthly dignitaries and they had quailed
before him.

Armed with that Word alone, he had encoun-
tered first Tebsel(?) and his numerous hosts, and
after brief resistance those greedy traffickers had
been driven from the field; - then the Worms Legate
at - Augsburg, and the Legate in his confusion
had suffered the pray to escape; then again
the learned divines in the halls of Leipsic,
and the astonished theologians had seen the

weapons of their scholastic sheered(?) in their Lands.
lastly when the Pope himself had startled from
his slumber to launch his fiercest lightening
at the head of the offending monk.- that same
Word had again been the safeguard of him
who had trusted in it, and the arm of the
spiritual despot had been stricken with palsy.

One struggle more was ot yet to be endured;
for the Word was destined to triumph over the
Emperor of the West, over the kings and princes
of many lands, and at length, having humbled
all earthly opposition, to be exalted in the church
and there to reign supreme as the very Word of
the living God." D'Aubigne's Information

Vol 2nd page 166

March 1844

Page 57 – Zwingli the Great Swiss

"Zwingli the Great Swiss of the 10th
century had the same faith with Luther, the
German reformer, but the former rested it
more upon argument than talking.
Luther is carried forward by the internal
impulse, Zwingli by the light revealed him.
In Luther's writings we find a deep commo-
tion of the preciousness of the word of Christ
to his own soul; and this earnest, unfaulter-
ing conviction gives life and energy to all he
says. The same thing, immediately is found
in the writings of Zwingli, but not in the
same degree. His contemplations have been
fixed rather in the Christian System as a
whole; he reserved it for its surpassing beauty,
for the light which it shines upon the soul of
man, for the everlasting life which it bringest

into the world. In the one the affections are the proving(?) power in the other the understanding and hence it happens the persons

not experimentally acquainted with the faith which animated those two disciples of the Lord, have faltered into a gross wrong and represented the one as a mystic, the other as a rationalist. The one is more pathetic, it may be, in the exposition of faith – the other is more philosophic; but the same truths are embraced by both. secondary questioned, perhaps, they do not always regard under the same aspect; but that faith which is one, that faith which renews and justifies all who possess it. – that faith which is confession, no formulary of doctrine, of each alike. The Zwingli have often been so erroneously stated that it seems necessary to give a summary of the doctrine which he then preached.

Zwingli beheld in the fall of the first man, a key to the entire history of the human race. “Before the fall” said he, in one of his

discourses “man had been created with a free will, so that if he had been willing he might have fulfilled the law; his nature was pure; this diseased had not yet tainted it; his life was in his own hands. That having desired to be “as God” – he died; and not he alone but all that are born of him.

All men, thus, being dead in Adam, must ever remain so, until the Spirit, which is God Himself, raises them out of death.”

D’Aubigne’s Information, Vol 2 pg 340
Julius Caesar, when he felt that he had received a mortal wound exerted his remaining strength to gather his robe around him that he might fall with dignity. The downfall of your of your ceremonies is at hand. Be it your care to give it to their fate what decency you may and to speed the inevitable transition from darkness to light.

Zwingli’s letter to the bishop of Constance.

Page 60 – **Chinese Proverb & The Old Bachelor**

Chinese Proverb “The fish dwells in the depth of the waters, and the eagle in the sikes of the heaven, the one, though high may be reached with the arrow, and the other though deep, with a hook; but the heart of a a, at a foot distance,

cannot be known”

The Old Bachelor “In the vast flower field of human affection, the old bachelor is the very scare crow of happiness, who drives away the little binds of love, that come to steal the hemlock seed of loneliness and despair.

Page 61 – **Epithalamium** J. G. Brainard

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease-
A purer sky, where all is peace.
March 25th 1844

Page 62 – **Musing on the Past**

Author unknown

sent by abraham friend to me (1/1/1844)

When care's cold hand has chilled thy joyous heart
And sorrow has attained its gladsome chords
To melancholy music, would'st thou feel
The full sublimity of loneliness;
Go pace at midnight consecrated hour,
Some old Cathedral's sad and silent halls,
Magnificence in ruins! earthly joys
Wrapped in the col embraces of decay!
It is a spot for feelings purest flow,
For fancy's noblest dreaming; its high roof,
Its moldering columns, and its tattered robes,
The monks cold radiance o'er the ruin cast,
All are the voiceless monitors of many
To warn him of his weakness and his doom
But even more the inmost soul is moved,
And holy thoughts and high resolve of ringing
More fresh from feelings fountain when we gaze
Down the long archway of departed years.

The mighty temple of the Past, whose shrines
Are hung indeed with times dark drapery
As with a mourning robe, yet gilded o'er
With memory's mystic light; and whose dark walls
Are marked indeed with many a strange device,
Graced by Decay's wan fingers; yet on these
Can well portray its friendships lingering eye
Some unforgotten form of bygone years,
Some bright remembrance of those childhood days,
Or some gay scene of gentle unclouded hours,
That light the darkness of the Past, and throw
There radiance on the Present.

J W M.....

March 23rd 1844

copied by my dear friend Jane W. Mitchell

Page 64 – **From Bible – Exodus 14**

Dec 1844

“And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a tim-
brel in her hand; and all the women went out after
her with timbrels and with dances.” Exodus 15:20
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed; his people are free.
Sing for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave;
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave. Sound &c. (A hymn)

Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt this story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
How the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of
Glory.*
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound (the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed; his people are free.)
The Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians
through the pillars of fire & the cloud, & humbled the
host of the Egyptians.” Exodus 14:44 Dec 1844

Page 65 – **Infant Years** Rev. C. Clarke

“I do not wonder that poets and moralists have
gazed, with intense interest, and with unutterable emotion,
upon infancy and childhood. The young human
creature just ushered into life has become an
object of unspeakable interest. What a prospect is
before it! What undeveloped faculties does it possess!
What a part it may yet act upon the theatre of the
world! What a sea of sorrow and calamity it may

have to pass through! What infinite glories may
encircle it upon the eternal mount of God!
What unspeakable sorrows may gather around it in
the dark pit of endless despair!

Can you look upon that young creature just
bursting into life, just starting into immortal
existence, itself unconscious of its mysterious power,
and we totally ignorant of its final destiny,
without deep and intensive interest! All that we
know in relation to it, is, that trouble and death
are before it! And yet, upon the fore front of

these evils, mercy is written with a fair and
plain hand. Under the sanctifying
influence of the Holy Spirit, Swings us back from
our wonderings to god; and death though its
had be rough and icy, opens the door that
admits us into the pure mansions of blessedness.
Hence there is no less strength than poetry in the
exclamation of His Demands, -

Gaze on It's lovely! Childhood life and check
Mantling(?) beneath its earnest brow of thought –
Gaze – yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought
Thou seest what grief must mature for the shy,
What death must fashion for eternity.”

August 18th 1843 Rev. C. Clarke

Page 67 – Hyperion quotes Bk 2 & 4

“It is strange that you can hardly open the biog-
raphy of any German author, but you will find
it begins with an account if his grandfather?

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,
Something with passion clasp or pinch,
And in itself to ashes burn! Hyperion - book 2nd

“Look not mournfully into the Pat. It comes not
back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine.
Go forth to meet the shadowy Nature, without
fear, and with a manly heart.” Hyperion - book 4

Page 68 - Musical puffing's of John Hoffman Kreider

“O scream, squash, wine, gargle, grown, agonize,
quiver, quaver, Just as much as you please, Madam;
I have my foot on the forth some petal, and
thunder myself deaf & Encipher which of thy
goblins has got into this throat, pinching and
kicking and cuffing the tunes about so?

Four strings have snapped already, and
one hammer is lamed for life. They said

ring again, - my head burns, - my nerves
trimble! Have all the harsh notes from the
cracked trumpet of a strolling – player been
imprisoned in the little throat!

Should not musical composers, poor, and
hard beset, and who moreover, are forced to
coin their inspiration into gold, to spin
out the thread of life withal, be allowed to
apply this law to themselves, and banish out
of the neighborhood all ballad-singer and
bagpipers?

What would a painter say, while transforming
to his canvas a form of ideal beauty, if you
should hold up before him all manner of
wild fans and ugly masks?

He might shut his eyes, and in that
way, at least, quietly follow out the images of
fancy. Cotton in one's ears known, is of no
use, one still hears the dreadful massacre."

Musical puffing's of John Hoffman Kreider

Page 69 **Quote from Dr. Young & Franklin's Letters & Draper**

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
sermons in stones, and good in everything?

(from Shakespeare's "As you like it")

"There is a process going on in every flower, Sufficient
To frighten a man out of infidelity."

Dr. Young.

"His word leaps forth at once to its effect,
He call for things that are not, and they come."

God's love is like the sun, always the same in its
light, though a cloud may sometimes interpose;
and ours to him is too much like the moon
which waxes and wains

"He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty
person, should expect to be paid with a good planta-
tion, is modest in his demands, compared with those
who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth"

Franklin's Letter Vol. 1

Page 70 – **Quotes from Draper, unknown, Young & Fletcher**

"Happiness is dependent on nothing of an external na-
ture; it arrives from the state of the mind."

Draper.

'Prayer is the golden key which unleashes all the cabinets

of heaven.”

“In vastness, whatever its nature may be, here dwell sublimity.”

“Virtue alone out builds the Pyramids:
Her monument shall stand, when Egypt’s falls.
Young.

“Such sound had soothed the mind of Saul “Bicheheis (?)
“Vice had its martyrs, as well as religion” Draper
“guilt is sooner confused and summoned by the age of
scrutiny than by the drawn sword; and the mind
“consia recte”(?) around itself more frequently with the
defensive armor of the uncovered eye, ad the firm
composed voice, than with muscular strength and
agility.”

Future will not disown one of her favorites for a
menial error. Fletcher

Page 71 **Quotes from Fletcher’s History of Poland**

“Most studiously did the Munich official apostles
avoid the name of Sobieski, but glory like his
cannot be “found under a bushel.” While they at-
tempted the desecrate the honor of the victory, by
ascribing it to a panic of the Turks, they own
that this terror arose from the learning that
the King was there in person. “such”, says Sal-
vandy “was the petty war of the French politicians
against John Sobieski”. This is a strong way,
of depressing his glory. Flattery, with all its invent-
tion would in vain strive to equal this com-
pliment.”

Fletcher History of Poland

When the mighty is fallen, the most low and
dastardly will stride on his body to see “where his
great strength lay” and discount on his weakness.
The vulture will feed on the dead lion, and the
carrion crew will peck at the stranded whale.
The corpse of Sobieski furnishes the same treat for
those kind of prey, the pithy critic and the musty
moralist. But France puts her finger on her lips
as she points to the death-bed of Sobieski.
Those tattered Turkish banners, as they sprinkle
their dust on the cold corpse of the hero beneath, awaken
more thought and solemn reflection in one
glance, than the tongue could exhaust in hours.”
His character is portrayed in his political career
and his actions speak fo themselves. In war
he was a Lion, but in peace the plaything of
others. The 17th June 1696 he slept the sleep of

death. Happily he was not doomed to endure(?)
the consequences of his villainess administration.
Death came kindly and lain low his gray locks

With their withered laurels, before the rude hand of
Rebellion had succeeded in tearing them from
his brow.

“In the interim between Charles of Sweden and
the ex-king Augustus 1702, the subject of
conversation was the jack boots worn by Charles.
Those he gravely informed Augustus had been
on his legs for six years, except when he lay
down. “that men who can find nothing but
jack boots to talk about should rule the des-
ties of millions.!”

Stanisław Leszczyński (the father of law of louis
14th), was a most beneficent philosopher. So
great was his kindness of heart that he revenges
himself upon one of his enemies by acting the
father to his sic children.

Poniatowski (the favorite for a time of Cath-
erine of Russia) was one of those men who could
be almost anything, and are absolutely nothing.

He was not one of those character which Nature
draws out in a neutral amount of light and shade,
ready to take every color but which she sends
into the world without any. This character
tinges all the events of his reign.

The great partition act, determined and acted
Upon by the three united powers of Russia,
Prussia and Austria, was of such a nature
That to doubt it, would be to betray uncertainly
And skepticism concerning the simple funda-
Mental principle of moral action. They each
Claimed a large share of their ill-gotten treasures
Mercifully leaving a fragment to the imbecile
King.

When the panegyrist of Stanislas could only
assume that he was not one of the chief causes of
his country's annihilation, but cannot deny that no
the monarch could have been more suited to
produce such an unfortunate effect, and although

the censor might admit the truth of this assertion
“I have always wished for the happiness of my
Country and have only caused its misfortune”¹
He would remind the royal armorial that
Even “hell is paved with good intention.”

Fletcher's History of Poland

Page 75 – **Blanche Daventry** from “Wife of Leon and other Poems”

“He was framed
Upon The glorious mould of demi-goads,
In shape and intellect, my Isabel.
Vas stores of knowledge filled his lofty mind!
There is no language that was not to him
Familiar as a speech of home and heart,
Harkened to from first infancy; the source
Of knowledge was laid bare before his eyes;
He had communed with nature, till seemed
The high priest of her mysteries – and yet
He had that power of thought which solves all
things.
However weird and strange to other minds,
Into a great simplicity. His words

Were eloquent as those which gave the Greek
The power to baffle kings; and so he stood
Before me, robed in light!

Or was he one who walked hand in hand with
Times, to dash hops to the earth?

I have no fear of mortal pain
That dims the light of the eyes and brain:
But to lie a part of the senseless clod,
It is this that awes me, thou priest of God!
Give me, give me, before I die,
The hope of immortality!

