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MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF MRS. ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

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CHURCHILL HOUSE.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF MRS. ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

"When thine Eye is single, thy whole Body also is full of Light."
Luke xi. 34.

"Bear ye one another's Burdens, and so fulfil the Law of Christ."—Galatians vi. 2.

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To ANNIE LYMAN DELANO; To ANNIE JEAN LYMAN;

AND

To MY OWN DAUGHTERS,

THESE RECORDS OF THE LIFE OF THEIR GOOD GRANDMOTHER,

COLLECTED AT THEIR REQUEST, ARE AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED,

By S. I. L.

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NOTE.

Of the two portraits of my father, contained in this book, the earlier one is a photograph from a small water-colored miniature, which must have been taken in his youth, before his first marriage, about the year 1788. Very little is known of this miniature, but we conclude that it was a good likeness of him in youth, because it so strongly resembles some of his grandchildren. The later portrait is from a very excellent likeness of him, by Mr. Chester Harding, and was taken (I think) about the year 1828. It is a matter of great regret to us all that no portrait exists of our mother. Mrs. Hillard writes: —

"Had she an unwillingness to submit to the surgical operation of being photographed? And was she too constantly occupied in *being*, and in doing for others, to find time for *seeming*, and allowing her face to be put on canvas?

"Her figure was fine and commanding; her whole appearance and manner were dignified and queenly, — like an *ideal* queen, — not much like many of the queens we see depicted. She had a Roman nose, and a very fine profile, beautiful dark eyes that could laugh as well as weep, and a mouth expressive of character and firmness as well as of sweetness and mirthfulness. She had a fine, clear complexion, and a rich color; and I have often been told that, when your father and she were married and came home to Northampton, they were the handsomest couple in Western Massachusetts, and were followed by all eyes as they drove or walked. To those who knew them well, and held frequent intercourse with them, their beauty ceased to be so impressive, because the beauty of soul and mind predominated. Their manners and conversation, which were quite in keeping with their outward appearance, made one for a moment forgetful of *that*. Her children have all certain points of resemblance to both parents, but are not strikingly like either of them."

S. I. L.

December, 1875.

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CHAPTER I.

From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

ANNE JEAN ROBBINS was born in Milton, Massachusetts, on the third day of July, 1789. She was the fourth child of the Hon. Edward Hutchinson Robbins, a man of noble character and warm heart, who has left to his descendants the richest of all inheritances, in the fine flavor of humanity that has kept his memory green, even to the third and fourth generation. The house where Anne Jean first saw the light is still standing on Milton Hill, and is known as the Churchill house. The maiden name of Anne's mother was Elizabeth Murray, and Anne was named by her for two Scotch aunts, Anne and Jean Bennet. She was a woman of great intelligence and force of character, and had passed the greater part of her life in Milton, — marrying in youth the son of the former beloved minister of the town, the Rev. Nathanael Robbins.

The history of any life must necessarily include the lives of many others. A friend once said to me, "No one can be a Christian *alone*." And in fact no human being leads an isolated life. One is as surely all the time acted upon by one's inheritance, surroundings, and companionship, as one reacts on these. In the condition to which she

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was born, the scenery amidst which she lived, the persons by whom she was surrounded, and the family traditions dear to her childhood, Anne Jean was peculiarly blessed; and I shall tell you all I know of them, because her personal individuality, though striking, was not more so than her quality of family and social affection.

My cousin, Dr. Estes Howe, writes of our grandfather, and the father of Anne Jean, the following sketch: —

"Our grandfather I presume you do not remember, as you were so young when he died. He was a tall, large man, very erect and dignified in his look. His face, as his picture shows, was very like his son's, our uncle Edward's, in his later years. His countenance had that same benign look — a look which I think comes finally to the face of every one who leads, as he did, a life full of good will and good works. He was born as you know in 1757, and graduated at Harvard in 1775, being eighteen years old. He must have taken his degree at Concord, to which place the college was removed when the army were collected at Cambridge. The last time I saw him at Brush Hill was on the 4th of July, when I was a freshman, in 1829. He pointed out to me a wooden-bottomed, armed chair as his college chair, and told me that he had only one coat all the time he was in college — this notwithstanding he was the son of a lady who was considered rich.

"He soon became a person of note at home, and was, at the age of twenty-three, a member of the convention that formed the constitution of the State of Massachusetts. He was married in 1785, and went to house-keeping on Milton Hill, where, I believe, all his children except my mother were born. She was born in Boston, in a house he inherited from his mother, near Brazer's Building, on State Street. In 1786, he bought a township of land in Maine, and called it Robbinston. He took several Milton families down, whose descendants — Brewers, Voses, Briggs, &c., &c. — are still there. He built several

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vessels there, and continued in fact to work busily and earnestly over the enterprise, till the day of his death. He always went there at least once a year,— a voyage that had to be made in a coasting vessel. His last visit was made only a couple of months before his death.

" The enterprise was not a profitable one; and what with that and the loss of several vessels by French privateers, he lost all his property, and about 1804 sold out at Milton Hill, and removed to Brush Hill, which place belonged in part to his wife, our grandmother; the other part belonging to her sister, aunt Forbes, was purchased. And so the family ark rested there, where your mother and mine, and all the rest, grew up.

" Our grandfather was constantly in public life; and, in 1793, he was elected Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. His remarkable memory for men and their faces, his knowledge about them, and his general popularity caused his re-election annually for nine years; at the end of which time he was chosen Lieutenant-governor, an office he continued to hold for seven years, soon after which he was appointed Judge of Probate. In this office he died.

" This last office gave special scope to his kindly qualities. The widows and orphans of the county found in him a sure and sympathizing friend and guardian, and his wonderful memory made him in a short time acquainted with the genealogy and business and property of the whole county.

" But you want to know what I remember of him. I remember him simply as one who always had a kind or thoughtful word for me when I met him; who *seemed* to be, as he *was*, most tenderly loved by his children, and very full of love for them. He was away from home almost every day, either over at Dedham or in Boston, and was very apt to be at home rather late for tea. I recollect riding home from Boston more than once with him. He had a habit of talking to himself, and I was a little frightened at it, which he seemed to appreciate, for every now and then he would stop, whip up the horse, and begin

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talking to me; then very soon he would fall off into his own line of thought, and talk to himself again. When my father died, he was deeply grieved, and his heart seemed to be oppressed and full of sympathy for mother. I was at that time at school at North Andover; a few weeks after father's death, he drove up there in his chaise on Saturday night, a journey of twenty-five miles, and brought up Tracy to spend Sunday with me. He was then more than seventy, and I think few old gentlemen of that age would have made such an exertion for a school-boy; but it seemed so natural an act for him to do, that it did not impress me then as it has since. But that was the way he passed through life; and although never prosperous in business, indeed sometimes really pinched by poverty, I think he had a very happy life, because he took so much pleasure in doing kindly acts, and he did so many of them.

The last time I saw him was on his death-bed. He died at Aunt Mary Revere's, where he was ill about a month. A few days before his death I went in to see him, and he gave me a most affectionate parting benediction, with a few words of advice, which I have not followed so well as would have been for my benefit. This seems a meagre statement, and so it is. It is forty-five years since he died, and what is left to me of him is the impression of a noble, high-minded, affectionate man, whom I revered and loved. If I can leave as pleasant an impression upon the memories of my grandchildren, I shall be happy."

I will not add much to the simple and beautiful statement of my cousin Estes about our grandfather, for I have only one recollection of him, as I was but six years old when he died. I recall one of his visits to Northampton, and his standing at our front door, where he took leave of my father and my uncle, Judge Howe. Although they were tall men, he towered above them, and there was something grand and majestic in his whole aspect; although nothing impressed one so

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much about him as the wealth of affection in his heart, which gave to his whole manner and bearing a warmth, cordiality, and sympathy one rarely sees so fully expressed.

I remember our brother, Stephen Brewer, who knew him well, speaking of him in the highest terms, after I was a woman grown. I had so little recollection of him myself, that it was delightful to me to hear him talk of grandfather. He told me once, that when he was a boy, a clerk in some store in Boston, where grandfather had placed him, the old gentleman walked in with a gray stocking in his hand, the foot of which was full of Spanish dollars. "Stephen, my little man," said he, "take care of this for me; it's a new stocking, and my daughter Cassy knit it for me." So Stephen put it away, and grandfather forgot it from that hour. But, three months later, he came into the store in much affliction. "Stephen, my little man," said he, "I've lost a stocking like this," showing the mate; "and I'm so sorry. My daughter Cassy knit them," he said tenderly, "and I would not lose them for any thing." "I produced the stocking, with the Spanish dollars tied up in the foot," said Stephen, "and there was no affectation about it: he *really* cared more about finding the stocking his daughter had knit him, than he did the money." His careless habits were proverbial; and my cousin Bennet Forbes relates the following: —

"Your grandfather Robbins was not remarkable for the nicety of his dress or equipage. He for a long time drove around the country in an old yellow-bodied chaise, with an aged bay mare, that he called 'the colt,' for many years. I remember very well his habit of talking to himself and to the mare, while driving along, and my amusement at this, to me, great novelty. I remember his coming to see us before we built the mansion house on Milton Hill, about 1828, in a sleigh. The weather was very cold, and he had no mittens or gloves. I bought a nice pair of fur-lined gloves, and sent them to him. He

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came again, apparently nearly frozen, and still without gloves. I asked him if he had received the pair I sent him. He answered, 'Oh yes, my dear, they are in the sleigh;' on examination I found them under the cushion, and it was clear they had never been worn." But cousin Bennet adds, what every one thought who knew him, that his desire to bless and serve others, and his untiring kindness, were the prominent traits of his character.

Of Anne Jean's mother, — there are many that can still recall her stately air and manner, her vigorous mind and high spirit. But she must have been a very different person from our grandfather; and I cannot but think that her life had many trials. For she had strong family feeling, and stronger proclivities for Old-World customs and habits; and the restricted life she had to lead, with many cares and small means, must have been hard for one who had been sent to England for her education in youth, and who was not permitted by her aunt to wear a thimble lest it should injure the shape of her finger. The names of her children were Eliza, Edward, Sarah Lydia, Anne Jean, Mary, James, and Catherine. They had reason to be grateful for strong traits of character inherited from both parents.

Many interesting facts might be told about Anne Jean's ancestry to those who are curious in such lore; but, as the streams are numerous which flow into the river of human character, our arithmetic fails us when we come to trace the various lines, all more or less interesting. She herself took pleasure in thinking of the homes in the Old World, from which her mother's family, the Murrays, had sprung; but the interest was purely romantic and historic, and only helped to inspire her imagination. It was as far as possible removed from that family pride that delights to claim connection with titled or wealthy ancestry. In our late war, when all New England suffered from the lack of sympathy with our cause, shown by Old England, it was impossible for the English to understand our sensitiveness. They had no realiza-

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tion of the tenderness of our hearts towards the home we came from, nor how all descendants of the Puritans look back, as Anne Jean did, to the birthplace of their ancestors, as if they have still a belonging there; — very different from any feeling we can have about any other country. I never heard her speak of a crest or a coat-of-arms in her life; but the motto on the crest of the Hutchinson family, "*Non sibi, sed toti*," might well have stood for the watchword of her own unselfish life.

It is a little odd, that, out of one's eight great-great-grandmothers, we should select one as our especial ancestor, and prize the infinitesimal drop of her blood that has come down to us, more than an equal amount from other good sources. But the truth is, it is impossible to know much of any one whom history has not recorded; and so it is in human nature to value the known above the unknown.

The mother of Anne Jean's father, born Elizabeth Hutchinson, was a descendant of the famous Anne Hutchinson, in the fourth generation. The history of Anne Hutchinson and her tragical career has been ably treated by many historians, — Drake, Hildreth, Ellis, and Bancroft; so that it is not worth while for me to dwell on it here. In an account of the Hutchinson family, written by my cousin Sarah Howe, and in possession of my Aunt Revere, she quotes from Bancroft the following sentence: "The principles of Anne Hutchinson were a natural consequence of the progress of the Reformation. She asserted that the conscious judgment of the mind is the highest authority to itself. The true tendency of her principles is best established by examining the institutions which were founded by her followers. The spirit of the institutions founded by this band of exiles on the soil which they owed to the benevolence of the natives (Miantonomoh) was derived from natural justice. The colony rested on the principle of intellectual liberty. The colony at Rhode Island consisted of William and Anne Hutchinson, William Coddington, and John Clarke. It was ordered in their constitution, 'that none be accounted a delinquent for doctrine;' and the law for liberty of conscience was perpetuated. They were held

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together by the bonds of affection and freedom of opinion; benevolence was their rule; they trusted in the power of love to win the victory, and the signet for the State was a sheaf of arrows with the motto, '*Amor vincit omnia.*'"

A little tract was published in 1676, under the title of "A Glass for the People of New England," by S. Gorton; in which he says, "The next piece of wickedness I am to mind you of, is your barbarous action committed against Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, whom you first imprisoned, then banished, and exposed her to such desolate condition, that she fell into the hands of the Indians, who murdered her with her family."

In contemplating the furious and desperate virulence of the colonists towards Anne Hutchinson, we discern a striking illustration of the destructive influences of bigotry and persecution upon all the finer and more amiable sentiments of humanity. Indeed, no excellence of nature or of principle, no strength or refinement of character, is proof against the debasing power of intolerance. To be bigoted is to be cruel, to persecute another is to barbarize one's self. Bancroft says of the Antinomians, that "they sustained with intense fanaticism the paramount right of private judgment. The founder of this sect was Anne Hutchinson, a woman of such admirable understanding and profitable and sober carriage, that she won a powerful party in the colonies, and even her enemies could not speak of her without acknowledging her eloquence and ability. She received encouragement from Mr. Wheelwright and Governor Vane, and a majority of Boston people sustained her against the clergy. Scholars and men of learning, members of the magistracy and the general court adopted her opinions."

I would record here the noticeable fact of which my cousin makes mention, that the honored name of Edward Hutchinson was borne by the father of Anne Hutchinson's husband, who lived and died in Alford, England, not far from Old Boston, in Lincolnshire. It was very probably borne before his day, as the family can be traced back to 1282. But he was the first Edward Hutchinson we know, and the name has

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been borne by some descendant in every one of the ten generations since, — a period extending over nearly two hundred and fifty years. A grandson of Anne Hutchinson, who had the name of Edward, was one whom we should remember with peculiar gratitude. He removed to Boston in 1644–45, was chosen deputy from Boston in 1651, and in 1658, when the sanguinary laws against Quakers were made, he and his friend Thomas Clarke requested that their dissent might be recorded. The daughter of Thomas Clarke had married the son of Edward Hutchinson. In Drake's "History of Boston," he mentions that "these two eminent merchants, Thomas Clarke and Edward Hutchinson, entered their dissent against the cruel laws in regard to the Quakers, which seems a more potent expression in regard to the only men who appear to have been influenced by motives of humanity towards an oppressed class."

So much for Anne Jean's Hutchinson ancestry. I have heard her say, in later years, that the virtues of one's ancestors were as much a subject for personal humiliation as for family pride. For if we have only taken the virtues handed down to us, without adding to them or exalting them, we are like the receiver of talents who has laid them up in a napkin.

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CHAPTER II.

"Assist us, Lord, to act, to be
What Nature and Thy laws decree:
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from Thy breathing spirit came."

ANNE JEAN'S early childhood was passed on Milton Hill, and through life she retained the happiest associations with that beautiful scenery. As any other healthy child would, she lived much in the open air, and roved about the hill, rejoicing in the distant view of the Blue Hills, in one direction, and Boston Harbor in the other, and in the rising and falling tide of the Neponset below the hill, which gives such variety to the whole scene, at different hours of the day. She was a remarkably vigorous child, and delighted in climbing trees and walking on stone walls, and in all other out-of-door sports. She was a great favorite with Dr. Holbrook, who was the esteemed and beloved physician of that scattered neighborhood. He often took her in his chaise when he went to visit his patients; and in his old age he spoke to me of her beautiful childhood, her witty little remarks, and her ceaseless activity. He never tired of relating his difficulty in keeping her quiet, after she had broken her arm in falling from a stone wall, where she had climbed to witness a raising; and what a miracle it was that the bone knit so nicely, when she was in such perpetual motion.

When I was a child, and visited at the Forbes' mansion house on Milton Hill, the little old-fashioned school-house was still standing on the opposite side of the road, where Anne Jean went to school in her childhood. The little belfry, from which the bell sweetly called the

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children to school, seemed to me then a fine structure. At one time Miss Ann Bent, a woman of rare and noble character, and a life-long friend of the family, kept the school; and Anne always loved to recall the months that she passed under her instruction.

The recollections of childhood seldom leave, in later life, especially if that life be overflowing with activity, any very marked incidents to dwell on. And this was the case with Anne Jean's. She once spoke of being much pleased that, when the funeral celebration of George Washington occurred, she was dressed in white with a broad black ribbon around her straw hat, and a black sash around the waist.

Some years the family were in the habit of going into Boston in the winter, and they either took a furnished house for a few months, or went to a boarding-house. They were always forced to practise habits of close personal economy; but an open-handed hospitality, united to simplicity of living, made them rich in the best sense of the word. And so Anne grew up in an atmosphere of cordial giving; and that quality which was hers by nature and inheritance must have become a second nature, from the habitual influence of those around her. My grandmother was kind to old family friends or dependants, never forgetting the humblest servant who had at any time formed a part of the household; and Anne inherited this trait, along with that wider humanity which belonged peculiarly to her father, — a humanity that took in every one, of any name, or race, or color, that needed kindness.

When Anne was ten years old, and many years after there had ceased to be any young children in the family, my grandmother had a little daughter, whose birth excited the warmest emotions of affection and delight in Anne's heart. Her sister, my aunt Mary Revere, tells me that when it was stated in the family a month later, that the baby was to be sent to a wet-nurse who lived three miles away, Anne's grief and indignation knew no bounds. When the nurse was starting from the front door with the baby, she cried and screamed loudly, calling out,

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"I can take care of the baby, I can bring her up by hand; I know I can." And when, in spite of her protestations, both nurse and baby disappeared, she cried till she was nearly worn out. In this behavior at ten years of age, a prophetic eye might have seen a foreshadowing of that grand self-confidence that never in later years shrank from any responsibility.

After passing her childhood, alternately at the Milton village-school and a few months of nearly every year at some school in Boston, until she was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, Anne was sent to Dorchester for what was considered a rather superior course of education, at the boarding-school of Miss Beach and Miss Saunders; and there she remained two years. I have in my hand the old-fashioned blank-book, — the paper yellow with age, — on the fly-leaf of which she had printed, in large clear letters, "Ann Jean Robbins's book, at the Ladies' Academy, Dorchester; July 20th, 1803." One half of the book is taken up with sections, as they are called, describing the "Use of the Globes." And the fine, large, clear handwriting, the exact definitions of globes, spheres, properties of spheres, climates, circles, declinations, and ascensions, together with the perfect spelling, make me believe that the child of thirteen received excellent instruction at the Ladies' Academy; although she left school at sixteen, with few accomplishments, and no knowledge of languages except a small acquisition of French and Latin. Even these she valued, through life, simply because they had taught her the derivation of English words, and thereby enlarged her perfect understanding of her own language. But she left school with that acquisition of intellectual taste and higher wisdom which two years with a woman of so refined a taste and strong an influence as Miss Beach, could not fail to impart.

Her room-mate at this school was a sweet, attractive, refined little girl, two years younger than herself, named Elizabeth Beach. When they went to their room the first night of their companionship, the little girl looked at her elder acquaintance with a dawning respect, as

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BRUSH HILL HOUSE.

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she was so large and tall, and, to her eyes, almost a woman. "Which side of the bed shall I sleep, Miss Robbins?" she said deferentially. "Oh! it's perfectly immaterial to me which side you sleep," said Anne in her clear, ringing voice, "for *I always sleep in the middle.*" The next morning, when seated around the breakfast-table, the other girls eating with the pewter spoons which were thought good enough for boarding-school children of that day, — and really were so, — Anne cheerfully pulled a bright *silver* spoon out of her pocket, and began to eat her breakfast. "As long as there are *silver* spoons in the world," she said in an under-tone, "I shall eat with one; and, when there cease to be, I will put up with some inferior metal." When Anne left the Dorchester Academy, her little room-mate and she were parted, and they never met but once again in the whole course of their lives. But, sixty years after those school-days ended, an accident, or rather the good hand of Providence, led me to occupy the next house to the dear old lady, Mrs. Richard Smith, my mother's early friend. She came to offer kindness to a stranger, because she *was* a stranger; and when our conversation revealed to her that I was the daughter of her old-time companion at the Dorchester Academy, nothing could exceed her joy. She embraced my children with warmth, told them the little tales I have repeated above, and ended with saying, "Don't think, dear children, that your grandmother did not give me my full share of the bed, and more too. That was just her funny way of putting things. She was really the most generous girl in the whole school." During the two years that we were permitted to enjoy the society of this lovely old lady, we experienced untold pleasure in it, and have never ceased to mourn for her since death removed her.

On leaving school, Anne Jean did not return to the home on Milton Hill, where she was born. About the year 1805, the family removed to the Brush Hill farm, two miles and a half from Milton Hill, a place inherited by my grandmother and her sister, Aunt Forbes, and very dear to them from long and varied associations. As Brush Hill still

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remains the home of their children, I cannot help wishing to preserve some record of its history, so dear to us all. The house at Brush Hill was erected in 1734, by Uncle Smith, a sugar-refiner in Brattle Square, Boston, who was twice married, but had no children. His last wife was the widow Campbell, formerly Miss Betsy Murray, who survived him, and afterwards became Mrs. Inman. She was the aunt of Elizabeth and Dorothy Murray, and they had passed their youth with her at Brush Hill, and were warmly attached to the place. Elizabeth afterwards married our grandfather Robbins, and Dorothy became the wife of a Scotch clergyman, named Forbes, and they were the grandparents of our cousins Bennet and John M. Forbes.

A finer instance of the strength and durability of family attachments and friendships can hardly be found, than those that were formed among the young people who were brought together at Brush Hill by the marriages of Uncle Smith, and which have been handed down to this present time, from one generation to another. Uncle Smith's first wife, whose maiden name was Mary Middleton, had three nieces, — Mary, Annie, and Prudence Middleton, — who for years were inmates of Brush Hill; they were very fine girls, of strong and excellent character; and when Uncle Smith's second marriage brought to Brush Hill the two Misses Murray, an ardent attachment sprang up between the five young people, which was destined to exercise an important influence over their whole lives. One of the Miss Middletons married Mr. Lovell, and became the mother of Mrs. Pickard, who was the mother of Mary, afterwards Mrs. Henry Ware. Another was always called "Aunt Whipple," by my mother and aunts; and the third, Mrs. Bent, was the mother of Miss Ann Bent, a woman whose unique character and large benevolence will never be forgotten in the Boston circles where it was so widely cherished.

Such were some of the fine characters who had passed either the whole or a portion of their youth under the hospitable roof of Uncle Smith at Brush Hill; and the traditions of that time were still vivid and

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oft repeated when Anne Jean and her brothers and sisters went with their parents and Aunt Forbes to restore the home of their mother's youth. Brush Hill had been rented for many years, and though it was a magnificent farm of one hundred and fifty acres, with fine orchard, large garden, meadows for grazing, and lawn covered with ancient elms, it had sadly run down for want of care, and needed all the industry of the whole family to put it in the old condition of thrift and comfort it had maintained in Uncle Smith's day.

To this beautiful home, where Nature had done her best, and where the whole scene glowed with associations, came Anne Jean, at the age of sixteen, with an eye quick to perceive and a heart to feel all the glories of the landscape, and an enthusiasm and energy and health to rejoice in aiding in every possible way all the hard-working family on the Brush Hill farm. She rose early and sat up late, and no day was long enough for the varied occupations that filled the hours. But first among her self-imposed duties was the care and education of the little sister, over whom she had cried so bitterly that she was not permitted to bring her up by hand. My Aunt Revere tells me that she was full of theories of education, delighted in teaching; and, as it was very much the fashion of that day to follow Miss Edgeworth's views on these subjects, she adopted them with much enthusiasm, and was never so happy as when she had induced our cousin Emma Forbes and Mary Pickard, who were near the age of her little sister, to come and pass a few weeks, when she would practise her theories of education on all three, with great perseverance and success.

My Aunt Catherine writes: "I have some strong impressions of my childhood, but for the most part they are vague. We came to live at Brush Hill in the spring of 1805; your mother had then finished her schooling, and returned home to live. Our family was a large and confused one, with many interests to be cared for; the children all lived at home at that time, except your Uncle Edward who was away at school, and afterwards at college, and was only occasionally an

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inmate. When we came to Brush Hill, Aunt Forbes came to live with us. She had before lived in Boston, but had become too infirm to live by herself any longer. She was a settled invalid, crippled for thirty years with the gout. She never left her room, except occasionally during the warm weather, but was always to be cared for in it, food specially provided to suit her, and all the little things so helpless a person needs, to be attended to, and no special attendant to do it. Your grandmother and your Aunt Howe did it for the most part, but the others took their share of it at times. All of us were glad to sit with her, and help to entertain her and hear her Old-World stories, for she was a very bright and cheerful person who did not lose her spirits through all these many years of suffering. Your mother was thought to resemble her in temperament and in looks, more than any of the family. Except under severe attacks, which occurred two or three times a year, she saw all the visitors, and was interested in every thing that went on in the family.

"Our farm arrangements were a great care and occupation. The place had been sadly neglected for years, and your grandfather employed many men to get it into condition, and all were provided for in the house. It was not unusual for us to have eight or ten men in the summer, which complicated the house-keeping very much. I assure you the providing for numbers, caring for the house, nursing the sick, and receiving friends (which went on all the time), with a great many changes, and coming and going both in parlor and kitchen, made an establishment which required skill and industry and activity to carry on with any comfort to the members of it. Your grandmother always superintended the kitchen department herself, including the dairy; but all the daily care of the house, the sweeping and dusting, and arrangement of the table, with a small boy or girl to wait, came to the young ladies of the house, with only occasional help from the second woman. Then the sewing for so many persons — no seamstress ever called in, except a dress-maker for fitting — was no light matter, but a business

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never done, with the utmost efforts of the girls; for your grandmother never sewed. I assure you the younger members of this family were not in need of a 'career,' while they remained in it; except your Aunt Eliza, who hated domestic business, and stayed away at Hingham and other places, a great deal of the time. Your mother also visited a great deal, but when she was at home she took a full share in all these various works, and was very helpful and efficient. She taught me my early lessons, and took more care of me than any one else, and made my clothes. Then I think she learned that *peculiar style of dress-making* that you remember, exercising it upon me and certain small maids that we had at different times, to whom it was well adapted. I tell you these things, not that each one is important, but to show you that your mother's life was by no means vacant or inactive, in consequence of her isolated position here. Her music, too, was a great interest and occupation to her; she had begun to take lessons while at school at Dorchester, and continued to do so for some time after leaving there, and made a regular business of practising while she remained at home.

"Then all the family were readers, the old ladies and the young, and among them were all kinds of tastes; and they did a great deal of reading aloud, while the audience were diligently sewing. Our sister Eliza would have one kind of reading going on in her room with some of the children, and the old ladies another kind in theirs. History, philosophy, poetry, novels, and plays, each had their turn. I well remember hearing the 'Paradise Lost' read, when I was between eight and nine years old; and I received it as an authentic record of the beginning of the world, and recurred to it as such, in imagination many years after. Reading was the constant resource and amusement when the more exacting business of the day was over.

"Your mother was, as you know, very handsome and animated, and a favorite with all the family friends. She would often be invited in Boston and other places, and make up her things to wear, often out of

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remains of her mother's dress-clothes, with the least expense possible; and she looked handsomer and better dressed than many who were elaborately adorned.

"The winters of 1809 and 1810, she spent entirely in town, with an old friend of her mother's, and went constantly into society, and was much admired and attended to. The next winter she spent in New York, with the Murray relatives; she also visited her cousin James Forbes' family.

"With regard to our visitors at Brush Hill, it is difficult for me to tell you much. Your grandfather never had dinner company, or formal visiting in any way; he would bring home a stranger from town, or some person with whom he had business, to spend a night, or stay over a day, but seldom invited company on his own account. Mr. Fisher Ames, of whom Channing's biographer says that 'he held private circles and public assemblies spell-bound by the charm of his rich eloquence,' was his most intimate and life-long friend. He was a man of great ability, and rare conversational powers. He died in 1808. I do not remember ever seeing him except the last time he came to the house, when he was far gone in consumption. With Mrs. Ames we always kept up a most friendly relation; and a rare person she was: a large, stately woman with fine eyes and a remarkably dignified and gracious presence, most friendly to all sorts of people. An immense reader and an admirable talker, it was always a privilege to be with her. I do not know any one at all like her now. There was about her a certain largeness of nature that was full of repose; perfect self-possession; with great consideration for others, and desire to give pleasure and put one at their ease, entirely apart from conventional politeness.

"But the most constant visitors at Brush Hill were Mr. and Mrs. Pickard, the parents of Mrs. Ware, and other members of the Lovel family, who were often coming out from Boston in the pleasant season, and whose houses were always open to us when we went to town. The

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Miss Bents and Mrs. Barnard were cousins to Mrs. Pickard, and intimately associated with her; and there was a great deal of friendly intercourse among us all. Mrs. Pickard was more a woman of the world than Mary Ware, and not so spiritually-minded a person; but she was a very admirable woman, very agreeable in conversation, kindly in her nature, and fond of young people. She was warmly attached to your mother and aunts, and often had them to stay with her. She had been in England a great deal, and had seen something of the old world, which was a rarity then, when very few women went abroad. She took great interest in your mother and in her marriage. She died about six months after that event, deeply lamented.

"Your mother used to visit both the Perkins families. Mr. James Perkins, the grandfather of Mrs. Cleveland, was a very cultivated and agreeable man, fond of the society of women; and he liked to talk with her and make her talk, which she was never slow to do, in her early days, as well as later. The Brimmer family were among your grandmother's early friends, and when Mrs. Inches came to live in Milton, the younger members of the family became intimate with her, which intimacy lasted as long as she lived. She was a remarkably disinterested and conscientious person, always ready to serve others, though she was literally worn to death with an immense family, and with trying to do more than any mortal could.

"The Brush Hill family also kept up a great deal of friendly intercourse with the people of the town. They had quite an intimacy with the Sumner family, but none of them exercised any special influence over your mother's mind, like the other friends I have mentioned.

"I must not omit to mention the Misses Barker, also hereditary friends. They always visited at Brush Hill every year, often passing several weeks. Three single ladies of very peculiar and original characteristics, they lived in Hingham, were quite poor, owning a house but having a very small income; they lived in the most frugal but independent way. About twice a year your grandmother would go

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down to Hingham, with her chaise laden with all kinds of good things in the way of provision, to give them a little help and comfort. They were great readers, two of them especially,—readers of history and old English literature; and, when Miss Debby was eighty years old, she would repeat her favorite passages of poetry in the quaintest way. They were remarkable also for having kept up the idea of loyalty to the king all their lives, and would talk about William IV. as their liege lord fifty years after the Declaration of Independence. When they came to visit us, the talk was very much about things before the war, and the friends who went back to England, with whom they kept up correspondence.

"During the period of your mother's youth, whenever people came together, politics was the all-absorbing subject of conversation. Your grandfather was a strong federalist, and in common with others of those views, through the administration of Jefferson, when the embargo was made, and other measures carried which culminated in the war of 1812, they all felt that the country was ruined, the republican experiment had failed; and these subjects for years kept up as much excitement and as constant discussion, as slavery and the prospect of war did with us during the last conflict. This made a lasting impression on my mind, because I had a vague terror of evil to come, and knew not what it might be.

"I do not remember that the conversation at home was often on abstract subjects, or even upon religious topics; for the Unitarian controversy had not then begun, and we went to church as a habit and matter of course, without the least interest in the preaching. Your mother, even in her youth, was fond of fine preaching, and would make great efforts to go and hear Dr. Channing or Mr. Buckminster, who was a great favorite for a few years.

"In closing these brief reminiscences, I ought to mention one condition which exercised a continued influence upon the lives of all the Brush Hill family, restricting them in many ways, and occasioning a

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great deal of worry and anxiety. Your grandfather and grandmother had an ample income for many years of their married life, and lived much as they pleased; but he was a person fond of new enterprises and large experiments, which by the time they came to Brush Hill began to cause embarrassments, and later when the difficulties in business came on, and the war disturbed everybody's plans, occasioned him a great deal of trouble. In so large a family this was peculiarly trying, and could not but occasion a good deal of unhappiness. Yet it never depressed the spirits of the young people, so as to prevent their enjoying life a great deal. But it affected their general condition, and allowed them fewer indulgences than the beginning of their lives had promised."

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CHAPTER III.

And perfect the day shall be when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness must be in labor as well as in rest. Nay! more, if it may be, in labor; in our strength rather than in our weakness; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh, of reward or repose. . . . For the few who labor as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely, goodness and mercy shall *follow* them *all* the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. — RUSKIN.

ALTHOUGH my dear Aunt Catherine only wrote the letter that closes the last chapter, as a sort of guide to me in this life of my mother, and without thought of my printing it, yet I have copied it entire; for what could my imagination do towards piecing out the records of a life that went before me, that could be half as valuable as these simple outlines. I remember my mother's frequent and warm allusions to her early life, the lovely walks up and down the piazza at Brush Hill with her beloved father, the shadows of the old elms upon the lawn in the splendid moonlight evenings, the view of the distant light-houses in Boston Harbor, which they would pause in their loving talks to watch. These evening strolls on the wide piazza were brief but happy rests after days of activity and healthful toil and hours of separation, and they were enjoyed as only hours of rest from toil can be. My Aunt Mary, Anne Jean's younger sister, tells me that there was no day in summer, when it was not considered the established duty for Sally, Anne, and herself, as soon as their dinner was over, to prepare two large trays containing plates of bread and butter, cut very thin and doubled; silver baskets of cake which they had made in

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the morning, and dishes of strawberries, which they had gathered and hulled themselves. These trays, covered with white napkins, were placed in a dark, cold closet, ready for their addition of the tea-pot and pitchers of rich cream, to be brought out at evening, when the friends from Boston would be sure to come out, always a number of uninvited but most welcome guests. Cousin Mary Ware once said to me: "Oh, if I could give you a picture of the Brush Hill girls, — how they worked, how they read, what a variety of things they accomplished! There was your Aunt Howe, — Sally as they called her then; why the girls of the present day would think themselves ruined if a tenth part of what she did was expected of them! All summer she rose at four o'clock, that she might weed the strawberry beds, or make her cake, or gather the fruit, in the cool of the morning. But I have seen her many a time, when things crowded, obliged to gather the fruit under a broiling sun. But never an impatient word fell from her lips. She was one of the most self-sacrificing, hard-working, devoted creatures the sun ever shone on."

To this beloved sister Sally, nearest to her in age, and enough older for Anne Jean to look upon with a special reverence as well as affection, she owed through life a debt of love and gratitude that cannot well be computed. It is hard to speak of her as she deserves, or to find words that can describe her beautiful character. She was a person of very uncommon powers of mind; yet, the necessities of her life always obliging her to be constantly active, reading and intellectual reflection were her pastime, and rarely an occupation. She had the same ardent temperament as Anne Jean, the same deep and glowing affections, the same love of Nature, and the same appreciation for fine character. But here the resemblance ceased. For Sally was from her youth to old age a wonderfully chastened spirit, her ardor tempered by deep religious trust, her vivid imagination held in check by an excellent and considerate judgment. So rare a combination of noble qualities it is not often our fortune to meet, and Anne Jean justly

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looked upon her as a superior being; and while she valued every fine trait her sister possessed, she said in herself, "It is high, I cannot attain unto it." I can scarcely think of her, even at this distance of time, without a crowd of images forcing themselves upon my mind, full of tenderness and unspeakable pathos. In youth, the mainstay and dependence of her excellent father, the devoted care-taker of her beloved invalid aunt, the confidential friend of every brother and sister, ready to devote herself body and soul to each member of her family,—she became later in life the chosen companion and wife of one of the noblest of men, my father's cousin, Judge Howe. Not many years permitted to enjoy this rare companionship, she took up her solitary burden without a murmur, devoting herself for the remainder of her days to the care and education of her large family of children, and earning for them by personal labor a large portion of their means of support. And this hard-working woman had a thirst for knowledge, a love of intellectual pursuits, rarely to be met with. How often, when a day of toil had ended, she has sat up late at night to write a lovely story for some Fair for a charitable object for which she had no money to give, or a beautiful poem full of freshness and originality, or a volume of charades! With as bountiful and affluent a nature as Anne Jean's, and as fine health, Sally possessed a more rarely-cultivated intellect and a more delicate imagination. She was less brilliant in conversation than Anne Jean, partly from a sweet abstraction and profound humility very genuine with her. But her judgment on all matters of importance was more reliable than her younger sister's.

I never heard any one read heroic, or fine, or pathetic passages of poetry or prose in so moving a manner as my dear aunt did. She lost herself completely at such times, ceased to be, for the time being, and *was* her character. I walked into her dining-room one day at Cambridge, with a paper in my hand containing Mrs. Browning's poem, then new, of "My Kate." She had just sent off her army of

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young men from the dinner that had occupied her for hours to superintend, but laid down the dish she was removing, and read the poem. I shall never forget it, and can never read it again without recalling her tones. When she came to the line, "She has made the grass green, even here, with her grave," I could not speak, but had to leave the room.

I cannot help pausing thus over the recollection of my Aunt Howe, for her companionship and sisterly affection were so much to my mother through a long life, that they form a striking part of her history. Rarely is it permitted to one to enter into life in such precious companionship.

My Aunt Mary tells me that when Anne Jean left the Ladies' Academy at Dorchester, though only sixteen, she was and had been for two years a very large and fine girl, with the form and figure of a woman; and also, that she was very handsome. Besides the time which she now gave to the education of her little sister, her elder sisters Eliza and Sally thought it best for her own mind that she should give daily some hours to the study of metaphysics, which was considered more important then than it now is. Accordingly, the three read together with great avidity Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy," "Alison on Taste," Smith's "Theory of the Moral Sentiment," and other works of the same character. They became intensely interested both in metaphysics and ethics, and before Anne Jean was twenty years old, she had read all the authors on these subjects that were then best known. I have beside me her commonplace book of this period, a singular medley of poetry and prose, with recipes of various dishes pinned to the fly-leaves, and rare quotations from various authors. There are newspaper slips pinned to blank leaves, Bryant's earlier hymns and poems, and many fine copies of passages from her favorite authors; such as Hannah More's "Cœlebs," Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," "Ossian's Poems," &c. Several pages are devoted to Blair, wherein sincerity and truth are recommended; and a wonderfully beautiful

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"Evening Prayer," whose author is not named, fills several pages. There is a letter from Madame de Roubigné to her daughter, which reads like a translation, and is full of pious advice. Then follows what is called "A Matrimonial Chart," and "An Enigma," by Lord Byron; some lines written by Miss Cranston, wife of Professor Dugald Stewart, the four first lines of the last stanza being added by Burns, as he himself says in one of his letters. There is also, "The Burial Hymn of Sir John Moore;" "The Flower Angels," translated by Mr. George Bancroft; a poem by Professor Frisbie, and a few valuable extracts. Evidently she thought that a sonnet of her beloved sister Sally's, on the death of the old friend whom they both called "Aunt Whipple," ought to be saved from destruction by insertion here at a later day, and for the same reason I copy it: —

Lines in Memory of Mrs. Whipple.

"When the free spirit wings its heavenward flight,
And soars to realms of everlasting light,
All human praises may superfluous seem;
But memory still must dwell upon the theme
Of one whose patient virtue, kind and wise,
Humble and cheerful, was above disguise.
She drank affliction's bitter cup, and owned
The hand that gave it, and her griefs were crowned
With hopes that reached beyond the grave;
She knew her Lord, and felt His power to save.
Nor yet disowned the social ties that bind
(While being lasts) each creature to its kind,
Felt Friendship's power to soothe the wounded heart,
And knew to take the sympathizing part;
Forgave all injury, and is forgiven
If inward peace marks the sure path to heaven."

Anne Jean also kept a journal, as well as a commonplace book; but, alas! that has perished, as well as many another record of the Brush Hill life, that now never can be recalled. The time of her youth, with its varied and incessant occupations, passed swiftly by; but each

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and all were fitting her for the life of responsibility that was to come, and leaving behind recollections of useful and happy years. The winters at Brush Hill were long and cold; the appliances for heat not what they are now, the large open chimneys and wood fires being cheerful to the eye, but with their ample draughts not warming to the body. "We wore our great coats in the house half the time, Sally and I," said my mother once; "and even then could not have been warm without the active employments that kept us constantly busy." Often came from their city friends urgent invitations to pass a few weeks. Anne Jean went oftenest, because Sally could less easily be spared from household cares; but now and then they went together. In the long summer days, with all their multifarious occupations, they found time to embroider the cambric or muslin dress, which was to be their party dress the next winter, — and the only one. They chose their patterns with care, and the dress made up in the latest style of that day seemed to them very elegant. An embroidered cambric dress of exquisite fineness, and an India muslin for a change, worn with various-colored ribbons, were Anne Jean's party dresses, through several successive seasons, while going into Boston society. And few of her companions of that day were more handsomely dressed. Whenever she and Sally were in town over Sunday, it was a rare pleasure to them to go and listen to Mr. Channing and Mr. Buckminster; and at this time, although the Unitarian controversy had not then begun, was laid the foundation of that large, broad, and hearty adoption of liberal views that characterized both of their lives. Sunday had always been a dull day to them at home, listening from habit to general platitudes on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." And to have the *life* of Christ preached to them as something to be taken home to their own hearts, and lived in every fibre of their being, filled these young minds with an undying enthusiasm, and forced them to surrender every unworthy desire, and devote their lives to the highest aims. A volume of Buckminster's sermons, containing his portrait and a short

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memoir, was one of Anne Jean's most treasured books through life. She would read us certain sermons, with kindling eyes and a voice of emotion, saying, "Oh, if you could have heard *him* deliver that discourse; it loses so much in being read by another!" Buckminster's biographer says of him: "I cannot attempt to describe the delight and wonder with which his first sermons were listened to by all classes of hearers. The most refined and the least cultivated equally hung upon his lips. The attention of the thoughtless was fixed; the gayety of youth was composed to seriousness; the mature, the aged, the most vigorous and enlarged minds were at once charmed, instructed, and improved."

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CHAPTER IV.

THERE are very few of Anne Jean's letters during the period of her youth left, but I shall insert those few in this memoir, not because they are of special interest, but because they were *hers*. And even though written, as most of her letters were through life, in the careless haste of a person whose thronging occupations made time of value, they are still genuine, simple effusions that will show her grandchildren how little she was ever occupied with herself, and how deep was her interest in others. In the piles of her letters I have read over, I am struck with the fact that no trace of ill-will or discontent ever appears in them. It seems to have required more words for people to express their ideas in the style of that day than now, and one sometimes tires of what seems so diffuse. And yet there is something of the stateliness and dignity of a former time left in my mother's and aunt's letters, which is very interesting. The first note was written to her Aunt Forbes, when stopping in Boston on her way to Hingham to visit the Misses Barker, not long after leaving school, about 1804 or 1805, when she was sixteen years old.

PEARL STREET, BOSTON.

According to your request, my dear aunt, I will relate what has occurred to me in this great town. I came to Mr. Lovell's to breakfast; sat till eleven with Mrs. Pickard; then waited on Mrs. Perkins: she had been down stairs, and was then lying down. I then passed on to Mrs. Powell's, and had a chat with her, and engaged to breakfast

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with — who do you think? It is impossible you should make any conjecture, and I will relieve your mind, — *Judge Powell!* He arrived on Wednesday, passed the evening at Mr. Lovell's, and Mrs. Pickard engaged him to meet mamma on Friday. I am half in love: he is a charming man; he came at twelve and sat till one o'clock; but I was gadding after a shawl, and a very smart one, I have purchased. In the afternoon Mrs. Pickard, Mary, and myself walked to see Mrs. Dix. I think her much altered since I last saw her; she is getting a nurse for her child. Returned to tea, and Mrs. Whipple passed the evening with us. This morning, Saturday, kept my appointment, and have only to regret its short duration; for I found by Mr. Gay the packet was going early; made a hasty breakfast, and returned to Pearl Street, and sat down to perform my promise to you. I had scarcely finished three lines when the coach came, and I was hurried off. My time was so short I could not call at your friend Paine's, but will when I return. I have engaged a proxy, and hope she will be intelligible to you. My haste I have transmitted to her, as there is danger of missing Mercury, *alias* Nat Ford. I have forgot the most important news: I have had a letter from Eliza; they were still at Mrs. M——y's. E.'s heart is at home, and I expect her person will be there before long. Mr. Bent of S. is dead; and there is a letter from C. L., who was well in August. Respects and love to mamma. Kiss my dear Kate, and accept the love and good wishes of

Your affectionate niece,

ANNE JEAN ROBBINS.

By her proxy, MARY PICKARD,
who is, with much respect, the lady's most obedient servant.

Anne, in after life, often spoke of her visits to Hingham, as among the delightful episodes of her youth. She said that Hingham resembled "Cranford" more than any place she ever saw, and that there was quite as much that was quaint and original and intellectually

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bright in the society there, were there only a historian like Mrs. Gaskell to take it off. And I have no doubt when she returned to Brush Hill she did take it off, to the untold amusement of her Aunt Forbes and her sisters. I have often heard her say of certain habits of people who visited Northampton, or of certain conversation, "Oh, that's *so* Hinghamy!" Or, "It is not possible for you to understand *that*, because you never stayed in Hingham." In one of her visits there, she met a brother of Mr. Andrews Norton; and I remember her telling me how he came in one day, and found the young ladies in a house he visited very busy embroidering mourning pieces, — a fashion of that time, in which very tall women with short waists and long black dresses were always standing weeping by a monument. The young girls asked Mr. Norton to compose a verse for them to have inscribed on their mourning-piece. He hastily seized a piece of paper, and wrote these lines: —

> "In useless labors all their hours are spent,
> They murder Time, then work his monument."

In these visits to Hingham, Anne Jean often also met Henry and William Ware, — boys some years younger than herself. "I was often permitted by Mrs. L.," she said, "to wash their faces, or tie up their shoes, or help them off to school. And they were such little gentlemen, so good and so grateful for any small attention, I thought it a great privilege."

The letter that follows was written from Brush Hill, at a later date, to her sister, who was then staying at Hingham: —

To Miss Eliza Robbins.

Brush Hill, Wednesday, March 15, 1808.

My dear Eliza, — Experience has taught you sufficiently the state of Brush Hill for me to give you any thing new upon the occurrences which it is subject to; they still remain monotonous and uninteresting; we are all well and negatively happy. Since my return from Boston,

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three weeks since, I have been out of the house to make a visit but once. Our new neighbors, Mr. W.'s family, were then my object; I was charmed by the beauty and unaffected diffidence of the girls, to which was added the most active industry. I was sorry to hear their mother say (who interested me more from the warmth with which she spoke of her children than any other circumstance) she had moved to Milton entirely for their advantage, hoping to polish their manners by refined society, and cultivate their tastes by a familiar intercourse with it. I said nothing to discourage her, but think time will prove to her how mistaken the calculation. Mr. S.'s family are so engrossed by their *genteel* acquaintances, and the very flattering reception they met with among their Boston friends, that they have had very little to do with us who are quite in a different style. We tried to give a party yesterday, but could get nobody to come but Mrs. S. and Mrs. W. The only new thing that has or is going to take place in this town is C. H.'s marriage, which has not interested me very much. It is a very long time since we have heard from Mrs. Willard; and I wish, when you write again, you would say whether Mrs. Cushing went, and what you have heard respecting Mrs. Barker, for I apprehended great depression of spirits must have been caused by the news of her mother's death, which must have been very unexpected to her. If you could be made comfortable here, I should very earnestly desire your return; but am quite reconciled to the absence of my sisters (much as I love them), upon the ground that their happiness is promoted by it. I am going into Boston in about ten days, to a ball at Mrs. Arnold Welles's, till which time I shall be assiduous as I have been for the last month in the care of the little girls, who I have been (I think) successful in improving very much; and I should be very well content to make that my future employment could I have insured to me such pupils as Emma and Kate. Mary does not begin to think of leaving home yet, but I suppose the first visit she makes will be at Hingham. I heard Mrs. Barnard say she expected you would make her a visit

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when you returned from Hingham, but I hope you will come home first. Ask the Miss Barkers if none of them think of making us a visit? Mamma says so long a time never elapsed since she was married without her seeing Miss Sally. I wish, too, that you could secure the promise of a visit from Mary Thaxter and Peggy Cushing, to whom I beg you will remember me affectionately. Nothing tends to warm my heart more than the idea of the remembrance and affection of those who are away from me; and I beg you will continue to give me proofs of yours; and believe me, affectionately yours,

ANNE JEAN.

During the winters of 1808 and 1809, Anne's elder sisters, Eliza and Sally, had visited their relatives in New York, and enjoyed a great deal in the society of many superior people. While they were visiting at Mrs. Kane's, they went out a great deal, and constantly met Washington Irving, Mr. Paulding, and Jeffrey, who was still there, with many other of the literary men of that day. It was the period of the "Salmagundi," in which Sally took a lively interest; and when she returned to her isolated, hard-working life at Brush Hill, she set about privately editing a little paper for herself and her friends, which she called "The New Salmagundi," to which she and her friend, Eliza Cabot, were the principal contributors. It afforded them much pleasure, and, no doubt, gave them great facility in writing criticisms, essays, and poems. But in one of Sally's letters to Miss Cabot, she states that her sister Eliza has cast great indignity on "The New Salmagundi," and has even gone so far as to call her, the worthy editor, "Sally McGundy." Still they seem to have continued the little paper for some years.

In the winters of 1809 and 1810 Anne Jean was invited to visit New York, and the following letters were written during those visits: —

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To Miss Eliza Robbins.

New York, December 30, 1810.

My dear Eliza, — It was with much regret I left Boston without seeing you again, as it prevented me from soliciting the favor of your correspondence during my visit in this place. Much engrossed as you must necessarily be in your present pursuit, you are not, perhaps, entirely indifferent to the happiness of *one* who will ever feel her own inseparably connected with the interest of those between whom Nature has so kindly placed the bond of sisterhood, — a tie, my dear Eliza, never so sensibly felt by me as in the present instance. How is it that distance, merely the effect of a wider space existing between us, should produce so strong a conviction of our dependence on one another? This I certainly feel, but cannot tell why.

I arrived in New York on Thursday, and received the cordial welcome of sixteen who called me cousin. I found Mrs. M. quite sick with a cold, and A. P. acting in character of housekeeper with great dignity. She is in every thing the reverse of what she has been represented to me. She is not handsome, but, in every sense of the word, good-looking, well-behaved, though not polished; appears to be thoroughly versed in every branch of housekeeping, and very amiable, though not very literary.

On Friday evening J. M. carried us to the theatre; himself and Cousin J. are both pleasant lads, but not very interesting. Yesterday we went to Mrs. B.'s coronation and fair, which was for the benefit of the poor. I was extremely entertained and pleased with this exhibition, and am inclined to think better of the whole system than I was before I came here; it is very little approved by the people here generally. Mrs. B. delivered an address, which I did not think a very extraordinary production, though it drew tears from almost everybody but myself. She told them she had no other end in view than their improvement; and, so far from making any thing by her profession,

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this year had brought her in debt fourteen hundred dollars. . . . I wish you had been with me to have witnessed the various conveniences for conveying instruction; among which was a magic lantern, by which means she displays to them, by the aid of very fine prints, every battle which occurs in the course of the history which they are reading. The queen recited a piece of Mrs. B.'s own composition, which I shall send to you if I can procure it.

I passed last evening at Cousin J. F.'s with a party, some of whom were very agreeable people. Mrs. Pascal Smith, Miss Sands, and Mrs. Prime promised to call on me, and were very civil; as was Mrs. Howell, who inquired for you. Mr. Goodhue and Mr. Swett, of Salem, were very polite to me upon the strength of my having come from the northward, — a combination of which circumstances rendered this evening very pleasant. I met with Miss Gibbs at the theatre, and was invited to see them. The famous Cooke performed, to the admiration of every one who saw, except myself, — who had seen Cooper in the same character, and dared to think him preferable. As I have a number of letters to write besides, and have been in New York but three days, hardly time to look about me, I must close, with a request that you will believe me most affectionately yours,

ANNE JEAN ROBBINS.

To her Sisters.

NEW YORK, January 6, 1811.

MY DEAR SISTERS, — I feel truly mortified and hurt that a fortnight should have elapsed without my receiving any intelligence from you. Mr. M. lives directly opposite to the post-office, and I have watched the arrival of the mail with no small share of disappointment, when I found I was not remembered. As there are few pleasures I can purchase here (at any rate) equal to that of hearing of the welfare of my friends at home, I hope you will not deny me that as often as once a fortnight.

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Thus far (with the exception of the little misery just mentioned), I have been perfectly happy. Nothing can exceed the harmony and good order of this family, or the kindness and unremitting attention they have shown me, which is a great deal more than I can wish, because a great deal more than I shall ever have it in my power to repay. They both discover the same interest in my amusements that I might expect if I were their child, and the same anxiety lest I should deny myself any thing for their convenience. Mrs. M. will not suffer me to dress myself to go out, without a fire in my chamber; with a great many other indulgences which it would be uninteresting to name.

Thursday last was to the fashionable part of New York a memorable day; and was by me pretty much given up to the vanity of running about the streets with J. B. M., for the purpose of learning the way to different places, and preparing for the evening. Mrs. D. gave me a very flattering invitation to go with her to Mrs. G.'s (the bride), which, added to the request of Mr. W., her father, induced me to go. A fire took place about eight in the evening (which was the time appointed for making this call), and prevented our going till nine, when we found all that call themselves great in this place assembled; but there was nothing at Mr. W.'s half as splendid as I have often witnessed in Boston. At ten they all left Mr. W.'s for the ball, where I had been invited to go with J. M. in company with the bride's party. I had only time to dance two cotillons before supper, which was at eleven. J. K., who is now a married man and a papa, and J. M. were my partners; though Mr. G. (a brideman) was my standing beau for the evening. As far as variety could be agreeable, this evening was, which wound up with my taking a violent cold; as also did A. P., who went to the ball after a great struggle on the part of her uncle G., with Mrs. J. W. Miss Sally Gracie has since called on me, and invited me to a ball at her house for to-morrow; which I should have declined on A. P.'s account, but Mrs. M., with whom she is not a favorite, would not permit me to. A. is a clever girl, but not very fascinating in her ex-

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terior. John warns me not to quarrel with her, which I am very sure I never shall, though he occasionally amuses himself that way. Mr. D. has made me frequent calls, but, as he is rather funny, Mrs. M. is very well pleased with him. Mr. G. also has her sanction for visiting here. Mrs. Pascal Smith and her daughter, Mrs. and Miss Sands, with the Misses Gibbs, have also called on me. Mrs. Fanny Forbes has made me a very handsome bonnet, and has been wonderfully kind in lending me a pair of bracelets, which were very essential. I wish you would send to the G.'s those old-fashioned gold earrings with the *diamond* in them (for those I have are not considered smart enough by J. G. F. and his wife); and they will forward them to me by some private opportunity. I should like also to have the "Deerfield Collection" sent at the same time, which, when I go to J. B.'s, will be a very agreeable companion to me. You must not expect many mental acquisitions, for this is not a family to promote it; but I have read "The Man of the World," Young's "Revenge," Lowthe's "Choice of Hercules," Shenstone's "School-Mistress," and Mrs. Barbauld's poems, all of which I am very much delighted with. Now, for all this nonsense, I expect a rational, serious letter, such as perhaps I shall write after hearing Dr. Romeyn a few times more.

I am yours, with a great deal of love to mamma and papa, and all the rest of the family. Tell Edward and James I wish they would both write to me.

To Mrs. Robbins.

New York, Tuesday, January 8.

My dear Mother,—I received your kind letter just after I had finished one to the girls, and was preparing to go to Miss Gracie's party, from which I could not anticipate much pleasure (at that time), so very anxious was I to hear from home; and though I regretted very much a part of the information which you communicated, yet, upon the whole, my mind was relieved of a very great burden. The entertainment at Mr. A. G.'s was not more extraordinary or expensive than

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I have often met with in Boston, and the ladies (generally speaking) neither as handsome nor as well-dressed as the Bostonians; but the splendor of the house, and the taste and elegance of the furniture, surpassed any thing I have ever met with. I was never treated with such unreserved and flattering attention in any party where I was myself a stranger. The ladies or gentlemen who are next you never wait for an introduction before they converse with you, but seem to think their being nearest sufficient to sanction a mutual interchange of civilities, which entirely excludes that stiffness and ceremony which I think characterize our Boston parties. Mrs. Derby constituted all the beauty there was there, and was kind enough to take me in her train. Mrs. Gracie is a very pleasant, agreeable woman, as is her daughter likewise.

A. P. is now at Green Vale, where I expect to go next week. I have not met with any young people in New York, that please me more than Mr. J. B. M.'s family, who have shown me every possible attention since I came to this place. The weather has been such as to prevent my walking about much, so that I have seen very little of the city. I have spent one evening and one day at Mr. ——'s, and never saw so completely childish a couple, or children so perfectly *Satanic;* for I know no other term sufficiently expressive of their ridiculous behavior.

Mrs. W. is quite well, and desires to be remembered to you and aunt; she appears to be very pleasantly situated, though I am told he has failed. I drank tea at Mr. J. McC.'s on Sunday, with Miss N., who appears to be perfectly satisfied with presiding over a dozen children of all sizes and ages; as four of Mr. M.'s children live in town. Miss McC. with her sister Mrs. M. desired to be remembered to you.

For further particulars respecting the manner in which I have passed my time, I must refer you to S. and M.'s letter. I shall be disappointed if I do not receive a letter by the 14th of this month; and you may be sure of receiving one from me before the 20th.

Mr. Murray requests you will pay Mrs. Pickard six dollars for him, which he will either return to me or you when next you meet.

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A letter which I wrote to Aunt, to go by private hand, was accidentally, through the mistake of the boy who lives here, put into the post-office; but I suppose has not reached her.

I am, with the most sincere affection, yours,

ANNE JEAN ROBBINS.

P. S. I am going to-day to look for Mrs. Pickard's bag, which I should have done before, had it not been for the badness of the walking.

To Miss Sally Robbins.

SATURDAY, January 25th.

I have this moment received your letter, my dear sister, which I think you will readily believe gave me a great deal of pleasure, though I am grieved to hear of the approaching death of that interesting youth H.; and also regret the imputation of negligence in writing, which I fear has been brought upon me in consequence of your not having received earlier intelligence concerning myself and friends. You say I have not taken any comparative view of New York with Boston. Indeed, if you mean the city itself, I have not had it in my power, for there has not been but three pleasant days since I came here, and those I could not walk out to look at the city in, for want of somebody to accompany me; so that I can only judge of the manners of the people, which are very various, as in most other places. I have met with a great many agreeable and a great many disagreeable people, and, I am sure, the greatest proportion of ugly women I ever saw in my life.

Mrs. Derby was very much admired, as you may suppose, for possessing so rare a quality as beauty. Miss Sally Gracie and Miss Rhinelander, with our cousins Anne Jean and Eliza M., are the only tolerably pretty girls I have met with; and at large parties there is never a belle in the room, which you know is very essential in exciting a general interest, and which we are never deficient of (you know) in Boston. The manners of those that I have become much acquainted with are easy and unreserved; much more so than I think those of the Boston

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ladies generally are to strangers. But I meet (that is to say, I see) a great deal more of rudeness and familiarity between those that are called fashionable people, than I ever witnessed in Boston. Mr. ——, who is one of the greatest beaux in the city, does not mind roaring like a lion, for the entertainment of a large company, by the half hour; and is very much encouraged by the ladies, by whom he is very much admired. He is courting Miss ——, who is just like himself.

On Monday last I passed the day at Mrs. J. G. F.'s, who is extremely kind and attentive to me, and as amiable as ever. On Tuesday I was at a very splendid party at Mr. Howell's. There I met with Colonel Berkeley and his lady, with many others of equal rank. We had no other entertainment than music, which I, being tired of, at ten o'clock left for the peaceful fireside of Mr. Murray, who continues to be the most invariably attentive kind friend I ever met with. On Wednesday I went to a very agreeable party at Mrs. Pascal Smith's; and on Thursday A. and myself went to Mrs. P.'s, where I commenced a very *intimate* acquaintance with a Miss P., who though very plain I found very agreeable. She has seen a great deal of the world, and been extremely well educated. She called on me the next morning, and gave me an invitation to see her. Friday I went to Mrs. Sands', where Mrs. Prime, Mrs. Ward, and Miss Rhinelander formed the whole party. Mrs. S. entertained us with music, and Miss F. with a great deal of nonsense. I am going to Madame Jervais's dancing-school ball this evening with Mrs. P., to see her children perform; not for my own entertainment I am sure, for I am worn out with visiting, which I trust will cease by next week. But both Mr. and Mrs. Murray are so very desirous that I should see and hear every thing that is going on, that they will not permit me to refuse any invitations which I receive. If you had been witness to the variety of interruptions that I have been subject to since I began this letter, you would not be surprised at the mistakes, inaccuracies, and nonsense it contains. Miss A. P. is generally most agreeable when I wish to write, which is always in the par-

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lor; and J. most noisy, though let me tell you a very fine young man, divested of some few affectations which I believe are peculiar to his age rather than any real fault in his disposition.

Yours, ANNE JEAN.

I shall write to Mrs. B. and Mrs. W. by the same opportunity. Write me if Aunt ever received my letter.

MY DEAR SALLY, — Though I had closed my letter (for I was going out), upon a second perusal of yours, I determined to open it, to inform you that my opinion respecting the earrings perfectly coincided with your own. But Mr. J. G. F. undertook to prove that those I had were not fit to wear into company, and that I must get another pair, which I refused to do; telling him that I would send for others that he might have a choice which I should wear. And he is very much satisfied with those you sent me, which are not at all out of place for this city.

To Miss Eliza Robbins.

SUNDAY, 27th.

Your letter, my dear Eliza, I received more than a week ago, nor was cause for pleasure more opportunely administered. For although all which surround me are pleasant and excite my esteem, there are none who invite my confidence, none to whom it would be proper to make known the daily impressions made by the circumstances which take place, or the actions of those who come immediately in contact with me. Nor is there any who have the same kind of feelings to repose in a sympathetic heart, unless I except ——, who has been so unfortunate in domestic life as never to have met with any one so much disposed to be his friend as I am. He has a mind calculated to receive pleasure from a continual interchange of social endearments, which an absence from his father in early life prevented him from receiving, and the misfortune of living with indifferent people was an

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equal prevention of. Mrs. —— is a good step-mother, and any inattention towards —— proceeds entirely from his own unengaging conduct towards her, which arises from a thorough contempt he conceived before he became acquainted with her, and which has produced an unwillingness in him to look upon or treat her as his mother, — which, I am sure, the goodness of his heart would have led him to have done had she been a different kind of woman. He conceives of a life without sympathy very much as you and I do; which is to be as bad, or, to say the least of it, as cruel a state of existence as a mind of sensibility can be subjected to. This amiable youth's situation teaches me to appreciate the invaluable blessing of brothers and sisters who, though their fate is often the cause of anxiety, still affords more than an equivalent in the pleasure they give; from them, my dear Eliza, we are sure of indulgence to our faults, and interest in our happiness. We are very apt to require blindness to our imperfections rather than a toleration towards them, accompanied by discrimination.

Your observation respecting the situations which preclude correct views of the prevailing characteristics of such a place as this is, applies perfectly well to mine; for, as yet I have not had an opportunity of judging of any thing that did not relate to the fashionable world, which, you know, is contained in a very contracted sphere. I went out to large parties, though not with my own consent, I assure you, every afternoon last week. There is but one respect in which I prefer the New York society to Boston, which is the estimation in which they hold a stranger's rights,—the manners of which universally proclaim that "stranger is a sacred name." I have never met any lady or gentleman who have not treated me as their friend. Perhaps this is a prevailing hypocrisy, but it is very flattering, and makes us feel satisfied with ourselves. My dear E., I did not intend to have sent you any blank paper, but the multitude and noise of the present company must prevent my saying more than that I am yours,

ANNE JEAN ROBBINS.

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P. S. — Noise having subsided, I will answer some of the inquiries contained in your letter. I have heard Dr. Romeyn preach ever since I came, who is not to be compared with President Kirkland, Mr. Channing, or Mr. Buckminster. As it respects professional men, I have never seen any except Mr. ——, at whose house I have been. He is a very agreeable man, and has been very polite to me, but talks nothing but politics; and, I should judge from every thing that surrounds him, is a man very much embarrassed, — which is a prevailing opinion here, — which could not have had a more striking confirmation than permitting a girl of sixteen years of age to marry a man of forty. A. P. is a very clever, uninteresting young lady, whose jealousy of the attentions paid to me makes me quite miserable. I have seen L. P. and her sister a number of times; she is quite low-spirited.

To Miss Sally Robbins.

GREEN VALE, January 18, 1811.

I received your letter, my dear sister, last evening, which would have produced no other than sensations of pleasure had it not informed me that you had never heard from me; which was truly mortifying, as I have written seven letters since I have been in this place. For, amidst all the dissipation which has been offered, there is none from which I can derive so much pleasure as that of communing with the friends from whom I am separated. It is only a repetition of what I have before communicated, to tell you that I have received a great deal of attention which was altogether unexpected, and, I am very sure, totally unmerited. The meeting so many of my Boston acquaintances, who have *here* really acted in the character of friends, has greatly contributed to my comfort and happiness. Mrs. D. introduced me to her sister, Mrs. C., who is a very charming woman, and I should consider her a great acquisition to my acquaintance, had it not been for that unfortunate enmity which exists between herself and my relations here. Last Saturday, A. P. and myself were at a small party at her

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house, which has been as pleasant as any one I have been at. I there met with Mrs. Patterson, whom you may have heard Eliza speak of. On Sunday (after a personal invitation from Mrs. Prime, who called on me a short time after I arrived), I went to Mr. Prime's, where I spent the day; which would have been very pleasant to me on any other, for not going to church was a disappointment which nothing but bad weather could have reconciled me to, as that alone would have prevented my walking out, and she was so polite as to send her carriage.

I have not been free from a bad cold since I have been here, which has led me to decline an invitation from that *odious* little Mrs. ——, and the last public assembly, which were for last evening and the evening before. Mrs. H. called on me, and afterwards sent me an invitation for a ball at her house on Monday next, which I should not have accepted on account of very rude treatment to A. P.; but both Mr. M. and Mr. F. would not permit me to do otherwise. The attention I received, though truly flattering to my vanity, is, upon the whole, painful to me, as A. P. seldom shares in it, which keeps her in a kind of misery she cannot conceal nor I alleviate. A. possesses a jealousy of disposition, which is her greatest fault. But the consequences to herself, I am sure, are a sufficient punishment, without the reproof she too often receives from the most amiable of men, her uncle; whose attentions to me, with that of both Mrs. M. and J., she is as much displeased with as with those of indifferent people. But I expect, by constant kindness and attention (which, I am sure, my own feelings towards her will induce me to pay), to dispel all those sensations which now cause her so much uneasiness. I have been extremely happy ever since Monday at Green Vale; both A. J. and E. must have improved astonishingly since you saw them. A., without any remarkable natural endowments, has the most judgment, and the most firmly-fixed good principles of any young person I ever met with. She is a most indefatigable and patient instructress to three children, the two eldest of whom are Emma and Catherine's age, who stammer out words of two syllables all the fore-

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noon for my amusement. E. is the industrious manager and housewife of the family. They both daily regret that they cannot become Calvinists, which is all that is wanting to make them perfect in Dr. Romeyn's eyes. Owing to my wicked influence they concluded to go to a party this evening, instead of going to Dr. Romeyn's lecture; and have promised to go to the next assembly with me, to the astonishment of all their friends.

All our cousins desire their love to you and the rest of the family. Do remember me particularly to Mrs. Inches, and to all my other friends who expressed an interest for me, — Mrs. W. excepted, to whom I wish you would give a great deal of love, and say I mean to write. The G.'s have got a bundle for you, which I hope you have received before this. Do, to oblige me, call on Mrs. P.; you can't conceive how melancholy she made me feel the last time I saw her. My best love to mother and father, and all the rest of the family, particularly aunt, to whom I have written. To mamma I have written twice. I received a letter from school-ma'am, though none from master, last week. Tell James I prefer LOVE to RESPECTS.

Yours, my dearest sister,

ANNE JEAN.

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CHAPTER V.

Let other bards of angels sing
  Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
  Rejoice that thou art not!

Such if thou wert in all men's view,
  A universal show,
What would my fancy have to do,
  My feelings to bestow?

WORDSWORTH.

IT was in the spring of 1811 that Anne Jean, after passing some months under the hospitable roof of her cousins in New York, accompanied them to the early home of Mrs. Murray, at Green Vale, Connecticut. From her own letters it is easy to see that her visits in New York had been crowded with gayety, and filled with kind attentions of numerous friends. That she owed these attentions to her own personal beauty or talents in conversation, or other attractions, never seems to have crossed her mind. She was at all times simple and unconscious, which constituted one of her greatest charms. My aunts have told me what I never could have learned from herself: that she had many admirers, both in Boston and New York society, and that she was solicited to remain for life in either city. But it does not appear that her heart responded to any of these appeals.

It was at Green Vale that she met her fate. Among the guests at Mr. Bronson's came Judge Lyman, of Northampton, with his eldest daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, to pass a week. He went to see his friend on banking business, little expecting to find there his future

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partner for life. He was soon attracted by her beauty and her superior conversation; and she, on her part, was inspired with a most ardent love and admiration for the man who was old enough to be her father.

I dare not trust myself to speak of him even now, but must use the words of another, — our beloved pastor, Mr. Rufus Ellis, — written long after his death, to show that the young girl loved one who might well have been the ideal of the most enthusiastic youthful fancy: "To many, many hearts the words 'Judge Lyman' are charmed words. They call up the image of one, the manly beauty of whose person was but the fit expression of a most noble soul; they recall a man singularly gifted and singularly faithful, — a thinker, clear-sighted, yet reverent, — a lover of religious liberty, yet only for the pure Gospel's sake; a devoted friend, a self-sacrificing philanthropist, an ardent patriot, a man diligent in business, yet ready to meet the largest demands of every hospitable office; a cheerful giver, one who made virtue venerable and lovely by the uniform dignity, grace, and courtesy of his manners, and by the sweetness of his speech; a man whose moral and social qualities so occupied attention, that we could hardly do justice to a very wise, discriminating, and cultivated intellect."

When the news of Anne's engagement to Judge Lyman, of Northampton, reached Brush Hill a few weeks later, the sisters were thrown into a state of much excitement and commotion. But their feelings are well described in a letter written by Sally to Eliza, who was then absent at Hingham: —

Miss Sally Robbins to Miss Eliza Robbins.

Brush Hill, July 24, 1811.

Dear Eliza, — In these hours of more than common agitation, I think you will like to know what is going on, and what my opinion upon the subject is. Last Saturday evening as I was sitting, watching for the return of pa, ma, and Mr. Forbes, some one drove up,

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and I thought it was Mr. F., and addressed him as such, when much to my surprise the answer was in Judge Lyman's voice. The family collected in the course of the evening, and the Judge, Mr. Forbes and son, and our own two boys were here all Sunday. John Knapp breakfasted here, and James Lovell and wife took tea here; so that, amid the whole of it, I was not very sorry that Anne was not here. Monday he went into town and brought her out. She introduced him to some of her friends there, — the thing took air, and is now circulated far and wide. Yesterday they spent the afternoon in riding together, and called at Mr. James Perkins's, and at Mr. Prince's; and to-day they have gone into Boston together again. As you must have perceived, she is very much pleased with it herself. *I* should like it better if she did not express it so openly; and it is mysterious to *me* how a handsome young woman, who has been caressed by the world as she has, should be so flattered and delighted with the love and admiration of a man old enough to be her father. Sometimes I feel grieved that she should undertake such cares, and such responsibility. Sometimes I feel angry that she should allow this prepossession apparently to occupy every feeling of her heart, and so entirely to engross and swallow up every other, as never to have named as a privation that she has to remove a hundred miles from all she has formerly known and loved. Indeed, I do not think that if he was five-and-twenty, unincumbered, handsome and rich, good and estimable, that she could have been more pleased with it, or decided upon it with less reflection. Sometimes I am pleased that she is to be so well provided for, to have so excellent a guardian, and so kind a friend. Amid these various sensations I am in constant agitation, and really do not know how to set myself about any thing. Thus much I have to comfort me: in my disinterested estimate of the character of the man, I do not think that I could desire a better one for the dearest friend I have on earth. Respectable talents, chastened sensibility, and pure benevolence beam from his countenance, and enliven his conversation.

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But twenty-one years is an awful chasm in human life, and five children a great charge! I will not "forecast the fashion of uncertain evil," but trust all to the mercy of that God whose protection has hitherto been abundantly granted to us. With respect to his proposals, nothing can be more entirely honorable; he wishes that a speedy close may be put to the matter. We wish to have Anne make a visit at home first. Pa's opinion corresponds exactly with mine; he says nothing would have induced him to consent, but a knowledge of how good a man he is.

Surely this summer is the most eventful period of my life; it commenced with sickness, death, and sadness; it advanced in dulness and retirement. My dear James's new establishment prompts some hopes and excites some fears, — and now agitation has ensued, and matrimony will close the scene.

Good-by; I shall write again soon. I do not know how long the Judge will stay, but I guess not a great many days longer.

Yours ever,

S. L. Robbins.

Mrs. Whipple sends her love. We long to see you.

The allusion in this letter to the sickness and death that had occurred in the family at Brush Hill was that of Aunt Forbes, who ended her life of suffering in the spring of 1811, and died, deeply lamented by all her nieces. I have heard my mother say that it seemed to close one of the most interesting chapters of their early life. There had always been an atmosphere of romance about her, because in youth she had lived in remote parts of the world. Her three children, born in distant countries, she had never once seen together. For many years crippled with rheumatic gout, she was always full of cheer and sympathy for the young, and a bright light seemed to go out from their home when she had left it. A full-length portrait of her by Copley, taken when she was sixteen years old, still hangs in the dining-room at Brush Hill. The face is full of character, vivacity, and sweetness.

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On the 30th of October, 1811, Anne Jean Robbins became the wife of Judge Lyman, of Northampton; and bidding farewell to father and mother, brothers and sisters, and troops of friends, she went to her new home on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, "a hundred miles from all she had formerly known and loved." It makes us smile now in these days of railways and rapid transition, and constant travel, to think that this removal seemed so serious a distance, in the minds of the sisters. But we should remember that it was then a long, tedious, and expensive journey, taken in a stage-coach; also that a letter sent by post cost twenty-five cents, so that the means of communication were very infrequent. One continually finds reference in the letters of that time to the fact of having found an opportunity to send a letter; a rare and delightful circumstance.

From this time on I shall no longer speak of Anne Jean, but shall tell her story as that of my mother; although I was the youngest but one of her children, and therefore must continue my narrative for some years mainly from the anecdotes of others, or from her own letters.

Probably no young girl ever more completely realized the glowing dreams of youth than did my mother in her marriage; and, certainly, she "builded better than she knew" when, with her free and untrammelled nature, her warm and impulsive temperament, she chose the companionship of the country gentleman of already established reputation, to that of any city-bred man in whose home the formalities of wealth and fashion would have been, under the best of circumstances, a burden and a trial to her. For although there were people who called my mother aristocratic, it was only because they did not know her. A certain grandeur of manner, nobility of figure and outline, a flow of elegant English in conversation, may have given that impression to a casual visitor; but no friend or neighbor in Northampton during all her life there but saw and knew that she was essentially a woman of the people; full of sympathy for all classes and degrees, claiming no

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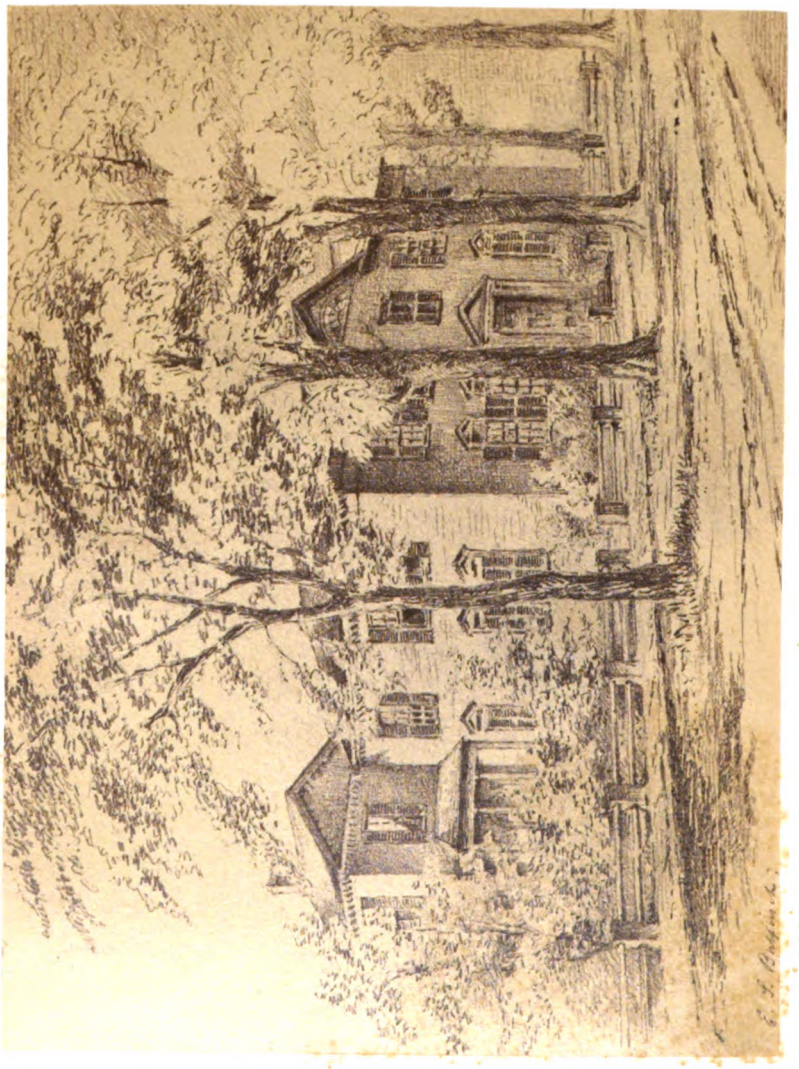

JUDGE LYMAN'S HOUSE.

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superiority in any department, and having no higher aim than to light and warm the neighborhood where God had placed her. I have often thought how lost her talents would have been on any other scene of action than just the one where she was placed; how the utter absence of care for externals would have been noted as a fault rather than a virtue in a different state of society; how those little beneficences, which flowed from her as naturally as the air she breathed, would never have been desired or appreciated among the denizens of cities or of fashionable life. I count her to have been happy also in the period in which she lived, as well as the home in which her lot was cast. All times are good, but for her peculiar nature and disposition no time could have been better.

Northampton was at that period one of the most beautiful of New England villages. My father's house stood in the very centre, — a large, old-fashioned square house, with a wing on each side back from the main building. Each wing had a little covered porch looking out into the main street. A small yard on one side separated the house from a brick store, whose upper floor was occupied by a printing office. The other side-yard was much larger and more rural. There was almost a grove of beautiful acacias there, and in the little front enclosure was a tulip-tree and many flowering shrubs; a row of five horse-chestnuts and a large elm shaded and protected the house somewhat from the glare and dust of a main street. Had it not been for the kind thoughtfulness and perseverance of our sister, Mrs. Joseph Lyman, we should never have had the picture of that happy home at the opening of this chapter. The outlooks from the house were all charming. On the opposite side of the street, and separated from it by one of the loveliest front yards, stood our neighbor's, Mr. Eben Hunt's. That place was always kept in perfect order, and an exquisite taste presided over all the hedges and flowering plants and lovely vines. Near to it came, a few years later, our little church, — a small Grecian temple, — with its avenue of trees leading to it, and with Mrs. Hunt's

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garden on one side of it, and on the other my father's garden, — in the very spot now occupied by the public library. From every window in our house there was something pleasant for the eye to rest upon, and little vistas of exquisite beauty, even though in the heart of the village. As soon as the autumn leaves had fallen, the west end of Mount Tom appeared to us through the interval between Mr. Hunt's house and the little church, — a grand and noble peak, that well repaid us for the loss of foliage and summer beauty; and from our front door, winter and summer, we could always see Mount Holyoke in varying lights and shadows, — sometimes cloud-capped and dark, sometimes resplendent with the sun-tipped mists that were rolling away from it. My mother delighted in natural beauty, and no one ever enjoyed more than she did the sights and sounds that surrounded her.

Few young persons ever came to a happier home, or were surrounded with an atmosphere giving freer scope to their peculiar faculties. In the husband of her choice she found not only warm and constant love and appreciation, but a patience with the faults of her impulsive temperament, rarely equalled and never failing. In his eldest daughter, who united personal beauty to loveliness of character, earnestness of purpose, and much helpfulness in household matters, she realized for three years a pleasant companionship, and the greatest assistance in the care of the younger children, and of her own first child, — to whom this beloved sister was devoted through the whole of his beautiful infancy. Doubtless my mother made many a mistake with regard to these children; she made mistakes about her own. But, so far as I know, they never doubted the real friendliness of her designs and purposes with regard to them, or her unselfish pursuit of their good, — so far as her different temperament enabled her to understand theirs. If it was otherwise, I can only say that my elder brothers and sisters had too much good taste and good feeling, too much love for their father and for us, and too much of his own patient and warm-hearted view of things, ever to make us aware that they had any but kindly feelings

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towards one whose heart was so large it could never have stopped at her own hearth-stone.

I do not think that my mother or her sisters had ever dreamed of a life of ease, or of freedom from care, as any thing to be desired. On the contrary, they gloried in responsibility, believed in activity and earnest work, with all the intensity of simple and healthy natures.

During my father's widowhood, his cousin, called in the family "Aunt Dwight," had kept house for him; and she remained for a time after his second marriage, until the young wife became wonted to her new position. I have heard my mother speak of her as one of the kindest and best of women, and also as having a sunny temper, and much of that strong common sense and ready wit so characteristic of New England countrywomen of that day. My father's house had always been noted for hospitality; and what with the throng of visitors brought there by his various offices of trust, which had made him the friend of the whole county, and the large circle of family friends of whom he was the centre, and the townspeople who had always considered the house as their place of meeting, — the care of providing for such numbers was no small matter. But in this particular my mother always went heart and hand with my father. Unlike as they were, both in temperament and character, they were most perfectly agreed in their social ideas and sentiments, and never considered it any effort if they could only make large numbers of people happy under their roof. Besides our elder brothers and sisters, we had five cousins to whom my mother was quite as strongly attached as my father was. They were the daughters of his only brother, and for many years they came and went with the freedom of children; some passing months of every year, and two of them spending several years, with us, for the purposes of their education. My mother loved them all with great devotion; but few mothers ever feel an intenser affection and sympathy for an own child than she felt for Abby, the eldest, who lived with her for several years, and was married from the house. There are very

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frequent references to her in her letters. I greatly regret that so few records remain of the first five years of my mother's married life, and that I know so little of them. But they were busy and happy years, crowded with home cares and social duties.

She had the power of attaching to her the domestics who helped to carry on the household, and made very few changes. At that time a class of respectable American women did our family work, and the relation between mistress and servant had in it more affection and confidence than are common now; though these sentiments are never absent in the best families in any age. When my brother Joseph was born, an excellent woman took possession of the nursery (who abode there fifteen years), named Mrs. Burt, — or *Burty*, as we called her; and she only left to marry again late in life a man whose descendants are among the most honored citizens of our commonwealth. Burty's name was always a household word in our family, many years after she had left us; for she had been the trusted and confidential friend of parents and children, nieces and cousins, and visitors, — taking hold of every sort of nondescript work that turned up in the large family, with the heartiest interest, and tending her babies by the way. There could not have been a pleasanter nursery than ours was, nor was it possible for children to be taken care of in a more entertaining way. There sat our mother with her great mending-basket and her book, and there sat Burty alternately sewing and attending to her children. Elder brothers and sisters and cousins came in and went out, each lending a hand at some domestic service, or reading aloud to my mother if the babies were quiet or asleep. Our father came in, and would take her often out with him in the chaise, if he were going to summon a jury, or do any of his various business in neighboring towns. And how quickly she found her bonnet, and wrapped up the baby to take with her, so as to leave Mrs. Burt more time for other labors!

Children who grow up in large families, and are taken care of in that way, and always in the society of their elders, are favored beyond meas-

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ure. Handed about from one to another, the care seldom falls heavily on any *one* person; and the being mostly with refined natures has an insensible influence on theirs. Then the amount of entertainment to young children, coming without any expense of time or means, from the mere spectacle of numbers of grown people actively occupied, is incalculable. I have heard it objected that the conversation of grown persons cannot go on unreservedly in the presence of children. But any that cannot, ought not, as a general thing. Children do not understand what is above or beyond them, though they may be insensibly elevated by high-toned conversation which they cannot understand. And what is beneath them had better never be discussed. If a little child is a restraint on such conversation, then by all means let him be "set in the midst of them." My mother seemed to go on with every thing with her children all around her. In all large families there must be some friction; days when things go wrong and the atmosphere is heavy. We had those days. The dear woman had not a perfect temper, and had her share of things to ruffle it; and more than once the cook has said to Sally Woodard, our dear second girl, "Mis Lyman's got up wrong-eend foremost this day, sure." And Sally would say, "Yes, but she'll come round before night." And so she did. There was nothing wicked in her fits of temper; though violent, they were usually only like the summer thunder-gusts in our beautiful valley, that cleared the air, and renovated the landscape.

Yet it would not be quite truthful not to record the fact that her strong and breezy movements about the busy house were sometimes a trial, either to the sluggard or the invalid; and that sensitive hearts sometimes experienced a hurt she had no intention of leaving. My father and all his children were of a highly emotional cast of character; both his elder children and her own inherited this trait, and she was sometimes at her wits' ends to account for it. "Oh! those Lyman flood-gates," she said once to one of the nieces, "those Lyman flood-gates seem to me to be always open. What have I done now?"

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She was very entertaining to her own children. Some of my young friends have told me that they were a little afraid of her when children, although they became warmly attached to her as they grew up. And I think this was very likely, because she had such grand ways and impressive gestures. But, in us who were familiar with them, they inspired no such awe. She never nagged children, or contradicted them, or made them naughtier by observing on their little naughtinesses. She had the finest way of diverting them without their knowing it; calling off the attention from a troublesome habit, by proposing some new and interesting occupation. She had a quantity of "nursery rhymes" at her command, which she repeated on occasion in such mock heroic style, as to fix them forever in the memory. One favorite occurs to me now, which she used to say in a sort of breathless undertone, that nearly took away my breath.

"If every tear that she had shed
Had been a needle full of thread;
If every sigh of sad despair
Had been a stitch with proper care, —
Closed would have been the luckless rent,
And not her time have been mis-spent."

My mother gave appropriate names to every part of the large house. There were "the old parlor" and "the best parlor," and "the hall," and "the nursery," and "the library," and "the corridor," — a covered way that connected "the library" and "the office," — on the first floor. The kitchens and their appurtenances were in a basement, where the ground fell off at the back of the house. Of the chambers, one was always called "Sister Mary's room," through all the long years after she had left it; and another "Brother Dwight's room;" and then there was Justin's room (the man's), and the two *best* chambers, east and west; and last, not least, "the turnpike," a lovely chamber through which one had to pass to get into the west wing, and where there was always the finest view to be caught of the west end of Mount Tom.

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Visitors used to be amused to hear my mother say, "Go call Jane, she sleeps now on the 'turnpike;'" or, "Bring me such a box or basket from 'the corridor.'" But to us they were all magic designations that now call up a hundred precious memories. Our father and mother occupied the library as their sleeping-room. It was so called because a large and deep recess, corresponding to a closet, on one side of the fireplace, had been partitioned off, and the ceiling of a dark cupboard below formed the floor of the library, which had glass doors, lined with plaited green silk. This library was the home of mystery and romance. The lower shelf was filled with bound volumes of the "American Encyclopædia," the next with the "Waverley Novels." There were volumes of the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner;" sermons without number, from Jeremy Taylor and Dr. South to Buckminster and Channing; and one shelf quite devoted to the children's books of that day,—"Evenings at Home," "Sandford and Merton," "Robinson Crusoe," Miss Edgeworth's charming series,—the little pocket edition of "Harry and Lucy," and "Frank," being so dear to the heart of my brother Joseph, that he was wont to read them over once a year as long as he lived. A whole row of little volumes of the "Juvenile Miscellany," edited by Mrs. Child, possessed an infinite charm for us. By standing on a chair, the very young children could climb into this library, "tote" in a little chair, close the glass doors with silk lining, and be perfectly concealed from view.

The dark cupboard underneath had been inhabited from time immemorial by a family named "Bideful,"—perfect figments of the imagination, but who, nevertheless, lived through several generations, and had the most wonderful histories and experiences. If any child were missing too long from parlor, or hall, or nursery, my mother would say: "Look in the library, they must be there; or, stay, possibly they are passing the afternoon with 'the Bidefuls.'" And when we returned, she would inquire in the most tender and affectionate manner after the well-being of "the Bidefuls;" and add new interest to their his-

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tories and fate, by her brilliant or witty suggestions. Were there really no little people that lived in the little cupboard under the library? It is so hard to believe now that it was all a myth; and that the lovely Lucy, the last of that ancient family, had no material existence.

With all the fine health of my father and mother, we had a great deal of sickness in our house. Our elder brothers and sisters had inherited delicate constitutions from their mother, and three of my mother's children were far from strong. This may have been caused by the disparity of years in our parents. But I think the health of all was materially affected by our mother's entire ignorance on the subject. It was the one great defect of her intelligence that she had no appreciation of that ounce of prevention which is worth more than a pound of cure. With an iron constitution herself, strong nerves, and healthy blood, she had no understanding of how the lack of these things may be supplied and built up by patient forethought and care. But when her warm heart was wrung by the sufferings of those for whom she would have cheerfully given her life, we could only regret that she had known so little how to avert the calamities she deplored. She was a very faithful and devoted nurse in the severe illnesses that occurred, not only in her own family, but in those of her neighbors and friends; always ready to lose her sleep, night after night, as long as any one needed it. But, the moment all danger was over, the patient was well to her mind, and it was high time to set about the real business of life, in which sickness was an untold interruption. Usually, if an illness was a low nervous fever, not dangerous, but requiring much care, she thought it a good time to improve all our minds by a course of reading aloud, such as there was never any uninterrupted time for in our ordinary life. And I remember one such illness, when Ranké's "History of the Popes," and Carlyle's "French Revolution" were manfully put through under what would have been serious difficulties to any one else. She always seemed to consider *nerves* rather as vicious portions of the human character than as constituents of the mortal frame; and as they

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interfered sadly with duty, with benevolence, and every other virtue, they must be discharged without delay. She desired to be thankful that she was born before nerves were the fashion. She believed entirely in the power of mind over body. Alas! she forgot that, so long as the two are united, there must be constant action and reaction of each upon the other; and we, who saw her mistakes in this wise, knew that some of the heaviest trials of her life came from this one-sided view of the subject. Yet even here her forcible character implanted a grand outlook in the heart of an invalid; and one, at least, of that large family has never known whether most to deplore the ignorance and false view that wrought such sad consequences, or to thank and bless her for the belief so powerfully inculcated, that though the outward man perish the inward may be renewed day by day.

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CHAPTER VI.

Let a man, then, say: "My house is here in the county, for the culture of the county; an eating-house and sleeping-house for travellers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman, who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, — which he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparely and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveller; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house, where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds." — EMERSON.

MY father was forty-four years old, my mother twenty-two, at the time of their marriage.

It has been said by such numbers of people that they were the handsomest couple that ever came into Northampton, that I think it must have been true. Beauty is certainly a passport to all hearts, and when, as in their case, the life is "in accordance with the curious make and frame of one's creation," there is an influence about it that cannot well be computed. They now became the centres of a social circle, not easy to describe in these days, — for sixty years have changed the physical aspect of the times, and removed so many old landmarks, and created so much hurry and bustle, that events formerly marked and distinguished, now chase each other with rapidity; and we can scarcely go back and put ourselves in the rural village where railroads and telegraphs had never been heard of, where one church gathered all the

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inhabitants, and where the life of each family seemed of vital importance to every other.

There were no very rich people in Northampton; but many persons of elegant culture, refined and aristocratic manners, and possessing a moderate competence, lived there in much ease, envying no one, really believing themselves highly favored, as they were, and practising a generous hospitality at all times. It was a county town, and so seemed a large place to the people on the outskirts; but it really numbered only four thousand inhabitants. If there were no rich people, there was certainly an almost utter absence of poverty, and none of those sad sights to meet the eye reminding one of a destiny entirely different from one's own. Little or no business was done there; but Shop Row contained about ten stores, all of them excellent, — dry-goods and hardware stores, and an apothecary's, — which made a little cheerful bustle in the centre of the town, — especially on certain days of the week, when the country-people would come in their old-fashioned wagons to do their shopping. There were two United States senators residing there for life, three judges, many eminent lawyers and scholars, — retired people who had no connection with the business world, who lived within their moderate incomes, and never dreamed of having more. The matchless beauty of the scenery attracted many visitors. The more wealthy families in Boston were fond of taking carriage journeys of two or three weeks, and would take Northampton in their way as they went into Berkshire. Many a family party came in this way to our two hotels in the summer and autumn, and would stop two or three days to ascend Mount Holyoke or Tom; to drive to Mount Warner or Sugar Loaf; to walk over Round Hill, or round and through the rural streets of our village, which were so lined with magnificent elms that, from the mountain, it always looked as if built in a forest. Every morning the stage *for* Boston — the old-fashioned, yellow stage-coach, with a driver who was the personal friend of the whole village — drew up in front of Warner's tavern, with a great flourish of whipping up

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the four horses; and every evening the stage from Boston was known to be approaching about sunset, by the musical notes of the stage bugle-horn in the distance. I think the driver always wound his horn just after he crossed the great bridge from Hadley.

There was a story told very often of one of our dear stage-drivers of that period. He had a wonderful memory, and trusted it entirely, and so did all the town. For they brought him notes and messages and errands of every description, to attend to all the way to Boston; and he never took any memorandum, yet always returned with the long list of things properly attended to. Once he took his wife with him to Boston, the plan being that she should come back the next week. After he was on the stage-box on his return home, he carefully made his mental estimate of all the commissions entrusted to him by the town of Northampton, and could not see that he had forgotten any thing. Yet all the way to Worcester he was haunted by the impression that he really had forgotten something, though what he could not tell; till just as he whipped up his horses to leave that town, it suddenly came to him, and he exclaimed, "Oh! it's my wife; I've left my wife!" Of course it was too late for him to return for her, and of course he never heard the last of it in Northampton.

My father was one of the most industrious of men; all through winter's cold and summer's heat he labored faithfully at his law business, from morning till night, for the maintenance of his large family. If ever man fulfilled the injunction, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," he did. Social enjoyment was his great, in fact his only, recreation; and the sound of the stage-horn at eventide was like martial music to a war-horse. His face would glow in the evening light, his step become alert. He reached his hat from the tree in the hall, and hastened out to be at the tavern before the stage appeared. With a shining countenance, he would return and tell of the fine people who had arrived; how he had offered his carriage and horses to Mr. A., or Mrs. B. and her daughters, to go up the mountain

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next day; how he had invited this friend to breakfast with him, another to tea. More often he came home with a tale of some person in ill-health or in sorrow, not likely to be made quite comfortable at the tavern; and a "Wouldn't it be well to send Hiram for their trunks, and tell them to come right here?" To which my mother's quick response, "Why, of course, that's the only thing to do," made him entirely happy, as he hurried off to summon his guests.

Once I recall his coming home from Mount Holyoke in great glee, because his friend Judge Dawes had made the ascent with him; and he told how, as they rounded the last steep of the mountain, and the whole glorious view burst upon him, Judge Dawes had grasped his hand fervently and said, "Why, Judge Lyman, it's a perfect poem."

The number of really fine gentlemen of the old school, who assembled at our house to see my father, almost every day for, at least, seven or eight months of every year, was very great. The judges of the Supreme Court were all warmly attached to him, and they delighted in my mother's society. Judge Williams once said: "When I go on the circuit, I try to find some young person who has never been at Northampton; and then I take them to Judge Lyman's, because I consider that a part of a liberal education." As I remember, — and it must always have been so, — the conversation of my father and his friends was, a great deal, upon the events and the history of the times, and never on any small or local gossip.

Three years after my mother's marriage, the Hartford Convention came off, and my father, being a member, took her with him there; and they both had a very delightful time, and received a great deal of attention. As the objects and purposes of that celebrated body were always kept strictly secret, my mother never referred to it in any way, except in its collateral enjoyments.

Although she had left her old home far behind her, and was now absorbed in a round of household cares and social duties that were most engrossing, yet the family-life at Brush Hill was still a deep in-

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terest in her heart; and she kept up a constant and ardent correspondence with her parents, brothers, and sisters. The Forbes cousins also came in for a large share of her affectionate remembrance; and with Cousin Emma, — the frequent companion of her little sister in her early efforts at teaching, — she corresponded for more than twenty years. Both sisters and cousins began to visit her soon after her marriage, and these were always occasions of heartfelt pleasure.

On the 14th of August, 1812, my mother's oldest child was born; and never did the birth of a son awaken deeper emotions of love and gratitude than did our dear Joseph's. How carefully she watched over the moral and intellectual influences that surrounded his youth, only those knew who lived with her then. From this time forth she was constantly occupied with the care of young children, as well as of those who were growing up, — at the same time uniting with my father in what our friend Mr. Rufus Ellis has since called "a hospitality that carries us back to early days in the East."

In her account of my mother's youth, my Aunt Catherine has spoken of her music, as being a great occupation and pleasure to her; but after her marriage she had little time for practising, and confined herself to playing for a half hour at twilight or after tea, the short time before the children went to bed. The "old parlor," where we lived for eight months of the year, was a square room of moderate size, with two windows on the street, and one on the side-yard towards the printing office. It was a simple room, but very pretty. The walls were covered with a pale-yellow paper, and varnished; the broad wooden pannels lining the room for three feet in height. The floor was covered with an English Kidderminster carpet of bright colors. A large Franklin stove, with brass finishings and fender and andirons shining brightly in the firelight, gave warmth and cheerfulness to the room. A clock of alabaster, with swinging pendulum, stood on a bracket between the two windows. The furniture was cane-seated, but had hair-cushions covered with bright chintz. A sofa and two rocking-chairs,

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a centre-table and an upright English piano (the only one in the town for many years), constituted the remaining furniture. Over this piano, in an old-fashioned gilt frame, hung a picture of Domenichino's St. Cecilia, a beautiful engraving, which was the delight of my childhood.

Before the children were sent to bed, my mother always played the "Copenhagen Waltz" and "The Battle of Prague," with variations, with much vigor. She was guiltless of ever having heard of "classical music;" and I fear the performance would hardly satisfy us now, though we thought it charming then. On Sunday nights she played a number of psalm tunes, singing also with much feeling and fervor; "Dundee," "Federal Street," "Calmar," and "Pleyel's Hymn" were always favorites. When on week-day evenings she played the former tunes, we always expected to have a waltz with the dear old father. But, though much past sixty years of age, how young he seemed, how vigorous! He called us his "little pigeons;" and, bending down to us, would lift us off our feet, and whirl us round the room, till we were all satisfied with the dance. Then suddenly he shook us off, as if we had been so many flies; declared he had "a bone in his back" (which we supposed to be a disease peculiar to himself), and seating himself, quite spent, in his high-backed leather rocking-chair, he was soon gone off in his evening nap, glad if he had been helped thereto by little fingers softly stroking his white hair. Oh for a picture of that noble face, as it looked then in sleep, when the evening firelight lit up the peaceful features that had for sixty years been "the home of all the benignities!" Then came a solemn moment. When we went to say "good night" to our mother, she would exclaim, "And now, children, where are your *monuments?*" Then we made haste to bring her any little task we had completed, any small work done, and received either her commendation or an emphatic urging to do better next time. But this was not all; she would often remark on the friends who had come and gone that day, and say: "When I was out to-day, I heard that Mrs. So-and-so called. She is old and poor, and had walked a long

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distance. Did you ask her to stop, and give her a warm seat, and tell her to stay to dinner, or wait till I came home?" Alas! intent on play, we had never thought of it. "Well, Miss B. came this afternoon; she wanted a book: did you tell her you would find out about it and bring it to her?" No! we had not. "Oh, my dear children," would be the answer, given with some emotion, "you've *lost your opportunity*." These words made an intense impression on my mind. Surely no loss could be so great as *that*, the loss of an opportunity to do a kindness. Ah! if children in that home grew up selfish and inconsiderate of the claims or rights or needs of others, it was their own fault; for they were better taught.

She loved to give us pleasure; and on her yearly visits to Boston or Brush Hill, would always take one or two of us with her, — never feeling us a care or an encumbrance, in the long journey of eighteen hours by stage-coach, which had to begin at midnight. Yet how much of the wear and tear of our present life was escaped in those days, by not having to hurry to a railway train. There were no expresses then, and so when it was known in the village that Judge and Mrs. Lyman were going to Boston (and they always took pains to make it known), a throng of neighbors were coming in the whole evening before; not only to take an affectionate leave, but to bring parcels of every imaginable size and shape, and commissions of every variety. One came with a dress she wanted to send to a daughter at school; another with a bonnet; one brought patterns of dry goods, with a request that Mrs. Lyman would purchase and bring home dresses for a family of five. And would she go to the orphan asylum and see if a good child of ten could be bound out to another neighbor till she was eighteen; and if so, would Mrs. Lyman bring the child back with her? Another friend would come in to say that her one domestic had an invalid sister living in Ware; and another a mother in Sudbury, on the stage route. When the stage stopped for breakfast or dinner, or relays of horses, would Mrs. Lyman run round and hunt up these friends, carry them messages

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and presents, and bring back word when she came home how they were, — it would make Sally or Amy so much more contented through the winter!

The neighbors walked into the library where the packing was going on; and, when all the family trunks were filled, my father called out heartily, "Here, Hiram, bring down another trunk from the garret, the largest you can find, to hold all these parcels!" And on one occasion, when all were finally packed, a little boy came timidly in, with a bundle nearly as large as himself, from another neighbor, and "would this be too big for Mrs. Lyman to carry to grandmother; mother says she needs it so much, this time of year?" "No, indeed," my mother would say; "tell your mother I'll carry any thing short of a cooking-stove." "Another trunk, Hiram," said my father; "and ask the driver to wait five minutes." Those were times when people *could* wait five minutes for a family so well known and beloved. If a little behind time, our driver had only to whip up his horses a little faster before he came to the Belchertown hills; and when he came to those, the elders got out, and lightened the load, to facilitate the journey. What journeys they were! How full of romance and adventure! The first one I recall was when, at five years old, I was taken up out of a sound sleep at one o'clock at night, by my cousin Emma Forbes; dressed by her in a very sleepy state, she not failing to encourage me by telling me that I was a "good little kitten," who was going to Boston with her and my mother; then dropping asleep in her arms as soon as the stage started, and not waking till sunrise. And such a sunrise! I had never seen it before; and having in a childish way had my vague ideas of another world, I started up, and looking beyond the Belchertown hills, at the glorious horizon, I asked Cousin Emma if we were going to heaven.

My father and Uncle Howe always met with wonderful adventures on these journeys. When they stopped at the good breakfast at Belchertown, they were sure to meet some one they knew, who brought

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them tidings they had been waiting for. At Ware, later in the morning, a concourse of stages met from the west and south; and some of the passengers would be transferred to our stage for Boston. Then often, what handshakings, what lighting up of countenances, as friends parted for many years met in this seemingly providential way, and knew they were to pass at least twelve hours in each other's company, within the friendly limits of the stage-coach! Now and then they met agreeable strangers, who became friends for life; for on such a journey conversation flowed freely; all were enjoying that delicious freedom from business and household care, that is so favorable to the interchange of thought, and the comparatively slow progress of the coach over a country rich in beautiful scenery gave a peaceful flow to the ideas, not interrupted by the shriek of railroad whistles, or the sudden arrival at some crowded station.

I remember one such journey, when a distinguished politician opened a fire upon two worthy Quakers from Philadelphia, which brought out from them, though in gentlest terms, their anti-slavery sentiments. My father, being an old federalist,—while he believed slavery to be a great crime against God and man,— was still of the opinion, held by many good men of his time, that it was a question which belonged to the South to settle for themselves; and that it was both useless and dangerous for the North to meddle with it. Yet he was disgusted at the manner in which the politician attempted to brow-beat the excellent Friends; and stood up so manfully for their right to their own opinions and to the expression of them, that, thirty years later, when accident brought one of his children to their acquaintance, they expressed a most grateful remembrance of his courtesy and support through a day's journey that would have been made intolerable by the presence of their other companion. This was before the days of the abolitionists,— years before Garrison and Phillips had sounded the tocsin.

Their visits to Boston were enchanting to hear about; and when they returned home after an absence of two or three weeks, again the

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neighbors collected to hear the news. And as they sat around the blazing wood-fire, the evening after their home-coming, all the trunks unpacked and put away, and the return-parcels and messages delivered, all those children who had not accompanied them on the journey were allowed to sit up as long as they pleased. As one friend after another dropped in, the talk became most animated. To one they told of their dinners at Judge Shaw's, Judge Wilde's, or Judge Putnam's; or of the signs gathering in the political horizon which they had heard discussed. To another they descanted on the Sundays they had enjoyed; how the eloquence of Dr. Channing had uplifted their minds, and how their hearts had burned within them as they talked with dear friends on the rise and growth of liberal Christianity in New England. And then how many friends of their friends they had contrived to see, and how many salutations they brought to those less-favored neighbors, who could not go to Boston once a year as they did. Yes, these visits made a festival for the whole neighborhood as well as for themselves.

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CHAPTER VII.

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain?
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends:
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? — three treasures, *love* and *light*,
And *calm thoughts* regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his *Maker*, and the angel *Death*.

COLERIDGE.

MY father's best-beloved and most intimate friend was his cousin, Samuel Howe, — a man whose pure spirit and high character, united to an intellect of unusual vigor, made him the choicest companion in the home circle. He lived at Worthington, — one of the beautiful hill towns of Hampshire County, so situated as to enable the resident lawyer to practise in several counties. He had always been a frequent visitor at our house; and, as he had lost his wife a few months before my father's second marriage, and was left alone with two young children, it was natural for him to seek the solace of his friend's home, after my mother came there. What his society and friendship were I can only estimate by the life-long allusions to his judgment and his heart by both my parents, and to a memory always kept green to their latest day.

During the winter of 1812, my father sent his hired man, with a double-sleigh and two horses, to Boston, to bring home his oldest daughter, Eliza, who was there on a visit; and, to my mother's great

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delight, her sister Sally also returned in the sleigh, to make her a long visit. One can imagine the long two-days' journey, in mid-winter, in the open sleigh; the keen, frosty air, the young girls well wrapped in buffalo-robes, and Northampton as their goal, with its hospitable home to welcome them, when the cold and weary journey was ended. In Sally's letters to Miss Cabot at this time are frequent allusions to Mr. Howe's visits at the house; and she always speaks of him as "the mountaineer." Evidently she had not regarded him in the light of a lover; and the entirely unrestrained and natural intercourse that followed was the best possible preparation for that rare union of mind and heart that can only subsist between beings of the finest mould. Writing to her dearest friend of the result of this intimacy, she speaks of him as possessing all those qualities she most desires in a companion; and adds, with characteristic humility, "If I have not the pleasure of exciting a first attachment, I cannot doubt that I am beloved, for it is impossible that any man should choose me from any other motive."

And so, in little more than two years after her own marriage, my mother experienced the purest pleasure in the union of her dear sister Sally to this friend of friends. My father's happiness in this event was fully equal to her own; and from this time the most delightful intercourse went on between the sisters, and the two homes at Northampton and Worthington were gladdened by a constant interchange of warm affection. My Aunt Catherine writes: —

"With regard to your Aunt Howe's life at Worthington, I question my power of writing any thing that will be interesting. I have no special faculty of making an interesting narrative out of simple things, and would on no account ornament, or throw any false hue of sentiment over a life of plain duty, governed by high principle and animated by the purest sentiments.

"Worthington is a mountain town, much higher above the Connecticut valley than the hills that immediately overlook it. It is approached

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by the ascent of long hills, over rough roads; and the transit, about twenty miles, with their own horses, as the two families usually made it, took much longer than a journey of a hundred miles now does.

"There was no village, or centre of things about it, more than a tavern, a store, and half-a-dozen houses, where were gathered together such conveniences as belonged to the place. In the midst of this your uncle's house was situated; a large, square house, with an ample yard open to the south, with a very pleasant aspect. It was much the best house in the place, — built by the lawyer who preceded Mr. Howe in the town. Opposite was the public house, where the Albany stage stopped each day, going up and returning on alternate days. This coach brought the mail, and such travellers as came there, and afforded the chief interest that they had, outside of the house. There were two or three families with whom they kept up a friendly intercourse, and a church a mile distant, which sent forth the hardest and dryest kind of doctrine, and was a penance to attend. It was in 1813 that your aunt went to live there, — in the middle of the war of that period. Everybody was poor, and they furnished their house with plainness and simplicity, but still comfortably. And here they set up their household gods, and began life on a simple plan which afforded many enjoyments, at the same time that it brought some important privations. There were two children from the beginning. Mr. Howe usually had a student in his office (adjoining the house), who lived with them; and I think it was in the first year that William Cullen Bryant was with them in this position. Your aunt also often had some friend with her, so that from the commencement of their married life they had a considerable family, affording some domestic society, but increasing care. The great deficiency of their life, in the way of comfort, was the impossibility of procuring domestics. Sometimes they were weeks without a woman, but always had a man who performed some of the rougher services. Though your aunt was capable and industrious, and knew all about domestic business, this was hard to her; she had not been

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accustomed to it, and her time was occupied in ways that did not permit the exercise of her favorite pursuits. Mr. Howe was the most helpful and kindly of domestic companions, and did all that a man could to lighten those cares. Still enough remained to make life laborious at this period. Mr. Howe was full of occupations, and often absent from home. He was away attending courts in all the adjacent counties many weeks of every year. The winters were long and cold, the snow deep, and the roads made indiscriminately over fences and fields, as well as in the paths; wherever was the most available place. These absences were hard times to her during the first years; later, I think after two years, Eleanor Walker went to live with her as a companion and assistant in all ways, and was the greatest addition to the comfort of the household.

"Dr. Bryant, their physician, and Mr. Howe's especial friend (the father of William Cullen Bryant), lived four miles distant, at Cummington; he was a wise and learned man, and his society was at times a great resource to Mr. Howe, though he was very reserved to most persons.

"Visits were exchanged between your mother and aunt, several times every year. Mr. Howe always attended the courts at Northampton, and your aunt went when she could, but she was often prevented by domestic circumstances. These visits were always seasons of great social enjoyment; the sisters had many interests in common, — your mother with her more varied experiences had a great deal to tell of her numerous and interesting visitors, or her journeys to Boston, and sojourn among old friends, which were more frequent than your aunt's. It was a period full of excitement about public affairs; the war and the questions which grew out of it, the policy of the government, &c., were never-ending subjects of discussion with your father and uncle, who sympathised quite remarkably in their views, and prophesied about the future, things very unlike the actual unfolding of the book of fate, — as wise men still do, and always must.

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" At a later period, when religious views and the subject of religious freedom became exciting, it was discussed with the same interest and general agreement. Mr. Howe had grown up in the acceptance of Orthodox theology, then unquestioned in the society surrounding him ; but after his marriage, he reviewed the whole subject with careful study, heard our best preachers when he had opportunity, and became a decided and conscientious Unitarian. This was a great satisfaction to your aunt, and a new bond of sympathy between the two families.

" When at home, if Mr. and Mrs. Howe were ever so much occupied during the day, some hours were always spent in reading aloud ; they usually had some important work on hand, but were always ready to interrupt it for matters of especial interest, or lighter character, if entertaining. Mr. Howe was a great and constant reader ; he had always a book on hand ; five minutes of waiting were never lost in impatience, but occupied with book or paper. Scantily as they were supplied with luxuries in those days, Mr. Howe seldom returned from a visit to more favored regions, without a new book to enliven the home on his return. Their tastes and feelings harmonized wonderfully well, but your aunt was more fond of imaginative literature, and he of works which exercise the reason and add to the store of knowledge. But she enjoyed all these things with him.

" Mr. Howe had an admirable power of conversation, clearness of thought, knowledge ready to be fitly used, and a natural gift of language, which made his society a most welcome addition to any circle. This facility of using his powers wisely and well was a great advantage to him in the practice of his profession, and invaluable to him as a teacher, when later he became the head of a law school, a guide and leader of thought to young men.

" Your aunt enjoyed a great deal at times, in her isolated life at Worthington, but at other times she felt the evils of it painfully. Mr. Howe had always been of an infirm constitution, which he taxed to the utmost in the performance of many duties; and she felt that the fatigue

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and exposure of his long winter journeys over the hills and rough roads were positively injurious to him, adding a cause of fatigue and exposure that might be spared him. Then, as children multiplied and grew older, she felt the want of advantages of education for them, and of association with other young people who would be suitable companions for them. The idea of change dwelt constantly upon her mind, and more and more the conviction came to her that it was important for all of them. Many plans were talked of, and different places discussed; but at length, in 1820, a proposal from Mr. Mills, for your uncle to go into partnership with him at Northampton, decided them to move to that place; and I think it was always satisfactory to both of them that they made the change."

As my aunt's letters of that period give a better idea of the Worthington life than any record we have of it, a few of her letters to her dearest friend — Miss Eliza Lee Cabot, afterwards Mrs. Follen — come naturally to mind here.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

WORTHINGTON, October 31, 1813.

MY DEAR ELIZA, — Your letter did indeed arrive to welcome me in Worthington, and I felt much gratified at the reception of it. I believe our correspondence has never been suspended so long since the commencement of it; and I hope it never may be again, but from the same agreeable reason that we have been able to make a frequent personal intercourse a substitute for it: but this is a thing which we can scarcely calculate upon. I cannot hope or even desire to leave my family for any great length of time, and, though I do depend on seeing you here, it cannot be often. One thing you may rest assured, that no change in circumstances or situation can alienate my affection; the last three weeks has confirmed my hope that I should find my husband the kind-

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est and best of friends, but I still recollect, with feelings the most lively and affectionate, the companions of those early, happy days, which are never to return. The sensations which accompanied my separation from them were such as can never be described, and a single comment upon them would be useless; suffice it to say, I was not long the victim of them. New duties offered themselves to my recollection, and new pleasures promised to repay me for every privation. I recovered the tone of my mind sooner than I expected, and even the first day of our journey was not without hours of social communication; the weather was cold, and we met with bad travelling, but we were able to pursue the route we had marked out, and visited Stafford, Hartford, New Haven, and Litchfield. At Litchfield I saw the Fosters only in the street; our stay there was short, as we did not find Mr. and Mrs. Gould at home. In New Haven we visited the Cabinet of Minerals, with which I was much delighted, but do not think I enjoyed them as much as you would have done; many of the specimens are extremely curious, and some of them very beautiful. This is an extraordinary exhibition of *natural productions*, because most of these things are concealed in the bowels of the earth, and do not, like most others, introduce themselves to our acquaintance and challenge our notice; should you ever go to New York I think you would be gratified by staying in New Haven long enough to take a more accurate observation of them than we were able to. New Haven is a very pleasant town; I do not believe there is one of its size equal to it in New England. The flatness of the situation would remind you of Salem; but the streets are more regular, and the public buildings better disposed, and there are more trees than I ever saw in a place so compact. But you may look in the "Gazetteer" for the remainder of the description, and I will endeavor to tell you a little more about myself, or rather about *we*. Then, after stopping one rainy day in the last town in Connecticut, in a very uninteresting tavern, we spent two and a half in making the tour of Berkshire county, where we visited some interesting friends and

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acquaintance, and were treated with much hospitality and attention, particularly by the Sedgwick family: and I assure you, Miss Sedgwick appears incomparably more engaging in her own house, and at the head of her own family, than she does in company in Boston; and my visit was the more gratifying as it raised her much in my estimation. Harry, too, appeared the affectionate brother and the attentive friend, by far the finest parts I ever saw him perform. We reached our destination on Friday noon, and I was greeted by a letter from Mary, besides yours. I must thank you again for writing to me at such a moment, as it convinces me you will not suffer other avocations and feelings to prevent your communicating yourself to me. You are surrounded by so many objects in which I have been accustomed to interest myself, that you can never want subjects for a letter, independent of the resources of your own mind. And now for a description of my new home. These blank fields and naked woods, I am told, are verdant and beautiful in summer, but now have nothing in particular to recommend them, and so I do not look at them often. The house we are to inhabit stands on one corner of two roads which cross each other, but not near enough to either road to be incommoded by it, or to look ill; the other three corners aré occupied by a tavern, a store, and a dwelling-house, and this is the most considerable settlement in Worthington, there being a few other houses in the vicinity. I will say nothing of the interior of the house, except that it has a very pleasant parlor with southeast and southwest windows in it, which give us a bountiful portion of sun (when it shines, mark ye, which is not very often); and in this parlor I expect to pass the ensuing six months almost exclusively (except when I am asleep), and in it I calculate to keep (besides tables and chairs) a work-box, a writing-desk, and sundry books, so that I may have employment suitable to my taste and genius. I may occasionally make a peregrination into the kitchen to superintend the concerns there. But though my corporeal frame is to be thus limited, do not think my soaring spirit and brilliant imagination will confine them-

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selves; on the contrary, I expect to search the records of ages long past, and to fly on the wings of fancy into regions the most remote, and perhaps now and then condescend to use the same agency in conveying myself to your side on the sofa, where I picture you now surrounded by your family. Remember me to them all; tell Susan I shall expect she will now and then write a postscript if she expects any good advice from me; a thing which my present matronly character must add much to the consequence of. If Sally is still with you, present my best wishes for her journey, and hopes that she will return by the way of Albany, that I may see her. Mary, I never forget; and least of all, you, my long tried friend.

Yours, &c.,

S. L. Howe.

I am not at housekeeping yet, but shall be next month. Mr. Howe joins me in affectionate remembrance to you.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, December 31, 1813.

My dear Eliza,—The bundle containing the "Salmagundi" extract, books and notes from yourself and Mary, dated in October, reached here in December in safety; and for Mary's kindness in copying the first I feel much indebted. Tender her my thanks, and tell her it shall be preserved with care for her sake as well as its own, and that I am sincerely obliged for her kind wishes, and hope I shall prove worthy the fulfilment of them. And as for your ladyship, I cannot help believing you have practised making *sweet faces* in the looking-glass yourself, the better to image us and to get yourself in readiness in case you should find personal necessity for them; but I will not waste my paper, for I despair of reforming your sauciness. "What's bred in the bone cannot be beat out of the flesh."

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I have received a letter from you, dated Nov. 16th, the very day on which I commenced housekeeping; and I do not wish you to follow my ill example in suffering this to remain as long unanswered as that has. My opportunities for writing are few, — not that I am much hurried by business, but something or other always steps between me and the pen, unless I make a previous determination, as I did to-day, that it should be the first object with me. My success in housekeeping, in most respects, equals my expectations. I have been too much accustomed to exertion, to find the little now required "a weariness of the flesh;" and as to my success in managing the children, I never overrated my own talents in that respect. Although I could always perceive an abundance of faults in the management of others, I was sufficiently aware of the circumspection necessary, to think I should be likely to fall into many errors myself; they have not however yet done any thing very wrong, and I have strong hopes that with Mr. Howe's assistance I shall be able to make them good and useful. The subject of their education is one upon which I do not spare reflection, and hope I shall not spare any attention which is in my power. I have speculated a good deal on this subject when I had no personal interest in it, and I feel sure that much may be done by careful parents for their children. But after all is done which human foresight and exertion can effect, circumstances will occur (sometimes) to influence the character of the child, over which the parent can have no control. This consideration should make us eagle-eyed when we survey the condition of our children, and the knowledge that they enjoy the protection of Him that neither "slumbereth nor sleepeth" should prevent undue anxiety. We must plant and water, and wait in patience and hope for the blessing of God on the increase. I spend the days with Nancy Sumner and the children. I sew, and she reads aloud. Mr. Howe reads to us in the evening, and we on the whole are rather a bookish family — being considerably excluded from "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," by our remote situation. Mrs. Lyman has been

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up to enlighten us by her counsel; and really, my dear Eliza, if you should ever change your condition, I hope you will not neglect to apply for a page or two of advice to that "matron sage," for I assure you she understands bringing up a family much better than you or I do. Raillery apart — her visit was one of the pleasantest circumstances which has occurred in the six weeks we have kept house. At this season, I generally review the past year in my letter to you; but the event which is most important to me is one we have often discussed, and I do not know if any thing remains to be said upon it. I am perfectly satisfied that I have increased my *means* of happiness and usefulness: the employment of those means will be my future care, and God grant the successful use of them! My near and dear friends are preserved in life and health, and the number of them is added to instead of diminished. I consider Mrs. Metcalf's friendship no small acquisition; the rectitude of her principles and ingenuousness of her manners and conversation render her very dear to all her friends. She promised to call on you whenever she visited Boston, and I dare say you will see her soon. I am afraid you have found my shoes a troublesome commission; if they are done, you will let my sister Mary have them, and I think it probable she will be able to send them to me before the spring.

Remember me to all friends in your circle. I hope that Mrs. Forbes is not too much depressed by the absence of her husband, to enjoy something from society. I should delight to spend an evening with you all at your house or your sister's. I beg you again to write soon and tell me all about everybody. I have not seen the poems you mention in your letter, except a review of the "Giaour," which had a few extracts that pleased me. Mr. Howe is reading "Tacitus" to me; his "Annals and History" (which only comprise a part of the first century after the Christian Era) are elegantly written, but afford a most melancholy view of moral corruption, which seems the more mysterious as it was a period remarkably enlightened by literature. You are well acquainted

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with the history of this age, and I do not believe you would derive much pleasure from the perusal of "Tacitus."

The shades of night are coming on, and I can only offer my best regards to Susan; tell her I hope she will consider the increased hardness of the times, and redouble her industry and economy. To you and Mary I trust no such caution is necessary. I expect, when I next see you, that you will have on an *English* gown, embroidered with darns; for myself I shall have on the homespun which Eliza Robbins prophesied. When tea, coffee, and sugar are exhausted, I hope you will drink milk or toast and water with dignity; and as for me, whatever may happen to the quality of my food, I have decided not to diminish the quantity. Mr. Howe sends love, and would give a shilling to see you any time, notwithstanding the embargo.

Yours ever,

S. L. Howe.

My little boy wants to get up in my lap, so I must say good-night.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, February 28, 1814.

Dear Eliza, — Having deferred acknowledging yours of the 19th of January so long, I have too many things to say to spare time for an apology. I felt much gratified by the letter, and by your kind inquiries about the society of this place. If there had been much to interest you I should not have omitted so important a consideration in my former letters, but the few with whom I am acquainted here would not figure in description, even if I had better abilities to display their characters. We have some kind friends here; in particular one family with whom Mr. Howe boarded during more than two years, and from whom he experienced every attention which a brother could have expected under the circumstances. Their kindness has been extended

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to me, and we enjoy a neighborly intercourse, which is (I hope) mutually satisfactory and beneficial. Of our minister I cannot tell you much, because I have no personal acquaintance with him; of his preaching I cannot say I think it as much "to the use of edifying" as some I have formerly heard, by reason that the preacher does not write, but depends on the present suggestions of his mind, or an indistinct recollection of former thoughts; and as his genius is by no means of a vivid and brilliant class, his discourses are often extremely dull and unsatisfactory. I believe he is, in general, liked very well by his parish; and, perhaps, is very useful among them, as their general characteristic is that of a sober-minded and religious people. They are, on the whole, rather queer-looking; and, I suspect if you were to see such a collection anywhere but in the house of God, your propensity for the ridiculous would be amply gratified. There is no physician of any eminence residing in this place, but one in a neighboring town about four miles from this, who is highly respectable in his profession, and is, besides, a man of considerable literature and science. He is a friend of Mr. Howe's, and, of course, an occasional visitor here. And I believe I have now mentioned all the resources of our immediate vicinity, and you will judge that they are not such as to consume much of our time.

The business of the office, my household cares, our children, and our books have occupied us all winter, except two excursions from home, — one to Albany, where Mr. Howe has a brother residing. Judge Lyman, and Anne, and Nancy Sumner accompanied us, and we had a very pleasant journey and visit, excepting the trifling inconveniences which usually occur on such occasions. Some of the scenery between here and Albany is very beautiful, — even clad in its wintry garb, — particularly the view from the New Lebanon mountain; which, I dare say, Mary will recollect, as she passed the "same road when she journeyed in these parts." We have likewise visited our friends at Northampton and Deerfield, and enjoyed ourselves very much with them.

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We had, likewise, the pleasure to meet my brother James at Northampton, who has come to make us a visit, and it is probable will pass some time among us. I think he will have the advantage of applying himself more to books here than he has had for years, and that he may make his visit useful to himself as well as agreeable to us. I am calculating upon the pleasure of seeing some of my eastern friends here in the course of the summer. I need not say how glad I should be if you could be one; it is not probable that I shall visit Brush Hill and its vicinity before the autumn. Nancy Sumner left me a fortnight since, and was summoned home hastily on account of sickness in her father's family. I now have my sister's two young daughters staying with me, — Mary and Jane Lyman; and I have been entertained ever since I began to write, with their hearing each other and my Susan spell, — a thing not quite as inspiring as the visits of the Muses, — so I cannot be expected to be very interesting. Indeed, I do not find I have improved my advantages for writing much by my change of situation, and I am seriously afraid that my matronly cares will be fatal to the progression of the "Salmagundi," especially as my husband does nothing to assist me in it. We have been endeavoring to preserve our poetical taste by the perusal of Virgil, and procured the "Giaour" at Albany, with which I am much pleased. This story is exceedingly obscure, but the poetry extremely feeling and beautiful.

You make some inquiries about —— that is to be; I have no personal acquaintance with her. Mr. Howe knows her a little, and thinks her quite interesting. From all I can learn, her moral advantages have been very small, — having been several years without a mother, and under the guidance of an unprincipled father; and, I believe, she is not endowed with a very exquisite sense of feeling. So I think it very probable she may find the situation and society in which she will be placed a remuneration for the character of her husband; and, after all, he may, as you say, conclude to try a decent life, and find it, on the whole, the most comfortable. I am much shocked and surprised with

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Mrs. ——'s marriage; and, I dare say, the town of Boston was quite in a wonderment; but these things affect me about as much as they did the jackdaw on the top of the steeple. The interest and happiness of my dear-loved distant friends is ever near my heart, and it will afford me the sincerest pleasure to hear of you and yours, and your pursuits, as often as you can spare time to write; and you must not measure the length or number of your epistles by mine. You have got all your letters to me but two or three; and, as they are my property, you ought to pay interest while they are in your possession. My love to Mary and Susan (I will say more to them when I have more time and room); likewise to any of the rest of your friends who remember me. Have you ever heard of my shoes? And have you seen the "Bride of Abydos"? Other inquiries I leave to a future letter, and tell you, for the fiftieth time, that I am

Your affectionate friend,

S. L. Howe.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, April 24, 1814.

. . . . . .

Mr. Howe has purchased the house in which we reside; it is a pleasant situation, and ample in its dimensions, though not of the newest fashion. However, when it is fitted up a little, it will be quite as fashionable as its inhabitants; and, with a few alterations, it will be convenient for domestic purposes,—the most essential point in a dwelling. I have a back-parlor, with a painted floor and a whitewashed wall, which is to be furnished exactly in the *Peabody* style, and in which I expect soon to be domesticated for the summer. Mr. Howe is much engaged in setting out fruit-trees, and some other concerns of that description; and we hope in time to have fruit and flowers to regale our friends with. But these hills are very windy, and it is not so

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hopeful an attempt here as with you. I want you to be particular about your health; when you write let me know if you expect to go into the country this summer, and every thing else about yourself and friends; for, I assure you, I do not hear half as much about you as I want to.

We have been reading Southey's "Life of Nelson," which I think quite an interesting biography; although he was a great man, and a man of an amiable temper, I cannot help thinking him considerably deficient in moral principle, and had rather he would have died imploring pardon for his defects, than thanking God he had done his duty; (it is humbling to us, poor mortals, that even the heroes of our race are tarnished with great faults). The British nation, indeed the civilized world, owe much to his exertions in having checked the power of the tyrant; and it would be ingratitude for any individual to deny him the fame he so ardently desired and so well deserved. His memory will live while Great Britain is a nation; but the crown of glory, "which fadeth not," may be reserved for humbler individuals. I have read Mrs. Grant's "Sketches on Intellectual Education," which, I think, has many good, though not many new, things in it; and is calculated to be of use to those who have not much time or opportunity to refer to books of that kind, or much ability to make reflections or draw conclusions for themselves; and she does not aim at any thing more elevated. We are now engaged in Lee's "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department," but have not read enough to form an opinion, and I have not room now to give it if I had.

You must remember me affectionately to the girls, and likewise to Eliza and the Misses Magee, when you see them again; and if you should see my sister Eliza, tell her she must write soon, as I really long for one of her letters, and should tell her so myself if the claims of other correspondents did not forbid my ever writing two letters for one. Mr. Howe joins in love, and hopes with me to have the pleasure of giving you a welcome to our home whenever your are *able* to come;

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willing I know you are, but space cannot be annihilated to please even you and me, or I should be talking with you instead of writing. Good night.

Yours,

S. L. Howe.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, October 28, 1814.

My dear Eliza, —. . . . . .

My visit to you all was so short that it seems little more than a dream. I forgot some of my business with you, which was to procure your letters to me again, and to see your new piece for the "Salmagundi;" if you will do them up carefully, and have them deposited at Miss Bent's, it is probable I shall be able to send there for them soon. Mr. Howe regretted it was not in his power to call on you again as he had intended.

Anne has been here once since our return; she has been necessarily disappointed of her visit to Boston this autumn, but calculates on going in the winter.

I have procured "Patronage," but have not yet had leisure to read it; when I have I will let you know my opinion of it. We have had Madame D'Arblay's new work, "The Wanderer;" and I must acknowledge I should hardly have expected any thing so tedious and indifferent from the author of "Cecilia." Indeed, I do not believe any one would have taxed her with it if she had not published it as hers. I hear Lord Byron has produced another poem, but have not seen it; and the nursery and the kitchen have excluded the thought of poetry of late, if they have not destroyed the relish for it You must not think I mean to complain of my cares; I only wish to account for my long silence and seeming neglect. I have had, and still have, great reason to be thankful for my restored health and strength, and that my child has so good a constitution and so pleasant a temper. I have

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strength and spirits to meet most of the demands made by my duty, and my failures are owing to those errors in judgment which are so apt to await us, and to an occasional inertness which creeps over me unawares. A heavy storm has stripped all our foliage, and destroyed the last relic of summer, and I begin to leave off looking out of doors when I can help it, — you know I always disliked the latter part of autumn more than any season; and yet it has its peculiar comforts, when the harvest is gathered, and everybody that has any industry has hoarded something for winter's supply. The changes of season are much more felt in the country than in cities, particularly by those who earn their bread by husbandry. I think you would like to enter some of the farmer's dwellings in this town at this season; a large, low kitchen, surrounded by dried apples and pumpkins, and the labors of the wheel and the loom, would afford you a novel and not an uninteresting scene.

When I first came home, I suffered some anxiety relative to the apprehended attack on Boston; but I think the danger is over, — at least for this season. I wish very much to hear from you, and I hope you will write very soon, and I will try not to be so long again without writing, — as I shall have more leisure when our workmen have completed their jobs, and I have arranged things for the winter. I have not given up the hope of seeing you here; try to come in the spring, if it be possible. Remember me to the girls; I have no time now to answer their additions to your letter, but I shall always be glad to hear from them, and will write when I can. Mr. Howe desires to be remembered to you, and would add a line if he were not at least as busy as I am; his office of shepherd has made large demands on his time of late. Do write soon and tell all the news, and I will do my best to prove how much I am

Your affectionate

S. L. Howe.

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Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

WORTHINGTON, January 1, 1815.

MY DEAR ELIZA, — I did not write last evening as usual on the last night of the year, because I was not very well, and found it necessary to bathe my feet and retire early; but am to-day quite restored. As it is so unusual for me to be sick, I felt a little apprehension, but I now believe it was only a cold. In general, my health has been as good since I saw you, as it ever was. I have much to be thankful for, in the restored health of my little ones; the baby never suffered severely with the cough, nor did Susan; Tracy had it very violently, and (though recovering) still coughs considerably. Catherine stayed with me to help me through it, which was a great comfort. I should have been glad to have had her through the winter, but felt that, at her time of life, it was necessary she should devote herself to the cultivation of her intellect, rather than to the offices of the nursery. She is now attending a school at Northampton; though a creature of no pretence at all, and not in the least calculated for display, she has all the rudiments of a solid, useful character, — perfect integrity, a discerning mind, and a feeling heart. I am led to make these remarks of her, because I have lately seen her talents called forth in a way I never did before.

I had some expectation of seeing Eliza here this winter a short time ago, but have since heard she had changed her place of residence and was now in your street. I hope she will find time to visit you more than she has done in the year past. I do not know when she will come to see me; and, though I estimate a sister to be a great acquisition in my family, I do not urge it because I am afraid her spirits would sink entirely under our uniform and retired mode of living. I have not left home since September, and scarcely left the house during the last six weeks; but the necessity of active industry preserves my usual cheerfulness. The care of children occupies time in a way that produces the least apparent effect of any employment I ever engaged in; and when

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I have been as busy as possible a whole week, I cannot at the end of it perceive any fruit of my labors. And even upon reviewing, I can perceive but little progress in the minds of those I had a year ago. My baby indeed seems to have a little more mind than he had at first; he can laugh and play a little, and distinguish the family from strangers. He is the best blessing of the last year — as little trouble and as much comfort as a baby can be.

The present situation of the country has deprived Mr. Howe of law-business almost entirely, so that he is compelled to turn his attention to other things; and his sheep are no longer an amusement but a serious occupation, as he has taken them under his more immediate care. It may be a very romantic thing to live upon these mountains with a shepherd-swain, but as all our fleeces are not golden, your "hints on economy" might be of use to us, if we did not understand the subject at least as well as you can be supposed to. I can assure you that my children are now warmly clad in the fleeces our sheep wore last winter; and, though a homespun frock on the baby scandalized his Aunt Catherine, he wears one every day and finds no fault with it.

Because three children were not quite a sufficient responsibility, I have taken a little girl to bring up for a servant. This is a measure which I have been driven to by the extreme difficulty of procuring even necessary assistance here, and I hope I shall be enabled by some means to discharge a duty which seemed to be forced on me.

You speak of the shortness of my visit. I assure you, whenever I have any leisure for scheming, I employ it contriving plans to make a longer one this year; and I do not despair of effecting it, though it is not quite clear how I can in conscience say to my cares and duties, "tarry thou here," and I am sure it would be very burdensome to transport them all with me. Anne has been twice to see me since I have been there, and is now at Hartford with her husband, who is a member of the convention there; when she will go to Boston I do not know, but I hope this winter.

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I have read "Patronage," and think it quite an interesting thing, and highly calculated to inculcate the independence and exertion she recommends. I have read no other new thing of late, except the "Life of Bishop Porteus," which is a short account of one of the best and most useful of men, and as such has a claim upon the attention of all who meet with it. The end of my paper warns me to conclude, which I cannot do without a happy new year to you all — wishing and hoping it may afford you an opportunity to visit us, as well as every other comfort you may desire. You do not tell me you are sick, so I hope you are at least as well as when I saw you.

Mr. Howe joins in love, with

Your affectionate

S. L. Howe.

Did Manlius Sargeant write "Lara"?

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, March 12, 1815.

My dear Eliza, — I have at length rallied my dormant powers sufficiently to thank you for your "Peace" letter, and endeavor to give you some account of myself. We sincerely and cordially joined in the general rejoicing, and regretted we could not be with our friends in Boston at the time. Your last letter was a peculiar cordial, because it arrived in my husband's absence, and seemed to come on purpose to cheer a solitary hour.

Anne tells me you think it probable you may visit us in the course of the summer. I sincerely hope you will. I could take so much comfort with you here, and can have so short a time to see you when I go to the eastward, that one good visit (by which I mean long) would be worth all I shall ever be able to make you.

The care of a family such as mine is a thing which cannot be laid aside often or long, — indeed, almost the whole of my time is occupied

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in keeping my *human machines* in motion. (If you were here, I could have several half hours to pass with you every day.) But as none of them are as good as the clock, which goes a week without winding, my absence produces a suspension of motion in some, and such waywardness in others, as almost to balance all the pleasure I can enjoy in visiting my friends. I have however been several times at Northampton, and once to Belchertown and Deerfield this winter. My husband is now absent, attending the Common Pleas at Northampton; he is absent six weeks every spring necessarily, and I am much in want of a companion at this time. . . . . .

I see by the papers that your brothers have formed a new connection in business, and one of them is to reside in Philadelphia, which I suppose will be Joseph. You see that I do not neglect even the advertisements in the paper; and I assure you it is much more interesting to me than it used to be, when I could hear as much as I wished of my acquaintance from other sources.

I have not read or worked much this winter, because my baby has consumed my time sadly, and I have no other fruit of my labor than his growth and improvement. He is large, and begins to step, and discovers sufficient powers of mind to converse, as he is not an idiot. He is not a troublesome child, and as yet has discovered very little "natural depravity;" our other children are healthy, and we enjoy our usual measure of earthly comforts; indeed, they are increased since I last wrote, because my husband has been in better spirits ever since the Peace. The ground is now completely covered with snow, but I know it cannot last long, and I delight in the return of spring more than ever, because I hope and believe I shall see several of my friends here during the warm season. Anne and I expect Mary Pickard to make us each a visit. I wish you could contrive some plan of coming together. I think it would be a mutual pleasure. Mary is a very lovely, interesting girl, and her solitary situation in being without a mother or sister seems to give her more than common claims on

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the affection of her friends. There seems to be a great deal of ordaining, marrying, &c., going on in your quarter, besides a new machine invented for teaching grammar: the improvements of society are really wonderful! If you should hear of any new machine for regulating the habits and tempers of children, which will save the old expedient of shutting up, scolding, &c., I beg you to procure the patent-right for me, as I would willingly save myself the trouble of doing it. I have taken a little girl who requires a daily lecture at a great expense of my valuable breath, besides my three little ones that I must try to lead in the narrow way. My best love to all your sisters, and let me hear soon that you have got rid of that rheumatism in your head. I suppose you have heard how ill our poor Edward has been, and at a distance from his friends, too. My husband would join me in love if he was here, but he always remembers you. Farewell.

S. L. Howe.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, November 9, 1815.

My dear Eliza,—I think you will expect to hear from me by Mary Pickard, and I feel particularly desirous that you should, as we had so little opportunity of seeing each other during my late visit at the eastward. . . . Mr. Howe stayed but five days, and we found it so scanty a portion of time to see our friends in Milton, Dedham, and Boston, that it was out of the question for us to go to Brighton. But I am perfectly sensible I ought to make no complaint, for I was absent from my home nearly five weeks, and spent my time in a manner which was peculiarly gratifying to me; and I have the satisfaction of thinking I gave some pleasure to my friends, particularly to my father, who really seemed to enjoy my visit as highly as I did myself. We had a very delightful journey home,—the weather was uncommonly fine for the season, and we had the happiness to re-unite our family in perfect health and safety. We have added to it for the winter Eleanor Walker, one of my

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Milton friends; you will probably recollect having seen her at our house. She is quite a handsome girl, and has besides great modesty united with very good sense; her manners are agreeable, and her domestic qualities highly valuable to me in my unfortunate situation about *help*. I get on quite tolerably now in this respect, by a course of exertion which my habits and health prevent me from considering hardship, though I am conscious it would seem such to many of my friends. I have had Mary Pickard for about ten days, and would gladly have detained her longer; but the season was so advanced, she thought it necessary to put herself in the way of an opportunity home. I need not tell how glad I was to have her here, because you can form a correct estimate of the pleasure it afforded me. She will tell you all about us, if you have any curiosity left which can be satisfied short of coming to see us. I have fixed on next summer as the longest period to which I can defer your visit; and recommend to you to make up your mind on the subject, and I have no doubt means can be devised for your transportation. When the time comes, we will form a plan to meet you half way, or something of the kind, as shall then appear expedient. I speak in season, that you may not take lodgings anywhere for the summer.

We got "Discipline" in Boston, and read it on our journey. I was very well pleased with it; and since I came home we have read "Guy Mannering," which I was considerably interested in. I think it has a good deal of the fanciful description which characterizes the "Lady of the Lake." The poetical genius of Scott seems to have worn itself out by too frequent use. I hope he won't write any more very soon; I think his Muse ought to be allowed to rest her weary limbs and repair her tattered robes, or she will soon be quite unfit to appear in polite circles. But do not think I mean to glance at the character of Meg Merrilies, which I think decidedly the most original one in the whole work. But I don't like "Guy Mannering" as well as I do "Discipline," because when you have finished the narrative you have done

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with it; no useful lesson is to be drawn from it, no good principle is advocated. And the other I think is really a rational and sensible book; the author has not made religion intrusive at all, though it is introduced in such a way as to have a decided influence over the character of the work. The conversion of the heroine has nothing miraculous or enthusiastic in it, and is such a one as any denomination of Christians might believe in. I think I have read few novels more calculated for usefulness than "Discipline," and this certainly is the first object when we consider how many there are who never read any thing but novels. The end of my paper and the clamor of my bairnies remind me that it is time to bid you good-by.

Your affectionate

S. L. Howe.

I did not see Eliza's children. I hope "the gift of God" is as promising as the other.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, January 1, 1816.

My beloved Friend, — I feared I should have no letter from you to answer at this my annual period of writing, until the last mail, when I received one. I was truly rejoiced to hear from you once more, though sorry you could not give me a better account of your health. Your trials in this way have been long and severe; God grant they may be terminated shortly! Your health within two or three years has appeared so much better than it used to be, that I have had strong hopes of an entire restoration for you. Be it so or otherwise, the trial comes from Him who "does not willingly afflict," and we have only to bow submissive.

The twenty-eighth year of my life has terminated; a year crowned with the goodness of Almighty God in rich abundance; a year which has robbed me of nothing valuable, and in which I have nothing to

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regret, save that it has not produced a greater accession of moral and intellectual worth. I hope another one — if God give me another — will witness greater improvement, even if it be marked by greater trial. I am perfectly sensible that this is partly in my own power, and that the effort must correspond with the wish; but I know my own weakness too well to feel confident it will be made. I *hope* that I shall be better, but scarcely dare to hope I shall be happier; because I know I have my full proportion of this world's comforts already in possession.

My husband has left me this day to attend a court in Berkshire; he is well and good. My children are as promising as most of their age, though there is nothing prodigious about them. My baby begins to talk, though on the whole rather backward about the matter; he has never said "Mama" till the last week, and I assure you it is a most pleasant sound to my ears. I should be most happy to introduce you to my flock, though I presume their noise would affect your ears a good deal, if not your nerves.

I am going to Northampton to-morrow, and expect to bring home Mary with me; she has not yet been here, though I depend on her passing this month with me. You ask me how I like "Waverley." Very well; I think it is a very interesting novel. I do not know where I got the impression that this and "Guy Mannering" were written by Scott — whether it was from report, or from their treating on his subjects. Do you mean, when you say they were written by Erskine, that it was Thomas Erskine, who was Lord Chancellor, or some other of the name? But whoever it was, I see another novel advertised by the same author, which I should like your opinion of when you have read it; for I really have no right to read a book that is not recommended, because I so seldom read any thing in these days, when hands and eyes (and I had almost said ears) find active employment. But I will not rob the beasts of their rights: my ears have not yet learned to move, though they quicken my fingers and my feet very often. If you could see the "garments I have made" since I came home, you would ac-

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knowledge I was another Dorcas. But I will not boast; I only offer this as an excuse that my literary intelligence is so very small as to afford scarce a single new idea. Mr. Howe has indeed read a good deal to me out of Mather's "Magnalia," from which I have learned a new word expressive of an uncommon appetite. I mention it because I know it will be very gratifying to Sally and Susan,—"pamphagous."

Happy New Year to all your family circle. May its cheerfulness continue though its numbers diminish; and may the prosperity and success of its absent members in some measure atone for the privation of their society.

Your truly affectionate

S. L. Howe.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, April 3, 1816.

My dear Friend,— . . . . . .

Of myself I have but little to inform you. I am now more than ever a domestic animal. I have not left my own fireside for several months, except now and then for a short ride while the sleighing continued. However, it has had many comforts for which I am truly grateful; my own health has been very comfortable, considering my circumstances, and our family enlivened for a considerable part of the winter by the society of my dear sister Mary. She has now left us for a visit of a few weeks in the city of New York.

My employments of late have been needle-work and a little reading. Mr. Howe has read some history to us this winter, and we have had several new poems. We were most pleased with "Roderic the Goth;" I very much prefer it to any former poem of Southey's, and think it more calculated to be generally interesting. Indeed, I doubt if the present age has produced any poem as likely to procure lasting fame to its author; though I am rather adventurous in this conclusion, as I have not heard if it is well or ill received by those who are connois-

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seurs in poetry. I only know that I have seldom read a poem of that length which preserved the interest so well. The "Queen's Wake" is an interesting thing to me, because I love the Scotch poetry from habit as well as from its own merit, it having been a favorite amusement of my youth; and though I do not think the Scotch shepherd has the whole mantle of Burns, I think he has caught a fragment of it to clothe his "Witch of Fife" in, and the whole production may be considered as having a good portion of variety, ingenuity, and taste, especially when we consider it as the production of an unlettered man. "—— Fair" is rather a humorous production, bordering on the ridiculous in my estimation; though I cannot say I read the whole of it as I might, if I had been with Sally and Susan on the latter part of a stormy evening. I think the lengthened nose of the "bonny Charlie Melville's" mistress would be a good subject for Susan's pencil. But I dare say you have had enough of my literary speculation, and I am almost tired with writing. I must just tell you that our little boy grows a great talker, and exhibits great signs of "natural depravity."

S. L. Howe.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, November 29, 1816.

I never have an opportunity to write in the day time, without the interruption of the children; and I do not like to break up our little circle in the evening with getting out the desk, as that is the time my husband appropriates to me.

We have been engaged lately in reading travels in various countries. We have read Simonde's "Travels in England," and Eustace's "Tour in Italy;" and are now engaged in Ali Bey's "Travels in Africa, including a Pilgrimage to Mecca." It is more novel in point of fact though in other respects inferior to the others. I dare say you have read both Simonde and Eustace, as they have been published some

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months. The former I think remarkably interesting; the latter is a very literary and somewhat pedantic work, but has claims to the attention of reading people as an entertaining and instructive book.

I received your letter after I got home, and was very glad of it, although it was not very new. I had not an opportunity to tell you how glad I was to see you look so much better than I expected; and although we had not time for much communication, yet I have more happy impressions of your state and condition than if I had not seen you. Catherine says that you "make a very good appearance in a turban," which is high approbation for her to express. . . .

S. L. Howe.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

Worthington, January 1, 1817.

I never had less news for you than I now have; for, though we have had charming weather for a month past, the want of sleighing has prevented my stirring from the fireside farther than to the kitchen or bedroom, where I have gained no intelligence worthy of communication.

I believe I informed you in my last that we had been travelling in various countries, and we pursued our course through Africa, Persia, and Abyssinia; since which, Mr. Howe has been engaged in Erskine's "Speeches." He is very much interested in them, and so are we in all those that are on subjects any way connected with our knowledge or experience.

I am reading "Virgil" aloud to the girls for afternoon recreation. Perhaps it would be well to inform you that Emma Forbes is one of my girls now, as I think she had not arrived when I last wrote; she has a great fund of cheerfulness and vivacity, and adds much to the pleasure of our domestic circle.

I feel a sort of dread of reviewing the past year, lest the memory of what I have lost should make me ungrateful for what I possess; and yet avoiding to mention the death of my child does not exclude the

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thought: it mingles itself with almost every other. I hope I have made a right improvement of it; at least it has chastened human hopes and brought another and a better world nearer to me than any former event of my life. . . . . .

January 16. You will observe by the former date of this, that it was commenced some time ago. I was interrupted at this stage of the business, and, though I have thought of it frequently since, the convenient season for finishing it has not arrived until now. Indeed, I have become so much a stranger to the use of my pen, that I wonder I make out to write at all. I received your welcome letter the night before last, and hasten to thank you for it, and to express the pleasure I feel that you are well enough to go abroad this winter; as I feared from not hearing, that you were quite sick. I have been at Northampton for a short visit, and found my sister's family recovered after a series of sicknesses which lasted nearly two months, and they are now preparing for a visit at Milton and Boston; so that I dare say you will see her soon. Mary has been in Boston but little since she went from here in the summer; she goes to stay, and I have no doubt she will call and see you. As to E., she goes by momentary impulses, not clock-work; you will see her when the spirit moves that way. I have finished "Virgil," and am now engaged in Bisset's "Life of Burke;" there is a good deal of repetition in it, but some things quite interesting, and as it is nothing new I dare say you have read it long since.

As to my little boy, he improves in knowledge daily; I do not know that he does in conduct, my faculty not being very great, and his temper rather turbulent; but I hope he may become a good man. It is difficult to determine what his character may be; I hope we shall be careful to "plant and water," and wait the increase in patience and hope. Remember me affectionately to all the family. Mr. H. joins in regard with your friend,

S. L. Howe.

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Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

WORTHINGTON, January 1, 1818.

Negligent as I am about writing, I will not give up greeting you on the new year, and bidding farewell to the one that is past. I can truly say to my Heavenly Father, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness" to Thy unworthy servant. I have now lived thirty years in the possession of a thousand undeserved blessings, which it is the study of my whole life to enjoy with moderation, and to resign with submission. I believe I have made some *progress*, though it is less than I desire.

I have my dear little daughter more than I had last year. She is very well and very good, and has now learned to sit on the floor and play with keys, &c., a few minutes at a time. I hope that her life will be spared as a blessing to her family, and a comfort to the old age of her parents. My family are all in health.

January 7. I had written so much, and was obliged to relinquish the pen by some indispensable call, and went the next day to Deerfield, on a very interesting occasion. The church in this town being strictly Calvinistic in its profession, we have never united ourselves with it, but sought admission to the sacred table at a distance from home, and were received. We passed last Sunday there, and had our infant baptized. I believe it to be the duty of every Christian parent to dedicate their little ones to their Maker; and it was a very pleasing and interesting one to us. Our journey was more fatiguing than if we could have gone in a sleigh, but the weather was comfortable, and we have no reason to regret it. We found our friends there and at Northampton well and happy. Catherine is still at N., but will come here soon.

I am looking in the newspaper every time it comes, to see S.'s marriage. I know it will be a trial of feeling to you all, though much less so than if she were to remove from you. As it is, you will see and

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hear from her daily; and a new establishment with which you are connected will afford you new objects of interest. She will be placed in a situation where many will take a strong interest in her for the sake of their minister, and will depend much on her example. I pray God she may have added strength and energy, with additional responsibility; and that she may be enabled to fulfil all the duties of her new situation in such a manner as to make her happy here and hereafter; and I have no doubt she will. Remember me to her most affectionately, and likewise to all your family. My engagements and employments are much what they have been in years past. I take care of my children and sew, and Mr. Howe reads to me in the evening. We have lately been reading the article *France*, in the "*Encyclopédie*," and the periodical publications of the day, of which we see four or five of the most distinguished. You will never know exactly how we get on till you come among us, and I hope you will not defer it longer than the spring.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

WORTHINGTON, April 20, 1818.

Another spring has found us and ours in unusual health; my husband has never been as well at this season since I have known him, although he has passed a winter of hard study and regular application to business, with scarce any remission. As to myself, I go on in the old way; to nurse and tend Mary takes much of my time, and she repays my labor with progressive intelligence. The others keep their course, sometimes rejoicing, and sometimes mourning; at any rate, "clamorous, whether pleased or pained," — so that we have no still life here, though the mud has been too deep for many weeks for us to go abroad or have company. Catherine has been with me for ten weeks, but has gone now. I feel her loss a good deal; she read to me while she was here, — some in books I had read before, and some new ones.

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Miss Hamilton's "Popular Essays" — a book I enjoyed much, although there is some repetition in it — has sterling merit, and, like the spelling-books, "is adapted to the meanest capacities," although it treats of the human heart and mind. We have lately been reading Paley's "Moral Philosophy," and I am much satisfied with it as a clear and enlightened view of human duty drawn from the principles of religion and reason. I am daily expecting to get "Rob Roy," with some interest, as the former productions of this author have excited more of the pleasure I used to have in fictitious works than any other I have read these ten years, — not even Miss Edgeworth's excepted, — which may be a want of judgment in me, but surely not a want of taste. I should really like to tell you some news, but, alas! I must draw on my imagination if I did. I know of no event of moment since I last wrote, except that I have worked a hearth-rug, and we have killed a remarkable large ox, — big enough to put in the newspaper if we had felt inclined.

Our local topics, being altogether of the rural and domestic cast, make no figure at all on paper.

I hope your brothers have arrived ere this, and that you will be able to accomplish your intended journey, and *stop* here and *stay* with me a long time. You shall have a pleasant, cool chamber, with an orchard to look out into, where you can read and write and think when you want to, and us to talk to and hear, when that seemeth good to you; and, moreover, you can walk and ride out some, and withal have the glorious privilege (that we are all so fond of) of doing as you please. These are all the inducements I have to offer, save that cordial and affectionate welcome you can never doubt from me in any situation. My love to Susan; tell her the pure air of our hills would do her good, and I should much like a visit from her.

Anne Lyman has gone to Brush Hill. I hope you will see her, but think it doubtful, if you are in the country; for she went in the stage, and has no independent conveyance from place to place. If you could

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ride over and see them, they would all be very glad to see you. You must write me again as soon as you have leisure, and tell me how you are, and how Susan is, and what you do for a minister. The loss of Mr. Thacher must be great; he was "weaned from earth" by a course of suffering, and, I have no doubt, experiences the joys of a purified spirit. Reasoning upon death in a Christian manner, and experiencing it so frequently among our immediate acquaintance, brings it home so familiarly as to diminish the natural dread of it very much, — at least, this is its effect on me. It seems as if every acquaintance who passed before me smoothed "the path to immortality," and rendered continuance here less desirable; and yet I have a great deal to love and to live for here, and many that I could not relinquish with that filial submission which we should all have to the decrees of our Heavenly Parent, — which is a principle highly capable of cultivation, if we keep the providence of Almighty God constantly in view, and remember that in the heavenly heritage "there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying."

Our family are all well, Mr. Howe uncommonly so; and we have a great deal to be thankful for, in the way of domestic comfort and accommodation. More money might add to elegance and the pleasures of taste, but I do not know that it would much to convenience and real enjoyment. I have always felt rather inclined to complain of the coldness and backwardness of this climate, but the present season is unusually luxuriant. I have roses and strawberries in abundance. I wish you were here to have some of them; but the bounty of Nature is diffused everywhere, and you are in the midst of it, and in the way of your duty likewise.

Remember me to your family, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,

S. L. Howe.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MY mother's letters to my cousin, Emma Forbes, and to my cousin, Abby Lyman, form the only consecutive account I have of her life in Northampton, from the year 1815 to the year 1840. In the course of this period, my cousin Abby married Mr. William Greene, of Cincinnati, — a relative of General Greene of Revolutionary fame, and a gentleman for whom my mother had a high esteem.

How little did they dream that any of their letters would be preserved beyond the immediate hour! And yet these careless, unstudied missives possess a value for descendants which they could not have for a wider public. To both these young persons she always wrote rather in the tone of a Mentor; and it is amusing to hear her, long before she reached the age of thirty, speaking of "My old heart;" or, "My old age." But, perhaps, the fact of taking the position of wife to a man of my father's age and character, and of guide to so many young persons, while still young herself, gave her that constant feeling of care and responsibility that makes one feel old in some ways.

The two events of her life which gave special cause for gratitude, during the years in which these letters were written, were the birth of her daughter, Anne Jean, in July, 1815, and of her second son, Edward Hutchinson Robbins, February, 1819. Anne Jean was baptized with her mother's name; but as she grew up she preferred to spell her name *Annie*, and all her family and friends in addressing her dropped the *Jean*, except her mother, to whom the whole name was dear from association; and who had, through life, the habit of lengthening, rather than shortening, names. Edward was baptized with the name of his maternal grandfather.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

FRIDAY MORNING [1817 or 1818].

MY DEAR EMMA, — I am very much "drove for time" (as country-folks say), and, therefore, can give you but a general account of the times. Christina Cushing alighted at my door last Monday, on her way to Deerfield; but as the northern stage had gone out, she stayed with me till this morning, — which I was very glad of, as she had it in her power to give me an account of Hingham and a number of my other friends; and she made me a white silk gown, which Mr. Lyman bought for me at Hartford. I should judge, from your letter, that you had not heard that our dear Inches friends have lost another child. Little Maryann died of the whooping-cough last Saturday morning. Mary, I dare say, has written the particulars before this time. Sam returned with Jane in the last stage; Jane looks finely, and, I think, is much improved in every respect, as well as Sam, — who never appeared so interesting and agreeable as he now does, nor so much improved in knowledge and good principles as well as manners. Dwight also is with us, who makes up by his kind and polite attentions for the want of improvement which Sam is possessed of. We have had a New Year's ball; our young gentlemen attended, and Miss Cushing. We have got a very good singing-school, and the girls go, with great prospects of success in learning that art.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Abby B. Lyman.

NORTHAMPTON, March 4, 1818.

MY DEAR ABBY, — After a most fatiguing tour which occupied the whole of three days, your Uncle arrived last night; but he is so happy and so grateful for having escaped the various perils he was exposed to, that he does not say a word of indisposition. You can hardly conceive of the ravages made on every little stream by the last sudden freshet; all bridges are swept away in every direction, except our new

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one, and it is not expected that *that* will be able to withstand the mighty torrents of ice that are sailing down the river. Your Uncle went more than forty miles out of his way, that he might be able to find bridges to cross Ware River and Swift River, and then had to go over them in a most hazardous condition. It was very fortunate for Miss Henshaw that she did not attempt to come. I was highly gratified by your letter, my dear Abby; both your observations and reflections on what has occurred to you are such as I could wish them to be, and prove to me that you are not one of those "who have eyes and see not, ears and hear not;" but that you are possessed of all the faculties your Heavenly Father endowed you with, and are disposed to apply them to their uses. The end of education is to learn a just appropriation of our various talents, and their value; the effect of which will be, love to God, and consequent good-will to men,—such as will lead us to seek our own happiness in that of others, and to feel our great responsibility to the Author of all good.

I suppose it is unnecessary, Abby, for me to tell you *how* you should seek your happiness in that of others, for by a very natural deduction you will make the practical inference I intended to convey. But as it is my habit to give "rule upon rule," and "precept upon precept," I shall again go into the detail of particulars. You are now with Mr. and Mrs. W.; think then every morning in what way you can be most instrumental in promoting their comfort, and what you can do to make yourself most acceptable to them in every particular, for that is the only way you have of proving the gratitude I am sure you must feel for the *real friendship* they have shown you. According to my experience, there is but little of it in the world, and whenever I see it I view it as the most exalted quality human nature is susceptible of (I mean of an earthly cast); and I feel that you are particularly blessed in having friends whose precept and example are so much calculated for your improvement, and trust that it will not be lost on you. But lest you should think I mean to write you a sermon I will cease to advise you,

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and tell you what is going on, that is, in my own family; for I have had no more to do with the world since you left me, than if I had been on an insulated rock in the midst of the wide ocean. The first week after you went away I was entirely confined to my chamber, and almost to my bed, by an inflamed sore throat; after which, as I had nothing in particular to do, I thought I would read Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy," and assure you I have felt the want of my reader very much, for you know I like assistance as well as participation in almost every thing I do; but as I could have neither your Uncle, Katy, nor yourself, I got Miss Bancroft to read evenings, which she was perfectly willing to do, though she had read it before. I don't know of any thing I have ever read that has delighted me so much. He gives an accurate description of every place of any consequence at all in Italy; of all its monuments and relics of whatever kind; but the pleasure of reading it is a little diminished by the frequent recurrence of Italian quotations, which if I could read them would give a still higher zest to the enjoyment I already experienced.

I hear your father is moving to Westfield, and that they are all well at Norwich.

Your very affectionate aunt,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. — Anne Jean told me the other day, "I know my Cousin Abby loves me, because she's good." I have a great deal of her society now, for she does not go to school, in consequence of not being well.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes.

WORTHINGTON, January 20, 1818.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I think it 's time I answered a letter dated August last, Milton Hill,

"Where once my careless childhood strayed;"

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but it is not negligence nor forgetfulness that has kept me thus in arrears, but occupation, — occupation of the arms more than of the mind, — though there is something in this tending babies that does not brighten the ideas much; and the *spirit* and *elegance* with which I formerly composed are somewhat evaporated, I am willing to confess. "*Nevertheless*," * the dregs shall be poured out, rather than my conscience shall suffer a letter to go entirely unanswered. A thousand things happen to remind us of last winter; not a day passes, but we repeat something you said or did. The scene here is unchanged, except we have a baby; which occupies me, and obliges Eleanor to keep her shoulder to the wheel rather more constantly than before. But Catherine has come now to help turn, and we get on much as we used to; only we have W. G. to keep us in motion, for he is a moving character. Singing is the fashion here this winter. Even C. is inspired, and now sits with a singing-book in hand; and I do not doubt will be able to *fa, so, la*, if she can do it without being seen or heard. I wish you were here, and I do not doubt you would be famous. Susan is digging through the Latin verbs, and finds it very heavy work; but literally does some every day, and will parse by spring, I dare say.

You must commence a series of letters to the mountains, to enliven us with the Milton news, and we will drop you a line whenever we can. E. is writing to you, I believe, and will give an account of herself. Mr. Howe and I have made our long-contemplated visit at Deerfield. We found our friends there well, except Mrs. B., who is literally a moving skeleton. F. A. has a baby, and wears a cap, and looks almost as matronly as I do, — which is saying a great deal, for I feel as if I had turned a sharp corner, now that I am over thirty, and as if I must take heed to my ways. The farther we ascend the hill of life, the more duties are prescribed to us: happy those who accumulate proportionate *industry* and *patience!* May these be yours; they are

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* Madame de Staël.

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better gifts than fortune, fame, or beauty. May you be happy in the enjoyment of all earthly, but more especially all heavenly, comforts; may you know that peace which passeth all understanding *here* and *hereafter*.

Remember me to your mother and the children, and write soon to your truly affectionate friend and cousin,

S. L Howe.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes.

Worthington, June 15, 1818.

My dear Emma, — A great while ago I had a letter from you, and I know it is time I thanked you for it. C. has carried you all the intelligence from these parts, and I would not write by her on that account; for I know she can talk to you, though she does not condescend to be very liberal of her descriptive talents. Old General Lincoln told Mr. Lovel that he must have a very large stock of discretion on hand, for he never knew him to make use of any: on that plan C. must have a fund of anecdote and remark which you and I can hardly conceive of, who have lived every day from hand to mouth, and expended each acquisition as soon as it was obtained. To return to my subject: she undoubtedly told you that *we*, Worthingtonians, were very well and very busy, as is usual with us. Eleanor is making butter, &c., and I am tending baby, &c., — though she now has an elegant red and green wagon that relieves my weary arms occasionally; and I have hopes will walk erect one of these days, though she now goes upon all-fours very nimbly, though not very conveniently.

I have read "Rob Roy." It does not come near "Old Mortality;" and yet I like the strange girl, Die; but I hope no living heroine will attempt to imitate her, for it would not do second-hand at all. I have read Paley's "Moral Philosophy" this spring; it is a charming book, and I hope you will read it the first opportunity. We have nothing new but the periodical publications. The "New York Review" is mere

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patch-work, made up of little shreds and parings of other things; the "Quarterly" is horribly bigoted about every thing, and the Scotch reviewers use a scythe and sickle all the time. I think I like the spirit of the "North American" best of all (you see I have a *Yankee* heart). I do not compare its talents with the transatlantic books; I know the old trees have deep roots and high branches, but their flowers and fruit are not always sweetest.

I was just as old as you are now, the season I left Milton Hill, — in my seventeenth year. I can never forget the last summer I passed there. I was then a great deal with Eliza Cabot: we used to walk very frequently up and down on the bank opposite your house (besides many other walks); and I can almost see the full moon as it used to rise out of the ocean. I have never been in Milton at this pride of the year for five summers; but your sun shines on the grave of my ancestors, and gilds the spire where I first learned to worship God.

> "The last ray of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of those valleys can fade from my heart."

President Kirkland, in his charming character of Mr. Thacher, says: "There is a path to immortality from every region." How consoling the idea, when time and accident has removed us from the scenes rendered dear by a thousand interesting associations! I look around me, and behold every thing verdant and luxuriant, and own that this is a very pleasant place. I wish you could come here at this season, and see my *great snowballs*, and how nicely my rhubarb flourishes, and eat some of the pies. A charming specimen of the bathos! I am looking for the Misses Cabot to-morrow or next day; but they will not stay long, which disappoints me some, as I had hoped E. would make something of a visit when she actually arrived after so long a time.

Now have charity, Emma, and write me a long letter soon, and tell me how everybody behaves; as I really am afraid I shall forget how myself, if I have not somebody to put me in mind: it's only once a

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year I go anywhere but to N——, and I don't want to behave as *they* do, that is the generality of them, — because they have no social feeling, no regard for each other, and no pursuits in common; "among unequals, what society!" I cannot find so much fault as this even with my unlettered neighbors; they have children, and cows, wool, and flax, — so have I; these and the gardens and the weather make harmless subjects of conversation when we meet, and if we part without having communicated or received information, we part without envy and ill-will.

My paper warns me, and I bid you farewell. Remember me to your parents, and greet friends for me if you should see any of mine soon. I take it for granted I have a great many, you see.

Yours truly,

SARAH L. HOWE.

In a letter to Cousin Emma, dated August 10, is an allusion to the departure of "Louisa" to the valley of Wyoming. The story of Louisa is this: The tavern nearest our house, and afterwards known as Warner's Tavern, was kept for a time by a man and his wife who had only one child, a little girl. About the year 1818, both were attacked with fever, and died within a few days of each other. It seemed only a simple and natural act for my mother to walk into the deserted house, and take home the little Louisa to her own well-filled nursery. How long she remained before relatives were found to claim her, I do not know; but am under the impression it was more than a year. I never should have known any thing about it, but for the following circumstance: When I was more than twenty years old, I sat one day near the window (my father and mother being out), when an old-fashioned chaise stopped at the door, and a pale and thin lady accompanied by her husband, a Presbyterian minister, alighted from it. She introduced herself as Mrs. F., and asked if Judge and Mrs. Lyman were at home. I told her they were out, but invited her to stop, as they would

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return in an hour. So they came into the house. When my mother came home, she did not at once recognize her. "Do you not remember Louisa?" said the lady. A warm embrace was the only answer. And then followed a delightful evening; Louisa wishing to revisit every room in the house, and show them all to her husband, and call up a hundred memories of her childhood. She told my mother of all the years since they parted; of her marriage; of the births and deaths of children; and her own failing health. And how, when her husband had wished to take her a journey, from far away Pennsylvania, she had begged him to bring her to see the graves of her parents, and the home of the kind people who had received her, when her young heart was so sad, and where she had been so happy. So they had come; and after staying two days, they left us, cheered and warmed with the heartfelt pleasure both my father and mother felt in this meeting, which was the last on earth.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

AUGUST 10 [1818?].

MY DEAR EMMA,—I had the pleasure to hear, by mamma's letter, that you had a little sister, and that your mother was nicely. Every increase of our earthly ties brings with it new duties, and I dare say the circumstance has occupied much of your time and your reflections since it occurred.

It would be difficult to define what has occupied my time for the last three months. I have been engrossed by such an endless variety, and the succession has been too rapid for me to have retained any distinct impression as to what has predominated. I do not know how profitable it may have been to me, but I am sure I have passed as pleasant a summer (thus far) as I ever recollect to have done in my life; I have seen a great many friends and acquaintance that it gives me pleasure to see, and none that are disagreeable to me. It is unnecessary for

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

DECEMBER 7 [1815].

MY DEAR EMMA, — Although I know one of my letters resembles one of Mr. Williams's sermons in point of interest and ingenuity, and they are, of course, very tedious to the person who receives them, still, I, like him, continue to write for pay; that is, that I may earn an answer, for I have done with the hope of communicating pleasure. But I know that young people like yourself have a great many resources, which come to them in the shape of various excitements. Indeed, youth is of itself a pleasure; and I know that but a small part of yours can depend on receiving letters; and that makes one of the greatest differences between you and me. For almost all the happiness I derive from society is through the medium of letters from my friends, both as they serve for an unequivocal testimony of their continued regard, and as a relation of those facts which constitute their happiness or misery awakens in my mind sentiments of sympathy which rekindles and renews that affection for them which time is apt to deaden, unless occasionally excited by that kind of communion. And nothing is so acceptable and heart-satisfying to a feeling mind as the affections of others; to me it is the richest enjoyment. But is it not strange that we do so little to procure it! Did not Nekeyah give too true an account of domestic life, when she represented the family compact as broken by mutual jealousies and consequent strife, — such as annihilate the better affections of the human heart? The great difficulty, I believe, is that, though we want the affections of our natural friends, we are not willing to pay the price equivalent to the attainment of them: we are not patient with their infirmities, nor self-denying in accommodation to their convenience; and whilst we allow selfishness to prevail over every disinterested sentiment, we must abide by the consequences.

I suppose Catherine has given you an account of all the bustle and

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confusion we have lived in till within the last fortnight, which has been spent in a monotonous calm. C—— went to Springfield with Dwight; I believe she enjoyed it, but I don't know, not having heard her say much about it. She is quite engaged about learning French; she reads with Mary and Jane several chapters every day, and, I think, will get quite an insight into the grammar shortly; and then you and she will be able to read together occasionally.

I wish, when you write to me again, you would tell me a little about your neighbor, Mrs. ——. I have a notion she's queer; though I have always heard she was an accomplished lady. And I wish to know how you like your minister, how they do at Inches Hall, &c. By-the-way, have you heard how much mischief —— —— has been making by troubling herself to run down that little trifling ——, and giving me as an authority to confirm all she chose to say? I shall deny every charge; for I should never think of spending time to scandalize or make any remarks, except in a very casual way, of such a light piece as she is. Mrs. —— has got —— to investigate whether the things said came from me; but he says but little about it, for he knows it ain't best, all things considered, and only calls —— hard names; so that I think she lost as much as she gained by coming to N.

You don't know how delighted I was to see James, and how much I was pleased with him; I hope I shall see him again before he goes, and I think I shall. I hope he will be able to settle in this country before my eyes become too far dimmed by age to behold him. Give my love to your father and mother, and the children.

Yours, with sincere affection,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

August 17 [1815 or 1816].

My dear Emma, — I was sitting at the writing-desk at seven o'clock this morning, with all my writing materials about me, though for a very different purpose than writing to you, when I received your letter by Dr. Channing. So I thought I would continue my employment, and make one of my unprofitable communications to you in answer to your very interesting one. I was sorry to find that Dr. Channing had altered his first determination of spending a day in Northampton, and concluded to go on as far as Pittsfield; for it would have given me great pleasure to have had them to spend the day with me, and to have done all the walking about which Mrs. Channing's health would have admitted of. They arrived here in the last evening, and of course I did not hear of it until this morning, or should have called; but Mr. Lyman saw Dr. C.

I conclude Boston is full by this time, for there has been an incessant driving of loaded carriages through the town towards Boston ever since I returned, and all the taverns are so uncomfortably full that I have had thoughts of putting up a sign myself. But I should not like to accommodate any except such agreeable people as Dr. Channing and his wife.

Since my return, I have had two very agreeable tours to Springfield and Deerfield, and had a very agreeable visit from a Mr. Bowie and Dunbar.

If you can communicate any thing favorable in regard to Mr. ——, and by that means do away the unfavorable impression I now entertain of him (which to be sure I have received from students), I wish you would. I am glad to find you had so much to entertain and please you at Brookline. "There's nothing like the feast of reason for entertainment and seasoning to our enjoyment;" and that I presume you had in abundance. I beg you will give me an account of your Aunt J.'s

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party. I am sure I don't know where they could put two hundred people, unless it was out of doors; for I should not think the two rooms would hold more than a hundred comfortably of a warm evening. But country people entertain very limited notions of crowding and jamming.

I suppose K. and you have been expecting to hear of the death of ——, and don't know but I shall surprise K. by telling her that it has come out, now that she is on her death-bed, that she is engaged to ——; so you see singing and reading meetings are not entirely fruitless of consequences. Everybody is marrying here. D. W. to Miss W., Mr. —— to somebody as insignificant as himself, and several others equally uninteresting to you.

Do not be surprised at the want of sense and connection in this letter, for the children have been making as much noise as three could possibly; for I have little Sam in addition to my own, and 'tis washing day, so I must bear it, for nobody else can have them. E. and S. are now on a visit to Springfield and Westfield.

This day is the commencement of court-week, which brings with it so much confusion and work that I do not again expect to take my pen.

Tell K. I have received my carpet and paper, and am much pleased with her prompt attention to my business.

Yours with much love for all your family; and excuse all the inaccuracies of this hurried epistle.

A. J. Lyman.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Eleanor Walker.

My dear Eleanor, — Sam and Jane spent an hour with your sisters in Brookfield, and found them very well, happy, and handsome. I hope, notwithstanding the felicity to be found in Worthington, that you and Emma will come in and be here at the next ball, whether I am here or not. I will make some provision for you to get in, as it is an affair that our young gentlemen have very much at heart; and as

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to my going to Boston, I do not allow myself to think much about it. Mrs. Burt has very poor health, and has left me for a vacation; and I do not see my way clear to do any thing but stay at home and take care of my family. But if there should be any turn in my fortunes to enable me to leave the children easily, I may go still. Mamma wrote me begging that I would bring Joe, which I would do if it were not that I hear the whooping-cough prevails, which I think a sufficient objection. Anne Jean is well, except her ear, which continues to trouble her.

Yours with much love,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes, at Worthington.

JANUARY 22 [1817].

MY DEAR EMMA, — I should have written the last time the stage went out, but thought then to have seen Worthington before this time; but have been disappointed. Indeed, if I were to follow the dictates of my feelings, I should go in the stage to-day, but the want of Mrs. Burt or her substitute, Loisa, must prevent, for I cannot feel confidence enough in Sally to leave Anne Jean entirely to her care; and now Mary and Jane go to the singing-school, they do not get home till she goes to bed at night. Besides which, I find that three men in a family create some care, if not trouble, which makes my presence absolutely necessary. I never felt so tied before. I cannot recollect that I have made but two calls and one visit since you left me. I have watched one night with Mrs. Snow, who is exceedingly low; and I find watching agrees with me so well that I shall try it again in a night or two if she should live to want it, — but I sincerely hope she will not, for her bones have come through, which makes it very difficult to do any thing for her. I know of nothing more humiliating to human pride than to witness this total prostration of the corporeal faculties, which

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the infirmities of our nature render us all equally liable to. Loisa has been with her Aunt the last fortnight almost all the time, and appears to be much affected by her situation.

You asked me in one of your letters about French. My only exercise now is hearing Mary conjugate a verb every day, and assisting her in translating a couple of pages in "Mother Goose." I spent one week in working a breadth of ruffle which washed almost all to pieces as soon as it was done; which I regretted exceedingly, for it proved me a fool for working on such poor muslin.

I have not been able to send the shirts; it is difficult to get anybody to take so large a bundle. But your letters went by a Boston man, and the ruffles; but Aunty W.'s stocking I believe must wait till the shirts go, which will be in a week, by Mr. T. Swan, who will be a very safe person to send them by. I have not heard from *below* since Jane came. I should be glad if you have any intelligence if you would communicate it. I am no nearer going to Boston than I was a month ago, that I know of. I do not think Mr. Howe will find it safe to take any of his projected journeys very soon, and I hope he and Sally will avail themselves of every possible opportunity to come to N., together with Eleanor and yourself. Tell E. that I should have sent for you both if you had not refused to go to the ball, which is to-night; and Sam and Dwight are greatly disappointed. The stage is at the door.

Yours with love to all.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

JUNE 1, 1817.

MY DEAR EMMA, — We were very sorry that Eliza could not be permitted to remain longer with us, as it was the first time she was ever disposed to make us a visit. She came back from Worthington wonderfully pleased with Northampton, and with us and our children; and went so far as to call Joseph a very good boy, and Annie the

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loveliest child that ever was seen, and bestowed great encomiums on Mary and Jane; and I think, if she had stayed, we should have succeeded in making her tolerably happy during the summer. Oh, Emma, I wish you were here now! The country never looked more charming, the verdure was never more perfect, and I could not help feeling a desire that you, and, indeed, everybody else that sees this place at all, should see it in its most beautiful state. But, after all, the beauties of Milton Hill far outvie any thing the interior can boast; yet they are both perfect of their kind.

The short visit I had from Mr. and Mrs. Inches and sisters did me some good, though I could not help lamenting that it was so short; for it did not give me an opportunity of proving to them how glad I was to see them. Owing to the painting inside the house and out, we were not quite in our usual order; but we did not mind that, and, I dare say, it did not annoy them. I am expecting Mr. and Mrs. Barnard with the boys from Greenfield to-morrow; they will go from here to New York, and from there to Providence by water, and, I suppose, will reach Boston about the tenth of this month.

M. D. has been spending some time with me, and is still here. B. C. has recovered so that she rides out. Things in general here remain *in statu quo*. Except Sunday reading, I have attended to nothing since you left here but Miss Hamilton's "Popular Essays," and the last number of the "North American Review,"—the latter of which I have not taste to admire or to feel improved by. Miss Hamilton's last work I do not see a fault in, neither as it regards religion, morality, or perspicuity of style. I hope you will read it, though I think it particularly designed for mothers; still, it will be instructive to all. It appears to me to be a sequel to her "Essays on Education;" or, rather, an amplification of the same ideas she has advanced there. The human mind, with all its original qualities and capabilities, together with its necessities, is the field she has chosen to labor in (in the abstract). She has analyzed it with the most minute discrimina-

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tion of its different qualities, and their bearing on one another. I think it requires a more philosophical head than mine to enjoy it very much, though it is written in such a style that even I could understand with perfect ease.

We have had several parties lately on M. D.'s account, and I have felt obliged to go, though you know with how much reluctance I have made the sacrifice, — spending my time with people whom I am never with, without thinking, as Dean Swift did, —

> " Those with whom I now converse
> Without a tear could tend my hearse ; "

and you know that no pleasurable intercourse can exist with such a conviction. I wish, if you get it, you would read a printed sermon of Dr. Bancroft's on the fourth commandment, which, though it has been most severely reviewed in the " Panoplist," I think very excellent. Perhaps you saw it when you were in Worcester.

Mary and Jane are getting along very fast on the piano, and Betsy Sumner behaves with great propriety ; is delighted with the notice she receives, and admires Northampton, and does not trouble me at all ; but, I think, as she does not have but five scholars, she will have to leave us at the end of the quarter. She is really a very excellent instructor, and, I think, can advance a child in one quarter as much as one of the celebrated instructors would in six months, because she pays a great deal more attention to them than any master that I have seen.

Yours, with much love to all the family,

A. J. LYMAN.

My dear Emma, — I wish you would get such a pair of kid gloves as you like, on my account, at Miss Bent's, in exchange for a pair that you left here, that are of great use to me.

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me to say that I am surrounded by an uncommon share of domestic comforts and but few trials; for you have been here and have seen, and know for yourself all about it. But this I can say truly, that I try to be sensible of the blessings that have been bestowed on me, to be grateful for them, and to enjoy them.

I have read "The Tales of My Landlord," and am much pleased with it, and can subscribe to all the "North American Review" has said of it, except that it is equal to "Guy Mannering;" and that I cannot agree to. The Black Dwarf is too much like the other extraordinary characters of the same author to bear the stamp of originality, which constitutes one of the greatest charms of Guy; and the case is the same in regard to Balfour, and Old Mortality. But still I think it delightful, because it gives such an interesting account of the sufferings produced by the religious contentions of the high revolutionary times of which it treats, which corresponds perfectly to the historical accounts we have read; and I think Calvinistical cant is exceedingly well burlesqued in it. The French ardor has not subsided at all; the children hardly speak in any other language; even Joseph has caught the spirit, and is to go to Miss Clark next quarter, and study "Le Syllabaire Français." You would be surprised to hear how well he reads and spells English.

Louisa left us a fortnight ago. I have not heard from her yet, but hope soon to learn that she has reached the Valley of Wyoming in safety; though I am sure her enjoyment will not be heightened by any of those poetical recollections which might accompany some of the dear lovers of Campbell. We had a very affecting parting. L. was entirely overcome by the idea of leaving forever the scene of her nativity, and appeared to feel all that gratitude could inspire towards us all.

I wish I could run in and see what you are doing in Milton Hill. Dwight had a very agreeable tour to Quebec, and looks a great deal better than when he went away. His health, I think, is so far con-

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firmed that there would be no hazard in his going from home to settle, if it were considered expedient; but nothing is decided with regard to him at present.

I am hoping that C. will come up with S.; but am a little afraid Sally's going down will stand in the way of it. I should have gone to Worthington with —— to-morrow; but Miss —— wished to go, and I could not help thinking that it would be more agreeable to —— to go with her (as it is the object of her life to give pleasure to gentlemen), than to have gone with me. This said —— is no great acquisition to any society; she is a most frivolous, trifling thing. I do not believe that her lover would be willing to marry her, if he knew with what avidity she received attentions from all the young men of her acquaintance; but this she could not do if she was attached to him. But perhaps matrimony will have a salutary effect on her character; it certainly has on others of the same stamp. Yet I do not think it can be a very exalted cast of character that requires it; and yet how common it is to see people pre-eminent for their intellectual qualifications previous to their married life, who appear extremely insignificant and (to use a vulgar phrase) *unfacultied* after they are married!

Yours with much love to your father and mother and the boys,

A. J. Lyman.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

Wednesday, September 17 [1818?].

My dear Emma, — I was pleased, after so long a time, again to behold your hand-writing, which I did ten days ago by Mrs. ——, who stayed with me from Saturday afternoon till Monday. I enjoyed the company —— and lady brought with them, rather better than theirs. I think they appeared to be very unaffected good people. But Mrs. —— has faded away into a little insignificant shadow, and has by her desire

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to be pre-eminent in the fashionable world (a quality which she acquired since I first knew her) lost that condescending manner and amiability of character, which was peculiar to her at sixteen, and which was all she had to make her interesting; together with a tolerably pretty face. I cannot help contrasting her character with E.'s, who in her youth displayed a thoughtless inattention to every thing that did not contribute in some measure to the gratification of personal vanity, but whom the circumstance of having a family has turned into one of the most rational domestic animals in the world, without any desire for that adulation which was for so long a time her only pleasure. But Mrs. —— does not feel the common interest of a parent for her own children, and owns that in her most youthful days she was never more gratified by the attentions of young men than she now is; and while she was with us, she, to prove the truth of this, kept D. and S. in constant requisition.

But I think I ought to stop scandal short, to inform you that E. had this morning a very fine daughter, and has been finely through the whole of it; though she was so sick with a severe ague for ten days previous to it, that we were afraid it would kill her. I have been with her a part of every day and sometimes all day during that time, for the doctor expected hourly that the disease would change. Yesterday I had the court to dine, with their ladies, making twenty in all, and had just such a time as when the governor dined here, except that I had not a tipsy cook; and on that account there was no difficulty. I am very much pleased with Mrs. Judge Thacher, and Mrs. Morton, who is certainly a very interesting woman. She gave me the private history of Lord and Lady Byron, which you may suppose was very interesting to me.

I have written this in such a hurry that I hardly know what I have been about, and beg you to overlook all errors, and remember it is court-week, and missionary-week. Dr. Morse is staying here, and a number of things to ruffle a poor body, and company to dinner every

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day this week, and Hannah most dead with getting dinner for the court, and myself too. Love to all friends.

Yours most affectionately,

A. J. LYMAN.

Our "Bratikins" are hearty, and Anne Jean grows the greatest beauty that ever was seen.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

JANUARY 23, 1820.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I was highly gratified by your letter, which I received by James. I am delighted to find you are so happy; it is a proof that your time is profitably occupied: for satiety is the invariable result of the reverse, with all its consequent uneasiness. "Variety is the spice of life," which gives it all its flavor, we are told; and this you appear to be enjoying to all intents and purposes; though that sentiment requires a good deal of qualification to be *just* or *true*. But it certainly strikes the ear as very plausible; for there are but too many who can only look back on life as a sad variety of evils, which though entirely different have followed one another in rapid succession, and have brought increased misery by finding the sufferer unprepared to meet them. This view of the subject, then, should teach us to fortify ourselves with certain acquisitions that would have a tendency to repel their force — such as patience and the sister virtues; and to keep a guard on the avenues which admit their opponents, and render if possible our stronghold impregnable. But I am afraid you will think because it is Sunday that I mean to preach a sermon, or else you will laugh and call it sentimental cant; so I will leave it, to tell you that I am much obliged to you for your list of authors. There was too much Everettism in the "Memoirs of De Rossi," and in "University Education" for us to mistake the writer; "Mississippian Scenery" wanted for that individuality of style (to use his own language) which is so con-

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spicuous in his other pieces, or perhaps I did not give so much attention to it.

I was exceedingly pleased with the latter part of "Pulpit Eloquence," for the style you will observe was very unequal: but then the subject of the latter part had a much more kindling influence, so that it was not to be wondered at; but the first eight or ten pages is no credit to ——.

To return to Mr. E. It certainly was a piece of low wit in him, in such a discussion, to speak of H.'s plan as rather "*under* the table than *upon* it." An unamiable acquaintance of ours, to whose attention I directed that piece on his plan for national education, said he was in misery till he came to this glaring defect, for he was afraid that E. would write something perfect. But as I have a desire that a man of so much influence should be perfect, those feelings could have no weight with my opinion. . . . . .

I feel great sympathy in all Mr. Everett's plans; he and I are engaged in the same cause, though operating in different spheres. We are both engaged (I mean our hearts) in all improvements that will facilitate education; in other words that will clothe the nakedness of the mind most effectually and most profitably, and with such acquisitions as wear best.

I believe some of the "North American" reviewers to be under a mistake, in endeavoring to lessen the reputation of those Americans who have been considered as our great men, and who have sustained their country by the exercise of their moral and physical force. More than a year ago, much pains was taken to prove that Dr. Franklin was a very small character, who had had a false reputation; and now Mr. P. M., in his ardor to add an indifferent review to a very indifferent publication, has brought General Greene's character down to the level of a very ordinary standard. And I think if they continue this scheme, and the work should be widely diffused in foreign countries, our national character will not stand very high abroad, any more than at home. But

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after all, I must say I have been much edified and pleased with the last number, and shall send it to Sam with a good deal of reluctance; who, by the way, I wish you would pay some attention to, in the writing way. He complains sadly that nobody writes to him.

Give my love to all friends, and believe me sincerely yours.

This has been written under every namable disadvantage, and, if I had time to copy it, I am sure I would not send it as it is; but trusting it will never meet other than the eye of friendship, which will draw a veil over its defects, I subscribe myself your affectionate friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

January 28. — P. S. I have just heard by mamma that our ever dear friend Mrs. Whipple is no more. It is a comfort to me to hear that her exit was so tranquil and free from suffering. Mrs. Whipple was one of the few of whom I believe it may be said she had no enemies; and I know of no one who had more real friends. But I have not time to say what my feelings dictate.

Early in the spring of 1820, the new barn that my father had built with much care was burned. Both house and barn had been full of the confusion of building; and it is to this event my mother refers in writing to Cousin Emma.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, March 29, 1820.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I suppose you have heard of our calamity till you are tired of it; so I will not attempt to give you any description, but merely emit a little of that vagrancy of feeling which results from instability of purpose, — the natural effect of too strong an impulse upon weak nerves. But I will not forget to thank you for your fidelity to me in the shape of two very excellent letters, which did me as much good as "Ivanhoe" has the enthusiasts for something new; who, I

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presume, are abundantly satisfied with this last production of that favorite author.

The interruption of Mr. Lyman's coming in and hurrying dinner on account of Mr. Metcalf's going out in the stage (who has been making a short stay here) has broken the chain of my thoughts, and I must leave "Ivanhoe" for abler critics. I am aware there will be much fault found that the interesting Rebecca was not better provided for; but I always keep steadily in view what I conceive to be the object of the author, which is rather to delineate the manners, customs, and occupations of the people and time he describes, than to make interesting heroes and heroines, — which, if he aimed at, he has certainly at times failed.

I think your prospect for the summer is very pleasant, as it regards society; but I am mistaken if a friend of yours does not "lay the root of a new political existence" in your quarter before long; though it is not right to lay up evils in anticipation, for they are always bad enough when they come. I find it so in my present trial. I thought I had suffered a great deal from the confusion of building and getting our house in order, together with all the outbuildings, and that I should never have the same scene to go through again, for I was always in fear that the children would get some injury while the barn was going up; but now, though I had never anticipated it, we have got to pass another summer in confusion. But I have no complaints to make; we were so much favored in not having our house burned. If I had written this before our accident, I should have told you that if you came here this summer I would give you a ride to Brattleboro'; but all intentions of moving from home have ceased. I shall, from this time forward, endeavor to cultivate a little of your suspicion of the future, to which you have devoted a niche of your mind; and I think it would be well if every one did. I hope you will let me have a few of your reflections after you get into the country, that I may know what effect the transition produces on your mind. I could fill up my

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paper, my dear Emma, but my pen is so bad, that my pride forbids. Love to all inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. I feel much indebted to you for the kind interest you took in Jane.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, January 8, 1821.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I never have omitted to give you credit for your unexampled liberality towards me of the treasures of the mind; and those are of all gifts the most heart-satisfying, if they are what we most want. But in circumstances of cold or hunger that would not be the case; such, however are not mine. 'Tis the heart only which craves the aliment bestowed by acts of kindness and friendship; and the most unequivocal proof of it is given when we are separated by distance, and obtain the treatment I have received at your hands and heart.

The greatest alloy in my visit was seeing so little of you, and knowing that you were sick; neither of which was it in my power to remedy. Otherwise, my visit to Boston was as pleasant as possible. It is always more of an object with me in the visits I make to Boston, to keep old friendships in good repair, than to form new ones. Such, however, does not appear to be the effect of them; for much of my time is taken up with people I care little about, and who care less for me. But I am engaged in every thing that appertains to mankind, and am gratified to have it in my power to observe the changes which take place in society; whether they relate to morals or mere forms. No one, I believe, to see me when I visit the metropolis, would doubt that I had the spirit of a dissipated woman; but without taking credit to myself for it, I must say my heart resists the charge. There is nothing but what is perfectly evanescent and unsubstantial in the joys to be

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obtained in the way of dissipation. But true and rational enjoyment leaves as much for retrospection as was afforded by the reality. To find out what that is and pursue it, is true wisdom; and by so doing we may augment our own happiness in a ten-fold degree, inasmuch as it is caused by every reflection upon our actions. How careful we are, my dear Emma, to supply by artificial aid every defect created by time or other circumstance in our persons! And how just it would be, were it a fair indication of the manner in which we treat ourselves in other respects; but how often do we lose ground in habits and virtues that we have possessed, without taking any pains to reinstate ourselves in them, or acquire others that would fill their place!

You will think me in a very prosing humor, but excuse it. It is the beginning of a new year, and I am growing old fast, and feel that I ought to be mending my ways, and helping others to mend theirs, if a knowledge of my experience will do it; and I can say with truth, that I never have known any sorrow equal to a sense of having acted wrong, or any pleasure so fruitful as the sense of acting right. When you have time, write to me what is passing, and what you are thinking. Give my love to M. Tell her I should be pleased to be better acquainted with her; and if her aunt will let her come into the country and make me a visit, either with you or without you, it will give me pleasure. I always have some plan of improvement on a small scale going on among the young people, in which she could be included. Remember me very kindly to all in whom you know I take an interest.