Nay, speak not! – a face from those shadows dim,
Breaks with the splendor of the seraphim.
Old man! ‘tis the godlike and thorn-crowded head –
I know the earnest ad glorious eyes –
I know the ‘Lord of the Sacrifice!’”

With that triumphant name upon his lips –
“Lord of the Sacrifice” thy brother died.
Some stay, some rock, to clasp while billow rave,
Some hold for hope, some comfort for despair,
Were is such trust! But I am dashed upon
A gloomy sea of doubt, and dread, and gloom, -
A barque without a guide. Futurity!
Mysterious, awful shadowy, undefine,
Art thou, even to the wisest of earth’s seers!
And as my footsteps near thy precipice,
Darker and more profound become the clouds
That veil my mortal vision. Oh! My friend!
The blasts of a strange county chill my soul,
And freeze my veins even as I speak to you!

The shadow steals
Over the dial of my wasting life
Gently, dear father! With a tender hand,
The conqueror is gathering from the earth
One of his frailest children.

Blanche Daventry from "Wife of Leon and other poems"

Page 81-83 Switzerland . Campbell & Roger's Italy

The Switzer ' s Land ! — Where grandeur is encamped
Impregably in mountain - tents of snow ;
Realms that by human footprint ne'er were stamped ,
Where the eagle wheels , and glacial ramparts glow .
Seek , Nature ' s worshipper , these landscapes! Go,
Where all her fiercest, finest charms are found;
Go to the land where Tell drew freedom's bow;
And in the patriots country thou shalt find
A semblance 'twixt the scene and his immortal mind.

The traveller visiting Switzerland & from whatever
point he may well observe that it presents a fairer &
brighter moral aspect than the "shipless shores"
of classic Greece, or Italia's fairy land. In the
latter the proud monuments of the past contrast sorrowfully
with the present. In the former freedom is every
where to be seen existing its regenerating influence.
The peasant, fearing no avaricious lord, no spiritual
inquisitor, enjoys the fruit of his labor in peace,
sweetened and improves the free and full to-
lation of his religion. Commerce if fast extend-

ing her ramifications, and agriculture is carried to
great perfection. The business of public education
is conducted with remarkable success.

"Virtue is its own reward" not merely this but being
honored by public appellation, it is
imitated, and becomes an object of generous
competition; while vice, kept in constant cloak
by the rarely productive of capital offences. The
legislature authorities have directed their attention
rather to the prevention, than the punishment
of crime. It is thus that, in a moral estimate,
Switzerland may be said to take decided precedence
over the nations as she does in her geographical
position – the most elevated country in Europe.

The passage of the Jura" afford one of the most
Southern specimens of Swiss scenery, From the "Dole"
One of its highest summits a new world opens
To our view. We fine covered precipices upon which

we stood gave a fine command of the wild undula-

ting forest scenery around, which plunged as it
were into an extensive plain, where gleaming spires,
villages and chateaux, swam beneath us like a
floating cloud. Stretching away in far perspective
to the shores of Lemane – from which a pale trans-
parent vapor crept slowly upward, dilating as
it descended – the vast forms of confused & blending
mountains toward range, above range in shadowing
grandeur: while, loftier still, and lifted into the
serene purple of an evening sky, the eternal
Alps burst suddenly upon our view, and by
An invisible fascination held us for a time
On fixed and silent administration!”

“The first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immoveable;
Who first beholds the Alps, that mighty chain –
Of mountains, stretching on from east to west;
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal;
As to belong rather to heaven than earth,

But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not;
A something that informs him ‘tis a moment –
Whence he may date henceforth and forever.

Page 79 – **“Council of Constance” & Byron**

Sunsets upon Mount Blanc is described as being
Particularly beautiful.

The night descend, but still yon glacier glows
In gorgeous luster; and its burnished snows
Break forth in blushes, where the sunbeams sleep
With lingering fondness in its rosy steep...

“Council of Constance”

Above me are the Alps,
The Palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,[1]
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold Sublimity, where forms and falls[2]
The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits! Byron

Page 80 **Retaliation - Goldsmith**

Here lies David Garrick. Describe me, who can,
An abridgement of all that was a pleasant man.
As wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed

what came,
And the puff of a dune, he mistook it
for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was furest to please.
But let us be candid and speak our out mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Retaliation Goldsmith

Dr. Goldsmith & some of his friends occasionally
dined at the St. James Coffee House. One day
it was proposed to write epithets on him. His
country, dialect, & person finished subjects of
witticism. He was called on for Retaliation
and at the next meeting produced a poem under
that name.

Page 81 Aleppo & Manfred Byron

But they were young! Oh! What without our
youth would love be!

What would youth be without love!
Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour,
Truth, heart, soul, and all that seems as above.
But languishing with years it grows uncouth –
One of few things experience don't improve,
Which is perhaps the reason only old follows,
Grown so prosperously jealous.

Aleppo Byron

"Can this be death? There's bloom upon her cheeks,
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic – like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should
Dread to look upon the same – Astarte! –
Ado! – I cannot speak."

Manfred Byron

Page 82 Lines from Byron – Curse of Minerva

My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed:
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race;
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
and Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest, native gusto is—to sell;
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each wat'ry head o'er-flows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.

Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
Despatch her scheming children far and wide:
"Mortal!" bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
"First on the head of him who did this deed
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed:
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race;
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
and Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest, native gusto is—to sell;

Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
Eratostratus and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line;
Perchance the second blacker than the first.
"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn'
Not to such deed did Pallas lend her aid,
She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield;
A fatal gift that turn'd your friends to stone,
And left lost Albion hated and alone.
So may ye perish! Pallas, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.
"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.

Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts revive, whose arms avenge no more;
Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore:
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!
Curse of Minerva. Byron

Page 84 – **Amanda's note on Lord Elgin's** destructive collecting
no quotations, unknown source

Persons of want in late days have stript
the ancient temples of their rare specimens of
architecture. Among these is Lord Elgin, who
has filled a number of galleries in the British
Museum (London) with the spoils of ancient
Greece & Egypt. They have dismantled fabrics,
which since, man and barbarism have spared
for centuries.

Such rapacity is a crime against all ages

& all generations, it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title deeds of their fame. The present of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate, the future of the master pieces of art, the models of imitation. **January 10th 1844**

Page 85 – **various quotes unknown**

“If our statelier sonnet
The very walls do play the caves-droppen(?)
There is not a sunbeam creeping on our floor
But sound & glance from that malignant
Eye, which resigned our France.”

Still we have a secret,
And oil and water – woman & a secret –
Are hostile properties.”

The Egyptian woman,
Dissolved her richest jewels in a draught,
Would I could so melt time & all its treasurers,
And drain it thus.”

“All time once in night, where my thoughts
are spectres.”

“The mate for beauty, should be a man,
and not a money chest.”

“Son. life first soon glory.”

Page 86 – **Richelieu - a play - lines from it**

“Who, lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air.
Nor chose one star amidst the alustering host
Lo bless it in the name of some fair face
Set in his spirit, as the star in Heaven?
For our divine Affections like the spheres
How even, ever musical.”

“Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer wind. The heart loves that
Dwells in an Eden, bearing angel lutes
As Eve in the first garden. Her voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
Is virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Dr. Barnes diss their changelings(?)”

”A weed of hasty growth
First gentleman of the chamber, titled lands
And the Kings earl It cost me six long winters
To climb as high – as in six little moons(?)

This painted lizard; - But I hold the ladder,
And when I shake – he falls!”

Bloom(?) rank shows of blood,
And the red light of blazing, roofs, you build
The rainbow glory and to shuddering Conscience
Glory Lo! the Bridges to Heaven!”

Cardinal Richelieu (speaking earnestly)

You have called me cruel; -

I am not: I am just: - I found France rent asunder.
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti
Sloth in the mart, ad schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to a rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soar, Phoenix-like, to Jove! What was my art?
Genius, some say – some, Fortune, Witchcraft some.
Not so – my art was Justice! Force and fraud
Misname it cruelty.”

“Yes, I love her, as rivers
May love the sunlight!- basking in the beams
And hurrying on -

“You know not
How blessed a thing it was in my dark hour
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish,
Love hath no need of words: - nor less within
That holiest temple – the Heaven builded soul –
Breathed the recorded vow. Base knight false - lover
Were he, who barter’d all, that frightened grief,
Or sanctified dispare, for life and gold.

Revoke your mercy!”

He has honor
And courage; qualities that eagle-plume
Men’s souls, - and fit them for the fiercest sun,
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy power!

Rich (speaking) “France I love thee!
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!
My mistress, France – my wedded wife – sweet
France,
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me?”

Richelieu – Act 1st E L Bulwer
January 13th 1844

Page 91 – Descant upon Creation from Hervey's

“Ye thunder, that awful growing in the distant clouds, seem to mediate indignation, and form the first essays of a far more frightful peal, or suddenly bursting over head, rend the vault above & shake the ground below, with the hideous, horrid cracks. Ye that send your tremendous vollies from pole to pole startling the savage birds, and astonishing the human race. – He who permits Power to sound his trumpet, in your deep, prolonged, enlarged, aggravated roar: - He uttered a feeble infantile cry in the stable, & strong expiring groans on the accused tree: - That he might in the gentlest amounts, whisper peace to our souls: and at length turn our voices to the melody of Heaven.”

From Hervey,s “Descant upon Creation”

May 3, 1845

Page 92 – Quotes from Pope, Beaumont & Fletcher, Massinger

“True wit is nature to advantage dress,
That oft ment thought, but were so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives: us back the image of “the mind.

February 20th Pope.

“This is a Traveller, Sit, knows man and
Manners, and has plough'd up the sea so far
Till both the poles have knock't, has seen the Sun
Take coach, and can distinguish the colour
Of his horses, and their kinds.”

Beaumont & Fletcher

Take heed of the pride, and curiously consider
How smith the foundation is on which
You labour to advance it.” Massinger

March 28, 1844

Page 93 – Paradise & the Peri – 2 quotes

“Oh if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
Tis the last libation Liberty draws,
From the heart that bleeds & breaks in her cause.”

Paradise & the Peri

“Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all.”

P & P

Page 93 – Meditation among the Tombs – from Harvey's

January 24th 1845

“Here lies the grief of a fond mother, & the blasted

expectation of an Indulgent father. — The youth grew up, - like a well-watered plant; he shot deep, rode high, & bade fair to manhood. But just as the cedar begins to tower, & promised ere long, to e the pride of the wood & prince among the neighboring trees — behold! the ax is laid unto the root, the fatal blow struck, and all its branching honors tumble to the dust. — And did he fall alone? - Lo the hopes of his father that begat him, & the pleasing prospects of her that bore him, fell & were crushed together with him.” From **Harvey’s Meditations among the Tombs.**” May 5th 1845

(empty place where once a picture was glued in)

Page 94 – **Exodus 10:1-14**

And Moses and Aaron came in unto Pharaoh, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself before me? let my people go, that they may serve me.

Else, if thou refuse to let my people go, behold, to morrow will I bring the locusts into thy coast. And they shall cover the face of the earth, that one cannot be able to see the earth: and they shall eat the residue of that which is escaped, which remaineth unto you from the hail, and shall eat every tree which groweth for you out of the field. And they shall fill thy houses, and the houses of all thy servants, and the houses of all the Egyptians; which neither thy fathers, nor thy fathers' fathers have seen, since the day that they were upon the earth

unto this day. And he turned himself, and went out from Pharaoh. And Pharaoh's servants said unto him, How long shall this man be a snare unto us? let the men go, that they may serve the Lord their God: knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed? And Moses and Aaron were brought again unto Pharaoh: and he said unto them, Go, serve the Lord your God: but who are they that shall go? And Moses said, We will go with our young and with our old, with our sons and with our daughters, with our flocks and herds for we must hold a feast unto the Lord. And he said unto them, Let the Lord be so with you, as I will let you go, and your little ones: look to it; for evil is before you. Not so: go now ye that are men, and serve the Lord; for that ye did desire. And they were driven out from Pharaoh's presence.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand that the locusts may come up upon the land of Egypt, and Moses stretched forth his rod over the land of Egypt, and the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day, and all that night; and when it was morning, the east wind brought the locusts. Exodus 10; 3.4.5.6.7.8.9.10. 11.12.13.14.

Page 96 – **Quote from unknown about Men**

“Men, like books have and each end a blank leaf –
childhood and old age.”

“Graves are but the point of the footsteps of the
angel of eternal life.”

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its
sun and the two are never apart.”

“Our senses are like thunder clouds, which seem
Black in the distance, but give light as they approach.”

March 1847

Page 96 **Thoughts on the Battle Field by Lippard**

Thoughts on a battle field

The declining sun shone over the fight, lighting up
the battle clouds with its temple glow. But over hours
since the conflict began, and yet a thousand souls
had gone from this field of blood up to the throne
of God.

The sky is blue and smiling yonder, as you
see it through the rifted clouds – look there upon the
leisure(?) pasture and tell me! Do you not behold the
ghosts of the dead, an awful and shadowy hand,
clustering yonder, ghastly with wounds dripping
with blood – clustering in one solemn meeting
around that Impenetrable Bar? Lippard

Page 97 - **Paradise & Peri (Moore)** quote from play

No voice well known thro' many a day

To speak the last, the parting word

Which when all other sounds decay

Is still like distant music heard; --

That tender farewell on the shore

Of this rude world when all is o'er,

Which cheers the spirit ere its bark

Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Paradise & Peri (Moore)

Dec 23, 1847

Page 97 – **Napoleon Quote**

How long will that picture last? Napoleon once

Asked as he was looking at a beautiful painting.