Yours very affectionately,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, February 21, 1821.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I have lately gone through a good many domestic troubles, such as entirely engross the mind; and disqualify it for any of those excursions into the regions of romance or fancy which enable

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people to make agreeable letters out of poor materials. This, however, is supposing a case which does not exist, for it implies that mine is in the habit of making such excursions; and, perhaps, no person's was ever less given to any thing of the kind. The dull realities of life have taken an irresistible possession there, and nothing can invade their dominion; the power of habit has made strong their wall of defence, and necessity is their sentinel. And should it not be so, my dear Emma? But I can remember when I was very intolerant (that is, when I was about your age) to those professional wives and mothers who talked and thought of nothing but their household concerns, such as children, servants, and the like. But it must be so; what most concerns us to think about is what we shall and must give our principal attention to. The clergy must talk on theology, the lawyers will be engrossed by legal subjects, and the physicians in like manner of what relates to their profession; and women must be borne with, if they talk, and even write, about their household affairs: but I pity those that have no similar interests, who have to hear them.

I suppose you have read Mr. Edgworth's life; that interested me, inasmuch as it made me personally acquainted with a man to whom I am individually much indebted, as well as mankind in general. Before I read his life, I had viewed him only at a distance; and, with all the defects of the memoir, it must be acknowledged that it brings you to a very familiar acquaintance with him, and his four wives, and eighteen children; to say nothing of the various aunts that constituted a part of his family. But, were ever such various interests so happily united? Were so many people ever before so much engaged in one and the same cause, and that without the slightest collision of opinion? I think the millennium must have commenced in that family. With what admirable address Mr. Everett reviewed Mr. Lyman's "Italy"! I am sure no one will find fault with the faint praise he has bestowed; Mr. L.'s friends could not have wished him to have said more, and his enemies could not desire that he should say less.

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Do write me what is going on in Boston; we are as dull as death here. I am now reading "Camilla" for entertainment. I wish you would prevail with ——, if she sends —— from home, to send her to Miss Bancroft's; she is very well situated now to have a house full, — that is, a dozen young ladies in the family with her, — and her school is improving every day. She teaches every thing that a young lady has time to learn, with the exception of music, and it is a very select school.

This letter has been written by fits and starts; or, at least, with many interruptions, which must account for its want of connection and incoherence.

Yours most affectionately,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE marriage of her sister Mary to Mr. Joseph Warren Revere, of Boston (the son of Colonel Paul Revere, of revolutionary memory), was, during this year of 1821, a source of unalloyed pleasure to my mother; and from this time the home of her sister was like another home to her and to her children; and my aunt, like another mother. As time wore on, and children gathered in the Boston home, my mother and aunt frequently, for a few months, made an exchange of children; the Revere boys coming to our house for country air and life, and our girls going to the Revere home for city advantages and polish.

These children were all very dear to my mother; and whenever she went to make a visit to them, either in Boston or at Canton, both in their early or later years, "Aunt Lyman's" coming was hailed as a special privilege. They brought all their stockings for her to mend, read aloud to her from her favorite books, and cuddled up to her to hear her witty stories, or to draw them out. Of Edward and Paul, — who afterwards gave their noble lives to their country, — she had no end of affectionate prophecies. Edward especially reminded her, in the warmth of his affections and in his genial temper, of her beloved father, whose name he bore.

In April of the same year, the marriage of my cousin, Abby Lyman, took away from my mother the close companionship and tender sympathy of one whom she loved through life with an intensity of affection over which time and distance had no power. The frequency

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of her letters, in the midst of so many present cares and engrossing duties, and the tender and perfect confidence, which knew no change for a period of nearly thirty years, are very striking. It was a relation which, from the beginning to the end, had never a flaw or break; and was founded on the highest sentiments and perfect generosity on both sides.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, April 30, 1821.

MY DEAR ABBY, — It is scarcely eight hours since you left me, but I cannot keep you out of my mind; and for that reason I write to you, as there is a convenient opportunity for me to indulge myself in that way.

Immediately after you left me, your uncle desired me to prepare to call with him on Miss Davis, which, at three o'clock, I did; though I never made a greater sacrifice of inclination to propriety than when I went down to Mr. Pomeroy's, — for *solitude* and not *sympathy* was the object of my pursuit, that I might have the privilege to *think* without interruption. On my return I went into your room to lie down, that I might occupy that pillow so lately pressed by the beloved child of my warmest affection. I there conceived myself to be in the possession of the same consolations that any parent has who has committed a dear child to the grave, — that it is still in the care of its Heavenly Father, and that all events in this life, whether good or evil, are dictated by His love towards His creatures; and though I am made, by this event, less happy, you *are* or *will be* made much more so.

I shall always respect Mr. Greene for the wisdom of his choice; I shall always love him if he makes my dear Abby as happy as she is capable of being, from the circumstances within his power to control. That you will always be good, and derive all the happiness from that source which it is so fruitful in bestowing, I cannot doubt; nor that you will ever cease to remember with kindness and affection those who

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have extended the same feelings towards you, inasmuch as they are deserving of it. But no virtues are of such spontaneous growth in the human heart as not to be impaired by neglect, as to continue to expand and flourish without care and culture; and let this in future, as it has been in times past, be the subject of your watchful attention.

I have just returned from spending an hour with my sister Howe, in order to show her a letter I had received from Catherine, after she reached New York. She gives me an agreeable account of her journey. But she has not as yet discovered many congenial spirits, except Mrs. Sedgwick, with whom she will stay part of the time, that she may be relieved from ceremonious friends. I have a sort of hope that she will see some *choice spirits* like —— ——, who will take pains to direct her attention to the objects most worthy of it in the city.

Yours with much affection,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, May 7, 1821.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I was sorry I wrote you when I did after I had sent the letter, for I was aware when I came to reflect on it, that it was the overflowings of excited feelings; but there was no way in which I could relieve my own heart so much. That you are separated from me forever, I now have a realizing sense; and am told by way of consolation that I am too strenuous an advocate for matrimony, to be allowed to say one word of its unpleasant consequences.

Mamma and Mary, with their last winter's experiences, are very entertaining to me; and their arrival, on the whole, happened very opportunely for me. Mary appears charmingly; she was very much grieved to miss you on the road, but is enjoying the anticipation of your being here to stay some time before you leave this part of the world.

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I have just received a letter from Mrs. Revere. She is enjoying herself as much as Sophia Rice did when she wrote to her aunt Mills; and I am delighted that it is so. A great deal of my happiness is reflected from that of others; and I hope that a letter from you of the same complexion will add to it in the same way.

I am hoping that you will have laid your plans to visit Litchfield before you come here. Let it be very short. And then go to New York by way of the North River. If you go to L. before you come here, you will certainly meet Mr. and Mrs. Revere. . . . We had Miss Davis to spend one day with us very pleasantly, last week; I had one monstrous dinner party, and a good deal of confusion all the week. . . .

You have probably heard that Mr. Shepherd has had a fire at the manufactory. The amount of property destroyed is supposed to be about nine or ten thousand dollars.

Since the above was written, I have been with mamma out to the manufactory, and I perceive that my letter has acquired some few blots by my absence. But I trust it will be exposed only to the eye of friendship. Do you know, my dear Abby, that I can as yet only contemplate you as my own dear single child, and have not accustomed myself to the thought that another is identified in your existence, and that whatever is addressed to you is likewise addressed to him whose *less* partial and *more* critical taste may not possibly be as indulgent to the defects contained in my letters as those defects require? But still I would contemplate Mr. Greene as a *dear friend*, though a newly-acquired one. One whom I feel a full confidence will confirm by *time* all the impressions he has already created in my heart. Give my love to him, and tell him, that, if upon trial you do not answer his expectations of a wife, I will take you off his hands, and save him the trouble and expense of taking such a burden to Cincinnati.

I hope I shall have a very particular account of how you have spent your time ever since you left me. It is so dark that I cannot see.

Yours very affectionately,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, May 8, 1821.

MY DEAR EMMA, — . . . . . .

Very little of the highest kind of friendship is to be expected in this world; the want of it grows out of the nature of things. For it is too exalted and too refined a compact to be entertained by the worldly, the selfish, or the weak and ambitious; and a great portion of mankind fall under one or other of these heads. Friendship supposes a voluntary union of hearts, or mutual regard, unrestrained by any of the ties of kindred, and altogether uninfluenced by any other circumstance than the simple volition of the parties. But the ties of kindred are no hindrance to its exercise. "Friendship" (says Lord Clarendon) "hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother." And I believe we must admit these ruling traits in her character, and, if so, no ties prevent its exercise. But contemplating it in the abstract as a most transcendent and heavenly virtue, as one of the greatest ornaments of human life, it must be divested of all those shackles which compel, by means of identifying our happiness or reputation with the exercise of it towards any individual; which would be to make self-interest its strongest inducement, — and that, you know, would be an insupportable incongruity.

I am amused with myself for sitting down here, and prosing like a sentimental girl of fifteen upon a subject which every one acknowledges to be exhausted; and yet, in speaking of it, I do not know that I ever heard any one make a sensible or striking remark in my life. The best comment, however, is to prove practically our capability of entertaining it. Lord Clarendon thinks it requires a great perfection in virtue. And why should it not, when we reflect that the character of each is perfectly unveiled to the other; for there must be perfect confidence in friendship, — it admits no reserve. And, I believe, the worst

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person in the world neither loves nor respects the wicked. And though people are bound and leagued together in vice, it is an agreement which bears no resemblance to the interchange of virtuous friendship. (Fortunately an imperious domestic call has interrupted this inexhaustible subject, and I will endeavor to make some reply to your interesting letter.)

I had read your feelings in your silence as it regarded ——'s matrimonial connection. It is not strange that you should be both fastidious and romantic in your views of this subject; nor, at your age, do I consider it a fault. I never have considered whether she would be likely to do better or not, but simply whether she had done well. —— could never grow handsomer, younger, or richer. She was eminently calculated for the enjoyment of all those enlarged duties and affections, as well as increased influence, which flow from the connection she has formed; and having formed it with a good man, distinguished by the ardor of his attachment to those connected with him, and remarkable for his performance of domestic duties, as well as for kind and benevolent feelings, I think she has laid a good foundation for future happiness. Two *good* people, Emma, if the *minutiæ* of their tastes do not exactly correspond, when they are united by one common interest may be happy; that is, if they have that chastened disposition and disciplined mind which constitute the essential principle of happiness. If they have it not, no condition will make them so. When I was married, people said, "How can a young woman be happy with a husband that has five children?" I can, after ten years' experience, answer, that so far I have been as happy as falls to the lot of mortals to be; that human happiness is imperfect, and mine has been, — for *I* have lived in a world subject to sickness, and sorrow, and death, from which none are exempted, but in the interchange of much love and kindness, and in a situation to receive (and, I may add, confer) some good.

As to Mrs. ——, you can tell me nothing new of her; she always

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had a false estimation among people whom I should have thought had more penetration and good sense than to be pleased with her. I have no doubt, if she lives to old age, she will die a fool, simply from want of exercise of body and mind, — which always keep pace with each other. But if she should have a family of children, it may be the means of preventing it; for that is a continual stimulus to exertion.

My poor, old heart has been terribly shattered lately, and I am not sure that the influence has not reached my head. I mention this by way of apology for this letter, which I can find time neither to copy nor alter; but trust it is consigned exclusively to the judgment of friendship. You know I have parted for ever with Abby. I hope you will just see the beautiful creature. Her husband is very intelligent and good. He has, in his selection of a wife, given me an infallible proof of his wisdom; and, I am sure, the more he knows of her the more he will idolize her. I ought to be glad she is taken from me, for I loved her a great deal too well, and became too much attached to her society to wish for any other.

I hope by this time your Aunt P. has recovered; remember me to her, and accept of my best love. I wish you and Mary Pickard could come and spend the summer with me; we would go to Brattleboro' and to Springfield, and have a grand time, I assure you.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, May 15, 1821.

MY DEAR ABBY, — It was a fortnight yesterday since we parted, and I never had heard a word from you until last evening, when I was so happy as to receive a letter from you by Mrs. Ashmun. I would not have you think that I mean to reproach you for neglect, for I am not so unreasonable as not to appreciate the various causes which prevent writing when people are among strangers, and experiencing a constant succession of novelties, and are at the same time shackled by ceremony towards those they are with.

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It was my desire that you should stay at my brother's, and I am very happy that you did; because I know it gave them pleasure, and I know you must have felt at your ease with such unceremonious people.

I am delighted to find that you spent your time so pleasantly. You apologize for being so particular; but let me tell you, you were not sufficiently so; for though you gave me the material facts, you have left for a verbal account the impressions made by them.

Last Saturday I went with your uncle and my mother to Springfield. We passed Sunday delightfully. Mr. Peabody rises in my estimation every time I see him. We returned Monday, and found the brides here. I had W. L. and wife to tea, and the ——'s left town before tea. W. L 's wife has, combined with her city breeding and love of the world and fashion, a strong intellect and cultivated mind. I would add a warm and affectionate heart, but that I think her present state of excitement and the softened state of her heart prevent her exhibiting those infallible indications which a more tranquil current of feeling would render certain. And I doubt if her habits have contributed to giving her "the full vigor of a mind" prepared for patient, long, laborious strife.

"Its guide experience, and truth its guard."

But there is no affectation in her, and she takes pains to please those about her with good success.

What do you think of a large Madras handkerchief for a bride's head, with plain festoons of hair on her forehead? I could not help contrasting this with the more elegant simplicity of *my* bride's beautiful curled locks. But you know, "all my geese are swans."

You cannot think how impatient I am to have you return; I hope you will save all the time you can possibly spare, or take from other people, and give to me. Is not this a generous wish?

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I have just had a letter from Dwight. He gives me no encouragement that he is doing any thing for the good cause; but whilst he has such a good heart, and in it preserves so much combustible matter, I will not despair of his meeting some one to kindle it. He expresses much kindness and affection for you, and regrets that he is not to see you again.

I have just returned from spending the evening at J. H. L.'s, with W. L. and his wife, whom I am better pleased with every time I see her. I believe I was prepossessed in her favor by the ardor and constancy of her attachment to her husband, notwithstanding the opposition made to it. It proves such firmness and stability of purpose, together with such spirit and resolution, that I consider her as a sort of heroine or veteran in *love*. And you know I delight in every thing of that kind, notwithstanding which I am not at all romantic; but it is such a common every-day affair to bring about ends, without encountering obstacles in their accomplishment, that the contemplation of them is devoid of interest. This course of reasoning brings to mind ——, who is to be married I hear in July. This match I believe will afford some food for curiosity to many, or at least the result of it will.

Do, my dear Abby, write me from Providence, and get Mr. Greene to; and let him tell me whether his friends there like his wife, and whether she is affable and pleasant, or if she remains silent and keeps blushing, in which case she must be *truly* interesting. Notwithstanding which *I think* conversation a more infallible proof of feeling and thinking, and of course much prefer it on the whole.

One reason of this disconnected letter is, I have written it at short intervals, from devotion to Mrs. L. You know she was sent away to England, to try if distance and salt water would not prove a cure for love. While she was there, she became intimately acquainted with Mr. Roscoe's family, as well as himself. His daughters write poetry, and she is going to send me what she has in her possession of theirs;

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for they have published but a very few pieces. I have rarely derived so much pleasant entertainment from any person as from this lady, and am sorry she is going to leave us this afternoon. . . . .

Yours,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. — Give my love to Mr. Greene.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

JUNE 1, 1821.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Last evening I was made happy by the receipt of your very agreeable letter. Are you aware that a month has elapsed since you sealed your earthly destiny, and gave yourself away, and dissolved partnership with me? You have, indeed, been surrounded by too much novelty, and too much that was pleasant, to think of the lapse of time as I have; or to dwell upon its consequences. I am delighted to find you have enjoyed yourself so much, and that every thing has conspired to make your visit to your friends so interesting to you, and that you have been so fortunate as to make yourself so to them. Tell Mr. Greene I am much obliged to him for the account he gave me of his wife, as I wished much to know how she acquitted herself amongst her newly-acquired relatives.

Mrs. Revere appears to have experienced nearly the same circumstances you have; she has been enjoying herself very highly with her husband's friends, in Baltimore, whom she finds the most delightful people in the world. I must inform you too, that neither Mrs. R. nor Catherine have been so negligent in the use of their pen as you have been, but have let us hear from them as often as once a week, at least. But I don't mean to blame you; you have been tolerably good, for a new-married lady, and I shall make a reasonable allowance for you.

The only variety, or the only circumstances which have constituted variety, in this family since I last wrote have been a visit from my mother, and the bride's visit; added to which, there has been an in-

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nocent rebel sent from college here, the son of Mr. Tyng, the reporter; and as he nearly lives with us, he brings a good deal of animation into the family. —— is as usual the end and object of ridicule and satire among the young people, and I am his strong wall of defence. . . .

Next Monday Mrs. Revere and C. will be here, and spend a week. I am disappointed that you could not have met them here, as you will probably not see them for many years, and I am sure they will regret it. Catherine I have no doubt will be left here, if it is a possible thing for her to be longer absent from home; which I think doubtful.

Your father's family are all well. Sally has been making me a visit of ten days, and I mean she shall stay until you have been here. She is a nice child, and I like her very much.

Miss Bancroft is not well enough to return yet, but is better.

Remember me most affectionately to my new nephew, and tell him to remember that I am his aunt, and believe me truly yours.

Let me hear from you soon.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, August 4, 1821.

MY DEAR ABBY, — . . . . . .

I have experienced a great variety since you left me, but not enough to drive from my thoughts the idea of my beloved child. I console myself with some of Byron's extravagant reflections in trouble. "Existence may be borne, and the deep root of life and sufferance makes its firm abode in bare and desolate bosoms." I did for the first few days feel as if mine was bare and desolated, but the sympathy and kindness which surrounded me, which appeared perfectly to appreciate and participate my feelings, soon taught me that it was to be borne, and was only one of the minor evils of life; as every evil is, which does not spring from *vice* or *death*.

We were delighted to find by your letter (or rather that of your more

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extended self) that you had only been attended by propitious circumtrances since you left us. I trust a letter is now on the way to say that you have reached Cincinnati, and are in good health; and I am much concerned about it, on account of your indifference to it, and I do not feel as if Mr. Greene could be as good a judge of the defects in your constitution as I am.

I suppose you would like to know what has been going on here since you left. Everybody had a pleasant Fourth of July, I believe, with the exception of myself. There was a great deal of company from Boston, on the occasion. Miss Sarah Dwight from Springfield came up and passed a week, and a Mr. Lowell, from Boston, eldest brother of Edward, a very fine young man altogether. He spent the most of four days with us; read "Yamoyden" with great pleasure to me, and left us quite in love with him. We had hardly time to collect our scattered wits after Sarah D.'s and L.'s visit, when July the 15th Mrs. Brooks, her daughters, and the Misses Grays came and made us a short visit on their way to Niagara, accompanied by Mr. Henshaw. Your Uncle, Mary, Jane, and myself, went with them to Albany, and from thence we visited Dwight, at Troy, and then took him with us to the Saratoga Springs, where we spent four days, on the whole pleasantly. There is much there to *admire*, and to excite disgust; but if one goes in good humor with one's self and with the world, pleasure will prevail. At the house where we stayed, were more than two hundred. The first effect of seeing such a variety of human faces, with the interest you cannot fail to take in their various histories, is exceedingly exciting or overstimulating to the imagination, and, till you are familiarized to its fatigues. But it is the world in miniature; none but a dissipated mind could enjoy the scene long. We found Mr. Lowell there, and Mr. and Mrs. B. and daughter; which served for entertainment for Mary and Jane. The great Mr. Wirt, with an interesting family, was there from Washington, which was a source of much enjoyment to me. Mrs. Wirt was not a lady of great mental attainments; but of much delicacy

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and refinement, and good judgment, and of many showy accomplishments. Although the mother of twelve children, she looked young and handsome, and played elegantly on the piano; and played battledore with the agility of fifteen, for hours together. Her eldest daughter, who was with her, resembled her in character, except that she had more reserve. I should hardly dare to attempt a description of *him*, except in the most general terms. His appearance is magnificent in an unusual degree, and every thing he does exhibits a moral grandeur, in perfect conformity to that appearance. There is something so imposing in his look, that you feel it to be a condescension, if he pays you any attention.

At Ballstown we had the satisfaction of looking at Joseph Bonaparte, who calls himself Count Servillier; his appearance is that of a John Bull much more than of a Frenchman, — very fat, and easy, with a most benevolent expression of face: his suite requires twelve rooms.

We left Jane at Troy, at Lewis Lyman's, under the care of Mrs. Willard, to take private lessons in music, history, and French. This was her own plan, and I am very much pleased with it.

Your Uncle is absent. I hear the stage coming, and will not wait to fill my paper, though I have much more to say to you.

I had determined not to mention the very affecting death of Mrs. Dewey, but you will see it in the Boston newspaper. Her mother and Eliza were with her after she had lost her senses, the last three days, but Louisa did not reach there until after her death. They are a truly afflicted family.

Yours with much love,

A. J. Lyman.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

Northampton, September 1, 1821.

It would be difficult for me to express to you, my dear Abby, how much pleasure your very excellent letter gave me; though when I

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received it, I could not help feeling sorry that it did not take you to the end of your journey. But I was soon satisfied on that score, for your father was good enough to let me have the perusal of his letter, which informed us of your safe arrival in Cincinnati, and I read yours to him. Miss Bancroft has just returned from the Springs. I have been so constantly engaged in sewing, in order to prepare Sam for his departure, that I have scarcely had time to think of any thing that did not relate to that particular operation, except when I was interrupted by some of those thousands of travellers which traverse the earth in the fruitless search after happiness. Some of them I have been pleased to see; others have wearied me. I believe I described Mr. Wirt (the Attorney-General) to you in my last, and his very interesting family. Since I met them at the Springs they have been here, and young John Lowell, the brother of Edward. He received his early education under Mrs. Grant, in one of the first seminaries for boys in Scotland, and I have rarely met with so fine a young man. James Robbins has just left me, after a visit of a fortnight, which was very delightful to me; for I rarely meet with any one who has so uniformly the power to be agreeable and rationally entertaining, and, at the same time, has so much fun in their composition. . . .

You are daily our subject of thought and conversation, amid all the variety which surrounds us. Mary has read a good deal this summer aloud to me. The last number of the "North American" was very good, but I do not think you had better have it until the next volume commences, which will be in the winter. Mary has just been reading to me "The Judgment," — a poem by Hillhouse. It is really very good for American poetry. It is a vision; describing our Saviour sitting in judgment on old patriarchs first, and then upon the world in general. It certainly is venturing on sacred ground to attempt such a thing; and it is deserving of some praise that the author did not make himself ridiculous. The same author wrote "Percy's

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Masque," which I never have read. Anne Robbins is now making me a visit which, of course, engrosses much of my time.

Since the above was written, I have received a letter informing me that Sam has gone to New Bedford, and will, in the course of this week, erect a sign; and his prospects of getting a living are very good. Our friend, George Tyng, has got a degree; and, of course, is very light-hearted on that subject. I hope you will excuse this unconnected scrawl; it is such as I have time to write. If you would like to be at the expense of postage for any paper that we take, it shall be sent to you. "The Liberal Recorder" is very good; "The Christian Register," published in Boston, is still better; and the "Galaxy," "Repertory," and "Evening Post," you are acquainted with.

Do write to me every thing about the people you live amongst, and your house, and every thing that constitutes a part of the happiness or misery of your condition. Anne Jean says she knows you live in just such a house as Mrs. Ashmun, and a good deal such a street. . . .

I have just seen a favorable notice of Cullen Bryant's poem in our newspaper, with which I am very much delighted. I suppose Mary mentioned to you that the ——'s were with Mrs. ——, and keep things up in arms rather more than common, — going on the mountain, and riding on horseback, and so forth. Remember me very affectionately to your husband, and believe me with much affection,

Yours,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. Since the above was written, your father has brought in Sally to go to school. She desires her love to you. The family are all well.

Your affectionate

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, November 13, 1821.

MY DEAR ABBY, — . . . . . .

I am excessively disappointed that Mr. Frank Blake has returned without letting us know that he was going, for I wished to have sent several things which cannot go by mail; and I took every means in my power to prevent his doing so, but in vain. After you left me, and I had time to reflect, it came across me that you were not a very practical cook; and, as the culinary art makes a very essential branch of housekeeping, I saw fit to get a book, with the determination that I would fill it with the best recipes, and send it to you by the first opportunity; likewise, several trifles which you left; and, with the recipes, a few general remarks upon housewifery, — for I believe my *theory* would do you more good than the recollection of my practice. But, my dearest child, you have commenced housekeeping, in some respects, under much more favorable auspices than I did. You are the founder of your own family, and the author of your own rules and regulations; whereas mine were all accommodated to the exigencies of circumstances, over which I had no control; and it is very important to begin right, more particularly if you have a young domestic who, if she is of a pliable character, may be made completely the creature of habit.

Your sister, Sally, is with me; and Miss Bancroft joins me in thinking her a child susceptible of a high degree of improvement; indeed, I never knew one improve faster than she has for the last three months. But, I regret to say, that after the termination of this quarter (which is in a few days) we shall no longer be benefited by Miss B.'s instruction; for her parents insist on her giving up teaching, and on her returning to live with them. This frustrates all my plans, as well for Sally as for Anne Jean. For I had determined, with your father's consent, that she should have two years of such instruction as would fit her to appear respectably in any situation which Providence might

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assign her; and more particularly, to get her own living, as Miss Bancroft has done, if her circumstances *should*, as they possibly may, require it. Sally's attainments are now every way superior to what —— was, when she left me; she is remarkably neat and attentive in the care of her own clothes, and uncommonly methodical in her habits for one of her age. She has grown to be nearly as tall as you are, and promises to be a handsomer woman than her mother, which I think is saying a good deal.

I hear from Boston that Mrs. Revere is agreeably fixed at housekeeping, and that Catherine will spend the winter with her; as she will be housed until spring, she will need C.'s society as well as aid in housekeeping. Eliza Henshaw desired in her letters to be remembered to you. Sam is fixed at Lechmere Point, Cambridge, where there is a jail and a court-house, and six hundred inhabitants, without any lawyer; and there is a prospect that he may make a living, though at present, nothing more.

I suppose Mary has told you all the news there is, and that is very little. She has read aloud to me the "Life of John Wesley; or, a History of Methodism," since she read Miss Aiken's "Memoir of Queen Elizabeth's Court;" and is now reading Peter's "Letters."

Hooker has just been in and desired his love to you and Mr. Greene. Present him with my most cordial love, and believe me your very affectionate friend and aunt,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, November 17, 1821.

MY DEAR EMMA, — This you know is a busy season for heads of families, who wish to see their children warmly clad for the approaching season. You can have, my dear Emma, but a weak impression of the subjects which must occupy the minds of such every-day people as

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myself. It is altogether probable that when I am contemplating the figure of a garment, and considering its construction as it regards warmth and convenience, you are making some bold flight into the regions of imagination, and wondering how people can suffer their minds to remain under the thraldom of circumstances, and enslaved by such mean realities. But every different stage of existence has its appropriate duties and pleasures; and though it is delightful to witness the free and elastic spirit of youth in the full enjoyment of all that buoyancy which results from exemption from care and trouble, and which leads it to the anticipation of meeting with many flowers in life's path, which Providence never designed they should realize,—it is equally satisfactory to a contemplative or a reasoning mind, to behold the contrast of the elderly matron (whose enthusiasm has been evaporated by the powerful influence of time) giving her exclusive attention to those apparently grovelling concerns of life, which do not, however, contribute less to the general augmentation of human happiness; and to increase that sum ought to make a principal part of our own.

You do not know how much you made me desire to listen personally to the eloquence of Mr. Everett; but as I could not hear him myself, I am much obliged to you for your account of the matter, which was highly entertaining.

I hear some reading every day; but there is nothing so truly delightful to me as the accounts I have from my living friends, in the form of letters. I am chiefly indebted to my dear Catherine and Abby for the pleasure I obtain in this way, as my other correspondents are somewhat uncertain.

I have received and read all I could relish (not to say understand) of the last "North American Review." I think the same observation will apply to it, which was applied in Peter's "Letters" to the "Edinburgh Review," "that if there was sense in it, there was no *point*, no *wit*, no *joke*, no *spirit*, and nothing of the glee of young existence about it;" and Peter, after making use of some very unjustifiable censures, ends

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his comment with adding, "there is no infusion of fresh blood into the veins of the 'Review.'" Wise as it is, I must think just so of our "North American;" I did not like the undiscriminating and unqualified praise bestowed on my favorite Cullen Bryant. But as it is all out of my depth, I feel that I do wrong to entertain any opinion about it.

Mary, who is my only companion and comfort at this time, has lately read me "Percy's Masque," Miss Aikin's "Memoir of Queen Elizabeth's Court," and Southey's "Life of Wesley." I have been much engaged in the latter; you know I have a great zest for such kind of things. Though much of what is there related of his feelings I am very familiar with, as the same cant phrases are now in use among our Orthodox acquaintance; and they have the same unsettled purpose of mind which characterizes Methodism, and the same extravagant enthusiasm which Wesley carried through life with him. Although this is an entertaining book, I must own that it is necessary to wade through a great deal of folly to get at the history of Methodism. Southey has certainly made it as pleasing as the truth will justify; he appears to be very candid, and proves every thing he says as he goes along, by Wesley's own letters or those of his friends. Notwithstanding which I am told the Methodists are not satisfied with it, and do not think they have had justice done them; and are determined to have another Life of him published which shall do more credit to their system. I never knew, till I read this book, how much the Calvinists had borrowed from this sect; but I find bright-lights, and spiritual agues, and revivals, all had their origin with the Methodists. It certainly is a system which tends to produce more of the *appearance* than the *reality* of religion. It dealt too much in sensations (as Mr. Southey remarks), and in outward manifestations. It made religion too much a thing of display, an effort of sympathy and confederation; it led people too much from their homes and their closets; it imposed too many forms; it required too many professions; it exacted too many exposures. And the necessary consequence was, that when their enthusiasm abated

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they became mere formalists, and kept up a pharisaical appearance of holiness, when the real feeling had evaporated entirely.

I think you have had enough of John Wesley; which, however, I know you will excuse when you reflect how little there is in this place to engage one's interest,—and my motto and my rule is, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." We are all well and happy, except the prospect of losing Miss Bancroft; besides losing a valuable instructor, I lose a very affectionate friend in whom I have taken much pleasure for four years,—a pleasure that has never been interrupted by a single bitter feeling on the part of either of us. It opens another wound too, caused by the separation from my beloved child Abby. But my paper will not allow me to make reflections on the various changes incident to this sublunary state, and believe me very affectionately yours,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S.—I cannot help adding a postscript just to say, that when Mrs. Cary passed half-a-day in Northampton, which was a week ago to-day, I went to see her; and I never saw her half so charming. She is as large as her mother ever was, and her beauty has increased in proportion to her size—for flesh is very becoming to her; and she has as handsome a baby as I ever beheld, and appeared very happy in the prospect of living in New York. I am sure I am glad for her, for I always thought her situation must be a very uncongenial one to one of her habits and way of thinking.

My mother's letters to Abby are full to overflowing of affectionate details of her own family life, and news of Abby's invalid father, and of the little sisters, who for so many years formed a part of the household in Northampton. Their improvement in knowledge and virtue, and all their interesting traits, are constantly recorded for the absent sister's perusal; and all sorts of questions asked about the Cincinnati home,

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which seemed always present to her imagination. In one dated Jan. 6, 1822, she writes: —

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

I am delighted with every augmentation of social enjoyment you are *promised* with, as well as what you actually experience; and I choose to believe that you will find both Mrs. ——, and Miss ——, a great acquisition to you. At any rate, if they have any hearts to feel, there will be some points of sympathy between you and them; they will, like yourself, feel the distance which separates them from every thing endeared by early association; they will, like yourself, feel the want of seeing friends that are far distant. And all this similarity of feeling will be a strong and sympathetic tie (as the case may be). But if they are cold, inanimate worldlings, who never felt the kindling glow of friendship warm their hearts, they will prove little but an aggravation to you. This want of congeniality no one ever felt, I believe, more keenly in their daily associates and neighbors, than I have done at certain periods of my life. But I think domestic union, and affection in the small family circle, is a substitute for it in some measure; and perhaps wanting those external sources over which to expand the surplus affections of the heart may induce us to be more particularly careful to preserve and cultivate the love of those with whom we live. If it has that effect, it must not be regretted; as nothing is more desirable, of an earthly nature, than to strengthen those ties which Nature has formed, and by that means second the plans of the Almighty, who undoubtedly had a wise design in planning the tender ties which constitute the various social relations of the human family.

I always read your letters, or such parts as I know will interest them, to your father and mother, when I see them; and I have kept up a correspondence with Sally since she left me, so that they hear from you as often as I do. I expect to have Sally in town again to go to school when Mr. Tyng begins, as he will take girls next quarter.

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I have been reading two delightful books: "Valerius," a Roman story; and "Geraldine; or, Modes of Faith and Practice," in which nothing is wanting but originality. I read "Anacharsis" four years ago with Catherine, and enjoyed it as much, I think, as you can. Sir William Jones's "Life," too, I have read, I hope with some improvement; for I shall never forget the impression left on my mind by the careful attention shown him by his mother, during his early youth, on which it appeared to me was founded all his future eminence as a good, useful, and literary man. If I recollect right he acquired twenty-eight languages; but that acquisition, together with his poetry, I could dispense with in my son, if he could dictate such prayers, and propose to himself the attainments of knowledge only as a means of doing good and becoming extensively useful to his fellow-creatures. Perhaps the annals of the world do not furnish an instance of so short a life, in which so much real good was accomplished, and so much evil prevented, by the various plans he formed and executed for enlightening the benighted people, amongst whom he went to live. I think he was but forty-seven years old when he died. To contemplate such a life must be useful to any one. It is calculated to exalt our standard of human excellence; and every thing which has that effect is profitable to the heart as well as understanding.

I hear Sam has a prospect of doing well at Lechmere Point in Cambridge, where I believe I have before told you he was settled.

My best love to Mr. Greene.

Yours very affectionately,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, February 28, 1822.

MY DEAR ABBY,—I have just returned from Boston, after having spent a month there most delightfully; not in dissipation, but in that heart-warming interchange with friends that is so refreshing to the best

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affections of the human heart. It was a great addition to my comfort to find my sister Mary so agreeably situated, with a husband who has every quality that is essential to the happiness of an amiable and refined woman, together with a heart filled with tenderness for her.

Mrs. Balestier, the sister of Mr. Revere, informed me, on hearing me make inquiry after Miss Baity, that she was well acquainted with her; and offered to go to Charlestown with me and call on her. Miss B.'s brother is Mr. Balestier's partner in business, which has given Mrs. Balestier an opportunity of being well acquainted with her, as I before observed; and she says she will be a great acquisition to you, and that she is an uncommonly intelligent, well-educated woman. I was as much pleased with her as I should choose to be with any one on so short an interview. I found her expectations were much more sanguine in regard to the place of her future residence, than yours ever were. But I do not think she will be disappointed, for I have an idea that Cincinnati is a much more agreeable place to live in, than Charlestown. I am delighted with every addition to your happiness, if it is only in prospect; and must flatter myself that it will be promoted in proportion as good and agreeable people from New England become the inhabitants of the place in which you reside. I say New England people, because the more we are assimilated to those amongst whom we live, by habit, the more we enjoy their society.

I am glad that you have a physician that you think so well of, and who is likewise so much your friend. I am not certain that Edward will be in Boston at the time Dr. Smith will be there; but Mrs. Balestier will see him, and will let me know in season to get the things I wish to send, — and I will not forget the Webster's "Oration." I was afraid you would not get the "North American Review," as you never mentioned the receipt of it; and I got Mr. Revere to call and leave a five dollar bill, and take a receipt for it from Mr. O. Everett, which I was told was a necessary form, when it went out of the State.

It may be interesting to Mr. Greene as well as yourself to know who

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the authors of the "Review" in the last number were. The first two were by the editor, Mr. Edward Everett; "Encke's Comet," by Mr. Bowditch; Dr. Webster's "Azores," by Cogswell; Stuart's "Dis," by Sidney Willard; "Life of Algernon Sidney," by Edward Brooks; "Fairfax's Tasso," by John C. Gray; Madame de Staël's "Works," by Alex. Everett; Hale's "Dissertations," by Dr. Ware; Adelung's "Survey," by John Pickering; "Life of Pitt," by Theo. Lyman; "Weights and Measures," by Professor Farrar; "New York Canals," by Mr. Patterson. It is a great while since Professor Everett has written any thing so much to my liking as the "Comment on Percival's Poems;" there is some wit in it, as well as good sense. . . . . .

Mary is at a party this evening at Harriet Clapp's, or I dare say she would have some message for you. Love to Mr. Greene.

Yours with much affection,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, April 11, 1822.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Since my return from Boston, Mary has been reading to me in Hume's "England," — which I have heard so often, that it has not a very exciting influence on my mind. We have suffered an agreeable interruption from the "Pirate" and "Spy." There is much said by the reviewers in favor of the "Pirate;" but, in my estimation, it is very inferior to most of the same author's productions. It does not inspire one with at all the same kind of interest that "Guy Mannering," or "The Antiquary," or "Waverley" did; because you find only the same style of character, modified by difference of circumstances, which has only the effect of meeting old acquaintances, dressed in a new garb, but produces none of the excitement of novelty for which the earliest works of that author were so peculiar. By the time you get through the Yellowleys' journey to the feast, you feel as much

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wearied as if you had taken it yourself. The "Spy" is an American production, as I presume you know, by the author of "Precaution;" and has no claim to any kind of excellence. It is a very humble imitation of some of Scott's novels; and though it makes some pretentions to truth in the facts related, I believe the reality will not justify a reliance on them.

As the year has nearly expired since the line of separation was drawn between you and me, I cannot help making a good many reflections on my present resources of happiness, in comparison with what I enjoyed previous to that time. And it is a great pleasure to me to believe that your pleasures are increased in as great a degree as mine are diminished. But I have too many blessings left to justify a word of complaint. Notwithstanding our blessings, we are prone to over-estimate our troubles; and I must say I have had peculiar trials of feeling, of a nature not to admit much alleviation from sympathy. . . .

Since I wrote you that I wished to have you inquire for Mrs. ——, I have heard the particulars of her case, and that her friends have united in a subscription that should enable them to send for her and her children to return to Boston. My brother ——, was here lately, and said that he had written to Mr. Greene on the subject.

I am sorry that I shall not see Dr. Smith, who, I perceive by the paper, is married. I have no doubt his wife will be a great acquisition to you, and I am glad I have seen one of the inhabitants of Cincinnati; for I do not think you have been very particular in describing them. I felt grieved for Mr. Greene, when I saw by the paper that he had lost his only brother, — particularly under such aggravated circumstances.

I have much more to say, but we are going to have some company to dinner, and I must resign the pen.

With the warmest affection, yours,

A. J. Lyman.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

MAY 20, 1822.

MY DEAR ABBY, — It is very good in you to write to an old aunt, whose letters, I am aware, are but a poor compensation for any effort you may be pleased to make in the writing way. And besides, your continuing to write indicates to me a healthful state of your affections; and that, much as you *are* and ought to be engaged in present objects, you do not cease to *think* and *feel* for distant ones. These matters of the heart, my dear Abby, depend much on our care and cultivation. If we neglect to cherish kind recollections, and the only interchange provided for those separated by distance from us, our affections become withered and blasted for want of nutriment; but if we are principled to keep them alive by proper attention to them, they will administer much towards cheering our path through this valley of tears. A desire for the esteem and love of those around us, or of those with whom we are connected, is not an ignoble passion of the human heart, but may be founded on the purest and most exalted principles; and is generally accompanied by a great expansion of regard towards those from whom we wish it reciprocated; and is altogether a different sentiment from that of wishing for popular favor or admiration, to increase our distinction among our fellow-creatures when no corresponding sentiment is entertained.

This subject reminds me to inform you that Jane has been one of the most constant and improved correspondents you can conceive of; she will return to us in another month.

I don't know that I could communicate any news of a very interesting kind to you, for there is nothing stirring here more than I mentioned in my last. Mrs. Dwight and Betsy have been passing a fortnight with me very pleasantly; we have done a good deal of visiting. Betsy still stands on the single list, — a proof of the want of discrimination in her male acquaintance; for, to me she is possessed of every quali-

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fication, both external and intrinsic, which is essential to the happiness of a man's life, as far as woman has any control over it. I suppose by this time you have received the last "North American Review;" I have not yet learned who the authors are. The piece on "Essay Writing" was the most interesting to me, and I thought it probable Mr. Everett wrote it.

Justin Clark, who you recollect as one of our *beaux*, has just returned from Washington, where he has passed the last six months, — being employed for one of the newspapers to report the proceedings of Congress, — and I assure you he is very much improved. There is an intelligent young man, by the name of Baker, studying with Mr. Mills, who is now about to take Mr. Tyng's school. And now I believe you have had a statement of the *beaux* establishment. The *belles* are Miss Catherine and Miss Emeline Shepherd, and Miss Mills.

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, June 10, 1822.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I have so good an opportunity to write, that I will not omit it, though I have nothing to communicate that can interest you very much. My own feelings have been somewhat interested in two very different subjects of late, in sympathy with those of my neighbors, — the death of Mr. D., and the engagement of Mrs. A. In this instance, if not in all, marriage is in its effect something like death, as it must produce a total dissolution of interests between Mrs. A. and those to whom she has been so peculiarly necessary; of course the deepest commiseration is felt for them. And they appear to feel a great deal for themselves. Mrs. ——'s family are blessed with that imperturbable serenity, or fortitude, or apathy, that cannot long be disquieted with any thing.

I feel as if your cousin N. P.'s removal to Worcester had brought you considerably nearer to me; for you will undoubtedly visit her, and

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it will be nothing to get from there here, — particularly if you select a time when one of Judge Howe's courts sit there, and return with him. But I should like to have you and C. come together, as I think you would both enjoy yourselves better for each other's company.

Mr. Theodore Sedgwick has been here for a few days, which has made a little variety for us; and Mr. B. and his two boys. I presume you have read Miss S.'s book. There is no danger of such books being multiplied to too great a degree, as they are suited to the majority of readers, who, if they cannot get good trifles, read trash, and are injured by it. I have not heard whether Mr. Inches and family have gone out to Milton yet, but I presume they have not. I conclude you have E. D. near you.

In the account of the packet "Albion," I presume you saw the death of one of Judge P.'s daughters, of Upper Canada. I should like very much to know which of them it was. There was also the death of Professor F——, of New Haven, in whose death much unhappiness is involved. He was engaged to Miss C. B——, a young lady possessed of a great deal of good sense and genius; but who had, under very interesting circumstances, left her father's house last autumn to find another home. She went to see a friend in New Haven, preparatory to getting a school; and while she was there, became acquainted with and was engaged to this worthy young man, which brightened her earthly prospects very much, — for they were in midnight gloom when she left her home. Since then she has been teaching a school in New London, with the hope of leaving it in another year to become the happy wife of a young man as much distinguished in the region where he is known, as Mr. Everett is in Boston and its neighborhood; distinguished not only for science, but for the most exemplary goodness. I have mentioned this to you, not because you could take any interest in the parties, but because I wish you to know some of the misery there is in the world, from which you are exempt; and I dare say the same circumstances would interest you in a fictitious tale.

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I am sorry I have not time to fill up my paper, but when you hear that I have several letters to finish, to send by the same opportunity, you will excuse me. Remember me to all your family, and all inquiring friends; and believe me your very affectionate friend and cousin,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, July 1, 1822.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I shall be called day after to-morrow to keep the anniversary of your departure from us. I need not say how many regrets and how many agonizing thoughts are revived by this reflection, though mingled with them is much satisfaction. It is not the least pleasing reflection to me that our intercourse was never interrupted by dissensions, or even temporary heart-burnings, which tend so powerfully to weaken the influence of affection; for where reproof was couched in too strong terms on my part, it always found a proportionate measure of patience on yours, by which the equipoise of good feeling was preserved. But all these recollections only tend to aggravate the loss I have sustained. However, had you always lived with me, perhaps I should have become insensible to the comfort I was enjoying, and have thought no more of it, than we are prone to of a good night's rest, — which you know we do not value until we are deprived of it; which proves to us that misery is essential to happiness, and that

"The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sable tints of woe."

Jane returned to us last Monday; she appears very well, and very happy. As it regards the acquisitions she made in Troy, I think they are much more of the nature of "*sail* than *ballast*." But she is not injured, and has gained some confidence and some independence, which may be of essential service to her; and her experience has, on the whole, been favorably extended.

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There have been several very exciting causes which have tended to disturb the monotony of a Northampton existence very much. . . .

[Then follow many village annals; and she closes with a recipe for curing hams, which she is sure Abby must want.]

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, August 6th, 1822.

YOU do not know what a heart-cheering effect your letter had upon me, my dear Emma. But the intelligence I heard immediately afterwards was a great damper to my spirits; for I knew that your uncle's death would be a great affliction to yourself, to your mother, and to —— perhaps more than to either of you. But so good a man has left a delightful retrospect to his friends; they must console themselves with thinking of the good actions which filled up his earthly career, of the wounds to which his kindness and assistance were a healing balm, of the afflictions to which his warm and accessible sympathies were so comforting and so readily yielded. The first effect of all these reflections is to widen the breach made; but when time has mitigated the first impulse of sorrow, it must be delightful to associate with the memory of a departed friend those virtues which we believe insure everlasting happiness.

We are enjoying a great deal from the society of Eliza Cabot at this time; she is very well, in fine spirits, and of course very agreeable. I am going to carry her to Stockbridge to-morrow, to spend a few days with Miss Sedgwick. I expect so much from this little excursion, that it will be a strange thing if disappointment does not ensue.

I think you and C. must have some very interesting interviews after such a long separation, wherein so much variety has occurred. If C.'s health had not been benefited at all, I should never regret her having made the excursion she did to the Springs. It has extended her experience of mankind, so favorably, and left so much new imagery in her

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mind to reflect on hereafter; and all, too, of a very animating character.

The last number of the "North American Review" I presume you have seen. The prevailing subjects which occupy it are more congenial to my taste and feelings than that work usually is. I am told the review of the "Spy" was written by your cousin, W. G.; and I think he has done it ample justice. I never read "Bracebridge Hall," and I think Mr. Everett's review will be all I ever shall read of it. "Fortunes of Nigel" afforded a temporary entertainment, which, I think, is all it is calculated to do; it certainly has few of those striking delineations of character which distinguish this author's other works so much, and is equally deficient in glowing descriptions of scenery. But he has contrived withal to make it as interesting as any of his other productions.

Oh, Emma! I have just had a thought come into my head. If you can leave home, I wish you would return with Mr. Lyman and visit me while the season is fine; for the dreariness of autumn and the gloom of winter are equally unfavorable to this fine country. I am just getting ready to go to Stockbridge with Eliza Cabot; must close with the request that you will soon write to me, if you do not come to see me, and tell me all about the state of things among your friends. Give my love to your father and mother and the children, and believe me your sincere and affectionate friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

In the next letter to Mrs. Greene, dated Aug. 29th, 1822, she speaks of having felt ill for some months, but says: "It has not prevented our having company continually, and kept up such an agitation of spirits, that I did not feel willing under them to write to anybody. Mr. Edmund Dwight and his wife have made us a visit. Miss Eliza Cabot has been here a month on a visit to my sister Howe; and Robert Sedgwick spent a few days here with his new wife, Miss Elizabeth Ellery, from Newport.

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I went three weeks ago to Stockbridge with Miss Cabot; we passed a night at your father's on our way there, had a pleasant ride, and were well pleased with a visit of two days after we got there. Charles Sedgwick's is one of the most crowded houses you can conceive of. Every room in the house has several beds in it, except one parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, with Mrs. S.'s aunt and two children, Mrs. Watson and two children, and two of Mrs. Dwight's children, added to Charles's own family, consisting of seven. Harry's family board in the neighborhood. Elizabeth necessarily keeps very much in her nursery, taking care of the children; and Catherine is the mainspring of the machinery, by which the family is kept together and provided for.

I think the Sedgwick family unite as much moral and intellectual greatness as I ever have seen combined in one family; and their society is a rare pleasure to me. Mrs. Jane Sedgwick has an uncommonly brilliant and discriminating mind, with a good share of imagination. Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick has one of those perfectly subdued and disciplined minds, which makes her a truly practical woman; and if she excites less of your love than Mrs. Jane, you cannot help yielding her your unqualified admiration and respect. In my estimation, Catherine Sedgwick is beyond all praise, and I should not think of describing even the outline of her character; but in no branch is she more strikingly excellent than in the domestic department, producing comfort by every motion she makes.

I suppose you have received the last "North American Review." I like it better than I usually do, inasmuch as it is not entirely out of the circle of my narrow information, as those "Reviews" usually are. The comment on the "Spy" is very good, and was written by Wm. Gardiner of Boston; that on "Bracebridge Hall" is rather testy, though it is not devoid of merit. The "Foreigner's Opinion of England," which I have read this summer, was by Edward Brooks, and is very just. "Europe," a book written by Mr. Alexander Everett, was reviewed by one of the Grays.

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Your uncle and the girls send their love to you. Eliza and all her children are here, and she desires her love also.

Your affectionate aunt,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. The union of —— and —— was one of those unaccountable matches, that everybody on earth wonders at, and which we must conclude are made in Heaven.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, January 21, 1823.

MY DEAR ABBY,—Immediately after Sally's hurried departure, Mary was so much engaged in preparing to go to New York, that I devoted my time to rendering her every assistance until she went; and then, with the interruption of a good many sick days, prepared myself and Sally Woodard to go to Boston. I suppose Mary has made some written communication to you of her intention to visit New York, and described Miss ——, the object of it. She went the first of December, accompanied by Miss Sarah Dwight, under the protection of Mr. Mills, when he went to Washington; and I judge by her letters thus far that she would be glad to return even sooner than she proposed. I returned, after a delightful visit at Boston, ten days ago; but as soon as we got home Sally Woodard was seized with a violent rheumatic fever, which has kept her motionless in bed, ever since; and it has required all the energies of Mrs. Burt, Jane, and myself to take care of her, and wield the other concerns of our family, without even trying to use the pen. But I have learned, my dear Abby, that these dark days in families are very necessary to remind us of the ordinary blessings of life; and, like the rainy weather which clears the atmosphere, they dispel the doubts and misgivings we all are prone to, and convince us of the daily ingratitude we are guilty of.

I was very much pleased with the letter that I received from Sally,

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and regret that so long a time should have elapsed, and that remain unanswered. But, while I was in Boston, I had to preserve a constant and energetic correspondence with Joseph and his instructor, who stayed with him in my absence; besides whom there was nobody but Mrs. Burt, Charles, and the little children left. For Jane had to go to Westfield to visit her grand-parents, for the first time in four years.

There is a great *awakening* in Westfield, and —— is one of the converts. How true it is, that, when the excitement of one passion has subsided, an excitable mind will avail itself of the first apology for kindling some sister flame, and by that means keep up a succession of vivid interests! Jane pleased me by behaving with a great deal of judgment while she was at W. She neither ridiculed the enthusiasm *there*, nor fell in with it; though Miss —— took care to urge her sufficiently on the subject, as you might know she would.

When I was in Boston, all my friends with whom you are acquainted made many inquiries respecting you, and my sisters desired their love to you. Mrs. Revere does not enjoy firm health, but she is surrounded with every thing that can mitigate the terms of indisposition. She has a lovely boy, but, above all, one of the best husbands that ever was. I think him as good as my own; and how can I say more of him? Mr. Revere is a man of enlarged moral views, which leads him to the active performance of all the social duties of life. He has a most affectionate heart, as well as discriminating mind; the latter leads him to a full appreciation of Mary's virtues, and the former to an ardent attachment to her, which extends itself to all those in whom she is interested. And the more I know of him the more I realize the value of him as a brother, and as a friend.

Your uncle has been using all his influence in an energetic manner for the promotion of Mr. Greene's wishes, and he feels very sanguine that success awaits him; and, at any rate, that nothing is lost by the application.

Joseph has read the "Voice from St. Helena," to me, and I am glad

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I have read it, though it certainly is a book of very moderate value. But to a person like myself, who has not taken a very critical survey of the politics of the European world for the last thirty years (to use a vulgar expression), "every little helps;" and I consider this as one of the mites which contribute to enlighten the ignorant, but will be of little use to the learned in such matters.

Adieu, my dear Abby. Believe me, with the warmest affection, yours,

A. J. L.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, March 2, 1823.

MY DEAR EMMA,—When I first received your letter, which is nearly a month since, I felt inspired by gratitude to sit immediately down and answer it; but I then had some imperious claims in the epistolary way, which forbade the indulgence of my inclination; and since then I have experienced considerable variety for me, such as some sickness, a ride to Deerfield, and another to Springfield. The latter I should have enjoyed exceedingly, but I was sick every moment of the time, and it was an effort to keep off the bed. But when I did, I was compensated by the society of Mr. Peabody, and your acquaintance, Margaret Emery. I always liked Miss Emery very much, but never so well as now. Without the least affectation of eccentricity, she is a little odd, and situated as she is it is a misfortune to her; but it only makes her the more interesting to me, and she certainly has an excellent mind. She happened to be spending a week with Mrs. O., with whom I passed the most of my time, and where Mr. Peabody spends much of his.

I was glad to hear of Mrs. P.'s safety and happiness in having a son; her situation is so retired a one, that the care (irksome as it appears) will be a comfort to her, and one that brings its reward daily. It is a comfort that no one can form an idea of but those who have realized it. I have experienced no source of joy so *pure*, or so fruitful,

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as that derived from my children; it has been more than a counterpoise for all the labor and care incident to such blessings. Joseph has been rather poorly all winter; some of the time quite sick. But it makes him very tame and interesting. He has now got as well as usual, and within the last ten days has read the "Pioneers," and "Valerius," a Roman story, to me. I was entertained with the "Pioneers," but it appears to me it is one of those ephemeral productions which cannot outlive the present day. The object of this work is in itself very small, and the effect produced seems to be exactly in proportion to it. In *reading*, nothing is more fatiguing to me than minute details of low people, with which I think this book, like the "Spy," is very much encumbered. I found "Valerius" a delightful antidote to the effect of that old, prosing, tedious "Richard Jones," and was interested and delighted with every word of it. In short, I think, my dear Emma, that it is one of the pleasures of *reading*, to carry the imagination a little out of the track of the dull realities of life, in which there is not enough to exalt our thoughts, and produce a high tone of mind. Not that I undervalue that happy pliability of mental temperament that enables people without effort to descend to the lowest and most minute duties of life. And human life consists of constant transitions, of the most varied and complicated series of events, requiring the exercise of the highest and lowest efforts of our reason, with every intermediate stage or ability of which it is susceptible.

Ever since I heard it, the departure of our dear friend, Mrs. Inches, has been interwoven with almost all my reflections. How few could join the world of spirits, with such spotless purity of soul as she has done! When I compare myself with her, I feel ashamed of the disparity between us. I believe she never formed or executed a plan that did not involve the comfort of others, in some way or other. She had that exuberance of disinterested kindness that led her continually to a forgetfulness of her own convenience or pleasure. In future, if I make new friends, they cannot be substitutes for my old ones, and I feel that

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a dreadful breach is made in what I have always considered a very narrow circle. And you know, Emma, that a great many acquaintances are not worth *one friend.* Mrs. Inches' children will probably never know what they have lost; their associations will always be blended with her infirmities of mind and body, as they have witnessed them for two years past. This is deeply to be regretted; for the influence of *strong* as well as right impressions upon the minds of young people, of the age of the four oldest at least, is very important in giving a bias to their future character. I cannot help wishing that I could be nearer to the bereaved husband and children of this excellent woman, that I might contribute my mite towards comforting or consoling them in their affliction.

When you write again, tell me who is to be settled at Summer Street, and if any one can approve Mr. Sparks leaving Baltimore.

In answer to a remark you made in your last letter, I will inform you that none of the communications you make to me, if it is a description of the inmost recesses of your own heart, shall ever in future cause you any trouble; and I do not wish you to write shackled by the expectation that any of the W. people are going to hear what you say to me, or any other people.

Give my love to all my friends; and, believe me, it is a deed of charity to write to me, and the mail is always an acceptable mode. Your very affectionate friend and cousin,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. The children are all around me, and wishing to send different messages to you. I do not trust myself generally to write a word about them, for fear of betraying the folly which a too partial mother is liable to; if I did, I should probably say they were the handsomest, wisest, and best that ever were, and you very properly would not believe a word of it.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, March 10, 1823.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I am surrounded by many all-absorbing interests, but they do not exclude the distant objects of my affection from my thoughts entirely; and no day passes that you do not flit across my imagination, and with yourself many interesting recollections of the time we have passed together, that never can return.

Since Sally Woodard recovered, Joseph has been sick, and likewise Anne Jean with a very swelled face which has lasted a long time; but she is now much better, and we think will be well in a few days. My own health has been insufferably bad since the autumn, but I trust will be better before this reaches you. I never can express the disappointment I felt that Sally was caught away in such a hurry, when every thing had been driven from my mind by the confusion of Cattle-show week, and with such short notice that we had no opportunity to put her in any state of preparation, or to think of any thing we had to send. I had a set of Dr. Bancroft's sermons, and the "New England Tale," and a great many tracts and papers I thought would be interesting to you. . . . I believe you must have seen by some paper the death of Eliza Henshaw, who was sick about a year, and died three weeks ago. She is certainly a great loss to her family. You know I always thought her very superior, unspotted from the world, not selfish and exclusive in her feelings, and more active in her charities, and altogether possessed of more liberality and enlargement than is common to the rest. Our neighbor, Mrs. Hunt, is much afflicted by her death, as she was by Mrs. Dewey's. As to ——, does not this easy pliability of character mark the majority of mankind? I am sorry to say I think it does; for I should be glad to think better of my fellow creatures. I should be glad to see them *acting*, *thinking*, and *feeling* upon the immutable and determined principles of *reason*, as modified by the infallible rules of Scriptural morality. Or, in other

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words, a discriminating sense of *right* and *wrong*, which may be made applicable to the *least* and most unimportant acts of our life.

—— is still living, but confined to his room ; I believe I told you he was one of the certain victims of consumption. The sickness and other troubles which this young man had experienced had operated powerfully to subdue and discipline his mind aright, and I have no doubt he would have been a distinguished luminary in our literary hemisphere had he been permitted to remain in it. He is very patient and submissive, and expresses no regret at the prospect of death, Sam writes us, — and he has lately returned from visiting him at Newburyport.

You often have heard me speak of my friend Mrs. Inches. I have recently been called to lament her departure, and a great breach it has made in my small circle of real friends ; for she was the most *uniform*, most *kind*, and most affectionate being, where she was enlisted, that I ever knew. And I always felt a certainty that the pleasure I was to have in seeing her would be fully reciprocated by her when we met. I had experienced from her, for sixteen years,

> " That constant flow of love that knows no fall."

She had a mind that never was disturbed by

> " Those cataracts and breaks,
> Which humor interposed too often makes."

All these traits of character made her an interesting acquaintance and a most desirable friend. And I rejoice that I knew her, when her example was likely to sink deep into my heart. Such a prevailing influence has this circumstance had on my mind, that I find it difficult to dismiss it ; though I know it has no other interest for you than as an event which affects me.

Notwithstanding our numerous trials this winter, we have enjoyed reading Bradford's " History of Massachusetts," Sismondi's " Switzer-

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land," the "Pioneers," the "Voice from St. Helena," "Valerius," and various periodical publications in the form of Reviews; all of which I presume you have seen, unless it is Bradford's "History."

My dear Abby, why cannot the person who comes for Mrs. —— bring you here to pass the summer? Sally can keep house until autumn for Mr. Greene, and then I know some way will appear for you to return.

Mrs. —— has her eleventh child — a daughter.

Yours with much affection,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, May 15, 1823.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Your uncle wrote you of the happy termination of a sorrowful winter; but I will not make any complaint, for I never saw a finer child than mine, as it regards health, as well as good looks. But within one week, my dear Abby, I was called to experience the extremes of joy and grief. No one could have more reason to rejoice and be gratified for the circumstance which immediately restored me to health and usefulness, than I had. But while my heart was dilated with the most highly-excited emotions on that account, I was called to mourn the departure of that truly interesting and excellent youth, George Tyng. As you saw him, you could form but an inadequate idea of what he afterwards became. I never saw any one more subdued by the circumstances which occurred to him, than he was. Yes! his spirit was fitted by the discipline of life for the more exalted enjoyments of the world of spirits, — where we are told of the good, that "God will wipe all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more sorrow, nor death, neither shall there be any more pain."

But in the first deprivation caused by the death of a friend, these reflections are but a partial antidote; and we do not allow ourselves at once to reason on the moral uses of affliction, but involuntarily give

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way to the sensations of sorrow, so naturally produced by the loss of our friends. . . . Sorrow is a wholesome regimen for us, and weans us from the vanities of the world, and induces us to think of the relation we sustain, not only to our fellow-creatures but to our Heavenly Father, who gives and who takes away, as he sees fit. How often those adverse circumstances which we most deeply deplore prove themselves to be our greatest blessings, by sowing the seeds of virtues in our hearts, which we were destitute of before, and by the exercise of which we may gain so much self-respect, and benefit those within the sphere of our influence so much! How many compassionate dispositions have filled the place of overbearing pride and selfishness! But this is rarely the case, where the chastening hand of Providence has not been laid upon us. . . . . .

If you receive the "North American Review" now, you will perceive by a comment there is in it that there recently has been published a valuable historical sketch entitled "Tudor's Life of Otis." The comment was written by Mr. F. C. Gray. The work is a credit to American literature, and embraces the same period that Bradford's "History" did. Mr. Everett has attempted something like a defence of Lord Bacon's character, that pleases me, — in the same number.

My little baby does n't allow me to do a great deal of writing, and I believe I must get you to make an apology to Sally for me; I shall write to her before long. Charlotte and Anne Jean go to dancing-school and Miss Upham's school, and appear to be very happy together. Your father's family have not yet left Norwich, nor do I know how long their stay may be protracted. I saw him to-day, and he told me that they were all at home. We had our little girl christened on Sunday; her name is Susan Inches, — after my dear friend who died this winter.

I find a great accumulation of cares growing out of my new acquisition, and I do not find proportionate increase of talents for the demand; but I shall do all I can.

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"And while the busy means are plied,
Even if the wished end 's denied,
They bring their own reward."

And there is a good deal of pleasure and some dignity in the occupation annexed to bringing up a family of children, notwithstanding the many interruptions incident to it. . . . . .

Yours most affectionately,

A. J. LYMAN.

P. S. — Give a great deal of love to Mr. Greene and Sally.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

AUGUST 3, 1823.

Your letters, my dear Emma, have the same effect on my mind that animated conversation has on subjects that are interesting to me, and always inspire me with the desire to make an immediate reply; but, as my ability and inclination do not always go hand-in-hand, I am frequently obliged to deny myself the pleasure I so much covet, until the inspiration goes off entirely.

I think I can imagine C. and yourself comparing your travelling experiences, and enjoying the retrospect they afford you, much more than you could have done the reality; and that I consider the principal benefit of journeying. The enjoyment is not *present*, but *past*, or *future*. There is much satisfaction in the new imagery with which our mind is supplied by making tours such as you ladies have done, and nearly as much, perhaps, in anticipating them before they occur. But in the actual experience there is always some great drawback to comfort; it is either too warm, or cold, or too dusty, or too rainy, or the public houses miserable. And we are all such sensualists, that such things diminish present enjoyment very much, though in contemplating them they do not weigh so heavily.

I have, after much urging, been drawn in to consent to go to Leba-

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non for a few days; but I had much rather stay at home, as there are no conveniences for babies in such places, and I cannot go without mine very well.

You know we have a prospect of a new literary institution here; but I have not been very sanguine in my expectations in regard to it, and therefore shall not be disappointed. I dare say the young gentlemen engaged in the enterprise will be very much disappointed. I never knew the most active and resolute parent succeed entirely to his or her own wishes in regard to their own families, when guided by the best wishes as well as judgment that falls to the lot of humanity, added to that strongest principle in human nature, parental love; and therefore I do not expect *this* will be exempt from defects. I know of no human institutions that are. I shall think myself singularly happy, if the proposed plan is no more defective than those of a similar kind which have been so long in use.

In regard to my own children, I mean to save myself from the self-reproach of neglecting them. Indeed, I have found ever a most ready alacrity in their service; if I am unsuccessful, it will be from an inability over which I have no control, and the cause of much sorrow. But I will not add the anticipation of misery to the reality.

Don't you intend to come and see us? You remember Miss F.; she is a pretty, interesting creature, full of energy and activity. But if —— does n't speak quick, he may forever after hold his peace; for she soon will be picked up here. Don't you admire the sensible choice Mr. Peabody of Springfield has made? You probably know that he is really going to marry Amelia White. Young Mr. Sturgis has just left here; he seems to be a nice young man, but not extraordinary as I expected. There is another young man from his class here, who is a fair match for him, by the name of L. But it would take half-a-dozen such to make up the loss of the good and wise little Bradford, who has recently left us.

You have heard, I dare say, that Mr. Harding left his wife here; she

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seems to be a good little woman, and everybody likes her. Some people are very anxious for her improvement. I am *not* particularly, for I think she stands a very good comparison with the majority of her sex; and any thing that would destroy the simplicity of her character would take from her her most interesting possession. And it is too late, and her habits, as well as objects of interest, are too strongly opposed to any new impulse of mind, to make it reasonable to expect any great change in her.

I suppose you are a reader of the "North American Review," and I am habitually, from the avarice of not being willing to pay for a thing without deriving some profit; but the last number is so entirely out of the channel of my apprehension that I could have but little enjoyment in it. I was, however, pleased with Dr. Bradford's notions of materialism. He believes as much in craniology as I do.

I hope —— has exhausted the seven vials of his wrath against the judges of the Supreme Court. I am astonished that the editors of the "North American" should allow that work to be the vehicle for its diffusion. But what with the political and the theological controversy, which has become very stale and tedious, our periodical works are amazingly tasteless and wearisome; and I cannot but hope they will meet with a change.

With love to all friends, your affectionate friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

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CHAPTER X.

It is sounded through the land, from the pulpit and the press, that Unitarianism is an easy religion, that says little about sin, and less about holiness, and lulls its disciple in a dream of carnal security ; while from first to last, in its doctrines, and its precepts, and its spirit, it enjoins the acquisition of a holy character as the one thing needful.

This is Unitarian Christianity, as I understand it. A faith whose topics are the mercy of God, the love of Christ, the duty and immortality of man; a faith which beholds a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, as in the patriarch's dream, along which the influences of the Divine compassion and the prayers of human hearts are continually ascending and descending; a faith which links time to eternity by a chain of moral causes and effects; a faith which utters its woe against impenitence with a heart-thrilling pity, which wins souls to Christ with a melting tenderness; a faith which sanctifies and blesses the relations of daily life, which takes from death its terror and its power, and supports the soul on the arms of its hope, till it is borne into the society of the angels. — EZRA STILES GANNETT.

WHEN my mother first came to Northampton, she found but one church there; and the whole village united in their interest, or lack of interest, in the spiritual food that was meted out to them from Sunday to Sunday. The whole atmosphere of the place was strictly Calvinistic, — and the Calvinism of that day was different from any that prevails in our time in New England. She had been accustomed from her childhood to a similar style of preaching in the old church at Milton; but then her wide culture and reading of liberal books, her occasional Sundays in Boston, where she had listened with enthusiasm to Buckminster and Channing; and, above all, her association with pious and devout persons, to whom "the spirit was more than the letter," together with her constant, devoted, and intelligent study of the Scriptures, — had inclined her to a liberal interpretation of those

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doctrines, which as she now saw them enforced in Northampton were dry as dust to her, hard and repelling; not what her New Testament taught her, and not what she wanted to have taught to her children.

When she talked with my father on this subject of vital importance, both before and after her marriage, she found in him a singular agreement of thought and feeling and conviction. But neither of them dreamed of quitting the Church of their forefathers. Moreover, my father explained to her, that in the positions of public trust which he held in the county, and the varied relations to a wide circle in which he stood, it would be most unwise for them to express dissatisfaction with the prevailing belief of their neighborhood; that they must content themselves with getting what good they could from the Sunday ministrations, and where their convictions differed from their neighbors', they could at least be patient and silent.

And besides, every tie of affection and gratitude bound my dear father to the old minister of the town, — Parson Williams, as he was always familiarly called. When my father was a little boy of eight years, he one day climbed to the top of a tall tree to witness a skirmish that was going on, towards the close of the Revolutionary War. But when he saw blood flowing he became giddy, and fell from his height. He was taken up insensible, and it was found that his skull was fractured. A long and anxious time followed, when he was nursed by his good parents with devoted care, and his vigorous constitution finally triumphed. But he recovered to great delicacy of health, and sensitiveness of brain; and Parson Williams, who had been devoted in his attentions to the family during this period of anxiety, told his parents that it would never do for Joseph to go to the village-school and be mixed with rough boys; and that, if they would send him to his study for a few hours every day, he would teach him all he was strong enough to learn. So the little boy became the daily inmate of the good pastor's study, and his rapid advancement astonished his teacher. One day, Parson Williams astonished the parents also, by appearing before them

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to say that Joseph, though only eleven years of age, was perfectly fitted to enter Yale College; and they must let him go. The parents demurred, — they were poor, and it was an expense they could not meet, they thought. But the faithful friend, feeling sure that the fine boy would not fail to repay them a thousand-fold for all their sacrifices, did not leave them till he had exacted a promise from them that Joseph should be entered at Yale College a few weeks later. And so his mother set herself to work, and spun and wove the entire suit in which he entered college. But she had not time to knit him stockings, and so he went barefoot. Mr. Ellis, in his beautiful portrait of my father's life, in the sermon preached the Sunday after his death, says of him: "The little barefooted boy, being found prepared, was despatched on horseback, under the charge of an elder brother, to the scene of his literary labors. The miniature collegian, whose head as he sat upon his horse hardly appeared above the portmanteau, was kindly received, and went through the prescribed course under the especial care of one of the tutors, — Joel Barlow, it is believed."

My father was through life one of the firmest believers in an overruling Providence; and, in his old age, I recall his laying his hand on the scar in his forehead, where the fractured skull had been trepanned, and saying: "I owe to that fall, under the providence of God, all the success and good fortune of my life. It was that fall that attracted the notice of our good Parson Williams; and to his efforts with me, and persuasions with my parents, I owe the fact of my education, which fitted me for all that followed."

My mother realized all my father's reasons for personal friendship for Parson Williams, and she shared them. But none the less did she feel the cloud of Calvinism that enwrapped the whole valley of the Connecticut in spiritual gloom. The phraseology of the pious was especially distasteful to her. In revival times, the evidences of conversion were discussed, much as the symptoms of a fever would be; and the deep things of God, — the soul's union with Christ, the "ob-

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taining a hope," as it was called, — were bandied about without reserve, and without joy. In infant schools, babies wept over their "wicked hearts;" and the children in older schools were separated into "sheep and goats," and sat on "anxious seats." If they died early, the little prigs had their memoirs written, in which they implored good old people, who had borne the burden and heat of the day in faith and patience, "*to come to Christ.*"

These things have passed by; the Orthodox of to-day would feel about them as the early liberal Christian did then. But looking at my mother as she was, and knowing how keenly she felt them all, I can only wonder at the patience with which she bore this spiritual regimen for fourteen long years.

Had she lived at this day, her far-seeing mind would have recognized the deep debt of gratitude which all New England owes to this old-fashioned Calvinism; and how, stern though it was, it was like New England's rocky soil, — an excellent region to be born in and to have come out from.

As it was, she really believed — and events have proved her in the right — that the doctrines of the Church, as then taught, often made infidels, materialists, and scoffers, through reaction. And so she fell back on the simple teachings of the New Testament, the words of Christ; and her open mind and untrammelled spirit experienced an untold joy in that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. And, though tenacious of her own interpretation of Scripture, she was never unjust towards those who differed from her, or slow to do full honor to the religious character, wherever she saw it exemplified.

I suppose she may be forgiven for having smiled during one of Parson Williams's sermons on the increasing luxury of the times, when he said in his broken voice, "Some attend to the *tylet* (toilette) and others to the *piny forty*," and for taking it off afterwards; the fact being that our own old English piano, and Madame Henshaw's spinnet, were the only musical instruments in the town.

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In the year 1824 commenced the first open dissatisfaction in the old church at Northampton. The liberal families, few in number, were yet persons of high character and influence, — my father and Uncle Howe being prominent among them. All they asked for was the privilege of hearing some ministers of the more liberal school for six Sundays out of every year, and this privilege the vote of the town gave them; and, at the settlement of the Rev. Mark Tucker as colleague to Parson Williams, it was well understood that this would be the case. But Mr. Tucker declined to exchange with Mr. Peabody, of Springfield, and other liberal preachers, for the allotted six Sundays; and my father and Uncle Howe, finding remonstrance of no avail, at last "signed off" from the old church, and with a few families who shared their convictions they worshipped for some months in the town hall, hiring a liberal preacher to minister to them. That it cost them something to part company with old friends and neighbors on a question of such vital importance, who can doubt? Or that the stigma attaching to their views was hard to bear? But my father and Uncle Howe knew what they had undertaken and why; and, having put their hands to the plough, they did not turn back. I do not suppose that women of the ardent temperament of my mother and Aunt Howe were *always* wise and judicious in their course at this time, although I never heard that they were *not*. But their piety was as strong as their convictions, and no personal bitterness ever mingled with the sorrows of the change. A friend who was at our house during this period recalls the glow of my mother's face on those beautiful Sunday mornings, when, having finished breakfast with the large family, she called on Hiram to take the horses and carriage, and go to the outskirts and gather up a few liberals who had no means of getting into town; then busied herself to collect the children's silver cups and her old tankards, which she gathered into her large apron, and carried to the town hall, to prepare the communion table; how she dusted the table, and then tucked her apron under the seat, and looked round thankfully on the little audi-

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ence collected to listen to Mr. Hall, and to receive the broken bread of life, — a real upper chamber, where "two or three were gathered in Christ's name."

It was during this year that she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Murray, which shows that her Unitarian views were not the result of fancy, or love of change, but grew out of an earnest study of the Scriptures.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Murray.

NORTHAMPTON, July 1.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have received your kind letter by my husband, and am gratified to find that, notwithstanding the lapse of time since we saw each other, your feelings remain unchanged. I have thought it probable that as your sons advanced you might think it best to bring them here for education, as the most approved means at this time is among us. Mr. Lyman says you have some fears that it is a Unitarian institution. Let me inform you that there is nothing of the nature of sectarianism belonging to the school.

Unitarian parents prefer their children should accompany Mr. Bancroft to the Unitarian church, but nearly half the school go with Mr. Cogswell to the Orthodox church. This subject has insensibly led me to make some remarks to you on controversial topics. In my opinion, Christianity does not belong to one sect more than another; but equally to all those who imbibe the spirit of Christ, and adorn their lives with the virtues of his religion, whether it be Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, or Calvinist. As it regards myself, I think speculative belief has but little to do with the religion of the heart. We are told that the devils *believe* and tremble. But *their* belief was never assigned to them as a virtue. I always shall concede to my friends what I claim for myself, the right of interpreting the Scriptures with my own understanding, and seeing with my own eyes, instead of allowing others to see for me and interpret for me. It appears to me that Jesus Christ declared

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himself to be a being distinct from God, when he said, "This is Life Eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Again it is asserted that, "Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is eternal life, that they should know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do: and now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory I had with thee before the world was." Now it does appear to me that beings so represented must be distinct; that the one imploring a favor must be inferior to the being who is to grant it. What does our Saviour say when accused by the Jews of blasphemy, — who alleged that being a man he made himself God? In his answer does he claim the attributes of Deity? I think he defends himself from the charge of making himself equal with God, when he said, "Say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, 'Thou blasphemest,' because I said I am the Son of God?" To my apprehension Christ disclaims underived power; he says, "Of myself I can do nothing." In his last address to his disciples he says, "All power is given unto me, in heaven and on earth." When one asked him, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" Jesus said unto him, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but One, that is God." In this expression, I think he meant to disclaim that perfection which is the peculiar attribute of Deity. I think our Saviour disclaimed omniscience likewise, when, directing the minds of his disciples to the Day of Judgment, he declares, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, neither the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son; but the Father." I think he means here to express that he was ignorant of the Day of Judgment, and that God only knew the precise time when the predicted judgments would be inflicted. Our

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Saviour has said, "My Father is greater than I." He was at the time of this declaration showing his disciples the sources of comfort which opened to them from the prospect of his resurrection, and at the same time exhibits to them that the moral purposes of his reign would be consummated by the assistance of God; and closes his subject with saying, "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said, I go unto the Father; for my Father is greater than I." "I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment even so I do." Christ evidently here speaks of himself in his most exalted character, and absolutely disclaims an equality with the Father. Christ asserts that he is the messenger of God, that he preached not his own doctrines, but those of his Father who sent him. "I am come in my Father's name. I am not come of myself, but he that sent me is true. I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but He sent me. My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." Again he says, "When ye have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall ye know that I am he, and that I can do nothing of myself; but as my Father taught me, I speak these things. I have not spoken of myself, but the Father who sent me, He gave me a commandment what I should say, and what I should speak." In a prayer addressed to his Father, our Saviour makes use of these expressions: "I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me."

Jesus Christ directed his disciples to offer their prayers to God through him as the one mediator. He likewise shows himself a subordinate being by the manner in which he addresses his God and our God. "Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me; and I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." When oppressed by personal suffering, he says: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." "He went away a

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second time, and prayed saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done." When crucified, he said of his persecutors: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and gave up the ghost." These are the expressions, not of Supreme Divinity, but of a being dependent and actually suffering. The prayer which our Saviour taught the disciples is addressed to God the Father in heaven.

You will, my dear friend, perceive that in this letter I have aimed to prove by quotations from Scripture: first, the very words of our Saviour himself, that Jesus declared himself to be a being distinct from God; secondly, that he disclaimed the essential attributes of Supreme Divinity, underived power, omniscience, and absolute goodness; thirdly, that he appeared in our world as the messenger of God, and preached to men, not his own doctrines, but the doctrines of God, who sent him; fourthly, that Christ prayed to God as the only proper object of worship, and directed his disciples to offer their prayers to God through him as the mediator; fifthly, that, having completed the business of his mission on earth, Jesus ascended to his God in heaven, and there received the reward of his obedience to the Divine Will unto death, even the death of the cross.

You may think I wish to convert you; but my wishes are far otherwise. I wish to convince you that a Unitarian derives his belief from the Scriptures, as you do; and thinks reason and religion are on his side, as you do. I have never discovered that Trinitarians were any more virtuous for *their* belief, or that Unitarians were any less so for *theirs*. Hence I draw the inference I commenced with in the beginning of my letter, that speculative belief has little to do with real religion.

Your affectionate friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. Give my love to Mrs. G—— when you see her, and tell her

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that I should have been pleased to have noticed her son on Round Hill, but the gentlemen would not allow me to.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot.

NORTHAMPTON, February 23, 1823.

MY DEAR ELIZA,— . . . . . .

I am sorry that our friends at the eastward consider us cold and dilatory on the subject of our society; at the same time I know they cannot be aware of the peculiar difficulties by which we are surrounded. We ourselves understood them when we commenced, and we think our success has been beyond our most sanguine expectations. Our friends from the eastward have always written as if they thought there was a large number of Unitarians in this town; if that had been the case, we never should have consented to the arrangement made at the time of Mr. Tucker's ordination; but, in fact, we could not then count more than four or five males who were heads of families. When we determined to secede, we were less than twenty; and when Mr. Peabody preached for us in December, it seemed doubtful to us if we could procure an audience of fifty persons. It must be very obvious to anybody who understands pecuniary affairs, that such a handful of persons could not have built a church and settled a minister, unless they were very rich, which we are not; or else very willing to beg, which we are not. We procured Mr. Hall; he has preached for us seven Sundays, and three Thursday lectures, to our universal acceptation and admiration. His preaching has been highly appreciated, and his character as a man has secured our respect and regard. In the mean while, the Calvinists have done every thing to plague and thwart us that they could. They have *not* scared us, but they have tried to; and I dare say they have sent word to Boston they have succeeded. But no matter, facts speak. Yesterday we organized our society; about fifty persons associated themselves. Of these persons not more

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than six or seven can be said to be in easy circumstances; the others are persons who supply the wants of every day by the toil of every day. It will be obvious that the principal burden of expense must rest on the six or seven first mentioned, but they are prepared for the work; and *all*, even the *poorest*, have manifested the disposition to do what they can. A committee was chosen to build a meeting-house, and the money is to be paid for it by seven individuals. Another committee is chosen to make arrangements with Mr. Hall to remain with us permanently. Of our success in this we are not certain, because we know that his talents and attainments are such as entitle him to a better situation; but we intend to make him the very best offer in our power, and it will be such a one as will enable him to live comfortably in this place, — and it is a situation in which he will be able to do a great deal of good; and as he seems devoted to this object, it may be a powerful inducement with him to stay among us. I should like to have you state these facts to Dr. Channing, whose opinion we greatly reverence, and whose approbation we would gladly deserve. We hope to have him preach for us whenever we get a meeting-house. With respect to "all the world," we intend to have a notice put in the paper for their information and satisfaction.

On the subject of the *Calvinistic zeal* which you advocate, I must say I greatly differ from you. I have lived among Calvinists twelve years, and I often have had them inmates of my house; the recollections of this period of my life would furnish me well-authenticated anecdotes of them, which would fill a volume. I have sometimes thought to record them, but I feel that it would be an unworthy office, and that it is far better to forgive their injuries, and remember their extravagances only to avoid them. I know that their zeal has carried them to distant lands and to the isles of the sea to make converts, and that it has enabled them to endow their theological institutions munificently; but I know, too, that it has in most instances failed to teach them the more difficult duty of subduing their own hearts, and eradicating their

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own bad passions. And I know, too, that much of the money bestowed on their favorite objects is procured by foolish and nefarious means. They do not hesitate to beg first in the parlor, and then in the kitchen, — first of the parent and then of the child; not only from the wealthy, but they will urge the pittance from the "hard hand of poverty." They will do what is worse than *all;* they will go to the bed of death, and seize in God's name the trifle which affection would bestow on needy relatives. This is nothing figurative, — facts bear me out in every assertion. This, and more also, the Calvinists have done for the Amherst Institution. They have hired beggars by the day, and taken subscriptions of twelve and a half cents from those who had not the change to give. If Cambridge would do this for its institution, they could get double the money they want in a few weeks. But would the end sanctify the means? I scorn to see such conduct under the mantle of religion. Our Saviour, when on earth, was indeed poor, but did he beg?

I have always thought it a great privilege of true religion that it united so readily with common duties, and I will not allow that Unitarians are inferior to others in discovering its effects in their lives; but we will treat especially of their *zeal.* Surely, you have distinguished individuals among you, who have lent their whole intellectual existence to the cause of true religion; and I turn with pleasure to my good friend and minister, Mr. Willard, who has stood at an out-post for a course of years — rejected by his brethren, exposed to slander and malignity — and has exhibited a firmness of purpose and a strength of principle which convinces me he would not shrink from the faggot and the stake in supporting his Christian integrity; and the young minister whom we hope to call our own gives strong indications of the same character. He has not yet been tried, but I trust he will be able to pass the furnace of Calvinism without blenching. I hope you will not think me impetuous on this subject; but I have dwelt so long exposed to these unholy fires, I have seen them so often consuming all gentle

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and sweet affections, all noble and lovely virtues, all holy and heavenly principles, that they are the objects of my peculiar aversion: no crime named in the Decalogue brings more unpleasant associations to my mind, than *Calvinistic zeal.* I pray that we may kindle a purer flame, that it may burn with a more equal lustre, that it may enlighten many understandings and purify many hearts, making them fit inhabitants of that heavenly kingdom which is the object of all our aspirations. Do not think I mean to be indiscriminating in my censure of Calvinists. I know that there are those among them who fear God and regard man; but these are not the persons who are continually thrusting themselves forward to relate their religious experiences, and publish their religious donations. True piety with them, as with sincere and devout Unitarians, takes a more quiet but a more useful and honorable course. I do believe that there are some sanctified hearts among all persuasions, but the general character of Calvinism seems to me to have few touches of the spirit manifested by our Lord and Master. If you know any Calvinists who are distinguished alike for a true zeal and an enlightened Christian morality, I would thank you to let me know who they are, for I should be as willing to respect and admire them as you are. I feel that I ought not to tax your patience with them any longer.

Mrs. Mills has always manifested some impressions that the Calvinists here conducted improperly, though she has said but little about it. She attended a Thursday lecture here before she went to Boston, and I think hearing Dr. Channing and Mr. Gannett did her good. Nevertheless, she is so shackled here, I think it will be difficult for her to come over to us. Mrs. —— has for the most part observed silence; the Dwights, too, have been very silent, and have been at our meeting at an evening lecture. I think Charles Sedgwick's practical illustration of Unitarianism has been very serviceable to them. Betsey Chester is at Weathersfield. These are all the Calvinists here that you care any thing about. We feel as though our worst trials were over, and

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every one manifests great pleasure that they are so. If we only can get Mr. Hall, we shall be secure of a respectable society as well as a good minister. He came this afternoon, after I had half written my letter, and made us a social visit, and was very easy and agreeable; in this respect he has improved very much since he first came, — among entire strangers he appeared diffident and embarrassed. But that has passed away; though he is a truly modest man, he seems to possess the social turn which is so desirable in a minister. You do not know how attentive all the law-students have been to the preaching. I think it quite an object that young persons just entering life should exhibit such a disposition, as I do believe it will have a valuable effect on their future conduct.

As you may receive my letter at a time when you are not at leisure to read a volume, I think I had better say farewell. With love to your family circle, ever affectionately yours,

S. L. Howe.

It will of course naturally be seen that no difference in the forms of their religious belief ever affected, in the smallest degree, my mother's feelings towards her Orthodox neighbors, or theirs to her. One whom she reverenced has said, "A saint should be as dear as the apple of an eye." And so they were to her, in all times and places. One lovely Christian woman in the old church, who distributed tracts every six months through certain districts, was wont to call at these regular intervals on my mother, some years after our church was formed, with her package. She would make a long call, talking delightfully on many topics of common interest, and, just as she left, would drop the tracts in my mother's lap; who thanked her, laid them quietly in her mending-basket, and cordially urged her to come again. It was somewhat of a surprise to me, as soon as Mrs. E. had gone, to see her gather up the tracts in her apron, and drop them one by one into the fire; watching with a peculiarly beaming

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countenance the destruction of such cheerful titles as, " Can these Dry Bones Live ? " " Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," &c., &c.

Why my straightforward mother never should have told Mrs. E. she did not want the tracts, and would not have them, I could not see ; and I told her so. " Why, my dear," she exclaimed, " that woman is a saint. If I were to tell her *that*, she would stop coming to see me, and I should lose a visit I enjoy. *She* thinks she is doing God service in bringing me these tracts. Let her think so. I am sure there is nothing easier than for me to burn them up, so that they never can ' pison the fountains ' in this house."

The establishment of the Round-Hill School in 1823, and of the Law School soon after, of which Judge Howe was the head, and its most inspiring influence, made an era in the life of my parents, from which they dated many of their highest social privileges. The coming of my Uncle and Aunt Howe to Northampton in the year 1820 had been a source of unmixed satisfaction to both of them. At last, those retired and admirable lives that had been gathering strength and resource among the quiet hills of Worthington were to be brought into closer intercourse with a more extended circle, and to taste the delights of wider influence and more appreciative society. Ah ! it is the destiny that *grows* as life wears on, that is the fine one ! And yet in these latter days of luxury and over refinement, we grudge those years in the lives of young people, when comparative retirement and privation and exertion are really fitting them for a middle age of highest usefulness and enjoyment. We want *them* to begin with all the gathered store of appliances with which *we* end. How grand a mistake !

The two schools brought to Northampton a corps of professors and teachers, such as few colleges have ever seen. Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, who were the first teachers in the Round-Hill School, were the first in this country to exemplify the system of the German Gym-

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nasium; and all their arrangements were made on a scale of magnificence for that day, which soon attracted the sons of the wealthy from all parts of the country. In the summer-time, families from Virginia and the Carolinas would take boarding-places in the neighborhood, to be near their sons who were in the school; and my father delighted in his rare opportunities for intercourse with some of the choicest spirits of the South. For the Hamiltons and Middletons and Draytons and Waynes, with many others, found themselves soon at home in the hospitable house whose front-door always stood open; and from the Law School came daily incursions of professors and scholars, whom Mrs. Burt always would designate to my mother (when she asked from the nursery who had come in) as "only the every-day gentlemen." Among these were Hooker Ashmun, George S. Hillard, George Tyng, Timothy Walker, Wm. Meredith, Russell Sturgis, and others. What a constant and pleasurable excitement for the grown-up sisters and cousins this society made, and what an entertaining time for my mother's little children, who were pets and companions always! How rarely we ever felt that we were put to bed to be got out of the way, although our hours were early and regular!

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CHAPTER XI.

Happy will that house be in which the relations are formed from character, after the highest and not after the lowest order; the house in which character marries, and not confusion and a miscellany of unavowable motives. . . . The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it. — EMERSON.

HOW full to overflowing were my mother's days at this period of her life! It was the heyday of her existence, in which little thought of self came to mar her absolute enjoyment of Nature, of her family, of society, and of choicest friends. Her perfect health made her life of activity a pleasure as well as a duty, and to this health there were few interruptions. During the months preceding the births of her children she suffered a great deal, and as her strength and vigor prevented her from claiming any immunity from care or exertion, she had not the rest she should have taken. But the births of her children were the slightest possible causes of retirement or anxiety in her case. She had never a physician at any time, — the faithful Burty carrying her through these occasions with excellent care and skill; and she able the very next day to sit up in her large easy-chair, with her mending-basket and book beside her, making first one and then the other her pastime for some hours of each day. One week was all the time that Burty ever could succeed in keeping her in her room; in the second week, she had resumed all the duties of the house, and was driving all over the country with my father. But, in all her cares and duties, she was seldom without the invaluable aid of my father's grown-up daughters and nieces.

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Doubtless a nature so vivacious, and a life so active, experienced reaction enough to call up reflective sentiment whenever she wrote letters; for these occasions were really among her few periods of comparative rest.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, June 20th, [1823?].

I have been expecting you every day for more than a fortnight; in the mean time, Dr. and Mrs. Gorham have passed a day with me, and were disappointed that they could not meet you here. I was pleased with Mrs. Gorham, but the doctor is superlative; I liked him amazingly. And I was glad to find that the unfortunate occurrences of his family did not prevent him from taking his wife to Niagara, as well as to the other curiosities of that part of the country; though I think there was rather a cloud hanging over their prospects after they got to Canandaigua, but it had passed over before they got here, and they were in good spirits. I was sorry that the doctor did not let his wife go to the mountain, which they ought to have done in the morning before they came to visit me, — for you know the afternoon is no time to look on a western view. But I took her upon Round Hill, and rode around the town with them in the afternoon, and did all I could to prevent their losing time while they stayed. Old Mrs. Lee came here a few days since, with her granddaughters, from New York; and I could not help hoping, that by some accident you would hear of them and come at the same time; but now I despair of seeing you at all. I was much pleased to receive a note from you by Mrs. W., because it gave some encouragement to my hopes that you would not return to Boston without seeing us. I have feasted my eyes on the beautiful Mrs. Eliot, and think she is the queen of beauty, — in our hemisphere, at least. I never liked her husband as well as I did this time. He was exceedingly condescending and attentive to those around him. She appeared desirous to please, but her countenance indicated the melancholy re-

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flections that had so lately had possession of her mind; you know she was the only daughter of her mother, and the subject of her idolatry.

I saw John a few days ago, and told him that you would be here soon. He is very well, and I always hear is doing well. The gentlemen on Round Hill have certainly made very great efforts, and they have been accompanied by the most wonderful success; which is not only fortunate for them, but very much so for the town. The instructors, too, all that I have known, have been of the highest order; and I think their method is greatly calculated to raise the standard of education in our country. I have enclosed an account of it, which I think exceedingly clear and intelligible, and which I believe was penned by Mr. Bancroft.

Yours with much affection,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, September 10, 1823.

MY DEAR ABBY, — You know nothing is so unusual in my family as solitude, or, in other words, as tranquillity; and in proportion to the rareness of our blessings we prize them. I hail this hour then with peculiar gratitude, for it is a temporary exemption from *care*, from *bustle*, and from *company*, — such a one as I cannot recollect to have experienced for more than three months. But much as present objects occupy me, I always find time and occasion to think of my dear Abby. Your last kind letter, together with Sally's, gave us much pleasure, — as do all your letters, inasmuch as they convince us of your continued health and happiness. Happiness in an unusual degree I always knew you must be in the enjoyment of, for you were always in the possession of a well-spring that cannot fail you altogether, though it may be subject to temporary checks. *Disciplined feelings*, with the determination to benefit others in all we do, must insure a measure of happiness.

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I could get no farther when an interruption stayed my hand, and my letter will have to wait another mail before it goes.

Charlotte left me some weeks ago, and Harriet came in to go to dancing-school and writing-school. I was very sorry to part with Charlotte. I believe I told you my baby was named Susan Inches; and a lovelier creature I never saw. Did I tell you in my last, that on the first of October Mr. Cogswell and Mr. George Bancroft — two professors from Cambridge — were going to open a school on the plan of a German Gymnasium; of course Joseph is to be an alumnus of the institution. It proposes to teach all that is taught in any college in the United States. I do not feel quite so much enthusiasm as to the success of their plan as many others do; but, at any rate, they will be an immense accession to our society, as they are distinguished for their *learning*, *piety*, and *wisdom*. If I get an opportunity, I will send you their prospectus.

Emma Forbes is staying with me, and has just observed that she wished you made one of our circle. I never can cease to deplore those I am separated from by distance and by death, however I may appear reconciled to it. *Present* enjoyment will always depend much on our retrospect of the *past*, as well as our contemplation of the *future*. In the *former* —

> "The few we liked, the one we loved,
> A sacred band! come stealing on;
> And many a form far hence removed,
> And many a pleasure gone,"

must, to the thoughtful, impair the enjoyment of the present. But *hope* — that anchor to the soul — is a partial antidote, and enlightens the gloom of melancholy reflections. For "*fancy*, delusive most where warmest wishes are," arrays the *future* in the colors of the rainbow; and we are deceived by it so gradually, that it is imperceptible to our dull senses, except it relates to some particular object, — such as a favorite child becoming profligate, or a near friend deceiving us. Per-

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haps the enthusiast enjoys most; for enthusiasm adds an imaginary value to every object of our pursuit, and of course brightens our anticipations in regard to it, be it what it may.

Did M. —— tell you that —— —— was engaged to —— ——? I don't believe you knew his wife was dead; but she has been a year, and he is going to be married again the coming winter. I have no other comment to make in regard to this match, except that I think —— will make her very happy. Mr. Peabody of Springfield is going to be married to a Miss Amelia White, a young lady you may have heard of. . . . It is thought a very judicious match. There is a young lady here, Miss Fiske, who has a flourishing school of young ladies. She is very handsome and very interesting.

Now I believe I have told you all the news. Catherine has been here on her way to Niagara this summer. She regretted that you did not write to her, but sent her love. I am expecting Mrs. Revere will make me a visit with her youngest child, now two months old. The interruption I have from my baby must be my apology for this dreadful looking letter.

With much love to Mr. Greene and Sally,

Yours very affectionately.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, October 19, 1823.

MY DEAR EMMA, — Ten days have passed away most rapidly since you left me. I am much obliged to you for your letter. I had no idea you would have left Worcester as soon as you mention; if I had I should not have sent some letters *there* which came to you here by mail: but I hope they will reach you somewhere. John and Joseph dined with me to-day for the first time. They appeared very good and happy, perfectly contented with their situation; still I have not yet been induced to believe that the millennium has commenced

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on Round Hill, though I know nothing to the contrary. But you know I always have had misgivings in regard to the efficacy of their plan, though I have done every thing to cultivate faith that any one could. The idea of a number of children being educated without rewards or punishments, I can hardly believe possible; because it bears no analogy to any system, human or divine, that I am acquainted with. The Almighty has seen fit in his providence to keep up a system of chastisements from which the best of his creatures are not exempt. We are likewise the recipients of daily blessings more than we deserve. But I suspect that part of the plan is only for *theory*, for your brother John has had a very nice cross-bow given him for being the best climber; and Joseph tells me the boy in each room, that is the neatest, is to have a print given him at the end of the month. I live in regard to the school with a sort of rod held over my head. For the gentlemen say whenever a boy does wrong he will be expelled from the school, for they shall attempt no other punishment. Now I know Joseph will never premeditate any evil; but such a child as he is, is so liable from inadvertency or impulse to go astray, that it is always to be calculated upon. But, as yet, I find the boys retain their fondness for their instructors, and their desire to please them; and they give the most famous account of their living. But I cannot in this case say, "Fancy is delusive most, where warmest wishes are;" for I promise myself nothing in particular, and therefore cannot be disappointed. My fears certainly prevail over my hopes.