“Perhaps four hundred years” was the answer. “And

Such” said the emperor with a smile of scorn

“is a painter’s immortality.”

Page 98 - St. Peters at Rome, Impression on visiting by Beckford

Impression on visiting St. Peters at Rome

Immediately below the High Altar is what is called the tomb of St. Peter. As we stood beside it We thought what would be the feelings of the humble Fisherman of Galilee could he rise from his martyr grave, wherever it may be, and behold the gorgeous ceremonial of the temple which is called by his name. The purity of the faith for which he died, perverted – the simplicity of ancient worship deformed by countless rites, partaking of the “pride and pomp and circumstances” of Pagan rituals – the Gospel mingled up with strange legends from the old mythology – bid our name which he only wished to be “written in Heaven” more exalted above all human fame and made an argument for blinding superstition – how would his loft rebuke startle the thousands kneeling there, & echo, even through the hall of the Vatican, as summons a way all from the “cunningly devised fables which we taught in this glorious shines,

to those changeless & immutable truths which are to last while “eternity grows gray!”

While lingering in this gorgeous eclipse, we realize the feelings of the imaginative author of Valtheik when he wrote, “I wish his Holiness would allow me to erect a little tabernacle within this glorious temple. I should desire no other prospect during the winter; no other sky than the vast riches glowing with ornamented, so lofty as to lose all glitter and gaudiness. We would take our evening walks on the field of marble; for is not the pavement vast enough for the extravagance of this appellation? Sometimes, instead of clashing on a mount arise, we should ascend the cupola, & look down on our little encampment below. At night I should wish for a constellation of lamps dispersed about in clusters & so contrived as to diffuse a mild and equal light Music should not be wanted; at one
*Beckford

time to breathe through the subterranean chapels, at another to echo through the dome.”

Page 100 – Nero's Golden House by Suetonius

Nero's Golden House – by Suetonius

To give an idea of the extent & magnificence of vestibule was placed a colossal statue of Nero 120 ft. in height. It had a triple portico, supported by a thousand columns, with a lake like a little sea surrounded by building which resembled cities. It contained fields, vineyards, woods and pastures grounds & groves in which were all disceptions of animals, both wild and tames. Its interior shone with gems, gold & mother of pearl. In the vaulted roofs of the dining rooms were machines of ivory, which turned around & from pipes scattered flowers & perfume on the guests. The principal banqueting hall was a rotunda, so constructed night and day in was to turn of the motion of the earth. The baths were supplied from the sea & the sulfurous waters of the Albula. When Nero after dedicating this fairy

palace took up his abode there, his only observation was "Now I will begin to love like a man."

And what remained of all this splendor? Nothing but shapeless ruins. The battlements are levelled - the trees twine their roots through the marble floors on which once the Caesars trod - and the whispering reeds, tall grass, and the rank herbage wave in neglected luxurious even the vanished pomp of the Master of the world.

The Coliseum is what formally passed under the name of the Flavian Amphitheater, and is now the noblest remnant of old Rome. It is however only a massive ruin. The mighty skeleton of what it must have been, when, thronged with the gay population of the city, its seats were occupied by nearly 100,000 spectators. Begun by Vespasian 10 years after the destruction of Jerusalem, many thousands captive Jews over employed in the construction and when it

was finished in the days of Titus five thousand wild beasts were slain in the arena during in honor of its dedication. Such was its first baptism of blood, whose the fierce animal of the desert & the still fiercer human being with whoever he fought powered out lives together upon it sands.

Now fir 400 years the gladiational shows took place, & many a wounded combatant sullied his eyes around these lofty seats to see in despair only the signal that he was to have no mercy.

A greater contract cannot to given than that which existed between the elegant theatrical shows of the Greeks when they assembled to listen to the lofty exhibitions of this arena for which the Roman populace gathered. These bloody shows Suppose could hardly have been interested with Out insanity. We will give in the language of Another – one single instance, that of the Emp.

Claudius at the Lucas Tucisius(?) "It is one might- Y theatre: the tenaces of the Atimiso are covered with eager & delighted spectators, Claudius himself, with the bloody "Agrippina , the young Nero, & the info- mous favorite Narcissus is seated at the awful show. Those are slaves & criminals to the number of 19,000. They are divided off into 2 fleets to fight against each other on the lake. As they defile past the emperor, they cry, "Hail! O Emperor! The dying salute thee! The Emperor returns the salutation in sch a way tat the poor wretched believe they are pardoned & break forth into a frantic tumult of rejoicing for they love life other men, & have shed blood in their thin bodies, & each of them a soul as immor- tal as thine own, O Claudius. But pardon? Are all these spectators on the shelving slops of the lake – girdling Abouosso to be disappoint- ed? The Emperor discards to the brink, and explains the mistake, & bids the praetorians goad the reluctant victims on board the ships

and 19,000 immortal beings, for whom Christ had died some twenty years before murdered each other in a mock battle, for the pleasure of the Roman Emperor & the people."

Nov. 26, 1848

Dart's History of Canterbury Cathedral

The offerings made at the shrines of saints were of the most extravagant kind & grossly, idolatrous. Of Becket's shrine, in Canterbury was of- fered in one year 600 lbs.1 while on the alter of Christ the sum did not exceed 2 lbs. 8S!!! Becket's shrine drew together thousands of pilgrims. It was built about a man's height all of stone, then upwards of timber, plain; within which was a chest of iron, containing the Saint's bones, skull and all, with the mural of his death & a piece of the skull laid in the same mural. The tim- ber roof of this shrine was covered on the outside with plats of gold, garnished with broches, images &

angels, chains, precious stones & great orient
pearls. Dart's Hist. of Cant. Chat.

Page 105 – **Exodus 9:23-24**

Picture of “The Seventh Plague of Egypt” glued in



And Moses stretched forth his rod to-
ward heaven: and the Lord sent thunder
and hail, and the fire ran along upon the
ground; and the Lord rained hail upon
the land of Egypt.

So there was hail, and fire mingled with
the hail, very grievous, such as there
was none like it in all the land
of Egypt since it became a nation.

Exodus 9- 23.24

Page 106 – Blank

Page 107 – **Return to Ashland** – a poem sent from Amanda's good friend Charlotte Dudley Armstrong, a few months after the death of Henry Clay – she had replaced “He” with “Clay on the last line,

Picture glued in – The Return to Ashland – “After life's fitful fever he sleeps well”



Up left side: "After life's fitful favor he sleeps well"

Down right side: The Return to Ashland

Unfold the silent gates,
The Lord of Ashland waits
Patient without, to enter his domain:
Tell not who sits within,
With sad and stricken mien,
That he, her soul's beloved, hath come again.

Long hath she watched for him,
Till hope itself grew dim,
And sorrow ceased to wake the frequent tears;
But let these griefs depart,
Like shadows from her heart-
Tell her, the long expected host is here.

He comes – but not alone,
For darkly pressing on.
The people pass beneath his bending trees,
Not as they came of yore,
When torch and banner bore
Their part amid exulting harmonies.

But still and sad they sweep
Amid the foliage deep,
Even to the threshold of the mansion gray,
Whither from life's unrest,
As an Eagle seeks his nest
It ever was his wont to flee away.

And he hath once more come,
To that accustomed home,
To task a calm – life – never offer yet –
To know a rest is deep
That they who watch and weep
In the vain world, - may well its peace regret.

O never more his hall
Shall echo to the fall
Of that proud step which well his soul expressed;
No more with outstretched hand,
There shall the master stand
To welcome coming, speed departing guest.

No more the singing tone
Shall fill that mansion lone,
Of that rich voice that stirred the innocent soul,
And gave the words a power
They knew not till that hour:
As music strengthened by the organ's roll.

No more! the soul is stirred
By that funereal word,
As with grief it scarce hath strength to bear:
O God, if this were all,
The coffin and the pall
Might seem indeed the symbols of despair.

If of the great and just
This silent, mouldering dust
Were all remaining, what were being worth?
To-day, a shining star
Men worship from afar:
To-morrow, mingling with the clods of earth.

But thou hast deigned to shed
On the path that mortals tread,
A ray of glory from Thy home divine,
And teachest those who crave
The life beyond the grave,
This very yearning marks them truly Thine.

Within his country's page,
The patriot and the sage

Shall dwell enshrined while memory holds her throne;
While of his country's fame
There resteth but a name,

Clay shall be treasured as her noblest song

She wrote: Clay shall be treasured.... – he died June 29, 1852

The poem read "He shall be treasured..."

Copies by my friend Charlotte Armstrong Dec. 1852

Pages 110-127 are blank

Page 128-152 – **Versailles by Leigh Richie**

"Above the height of its lofty terrace, the palace seated as if on a throne, and surrounding the entire landscape of which it is the centre, appears to look proudly down upon the wavy lines of verdure that sink and swell at its feet. There is nothing from one horizon to the other which has not been made expressly for it. Else where, palaces are built to adorn towns, but here the town is but an adjunct of the palace. They are only there as a companion to its solitude, and that the palace windows, as they open every new morning may look down upon a prostrate people. But it was not enough to make the town a attendant of his majesty, nature herself has been forced into homage, the very soil moulded into new forms to suit it caprice. The genius of new nations moves in new directions, and already this splendid monument, the stones of which are as yet hardly singed by time, is nothing more than a tomb. Solitude is a

portion of the character of Versailles; the heroes of the past were the court of this haunted palace (before Philippe had made the late sumptuous repairs) and the lessons of time were delivered in the midst of silence to the hearts capable of feeling them. There is now no necessity for going abroad to leave the secret of the fall of empires – for now one need go no farther than the miles from Paris where he may behold a horse still fresh, and youthful where that knowledge may be learnt which Volney could only find among the minds of Palmyra." Instead of committing to posterity, noble deeds by vice or verse men as society progresses write the records of their history in stone, producing a chronicle as laborious as 'tis lasting. Where are the epics of modern civilization? They cover the soil of Europe. The prayers of the generation of the middle ages arose to dream with the spires of their

Gothic churches; and faith opened and expanded
That floral architecture which seemed to bear on
Hight the hope and preference of the souls. This
During 4 centuries catholicism inscribed itself
In gigantic characters on the face of the earth.
But when industry first scattered the seeds of mod-
ern policy, liberty in her turn, desired to build
her temples, ad record her doctrines in the
admirable language hitherto consecrated to
the service of religion. When came in Europe
the struggle of principles ad peoples, of nations
and ideas; and out of their wars of three
centuries sprang the civilization we enjoy today.
Monarchy was the conservation power of the epoch
Kings, in their turn, describes their domination
in letters of stone; and architecture which had successively
celebrated the triumphs of religion & democracy
became now the epoch of royalty, which was to be
brought to a close by the F. revolution.
Among these epochs in stone, there are

Some which bear peculiar marks of greatness
& majesty. W. Abbey bears in itself a summary
of English history – “The genius of the notions
is stamped upon it architecture. The tombs
of its Kings are protected by the banner of its
aristocracy; and near the chapel which contains
the, the parliament, which has succeeded to
the royal power shelters itself within the walls
of a cloister. Thus you see all England within
the enclosure of the Abbey religion, the
Songs, the lords and the commons all re-
posing or stirring on the same spot, and
the traditional ogive throws its respected arches at
once over the dead and the living.

The cathedral of Cologne is the hand-
somest monument which art has consecrated to
catholicism. All the grandeur, and all the
reverie of Grecian genius had concurred in
the plan of this admirable work; but the
voice of Luther echoing throughout Germany

was heard at the unfinished porch of the cathrdral,
forbidding the spires to continue to mount, the
vaults to close, the ogives to complete their bend.
The workmen at the sound forsook their task never
to resume it; leaving at the top of the towers
a crane which will remain there till the end
of time.

While Germany left on the edifice the traces
of its faith and doubts, papacy united its whole

strength to elevate in Rome's movement of its unchangeable power. It was obliged however to call in paganism to its assistance in the structure of St. Peter's; thus to render manifest that strange alliance, against which Luther had hurled his moral thunders. This remarkable anomaly was ingeniously – gracefully cloaked. St. Peter's is at once the cathedral of Rome and the world. Its architecture combines the styles of the great epochs of the time; its walls might seem intended to contain the entire Christian population of the

globe; and above this enclosure to bears like the pope the catholic crown. It is in fact papacy itself – that of the 18th century tampering with the spirit of paganism, yet affecting universal supremacy; its boon encircled with the tiara and its hands extended to clasp the world. The Escorial in Spain the expression of another great power stands alone in its soil. It represents the monarchy extended by Philip 2nd to the protection of the monarchical spirit – It seems as if the architect who drew the plan of the Escorial had been ordered, for the purpose of bringing to mind & sanctifying, the sacrificial terror of the Inquisition, to give to the edifice the form of the gridiron of St. Lawrence.

The cathedral and the palace are nothing more the temples wherein to lodge, like an idol, the leading thoughts of a single mind

But the man at length dies, the idea is lost, or transferred like the physical elements of his

body. The monument, however, continues to exist, the cathedral and the palace still stand; and, as science explores the functions of life in lifeless forms, the philosopher studies in these soulless fabrics the mysteries of the decrees of God.