I have written this much concerning the Gymnasium, because I knew you were interested in its progress, as well as in John. We have a clergyman now preaching for us, who has been two years in Scotland, studying with Dr. Chalmers; but I hope he is not the best specimen of that kind of education, for it was the whirlwind in comparison with the "*sigh* of evening gales that breathe and die."

You know how tired I get Sunday evenings after the labors of the

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day, and must excuse me for treating you with this exhaustion of spirit. Jane has just come into my room, to tell that there was a fresh recruit of nonsense in the parlor, in the shape of S. B. and Uncle Eben. I knew *Russell* was there and B., when I sat down.

We had a visit from Mrs. S. C. last week; she passed a part of two days here, or rather stayed over a stage. Miss L. P. would have accompanied her to Boston, but we prevailed with her to stay till after Cattle Show, as she has seen none of the animation of this place. I wish you and C. would call on L. (if you think you can) when she gets to Boston. Mr. Hentz has dined with us once since you left us; he made particular inquiries after you; he is just in that state when youth,

> "Adds bloom to health, o'er every virtue sheds
> A gay, humane, a sweet and generous grace,
> And brightens all the ornaments of man,"

and in every respect makes him the most interesting youth that ever was. Thinks Northampton a little heaven below, and wishes for nothing so much as to make it his future residence, which, if all things go well, no doubt he will do. I must leave off writing, and go to work preparing for Cattle Show. With love to all friends, your ever affectionate

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. It requires the whole influence of friendship to tolerate such a letter as this is; make any excuse for me that you think the reality will justify, to Mary Pickard for my not writing to her, which I perceive I shall not be able to do. Your favorite is sitting by my side dressed in pale blue, and looking like a fallen angel.

OCTOBER 30.

Since the above was written, we have got through Cattle Show with much confusion, but with a great deal of pleasure. I was delighted

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to have Mr. Inches and Elizabeth here. The Springfield ladies are still with me, and everybody has appeared to enjoy themselves highly.

I have received, since the above was written, a letter and note from you, together with the ring you were so kind as to send little Susan, and Joseph's boots, which I believe answer very well. John has been permitted to dine with me once, and Joseph twice; they are both of them perfectly happy.

Tell Catherine I shall write to her soon, but wish she would come along without waiting for Sally and Mr. Howe, who have no thought of going to Boston, as I suppose she has heard before now.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, December 14, 1823.

It is unnecessary, my dear Abby, for me to inform you with what unmingled sentiments of pleasure and gratitude I heard of the safe arrival of your little daughter, for you must have observed by my last letter that I had given up all anticipations of such a gratification. I have a realizing sense of the joy and gratitude which reign in your heart on this occasion. I think *that* produced by the birth of a first child is something of a more elevated and exciting cast than any thing we ever experience afterwards. We feel ourselves called upon in a new capacity which we never realized the possession of, and combined with it such a new set of affections, sensations, and anticipations, that it in fact creates a new mental existence. But beware of the indulgence of these feelings to too great a degree; discipline your heart, and fortify your mind for all the inequalities which are incident to human enjoyment. And perhaps the enjoyment to be derived from our children is as susceptible of interruption as any we have. But uncertain as it may be, I can attest to this truth after twelve years of ordinary experience on the subject, there is no pleasure or satisfaction in human

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life which is equal to that afforded to us by our children. There is a constant compensation for all the care and sorrow they bring, either in their innocent playfulness, or their intellectual progress. And there is a pleasure, too (if a selfish one), in the idea that they, being of so exalted a nature, made but little lower than the angels, belong to *us;* we derive from it a new importance, a new self-estimation which rewards us for the increase of duties and responsibility that it brings. We that have families may look around us and say to ourselves: — In the existence of all these dear objects we are identified; and in them we shall leave a representation of our efforts and, if we *have* any, of our excellencies.

In the case of your parents, my dear Abby, they appear to have but one thing left them, and that is or ought to be a rich and fruitful source of comfort to them. For I know of no people more blessed in their children. I presume Mary mentioned to you in her letter that Harriet had gone to Litchfield, where she will have the benefit of Mr. Brare's instruction for a year, unless she goes to you in the spring. The school there is much better than any we have here; the situation otherwise may not be as good.

. . . . . .

Martha is quite a favorite here; she has strength of mind with great originality, and much more improvement than you could anticipate with the disadvantages she has had to encounter. She reads to me every day, assists Anne Jean in getting her lessons, and explains them to her in a very lucid manner. Charlotte has a fair mind, and is perfectly innocent and pure in all her thoughts; and, if I were going to choose a friend and companion for Anne Jean, I do not know where I could find one so near her own age that I should prefer to Charlotte; for, at the same time she is without Anne Jean's levity of character, she is divested of her vivid fancy. But they mingle with great interest and harmony in each other's enjoyments.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, December 20, 1823.

John is now with me, and Joseph; I have had but two days of their society, and that is most agreeable. If I know any thing of John, he is an excellent boy. I find he is pleased to sit down and entertain himself with his book. Mr. Cogswell, who is his instructor, did not appoint him any duties for the vacation, which I hope will be a period of recreation that will refresh and invigorate him for the increased duties of the next term. Mr. Bancroft appointed Joseph sufficient to fill up his leisure time during the first fortnight. I have great pleasure in the society of children, you know. There is something in their unalloyed simplicity, in their exemption from those defects which characterize maturity, — such as worldliness, complicated motives of action, and various *et ceteras*, — that compensates me for all their annoying ways; for it cannot be denied that they have many. Amongst other speculations upon them, I have concluded that children (taken in the aggregate) are better than grown people. How few do we find, who when they have arrived at the zenith of improvement, who have had the best opportunities to increase their intellectual stores, with every motive for wisdom and virtue, — how few, I say, do we find without some grand defect of character, which either destroys our sympathy or impairs our confidence; and with whom, when we come in contact, we are not compelled mentally to determine, "so far shalt thou come, and no farther"! But perhaps in the expression of this opinion I may appear to you to think less favorably of mankind than I do, or than the truth will justify; which I should be sorry for, as by so doing I should in some measure discard a numerous and valuable set of acquaintances. But I trust you know me well enough to give a qualifying tone to the thoughts I express.

There seems to be a great deal of marrying going on in Boston. I am pleased with the engagement of your Cousin S. and Mr. L.; from

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what I have heard of both, I should think it must be a very fair match, and advances the cause of the other members of the family, in the matrimonial way. I should like to know if your aunt is pleased with it, and if it happened before your uncle went away.

When you see Mrs. Sturgis, say to her that we feel much indebted to her for her great politeness to Jane. I think she will find Russell much improved in the manliness of his character, and I know that he has in habits of application to his studies. Judge Howe speaks very highly of him.

There are two other very respectable young men in the office, — W. and H., — but none of them quite supply the place to us of the amiable and intelligent Tom Bradford, to say nothing of one who has "winged his flight to future worlds," in whose society I had peculiar pleasure, from the easy and accessible sympathy which was such a prevailing characteristic of his nature.

Give my love to all my friends, more particularly your aunt and Margaret. You cannot think what an improved little creature your little favorite is; she is truly the delight of our house. She is much obliged to you for the ring you sent her, but not a tooth has she rubbed through yet.

Your very affectionate cousin,

ANNE JEAN.

P. S. Anne Jean talks much of Cousin Emma, and wishes me to say that she is studying French Grammar, preparatory to going to Mr. Hentz in the spring, and that she has taken great pains to improve herself in that language since you were here; devotes the evening entirely to it. Mr. Lyman sends his love to you.

"Oh! what were Life,
Even in the warm summer-light of joy,
Without those hopes which, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of Eternity."

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, February 9, 1824.

MY DEAR EMMA, — You know I have no particular objection to writing, but when I have so good a proxy as Catherine, I feel exempted in some measure from that, knowing that her offerings of that kind *are*, or ought to be, much more acceptable than mine.

The school on Round Hill has been the most fruitful source of excitement that we have had. Your mother has probably had a letter to inform you that it will soon cease to be such to us; for Mr. C. has purchased a very fine seat on the North River, at Red Hook, to which they will remove in the spring. J—— will remain with them during the year, as we at first intended. He gets along very well; but there have been "some cataracts and breaks" in their progress thus far, that are, I believe, somewhat discouraging to them, inasmuch as they were unlooked for, and, owing to their inexperience, assume a magnitude in their minds that they probably would not in Dr. Abbot's, or many others of their profession. John continues to be very happy, and I have no doubt is in a highly improving state.

Notwithstanding all that may be said, I feel great regret at having them leave, believing that they would secure the esteem of the people by a longer stay, wherein the redeeming traits in their characters might be exhibited. But it is useless now to speculate on what might be, and I must abandon the pleasing dream "that I was to have my son live where I could see him every day, if I chose," for I have long since given up the idea of a private school in this place. John dined with me to-day. I ought to have told you before that he did himself great honor by a very dignified course of conduct during the vacation. He divided his time between Mrs. Howe's and here. His clothes are in a very good state. Mr. Cogswell has his sister with him now, — a good lady, whose highest aim is household good. She takes excellent care of the boys' things, and is, I think, a great improvement to the estab-

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lishment. S. B. dined with me to-day. I do not think she will go to Red Hook, and I am sure I hope she will not.

I have often heard that disappointments were a good *discipline* for the human mind, and I do not doubt it. And where it neither involves loss of friends nor loss of character, we should not complain; but we are so constituted that, whatever occurs to us in the form of discipline, or operates as such, is unacceptable. And nothing is more difficult to make, in the true spirit of it, than that acknowledgment to Providence, "Thy will be done."

I would thank you to write to us a letter full of the vanities of life, such as how you enjoyed Mrs. Otis's ball; what substitute is there for Mr. Everett's lectures; who is going to be married; do you ever see Mrs. F. C.; how does M. take to the world? Little Susan will not allow me to say more than that I am your affectionate friend and cousin,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, March 21, 1824.

"Sae I gat paper in a blink,
And down gaed stumpie in the ink,
Quoth I before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it"

Now, my dear Emma, nothing short of a resolution equal to that of my friend Burns, when he uttered these lines, could tempt me so far to absent myself from thoughts of present emergencies (of which there are a never-ending succession that claim my unwearied attention) as to undertake to write a letter. I shall never again wonder at people who give up writing. The circumstances which, to the head of a family, rise in opposition to it, are sufficiently formidable to justify a conscientious person in abandoning it altogether; but I am too selfish for that. I cannot give up the pleasure I derive from an intercourse with

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my absent friends; and, as I cannot purchase letters with any other coin, I will sometimes tear myself from the imperious duties of my family, and get up a scrawl. I should have answered your earnest inquiries about the Round-Hillers, but thought as Mrs. —— was going to Boston she could tell you about them; and as my account would not be exactly like hers, I thought you had better hear her first. I do not wonder that she feels as she does; yet at the same time that I can sympathize in her feelings, I cannot think with her about the gentlemen who keep the school. It is obvious to me that they are conscientiously bent on bringing their scheme to the highest perfection, and that all their efforts and all their time are now occupied to that effect. They say that no boy in the school has been more assiduous, or has improved more the last quarter, than John has; he attends principally to Latin and French. Joseph does the same, with the addition of Greek and English, — the latter at my earnest entreaty. Mr. Bancroft told me that as the days became longer, and the children got more advanced in the languages, they should pay more particular attention to English studies, — which is the only objection that ever could be raised against the school. From what I know of other schools, there is no doubt in my mind it is far superior to any in our country. And I believe with such materials they will make John both a good man and a scholar.

Miss C—— passed an evening with me a short time since; she said she thought, with the exception of four or five, the boys were uncommonly stupid and ignorant; and I think her opinion to be relied on as unprejudiced. But when I reflect on the aggregate of society, there is not a larger proportion of intelligent people, if as many, as four to sixteen!

Are not you glad that Mary Pickard is going to England? She will be a loss to her friends here, but she will more than compensate them on her return for a temporary deprivation. But suppose her friends in England should tempt her to remain with them? I am sure I should think they would.

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I feel very glad that Edward and Ann are going; if he were perfectly well, I see no reason why they should not go: they have seen but little of the world, and as they are divested of its cares, it will enlarge their minds, and do them a great deal of good. I wish I were going myself, but I believe I shall have to content myself with remaining stationary. I suppose you have read "Saint Ronan's Well." I think it the poorest thing that has appeared in print for many years, — that I have read, I should add. The evil always has been a serious one to encounter such people as prevail in that book, but to be called on to contemplate them in books is an unnecessary evil, and therefore more intolerable than our actual experience of them; for they do not seem designed to contribute to any moral views. In short, the author does not appear to have any end in view, but to string together the shreds and patches of his imagination that nothing may be lost; and there is an avarice in it that I don't like. I have lived among the Indians lately. I have been reading Heckewelder's account of them. He found a great many Yamoydens among them during his forty years' residence in their society. I am now reading what you must get and read — Mr. Bancroft's translation.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

April 27, 1824.

Three years have elapsed since we separated; in that time I have had much satisfaction from contemplating you in the enjoyment of a great many calm and rational pleasures, such as only the well-balanced and rational mind can enjoy. And the pain of separation has been much mitigated to me by the belief that you have been withdrawn from sorrows which would have pierced your heart had you been here, — though your presence could not have had the effect to remove them.

. . . . . .

You know —— is peculiarly susceptible of the influence of those around her, and if she could always live with good people she would

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always be good; and the reverse is equally true. . . . Now, you know no one more cordially approves of matrimony than I do. I think it is the effect of an interest in domestic duties to strengthen our virtues, to enlarge our benevolence, and to concentrate our good affections; it helps to a sound judgment and a right-balancing of things, and assists in giving integrity and propriety to the whole character. But this cannot be the case unless there is something to engraft *upon*, and unless the union consists of materials calculated to foster the growth of such principles. . . .

My sister C. divided the winter between Mrs. Howe and myself; and I am just now quite afflicted to be obliged to part with her, but it is unavoidable. She diffuses most salutary influences on all those who come within her sphere. She is always happy herself to a certain degree, because she lives in the cultivation of unfailing resources of a purely intellectual character, such as have no dependence on artificial excitements or dissipation of time for their basis.

Our society here is much improved by the new institution which I have mentioned before, over which Messrs. Cogswell, Bancroft, and Hentz preside, —the latter, a French gentleman, mingles more in our society than the others, and I think we prefer him.

I ought not to forget to mention that H. is greatly improved since she came to me, and in nothing more than her appearance; she is really one of the handsomest girls in the country, and, by the efforts she is making, I judge will in time be one of the most improved. She says she intends to keep an excellent school; and I have no doubt she will in time be able to. We are delighted with Mr. Greene's account of Sally.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, June 17, 1824.

I mean to inform you that I don't expect you to write me a letter, and then keep it until you hear of some one going to Northampton, as you did the last time; for it cost me as much as three shillings' worth of patience to wait for it, and I am not sure but a dollar's worth. And as that is a commodity I have not to spare, I wish you would not tax it in the same way again while the mail goes. You know I am aware of every person who is going between this place and Boston, and it would be strange if I could not find bearers enough for my trumpery. John has dined with me several times since he returned from home, but I cannot get a great deal of news out of him. I suppose he has written you that Joseph and himself and James Perkins have one room devoted to them, and they are very much pleased with the combination. I believe things are going on nicely on the Hill; I do not hear of any interruption. French progresses finely. Mr. Hentz presides at one table three times a day, and there is no conversation at it except in that language. John and Joseph are among the privileged number, and Mr. Hentz gives great accounts of the improvement.

Mrs. D., with her daughters, are about issuing proposals for taking a school upon very elevated principles; and, as many that are her inferiors have succeeded, I suppose she will. Indeed, most any thing will succeed which embraces the interests of children, — for there are such hosts in the world, they must be taken care of somewhere besides their own homes, where parents have the means of indulging themselves with their absence. Mrs. D.'s price for board and tuition is two hundred dollars a year. She has requested me to mention this to my friends. Agreeably to the promise I gave her, I have. I was glad to find by your last letter you were making a French scholar. You and C. can read plays together, and you can teach the little girls, and make it an essential benefit to yourself and them.

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I have been reading lately such trash as "Adam Blair," "Reginald Dalton," and "The Spae Wife," and got a little entertainment, if not instruction, from them; and, for better aliment, Mr. Sparks's Tracts and "The Christian Examiner." Adieu!

Yours affectionately.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, July 25, 1824.

I always feel, too, that it is obtrusive to say — as *many* like to — a great deal about the aids of religion or philosophy to avert trouble, because it always supposes the adviser is much better acquainted with those supports or antidotes to woe than the person advised, — which is an assumption I don't feel justified in. But I can say from experience, my dear Emma, that when the mind's balance is disturbed (which disorders our whole frame of thought, and discolors our enjoyments) it is best to use those diversions that will reinstate it soonest. Now, it seems to me that it would be well for you to come and make me a visit. If you derive no pleasure from it yourself, you will have the satisfaction of conferring a great deal. I dare say your mother will be willing to have you, though it will be a sacrifice for her. But mothers and heads of families always have cares that operate as antidotes to melancholy reflections. You must have enjoyed Josephine's visit and her brother's. I think he appeared in rather delicate health, and I thought J. was rather melancholy; but then I am not used to her, and perhaps it was only her usual frame of mind. I hope her journey and the novelty of her experiences had an animating effect upon her. There are so many cares and sorrows for old age and middle life, that I cannot bear to see the season of youth embittered unnecessarily.

I saw John a few days ago, and intend to go up there this evening, or rather this afternoon. Mrs. and Miss A., and Mrs. and Miss O. spent the day here yesterday; and Cousin Tom Robbins appeared to

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us, just as we were sitting down to dinner. To-day I am expecting Judge Williams and wife and children. So you see how one day after another I am taken up, — most agreeably oftentimes, but still occupied. I have felt a good deal anxious about Mary's and Catherine's health. I am rejoiced to hear to-day that Mary has another son. . . .

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, September 26, 1824.

I was in hopes you would so arrange it as to come here, and let John pass the vacation with you at my house. But he tells me you are expecting Bennet, which, were there no other reason, would prevent you. I regretted very much not being at the Exhibition last evening, for I knew John was to have the best part but one, and would be a great credit to his friends, and that no one could feel more strongly interested in him than I do, except his mother. Mr. Lyman and Mary went, and were more pleased with John than any one else. I was seized with one of my terrible sore throats and violent head-aches, and had to take to my bed; and it is with difficulty I write this to-day, though I feel much relieved.

When T. was here, he told me that it had been a favorite wish of his that John should be educated for a professional man. I think there never were better materials to answer that expectation. I rest with the most perfect confidence on his talents for any occupation which he is fated to apply himself to, and hope that a year from this time he will be entered at Cambridge College as a junior, and take his degree with my son.

I have much more that I should like to say to your mother on this subject, but it is impossible for me to write another word.

Yours, with love to all friends,

A. J. LYMAN.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, October 23, 1824.

My own indisposition and the children's, though trifling in its nature, has occupied some of the time; and the requisitions of society in various forms, to say nothing of preparations for winter, have demanded the rest.

I felt, when I was with you, that your father's existence was near a close; and I was not surprised to hear that, when the period of it arrived, it should find you all shocked with the stroke. I am aware that no preparatory circumstances, such as long sickness and infirmity, can to the minds of near friends diminish the appalling horror incident to the approach of that King of Terrors. But you had witnessed its effect too frequently to be a stranger to its influence on the mind, though you were not fortified to resist it altogether. Who would wish to, if they could? One of the great designs of Providence would be baffled, and we never should realize the insecure tenor of our earthly blessings, if this exercise of God's power were not known and felt by us. O Emma! how much there is in human life, if we would avail ourselves of a right use of it, to extract vanity from our hearts, and draw us near to Him who can enjoy only our purified, intellectual nature,— that ray of His own Spirit He has so kindly bestowed upon us, but which we so neglect, and often render so useless by a higher consideration of the grosser part! I have been called from myself and my own sorrowful sensations, very much of late, by contemplating those of my brother Edward, who seems by the state of his mind and body to have little susceptibility of enjoyment left. I hope soon, however, to hear of his improved state. I have just received your note by J., and seen him long enough for him to tell me what that did not about your mother, and the children and their plans.

I called on Mrs. Hentz the day after her arrival, and engaged her to pass the succeeding day with me, together with the Round-Hill folks.

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I am perfectly astonished that Mr. H. should have made so wise a choice. Mrs. H. certainly appears like an uncommonly rational woman, is very interesting in her manners, and I should judge would prove every thing such a thriftless man would want in regard to economy. She dresses herself with great neatness and good taste, contrary to my expectations; and all who have seen her are much pleased with her.

I have had a short but delightful visit from Miss Sedgwick. She is indeed a most excellent character, and has all the requisites for making herself agreeable to every class of society, and seems to be equally beloved by all the different ranks with whom she mingles. I am sure I wish there were *more* like her in the world; but they are so rare that she may be said almost to be a unique. It is really wonderful that two such women as herself and Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick should have fallen to the lot of *one* family. If Mr. Minot had not lost his house by fire, Miss Sedgwick would have made a long visit in Boston this autumn. I am sure I am very sorry she did not. I think she would be a more operative leaven in that society, than in New York.

I am now looking forward to a little peace and tranquillity, as the Court weeks have gone by, and our dreadful Cattle Show is over; and I wish you would come and pass the winter with me. You could return with Sam Lyman, or, if you chose, go to Worcester a day or two before him, and let him take you from *there*. Now do consider this subject.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NOVEMBER 24, 1824.

I have neglected to describe my New Bedford friend, Miss Rotch, to you; though I intended to do it at length, when I commenced, hoping to communicate to you some of the pleasure she afforded me by her society. But now I could not do her justice, and will not attempt it, more than to say she was born and educated in England as an enlightened

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Quaker; is a speaker of great and distinguished eloquence among her adherents, and is rendered peculiarly interesting by great personal beauty.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, January 11, 1825.

I still have a heart warm with affection towards my friends, amongst whom you hold no insignificant place. The New Year always inspires me with peculiar reflections, both as it respects the *past* and the *future*. I

> "Look on the mournful record of the past,
> And mark how much one little year can do;
> How much of friendship that seemed made to last,
> Unwearied love, affection firmly true,
> Are known no more except in fond review;"

together with the many interesting ties that are indissolubly formed, and from which much happiness will flow hereafter, — for you know there are two sides to this picture of human fate. I have just been reading a beautiful New Year's Address, which, I think, must have been written by a Peabody. You will find it in the "Christian Register" of January 8; at any rate, it has some of his peculiar expressions as well as turns of thought in it.

Mr. Lyman has just left me, with Mr. Hall, for Springfield; but I am to have James's company in their absence. I regretted, as it was a holiday, that Mr. Bancroft would not permit John to visit us on Christmas day, for he appears to have peculiar enjoyment in Joseph's society, and J. does in his; and I have a great deal of pleasure in seeing him. Tell your mother that I hope she will permit John to pass the next vacation with us. J. has got his bundle and ruffle iron, and has had his mittens a long time.

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JANUARY 12th.

You recollect my old favorite among the young men, ——. He settled in Springfield on purpose to court ——, whom he fell in love with at first sight, at a Fourth of July party in this town. The sequel is, that, after being engaged to him a year, she has gone to New York, seen somebody she likes better, and turned poor —— adrift. So much for being a *butterfly* instead of a woman. What do you think of such pliable affections, as well as morality ? At any rate, such things have the sanction of fashion to authorize them. I presume it will not injure the lady in anybody's estimation but *mine* and two or three such antiquated lovers of constancy.

The foregoing letter was discovered by my father on the afternoon of the next day, the 12th ; and he hastened to announce with pious gratitude the birth of his eleventh and last child, Catherine Robbins.

January 12th. I found the foregoing letter in its present state this afternoon. I now have the pleasure to announce to you the birth of a beautiful daughter. Rejoice with me, my dear Emma, and render praise to the Author of every good and perfect gift. And let all our friends unite with us.

In haste, I am truly your friend,

JOSEPH LYMAN.

How sure were all the family friends to write to Cousin Emma of every event that occurred, whether of joy or sorrow, certain that she would feel them all in her heart of hearts. Madame Recamier's biographer says of her that she had " the genius of sympathy." And so had this dear friend, in an almost unequalled degree. Can we ever forget the glow of her expression, the glistening of her eye, the pressure of her hand ? Will any one, who was a little child then, ever forget the tone in which she said "*My* love?" Our dear Lizzie Ware used to say of her, that she was equally at home in a palace or a hovel.

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And so she was, for the depth and warmth of her sympathy led her for the moment to put herself wholly in the place of each.

In February of 1825, Cousin Emma decided to go to Europe, — a trip far less frequently taken than now; and the cousins joyfully gave her a God-speed over the wide waters.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes.

[The reading of this may be deferred until you are at sea, if you are now busy.]

NORTHAMPTON, February 25, 1825.

MY DEAR EMMA, — As I hear you are going over the great water, I must write a few words to bid you God-speed. A thousand interesting objects present themselves to my mind when I think of such a voyage; if I were young and without care, it were the thing of all others that I should delight in; as it is, I have neither the wish nor the hope of ever undertaking it. But when you are in the far, foreign land, I wish you would now and then look at things with my eyes, so as to bring me home pictures of them. I mean the eyes of my understanding. Many things would delight me, but of all God's works there is nothing I love like his human creatures. You will see Walter Scott — the person who has given me more pleasure than any one living whom I never have seen. Leave not a hair of his head unscanned, and if you can get his barber to save a hair that he combs out, for me, I will put it up with the single one I have of General Washington.

I hope you will see Mrs. Grant; I should like to know if she retains the warm affections of her youth, now that she is in the vale of years. If you go to Dumfries, you will see Burns's monument, and that living monument of him, his Jean. You will see other people, I dare say, whom the literary annals of the last twenty or thirty years have made familiar; and I would set down in my journal the impressions they make, as you go along, lest hurrying from place to place should drive valuable ideas from your mind. It requires great industry and effort

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to keep a journal when travelling; but you will do it, because it will be a treasure when the cares of the world have blotted some interesting recollections from your memory. What a store you will lay up for future entertainment for your friends, and how much you will enlarge the compass of your own thoughts! Next to celebrated human beings, beautiful natural scenery is the most interesting thing to see in foreign lands; you will feel this beauty in a high degree. Milton Hill is a fair school for the cultivation of taste in that department. Our own favored land is rich in natural beauty, but we have not the wonders of art, the beautiful buildings, the rich paintings, the curious machinery, which you will visit. Pray be all eye and all ear, for there will be hungry expectants on this side of the water for the treasures your senses are to collect for you.

You will see Mary Pickard; how welcome you will be to her! But, perhaps, unlucky chances may prevent this meeting. You will carry friends with you, so that you cannot be desolate; and may your voyage cheer drooping spirits, and give all the satisfaction which you hope for from it! I give the warning Mary Revere gave to Mary Pickard: do not let any foreign knight-errant detain you from your country and your friends; this is the land of liberty and of plenty; it gave you birth, and I hope it may crown your gray hairs with countless blessings.

Susan joins me in affectionate wishes. I never see John. Round Hill is a monastery, and the inhabitants never mingle with others. I dare say he has written to you, to bless your path over the waves.

We are all pleased and happy that our new society is formed, and that we are to have a new meeting-house; this is the only news I have for you.

Fare you well! If the prayer of friendship will guide you in safety, it shall be yours.

S. L. Howe.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, February 23, 1825.

MY DEAR EMMA, — How truly in the spirit of a heroine it is for you to go to England; and yet I never heard of your imagining such a thing in your most romantic visions of the future. I am glad it is so, and half envy you the privilege. It will furnish your mind with a great deal of new imagery, and you will ever after find your views enlarged both of people and things, as well as your imagination enriched. To a well-balanced mind every thing turns to account, because all the variety of circumstances which occur to it receives a right direction, and teaches us to draw from them a moral influence. Then you are favored, my dear Emma, in this means of doing yourself and friends good.

I know in the past year you have had much to give you a melancholy view of life; but it is these dark shadows that overcast our fate, that fit us for the *full* and *true* enjoyment of those brighter hues from which no life is entirely exempt.

> "The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
> Chastised by sable tints of woe."

All who can reflect at all, I believe, will acknowledge the truth of the poet's assertion; I am sure I can, for one.

I have had nothing peculiarly pleasurable in the events of the past winter. But now that the time is consumed, I have much to contemplate which excites gratitude and affords satisfaction, and the result of which I believe would compensate for a great deal more trouble than I have had. Do n't you wish you could see little Catherine, whom everybody acknowledges to be the prettiest creature that ever was seen, for six weeks old? Susan, too, is a good little kitten, and moreover looks well; Mrs. Burt is spoiling her as fast as she possibly can. I shall try one of these days to rescue her; but at present let her entirely alone, not thinking it worth while to spend my strength governing a

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child of her age, — though I dare say Mr. Everett's and Mr. Norton's children (of the same age) are little philosophers at this time.

Mr. Bancroft is a very frequent visitor here; but Mr. Cogswell I never see. I believe he thinks I had some hand in a lampoon which Mrs. Howe wrote, and which I think has been of vast service to him, or rather to the school.

There are but two or three children equal to J. in the school. Mr. G. says he never saw so many ordinary children collected in one institution, and he should not have thought it possible.

I do not allow myself to be much excited by our religious affairs. The town meeting is over, and a division has taken place, and a meeting-house is to be built.

[The remainder of this letter is lost].

Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, November 16, 1825.

MY DEAR EMMA, — With heartfelt pleasure I welcome you to your native land, and sympathize in the pleasure and gratitude you must feel in once more finding yourself safe on *terra firma*. I heard of your arrival by a gentleman from New York, before you reached Boston, and it was a real relief to me; for I had begun to be a little fidgety about you, having heard that you sailed the last of September. I conjectured you must have blown off to the West Indies, in a south gale we had the last of October, or some such unexpected and undesired cause of detention; but here you are once more among us, and with a mind and imagination stored with a thousand delightful things that will remain with you as long as you live, while the inconveniences you have suffered will soon be forgotten, or remembered only for their moral uses. I thank you for your letter; it is a treasure to me. It reached me in one of those unhappy hours, when I was trembling for the life of my dear Catherine. I will not dwell on the scenes past at Milton; the

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recollection is yet so fresh and so painful, that I would gladly find a more cheerful subject. But I know they should be remembered with gratitude, that those dear to us were spared and restored after all their sufferings and danger. Your mother was the greatest assistance and comfort to us, — indeed, I believe she was, under God, the means of preserving Catherine's life, when in the greatest peril.

I have a great deal of pleasure in Mrs. Hentz; she is more like some of my old friends than any new acquaintance I have made since I came to the Connecticut River. She has always lived near me, until to-day they have removed into a house Mr. Hentz has lately purchased in King Street. It is very snug and in good repair, and I think they will enjoy a house of their own very much. Mrs. Hentz has met with quite a trial, in being obliged to put her baby out to nurse. He was too feeble to remain with her, and she could not accommodate him with a healthy nurse nearer than the top of Chesterfield Hill, which seems, at least, as formidable to her as you found any of the Welsh mountains. You have enough baby-enthusiasm to realize this privation.

Mrs. Lyman's children have been ill all summer, but are now well. C. is just the beautiful creature you saw S. two years ago; and S. is beautiful as an angel, and goes to school and learns her letters.

I long to see you and "hear your cracks;" but it must be here, I believe, for I am stationary for the winter, at least. When can you come? I saw John on Sunday, and told him of your arrival. Mr. Howe is away holding court, or he would send his love to you. Susan is well, and sends her love. My young folks are all fat and saucy. I go to my new house in a fortnight, and am busy making preparation. Remember me affectionately to your mother and the little girls.

Yours ever, with true affection,

S. L. Howe.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, December 8, 1825.

MY DEAR EMMA, — Ever since your return, I have had it in my heart to congratulate you on having crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, but I have had no kind of control of my time. My baby has occupied me day and night since Sally Woodard left me, and Mrs. Burt fell into her place; added to that, I have been a great sufferer with the tooth-ache. I am sure nothing could give me a more lively sensation of pleasure than beholding you. At the same time that I should see my dear Emma, with the same heart and feelings she used to have, I should find her head arrayed in a great deal of new furniture, and her conversation adorned with a great deal of new imagery, which would be very delightful to me. I would not allow you to say one word of present subjects, except as comparing them with your past experience. I am happy to say that I have not one unpleasant sensation in hearing people say, "When I was in Europe." Having my friends go there, and communicate to me what they have seen, is the only compensation I have for the absolute certainty that I shall never see it myself. Your letter, written in Scotland, I can never sufficiently thank you for. It came at a time when I most needed something to withdraw my attention from present suffering.

The last year has been the most trying one of my life, as it respects sickness, care, and anxiety. Until within a month, I never have known a single night of unbroken rest for a year, — a circumstance which tends very much to shatter both the nerves and the understanding. For more than two months, I was in the daily anticipation of the death of one of our family at a distance, besides contemplating sick children at home; and I think it has all combined to make me about sixty years old. Now, I don't know of any thing that can make me younger but having Catherine and you jump into the stage, and come up here and make me a visit; and perhaps you can get your mother to

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come, too. As it regards the children's coming at some future time, the prospect has brightened very much.

Mrs. Gherardi will open a school in the spring, and a Miss Clark likewise, — both of them excellent instructors. Miss C. has brought with her a great deal of apparatus, such as they use in Philadelphia, for instruction in history, chronology, mathematics, drawing, &c. Miss F. is really going to be married to W. R. D.

Only think of my having such a saint in the house ten days, as Henry Ware! Should you not have thought it would have converted us, and that we should now be as good as he is himself? I most devoutly wish it were so.

An interruption warns me to bid you adieu.

With much affection,

A. J. Lyman.

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CHAPTER XII.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. For the memorial of virtue is immortal: because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it: it weareth a crown, and triumpheth for ever, having gotten the victory. — WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

IN the summer of 1825, a severe form of typhoid-fever appeared in the family at Brush Hill, and several members of the family were stricken with it. It was a very sad summer. My uncle, Edward H. Robbins, was very ill with it in Boston, and recovered; but his devoted friend, Mr. Marshall Spring, who was much with him during his illness, took the disease from him, and died, — a life-long grief to my uncle. My Aunt Howe, on hearing of her brother's illness, went directly to assist in the care of him, although her heart and hands were full always with her own home cares. After three weeks of great anxiety, she returned to Northampton, but had been at home only a few days when the news came that her sisters Mary and Catherine were taken ill, directly after she left them, with the same disease. With characteristic solicitude and disinterestedness, my Aunt Howe immediately made arrangements to quit her family again and return to Brush Hill, to nurse her sick sisters; and her husband did every thing to aid her to get off. In a private memoir of my Uncle Howe, which my Cousin Mary has kindly permitted me to use, my aunt writes: "I received the letter announcing that my sisters were more

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ill, on Friday evening. I did not feel willing to wait until the next week, and told my husband I wished to take the morning stage. He said he would carry me to Belchertown that night, that I might not have the fatigue of going through in a day. I felt that this necessity to part with me so soon again was a great sacrifice to him, and I highly appreciated the generosity with which he made it."

My two aunts recovered, although they seemed long to hover between life and death; and when she had seen them so far restored that they could do without her unwearied devotion, my Aunt Howe returned to Northampton. Only a few days after her return, she received news of the death of a faithful and attached domestic at Brush Hill, whom she had left, as she supposed, also convalescent.

Mrs. Lyman to her Mother.

NORTHAMPTON, August 24, 1825.

DEAR MOTHER, — I little thought to have experienced so sudden a check upon the joy and gratitude that filled my heart last week, as the sickness of Catherine has produced. I was contemplating a tour to see you, with the little baby and Edward, who is a confirmed dyspeptic. He has got pretty well; but nothing seems to agree with his stomach, and he looks very feeble, though he is uncomplaining. I do n't know that I ever had so much cause for anxiety about any of my children. I should be so much occupied with my children that I should only be in your way if you have sickness, without having any opportunity to relieve you; and I shall, of course, give it up. We have enjoyed Abby's visit highly; though her person is extremely thin and changed, the excellent qualities of her heart remain untarnished; she is the same interesting, good creature that she was when she left us; and her husband seems to have a just sense of her worth, which he proves by a most devoted kindness and attention to her. She has a very delicate child, but it appears healthy.

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I dare say you have heard of our disappointment in relation to Mr. Hall, who is too unwell to determine when he can be ordained. Give my love to Catherine. I am sure I wish I could be with her; but the claims of little children are not to be resisted, and she is aware that the most important station for me is in the midst of them. What with the conflicting claims of society and of children, I cannot compare my life this summer to any thing but living on the top of a high tree, in a great gale of wind, in which all one's efforts are bent to holding on. Sally has got home without sustaining any ill effect from her journey, or the children from her absence. I don't know that Judge Howe regrets it, but we think it a great pity that he has got his house so small; there are a sufficient number of rooms, but they are all too small. The parlors that open together are the size of our library, and those are the largest rooms in the house. But I believe I have an unreasonable dislike of small rooms for a large family. We have parted with Abby, who has gone to Providence; she was afraid she should not go to Boston, but I think Mr. G. will.

Give my love to M. R.; tell her I am sorry she has got to give up her journey, but perhaps she will not. Give my love to Edward. I am sure I congratulate him and his wife most sincerely on the prospect of his recovery; and hope this night's mail will bring accounts of Catherine's improved health.

Yours with much love,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Revere.

NORTHAMPTON, August 29.

MY DEAR MARY, — I was truly glad to receive a letter from you, though it had not so much encouragement in it relating to Catherine as I had hoped for. You don't know how much I wish I could be with you; but my cares seem to be of a character that would increase by removing them from home, and they could not be left. The baby is a

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delicate creature, and feels the warm weather and teething very much, so that I don't go out so much as to make a call on anybody. Mr. Lyman thought a ride would benefit Edward, and took him to Hartford with him, and left me at Westfield with the baby, who was so sick all the time I was there as to lay like a log in my lap. But she seems better to-day, and I hope she may soon be well again; but sometimes I think she can't live, for she looks like an angel. Now, you know my idolatrous admiration of a baby, so that you will be able to make suitable deductions from my account of her, when I tell you she is a perfect model of baby-perfection. When you see E. H., tell her there is no prospect of her grandmother's ever leaving her bed again; for the last fortnight she has been entirely confined to it, and is the most perfect skeleton I ever saw.

I spent the time I was in Westfield at James Fowler's. He and his wife had just returned from a long journey, and found their youngest child dead, and were very melancholy; but that did not make them the less interesting to me; for they are good people and sensible people, and lead pious lives, and envy nobody.

My brother Edward's restoration seems almost miraculous. I am sure I feel as if he were raised from the dead, so perfectly have I realized that he was no more, from the accounts we had of him. You must give my love to him, and tell him that I have taken such a near view of a separation from him as to make my heart thrill with the idea of such a chasm in its interests and affections. No! it is hardly worth while to tell him this; you can realize it from your own sensations. I am sure, if he could communicate his own feelings, he would say that, at the same time that he felt nearer the presence of his Maker, he felt his affections stronger to his friends.

Do take care of your own health, and remember you have no accumulation of that article to be prodigal of. Tell father that young Mr. Ridgway, whom he sent up to Mr. Shepherd's to live, is engaged to

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marry the colonel's eldest daughter, and has the colonel's consent, I am told. You have heard of Jane Bancroft's match.

With much love to all friends, your affectionate sister,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. — Tell Catherine, as soon as she gets well enough, I shall have her transported up here. I thought I would send her a copy of Mrs. Hentz's hymn, written for our ordination. Sally's little James is rather sick, but I hope not seriously.

In the year 1826 came off a famous dramatic entertainment at our house, in which the most beautiful girls in our village (so famed for beauty) took part, and the finest young men in the law-school were also actors. The "Lady of the Lake" was dramatized with wonderful effect; my father and Uncle Howe declaring that they never had seen any such acting on any stage in Boston or New York. The beautiful Martha Strong, the pride of our village, dressed in a suit of Lincoln green, took the part of James Fitz-James; and for many years after the tears would come to my mother's eyes as she described the scene where he was found alone, mourning over the loss of his steed. My mother allowed the house to be turned inside-out, and upside-down, to arrange for this elegant theatrical display; and she was rewarded by the enthusiastic pleasure of the young actors and of the neighborhood, — who were wont to tell of it for years. For a scene of this kind was of rare occurrence in those days. The children were moved up-stairs, and the nursery converted into a green-room; a stage was erected at the end of the long hall, and one of the corridor windows was removed. So that when the lovely Ellen pushed "her light shallop from the shore," the boat glided off the stage by invisible ways and pulleys, past a wooded shore of evergreens, directly into the corridor, which was dark. The beautiful Anne Jean took the part of old Allan Bane;

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and, with her white wig and bending figure, touched her harp with most mournful and effective strains. My Cousin Martha was Lord Douglas; and other parts were equally well chosen and sustained. What acting is so fine as the private acting of a band of enthusiastic young persons of culture and refinement?

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, March 22, 1826.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Mr. Eben Hunt's illness has cast a gloom over our neighborhood, together with the illness and death of a young man by the name of Wilder, whom, I dare say, Mr. Greene will remember to have seen at the Cambridge Commencement, where he had the first part. He was altogether the first young man of his age that I ever knew, and his being removed from this world was one of the most inscrutable and mysterious Providences that I ever have experienced. He had aged and respectable parents depending on his efforts. He was the professor of mathematics on Round Hill, though a member of Judge Howe's law-school. He was one of those delightful characters that ensure the unqualified regard and admiration of all who know them, and I can hardly contemplate his death with composure. He had those warm, social feelings, which gave him peculiar power to diffuse pleasure wherever he visited, which he did here frequently.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Pomeroy, died this winter with a lung fever. Our clergyman, Mr. Hall, was so unwell as to go to Baltimore immediately after the dedication, and pass the winter. So that you see we have had abundant cause for gloom. . . . . .

I was sorry to find that you were going to be disappointed about Mr. Willis's residence, but hope there will be some compensating circumstance annexed to it, such as will reconcile you in some measure to the evil.

My sister Catherine has passed the last few weeks with me, and we

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have had so few interruptions from society that we have become quite literary, and begin to think ourselves quite of the "blue-stocking order." We have read, amongst other things, Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," — a most delightful book, particularly to one who has read the old-fashioned novels, as you and I have, — such as "Clarissa Harlowe," "Sir Charles Grandison," and others of the same stamp and age. We have read also Moore's "Life of Sheridan," and Prior's "Life of Burke," which books afford one a most lively contemplation of the great men and the state of the different parties which existed *before* and *at* the period of the American and French revolutions. As I am in my old age increasing my interest in political affairs, and have a satisfaction in tracing to their causes the most recent events in the history of the world, as having a more immediate bearing on the present state of things, all this is very agreeable to me.

Give my love to the girls.

Your very affectionate aunt,

A. J. LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, August 25, 1826.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — I consider myself much obliged to you for repeated favors. I should have written to mamma and you long ago, as well as to my other friends, but have been obliged to give up the pen entirely for the last month.

The ordination was a dreadful cloud impending over my fate, which has at length exploded; and I have in some measure recovered from the shock, and should have great satisfaction in the result, if I had time to contemplate it in all its bearings on our future welfare. But the constant indisposition of little Catherine, and the hurried preparations for Joseph's departure, with all the feelings incident to these things, are an indescribable weight on my mind. Mr. Lyman never determined to let Joseph remain at Cambridge, after his examination,

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till Dr. Ware came here; and he is in great opposition to a boy's spending the first year anywhere else, and has engaged to keep Joseph in his family, and keep a particular watch over him. Still, I do not know that it lessens my anxiety much; but I do not know what to recommend, and feel that it is a very difficult thing to decide what is best for boys, though it may appear very easy to those who have not it to do.

You have heard, I suppose, that Mrs. G—— has a daughter three weeks old? She appears now to me like a person far gone in a consumption, — has a dreadful cough, and, to my apprehension, various other unfavorable symptoms; but the doctor says she will recover, and that she is not consumptive.

L. keeps the school; but the various instructors announced in the prospectus seem to have fallen to the ground. Mr. G. gives lessons in Italian.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont came here to the ordination, and met Mrs. Lord, who stayed a week with us. The Springfield people turned out in a most formidable body. Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy came from Northfield; and all who had any sympathy in the occasion seemed to enjoy it highly. Dr. Ware's sermon, and Mr. Lincoln's right-hand of fellowship, were the only part of the services which were particularly interesting to me. Mr. Brazer and Mr. Pierpont, who dined here a day or two afterwards, agreed that Mrs. Hentz's hymn was the highest effort of genius used in the services of that day. She added one verse to what you have already seen; and, for the benefit of you and Emma, I shall send it, for it has been extolled beyond measure. Dr. Ware does not know of so fine a hymn for such an occasion, in the language. By the way, Mrs. Hentz will be in Milton next week, and I hope Emma will be at home and see her. She depends very much on seeing you. Mr. Bryant was here at the ordination, and has improved astonishingly in sociability. I was delighted with him.

Anne Jean wrote Mary Howe a clever letter about a month ago, but I lost it somehow. I hoped to find it laid in some book before now.

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Will you be so good as to request James to attend to getting Joseph the college uniform, with any article of clothing he may require. I wish him to have the best of cloth. Joseph has had a particular invitation to stay at Mr. Inches', and I hope he will not trouble any one else until he takes up his permanent residence.

With love to all friends, yours,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. — You must have had great enjoyment from Mary Pickard's society; but I suppose her friends are demolishing her. You and Emma must write me a Mary-Pickard letter. Tell Emma I have received hers with much gratitude.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NOVEMBER 2, 1826.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Judge W. has returned to Savannah. Mrs. W. is a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but not of natural fine abilities. I think less and less of fine accomplishments every day. If they are the ornaments of a very fine character, it is very well; but if they decorate a coarse material, they only illustrate more powerfully the defect of the original fabric, and, instead of being a cover, they render it more conspicuous to any but a superficial observer.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

DECEMBER 25, 1826.

MY DEAR MRS. HENTZ, — I have read your letters with so much pleasure, and so warmly reciprocate the feelings expressed in them, that I cannot withhold my pen. We thought of you with a good deal of anxiety, I assure you, until we heard from your own pen that you had reached your journey's end, without any other disasters than might have been reasonably expected. Our temporal journeys are very apt to be like the journey of life, — made up of pleasures and pains, of hopes

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and fears, and promises of sunny days which are soon overcast by the clouds of disappointment. But that true philosophy which supplies an invariable antidote to all the troubles we are subject to, short of *sickness* and *death* or *vice*, is a just estimate of the realities of life, connected with the never-failing trust which is awakened by correct views of religion, or confidence in an overruling Providence, which has for its end the "good of mankind." There is much to cheer us in this belief. If we value our own deserts only as we should, we shall not form too bright anticipations for our fate. If we appreciate poor human nature to be the imperfect thing it is, we shall not be surprised in our intercourse with our fellow mortals at the imperfect pleasures which result from such interchange, but shall be fortified by these just conceptions to meet all the casualties of which life is made up.

But you do not want to hear me prosing to you about what you know as well as I do; you want to know how much the people of Northampton had their happiness lessened by your absence, and whether their love was worth having. Then let me tell you mine was. For if I did not see you often, I had a pleasure in contemplating my vicinity to you. I think of all good people in my neighborhood as the beings who contribute to purifying the moral atmosphere. My pride, too, is gratified in the belief that they are improving the credit of our *kind*, and helping it to a better *name:* and, in short, that they give a character to our society. I am truly glad to find that you are favorably impressed with your new situation, and that you are convinced that *happiness* is not *local*, but everywhere. The well-balanced mind and truly-disciplined heart will find it in places much less pleasant than our beautiful valley, and, I am sure, will often realize the absence of it here in those deficient of the above-mentioned qualities.

Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Beck will not be married for six or eight weeks. Mr. Hall and his wife are pleasantly situated at our son Sam's; they have half the house, and Mr. Ware's two children live with them. They are a perfectly congenial couple, and I think have laid

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their foundation deep for happiness; she is every thing a good woman and a minister's wife should be, and he is constantly increasing the love of his people towards him.

Mrs. Howe sent your letter to the Miss Seegers for their gratification, and they have read it with delight. Mary is going there this evening to a dance. Jane is passing the winter in Boston.

Mr. Mills went away, accompanied by Mrs. Mills, in quite an invalid state. I very much doubt if he ever recovers. Helen is engaged to Charles Huntington, and Sally remains as when you were here. Mrs. Howe has the pleasure of having my sister Catherine with her, and they both desire their love. With much love to Mr. Hentz, believe me, your sincere friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

JANUARY 9, 1827.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I continue to use my old recipe for opening my heart; you will recollect that Lord Bacon said there was nothing like a true friend for that purpose, "to whom we may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lieth on the heart to oppress it." He likewise says, "It is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and whoever is in his nature and affections unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity." After dilating the subject to its true extent without magnifying its influence, he closes with observing, "Friendship indeed maketh a fair day in the affections from storms and tempests; it likewise maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts." I am a believer in its power, for I always have indulged myself in all its privileges, though it has been my fortune to live widely separated from some of those I love best, and feel most confidence in, as the repository of my feelings.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

JUNE 15 [1827].

I have been reading Wordsworth's "Excursion" of late; I could read it again and again with renewed pleasure. It is not a popular book at all, but I am not astonished at that. The light-minded and frivolous part of the community could not understand it, and those who read poetry merely for amusement would not. But I do wonder that it is not more read and admired by thinking people! There is little in it to gratify the appetite for narrative and adventure; it is sometimes dull, even to tediousness; notwithstanding which, I consider it the most splendid monument of thought, of deep reflection, and beautiful sentiment that has been reared in many generations. It has to do with the mind altogether, its capacities, its pleasures, its abuses, and its diseases; and to understand it you must read it with all your faculties as much concentrated as to read Locke. It contains the truest philosophy, the soundest views of life, the purest devotion, and the most eloquent poetry; and if these are not more than enough to compensate for its defects, then indeed it deserves the neglect it has met with. To my apprehension, Wordsworth has excelled in the highest order of poetry,—in the moral sublime. I wish you would read it. I believe in some of my letters I have described our minister, and the state of our parochial affairs. I am glad you saw Edward Lowell; he is called the finest young man of his age that there is in Boston. Quite a prodigy of learning, premature in every thing.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

JULY 12 [1827].

Have you read "Woodstock?" I think it altogether the best of Scott's late productions; it may be considered a fine historical sketch calculated to strengthen and confirm the impressions of Cromwell's character and times. The works of Mrs. Barbauld have lately been

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published, and should make a part of every lady's library. Her life and writings have done much to elevate the standard of female character, and I feel a pride in them that I am sure is not sinful; though I am humbled to think such people are so rare, and that there is only such a constellation as Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth and Miss More and Mrs. Hemans about once in a century, though there are some I have not mentioned, who certainly are not inferior to them, — Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Ratcliff for instance. I am drawing near the end of my paper without having said much; I wish to know every thing about little C. I pray and hope you will get her through the summer without sickness.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

[1827].

I long to look in upon you, and see the dear children. I hope you will be so fortunate as to raise them, for I consider children a great blessing; although they are a blessing accompanied by great care. But 'tis care that, like ballast in a ship, helps to preserve the mind's balance by checking its buoyancy; and, as that is good for us and necessary for us, we ought not to consider it an evil.

I hope you have seen Miss Sedgwick's "Hope Leslie." It is a most exquisitely beautiful thing.

In the autumn of 1827, our minister, Mr. Edward B. Hall, being in ill health, the pulpit was supplied by ministers from Boston and the neighborhood; most of the preachers being young men. My mother was warmly attached to Mrs. Hall, and felt the anxieties and cares that this excellent and high-minded woman was subject to, very sensibly. All the more that Mrs. Hall was one of those cheerful, sustained Christians, who never looked on her cares as hardships, but who bore all burdens in the happiest frame of mind. During this autumn, my mother heard that Mrs. Hall was expecting one of the preachers to

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stay at her house for a fortnight. She did not even know the name of the expected guest; but she knew Mrs. Hall was not well: so she sent her word that, when the preacher came, she would like to have him transferred to her house. It was Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, then a young man, who took up his abode for a fortnight under her friendly roof. I have no power to convey in words the impression she used to give me of this visit, or its effect upon her appreciative mind. To her sister she mirthfully quoted an expression sometimes used by her Orthodox neighbors, about certain students at Amherst, and wrote: "O Sally! I thought to entertain 'a pious indigent,' but lo! an angel unawares!" Not long after this visit, my brother Joseph became intimate with Charles Emerson, at Cambridge; a friendship which my mother hailed as one of the highest and holiest influences in the life of her beloved son. She rarely saw Mr. Emerson in her later life; a few letters passed between them. Once (in 1849), he spent a few days at her house, while lecturing in Northampton; and, after her removal to Cambridge, he called to see her. The personal feeling towards him thus engendered burned henceforth with a flame that threw light upon every passage of his writings, gilded the gloom of many a weary day, and made her fine face shine with responsive sympathy for the author, as she read aloud. She was wont to feel a sort of property in him and his works; and I have seen her ready to shed tears, when she could not see any appreciation of his thought in her listener. To one I have heard her say, "Well! you call that *transcendental*, and *that's* all you have to say about it. *I* call it the profoundest common sense." To another, "You think it very arrogant of me to pretend to understand Mr. Emerson. Well, I tell you I have the key to him; and I am not going to pretend I have *not*, whatever any one thinks."

And so as the years went by, and volume after volume appeared of the "Essays," she hailed them with delight, and read them till they became a part of herself.

In December of 1827, fell the heaviest shadow on the social life of

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my dear father and mother that they had yet known. My Uncle and Aunt Howe (who had moved into the new house they had just built at the foot of Round Hill) were full of delight in their home, and enjoyed it all the more from having been subjected to many changes and inconveniences, which, however, they had always borne with their accustomed patience and cheerfulness. My Uncle Howe had been very successful in building up the law-school, and his hopes of the future were high and sound. His health, never firm, was seldom a serious drawback to his efforts. But in this year it sensibly declined. Mr. Rufus Ellis, in his admirable little memoir of him, writes: —

"Through life he had been afflicted with most exhausting headaches; indeed, almost every effort at the bar was followed by suffering of this sort, — and this year began with violent attacks, from which he did not recover so thoroughly as at former times. During this year, a slight difficulty of breathing first showed itself, originating in a cartilaginous formation in the windpipe, which from the first was beyond the reach of human skill. These last days in his earthly home were not without their premonitions to Judge Howe, and he seems to have been persuaded that his end was at hand. The current of many of his thoughts is apparent from a dream, which made a very deep impression upon him.

"He seemed to stand upon the piazza of his dwelling, his new home but lately erected, as he had hoped, for a pleasant and permanent abiding place; where the hearth-fire might be kept burning, and into which his children might be gathered about him, for many happy years. This beautiful residence, a monument to his elegant taste, quietly reposes at the foot of the shapely eminence which crowns the village. He looked out upon the glories which from that spot meet the eye at every turn. The sun shone out resplendent, and poured his beams aslant upon mountain and meadow and the modest village, almost buried under its gigantic elms. The shadows stretched out in huge

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lengths before him, for the day was far spent. Presently, as often happens in that valley, there rose a heavy mist which obscured the whole landscape, and sent a chill to his heart. But the darkness and the cold were only for a moment. Soon the mist disappeared, and the sun sank to rest in that wondrous glory, which, like the bow in the clouds, the kind Father seems to have appointed to cheer and reassure our hearts in this world where so many must be afflicted, and where all must die. He awoke, and behold! it was a dream; but his inmost prophetic soul said to him, 'So shall it be with thee!' And so it was.

"In the month of December, Judge Howe left his home, in company with his wife and their infant child, to hold a court in Worcester. This proved to be his last labor. An unusual pressure of business detained the court until Thursday of the third week. During the following night, Judge Howe was completely prostrated by a profuse hemorrhage, but rallied sufficiently to travel a part of the distance to Boston, on Wednesday of the succeeding week; and, after his arrival in Boston, remained tolerably comfortable during the remainder of the week. On Monday he was much more ill, and continued in a condition of great suffering for twelve days, almost without power for continuous thought or attention; and it was soon but too evident that his case was hopeless, though affection clung to hope, almost to the last."

My Uncle Howe died in Boston, at the house of his brother-in-law, Dr. Edward H. Robbins, on the twentieth day of January, 1828. Of the closing scene, Mr. Ellis goes on to write: —

"About nine o'clock, of Saturday evening, he was aroused from a state of partial stupor by the arrival of Judge Lyman. Then the mist cleared away, and the light of his soul shone out most gloriously during the closing hours. . . . We are rather inclined to dwell on the hour of his death, because the spirit which adorned and ennobled it animated the whole life, because it did not stand out as an exception, but entirely corresponded with all the rest of his days.

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" He began with prayer to God that he might have strength to meet the duties and trials of the hour; and then, taking the hand of Judge Lyman, whom he called 'the best friend any man ever had,' his soul seemed to overflow with gratitude, and he numbered up his mercies with thankful acknowledgment. 'There seems,' he said, 'to be a most happy combination of circumstances at this hour, — the coming of my friend, Mr. Lyman, the sight of my dear son, the best medical advice, and the comforts of a devoted brother's home all lavished upon me; these last especially move my heart to gratitude. God's blessing rest upon him who has been more than a brother to me in my feebleness!' And then he passed to some sober words of religious trust, and to some thoughtful and kind suggestions with reference to his worldly affairs. 'My confidence,' he said, 'is in the mercy of God, as revealed in the Gospel. Oh, my confidence in God at this hour is worth more to me than riches, or honor, or any thing else that this world has!' He said that he had not been without a deep sense of the responsibilities which pressed upon him; and that he had been surprised at his success, at the clearness of his decisions, and the absence of mental wavering. This power he regarded as an answer to prayer. He trusted that he had been conscientious in the discharge of his public duties; but he added, 'Thou God, knowest!' Heaven, he said, had ever been regarded by him as the abode of those who cultivated their moral and intellectual powers to the greatest advantage; and to do this had been his aim. 'I consider human happiness as exactly measured by the amount of happiness which we are able to confer upon others.' With the greatest collectedness of manner, and the method which ever had characterized him, he gave a few simple directions about his worldly affairs, and commended his household to the God of the fatherless and the widow. He hoped to have made full provision for them in pecuniary matters, but God had otherwise ordered it. To each of his friends who were present, he addressed words of affection or of disinterested counsel, pouring out, for the

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last time on earth, the tide of his full, warm heart. And then praying again, partly in the words which our Lord has taught us, and expressing again his faith in the religion of Jesus, he passed away.

"We have given many of the last thoughts, and some few of the last words of this good man; but it was the spirit that pervaded all, and even beamed out from his calm face, that made the chamber of death holy and blessed and peaceful. His friends felt, as for more than an hour he thus uttered himself to them, that the heart spake, — spake because it could not be silent. The throbbings of anguish ceased as the sweet, eloquent words fell from his lips, and tears ceased to flow. Those who were gathered about the bed of death seemed to be translated for the moment with one whose soul, just ready to take its flight, brought heaven and earth together. It was a spontaneous outpouring from the heart, and it could heal the wounds of the heart. Thankfulness and hope for the moment prevailed over deep grief, and, in dying as in living, the departing spirit blessed and strengthened his friends.

"Judge Howe was buried where he died, in the city of Boston, with every fitting honor: the members of the Suffolk Bar, to whom Chief Justice Parker addressed a very eloquent discourse upon the services and character of the departed, following him to the grave. And so, after an all too brief sojourn of forty-three years, the wise and faithful man passed from our sight."

Directly after the funeral services were over, my father accompanied my Aunt Howe to her now desolated home. The grief of my mother for her sister's loss, and her mourning for one who had been a real brother to her and my father for many years, made a profound impression on me, young as I was. I recall the sad expression of their bowed heads every Sunday in church for many months, and the almost constant weeping of my mother, whenever an interval from her active duties left her time to weep. As for my dear aunt, who was the one most deeply afflicted, she was left with the care of six young children;

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but also with that high sense of duty, and that consoling exaltation of spirit, that is the portion of those who have enjoyed the highest companionship, and to whom the will of God is conclusive and satisfying. During the winter succeeding to her husband's death, she wrote out in her solitary hours all her most precious reminiscences of his life. In it, she speaks with thankful emotion of the seven quiet years she had passed with her husband in Worthington. There, comparative isolation had drawn their hearts closer together in those first years of married life, and had given them time for that intellectual sympathy which the cares of a more extended social circle would have prevented. A home where her sisters and Eliza Cabot and Catherine Sedgwick were occasional guests, which the good and learned Dr. Bryant loved to frequent, and where his poet-son had a temporary home; where, when alone, the husband and wife regaled themselves with evening readings of "Tacitus" and "Virgil" and Mather's "Magnalia," — such a home, even on the bleak hills of Worthington, was one to remember with peaceful gratitude. In one of my Uncle Howe's letters to my aunt before their marriage, I find a passage which I insert here; for the anticipation it contains was fully realized: —

"I anticipate great pleasure in reading to you, and hearing you read. In this way, we can in some measure supply the want of society, which you must necessarily feel as a great privation. While we improve our minds individually, we shall also increase the similarity in our feelings, opinions, and tastes; and this will certainly increase the pleasure of our intercourse with each other. The desire of being useful to each other will stimulate our exertions for the improvement of our minds; and the habit of reading and conversing together on literary subjects will prove highly useful to our children. I hope we shall not be inclined to complain of solitude, while we can enjoy together the society of Shakspeare and Milton, Johnson and Burke."

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My aunt's memoir of Judge Howe is an exquisitely simple and touching record of a wholly faithful career. My own limits will only allow me to make a few extracts from it; but they will serve to show you, my dear girls, what this life and death were to your grandparents, and how noble must have been the friendship that subsisted between these four noble souls.

Extracts from Mrs. Howe's Memoir of her Husband.

"With the perfect sincerity of his conversation, and the entire simplicity of his manners, I was impressed when I first saw him. He was then nearly eight-and-twenty, and, although he never in any degree lost his natural frankness, I think he afterwards greatly improved in his power and ease in conversation; his mind became more enlarged, and his range of thought more varied. This was the effect of a life industriously devoted to the cultivation of his intellectual powers, the welfare of his fellow-creatures, and the happiness of his family. The mind which is unceasing in research, the affections which are daily supplied, must increase in strength continually.

"It was my privilege, from the very beginning of our acquaintance, to become the companion to his mind. I remember he told me that his friend Hayden said to him, 'You are going to marry again: speak not of your former wife; it will be an unwelcome subject.' His reply was, 'I shall have no interdicted subject with my wife.'

"It was my happiness to inspire a confidence never for a moment withdrawn, manifested in death as well as in life. This is a lasting enjoyment, not merely in recollection, but in possession. . . . He who knew me best knew that I was above poor and selfish motives of conduct; and the feeling that he did so strengthened my self-respect.

"The time he spent with us at Brush Hill, previous to our marriage, was employed in cultivating an acquaintance with me and with all my friends. With my father he was immediately intimate. He had for

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him the respect of a son, with the companionship of a brother. They never met without renewed pleasure in each other's society. To every member of my family he made himself interesting, and likewise to the whole circle of our friends. This interest was never in any measure withdrawn; for it had no false pretence, no showy attraction for its foundation. No human creature could be more superior to every thing like address or subterfuge. He had no vanity to gratify, and he never did any thing, great or small, for display. This makes the vain parade which some persons make of accomplishments and intellectual attainments seem contemptible to me; but I try to overlook it, because he always forgave it. The extravagant claims of others never seemed to interfere with him; he never flattered others, and never expected praise. He was, indeed, too good and wise and kind to make it necessary to convince others of his excellence, or conceal from them his motives: they might be read in his countenance, heard in every word he uttered; and no one had need to say, 'Why do you so?' The activity of his mind was very uncommon. I do not think he had what men call genius; he was never imaginative, but his powers were always in use. To reason and compare, to think, to read, and converse, were his constant occupations.

"When conversation ceased, he had always a book at hand, and reading with him was not a selfish enjoyment. I believe that I may safely say that he has read hundreds of volumes aloud to me. He discontinued, in some measure, after he began delivering lectures, because he had then so much use for his voice, but never entirely. He read to me every thing that was interesting in the newspapers and reviews, and some other things, as long as he lived; and always told me about what he read, when he could do no more. His peculiar preference in books was for those which contained facts, — history, biography, and travels. He read all the 'Waverley Novels' with much delight, and Miss Sedgwick's with a heartfelt and affectionate interest; but not many others, while I knew him. He was fond of Shakspeare and Milton,

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but was indifferent to most modern poetry, and to metaphysics. He had so much professional reading to do, that he preferred things that taxed the mind less.

"I think he had ambition,—the ambition that aspires to true excellence, and proposes to itself honorable rewards. It was not grasping in its nature, however, nor did it interfere with his other habits. I remember that Judge Jackson told him, when he was about two-and-thirty, that he might come to Boston and live without any risk, and he would be sure of the best kind of business; but he loved the tranquillity of the country, and did not court a city life."

My aunt, in another portion of her memoir, relates the fact of her husband's close intimacy with the Sedgwick family, and the deep enjoyment they both had in it through life. She thus describes the change in her husband's religious views:—

"Previous to my marriage, I never had conversed with my husband on religious *opinions*, although I knew that he was sincerely religious, both in principle and feeling. The controversial questions since agitated were not then much talked of. I had been often to hear Dr. Channing, Mr. Buckminster, Mr. Thacher, and others preach. Their faith seemed to me that which was delivered to the saints; and I never liked the Calvinist preaching, which I heard enough of at Milton.

"One Sunday evening, not long after my marriage, I expressed my views of religion very fully. Your father seemed to think me in great error, and reprehended me with a good deal of decision. I was rather hurt, perhaps more so than the occasion warranted. I made an internal resolution not to introduce the subject again. I knew I could agree to differ about mere opinion. About two years after, your father met Henry D. Sedgwick at the Berkshire Court. Sedgwick was fond of argument, and a zealous Unitarian. They talked together on the subject. Sedgwick lent your father 'Yates's Answer to Wardlaw.'

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This book and the New Testament he read with care, after his return home, comparing it with Scripture; and was entirely convinced of the truth and reasonableness of the Unitarian faith, which he afterwards held through life. He was much interested, and read a great deal upon the subject. It was a most sincere delight to me that the only difference of opinion of any importance between us was removed. I told him how glad I was, and glad likewise that it was effected without my influence. He had the kindness to say, 'You do not know how much your conduct has influenced me.' If I had controverted with him in my imperfect manner, he might have refuted me, and never, or not for a long period, have investigated the subject; for we lived away from what I considered religious privileges. But I had the happiness to prove to him that I feared God and regarded man; and he was interested in the foundation of my faith, and felt that it would be a privilege to think with me on a subject of so much importance. I bless God for the result: our religious sympathy was a new bond between us."

In another portion of this memoir, my aunt makes a long quotation from a letter of Miss Sedgwick's; one of the sentences seems to have been left incomplete in the original; it is printed just as it stands: —

Miss C. M. Sedgwick to Mrs. Howe.

"He always seemed to me more highly gifted in his social powers than almost any one I ever have known. He set a high value on the social relations, affections, and enjoyments. He made them a distinct object of attention. They were not to him incidental and subordinate, as to most professional, active, and busy men. They were not means, but ends; he gave his time and talents to them. His character was fitted for friendship and the tenderest relations. His sound judgment, his rational views, the equanimity and forbearance of his temper, and

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his pleasant vein of humor, which, if it seldom rose to wit, was as superior to it for domestic purposes as the ready and benignant smile is to the loud and boisterous laugh. He had a decided love and preference for female society, and that indulgence for us which has marked all the men of noble spirit that I have known."

To Miss Sedgwick's testimony, my aunt adds: "This love of female society I have often heard him dwell upon. He said he did not like to hear women claim equality of talent; they had no need of it. Women were more disinterested, more single-hearted than men (that was his experience among his associates); and they ought to be satisfied with being *better*, without contesting the question of intellectual equality."

It is hard to take *passages* only from a biography so perfect; but I close them, as my dear aunt did her memoir, with these lines,—

"And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

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CHAPTER XIII.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! what seems so is transition!
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

AFTER my Uncle Howe's death, my mother received many letters from friends who had loved and appreciated him. She kept one from Mr. Emerson, with peculiar care.

To Abby she wrote a long letter, pouring all her sorrow into this faithful and sympathizing heart. But I will only extract one passage. After speaking of the loss to those nearest, and to the community, she says: "For our own family I can say that death has taken such a friend and counsellor as the world cannot furnish us with, and left in its place a deep-rooted sorrow, which I hope may lay the foundation of many virtues. But it is a hard exchange. It is sorrow which marks

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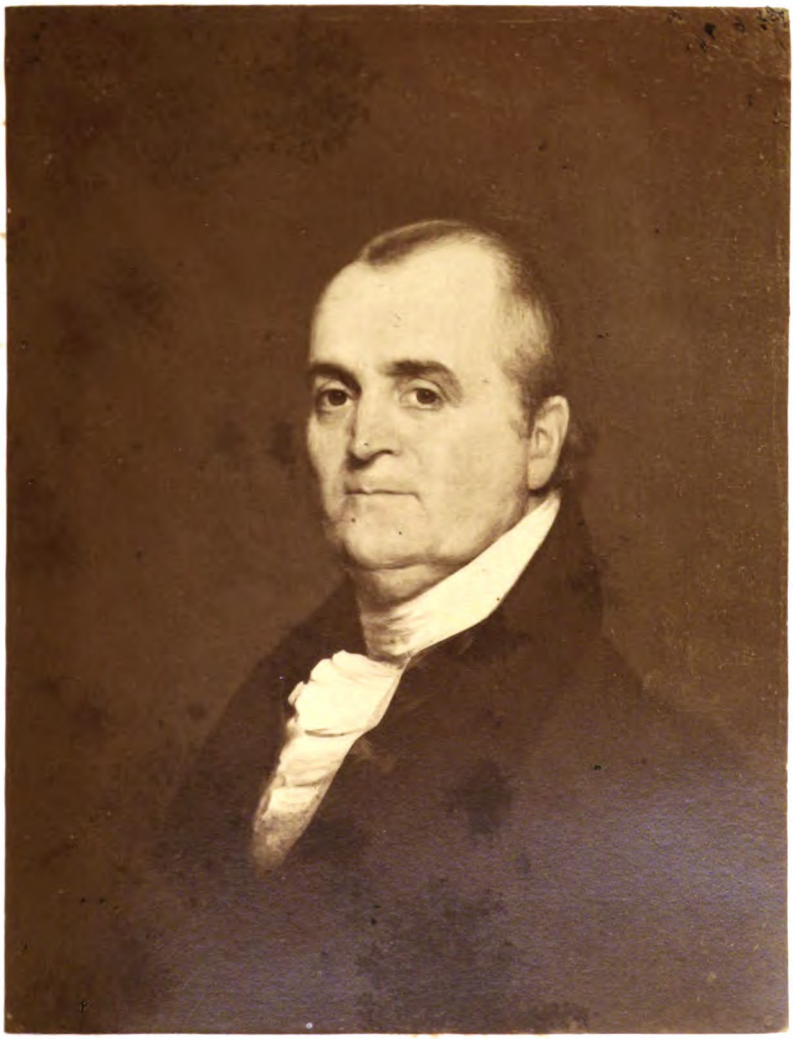

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with strongest impression our experience in this life, much more than any of the joyful occurrences in it. Some author I lately have read observes, 'It is sorrow which teaches us to feel properly for ourselves and for others.' We must feel deeply before we can think rightly. It is not in the tempest and storm of passions that we can *reflect*, but *afterwards*, when the waters have gone over the soul; and like the precious gems and the rich merchandise which the wild wave casts upon the shore out of the wreck it has made,—such are the thoughts left by retiring passions. Reflection is the result of feeling. It is from an all-absorbing, heart-rending compassion for one's self, that springs a deeper sympathy for others; and from the sense of our own weakness, and our own self-upbraiding, arises a disposition to be indulgent, to forbear and to forgive. At least, such I believe to be the intention of Providence in permitting sorrow to exist in the world."

Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lyman.

DIVINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE, February 11, 1828.

MY DEAR MADAM,—It was very kind of you to think of me again. I have thought of little else lately than the irreparable loss which yourself and your friends and your town have sustained. It will not be the least of the many alleviations of this grievous affliction that it is felt as it should be throughout the community. The world is not so selfish but that such a bereavement as this, is felt as their own by society at large. I do not surely allude to this sympathy as if it yielded a gratification to vanity in the general attention our own calamities excite; but from a far higher reason, that it is grateful to us as justifying our own grief in giving us the testimony of mankind, that our partial affections have not misled our judgments, but that the object on which we have spent our affections, was worthy of them. This makes the value of the unanimous tribute of respect and sorrow that has been paid to the memory of your friend.

To me, if it is not idle to speak of myself, his death was a most un-

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expected disappointment. I had rejoiced in my good fortune in making his acquaintance, and looked forward with earnestness to its continuance. His acquaintance was a privilege, which I think no young man of correct feelings could enjoy without being excited to an ambition that he might deserve his friendship. But it has pleased God to remove him.

I cannot but think there is the highest consolation in the occasion of his sickness, and the manner of his death, which have filled up the beauty of his life, and have left nothing to be amended, if they have left much to be desired. In such a death of such a man, if there must be to his family and friends the deepest grief, there must be also to them a feeling of deep and holy joy. There is something in his character which seems to make excessive sorrow unseasonable and unjust to his memory; and all who have heard of his death have derived from it new force to virtue and new confidence to faith.

You will have the goodness to offer my respectful condolence to Mrs. Howe; I was denied, by accidents, even the melancholy satisfaction of attending the funeral of Judge Howe. The following day I was in town, and learned at Mrs. Revere's that Judge Lyman and Mrs. Howe had returned home.

I am very sorry to hear that your children have been so sick. I trust they are wholly well. I have the greatest regard for my little friends, though it is probable they have forgotten their ancient admirer before this time. I want to become acquainted with Joseph, but Charles thinks the air of Divinity Hall altogether too musty to suit his youthful friend. I read to my brother your kind remembrances. He is very fond of your son, and very happy to second his own ambition, in giving him his just place in college.

Please to make my respects to Judge Lyman, whom I hope to see when he is in town again.

With great regard, madam, your faithful friend and servant,

R. Waldo Emerson.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, March 14, 1828.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I have fallen on you of late as the fittest subject for neglect. But in doing so I deserve great credit, let me tell you. For in no instance could I make a greater sacrifice amongst my correspondents than in giving up your letters. I should have a great deal to say about my disappointment in not seeing yourself and Bennet this winter, but you know that a bitterer feeling has filled the place of all minor considerations; and all disappointments appear insignificant to me when I think of the chasm made in our social circle, which can never be contemplated by me except with a feeling of the most poignant regret. It is true, our religion furnishes us with the delightful hope of a reunion with those we love, and with a perfect confidence in the goodness of an all-wise Judge, who has ordered these things for our good. But there is an earthly feeling which will accompany us through this terrene abode, and the wants of our gross nature, whether of a corporeal or of an intellectual kind, will be listened to. We shall as naturally seek for sympathy in the confiding bosom we have made the repository of our kindest and best affections and inmost thoughts, when we have realized a reciprocation of the same, as we shall seek food when oppressed with hunger. And we shall as naturally deplore our inability to indulge the one as the other, notwithstanding our religion and our reason instruct us to be patient, and go on with the duties of life with renewed vigor, and, if possible, make up to the world by our efforts for the excellence it has lost. I feel how necessary the chastisements of Providence are to extract vanity and folly from our hearts, and convince us of the *real* blessings of life. When we see the main pillars, the strongest props of virtue laid low, we must feel that earth has been a loser unless it strengthens the virtues of those who remain.

I have just been called to listen to the complaints of the widow and

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the orphan, who close with saying, "It would not be so, if Judge Howe was living." There are a kind of people who are kept straight by fear of the inspection of the wise and good of their neighborhood, and the want of that restraint we shall feel more and more every day.

Sally has been wonderfully carried along thus far, but I think she has only begun a new existence in (to her) a new world, the difficulties of which will be every day developing themselves; and I trust they will find her endowed with new power to meet them. She is fortunate in being able to have Catherine with her, for her spirits would not admit of her giving much direction to the children, and C. is of the greatest importance to the comfort of the family.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, October 6, 1828.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I suppose you received by John a very ungrateful message from me, which was, that I did not write to you because I had written to everybody else. Now, the compliment you must extract from this apparent unkindness, after all you have done and suffered for me and mine, is, that I expected more patient forbearance from you than any one else.

Miss Sedgwick got here Saturday evening, and I was greatly disappointed that she did not, as she had promised to, come directly here; but she explained it to my satisfaction, — though I could not help feeling very much grieved to see so little of her. But according to the admirable system of compensation which marks the kind Hand that administers our portion, there was still a great indulgence in store for me, though it was to endure but for a short time. Miss S. had in her company a lady who joined her and spent much of the day with me. Mrs. Griffith I will not pretend to describe to you, for she is of that nonpareil cast that baffles my skill altogether; but I can refer you to a characteristic of her mind in a production of hers, to be found in the

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last "North American," "On Bees." Last evening, H. sat deeply engaged in your favorite occupation, — biting his nails, — which it seems she had admonished him for before. She took her pencil, and wrote on the blank leaf of a small volume of poems with which she had presented him, and which lay near her, the following impromptu: —

"In France, where the grape luxuriant grows,
A Frenchman feeds on snails;
But here, where a feast of reason flows,
No need of a feast of nails."

You will not wonder at my introducing you to a person of such striking quickness and aptness of thought and expression. Her occupation has been for many years the cultivation of the most remarkable nursery of trees in this country; and the object of her visit to Boston was to see agricultural gentlemen, with whom she wishes to hold correspondence. She was left a widow many years since, with seven children, and no other property than an estate in New Jersey, on the Raritan, called Charley's Hope. It was then unproductive; but, by her great energy and management, she has for many years obtained an income of six thousand dollars from it, and maintained her family in splendor, as well as great comfort.

We felt very sorry to have the ladies leave us this morning, and H. is quite dejected about it; but he has consoled himself as well as he could with going to the mountain this morning, — and a brighter and more beautiful day never shone in October. It rained all last evening, which prevented my taking my heroine up to see Mrs. Howe, but which has improved all external appearances indescribably. The verdure is everywhere as perfect as it was in June, and the trees have not yet assumed their autumnal garb. Miss Sedgwick spent the evening with Sally, and gave her the particulars of the Cabot experiences.

I wish you would make application to Dr. Harris for the best account of the natural history of the aphis, or aphidea; and either copy it for me, or point me to the place where I can find it. You know he is a

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distinguished entomologist, and has made communications on this subject to the public by means of the "New England Farmer." Give my love to your mother and Mary, and tell the former that we shall long remember and be grateful for her kind attentions to Anne Jean, who is continually talking of and enjoying her past experiences.

Your affectionate

A. J. LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, February 1, 1829.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — We were very glad of your letter which I received a week ago; ever since, I have been very much engaged in consequence of Catherine's sickness. She is now getting better, but I think has (owing to a violent *cold*) had a regular lung fever, and I do not intend she shall go out of the house again until warm weather, for I never had any success in hardening young children. She now has the most dreadful cough I ever heard, and has shrunk into a little skeleton.

I should like to hear soon, what Mr. Emerson is going to do about taking Anne Jean. Mr. Walker and Mrs. Howe have discovered to *their* satisfaction, that none of Mrs. G.'s scholars know any thing at all. And though I should not wish to have Mr. Emerson think very highly of Anne Jean's attainments, or of her capacity, I would not be so hypocritical as to pretend to acquiesce in Mr. Walker's judgment. The *end* I shall have always in view, with regard to children, is to produce a *state* of *mind*, rather than a *historian*, a philosopher, or a poet. In producing a desirable *state*, in my view, Mrs. Gherardi has been particularly successful. I can see it most perfectly illustrated in Martha, who never spends a moment unprofitably. As it regards Anne Jean, she wants nothing but wise direction, and always appears ready to follow it. And I am not disposed to believe that the hundreds and thousands of pages of French and Latin exercises that have

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been written, together with historical abstracts, have been ineffectual in producing that discipline of character and that patient industry that are operating now so favorably on our household. It is unnecessary for me to describe to you what I wish for Anne Jean. There are but about two years more that she can attend to her education in the given form of a school. I am perfectly aware of the mediocrity of her abilities, and should like to have her attend to those things that are most profitable and necessary for women to know, and that furnish the best mental discipline. She has capacity enough to be *wise* in its truest sense, if her faculties are used to the best advantage; but if we do not do a great deal towards producing a balance of character, her heart will always be running away with her head. . . . . .

Do you remember, two years ago, in that eventful period of Mary Pickard's and Mr. Ware's life, how engrossed we were about them, and thought earthly happiness was insured to them? What different destinies are assigned to the children of earth! I saw Martin Brimmer and his happy bride get into the sleigh the other day, and recollected that he had lived to be thirty years old and more, and had hardly had his path shadowed by a sorrow. I hope Mr. E.'s health will enable him to bear up against all that must happen to him. But I am greatly afraid it will kill him. He has shown that he has *purity* and *principle* enough to serve as an antidote to the ills of life, but he may not be able to resist the frailty of his physical nature.

Give my love to Mary and Mr. Revere and the boys, and tell me how the twins grow, when you write; and all you can hear about Mr. Emerson's affairs, for you know I am subject to the Emerson fever just now, in this eventful state of things.

Your affectionate

A. J. LYMAN.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, February 28, 1829.

MY DEAR EMMA, — It is impossible for me to deal much in abstract subjects. The *past* and the *future* I am equally divested of in contemplation, for I am absolutely and entirely involved in the *present*, — which Dr. Johnson thinks is the very lowest state of human existence. But I shall require at least as good a teacher as he is to instruct me how to avoid it. If he had been ever a woman, and felt himself responsible for the well-being and happiness of numbers of all ages, with all their different wants to attend to, with a due proportion of sickness and health, I think he would have been of a different opinion. Ever since I returned from Boston, something has been the matter with my children; more particularly little Catherine, who was sick some weeks; and after she appeared to be perfectly well, had a relapse. Anne Jean had a similar difficulty at her age. Notwithstanding all the care accompanying all these little folks, I have an enjoyment in young children that I am afraid I never shall have in them after they are grown-up; and I can't help wishing to keep them where they are for a while.

I feel truly sorry for Edward and Ann, that their child could not live; it was a disappointment that I never for a moment had anticipated. I am very glad that Mary is in town; Anne Jean wants very much to know what she is studying, and how she likes her school. If it would have done for Anne Jean to have gone till September to Mr. Bayle, I should have liked it very well, considering that she cannot go to Mr. Emerson till June; and I suppose it would not have put him out to defer it till September. But my patience has been kept in pretty constant exercise during my pilgrimage through this vale of tears, and I dare say I shall be able to bear with having her the sport of accident another three months. But the influences upon her character at pres-

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ent are very unpropitious, all things considered. Mary and Susan Howe accompanied Mr. Ashmun and Lucy to Chicopee yesterday, and returned to-day. Mr. Ashmun is really too sick to go anywhere, but he will keep doing something he should not all the time; and, on the whole, we think he cannot live long: he has been shut up a good deal, and has a dreadful cough. We have had Mr. Jones shut up here by the storm a week, and have got a good deal acquainted with him. It is quite amusing to hear Mary talk of withdrawing herself from young society because she is going to marry a man forty years old. I have endeavored to convince her that good feeling and sympathy level all distinctions of age; for I am sure, as it regards myself, that I never had more pleasure in my life in the society of young people than I have since they were the companions of my children; and I am sure it does not lessen the pleasure I feel in the society of the aged. But father and mother are almost the only old people I am acquainted with, — I mean older than myself. Mr. Lyman and myself are the old people of Northampton.

I have written thus far, my dear Emma, not with the expectation of giving you much pleasure, but that I might enforce my claim to a letter from you. I want to hear about Mr. Ware and Mary, and all their plans, as well as their state; and the history of people and things in general.

Yours,

A. J. L.

In 1829, my sister Mary was married to Mr. Thomas Jones, of Enfield. She was of a most lovely and affectionate nature; and her departure was a serious loss to the family circle. She always had been specially devoted to our father's comfort; and once, in a moment of confidence, told my Cousin Martha that she had never in her life wanted to do any thing that he did not wish. Though I was but six years old at the time of her marriage, I recall vividly the bitterness of the parting from her, and the home-sick longing for her I experienced

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for many months. For I had slept with her from the time of my infancy, and her care and love had been boundless. A vision of her always rises to my memory, as she sat at her window in the room above the office, bending over a neat little board covered with flannel, on which she laid the linen cambric ruffles of our father's shirts in the most exquisitely fine plaits. She had large and beautiful eyes, and a most tender and loving heart.

My Uncle Howe's death had been the beginning of a series of changes which deeply affected both my parents. In 1829, my Grandfather Robbins died; and in 1830, the sudden death of little Annie Jean Greene, my Cousin Abby's beautiful little daughter (to whom she had given my mother's name), called out all the deepest sympathies of my mother's heart.

Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lyman.

Boston, August 25, 1829.

My dear Madam, — My friend, Mr. George P. Bradford, has promised to give Mr. Hall a "labor of love" next Sunday, on his return through Northampton from New York, whither he has gone with his sisters, — a victim of the travelling passion. And as Mr. Bradford is a man of mark among his friends, I want him to have the happiness — which I shall grudge him, too — of spending half an hour at your house. But, who is Mr. Bradford? He is Mrs. Ripley's brother, and a fine classical and biblical scholar, and a botanist, and a lover of truth, and "an Israelite, in whom is no guile," and a kind of Cowper, and a great admirer of all admirable things; and so I want him to go to your house, where his eyes and his ears shall be enriched with what he loves.

I went yesterday to Cambridge, and saw your friend, Professor Ashmun, inaugurated. . . . As far as I can guess, the appointment of him is a very judicious one. It was a fine assembly, free of all crowd and fatigue, and contained some of the finest people in America. I sat (as

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it is always expedient to do on public occasions) next to Mr. Upham, of Salem, and got him to point me out the lions, — for he is a man having the organ of society in very large development, and knows all men in the United States; and one could not desire a more eloquent expounder of their various merits.

I hope yourself and Judge Lyman are well. I am truly sorry that the distresses of the times should have come so near your friends. God seems to make some of his children for prosperity, they bear it so gracefully, and with such good will of society; and it is always painful when such suffer. But I suppose it is always dangerous, and especially to the very young. In college, I used to echo a frequent ejaculation of my wise Aunt's: "Oh, blessed, blessed poverty!" when I saw young men of fine capabilities, whose only and fatal disadvantage was wealth. It is sad to see it taken from those who know how to use it; but children whose prospects are changed may hereafter rejoice at the event.

We get no good news from Mr. Ware, except that he is no worse; but he now writes that he is really no better than when he left home. We had so many flattering rumors, that this sounds worse. It is really good ground to hope that he has no seated consumption, I think, if after so long an interval he remains as well; and a winter in Italy may do much.

Charles has just been in to see me, much rejoicing in having turned the key for the last time in his school-house, and in the prospect of living again with Joseph Lyman, at Cambridge. . . .

I am, with respectful remembrances to Judge Lyman, and to the family,

Dear madam, yours affectionately,

R. Waldo Emerson.

In the autumn of 1829, my mother decided to send our dear Annie to Boston, to Mr. George B. Emerson's school. When I recall how

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close and tender the tie was that bound her to her children, and what a delight to her their perpetual presence, I realize fully the sacrifice she so often made in the long separations from them, which she cheerfully endured. It was a part of that large, generous, and broad outlook she took of life, that she could never feel she had done her whole duty to children, if she had only given them *herself*. I often have heard her say, that she did not think young people who had lived *always* in the bosom of their families were as well fitted to cope with the after-trials of life, or to understand the various characters they would be sure to come in contact with, as those who had a wider experience. She thought that family peculiarities were rubbed off or lessened by attrition with other families; and that young people became more liberal and enlarged by finding out that there were a great many roads to the same place.

My mother had the greatest satisfaction in Mr. Emerson's school.

Mrs. Lyman to her Daughter, Anne Jean Lyman.

NORTHAMPTON, November 15, 1829.

MY DEAR ANNE JEAN, — I was sorry the cloak did not suit you any better, but it was made like one from New York which we supposed to be the height of the fashion, as was the size of the cord. I have sent you some money to pay for the dyeing of the gown. If there should be an opportunity to send it by Maria Hunt's bundle for me to make, you had better. Your cloak was made, with my assistance, for forty cents, which could not have been done in Boston under five dollars. It is the multiplication of such little expenses that in the aggregate makes large sums. Now, the dyeing and fixing of your merino will be all the expense of a new dress, if you carry it to a mantua-maker in Boston; but if you will describe how you wish it to differ from your other gowns, I will attend strictly to your orders. You said nothing about the worked collar, but I hope you have got it, and that it suited you better than your cloak did. I moreover hope you will

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live to see what I probably shall not, — a millennial existence, one in which there will be no sorrow about *clothes;* where the only anxiety people will have will be how they can do the most good with their time and talents. I do not care how much anxiety you expend on these objects. Clothe your mind, for that will never wear out, if you take care of it; and it is an inexhaustible fund of usefulness to others, as well as one's self. The ability to instruct those who want for intellectual light is vastly better than the ability to give money; and it is an independent resource that we can control without the interference of third persons. Give my love to your grandmother; and, whenever you have any time, take your work and go and sit with her. I am very sorry to hear of your grandfather's lameness; when you write, you must mention how he is. . . .

The fringe will do very well. Give my love to your Aunt Revere; I want to hear how she gets along weaning the babies. I hope the crowd has passed by, so that she will have a little time left to herself; for it appears to me her life is a good deal like mine, — broken up by innumerable casualties, leaving us but little control of our time or thoughts. John is a good boy, but I cannot get him to write very elegant epistles; but I hope his mother won't think the fault is in me. The fact is, he does n't love to write, — nor does any little boy of his age, — and he will not take the pains to do nearly as well as he could. Tell Joseph the man has gone away that engaged to do his chair.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Now, there was not the smallest occasion for desiring "a millennial existence," as far as the dress of the dear Anne was concerned. She was a pattern of the most exquisite neatness and the strictest economy. Oh, I can imagine that cloak that was "in the height of the fashion," made up for forty cents, after "a pattern from New York;" and I know well why it caused sorrow! What would my dear mother say

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now, if she could come back and see the overskirts and trimmings of the present day? Surely, not that the millennium of dress is nearer at hand!

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Barnard.

NORTHAMPTON, December 30, 1829.

MY DEAR MRS. BARNARD, — I received your last letter yesterday evening. I feel much obliged to you for writing, for it must be a trial to Mr. Lyman to have to write the same thing so many times as he has. My father's illness, considering its cause, has been wonderfully protracted. It must have been many weeks since he could have derived any nutriment from any thing he has taken. But we must recollect that his disease attacked him in the full vigor of an unimpaired constitution. It is not therefore strange that there should be a powerful resistance at the close.

It seems, perhaps, to you, as if it would be difficult for me to realize (without being on the spot and witnessing the whole scene) the departure of my father, whom I have had so few interviews with for eighteen years. But imagination is a powerful agent in presenting the images of our friends, and enforcing by irresistible associations upon our minds their presence, their thoughts, their views on all subjects, as similar ones occur. And, perhaps, no one was ever led more frequently to recur to and quote the opinions of another, than I have been, as to those of my father, — believing his mind (as children are prone to) to be a fountain of wisdom and inflexible virtue, founded in *genuine* and sincere religious feeling. If I did not think so, I should have been forced to the belief that he was a hypocrite, for no one ever had more constantly on their lips the sense of dependence on God, and more frequently expressed their confidence in the provisions of his providence and grace. His conduct in relation to the divisions in the town of Milton have been peculiarly illustrative of his love of peace. I speak of this as an incontrovertible proof of his true love of prac-

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tical religion. Mr. Bigelow, a clergyman now staying with me, who knew my father in the eastern country, thinks there are few men in our country, if any, who have done so much for religious institutions as he has, and that the imperishable monuments of his influence will be felt in that country to remotest generations. Here I will stop; for no one doubts he was an active supporter of the principle and practice of virtue in all its forms, and that he has been in the hands of Providence an instrument of much good in his day and generation.

I feel grateful that my father should have come to the close of life, without having experienced the torpor and uselessness of old age; and that his mind, with all its sensibility and sympathy, should have remained till the close. It is ever to be regretted, when friends survive their usefulness long enough to consider themselves cumberers of the ground, or to have their friends consider them in that light. And still our regret must always be deeper, and the loss of our friends more to be deplored, when they are taken from a sphere of eminent usefulness, as is the case with my beloved father. At the period he was taken ill, his connection with the world was as strong as it had been at any period of his life, and the duties he was engaged in as important to its interests. But the Disposer of all events has ordered this in wisdom, and it is not for us to say that we can imagine a better way, or a better time. It would have been an unspeakable satisfaction to me to have seen my father again; but if I had been there, Mr. Lyman could not have been away at this time, and I view his presence of so much more importance than mine could have been, that I have reconciled my mind to the deprivation. I take much pleasure in contemplating the revelations concerning the future to the good. "Behold I make all things new." May we not expect a renovation of the *moral* as well as the vital principle, and at the same time that there is an end to pain, sickness, and death?

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Mrs. Lyman to her Mother.

NORTHAMPTON, January 1, 1830.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I can think only of the sadness that mingles itself with the reflections of our New Year's congratulations; and still I am sensible that there is much mercy mingled in our cup of bitterness. The great trials and changes of life are continually drawing us near to each other, as well as near to a merciful God who has bound our interests by such endearing ties, and made us to feel that the sorrows of *one* are equally the sorrows of *all* belonging to the same family.

Though I have not been with you personally, my thoughts are ever *there;* we are prone, you know, to fix them on the spot where the scene lies which is most eventful to our interests and our happiness. Perhaps I have encountered as few of those changes which appertain to human destiny, as any one of my age. But still I realize most fully that *change* is the universal law inscribed on all God's works; and that, when we are enjoying the spring-tide and summer of our existence, we must not forget there is an autumn and a winter of life, preparatory to its close. My father has realized as little of the sickly tints of autumn, or of the wastes of the winter of life, as any one I ever knew; and this we must consider a merciful exemption. But one great change, if we are spared the lesser ones, must happen to all; for death must close the scene. But while the plant is dying, the seed is ripening; and if it fall into the ground, it will spring forth anew, — perhaps in a form widely different, but inconceivably improved. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." But this we know: that, if we are planted in the likeness of the death of our blessed Lord, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. "If we have borne the image of the *earthly*, we shall also bear the image of the *heavenly*." "What was sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, and what was sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory," — and flourish in immortal youth and beauty beyond the reach of time, and the influence of changing seasons.

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It is an unspeakable comfort to us, that so much has been revealed relating to our future destiny, and that we are enabled to view death as one of the changes incident to humanity, and necessary to the completion of our journey to that country where there shall be no more pain, nor sickness, nor death. I have felt the strongest inclination to be with you all. But I have had a complete compensation for the deprivation of that indulgence, in the satisfaction of having Mr. Lyman there; as I know his presence must have been of the greatest use to father, as well as comfort, and a support to the spirits of surrounding friends, and to yourself more particularly.

I have had the clergyman, Mr. Bigelow, staying with me; he is not a very pleasing man, but seems like a very good one. He knew father in the eastern country, and seems to understand and value the excellence of his character; and has been truly sympathetic in his intercourse, and consolatory in his daily prayers for us.

We have had a great deal of disagreeable weather, and the travelling is like the breaking up of spring. Give my love to all friends, and believe me

Your very affectionate daughter,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lyman.

BOSTON, January 6, 1830.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I cannot help offering you my condolence on the new loss you have been called to bear, which, with all its alleviations, cannot but be a painful one. I never have had the happiness of any acquaintance with your father, but he appears to have enjoyed in an eminent degree, what is much more rare than public applause, the *confidence* of the community. He has lived long and usefully, beloved and honored. He has not been taken from you till every office of parent and friend had been discharged, and till he had reached that period of

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life, when you could not reasonably expect for any long time the continuance of his powers of action and enjoyment. Still, I know very well that these circumstances, whilst they qualify, do not yet remove the grief which the loss of a good parent awakens; and I doubt not you find your best relief in those consolations which never grow old, which spring from the *hopes* which our Saviour has imparted to us. Take away those hopes, and death is more ghastly to the soul than the corpse to the eye. Receive them, and the riddle of the universe is explained; an account given of events perfectly consistent with what we feel in ourselves, when we are best.