Versailles, the expression of monarchy conceived by Louis 14th; the only epic produced in his reign. What epic ever chronicles the destiny of an epoch in a more brilliant manual? In this poem of stone the manners of heroic and familiar life mingled at every step. The personage of its drama are as precious of life itself; kings, poets, ministers, courtiers, confessors; mistresses acknowledged or unacknowledged; queens without, and queens with too much power; ambassadors; generals beaten & victorious, little able's, and great ladies; the sword & the gown; nobles, clergy, even the 3rd estate, even the people;

sinuous, baseness, genius, in all places race, and virtue
in such places rarer still, wit in abundance,

folly in superabundance, vice, in fine too courtly
of hypocrisy to virtue. For two centuries did
this crowd continue to ass and repass over these
marble floors, and under these gilded vaults; and
every day its flood became more important, every
day more and more to its whims and passion
to its ardour and intoxications. – And the palace
saw all, heard all, spied all – the stealthiest motion,
the softest whisper; and it has retained all it
saw and heard, each action in its acted sown,
each word in its place; and now that the things
and persons of the epoch have passed away,
repeats all without reserve to those who interrogate
it! During w centuries of absolute monarchy,
nothing took place which Versailles did not
originate or answer. It was the arena of modern
policy. Every shot that was fired in Flanders, Spain,
or Germany found an echo here. Revolution

was here. The first statesman of the monarchy,
and Docker too, the last. Our literary history
is inscribed on its walls, which received within
them our great writers, from Moliere to Bean marches.
Art erected on purpose for Versailles those schools
and systems whose influence is still fall in the
present day. O'er Versailles Leburn became a painter;
Coysonox, a statuary; Mansard, an architect.
Versailles was the glass of fashion, the rule of manners;
the choice spirits of Europe came to visit it, Asia
gave forth ambassadors to compliment the
king who had rivalled the magnificence and
despotism of the East.

Louis 13th first built a chateau on the
site which the place now occupies – indeed a
portion of it – the chapel still remains strangely
contrasting in coloring and form with
that architecture peculiar to the times of high
succession. Louis was a devotee to the chase feminine;
he seemed dressed(?) to be unhappy: sickly from

his birth, nothing of his father's disposition but
his courage in battle; severe in his temper and
morals; chaste even to awkwardness; weak is mind
and body he might have been susceptible of affection
but a weak king must ever be the prey of his
ministers & favorites – Richelieu estranged
him from his mother & wife, and isolated his
victim from every show of affection. He died
disconsolate, dreaded but pitied in spite of his

severity to which Richelieu had accustomed him to give the name of Justice.

Marie de Medicis seeing the complete ascendancy which Richelieu had gained determined to reinstate herself in the affections of the king, to recall the homage of the people, by checking the growing supremacy of Richelieu. She had remorse to violence, and overwhelmed him with insults and accusations. He demanded by King's permission to leave his service and was not refused. This was called "The Day of the Dupes," and in the end produced important

results. Marie expiated in exile the insults before which Richelieu had bent his head and the minister raising himself erect, in the face of all his enemies, established the monarchy so severely that six years of revolt and civil war were unable to shake it.

Louis 14th commenced his reign 1643 ended the regency of Anne of Austria who chose Mazarin as her minister. By the peace of Westphalia '48 France gained Alsace, Sundgau, Breisach, and the right to garrison Phillipsburg. In the same year began the civil war of the Flander's against Cagarin(?) who was relieved by Conde in 1652 He was defeated by the royalists; 1653 joins The Spaniards. In 1661 Cagarin died, and Appointed Colbert minister of finance under whom The arts, commerce & agriculture greatly flourished. On the death of Philip 4th of Spain he commenced Those conquests which gained him the surname Of great. By virtue of his marriage with

Maria Theresa he gained a great portion of the Spanish Netherlands & entered Flanders at the head of an army of 35,000 men. However the triple alliance of England, Sweden & Holland compelled him to renounce all but Flanders, and to conclude the treaty of Aix-le-Chapelle in 1668. – In 1670 he effected the dissolution of the triple alliance, in '74 being abandoned by his former allies he formed a league with Sweden & resolve to humble the republic of Holland. He made a sham attack on Brommel by the Sea, but Conde being compelled to entreat with his army the united provinces were lost to France. In 1678 a treaty was signed at Nijmegen whereby all the provinces wrestled from The dutch were restored, 1685 revoked the edict of Nantes, In 1700 the war of the Spanish succession commenced, when Louis Declared for Philip of Anjou, in opposition to Charles,,,,,,, archduke of Astoria, supported by the

European confederates. War was declared against

France and Louis were defeated at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet prince Eugene being every where victorious. In 1716 the peace of Utrecht was concluded, followed by that of Ronstadt between marshall Villars and prince Eugene, when Louis ceded his possessions in America to England, and his Italian dominions to Austria and Savoy. Potwith Danding(?) his actions as a great man, and one of might mind, yet his private character bespeaks weakness. He was a slave to the applause of the world, every act through trifling bore the impress of royalty. We went forth to the chase attended by a glittering train, with as such paraphernalia as though some mighty occasion demanded it. His education had been much neglected by Mariam & his mother. One might have judged however that this was the fact, for how could he have cultivated his mental soil as he should have done, and yet have devoted so many waking and sleeping thoughts to that

gorgeous fabric which he thought fit lodging for his monarchical – self - He dreamed of it sleeping and waking and never imagined that he had enriched it enough, or loved it too much. Though in inconstant in love, he was faithful to his palace. His profligacy was unfounded and cannot be palliated. Pleased with one mistress until her personal charms began to wax and wane; he would love another as long as his whimsical taste would allow, then another, and so on, until less, fickleness and debauchery arrived to such a pitch as to be almost incredible. Munoiselle La Valliere a woman of beauty, refinement, modesty and dignity was one of her most lasting favorites. He derived from her love a cherished exaltation of character he had never before exhibited. Montespan became his next mistress, then De Lude Sobrise, Fontanges, who made a durable impression. Her Least caprices became the rule of the court. Pinon De l' Enclos was another favorite of a moment.

Montespan's death was melancholy. The troubles of ramorse succeeded those of pleasure; she could not be Alone one moment without shuddering, when the word "death" was pronounced, she would shriek with agony. When it thundered she placed a little girl on her bosom, that the innocence of the child might avert the vengeance of Heaven. Madam de Maintenon the widow & was one of his

last favorites, and obtained such influence over him that she prevailed upon him to marry her, he consented, but was married in the most private manner, nor was it ever publicly celebrated. She assumed at Mendon the manner befitting her real position. and kept her chair in the presence of princes. Louis died in the 79th year of his age, the 72nd of his reign 1715. His remains were interred in St Denis. He made a will during his life time appointing the Duke of Maine regent, during his grand son's minority. But his will was disregarded and the Duke of Orleans assume that office, assisted by

Dubois. They both dying, Cardinal de Fleury The perception and advisor of the young king. On the Death of the duke, he might have become prime Minister, but caring nor for the semblance of Power when he really possessed it, he was accessary In gaining the dignity for the Duke de Bourbon, But he formed to have an intuitive idea of the Failure of its tenure, being ever fearful & uneasy Lest he should be deprived of it.

Louis surpassed his predecessor in debauchery. He had many alterations made in that palace in order to encourage the more his voluptuousness love of ease,

Mme Mailly & La Tourmelle was his favorite, It was the later under the name of Chateauroux who insisted upon her love & the king becoming a hero. He declared war against Germany & Hungary, the Success of the house of Bourbon in Italy was copied and Decision, after this Louis project-Ed a new enterprise, it was to aid the house of Stuart In remembering the British throne. This though

At first promising success was finally frustrated. Charles had at first a brilliant career. But after his defeat at Collider Moor in 1746 it became less and less so till at least he fled from the scene of his disgrace, hardship, and misery. After the death of Mme Chateauroux, Louis was fascinated by a woman in the lowest grade of life. She was created Marchioness de Pompadour by letters patent in 1745, took the arms of the family & received a pension of 240,000 livers –

In 1748, the treaty of Aix la Chapelle was signed by which Great Britain, France & Spain promised to gin up their conquests. A seven years' place followed during which time unto & letters were successfully cultivated, manufactures & commence flourished; and the manners of society addressed each day a higher polish. Louis mediated in the mean time some

Extravagant plans. One of them, the conquest of Minorca was successful; another, to write Canada

& Louisiana by a chain of forts proved abortive. both by land & sea, they were made to feel the superiority of the English arms. The king resigned himself to the species of dissipation.

Maintenon erected a chapel during her life time, de Pompadour two senate theatres on either side of it. Thus did two women leave monuments of their character. -----

The King's life was endangered by an attempt of one Damiens – who was duly punished. After de Pompadour death, - Mme du Barry was the reigning favorite. The duke d' Aiguillon, abbe Terray, & Chancellor Naupeon formed a triumvirate in the midst of the shouts of the nations & to the regret of the friends of the monarchy – With the assistance of de Choiseul the conquered the jasnits(?), they in their turn assisted Mme du Barry, conquered the parliament. Louis died of small pox at Versailles 1774, and was interred at St. Dinis He was in his 65th year & had reigned 59 years.

Louis 16th included his grandfather – He ascended the throne 1774 under most unfavorable auspicious; he found the country loaded with an enormous debt, and the court abandoned to licentiousness and extravagance. He was an honest man and enlightened prince, and an incapable King; not being able to save the monarchy himself he applied to the people. He assembled the states general at Versailles. He appeared With the queen for the last time in regal magnificence, Louis entirely abdicated monarchy, when he went to the Asembly with his brother unaccompanied by suite or guards and exclaimed “Gentlemen you were afraid of me; well, I will confide in you.” The King went to July 16th to the hotel – de Ville where Bailly on receiving him gave him the keys of Paris before offered to Henry 4th, and said, “His good King conquered His people, to day the people conquer their King.” The King took the twice coloured cockade and fixed it in his hat. He carried back to Versailles

that evening the sign of the people's victory and the court saw plainly that the King had lost his throne without reconciling to accept the nation. “He was compelled to accept the declaration of the “Knights of Man,” an armed crowd burst into the palace.

The national convention was opened on the

21st of September and in the first sitting
Abolished royalty and established the republic.
The 21st of January, 1793. The last words his
confessor addressed to him were "Son of St. Louis
ascend to Heaven!" ---

The character of his queen was a combina-
tion of Austrian pride with the piquant graces
of a French woman. Her beauty proclaimed her
in expression, trifling in her taste, but im-
perious in having them gratified. It first
neglected by the King. She engaged in all the

follies of the court; she would muse among the
market and spread the report that she was
among them; she attended in disguise the
balls at the opera, and very slightly escorted.

For these imprudent acts, and her extravagance
she was much censured by the public. A court
intrigue which at that time furnished matter for
dark suspicions against her, now that the details
are better known, appears on the contrary to proclaim
her innocence. Boehmer the jeweler to the crown had
made a diamond necklace valued at 1600,000
franks which he expected to have sold to M^{me}
Du Barry, she died before it was finished, and
he showed it to the queen. She refused it being
expensive and she having a handsome one already.
He was ruined by the refusal when M^{me} Lamote
came to his assistance. She addressed to Rohan
the grand advisor to the Queen, and who was
for some reasons out of favour with her. She

told him that M^{me} Antoinette would restore him
to her confidence if he would become the mediator
between her and Boehmer of whoever she wanted
to but the necklace unknown to the King.
Every trick was carried o the keep up the deceit,
even a woman disguised as the queen to speak
with him on the subject. The necklace was
purchased, and Boehmer going to the
palace was refused by the queen, she enjoying
that she had bought it, had Rohan
arrested. He had to appear in court between
Lamotte & Caghostro. But the queen's honour
and the sovereignty of the throne lost much more
than he did by the celebrated law suit.

This unfortunate queen was beheaded some time
after the execution of Louis.

Franklin visited France during the reign
Of Louis 16th "He appraised in the custom of
An American citizen with his hair straight
Without powder, his round hat, his brown dress

“With all his faults and they were neither few nor small – only our cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has for years afforded a quiet resting place to those whose minds & bodies have been shattered By the contentions of the Gt Hall. The dust of the illustrious accused should have been mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. This was not to be. Yet the place of internment was not ill chosen. Behind the chancel of the parish – church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings, was laid. The coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient & widely extended name. On that very spot probably foresaw years before, the little Warren meanly clad & scantily fed had played with the children of the ploughman. Even then his young mind had involved plans which might be called romantic. However romantic they were not so strange as the truth. The poor orphan not only retrieved the fallen fortunes of his line; rebuilt the old dwelling; but he had preserved & extended

an empire. He had founded a policy administered government & was with the ability of a Richelieu & had patronised learning with the judicious liberality of a Cosmo. He had been attacked by the most formidable combination of enemies that even sought the destruction of a single victim; and over that combination, after a struggle of two years, he had triumphed. He had at length gone down to his grave in the fulness of age – in peace, after so many troubles; in honour after so much obliging” ----- “It was said that at Bemares, the place in which the acts set forth in the very first article of the impeachment had been committed the motives had excited a temple of Hastings. Burke’s observations on the apotheosis were admirable. He was no reason for astonishment in this incident. He knew something of the Mythology of the Brahminised. He knew that as they worshipped some gods from fear that they worshipped others from love; that they erected shines not only to the deities of light & plenty, but also to the friends who preside over small-love & murder. Not did he dispute his claim to be admitted to such a Patheon. This reply has always struck as one of the finest ever made in parliament.” Memories of Warren Eastings by Gleig – criticized by Macauley

Contrasted only with the embroidered & glittering garb of the counties at Versailles – Elegant fetes were given him.” Says Madan de Cauepan(?) & assisted at one where the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was fixed on to place a crown of laurels on his white hair

and imprint two kisses on his preverbal cheeks.

----- The present King,
Louis Philippe had converted the palace
of Versailles into a national monument –
the most splendid and complete of its
kind in all Europe.

to do this, immense alterations were requisite
in the interior of the palace. Numbers of small
rooms were thrown into one; the temple of luxury
was converted into a temple of the arts, and French
valor recorded upon the wall in immortal col-
ours by French genius. The whole edifice is one
vast allusion(?). Every room is a gallery of
pictures or statues, and there is still to be

added a collection of national models. Of the
gardens of this palace they may be said
to the fairy land. Shady walks, and melancholy
groves, are mingled with open promenades,
sheets of glancing water, flights of marble
steps, statues, groups, ad fountains in
interminable variety. There is no attempt
in the wilderness style, nature is never
suffered to appear but in a civilized state.
She has been granted to enter by Louis 14th,
and wears the court livery.

Louis 14th had himself written an itinerary
to be followed by those who visited his palace.
He had traced the walks they were to take
the places where they were to stop; he knew
how each view was to be taken, and what
associations were to rise on such a site;
and he would have his miracle seen in
proper order, that all might be impressed with
adequate ideas of the majesty therein.”

Page 154 – **Hemans, Felicia from Henry Chorley’s writing**

“Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, with illustrations of her literary
character from her writings,” by Henry A. Chorley,
Felicia Hemans was born in Liverpool and lived there until
within four years of her death. The woman & the poetess
were in her too inseparable united to admit of their
being considered apart from one another. In her
private letters, as in her published works, she shows herself
to be highminded, affectionate, grateful – nayward in
her self neglect, delicate to fastidiousness in her tastes, -
in her religion fervent without intolerance; eager
to acquire knowledge as eager to import it to others;
earnestly devoted to her art and in that art to the
service of all things beautiful, noble and holy. –
She may have fallen short of some of her pre-

decessors in vigour of mind, of some of her contemporaries in vanity of fancy; but she surpassed them all in the use of language, in the employment of a rich, chaste, and glowing imagery, and in the perfect music of her versification.

Her naturally lively spirit was subdued by

Domestic afflictions. – The grief occasioned by these to
A gentle susceptible nature like hers tintured many
Of her writings with a pleasing melancholy;
Giving us an insight into the recesses of a
Heart, wounded, and pained, at the same time
The struggles of a gay spirit to bear nobly up against
The heavy pressing of misfortune's wheel.

Her forte was home, the domestic hearth, the
“love the knows of no decay,” –

She studied nature nutritiously(?) when she visited
Scotia's classic land – With the might bard
the “minstrel of the north.” She reamed through
the valley of the Rivers, visited the time hal-
lowed fanes of Melrose and Dryburgh,
listening to his marvelous, legendary love, as
gathered by him from the unlettered race
who roved “and dwelt among his native hills.”
At his own consecrated home she lingered,

days, weeks, spell bound in the society and
presence of the mighty mind which lifted
the veil that had long obscured the “land of
the Scots” revealing not only its natural beauty
and sublimity, but the valor of its hardy race.

She returned to England and passed several
years, thence to Dublin, Ireland, whose
regretted by relatives and friends, she
breathed her last.

“Thou art gone but the jewels of thy mind shine
brightly yet,
Even as thy spirit hath, since its earthly sun
has set.”

Page 157-168 – **Hyperion 1st Vol.**

O, the pride of the German heart in this noble
River the Rhine! And right it is; for, of all the
rivers of this beautiful earth, there is none so beau-
tiful as this. There is hardly a league of its whole course,
from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in
the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar
charms. By heavens! If I were a German I
would be proud of it too; and of the clustering
grapes, that hang about its temples, as it reels onward

through vineyards, in a triumphal march, like Bacchus, crowned and drunken.

"Beware of dreams! Beware of the illusions of fancy! Beware of the solemn deceiving of thy vast desires! Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of Time, it flows amid the ruins of the Past. I see myself therein, and I know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life, runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps,--out into the wide world, it bursts away, like a youth from the house of his fathers.

Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavours, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain passes. And at length, in its old age, its stops, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and, through its grave, passes into the great ocean, which is its eternity.

In ancient times, there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive wood, and, according to popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third of gold and ivory,--a great miracle of art, in the age of Pericles. And thus in the citadel of Time stands Man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood, a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory,--a miracle of art!

The individual fame of scholars and literary man

is of great importance in a nation's history, and more than is generally acknowledge. Blot out from England's history the names of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton only, and how much of her glory would you blot out with them! Take from Italy such names as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Michel Angelo, and Raphael, and how much of her glory would still be wanting to the completeness of her glory! How would the history of Spain look if the leaves were torn out, on which are written the names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon! What would be the fame of Portugal, without her Camoens; of France, without her Racine, and Rabelais, and Voltaire; or Germany, without her Martin Luther, her Goethe, and Schiller!--Nay, what were the nations of old, without their philosophers, poets, and historians! Tell me, do not these men in all ages and in all places, emblazon with bright

colors the armorial bearings of their country? Yes,
and far more than this; for in all ages and in all

places they give humanity assurance of its greatness;
and say; Call not this time or people wholly
barbarous; for thus much, even then and there,
could the human mind achieve! However the
world is ungrateful; also, whence the great reproach,
the general scorn, the loud derision, with which,
to take a familiar example, the monks of the
Middle Ages are regarded! But I think the
name of Martin Luther, the monk of Wittem-
berg, alone sufficient to redeem all monkhood from
the reproach of laziness!"

"By too much sitting still the body becomes
unhealthy; and soon the mind. This is nature's
law. She will never see her children wronged.
If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets
itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave
is never generous enough to forgive the injury; but
will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many
a monarch mind been dethroned."

"I think he was not so far out of the way, who said,
that, next to the Newgate Calendar, the Biography
of Authors is the most sickening chapter
in the history of man." "It is enough to make
one's heart ache!" Only think of Johnson and Savage,
rambling about the streets of London at midnight,
without a place to sleep in; Otway starved to
death; Cowley mad, and howling like a dog, through
the aisles of Chichester Cathedral, at the sound of
church music; and Goldsmith, strutting up
Fleet Street in his peach-blossom coat, to knock
a bookseller over the pate with one of his own volumes;
and then, in his poverty, about to marry his landlady
in Green Arbour Court." "After all," perhaps the
greatest lesson, which the lives of literary
men teach us, is told in a single word; Wait!--Every
man must patiently bide his time. He must wait.
The national character of the Americas wants the
dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a
battle,--there is such a din,--such a hurrying

to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is
difficult to walk. You feel the rushing of
the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press
of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress
of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their
anchors, and are swept out into the main. The
voices of the Present say, Come! But the voices
of the Past say, Wait!

If you look about you, you will see men, who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell, that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful! because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the 'trick and fantasy of fame'; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and

doing well whatever you do,--without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings,--no disappointment,--no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement."

"It has been well said of George Sand and Victor Hugo, that their works stand like fortifications, well built and well supplied with warlike munitions; but ineffectual against the Grand Army of God, which marches onward, as if nothing had happened. In surveying a national literature, the point you must start from, is national character. That lets you into many a secret; as, for instance Paul de Kock's popularity. The most prominent trait in the French character, is love of amusement, and excitement.

"The world of God within us the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity;--the many homes and households, each a little

world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass;--and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men;--such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds.

A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Savine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought;

not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine.
Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we

make our own, and carry with us into the city,
by the power of memory."

"There have been souls dedicated to heaven
from childhood and guarded by good angels as sweet
seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all
good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like
nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet
in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion,
by the thronging passions of great cities, have
become soiled and sinful. They resemble those
convents on the river Rhine, which have been
changed to taverns; from whose chambers
the pious inmates have long departed, and in
whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have ef-
faced the images of buried saints, and whose
walls are written over with ribaldry and the names
of strangers, and resound no more with holy
hymns, but with revelry and loud voices."

"Before she began, she rested a moment on her oars,
and taking the crucifix, which hung suspended

from her neck, kissed it, and then let it sink
down into her bosom, as if it were an anchor
she was letting down into her heart.

"There are seasons, when Nature seems not to sym-
pathize with her children, but it springs from
our own imperfection, not from hers. How
beautiful is this green world, which we
inhabit! See yonder, how the moonlight min-
gles with the mist! What a glorious night is
this! Truly every man has a Paradise around
him until he sins, and the accusing angel of
conscience drives him from his Eden. And
even then there are holy hours, when this angel
sleeps, and man comes back, and, with the
innocent eyes of a child, looks into his lost
Paradise again,--into the broad gates and
rural solitudes of Nature.

"Beneath them, in the shadow of the hills, lay
the valley, like a fathomless, black gulf; and above
were the cloistered stars, that, nun-like, walk the

holy aisles of heaven. "All things must change,"
Friends must be torn asunder, and swept along
in the current of events, to see each other seldom,
and perchance no more. For ever and forever in
the eddies of time and accident we whirl
away." A single conversation with a wise man
across the table, is better than ten years' mere study

of books." This Chinese proverb is true.

"Across the Rhine the sun came wading through the reddish vapors; and soft and silver-white outspread the broad river, without a ripple upon its surface, or visible motion of the ever-moving current. A little vessel, with one loose sail, was riding at anchor, keel to keel with another, that lay right under it, its own apparition,--and all was silent, and calm, and beautiful."

"Imagination was the ruling power of his mind. His thoughts were twin-born; the thought itself, and its figurative semblance in the outer world. Thus, through the quiet, still waters of his soul

each image floated double, "swan and shadow."

"His life was joyous and the world beautiful; till at length Death cut down the sweet, blue flower, that bloomed beside him, and wounded him with that sharp sickle, so that he bowed his head, and would fain have been bound up in the same sheaf with the sweet, blue flower. It would have been well if he could have forgotten the past; but this his heart refused to do; and ever, as he floated upon the great sea of life, he looked down through the transparent waters, checkered with sunshine and shade, into the vast chambers of the mighty deep, in which his happier days had sunk, and wherein they were lying still visible, like golden sands, and precious stones, and pearls; and, half in despair, half in hope, he grasped downward after them again, and drew back his hand, filled only with seaweed, and dripping with briny tears!

Hyperion 1st vol.

Page 169-180 – **Hyperion 2nd Vol.**

"Tell me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine,--and the past;--and the future shall be! O that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing that thou longest for an earthly future,--which a few days at most will bring thee! T o the meeting of the dead, as to the meeting of the absent! Thou glorious spirit-land! O, that I could behold thee as thou art,--the region of life, and light, and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones, whose being has flowed onward like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity." (Longfellow's thoughts on Fleming)

The heavens were very near to him; but be-

tween him and heaven every evil deed he had done
arose gigantic, like those mountain peaks, and
breathed an icy breath upon him.”

Oh how wonderful is the human voice! It
is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect

of man visibly enthroned upon his forehead
and in his eye; and the heart of man is written
upon his countenance. But the soul reveals
itself in the voice only; as God reached himself
to the prophet of old in the still, small voice;
and in a voice from the burning bush. The
soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound
alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain,
invisible to man”

“Art is the revelation of man; and not surely
that, but likewise the revelation of Nature, speak-
ing through man. Art preexists in Nature, and
Nature is reproduced in Art. It vapors from
the ocean, floating landward and dissolves in rain,
are carried back in rivers to the ocean, so thoughts
and the semblances of thing that fall upon the
soul of man in showers, flow out again in living
streams of Art, and lose themselves in the great
ocean, which is Nature.”

Page 171 – **Uhland verses from his poem “Passage”**

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave:
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside.
Sat two comrades old and tried, —
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.
By a German poet . Uhland

"O, there is nothing holier in this life of our, than
the first consciousness of love, - The first fluttering
of its silken images; the first rising sound and
breath of that mind, which is so soon to sweep
through the soul, to purify or destroy."

"The power of love in all ages creates angels, who
Likewise follow the happy or unhappy love every where,
Even in his dreams."

"Flowers, the fugitive poetry of nature."

Often times one may learn more from a man's error,
Than from his virtues. Scars upon their foreheads
do not so deform them, that they cease to interest.

Beautiful is that season of life, when we can say,
in the language of Scripture, "Thou hast the dew of
thy youth." But of these flowers Death gathers
many. He places them upon his bosom, and his
form becomes transformed into something less
terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shud-
der not; for he carries in his arms the sweet
blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see
them all again, blooming in a happier land.
Yes, Death brings us again to our friends.
They are waiting for us, and we shall not live
long. They have gone before us, and are like
the angels in heaven. They stand upon the
borders of the grave to welcome us, with the
countenance of affection, which they wore on
earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more
spiritual! O, he spake well who said, that

graves are the foot-prints of angels. Death has
taken thee, too, and thou hast the dew of thy
youth. He has placed thee upon his bosom,
and his stern countenance wears a smile.
The far country, toward which we journey, seems
nearer to us, and the way less dark; for thou
hast gone before, passing so quietly to thy rest,
that day itself dies not more calmly!

Page 174 - **Vaughan , Henry - poem, They are all Gone into the World of Light"**

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit ling'ring here;

Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!

These are your walks, and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

Henry Vaughn.

"From all the neighboring villages, came the solemn,
joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow
and faint and low,--all mingling into one harmo-
nious chime, like the sound of some distant organ
in heaven."

"Twice already since midnight had the great
pulpit-orator Time, like a preacher in the days
of the Puritans, turned the hour-glass on
his high pulpit, the church belfry, and still
went on with his sermon, thundering downward
to the congregation in the churchyard and in
the village. But they heard him not. They
were all asleep in their narrow pews, namely,
in their beds and in their graves. Soon after-
ward the cock crew; and the cloudy heaven, like
the apostle, who denied his Lord, wept bitterly.

Flemming still lingered among the graves, and
gazed with wonder at the strange devices, by which
man has rendered death horrible and the grave

loathsome. In the Temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother Death were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude

of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. Strange, that in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand, into the "Land of the great departed, into the silent Land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse;--such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass;--the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of painting and poetry in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written,--the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable retirement" of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish Poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children

sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother.