My wife unites with me in expressions of particular regard to yourself and Judge Lyman, and to your family. Give me leave to say a word to him for a friend on the other page.

Respectfully, dear madam, your friend and servant,

R. Waldo Emerson.

Boston, January 21, 1830.

My dear Madam, — I had mislaid the enclosed letter, till it was so old that I hesitated at sending it at all, until I met Mr. Palfrey who told me he was going presently to Northampton. I should be unwilling to let the event pass, to which it refers, without offering you any expression of condolence. Since writing it, I have seen your sister, and heard at large such a character of your father, and such accounts of his life and death, that I feel acquainted with him; and could almost offer a solemn congratulation, rather than condolence, at a life so well conducted and ended, — or, as our faith has taught us to say, begun.

Yours affectionately and respectfully,

R. Waldo Emerson.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

Northampton, January 7, 1830.

My dear Abby, — I only heard last evening, when we had a great many people about us, that I was to have a direct opportunity to send

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to Cincinnati by John Stoddard,—a very nice young man, whom, as coming from Northampton, you will be glad to see.

Harriet and your mother have made out to get up some letters for the girls, and I should have acknowledged the receipt of their letters had time been allowed me. Harriet sends a couple of belt-ribbons to her sisters, and much love to you. Please to accept for a New Year's gift the ring I have inclosed, and value it not for its own but the giver's sake, who holds you in the most affectionate remembrance, and is always delighted with the accounts given by Mr. ——, and others.

I have a great deal to say to you which I shall be obliged to omit; for the stage is already in which is to take this; and I have robbed you of the time, to give it to Martha, by the same opportunity, as she wanted some things, and opportunities are rare at this season.

I have, for the last fortnight, been under a state of painful excitement on account of the sickness and death of my father, a statement of which you will see in a paper I put round Charlotte's things.

Love to the dear little folks, Mr. Greene, and the girls.

Your affectionate aunt, in the greatest haste,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. — Your uncle desires love to all of you.

Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, March 2, 1830.

MY DEAR EMMA, — In what words shall I tell what I feel for you and yours in your overwhelming calamity! It is, indeed, bitter. Those who know the tender ties of affection, which have set time and distance at defiance, and have only made the absent more dear and interesting to you, will feel as I do for your loss.

When I think how kindly you have sympathized with me, I do long

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to come and mingle my tears with yours; but my duty prevents, and I know you have friends who will do for you all that human friendship can do. Catherine is, alas! but too well-schooled to sorrow and sympathy. Your mother, — tell her for consolation that she must remember the purity of his character, his virtuous resolution, his tender affection to you all; and that they are immortal qualities, — not dependent on the poor crust that surrounds them, — expanding now in a happier state of existence.

These thoughts will not always check the tide of grief, I know; but they will calm its waves, and, when time has stilled the tempest, shed a cheering influence over your recollections. You will have blessed thoughts of him, and peace will return to your dwelling. I speak from experience. I know that sorrow can be borne; that, when the arm of flesh is taken from us, it is often supplied by that sustaining Providence which is freely given to those who seek it. I know that divine consolations and tender sympathy with each other will be yours; how do our hearts draw nigh to remaining friends in such periods of trial!

When I think of its influence on the younger members of your family, it seems as though it might be made of use in strengthening their characters, especially John's. He may be made now sooner to depend on himself, and exert his own powers. I have no doubt that my husband's death had a very favorable effect, both on Susan and Tracy, in this way. And I will hope for you *all*, that a stroke of Providence so direct will bring you nearer to the eternal world in vision, and show the relative value of things here and there in a more just position than you ever have witnessed them before. But while I say this, I do not the less feel the lesson to be a hard one. I have shed too many "heart-wrung tears" ever to underrate a trial like this.

Bennet, — how strong is the connection in my mind between him and his brother! May his health be restored, and his increased duties as the eldest male member of the family be all fulfilled! His ardent and generous feelings have been given to virtue from early youth.

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How few have such a son and brother as the support of their weakness and affliction! Thank God for the blessings left; and remember, my dear Emma, how short the time we have to stay here, amid sorrow and sin; and how glorious the Christian's hope for that period "when this mortal shall put on immortality."

Whenever you feel able to write, let me hear from you. You can have no feeling on the subject which my heart will not answer. May you have divine consolation, and the holy influence of—

> "That blest nature, which unites above
> An angel's pity and a brother's love."

You will not be away from my thoughts. Their current is to the house of mourning, though I still feel that there is blessing mingled with sorrow. Be it yours and that of all your family, to whom I wish to be individually remembered.

Ever affectionately yours,

S. L. Howe.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

Northampton, May 21, 1830.

My dear Emma, — Judge Wilde has just come along, and furnished me with an opportunity of writing to you, which I did not anticipate; and, though I have time to say but little, and have but little to say, I will not neglect so good a chance, as I cannot bear to send one of my letters by mail.

I cannot express how much I was gratified by the few hours' interview I had with yourself and Bennet. I like to realize my friends as they *are*, even if it is in the depths of sorrow. And I cannot but hope the ride may do you some good, and strengthen your physical system, so as to enable you to make a more successful effort in fortifying your mind against that weight of depression which must tend to impair both your health and your power of usefulness in a great degree. It does

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seem to me, after Bennet goes away, it would be well for you to leave those scenes, where every thing tends to awaken "the cherished sadness of your heart," and that you and your mother might come up here and stay a few weeks, and ride about. I do not prescribe this to divert your minds, but for your health; for I know that the more sensibility there is to the beauties of Nature, and the more we realize the fair world by which we are surrounded, the more deeply we regret the absence of those who enjoyed it, too, in its truest sense: —

"Their voices in the soft wind sigh,
Their smile is in the evening sky."

But your plan of co-operating with the hand of Providence is the best of all antidotes to woe. Ministering consolation to the afflicted, and instructing the young and ignorant, will bring light and comfort to the soul, in the midst of darkness and depression; for it is then you may feel assured you are about your heavenly Father's business; that you are, indeed, assisting him in the great cause of virtue, and sowing seed which will bear fruit in heaven.

I shall enclose the poetry you asked for. With best love to your mother, and the girls, and Bennet,

Your very affectionate

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. — I cannot bear to send any blank paper, but am obliged to. I want to tell you all about ordination; but shall soon write to Catherine, and must lay up something for her, and Mrs. Barnard, too.

Mr. George B. Emerson to Judge Lyman.

BOSTON, June, 1830.

DEAR SIR, — Your daughter never has been doing better than she is doing at present. She had not made a perfectly good beginning in the languages, and therefore found it more difficult to

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learn accurately than she otherwise would have done. She has succeeded, and is succeeding, in conquering the difficulty, and daily becomes more accurate and discriminating in her language and, I have every reason to believe, in her perceptions and thoughts. This I consider the most important part of her work. She is inquisitive, — acquires and retains well. Her taste is beyond her power of execution, and she is much oftener dissatisfied with herself than I am with her. Her feelings are nice and delicate, and her deportment, without a single exception, has been always exemplary. Perhaps there is a slight tendency to undue severity in her judgments. Not more, however, than seems to be incident to a quick perception of what is ridiculous; and the forgiving spirit of our religion will probably eradicate it in its application to others, especially as she applies it first to herself. On the whole, she is such as I should wish my daughter to be at her age. And it has been a subject of regret to me and to Mrs. Emerson, that we could not have so pleasant a pupil a member of our own family.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant and friend,

GEORGE B. EMERSON.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, June 16, 1830.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I received your letter on Friday evening, and would have answered it immediately, but determined to weigh the subject well. Mrs. Howe thinks there could not be a better place for a child than Dr. Willard's. I have heard from a gentleman who preached for us to-day, and who is well acquainted with Dr. Willard's partner, that Mr. Lincoln is a very methodical and excellent teacher. I do not think, if you wished it, you could place —— in the Convent, for I have heard it was quite full, and Madame St. George's laws are immutable. My preference for that institution is grounded upon the idea of its being founded on all the improvements of a strictly English

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system, which is allowed by all intelligent people who have visited English schools greatly to exceed those of this country. And then, in addition to *that*, the great economy of it. You know all our superior schools are exceedingly extravagant, and not at all within the means of common circumstances. Every thing a child has time to learn is taught for three dollars a week, including washing and the care of clothes, in the convent. I believe the expense is much the same at Dr. Willard's school, but probably does n't combine quite so many things. Mr. and Mrs. Hall are thinking of a plan for opening a school in Medford, of a similar character with that of Dr. Willard's. Mr. Hall got home the same day that his child was buried, in time to attend its funeral; it was a sad reception for him. Mrs. Hall has been deeply affected by this dispensation, but behaved, as she always does, with patient submission. She has such an humble view of her own deserts, that she thinks any thing is good enough for her. But, at the same time that her child lay dead in the house, she had to encounter a great trial in the sickness of a servant woman, who only came to stay while Mr. William Ware's family were with her. Mrs. Ware and her children went home a week since.

I was amused by hearing of a remark of Mr. James Savage, upon the birth of Mr. Henry Ware's Roman daughter. "Well," said he, on hearing of the event, "when people are in Rome, they must do as Romans do."

Now, you must know I have been very dissipated of late; for three days of last week were passed in getting up to Northfield and back again, to an ordination. My motive in going was the pleasure of the journey, which was delightful beyond any thing you can imagine. But besides that, I had a great deal of pleasure in the occasion. Mr. Walker was there with his wife, — a very agreeable lady, — Mr. Ripley with his wife, and Mr. Goodwin and his wife, — all quite interesting, well-educated women, notwithstanding bright-red hair, — Dr. Kendall and his daughter, who went to see how she should like Northfield, as she is to marry

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Mr. Hosmer, the gentleman who was ordained; and a great many agreeable people that I have not mentioned. All the parts were extremely well performed, and it was, on the whole, a very interesting ceremony. Mr. Lyman feels quite provoked that we have not got either Mr. Hosmer or Mr. Goodwin for our clergyman. I have no idea we shall do as well as to have either of them; and one thing I am sure of, we never shall have another Mrs. Hall for our minister's wife, though I was exceedingly pleased with the specimens of minister's wives that I have mentioned above. They appeared to be the right sort, as near as one can judge from seeing them a few hours.

Your very affectionate

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

JUNE 26, 1830.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I shall be able soon to ascertain who wrote the poetry I sent you. Poor Mr. Peabody has been very much tried of late. Mrs. Peabody has been confined with a son, and has since been very ill, but is now quite out of danger. There is nothing happening among us of any interest. Jane is at home, and I think comfortable; she rides every day, and I think gains strength fast; lives on milk and rye bread, gruel, &c., taking quinine twice a day. When she first returned, she thought it would be impossible for her to see any one or hear any reading, or be amused or employed in any way. But we allowed it to happen accidentally that she should see people, and found it did her good. I have read aloud to her to try her, and found she could bear it very well, and was interested in "Cloudesley" and "Clarence." . . . . . .

I have been afflicted for a few days with sore throat, but that never stays by me long, you know. I have just been up to see Mrs. Hall, but she is not well enough to see any one yet. Mary Hall thinks she will be, in a few days. She has had the most complicated trials you can imagine, as Ann Allen will tell you when you come to see her, and

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they have preyed upon her till they have produced a slow fever. She tried a short journey, hoping that might cure her, and went as far as Northfield; but came home the same evening Ann Allen left here, rather worse than when she left.

It was my intention, when I last wrote, to have spoken to you of the interest I take in Dr. Jennison; but, in the confusion that surrounded me, my letter was closed without. I think Bennet will find him a rare treasure, full of good feeling and sympathy, with the best of principles, and uncommon experience in surgery and medicine for one who has practised but a few years. He delivered the best Lyceum lecture we ever had in Northampton, and has been always a student as well as good writer. And to me he is an agreeable companion, notwithstanding I think him rather stiff, owing probably to early disadvantages; and if you and your mother knew him as well as I do, you would take great comfort in knowing that Bennet and John had such a companion for their long voyage, as well as such a talented medical adviser.

As I have not entirely got over the dizziness in my head, I shall not be able to write any more this time; and you must give that as a reason to Mary and Catherine. For I felt it my duty to write Anne Jean and Joseph; — you know how much they want "line upon line, and precept upon precept."

I like what I have seen of the Smiths very well, but have not had them here yet; except that they have called several times, as I have on them. And when Russell Sturgis comes with his wife, I shall have them to make me a visit; and I hear that will be soon. Miss Rose has interested herself in the Botanical lectures given to a class of ladies by Mr. Bryant; and Mrs. Howe and I go, being very *young* and *teachable*. Miss Sally Drayton is nearly sixty years old, and she always keeps learning something new; and this is my encouragement that, perhaps, I may too. At any rate, it gives an impetus to her mind, which, as it is rational, tends to promote happiness. If Margaret were here I should carry her.

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I am pleased to find Mr. George B. Emerson is interesting Anne Jean in subjects of Natural Science, and walking out to botanize with his scholars.

Yours, in haste, with love to all friends,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, September 26, 1830.

MY DEAR ABBY, — We were rejoiced to hear from you by Mr. Harrington, though he passed through town so rapidly that I did not have an opportunity of seeing him. We were glad you liked Mr. Walker, as he went to your place determined to stay, if possible. He is such an efficient, hard-working man, that I think he will be an acquisition any where. Mr. Hall is undoubtedly with you before this time, with his excellent wife. After you have penetrated the reserve of her character, and become familiar with her, which I am aware takes some time, you will be amazingly pleased with the simplicity, entire single-mindedness, and good sense by which she is distinguished. But I think, on the whole, that Mr. and Mrs. Hall speak better for themselves, than I can for them. . . . . .

Mrs. Colonel Dwight and her two daughters, the Mrs. Howards, are staying with me now; and the Supreme Court is sitting here, so that I am very much occupied just at this time.

You see Boston papers enough to know who dies and who is married. You will recollect a very fine youth who was with Dr. Willard, at Mr. Peabody's ordination — Edward Lowell; he matured into almost unparalleled excellence and fine talent, and had completely redeemed the pledge given by the striking characteristics of his early youth, when he was called to join the world of spirits. One can form no calculations upon the loss the world sustains by such an event. The diffusion of the influence of a correct and highly-gifted mind through society cannot

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be appreciated by any data our experience furnishes us with. But if we cannot estimate its value, we can sincerely deplore its loss. Every thing and everybody who assists to elevate the standard of human perfection, and exemplify the power of virtue, gives incalculable strength and efficacy to it. . . .

Your very affectionate aunt,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

During the year 1830, my mother was delighted to hear news of her old friend, Miss Debby Barker, at Hingham, whom my Uncle and Aunt Revere visited. In the course of the visit, my Uncle Revere said to her, "We have met with a sad loss, Miss Barker, in the death of Chief Justice Parker." Miss Debby applied her handkerchief to her eyes and remarked, "*We*, too, have met with a heavy loss, Mr. Revere, in the death of George the Fourth." And on looking at her again, my Uncle observed that she was dressed in purple, — which was then the mourning of the Court. These old ladies always spoke of themselves as "eating the King's bread," because they received a small pension from the British Government, on account of their father having been an officer. His sword always hung over their fireplace in Hingham as long as they lived.

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CHAPTER XIV.

IN the first letter in this chapter, written by my mother to my Aunt Catherine, is an allusion to a young law student who was then leaving the town. Of her own devoted kindness to him she said never a word,—I doubt if she remembered it. Every young man was "somebody's son" to her; and when she found that this youth was some one's natural son,—she knew not *whose* till long after his death,—all the more was she under the necessity to make her house a home to him; and to soothe, so far as might be, that craving for kindred ties that is apt to become morbid in young persons so circumstanced.

I never have found it easy to speak of my mother's beneficences. They were a part of her nature; she could not help them; they were the great luxuries of her life. She had no set plan of doing good, she belonged to no organization, was president of no society. Not that she did not honor all good organizations, but they were not needed in Northampton, and scarcely existed there. And it accorded far better with her temperament and habits to do exactly as she did. She simply kept her eyes, ears, and heart open all the time; and they were always finding enough to do. It was the occasional strong word spoken in season, the always-helping hand. And it was the feeling that every one must have had in that village, that it gave her heartfelt pleasure to share their joys and sorrows, and aid them where she could, that gave her such constant opportunity. In her daily rounds through the lovely village, how many things met her eye that escaped common observation. One day, a few years later than this period, she came in

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from a walk, greatly afflicted because she had seen a small boy tormenting a chicken. He was an orphan, and, though tenderly cared for by the excellent women who had him in charge, she felt he needed a man's hand to direct his future course. She lay awake at night, unable to get him out of her mind; then rose at four o'clock to write in secret a letter that brought, a few weeks later, a distant male relative to the village, who took away the boy, and educated him for a good and useful man. I recall her air of apparent grave abstraction as one neighbor after another spoke of the boy's disappearance as "a special Providence." "Susanna," said she, looking over her spectacles, when they had all gone out, "I have observed that the Lord works through *human* instruments *sometimes;* but this is none the less a special Providence." "Do I see the human instrument before me?" said I. A nod, with her finger on her lip, was the only answer.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, January 6, 1830.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — I was very thankful to get your letter by Mr. Lyman, for his letters never had been particular at all, — merely stating from day to day that father was living, until the close. And since he returned, every body has been after him, and I have found it difficult to hear much from him. You know after he has been absent some time, what a pressure of business there must be; and there was a failure, just before he returned, to increase it.

Though I ever must regret that I did not again behold my dear father, I cannot feel self-reproach. I was all ready with my trunk packed, after having a great conflict between my desire to go, and my fears for the situation in which I must leave the children, when circumstances developed themselves which convinced me (besides my being quite unwell) that it would not do; in addition to a letter from Mr. L., stating that, in all human probability, father would not be

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living when the letter reached me. But it is idle for me to say any thing on this subject, for it will not be a very great effort of a reasonable mind to perceive why the head of a family cannot leave her household, with her best domestic given to intemperance, and no other guard against it than her presence and watchful care; and a minister staying in the house, requiring various accommodations which no one else could perceive.

I dare say you remember my anti-prophetic spirit, which led me to determine that father would live till he was ninety years old. I cannot help thinking of all these false calculations. . . .

I had a letter from Eliza a few days since, in answer to several I had written her. She introduced me to one of her favorites, whom she said had been in Northampton for the last two months, — Rush Bryant; he is keeping the town-school here, and appears excellently well. Our minister, Mr. Bigelow, is not a very interesting preacher. I believe I told you how he impressed me when I heard him deliver the Thursday lecture (when I was in Boston last). My impression in regard to his preaching is not changed; but he is exceedingly instructive in his style of conversation, — not only from his abstract speculations, but from the most wonderful historical information and memory that I ever knew combined. It is always a treat to hear him talk; it is peculiarly so to me, for he was well acquainted with father some years ago, and seemed to realize the grounds of his enthusiasm for the eastern country, — where he was once settled himself.

Mr. —— is about leaving this place. I cannot help feeling sorrow to have him go away. He seems so friendless; and here he has warm friends, which he really deserves. He has behaved in an upright and dignified manner towards every one, the two years he has been here. The want of any kindred ties on earth seems to lessen the motives to goodness very much in quite young people. And I have no doubt it had its effect on him. But he seems now to feel the value of a good character on its own account, and I hope he will prove it. We

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that are the interested parents of children, and that have reposed ourselves in confidence (against the storms of the world) under the protection of parental influence ourselves, ought not to be unmindful of the great disadvantages of such a person, and should exercise peculiar charity, I think, towards their defects.

I am most glad that my children, Joseph and Anne Jean, were where they could so fully realize the death of their grandfather; and I am sure Joseph must have been deeply impressed with his grandfather's notice of him, and I trust it may have a good effect and a permanent one on his heart and life. I have written to James Howe, — tell his mother. With my love to all friends.

Yours,

A. J. L.

P. S. Tell Sally that Susan has the accession of two to her family, — Frances Fowler and Harriet Sheldon, General Sheldon's daughter. I should have invited them to stay here a week, if I had not had the minister, — who is a profound student, and requires to be very still and quiet.

Mrs. Lyman to her Daughter, Anne Jean.

NORTHAMPTON, June 1, 1830.

I have been hoping, my dear children, to have time to write to you for some days; but one thing and another has occurred continually; and, besides, I have had a constant expectation of letters from you both, but have been disappointed.

By this time you, A. J., have got settled down in your new abode, and I dare say have determined to do every thing that is *wise* and *rational;* and, at the same time that you are trying to do what you know will best please your parents, you are laying up a store of self-satisfaction. Be very particular, my dear Anne Jean, never to appear dissatisfied with the people you live with, nor with their living. The mere matter of *eating* and *drinking* is of too small consideration for a

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rational, intelligent being to make any ado about. Our desires in respect to it ought to begin and end as expressed in that excellent prayer, "Give me food convenient for me;" that is, such as will sustain life. The coveting of luxuries betrays ill-breeding and habits of self-indulgence. Never fail in politeness to the people you live with, and their friends. I think, with your Uncle Revere, a little more dancing-school grace would be no disadvantage to you. A want of ease and grace indicates vulgarity, and is a reproach to those who have educated you. Few young people have had such watchful care from their birth as you and Joseph have had, that you might not be surrounded by immoral and deleterious influences. You were neither of you separated from your home and your parents till you were old enough to have some established principles, and to discriminate between right and wrong accurately. Now, in proportion to these advantages much will be required of you. May you never find occasion to say, as Lord Byron did, —

> "The thorns that I have reaped are of the tree
> I planted. They have torn me and I bleed.
> I might have known what fruit would spring from such a seed."

Fix in your own mind a standard of real goodness, and what kind of manners are the truest indication of such a character. Nothing appears more ill-bred than a rude familiarity towards those who are older and wiser than we are. It looks as if we thought ourselves their equals, and in that there is a great want of humility and modesty. All those qualities which we most value in others, we should of course endeavor to possess. It is a source of some satisfaction to know we have the esteem of others. But that is nothing to the comfort of having our own. I have thought innumerable times how happy I should be if I could satisfy myself.

I have but little news that will interest you. Miss Davis has opened her school, and has eight scholars. I believe she is disappointed not

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to have more, as that is not sufficient to maintain her. Susan and Sally have fourteen scholars, which furnishes them with an interesting and improving occupation which they would not have without it.

Have you and Joseph ever called to see Miss ——?

Mr. Bancroft read for us on Sunday; but we had but a small collection of people. I hope we shall hear soon of some one who will be able to come and preach for us.

Your father and I talk of going to Northfield to the ordination, in the hope of finding some stray clergyman to preach for us, or of hearing of one. I was at Enfield a few days week before last. Mary has a fine healthy child, but she is poorly herself, though Miss Patterson thinks she is better now than she was when I saw her. Eliza has been passing a week with her, and returned to-day.

Your father was at Chicopee last Saturday, and found Jane improving slowly.

You need not be particular about sending this to Joseph; I will try and write to him, though I intended when I sat down it should answer for both. When your Uncle James comes up, I wish you would send "Charles Fifth;" those volumes you have done with; and if you have made any pencil-marks, rub them out with your india-rubber. I should like to return them without injury, for they are wanted.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

P. S. Give my love to all friends. I wish you would let me have an exact account how your time is occupied, what you are studying, what proficiency you have made in drawing; and let me have some of the abstracts of the sermons you hear, which your father says would give him peculiar pleasure.

Since the above has been waiting for a private opportunity, I have received a letter from yourself and Mrs. —— (June 5th), and Aunt C.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

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Not long before my Aunt Howe left Northampton, she wrote this letter to Cousin Emma: —

Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, June 25, 1830.

MY DEAR EMMA, —I fear you think me negligent before this; but I often think of writing and then delay it, because I have so little to communicate. Mother and I have spent most of the time together in my little library since you left us. There has been so much rain that we have been rarely tempted abroad. Mamma's health and spirits are greatly improved; she looks quite like herself again. She reads a great deal; we have just had "Clarence." Mother and I were delighted with it; we sat up one night till after midnight, reading it. Now, this girlish interest in me is not so remarkable, because I know and love Catherine, but to mother she is a stranger; and, in the last three generations, mother has witnessed more romance in real life than any person, except Sir Walter Scott, our noble cousin, could describe.

I know you feel interested for Mrs. Hall. She is now quite sick; has been confined to her bed most of the time for the last five days. She made a great exertion to get through the death of the child, and some other domestic trials, with fortitude; but she went on neglecting herself, although she had been some time getting out of order, till she was forced to give up, and have a physician and, go to bed. . . . Mary Hall arrived last night, and I have no doubt will be a great comfort and assistance in breaking up; for they think of leaving as soon as Mrs. Hall is well enough. The death of the sweet boy seemed a great hardship, under all the circumstances of trial his parents have endured the last year.

I intend to send this by Dr. Jennison. I think it will be a great comfort to your mother and you to have him go with Bennet. He is rather stiff in his manners; so I shall not be surprised if you do not

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like him much at first. But he is a worthy, sensible man, and has had very good advantages in his profession, and is quite trustworthy.

I have not seen a great deal of your friends, the Smiths. We have exchanged several calls, but have not been very fortunate in meeting. I believe Susan is to meet them this evening at Mrs. Mills's. I do not know how they like Northampton, but think they must have depended principally upon their own powers for entertainment. We have had no gayety among us, and less fine weather than is usual at this season.

Mother talks of expecting your mother here by-and-by to make us a visit, and go with her to Hartford to see your Aunt Fanny. I hope she will be able to execute the plan, and should think she would be benefited by the journey and change of scene; but of course she is the best judge.

Jane Lyman has got home. She is quite nicely, — able to ride every day. I speak comparatively; she is not near well, only a great deal better than we expected.

To Bennet and John you must remember me most affectionately. Sad as such a separation is, you will all sustain yourselves under it, with the thought that they wander not from the guidance of the same protecting Power which watches over the pathless ocean as certainly as over the happy home. No circumstance can stagger this thought in the reflecting mind.

Mary Hall was stating to me this morning the death of her little niece, who found not even the nursery a security from fatal accident. What creatures we are! How mysterious our destiny! But the tissue is wrought in love. The sad accidents, the touching sorrows, the "lightning happiness," the daily blessings all manifest it. We need our chastenings to teach the value of our blessings; we need our blessings to enable us to support our sorrows. Do write to me after they are gone, and assure me that you are not too much grieved with it.

Mother joins me in affectionate remembrance.

SARAH L. HOWE.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, 1830.

MY DEAR ABBY, — One month since I received a letter from you, accompanied by a collar, which will have great value in my eyes, from the circumstance of its having been wrought by "her I dearly love." Immediately after receiving it, I went to Boston at the earnest solicitation of Joseph, who took the most honorable part at an exhibition at Cambridge. At this you may be sure I was highly gratified, as one of the testimonies that my labors have not been in vain; not but what many parents have had higher gratifications without taking any pains at all. Still, I shall always think it is safe for parents to do all they can; besides it is an honorable and appropriate employment for mothers to aid in instructing their children, as well as in devoting themselves to their animal wants, — which, to say the least, are not greater or more important than their mental wants.

I found Anne Jean, too, high in the favor of her instructor, Mr. George B. Emerson, who is an elegant scholar, and one of the most gifted teachers in this country. She has been with him eight months, and is to stay with him until her school education is completed, which will probably be in about two years. Anne Jean, you know, is not remarkably bright, — but good, with a mind sufficiently accessible to receive instruction, and of a character that is perfectly safe. The little ones are still more the delight of my heart than the older children. Though there is the most inward satisfaction in contemplating the characters of those who are grown up, because *there* we realise the fruition of our labors. Enough about children.

When I returned from Boston a fortnight ago to-day, I found in my absence Aunt Lord had made me a visit, and I felt truly sorry to have missed seeing her. I believe I have told you in former letters, that Martha went to Litchfield six months ago, with a view to pursue her studies, and enlarge her experience a little, as she has been in this one

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spot, without changing her position at all, for nearly five years. Since my return, Mrs. Cary (a daughter of Colonel Perkins) has sent for her to come to New York and take charge of the instruction of her children. . . .

I have found Martha and Harriet two excellent girls; remarkably free from any moral defect.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, July 20, 1830.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Mr. Walker, a gentleman of talents, who lived in N. three years, has been in to say that he is on his way to Cincinnati, and would like to take letters from us to yourself, which I am most happy to furnish him with. He has been the last year with Mr. Ashmun, at the law school, in Cambridge, and is now taking a tour of observation to the West to find a chasm in the law department, which he may fill. He is a man worthy of confidence and respect; and, wherever he is, will make himself a valuable inhabitant, by delivering lectures at lyceums, or answering any incidental call for learning. He is about eight-and-twenty years old, and has a good deal of experience in the ways of the world. And now I think I have said enough about Mr. Timothy Walker.

Jane has been sick at Chicopee nearly six months, but was well enough to return to us six weeks ago, and I think it probable will live a good deal of an invalid for many years. She is more patient than I should think she could be, considering her constant ill-health.

I am very much interested in the progress of your infant society. I know all the stages of its growth, and the many trials to be encountered in bringing it to maturity. But they will be amply compensated by the satisfaction that must inevitably result to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day.

Our clergyman was taken ill in the autumn, and passed the winter

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at the South, after dissolving his connection with us. We are now listening to candidates again. I wish Mr. Hall would go to Cincinnati and preach. He has a peculiar talent at making proselytes. And Mrs. Hall, who is a daughter of Dr. Ware, is one of the most talented, and at the same time, one of the most humble and excellent women I ever have known. We have seen her in joy and in sorrow, and no one could have borne blighted prospects, and in the midst of it the loss of a fine child, better than she has; though the effort to be patient and submissive has cost her a great deal, — that is, a month's illness, — and when she left us, she hardly had recovered from a slow fever.

Sam and his wife are very well. He is now absent in the eastern country, and Joseph has accompanied him. Joseph, you know, takes his degree in August. He will have a conference, I believe, for his part, which is as much as we could expect; for he has no kind of ambition to distinguish himself, and he is much the youngest member of his class. He thinks it distinction enough to be chosen into the Phi Beta, and that he has attained. He has been very good and very industrious since he has been in college; not so much so as he might have been in what are called college studies, as he has been in pursuit of general literature and modern languages. He always has been a proficient in Spanish, French, and Italian, since he went to Cambridge, and is fond of various branches of natural philosophy. I am disappointed that he does not take to theology for a profession.

Anne Jean will return in the course of this week from Boston, where she has been for a year without returning; she will go back again and stay another year. For she is at one of the best schools in this country for a thorough classical education, though there is very little that is ornamental attended to in it.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

November 20, 1831.

MY DEAR EMMA, — One thing I do, I always answer letters the first moment I can get after receiving them. But I have lived under unusually high pressure for the last two months. It would be idle for me to attempt to give you any account in detail. But such coming and going you can scarcely conceive of, and the train of thought under such circumstances is altogether indescribable. A friend, a short time since, asked me what I had been *reading*, and I could not help answering that I did not know, for it was a great while since I had done any *thinking*. And reading is not of much value, unless one has *some* opportunity for reflection. There is no doubt but in the midst of this whorl of matter my mind has had great rest, and it is not certain but I may come out quite brilliant after all the refreshing is over.

After writing the above, Mrs. Mills sent for me to go up to her; and, after passing all the day, except while eating dinner, in such a high state of excitement, it seems hardly right for me, in my exhausted state of feeling, to try to afford you any pleasure by my pen. Oh, Emma! how hard it is to be reconciled to these dark dispensations! And yet we need not go farther than Salem and New Bedford to discover that there are much greater trials and sorrows than can be produced by the death of *good* and *dear* children. You and your mother know, without my telling you, how intense the sufferings of poor Mrs. Mills are, as well as her family. Elijah, had he lived, might have discovered great frailties. But I only knew him as pre-eminently gifted in grace of manners, rare wit and genius, which made him highly interesting as a companion, and gave fair promise of usefulness and distinction. He was the only youth who has grown up in this place, within the last twenty years, at all distinguished for genius or talent; though Mrs. J. H. Lyman's sons are very fine young men! I must say, I consider him

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as a loss to our town, and to me in particular, as he often visited us. If there was any thing new in the papers, he would come down into my parlor to read it to me, and make his comments, while I minded my work. And having Mr. Ashmun removed and Elijah taken away, in addition to the removal of Mrs. Howe's family, is rather more than I know how to bear.

In relation to Anne Jean, your mother and yourself have been very kind in proposing to have her accommodated; but I think, if her health is indifferent, we had better get her home, particularly as I am very much in want of her for society and assistance. I would, however, forego all personal gratification for her good, if I could have her in every respect situated to my mind. I should like very much to have Mary Forbes return with her, and I would contrive some mode of improvement that should be useful to them. I wish you would suggest this to your mother.

I am inexpressibly sorry to hear of Mary Ware's being so much of an invalid. I trust she is not going to follow in the steps of her mother, who was prevented by ill health from any enjoyment nearly twenty years. We have a young clergyman from Cambridge, who thinks Mr. Ware is doing an immeasurable quantity of good in the Divinity School.

My love to all friends, for I am not able to write another word. My next letter, according to rotation, will be to Catherine.

Yours, with much love,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, December 28, 1831.

MY DEAR EMMA, — . . . . . .

Anne Jean has just informed me that, if your mother had known that *she* was to be at home, and if I had not had my house so encumbered, she would have let Fanny come here this winter. As it regards

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all this, I am quite provoked. I never had a more unencumbered family, and the time never can be when it would be a greater favor to me to have one or both of the girls than this very winter. Joseph has been a great comfort and entertainment to us the last two weeks; but when he leaves us we shall be solitary, and Anne Jean in particular in need of an animated companion. As to her health, I should be glad never to speak of it, for I know not what to say. She has lived entirely on tea and dry cracker, or gruel, ever since she returned from Boston, and otherwise adhered to the doctor's written prescriptions. She would not be called by strangers very cheerful; but with us is uniformly pleasant, and very much interested in reading and attending to the children, and making herself as useful to me as possible. But she never has been out of the house since she returned from Boston.

I dare say you have seen the account of Miss Cogswell's death in the paper. She said she had had all the difficulties Anne Jean complains of, more than forty years, and was finally carried off by the influenza. There were two Portuguese boys who shed tears and expressed sorrow for Miss Cogswell's death, but that was all; for she — poor woman! — was placed in a singularly inappropriate situation for one of her habits and feelings.

Yesterday, I had a voluminous epistle from Dr. Jennison, and was sorry it could not have been accompanied by one from John, whom he speaks of in the highest terms, and likewise with warm affection of Cousin Bennet. He does not say a word about leaving Canton, but Joseph says he has left; if so, I wish you would mention it when you write to me.

Since I have been writing this letter, I have heard of the death of little Robert Ware. I feel as if this blow would penetrate the inmost recesses of Mary's heart. He was the first object who had awakened in her the feelings of a parent, and with that feeling made this earthly sphere a new world to her, — one of new interest and new hopes, unlike any she could have felt before, and such as no one knows who

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has not experienced them. To have all these cut off and crushed will tax the whole panoply with which Mary is armed. But it is not in human nature to resist unharmed the stroke which severs these tender ties. I feel much for her, and hope she will be sustained, as I have no doubt she will be.

Mary mentions that you heard Dr. Channing's discourse on the death of Miss Adams and Mrs. Codman. It must have been a highly profitable one. Mrs. Codman's was a remarkably useful life, as well as Miss Adams's, though in a very different way.

I dare say you have heard of the death of Henry Sedgwick. . . . Few of my acquaintance, if any, have had their virtues so tested as Jane Sedgwick, and I never knew any one who had given such a practical exemplification of their power. If the riding continues as good as it has been, I mean to try to ride up and pass Sunday with her; but may be I shall not accomplish it.

Dr. Flint has just returned from Stockbridge. He was sent for to make an examination; . . . and he wonders how H. has lived for years.

Give my love to your mother and all friends. Write me a history of your life the past year. Tell Margaret it would have been a good idea for you and her to have returned this way from New York.

Your affectionate

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mr. John M. Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, January 1, 1832.

MY DEAR JOHN, — . . . I had not much belief when I wrote, that you would attach much value to the letters of such an antiquated lady as your cousin. But since they find favor in your sight, and lest you should forget the many social ties which bind you to your race (in spite of your expatriated condition), I will occasionally emit a

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little of my habitual dulness I was pleased to get your letter of the 29th, and am sorry to find that the want of all those privileges which are peculiar to Christian countries makes you unhappy; and yet I am glad to find that you realize the want of such rational and salutary means of enjoyment, as are common to all who inhabit this favored land. There is none that would be a greater deprivation to me, than not being able to go to church, and feel that myself and household had one day in seven for rest as well as worship. We require (particularly men of business) the relaxation as well as mental refreshing, which this exercise furnishes. The analogy between the mind and body is very striking. They both require to be nourished and stimulated by food adapted to them; and if we don't have much time for reading and reflection, owing to the occupations we are engaged in during the week, — if we go to church on Sunday and renew our good resolutions, and feel our moral and religious views strengthened and invigorated by the arguments contained in the discourse, our gratitude and devotional feeling stimulated, — we are made happier and better for it. 'Tis a favorable exercise for the mind, to abstract it occasionally from the harassing pursuits of business, and allow it to take an upward flight into the regions of intellectual space, and to the abode of Deity, of angels, and the spirits of the just: —

> "Mind, mind alone, without whose quick'ning ray,
> The world 's a wilderness, and man but clay;
> Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
> Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows."

Then, my dear John, do not forget to take care of the *mind*, as well as the body. Become an intellectual being, and it will prevent your being a sensual being, and prevent you from feeling the little inconveniences which affect the senses only, — by constant attention to which, we bring a blight over all disinterested and generous purposes. You will begin to think that I mean to give you a sermon instead of a

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letter, and that my New Year's reflections are to supersede the congratulations of the season, and the history of the times, which will be, I am sure, much the most interesting to you. It is now more than a year since Joseph left college and entered the Law School. I have just parted with him after a few weeks' visit. He is thinking of going to live with the Rev. Mr. Emerson, and study law in Mr. Charles G. Loring's office, in Boston.

. . . Charles Mills is fast acquiring the confidence of his employers, and I believe he has a good prospect before him. Anne Jean sits by me and sends her love to you, and hopes you do not forget her. When you see Cousin Bennet, give my love to him; I hope he will soon be on his way here. . . . . .

I feel much obliged to Dr. Jennison for an excellent letter, and shall soon write to him. Mr. Lyman and Joseph send you much love. I wish you to economize all you can, and lay by a little money, and then get yourself translated to a pretty cottage in Northampton, and sit down and lead a calm and pastoral life, with some nice, agreeable young woman.

Your very affectionate friend and cousin,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. Your old friend, Miss —— has taken her flight to future worlds; she was sick only one week. She took it into her head, it was so cold, that she would sit up nights; — it has been uncommonly cold; we had a month of very severe weather before Christmas; — and the consequence was, she took a violent cold, which settled on her lungs, and withdrew her from this sublunary abode. The next morning, I looked out of the window and saw a double sleigh passing, with a long trunk in it, covered over with a bed-quilt; and was told it was "sister," going to Ipswich to be buried.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, January 21, 1832.

MY DEAR ABBY,— . . . . . .

Anne Jean, instead of coming home well, and being what she is when in health, a cheerful companion, came home a most confirmed invalid; and this circumstance would operate as a perpetual weight on my spirits, if it did not bring with it incessant occupation. Since Harriet left me, I have had the children at home most of the time, and have given what time I could to them. You must tell the little girls that my children talk a great deal about them, as they do about the dear child that is in heaven enjoying its kindred spirits.

I have enjoyed reading, a good deal, this winter; and find it is an independent resource, and one that always confers some pleasure. Mackintosh's "History of England," and Von Müller's "Universal History," together with Lockhart's "Life of Burns," have thus far kept us busy. Anne Jean enjoys being read to, and, though she has read them before, occasionally reads a "Waverley Novel" herself. I am not afraid of her cultivating her imagination too much; but believe in Dugald Stewart's views on that subject, "that our occasional excursions into the regions of imagination increase our interest in those familiar realities from which the stores of imagination are borrowed." We sublimate the organical beauties of the material world by blending with them the inexhaustible delights of the heart and fancy, by combining with them the associations of a refined and cultivated imagination.

My Edward petitions that he may accompany Joseph to Cincinnati. When Joseph was with us, this was a frequent theme of conversation. But I suspect it will remain an unrealized vision of his fancy. Harriet has received a letter from Sally; but she does not say whether you have ordained your clergyman; I wish very much to know.

Your father has been out a good deal this cold winter, but seems to

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bear it better than could have been calculated. We have tried to induce him to remain by his fireside, but he likes the variety of going about. . . . . .

A. J. LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, February 28, 1832.

MY DEAR ABBY, — . . . . . .

My employments are always of a very engrossing nature when the children are at home. In the morning and evening I instruct them, with the assistance of Anne Jean, — who returned sooner than I intended she should from Boston, owing to indisposition. She has improved her time well since she has been at Mr. Emerson's school (the last year and a half); and, though she is still attending to her studies under Mr. Peirce, — one of the teachers on Round Hill, — she has furnished me with a great deal of entertainment (being very good company) this winter. She now has a friend making her a visit, — Miss Wilson, of Keene, New Hampshire, who is a remarkable young person for fifteen. She is as much engaged as Anne Jean in the study of algebra, Latin, and history; and we have had Mr. Rush Bryant giving lectures in chemistry all winter; he is a brother of the poet. I dare say you wonder that I should retain an enthusiastic zeal in regard to education, when I tell you that those brought up under my care have exhibited striking marks of imperfection. But, so far from its being a reason for lessening my care and my zeal, it only increases it. If, with all the pains my children have had, they are no better, what would they have been without it? Possibly, the weeds of error might have overgrown and rooted out the few virtues they now possess; at least might have so far overshadowed them, as to have checked their growth. There are a few immutable principles in education that will never be controverted openly in any theory, and that furnish a fair groundwork for a cultivated understanding. Let example and sur-

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rounding influences, as much as they can be controlled, tend to cherish a love of truth and perfect sincerity. Let all those petty interests and vanities be excluded which take such strong hold of the minds of young people, which tend so little to making them happy or tranquil, and which so entirely pre-occupy the mind as to prevent any thing good from entering into it permanently. How can children love knowledge when their daily experience teaches them that their most attractive grace and best distinction is the beauty of their clothes, or something exclusively external and adventitious? They must perceive that what creates the highest happiness is the acquisition of something intellectual, or the power to contribute to the good of their fellow-creatures; and early be taught the superior worth of the soul, with its various capacities, over the body, — which is a mere tenement of clay for an inhabitant destined to remain in it but a short time, and then return to its Maker, unspeakably enlarged and qualified for eternal, as well as celestial, occupations and joys, such as never entered into the heart of man to conceive. It is rare to find well-educated women who have grown up in great prosperity. If their minds are tolerably cultivated, their hearts are perverted, their objects of pursuit are shadows.

Martha is very fortunate in living with people who educate their children exclusively with the purpose "to produce a certain state of mind," rather than to accumulate a great catalogue of accomplishments. Martha has, I presume, told you that Mr. Cary's children are the finest that ever lived. They were never in a school. They never viewed themselves in competition with any other children in their lives, — to think who had the prettiest clothes, or who was the head of a class most frequently. But their minds, being divested of all such vain competitions are like a sheet of white paper, on which you may write what you please; and there are, she says, no impurities there to mar the impression. I have seen children so educated, and, I must say, that the best people I have known have had a private education. People can study mankind to better advantage after they come to maturity

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than while they are children. I believe you are tired of so much prosing, and I should think you might be. Mr. Hall will want to know who we have had preaching for us; Mr. Julian Abbot, the first of the winter, and Mr. Pierre Irving the last six weeks; that is, he has read to us, and gives us a very fine selection of sermons and prayers. Mrs. Henry Ware is still a very great invalid, and many think will never recover. Tell your sister Sally I was much obliged to her for her letter, and shall answer it. Your mother is a good deal of an invalid, but your father enjoys comfortable health. Harriet has a small school, and I think it very improving to her, and hope something better will offer for her.

Give my love to your husband and children, and other friends.

Your affectionate friend and

AUNT.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, March 5, 1832.

MY DEAR EMMA, — . . . . . .

I am in hopes Anne Jean's invalid state will not be entirely unprofitable to her. Solitude and habits of reflection generally produce good fruits upon a good mind; and I think they have upon hers, and I don't know that they have not done her as much good as Mr. Emerson's school, — though I was very much disappointed that she could not have had the advantage of his instructions another year. A gentleman who has spent fifteen or twenty years of his life in classical studies, and in the acquisition of various learning, gains great ascendancy over the mind of a girl of sixteen; and, if he aims at a good influence over it, can generally obtain it. I value such an influence highly from having felt the want of it.

You can't imagine how much I was pleased with John's letter. The manner in which he spoke of the want of our Sabbaths, and other humanizing not to say Christianizing institutions, was truly touching.

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I am glad he carried away with him such a true sense of what makes people good and happy. But think of the numbers who go to such situations unprovided with his principles and his information to feed upon! — who are unacquainted with the antidotes that furnish balm to all the sorrows and perplexities that life is made up of, and equally unacquainted with all the refined moral sentiment which adds so much to the enjoyment of prosperity!

I am glad you have been able to get so well acquainted with your Forbes cousins, and to hear they are such good and agreeable people. The interest you take in each other would have been pleasing to both of your parents were they living. I suppose you have not seen much of Mary Ware this winter; I am glad to hear of her approaching consolation. It was her mother's destiny to lose a fine boy and bring up an only daughter. I am happy to hear Mary's lot is like to be different. Mother's and Catherine's Cambridge experiment seems to have been thus far unfruitful of comfort; but I hope they will not be discouraged. Let us be where we will, there must be cloudy seasons; if there were not, what would be the use of patience, resignation, and submission? They would be like the gift of sight without the light of heaven.

I am very glad Mrs. Cary has moved to Boston; there is a very cold social atmosphere in New York. Mrs. Chancellor Kent told me once, that it was so cold it had chilled all her social feelings to extinction. I do not wonder Mrs. Cary could not make herself contented there. I wish if you hear any thing about Martha you would let me know.

If you observe any discrepancies in this letter, all I can say is, it has been written in haste, with Mr. Lyman reading Clay's speech as loud as he well could. Give my love to your mother, Margaret, and the younger ladies; and remember me to Miss Martha Stearns, whom I was much pleased with. Tell her her brother is well, and preaches finely.

Your affectionate

A. J. Lyman.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, March 22, 1832.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I ought not to write to any but those who find "sermons in stones, and good in every thing," for the poor detail of my unvaried experience is really worth nothing, and, if not invested with value from the imagination of the recipient, I don't know what would become of them. This winter has been the coldest that ever was, but we have known none of the disasters that have been common to your part of the country. I was truly sorry to hear that Mr. Rogers's mill was carried off by the flood. I hope his property, or that of Mr. Godim, was insured, and that it will not be so great a disappointment as his friends in this part of the world apprehend. Poor young man! He has experienced a great deal to prepare him for this sublunary abode. He must be wonderfully fortified by religious trust and moral courage, or his spirits would sink entirely. Fortunately our destiny is not at our own disposal, but is ordered by infinite wisdom and unspeakable love. This consideration is a reconciling balm to all wounds, and stills the murmurs that spontaneously proclaim that we are of flesh, and full of imperfections. We, who have families growing up around us, cannot help contemplating the course of young adventurers with a good deal of interest, always having reference to what is to become of our own sons and daughters. A view of the agitated condition of nearly the whole civilized world at this moment cannot but fill the mind of a young man with the most serious interest and apprehension, both as an individual and as a member of the human family. But it is a principle with me to lay up no trouble in anticipation; realities are as much as we can sustain ourselves under, and it is enough that we fortify ourselves to meet them when they do come.

You never have seen our friend, Mrs. Hentz. I hope, when the weather becomes pleasant, you will be able to. Though Sally mentioned that she was not on the same side of the river that you are, I

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hope she will go to your church and become acquainted with your clergyman. She is as much distinguished for her humility and amiable traits of character as for her genius.

Tell your sister Sally that I was very much surprised to look in the paper and see the marriage of Bernard Whitman.

I wish, when any of you write, you would mention how Mrs. Hentz and her husband succeed in their experiment at C.

Mr. —— seemed to think Mr. M. was getting along very poorly. I am sorry if it is true, for he manifested a most amiable and excellent disposition while he stayed here, and made many friends. Miss Drayton and Mrs. Wilson are very anxious to hear good accounts of him. I believe he writes to them, but of course says nothing of his troubles, if he has any. We were very much obliged to Isabella for adding a few lines to us. Tell her I should like it if she would help Sally and Charlotte keep that journal which is to tell us all that happens, — where you all go a-visiting, who visits you, what she does about preaching, and whether she is reconciled to Mr. Peabody and his views, what books you read; in short all that interests you, whether it be people, or books, or things.

Anne Jean and I have had a good opportunity to read this winter, and to improve the children in various ways. Indeed, I think winter is the season of mental improvement, and summer the time to study in the great book of Nature, and apply our knowledge. If we make friends with Nature, she will never fail us; but wherever we go, the intimacy, like the Masonic tie, will be acknowledged, and we shall find her good company. Not so with artificial tastes; you may look in vain abroad for the forms of society and means of amusement to which you have been used in the world; but if you have loved the grass and clouds, go where you will, they are indigenous in every climate, and are always to be enjoyed.

I was very glad to get your last letter, but have seen accounts in the paper of still greater distress than you said any thing about.

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Our clergyman, Mr. Stearns, begs me to communicate to Mr. Peabody, through you, that when he comes to the eastward he should like to see him in Northampton. To which I beg leave to add, I shall like to see him at my house. I feel very desirous to know what you are doing about your ordination. I should not think any body could take such a journey as even from Baltimore to Cincinnati, while the travelling is as it is now.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, April 8, 1832.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, —I don't wonder you have considered yourself neglected; I am sure I have thought so. But Anne Jean and I think we are too prone to commit ourselves in the palpable form of black and white. Now, if I were like dear Miss Debby Barker, it would do; for if she read, it caused her to think wisely, and operated like food to her mind; but not so with me. I can read a good deal, and one of the effects of it is to entertain me during the time I am so occupied, and prevent me from being ignorant on the subjects when they are called up, and talked of by other people. But I have no time or ability to scan, and write critiques when I have done, as she could. And my experiences are of such a limited character, that I never feel that I have any thing very interesting to communicate to anybody. I feel dreadfully about the poor ——s, though I don't know what has happened to them. . . . But I have no doubt Mrs. —— has acted to the best of her judgment about her son; yet it was a case about which she had no judgment. Now let me tell you, that there are no people I pity more and blame less for their mistakes than I do widows. They don't see enough out-of-door life to know what is best for young men, and they have to judge without any means of knowing what is best for them. Mrs. A. could relate a volume of sorrow on that subject. I am grateful every day of my life, that my sons have got a father to direct their course.

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I wish you could come up and see what comfort we have in our Sundays. Mr. Stearns hardly ever exchanges, and always preaches well. And I have a charming set of scholars at the Sunday-school, which gives me a sort of foretaste of the millennium. If you are ever well enough, and go to one meeting long enough at a time, I recommend to you to take a class in a Sunday-school, that are old enough to study Paley's "Evidences," and Miss Adams's "History of the Jews," and "Josephus," and such kind of works, as well as the Scriptures; and if they are intelligent, there is real pleasure in it.

The Irvings are soon to leave; we shall be sorry to lose Mr. Irving, and I don't know that any fault can be found with the ladies. They are amiable people.

I hear that Mr. Ware is coming to Northfield, and hope he will return this way. It would do me so much good to see him once more. Our minister is to be married soon, if he can get any one to board him and his wife. . . .

Do write by the first mail, if Mr. Brewster don't come along soon.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, July 23, 1832.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Amid the many cares and occupations of life, I do not feel under any temptation to forget you or yours. I have felt quite anxious on hearing that your little Catherine was unwell, but hope she has quite recovered before this time. Through the warm weather you will find it advantageous to withdraw her from study as much as possible, and give her the air of the country. She is too delicate a child to bear constant confinement; and I know by sad experience that it is often necessary to make a sacrifice of one's plans to the unavoidable occurrences incident to the youth of a child, and it is indispensably necessary where health is concerned.

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My little Catherine has been in Cambridge, with her grandmother and Aunt C., for the last six weeks. I have just heard that my sister Catherine has sailed for Eastport, with my brother James, on account of her health, and this makes me more than usually anxious for her.

When Joseph got well enough to go to Boston, I went down with him; but I stayed little more than a week, as it was not a good time for me to leave home. Mr. Parkman reached home but a few days after I left, which I was very sorry for, as I wished much to see the eyes that had seen all my dear Cincinnati children.

We have received the various despatches by Mr. Walker, and were much indebted to those who wrote and sent various remembrances.

We all felt much sympathy in the various cares which have recently fallen to you; but it must be a pleasure to you to have Sally married to a young man, who, if not rich, has your confidence and respect.

No one can be more contented and happy than Martha, or more successful in making herself beloved by a most excellent family. H.'s increased efforts and habits of industry are very creditable to her. Whenever she can get sewing, she does it promptly and very well.

I hear Mr. Timothy Walker and his wife are very well, and that people are pleased with her. I suppose they will be here before many weeks. I should invite them to stay with me, but my domestics are too indifferent for me to try to do any thing, except for known and tried friends.

I have one of Mrs. Revere's children passing the summer here, and a friend of Anne Jean's, — Mary Forbes, a younger sister of my Cousin Emma, and a very good girl. After a long winter's confinement, Anne Jean came out bright, and I do n't know but she has extracted as much good from that misfortune as could be calculated on. She never can be striking or wonderful; but she *is*, in its truest sense, *wise* and *good;* looks well and behaves well; gains confidence in herself, and is more affable than she was a year ago. She and Jane and Mary Forbes have

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been passing some time with Mary Jones, at Enfield, and have had a very amusing time; and since then have been at Chicopee.

Eliza has a very healthy, fine child. Mary came in and had her baby christened, — another Joseph Lyman.

I feel glad you are to have your sister with you, and wish she would write to me, and tell me all that is going on.

I suppose the girls have told you about the splendid wedding we have had here, Miss —— and Mr. ——?

Mr. Stearns is a real first-rate preacher, as every one says your Mr. Peabody is. It is, I think, a very important means of improvement and happiness, and I hope we are both sensible of it, and grateful for it.

Your affectionate AUNT.

P. S. Give a great deal of love to Mr. Greene and your sisters, not forgetting dear little Catherine.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, October 10, 1832.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — . . . I write so many trumpery letters, and in such haste, that in a few days I forget to whom I wrote last, as like as not. An opportunity always brings with it a strong impetus, for I could not bear the idea of my letters costing anybody any thing. I feel very much delighted to think Sally has got such a good family, and hope it will be a permanent thing, — it is so unpleasant to be always changing. I have not heard very particularly, but hope I shall by Miss Davis, how Mary and the baby get along. I hope you have not lost any of the Spurzheim lectures. If it were possible, I would go all the way to Boston to hear them, I have such a curiosity to know all that can be said on the subject; and Anne Jean says, if any

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thing could induce her to leave home, it would be that, — after hearing Mr. Hayward's description of him and his style. But I wonder people do n't get tired of one subject, after talking and writing of it for a number of years, as Spurzheim has. I should think, by this time, he must have got through with his enthusiasm about it, and be dull and uninteresting. I suppose you have had the entertainment of hearing the Hermanns sing — which would be a great pleasure to me. Mr. Lyman has gone to Worcester, and I am wondering if Joseph will not meet him there.

Mr. P. I. has lost his wife. I do n't know of a family so much changed in a few short months. He seemed to have the greatest pleasure in the society of the three ladies of his household. Death has bereft him of one, and marriage has deprived him of the society of his two interesting sisters, who idolized him; and he seemed to reciprocate their kindness. Mr. Whitmarsh has just returned from New York, and says he does not know which way to turn; that he can only think of distress and sorrow. He is without any home; was at board with his wife in the city when she died.

I do n't know as you have heard that poor H. W. is near her end. I am in hourly expectation of the sad intelligence of her death. She has had a most devoted husband, and every prospect to make life desirable and happy. But for reasons inscrutable to us, it has been otherwise ordered. It is an unspeakable comfort to *believe* that such things are ordered in perfect and unerring wisdom. But it is very hard to see such people cut off in the commencement of such a career. The last kind thing she did, when too unwell to make any effort at all, was to have the whole Harding family at her house before they left Springfield, a week.

I suppose Anne Jean wrote you she went to dancing-school, and kept school for the children in the vacation, and is very much engaged about the anticipated Fair. I can't say that I am, but I am very glad to have her.

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Mrs. Henshaw, with her children, will come up here (probably to the Mansion House) for the winter, in about ten days. Give my love to all the friends.

Your affectionate SISTER.

P. S. I suppose you wonder what we read. I have just tried to get through the "North American Review," and have completed the "Life of Howard." If you hear of any agreeable book you must mention it. The little girls send their love, and say they shall write when they do n't have so much dancing to do.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, November 6, 1832.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — I got home last night. We were gone just a week; had pleasant weather every moment of the time, soft and warm. Found all well, and Mr. Lyman and my substitute had entertained parties in my absence.

Anne Jean was exceedingly reluctant to go, but was animated and pleased beyond expression; and they (the Stockbridge ladies) were pleased with her, and insisted on her remaining, which I do n't know but she would have been inclined to do for a week or two, had she been prepared. Both Mrs. Watson and Catherine Sedgwick were staying at Jane's. Jane and Mrs. Susan never appeared more interesting or agreeable to me, as did Mrs. Watson and Catherine. I am uncertain whether our visit has done us most good or harm. It certainly has helped to illustrate the indifference of our state of society in a most striking manner. But it is something of an offset that *we* have the best of preaching, while *they* have the most dreadful nonsense that ever was uttered.

I dare say you have seen Mary Speakman and little Jane, who is to go this winter to Mrs. McCloud's school. The other children are uncommonly lovely. We carried little Harry over to Lenox, where he

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is to stay this winter. I pitied Elizabeth; she is literally like the old woman that lived in her shoe, that had so many children she did not know what to do. . . . . .

They have for their instructor this winter Sam Parker, son of John R., I suppose. He esteems it an advantage to live in a pleasant family, where he can pursue his studies. He is quite an experienced teacher, and they are delighted with him.

When we got to Hartford, we heard John M. Forbes and his family had left Litchfield, and from what we heard thought it probable Aunt Lord had too, and determined to go straight to Stockbridge, and leave L. for another time. Bennet took the boat for New York. He amused us very much on our ride to Hartford, and notwithstanding the lateness of the season we had a most delightful ride, often wishing we could have had Emma or yourself to occupy the vacant seat in our carriage. Stockbridge had lost neither all its verdure, nor all its foliage, and we were able to go out, or rather the children did, and gathered a pretty bouquet in Miss Speakman's garden after we got there. And the place looked almost as beautiful as I ever saw it in summer. But perhaps it was the smiles of the people that reflected such a hue on the face of Nature; and besides, when we are pleased, you know, we are subject to a kind of optical delusion.

To-day we are having a hard rain, and I feel glad I have reached home without any interruption from wind or weather. I have felt some self-reproach lest I have prevented Mr. Revere from availing himself of this beautiful weather to come up here; but I could not bear to have him come when I was gone.

M. Sedgwick is going to Boston, in January. She is a very interesting girl, after you have penetrated the first reserve. . . . But, like your eldest niece, this is to be encountered before you get to the pure gold. . . . . .

I suppose Sally feels worried, as I do, with hearing dreadful accounts from Cincinnati. If I get an opportunity, I will send you a letter I

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have had from C., that I think Sally would like to see. But in the mean time tell her they are all pleased with Tracy. Whenever I hear of a private opportunity I shall write to him, for once in a while I do; and you know postage is very severe.

Give my love to mother, and Sally's family, and all my other friends. We had a charming visit from Mrs. Hall; enjoyed every moment of it, and wish, if you see her in Cambridge, you would tell her that we made three hundred and seventeen dollars by our Fair; net gain, two hundred and seventy-seven dollars. Which altogether exceeded our expectations.

Yours affectionately,

A. J. LYMAN.

P. S. Little Edward is well. Ask his mother if she should like to have me get him some woollen socks, or if she has got all she wants for him in Boston.

Nothing new occurred while we were gone, except Mrs. Charles Dewey had a pair of twins. When I was in Pittsfield I inquired for those at the public house, and they were brought out for me to see; they are exactly alike, and very pretty. Judge Wilde sent me in a present, — Mrs. Cushing's Journal while in Europe, which you may have met with. We read it on our journey, and are much pleased with it. If it is not probable that you and Sally will light on it, I will send it. I am now in haste, for I am going to have Mrs. Dr. Blood and the Stearnses here this afternoon; likewise Mrs. Apthorp and Mrs. Sage.

How perfectly I recall my mother's delight in my Aunt Mary's twin babies! It was during this year, I think, that General Moseley, our only military hero, was thrown from his horse during a review, and broke his leg. He was carried into Warner's tavern, and spent many weeks in a room on the upper floor. I recall my mother's insisting, as soon as she heard the limb was set, that she must go and see him, and take the twins with her. She had them dressed in pink, and seated on the

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foot of his bed. "The sight of these twins can't mend his broken leg, but would mend a broken heart any time," she said.

My mother suffered severely from the ill health of both Joseph and Anne Jean. All her plans of life were formed for health, and the sight of severe suffering always distressed her immeasurably. Then, as she was apt at times to exaggerate symptoms, through her intensity of sympathy, and was rarely judicious in the use of remedies, her children avoided the mention of disease, whenever it was possible to do so.

In a letter to Cousin Abby, dated December 3, 1832, she pours out her sorrow for the sufferings of these two beautiful and noble young people. Speaking of Joseph, she says: —

"The idea of so young a person being under the necessity of acting the part of an invalid, and carrying about him a local infirmity which may last him through life, I sometimes feel to be almost insupportable."

Speaking in the same letter of the cholera, which had prevailed during the previous season, she adds: —

"We have had a great deal of anxiety on your account, ever since the cholera was known to be in your city. I am rejoiced to hear it has abated. It is a new form of trouble to me. In the summer season, there were a great number of people here from the cities, and all wondered that we did not conform our mode of living to the prospect of cholera, as they did in New York and other places. But your uncle and I both thought that we had better continue to do exactly what we had done, as that had preserved us in health so far; and we never made the slightest difference about eating or drinking, and you know we never were very luxurious livers. But a kind Providence has preserved us."

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, March 22, 1833.

I have the impression that I have written since I received any letter from C., except one that Tracy was so good as to write, and which I got at Boston. His mother and myself are both very much gratified that he has found favor in the eyes of our friends at Cincinnati; I feel very certain he never will prove himself unworthy of it. Anne Jean has probably written all about Jane's connection. She is going to be married in May, — perhaps not till the first of June. Mr. Brewer is a truly worthy young man, and we know he will make Jane happy; so we are happy. . . . Now, believing that you will not let my loud thoughts take air, even in your own family, I cannot help making the further remark relating to matrimony, that my opinion concerning Mr. ——'s connection with —— is unsatisfactory. I know —— is handsome and amiable, . . . but I did not perceive in her any of that intellectual acumen or moral dignity which I should think necessary to the happiness of such a man as Mr. ——. She may have formed habits of reflection, and acquired mental graces which were not conspicuous when she was young, and I hope she has; but if she has not, I think —— must live without much sympathy. . . . Now, in the case of Mr. ——, his wife has already been a fortune to him, besides being good-tempered and amiable. But such cases are very rare. I mourned over ——'s connection with ——, but I hear she makes him perfectly happy; and Anne Jean says, "don't be croaking over people's fates, reasoning as you do merely from abstract principles." . . .

Anne Jean is much improved since you knew her; I think I would not alter her in any respect, except to give her a sound constitution. She has, no doubt, extracted much good from her invalid state, and lives in the calm enjoyment of all rational and disinterested occupations, — such as teaching the children, working for the poor, keeping Sunday-school, reading, &c.; spends no time on dress, looks exactly

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like a nun, with quite as pale a face. She has not many congenial young friends here. I sometimes think it would be best to build up the waste places in her heart by a little more youthful sympathy; but then she would be at a much greater distance from me; and, as it is, we are just of an age, and I am her most congenial associate. Nor is it obvious that there are any waste places. But, you know, I think much of the education of the affections. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," is a command indicating of how much importance it was considered by the inspired psalmist; and it is a sufficient authority for the most watchful care, showing that the affections are a most essential element in the human character.

A. J. got a letter from Catherine to-day. I am sorry I never got the newspaper you were so kind as to send; but it did not reach me. Give my love to Mrs. Hentz and to all friends. We are sorry we are not to see Mr. Dana. When you write, tell me about the Walkers, Hentzs, &c., every thing that interests you, and about the children, to whom give my love. My children have just gone through a four days' examination at their school. They all send their love, — Jane in particular.

Your very affectionate

A. J. Lyman.

P. S. I think your father has been remarkably well and happy this winter. They have in every respect appeared comfortable. I see your father every day. He talks of his happiness as something that he realizes; and says, "Don't you see how much better off I am than Major Taylor?" I enjoyed seeing a great deal of M. when I was in Boston. She is the most improved young person I know of, and has secured herself the best of friends in Mr. and Mrs. Cary, — who say they never shall be willing to do without her till their children are all grown up. Mary Jones is going to Boston for a visit soon, and Jane, after she is married.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, March 28, 1833.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — When I first got home I was, of course, very much occupied, — I need not say how. And soon Mr. ——'s folks got aground, and came after me to pay them some attention, but they are now getting along nicely. They have not much resolution to meet difficulties in the onset, but they have patience and perseverance, and that always carries people along. I hope mamma got a letter I wrote rather more than a week ago. The badness of the travelling has prevented Joseph from going back as soon as he intended. He has been a constant source of entertainment to all of us, and produced the exercise of a great deal of laughing. I have sent you Mrs. Cushing's "Travels," and wish mother and you may derive as much entertainment from them as I did. I believe I have not read any thing since my return but Mr. Ware's book, — which I am delighted with, as another specimen of his beautiful mind, — and "Lord Collingwood's Letters," and "Cousin Marshall." I hope Miss Martineau will continue to write; I don't know of any kind of writing calculated to do so much good to common readers. I wonder if you have read the last "Christian Examiner;" if you have not, you must see what malignity and ill-will can suggest against that faultless work of Mr. Ware's, "The Formation of the Christian Character." I am glad you are able to hear Dr. Follen. I am sure he must be an interesting lecturer, though I do not care so much about the German literature as many people do. I think, if I were young and able to, I should not learn the language, but should devote much more time and attention to the best works in the English than is common for the young people of the present day.

I do not hear how Susan Howe is getting along with her school, but I hope well. I am very glad to hear Mary is enjoying so much at Philadelphia. The weather has been very fine here for a week past,

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and of course it is much warmer there. The travelling is still horrid, and I dread to have Joseph take this journey; but he thinks it won't do for him to stay any longer from the office. You must tell Emma I do not expect to be any thing but a drudge till after Jane is married, though I shall try and answer her kind letter one of these days. And tell her, if I had not heard her say she never meant to do any more work with her hands, I should beg she would come up and help me till next June. Margaret Emery was coming up to make me a visit from Springfield; but I shan't let her come till you are here, or Emma, or somebody that has time to enjoy her fine intellect, which, in the present state of my interests, would be lost on me. Give my love to Sally and her family. I hope she will get up here this summer. Give my love to mother and all friends.

Your affectionate sister,

A. J. LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, July 14, 1833.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I was much pleased to receive your letter of the 4th. Your repeated invitations to Anne Jean have not been unheeded, or passed over without much speculation. The chance to go with Mr. and Mrs. Peabody I consider a good one; or with Mrs. Cutter. But though we have thought much of it, both in connection with her health and likewise in connection with our desire to have her in your society, enlarging as well as increasing the fountain of good affections, still it requires an effort of resolution that I do not feel equal to at present. Her father says she may go if I think best. I cannot help remembering that it must be a long separation, and that her health is very indifferent, and that I should have great anxiety on her account, and great deprivation. For she is every thing to me in the way of a companion, as well as an assistant, and it would come hard to me to do without her. I have not the least doubt you would be satisfied with her, and find much sympathy and pleasure in her society. She has a serious

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and reflecting mind, and I know she would be much improved by enlarging her experience in such a tour. . . . This proves that I am wanting in a heart full of gratitude for the blessings I have; and I am induced to utter this portion of Pope's prayer: —

> "Save me alike from foolish pride,
> Or impious discontent,
> At aught thy wisdom has denied,
> Or aught thy goodness lent."

We feel very much delighted to hear that Sally is getting along, and that her baby was doing well. You did not say who she called her baby for; it is a very pretty name. I told Anne to write and say we hoped it would either be called Abby Greene or Anne Jean. But I think on such occasions people are right to follow their own judgment.

I am very glad you are pleased with Dr. Bancroft. There is no member of his family who is half as interesting as he is, and, notwithstanding his cracked voice and shaking head, there are few who in the vigor of youth can write so well. I am glad too that you realize the promise of her youth in Miss Beecher; I always thought she must be a most intelligent companion. Her "Essay on Education," which was published a few years since, was highly creditable to her, and gave me a high idea of her mind.

My sister Catherine is staying with me, and says nothing but the entire impossibility of her leaving an aged mother prevents her from accepting your kind invitation; for she has a great deal of enterprise about moving and journeying, besides, in this case, a great desire to see her friends. She sends her love to you, and says she shall lay up her invitation for a more convenient season, and that she is much obliged to you for it.

If Anne Jean gets the resolution to think she can undertake this journey, before the opportunity passes by, we shall promote it, with all our hearts.

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I went down to Springfield last week. I found Mrs. Colonel Dwight was dead, and Mrs. Howard quite unwell. She was very sensible of the importance of H. to her comfort. H. has improved essentially; she is very contented and happy.

Nobody can be more delightfully situated for her improvement and happiness than M. is. She is a very fine character, and the family she is in value her highly, and would not part with her for any consideration. When I look around upon your family, and see how good they all are, how respectable and how happy, and how capable of taking care of themselves, I am encouraged to believe and rely on the same sustaining Hand that has carried them along. Your father and mother, too, appear remarkably comfortable and happy, and he seems in every respect better than when you saw him.

You need not be surprised if Anne Jean should conclude to visit you. Of course I cannot urge it very much, but I never discourage any leaning she may have that way. She calls herself quite well now. She has lately returned from passing a week at Lebanon, but could not be induced to go to Saratoga. I believe an increased sensibility is one of the inseparable attendants of an indifferent state of health, the effect of which keen susceptibility induces a desire for retirement and reflection. It is the great counterbalancing gift which the infirmity of the body has the privilege to confer, that the mind, left free to its own contemplations, prefers the high and the intellectual, to the low pursuits which too often engross poor human beings. Anne Jean shrinks from a crowd, and has no particular fancy for accomplishments, except drawing, which occupation we discourage because it is unfavorable to health. From your account, your Catherine is very much in the state my S. has been in all summer. We have not been able to send her to school since May, from mere debility. I am very sorry to hear this account of C., for there is nothing more embarrassing to parents than to decide what is best for children in such a state. One thing is certain, they must have their liberty, and have very few

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requisitions made of them, and take such strengthening things as they can bear. I think port wine and bark have done S. a great deal of good.

A. J. LYMAN.

In the spring of 1833, our dear sister Jane was married to Stephen Brewer, and this marriage probably added more positive enjoyment to our family circle than any that ever occurred in it. For this sister was not, like most of the others, to be removed far from our vicinity. The village known as "Leeds," in later years, was then simply called the "Factory Village," and Mr. Brewer was the agent for the woollen manufactories there. He was a man of the finest feelings, and most reliable judgment in his dealings with men. And this made him the personal friend and care-taker of the whole little village under his charge. During the years that he was there, no justice of the peace was ever employed to settle difficulties in that place. His private influence was all they needed to keep them in order. His house stood at the top of the hill overlooking the village, with a charming grove of pines in front and at the side of it, where the winds made constant music. It was a most picturesque situation, and only a drive of four and a half miles from our door in Northampton. To go with father or mother in the chaise or carriage to see "Sister Jane," and have a frolic with our kind and genial brother-in-law, made one of the prime enjoyments of our childhood, and we often were left to pass the night, or stay a few days,—which was one of the most delicious treats to school children. And as we grew older, and had young friends and visitors, our dear sister and her husband made them also welcome to the hospitable home, and many are the bright recollections of those happy days at the Factory. Sister Jane had been a suffering invalid from her birth, but her perfect patience and entire disinterestedness prevented her ill-health from being any drawback to the spirits of the young people about her. She carried through life that blessed unselfishness, inher-

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ited from our dear father, which saved her from the worst crosses of life, though she had always to bear the cross of pain and weakness.

I remember well the months preceding her marriage, — the wedding haste of the dear Anne Jean, whose deft fingers made many a garment, the drives to the Factory to see the house, and the day before the marriage, when my mother took me, a child of ten years, out into the grove behind the house, and said, "Here, Susan, you will often come and have happy days. I want you to learn Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' here, for here you will understand it." And I learned it, then and there; and can never now repeat, "The groves were God's first temples," without recalling *those* groves, and all the joys connected with them. Who could have dreamed then, in those peaceful days, that the beautiful village would become that scene of ruin and disaster, which the calamity of 1873 made it?

In the autumn of 1833, Anne went to Cincinnati to pass the winter with Cousin Abby. It was indeed a heavy sacrifice to part with this beloved daughter even temporarily, for, in spite of her ill-health, her presence was of the utmost importance to the comfort of the whole family circle. But when did they ever fail to make any sacrifice that they believed to be for our good? Writing to Abby, in relation to Anne's going, my mother said, "It is an unspeakable effort for me to let her go, and one I could not make for any less beloved objects than herself and yourself."

How plainly I recall my dear father's voice, trembling with emotion, and his glistening eyes, as he told years afterwards one characteristic story of his parting with Anne for this long winter. He gave her fifty dollars, in ten gold pieces, for her pocket-money during the visit. That was a great deal in those times, — more than a hundred would be now; and Anne duly appreciated the gift, and thanked him warmly. When spring came, and he went to bring her home, she quietly handed him a beautiful purse she had knit for him, of silk, with steel beads; and in it he found the ten shining gold pieces he had given her at

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parting. She remarked simply that it had been a great comfort to her to have so much money by her all winter, as she had felt herself ready for any emergency; but that she had had no use for the money, and it was a happiness to her to return it to him, knowing how many people he had to provide for. Such was her tender consideration for him, at eighteen years.

During that winter, we children attended Mr. William Huntington's school, and in March our brother Edward left home, to go into a store in Boston. His loss was very great to the family circle. Yet all the young people were at the time busy in getting up a little drama called "The Queen of the Rose," to be acted in our long hall, as the "Lady of the Lake" had been, a few years before. And in the midst of all her cares, and her journey to Boston before her, to take her youngest son, my mother allowed the play to go on, and it was entirely successful.

Throughout this winter of our dear Anne's absence, how devoted our mother was to the education of her little children! It seemed as if she wanted to make up to them and console herself for the absence of the daughter who was the sharer of all her cares. I recall the beautiful winter evenings, when she gathered us after tea around the hall table, and read to us from Good's "Book of Nature," and a plentiful amount of English history, which she made so dramatic and impressive that in spite of Froude, and all the light of modern literature, it is difficult for us to think of "that old wretch, Henry the Eighth," as she always called him, in any other light than hers.

Judge Lyman to his son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, March 10, 1834.

MY DEAR SON, — We arrived safe home at half-past two of the clock on Saturday morning. We found the family all well. Susan and Catherine looked charmingly; they had not a moment's illness during

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our absence. Mrs. Carly and Elizabeth Brewer took kind care of them; they were all desirous that you should return with us, but it is necessary that you should leave us that you may be enabled to take care of yourself, and I hope and pray to deserve us the more. Mr. Huntington closed his school on Saturday, and Susan and Catherine are to remain for a while under your mother's instructions. I have been this afternoon to see Jane; she is quite well and has a fine daughter. Mr. Brewer is in ecstasy; thinks it uncommonly handsome; the old adage is "handsome is that handsome does." I hope they will take good care of it and inculcate goodness, that it may prove a blessing to them and an ornament to society.

I hope that you do not find your situation unusually irksome; that you continue to be cheerful, obedient, and virtuous, and that you may gain as many true friends as you have in this place. I wish you to attend church, usually with your sister Eliza and her family. After it becomes good walking, you may occasionally go over to your grandmother's.

I wish you to write me as often as you can, and tell me all about our friends and yourself. Mrs. Carly, Justin, Susan, and Catherine, send much love to you. Remember me most affectionately to your sister Eliza, her children, and brother Joseph.

In haste, I am your affectionate father,

JOSEPH LYMAN.

Postscript from Mrs. Lyman.

MY DEAR SON, — When I saw that father was about to despatch a quantity of white paper, I thought I would black a little more of it, though there are not many interesting details with which to entertain you. The bell continues to ring every evening, and people assemble every morning without a bell. Mrs. —— has been in to-day to say she is very tired of living here and seeing so much pretence of religion;

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but I told her I had found it convenient to keep a large cloak of indifference for all the disagreeable things that presented themselves before me, that I could not avoid; and if she would do the same I thought she would get along much better than by indulging a great deal of feeling on the subject as she seems disposed to do.

Elizabeth Brewer has left us, and we felt very sorry to part with her. In losing her I have lost E. Cochran too; they both deplored your loss very sincerely. May you always deserve their regard. Our little girls regularly set a chair for you at table, and a plate; this gives me some pain, but likewise much pleasure, for I know it to be an unaffected expression of their remembrance and affection, — and there is no part of the Christian rule I value more than that which prescribes brotherly love. "Love ye one another," — "for by this it shall be known that ye are my disciples." And though this command was not circumscribed by kindred ties, it may be allowed to begin in families, and expand itself over communities. . . .

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

MARCH 30, 1834.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — I have but little to tell you — I have been so much shut up — that can interest you. But I know sister Eliza will want to know how things are going on at the Factory. Jane has had the best of nursing, and when I went to see her yesterday I found, preparatory to Mrs. Munroe's leaving, she had got down stairs; had got into the bedroom next the parlor, and was cheerfully seated by the parlor fire, with Elizabeth devoted to her, and Mrs. Munroe quilting the baby a cradle quilt. The baby has had another name found to add to her value. Hannah is the name of Mr. Brewer's mother, and Hannah it must be. I for one have no objection to the name. Distinguished people have borne it, in both sacred and profane history. If

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she is as good as the mother of Samuel, or as wise and exemplary as Hannah Adams, it will be of little consequence what name she bears. Our little ladies send their love to you. They have gone this afternoon, with their father, to see sister Jane.

Mrs. Moseby Wright, who lived with and was housekeeper to Mrs. Napier, is dead, and I must attend the funeral. Give my love to sister Eliza and all the children.

Your affectionate MOTHER.

P. S. I shall soon send the remainder of your things and Joseph's.

I am afraid she did not altogether like the name of "Hannah," from the pains she took to prove how excellent it was.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, March 30, 1834.

MY DEAR ABBY,— . . . . . .

There are certain states of mind I never should wish to write in; and that state furnished me with an excuse for allowing a number of weeks to pass without writing to Anne Jean.

It was quite a blow to me to find, after I got to Boston, that Edward was to be withdrawn from the paternal roof. And while I was there I had to prepare him for the change of place, and my own mind for the event. I find, as I grow old, an increased reluctance to a separation from my children; and, if it were not that I consider discontent a very *great sin*, I am afraid I should, in this case, have become a victim. A third of Joseph's short life has been spent away from me, and it seemed very hard that Edward should go (probably never to return), when he was but fifteen years old; and he has always been so remarkably *kind* and *good* in all his feelings, and so desirous to make those around him happy, that it is impossible for us to forget the chasm produced in our family circle. I always have aimed to avoid magnifying the evils and

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inconveniences of my lot, and hope I do not attach too much consequence to these things. Indeed, I have too many admonitions in the fate of others to justify myself in complaint.

You will see in the Boston newspapers the death and character of young Dr. James Jackson, the son of the distinguished Dr. of that name. I wish you to notice it. It was written without any exaggeration. This death has shaken the earthly happiness of his family to its foundation, for he was their idol and *pride*. He was a friend of Joseph's, and through him I have been made acquainted with his worth. But speaking of it in relation to myself, I feel that I ought to be grateful that my children are alive, even if I cannot have the pleasure of living with them. It is a rare case, when parents are the favored instruments under Providence of creating and bringing to its highest perfection a human soul that is an honor to them, an honor to human nature, and, more than all the rest, an honor to his Maker. What an event in one's life to reflect upon! How much it must mitigate, while, at the same time, how much it must magnify, the intensity of feeling! *You* (as well as *I*) can bring it home to your own heart with a realizing sense.

I am sorry to find I have written so much on subjects that can have no interest for you; but you know my proneness to reflect my own thoughts upon paper when I write. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Love to all your household. Yours very affectionately,

A. J. L.

P. S. You must make up your mind to come back with A. J. and your uncle, taking little Catherine with you, and as many more of your family as you choose. Tell A. J. we have discovered her full value, and I don't know but we exaggerate it a little. There is nothing like absence to produce this effect. Our little ladies send a great deal of love to Catherine and her mother, and Anne Jean, and Isabella, and Cousin Charlotte.

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Judge Lyman to his son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, April 2, 1834.

MY DEAR SON, — We received Joseph's letter last evening, and were happy to hear that you were both well, and are also much pleased with your arrangement of writing every Sabbath. You are aware that we have no children with us except Susan and Catherine, and since you have left I have no one to aid me in attending to the little out-door concerns. Your own good was the only inducement to part with you, and it will be a source of great satisfaction to me to know that you are acceptable to your employers, and that your behavior is such as is peculiarly gratifying to your friends. I have noticed so often your diligence in studies and in business, that I think you will continue to deserve the reputation which you have acquired. Whenever you have any time, I wish you to revise your studies and preserve what you have acquired.

I have concluded to go to Cincinnati on the first week in May, and bring home Anne Jean. I have written her to that effect. I hope that no disastrous occurrence will prevent me.

Our County Commissioners are now sitting, and I am writing in the Court House amidst much talk about licensing taverners and retailers; those who encourage intemperance or keep disorderly houses will be prevented from doing further mischief. With us it is disgraceful to be seen at a tavern or retail-shop as drinkers or loungers. I am happy that it is so; the work of reformation goes on prosperously, and I am delighted that you are coming to manhood at a time when the vice of intemperance will be banished from the land. Be happy, my dear son; to be so — be virtuous.

We shall expect a letter from you on Monday night, next.

I am your affectionate father,

JOSEPH LYMAN.

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, April 6, 1834.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — There is so little passing that is worth making a record of, that if it were not that *love* and *sympathy* are ever present to a mother's heart, and are inexhaustible fountains from which the pen is always supplied with something to say to an absent child, — I say if it were not for these you would rarely hear from me. Your brother Sam has added to his treasures another daughter. A lovelier babe I never saw; it is really beautiful, though but two days old, weighing ten pounds. Almira appears remarkably well and comfortable. Poor Sister Jane is now having quite a trying time, and I have sent Mrs. Carly out to stay with her till she gets better. Her child is nicely. But she was not ready to part with her nurse; and I dare say she will soon be better, now that Mrs. Carly is with her, — who is very experienced in baby affairs. I dare say you saw Mr. Jones when he was down. I hope Mr. Powers got your things safely to you. I have not yet heard of your getting the apron and things contained in the first bundle. I hope you were careful to take the package for Miss Jackson to Dr. Jackson's house.

I wish some time when you are passing by print-shops you would go in and inquire for an engraving of Baron Cuvier; if there are any to be sold quite cheap, let me know. I have been reading his life, and should like to associate him (as I do many others of whom I read) with some particular expression and appearance, which I can do only by having a picture of him. The Baron Cuvier classes with the most exalted of God's works. He was two years younger than your father, and died two years ago. Perhaps no man living in the same age in any part of the world did as much good. No one could do more, for he passed his life in the most untiring industry, commencing under a conflict with poverty, which, however, rather brightened than repressed his native genius. And his success in the investigation of one science only stimu-

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lated him to the pursuit of another, until, at an early age, he became the greatest naturalist in the world; and was the chosen instrument of Napoleon Bonaparte for forming constitutions for the various literary institutions throughout his vast dominions, and for reforming and giving laws to all common schools. And it truly may be said of him that his superior knowledge and love of science were excelled only by his philanthropy, which led him sedulously to apply his hard-earned treasures of intellect to the various wants of man. The acquisition of information is in itself a pleasure, — it is feeding the better part of our nature — *our minds*. But the good does not end *here*. We must look on these intellectual treasures as we should on our property, and think, How can I apply them most usefully, and make them most serviceable to myself and my fellow-creatures? — "What can I do to reform the wicked and enlighten the ignorant?" is a question every one should put to himself, and it indicates a duty none are exempt from. Till we have reached maturity we are the daily recipients of favors. And the only acceptable mode of proving our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for such a provision of His bounty is in some humble manner to imitate Him, and do what we can to contribute to the *good* or the *happiness* of those around us.

Does Mr. Frothingham have a Sunday-school attached to his society? If he does, I wish you would tell me what he does in it, or has done; and whether your sister's children go.

Give my love to all, and believe me

Yours most affectionately,

A. J. LYMAN.

P. S. I had a long letter from Anne Jean last week. I am thinking she will see Mr. Henshaw this week. Your father will commence his journey the first week of May. Has your Cousin Harriet left yet? Give my love to her and Martha.

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, April 20, 1834.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — As letters from me do not depend on the variety of incident that occurs, so you will not lessen your expectations, because there is no new thing going on amongst us. I expect to devote myself this week to getting your father ready to go to Cincinnati. He will set out a week from to-morrow. I wish we were all going, it is such a beautiful season for travelling.

We were disappointed that we had no letters from Joseph or you last week. I should have written by your Uncle Edward, but I had no idea he was going to return so soon. Jane is very slowly getting better, and the baby likewise, who had become uneasy with its mother's sickness. Dr. Flint's family are recovering. . . .

We have had very warm weather, and a fine shower has made the country look beautiful. It seems as if one might enjoy every moment, the season imparts such cheerfulness to one's spirit; and every new flower that makes its appearance is only a new expression of a Heavenly Father's love and kindness, and seems to be calling on us for a new expression, or rather a renewed feeling, of love and gratitude to the Author of all our blessings, and furnishes us with continual lessons which we cannot refuse to extract good from, and

> "Instructs us to be great, like Him,
> Beneficent and active. Thus the men
> Whom Nature's works instruct with God himself
> Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
> With His conceptions; act upon His plan,
> And form to His the relish of their souls."

I did not mean to be poetical; but these beautiful, though simple, expressions of Akenside are forced upon my mind spontaneously by contemplating the subject of which they treat. I have but a shadow

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of the beauties of Nature near me, but a walk will furnish it at any time, and I am called to a good many rides.

Anne Jean sent me last week a prize tale, for which the author, Miss Harriet Beecher, obtained fifty dollars. I like it very much, and, after I have got Mr. Atwell to copy it into his paper, will send it to you, for I think your sister Eliza, and Joseph, and others, will be pleased with it. It was published in the "Cincinnati Magazine," without any of the cant that characterizes Orthodox publications, notwithstanding there is sickness and death and conversion in it.

Mr. Stearns gave us excellent sermons this morning and afternoon, on the importance of watchfulness of ourselves; spoke particularly of giving importance to trifles, and undue attention to external appearance, — thereby fostering personal vanity, which closes the mind to good and improving reflections. I dare say you hear a great many good preachers, besides Mr. Frothingham. Does he have a Sunday-school?

Give my love to all sister Eliza's family, and all other friends.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE spring of 1834 was a sad one in our family annals. My father went to Cincinnati to bring home our dear Anne; and my mother occupied herself in gathering together all the children in the neighborhood, who were deprived of a school by Mr. Huntington's departure, and teaching them herself, until some new teacher should appear. But very soon she was summoned to Enfield, on account of the illness of my sister Mary, who died only ten days after the birth of a son. It was a bitter grief to have to communicate to the absent ones; and my mother wisely kept it out of the newspapers, hoping they might reach home without hearing of it by the way. It was a long and weary journey by stages from Cincinnati to Northampton, and she had much anxiety for the delicate Anne Jean in taking it. After they had left Albany, and were in the stage for Pittsfield, a neighbor from Northampton entered, and expressed condolence with my father on the recent death of his daughter. The shock to both of them was severe, and, in the shattered condition of Anne's health, the manner of hearing it affected her sensibly, as well as the loss of the sister to whom she was so tenderly attached.

Not long after their return home came the added sorrow of brother Dwight's death, at a moment when they were looking for his return, after a two years' absence in China. I will not dwell on this sorrowful summer. My mother's letters were full of sadness for many months, and she felt keenly the heavy trials that had fallen on my father. She mentions in one letter, that, though they deeply regretted

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the illness of a young friend who was staying with them, it had consoled Anne and herself to be allowed to take care of her. They passed a very quiet summer, reading the same books, weeping together over the heavier sorrows of others, and devoted to the most tender and affectionate intercourse after their long separation, — the chief trial of the present, aside from the family grief, being the fact that Anne's health had sensibly declined within the year.

In August, my father's only brother, our Uncle Lyman, died, and again she writes to Abby: —

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, August 22, 1834.

MY DEAR ABBY, — For the past season you have continually heard of the increased indisposition of your father. I have now to communicate that he has terminated his mortal career, and that we followed him yesterday to the silent grave, where he was laid by the side of her to whom he had given his earliest and best affections. Our clergyman, Mr. Stearns, officiated with great solemnity; and, when we got to the grave, made such remarks on the mortality of all around, and on the inevitable destiny of man, which was sooner or later to bring us to the same point, that, had there been any want of seriousness or lack of tears, he would have caused them to flow.

The day that Anne Jean wrote you last, my Edward, who was on a visit to us then, carried your father to take a ride of several miles, and he said riding refreshed him, and made him feel better. Your uncle and Justin have carried him, whenever he felt able to go, all summer. But ten days before his death, when Justin went to take him to ride, it was impossible to get him into the chaise, with the assistance of another man, he was so very weak; and from that time he grew weaker daily, and your uncle found a man to go and watch by him, day and night, till he died, at twelve o'clock in the evening, on the 20th of this month.

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We (your uncle and I) left him at nine in the evening, and thought he might continue till morning. He knew us; spoke quite strong; said he was in no pain, and believed he was better. Just at twelve, he asked for a cup of tea, and, while they were getting it, ceased to breathe, without a struggle. The Sunday previous, we thought he would not continue through the day, and your uncle asked him if he was willing to die, when he answered, "I am always ready. I can always say, as Watts did, —

> 'I go and come; nor fear to die,
> When God on high shall call me home.'"

His mind, I think, has been much clearer for the last year or two than when you were here, and I have felt sorry that you could not witness the tranquil happiness he seemed to enjoy; being able to extend his view beyond the "dark valley of the shadow of death," a glorious prospect beyond it seemed to be lighted up. When I said to him, "You have done a great many kindnesses and charitable actions in the days of your prosperity," he answered me, with his habitual self-forgetfulness, "A great many people have been kind and friendly to me," — never reverting to the many who had been thoughtless and unkind, or, to say the least, forgetful.

Your mother has been much exhausted by sleepless nights; and, when I asked her to return from her solitary dwelling with us for a week or two, she said she must remain alone, while she should be permitted to stay in the house, and recruit herself.

As to your sisters, I know that children who are brought up in moderate circumstances may be better brought up than the children of the wealthy, generally speaking; though this is not infallible.

I have two young ladies, wards of Dr. Robbins's, who have been staying with us for the last three weeks, — Sarah Perkins and Elizabeth Spring. An income like Miss Perkins's would seem to preclude a disinterested, self sacrificing zeal for the good of the distressed; and yet she *is* very disinterested and lovely, and *as good as she can be*.

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I hear Martha's health is improving. I was very sorry I could not induce her to stay with us this summer.

Anne Jean desires her love to you, Mr. Greene, your children, and sisters. She went to your father's and stayed all day, and assisted your mother when she would allow her.

Your affectionate aunt,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, October 26, 1834.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I have just returned from Boston. I have a strange and bewildering sensation left on my mind by this visit, in which the joys and sorrows I was called to mingle were so rapidly alternated that one could hardly dry one's tears before being called upon to engage in scenes of mirth and festivity. This is, perhaps, only a fair specimen of human life and its vicissitudes; and those who can sustain themselves best, under the various transitions they are called to meet with, and are so fortified by strength of principle as to pursue their course in the undeviating path of duty, may truly be said to be Christians and philosophers.

When I first got to Boston, I attended the wedding of my brother James. This I was most happy to do. In the first place, I liked the connection; but, more than all, because it saved him from a bachelor's life, which I most sincerely deprecate. Miss Coffin made an elegant supper on the occasion, and, as she lives in a very fine house, it was not difficult to collect a goodly company, and we had a very good time, and all went off well. But the next day, one of my brother's adopted children died. She was the eldest, and had made me a long visit this summer. The same house received the same guests at a wedding and a funeral within a week.

After this was over, I went to Cambridge to stay with mother, and, if possible, to help Mrs. Howe. Last Thursday we collected a large

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number of the *lights* of the present age, and Susan and Hillard were married. Judge Story, Mr. Sparks, Mr. James Savage, old Dr. Ware, his son Henry, the Quincys, Prof. Norton, Prof. Farrar, with their families, and many lesser lights, to the number, I believe, of near a hundred, were collected on the occasion, and Mr. Gannett performed the ceremony in a most delightful manner. We had a very delightful evening for those who had to ride into town, — that is, a bright moon, and very mild.

I am going to hope that you will come to Boston or Providence to live, for the benefit of the health of all of you, and leave the trials behind. Anne Jean says I must hurry, for there is company in the parlor. When you write, tell us what you hear of Mr. and Mrs. Hentz.

Yours in haste, with great affection,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

The marriage of one of her favorites, Sally Lyman, to Mr. Richard L. Allen, was the next joyous event to call for her sympathy, after the sorrows of the previous spring. In one of her letters at this time, she says: "There are few like Richard Allen in the world. He is an admirable person."

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, January 4, 1835.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — I should have written to you by Mr. Wright a week since, but your father and Anne Jean were both inclined to write, and I thought I would defer it until the present time. We have had quite an exciting week. Mr. Allen was here a week beforehand, and, as the paper has shown you, was married last Tuesday evening. We were invited to the ceremony, and left before the evening party arrived, which was very large. I heard more than a hundred were invited, and nearly as many there. Anne Jean did all the crying for all the com-

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pany; just as your Aunt Howe always does at weddings. I heard that after we left there was a great deal of fun and comic acting by Christopher Clarke, which Mr. Cogswell said was as good as Matthews in Boston. The day of the wedding I had them all here to dine, — I mean the gentlemen: Mr. Allen and his father, and Judge Hinckley, and a few others. I had the families to take tea here before the wedding, and now I believe I have done my part; they know I can't make a party for them, and will not expect me to. We have visited with them, but no other company, at Mr. Lewis Strong's, and they were promised a party at Mr. Theodore's; but last night's paper brought the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Strong's brother, and I think she will have to defer it, till Mr. and Mrs. Allen make a visit here at some future time. Tell Joseph they will be in Boston in about a fortnight, and you and he must call on them if you get time. I wish you would let your Aunt Revere know that Mr. Lewis Strong and son are in Boston this winter. . . .

Miss Caroline Phelps is staying here for a few weeks, so that Anne Jean may not be entirely companionless; and A. J. likes to assist her about her studies. Her sister Sarah is staying this winter with Mrs. Hinckley.

We had a New Year's sermon from Mr. Stearns to-day; the subject was the value and importance of time, — that is, a right improvement of it. I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Stearns is one of the very best preachers of the present day, not even excepting any of the Boston gentlemen of his profession. I hope there will not be anybody from abroad to hear him, from a vacant parish, for I am sure they would think him amongst the most desirable to be found in our land.

Give my love to Joseph, sister Eliza, and all the children. Tell her, notwithstanding the cold weather, Jane was in to attend meeting with Mr. Brewer, and seems in very good health; as is the baby now. And they are now well at Sam's.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

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P. S. Anne Jean wants you to get two large-sized doll's heads, and send up by Dr. Austin Flint. You can put them in a little ribbon-box.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Martha Cochran.

NORTHAMPTON, January 12, 1835.

MY DEAR MARTHA, — . . . . . .

Tell dear L. I cannot say how much I am obliged to her for her kindness and the books which I received two days since; but I have not had time yet to read them.