"His soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back."

"In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt

into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds
the storm - - - - -

“Ere long the great bell of the cathedral opposite began to ring, then the organ answered from within, and from its golden lips breathed forth a psalm. Flemming went up to the house of the Lord. The ministerial theme was the Reformation; and he attempted to prove how much easier it was to enter the kingdom of Heaven through the gateways of the Reformed Evangelical Dutch church, than by the aisles and penitential stair-cases of Saint Peter's.

He afterwards visited Dannecker the veteran sculpture and as he seated himself by his side, and took his hand, a mysterious awe creep over him,

the old man sat so serenely amid the gatherings, shade of years, and listened to life's curfew – bell, telling, with eight and seventy solemn strokes, that the hour had come, when the first of all earthly passions must be quenched within, and man must prepare to lie down and rest till morning.”

“ There was something impressive in the scene he had witnessed;--this beautiful old age of the artist; sitting by the open window, in the bright summer morning,--the labor of life accomplished, the horizon reached, where heaven and earth meet,--thinking it was angel's music, when he heard the church-bells ring; himself too old to go. “

Hyperion 2nd vol.

September 18th 1845

Page 180 – **Quotes from Milton, Fletcher, Young, The Meeting, Christina & Keats**

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen both when in make and when we sleep”

Milton

“Iniquity almost always pays virtue the compliment of attempting to assume her sycamore” Fletcher

“Kindness and clemency are mere formidable weapons in the hands of an enemy than the sword.”

“Such is the nature of things, that good can only be affected slowly, and perfection is inaccessible to human nature.”

“Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they have bore to Heaven!”

Young

We must die.

His shadow falls already on the shore
Where all must stand when life's wild dream is over"

The Meeting

"And only the faint quivering of her face
Told that she was not of marble race."

Christina

"The poetry of earth is now dead." Keats

Page 82 Last Interview – Poem in Pulpit Eloquence - Amelia

And new farewell! I dare not lengthen
These lament(?) sad moments out; so gaze on these
Is bliss indeed, yet it but served to strengthen
The love that now amounts of agony;
This is one last farewell, our last fond meeting;
The world is wide, and in points dwells apart;
My spirit gives the thee now its last fond greeting;
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating,
And heart to heart.

Farewell! farewell! Dear dreamer of bliss is over;
All, save the memory of our plighted love;
Yet oh, remember, thou art raised(?) above!
Tis a final thought, and, when by distance parted,
Twill lie upon our hearts a holy spell,
But the sad tears beneath thy lids have started,
And, I – alas, in both are broken hearted.

Dearest farewell!

"Last Interview" – Amelia

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced,
The chair of bright-fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till memory, the fond one that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links and connected the whole;
As the dew to the blossom – the bud to the bee, -
The sent to the rose, - all those memorized to thee
Round the chords of my heart they hae
Tremblingly clung;
And the echo it gives – is the song I hear sung.

Pulpit Eloquence: Amelia

December 10th 1843

Page 183 Quotes from Richelieu & Cecil, Richard

East thou sun lur(?),
And not felt its hence forth dwell,
To live in the common world? Richelieu

To prejudge other men's notions, before we have
Looked into them, is not to sow them darkness,
But to put out our own eyes." Locke
Eloquence is vehement simplicity." Cecil

Page 184 - From one of Mrs. Sherwood's Tales.

"I am desirous to declare in what the defeats of my education consisted. Not that I would wish to plead any excuse for my past conduct; no, I have been led to look on it with abhorrence but there were some attendant circumstances that increased my natural depravity which are not suspected by many well meaning parents. The Lord himself both said "It is not good for man to dwell alone" & since that period universal experience has proved the same. Every individual seeks a helpmate and companion, and from early infancy, children desire the company of those of their own age; while man retains this love of society to the most advanced years. There is no situation in life, however guarded, however withdrawn from the uncommon occurrences of life, however refined, however apparently pure, in which abundant ailment may not be found for feeding an unholy curiosity or a depraved fancy. Such being the case, a judicious parent will not desire solitude for his offspring, but will seek occasions of active innocent, & cheerful sports for his children in the society of artless young persons of their own age

as the most natural & suitable & exercised which are no less necessary of the health of mind than for that of the body."

From one of Mrs. Sherwood's Tales.

December 18, 1847

Page 185 - P & P (Paradise & the Peri) - Moore

"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One moment of Heaven is worth them all!"

P & P - Moore

Page 185 - Reveries of Bachelor

"A man without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the foot-ball of destiny with no tie linking him to infirmity, and the wonderous eternity, That is begun with him; but a woman without it is even worst - a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A home! It is the bright, blessed adorable phantom which sits highest on the sunny horizon the girdeth life. It is

not the house though that may have its

charms, nor the fields carefully tilled &
streaked with your own foot paths; nor
like that of a great rock in a weary land
blasé play, ever the pictures which tell of
loved ones; 0 nor the cherished books, -
but for more than all these – it is the
Presence. The Laws of your worship are
there; the alter of your confidence there;
the end of your wordly faith is there;
and adorning it all and sending
your blood in a passionate flow is
the conviction, that there at least you are
beloved; that there you can meet with gent-
lest forgiveness; that there your troubles will
be smiled away; that there you may unbur-
den your soul; fearless of harsh sympa-
thizing can & be entirely & joyfully – Yourself

“The noon is short; the sun never loiters
On the meridian, nor does the shadow
On the old dial by the garden stay long
At 12. The present like the noon is
Only a point and a point so fine
That it is not measurable by the
Grossest action – Thought alone is
Delicate enough to tell the breadth
Of the Present.” Review of Batchelor
June 21st 1851

Page 188-189 – Blank

Page 190 – **Cecil's Remains, quote**

Mr. Cecil was distinguished for his poems of foxing
the attention of his hearers. On one occasion when –
preaching a sermon to an audience composed
of the lower class of people, he observed a listlessness
and indifference throughout the congregation. Some
were lounging in their seats, others sleeping.
He determining to be heard, resorted to several
expedients; however, all failed. At length he
exclaimed in a loud voice “A man was
hanged in Tyburn last Monday”
He succeeded in arousing them and also
Secured their attention during the rest of
His discourse. _____

From Cecils' Remains, January 1843

Page 190 – **Quote on sinking of passenger ship & Moore**

“One sudden plunge – the scene was o’er;
The sea rolled on as it – rolled before.”

(re: wreck of the “President” passenger ship)

“And dearer seemed each dawning smile,
For having lost the light awhile.”

Moore

Page 191 – **Poem “Memory”**

There is an isle where lingering play
The sunlight of those earlier days,
When o’re the soul’s most saddening feeling
Some joyous future would be stealing,
And every padding moment brought
Some rapturous sense – some glowing thought –
Effacing that which went before,
Like waves upon the moonlight shore,
Which come and die – so quick – so bright –
That to the wildered brain the sight
Conveys the idea, from this its seeming,
‘Tis but the same wild waves thus beaming –
The breeze may blow, the waves may roll,
That isle is centered in the soul!
Nor tempest’s chill can ever tear
The flowers which bloom forever there.
‘Tis Memory.

Moments there are! – when we must brood
O’er broken vows in solitude;
Then, who does not delight to turn
A tearful eye to friendship’s urn,
As through the shades of time, he traces
Those long beloved “familiar faces,”
Whose fond affections used to cast
A radiant halo o’re the past.
And there are hours¹ when earth and sky
Whisper the sad heart mournfully;
When cheerless as the winter’s snow
Were life, did not that light still glow.
For as upon the crumbling pile,
The moonbeams rest with sadd’ning smile –
So, gently on the heart’s decay
Will shine the pure and quiet ray –
Of Memory.

The feeling tear! That crystal gem
Set in the warm heart’s diadem,
Were but a cold, a senseless thing,
Did it not sparkle from the spring
Of memory. And, dark the mind!

The senses dull! The soul confined!
Did deep oblivion's stream surround
That little consecrated ground.
What feeling were there, then to bind
Our social hearts to humankind?
For who would idly seek to cherish
Joys that he knows must surely perish?
Like those, whose life, as many deem,
Depends upon the sunny beam,
Yet die when in their beam you've laid them,
Destroyed by the same beam that made them,
So would our joys depart
And leave no incense on the heart –
 No Memory.

If there's a music can control
The softer breathings of the soul –
Whose magic chords have power to bare
The mysteries recorded there;
It is the deep – the moral tone;
Which springs from memory's Harp alone,
When mingling with its solemn lays,
Are vices heard of by-gone days,
As o'er the cold and icy lake
The wings of spring their pinions shake –
Making the chilly depth to soften,
Where they have dipped their wings of often;
So will the heart again expand,
Touched by that sweet song from the lan,
 Of Memory.”

February 14th 1843

Page 195 – **Origin of Chess from Gouiv'er**

“A certain Indian tyrant became hateful
his subjects from his cruelty and lawless
oppression, and all advice, when offered was
fatal to the adviser, when Sessa, a sage philosopher
undertook to cure the Tyrant of his hateful temper,
for this purpose he invented the game of chess,
wherein he shows the importance of the king,
in that game when unassisted by his subjects.
The fame of this invention soon reached the Tyrant's
ears, as was intended, and he sent for Sessa to
teach it to him, who instantly obeyed. In the
course of the lesson the despot's eyes were opened,
and he congratulated himself on being as he
imagined, his own discoverer of what was real
wisdom. The game became his favorite
pastime; he was attached in friendship.
To the philosopher, and soon became a mild
And good friendship.” February 16th 1843 Gouiv'er

Page 196 – **Brainerd, John J. C. poem quote**

(From poem The Birthday of Washington)

“Flow gently, Potomac! Thou washest away
The sands where he trod, and the turf where he lay,
 When youth brushed his cheek with her wing;
Breathe softly, ye wild winds, that circle around
That dearest, and purest, and holiest ground,
 Ever pressed by the footprints of Spring.

Each breeze be a sigh, and each dewdrop a tear,
Each wave be a whispering monitor near,
 To remind the sad shore of his story;
And darker, and softer, and sadder the gloom
Of that evergreen mourner, that bends o’er the tomb
 Where Washington sleeps in his glory.” Brainard
 February 16th 1843

Page 196 -**Cowper, William quote from Poem**

(From poem “Winter Morning Walk”)
“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still —
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.”

“Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free:
My native nook of earth!” Cowper

Page 197 – **Hyperion & unknown quote**

“Flowers, the stars in the firmament of earth”
Hyperion

“Fashionable chit-chat of the day, a small currency
which should be below par with people of cultiva-
ted minds!

Page 198 – **Conscience, a poem – Young** February 21st 1843

Conscience - - Young

Conscience, what art thou? Thou tremon dons flower!
Who does inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves, another self,
A master self, that loves to dominion,
And threat the monarch frankly as the slave:
How dost thou light a torch so distant deeds?
Wake the past, present, and the future frown?
How even and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long restless dream, which idiots hay-
Day, wise man flatten with the name of life.

February 21st 1843

Pasture - Milton

Who can forbear to smile with nature?
Can the strong passions in this bosom roll,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?

February 27th 1843

Page 200 – **The Ocean – Byron fragments (Childe Harold)**

There is a pleasure in the faithful woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shores,
There is society, where now intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in the rear;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or leave been before,
To mingle with the universe, and fell
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed; in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

February 27th 1843

Page 202 – **Hamlet's Soliloquy Act 3rd fragments** Shakespeare

Hamlet's Soliloquy Act 3rd Shakespeare

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

February 29th 1843

Page 204 – **Endymions fragments** (by John Keats)

Endymions

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.-----

----- 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds. -----

A faint breath of music, which ev'n then
Fill'd out its voice, and died away again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking
Through copse-clad vallies,—ere their death, oer-taking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea. _____

_____ Are not our wide plains
Speckled with countless fleeces? Have not rains
Green'd over April's lap? No howling sad
Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.

(along edge: A feast dedicated to God Pan)
The earth is glad: the merry lark has pour'd
His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity.”
The earth is glad: the merry lark has pour'd
His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity.”
And now Endymion and the aged priest
Among shepherds gone in eld, whose looks increas'd
The silvery setting of their mortal star.
There they discours'd upon the fragile bar
That keeps us from our homes ethereal;
And what our duties there: to nightly call
Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together

For the sun's purple couch; -----
Endymion leaves the feast and waders alone...
Who whispers him so pantingly and close?
Peona, his sweet sister: of all those,
His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
And breath'd a sister's sorrow to persuade
A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse:
She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse

Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
Along a path between two little streams, ----
----- Can I want aught else, aught nearer
Heaven, than such tears? My sisters! -----
----Endymion fell asleep, he dreamed, yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
Could figure out and to conception bring
All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
So kept me steadfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,

And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge;
And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge
The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingling with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I rais'd
My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
Again I looked, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Ah! see her hovering feet, more blue-vein'd, more soft,
More whitely sweet than those of sea-born Venus,
When she rose from out her cradle shell.

“Why did I dream that sleep o’er-powered me
In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
And stare them from me? But no, like a spark
That needs must die, although its little beam
Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream
Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.
Although, before the crystal heavens darken,
I watch and dote upon the silver lakes
Pictured in western cloudiness, that takes
The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
Islands, and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
With horses prancing o’er them, palaces
And towers of amethyst,—would I so tease
My pleasant days, because I could not mount
Into those regions?---- how light must dreams
Themselves be; seeing they’re more slight
Than the mere nothing that engenders them!
Old ditties sigh above their father’s grave;
And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
(along the edge (Book 1st))

A crown of these is made of love and friendship, and sits high
Upon the forehead of humanity.