Anne Jean and Miss Caroline Phelps, who is staying with her, read to me the "Last Days of Pompeii." I beg you will read it, for it has powerful description in it, partaking of the sublime. But it is altogether the most sacrilegious thing that ever was penned. The whole reminds me of Mr. Frisbie's description of Lord Byron's "Works." The effect of Bulwer's writings I think very much the same; but this one more strikingly than any of the others. "The desolate misanthropy of his mind rises and throws its dark shade over his writings like one of his own ruined castles; we feel it to be sublime, but we forget that it is a sublimity it cannot have, till it is abandoned by every thing that is kind, and peaceful, and happy, and its halls are ready to become the haunts of outlaws and assassins." On the whole, he leaves an impression unfavorable to a healthful state of mind, which is to be deprecated and shunned.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

MARCH 30, 1835.

. . . George Davis has sent me the "Recollections of a Housekeeper," which is certainly a most amusing thing, and one that all country housekeepers have a feeling sense of. The children have read it to me, much to my entertainment.

I was greatly obliged to you for sending "Silvio Pellico." The his-

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tory of his feelings is an ample illustration of the doctrine of sympathy, though I think Mr. Roscoe made a great mistake in not giving some sketch of his previous life, and the political state of the country that should produce such calamities. Most young readers would be entirely in the dark as to the cause of his imprisonment, from what little is said in the preface about it. I have not had a chance to read "Philip Van Arteveldt" yet.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, September 13, 1835.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — I cannot let Mr. Henshaw go without taking a few lines, to assure you that you are constantly remembered. My attention has been a good deal taken up the last week by Mrs. Watson, who came on Monday, and is to leave to-morrow. She has stayed with Mrs. Dwight, but has visited me daily, and I have carried her to Amherst, and went so far as to promise to go on the mountain with her; but fortunately the day appointed was so very foggy, that it was impossible to go. Then there has been a family of Longfellows from Portland, very interesting, agreeable people; they had a daughter with them, who married a Mr. Pierce, formerly in the law-school here.

I went up this evening to see Mrs. Bliss. I never have seen her when she was so perfectly beautiful; she had the color given by a slight fever. Her eyes were very bright, and she was excited by seeing me, and by having Mrs. —— by her side, who had just come in and had burst out crying, for the sake of a scene; and in the midst of it all the doctor, whom she seems much delighted with. But it was the glow of strong emotion which irradiated her whole face, and presented her perfectly beautiful. I do really think she may get well now; she has had a temporary interruption, which she is fast recovering from. Miss Stearns has been sick a week; she has now recovered, and dined here with Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Friday; and Mrs. Whitmarsh and husband joined them in the afternoon.

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We have had Mr. Noyes to preach all day; he preached finely this morning on the justice of God, and this afternoon on cultivating right affections towards each other,— showing, what I have always said, that if we have nothing else to give, we can be rich in good affections, and bestow them where they are wanted, and will do good. I have felt the value of a smile of cordiality, and could realize all that he had to say on that subject. I know what a balm it may be to a wounded or a too deeply humbled spirit.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitmarsh are going to sail about the same time that I hear Mr. and Mrs. Blake are; I wish they might go together. Allen Strong is going with them. I am sure Mrs. Blake would be delighted with Mrs. Whitmarsh. She says she should be perfectly happy if Anne Jean were going with her, and I believe she would. When you conclude what you are going to do for the future, Edward, let me know. . . .

It is so late I cannot write another word. Mr. Professor Hitchcock has commenced a course of geological lectures, in which there seems to be a good degree of interest.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

In September of 1835, came off a great celebration at Bloody Brook, South Deerfield, on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the fall of "the Flower of Essex," at the hands of the Indians. Mr. Edward Everett was to be the orator of the occasion; and my mother and Anne had looked forward to it for weeks and months. The beautiful and accomplished orphan daughters of a distinguished lawyer in Connecticut had, some time before, taken up their abode in Northampton; and, to find music-scholars for the elder sister, and make her own house a pleasant resting-place to them at all times, was now one of my mother's many deep interests. The second sister, after an absence of a year, had now returned to die.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Cochran.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1835.

MY DEAR MARTHA,— You will perceive by the date that this is the eventful day which has excited so much expectation; and, after all, neither Anne Jean nor myself are enjoying Mr. Everett's address. You will probably say, "What a disappointment!" Indeed, it would be, if it were not merged in a much greater. Our friend, Mrs. B., is just dying on our hands, and, if Anne Jean and I were to leave them, there would be no one to take our places, and these young sisters are now in a state that they must have some one to support them through the trial, for they are entirely prostrated by it. Mrs. H. got here a week since, with all the effects of fever and ague upon her. The Thursday following, Mrs. B. experienced, after a dreadful paroxysm of coughing, a very sudden prostration of strength, and has never felt any power in her limbs since, to move them, or any sensation but weight. This state of things, of course, is an infallible indication of dissolution; and any account I can give of the effect this produced upon the sisters must appear so much like exaggeration, that it is not best to use any but general terms, and say they are paralyzed by it.

N. received your note and the fruit. Every expression of kindness is grateful to her feelings, and she was much affected by this proof of your continued interest and remembrance.

Since I have been writing, Anne Jean has informed me that she had begun a letter to you, and I shall let her send hers by mail, and let mine wait for an opportunity. It cannot be many days before you hear of Mrs. B.'s death. She has had great comfort in Mr. Stearns's daily prayers; often requests him to pray that she may be resigned to God's will, at the same time assuring him of her wish to live. Last night her reason was very clear, after a faint turn which I thought would end her existence in a very few moments; and she spoke beautifully of the Providence which had, under every trying circumstance, sustained

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her youth, and raised up friends for her under every calamity. Anne Jean has been able to stay by her in the daytime, with the assistance of another, and I have been able to watch three times out of five nights, and shall continue to devote myself to her while she lives. Mrs. Hunt, too, has done all she could, by day and by night. Eliza Seeger has watched once.

October 1. To-day Mrs. B. has but little reason, and it does not make any difference who is with her. Dr. Austin Flint is greatly afflicted at the result of his care; has sat up all night with her, and been as unwearied as if she were his own wife; has carried his father to see her several times, and is still of the opinion that she is not consumptive, as is his father. But it makes no difference what occasions disease, if the result must be death. I do not know that I ever have had a friend sick, when I felt such an intense desire that they should recover, as in this case. Mrs. B. had, after many dark and troubled days, arrived at a sunny spot in her existence, the radiance of which was strongly reflected upon the destiny of her sisters. I regret that I was not earlier acquainted with her, and have not done more for her; but you know, when she was with the ——s, she was out of my way. And Anne Jean's health prevented her from doing any thing about anybody, unless it were the poor or the sick. She is now inexpressibly afflicted by Mrs. B.'s state, and would sacrifice any thing to her comfort.

I suppose C. will go with her sister, Mrs. H., to Buffalo. She is a good little lamb, and I hope something will occur to screen her from the coldness of a heartless world; for she has a degree of sensibility that will make her peculiarly susceptible to the trials she is likely to be exposed to. Oh, how I wish there were an asylum for all the unhappy and unfortunate orphans within my sphere! and that it were my destiny to preside over it and make them comfortable!—endowed, at the same time, with that heavenly-mindedness and Christian benevolence which would give efficiency to the desire. As I am, I

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need not ask to take care of any more people's happiness than has fallen to me.

Mr. Everett satisfied the expectation of all who heard him, I am told.

Love to your mother and sisters,

And believe me, truly yours,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. You know the conflicting interests that ever await my destiny. After I returned from watching, this morning, I was informed that Miss Martineau would be here, and I should have the pleasure of her company to dine, together with that of Mr. Everett and Mr. Brooks.

October 2. Mrs. B. is still living, but I think will not be when this reaches you.

In the late autumn of 1835, our dear Anne was seized with a rheumatic fever, which prostrated her entirely for two months. Her heavenly patience under suffering, and her great energy and efficiency in the few intervals of comparative health she enjoyed, made her frequent illnesses a source of the deepest sympathy in the family circle.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, January 24, 1836.

MY DEAR ABBY, — When Anne Jean was very sick, I did not wish to write at all, besides not having time; for I preferred that your first intelligence should be of her recovery. *That* you have heard from herself, through Susan, though she was so long confined it seemed as if we never should bring her to a state of convalescence. She thinks, if she had returned with you to Cincinnati, she should have escaped this fever, and perhaps she might. But I am something of a believer in destiny, and cannot feel so sure of that. I ever have experienced the alternations of joy and sorrow, and have learned to find solace in weighing the sufferings against the consolations of our condition. The

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moral nature, I suppose, bears some analogy to physical nature, and its wants to that of the physical world; and we all know that the alternation of storm and tempest with sunshine and bland zephyrs is indispensable to the latter, and we have equal reason to believe that adversity, as much as prosperity, is a necessary discipline of the former. To learn to bear whatever Heaven sends, and to feel that it is right, is all that is required in the way of submission.

Anne Jean was confined to her room two months; the last part of the time she took a short ride every day. I endeavor to believe that her constitution is to be greatly renovated and improved by this fever; but may be disappointed. She had Estes Howe's friend, Austin Flint, for her doctor. Mrs. Howe wrote me that Estes had not got any patients as yet, and it is hardly to be expected that he would, the first six months. But I am strongly in hopes that he will do well by waiting.

I am very desirous to hear if Miss Harriet Beecher is married, and all that occasions any sensation among you.

I dare say Estes has received a letter from his mother, giving him an account of Lucy Ashmun's death, which, as she has lived with her many years, was a very affecting circumstance to her. Lucy died on the 16th of this month. She had been in the habit of going downstairs every day, until Friday, when she thought she felt too weak to rise. Her brother spent the afternoon with her, and, though they talked a great deal, she did not advert to dying. But, early on Saturday morning, she passed away in sleep, without a motion or struggle, just as her brother Hooker did. She had every thing to make her comfortable. Mrs. Spelman and her daughter made common cause with Mrs. Howe in doing every thing for her comfort. These two ladies are very charming women; and I think, if Harriet should ever come to live in Cincinnati, you will be very much delighted with her.

How is Tracy, your sister Sally, the Peabodys, and Mr. Bartol getting along?

. . . . . .

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We have just been reading Sparks's second volume of "Washington's Life," and are delighted with it. I never before have realized how much he must have encountered from his earliest youth, forgetting all the convenient and comfortable things an ample fortune and good home would furnish him with, while he was living in the most comfortless manner, eating for months what the meanest slave would complain of as a hardship. How much our children ought to learn from such an example in application to the common affairs of life! and what a beautiful illustration is his life of the power of self-denial and self-discipline!

I hear often of Joseph and Edward. The latter has recovered, made us a visit, and returned. Eliza has been well this winter, but her children have not.

Your affectionate aunt.

P. S. My little ladies and Anne Jean send much love. A great deal of love to my nephews and Tracy's wife.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, July 11, 1836.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Mr. Stone of Dayton called here in passing, and was kind enough to say that he would take a letter for us. I should have devoted the short space he gave me to writing, but I wanted to take him to see Mrs. Rogers, as he would be likely to see her sister when he got home; and that has left me but a few minutes for the pen. Mrs. Rogers has been here about three weeks; her calm loveliness has an attraction for every one, though none seem to feel the power of it as Anne Jean and myself do. In *her*, beauty seems to be the real type by which moral qualities are expressed in the outer man. And if it were proved to be a false one, how entirely would it lose its power over us! When I see Mrs. Rogers, I can't help thinking how one particle of affectation or artificiality in any of its forms would mar

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this pure emblem of virtue. And her children seem to be after the same pattern. With such treasures, Mr. Rogers cannot know the *bitterness* of poverty.

When I was in Boston, in May, I saw your sisters every day. Martha was well, and happy in her condition. Mrs. Cary has a son, her seventh child.

Mr. Pierpont will be at home in August. Their youngest daughter is at the same school where my children are; with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln of Deerfield. They are accomplished scholars, and we are pleased with the situation for our children. Miss Stearns was obliged to leave here on account of her health, which left us no school but the Seminary. Mrs. Cochran and her daughters have bought the cottage Sally Woodard lived in when you were here, and we think them an acquisition to our society. I have lost my dear young doctor, which is a very serious loss to me; because, besides his society as a friend, there is no one in his profession here whom I have had the same confidence in. He was the only one who continued to be a student, and who was interested in the modern journals; besides being the best surgeon we had. He has gone West, in the hope of meeting with some elderly physician who would like a partner, and like to establish a small medical school, such as he has taken care of here with his father. If there is any such want in your place, I beg you will inform me. I do not hear how my nephew succeeds with you. But I have been disposed to the opinion that he would not remain in C. on account of the young lady he is to marry. And I doubt if Tracy will remain there always, though I have not seen him yet. Give my love to Estes; tell him, if he has any information to give Dr. ——, he must address him at Buffalo, for the ensuing six weeks. Mrs. Rogers sends a great deal of love to yourself, sisters, and Mr. Greene. Says there is no place on earth she should like to live in so well as C. I do not feel sure, if an opportunity should occur, but Anne Jean might be induced to go to you in the autumn, if her father feels as if he could afford it.

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

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Mrs. Lyman to Dr. Austin Flint.

NORTHAMPTON, July 14, 1836.

DEAR AUSTIN, — Your friends here begin to feel very anxious to hear from you, though in ten days' time they could have no reason to think they should. When you had been gone a week, there was a private opportunity offered us, and your sister, Mr. ——, and myself wrote, being religiously determined that no private opportunity should escape us. I believe I did not mention *then*, though I intended to, that you left several letters behind, among others Dr. Gallop's; and that Mr. Lyman enclosed them and sent them by Morris Butler, who may not be in B. for some time yet. I dare say when this reaches you, that you may not have received the package by Mr. Stone, for I found out after he was gone that he expected to linger on the way. Mr. Huntington will be accompanied by Mr. ——, Miss ——'s devoted friend, who has just been to visit her, with what success Mr. H. can best inform you. All I can learn is that he is determined to persevere. So much for the power of almighty love. But I am afraid he will not. I am afraid that she has an invincible indifference, and is indisposed to make any sacrifices to the circumstance of matrimony; not believing *that* to be the infallible means of happiness, any more than school-keeping. In this view she is right in the abstract; and still it is one of the elements belonging to the plan of human destiny, out of which much good or evil may be extracted according to its fitness and adaptation, and in that respect is like all the other raw material of which human happiness is made. And we have really no reason to complain, for a little observation will show us "good counteracting ill, and gladness, woe," continually; and the circumstances we most deplore are often the spring of our greatest blessings.

I feel sensibly the deprivation of the sight of those cheerful faces I have seen so often for the last fifteen months, to say nothing of the

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angel-baby. But the pleasures of the mind ought to be as great as the pleasures of sight; and I can say to you as I do to my own sons, If I can contemplate them happy and useful, and respectable in their vocations, an honor and not a disgrace to their friends, I will give up the pleasure of seeing them.

I do not think of any thing in particular to communicate that will interest you. Susan and M. Cochran were here last evening, and they are all well at your father's. I have written twice to Anne as opportunities have offered, but have not yet heard from her; for she knows I do not expect she will be particular to answer my scrawls, which have been written only to inspire her with a new supply of strength and contentment with her destiny.

In haste, yours,

A. J. LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Dr. Austin Flint.

NORTHAMPTON, July 18, 1836.

MY DEAR AUSTIN, — When there is any kind of excitement amongst us, you know it comes like an overwhelming torrent. This has been the case last week. On Thursday Mr. Webster came here, I believe with the intention of leaving the next day. But Mrs. Webster was taken quite ill, and required a physician, and he was obliged to remain until she recovered, which was not until the following Monday. Of course, as he was well, and his daughter who was with him, there was a chance for a great deal of glorification, in which we as usual bore a *distinguished part.* On Friday, Mr. Bates and myself held a council on what was proper to be done by the ladies, and agreed there must be a party that would include everybody that ever visits, and who would be gratified to see Mr. Webster and daughter; and he consented that it should be at his house in the evening. During the day, Mr. Lyman and Mr. Bates were to ride with the man whom the people are delighted to honor, and show him whatever was worthy to be seen;

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and in the evening an assembly at Mr. Bates's. The next morning, the young gentlemen and ladies rode on horseback and in carriages to Mount Warner, and home under Mount Holyoke and the Ferry, and in the evening assembled at my house; while the elder gentlemen took a late dinner at the Mansion, given in honor of Mr. Webster, who came also in the evening. Mr. Webster listened with absorbed attention to your sister's playing, an hour and a half, and said he was rarely so much entertained by a lady's music; and added, "I could have loved her had she not been fair," — making, very gallantly, the quotation from one of her prettiest songs.

Only think of supposing that you will get home-sick and dispirited if you are not written to! I should like to punish you a little for letting Mrs. Huntingdon come away without a line to somebody to say that you had a pleasant or unpleasant journey; that the first impression was joyous or grievous; that you had borne the separation from the loved ones manfully or otherwise. I wish we had kept A. and baby here a few weeks, for then we should have been sure of hearing from you. But I was delighted with what Mrs. H. told me; only that I wanted it from yourself.

After lingering five weeks, Mr. Stearns's child died on Tuesday evening, in a most suffering state. Your father and myself were with it. The parents are exhausted and sick, and we hope to get them to take a journey. Dr. Bancroft happened to stop here for a visit, and officiated at the funeral, and will send Mr. Peabody up from Springfield to preach on Sunday. Thus the vicissitudes of this life are ever proving to us that "This is not our rest." But there are some joys which nothing can deprive us of, — our peace of conscience, and sense of doing right;

> "What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
> The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy:
> 'Tis Virtue's prize;
> Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives."

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I am told Buffalo furnishes an epitome of the grossest vices of the largest cities. If you stay there, you will have often an opportunity of acting the part of minister at large, or missionary. And you must never forget that every opportunity of doing good is a golden privilege; inasmuch as it furnishes us with the chance to imitate Him "who came to minister, and not to be ministered unto." Our worldly and our spiritual interests are so beautifully harmonized, that every thing we do contributing to the latter may likewise be made tributary to the former. Your profession, like that of a clergyman, furnishes the power for a wide diffusion of every thing that is useful, morally as well as physically. To be seen at church every Sunday is an unequivocal manifestation of your respect for the institution of the Sabbath; the instructions and reflections of which occasion lie deeply at the foundation of both morals and religion. I know of no way to nourish spiritual life in the soul but to "feed it with food convenient for it." 'Tis the day for balancing our accounts with conscience, and laying in a new stock of wise reflections for future use; which want replenishing as often as one day in seven, or Heaven would not have appointed such a use for a seventh part of our time.

July 23. Since the above was written, many things have occurred deeply interesting to my feelings. My friend, Mrs. John Howard, of Springfield, has died as she has expected to, — under the most aggravated circumstances that a woman can leave the world. She never gave birth to her child; but died in the effort. In this dreadful manner have six of my youthful contemporaries departed this life; though some of them were advanced, as was Mrs. ——. This morning I received a letter from dear Anne Flint, which was unexpected, I assure you; for I thought, with the baby not very well, she had enough to do without writing to any one but her husband; and I knew she would be faithful to that duty. She expresses much pleasure in the idea that you are encouraged as it regards your future prospects. I am delighted

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that you realize your anticipations. We never can have unmingled pleasure in seeing and being near our friends, unless we can see them prosperous to a certain extent, and happy. That you always may be so, and deserve to be so, is the ardent wish of my heart.

I passed all day yesterday in your father's society, at Mr. C. P. Huntington's, who has another son. I have seen your sister S. this morning. She was just going to take a ride to Belchertown to pass the day. She says the terms of existence are much mitigated to her by having a good domestic; they are all well at your father's. What shall I say in extenuation of the crime of writing such a long and unprofitable epistle? But no matter; by an effort of imagination you can convince yourself that it is written by an affectionate mother after her first separation from an amiable and much-loved son.

I think, if you remain in Buffalo, you will find no difficulty in getting the organ for —— to play upon.

Yours affectionately,

A. J. Lyman.

In the foregoing letter, my mother tells Dr. Flint that his sister said, "the terms of my existence are much mitigated," &c. This young girl never could have made use of *that expression;* and this her correspondent knew. My mother and her sister, Eliza Robbins, had both of them a wonderful use of language. I never have heard any thing at all like it. To repeat the things they said always makes them sound pedantic; but in their mouths this was never the case. As late as the summer of 1856, in Cambridge, my mother took her granddaughter, Hannah Brewer, to the window, and described in most glowing language the change in the appearance of the Common; beginning, "Formerly, Hannah, this green expanse was only an arid waste;" and going on as if she were making a speech. And the same summer, when I was crossing the Common with her, she stopped suddenly, looked at the little trees with their growing foliage, and exclaimed,

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"Oh, Susanna! I *have* crossed this Common under the vertical rays of a meridian sun, when I have sighed 'for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless *contiguity* of shade.' But, thank God, that time has passed."

It is related of my Aunt Eliza, that once, being on a visit to the poet Bryant, she remained alone in his study; when a cabinet-maker brought home a chair that had been altered. When Mr. Bryant returned, he said, "Miss Robbins, what did the man say about my chair?" "That the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted," said Aunt Eliza, scarcely lifting her eyes from the book she was reading. "What a fine fellow," said Mr. Bryant laughing; "I never heard him talk like that! Now, Miss Robbins, what *did* he say?" "Well, he said 'It joggled just right,'" said my aunt.

In the "Life of Catherine M. Sedgwick," in a letter from Miss Sedgwick to Mrs. Minot, on page 320, occurs this reference to my Aunt Eliza: —

"I called to see Miss Robbins on my way home. She lamented her brother's death with the eloquence of an old Hebrew. If your eyes were shut, you might have fancied that it was a supplemental chapter of Job. It was a holy rhapsody on life and death. I thought I should have remembered some of it, but I might as well have caught a pitcher of water from the Falls of Niagara, — its force carried it away."

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, September 25, 1836.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — . . . When you spoke of but just coming to the conviction of what Sunday was for, it reminded me of what I have often said, "that, though *precept* is good, *experience* is a better teacher still." You always have seen and felt that it was a day to acknowledge and worship a Heavenly Father, and learn what our duty to him is. But now your experience teaches you to realize, that in addition

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to those duties there is another design in it; and on that day a man may rest from his labors and give himself up, while resting the body, to holy meditation, and to balancing the accounts of his conscience, seeing wherein he can improve upon the past week; and with the aid of such reflections he may extract much good from the circumstances which have occurred to him. Many think that books are the only source of improvement; but the affairs of this life, while they enlarge our experience, may continually administer to our improvement by proper reflections, — and books can be of no use without reflection, though most valuable auxiliaries with it. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," was a wise admonition from our wisest and best of friends. In those few words are contained a great many valuable principles. It may be interpreted, Keep your affections pure; avoid all pleasures that are sinful, and hurt the soul: there are endless pleasures which are innocent, and improve it. Cultivate a sense of the presence of an All-seeing Eye, one whom you would not for the world offend.

Now I am in too much pain to sit long to write; it is two months since I have known any long interval from pain. I was three days divested of it, and wrote all my friends I had got well; but at the end of that time it returned with renewed violence, though not at all as I had it last winter, and the year before. I continue to take quinine, and use the same remedies I did under Dr. A. Flint's care; but I dare say it will hang on three months as usual.

A young man from Buffalo says the doctor has magnified himself greatly by his success in the case of a very bad fractured skull, and reducing a dislocated hip of long standing; and thinks he has already distinguished himself very much for the time he has been there.

Miss Tyng comes often to see me, and I enjoy her very much. I think she will stay some time longer.

I was sorry to hear Mr. Blake and wife had gone, as a last resort, to the Maverick House. Give my love to all friends, and believe me the greatest pleasure of my life is the belief that my children are good,

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and an honor to their parents. When I am in the most severe bodily pain, I can say with heartfelt satisfaction this is nothing, when I think of those whose children are a source of daily tears.

In this last letter to my brother Edward, my mother mentions being in much pain. To those who remember the fearful sciatica that attacked her in 1834, and lasted for five years, often with intense severity, her infrequent and slight allusion to it is marvellous. For months together she would sometimes pass whole nights walking the room in agony; but at the breakfast-table no mention of all she had endured escaped her. She bore the infliction with the heroism of a martyr, intermitted none of her duties, laid aside none of her hospitalities; simply remarking, when we expressed sympathy for her, or wonder that she could do so much, that she thanked God for the great physical strength that enabled her to go on with her work even in misery. The elder Dr. Flint showed her the greatest consideration and sympathy. He once told me he had never given powerful sedatives with so little effect.

In the autumn of 1836, our dear Anne went to her room for the last time. Ten weeks of alternation between hope and fear followed, and on the 21st of January, 1837, this saintly young spirit, this ideal daughter, sister, and friend, with her exquisite beauty and Madonna-like purity passed from earth to the society of angels.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, December 11, 1836.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — I have nothing new to tell you of Anne; she seems to have reached a stationary point in her disease. She suffers a great deal, and by her continuing so long I think it fair to hope that a favorable change may yet take place, — though at present there is not even a faint indication of any thing of the sort. You may well suppose I feel my spirits worn out, when I tell you she scarcely ever loses

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herself in sleep, notwithstanding continued draughts of an anodyne character. She can't bear any thing on her stomach but such draughts and soda water.

I was surprised to hear of my friend, Mrs. Barnard's death, but I hope her friends will see nothing but mercy in this dispensation. I had heard she was considered, at Hartford, as incurable; and, to me, death seemed like a friend to her. Mrs. Barnard's uniform kindness and sisterly affection, which commenced with my earliest childhood, never will be effaced from my memory. I am glad I have not seen her since her reason was impaired, for my impressions of her are always agreeable. Anne Jean observed, when I told her of her death, "no one ever did so much to make me happy as Mrs. Barnard, except my near relatives." Many young people may say the same thing with equal truth. Assure her husband and children, and Miss Bent, of my warmest sympathy; for I shall not be able to write to them, as I should under other circumstances.

Your affectionate mother, in haste.

P. S. Jane has been sitting with A. J. while I have written to you and Joseph. Your aunt bore her journey well, and has gone to meeting to hear Dr. Willard preach. Give my best love to your sister Eliza, and let her see this.

Judge Lyman to his son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, January 1, 1837.

DEAR EDWARD, — I have nothing new to say concerning dear Anne Jean's situation. She is much as she has been for the last twelve days. Within that time we have had some days when we have been much encouraged, and had strong hopes of her recovery. This day we have been discouraged, — though Dr. Flint says that she is no worse. What the event may be is known only to Him with whom are the issues of life

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and death. To His will it is our duty to be submissive and resigned. My heart is, perhaps, too much bound up in this dear child, whom I have ever expected to soothe my dying moments, — to submit patiently to such a dispensation of Providence as would deprive me of her. Dr. Flint continues to encourage us, yet we are at times distrustful.

Wishing you a happy New Year, and that you may increase in knowledge, virtue, and usefulness, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate father,

JOSEPH LYMAN.

Our dear Anne died on Saturday evening, the 21st of January. When there occurs one of those marvellous natural phenomena that excites universal wonder and delight, we are wont to associate it with the event most deeply interesting to us at the time. I recall, at this distant day, the sad evening after her funeral, when, after our brother Sam and sister Almira had left us, — they also in the deepest affliction for the loss of their beautiful little daughter, who had died only a few hours later, and was laid in the same grave with our Anne, — as we all sat mournfully round the fire in the old parlor, the door opened softly, and our kind neighbor, Mrs. Hunt, looked in. "I think it would do you all good," she said gently, "to come to the front door and look out." We all put on shawls, and went out into the snow. Oh, what a glorious scene was that! The whole heavens were red and glowing, from horizon to horizon; the snow was red, and the effect of this wondrous light upon the whole landscape, the leafless trees, the buildings, was something magical and indescribable. No telegraphs announced next morning how that wonderful aurora of 1837 extended over the whole northern hemisphere; but, in the course of a week or ten days, the newspapers had informed us how all the principal cities had received this spectacle; how fire-engines had been pursuing what they supposed to be a great fire, for many miles, in cities like New York and Philadelphia.

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Only a few years later, our friend, Mrs. Hunt, was called to part with her daughter Maria. And shortly afterwards occurred another scene, — different, it is true, but equally impressed upon the minds of those who witnessed it. A gentle rain falling all night had frozen about the trees and over every little twig and bush in our village, and we waked to a brilliant sunshine and blue sky, and a fairy-land of prisms and wonderful enchantment. The whole village was astir; sleigh-bells were jingling everywhere. Every one who could hire, beg, or borrow a sleigh or horse of any description was out as if for holiday. Up to Round Hill first, then down to the Meadows; neighbors joyously hallooing to each other from morning till night. And, oh! when evening came, and the full moon shone down on the beautiful village, what words can describe the scene! I remembered the aurora of 1837, and Mrs. Hunt's calling us to look at it. And I went to her door and asked her to come out. Through her tears she said with fervor, "Oh! if *this* world can be so beautiful, what must be that to which my child has gone!"

Mrs. Lyman to Dr. Austin Flint.

NORTHAMPTON, February 1, 1837.

Your letter, my dear Austin, reached me at the very moment when I was expecting the immediate departure of my beloved child; but she revived, and lived two days afterwards. How can I, if I would, describe to you all the sorrow of this separation? I have no language adequate to the expression of what I have suffered, and what I must suffer. The shadows of the past hang like a cloud over my path; they obstruct my view of the future; and I am almost in doubt where I am, or what I shall do next. I can say, with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in God." But, think how all my plans, all my objects in life, were connected with her that is gone! Was she not my sun-light, my angel of mercy, my pride, my stay, my companion and friend; and withal (unworthy as I am to have that privilege) my

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holy child? She was, indeed, more a being of heaven than earth; and why should she stay here? It was my greatest pleasure to make her happy. But who could release her while on earth from that dreadful burden her Heavenly Father had seen fit to lay upon her? She was, indeed, perfected through much suffering. Dear child! I wish I could dispossess my mind of the weeks and months of anguish by which she was finally brought to resign this life. I could have been more resigned to commit her to some of the many mansions prepared for those who die in the Lord; but I have found it very difficult to be resigned to her sufferings. The long and sleepless days and nights, which continued nine weeks, are ever before my imagination, like so many spectres; and I feel thankful when I can lose, but for a short time, this painful and all-absorbing consciousness of distress; and I am trying in every possible way to divert my thoughts from it. Many people ask me what she said and what she did. I can only answer, she suffered all the time. If there was an interval long enough, she was willing to be amused in any way; or to have prayers read, or the Scriptures. Her mind was always unclouded and rational; and, when she was able to see him, she enjoyed Mr. Stearns's conversation and prayers. But she told him he must not expect the same degree of religious fervor from her, that was common to her in health, for she felt that all her powers were under the dominion of disease. She said she had no fear of death. She was at peace with her Maker, and with all mankind. She was truly "a holy child of God," whose excellencies could be discovered only in the recesses of her retirement.

You know with what a relentless grasp disease had fastened itself upon her. I shall not attempt it, but I wish your father would give you an account of the variety of derangements that had been fixed for years upon her constitution. She was convinced herself, and spoke of it, that she must have been very carefully medicated when under your care a year ago, ever to have regained any portion of health, after that long and dreadful fever. She often spoke of your saying to her, "You

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must make an effort to get out of your room and take the air, and get some exercise." "How little he knows," said she, "that it is an effort to live, under any circumstances; and to draw the vital air, even in my easy-chair." How often I have shed tears over such recitals, Heaven only knows. To feel that one so young was under a perpetual blight was at times unspeakably distressing to me. But why should I prolong this gloomy subject? It is because "out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh;" and I have no power to think of other subjects.

—— came to see me yesterday; she says your father thinks and talks of you a great deal, and entertains a tender anxiety for your progress. I judge from what Mr. —— says about your lectures, that you are encouraged that they will be an advantage to you. I was much obliged to you for sending me the newspaper, and I sent it to your father. If I could have given attention to any thing but my sick-room, I would have sent it to your grandfather. You must not think I am unwilling to be the repository of your troubles, if you will only allow me to be the participator of your joys. Anne Jean said, "I am delighted that he has found, amidst all the disappointments of this world, what a resource religious hope is. May he, in his life, illustrate the 'beauty of holiness.' May he spend it in laying up treasures in heaven." Now your very profession constitutes you an "angel of mercy," one of Heaven's agents for applying antidotes to the physical miseries of the human race; it enables you to mitigate the suffering of your fellow-creatures. And I know by my own experience, both of yourself and others, the magical charm in obliterating mental suffering, such as we often find combined with physical pain, that gentlemen of your profession have power, by kindness and suavity of manner, so liberally to administer.

Give my love to dear Anne, and the baby; tell her to consider this as equally addressed to herself. Tell her she must look on all the disappointments she meets with in life, as so many ministers of good

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to her soul. She must not allow them to make her impatient, but apply them so as to produce "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." If she does not, her religion is of no avail.

Yours most affectionately,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. I did not mention that I had the comfort of my son Edward's presence the last weeks of Anne Jean's life; and should have had Joseph, but I wrote and entreated him not to come.

Mr. L. thinks if, after you have finished your course of lectures, you would offer yourself for an assistant to some physician at Buffalo, who would like to keep a medical school, you might advance yourself in that way.

Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lyman.

CONCORD, February 3, 1837.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I have not attempted to write to you since I heard of the death of Anne Jean, for death makes us all dumb. They who have had many losses, gain thereby no wisdom that can be imparted, and each loss makes us more and not less sufferers by all that follow. Yet I must write, if only to tell you that the news was very painful to me, — to me, quite out of the pleasant circle in which she was living, and, on account of my distance, quite uncertain of ever seeing her. How gladly I have remembered the glimpses I had of her sunny childhood, her winning manners, her persuading speech that then made her father, I believe, call her his "lawyer." In the pleasant weeks I spent at your house, I rejoiced in the promise of her beauty, and have pleased myself with the hope that she was surmounting her early trials, and was destined to be one of those rare women who exalt society, and who make credible to us a better society than is seen in the earth. I still keep by me one of her drawings which she gave me. I have scarcely seen her face since. But we feel a property in all the

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accomplishments and graces that we know, which neither distance nor absence destroys. For my part, I grudge the decays of the young and beautiful whom I may never see again. Even in their death, is the reflection that we are forever enriched by having beheld them, — that we can never be quite poor and low, for they have furnished our heart and mind with new elements of beauty and wisdom.

And, now she is gone out of your sight, I have only to offer to you and to Judge Lyman my respectful and affectionate condolence. I am sure I need not suggest the deep consolations of the spiritual life, for love is the first believer, and all the remembrances of her life will plead with you in behalf of the hope of all souls. How do we go, all of us, to the world of spirits, marshalled and beckoned unto by noble and lovely friends! That event cannot be fearful which made a part of the constitution and career of beings so finely framed and touched, and whose influence on us has been so benign. These sad departures open to us, as other events do not, that ineradicable faith which the secret history of every year strips of its obscurities, — that we can and must exist forevermore.

You will grieve, I know, at the absence of Joseph, at this time. I lament his great loss. When you write him, please send him my affectionate remembrance. He has kindly forwarded to me lately a bundle of Charles's letters to him, which have given great pleasure to my mother, Elizabeth Hoar, and myself. My mother feels drawn to you by likeness of sorrows, and desires me to express to you her sympathy.

Your friend,

R. Waldo Emerson.

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CHAPTER XVI.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine;
And thy love, that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign;
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom, — oh! call it not gloom, —
Is not the black grief of despair;
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
And Hope, like a rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born like the rainbow, — in tears.

T. K. Hervey.

ALTHOUGH my dear mother had experienced griefs and disappointments, such as come to all the children of earth, no sorrow had ever been to her like the loss of our Anne. Anne resembled her father more in temperament and character than she did her mother. Her temperament was always balm to the large and generous, but too impulsive, spirit, whom she loved and understood as few others did. My mother's grief was life-long; and we, who knew her best, felt that from this time on she lived always in the invisible presence of the beloved child who had gone. There was not a trace of selfishness in her grief, or of rebellion; it was the pure and intense sorrow of longing for the beautiful presence and companionship that had rounded

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her life. The forms of grief were nothing to her; she never shut herself up for a day; the house was open to friends and neighbors, as it always had been; and to the casual observer there might seem little change. But, what added tenderness and sympathy for all sorrow we saw in her, and renewed activity in serving all who came within her reach! And as years wore on, her cheerfulness returned, and that fulness of life that gave joy to many, — although, while reason lasted, she was subject to occasional days of violent and bitter weeping for Anne Jean, which nothing could assuage, — even as late as twenty years, and more, after her departure.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, February 8, 1837.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — I thought as soon as you had gone I should busy myself in setting my house in order, getting rid of Lucy, and attending to all sorts of creature-comforts; but no such things did I do. I found I had come to a golden opportunity for reflection, and I would avail myself of it, and let Mrs. Bird and others take care of my affairs. How I wish I could set my mind in order with the same ease that I can my house; that that large branch of the mental household we call the affections could be revolutionized, — changed in its various appropriations, with the same facility we do our furniture! But it is not so. *She* who has occupied my *first* thoughts, my most tender interest, because of her infirmity for so long a time, still keeps possession of my heart, and blinds my eyes to other and *now* more important callings. But we must direct our thoughts into other channels, and appropriate our attention to other objects than have hitherto engaged them; and accustom ourselves to the new duties that have devolved upon us, by this change in our hearts; and, like others in like circumstances, in time we shall. But it can't be done in a minute.

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, February 14, 1837.

Since Susan recovered from her indisposition we have had the interruption of a good many calls. I cannot say I have received any that were not grateful to me, for they seemed to be a sincere expression of kindness and sympathy; and I have had every proof of the respect they had for the character of my departed daughter. My neighbors have all expressed regret that they could not do any thing for Anne Jean, who had, they said, "done so much for others." There is a pleasure in feeling that we are remembered in our trouble, and are the subjects of the good-will of those around us. And it is particularly gratifying to know that one you loved and appreciated was likewise valued by your friends and neighbors.

I have last week read aloud to your father "Von Raumer's England," as it was in 1835, during the change of the ministry, and the passage of the Reform Bill; likewise, "Ion," — a tragedy, beautifully written, with a very poor plot. I am glad you have heard Mr. Emerson's lectures; whatever censures he may incur from those too gross for his refinement, he always will draw from a fountain of purity and accurate information. I had an excellent letter from him, and shall acknowledge it at my leisure. . . . The children are a constant comfort to me; I don't know what I could do without them.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, February 20, 1837.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I got your letter and Mr. Greene's yesterday. They are a cordial to our wounded spirits. There is a melancholy pleasure in realizing that our friends make common cause with us in our affliction. I know that you are among the few who could know

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and appreciate my dear, departed daughter. The world had left no stain upon her heart. And I feel no doubt that she is enjoying the beatitude of "the pure in heart." Dear, holy child! I wish I could obliterate the remembrance of the nine weeks of pain and suffering which brought her to the relentless grave. But these seem indissolubly blended with her now, and add much to my suffering. Much as sorrow claims from the remembrance and sympathy of friends, I can truly say that mine have more than answered my expectation. All of them have expressed their sense of our loss, and remembered our sorrow, and understood its magnitude. But, with all that reason, religion, and the sympathy of friends can suggest, the heart will bleed for a time, and the shadow of the past will hang over our path, obscuring our views of the future. You have realized how sad it is to think that one of our best earthly treasures is gone from us, never more to be enjoyed in this world. And this is the impression strongest on our minds for a time. Reason and religion assure us that the Almighty can arrange our destiny much better for us than we can for ourselves; and that all we call *ours* is but a loan that, whenever called for, must be resigned with submission. May I prove able to learn this hard lesson; and at the same time make all those new appropriations of thoughts, feelings, interests, and affections, — to say nothing of time and companionship, — which have so long been bestowed upon her that is gone! Few can know what Anne Jean was to me. But it ought to be, and is, an unspeakable consolation, that the earliest fruits of her youth were given to her Heavenly Father. She never was unmindful of her religious duties, and tried to make us all better than we are; her life was fraught with much instruction to others. She accustomed my children to receive strong religious impressions from many passing events that otherwise might have been lost upon them, and had the most unlimited influence over them; so much so, that I never knew them on any occasion to fail in attention to her requests, or in any duty which she had prescribed to them. When she had been sick

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about a fortnight, the children returned from Deerfield. She often called them to her, and reminded them of little deficiencies; telling them that life was made up of trifles, the aggregate of which constituted duty; and from time to time reminded them of what they must do to be acceptable to their Heavenly Father, as well as what they must do to be agreeable to their parents and friends. She said, if there was any thing good in her she was indebted to me for it; but I shall always think she was more indebted to self-discipline and self-instruction than to anybody living.

She had had and promised herself much pleasure in continued intercourse with you, if she had been destined to stay on earth. She was, indeed, a holy child, of a most stainless character and life. I do n't know that I have any thing to regret about her, but the burden her Heavenly Father saw fit to lay upon her, all of which, no doubt, tended to insure "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." During her long sickness, much as she suffered from the weariness of being unable to lie down, though she kept her bed nine weeks, and from sleeplessness, — for she rarely slept two hours in the twenty-four, — her mind was perfectly unclouded and rational; and she always had prayers and the Scriptures read to her by Susan daily. She enjoyed frequent conversation with Mr. Stearns, and his prayers; was taken into the church, and had the Rite administered to her in her room, with Susan beside her. She told Mr. Stearns he must not expect the same degree of fervor from her that she felt when she had possession of her full strength. She was willing always to be amused by reading or conversation, when her sufferings were not too great. After she appeared to be struck with death, the day before she died, she repeated Mrs. Hemans's little poem, "Christ's Agony in the Garden," which will give you a good idea of her reflections; and the last verse of the "Sunbeam," by the same author. I try hard to divert my mind from the sad reflections which now fill it.

I did not tell you that Sam's dear little child was buried at the same

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time that Anne was, from our church, and in the same grave; that Mr. Stearns took the occasion to make an impression on the young people by an appropriate address, which S—— has copied for you, and it shall be sent by Mr. Dana, or some private opportunity. We shall be disappointed if we do not see Mr. Dana here.

Give my love to all my nieces and nephews. I am much obliged to them for their letters. I shall save them and yourself some of Anne Jean's hair; and, if it were in my power, I would have you all pins or rings made.

Many think to do justice to Anne Jean's character when they say, "she was very serious," or "very melancholy." But it was not so. The absence of all worldly and unholy desires left her at peace in her own mind, and enlarged greatly the means of intellectual enjoyment. She had uniform cheerfulness; and, had it not been for personal suffering, might be represented as unusually happy.

With love to all your family, in which your uncle joins, believe me

Yours very affectionately,

A. J. Lyman.

P. S. The children desire their love to yours. Poor Joseph writes as if he were inconsolable under his great affliction. If I go to see him in the spring, I shall certainly get as far as Cincinnati. I have no school for my children, and feel the importance of devoting much time to them. They have an excellent French teacher, and seem to be improving very fast in that, as well as in household accomplishments, which must always be important to a woman in any condition of life in this country. Tell Harriet the last work Anne Jean ever did was to make three garments for her grandmother, which she sent her.

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, April 21, 1837.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — As I am all the society the little girls have, and Susan is not very well, I endeavor to be as cheerful as I can be. It is twelve weeks since I buried one of my best earthly treasures, and my daily experience only serves to magnify the weight of my deprivation. We cannot realize at once the extent of our privileges. I do n't know that we ever do until they are withdrawn, and then it takes a long time to discern the full extent and influence of our loss. But, in the course of time, disappointment will gather to itself the vigor of an enduring form ; and it is then that we realize the true state, not only of our own nature, but the means of happiness which actually surround us. And, having drunk of the cup of bitterness, we are taught to feel the full value of all that is good and pleasurable in our destiny, — ridding ourselves of all unreasonable and imaginary hopes of the future, and substituting in their places anticipations which cannot fail.

Mr. C. P. Huntington got home last night, and brought me a young girl of fourteen years of age, that I was very glad to get. Catherine seemed so much to want for something to animate her that I have tried the experiment of sending her to the high school.

Mrs. Lyman to Dr. and Mrs. Flint.

NORTHAMPTON, April 28, 1837.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — I sat down to write, thinking I had a good opportunity, but hear the persons going will go West by the way of Philadelphia instead of Buffalo, which is a very serious disappointment to me, as I have had a bundle for you, sent me by Mr. Kinsley a month ago, and have never been able to hear of any one who could take it from that time. If, my dear Anne, you should hear of any one going, you must write and let me know, or you must submit to the

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delay; for the bundle is too valuable to subject to any risk. A coat cannot be packed in a very compact form, and I expect to be able to put in with it a morning dress for you, like one S. F. has, which she says washes perfectly well, and *that* I suppose, to one who tends baby, will be a recommendation; for I do not profess it has any other. S. is now in my parlor giving my Susan a lesson on the piano, and calls herself pretty well; though I think she is rather thin, and she occasionally has a head-ache, for which I recommend her to drink soda water. So you see I have not given up my old habits of quackery.

You will remember the interest taken in the young Pole, who came here less than a year ago — Jakabowski. He has taught my children French during the winter in my parlor, and Lizzy F. a part of the time. It is not a fortnight since he gave the last lesson; but so rapid has been his decline that yesterday morning he expired. When he was told by Dr. Wright, who staid with him during the night he died, that he probably would not live through the night, he said, "he could not believe it, for he felt perfectly well."

Of another of the interesting occurrences of our village, perhaps S. has written you. Last summer a young married woman, the only child, and only tie to earth, of a widow lady in New Bedford, came here to stay a few days; got your father to prescribe for her, not being very well, and the effect of his prescriptions doing her good, she persuaded her husband, Mr. Tabor, to leave her at the American Hotel with a friend for a couple of months. And when she thought she had perfectly recovered, in the autumn, her husband came and took her home. But in the course of the past winter her consumptive symptoms returned; and, in March, her husband brought her here, and again put her under the care of Dr. Flint; but after being here six weeks she died, having interested those very much who became acquainted with her during the last summer. She had very quiet Quaker habits, was a cultivated woman of uncommon beauty, and made a good deal the same impression that my beloved daughter was prone to, — a being to be loved and valued for her intrinsic worth, but never to

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excite admiration or astonishment. If you see the Northampton paper of this week, you will see the account of her death. Seeing this pure being placed in the relentless grave, I felt as if I had gone through all the feelings of burying my Anne over again. So tenacious are we of placing ourselves in the front ground of sorrow, and so entirely could I make this mother's feelings mine; almost forgetting the many mitigating circumstances accompanying *my* misfortune, which did not attach to her, who has no husband and children to solace her weary pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

I shall ask no apology for this intrusion upon your attention, for with my letters you probably anticipate receiving the inhabitants of my mind and its interests. I do not think there is any thing melancholy in Jakabowski's death; it was a consummation devoutly to be wished for. There was nothing in prospect for him but settled infirmity, with no means of support but a reluctant charity; and no one ever made the transition from life unto death with less suffering. What he has earned here was sufficient for his support and funeral expenses, wanting but a few dollars.

Mr. H., M. D., has returned, and made a visit here. A winter in Philadelphia has given him a good deal of ease, self-confidence, and general improvement, as it relates to the external man. For I think he has intrinsic worth of character and goodness enough to excite warm friendship and sympathy; and capacity enough to warrant the belief that in the course of time he will get a good living; and integrity and stability enough to justify perfect confidence.

As we can penetrate but little way into human destiny, it is hardly worth while to trust ourselves in very profound speculations about the future. One thing is certain; we shall all die. I wish it were equally certain that we should be prepared for the celestial abodes, inhabited by the "spirits of the just made perfect."

You may see, in the "Northampton Courier," that Mr. Atwell has informed the public that Mr. Stearns has asked for dismission. But it is untrue. He is unwell, and wants this summer to recruit, and is

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going to have it, and then return to us in the autumn. I think it not unlikely that you may see him in the course of the summer in Buffalo. Mr. Stearns has moved into Harrison Apthorp's house in the meadow, and Mr. —— boards with them. And now, I believe, I have communicated all that relates to Northampton, in which you could take an interest. The Misses —— are going to Boston to-morrow to pass the vacation. It is supposed —— goes with them, to learn the latest fashions, and get wedding gear for ——. But of such affairs I know nothing.

A voice from the spirit-land is ever in my ear, strengthening the conviction of what I have lost, and urging me to consider the weight and magnitude of the deprivation I have sustained. This, however, does not prevent me from estimating the many blessings that remain, nor of cultivating all those resources by which I am surrounded. Heaven knows the greatest motive which prompted me to desire the life of my daughter was, that she might illustrate by her example the beauty of virtue, and show how indissolubly holiness was connected with human happiness.

When you see them, give my love to Mr. Allen and his wife, and do not forget kind remembrances to Mr. Huntington and David. I have been pleased that David has described the uncommon beauty of our baby. I thought he was elegant when he left here. And now he is thirteen months old, walking about and talking, I think you must have increased your pride in him greatly. I would give a great deal to see him, as well as his father and mother. I was glad to hear your mother and sister were going to Buffalo; but I shall not quite believe it until I hear they are there. I hope nothing will prevent your going to house-keeping, for I think you will find "life's cares comforts." I have realized that truth all my days. I consider living at board a painful necessity, with which people should be patient if it is necessary, but not a moment longer.

Your very affectionate

A. J. Lyman.

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Mrs. Lyman to Dr. Austin Flint.

MAY 14, 1837.

MY DEAR AUSTIN, — . . . . . .

The prevailing topics of conversation are the disastrous times. Those having professions and those in office are now best off; so congratulate yourself that you cannot fail. According to an immutable law of Divine Wisdom, *births*, *sickness*, and *death* must always occur, and must always require the aid of your profession, and must consequently always furnish you with the means of living. If not a splendid living, a humble one; and whichever way it is, I feel no doubt you will have the wisdom to adapt yourself to it.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, June 23, 1837.

MY DEAR ABBY, — Though my eyes have become so dim I can hardly see, and though I am inexpressibly heavy and stupid from the effect of a cold and sore throat, which I got when returning from Boston ten days since, I will no longer do the violence to my own feelings and principles to omit writing to you. I went to Cambridge, not thinking my mother would live but a short time, and I returned under the impression that her disease might be protracted for some time. I carried my children, and we stayed a month, and their healths were greatly benefited by the change; for they had seen nothing but melancholy faces for so long a time, that it had had a very deleterious influence on their health, joined with other causes. But I returned to realize more fully the desolation of my house. Martha returned with me, and I have enjoyed her society very much. It is some time since we have been together. She feels the great change in my house.

Joseph is now with us, and we are often entertained with his experiences of western life and manners. He seems to have had great

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satisfaction in all he has seen and heard, and I tell him he had better resume his profession and go and fill the place made vacant by Tracy.

We have been truly grieved to hear of Mr. Greene's disappointment. But he has had the magnanimity to bear a greater misfortune with submission, and I have no doubt will be sustained under this. I know the diversity of his genius; and when the even tenor of his business returns, I feel his difficulty will disappear. I know, too, your country is fruitful in resources for the persevering and industrious, and that he is one of them. Therefore I console myself with the idea that his present interruption will be only a temporary inconvenience. This is a mutable world, and those best prepared for its changes are best off. For if we live apparently without changes, it is but for a season. With me, disappointment has taken an enduring form. I expect my future enjoyments will consist in unexpected exemptions from anticipated trouble. When I lost my dear Anne, I determined never to consider any earthly possession as mine again, but all indulgences, that might with justice be resumed by the Supreme Disposer at any moment.

I hope you will be careful not to crowd little Catherine with studies, for I think it has been an injury to my S., though it was self-inflicted. Last summer she gave the most devoted attention to study and music; and for eight months, with the exception of a French teacher, she has not been able to give any attention at all to any thing but reading. I do not allow myself to depend upon her life; if I did, I should anticipate unspeakable happiness from such a resource. For she has nothing in her feelings and practice, that would not justify the belief that she must be at least eighteen. She is very tall for fourteen, though rather thin. . . .

I wish you and C. could come and pass a couple of months with us. Give my love to your sisters; I want much to see them, and think another year I may get to Cincinnati. But I have thought so a great while.

Your affectionate aunt,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

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P. S. We are listening to one of the best of preachers, Mr. Bulfinch; if you had not fixed upon a preacher, I should feel very anxious that you might have him at C. Our minister has left for the summer to recruit his health.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Anne Flint.

NORTHAMPTON, June 25, 1837.

MY DEAR ANNE, — I perceive that I shall not have time to write you a real letter, but I can say a few words to congratulate you on getting to house-keeping; a desideratum in young people's lives of great importance in my estimation. It is in that condition only, that people can act themselves, and fully realize their own responsibility, or that they can fully enjoy "that only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall." Now you will feel your own power, in administering to the happiness of each member of your household, and not feel yourself to be always in the power of other people; as those who are boarders must feel. You are happy, too, in having a fountain of experience to draw from, while your mother is with you; and I hope she finds herself contented and happy in her new condition. Some people are much more easily transplanted than others, but she has carried the principal elements of happiness with her. Her children must be the best resource she has, in regard to society, and I am sure they will add both grace and dignity to your establishment.

Mr. Stearns has gone away to recruit his health, and we have Mr. S. G. Bulfinch in his place. Mr. Bulfinch stayed a fortnight with us, and we were delighted with him. He is an admirable preacher; quite as good as Mr. Stearns; which you know is very high praise. I have had a charming letter from Hannah Stearns, and am glad to find you have. There are few, any where, as good as she is, and I shall be truly glad if we ever get her back again.

I am glad you like Mr. Hosmer, and hope his family will prove an acquisition to you.

Your affectionate A. J. LYMAN.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, October 16, 1837.

I was a long time engaged away from home, and when I returned, four weeks since, I found a great deal to do, to redeem the time I had lost; besides the feeling of sickness at heart, which I realize to intenseness, whenever I return after an absence of some weeks to my desolated home. I wrote to you some weeks since, to go by a private opportunity, accompanied by a letter from Catherine to your Katie. But I think it doubtful whether you will ever get it, when I consider the length of time which had elapsed, when you last wrote, since I sent the letter. Every thing I could learn of Mr. Silsbee was highly in his favor. How happy is it for us, my dear Abby, that our foresight carries us so little way, and that we are saved from the misery of anticipating the sorrows that await us! Almighty power and unerring wisdom overrule our fate; let us be humble, and, if we can, "rejoice evermore."

Since this was written, I have heard that Mr. Greene was in these parts, and hope I shall see him soon. Joseph found him on board the steamboat, at New York, and left him at Newport. I cannot help wishing Joseph had found some inducement to remain in the western country, though, I suppose, in time he will get settled down here. He seemed delighted with the West.

I have a great deal I could say to Charlotte, and trust in some composed hour to be inspired to sit down and write to both her and Harriet. Tell H. it would gratify me to have her write me a history of the past year, — her experiences and Sally's in general.

I did not see your Aunt Lord when I was in Cambridge, for I could not go into Boston, my mother was so unwell.

Mr. Pierpont called on me, and said they were all well.

Since my return, I have been more busy than I can describe. My woman has been sick, and is now gone; and my young girl is so ineffi-

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cient, that, if it were not for my children being capable and useful, I do n't know what would become of us. As it is, we get along comfortably, considering that we have constantly before us what we have lost, — our efficient aid in times of need, as well as pleasurable companion in times of rest.

As to Miss Martineau, her book is not without its good and pleasant things; but it is full of mistakes, misrepresentations, and radicalism. It is an unwieldly task to judge of *every thing*, and it is a want of modesty and good judgment to attempt it; nor is it strange she should fail. But I would have excused her for every thing but her slander of the women of our country, and her chapter on the "Rights of Women," in no part of which do I sympathize with her. I desire no increase of power or responsibility. I have more than I can give a good account of this moment.

Give my love to the children and your sisters. I hope you will be able to read this hasty scrawl. In my other letter I have said every thing you could desire concerning Mr. Peabody and his preaching.

Mrs. Rogers and family are well. They have bought the house they live in, of Mr. Hall, fitted it up, and seem to enjoy a great deal. They have a beautiful baby, called Henry Broomfield.

Mr. Huntoon was much beloved, both in Milton and Canton. I never heard aught but good of him, and hope your people are disposed to feel all they should for him. I presume he would not have left Milton had he not thought the western country a better position for the advancement of his family.

November 10. People are not happier or better for being rich. They are more composed and tranquil under the circumstances indicated by Agar's prayer as good for all, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," &c. May you always realize the enjoyment which that state brings, and reflect with pleasure on the good you were enabled to do to others under more prosperous circumstances. I have always lived under circumstances requiring close economy, by the exercise of which I have

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found as much satisfaction as I have observed others to gain in squandering a great deal, because they happened to have the means. Now, the practice of economy lays the foundation of much virtue; for it accustoms one to self-sacrificing habits, which leads to disinterestedness in every variety of form. And we ought to be grateful for any event in our destiny upon which by force we must erect a virtue; — which virtue will prove a satisfaction while on earth, and a certain treasure when transferred to our heavenly abode.

Mr. Theodore Sedgwick died on the 7th. Though a bad politician, he was a most amiable domestic character, and a severe loss to his wife and daughter, who are now in Europe with Miss Sedgwick and Robert's family. They will pass this winter in Rome, unless this event determines them to return immediately. My cousin Emma Forbes and my sister are making me a visit, and send their love to you.

If Joseph is with you when this reaches you, he must read it. I hope you will see Mr. Harding's daughter Margaret, who is travelling with her father, for, though not beautiful, she is extremely lovely. Mr. Harding's family are highly creditable to him, — Ophelia and Margaret and William in particular. Caroline I have not so much knowledge of, and the others are quite young.

You and I each have been the means of translating a being of earth to an angel in heaven. It ought to be a continual incentive to us to make progress in the course which shall take us to the same abode.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

December 3, 1837.

You must tell us how you enjoyed Thanksgiving, and if you have read the "Letters from Palmyra," which, upon a second reading, I think one of the most delightful books I have ever seen. There you see illustrated the dignity and interest of the female character in its

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true light: a beautiful representation of agreeable intercourse between young people; a great deal of well-sustained conversation, of the most intellectual character, and well-calculated, by the refined moral sentiment contained therein, to improve and raise the standard of morals and religion.

I am disgusted with the great commendation given to the "Pickwick Papers." I think it might have done to publish one volume of such stuff; but four is oppressive, and promotes a waste of time that is unpardonable, to say nothing of furnishing an additional quantity of vulgarity to contemplate, when there is already a superabundance in everybody's experience of every-day life.

My mother's criticism of novels often surprised and disappointed me; but she came to enjoy heartily, in her later years, many books that she had not earlier appreciated. She was slow to change her early and accepted standards about many things; and her standard of novel-reading had been formed in those early days of Mrs. Ratcliffe and Richardson, and later, of Miss Edgeworth. For her, a novel must relate either to that high-toned and romantic cast of character and scenery and thrilling incident that removes one entirely from her own daily atmosphere; or it must have a distinct moral purpose underlying the story, as in Miss Edgeworth, and faithfully carried out to the end. The modern novel, with its natural description of common-place people and events, its paucity of incident, its artistic delineation of persons and scenery and surroundings, its absence of all distinct moral purpose, except that which makes itself felt in all truthful portraiture of a mixed society, such as exists everywhere on the earth, — all this was for a long time a sealed book to her; and it was almost funnier to hear her talk about Dickens than to read him; the solemnity with which she wondered how any one could spend hours reading about such *low* people, when nothing on earth would induce her to pass half an hour in their company, was amusing to the last degree.

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She used to be as much moved and excited over the characters in novels as though they had been real, living persons, and this gave an indescribable charm to one's reading aloud to her. I recall her getting very angry with Miss Edgeworth's "Helen," — out of all patience with her for not telling the whole truth, — till, just as I had got nearly through the second volume, she suddenly calmed down, a broad smile spread itself over her face, and she touched my arm and said, as if the idea had just come to her, "Well, Susanna, if Helen had not told or acted all those trumpery lies to save her lying friend, we never should have had these two very entertaining volumes."

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, December 5, 1837.

I should be much pleased to go to Boston at a time when I could meet Mr. Dana. Anne Jean always spoke of him with so much pleasure, that it would be a peculiar gratification to me to know him personally.

I don't know what your customs are on Thanksgiving Day, or if you have such a day. Last Thursday was ours, and a sad anniversary it was to me; for never can memory bring back the recollection of more bitterness than was inflicted on me one year ago, — my convictions then confirming all which afterwards took place, sowing seeds of sorrow and disappointment that will follow me to the grave, and be the companion of all my solitary meditations, however cheerful I may appear to others. I am sure I would not be so selfish as to annoy others by a continual demand on their sympathies; for, indeed, people have no right to be always intruding themselves and their peculiar feelings on their acquaintance. And I do not doubt the goodness of unfailing love and unerring wisdom in the destiny allotted me. I know that it is better than my deserts, and that it is still my duty to "Rejoice in hope, and to be patient in tribulation." It is a happy circumstance for me

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that I am under the continual pressure of care. My family is now small; but you know it is a family subject to continual mutations. Sometimes one of my women are sick, or the old lady, Mrs. Carly, goes away to take care of a sick child, or it is court-week, — and you know nothing exempts me from my social duties.

S. was sent to Boston a month since for the benefit of her health. Her cough left her, and she will stay the winter there to go to dancing-school and attend to music. I need not say that she is greatly missed at home. . . . Catherine is in many respects her opposite, but not in conscientiousness; and, now that Susan is gone, she is devoted to the effort to make her place good. I have too much satisfaction in these children to believe it will last. But you know by experience how much is to be enjoyed from our children. I hope the pleasures from that source will be greatly multiplied to you. You must think more of the education of moral sentiment than the enumeration of acquisitions, if you wish to make your daughter a happy and a useful woman, — considering accomplishments only as the proper and well-adapted ornaments of a consecrated temple.

You spoke of our coming to Cincinnati for a winter. Nothing would suit me better; but I have little control of my own time or movements. The journey would be no bugbear to me. But for your satisfaction, I will tell you we have a large stove, with a great deal of pipe, that warms the whole back part of our house, and makes it as comfortable as could be desired. I have just put down a new carpet in the nursery, and I do n't know where there is a warmer or pleasanter room to work in; and the stove in the parlor has always warmed that.

Mrs. —— called here yesterday with two of the children. I wish to her external loveliness I could superadd the "vital spark of heavenly flame," in a pre-eminent degree, for that is somewhat wanting. She is a universal favorite here.

Jane was in on Thanksgiving Day with her family; but she was not

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fit to be out of her room, she was so unwell. Hannah is a fine, healthy child, and destined to be their only one, and I think they will have much comfort in her.

Give my love to your husband, children, and sisters.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

DECEMBER 24, 1837.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — It was just twelve weeks from the time I left your grandmother to the time of her death. I could not have believed it was possible she should continue so long; and when I heard of her death, it took a weight from my mind, for I could not think of her but in a suffering condition, both to herself and her friends. The aged we *expect* will die, and after we have seen them survive all their resources of enjoyment, and outlive all their susceptibility, we ought not only to be willing, but to be glad there is the provision of another and a better country prepared for them; that there is a rest from the sorrows flesh is heir to. It is when the *young* who are amply prepared for usefulness are taken, that we are led to question, Why is it so? It is now eleven months since we parted from her who was so necessary to our happiness. . . . But the children I have left are a great resource to me; if I cannot live with them all the time, I can hear from them, and have that pleasure of imagination, which is always giving me the satisfaction that they will do well, because they intend to do right; and I do not expect any exemption for them from the common vicissitudes of life; but I think they will have fortitude to meet with such trials as Heaven shall send.

Mrs. Lyman to Dr. and Mrs. Austin Flint.

NORTHAMPTON, February 8, 1838.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — I was truly gratified by finding, on my return from Boston, a letter from you awaiting my return. Indeed, I think

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it was nearly a month old. Its contents, though satisfactory in most respects, have inspired me with a desire to hear again immediately, for now you must have something important to communicate to my interested ears, — probably nothing less eventful than an increase of your earthly ties, with a corresponding enlargement of your affections; so true is it that every additional child brings with it a fresh fountain of love, of hope, of gratitude.

You speak of the trials inflicted by pecuniary difficulties. In this you only share in the common lot of the multitude, with most of whom it is accompanied by aggravations that you know nothing of. For you have never known the multiplied sorrow of having inadvertently or imprudently occasioned hopeless misfortune to numbers of your friends, to large families, who can never expect to retrieve their comfortable circumstances. Such trials, though common, may Heaven defend you from! I think you must have found, and must enjoy, some intelligent companions in Buffalo. While the good and the wise are in the world, it is desirable to participate in their friendship and knowledge. A French writer has remarked, that "it is for the interest of every person to multiply ideas in the community to which he belongs; to know all that is current, and the best use of the information he possesses; to enrich his own mind, and at the same time increase his means of assisting and instructing others." Our acquisitions do not merely enrich ourselves, they greatly contribute towards increasing human sympathies. If we meet a stranger who is exclusively a botanist, and we are likewise well-informed on this subject, we can at once make common cause of the same pursuit. It is equally true of any other art or science, and of every other taste we discover in the persons whom accident has thrown in our way. Thus we realize that an increase of ideas helps to multiply human sympathies, to harmonize human interests, and to connect God's children by a most desirable tie. The Almighty Maker of heaven and earth, the earth itself, and what is contained therein, are interests common to *all*, and we want nothing but

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intelligence, information, thought, and philanthropy to make us agreeable to each other.

I have been gone so long, that I cannot muster any budget of news for you in this place. Henry Shepherd is going to add greatly to the value of his character and standing in society, by marrying a Miss Strong, of Belchertown. She is accomplished in various languages and music; but, more particularly, has the grace and greatness to think humbly of herself. She was educated by her parents, with a particular reference to making her a first-rate teacher; and came here a year ago to assist in a high-school for girls. Boarded at T. Shepherd's, and assisted Henry in his musical taste, until sympathy grew into love. I believe I told you in my last that —— would marry ——, together with half-a-dozen other matches, which I will not repeat. Northampton is not much like heaven in the respect that there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Miss —— has just returned from Springfield. She says your father told her he had as much as he could do, and that the kind of business he had was preferable to that here. S. has probably written to you all about her affairs. She is now in Lenox, teaching music for Mrs. ——, in place of ——, who is going to Europe with her aunt. For the last month she has had no use of her eyes from weakness, which her aunt thinks a voyage may cure. Your father has made an offer to take Dr. —— into business, and he is now in Springfield, I believe, to help him with a medical school, and take care of a hospital which he calculates to have.

I often think, my dear Anne, what a comfort it must be to you to have your mother and sister with you, and hope they like Buffalo well enough to remain there. We have a beautiful child here, which I take pleasure in looking at, because it looks so much like little Austin, when he left here. It is Mrs. Rogers's, and has all the brilliancy of its mother. I hear Mr. Allen is coming here next week for M. Lyman to go and stay with Mrs. Allen a year. If I can get them to

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take a small parcel, I think I shall find something to send "mother and the babies." My S. has been in Boston this winter, and I hope will improve in proportion to the sacrifice it occasions me to part with her; for she truly is the embryo of the dear child I have parted with. You would be surprised to see how much Catherine has gained, too, in size, maturity of character, and good appearance. I dare say you have seen by the paper the marriage of —— to a poor schoolmaster. I was at the wedding; and very glad to have things so happily consummated.

Remember me affectionately to your mother and sister, and believe me with much love,

Yours truly and affectionately,

A. J. Lyman.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

Northampton, April 1, 1838.

When I returned from Boston two months ago, I had the pleasure of finding a letter from you. Since that time I have received another from Harriet. Neither of these mentioned Charlotte's near approach to the land of matrimony. But to-day I have received a newspaper stating the fact, and beg leave to congratulate you all on the happy event.

I feel conscience-smitten that I have not written to Charlotte, for I always have had the intention; but when you consider my numerous duties, my old age, and the constant claims upon my pen by absent children and sisters, you cannot wonder at my delinquency. My mother had been so long a sufferer, that her death was a release from trouble. It was anticipated, and we could not be distressed by it. You know we look for the death of the aged, and rejoice that they have been permitted to remain so long. It is when the young die, those on whom we expect to lean, those on whom our hopes are built, and with whom we identify our future happiness on earth, that we feel smitten, — our

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strongholds taken from us, and our hearts lacerated to bleeding. This has been a source of such constant reflection for a year past, that it lessens my sympathies on all other subjects. Every day increases the conviction of the magnitude of my loss. All my duties are increased, — you will judge how many go unperformed. In the loss of my mother, too, I feel there is one barrier less between me and the grave.

You have heard by my last letter all about Joseph's situation; he says it is the most beautiful climate in the world, and all his expectations have been more than answered. . . . He speaks of a Mr. ——, who is principal engineer, that lives in the house with him, together with his wife, the granddaughter of Rufus King. This gentleman I thought must be a relative of Mr. Greene's, because his mother was a Greene. Joseph likes both him and his wife very much, and his partner Mr. Pratt, who is likewise a married man. The society there has many intelligent, sensible men, though men actively engaged in business. E. belongs to a new firm consisting of two of his old masters, and a new one. He is promoted to be first clerk, with a salary equivalent to his living, and feels like quite a great character. He is as tall as Joseph, and larger. . . . I never wanted to see you more than I have since our dear Anne's departure. What concerned you and your family, was among her dearest interests.

I suppose Charlotte and her husband have left you. I should like to know where a letter would find them; but I am hoping they are on their way to this place, previous to going to Salem, and that I shall have a visit from them. I wish you would answer this as soon as you can, and let me know that you and Mr. Greene and Catherine are coming here this summer. I have tried hard to get my sister C. to go to Cincinnati this spring, or to take a short voyage and see Joseph at Brunswick. She has been so long shut up, and her eyes are so useless to her, that I think she needs an entire change. She has gone now to Philadelphia and New York; will probably be absent a month. Jo-

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seph thinks the climate he lives in would be a perfect restorative to her. . . .

You have heard what an idol Mr. Peabody was made in Boston, and of his call to Dr. Channing's, and of his accepting a call at New Bedford, where they have gone, I believe, the last week.

Give my love to all your sisters. When you write, tell me about my nephews, and J. H. Perkins and wife, Mrs. Stetson, and all the neighbors, not forgetting Mr. Tim Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Lawler, too; what are they doing? You have heard that Mrs. B. has lost her father, who left very little property, and that she is trying every way she can to get a living.

My S. is at Mr. Emerson's school in Boston, where she will continue until she is done going to school. C. is an improving child, but the progress is slow. She is more gifted in good principles, good manners, and good sense, than in scholarship of any kind. There are no advantages here of the right kind for my girls, and I shall have to send them away for all they get. This is a great sacrifice on my part; but we learn to do what we think best for our children, let the sacrifice be what it may.

Your affectionate

A. J. LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Dr. Austin Flint.

MAY 6, 1838.

MY DEAR AUSTIN, — I believe I told you that a year ago, when our Mr. Stearns left us, his place was supplied by Mr. S. G. Bulfinch, one of the most angelic beings that I ever knew in that profession. He stayed, together with his young wife, many weeks with us. She has recently died in giving birth to her first child. This is the fourth case of a similar kind which has occurred among my acquaintances since your little A. was born, and I mention it that A. may know how favored she has been among women; for, common as it is for children to

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be born, so it is very common for mothers to lose their lives in this perilous enterprise. And I do think the gentlemen of your profession cannot give too scrupulous a degree of attention to this subject; for, while the world remains, this must continue to happen, and must make a constant demand on the attention of the profession.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, October 23, 1838.

MY DEAR EMMA, — I am ashamed to think that six weeks, if not more have passed over my head without my having acknowledged your heart-warming favor. I will not pretend to give you all the reasons why I have not; you must, whenever you can, come and see. Instead of two persons to perform all the social and domestic duties that belong to this household, there is now but one; and she has been from May until the last two months, a poor, infirm old woman, in constitutional habit at least eighty years old. But enough of that; what is, cannot be helped, and should not be complained of. My lot has always been better, far better, than I deserved; and if I have had treasures that have been withdrawn, it was because the Bestower of all good knew I had more than my portion, and far more than my deserts.

You must have enjoyed a great deal at Exeter, seeing your aunt and uncle so much gratified, and participating so fully in it yourself. It is delightful to all to behold such a halo thrown over the declining years of a good and useful man. The honor shown to such a man as Dr. Abbot has a powerful moral influence, and is calculated to make a valuable impression on the present rising generation. We must always consider that it belongs to our free agency to have a portion of our destiny under our own control; and though we cannot resist that portion which the Almighty keeps in his own hands, such as sickness and death, nor change His established laws, yet by studying them and conforming to them, we can procure much good and much happiness for

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ourselves and others. This has been remarkably illustrated in the life of Dr. Abbot, who has persevered in an undeviating course of honorable labor; and has arrived at all the results of such a course, in his advanced life.

I always urged it upon Joseph to make teaching his profession, if he felt unwilling to wait for encouragement in the law. But he thought the defects of his constitution, more than disinclination, must oppose an obstacle to it. I feel sorry that his occupation lay at such a distance from us, but I do not doubt that he is in a position of great usefulness, and that he will set a good example in a new place, where example is of so much consequence.

My good niece, Susan Hillard, is with me, as you know; and I think the new channel into which her thoughts are likely to be turned by things around her here will be favorable to her health and the state of her mind. She seems very well, and is enjoying herself as well as could be expected under her great loss.

While Mr. Lyman was absent, I had our good Hannah Stearns to stay with me. She is about the best person in the world, — the most unvitiated and stainless; with the most cultivation, high principle, and sweet temper. There is no way I could obtain so much satisfaction, if I could afford it, as to give her a handsome salary, and always have her to direct the improvement of my children. She is as good as an angel, and her conversation and example furnish a better means of instruction than the best of schools. I should have appropriated her the coming year; but she was engaged when she left Baltimore to Miss G. and Miss W., who have the sense to understand her value. She is to direct their literary improvement for a year to come. Hannah's constitution was so entirely changed by ten months' residence in Cuba, and her health so perfectly restored, that I cannot help wishing that my sister C. and your M. could do the same thing. I think it would set them up for life. Tell M. if she will go out to Brunswick with C., I will get J. to hurry and finish his cottage, and they might

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go and keep house for him one year. I would make them a visit in the meantime, to give them some variety; and insure them to come back well, handsome, and happy. Is it not a good plan? . . .

Your affectionate

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, December 5, 1838.

MY DEAR EDWARD,— . . . . . .

I am very glad to find, by the letter I got from you last night, that you had perfect confidence in your own strength and ability to answer to all the requisitions that could be made of you in your new capacity. And I am glad you have. That is an unbecoming diffidence which leads people to distrust the faculties they have cultivated and exercised with success, as many years as you have your mercantile capacity. But there are no people in the world placed under such strong temptation to do wrong in every respect as travellers are, or who set so loose upon the restrictions of society and its institutions, conventional forms, and general standards of rectitude. Being removed as they are from the circle of observing and interested friends, to whom they feel responsible, it is not strange they should more readily yield to every passing impulse, knowing they are not critically observed upon, and have no one to please but themselves. This, then, calls for the exercise of all your power over moral and religious sentiments; and your real enjoyment will be in proportion to the ascendency they have in determining your course of conduct, for it is to those sources you must look for aid to sustain the true dignity of man. No one can be contented or happy without self-respect. Whatever honors or flattery he may receive from the world,—in them he will find no substitute for the want of it; and, possessed of it, he will have a fountain of inward satisfaction

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which will make any of them appear mean and worthless in the comparison.

I must feel sorry that this tour did not occur one year later, for you know you and I were really to go to Niagara next summer, and Canada; and then you could have carried in your imagination an idea of the greatest natural curiosity in the world, as, surely, that mighty cataract may be considered. There is much information about this country, that, when you are absent from it, and comparing another country and its various institutions and customs with it, you will feel the want of. But you must remember life has just begun with you, and that your seed time is not over; and, in proportion as you feel the want of knowledge, you will be assiduous to learn. I am very sorry I had not De Tocqueville to give you, to read on the passage, and Dr. Humphrey's "Tour." De Tocqueville is a key with which to unlock a vast deal of information relative to America; and Humphrey's "Tour" a key to much intelligent observation upon whatever part of Great Britain you may be in.

If you will go and see our Cousin Forbes, in New York, they will carry you to Cousin George W. Murray's, with whom I passed nearly a year just before I was married; and, if you wished, he would furnish you with letters to the Murray family in England, in case you were in London, or the neighborhood where they live. . . . .

You will have my constant remembrance and prayers during your absence, to say nothing of unremitted affection. You must keep some small, ruled books in your pocket, that you may fill them with a journal during your absence; not forgetting to mention the history of all interesting people, and all interesting conversations and opinions. Be friendly and accessible to worthy people, and you will find them so to you.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

CHRISTMAS, 1838.

Mrs. Cochran gave a cotillon party, which was very pleasant, and is to be followed once a fortnight, until April, by the other young ladies, who have joined it; so you see there is still some animation left amongst us. It is true, I cannot feel much of it myself, but I can rejoice to contemplate it in others. I should like to know how and where you passed Christmas. I should be glad to recognize the day in a manner to bring together all the sacred associations which so truly belong to it. But I could not do that alone; and with me it only speaks (in reference to the past) of the bitterest sorrow I ever was called to suffer; and this impression must ever interpose a cloud to overshadow the best enjoyments allotted to me on this side the grave. Every occurrence now comes to me connected with the idea, — "How would this have pleased or displeased my dear Anne?" And when I am necessarily so much separated from the children I have left on earth, I can but cling to the idea of how much more importance my own life was, while she was living, than it now is.

Your father keeps himself a good deal shut up this winter, for it has been very cold ever since you left; and since Sunday we have had good sleighing, and I presume shall have for the coming ten or twelve weeks.

I was glad you got the letters and books before you left. I think they must have been an entertainment on the passage. I had another book I have just finished, that I wish I had given you, — "Stevens's Travels in Egypt and Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land;" which has been very interesting to me, from the fact that it mentions every place spoken of in the Old and New Testaments, with quotations of the various predictions of their destiny, by the prophets of old. I have thought it was a pity you could not have taken (but perhaps you did)

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some letters to the remnants of your grandmother's old Murray family, especially Mr. Charles Murray, who has been a distinguished lawyer in London.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, January 20, 1839.

. . . S. has gone to where property is of no value, but where the great and good of all climes and all ages, the friends, benefactors, deliverers, ornaments of their race, — the patriarch, prophet, apostle, and martyr, the true heroes of public and still more of private life, — have gone; illustrating, though unrecorded by man, "the true beauty of holiness," and all self-sacrificing virtue. How often must I visit in imagination that unknown country where I have been called to offer up a bright ornament, one whose countenance shed light upon our dwelling, and peace and strength through our hearts!

Mr. Brewer has heard of the death of his brother William, which is an unspeakably great affliction to his mother, Elizabeth, and more particularly his wife and infant child. He was a very good young man, and was successfully engaged in business, but has left nothing. When we hear of such deaths, we can only say, "*there* they are gathered together, safe from every storm, triumphant over evil," while we remain to do our Father's work on earth; and let us do it. Such events should be our admonition, to keep our hearts with all diligence, to live in a state of preparation for what may take place early in life, and at all events *must* in the course of time.

I never asked you when here, to take a Bible in your trunk, but I hope you did; for, on board a vessel, there must be comfort in having one.

Elizabeth Brewer is engaged, but I cannot say to whom, for Mr. B. could not tell me. . . .

Susan has been in the best of health this winter, and done a great deal of visiting, for her. Mr. Barnard is new-furnishing his house, and

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is to be married on the 6th of next month. All things in connection with this affair look bright and unclouded. Marriage may be accounted amongst the softening influences of our destiny,—where no principle is outraged and where there is harmony in the characters of the individuals concerned. It seems to have been the plan of Divine Wisdom to supply aliment to our best impulses by this connection, at the same time that it provides for our happiness. How dark would be the gloom of this valley of tears, were it not brightened by the sympathies of kindred feeling, as well as kindred ties!

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, February 12, 1839.

I am thinking this is your birthday, and I would fain have eaten a plum pudding with you on the occasion, for it is the day of all others in which I may rejoice; for you have been a continued cause of joy to me, and not of sorrow, unless when you were sick, and I was fearful your end was near.

I have now been watching the newspapers for a fortnight that I might see the news of your arrival out, but as yet no such intelligence was to be found. . . .

I think I mentioned in my last letter that Marshall Spring was almost gone with a fever. He was not living at that moment. Your uncle suffered much through his protracted illness, which was nearly six weeks; he is dreadfully disappointed and afflicted in his death. But I feel that Marshall is now safe from the storms that await our earthly abode; that he has gone where there is much mercy and care for childhood and youth, and where there is every provision for the improvement of the young, far better than any we can enjoy here; and at the same time they are removed from all temptation. . . .

Flattery is an incense to which all are vulnerable, of whatever sex or

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age; and where there is an excess of it, it operates like a slow poison, drying up the fountain of all disinterested affections. . . .

Your father is now making a visit in Boston, which, as he has little or nothing to do at home, is very good for him; and so is it very good for me to stay quietly at home with Catherine, whom I should not like to have left alone.

If I had seen Mr. Savage, of Montreal, who was through here on his way to England, a week since, I should have given him some gold pieces I have, for you to lay out for Susan and Catherine. . . .

I have just been reading Mr. Clay's powerful speech against abolition, and hope it will reach and be read in England. It contains a great deal of information that they want and are destitute of.

Mr. Stearns is soon to leave us, and I do not think we shall be likely to fill his place. I believe we are to have Dr. Follen. . . .

Mr. Barnard is married, and is very happy.

In the last letter, my mother speaks with praise of "Mr. Clay's powerful speech against abolition." She was not an abolitionist. In all matters of reform, and especially in that, my Aunt Howe was far ahead of her. But she never had any other thought than that slavery was wrong; her only question was about the method of getting rid of it. Her association with Southerners had been with that higher class, whose characters and manners were after her own heart, — gentle and humane people, who were really beloved by their servants. She had wept with Hannah Drayton and Mary Wayne over the execution of a noble man, one of their favorite servants, who had led an insurrection in North Carolina; but, had she lived in the full vigor of her fine powers a few years later, she must have seen that the *good* slaveholder whom she so much admired was the worst enemy to the extinction of the accursed system. Her heart was large enough to feel for both oppressor and oppressed; and, could she have known that the sorrows of both were ended, how deeply would she have rejoiced! She never

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seemed to know any thing about prejudice towards color. In her childhood, Betsey Wallace, the last descendant of a slave family in Massachusetts, had been a faithful and attached domestic on Milton Hill, and she always spoke with warm emotion, of the delight she had in creeping into Betsey's bed, and being hugged to her faithful bosom. Later, when Betsey married John Drew, another character in Milton, she delighted to visit them, and talk over the annals of Milton Hill, and hear their old stories.

I recall a time in Northampton, when, after a long, hot summer had come and gone, with many visitors and abundant cares, — the stage-coach stopped, and an ancient colored woman, very large and of no comely appearance, alighted at our door. "Perhaps," she said, as she advanced to the door, "you've heerd tell of *Billah?* If not, Judge Lyman will know who I am." My father was absent; but my mother had "heerd tell of Billah," and made her heartily welcome. In the old slave-days in Massachusetts, Billah, as a little girl, had been given to my Grandmother Lyman. But the days of emancipation for all had come before she grew up; and she, being well fitted for a nurse, had lived a long and useful life, greatly esteemed and respected in her profession. She was now past seventy years; had thought she should like to see what sort of man the Joseph of her childhood had become, and so she came. My father came home next day, and they had great pleasure in talking over their early days. She remained three days, having one of the best chambers for her resting-place, and the seat of honor, next my mother, at the table. When she had gone, some one remarked, that, though they thought Billah was excellent company, they should think it would have done very well to put her in the kitchen at meal-time. My mother's answer was, as usual, simple and conclusive, "If you were a very old woman, and had taken a long journey to see the friends of your childhood in whom you felt an interest, how would *you* like it, when meal-time came, to be put into another room to eat, with people whom you did *not* come to see, and in whom you felt *no* interest?"

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, February 27, 1839.

We have just received your third letter, addressed to your father, and truly happy does it make us to hear from you. There is something in a perfect state of satisfaction, if it once takes possession of us (and it must be transient), that excludes every thing else, every other feeling and every other interest; indeed, it is as exclusive and as engrossing as the most profound grief. And, for the first few days after I heard from you, I was given up to this most joyous sentiment, this gladness of the heart; and I asked for no diversion from it. I felt liberated from a hard master, like one who had been in bondage and is released. My oppressors were Fear and Anxiety; for there had been much said of the disasters on the English coast, — those which occurred before your arrival. And when I think of those which have occurred since, I tremble to think what a narrow escape you have had. Your first letter was received by the "Great Western," instead of the unfortunate "Pennsylvania," three days subsequent to the second. This is the fifth letter I have written you, and I feel sorry that they had not come to hand before the "Liverpool" left. But such poor letters never get lost. 'Tis only such letters as Charles Sumner writes which get lost. By the way, he writes that he has had an interview with you. This I was pleased to hear. It must make you proud of your countrymen to encounter such men, and feel yourself identified with them in some measure. You might have told us who the two Bostonians were. Your letters were all directed as you desired, and sent to William C. Langley. In future, I shall number my letters so that you will know if you lose any.

I believe my second letter told you of the death of Mrs. S. L. Hinckley, and my fourth of the death of Marshall Spring, and the birth of Mrs. Cleveland's daughter, and Mr. Barnard's marriage. The latter seems to have been the means of a great increase of happiness in Mr. Barnard's house; and I hear in various ways that there is great cheer-

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fulness and hilarity throughout the household since the coming of the Lady Eleanor.

I had a letter from Joseph yesterday, in which he says he has given up having any thing to do with the railroad, and has arranged his affairs so that he can come here and pass next summer, which I shall enjoy very much; for I have felt very much cut off from enjoying the presence of my children ever since I parted with my constant companion, my dear Anne Jean. But when I am entirely solitary, she is the constant companion of my imagination; and it daily moistens my eyes with tears when I think what she would say to the various things happening around us.

. . . . . .

Susan has written to you before now, I presume, and told you of all the dissipation she has been engaged in during the winter.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, July 15, 1839.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I received your kind letter soon after I returned from Niagara, and should have answered it immediately, according to the promptings of my warmest wishes for you and yours. Three weeks since I was informed, as doubtless you were, of the birth of Charlotte's daughter; within a day or two, Mr. Silsbee wrote to me to say that C. and the baby were doing well, and were coming here, and wanted me to get them a girl to take care of the baby.

The reason I could not extend my journey to Cincinnati (which I most fervently desired) was, that my good Mrs. Carly was obliged to leave me before I could return, in order to accompany her children to a distance. And I knew the difficulty the family would be involved in if I did not return to their relief. I left Miss Stearns staying with Mr. Lyman and Catherine, and had engaged her to stay the ensuing year and direct the literary improvement of my girls. But her sister, at Wor-

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cester, was taken sick and required her assistance; and my plan, that I was enjoying so much, was entirely frustrated; for, she was exercising an admirable influence on Catherine's mind, which is a very good one, but one of late development. She really requires a new position to give a new impulse to her mind; but her father thinks her want of vigorous health is an objection to her leaving home, and there is no more to be said about it. S. and J. returned to us a month since. They were well, though a little delicate in appearance; and S. is now absent with the Misses ——, and their father, on an excursion of pleasure. Mr. Harding's youngest daughter has been staying with us since Susan's return, — they were at school together in Boston, — and Margaret is a very remarkable girl for the maturity of her character, and is particularly congenial to S. They are both bent on self-improvement. Mr. Harding is contemplating moving to Cincinnati, or somewhere West, if he can sell his place in Springfield advantageously. He has got a pretty set of girls. The two youngest are the finest; but Miss C. is altogether the most attractive in company, and to strangers. I am charmed to hear of Mr. Perkins's success as a preacher; and I am likewise glad you are so much satisfied with your own minister; and I hope you will like his wife as well.

Mrs. Channing, senior, and her daughter are treasures in society anywhere, and I hope they may remain in Cincinnati. Remember me to them very affectionately.

. . . Perhaps you would like to know the plan of our tour. When we set out we were accompanied by Mr. Fisher, who was one of the best travelling companions I ever saw, for he is perfectly well acquainted with all the localities in the West, together with the history of the progress of the country, having lived west more than twenty years. We went immediately to Oswego from Albany, stopping however in the beautiful town of Utica a day and a half, in order to visit Trenton Falls, which well rewarded us for our pains. We passed most of three days at Oswego very pleasantly, and then sailed up Lake Onta-

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rio, which took us twenty-four hours, to Lewiston; stopping however on the way at Rochester a couple of hours to see the falls on the Genesee River, and the beautiful surrounding country, and found ourselves at Niagara with no fatigue or disappointment, the day-week we left home, which was Tuesday. We remained there until Saturday afternoon, when we took the railroad to Buffalo; for we wished to pass a few days with our friend Mrs. Allen (Sally Lyman that was), and our young friends Dr. Flint and his wife, who are pleasantly established in that beautiful town. We left there the day-fortnight that we had left home, being determined to linger on the way, as we passed Rochester, Canandaigua, Geneva, Auburn, Syracuse, and Salina. When we got to Albany (the following Saturday), we thought it right to go immediately to Catskill Mountain, and there pass Sunday and Monday; which we did, and were all day Tuesday and Wednesday in returning to Northampton, after an absence of three weeks and one day. Thus I have given you the outline of our journey without the least hint of description; for I presume you have seen and observed all the places for yourself. Nor have I given you the smallest idea of the multiplied emotions of joy and sorrow which alternately occupied me. For how could it be otherwise while passing over scenes so constantly connected in my mind with the descriptions given of them by my beloved child, now an inhabitant of celestial regions.

If you have a letter from Anne Jean, giving you any account of her journey from Cincinnati five years since, do me the favor to have it copied and send it to me. She wrote me a very fine account of Niagara, and the whole of her journey as far as Utica, where they stopped; but the letter was sent to my mother, and got lost, which I have much deplored.

Give my love to your sisters, husband, and Catherine.

Your very affectionate aunt,

A. J. Lyman.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes.

NORTHAMPTON, November 24, 1839.

MY DEAR EMMA, — You will readily believe I have been very busy since your departure, as our principal domestic left the next day, and her substitute was not quite ready to fill her place; so that S. and I have had our talents fully exercised ever since. But while we have labored we have employed a very good seamstress to ply the needle for us; and I think I shall not be more indebted to time than usual when Thanksgiving Day arrives, — which is the day when all the family assemble here, and others that like to come in the evening. This is a sad anniversary to me, notwithstanding all this pressure of business and apparent satisfaction. It brings to mind not only the entire separation from one who seemed indispensable to my happiness, but makes me melancholy in the conviction that I can rarely expect to be with my sons; and that, if they are not always wanderers, they rarely will be with me.

I often felt the desire to speak of my dear absent child to you, but I knew it was wrong to inflict upon you the sensations which overwhelm me whenever I indulge myself to any extent in that way; for I can never cease to think that I am under a severe punishment in having such a blessing withdrawn. I fully believe in the justice of such a discipline, and in the Hand that has administered it. But the suffering is not the less acute for that conviction. My lot is a happy one, inasmuch as it constantly enforces the imperious claims of those around me for care and attention, which necessarily diverts my mind by keeping all my faculties in use, and generally under high pressure. And this is really all the submission I ever could practise, — the submission of inexorable necessity, to whose immutable decree there can be no opposition and no antidote. I have every thing to remind me, and that constantly, of the existence that has been suspended here; for every thing around me bears marks of that existence, and every thing and

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everybody here was in some way connected with the idea of my loved child. Time never can destroy these associations, though it diminishes their influence.

Give my love to John; tell him I think of making a visit exclusively to the twins and their parents, but I shall wait until they can entertain me with a little more talk than I can get from them at present.

Dr. Jennison has been here, and made a visit; he is a nice, sensible man, and quite improved in his ten years' absence. He thinks of establishing himself; and, I suspect, near Boston. He has been to Lenox. I hear Miss M. A. is engaged to the son of Sir James Mackintosh.

Mrs. Rogers came down to see you the afternoon you left. Her children all continue quite sick with the cough, more particularly the youngest boy; but it does not prevent her meeting her friends with her usual smile.

Since you left, Susan has read aloud to me the first volume of Sparks's "Life of Washington," "Undine," — what nonsense! — and stories connected with the times of Charles II., which are nearly as absurd as "Undine." In the intervals, Mr. Lyman pegs away upon Dwight's "Life of Thomas Jefferson," which, however, I am quite interested in, as it shows the history and origin of the Democratic party.

Susan is now writing to Aunt K., though you would not think we were either of us in a very convenient position to collect our thoughts. But we do not wait for inspiration, — only for an opportunity, which we have just heard would leave early in the morning.

Give my love to your mother and the girls.

Yours very affectionately,

A. J. Lyman.

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, February 10, 1840.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — How can I help sitting down to converse with you upon the recurrence of a day so eventful to my happiness as that of your birth! We can look but a very little way into the destiny of man; and yet there are some immutable truths connected with it which never fail, and which I have perfect faith in. I am sure that rectitude always gives *power*, and that that power consolidates and helps to maintain virtue, and that the uniform reward of active virtue is happiness, contentment, self-approbation. These are results from causes which I do feel sure of; they are within our own control. They may not protect us from sickness, misfortune, or death, but will leave us exempted from self-reproach, and preserve within us that peace of mind which outward circumstances cannot impair.

We have had an extremely cold winter, but it is now mild and comfortable. We have had two feet of snow on a level for the last eight weeks. But our house (that part which we use) has been warm, and we have had nothing to complain of. Your father remains undisturbed and perfectly tranquil by the fire-side for the most part of the time. Susan divides the time between "books and work and healthful play." Miss Bangs is now making her a visit, — a young lady whom she went to school with at Mr. Emerson's. She lives in Springfield; and, though not at all handsome, is agreeable and intelligent, and we all like her much. Catherine is doing very well with Miss Stearns, and we have reason to think, from what Miss S. writes, that she is rapidly improving. I intend that she shall remain with Miss Stearns as long as she goes to any school; for she is fond of Miss S. and her sister, and seems very happy with them.

Before this time, you have received newspapers giving the dreadful account of the loss of the steamer "Lexington," with many valuable

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lives; amongst others Dr. Follen. This has affected the universal sympathies of the community.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, March 10, 1840.

MY DEAR ABBY,— . . . . . .

We have this day had a letter from Edward, written the day following that in which he says his minority is at an end, and hereafter he is the only responsible person for his own debts, as well as actions. He says his birthday was distinguished as the wedding-day of Queen Victoria, and the pageantry attending the occasion was very amusing and agreeable to all in the neighborhood of it. I do not know what the poor youth is to do with himself, now that he is become his own master, for there never could be a worse time to commence business. But he does not take desponding views of life, and we ought not to.

Joseph never got our letters, after he left Cincinnati, until he reached New Orleans, where he found a number waiting his arrival, as well as friends glad to greet him.

The H——s and ——s I was sorry you could not have seen. She is decidedly superior to her sisters, though Mrs. —— is called a very fine character, and her influence in her own home was very remarkable. She is calculated to set a fine example where she lives, and make a charming wife for Mr. ——. I am always glad when I hear of a good young man that has a truly good wife. I should be delighted if J—— would unite himself to so fine a character, in regard to all practical qualities, — I mean "when he has tired his wing," and become stationary, — though I really believe his "locomotive" propensities have greatly contributed to confirm his health and make his constitution what it is; for, when he first grew up, he was of a most miserable structure, and there was no appearance that he ever would be a vigor-

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ous, manly fellow. He writes in fine spirits, and seems to have enjoyed his tour greatly; and, I have no doubt, has laid up a good stock of information in relation to the places he has seen that will be advantageous to him in future.

You say in your last that I said nothing about Charlotte's visit. If you had been here during the autumn, and seen the confusion that characterized every thing around me, you would not have wondered at any defects in my letters. We certainly had a very agreeable visit from Charlotte and Mr. Silsbee, and found them much improved by a year's experience in each other's society. I think Mr. S. improves on acquaintance very much. We should have been pleased to have had our people give Mr. S. a call to preach for us a year at least; but they made no motion of that sort. We never have listened to any better preaching since we parted with Mr. Stearns, who was remarkable; and his wife, too, had proved herself a person of uncommon excellence. . . . I forgot to tell you that Charlotte has a nice little Silsbee-looking child; and she is a very devoted mother, and he is a most devoted father, as well as husband. I should like much to know how they got along while in Savannah, and if they mean to return this season. I presume you have heard.

My Catherine is the happiest creature with Miss Stearns that ever was, and appears to be improving fast. I felt that change was essential to her. She always has lived under such a sameness of circumstances that there did not appear to be enough variety to operate on her nature, and develop what powers she possessed; and I always have observed that change of position and change of teachers create a new impetus in the minds of young people; at her age this is peculiarly desirable. She never has paid much attention to music, for we have thought it might prove prejudicial to her health, as she has never been very vigorous. But she has a decided desire that way, and I think will, of her own accord, become a proficient to a limited extent.