All its more ponderous and bulky worth
Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
A steady splendour; but at the tip-top,
There hangs by unseen film, an orbéd drop
Of light, and that is love.-----History
A wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
Along the pebbled shore of memory!-----
All Well ----- Endymion Book 3rd Keats
There never lived a mortal man, who bent
Has appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died.-----

I will entice this crystal rill to trace
Love’s silver name upon the meadow’s face.
----- The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.

Endymion Book 4rd -----

Keats born in London Oct 1796. Died Feb 1828

Page 211 – **Dancing from “Love of the World” E. Fry**

Dancing

“Whether man, in his first state of conscience
could have any pleasure in dancing is not
worth inquiry’ I suppose he might – might

have enjoyed it harmlessly. That there in something in it pleasurable to nature is manifest from the universality of the practice: every people from the most refined to the most savage or brutal, have some sort of measured exercise, or studied movement of the body demonstrated dancing. It is equally not worthy of inquiry in what the gratification consists; whether simply in the animation of the spirits and exercise of the limbs or whether is some satisfaction also to our perception of form, time, and the combinations, which in music and painting we call harmony. Let it be admitted there is pleasure in it – apart from all from which it never can be parted, the adventurous excitement of time, place, and company, in which it is performed; this will I suppose constitute “dancing in the abstract; - and if all the

abstraction, I over heard of, ‘tis most beyond my comprehension. The forest maiden sings as she walks over the lonely heath, and the captive princess may pass her nights in songs, for the pure love of music; but I doubt if harvest or forest glade even witnessed a pas soul for the pure love of dancing.

But the question is simply this, whether in the position of a religious woman in society as now existing, she ever does or can enjoy the recreation harmlessly. I do not hesitate to say, she cannot. Exercise in a heated room is not the demand of a healthful nature; studied & artificial movements gravely and carefully, are not the freedom young spirits require. If it is a task very well; of a recreation, they know that a walk or a game of play is better. Best send for the company light up the room, dress yourselves as becomes the occasion; now we shall see in every brighteners eye the use of dancing ---the delight of dancing

now the night will not belong enough to exhaust the pleasure, and doubtless we shall see next day the beneficial results of wholesome exercise and mental renovation. ----- How much talk a little honestly would save us! we know better. Every pious mother knows there is no opportunity for the enjoyment of dancing, as is now practiced without an administer of those pomps and varieties which she has promised in behalf of her children to remember. I have heard such a mother say, “It never did One any harm.” Is the memory of wasted hours no harm? The pride, the sanity, the

thoughtlessness and prayerlessness of our young days, are they no burden on the repenting soul? It has been asserted that the mention of dancing in the Scriptures, justifies the practice. Does any one in candor mean to say, that the word translated "dancing" in our Bibles, represents a similar enjoyed under similar circumstances with

those who now attend it? "But you are fighting a shadow" some one will rejoice; no pious person defends the practice of dancing, no religious woman ever is or can be seen in a ball room; it is to her profession, and therefore can need no such remonstrance. It is not the emptiness or sinfulness of dancing, that young people learn on their suitability to the desire's of a corrupted heart. -----

The capability of doing a thing will increase the inclination for it; if it be a personal accomplishment, the wish for an occasion to exhibit its: and where the opportunity occurs, the temptation to make use of it. ---- Above all it is dishonest toward God; 'tis a contradiction of our prayers, , to our faith and trust on behalf of our children. But the world is Christian –

things are altered now. Yes, they are altered; the city that stood once upon a hill, its Settlements distinct against the brightened heavens, of which all that looked upon it, far and near, could say that that was it – like other cities in these peaceful times, has levelled its walls, and built beyond its gates, and no one knows the boundary or care to guard the entrance. – Who dreams of danger? Doubtless the enemies have ceased from off the land – Has this peace been made by god on man?----- "Love of world." E. Fry

Page 215 Shelley Poem fragments

First our pleasures die - and then
Our hopes, and then our fears - and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust - and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot -
Love itself would, did they not."
Shelley

Page 216 – **unknown quotes and Coleridge poem**

“Love and friendship are his reward breast,
Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice.”
“tis congenial souls alone, shed tears of sorrow for
Each other’s fate. -----
“The giant victories my consoled form’d
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.”

Tell me on what hold ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the rebel’s noisy hate.
In a cottage vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells!

Page 216 – **“Fall of Robespierre” fragments by Coleridge**

-----" Preached in virtue,
Yet league with villains, for the Robespierre
Villains’ alone ally”.-----
Caesar is fallen! The baneful tree of Java,
Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous
Dew, is rooted from its base”-----

----- Caesar were it
“To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free!

Page 217 **“Remorse” fragments by Coleridge**

“Mark you that rocky seat, shaped by the
Billows. – there Teresa met me.
The morning of the day of me departure,
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn, -
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheeks
Suffus’d the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seem’d a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision!” -----

!I was a Moresco
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house,
Where no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black
Air, it was a toil to breathe it! When the door
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed

One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cower'd as it entered, and at once sunk down.
Oh miserable! By that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily; for the little wretch was sickly –
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remained – dull Bell counting,
Which haply told, that the all-cheering Sun
Was rising on our Garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moaning mingled with my slumbers
And waked me. ----- At length
I saw the blessed arch of heaven!
Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more –
If I dwell upon that moment, a trance
Comes on to me which makes me o'er again
All I then was – my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh
That you would start and shudder!-----
You can call up past deeds and make them
Live, on the blank canvas! -----

-----And I did curse thee?
At midnight on my knees? And I believe
Thee perjured, thee a traitress! Thee dishonor'd:
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy articulate Foundness,
Thy Infant Love – should not thy Maiden Vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet imag
Tied round my neck with many chaste endearments,
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and treble –
Ah coward dupe! To yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee! Barter for Life
This farewell pledge, with which impassion'd vow
I had sworn, that I would grasp – ev'n in
My death – pang!
I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me –
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.
Remorse Coleridge

Page 220 – **Wordsworth fragment and poem**

“Strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
Is the memory of past folly”

“When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!--am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,

Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!"

Wordsworth (What I Have Borne in Memory)

Page 220 – **Keats fragment of Sleep & Poetry**

“Is there so small a range in the
Present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds?-----Keats “Sleep & Poetry

Page 221 – **Montgomery - “Poetry and Painting”**

When we know scenes are from native administration
of the pencil that draw them is the highest
ingredient of our delight in beholding them;-----
unless by local, historical or personal associations,
the trees, the streams, the hills, or the buildings
remind us things greater and dearer than
themselves, this, of course, is the most exalted
gratification which landscape painting can offer;
yet poetry, which, in distinct delineation of nat-
ural objects, is otherwise inferior, had decided
preeminence here. The following stanzas from
probably a hasty, but certainly a happy, effusion
of Thomas Campbell’s will exemplify the fact. –
They refer to a morning walk, in company with
a Russian Lady to a place called “the Foun-
tain of Thorn” on an eminence near Vienna,
commanding a view of the city, the Danube,
and the neighboring county to a vast
extent. The introductory and concluding
verses being merely complimentary, are omitted.

Ah! How long shall I delight
In the memory of the morn
When in climb’s the Danube’s height
To the Fountain of the Thorn!

And behold his waves and islands
Flashing, glittering in the sun,
From Vienna’s gorgeous towers
To the mountains of the Hun.

There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around;
And, where'er we turn'd, the eye
Look'd on rich historic ground.

Over Aspern's field of glory
Noontide's distant haze was cast,
And the hills of turkey story
Teem'd with visions of the past.

What could a painter do with this? Assuredly he

might produce a landscape as superb as ever emanated, from pencils of Titian or Rubens. All the elements are at hand. A bird's eye prospect from a height over looking a majestic river, studded with islands, "flashing, glittering in the sun;" the "gorgeous towers" of an imperial city; the verdure of woods on every side; over all a brilliant sky; and far away, beneath the haze of summer-noon, long lines of undulating hills, lessening, lightening, vanishing from the view. The canvass might be covered with all these; yet, though they might dazzle the eye, and enchant the imagination, like a glimpse into fairy-land, - unexplained, they would be mere abstractions, and the picture would be solely valued as a work of art; but let a label be attached with the word Vienna upon it, then, indeed, a new and nobler interest would be felt in the whole, and curiosity to find our every part when we knew that a real city, stream, and landscape were depicted. This, however, would be the extent to which

the painter could transport the eye and the mind of his admirer. Here, then, begins the triumph of poetry, it has not only visible nature, but the whole invisible world to itself. - The poet after shedding the glory of sunshine on the "waves and islands" of the river, the green luxuriance of the champaign, and the "gorgeous towers" of the metropolis, - in three words he lets in the daylight of past ages upon the scene, in three words. The "rich historic ground" calls up the actions and actors of the mightiest events ever exhibited on the theatre; the mountains of the Hun, the field of Aspern, the hills of Turkish story, are crowded with armies, flouted with banners, and shaken with the tramp of chivalry and the march of phalanxed legions. They "all teem with visions of the past." Those who are acquainted with the siege Vienna by the Turks, about the middle of the 17th century, and its deliverance by Sobieski, King of Poland, will at once realize the Ottoman battle-array under the beleaguered wall; the despair within

the city, where all hope but in Heaven was cut
off, and the churches were thronged with praying

multitudes; the sudden appearance of the poles and
their attack upon the infidels; the rage of conflict,
man to man, horse to horse, swords against scim-
itars, scimitars against sword, one moment "flashing,
glittering in the sun", the next crimsoned and
reeking with blood; the shouts, the groans, the
agonies, the transports of the strife; till the barba-
rians, borne down by the irresistible impetuosity
of their Christian assailants, fell heaps upon heaps
on the "field of glory" or fled "to the mountains of the
Hun," while Danube from the "Fountain of the Rhine"
rolled purple to the deep, bearing along with his over-
charged current the turbaned corpses of the invaders
back into the bowels of their own land."

"Poetry and Painting" Montgomery

Page 225 – **Young & Wordsworth**

"All other trades demand verse – makers beg –
A dedication is a wooden leg" Young

"Ye little know the ills ye court,
When mankind is your wish."

"Whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart? Wordsworth
They had no poet, and they died." -----

Page 226 – **Quotes of Byron, Bertram, Dryden, Young**

E'en the poor beetle that we tread upon feels
As great a pang as when a port dies."

Oh from the dreams

Of youth sweet Constance! Hath not mankind
A wild wild and stormy awakening?

Hermans ves. Palermo

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!" Byron

"My own soft light -

That every soft and solemn spirit worships –

"Whose influence o'er all the sides of the soul breath power
Married to immortal verse:-----Bertram

"Not when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade:
Let such forage the poets sacred name,
Who rack their brains lucre fame." Byron

"The thought of other days are rushing on me,
The loved - the lost – the distant and the dead
Are with me now." Maturin's Bertram.

“Who fagoted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhymed and rattled all was well.” Dryden

“Fondness for fame is avarice of air” Young

Page 227 – Events Before Christ

- 4004 The Creation
- 2348 The Deluge
- 1921 The Covenant of God with Abraham
- 1822 Manran of Egyptian invent letters
- 1493 Cadmus carries letters into Greece
- 1491 The Deportation from Egypt
- 1452 The Conclusion of the Pentateuch
- 1664 Temple dedication to Solomon
- 894 Money first made of gold and silver at Augie
- 752 Building of Rome
- 730 Thales of Miletus travels into Greece
- 600 acquires the knowledge of geometry, astronomy,
and philosophy, returns to Greece, calculates
eclipses, gives general notions of the
Universe, and maintains that one supreme
Intelligence regulated all its motions
- 526 First public library at Athens
- 480 Aeschylus the Greek poet, receives the first
Prize in tragedy

- 430 The History of the Old Testament finished
- 400 Socrates put to death by the Athenians, who
afterwards repent and erect a statue to his memory
- 332 Alexandria in Egypt was built
- 385 Dionysius of Alexandria founded our present
solar year of 365 days, 5 hours 49 minutes
- 284 Ptolemy Philadelphius, king of Egypt
employs 72 interpreters to transcribe the Old
Testament into Greek, called the Septuagient
- 250 Eratosthenes first attempted to measure the earth
- 764 First library of books at Rome from Macedonia
- 52 Julius Caesar expedition into Britain
- 47 Alexandrian library burned, consisting of 400,000 books
- 27 Pateros the first Roman Explorer
- 8 Rome at this time 50 miles in circumference, and
contained 400,000 man capable of having armes.
The temple of Janus shut by Augustine as an
emblem of peace, and Jesus Crist supposed to
have been born in September or December 25th

Nov 12th 1840

Page 229 – **Events Before (should be After) Christ**

A.D.

-
- 33 Crucifixion
 - 49 London is founded by the Romans
 - 70 Titus takes Jerusalem
 - 79 Herculaneum overwhelmed by Vesuvius
 - 306 Constantine the great begins his reign
 - 410 Rome taken by Alaric, king of the Goths
 - 470 Western Empire destroyed & Peteratura extinguished
 - 622 The Higira Flight of Muhammad
 - 800 Charlemagne king of France invades Germany
the Western Empire & endeavors to restore
learning
 - 991 Figures in Arithmetic brought in Europe by
the Saracens from Arabia, formerly
letters were used
 - 1090 First crusade to the Holy Land
 - 1233 The Inquisition
 - 1300 Invention of the Mariners' Company
 - 1444 The invention of printing

 - 1492 Discovery of America
 - 1517 The Reformation
 - 1602 Death of Queen Elizabeth
 - 1620 Settlement of New England
 - 1756 War between Great Britain and France
The Ohio lands the principle cause.
 - 1763 Peace of Paris
 - 1776 Declaration of American Independence
 - 1783 Peace with Great Britain
 - 1792 French Revolution
 - 1804 Bonaparte crowned Emperor of France.

Amanda Bruen
November 12th 1840

Page 230 – **Notes on Coleridge and Shelly**

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born in December 1773. More ambitious
Of excelling in conversation, than in building the lofty rhyme.
Percy Bysse Shelly, born in Sussex 1792, lost in the Mediterranean
1822. He spoke of the commonly received notions of with contempt.

Page 231 – **List of learned Men before Christ**

- Homer First profane writer and Grand Poet
- Casinos Greek Poet supposed to live in time of Homer
- Lycurgus Spartan Lawgiver
- Sappho Greek lyric poetess

Solon	Lawgiver of Athens
Aesop	Greek Fabulist
Thales	First German geographer and astrologist
Pythagoras	founder of the Pythagorean philosophy in G
Anacreon	First Greek lyric poetess
Aeschylus	First Greek tragic poet
Pindar	Lyrical Poet
Herodotus	of Greece, the first writer of profane history
Aristophanes	Greek Comic poet
Euripides	“ “ “
Confucius	Chinese philosopher
Socrates	Founder of moral philosophy in Greece
Thucydides	Greek Historian
Hippocrates	Greek Physician
Democritus	Greek philosopher
Xenophon	Greek philosopher & Historian
Plato	“ “ & disciple of Socrates
Isocrates	“ Orator
Aristotle	“ Philosopher, disciple of Plato
Demosthenes	Athenian Orator, poisoned himself
Theophrastus	Greek Philosopher, disciple o Aristotle
Theocritus	First Greek pastoral poet
Euclid	Alexandrian mathematician of Egypt
Epicurious	Founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece
Nero	“ “ Stoic philosophy in Greece
Callimachus	Greek elegiac poet
Archimedes	“ Geometrician
Plautus	Roman comic poet
Terence	of Carthage, Latin comic poet
Diogenes	of Greece, a Greek and Roman Historian
Polybius	of Greece, a Greek and Roman Historian
Lucretius	The Roman Poet
Julius Caesar	“ “ Historian, and Commentator, was killed
Diodorus	Universal historian of Greece
Aurelius	“ “ “ “
Vitruvius	Roman Architect
Buono	Roman Orator and philosopher, killed
Cornelius Nepos	Roman Biographer
Dionysius	of Halicarnasus Roman Historian
Virgil	Roman Epic Poet
Catullus	Roman Poets
Tibellius	“ “
Propositius	“ “
Homer	Roman lyric and Satire poet
Livy	Roman Historian
Ovid	Roman Elegiac Poet
Calius	Roman Philosopher and physician
Strabo	Greek Geographer
Seneca	Philosopher of Spain, tragic poet

Lucan	Roman epic poet of Spain
Pliny	the older, natural historian of Rome
Josephus	Jewish Historian
Epictetus	Greek stoic Philosopher
Quintilian	Roman Orator and Advocate
Tacitus	Roman Historian
Pliny	the younger, writer of Historical letters
Suetonius	Roman Historian
Plutarch	Roman Biographer
Ptolemy	Egyptian geographer, mathematician, astronomer
Justine	One of the oldest Christian authors
Galen	Greek philosopher and physician
Origin	Christian father of Alexandria
Cyprian	of Carthage, a martyr
Longinus	Greek Orator
Arius	Priest of Alexandria, founder of Arianism
Eusebius	Ecclesiastical Historian
Ambrose	Bishop of Milan
Bretus	Platonic Philosopher and Roman poet

November 1st 1840

Page 235 – **Miscellaneous Items**

Of those who impugn the authority of Scripture there are 3 classes – The Atheist, the Antiquarian, and the Sceptic.

Says the former “mother is eternal” – i.e. it is self denied, self productive, self preservative. The various forms which it has assumed are with out beginning or end. Hence the material universe of which our globe is a part, is eternal.

Says the Antiquarian, remote authentic antiquity ascribes a vastly greater age to this globe, than that set forth by the inspired historyian, - Moses

Says the infidel, even if you demonstrate the present age of the world from the historic and prophetic parts of Scripture, yet I reject both their inspirations and authenticity!

To these may be added a fourth alas, who, though they admit the inspiration and

authority of holy Scripture, and are enrolled among the members of those “who profess and call themselves christians:, yet are shocked at the presumption of those who would venture to arrive, even at a tolerable degree of certainty, as the point of time in round numbers, upon which we now stand, in the successive evolutions of God’s dispensations to mem.”

“It was a celebrated saying of Tertullian that proof(?)
mechanic among Christians knew God, and could
make him known to others. Tertullian thus spoke,
by way of contrast to the conduct of the philosopher
Thales, towards Carsus the King. Carsus asked this
philosopher “what is God?” He required one day to
finish an answer. The King receiving no answer
asked again “what is God?” Hales then asked for
two days, failing still to furnish a reply he asked
for 4, for 8 and for 16 days – until the king,
impatient of delay decreed to know the reason of it.
“O King said he to not astonished; it is a question

In which my insufficient reason is lost. The oftener
I ask myself “what is God” the more incapable
I find myself to Pan difficulties
arise every moment, and my knowledge diminished
as my inquiries increase.

Speaking of the Millenniums(?) a late writer remarks
“And can it be doubted that the signs in nature –
in the heavens and the earth have been for some
time appearing?” And, who with, who can deny but
that the world appears.

Page 237 – **Cowper poem fragments**

“To toll the death-bell of its own disease,
Much by the voice of all its elements
To preach the general doom. When were this minds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o’erleap
Their ancient barriers? -----
Fires from beneath, and meteors from above
Portentious, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies, and the old

And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and forgone her usual rest.
The pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And mature with a dim and fickle eye
To wait the close of all!” (Cowper)

Page 237 – **Southly, Robert on Prayer Book & poem**

“How consoling to those who are leaving the bellowing deep,
deprived of the ministrations of the ambassador of the
cross, to find in the Prayer Book besides the devotion
framed for them in common with all mankind,
forms of prayer for their especial use on occasions,

when their souls are “melting within them because of trouble”, and their only hope, is in the interposition of that gracious Being who “ruleth the raging of the sea, and stilleth the waves thereof when they arise!” And when having reach in safety the haven where they would be” how sweet the reflection that though far from kindred and friends, the same tribute of praise from the hearts of thousands, in their native country, is ascending up to the town on high! How twill

cheer the loneliness which oppresseth the bosom of a stranger in a foreign land. The Pray Book thus teaches the friendless exile to look up to him whose “goodness sweetening every soil, makes every country please, becoming also, in the beautiful words of Southey.

_____”as bond
Of love and brotherhood, when all beside
Hath been dissolved; and though wide ocean rolls
Between the children of our Fatherland,
This shall be their communion: they shall send,
Linked in one sacred feeling at one hour,
In the same language, the same prayer to Heaven;
And each remembering each in piety,
Pray for the other’s welfare.

September 25th 1842

Page 240 – **The Falls of Niagara – Brainerd**

The Fall of Niagara. Brainard

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour’d thee from his “hollow hand,”
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem’d to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour’s sake,
“The sound of many waters;” and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent’ries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war’s vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drown’d a world, and heap’d the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,

That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

Along the edge *Who dwelt in the Patmos, for his Saviour's sake,)

Page 241 – **Niagara Falls – Sigourney, Lidia Huntley
And Goldsmith re Garrick**

Niagara Falls Sigourney

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him
Eternally, bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

January 25th 1843

Goldsmith says of Garrick that
"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to displease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind."

From Todd's Student Manual January 1843

Page 242 – **Punctuality -source unknown**

Punctuality.

There is not a man living who might not be a punctual man. The late lord chancellor of England, Henry Brougham, while a kingdom seemed to be house of lords and house of chancery; who gave reviews, to be at the head of at least ten associations which were publishing works of useful knowledge, was so punctual,, that when these associations met, he was informally there when the house of meeting had arrived, and not in his place in the chair. some seem to be afraid of closing that habit lest it border upon a virtue. That is vulgar, and is below the ambition of a great mind, or the attention of one who has greater virtues upon which he may presume. Was the mind of Blackstone of a low order? Yes when he was not delivering his celebrated lectures, he was never known to make his audiences wait ever a minute, and he could never be made to think well of any one who was not defective in this virtue.

Mr. Brener, afterwards a valuable minister of the gospel, while a student, was always known to be punctual in attending the lectures at his tutor's house. The student boarded in neighboring families, and at slated hours met for recitation. One morning, the clock struck 7 and all rose up for prayer, according to custom. The Tutor, looking round, and observing that Brener was absent. paused awhile, seeing him now enter the room, he thus addressed him: -"Sir, the clock has struck, if we were more ready to begin, but, as you were absent, we supposed it was too fast, and therefore waited." The clock was accidentally too fast, by some minutes.----- Be punctual in every thing..

Page 243 – **Franklin quote plus others**

Franklin says, "that he who rises late may trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night." Dean Swift-arens, "That he never knew any man come to prominence and greatness who lay in bed of a morning." Dr. Dwight says, "that one of sleep before midnight is worth two after that time." -----

Page 244 – **Cowper poem**

Vanity's the very spice of life, that gives it all its flavour
-----We have run
Through every change that Fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And, studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little used,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires;
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
Profusion is a hungry vice: it eats up all
That gives society its beauty, strength,
Convenience, and security, and use:
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd
And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws
Can seize the slippery prey: unties the knot
Of union, and converts the sacred band,
That holds mankind together, to a scourge. Cowper

Page 245 – **Poem, (Primeval Nature by Robert Pollok)) from Course of Time, book 5th**

"Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me

The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hands of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops: whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, might winds; whose lovers flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlastings hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high,
Prospects immense spread out on all sides round;
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storms.
Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without air.
It was indeed a wondrous sort of bliss
The lovely bard enjoyed, then forth he walked unpurposed
And saw the distant tops of thoughts,
Which men of common stature never saw." **Course of Time, book 5th**

Page 246 – **Keats & Coleridge from Christabel, Part 2nd**

A drainless shower of light is poesy, it should
Be a friend to sooth the cares, and lift
The thought of man –
The poetry of earth is never dead. Keats

Friendship.

Alas! They had been friends in youth
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,

Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.
Christabel – part 2nd Coleridge

Page 247 – **White, Henry Hart poem**

Ay, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme

Of earthly happiness – romantic schemes,
And frougt with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! None: - another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, ad none
Will hold him in remembrance. –

I shall sink,

As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London – some short bustle's caused,
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all's forgotten.”

Henry Hart White

Page 248 – **Byron – The Giaour**

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of Death is fled,
The first dark day of Nothingness,
The last of Danger and Distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of Repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power;

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by Death revealed
The first, last look by Death revealed
Such is the aspect of this shore
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for Soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,

Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished
earth!
Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,

That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,—
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your Sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!

Attest it many a deathless age!
While Kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy Heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from Splendour to Disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yet! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

The Giaour Byron

Page 251 – Kosciusko from Warner’s Literary Recollections Vol 2

NOTE: Kosciusko – from Poland, he was made a Col and fought with us during the Revolutionary War. His statue is in Lafayette Park with 4 other greats from that war. Gen. James Shelby named his 5th son after him, who died at age 5-1/2.



I never contemplated a more interesting human figure that Kosciusko stretched upon his couch. his wounds were still unhealed and he was unable to sit upright. He appeared to be a small man space and delicate. A black silk bandage crossed his fair and high, but lamented wrinkles, forehead. Beneath it his dark eagle eye sent forth the steady flame of patriotism that still burned within his soul, unquenched by disaster and wounds, weakness, poverty and exile... contrasted with its brightness was the paleness of his countenance, and the wan cast of every feature. He spoke very tolerable English, though in a low and feeble toe, but his conversation, replete with fine sense, lively remark, and sagacious answers, evinced a noble understanding and a cultivated mind. On rising to depart I offered him my hand; he took it. My eyes filled with tears and he gave it a warmer grasp. I muttered some-

thing about “brighter prospects, and happier days! He faintly smiled and said (they were his last words To me), “Ah, sir, he who devotes himself for his Country must not look for reward this side the grave,” Mr. Warner’s Literary Recollections. Vol 2nd

Page 252 – Cecil, Melancho Vol 2 p. 107

“The musician and the orator fall short of the full power of the science if the heaven is left in possession of himself.” Cecil

“We must by our example kindle the administration of youth for knowledge, and bid them to love it for its ow sake and not for the gain that is to be made of it. The ruin of letters brings with it the destruction of all that is good: religion, morals, the things of God and the things of ma. The better a man is, the greater is his desire to preserve knowledge; for he knows that of all plagues ignorance is the most preeminent.” Melancho.

Vol 2 p. 107 DiAntique (March 10th 1844)

Page 253 – Moore – lines from a poem

“The heart like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But twill lean to the nearest & loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself & make closely its own.”

From, “Oh, tis sweet to think” By Moore.

Dec 6. 1844

Page 254-257 – Blank

Back Cover:

From New Orleans to
Point Isabel is 282 miles by
water. From Galveston to
P. I. 320 by water – From N. O.
to Vera Cruz 1,500 miles
by water. From Yucatan
to the city of Mexico 900
The pop. of City of Mexico 180,000

Also: odd collection of numbers & words – perhaps to a game:

6

2

yes

Alonzo.

By the sea shore

yes

80,000

24

yes

You are my sun

February 23rd

Burlington