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Perhaps you have seen in the Boston papers that we have given Mr. J. S. Dwight, of Boston, a call to settle over our religious society. He is quite a good preacher, but under the censure of Transcendentalism, which, as I cannot find out exactly what it means, does not disturb me very much; and Mr. Stearns said I was a good deal transcendental myself. That may account for my adaptation to him, or rather his to me. If people make the Scriptures their standard, as I understand it, and explain it accordingly, I shall not quarrel about the shades of difference that are only perceptible to critics.

I believe —— is as much in the suds with his people as ever.

Give my love to Mr. Greene and Katy and your sisters.

Very affectionately yours.

P. S. Your uncle is well. Both himself and S—— send a great deal of love.

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CHAPTER XVII.

What is so excellent as strict relations of amity, when they spring from this deep root? The sufficient reply to the sceptic, who doubts the power and the furniture of man, is in the possibility of that joyful intercourse with persons, which makes the faith and practice of all reasonable men. I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous persons, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend. — EMERSON'S *Essay on "Character."*

NOTHING could be more marked in my mother's character than the heartiness of her relations to all around her. As she moved about her house engaged in domestic avocations, or sat near the window or front door with her work-basket, she made many sudden rushes to catch the eye or ear of some friend passing. The day did not have its fill for her, if she had not had her crack with Judge Huntington, her croon with Mrs. Whitmarsh, her hailing of Dr. Flint to inquire after some patient, or David Lee Child, to get some light on history or politics. Then she would subside into an absent day-dream, like her dear father before her; smiles flitted over her fine face; half-formed words rose to her lips; nods of welcome or recognition, in imagination, as she plied her needle busily, unconscious of any but invisible presences. I never had known till I received the letter from my cousin, Estes Howe, at the beginning of this volume, that our grandfather had this same trick of absent-mindedness, and always wondered where my mother and Aunt Howe got it. It was a very marked trait in both of them, but as different in its manifestations as their characters were different.

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My mother had a special delight in the society of Martha Cochran, one of those rare souls who impress a whole village with a sense of something heroic and unusual, both in the mind and character, — and yet,

"A creature not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food."

One morning Martha passed the parlor window, and paused as usual for the neighborly chat. Great was her surprise and amusement to find that it was impossible to attract Mrs. Lyman's attention; as, though she was sweeping as usual at that hour in the morning, her mind was far distant, and the illumination of her features and movement of her lips proved that she was in animated conversation with somebody. "It seems to me," said Martha, coming close to the window, "that we are having very fine times with some one." "Oh, Martha, is that you?" said my mother, waking with a start from her day-dream. "Well, my dear, I went to Springfield yesterday, and passed the day with Betsey Howard; and I do assure you, it is worth a guinea a minute to see Betsey." Judging from the recollections of Mrs. Howard's daughters, the conversation of the friends was full of the heartiest pleasure; although, as Sophia writes me, to try and report it, is like uncorking a second time the bottle of champagne, the day after the festival.

At Deerfield lived old Dr. Willard, the blind clergyman, and his wife; life-time friends of my mother, who had known them in Hingham in her youth. The fact that Dr. Willard was one of the few clergymen of the liberal faith who lived within twenty miles of Northampton, for many years before our Unitarian society was formed, often attracted my father and mother to Deerfield in the early days of their married life. Dr. Willard was a saintly man, who bore his life of privation and blindness with angelic patience, and he was always an honored guest at our house as long as he lived. At one time when he came to pass a week, my mother thought to add to the circle of his enjoyments by

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going with him to Springfield to attend a Unitarian convention, and pass two days with their common friend, Mrs. Howard. The visit was a charming one; all combined to fill the heart of the blind man with pleasure. Especially the fresh voices of the little Howards charmed his ear, and brought visions of happy, affectionate childhood to his mental vision. Dr. Willard was slow in his movements, and when, the evening before his departure, he announced that he must start at an early hour next morning, in order to officiate at a christening in Deerfield, where he had promised to be present, the whole family felt that they must aid in speeding the parting guest. When the early breakfast was over, and his companion and the stage waiting, Dr. Willard, moving very slowly, expressed in quaint and measured terms his gratitude for the hospitality that had been shown him; and then said to Mrs. Howard, "The tenure of life is short; before I go, I should like to kiss every one of your sweet girls." The girls all hung back, and looked as if about to take flight. Mrs. Howard was in despair, not wishing to check the old man's wishes in any way. But my mother was equal to the occasion; seizing a hand of each reluctant child, she placed it in Dr. Willard's, then inserted her own cheek between him and the child, bobbing back and forth, and saying each time, "This is Lucinda, Dr. Willard; this is Sophia; this is Elizabeth; this is Mary; this is Sarah; and this is little Emily. Now you've kissed all the sweet girls, Dr. Willard; good-by." And she hustled him off, and returned to the house to find the whole family exploding with laughter.

My mother and Mrs. Howard were both second wives; and Sophia recalls a conversation between them, that amused her very much on this account. Mrs. Howard was relating to my mother the fact that some friend was about to marry his third wife, which she considered a great enormity. "Why, Betsey," said my mother soothingly, "if a man's house burns down, should he not build it up again? It is n't in the nature of things for a man to live without a home." "Well, Mrs. Lyman," said Mrs. Howard, "when a man's house has burned down

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twice, I should say it was an indication of Providence that he had better give up, and go to board."

Sophia Howard writes: "It would be impossible for any one to report the brilliant sparkling of the conversation of those two women. Young as we children were, we enjoyed listening to it beyond any thing, and could appreciate the wit and humor of it. Few ever felt your mother's tenderness and sympathy, as my mother and her children did. I well remember when I was but a little child, only nine years old, the interest she took in my having my eye operated on for strabismus. She told me in confidence, that, if I would have it done, I should make a visit to her, in Northampton. I think that first led me to be a thorn in my mother's side, till the operation was performed. I never shall forget that visit. I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life. C. was six or seven years older than I, which at that time seemed an immense difference, so that I was almost crazy with delight to be treated as a companion to her. I went to a sewing society, and I could not possibly have as much pleasure or pride now in being presented at the Court of St. James, as I had then. One Sunday, just as we were getting ready for church, the fire-bells rang, and C. hinted to me privately that we would slip off to the fire, which we did instead of attending the sanctuary. Mr. Child was at your house to dinner, and I remember how crushed I was, when your mother satirically introduced us to him as the 'fire worshippers.' I had no idea that the stigma would not cling to me for life. That was the only reproof we received for what was then considered a most improper thing. Even in those days a good deal of the puritanical observance of Sunday was preserved; and, at that time, Mr. Rufus Ellis was preaching as a candidate at N., and it was thought even the youngest ought to rejoice in such preaching."

I remember one fine, clear, winter day, when I had been out with my mother to make some visits. Many of our neighbors had flitted to Boston for a few weeks to enjoy lectures and concerts and other city

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diversions. Among these, Martha Cochran had been absent some weeks, and was not expected home for another month, we had been told. Returning from our outing, on opening the parlor-door a singular sight met our astonished eyes. Every article of furniture had been transformed by some new and grotesque combination, and the hearth brush, arrayed in Mrs. Lyman's best cap and shawl, was seated in a rocking-chair on top of the piano, assiduously darning a stocking. One glance round the room was enough for my mother, and then she fell all in a heap into a chair, unable to speak for some moments for laughing. "Martha Cochran," she gasped at last, swaying to and fro; "do n't tell me she hasn't got home from Boston, for I know better. This is her card." And, sure enough, this was the case.

She was a great believer in the sewing circle, which met from house to house, to sew for the poor, and which accomplished a great deal in the winter time. Our sewing circle had been gathered and inspired by our dear Mrs. Hall, our first minister's wife, whose name and memory were especially dear to our church, long after she had left us. Twenty years after she had gone, during a period of discouragement there was talk of disbanding the sewing society, when my mother rose in the meeting, and with a voice full of tenderness, and eyes that shone through tears, she said only, "My friends, this sewing society was formed by Mrs. Hall!" It was enough; nobody thought of giving it up after that.

"Do n't tell me any thing about gossip," she would say, when people complained of sewing circles, as the places for it. "Scandal is a dreadful thing, but gossip is as necessary as the air we breathe; the world could not get on without it a minute. I went to the sewing society the other day. There sat in the corner Mrs. S. and Mrs. C. It did not seem to me they said a great deal; it all amounted to nothing. But Mrs. S. told Mrs. C. what a dreadful smoky chimney she had, and how her eyes were almost out of her head in consequence, and she could not work any button-holes. Mrs. W., overhearing the

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conversation, here came in with a recipe for the smoking chimney, and also took home the button-holes to finish. Mrs. B. told Mrs. A., that she expected friends from Boston next week, and Sally Ann, her maid-of-all-works, too feeble for any thing, and she all tired out herself. Mrs. A. crosses the room and repeats it all to Mrs. L. Mrs. L. at once proposes that her Betsey should go to Mrs. B.'s for the month she will be absent at Saratoga; and so that difficulty was cleared up. And," said my mother, "that is what half the gossip at the sewing circle amounts to; and I think it amounts to bringing about as many good results as some other things." When she herself appeared, a bevy of young girls were excited to mirthfulness. There was one old lady, of very quaint manners and speech, whom the young people liked to have drawn out, and nobody could do it but Mrs. Lyman. "Oh, there she comes," they would say; "do let us get her into that corner, where Mrs. A. sits, and then won't there be fun?" And fun there was! No one who heard, will ever forget those talks.

The amount of plain speaking that people will bear from one whose good will is perfect is always an amazement to those accustomed to circumlocution. I recall the things I have heard my mother say to others, which at the time astonished me from their directness, and yet I know they rarely gave offence; for the persons thus addressed refer to them now with an amount of pleasure and gratitude, that is unmistakable. "I came to her one day," said a friend, "with a list of troubles and grievances, for which I wanted her sympathy. She heard me very patiently, but when I was all through, she only said, with intensity, 'Oh, Mrs. P., gild your lot with contentment!' I saw that was all she had to say, so I went home; but you may depend, I did not forget it." "M. can you tell me what is the reason," she said one day to a young girl, "that when your family are in a peck of trouble, *that* always appears to be the signal for you to abdicate? Oh, don't do it, child, pray don't! The next time the family coach gets into a rut, you take right hold, and see if you can't move it, if it's only an inch."

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"Abdication" had a peculiar meaning on her lips, and was one of her seven deadly sins, as "nerves" were another. She had little patience with people who backed down in emergencies, and considered it her bounden duty to bear her testimony, and stiffen them up a little. She never had to go far to find an illustration "to point her moral and adorn her tale." Some good neighbor's example would instantly come to mind. "Look over the way at my neighbor Hunt's front yard," she would say; "see that splendid hydrangea, that elegant smoke-bush, that buckthorn hedge, all in the most perfect order, and all kept so by her own hands. Always she has sickness, sorrow, death; at every turn, something sad and unexpected. But who ever dreamed of Mrs. Hunt's *abdicating?* She could n't do it."

She went to see a young and worrying mother one day, whose health was delicate. "Oh, A., now you really think, my dear, that you've got to the 'swellings of Jordan;' but you are greatly mistaken. Mrs. Cephas Clapp got there years ago, but she would n't stay. Never's had a well day these twenty years and more; but has just kept round and done what she could, and kept her family a-going. Never once thought of abdicating, though I can't see why she did n't. Now tell me, is there really any way you can spend your youth and middle life, that pays half so well as bearing and rearing children?"

And yet, though she would sometimes give strength, where sympathy was wanted, — it was only where her clear moral insight told her that this was best, and not from any lack of sympathy. No need for her to sing as she did every Sunday night,

"Oh, give me tears for other's woes,"

for her eyes were always rivers of tears, when the real sorrow of any one was called to her notice; and at the same time that she could exhort a young mother not to believe that she had reached "the swellings of Jordan," she would send her carriage to take her out for an afternoon's drive, and bring home the children to entertain while she had gone.

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A case of seduction occurred in our village, and though the parties were afterwards married, and led an irreproachable life together, yet the wife always seemed under a cloud, — a patient, but very sad woman. My mother visited her frequently, and often took me, with a basket of flowers or fruit, when she went. I used to wonder how any one who had such a pretty baby could be so sad. I recall my mother's taking the child on her lap, and saying, "Why, Z., what a splendid head this child has!" and then she enumerated his phrenological developments, and prophesied his future. No smile on the face of baby's mother! "See here, Z." said she, "this child may grow up to be an honor and a blessing to the community; but not unless you do your whole duty by him; and you can't do your whole duty, if you keep in this low-spirited frame of mind." The beautiful boy died at four years; and by the coffin, with the poor mother's hand in hers, no one wept more bitterly than she did.

She was called in by a young friend one day, to look at her elegant wedding trousseau. When all had been shown, she turned to B. and said, "Well, B., whatever else you do, don't turn into a clothes-horse, my dear. Don't you know, if it was to purchase your salvation, you could not wear more than *one* of those gowns at a time?"

To another, she said, "Oh, I see what you are after. Creature comforts! those are what engage your attention. Oh, how you do hate to eat 'humble pie;' but it's good for you, — you'll tell me so some day."

"C., you think it does not comport with your dignity, to take such a step! Well, your dignity is n't worth two pins, if you have got to spend your life taking care of it, and nursing it up. If it can't take care of itself, it may as well die a natural death."

She was a woman of convictions, and this made her act with a decision and certainty that could not be expected always to fall in with the equally cherished views of others. One day she had had a little breeze with Judge Huntington. She had been warm and unreasonable, and that had perhaps made him cold and hard. Next day she was

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sitting by the door sewing, while I read aloud to her, — when Judge H.'s little boy came up the step and handed her a small basket covered with green leaves. On opening it, we found it contained several small green melons with rough rinds; and underneath was an envelope containing a beautiful little poem. I have looked in vain among her papers for the verses, which she kept long and carefully; but they have disappeared. If I remember rightly, in the first verse he described the little melon, so hard and green and rough outside, so luscious within. Then he begged his old friend to take the trouble to pierce that hard outside, and find the imprisoned sweetness. And, in his last verse, he asked her to take the same pains to get at a heart that had nothing in it but grateful affection for her, however appearances might seem to the contrary. Her eyes filled with tears as she read the verses, but she said nothing. She slowly took out the little melons and laid them in a dish, then went to the closet and brought fruit-knives and plates for me and for herself. "The melons are good," she said, reflectively, as she finished eating them; "but the man's heart who sent these melons is good as gold!"

She had a whole world of pathos and tenderness in her composition, which the casual visitor knew nothing of. Usually strong, brave, cheerful, and full of life, one could hardly imagine, who did not know her well, how gentle and tender became the tones of her voice when deeply moved. And, oh, the warmth of those enfolding arms, the cordiality of her welcome to any friend from whom she had been parted! And, if in conversation with others she heard any discussion of character that dwelt on externals, and did not enter into the heights and depths of the being, she became either indignant or pathetic in her defence of the absent one, and sometimes both. I recall a time when a knot of young girls were talking of an unfashionable bonnet, worn by a woman of genius. My mother had a great love and admiration for the friend in question; she knew also that a rigid economy, growing out of the highest philanthropy, and no want of taste. was the

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cause of the objectionable bonnet; and she was sorely tried by the playful, but not ill-natured, raillery. Coming near to the group of young people, with a book in her hand and with tears filling her eyes, she read, with much emotion, a fine passage from "Philothea." Every face was turned to hers with sympathetic emotion. "Girls," she said, when she had finished, "never again speak of what that woman wears on the *outside* of her head; think only of what she carries in the *inside*."

I think nothing was quite unbearable to her in character but the spirit of the cynic. To that she gave no quarter. It seemed to her to cover the earth with a pall, and shut out heaven; it was a real pestilence, and must be avoided as such; and, in selecting homes and resting-places and influences for her children, or the young people under her charge, she was more careful to avoid that evil than she was to guard them against any other mischance.

She was a genuine optimist in regard to all *children*. A firm believer in the effects of race, blood, and family inheritance, no modern reader of Darwin or Wallace had a stronger faith in reproduction of types and alternate generation than she had; and a large charity, growing out of her generous philosophy of life, surrounded all the young with whom she came in contact, with hopes rather than fears. "I am sure those children will grow up good," she said one day of some very troublesome little folks, "because their father and mother are the very salt of the earth, their grandparents are excellent, and all their uncles and aunts were superior." "Well, but, Mrs. Lyman," said her hearer, "you were just as sure the —— children would turn out well, and *they* did not have good parents or good grandparents." "Oh, well, my dear, when you've lived as long as I have, you will see that bad parents and grandparents are very apt to serve as a *warning* to children. And, then, who knows but they take after some good ancestor farther back? For, it is simply impossible that any family should be without *good* ancestors as well as *bad* ones, if they can only go back *far*

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enough." And when it was reported to her that one of these families, of whom she had expected the best things, had actually grown up very dull people, she said: "Now, if you had known the folks they came from, you would *never* be discouraged. Those are people of very *late* development. None of them ever come to any thing till they are past thirty; and then they loom up splendidly, and carry all before them."

And was there no offset to her life of hospitality, her generous giving, her devotion to large and universal interests? Yes, there was; and we shall all be apt to judge of it according to each one's natural temperament and proclivity. It is scarcely possible to be both large and small at the same time; to give one's mind to details at the same time that one compasses principles. In a few well-ordered and harmonious lives, nothing seems too great, nothing seems too small, for doing earnestly and well. And in all family life, a certain attention to detail is important, to insure that perfect working of the whole machinery that makes it move with ease and grace. My mother's life seemed made up of emergency and opportunity, and her immense physical strength enabled her to meet both, and to be equal to them; to carry by main force what would have been better accomplished by system and order. But she never considered herself a fine housekeeper, and for the most exquisite housekeeping she had no respect, considering that too much was sacrificed to it. She had, however, a thorough appreciation for a style of housekeeping greatly superior to her own; but not being able to accomplish it, along with the other purposes of her existence, she did not allow herself to be made unhappy by it. It would not be well for all families to live the life of free and unrestricted hospitality that ours did; but, if there were one such family life in every village, any dereliction in the details of that life might well be forgiven, for the large-hearted influence it must necessarily exert.

My mother was frequently behind-hand in her household arrangements; and it recalls to me now the simplicity of forty years ago, that

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her mistakes were so frequently rectified by kind neighbors and friends. Now, when guests arrive suddenly and unexpectedly, — if they ever do such things now-a-days, — the family larder can easily be replenished from provision-stores and restaurants; but in her day that was not possible. If a person had neglected to take a large amount of provision from the butcher's cart in his morning rounds, or to make up a large oven full of various breads and cakes and pies, there was no way later in the day to supply the deficiency. — money could not do it, but love could and did, very often. That state of society brought about a very frequent interchange of kindly offices in a neighborhood, such as are no longer needed, when a family have only to telegraph to Boston to have their evening's material entertainment sent up in four hours.

One day, my father brought home Judge Shaw at twelve o'clock, with some ladies, to dine; our dinner hour being one o'clock. My mother hastened out of the parlor after cordially receiving her guests, to see what addition could be made to her every-day dinner. A half hour later, my brother Sam's little boy came bearing a large, covered kettle of mock-turtle soup, which his mother had sent, having heard accidentally of the unexpected company. Now, our sister Almira was one of the most beautiful of housekeepers; one of those persons who bring about wonderful results without the least fuss or noise, who was always ready for every occasion, whose recipes always came out well, and who, to use my mother's expression, "knew every rope in the ship." So that the sight of a kettle of sister A.'s soup raised her enthusiasm to the highest pitch on this occasion, when she felt her own delinquencies severely. "Do n't tell me," said she, as she ladled up the thick and steaming liquid, with the golden balls floating in it, into a large tureen, "do n't tell me that the Chief Justice ever ate any such soup as this in Boston. Because I know better! There's nobody but your sister Almira that can make it!" In the same manner, she was one day relieved of another dilemma. There were, certainly, the kindest people in Northampton, then, that ever lived! It had been one

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of the hottest of summer days, and a tea-party of distinguished strangers was expected in the evening, but there was such a succession of transient calls of various importance on every member of the family, that the evening drew on, and our preparations for the supper were most incomplete. The dear woman encouraged us all, that we should see that every thing would come out right, if we had only faith as a grain of mustard seed; and she had hardly said the word, when, looking from the window, one friend after another walked in. "Did n't I tell you, girls?" called out my mother triumphantly. "Now, see here; here is Mrs. Whitmarsh has sent me an elegant basket of fruit and flowers; and Mrs. Dikeman such rusk as nobody can make but she; and, as true as you live, if there is n't Mrs. Hunt bringing over a great basket of Seckel pears! Now, do n't tell me that they ever have any better things at the Boston parties!" She frequently informed us that she did not think the Chief Justice or Judge Wilde ever tasted any such dinners or had such suppers at Mr. David Sears's house, or Harrison Gray Otis's; and we were not to tell her they had. This we considered a pleasing fiction, — only another way of expressing her pleasure at our efforts, and the kindness of neighbors. It was a part of that healthy delight she took in every thing. On the occasion in question, she called out jovially, "And now, girls, let us all go to *Bed*-fordshire [that meant we were all to lie down and rest], for we shall sail before the wind." And, suiting the action to the word, she disappeared within the library door with the motion of a ship with all sails set.

One day, a friend came in, who had just come from a visit to Mrs. ——, who was one of the "exquisite housekeepers." She began to tell my mother about the perfect condition of that house from garret to cellar, and rang the changes on the brightness of the brasses, the admirable shine of the glass and silver, the entire absence of dust on every carpet. My mother stood it just as long as she could, though fidgeting uneasily in her chair. Then she exclaimed, "I think Mrs. —— is the dirtiest person I ever saw in my life!" "Oh, Mrs. Lyman,

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what can you mean?' said the friend. "What I say is true," said my mother, bringing down her hand with much force on the table. "From the rising of the sun, to the going down of the same, that woman's mind is on *dirt!* She thinks *dirt*, sees *dirt*, is fighting *dirt*, the livelong day. Now I would much rather see more of it on her *carpet*, and less of it on her *mind*."

I recall as one of the special social enjoyments of my father and mother, the coming of Baron Rœnné (the Prussian Minister of Foreign affairs) to Northampton, who passed the greater part of two years there, from 1838 to 1840. He was a person of most genial temper and charming conversational powers, and was warmly attached to my father. In a letter of his that lies beside me, written three years later to my father, he says: "My dear Judge, there will be no more war!" His hope must have given him that certainty, and added to my father's hopes.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, July 20, 1840.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — . . . Only think how dreadful it is! We attended the funeral of Mrs. James Fowler last Saturday; a more touching grief I never witnessed than her husband and children manifested. She had had two attacks before the last, and seemed to be expecting that a third would take her off. Her husband had just got for her a beautiful easy carriage and fine pair of horses; and the day before the attack rode forty miles with her; and she said she felt so well that day, that she was encouraged to believe she should recover. She was holding a most animated discussion with Samuel in the evening, just after tea, on a metaphysical subject, which had interested his mind deeply; and her part in it he is able to write down, together with many excellent opinions she entertained on various subjects which he was in the habit of conversing with her upon. She was speechless from the time of the attack; but when asked if she heard them, and realized what was going on, she moved her head in assent, to signify that she did; and lived in that state five days. The two young children are beautiful specimens of a fine education. They are unlike S. in being graceful and handsome. A poor little dwarf of Dr. Atwater's, whom she had taken great interest in always, and supported entirely, she had taken home the last year of her life; and, whenever she was more unwell than common, she commended him to the watchful care

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and tenderness of the different members of the family, though at those times she never mentioned her own children. She had never seemed to reflect that he was no decoration to their beautiful establishment, but was always saying how good he was, and how useful his example was to her children. There certainly is something in this character which transcends all written accounts of human nature. An entire subjugation of self, and of all pride and ambition, to the interests of the unfortunate. What a triumph over the world, its allurements and temptations, was here exhibited! Hers was a piety acted out, and talked but little about. Her husband seemed to consider her as his privy counsellor, whose judgment he could not live without, as well as the best object of his affections. There certainly is none other on earth to fill her place to him. Mr. Lyman says I said the same about Mrs. Hall. My life consists of contrasts, you know.

Yesterday morning, Mr. Lyman informed me that he had invited Judge Betts and wife and daughters to pass the evening, together with Judge Dewey and family and the necessary appendages, and the Henry Rice family, and the Redwood Fisher family; they made a party of over fifty, that were entertained here last evening. All but me appeared to have a very entertaining and agreeable time; and I was tired to death before they came. Mrs. Watson and her cousins, Judge Mellen's daughters, were of the party. Mrs. Watson is very much liked here, and likes living here better than in Cambridge, as do her children.

I was sorry I could not write to Mrs. Revere by Mr. Lincoln and D——; but Mrs. E. Williams was making me a visit with Mrs. Brinley's niece, — Miss E. Sumner, — and in the morning I had a good deal to do to get away and get all my company off. Catherine L. is decidedly in a train of improvement, and her father is realizing that he has got his money's worth.

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, December 12, 1840.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — As it is now nearly time for another packet to sail, I shall put myself in readiness to answer your requisitions. You cannot conceive with what pleasure we received your letter, in five weeks from the time you sailed. I shall never cease to think it the occasion of the greatest gratitude whenever a dear friend has achieved sailing across the Atlantic in safety; but my last letter told you all about that.

We got through Thanksgiving as usual,—after a great struggle on my part, — with fifteen at table, who seemed to enjoy themselves highly, — if I did not. I am sure, however, that I have much to rejoice in. My children are all good and doing well, and I have an unusual portion of health, as well as your father, and an unusual exemption from immediate sorrow. But the reflections connected with the past must always make these annual festivals, to people who are as far advanced as I am, to be days of sad retrospection. They are way-marks in the journey of life, and are calculated to make deep impressions, as well as to renew old ones. Though the seat of the much-loved be vacant, and this world contain them no longer, — when the family-circle are gathered, is not the place in our hearts filled? — is not the image there, distinct, clear, undimmed by time? — do we not recall the spirit in all its purity, with the excellence of their characters, the beauty of their example, with all the gladness we had in their presence? If it serve no other end than this, we ought to rejoice; it connects us more closely to the good who are endued with Christian faith and Christian hope. And we must not repine that it calls up the shadows of the past, if at the same time it speaks to us of other and brighter days. If the heart yearns for its departed treasures, let it rejoice that it was rich in offerings to a Heavenly Father.

Since Thanksgiving was over, we have had a large party at Mrs.

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Hunt's, a sewing-society meeting at Mr. Church's, and another party in the Meadow, at Mr. Harrison Apthorp's. All of them delightful occasions, with much merriment and innocent hilarity. . . .

We have heard of Bennet's leaving India for home, but he has not arrived yet. Your father has been reading the trial of the D'Hauteville case all day to me. The child is awarded to the mother for safe-keeping; and, though I do not deem it just, I cannot but be glad of it: it would make the poor mother so unhappy to part with it. But it is, on the whole, a miserable commentary on the morals and manners of well-educated people in this country. The reason why Mrs. D'Hauteville could not live with her husband was the same reason why she ought not to have married him; which was, that he was a Swiss gentleman who had nothing in common with her, not even a common vehicle of thought; for he could speak her language no better than she could his. They had no common standard of morality, manners, or religion; which left an impassable gulf between them. This, however, does not invalidate the vows pledged at the altar, when, by holy covenant, she takes him "for better or for worse, for sickness or for health." Young people ought to be enough acquainted to know if they can harmonize before the knot is tied; and before it is tied, it is never too late to dissolve the connection. But afterwards she should consider herself as having taken the veil, and that there is no resisting the destiny which follows, — particularly where they have a common property in a child. In separating herself from him this lady consigns him to perpetual celibacy; for, as there cannot be a divorce, he cannot marry again, any more than she can. The child, too, is rendered fatherless; the father at the same time being despoiled of the best of earthly treasures — a son.

I suppose Susan has written to you an account of the rejoicing at Thanksgiving time they had at Aunt Revere's. Catherine went down from Worcester and joined them. Your Aunt Eliza has engaged in her usual pursuits in New York, and is in her usual health.

Your affectionate MOTHER.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, December 13, 1840.

MY DEAR SISTER, — Soon after you left, I devoted myself to assisting Sarah to give the house an autumnal cleaning preparatory to winter, and moved into the stove parlor. That was no sooner done than the preparations for Thanksgiving commenced, and there was no more peace for me until that was over. I have a fellow-feeling for Mary; not that I think it as much for her to have thirty as it is for me to have fifteen, with no one to do a thing except as I move them and teach them; nobody to make a single pie, pudding, custard, or blanc-mange, a gravy or cranberry sauce, but myself. Every time I do it I think shall be the last, unless I can have somebody that knows something, for help. I ought to mention, however, that Sarah has proved an angel in the absence of Nancy, — does all her work ten times better than she ever did it, and with the greatest cheerfulness. But I do suffer for Nancy when there is any company to be waited on. I expect a girl in from Cummington, fifteen years old, as soon as her mother recovers from a fever which has delayed her the last fortnight. She is a girl of very respectable connections, and character, and education.

Mr. Lyman has interested himself to read the whole of the D'Hauteville trial aloud to me, I cannot say entirely to my amusement. For I cannot help feeling a good deal of indignation and sorrow, that such a commentary upon the morals and manners of our best-educated people in this country should be published to the world, and made known to European countries, as well as this. The same reason why Miss S. should not live with M. D'H. is the reason why she should not have pledged her vows at the altar; and why her parents in her sickly state of feeling should not have allowed her to. And it is to their everlasting disgrace that they did it, under the circumstances disclosed in that trial.

Mr. Church says the Swiss carry on the affairs of marriage as Menzel

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describes the Germans to have done; with a sort of religious sentimentality, "a business with a demure aspect, or even as a religious affair, with pious devotion." And according to the custom of his country, it was right for him to teach his wife her duty from the Scriptures, as the ——'s complain that he did. If he and his parents were so tyrannical as not to allow her to ride away from home with her mother, the first days after marriage, it was because there are forms to be observed by the nobility of the country, which cannot be dispensed with; such as the necessity of the bride remaining at home to receive the friends of the family during the first few weeks. Mr. Church says that the family are amongst the first nobility of the country, and the reason they have not a title is that when Switzerland became a republic all the nobility laid down their titles, or went into Germany to retain them; that though there are no titles, there are still all the forms of nobility left. I consider him good authority, because he lived in the neighborhood of these people twenty years, and has passed some weeks in the chateau ——, and is personally acquainted with all their affairs; and he represents them as the most stiff and puritanical religionists,—although good people of their kind,—such as none of us would care to unite our interests with. And the S——s were senseless creatures to have any thing to do with them; they deserve all the punishment they will have for their folly, without much sympathy.

Now, instead of talking about this nonsense, I ought to tell you that since Thanksgiving we have had a good deal of dissipation. Mr. Rogers has not got home, but Mrs. Rogers has been out to several parties, looking beautiful, and everybody feels sorry to part with such an exquisite ornament to our circle. I can truly say I am, for one; and she seems very much saddened by the prospect. There are, she says, no schools for the children short of two miles, and they will not be in circumstances to have a private teacher. I do not wonder she feels these disadvantages.

Our New York paper informed us as soon as Bennet's vessel hove in

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sight. I felt it to be a great relief after that dreadful storm on our coast. C. T. represents that he has made mints of money, and I hope it is true. The scatterers of money do a great deal of good somewhere; I am sure I should if I had any to scatter.

In this year Mr. John S. Dwight came to Northampton to preach, and he remained there eighteen months. A short ministry, but one that sowed good seed that has sprung up in many hearts, and borne fruit, even to this day. My mother thought the church was not his place, and she was right. She would not have had him settled, but she was much distressed at the unsettling of one for whom she had a profound regard. We cannot expect the old or the middle-aged to enjoy seeing their portrait of Christ in any other frame than the one they have always seen it in. The power of association is strong, and cannot but hold a sway over us. To the young, Mr. Dwight's ministry was of incalculable benefit. He unsealed their eyes to behold and realize the beauties of Nature all around them, — a vast possession for every soul, of which they now felt they had before been strangely ignorant. He opened to them the whole world of music, a nameless treasure. He brought us books of a new type, and revealed to us, that not Sunday only, but every day, was "a day of the Lord;" no duty so mean, no lot so poor and tame and commonplace, that it might not be glorified by obedience and love.

How my mother enjoyed the books he brought, and what a treat it was to read aloud to her, De Wette's "Ethics," "Theodore," Jouffroi and Benjamin Constant! I can see her now as she would lean forward and say, "Oh, read that again;" and her delight at certain passages in Fichte's "Nature of the Scholar" have impressed them on my mind forever.

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Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, December 29, 1840.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — I am afraid you will be tired of hearing from us, and that I shall have a letter, saying, "Do not write, except by every alternate packet." I was truly glad to get your letter by the "Acadia." If I had known that Mr. Nevins was going, I should have sent some pictures of American scenery to you by him, as well as letters; but it was kept a profound secret from me. It is very grateful to me to hear that you are *well*, and particularly to know that you are *out of mischief*, which, of course, I am very much afraid of. I do not feel so badly to hear of you crowded with business as some might; for you know it is my doctrine that occupation is the true secret of human happiness. The grand problem of life with every one is "how to be reconciled to the restlessness of our nature, or how to get rid of it." We must not divest ourselves of it, but employ it. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread" was the decree which went forth from our Heavenly Father at the commencement of the existence of man. It is a common idea, I know, that leisure and repose bring pleasure. A very little experience shows how untrue is the fact. We all require an object, a motive, something to exercise continually the restless activity within us; and I believe *those* the happiest on earth who are under a pressure of business, who have a definite duty to perform. He who has nothing to do is under a leaden load of idleness. When was a man of leisure ever happy, until he had coined all his leisure into good works? "Rest! there is no such thing as rest. One may throw away care, and fold his arms. But time will not rest; the earth will not rest; the Almighty will not rest. If all things around us are in motion, what boots it for us to keep still? It were truer rest for us to move in harmony with all that surrounds us." The last seven lines was what I can remember from a sermon preached by Mr. Dwight this morning. I am afraid you are not so privileged with preaching in

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England, and that those golden intervals of time, the Sabbath, so precious and so profitable, both for rest and holy meditation, are not so well appropriated as with us.

Your letter said not a word about an heiress to the throne. The newspapers, however, are prolific on that subject.

I suppose my last told you of various parties we have had. Last night we had a small one here, for a runaway couple from New Haven, and President Allen's family; and for a new family of Robinsons from New Haven, who are related to your father, — and they appear to be good and interesting people, from the little I have seen of them. President Allen's eldest daughter — a very uncommonly interesting and accomplished and well-looking girl — has her lover, Mr. Smith, visiting her from Maine. He was the distinguishing ornament of our party. He has just returned from a two years' sojourn in Germany, and is now professor at Bowdoin College, Maine, and the acting-president of the institution. He reminded me so much of Charles Emerson that I wanted to hear him talk all the time, and thought I would have given any thing to have had Joseph by to enjoy him as I did. This evening we are to have a party at Mr. Charles P. Huntington's; after that at Mr. Clark's and Mrs. Cochran's. Last week we were at Miss Pomeroy's. So you see we continue our social habits.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, February 27, 1841.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — Mr. G. C. has furnished me with an opportunity for writing to Cambridge, which I was not expecting, but am very glad to have.

I have passed a very tranquil winter; have found sufficient opportunities for society, as well as sufficient time for reflection and some reading, and plenty of occupation of a domestic kind.

Catherine's visit, with Fanny Lyman's, broke in very agreeably upon

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the monotony of existence, and rather hurried me, while she was here, in the preparations for her return. I see by her letters that she is rather disturbed by an invitation to the 4th of March ball, which she will not be permitted to accept, and it is altogether best she should not.

I have hardly had sight of Mr. Dwight since his return. Last Sunday afternoon he requested the Sunday-school teachers to remain after meeting; and I, being one, stopped with the others, when he took occasion to speak of the importance of having a class of teachers taught by some one, and I proposed that he should teach that class himself. He said that he would try to; but that "he had never paid much attention to the study of theology." Now, what do you think of such a declaration as that from your minister? He never preached better (I mean more practically) in his life than he had done all day, from the text, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" and no one could better set forth the beauty of perfect simplicity than he did, or the deformity of the reverse. But when he said this, I wanted to shake him. Now, I believe the shepherd is a religious man, but I want the acknowledged sanction of revelation for all religious opinions. I can never substitute intuition for the Word of God or the teachings of our Saviour; neither can I substitute feeling for doctrine, nor sentiment for worship. Nature-worship is as far below my idea of the adoration due to God as man-worship or child-worship, or that of any of God's works instead of Himself personally. In me it would be idolatry, as much as worshipping the golden calf was, or any of the idols of the heathen nations. Their idols represented things in their view sacred. Now, I consider all the works of the Almighty as manifestations of His love to man, and that they should be reflected upon with pleasure and gratitude, as our children and other privileges are, but they should never be considered as objects of worship. Now, you perceive the utter impossibility of making a transcendentalist of me. Nevertheless, I can enjoy all that is good and practical in their faith, and have not a particle of ill-will towards them or their writings.

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All that I could understand in the last "Dial," I took great pleasure in, particularly the piece on "Woman," by Mrs. Ripley. I don't know how we are to have an immutable law of right and wrong, except by the revealed will of God. We are told that the Gentiles, not having the law, were a law unto themselves; and from this we argue that all have a guardian angel within, in the form of conscience. But the proof is wanting to the perfection of our decisions, "except the Holy Spirit beareth witness to our spirit," by means of revelation.

Now, I like Mr. Dwight's morality and spirituality; but to me his faith is a problem not yet solved, and I am tired of trying to discover what it is. At the same time, if I knew, it would probably have but little weight on mine; for, if he does not know any thing about theology, why, then we are on a level.

Give my love to all friends, Mrs. H.'s family in particular; and believe me

Your very affectionate

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, August 16, 1841.

MY DEAR ABBY, — When I received a letter from you, dated July, I thought I should answer it without delay; but I have been prevented in various ways till to-day. I do not feel satisfied with the idea that you go to Iowa, and mean to have faith to believe that something will occur to overrule Mr. Greene's design. When young S. Higginson returned with his family from Michigan, where they remained two years from the time they went, they both agreed that if people would restrict their wants, and lay aside their pride here, and make a tenth part of the sacrifices which were necessary to be made in those new places, they could be much more comfortable here than by any possibility they can be there. The coming autumn you are forty years old, and in deli-

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cate health; Mr. Greene is some three or four years older, and I think you are too far advanced to make such an experiment. If it were your daughter, newly married, I should say it was very well; with the enthusiasm and pliability of youth, people can educate themselves to almost any thing from which they have hopes of success; but it requires all those advantages. And, another thing, — it would not be for the happiness of C., as she now is; and I hope you will not go. Mrs. H. told me how hard life was in a new country. She had been highly cultivated, and at the same time bred to accomplishments; could draw exquisitely, and perform well on the piano. She had never been used to hardships of any kind, or any species of labor. The domestics she carried out with her, soon made other provision for themselves, and left her alone; so that until her return she did all the cooking for six, — herself, husband, and four children; all the sewing, and all the washing, ironing, and house-cleaning. At the end of two years, after she had improved her character by this severe discipline, her friends sent to her to return; after remaining here some time, she has gone to live in Cambridge near Mr. ——'s friends. I am glad to hear that Sally is well. Mr. Silsbee is making an exchange of several weeks. He and Charlotte are much liked in Walpole. We are entirely aground about preaching. . . .

They have sent to Mr. Bulfinch, whom all our people like very much; but he cannot leave Washington for such a poor salary as we can afford to give, — six hundred a year. We have had a very quiet and composed summer; I wish you could have been with us.

A. J. Lyman.

To Abby she writes again: —

January 4, 1842.

You asked me concerning Mr. John S. Dwight's separation from our society. There never was any good reason for our settling him; it was done by a few arbitrary members assuming all the influence, — and done in great haste. In one year those very people took it upon

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themselves, without the shadow of a reason, to drive him out; which they did by making the people who were neutral about the settlement, positive in unsettling him. And —— and —— were the leaders in this unholy work; I always feel ashamed when I am called on to tell the truth on this subject. Mr. Dwight announced his views, which were transcendental, before he was settled. Now, there were really none amongst us entertaining those views. But his preaching was always fine, because he always selected those topics on which all Christians agree, and never brought up disputed points. I could have listened to him forever, without doing violence to my faith; for his sense of right and wrong, and his Christian morals, and mine were the same. But his views of Christ were essentially unlike mine. His views of man's responsibility were as elevated as Dr. Channing's were. But it was very wrong in us to settle him under the circumstances, and wicked in us to thrust him out as we did. And S.'s and my name are on the records of our church, to prove that we opposed it, among others. And now I have told you all that is to be told. Nobody could allege any thing against Mr. Dwight, with truth, except that he was a transcendentalist. And that they knew when they ordained him.

In the month of August, 1842, occurred one of those sudden trials, for which we were all utterly unprepared, and which affected no one more deeply than my mother, outside the little circle of nearest relatives. Our brother, Stephen Brewer, in the full vigor of manhood, in perfect health, with every prospect of long life and usefulness, was drowned in the Connecticut River, on the first afternoon he had taken for pleasure, for many years.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Howe.

NORTHAMPTON, August 19, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER, — I know you will wish to hear from us in our deep affliction; it was overwhelming, both from its suddenness and its

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magnitude. Mr. Brewer seemed to be the person we could lean upon in whatever trouble might assail us; he was our tower of strength, our help in time of need. He was, above all other considerations, the kindest and best of husbands; and poor Jane, helpless as she is herself, has now three children to take care of, without the care and kindness of this best of friends. And then he was in himself a perpetual sunshine to the multitudes around him, as well as a fountain of love and mercy to those who wanted it. The moment he appeared at our door I could see our girls begin to smile, if they were in sight, and make a rush for the first shake of his hand; and this affectionate, cordial intercourse had subsisted without interruption for more than nine years. And when the sound came to us without any premonition that he was no more, I had a sense that we were lost, and, for some hours, God-forsaken.

Mr. Lyman is miserable; he is extremely weak and thin; I found him so when I returned. I can do nothing while he lives, except what seems for his comfort.

I will trust that all may yet come right, and that Jane may be provided for. We are often called to realize that the current of human events is too rapid and too strong for us to contend with; but this seemed to be a crisis in calamity so unlooked for, so threatening to the peace and happiness of all connected with him, that it looked like annihilation, for a time. I can never feel more crushed than I have been made to feel by this sad event.

Mr. Lyman's indisposition and stationary infirmity have made Mr. Brewer's kindness very valuable to us, and Mr. L. had a confidence in his judgment, which he had in very few. But I will not enlarge upon the importance of his existence. Nearly a thousand people, if not quite, attended his funeral, and I never saw such manifestations of deep grief. Mr. Smith had never attended a funeral before to administer the service himself, yet nothing could be better done. Mr. Smith and

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James Coolidge will administer the two services on Sunday. Catherine is with Jane for a few days.

August 20. Jane seems more calm to-day. I cannot tell you the thraldom in which sorrow still holds my mind; it keeps a weight upon me, and I feel unable to move. Two days before this dreadful event occurred, I felt a heavy cloud lowering over my destiny. With much effort and persuasion, I had induced S—— to go to Nahant. Then the trouble took possession of me; for, though it was indefinite, I would sometimes embody it in the form of an injury and sudden death of S——, and then of C——, who had left me the same morning with a wedding-party for Springfield. I got up all kinds of visions, until James appeared with her, at eight o'clock in the evening, safe. A sleepless night ensued, — a premonition of some great calamity still bound my spirit. At ten o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler came to pass the day. I rejoiced that I must do something besides think of myself, and made a business of entertaining them. After they left and tea was over, I began to write a letter to Susan; but had not written a page before I heard confusion in the street, and went fearfully to the window; heard reiterated the sound of Mr. Brewer's name and a mighty rushing. I went into the street, and found the dreadful truth. Hundreds of people rushed to the river, and worked in the middle of it more than four hours before the body was obtained. I sat up until twelve, hoping to receive the material part of the beloved object, when a solemn procession passed, and carried it to Sam's house. His wife spent the night with Jane. This was the explosion of that dreadful cloud. My letter must go now. James, you know, is at Saratoga with the wedding-party. Love to all friends.

Your afflicted

SISTER.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss H. Stearns.

NORTHAMPTON, August 25, 1842.

MY DEAR HANNAH, — Before I met with an overwhelming affliction, I had determined to write to you the first time I took my pen. I was, one week since, arrested in every design I had contemplated, by the sudden and awful death of our dear Stephen Brewer, an account of which you must have seen in the papers. O Hannah, I can never tell you the anguish of our hearts! It seemed more, in our weakened hold upon earth, than we could possibly bear; but Heaven has permitted it, and we must submit. I can truly say, I feel prostrated in the presence of my Heavenly Father, and humbled in the sense of my dependence on earthly props. But it is so; and, instead of repining, we ought cheerfully to say, "Thy will be done." Instead of having his strong arm and strong judgment to repose on in seasons of weakness and trouble, we must soon learn to do without earthly support from friends, and think only of Heavenly aid. And this is probably the discipline we require, or it would not be sent.

Catherine has been intending to write to your sister, from whom she was much gratified to receive a letter; but she is broken-hearted and sick.

The day before this dreadful event, Susan went with Dr. Robbins to Nahant. The warm weather had the effect to debilitate her extremely, and we could see no other way of restoration.

This, my dear Hannah, is the era of a revolution in my destiny. My husband may live some time, — perhaps years, — but we can no longer depend on him to make efforts for us. And I always have known that Mr. Brewer, who has always aided me in small difficulties, would also do the same in great ones. I never connected him with the idea of death. His whole life has been a tissue of good deeds. I ought not to think of myself or family, when I remember what a helpless wife and three young children he has left. But he has left the

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means of a support for them, and for that we should be grateful. Still, they are unhomed, and bowed down with sorrow. He was followed to the grave by hundreds who depended on him and wept for him.

Give my love to your sister, and believe me

Ever your affectionate friend,

A. J. LYMAN.

P. S. I have sent you a newspaper, and you can send it to your brother, if you like.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, August 30, 1842.

MY DEAR SON, — We all have a yearning for sympathy, or we should not be so eager to communicate sorrow. How I wish I could withhold from you the deep, the heartfelt grief that harrows my soul! But before this reaches you, I presume you will have seen in the New York papers the sudden and dreadful death of our dear and good Brother Brewer. I need not tell you how heart-rending and overwhelming this event was; of that you are certain. No family ever felt stronger love and confidence for another than we have felt for this excellent man. He was one of the most whole-souled, true-hearted, practically wise men I ever knew, — the best husband, father, son, and friend; and when we see one of our best friends, one so loved and so trusted, in the full vigor of manhood, destroyed by one sudden blow, Nature revolts; and, before reflection or discretion can take her place in our minds, we feel crushed and overwhelmed. This has literally been our case.

Mr. Brewer I looked upon as my tower of strength, my city of refuge, my shield of defence for worldly purposes, knowing as I did that I must live separated from my sons; and I had to feel, that, in

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the probable event of a separation from your father by death, that I should need this dear friend to lean upon in time of trouble. He loved my children, and they reciprocated that love with all their heart. But I need not say that he loved and was kind to us. His heart was an inexhaustible fountain of love and mercy. To diffuse it, seemed to be his errand on earth, and most faithfully was it performed. It is, indeed, a new era in my destiny, marked by trouble.

James went, together with Harriet, to Saratoga, with the bride and groom; and had a good time, without hearing of our calamity until just before they got home.

Mr. Brewer was drowned near the Hockanum Ferry, the day after they left.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, March 7, 1843.

Catherine returned to us about Christmas, in fine health and a large fund of happy spirits. She and Susan devote the whole of the afternoon to reading and walking. The mornings are occupied by some music and a great deal of domestic employment, sewing, &c. They have enjoyed reading Bancroft's "History," Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," Degerando on "Self-education," and some poetry; together with Madame de Staël's "Germany," in French; with a good deal of casual reading, such as Mr. W. Ware's "Julian," Jouffroy's "Philosophical Essays," "The History of the Pilgrim Fathers," &c. You must know I have wound up the winter with being sick the last fortnight with a sort of lung-fever, which confined me to my room, and much of the time to my bed. I am now recovering, and went to meeting yesterday, for the first time in three weeks. We have a very amiable, good young man preaching for us, and a man of respectable talents; though there is not much poetry in him. I think, however, he will

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wear well. His time with us is almost at an end. This young man — Mr. Rufus Ellis — is thinking of making a tour to the western country; and if he goes to Cincinnati, I shall write to you by him.

I don't know but Mrs. S. thought it strange I did not take more pains to see her while I was in Boston; but the fact was, the last week of my being there — which was the only one of my knowing of her being in the city — it rained every day but one; and the week had commenced with the most dreadful gale that was ever experienced on our coast; and it commenced the very day my Edward sailed, so that there was scarcely a hope that the steamer he was in could ride out the gale. And the anxiety of my mind was such that I could do nothing about making calls, though I made an effort to go out two evenings on purpose to meet herself and Mrs. ——. . . .

J. was prevented from going to the Dickens dinner by S.'s indisposition, together, perhaps, with some indifference to him; for he was invited to several private parties to meet him, and did not go. Dickens says he likes Susan Hillard better than any American lady he has met with. I think as you do; there was great want of proper dignity in those ladies smuggling themselves into situations which did not legitimately belong to them, for the sake of seeing Dickens. I have no particular feeling for the man, though I think there is a small portion of his works which may have a good moral influence on society; and that they contain a well-directed satire on many abuses in England, which in no respect touch this country. But I would not again wade through such quantities of mud and mire for such small grains of gold-dust as are interspersed through them, with the exception of "Oliver Twist" and "Humphrey's Clock" and parts of "Nicholas Nickleby."

I think the enthusiasm for Dickens here was altogether disproportionate to the occasion. But our people are given to hero-worship, and there is no help for it.

I am sure I cannot tell you how much comfort I have had, in having my two daughters at home this winter; and so has your uncle.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss H. Stearns.

NORTHAMPTON, April 9, 1813.

MY DEAR HANNAH, — Both S. and myself fully intended to have written a week since by Judge Allen; but the Fates were against us, and we yielded to imperious necessity when we gave it up.

We were much disappointed when we found we must give up your intended visit to us in March; but there never was such bad getting about as there has been this spring, and now the roads are all but impassable.

C. went to Boston with her father about three weeks ago. She was first to make a visit to her cousin, John Forbes, in Milton, who has been urging, as well as Joseph, to have her come, all winter. But I felt justified in the selfishness of keeping them with me during that season; and we have been enabled to do a good deal of valuable reading. You know the winter is the only uninterrupted season for that purpose with us. Though I expect to have my girls always distinguished, as I believe I have before told you, Mrs. Judge Shaw distinguishes them now. Her expression is, "I like Mrs. Lyman's children; they do n't know *every thing!*" This I consider a great affair, for you know the world is full of pretension and glorification. And there is a certain measure of ignorance that is becoming, in this age of self-conceit and universal information. Catherine was very much elevated by having the "Learned Blacksmith" inquire after her and call, when he came to town; and she gave out that he was paying attention to her, much to the entertainment of her friends. C. is enjoying herself highly at Milton now; though she often goes into town to attend parties, and was at the assembly a fortnight since. Where the mind is so entirely free from all pre-conceived notions of desert, or from any fancied claims upon the attention of any human being, as hers is, it is not difficult to believe that the smallest favors are a gratuitous kindness, for which she must be very grateful.

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What do you and M. think of Miss ——'s marrying Mr. ——, and going to Europe? There is a sort of poetical justice in this affair that puzzles me; it is so rare. But so it is, and I hope no dark cloud will arise to obscure their fair prospect.

Mr. Ellis is to be ordained here about the middle of May, perhaps later; and until that time we shall have Mr. Edward Hale, who has been with us the past month. He is an excellent youth, hardly twenty-one, but very mature. But our people had regaled themselves with hearing a transcendentalist, Mr. Cranch; and, of course, found Mr. Hale tame, — some of them.

Remember me to your mother and sister, and believe me

Yours very affectionately,

A. J. Lyman.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

Northampton, June 11, 1843.

My dear Abby, — I believe I wrote you what a pleasant visit I had from your Aunt Lord last autumn. You know with what readiness and cordiality she accepted the efforts of her friends to give her pleasure; which always made it delightful to attend to her. She wrote as soon as she got to her own home, to say how much she had enjoyed herself during her stay with us; and sent little presents, which will always be looked upon as tokens of her love and kindness.

Your aunt was as well as usual on the 10th of May, and her trunk packed, and was dressed to take the stage and go to New York, when she was seized with a fit, which paralyzed her. She lived forty-eight hours, but was never restored to consciousness, and died without any apparent suffering. This was just the way she wished to depart. She seemed to have much more of vitality and recollection than your Uncle Lyman has had for the last year and a half, and fewer infirmities, and had passed a comfortable winter. Erastus and his family were very

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kind to her, and she was very well satisfied with them, and spoke with great interest and affection of them. . . .

Your Aunt Lord often spoke of you, and always with great affection. She was much pleased with her granddaughter M.'s matrimonial connection, and thought she had an excellent husband. They had been very attentive to her, and made her a number of valuable presents. ——'s daughter and son, of the younger set, are well married, too, which seemed to give her great pleasure. . . .

Your sister H. passed six weeks at Joseph's last winter, and did not appear in perfectly good health. Since that time her health has been gradually declining; and her physician thinks she will not recover. Martha keeps an anxious look-out for her, and will see that all is done that is necessary; and it is possible that her disease may take another turn. . . .

We have at last settled Mr. Rufus Ellis. This occurred last Wednesday, June 7th. Mr. Ellis is not considered equal to his brother, Mr. George Ellis; but I think the difference is in his favor, though they are both excellent men. George is several years older, and appears better initiated into his ministerial duties, perhaps; but Mr. Rufus is a man with a great deal of feeling, and a high sense of duty, and greatly interested in the result of his labors.

We have been favored in having such men as Mr. Edward B. Hall, and Mr. Stearns, and Mr. Dwight; though I think others may be equally good, and do as much good with less talent, if they have the gift of earnestness in the cause.

I have been sorry to learn that Mr. —— has joined the Fourier school of opinions. I think it will diminish his usefulness greatly. But there are a great many new things going on in the world. The great problem of life can only be solved by experience, and possibly we may never know the decision of unerring Wisdom as to the result. That is the best religion which does the most good, and leads with most certainty to practical ends.

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We have read the Bremer books as they came out, and have been greatly interested in them. I think "Home" is as good as the "Neighbors." If they are not great, they are calculated to do much more good than that class of Tales usually is, for they are attractive without the exaggeration and discrepancies which do so much to create false tastes and false views of life in the inexperienced, — the effect of which is discontent and disappointment in the ordinary occurrences people must meet with in this world. These books, too, are addressed to the sympathies of a large class of readers in different stations in life, for there is nothing in them which we may not connect either with the highest or the most moderate class of the community in which we live; and one would not be led by them to false inferences or unjust conclusions in respect to things which really exist, and come under our own observation.

I often esteem myself fortunate that my destiny fell in that walk of life which prevented isolation and exclusion. Indeed, it has thrown me in continual contact with all the sorts and kinds of beings which constitute humanity; and what most people deprecate I feel that I may rejoice in, for I never feel out of place either with the highest, more moderate, or the lowest society. In neither case is my dignity raised or impaired.

Your very affectionate

AUNT.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

MILTON HILL, August 15 [1843].

MY DEAR EDWARD, — I will not allow the steamer of the 10th to leave without taking some faint record of my existence, as well as of my love.

Your Aunt Howe and Sarah have been making me a visit; and, last Saturday, August 12, we all came down to Boston together, joined by your sister Catherine, who had a singular errand down, which was no

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less than to bid a temporary adieu to a lover, who is to sail in the steamer for England.

After describing Catherine's engagement with Mr. Warren Delano, and their satisfaction with it, she goes on to say: —

Without distinguished greatness, Catherine is very lovely in her character and disposition, never out of temper, and always ready to oblige to any extent that her friends can claim; always sympathizing in the joys and sorrows of those around; divested of every thing like jealousy, or the shadow of malignity, in any of its forms; possessed of a large humanity in its truest sense; and having that mercy which is twice blessed, — to him who gives and him who takes.

I suppose you have not much time to read. I hope I shall be able to send you another of the Bremer books, "Strife and Peace."

I left your father very well, though S. was rather run down by the extremely warm weather. It did not prevent her taking in a sick person to take care of, — Margaret Dawes, whom you may have seen at your Cousin Susan Hillard's. She is almost gone in a consumption. Margaret Harding will stay with her during my absence, to assist in her arduous duties.

Your affectionate mother,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

MILTON HILL, August 29, 1843.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — I have written a short letter to Mr. Delano, which leaves me but little time to write to you.

Yesterday I was about setting out for Northampton, as I had been here a fortnight and two days, when we received the intelligence of H. L.'s death, which determined me to remain until after the funeral. She died with but little suffering, after four months of consumptive symptoms.

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Catherine Greene, of Cincinnati, has been at Joseph's with us the past week, but went back to Providence before the funeral.

You cannot fail to like your future brother-in-law. He is truly one of Nature's noblemen, carrying truth and goodness in every motion.

Your father has been very well for him. The last has been court-week, which he has perseveringly attended to the duties of, and enjoyed.

Your very affectionate

MOTHER.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, October 13, 1843.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — It caused us the deepest disappointment that, through accident, we could not get a letter down to Boston in season to go by the steamer of the first of this month.

I can hardly express to you my joy that you have found in Mr. Delano a friend that pleases you so much. We have from the first been delighted with him. He has such a composed and dignified air for a man of business, and such a quiet, sensible mode of expressing his rational opinions, that his external man has always been extremely attractive to me; and then his warm-hearted promptings of every sort of kindness to every one he comes in contact with, where friendship is admissible, so necessarily prompts one to a reciprocation of the feeling he has expressed, that there can be nothing but pleasure in his society. And, though he is unlike our dear Stephen Brewer, I feel that I can most readily appropriate to him that place in my heart which was so warmly devoted to our lost son-in-law, whose affectionate attentions and many kindnesses will never be forgotten by me. I believe all our friends are as much pleased with Mr. Delano as we are, and in addition to liking him, it is most pleasant to be able to like all his brothers and sisters. . . .

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In October of 1843, my mother parted with her youngest child, Catherine Robbins, who accompanied her husband to China, within a month after her marriage.

I cannot help recalling here that, within a few weeks after our return to Northampton, after parting with "the lamb of our flock," the first sounds reached us of the coming of the railroad to Northampton. Every morning we were wakened at five o'clock with the sound of the tramping of horses through the Main Street, that carried the parties of workmen on the road. Vaguely we prophesied the changes that would come to our village, and talked together when we met, of the possibilities of the future. I remember a beautiful, moonlight evening, when we walked in the rural street that is now so changed, and talked neither wisely nor too well of the future of our town. Mr. Ellis and Gertrude and Caroline Clapp were of the number. I forget the others. It never seemed to occur to any of us that we, our homes, our old trees, our society, — were not eternal fixtures there; and we spoke of the probable new-comers as forming a society of their own, while we remained as we were, happy and undisturbed in our old customs and rural habits.

The homes and trees have disappeared; and of all that little group none are dwellers by those mountains; but, though most of them are plying "their daily task with busier feet" in the dusty streets of far-off cities, is not the bond of good-fellowship between them the stronger, and do they not "a holier strain repeat," for having passed their youth in sight of those mountains, and in the society of the noble types of character that lived in those simple times? Let us not look back and say that those days were better than these. Let us rather rejoice that, where hundreds once enjoyed that beautiful valley, it is now a blessing to thousands; and that, though Nature has often been defaced by Art since that happy time, the mountains still stand firm, and also the memories of those high-toned men and women who fixed an early impress on all around them.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss Hannah Stearns.

NORTHAMPTON, April 28, 1844.

MY DEAR HANNAH, — I cannot, by any effort I am capable of, express to you adequately how much I have felt for you since I have heard of your great affliction. I had, when M——'s marriage occurred, thought much of the promise you had before you of increased enjoyment. I never dreamed that the interposition of death could oppose an obstacle to your anticipations. I have heard nothing but the fact, and feel very desirous to know all that relates to it. The death of your sister is among the deepest mysteries of Divine Providence; and were it not for the faith which instructs us that infinite love and infinite wisdom overrule the events of our destinies here, we might, in our short-sightedness, distrust the idea altogether. Let us then rejoice that all that is not placed within our control is under Heavenly direction. I am continually asking myself, "How is Mrs. S—— supported under this great trial?" And then, "How can my dear Hannah be reconciled? for it must have been unexpected."

When you can, do let me hear from you; and likewise how Mr. —— sustains himself. He is the greatest sufferer, with all his newly-formed and fervent hopes cut off. And I have heard much of his enthusiastic attachment; and so wisely as it was bestowed, we must all approve and admire his judgment as well as his well-directed sympathies. Let us be grateful that we are not wholly of dust, but that there is a spirit within us which can never taste of death; and that, after such a devotedly useful, intellectual, and pure life as was your sister's, we have the assurance that she will reap an inheritance of glory, honor, and immortality. Her friends can have none but the kindest remembrance of her. And her good example is a fountain of treasures that will be stored in the memory of those who have known and loved her, and felt the infusion of her spirit to be a blessing to them.

Spring has again returned to us, and spread in her way a freshness

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and a glory which I feel to be a perpetual ministration of love to my heart, — a whispering of joys that never decay, which comes in the song of birds, in the sweet perfume of flowers, combined with the most perfect verdure I ever saw at this season. So that the beauty which surrounds us would be all that we could desire, and all that we could enjoy, were it not contrasted with the sadness of this life's experience; the multiplied sorrows and disappointments Heaven has found necessary for our discipline. When a mother loses an infant from her arms, we are all anxious to know how she will bestow the faculties and the time so tenderly engrossed. But I am, from my own experience of sorrow, most anxiously engaged in finding a way to appropriate those thoughts and affections which, in their exercise, did not require our immediate care, but were combined with all our plans and anticipations. This void made in my heart by the death of my much-valued child is still unfilled, and though I am from habit accustomed to it, I am never insensible to it; and I am sure she is more constantly in my thoughts than my living children are who are absent. This is a great source of pleasure which you will enjoy, and one which proves the value of an intellectual life such as was your sister's.

Give my love to your mother; tell her my heart is furnished largely with sympathy for those who have lost a good daughter.

Your very affectionate and sympathizing friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, August 30, 1844.

MY DEAR ABBY, — We were very glad, some ten days ago, to see Mary Howe, and with her to get good intelligence of yourself and all your household, together with all our other friends in Cincinnati. I have likewise to thank you for your kind remembrance of me in a purse, which will be of the highest value to me as a proof of love. You

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may remember Cowper's lines on a similar occasion, and I will give them here in case you do not: —

> "Gold pays the worth of all things here,
> But not of love, — that gem's too dear
> For richest rogues to win it.
> I therefore, as a proof of love,
> Esteem your present far above
> The best things kept within it."

It is pleasant to know that some of the best things in this life cannot be purchased with money, and are not diminished by the lack of it. My thoughts are often turned to your little circle; which I have the more pleasure in, now that I know Catherine as grown to maturity. You have heard of the death of Charlotte's son, who was nine months old. They have had a great deal of suffering during the last two months of its life. Little Anne is a very pretty and very lovely child; and, as might be expected, is doated upon by her parents. Her father will take great pains and have great pleasure in her education, she is so very susceptible. Since they went to Cabotville they have not been here. I have been there once, and mean to go again soon, if something imperious does not prevent.

A fortnight since, Mr. Lyman, Susan, and myself went up to Lebanon Springs for a few days. When we got there we found a large circle of our Boston acquaintance. Such places are tiresome to your Uncle, and we stayed but a few days, leaving Susan for a longer time with her acquaintance. When I got home, I thought your Uncle was remarkably well; but a few days since he was affected as if he had had a slight stroke of the palsy. The whole of one side seemed infirm, as if he could not move without difficulty either his arm or leg. He does not seem sick, but is low-spirited; and, I think, views it as a premonition of more trouble. I know not what to look forward to, or what to wish for. But we are in God's hands, and whatever He sends will be right.

S. is very much benefited by her tour to the Lebanon Mountains.

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The air is very bracing, and that is what she requires in the course of one of our hot summers. On our return from Lebanon we passed a day at Stockbridge, and part of one in Westfield. I have told you before, I believe, that Mr. Fowler has a charming wife and a magnificent new house, with every thing elegant in it. When at Stockbridge, we saw Fanny Fowler (that was) and Miss Sedgwick, — who is a lovely old lady, with her red curly hair, and looking, notwithstanding, as aged as your antiquated Aunt (for we are just of an age). Give a great deal of love to Katie; and tell her we have heard twice from my Catherine since her arrival in Macao. She speaks of herself as the happiest person living, and thinks she has the best of husbands. They were on their voyage one hundred and four days; had no bad storms, or threatened disasters, and she likes Macao very much. It is a beautiful city, situated like Nahant; but in the winter, to avoid a separation from her husband, she will have to go to Canton. And there she can neither ride nor walk out, and consequently is a prisoner. But they will contrive to get rid of a couple of years, I hope, comfortably. . . . Mr. Delano is a person who takes most watchful care of all domestic interests, is exceedingly kind and affectionate to his father, brothers, and sisters, and all connections; and, I have no doubt, will be a good husband. . . .

Give a great deal of love to Mr. Greene, Katie, and your sister Dana and family; Susan joins me in all kind remembrances, and feels much obliged to Katie for her beautiful cushion.

Your affectionate

AUNT.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss Hannah Stearns.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1844.

MY DEAR HANNAH, — . . . . . .

I knew you would be glad to know that we had heard from Catherine. She wrote in fine spirits; had been sick but a very few days; and she

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and her husband sent us a journal of all that had happened the month they had been out, indicating the most perfect state of happiness you can imagine. Mr. D. had assured C. that Neptune always visited those who were never there before, when they crossed the equator. And so an old hand at the business (a sailor) was dressed in the most grotesque manner, and unexpectedly appeared at her little window, and delivered three long epistles, which she had no expectation of receiving. One was from me, written and given to Mr. D. for the purpose; another from Susan; and another from a poetical friend, who purported to be Neptune himself, who furnished several pages of very funny rhyme on the occasion.

In the dearth of variety belonging to a four months' voyage, we can easily imagine how all these trifles are magnified, and with how much consequence their minds would invest them. Almost any thing that interrupts the monotony of life in such situations becomes important. If any happiness or any good can be extracted from a circumstance that looked so dark to me, I shall be most glad. But I confess that going so long and perilous a voyage, and then finding one's self at the end of it planted down amongst a barbarous people, afforded but little prospect of improvement, in my mind, to my poor child; for I did not feel that she had experience or improvement enough to bear the condition to advantage. At the same time, no one appreciates more than I do the value of new experiences and new situations to open new channels of thought and feeling. Still, I think it requires a considerable strength of stock to engraft upon, and something like the power which bees have to extract virtue from all that may happen, and turn it to account. It is still problematical with me whether this will prove a favorable passage in the child's life, and improving as it regards her progress in self-education. But whichever way it is, it was nothing that I could help, and I must look upon it as a sort of inevitable destiny.

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Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, January 12, 1845.

MY DEAR SISTER, — I have been intending to write to you ever since I received your last letter, but have had a good deal to do, and a good many interruptions, as usual.

Last week the young people were engaged in theatricals, and on Thursday the "Rivals," by Sheridan, came off with great *eclat*. Susan took no part in the play, but helped Mary A. Cochran, as manager and director, which took up considerable time. Mrs. Tom Whitmarsh lent them her parlors for the performance, which was the best place, as the house can be heated all over with a furnace. The two Miss Adams and their brother, Julia Clarke and Robert and Harrison Apthorp, George Dickinson and Luther Washburn, James Lyman and Caroline Whitmarsh were the performers. Mr. Ellis gave out or assigned the parts before he left, and saw one rehearsal, which he pronounced very good. There were seventy spectators, and it was pronounced a very fine performance. I think I never saw any so good at the theatre, taking out the leading actor.

The following evening, which was Friday, President Hopkins, from Williamstown, delivered a very fine lyceum lecture to a very crowded audience. His subject was, "The Voluntary and the Involuntary Powers of Man," teaching the practical application or improvement of those powers to the best advantage. He exemplified his subject by a great many appropriate figures, and the introduction of a great deal of fine poetry. In short, the hearers were overflowing with admiration and delight for an hour and a half.

Saturday S. gave to repose, being very much fatigued with the week's work and its accompanying excitement. And to-day, which is Catherine's birthday, we have listened to excellent preaching all day from Mr. Lippett, who is to supply Mr. Ellis's place during his absence. He dined with us, and Jane took tea and passed the evening here, — and

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Mr. Charles Huntington. Jane is much interested in the marriage of Mr. North to a sister of Dr. Thompson. And now you have had a general sketch of Northampton life, I believe.

Marriages, births, sickness, and death are everywhere mingled in human experience; and, if we can find an interval, occasionally, long enough for a little recreation and exhilaration of our spirits, we should be grateful for it in this vale of tears.

I am much pleased with the last number of the "Christian Examiner," particularly Mr. Hedge's review of Mr. Emerson's "Essays," and Mr. Thompson's of Mr. Putnam. I am glad to hear of John Parker's bequest to Mr. Putnam. It is very rare that ministers have any thing left them, and I am glad of such an example.

I have seen something about some slaughter committed in one of R. B. F's vessels; but nothing that I could very well understand, as to whether the vessel was coming in or going out.

Our last dates from Macao, you know, are July 28. If any one has later, I should like to hear.

I shall write next week to Mrs. R., whose letter I got yesterday.

Give my love to all friends, and believe me

Your very affectionate

SISTER.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Howe.

NORTHAMPTON, August 31, 1845.

MY DEAR SISTER, — It gives me great pleasure to learn that you were well enough, a week since, to return to your own home. I have not yet heard how you bore the removal, nor how you have found yourself since you got there; and hope that Estes, or James, or Mary, or S., will write me a few lines and let me know this week how you get along. I am glad to learn through S. that C. R. is improving. We had an agreeable visit from Eliza Robbins and Mr. Hillard, the past week. They did up a great deal of conversation as usual, and Mr.

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Lyman as well as myself were highly entertained with it. Fanny Sedgwick and Mrs. Parker stopped here on their way to Brattleboro', just before Mr. Hillard came. It is often sad to me to see so good a woman as Jane Sedgwick so hard pressed.

The beginning of last week we had a vague account of Mr. Delano's fire at Macao, which furnished me with some anxiety; but that gave place to hearing of a real sorrow a few days since, which has absorbed my mind almost entirely, and I have been putting off writing on that account. You have heard of the sudden death of Mrs. Harding? There has always been something about her that I have felt a great respect for; a quiet consistency in goodness, a common-sense purpose that attained its end, a cultivated perception of moral sentiment as well as the beautiful in Nature. And every thing about her so unpretending and sincere, that one could not know her well and withhold their respect. Contemplating her character, strengthens my confidence in the goodness of human nature. It gives me faith in virtue, and makes me feel that it is a reality; and that its infusion into real life opens to us the best sources of happiness. When such a savor is taken from the circle which it affected, there is much to deplore; and I cannot say as many do in such cases, "How soon such things are overlooked and forgotten!" for I have faith to believe that all the good seed sown in this world will be guarded and made fruitful by heavenly wisdom; that none of it will be lost, but bring forth, some fifty, and some an hundred fold.

Mrs. Harding left six sons, over whom she had a great influence. The four youngest can never have that influence made up to them; though Margaret will be, as she always has been, all that a sister can be, for she is one of the wisest and the best young persons I ever knew; of C. I know but little, therefore cannot speak. I have not informed Susan of this calamity, hoping she would not hear of it until she got to Springfield; and then I thought she would stop for a day or two with Margaret, for their mutual satisfaction.

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We have got to hear —— preach all day in the absence of our beloved Rufus Ellis; it is a severe dispensation, but he was here and applied for the chance. Mr. Ellis is published, and will be married this month, — I mean September.

Give my love to all friends, and believe me

Yours very affectionately,

A. J. LYMAN.

P. S. I am reading the "Wandering Jew," taking it homœopathically, in small doses. I do n't know as you are well enough to bear it, for it is very exciting; but works of imagination never take such a violent hold of me as they do of some people. It takes reality to distress me; I am such a matter-of-fact person, that I cannot invest my fancy as many can.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, Sunday, September 28, 1845.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — . . . . . .

"All's well, that ends well;" and there is much good mingled with the sorrows and trials of this life. And our lot is always better than we deserve, while we remain in this mutable world, —

"Where nothing can satisfy, nothing 's secure
From change and decay, and disorder and strife;
No beauty is perfect, no virtue is pure,
And evil and good are companions for life.

"Where finding no rest, like the patriarch's dove
Which flew to the ark when the flood was abroad,
O'erwearied we seek, in the mansions above,
The rest that remains for the people of God."

And if we are of that number, we shall finally inherit the rest. And we that are some way advanced on the journey of life, so that the end

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seems near at hand, can fully realize the consolations and encouragements accompanying that hope. . . .

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, February 10, 1846.

There is but little, my dear son, to be gathered, either from my experience or from my contemplations, that will profit you or give you pleasure; but it is your birthday, and, if I do not consecrate it for a holy day, I can mark it for a day of increased and uninterrupted satisfaction for the twenty-seventh time. Now you will not let this make you vain, but refer what I have said rather to your mother's vanity. It is not uncommon for parents, when they have nothing else to take pride in, to inflate it with something they are connected with; imagining that there is a reflected lustre reaching themselves from these surrounding causes. James Howe you have probably seen, and he has given you his reasons for engrafting his happiness on a new stock, and in a new world, — to him, — as it regards both place and circumstances. I honor him for the sacrifice he proposes to make; it is worthy of a good cause, such as he is engaged in, — the coining of his time into the best good, the highest usefulness; and all that, consistently with getting the most money. The sacrifice, of course, consists in leaving an agreeable social position, in every way suited to his taste and previous habits. But James has not been long enough a fixture to one place, to make that place necessary to his happiness, — so that even blank walls may "touch the springs of memory," and help to recall the tenderest passages of our existence, which but for them might sleep forever. I have been so accustomed to seeing James and making use of him, that I feel inexpressibly sorry to have him at a distance from us. This is a world of change and progress, sometimes forward, sometimes on the backward course; but I love James, and am sorry to part with him. I am glad he has got a good wife, for that will "gild

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the gloom" of his solitude. A poor one would harass him very much; as far as she can, Harriet will lighten his burdens. The greatest trial will be to Aunt Howe, who is accustomed to having him near her. But she will be satisfied to have him do what is for the best. That is all that parents have to reconcile them to a separation from children, who seem as necessary to their happiness as food is to their existence. Of that, no one is more sensible than myself. Did I not part with my sons when they were fourteen or fifteen years of age, never to live with them again? Heaven only is witness of the tears it cost me! Those farthest off now are the greatest trouble to my spirit. If I could only have Katie safely on this side the water again, I think I would never weep or croak more; but one year more is marked for fears and anxieties; and the *end!*— who knoweth? Your father is very well, and very contented with having me to read to him nearly all the time. I have this week been reading Miss Sedgwick's stories to him. They are of a kind to move the heart gently, and to superinduce a kindly feeling for every thing that is good; they awaken a holy interest that makes the heart better, without producing any injurious-shock, or too great excitement of the tender sensibilities. Love to my friends.

Your very affectionate

MOTHER.

In March, 1846, while recovering from the fearful and dangerous disease whose consequences darkened the whole remainder of her life, she wrote to her son Edward, after hearing of his engagement. After passing lightly over the six weeks of intense suffering, she goes on: —

"And now let me tell you that I am rejoiced that you have reached that point in your destiny which is to insure you a pleasant and valuable companion for life; and I trust she is all you think she is, — a rational and high-principled woman, with warm affections towards yourself, and such domestic habits as make life smooth; one who

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has been more accustomed to minister than to be ministered unto; one who feels that household cares are woman's duty, no less than her privilege; one who is literally a sharer with her husband in his cares, instead of leading that useless, empty life that leaves no record but vanity to mark its path. I have often troubled myself with the fear lest my sons should marry idle, fashionable women. If Heaven has spared me this sorrow, I have much to be grateful for. As a child needs an instructor, so do grown people need a higher guidance than mere self-will. They need the light of that polar star, an enlightened conscience, — with that holy standard which forever separates right and wrong. May you both be guided by it, and amidst your greatest trials you will find consolation."

After a delightful visit from Mrs. Greene, she writes to her after her own return from New York.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, September 16, 1846.

MY DEAR ABBY, — I believe, in the feelings which occupied me at parting with you and others who left at the same time, I forgot to urge it upon you to write whenever you could; and I have never known exactly how to direct to you, which is the reason I have omitted to write and say how much (divided as my attention was between a multitude of objects) I had enjoyed your visit; and the same is true of your uncle.

You never told me if you saw Martha or Charlotte, but I hope you did. I am sure you will be interested to hear about my week's visit to New York. I had given up all idea of going, and written to that effect, — when I went out on Saturday, the 22d, and met Mr. Butler, who waited on me to New York three years ago, and he asked me if I intended to go to Edward's wedding. I told him I had given it up, having no one to go with me; upon which he said he was going that

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evening, and should be very glad to escort me there, and that we should arrive early on Sunday morning. Upon the strength of this proposition, I put a few things in a bandbox and was ready to depart, having first ascertained that I could have Jane to stay with her father during my absence.

On Sunday I enjoyed hearing Dr. Dewey very much. On Monday I made a call at Brooklyn on the Lows, and dined and passed the remainder of the day with Mr. and Mrs. Nevins and Edward at the Astor House. On Tuesday I remained where I was staying, at my Cousin Josephine Forbes's, 703 Broadway. And on Wednesday morning, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Nevins, I went to the wedding ceremony. I was much pleased with all Sarah's family; they seemed to be a very happily-united set of brothers and sisters, with excellent parents; and one of their neighbors told me they never had disputes or divisions among themselves. They are, without being wealthy, all prosperous and apparently unambitious. I could not help being struck with the fact, that my two last-married children had been united to families that I never knew, or even heard any thing about, until the period of our connection. But that is of no consequence you know, if they are good people. There was quite a large circle at the wedding, who stayed to a very elegant collation, prepared in the house adjoining, and occupied by Mrs. Archer, Sarah's eldest sister. Late in the afternoon, Edward and Sarah went up the river to West Point, and from thence took their journey to the different Falls, and thence to Canada, and returned here at the end of a fortnight, pretty tired of the extreme heat and dust.

The Thursday after the wedding, —— and I went to Hastings to see the Delano sisters. We had a beautiful sail up the Hudson about twenty-five or thirty miles to a most beautiful place, and should have enjoyed the day much, had it not been for the miserable, dying condition of Dora D——. She is still living, though it seemed to us then that a few days must terminate her existence. Our return late in the evening was as pleasant as our morning excursion; and the following

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day, Friday, we visited the Greenwood Cemetery at Brooklyn, which is truly beautiful. It is Mount Auburn magnified and multiplied. Do get some of your friends to ride over with you and see it. I can only think, while looking at it, of Beattie's description of the beauties of Nature; and realize it all there.

> "The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even;
> All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
> And all the dread magnificence of Heaven."

Well, the next day my week was out, and I must go home; so we departed, S. and myself, at six in the morning, and arrived at four, P.M., where I found myself perfectly satisfied with all that had happened; and particularly to take S. home in much better condition than she had left it, the five weeks previous. I found your Uncle very well; Jane had taken the best of care of him; but was despairing for fear I should be absent a few days longer, — which I had no thoughts of. And now I have said enough about myself. Let me tell you I am delighted to hear that you have seen so many friends, and that you and dear Katie have enjoyed so much. For the enjoyment of such pure pleasures is greatly multiplied in the retrospection, as well as in the first reality. I am only sorry that we could not have met in New York; and wish you would write a note to Edward, at 68 Cedar Street, his place of business, — "Nevins & Co.," — that he and Sarah may see you before you leave, if only for a call. They are staying for the present at Brooklyn, at Abbot Low's — Sarah's brother. If you have time, write me from N.

Your very affectionate

AUNT.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Howe and Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, December 6, 1846.

MY DEAR SISTERS, — During the time that Catherine Delano was with me, with her baby, — which was only ten days, — I was very much absorbed; but it all seemed to pass like a pleasant vision, for it came so suddenly that it hardly seemed like reality; and since they left there has been a dreadful void, which is always the case after unusual excitement. Not that there has been any lack of employment for the hands, or of abundance of newspapers,

"But all the air a solemn stillness holds;"

and that sweet baby is missing. The child never cried while it was here; and it grew, and looked much better when it left than when it came. Now I am absent from them, I cannot help feeling anxious about the child, lest it should not have sufficiently good care and good nursing to make it vigorous. So you see how the old grandmother's thoughts are employed. When they first left, my attention was engaged in setting the house in order, and Mrs. Wendell Davis came down one morning and passed the day with me. She looks much better than she did in the spring; and we enjoyed her visit very much.

Mr. Lyman was really overcome by the excitement of our affairs, and was unusually confused by what was going on for several days. Joseph and Susan B. appeared unusually well, and J. writes that he has continued so since his return. Mr. L. is now as well as usual; he has but little vigor of any kind, and but a small appetite. I read "Esther" to him last week, and he seemed a good deal interested in it, as he did in Mr. Webster's Philadelphia dinner-speech; which he intends to have me read over a second time. Mr. Ellis preached at Deerfield, and Mr. Moors for us. We liked him very much; he is

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staying with us. Sam and his wife, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Hillyer have passed this evening with us; and, after all were gone, I thought it would be a good time for getting up a poor letter.

One fine day, while Catherine and Joseph were staying here, we all went up to Greenfield, by invitation, in the cars, and had a beautiful ride.

Mrs. H.'s family have been in a miserable condition for the last three months, — Mrs. A. unfit to be moved to her own home, and Martha bound down by the same complaint of which M. died. This is a heavy trial for Mrs. H., and one in which there is no hopeful end to look forward to. In contrast with the cases I have mentioned, we have good reason to feel ourselves highly favored in an exemption from trouble. It would be difficult for me to express the amount of gratitude I have felt for the blessings that have overflowed my cup in the events of Edward's safe arrival out, and Catherine's safe return home, with her family in good condition. I did not dare to believe I should ever realize these blessings.

The day of C.'s return I had a letter from F. D., saying that they were probably in the H., and that we must be reconciled to deferring our hopes or expectations at least thirty days longer. S. and I went to Mr. Lewis Strong's in the evening, and there we were asked about the time of their return, and we told them one month; that was all I dared to hope.

I must tell you now what I am about to engage in. Wetherill, our sexton, is blessed with a pair of twin boys, and I am going to have an extra meeting of the society to clothe them and their mother; and, at the same time, to help the C——s and their twins. So you see "there is mercy in every place; and mercy encouraging thought," &c.; and our society is much engaged in the cause. Hannah Chester is passing the winter with Mrs. Strong, and Betsey thinks she is gaining from the use of Hungarian balsam.

We were agreeably surprised to find Mr. Delano appearing in much

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better health than we have ever seen him, and looking younger than when he left, in consequence. He took great pains to keep up good spirits; and rarely adverted to the death of his sisters, and not at all to the death of his child, deeply afflicted as he certainly is, — which I was glad of; for, with all that was sad in their destiny, there was much to be thankful for. Give my love to your household; and believe me, my dear sisters,

Very affectionately yours,

A. J. LYMAN.

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, January 28, 1847.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — Last evening I got your letter, and was much pleased to receive it. Just a week since I received a note from you, and Emerson's poems, for which I feel much indebted. I should have acknowledged the receipt before this, but I have had letters to write to Edward and wife and to the children in New York; and I have written to Joseph's family in that time; and then I have been to Greenfield a day and a night; I got home yesterday afternoon. I had heard from Mrs. Davis, Sen., that she wished me to come up before she left, and I forthwith departed. But I think it may be another month before she leaves; she finds the increased family duty altogether too burdensome, and she cannot help taking hold with the interest of a mother, — and thinks in future she will be a visitor among them. But she has got so much attached to the four little creatures (the eldest four years and the youngest five weeks old), that I think she will be drawn back by an attraction she cannot resist. They are a very pretty little set; the youngest but one is still a baby. They have now two girls.

I was much interested in reading while I was there a large number of sheets of Mrs. Bancroft's letters, addressed to her sons. Very easy, pleasant letters, descriptive of the great places and people that she

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visits. She passed a week at Sheen; Mr. Bates's Madam Van der Weyer and the Belgian minister were there; and there were visitors of theirs during their stay of the same calibre; so that it was a very magnificent occasion. Her friends think she was never so truly in her element as now. Her sons are in Greenfield, and seem like two amiable young men, and are quite domesticated at George's and Thornton's. Mrs. Davis seems much interested in all that concerns Judge Davis's death, and thinks it was a most desirable ending off; and is much pleased with the various notices in the newspapers, particularly Mr. Hillard's. We shall seldom see a life under all the circumstances so little worldly, and manifesting such integrity of principle, as Judge Davis's.

I heard all the particulars of the Pomeroy family from Mrs. Stone, which I was much interested in; and the same of Mr. Barnard's from Mrs. Leavitt, whom I went to see and found very happy, — the picture of contentment, and grateful for life. Seeing her furnishes me with a great lesson from which to learn wisdom, — something transcendental, but she does not know that. Mrs. George T. Davis had a party of young people in the evening, but I remained with Mrs. Davis at Thornton's in preference to going. When I got home I found Mr. Brinley had been at Northampton, and stayed a part of the day; and gave Mr. Lyman and me an invitation to come down and pass a week with him, promising to come and wait on us there, and wait on us back. This was very chivalric, was not it?

Your affectionate SISTER.

P. S. You know we have had lectures this winter, and the last was in verse, by Park Benjamin; very entertaining indeed, — a satire on modern times.

It was during this winter that I went to New York, to pass some weeks with my sister, whose long absence of three years in China had

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made her return to this country a circumstance full of pleasure to the whole family circle. While I was there, the novel of "Jane Eyre" first appeared; its author unknown, no fame to herald it. The effect it produced upon the whole reading world was electrical. If all the anecdotes of the effects of reading "Jane Eyre" could be collected, they would fill a volume, and would give added evidence, were any needed, of the rare genius that produced this wonderful book. I had just finished it, and was still living in the glow it had caused, when a letter from my mother announced, "I have read 'Jane Eyre;' and, though it is intensely interesting, I advise you not to read it, for I think it has a most immoral tendency." I believe the character of Rochester, and what she always designated as "his lie at the altar," was what had impressed her. Certainly, he bore no resemblance either in his character or circumstances to any of her living or dead standards. But I was much amazed to receive by the very next post a letter from my friend, Martha Swan, who was staying with her in my absence, in which she said, "Your mother has been completely carried away with 'Jane Eyre.' She went out yesterday and bought herself a pair of new shoes. After she came home she took up 'Jane,' and read till tea-time; then she read till bed-time. Then I retired, and she read till nearly morning, finding, when she went to bed at last, that the toes of her new shoes were fairly burnt through, over the dying embers." Whether the loss of her shoes, by means of "a trumpery novel," had any influence on her opinion of Rochester, I would not pretend to say. She became very indignant when she came to that part of the story where Jane, after leaving Rochester, forgot her little bundle of clothes. "So shiftless of her," she exclaimed, impetuously, "to go off without a change of linen; I've no patience with her."

In a letter to Abby, dated August 12, 1847, she speaks of her overflowing thankfulness in the return of her daughter Catherine from China, and of her little granddaughter Louise, as a most engaging and interesting child. She adds, "Your uncle has shown more pleasure in

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Katie's return, and in having her with us again, than I had dared to expect in his present feeble state. He seems to have a vivid sense of all Mr. Delano's kindness, and has been taking an interest in having new fences all over our place, on both sides of the road. Edward came home six weeks ago, and he with his wife stayed with us a fortnight. And Joseph and his wife were here with their adopted child at the same time. So I have seen all my children together, which is the first time since my dear Anne's death ; and I enjoyed it highly."

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, January 21, 1848.

MY DEAR SON, — I received a letter from you yesterday, which disappointed me; and another to-day, which fulfilled all my hopes and wishes. I sincerely rejoice with you in the happiness accompanying the birth of a fine child. It is an event in one's life unlike any other, opening a new world of hopes and fears, the alternations of which tend to stimulate and quicken all the affections and all the other faculties of our nature, and to advance our existence into immeasurable importance, and to increase our responsibility in the same ratio. I hope to hear again soon how the mother and child advance. Give a great deal of love to Sarah and her son from grandmother, and tell them I long to behold them; as does Aunt Susan.

We hold on in the same even tenor, without much change of any kind, devoting ourselves to "books and work and healthful play." . . . My neighbors are very good about coming in "to gild the gloom." Mr. and Mrs. Joy have been down several times to pass the evening, and Jane often comes, and Mrs. Allen. Susan has Martha Swan with her now, and last week she had Mrs. Briggs a few days. . . . We have enjoyed the "Eclectics" very much.

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January 22. Yesterday was a sacred day in my calendar, for a reason which you will remember, for it separated us for ever, in this world, from our beloved Anne Jean; but no one lives a half century and more, without many such anniversaries, perhaps more than I have. But I mean my heart shall dwell on the blessings which have been showered on my path, and not on the sorrows. The best wish I can entertain for you is, that you may be blessed in your sons as I have been in mine.

Tell Catherine, with my love, if we did not drink a glass of wine to her health, we did not forget her birthday, and shall not forget our son's.

Susan has been invited, this fine day, to go down to Springfield, and stay till four o'clock; and I am glad to have her go, — it does her so much good to take a little excursion, — and she has never left home the last six weeks, or been anywhere, of course. . . .

Mrs. Lyman to Miss C. Robbins.

NORTHAMPTON, January 28, 1848.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — It is but a poor consolation to you to know that my conscience is perfectly seared as with a hot iron. I have been intending to write for the last fortnight; but pride, in endeavoring to keep up appearances with those I am under the least obligation to, has induced me to write to many more distant correspondents first, so that you are last served.

Tell Mrs. Howe I am much obliged to her for sending the "Christian World," and not to do it if she finds the slightest inconvenience in it. Mr. Delano sends me the "Christian Inquirer," which supplies all my wants, as I have access to a "Daily Tribune" whenever I wish to see it. We think the last number of "Dombey and Son" is far the best since the death of Paul, and highly interesting.

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We have had two, indeed three, very interesting lectures since you left, from Mr. Greeley, Dr. Hopkins, and President Wheeler; which is about all the variety we have had. But I have got enough to think of and enough to do without any additional exciting causes; and am very contented with the repose accompanying our warm and comfortable winter.

Susan is enjoying her old resource, — society, friendship, and love, — in Springfield, with Margaret and Lucretia; and I am calculating that it will promote a degree of self-forgetfulness favorable to her neuralgic affection. She writes that she has been well since she left, and I expect her home to-morrow. During her absence, Martha Swan and I have read a very agreeable book, by the author of "Undine." Of course there is no probability in the story, for that is no part of the design of a German novelist; still there is much information and entertainment. Perhaps you have read it; "Theodolf, or the Icelander," is the title.

Mr. George Ellis came to see me yesterday, and will preach for us to-day. We were much pleased to hear Mr. Simmons last Sunday; and, as he was here during his leisure that day, we got a good deal acquainted with him, and found him a very genial, pleasant man. He told me what I did not know, that he had been living in Milton. I think he has but a faint idea of what Springfield is; but he seems to like it very much, so imperfectly as it is known to him.

January 30. I went this morning to hear one of Mr. George Ellis's best discourses. His text was from the sixth chapter of Hebrews and fifth verse: "The powers of the world to come." His subject was, the influence those powers exert on human character, according to their different states of mind and education. I think the house will be crowded this afternoon; it was very full this morning. Many people went expecting to hear a sermon appropriate to the occasion of Mrs. H. S.'s death, that I think will come again and bring more.

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It is a great blessing to me to have Martha Swan with me, she being fond of the kind of reading I like.

Remember me to all friends in your house with much love, and likewise to A. P.

I was glad to hear J. R.'s wedding went off so pleasantly.

Your affectionate

SISTER.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

NORTHAMPTON, March 8, 1848.

. . . My hands and my mind are employed, though there is considerable monotony in my existence.

Since I read "Jane Eyre," I have read the "Life of John Jay," which interested me very much, though I have read it before, some twelve years ago; but I always have thought of him as one of the saints of the earth, and, like Washington, that we should never see his like again.

Now, with your leave, I shall use the remainder of the paper for the benefit of your wife.

MY DEAR SARAH, — I have had it in my heart a long time to write to you, not that I thought I could give you much pleasure, but for my own satisfaction.

Now, of course you don't know how deeply I have sympathized with you in this last momentous event in your history. Married people have a great many mountains to go over, and each one safely passed is a subject of congratulation, where the gain has been greater than the cost and trouble. Now, I hold my only grandson to be a mighty treasure. I feel much richer for him myself, and if I am so much benefited, what must be your case? Why, he is a mine of wealth! an income of daily comfort! — just what his father has always been to me; and now I feel that the treasure is doubled in his having a good

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wife, and, I trust, an excellent child. You are sure now of having something to do that will add greatly to the importance and value of life; and I don't know of any thing more satisfactory than bringing up children. They are nearly all that gives any interest to old age, if we are permitted to attain to it. I often wish I was going to live my life over again, for my children's sake; for, with my present experience and discipline, I should be much better fitted to bring up a family of children than I was in time past. But the same is the case with others; and, in observing upon mankind, we see that every thing done is an experiment made without any knowledge of the result. Some of the experiments turn out well, and some ill. But having the destiny of our children in our hands is such a fearful, anxious task, that it inspires some profound reflections in those who never had any before; and there are many strengthening influences accompanying all our domestic duties, which have a very salutary bearing on the character, and, together with love, help us along, and prevent many with but little instruction, from making shipwreck of their children and their domestic happiness. I am calculating that Edward and yourself will have a pattern family, which, if I live to see it, will add much to the pleasures of my advanced life.

I am going to send a box to Susan by Mr. Edward Butler. He will deliver it to your husband, because he is nearer to where Mr. B. stays than Lafayette Place.

Kiss the baby for me a great many times, and believe me

Very affectionately yours,

A. J. Lyman.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

Northampton, March 16, 1848.

My dear Son, — I was glad to learn from your own pen that your wife and my grandson are doing well. I know that Sarah will take time for recovery. As Mrs. Butler is going to-morrow, and I can send

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a package as well as not, I will send you the porringer to my little grandson, which his father was always fed from when a youngster; and I hope and pray he may be as easy to get along with as was his father.

Mr. Delano must be thanked for John Quincy Adams's picture. The last time I ever saw him, to converse with him, he looked like that picture; but when I saw him in the street, last autumn he was much thinner. I am pleased to have it. The time I speak of conversing with him, he kissed my hand when we parted. That ceremony was a part of his European manners. Your father thought it was prophetic that we should never meet again. . . .

With regard to Theodore Parker's eulogy of Mr. Adams, if a man acts through life from a high principle of honor, justice, truth, and humanity, but sometimes commits errors of judgment and opinion, those blemishes should not be made the most prominent when pretending to write his "eulogy." Eben Hunt could lend you this production, I dare say. I wish you would give Eben one of Mr. Ellis's discourses on your father's death, and ask him to take an early opportunity to send it to Baron Rœnné; unless you would rather do it yourself.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, April 25, 1848.

MY DEAR ABBY, — In the course of each day a good many people call, and you know our practice is always to be disengaged. This I could not do in a city; but having begun so, the time never came for discontinuing the practice. And I am now very well satisfied that a great many valuable friendships and strong attachments, and even the ties of kindred, have been broken by the self-indulgence by which people turn their friends and acquaintances from the door, from unwillingness to make a reasonable sacrifice to the intercourse of friendship. It is so heart-chilling, that it does much to freeze the affections which would readily expand into a kind regard or a generous friendship, to

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be told at the door for a succession of years, "not at home," or "engaged." In my own case it tends directly to a non-intercourse, and makes city-life and habits intolerable to me; combining, as it too generally does, heartlessness and senselessness.

I suppose you would like to know how we have lived this winter. In the first place, after your uncle's death, I dismissed my oldest domestic, wishing to teach the youngest habits of responsibility and care, such as she could not attain while there was a responsible person over her; besides wishing to diminish the expense of two hundred dollars a year, which was the least I could estimate her board and wages at.

My real estate is rated so high that it, with a ministerial tax of seventy dollars, will not be less than a hundred annually. This, with an income not over eight hundred dollars, makes the nicest calculations necessary in regard to economy. And I do not think it tends any more to narrow the mind to study a rigid economy, than it does to keep one's self frivolously used up in contrivances for spending money lavishly, and studying trifling points of etiquette; instead of studying the higher philosophy of good principle, and seeking in religion and moral rectitude how to lead a good life in the sphere God has appointed us here. Therefore, I shall not waste feeling and thought on the uneasiness of not being rich, but think how, under existing circumstances, I can widen the sphere of my usefulness without money. This will be harder for S. than for her mother; but she has good principles, and too much strength of character, not to do as well as she can in whatever position she is placed, and that without discontent or murmuring. We must all remember that our lot is better than we deserve, and that the cultivation of contentment and gratitude are the great antidotes to the evils of this life.

In the beginning of the winter, I had Miss Swan come to pass the winter with me, for I knew my Susan must be much of it with —— in New York.

Your very affectionate AUNT.

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P. S. I shall enjoy you and yours in your home, were it in the greatest possible simplicity, more than I can possibly enjoy visiting where there is a great effort at style and fashion; for in one I can find warmth of the heart, and in the other much of the ice which clings to gold, the touch of which freezes the soul.

I am much pleased with Mr. T. Walker's discourse on Mr. Adams. Please to say to him that I am greatly obliged to him for sending it to me.

Mrs. Lyman to William S. Thayer, at Harvard College.

NORTHAMPTON, November 26, 1848.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — I have been intending to give you a few lines ever since I answered your Brother James's letter. I was very glad to hear that you had been so fortunate as to get a school at Canton. I hope it may prove all that you desire; and I dare say your anticipations do not exaggerate the pleasures of such an employment; on the contrary, you are probably expecting a great deal of trouble, much that is distasteful and difficult to endure. But you must learn to consider that all these things are necessary to exercise, as well as test, your judgment; and I have no doubt that it will prove a valuable discipline of all your faculties, and end in that best of satisfactions, — the sense of doing good, not only to yourself, but to your fellow creatures.

It is the saying of a good man, that, "for every good deed of ours, the world will be the better always." There is a great lesson of wisdom to be gained from teaching others; and that is, the value of reverence. I mean reverence in its highest signification, — first for the Author of our being, and then for his works; but to come down to your own particular case, — a just respect for those whose superiority has placed them over us as instructors and rulers. No youth employed as a teacher for the first time, I believe, ever had so true a sense as this

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occupation gives him of the necessity of that most valuable quality, so rare in these days of "democracy," "liberty," and "equality," and, I may add, "fraternity." But a teacher has constantly before him the practical illustration of its necessity and its value; and the want of it is the greatest obstacle to improvement in the young, for it brings in its train of evils the lack of humility.

Now, when you contemplate all the difficulties of college government, as well as the lower institutions, common schools, &c., you at once perceive that they are all owing to a want of respect for authority; in other words, reverence. When the young people in college get together, they do not discuss the various trials and virtues of the president and professors, but always their faults and imagined defects, with the most unmitigated severity.

I have no doubt that, at the end of your time of school-teaching, you will find you take a very different view of the relation between the teacher and the taught from what you did before you commenced, and that you have gained much of wisdom by your experience. "Revere the wise, and yours will be the state of mind into which wisdom flows most freely," is a sentiment which we cannot apply too often to ourselves, or to those we are teaching.

I am glad to hear that James Lyman and Chauncey Wright are coming home to Thanksgiving, and wish you all could do the same. Give my love to James, and tell him I should like to hear from him whenever he can find it in his heart to write; and I hope, when you get fixed in your new position, you will give me some account of yourself and your hopes.

And believe me your very interested friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

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Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

AUGUST 2, 1849.

S. has two sons. They have talents to be agreeable, but their faculties are somewhat paralyzed by knowing that they have a fortune to fall back upon, and that there is nothing for them to do but enjoy it. "The healthful stimulus of prospective want" is highly desirable to the young people of our country; and it is astonishing how many amongst us are ruined by the want of it. You may have seen the death of Mr. Theodore Lyman announced in the Boston newspapers. He was a rare exception to the rule I have adverted to. He left no widow, but left a son and a daughter. He provided amply for them, and disposed of one hundred thousand dollars to different charities. This I consider an exemplary act.

Mrs. Lyman to Mrs. Greene.

NORTHAMPTON, November 4, 1849.

. . . . . .

I have just returned from church, where I have all day heard our good Mr. Ellis. I think he is about the best minister any people ever had; for his good life furnishes a valuable sermon every day. He is all the time at work for the good of society, and I think his loss would be felt almost as much among the other societies as in ours. He examines one school and its teachers once a week, taking the different ones in the order; so that he stimulates both the teachers and the taught to do their best. And it has superinduced a degree of vigilance that we have never experienced before, with a corresponding degree of excellence.

Mrs. Lyman to her son Edward.

TUESDAY, December 21, 1852.

MY DEAR EDWARD, — It filled my heart with joy and gratitude to get the intelligence I received yesterday at three o'clock, through Joseph.

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What I had heard the day before was the cause of a good deal of solicitude, and I was looking with great anxiety for farther intelligence, when Joseph came over. I hope there will be no obstacles to prevent Sarah from a speedy recovery. You must begin to feel very rich, as well as proud of your possessions, with *two boys* to look after; and I hope you will be as lucky as *I* have been. I see you laughing in your sleeve at the poor old lady's vain-glory, and I wish you may have as much cause for glorification at my age. I must tell you one thing: *I did something* to earn all the satisfaction I shall have; but it will take a number of years to get to the "swellings of Jordan." There will be care for the hands a good while before you get to the cares of the heart. But parents have every encouragement, and great promise of reward in all they do for their children. It yields a great interest for the capital. . . .

Your very affectionate

MOTHER.

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CHAPTER XIX.

With gradual gleam the day was dawning,
  Some lingering stars were seen,
When swung the garden-gate behind us,—
  He fifty, I fifteen.

The high-topped chaise and old gray pony
  Stood waiting in the lane:
Idly my father swayed the whip-lash,
  Lightly he held the rein.

The stars went softly back to heaven,
  The night-fogs rolled away,
And rims of gold and crowns of crimson
  Along the hill-tops lay.

That morn, the fields, they surely never
  So fair an aspect wore;
And never from the purple clover
  Such perfume rose before.

O'er hills and low romantic valleys,
  And flowery by-roads through,
I sang my simplest songs, familiar,
  That he might sing them too.

Our souls lay open to all pleasure,
  No shadow came between;
Two children, busy with their leisure,—
  He fifty, I fifteen.

. . . . . .

As on my couch in languor, lonely,
  I weave beguiling rhyme,
Comes back with strangely sweet remembrance
  That far-removed time.

The slow-paced years have brought sad changes
  That morn and this between;
And now, on earth, my years are fifty,
  And his, in heaven, fifteen.

"Atlantic Monthly."

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MEMORY takes me back with grateful thoughts to a period behind the letters in the last chapter, — to the years 1839 and 1840, when I returned from Mr. Emerson's school in Boston, to find my dear father still vigorous and unimpaired, though seventy-three years of age. The exquisite little poem that heads this chapter has always brought this time so vividly before me, so much more vividly than any words of mine can do, that I could not help inserting them; although in our case it would have come nearer the truth to say, "He seventy, I seventeen," — at least, for all but the last two verses.

He rose very early, in the summer time, — seldom later than four o'clock, — and it was his custom to take a long walk, rarely returning home before six. I often rose and took these walks with him; and they have left a sweet remembrance that is like a treasure laid up in heaven. He delighted in the natural beauties of our village; liked to take me to Round Hill, and, if possible, to reach there before the sunrise. The mists in the valleys below, the mountain-tops above, were a pure delight to him. His memory was stored with old-fashioned poetry, which he often repeated as we walked through the quiet streets, when the closed houses still held their sleeping inmates. Sometimes he told me old tales of the dwellers in those homes, or of their forefathers, whom he had known as a child; sometimes he repeated to me long passages of Pope's "Essay on Man," or Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard."

In the long summer afternoons, he took me in the chaise all round the outskirts of the village. He had a quaint, old-fashioned set of terms with which he addressed his horse, which I have never heard any one else use. But the horse seemed to understand and like them. Sometimes we drove through Hadley and Hatfield; crossed the river by the beautiful wire ferry; came home under the mountain in the ravishing light of those valley sunsets. Sometimes we drove to the Factory, to see sister Jane, and took tea there, returning home in the full moonlight. How glad was every one to see him, wherever we might go!

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Truly, "when the eye saw him it blessed him, and when the ear heard him it took knowledge of him." At home, his presence made every room he entered "the chamber called Peace."

And here, my dear girls, let me endeavor to call up from memory a picture of one day of my mother's life at this period. One impression pervades all my thoughts of her at that time; it is one of breeziness, overflowing life and good-cheer for all who came within the circle of her influence; an immense healthfulness of soul and body, that somehow made others feel well and cheerful also, as if upborne by her own strong spirit.

It is the gray dawn of a summer's day, and she is already up and doing, though the rest of her large family — all but my father — are in their deepest sleep. Not for worlds would she rouse them; this is her hour, — her opportunity. After the clear, cold bath in which she revels (it was always fine to hear her discourse eloquently on the magnetic effect of fresh water), she dresses in a short skirt and white sacque; and, with broom and duster, goes to her parlors and dining-room, which are in plentiful disorder from last evening's gatherings. She opens the windows wide in all the rooms, to let in the sweet morning air. Listening, as usual, to the song of the robins that frequent the elm trees all around, her fine ear catches a new note, long-drawn, sweet and various. Instantly, broom and duster are dropped, and she hastens out into the side-yard, and looks up into the acacia trees to discover her new favorite. "I have found him," she cries; "the most beautiful creature in the whole world, and the most exquisite singer. I shall write to Mr. Peabody this very day, and find out who he is." She returns to her work. The two parlors, dining-room, entry, and staircase are all carefully and thoroughly swept before six o'clock. She then calls up her two domestics, if they are not already up. "How light and airy are all her movements! how strange that so large a woman should have so elastic a tread!" we used to say. She now returns to her room, and puts on the clean calico morning-dress

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and white cap and collar, which is her usual garb until late in the day. There are still some moments before the large family assemble for breakfast, and no one ever saw her waste that time. Her large basket of darning always stood in a corner of the room, ready to be attacked when other work failed; and she darned the stockings of the whole family, — the servants' and the hired man's, as well as those of her husband, children, and nieces. "For," she said, "it is the one way to save them time, trouble, and expense. I like to do it, and they never do it well." We had one girl named Maria, who had lived with us some years, and was about to leave us to accompany her family to another town. On the morning of her departure, she appeared at the parlor-door, holding up the foot of an old black-silk stocking, so darned that the original fabric was hardly discoverable. "Mrs. Lyman, may I take this with me?" she said; "I found it in the rag-bag." "Why, certainly, Maria; but what can you want that old stocking for?" "Why, I want to show the folks where I go Mrs. Judge Lyman's *embroidery*," said Maria; and, choking down a tender emotion, she added, "and I'll tell 'em she mended *ours* just as good as all the ladies'."

Perhaps she darned stockings till the breakfast-bell rang, or else she took the book that always lay in the basket, underneath her stockings, — some good history, or book of ethics, or the last "North American." Or, if there were time, she wrote to Mr. Peabody and described her bird; and got for answer, by next day's mail, that it was "the rose-breasted grossbeak." How its long name delighted her heart! it was worthy the beauty of her singer.

Breakfast comes. How often in summer-time it assembled fifteen or twenty happy souls around that hospitable board! When my dear father came, his presence brought benediction, peace, and love, as much as hers gave warmth and cheer. The breakfast was always simple, but abundant, — tea and coffee, broiled fish or steak, bread, and some kind of pudding for the children, to be eaten with milk or cream. After breakfast, a chapter in the Bible and prayers were read. Then my mother

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had water brought, and with many aids among children, grandchildren, and nieces the dishes were washed, silver cleaned, and table cleared in an incredibly short space of time. After this, she was very apt to take her seat near the front door, partly because of her social spirit, which made her love to greet the passers-by, or send messages to her neighbors; and partly because father liked to sit there, and for the same reasons. She had always the basket of darning beside her, and the book, and my father had the newspapers which he read aloud to her, or she to him; and they discussed in a truly amusing way the events or the politics of the day, — for he had a rare and sweet humor, and she had keen wit, and peals of merry laughter were often heard from the stairs, or the two parlors, whose doors into the entry always stood open, and where groups of children and visitors collected. At this time, my mother always had the peas brought her to shell for dinner, or the beans to string. And I have seen her go on with these occupations unmoved and without apology, while Baron Rœnné, or the Judges of the Supreme Court, or Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, came and went, — she conversing all the time with each and all, in the most brilliant way. A touch of the bell scarce interrupting the flow of her ideas, she would hand her pails and pans of vegetables, nicely prepared, to the little maid who came at her call, and go on with her inevitable darning. — It was seldom that the large family sat down to meals without additional guests. Any one that dropped in was invited to remain; any one passing the front door who looked weary was asked to stop. "Another plate for Mr. or Mrs. ——," called my mother cheerily to her little maid, without a thought of trouble; as, indeed, there was none.

Although she darned beautifully, she was not an exquisite seamstress, and sometimes tried the patience of her children and young friends by want of nicety. So in derision we called her sewing "the Goblin Tapestry." But in truth she had too many garments to make and mend, to give much thought to any thing but the strength and durabil-

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ity of her work; and in some particulars she was wanting in taste. I recall a young girl sitting near her one day with some exquisite embroidery in her hand. "Now, Mrs. Lyman, is not this lovely?" she said. "Well, I dare say it is, my dear," was the quick reply, "but life has never been long enough for me to embroider a flannel petticoat."

And yet with seeming inconsistency she took great pains to have one temporary inmate of the family taught to embroider; and, when a friend remarked upon it, and said, "Why, Mrs. Lyman, I always thought you believed in having young people cultivate their minds before all things?" she lowered her voice, but said in an emphatic whisper, "My dear, that girl would n't read, — not if you were to set her down in the Bodleian Library for the rest of her life. You can't put a quart into a pint cup."

At one o'clock came dinner; always a large joint, roast or boiled, with plenty of vegetables and few condiments, — for she thought them unwholesome, — good bread and butter, and a plain pudding or pie. I think her idea about food as well as clothing was, that there was but one object in it, — to support and sustain the body in the one case, to cover and keep it warm in the other. And so she never discussed or encouraged discussion of any thing belonging to them. To have interrupted the fine conversation at that dinner-table, by any reference to the flavor or quality of the viands set before any of us, would have appeared to both my father and mother as the height of vulgarity; and I have never been able to get used to it at other tables. The same feeling led them always to avoid any conversation about their domestic concerns or troubles, and this from the highest motives. One whose name is a household word in many lands once said, after a two weeks' visit at their house, "Oh, I liked to stay with Mrs. Lyman, for she had no kitchen!" I remember well her sitting in apparent abstraction and silence for a good half-hour, while two neighbors discussed the enormities of their servants.

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At last, anxious for her sympathy, they appealed to her. She rose from her seat, sighed wearily as she gathered up her work to depart, and said emphatically, "I see no perfection in the parlor, I don't know why I should expect it in the kitchen."

In the afternoon, my dear mother allowed herself a long siesta, and came from her room about four, or a half-hour later, with renewed brightness and cheerfulness. Then the windows of the west parlor attracted her, and there the young members of the family delighted to join her. Her pleasure in the society of the young was unbounded, and her entire sympathy with them led her to draw out the best in them at all times. Especially, if she found any young person with a strong desire for acquiring knowledge, she never lost sight of the intellectual stimulus to be applied, and never rested till she had found means to supply the want. How many admirable books we read aloud to her in those long summer afternoons, she often stopping us to impress some deeper application of the author's thought upon our minds, or taking the book from our hands to read over again, in her own impressive way, something that we had made poor and tame by our rendering! And with that large hospitality that often made it impossible for her to enjoy any great thought alone, or with her own family alone, she would note the passers-by as we read; and many a good neighbor, or young, intellectual starveling has been beckoned in, "just to hear this rich passage we are reading, it won't take long."

Ah! can we ever restore the flavor of her evening parties, where young and old, high and low, met on the fine footing that her perfect disinterestedness and full animal spirits alone made possible? No! not alone; for the saintly spirit that moved beside her, invited this large hospitality even more than she; and what her greater impetuosity sometimes failed to do, his unfailing gentleness and dignity combined made possible, and the result of all the household entertainments was as perfect as heart could desire. We had parties two or three evenings

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in the week in summer-time; indeed, the neighbors thought we had parties all the time. But, for the most part, they were informal gatherings. In the old stage-coach days, my father always saw every friend or stranger of distinction that arrived at the taverns; and, if he reported directly to my mother, she scarcely waited till morning to call in her friends and neighbors for the next evening, and to make ready her parlors for guests the next forenoon. If it was to be a tea-party, she had only to order an abundant supply of tea and coffee, with thin slices of bread and butter doubled, sponge-cake made by the daughters before breakfast, and thin slices of cold tongue or ham; if an evening party, the lemonade and cake and wine in summer, and the nuts and raisins and fine apples in winter, furnished the simple but sufficient entertainment. I recall the zest and avidity with which she planned these evenings in which one thought rose above all others, — to *give* pleasure, not to get it for herself. How she remembered every one, especially the young and the shy and the restricted, whose opportunities for society were small, and who would, therefore, be most benefited!

"Go tell M. and C. and A.," she would say to one of us, "that Mr. and Mrs. —— and Judge ——, from Boston, will be here this evening, and I want them all to come; they will hear good talking." And, though she impressed on us all the duty of doing our part towards the entertainment of guests, she also taught us that a part of the value of society to the young consisted in being good listeners. In short, her one idea was to bring together the good and wise, who would be sure to enjoy conversation, and then collect a troop of young people about them, who must be benefited by contact with superior minds.

"No one ever declines going to Mrs. Lyman's parties," was the common remark; "indeed, she has always more than she asks, for everybody knows they can take their friends *there*."

Occasionally, we had a party a little more stately than the rest. Such was the annual court-week party, when all the judges of the Supreme Court, and their wives and daughters, with the younger lawyers, and

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friends from all parts, filled the house. At such times, all the daughters of the house were engaged for two or three days in the preparations, and the results seemed to us magnificent.

My mother so often alludes to "court-week" in her letters, that I cannot but recall what a delightful time it was to my sister and myself. As little children, we had been allowed to sit up to the seven-o'clock tea, which was handed round, and we did not go to bed till eight. What a week was that! How, in the morning, we all ran to the window, when the rapid ringing of the court-bell announced the coming of the judges! My father always went to the hotel, to escort them into court, and the procession had to pass our house. Father and the chief justice came first, my father bearing his high-sheriff's staff of office; then Judge Wilde and Judge Putnam, Judge Metcalf and Judge Williams, Mr. Octavius Pickering and a troop of lawyers, two and two, with green bags. They always dined with us once or twice during the week, and some or all of them took tea every evening; besides our having one large party for them, taking in half the town. I always, as a child, had a feeling about Chief-Justice Shaw, as if he were the Great Mogul, or the Grand Panjandrum, or something of that sort; and the tone of absolute reverence with which my father spoke of him increased the effect. He was often very silent, and was subject to "hay fever" when he went on the circuit, and was probably tired also in the evening, for he sat with his head lowered, which gave him the appearance of having his eyes closed. Once I crept up behind my father's chair, and whispered: —

"Father, is the chief justice asleep?"

"Oh, no, my little pigeon," was the reply; "far from it! Why, he is thinking *the profoundest thoughts that ever pass through the mind of man.*"

This made a deep impression on my mind, and I crept back into my corner, longing to know what those "profoundest thoughts" might be.

And when we had grown to womanhood, and left the dream-land of

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childhood far behind, court-week still remained invested with the early halo; and the coming of the judges, with their excellent and intelligent families and friends, while it brought us abundant work, gave us the constant reward of delightful society.

I recall those days now, when my mother had worked from early morning till late of a hot summer's day, till even her strong frame showed signs of exhaustion; then, retiring to her room for one hour of rest, and appearing in the evening, dressed in the "good gown," with heart-warmth and smiles and brilliant talk for every one. Was any young girl shy or ill at ease at her parties? — she did not then push her forward, or insist on her doing a task for which she was not fitted, and so make the evening a penance to her. No! she kindly placed her near some group of elder people, where the conversation was earnest and the themes high; and she knew the dear and unobtrusive soul would feel herself in Paradise. Perhaps she would not talk that night; but her mind and heart would be warmed and fed, and that would surely make her talk better at some future day.

A friend, who once passed a few weeks at the house, gives me this instance of her entire friendliness and sympathy with the young. She was preparing for one of her evening parties, and had got as far as arranging her flower-pots, which were fearful to behold, for she had never any taste in floral decorations. Chancing to pass the window, she espied a young girl whom she loved much, for she had many talents and a warm heart; but, through restricted circumstances and somewhat careless habits, was not always ready for enjoyment.

"Oh, S." she cried, "I am going to have a party this evening; and all the judges are to be here, and all the court-ladies, and I want you to come. Do come, my dear!"

"Oh, Mrs. Lyman!" said the poor girl, looking tearfully down at her feet, "how I wish I could come! But I can't, for my shoes are all out at the toes, and this is my only pair."

A pause of a few minutes, when the good lady's face brightened; —

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"Well, S.," she said, "at least, you'll help me get ready for my party?"

"Oh, yes!" said the young girl, with alacrity; and she came in, and in a few hours had effected a wonderful transformation in the rooms, with her tasteful hands and willing feet. Mrs. Lyman accompanied her home when the work was done, beguiling the way with cheerful talk. Somehow, she hardly knew how, they were in the best shoe-store of the village; a pair of beautiful bronze shoes was purchased, and she had parted from her friend, and ran gayly home to dress for the party.

The early restrictions of her comparatively isolated life at Brush Hill, during her youth, always gave her a peculiar sympathy for all young people she knew, who lived in a similar isolation. And so when winter came on, her thoughts would turn naturally to the two families of Huntington and Phelps, whose beautiful homes near Hadley were her delight in her summer drives, but whose young inmates she felt were sadly cut off from social privileges in the long winters. "You can never know," said Mrs. Bulfinch to me once, "the thrill of pleasure that would come to us when we saw the double sleigh, with Mrs. Lyman in it, drive into our yard, — when snow-drifts were deep, and we had scarcely seen any one for weeks. Which of us would she ask to go home with her in the sleigh for a long visit, for we were sure she would take some of us? And when we went, what a welcome we had, and what a new life! Your dear father, and the guests he always collected; the newest books, of which we had not heard, all lying on the table; the bright homeish parlor! — it seemed like being transferred to an enchanted land!"

Born to be leaders in society, the presence of both my father and mother in that lovely village was felt to be a peculiar blessing, because their counsels always prevailed to bring about the best sort of democratic feeling. They were prominent and active in the support of lyceum lectures, in the getting up of Shakspeare clubs, and the forma-

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tion of literary societies. If the lecturers were to be poorly paid, they invited them to stay at their house, and made up to them in kindness and hospitality what they lacked in fees. I recall one of our Shakspeare clubs, where there were four or five admirable readers, but a few resident students from neighboring towns whose reading was incredibly bad. When my mother took the part of Portia, and Mr. Frederic D. Huntington (then a youth, but now Bishop of the Central Diocese of New York) that of Bassanio, in the "Merchant of Venice," every one that could, came to listen. But it must be confessed that our club was sometimes enlivened by bad reading; and on one occasion, during the play of "Hamlet," a young man taking the part of player to the king uttered himself in this remarkable way, "What's he to *Hee-keu-by* (Hecuba), or *Hee-keu-by* to him?" Of course, except for the kind and considerate manners of that little community, the whole group of listeners would have been convulsed with laughter. My mother was as grave and solemn as possible, till all had left the house, and then she laughed till she hurt herself. Next day came a discussion in her presence as to whether such readers should not be excluded from the club. "By no means," she exclaimed, emphatically; "we can all read Shakspeare when and as we please; we can now and then go to Boston or New York, and hear Fanny Kemble or Charles Kean read, but to these young people it is their only opportunity. Let them come and read badly one winter; it won't hurt us. Then, next winter, give them new parts, and let them hear how the best readers render those they have read. That will benefit them without hurting their feelings." And she carried the day.

Indeed, it seemed a curious fact to all who knew her warm temper and passionate nature, that she rarely hurt the feelings of any one; and, when she did, her wounds left no sting behind. With a vast power of indignation against wrong-doers, a positive hatred of any thing mean or small or insincere, and a somewhat undisciplined and impetuous mode of expression on occasions where her temper was roused, — she

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was surely as free from every taint of resentment or jealousy or suspicion, as any human being I have ever seen. I remember reading aloud in one of Mrs. Stowe's stories, where she describes her heroine as not being "economical of her wrath, but using it so unsparingly, that it was all gone before the time for action came." "*That's your mother*," said my dear father, with a sly smile; and though she pretended not to hear, we knew she did. She never apologized, that I remember; she was too busy; life was too full for her, to keep taking the back track and wiping out old scores. But the rare tenderness of her manner to those she knew she had wounded, the warm-hearted sympathy, so ready to begin a new day in a new way, if *they* were as willing to forget as she was, was better far than a host of excuses. In short, she never enjoyed the discussion of inevitable things. She could give a person a good "setting down" when excited, in a few strong, terse, inimitable words. But then it was done and over, and she never wanted it revived. And if others were hesitating about any course of action, or quarelling over a decision, she was sure to settle the question in a very positive and often sudden way, though with no disregard to the best rights of others. In Miss Bremer's novel of the "Neighbors," there was much in the character of "Ma Chere Mere" that reminded me of my mother. Especially that little scene where, calling in the heaven-chariot to take one of her daughters-in-law to drive, she found them *both* dressed and ready, and bickering about which should have precedence; and so she whipped up her horse, and went without either.

I do not think that you, dear girls, who cannot remember her tones of voice, her impressive manner, and expressive gestures, will ever be able to form an adequate idea of her wit, from my poor showing. A lady, now in middle life, tells me this tale of her youth; she was a bright and talented girl, and a great favorite with my mother, who was always deeply interested in all that concerned her, both her education and her pleasures. She frequently spent whole days with my mother;

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read aloud to her, and joined in all the family occupations and diversions. But she belonged to an Orthodox family; and once, when a revival of religion went through the village, S. "came under conviction," as it is called; and, being much interested and occupied with it, she naturally discontinued her visits to her friend for a time. "One day," she said, "when I had not seen Mrs. Lyman for three months, I was walking up Shop Row, and saw her coming down on the other side of the street. I thought I would not look that way, and perhaps she would not see me. But she darted across the street, and taking me by both hands said, 'S. my child, you need not be afraid to come and see me, because you've "got religion!" don't you know you *can't* be too religious? *Get all the religion you can!*' I thought she had gone, but in another moment she had turned back, looked me full in the face, and said, impressively, 'Be a good child, S., *and go home and brush your teeth.*'"

Walking by the "Edwards Church" one evening, as the bells rang for a third service, she remarked solemnly to her companion, — a stranger in the place, "Those are the people who are *a shade better* than we are!" Coming from our own church one day, after the clergyman, a stranger, had been preaching a sermon upon a personal devil, our neighbor, Mrs. Whitmarsh, met her and said, "Why Mrs. Lyman, *you* don't believe in a personal devil, do you?" "Of course I do! I could n't keep house a day without him!" was the emphatic answer.

It was not always what she said, that caused the laugh that so often followed her lightest remarks. It was the tone of voice, the inimitable gesture, the lifting of her eyebrows, the waving of her hand, the mock solemnity, — that carried away her hearers with an irresistible flood of merriment. And these tones and gestures were so wholly her own, such a simple and unconscious possession, that it is impossible to describe them. At a sewing circle one night, before the days of gas, the hostess was worrying over the poor light from her astral lamp. She tried various expedients, but all to no purpose, and she grew more

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and more worried. A hand was laid on her arm, and the audible whisper sent a smile all round the room: "The law of the lamp has been violated," said Mrs. Lyman; "that's all the matter."

One morning a gentleman, a stranger, walked into Warner's tavern, and accosted "mine host," — at the same time laughing heartily. "I was walking past a house just above here," he said, "when an elderly lady without any bonnet, and carrying a large feather fan, with which she fanned herself vigorously, passed me. I saw that some portions of the fence had been broken, and I stooped down and laid the pieces carefully together. I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and a voice said, 'Sir, you're a Christian *feller cretur!*' I looked up, and it was the same pleasant-looking lady I had seen walking up and down." "Oh," said Mr. Warner, "it's easy to tell you who *that* was! Nobody in our village talks that way but Mrs. Judge Lyman."

Her views on the education of children were strong and characteristic. She loved young children with enthusiastic devotion, enjoyed in the heartiest way every beauty or attraction they possessed, and fairly revelled in the presence of a baby. I never saw but two persons who delighted in a baby as she did. One was our minister's wife, Mrs. Hall; and the other, our cousin, Emma Forbes. Whenever a new baby appeared at the Halls', my mother would come home in a state of rapture. Mrs. Hall would say to her, "Now, you see, Mrs. Lyman, this is really the best and sweetest baby I have had yet; he is so pretty, I really feel as if I ought to give him away; he is too good for me to keep." And this hearty gratitude for the new gift met with the fullest response in her good neighbor's heart.

She noted the peculiar traits of her children, rejoiced in their individualities, delighted in their original remarks; but she "kept all these things in her heart, and pondered them." No one ever heard her call attention to them, or repeat any thing they had said, in their presence. In fact, she was so fearful that others might be less careful than herself, that she did not often speak of them to her friends, and it has

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been an amazement to us to find so many references to us in her letters. A child's simplicity and unconsciousness were more sacred to her than to any one I have ever known, and she guarded them with a jealous care I have never seen surpassed. Always ready to sympathize with and approve them, she yet never allowed herself or others to express admiration of children in their presence, — either of their beauty or their attractive ways, or their efforts to please. I can remember the indignation she once expressed when some neighbors stopped at the front door, and showed undisguised admiration for the unconscious little beauty who sat there eating her bread and milk. Afterwards, in reading what our Lord said, in Matthew xviii. 6, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones," &c., she exclaimed forcibly, "They do it all the time, — the people that flatter simple and innocent children, and destroy their natural unconsciousness and humility." She had always great faith in keeping children in a rather humble and subordinate position; but entirely on their own account, and from strong conviction that it would be a help to them all through the journey of life. So she dressed them in the plainest clothes, taught them always to be ready to give up personal ease or pleasure for the sake of older people, and wished them to show deference at all times to superiors. I think in the matter of dress she sometimes erred, — partly from her own lack of taste. But the principle with her was a fine one. It arose from her great dislike to give prominence to the external in any thing. It may be questioned, however, if a fair amount of time and thought bestowed on dress does not confer pleasure of a high order on others; and almost all children have such delight in pretty clothes, that it is possible to produce more thought about them in a child's mind who is denied the exercise of taste, than would exist where a certain amount of care was bestowed on it. But her view was on the whole a noble one, — in her who valued the soul so much more highly than the body, and who wanted

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to make a purse, that would have sufficed to dress her own children handsomely, help to supply the necessities of life to many others.

I well remember a certain indigo-blue print, covered with white stars, very much worn by children in orphan asylums, and by working people. It was our detestation, and so my mother dubbed the material, "*mortification.*" I had never heard any other name for it, and did not suppose it had any other. We had our fresh white dresses and blue ribbons for Sundays or for company, but on working days, "let all children eat humble pie," was my mother's maxim; and in many respects it was a good one. And so, one day when I was eight years old, I was sent to the store to buy six yards of the hated fabric to make an every-day dress. "Please sir," said I, sadly, to the clerk who made his appearance, "have you any blue mortification?" "No! I never heard of it," was the quick reply. My spirits rose, and I was about to leave the store, when I almost stumbled over a pile of the very goods. Conscience was too strong for me. "This is it," I said timidly. I heard a suppressed giggle behind the counter; and as the clerk measured off six yards of "mortification," one of the partners said in an audible whisper, "Of course it aint the name, but Mrs. Lyman always gives her own names to every thing, and the child do n't know any better."

I do not think that my mother ever had more than three dresses at any one time; she called them "gowns." Her best dress was always a very handsome black silk, worn with simple, but fine, cap and laces. A mousseline-de-laine — black or gray — she called her "every-day gown;" and a dark calico for mornings and work-days, she wore in summer, and exchanged for a heavier material in winter. The best dress she always called her "good gown;" and a shabbier dress, which she kept to save the best, she called her "vessel of dishonor." It took *one day* then to cut, fit, and finish off one of her gowns; she sitting with the dressmaker, and sewing the whole day. So that three days in the early summer, and three days in winter sufficed to construct her

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modest wardrobe. And, oh! how handsome she was in every dress, — even when she had not on the "good gown," that belonged to state occasions.

I thought her manners then, and I think them now, after a long review, the finest I have ever seen, except my father's, which were even finer, having in them the trace of a life filled with the beatitudes. My mother had a noble presence, and what would have been called stately manners, had they not been so gracious, so full of friendliness and sympathy, and sincere cordiality. And I cannot remember that either she or my father ever enjoined fine manners on the many young people they educated; or ever talked about them. With them it was always the principle to work from *within* outward, and not the reverse. They believed that if one could make a child perfectly truthful, disinterested, and considerate towards all God's creatures, fine manners would be the inevitable and unconscious result. Both of them despised conventionalities, and often taught us, both by precept and example, that appearances were naught, except as types of an interior reality.

To my mother's large view, the fine perspective of life was always kept; she could not sacrifice the greater to the less at any time. I remember once, when a sleighing party of young people, hurrying to be in time for the railroad-train, — which then did not come nearer to Northampton than Palmer, — drove up to the friendly door for aid, because they had broken some part of their harness. Sitting near the window, she saw the dilemma, and hastened out. Being told that they had not a moment to lose, and that there were reasons of special importance why they should make the train, she despatched one child in haste to the barn for the man, and another to the house for strong cords. But no sooner had they gone to obey her orders, than a quicker expedient suggested itself to her fertile fancy. She raised her dress quietly, and rapidly whisked off her strong, knit, cotton garters, united the broken harness with a firm weaver's knot, and waved off the little party with the air of a queen. I recall now their three cheers for "the

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good lady and her garters," as they drove down the hill; and she, standing in the snow, with noble presence and outline, and grave unconsciousness of any thing save satisfaction that she could help them. My friend, Caroline Clapp, came in on the instant. "Don't tell me, Caroline, any thing about *elastics*," she said; "a good, strong, generous cotton garter is worth the whole of them in an emergency."

"Oh, Mrs. Lyman can say or do any thing she pleases," was the common remark. And so she could, because the motives were always simple, and single, and transparent to view. The worst as well as the best was all to be seen; nothing hidden, or complicated, or incomprehensible. I have said that her temper was quick and warm, and her passions violent. A friend has told me this characteristic story, one of many that could be told, to prove how wholly without resentment her nature was. When my mother first came to Northampton, a handsome and attractive person, full of animation, she had been received with the utmost warmth, both for the sake of her good husband, so well beloved, and because her own cordiality spoke volumes in her favor. "I thought Northampton a little paradise," she said afterwards to this same young friend, "and that everybody loved me as I loved them." And in the long run this was true, but it was impossible for so ardent and impulsive a nature not to offend sometimes the prepossessions or prejudices of a community where she was always the central figure. "And after a time," she said, "one person whom I had always loved, would come and repeat to me the ill remarks of neighbors and friends. Then I said, 'Get thee behind me, for I cannot afford to have my mind and heart poisoned towards those I live among.'" One day, when a young girl she loved was reading aloud to her, this treacherous friend came in. "Go, my dear," said Mrs. Lyman, "and sit with your book, by the window, in the next room." "I went," said the young girl, "but I could not help overhearing the conversation, in which Miss —— repeated an opinion of her held by a family she had loved very much, and who, she thought, loved her,

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which was so derogatory and untrue, it could not but have been deeply trying to her warm and sensitive heart. I could not help hearing the whole," said S., "and I thought how angry Mrs. Lyman must be. But, no! She was just as calm, and quiet, and dignified as possible, though she looked grieved. She heard Miss B. all through, then she said slowly and with subdued emotion, 'I am sorry my neighbors think so ill of me, but I can't help it. I shall never feel any differently towards them.' Then, her voice rising, but still quite calm, she added, 'But you, B., can't be my friend, to want to tell me such things, and I don't care if you never enter my doors again.' Miss B. took her leave hastily; Mrs. Lyman called to me, 'Come S——, read right on, and let us forget all about this rubbish, just as fast as we can.' Her eyes were tearful, but in five minutes she was making cheerful comments on the book, and I never heard her allude to the incident again. But an event occurred soon after, which fixed the whole scene more forcibly still in my memory. Only a week later, a malignant epidemic seized the family in question, and two of the children were sick unto death. I was sent by my mother to inquire how they were, but by no means to enter the house, as the disease was so contagious. But as I hovered near the open doors and windows, to my surprise I saw Mrs. Lyman entirely absorbed in the care of the sick children, though she did not see me. Then I thought of the talk in her parlor, so short a time before, and I said in my heart, 'Whatever her religion is, she is a good and noble woman!'"

Late in her life, she wrote a most tender and loving letter to her daughter Catherine, in China, on the subject of her little grandchildren and their education, and I cannot but copy from it this striking sentence: —

"I can well remember the first time my Aunt Forbes (who was also my godmother) made me repeat after her the sentence, 'I must bear no malice or hatred in my heart,' — together with a number of similar sentences which are familiar to you; I say I can well remember

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thinking that it would be impossible for me to entertain either of those sentiments; but I am now sure that the impression she then made has been the means of preventing the excess of them, for she led me to feel that they were as unworthy of one of God's creatures as either lying or theft. And I cannot doubt from practical experience that it is more natural for unperverted children to receive good impressions than bad ones, and feel no doubt in my own mind that they often imbibe when very young the truest and most refined moral sentiments, which take root and grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength."

As another illustration of her inability to hold on to wrath, my friend, Lucretia Hale, recalls to me an instance to which we were both witness once, when she was on a visit at our house. My mother always had a small servant in the house, who acted in the capacity of runner to the whole family. She was usually taken at the age of ten years, and kept till fifteen or thereabout; was not only clothed comfortably and treated with much kindness, but was trained carefully for higher service, and daily instructed for an hour or two, either by her mistress or some of the daughters, in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. My mother had a rare gift for teaching, and enjoyed it thoroughly. What a succession of these little girls she taught to read beautifully and understandingly; and in spite of an occasional bout with obstinacy and stupidity, in which however she always came off conqueror, what an excellent relation subsisted between them! It was delightful to overhear some of these hours of instruction, — the timid child slowly picking her way through an involved sentence in a perfectly dry, jerky, sing-song tone; my mother correcting with great patience, but after a time seizing the book with impetuosity, and reading so exactly like her young scholar, and yet performing the imitation so good-naturedly, that the child, diffident and respectful as she always was, could not help laughing heartily. "Now consider," she would say, "if you were relating this fact to me you have just been reading,

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would you do it so?" "No!" "Well, read it again to me exactly as if you were speaking." In this way, and by never allowing one word to be passed over that was not perfectly understood, both as to meaning and derivation, she made a large number of excellent readers. It was an inestimable service to these poor children, and in after-life they duly appreciated it.

The last child my mother took in this capacity was Letitia, who, bearing a striking resemblance to a familiar character in Dickens, commonly went by the name of the Marchioness. Now, the Marchioness was as good as gold and faithful to all requirements, but like many another child of ten years, when work was done, she liked a little mischief. One afternoon in the late autumn, my mother sauntered out to see some of her neighbors, wearing her large calash and cape that always hung on the tree in the front entry, to be in readiness for such impromptu expeditions. When she had gone, the Marchioness, unwisely calculating that the expedition would last some hours, decided on a round of visits among her own acquaintance, although it was a day on which the cook was absent. Moreover, having a taste for elegance, she went to her mistress's closet, took out her best black-silk bonnet and nice Cashmere shawl, and arrayed herself in them. Nothing could be more absurd than the grotesque little figure, dressed in the elderly lady's best, that my friend and I saw hurrying off through the side-yard at twilight, — too late to stop her proceedings. So we resolved together to say nothing. The fates decreed that my mother should find most of her neighbors absent that afternoon, so she returned home very soon after the Marchioness had disappeared, and soon became absorbed in a book she was reading. Presently my father came in, and desired her to go with him to call on some strangers of distinction at the Mansion House. She went to her closet to get her best bonnet and shawl; they were gone. Of course, her discomfiture and annoyance were extreme. We could no longer conceal from her the facts of the case, and evidently she must give up

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paying her visit. She was in a towering passion, and who could wonder? "She would punish that child within an inch of her life, the minute she could get hold of her! The Marchioness would come home cold, and there should be no kitchen fire for her," — and she vigorously administered three or four pitchers of water, and put out the fire. "She would be hungry; she should go supperless to bed, and shame and disgrace should follow her downsitting and uprising!" So, having removed certain goodies that she habitually kept for any member of her own family into the parlor closet, she proceeded to lock up the kitchen and store closets.

Late in the evening, the stealthy tread of the culprit, hoping to creep in and restore the borrowed lustre to its proper place without detection, was heard. My mother pounced upon her vehemently.

"How did you dare!" she began, — but one glance at the shivering, trembling child was too much for that warm heart. Possibly, too, the whole absurdity of the situation struck her, although she never once smiled. "Letitia," she said, gravely, but in a tone whose depth and gentleness sounds even now in my ears, through the distant years, "Letitia," — no longer "Marchioness," — "I suppose you are very cold?"

"Yes, marm."

"Well, Letitia, the kitchen fire is all out, and it won't do for you to go to bed shaking in that way; so you'd better sit down here by my fire, and get perfectly warm."

"Yes, marm!" in most abject tones from the poor Marchioness.

A pause, — my mother working away as if her life depended on it; then, "Letitia, I suppose you have not had any supper, and must be very hungry? Well, you won't find any thing in the kitchen; but when you have got your feet warm, you can go there," — pointing to the parlor-closet, — "and take what you want."

When my friend Lucretia and I were fairly in our own room, and had closed the door, we could not tell whether to laugh or cry, the whole scene had been such a mixture of humor and pathos. Really,

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we had not expected to see such a fizzle as this, after such great preparations for protracted warfare.

It is needless to say that the Marchioness never wore her mistress's best things again, or performed any similar prank, although her mischief did not end there. "A great deal of *the white horse* in that child," my mother would say, — it was a favorite expression of hers, — "but she's a treasure in the long run."

My dear friend, Martha Swan, who often stayed with her during my frequent absences from home, says that one day, when she was preparing to receive some friends in the evening, a young lady came in, whose purpose evidently was to receive an invitation to meet these guests. As soon as she was gone, my mother remarked: —

"Now, mark my words, Martha! I will *not* have that piece of pretension and affectation here to-night, to spoil all our pleasure."

Martha thought she was perfectly right, and supposed the matter dropped. About dark, what was her amazement to see my mother creeping stealthily out the side-door, and, after a time, returning, towing along "that piece of pretension and affectation," to take tea and pass the evening. She really could not have enjoyed a moment, thinking that any young girl was sitting at home, wanting to come; although there was no reason why she should have asked her, as it was not a general party, but only a gathering of three or four persons. But she had certainly great impatience with all affectation; and no wonder, for nothing could be more foreign to her own nature. I find in one of her letters this sentence: —

"I went yesterday to see ——, and, to my great sorrow, found her translated into an affected piece of city trumpery. But such people as she is, should not engross much space, even in a letter. They are like the short-lived, gaudy butterfly, — entertain us with their fine colors, but never soar to any thing higher than this poor earth. 'Tis about as foolish to talk about them as it would be to envy them. I could toler-

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ate affectation, if it were not that I see those who fall into it have first to part with all their integrity of character, and give themselves up to the exhibition of false colors; in other words, they live upon untruth. Their whole conduct is a practical lie. But they only have the commendation of such as themselves; for others will do themselves the justice to bear their testimony against this lie, lest they should be considered as involved in the same folly, not to say vice."

I cannot help here recalling how possible it was for her to appear like quite a poor, depressed, commonplace woman, when some accident would place her in the society of persons whose life was in externals. The neighbors in our village, who appreciated her so fully, would never have known her for the same person. Silent, abstracted, she was either absorbed in some homely work, or her mind had travelled to some distant space. I remember a young lady of fashion waking her suddenly from one of these dreams by saying: —

"Mrs. Lyman, you were at ——'s yesterday. Did you hear B. express any enthusiasm about Z.'s carpets and curtains?"

She looked half-dazed; but, when the question was fairly understood, said, slowly: —

"Carpets! curtains! enthusiasm! Well, well! I've heard of enthusiasm for fine natural scenery; for grand music; for a noble poem; but I never in all my life heard of it for *those* things!" And she relapsed into her solemn silence.

Never was there any one, who, both by precept and example, placed a lower value on *things*. I find, in a letter to my sister Catherine, written to her during her residence in China, the following description of a young friend: —

"From the tone of her letters, I think L. is becoming more reconciled to her new home than when she first went there. I should think it was a place where she might make herself contented, and where her accomplishments would be appreciated. But I suspect discontent is a

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very prominent element in her character, though there is a great deal that is interesting mingled with it. But she has been too much indulged, to be happy, and has too exaggerated notions of the requisites to happiness; in short, she has not discovered that the real sources of happiness are only to be found in one's own breast. She has affixed too deep a significance to chairs and tables, and all external things of that kind, and has failed to throw around common things and common duties that drapery of fitness, simplicity, and grace, which nothing but a well-directed imagination and mental insight into the great ends of existence supplies. It is the common and familiar things belonging to our existence, which must furnish the materials of our happiness. We must invest them with the beauty and the radiance and the loveliness of gifts from our Heavenly Father, who knows what is best for us. If our lot is not what we prefer, and is what we cannot overrule, we must remember it has been assigned to us by Heavenly Wisdom, in love and mercy. Will not such reflections secure contentment?"

How can I pass by the period of my youth without recording the high value she placed on the friendships of the young, and the efforts she was always making to foster and enlarge them? To her mind friendship was a great educator, one of the noblest of stimulants to virtue; and in our house was never a barrier or limit placed on the intercourse of young people of both sexes, by perpetual harping on proprieties. How the names of all our friends seemed to have an added lustre as she pronounced them, and how her ever fresh sympathy was constantly increasing our own enthusiasm!

And in the social life of our village, how steadily she ignored any differences among her neighbors! I recall a most characteristic incident as happening during my youth. My mother's neighbors were mostly like herself, early risers, and half the work and half the errands in their busy life were done before breakfast in the summer-time, and in

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the cool of the morning. She so often repeated with glowing countenance those lines from Gray's "Elegy,"

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

that I think she had a living experience of the beauty in them. One morning, with windows all open, she was vigorously sweeping her parlors, when an old friend passed, with a basket of eggs, and stopped as usual for a morning chat. "Mrs. Lyman," she called out, "I hear you have invited the ——s and the ——s to your party to-night! Did n't you know they do n't speak; and won't it be a little awkward?" "I do n't know any thing about people that do n't speak!" was the quick reply, and she went on with her work. A few moments passed, and another friend looked in at the window; "Good morning, Mrs. Lyman," she said; "I heard, yesterday, that you had invited the ——s and the ——s to your party to-night, and I thought, as I was going down town this morning, I would try to see you, and let you know that those two families do n't speak to one another, and have n't these six months." "The Lord only knows when they will," said my mother, sweeping yet more vigorously, "if no one ever gives them a chance!" And the second friend passed on. A few moments later, the sweet, cheery voice of a young girl was heard, on her way to catch the early mail at the post-office: —

"Mrs. Lyman! Mrs. Lyman!" she called out, as she caught sight of the retreating figure with the broom; "are you going to have a party to-night? And is it true that you 've invited the ——s and the ——s? Did you know they do n't speak?" My mother was now quite roused. Leaving every thing, she went to the door, and laid a heavy and impressive hand on the young girl's shoulder, — a touch that all remember who ever felt it. "See here, C.," she said, "you are young, *very young indeed*" (if ever youth was made to sound like a crime, it did then); "did you ever hear that, when two countries are at war, a

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third country or territory is always selected, which they call neutral ground? Now, I am perfectly willing to have my parlors stand for neutral ground; but you need not tell any one that I said so." The young girl passed on; but my mother called her back. "C.," she said, "I want to tell you, that when you've lived as long as I have, you'll find it's a capital thing to go through life *deaf, and dumb, and blind!*"

I cannot remember whether the contending families came to our party, but I do know that those dear parlors proved neutral ground more than once to neighbors long parted, their differences melting away in a house where differences were never recognized.

Indeed, nothing impressed one more than the warmth and glow her presence spread wherever she came; and in her own parlors she was surely queen. But, wherever she moved, light followed her. How perfect were her relations to the near neighbors! How she had secrets with the family at Warner's tavern, and lived for years on the best of terms with those two excellent women, Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Vinton, and would often be seen stealing in at their back-door, through the hole in the fence that parted our premises, to borrow a pie, or to give advice as to the naming of the children who were born there, or something equally important; then to the apothecary's store between us, to have her evening chat with Mr. Isaac Clark, whom she justly regarded as "one of the salt of the earth"! Trifles, light as air they all seem to tell of; but the racy words she uttered to all these friends have been remembered ever since.

And yet how can any one, who did not hear her, take in the infinite satire she conveyed, when she spoke of one of her children, as fearing she had gone over to "*those loose enders*," meaning the transcendentalists; and of another, that she had "got beyond ordinances," because she did not wish to go to church two or three times on Sunday?

We shall have to leave many of her best sayings unrecorded, for we cannot transfer the tone and manner that made them forcible.

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CHAPTER XX.

Ye sigh not, when the sun, his course fulfilled,
  His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
  Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie;
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain-head.

Why weep ye, then, for him who, having won
  The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
  Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

BRYANT.

IT was during the summer of 1841, that my father experienced his first shock of paralysis, followed at intervals with other attacks, more or less severe, until his death, on December 11, 1847. During these years, he suffered much from the consciousness of the change that had passed over him, from failing sight and memory, and all the wearisome attendants of paralysis. Nor was the care and alleviation of the disease as well understood as now, when modern science has taught us the methods of staying its progress and lessening its effects. Always patient and long-suffering, his Christian submission did not forsake him, and he bore the long years of his downward progress, rather, I should say, his upward progress, with that unrepining spirit which in health had been a cheerful and peaceful one. But the days were full of heaviness to him, though often lighted up by the warmth of his affections, and that spirit of courtesy (the last attainment of

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the refined Christian) which never forsook him, even when mind and memory were gone.

And now, if I were to pass over in silence my dear mother's course during these trying years, that integrity which formed so striking a portion of her character would rise up to reproach me.

Disparity of years is no disadvantage in the early period of marriage. In fact, to a high-toned young woman, the mixture of reverence she cannot but feel for her elder companion greatly enhances many of her enjoyments. Middle age still retains the noblest characteristics of youth; and if it has lost something of aspiration, it has the added grace of long habit, and the steadiness of long performance. But when years have passed on, and the wife finds herself in middle life, overwhelmed with its cares and duties, and still vigorous to meet them, — her husband now feeble, infirm, tottering on the verge of the grave, no longer able to be the guide and sustainer of her difficult path, — then is felt "that awful chasm of twenty-one years in human life," of which my mother's sister Sally had written, at the time of her betrothal, but which had never been manifest till now. She omitted no care that could add to his comfort; and the impatient word and sudden gesture, which children and friends might regret, did no justice to the devotion of weary days and nights, for which she asked no aid and claimed no sympathy. Self-control and patient endurance had never been her characteristic virtues, although she practised them far oftener than we knew; but at this period many trials came to her, which one must experience to understand. With the care of a failing invalid always on her mind, passing hours of every day in reading over and over again the same newspapers with dimmed eyes, — eyes long dim from weeping for the lovely Anne Jean, and for other sorrows; her nights often broken and disturbed, — she had yet the same duties to a large circle that she had always had. The habits of the house for half a century could not at once be changed, and the old hospitalities still went on, with a diminished purse, and added self-sacrifice on her part. The casual

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observer is wont to notice the occasions of the irritable word, the impatient gesture, and they always seem insufficient for the effect. One who looks deeper, knows that the cause lies deeper; that the irritability coming inevitably from so many sources of fatigue and anxiety must have a vent somewhere; and unfortunately for our poor human nature, the safety-valve will often be the one best loved, most tenderly cherished, — only alas! because on that perfect love and understanding we can always fall back.

And indeed, although her vigorous health seemed the same, yet that "cloud, no bigger than a man's hand," left upon her brain by the malignant erysipelas of two years before, had already begun its work of destruction; although it was not till two years after my father's death that she experienced those first moments of unconsciousness, which gave evidence of a disordered brain.

Later in her life, when her own ill-health and failing powers gave her a better understanding of weak nerves and exhausted strength, she expressed to me a tender regret that she had not been more patient with the infirmities of my father's last years. But it was a regret free from remorse, for she was unconscious of any thing save warm affection and pure intention in respect to him.

After my father's death, my mother passed a winter of great quietness, and the physical rest she experienced was in some respects a benefit to her. She read a great deal, and her reflections were wise and thoughtful. It is touching to me to recall how in these days of lessened cares, diminished means, and a comparatively empty house, she set herself diligently to work to acquire those habits of system and order, the want of which had been a serious drawback to her all her life. Her youngest son, whose devotion to her comfort from his youth upward was the frequent theme of her loving observation, now arranged all her affairs so as to give her the least trouble and inconvenience possible; and she endeavored to aid him as far as she could, by keeping that strict account of expenditure, which her narrow income especially

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demanded. It is hard to alter late in life those habits which have been both hereditary and indulged; yet my dear mother made that good progress during this period that must have been crowned with partial success, had not that mental malady, caused by the illness four years previous, been steadily though silently advancing. During the summer after my father's death, she experienced much pleasure in the coming of a daughter-in-law to pass some weeks, bringing a little grandson, in whom her affectionate heart lived over again the infancy of her own children. In the autumn, her last unmarried child became engaged, and although this circumstance took from her her only companion and cherished daughter, yet her sympathy in the event, and her unselfish efforts to promote the best happiness of the young couple, prevented her from dwelling mournfully on the deprivation. She was always ready to see the sunlight shining through the drifts of clouds, and, when nothing was cheerful in her own fate, to make the happiness of another her own.

There is a peaceful pleasure to me in recalling this summer of 1848, the last that my dear mother and I passed together, when she was in full possession of all her powers. I read aloud to her a great deal, and, among other things, the "Memoirs of Dr. Channing." How she delighted in it, and recalled the years of her acquaintance with him, and the first effect of his preaching on her youthful mind!

She had a valued friend and neighbor, Mrs. Thayer, with whom she had an uncommon share of sympathy. In some strong points of character they greatly resembled each other, and shared the same views of an enlarged hospitality and kindness to strangers, *because* they were strangers. Mrs. Thayer had two sons, who were making most self-denying efforts for an education. Refined and intellectual tastes were hereditary in the family; and William, the eldest son, had, even as a boy, a rare talent for writing poetry. From the moment my mother knew about these boys, her heart was deeply engaged in seconding their efforts. That she was not in this case without that clear, moral

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insight into the characters of those on whom she fixed her deepest interest, which distinguished her beyond most persons I have known, may be seen from the following note, written to William in 1849, by the poet Whittier, who was an old friend of his family: —

AMESBURY 24th, 8th month [1849].

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I was very glad to get a line from thee, and the poem enclosed pleased me exceedingly. The concluding verse is admirable and the whole conception good. I have just sent it to the "Era."

Give my best love to thy mother (and father, if he is at home), and to Sarah and James, and believe me

Very cordially thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

P. S. Elizabeth and mother send their love to thee and thine. We are right glad thou hast so good a friend as Mrs. Lyman, and still more so that her kindness is so well deserved on thy part. From my heart, I cannot but thank that woman for what she has done for thee. God bless her! W.

When, many years later, I visited, at Alexandria, the grave of William Thayer, our consul-general in Egypt; when I heard the mourning for his early death, of Lady Duff Gordon and her daughter, Mrs. Ross, and their appreciative recollections of his brief career; and when I saw the sincere grief of his servants, Hassan and Ali, who were with him to the end, — I rejoiced that my dear mother, who always took the death of loved ones so hard, was spared this added sorrow. — The other brother is now a professor in the Law School of Harvard University, and holds the same chair that was formerly held by my mother's friend, Hooker Ashmun.

But to return to the summer of 1848. I recall with gratitude how much her deep interest in these boys, and in Chauncey Wright, helped

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to carry her through a period when many persons, similarly situated, would only have been able to think of their privations and trials. Scarcely ever did Chauncey's father, the deputy-sheriff, drive past her door that she did not hail him, to impress on his mind, with all the earnestness and pathos of her nature, that Chauncey *must have* a collegiate education; and I think, if he did not want her to be a thorn in his side until this dear wish of her heart was accomplished, he must have made a circuit to avoid her. But he was a kind-hearted man, and valued her sympathy and interest; and she never forgot the day when he came to tell her that Chauncey should go to Harvard, nor the sweet smile of the shy youth, who timidly thanked her for using her influence in his behalf. That day made a high festival for her, and, to use her own expressive phrase, "was worth a guinea a minute to her."

She was at this time busily engaged in making shirts for the Thayer boys, before they should go to college in the autumn. Ah! I am afraid a great deal of "goblin tapestry" went into those shirts. But the good and grateful boys never thought of that; and could they have known what a solace this sewing was to her lonely heart, they would have rejoiced that she had it.

How poor she was this summer, and yet how rich! Though giving little thought or time to dress, she had always before kept certain nice articles of wearing-apparel, befitting her station, and had worn them with care. But now her wardrobe became "beautifully less."

"Oh, my dear and ancient friend," I said to her one day, "a new bonnet you must really have!"

"By no means," she remarked; "mine is a very good bonnet indeed."

I noticed, that, though she had very little money, she always had enough to buy materials for "sofa-coverings." That was her name for garments for the poor. So, one day when I was going to Springfield, I borrowed some money of her, and, instead of returning it, brought her

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back a nice bonnet and shawl. She professed to be indignant at the ruse; but, when I told her that, if she would behave like "Dominie Sampson," she must be treated like him, she concluded to take it all as a joke, and really enjoyed wearing her new things heartily.

Late in August, we went to Cambridge to make my Aunt Howe a visit, and what a charming visit it was! The warm-hearted sisters planned together how they could adorn and arrange the old room in "Massachusetts," that William and James Thayer were to occupy; and busy were their fingers and glowing their faces as they daily set forth for the college-yard. My Cousin Mary and I one day watched them as they walked up the street, — their homely habiliments, their fine faces, their unconscious and ardent gesticulation, — and we said, "There go the Cheeryble sisters!"

Let me mention here one circumstance of this visit that comes back to me with the remembrance of my dear Aunt Howe, like some sweet strain of long-forgotten music.

At that time, there was an old tenement-house still standing next to hers, that has long since been removed. A member of the family living there had died of ship-fever, and as our windows looked into theirs, we were alarmed to see preparations for a "wake" going on, and numbers of people collecting to pass the long summer night. Each of us had something to say of the danger and the impropriety of the occasion; but only my dear aunt *did* any thing. We did not understand it at the time; it all came to us afterwards. She dressed herself in her best black silk, took her handsomest, deep, cut-glass dish from the closet, and filled it with chloride of lime and surrounded it with flowers. Like some sympathizing friend, she walked in among the group, who were making their moan, and quietly set her dish upon the coffin, where it remained all night. When she silently returned to us, she said, with her sweetest smile, "I thought as it was a *dress occasion*, if I could only make my dish handsome enough, it might save some lives."

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After remaining a month with my Aunt Howe, we went to Brush Hill for a visit, and my mother returned home alone a few weeks later.

The death of her beautiful little grandson during this summer was a heavy trial to my mother, who saw in him all the possibilities of a man, a worthy descendant of a worthy race. And this feeling, with her deep sympathy for her children, on whom the loss chiefly fell, saddened her for a long time.

In February of 1849, her daughter, Susan Inches, was married, and left her, to live in Milton, passing some months under the hospitable roof of her uncle and aunt at Brush Hill, the early home of her mother and grandmother. The day after this marriage, my mother wrote to another daughter: "After Susan had left me, I was not slow to conclude 'I must finish my journey alone.'"

She records, in her little diary of this period, that, the week after the marriage, Mr. R. W. Emerson came to Northampton to give a lecture; and she mentions, with peculiar pleasure, the two days he spent with her, how he had sympathized with her loss of a daughter and acquisition of a son, how he had gone with her to visit a poor family in whom she was deeply interested, and had left behind him the after-glow of kind words and deeds, as well as of aspiring thought.

And now came a loneliness that is hard to remember. She often invited some friend to share it; but the old objects of interest were gone, and every room in the large house, echoing to her solitary tread, must have been full of sadness. She never complained; that was contrary to the habits of a life-time. But those nerves she had despised rose up, an armed band, and took their revenge on her. The sad fate of the excellent Mrs. Freme, of Brattleboro', who went up in a chariot of flame, haunted her imagination, and voices in the wind prevented her from sleep. "Old parlor" and "Best parlor," "Library" and "Office," "Corridor" and "Turnpike," — where were all the glad voices that had once resounded through your walls? Was it strange that the warm heart that had guided successive gen-

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erations through all the manifold experiences of joy and grief should now

> "Feel like one who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted."

In the autumn of 1849, she decided to leave Northampton, and her heart naturally turned towards Milton, the home of her childhood. But first she would visit her beloved Abby, whose frequent invitations, in years gone by, she had necessarily been forced to decline. In November she went to Cincinnati, and was received with all the warmth of a child by this dear niece and friend. Another happiness also awaited her in Cincinnati, in becoming acquainted with the family of Sally (Mrs. Dana), her other niece, to whom she was also tenderly attached. Her letters were full of the enjoyment of this visit, and the devoted kindness of her nieces and their children; and, had it not been clouded by hearing of the death of her brother, Dr. Edward H. Robbins, of Boston, during the month of January, her happiness would have been complete.

To how many hearts did the death of this good man bring sorrow! I have heard that some stranger, seeing how many mourned for him, asked, "Did Dr. Robbins found a benevolent institution?" "No! he *was* a benevolent institution," was the reply.

My mother left Cincinnati in the spring of 1850, and came to Milton; but she did not remain there many weeks. She made visits to children and friends, and lingered about Northampton for some months; but after another year returned to Milton and occupied a small house that her Lesley children had lived in, until their removal to Philadelphia.

In 1852, she made a long visit at her son Sam's in Northampton, and wrote to me constantly of the pleasure of meeting old friends and neighbors. I extract the following sentence from one of them:

"I am having a delightful time here. Your sister Almira and the girls are devoted to my comfort; and your sister has had

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two parties for me, taking in all I most wanted to see. Your brother Sam could not have been more kind and attentive, or more considerate of my interests, were he my own son. E. is one of the most useful and excellent of daughters, saving her mother from many cares; and M. is one of the most charming creatures to be found anywhere."

To Sarah Thayer, with whom her relations were always most affectionate and confidential, she afterwards wrote: "I often feel sorry that I ever left Northampton. I was too old for so serious a change in my interests and habits."

In Milton, her kind Forbes cousins contributed greatly to her enjoyment; and the occasional society of her brother and his wife, at Brush Hill, and of Mr. and Mrs. Morison, who lived near her, and of the Ware family, the children of those early friends she had valued so much in youth, was an unspeakable pleasure to her. But the restlessness of disease and of a broken-up life had now asserted its sway over her, and it was evident that on earth she had no continuing city.

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CHAPTER XXI.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

WORDSWORTH.

IN the spring of 1853, my mother took a house in Cambridge, to be near her sisters. Within a few weeks after she went there, the death of her sister, Eliza Robbins, excited much emotion in her heart. My Aunt Eliza died at my Aunt Howe's in the August of that year. In her youth, a certain impatience of limitations, and eccentricity of purpose had separated her much from her family, though never from their affections. But though this circumstance left much to deplore, there was much to remember with deep thankfulness, at the end. Thirty years of her life had been devoted to the prisoner, the slave, and especially to the higher education of the young, and had crowned her memory with blessings. She made for herself and retained through life the friendship of the good and wise; and, after her death, Mr. Bryant, Miss Sedgwick, Mr. Henry Tuckerman, and William Ware, wrote affectionate tributes to her memory. When my mother returned from seeing her for the last time, the day before her death, she told me with much emotion that when her sisters stood around her bed, she breathed a prayer in her wonderfully expressive language, which for depth of humility and sublimity of aspiration surpassed any thing she had ever listened to.

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GARDEN STREET HOUSE.

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Some excellent school-books for the young, remain as evidence of her patient toil and discriminating intellect; and letters to many friends, as fine as any that were ever penned.

In the autumn of 1856, my mother moved into a small house next to the one she had first occupied, which her sons had bought for her and fitted up with every convenience that could add to the comfort of her declining years. A faithful and devoted woman named Mary Walker, watched over her personal wants; another good Mary did the work of the house. Her youngest sister spent hours of every day with her, reading to her and entertaining her. One noble young man, whose character and mental attainments would have given him a choice of homes at that seat of learning, came daily to the little house for many years to take his meals, because his presence there gave steadiness and support to the three solitary women.

Her life in Cambridge, though marked by the steady but slow progress of disease, was not without many alleviations and pleasures. Her son Joseph, at Jamaica Plain, was constant in his visits; the tie between them had always been most tender. His wife also paid her the tender and considerate attentions of a daughter. Her sisters' houses, both in Cambridge and Boston, were open to her at all times. Nieces and nephews came often to see her. Young men whom she had formerly befriended came, without regarding the sad change in her; children and grandchildren passed long summers with her, and her devotion to the little ones was touching to see. Of the great kindness of her neighbors, Miss Donnison and Mrs. Hopkinson, she constantly wrote to me.

At first she wrote often, but as years went on, her letters became mere repetitions; and, two years before she left Cambridge, they ceased altogether. From the later ones I select only a few extracts, showing, as dear Mrs. Child said of her at this time, "how the old light and warmth still sometimes shone through the rifted clouds."

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"My son Joseph came to see me to-day, and brought Mr. Theodore Parker. I had not seen Mr. Parker for many years, not since he passed a night at my house in Northampton, and I did not know him, because he had become bald. He was very kind and cordial, and said, 'It is true, Mrs. Lyman, that I "have no hair on the top of my head, in the place where the hair ought to grow;" but my heart is the same, and it has kept a warm remembrance for you.' This made Mary Walker laugh very much, and you know a good laugh does Mary a world of good."

"I walked down town yesterday, and I met Mrs. Cary and her good daughters; they are always kind, and don't treat me as if I were a poor old woman, 'all broke to pieces.'"

"Lois is just as good to me as if she had known me before; she sends her carriage to take me out driving, and always invites me to all the family parties. I am so rejoiced that Estes has such a wife; 'one who seeketh not her own.'"

"Last Sunday night, my grandson, Ben, came and took tea with me, and he and Chauncey entertained me for hours with their *profound* conversation."

Alas! she could no longer understand "profound conversation;" but to know that it was going on about her, was like an echo of that far-off past, when she had contributed her own share, as well as listened to it.

Only a few more sentences are worth recording, from the still glowing and grateful and appreciative heart.

"Yesterday was Phi-Beta day; and who do you think called to see me? Why, Mr. Emerson! And he brought his charming good daughter, too. I am so glad he has that daughter. I introduced him to Chauncey. Chauncey is so very profound, I knew Mr. Emerson would

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think a great deal of him. Perhaps I never shall see Mr. Emerson any more. Well! 'I saw his day, and was glad.'"

"Sally Peirce came to see me to-day, just as full of kindness and good sense as ever her mother was, and that is saying a great deal."

"I take it very kind of Chauncey that he sometimes brings Mr. Gurney home to take tea. He knows that I always like to hear profound conversation; and, I assure you, it is quite worth while to listen to them. I was used to *my* father, and *your* father, and your Uncle Howe, all my early life, and much of this modern talk I can't abide."

"I went out in the porch this morning, and Mary Walker was training some vines. I asked her what she was doing. She said, 'Endeavoring to restore the old Hutchinson style.' Perhaps she knows what that was. I am sure I do n't."

"*My* Martha comes every Sunday evening to take tea, and sit the evening with me. Just the same dear, good child she always was. 'Among the faithful, always faithful found.'"

"My sister C. is an angel of mercy to me. What should I do without her?" She spends more than half her time with me."

In another letter she laments the fact that James Thayer had left Cambridge. "That always good young man, who never forgot me at any time, but came every Sunday evening to take tea with me, when he might have gone to pleasanter places."

SEPTEMBER 14, 1875.

I had written thus far, and was restraining my grateful pen, as I recorded the last annals of the sad little household in Garden Street, when the word came to me that my noble friend, who was the chief stay and guardian of my dear mother's last home, was now no more.

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No need now, dear Chauncey, to refrain from telling what you were to us, from fear of causing your gentle and sensitive spirit to shrink from the praise. Others will record your worth as a man of science, as the profound thinker, the keen observer, the patient listener for truth, in every realm of knowledge. To me comes a hallowed memory of a manly soul, who, through the best years of his youth, gave steadiness to a broken household; who poured out from the rich storehouse of his intellect the finest conversation to a weary, wandering mind who could not comprehend him; who came down from the sublimest heights of thought to comfort and cheer two humble women, her attendants; who, during the long summer days, when tired with the burden of his own patient discoveries, spent many an hour in carrying up and down the garden walks the child, whose little arms it was always difficult to unclasp from "Ity's" neck, and whom he loved with such devotion, that we felt as if some of his gentleness must pass into her soul. No ties to wife and children ever brightened the destiny of this man of brilliant genius and boundless affections. But there are laws of spiritual transmission, deep as those of inheritance. Through some such invisible influence, "Lord, keep his memory green!"

There remains little more to tell of my dear mother's life. In the spring of 1860, my sister Jane died; and though she had long been oblivious to many things, she seemed to wake to temporary consciousness of the event, and to the old sympathy for the orphan grandchildren whose father and mother both had been very dear to her. For the first time for many months she wrote me a few lines. "Your sister Jane has gone. She is a sad loss. She had not a trace of selfishness in her composition, but was always thinking of others, like her father before her. I always loved her."

Early in 1861, the fall of Sumter, and the opening of the war, sent

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a thrill through all hearts, North and South. But to her it was only a sound of confusion and alarm, which she vaguely understood. In October of that year, with the best advice of physicians and wise friends, we placed her in the McLean Asylum at Somerville; and the little household in Garden Street was broken up.

From this time I never saw my mother again. Two incidents in these years of mental darkness stand out in my remembrance, and when I think of them I can only recall the words of the old prophet, "Your heart shall live forever." The summer before she left Cambridge, my husband brought an invalid friend to pass the day. As evening approached, she implored that he would urge his friend to stay all night. When he told her she had no room for him, she said, "Oh yes; she should have her own room put in nice order for him, and she herself would occupy the parlor sofa, which would be entirely comfortable." She was deeply grieved that we would not consent to this arrangement, weeping when she saw my husband accompany the sick man to the cars, and saying she had never allowed so suffering a person to leave her house before.

Two or three years later, at the Asylum, she was often seen standing at the door of the beautiful Nancy Y——, the young friend of former years, who, by a strange coincidence, had come there to end her days, close to her old friend, — and each unconscious of the other's presence. One day the sister of Miss Y—— came to visit her, and she asked an attendant who that old lady was, and why she was unhappy. "It is Mrs. Judge Lyman, of Northampton," was the reply; "and she is unhappy because we will not allow her to go in and take care of your sister." Mrs. D—— was much affected, and said to the attendant, "Once she was almost the best friend my sister had, and now they do not know each other!"

During the following year, after her speech and consciousness seemed almost wholly gone, her attendant told Mary Walker that she held in her hand often, for hours together, a daguerrotype of her lit-

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tle grandson, Warren Delano; that she often kissed it, and pressed it close to her heart, and did not like to have it taken from her, even for a time.

In those last years, my dear mother had the kindest care from Dr. and Mrs. Tyler, and the excellent Miss Relief Barbour. She attached herself warmly to her attendants, and her movements and gestures showed affection and confidence, even when the power of speech failed her. Her sister Catherine visited her frequently; her son Joseph also came often to see her, with the tender consideration that marked his life-long devotion to her. At last, on a beautiful May morning in 1867, her spirit was released from its bondage, the faithful Mary Walker closing her eyes, — and her sister and son beside her.

Her remains were immediately conveyed to the house of her son Joseph, at Jamaica Plain; and, on the 29th of May, the funeral service took place there. Her two daughters were in Europe at the time; but the eldest daughter of her husband, our brothers Sam and Edward, the new daughter she had never seen, whom she would have loved so well, and many dear friends, came to pay the last respect to one who had been dead to the world for many years. The kind Forbes cousins, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Ellis, James Thayer, and others, — all went; and, forgetting the sad latter years, their minds reverted with sympathetic emotion to the long life of active beneficence she had lived among men. Mr. James Freeman Clarke performed the funeral services, and, though he had not known her, spoke words of comfort that sank deep in the hearts of those present. He alluded to the words of Scripture, "In the midst of life we are in death," and showed that the reverse is also true, that in death there is life; and, in this connection, he spoke of the life of her affections having outlasted that of her intellect.

The little company of friends followed her body to the Milton Cemetery, where it was laid. When all the mourners had left the grave, one warm and grateful soul still lingered. He sat down by the open

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grave, and watched the last sods put in. If ever man might attribute all his success in life to his own personal effort and perseverance, he might; but, in that hour, he thought only of the helping hand and warm heart beneath the sod, and followed her freed spirit with grateful thoughts into the world of spirits.

In Switzerland, a letter from my brother Joseph came to me: —

"I went to Milton," he says, "to choose a spot for our mother's grave. I had long intended to buy a lot, either there or at Forest Hills. I chose this place in Milton Cemetery for these reasons. The soil is a clean gravel. A noble pine-tree will make constant music over her head. It is a tree like the one you have seen in Désor's Avenue, at Combe Varin, which he has dedicated to Parker's memory. From our dear mother's grave, I could look over to Milton Hill, where she was born; to Brush Hill, which she loved so well, and where she passed her youth, and from which home she was married. Everywhere my eye fell was some association dear to her. So there I will lay our dear mother's mortal part, knowing that it will not be long, — not so long as you think, — before I shall be laid beside her."

Again he wrote: "Perhaps I ought to have chosen Mr. Ellis to perform her funeral service, she loved him so much. But at the time, I only thought that it was very long since she had been connected with any church; and so I naturally asked my own minister, Mr. Clarke. It was a great satisfaction to me that Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and many other friends who had not seen her for years, came to this last service."

Again he wrote: "The day is a beautiful, bright, clear, June day, — 'Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!' The spring blossoms are at their very summit of perfection; cherries, pears, and apples in the highest abundance of bloom, and the newest leaves on all the trees out in their most perfect and various verdure. *Life* seems uppermost everywhere. But, after all, what is it? Only an alternation, — a constant succession, as we feel this day, first life, then death; and these

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changes, and this particular change which so affects us at this moment, mean immortality, and nothing else."

And with these last words of my dear brother Joseph about our mother, I may well close this imperfect record of a noble life. Not as an example have I wished to set that life before you, my dear girls; for the temperament and the circumstances and the destiny of each child of earth is his own, and not another's. But the retrospect of the good lives, to which we owe our own existence, exalts our aspiration and our gratitude, and excites our sympathy. Like Mrs. Southey's old family portraits, they look down on us from the past,—

"Daughter, they softly say,
Peace to thy heart!
We, too, yes, daughter, have
Been as thou art:
Hope lifted, doubt depressed,
Seeing in part;
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained as thou art.
Our God is *thy* God,
What He willeth is best;
Trust Him as we trusted,
Then rest, as we rest.

As a child standing on the shore of a river throws in his little pebble, and with delighted wonder sees its ever-widening circle reach the opposite shore, so might those who have gone before us rejoice to know how each good deed of theirs had left a widening circle in our lives.

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APPENDIX.

WHEN I began to write this life of my mother, I wrote to many early friends for any letters they might have retained of hers, and any recollections they might have of her. The letters I received in answer were so cordial and kind, that I have added some of them in these pages. Within a few hours after my mother's death was made known, a short but expressive notice of the event by James Thayer appeared in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," which is appended below; and, within a few months of her death, Mr. Rufus Ellis, in the article called "Random Readings," in the "Monthly Religious Magazine," embodied some of his reminiscences of her later life, which have recalled her vividly and delightfully to many hearts.

To my dear friend, Mr. William Greene, I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for his long and careful preservation of my mother's letters to my Cousin Abby, and for his great kindness in giving them to me, and for the cordial words accompanying this invaluable package. In his letter to me, he writes: —

EAST GREENWICH, June 14, 1875.

"I beg to say that I heartily sympathize with you in your pious undertaking. I hold your mother's memory, and your father's too, in the highest veneration, as I held them in their lives in the warmest affection. You cannot say too much good of either of them."

I cannot help also mentioning here that my dear old friend, Mr. David Lee Child, who passed from earth last winter, was about to write a sketch of my mother that must have been most interesting, from his vivid appreciation and warm recollections of her. His society was for many years a rare pleasure to her, and she quoted his wise and witty sayings with delight. One expression of his which she used for years after, on various occasions, is often recalled to me by her satisfaction in it. She had asked him about the political events of the day which had disturbed her, and his answer was: "Oh, Mrs. Lyman, when things are in a transition state, there's a great deal of eccentric action."

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One other dear friend, who had the deepest and truest understanding of her character, would gladly have written a fitting memorial of her. I quote from her warm and appreciative letter.

EXETER, N. H., July 21, 1874.

"I loved your mother dearly; I mourned for her with sincere grief. First her eclipse, then her death, caused a great void in my life. Her place has never been filled for me. Standing on my own feet so much in youth, and having so much care and responsibility, you can comprehend how I reposed in the all-embracing affluence of her nature, and how all chills and shivers were dispelled, while basking in her sunshine.

At the time of your mother's death, I longed for some sufficient testimonial to so large a life. I shall take the deepest interest in your memorial.

Yours very affectionately,

H. C. STEARNS.

The published notices of my mother, to which I have referred, are added below.

[*From the Boston Daily Advertiser.*]

MRS. ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

In that short list of deaths which makes every newspaper pathetic, there appeared to-day, in the "Advertiser," this notice: "May 25th, Mrs. Anne J., widow of the late Hon. Joseph Lyman, of Northampton, Mass."

It is due to the memory of a remarkable woman and to the feelings of a very wide circle of friends in this community, by whom she was admired, that something more than this should be said of the death of Mrs. Lyman.

For thirty-eight years she lived in Northampton, and gave character to that whole community. She was born in 1789, at Milton, the daughter of the Hon. E. H. Robbins. On the mother's side, she was descended from a vigorous Scotch stock — the Murrays — among whose living representatives in this city are some of our best citizens. In 1811, she was married to the Hon. Joseph Lyman, of Northampton. From that time until the year 1849, she lived with her husband and the beautiful family of children which they reared, in one house at Northampton, near the middle of the village. Judge Lyman was a man of high character and influence, and of a sweet and gracious demeanor which affected one like a benediction. Their house was the centre of wide-spread hospitality; all that was best and most cultivated in the town had there a natural home and shelter.

Mrs. Lyman was a person of a vigor of mind, a broad and strong good sense, and a quaint, idiomatic emphasis of expression which gave general currency to her opinions and her sayings. She was of a noble and impressive presence, and it was easy

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to believe the traditions of the beauty which had filled the town with admiration when she first came there.

But the best part of this good woman was a deep and warm heart, which found expression in never-ending deeds of kindness. It stirred her up to the most energetic and persistent efforts to help all whom she had once befriended, and to search out new objects for her care.

A peculiar and sad interest is attached to the few closing years of her life. It is comforting to think that she sleeps at last in peace.

May 27, 1867. T.

[*From the Monthly Religious Magazine.*]

"A Leaf from my Autobiography, in which, though the first pronoun personal occurreth very often, the chief figure is really one better than myself.

We associate certain places with certain seasons of the year. For myself autumn is, and always will be, Northampton. I always go there, in thought, when the shadows of the year begin to lengthen, and here and there a feebler leaf, taking on the hectic color before the rest, predicts what is surely coming upon all. I should go in deed as well as in thought, were there not such a mingling of joy and sorrow because of changes. It was a beautiful day in the earliest autumn, when two of us, fellow-students at C ———, climbed up to the seat behind the driver on the old "Putt's-Bridge Stage" which made the connection in those days between the Western Railroad and Northampton. Long ago, in my early childhood, I had seen Holyoke and Tom, but the visions had passed into dreamland, out of which they seemed to come naturally enough in that refulgent summer; and when we drew up at length at the Mansion House, after crossing the ferry at Hockanum and driving none too slowly through the rich, unfenced meadows, the house all came back with the associations of the time when it was filled with summer strangers and the parents of Round-Hill scholars. The hotel window commanded a view of the glories of that magnificent region, and, as I could see at a glance, they were no rustics that passed up and down the village streets. To the eyes of a city-bred and college-bred youth, the whole scene was as beautiful as it was fresh. I heard, the other day, of a young man who went to "supply" a pulpit in one of our inland parishes, and was allowed to go to the tavern unwelcomed, to pass thence to the church and return twice during the Sunday unspoken to, except perhaps by the functionary who fails not to come for "the metres," and then to leave for home with no token of recognition except, we may hope, the usual *honorarium*. It was not so in Northampton. The afternoon had not gone by before a gentleman, authorized and competent to represent the little parish, had made his appearance and proffered hospitality; and before Monday morning the young preacher had met and conversed with several parishioners of both sexes. That Sunday proved to be the first of a six months' supply; and the supply, with the interval of a twelvemonth spent in another field, was the prelude of a ten years' ministry, — a ministry marked by the utmost patience and kindness on the part of

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the parishioners, who, it should ever be remembered, must take their young clergyman, after "the School" has done its best and its worst for him, and give him the most valuable part of his training, and help him to convert his scholasticisms into experience.

It was a significant time in the parish. It was the day of Transcendentalism, — that was the word then, a word almost forgotten in our swift years. I think the "Dial" was just announcing the hour in the great cycle of the Ages, for the last time. My predecessor had been a favorite and valued contributor to the pages of that periodical, and there were those in the congregation who hung eagerly upon his words. The larger portion, however, preferred the old paths; and so my friend — for such he was, is, and, I trust, ever will be — withdrew from his charge after a very short term of service, and, as long as he remained in town, was my kind parishioner. All the things which are now called new were discussed twenty-five years ago in that little parish, with only a little difference of names, but with, I think, a less clear perception of the inevitable issues. We had it all in Bible classes and teacher's meetings, at our pleasant tea-parties, at our evening gatherings, where we were not ashamed to eat Porter apples and boiled chestnuts, and on more stately occasions; for let no one suppose that we were not sometimes as stately as the stateliest, or that there were none amongst us who had been in king's palaces, and were fit to be there, too. I can hardly recall without a smile my choice of a sermon for the first Sunday morning. I had the young man's feeling that a Testimony must be uttered; and so the preacher (who, with a very hearty appreciation of the positive side of Transcendentalism, especially as a protest against the miraculously-confirmed deism which Unitarianism in many quarters had become, had no sympathy whatever with the Transcendentalist's rejection, or, worse, his patronizing recognition, of the everlasting Symbol provided for the world in the incarnate Word) took for his text, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one as we are one." Well, insignificant as what the young man said unquestionably was, it was a good key-note.

I would write rather of things than of persons, but what are things save as they pass into forms and faces and deeds, and words and smiles and tears? — so I must say something about persons. Of one, the chiefest chief of them, even then in the time of his age and of his decaying faculties, I have elsewhere set down my impressions, as they were freshly made upon me. Poorly enough the writer preached upon the "Christian in his Village Home." The Christian was Judge Lyman, one of New England's noblemen, who found his peers only amongst the great and good of our land. Had he lived anywhere save in that beautiful region, we should have felt that he was out of place. But there was another whom we called Mrs. Judge Lyman. In this year of my writing, as I reach this point in my simple story, she has passed out of the clouds that obscured her later years, into the light of our higher life. Admirable words — they could not have been better, and were only too few — were set down about her character in one of the daily journals. I meant then to have added my testimony. Perhaps, as the twelvemonth is not gone, it is not too late now.

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Walk from Round Hill with the preacher down into Shop Row. He had been in town not more than a day, before he found out that there was one place, at least, which would be pretty sure to come into his rounds. That is the door. It is on the left hand of the street as you go down. It is not quite shut. The writer thinks that it must have been shut during the very coldest of the weather, but there is no picture in his image-chamber of any closing, "early" or late. I have my doubts whether it was not kept from blowing open by some peculiar process other than latching or locking. I only know that a push sufficed to clear the way into the hall, and that a knock was sufficient to open the parlor. There *was* a little maid in the house whose name, by way of compensating for the smallness of her stature, her mistress was in the habit of lengthening out by an added syllable, which put her upon the instant, so far as words could do it, amongst heroes and saints, — the Brigittas and the Theresas of mediæval times. This little woman, however, did not come much to the door. There was no need. We will go in. Seated at the farther end of the parlor, by the side of a generous Franklin stove, soon to have a little "smudge" of fire in it, morning and evening, you will see a lady not yet passed middle life, and yet provided with spectacles which she seems to maintain, chiefly, that she may lose and find them. Perceiving at once that she is girt about with all sorts of "work," you will beg her not to rise, and will get welcome enough from her warm grasp and her fine, expressive face. What is she doing? Many things, O fine lady! It is not her train that impedes her movements; it is not that her hands are æsthetically folded; it is not that she is so elaborately got up that to rise would be an artistic movement not lightly to be undertaken. What is she doing? Shelling peas, perhaps; not always to the best advantage, for peas will roll under sofas and into nooks from which it "does not pay" to extricate them with much stooping and probing; darning stockings, perhaps, — what the good lady calls her "embroidery," and what is indeed a very useful kind of worsted work; making a garment, perhaps, — a "sofa covering" possibly, for some sewing-circle or other circle-child, a little peculiar it may be in the pattern, but very comfortable, nevertheless, in the wear. But this is not all; there is a volume in her lap, — "Jane Eyre," we will say, or "Margaret Fuller," or some fresh sermon by Dr. Channing, or the last "North American;" and as the story deepens in interest, or the paragraph warms and flushes into eloquence, the peas fly about a little more wildly, and now and then the needle goes into the finger instead of the stocking. But the reading stops now. She loves the speech of the living, out of the abundance of the heart, better than any dead words. You have your cordial greeting. You have, and you will have, henceforth and ever, your devoted friend.

I *suppose* it is so still, but I *know* that in those days one did not need to go away from N. to hear of new things in literature, in theology, in politics, in society. I think they came to us amongst the first, and we had time enough to welcome and entertain them during those blessed, long days. Here was the old thought; revering, believing heartily in the Gospel tradition and dear churchly things and ways. There, right opposite, in the pleasant old house which has modestly withdrawn behind the comparatively new Town Hall, the new thought

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uttered itself in kindly, graceful speech, firm in protest and dissent, but just and tender towards persons. All came together sooner or later into that parlor, as we went up and down and in and out, as we were asked to meet summer visitors, or gathered on great occasions when the Courts were in session, or Webster and Choate came to argue the famous Will Case. Did "the Orthodox" come? the Unitarian asks, having heard, it may be, fearful accounts of a spirit of bigotry stealing up from Connecticut along the river banks. Yes, "the Orthodox" *did* come; the town met in that parlor and made their social, if not their theologic, report. It was a great blessing to the town that the door of that old dwelling was so easily opened, and that the heart of the household was altogether a heart of hospitality, not only for men and women, but for truths and what claimed to be truths. We had a "Community" within our borders; and whosoever of the Community was seized with a consuming and irresistible longing for the fleshpots of civilization was welcome to fall back, within those walls, upon a cup of proscribed tea and a denounced hot biscuit, whilst all the vagaries of what we voted "a transition age" were quietly ventilated. All could come, because our friend was a large-minded, large-hearted, hospitable woman, eager not to divide but to gather and bind, earnest without narrowness and bigotry, a great blessing to a village. And she was so ready, so eager to serve! Was it a young man whose way to Harvard was to be smoothed and otherwise provided for? He could count upon her friendly offices; he could be sure that she would not fail him until the end had been reached. She was a good friend, so good that, when the movement was reversed and the force turned the other way, she could flash into wrath which did not smoulder into sullenness and maliciousness. Her quaint and racy speech, which alas! has perished with her, was a source of infinite entertainment to the young preacher; and when it was brought to bear, as it sometimes was, against some of his ministerial "juveniles," in word or deed, it always did him good, whether for the moment he liked the medicine or not, — for "faithful are the wounds of a friend," and here was one who was a friend, first and last and midway, only a friend. When he seemed to be running low, she provided, not bitter words, but a pot of wormwood tea, which she persuaded the young parson to drink, hoping that, somehow, it would get into his sermons. Is there any such parlor there in these days? Is there any house which has been such a, I will not say "saint's rest," but minister's home? What one of our elder clergymen of those who have begun with me to delight in "reminiscences" has not slept under that roof, or preached in that pulpit, or felt the force of the words of the exasperated man who tried to keep the Mansion House, and declared that "it was no use, for Judge Lyman invited everybody who came to town to stay with him"? I wonder how the conflict of the two thoughts gets on? Has the Community taken up all the religious radicalism? I could see no change in my day; each combatant stood by his and, I ought to add, "her" (for we were mostly women) guns. Emigration and death were the only causes of change in the relative numbers. It will take more time than a lifetime, even in these days, when we think or at least talk so fast, for a distracted Liberalism, numbering its adherents now in all

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churches, orthodox and heterodox, to find the higher unity which the fact of the incarnation, freed from the scholasticisms of theology, will surely become to all who are Christians, in any sense which a man of common sense need take into account. To go to Northampton during that beautiful season when its atmosphere is not too warm, and its glories have lost none of their gloriousness, would be to find much, very much, that is delightful; but it would be to find the old house changed, and the old forms vanished, the old interlocutors silent, even the old words changed. They talk about theisms now, and free thought, and right wing and left wing. Is it strange that the writer does not care to go?

I began with a walk down town. I got only so far as one dwelling. I began with that first Saturday after the Master's Degree had been taken, and the work of life had been seriously entered upon. I got no farther than that first Sunday. How many walks, how many Sundays followed! How many houses became homes, and would be still, I think! Shall I ever have time to carry on these chapters? — to take some one with me to my first Association (pronounced then, by the elders in all that region, without the second syllable, — "Asseiation"), where, to my great dismay, I was accounted a Transcendentalist, and, on the whole, a dangerous young man? — to go over in some congenial company to see those dear old saints in Hadley; that calm old man, quietly farming and theologizing upon his broad, rich meadow, not knowing what a stir the son who returned on that Saturday, for his vacation, was destined to make in our Zion; that true Christian woman, his wife; that courtly and melancholy and wise and honorable and large-minded gentleman, under the evergreens in the brown house opposite? — to drive up the river and talk with the old blind preacher in Deerfield? Perhaps so; but for the present this chapter must suffice, and, instead of writing personal history, I must be making it; and what I most wished was to say a word about my dear old friend, Mrs. L. E.*

Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lesley.

Concord, July 26, 1874.

My dear Mrs. Lesley, — I heartily wish I could obey your request in regard to your mother's memory, but my opportunities were too few and too short to enable me to attempt any adequate portrait. Indeed, my only real acquaintance with her was in the fortnight in which your father and herself made me their guest in their house at Northampton, in my young days, when Rev. Mr. Hall left me in charge of his pulpit for a few Sundays, — I cannot tell now in what year. I had not then, and I cannot believe that I have since, seen so stately and naturally distinguished a pair as Judge and Mrs. Lyman. Your

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* Rev. Rufus Ellis, D.D., Minister of the First Church in Boston.

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mother was then a queenly woman, nobly formed, in perfect health, made for society, with flowing conversation, high spirits, and perfectly at ease, — understanding and fulfilling the duties which the proverbial hospitality of your house required. Judge Howe came daily to the house, — Judge Wilde was a guest, — Mr. Ashmun, later Law Professor at Harvard; the Patroon Van Rensellaer from Albany, and his daughter, were guests one day while I was there, and others. But no guests came, or could come, I thought, who surpassed the dignity and the intelligence of the hosts. It cost them no effort to preside or to please. Your mother, — I remember how much she interested me one day, by a narrative of the romantic history of Mrs. Mills, wife of the senator, and then carried me to the house and introduced me to their daughters, — one of whom, I believe, afterwards became Mrs. Huntington, and the other Mrs. Peirce. My visit was shortened by two days, by a kind arrangement which was made for me, by your mother, with Judge Howe who was going to hold a Court at Lenox; and I was to drive his horse and chaise thither to bring him home, and thereby make the acquaintance of Miss Catherine Sedgwick at Stockbridge, which was happily accomplished. Since that time I have rarely seen your mother, and only it seems for moments, — once at her house in Cambridge, where she introduced me to Chauncey Wright. I grieve that I can add so little to your own memories.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. Emerson.

Mr. James B. Thayer to Mrs. Lesley.*

Cambridge, October 5, 1875.

Dear Mrs. Lesley, — You have been kind enough to ask me to send you my recollections of your mother. I do so, very gladly. You will, of course, use my letter in any way which serves your purpose best; or not use it at all, if that is best.

My brother William and I were little boys of about twelve and ten years old, when my father moved to Northampton, in 1841. I cannot definitely fix the first time that I ever saw your mother or your father; but among the clear recollections of my boyhood are those of her impressive presence and manner, and of the benign figure of Judge Lyman in his old age. I recall him, especially, as he used to sit in the morning sun, on the broad, stone step of Mr. McIntyre's store, next door to your house, — a beautiful, white-haired old man, whose presence brought with it a sweet composure, and insensibly prompted the passer-by to "tender offices and pensive thoughts."

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* Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University.

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My relations to your mother were those of a boy and a young man to one much older than he, from whom he received the most important and unceasing benefits. When I was a young boy she used to send me books, and often asked me to come in and read to her in the evening. I can remember reading in this way, among other things, the "Artist's Married Life," Mr. Everett's "Funeral Oration on John Quincy Adams," and certain sermons by James Martineau.

I was at that time studying for college without a teacher, — meaning to go to Amherst, where some of my friends had gone. One evening Mrs. Lyman surprised me by asking why I did not go to Cambridge. I answered that it was cheaper at Amherst. She replied that I shonld go to Cambridge if I wished; and so, to my great delight, the matter was soon arranged. Not only did she undertake to see that the necessary means should be furnished for me, but when, soon after, certain friends, who had supplied resources to my brother William, unexpectedly gave out, — with the greatest spirit and energy, she took hold of his affairs also, and secured his continuance in college. Besides this, her attention was drawn to our school-mate, Chauncey Wright, — whose sudden death is now so fresh a grief to you and me, and all his friends. He had left school, and was at work in his father's business; but your mother pressed upon Mr. Wright the matter of sending Chauncey to college, and carried her point. And so at last, in 1848, Chauncey and I entered the Freshman Class at Cambridge, and my brother William returned there again. Not one of us would have been there, if it had not been for your mother.

She also went to Cambridge that summer, — preceding us, — and arranged that I should go directly to the house of your most kind aunt, Mrs. Howe, to stay during the examination. She engaged in our behalf other most kind and strong allies, whose friendship continues to-day, like your own, my dear friend, among my best treasures. And so our way was made plain through college, and we were started in life after we left college. It is impossible to tell you all that she did for us; I will only say that nothing could have been more strenuous and effective than her efforts in influencing others in our behalf, and nothing more constant than the kind offices which she personally did us.

My first letter from her is dated at Cambridge, August 10, 1848. I was then at Northampton. Commencement and the examination, as you will remember, at that time did not come until the beginning of the fall term. In this letter she offers me from her own house, which was then vacant, various articles of furniture for my room, — with the profuse generosity of a mother to her son. "Mrs. Howe," she says, "has some chairs which she will appropriate to your room, if you wish them; and if you see any small table which you would like, in my house, or desk, you can bring them down when you come.

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There is, likewise, a single bedstead in the room over Letitia's in the south wing, which you can saw off the high posts of and bring down when you come; and there is probably a straw mattress belonging to it which you can put on board the cars when you come down, if you like; and you may take any pillows you can find, as many as you wish for, out of my room where I sit in the morning; you will want several, they are so small." She adds in a postscript: "I have seen the president and said all I could for Chauncey, and I have no doubt he will get in."

She was not the person to allow any young friend of hers to lose his head from self-conceit. It was in this same "room where she sat in the morning," that she once read to me a letter from a wise friend, stating at large, in answer to her request, his sober, yet not quite discouraging, estimate of my mental endowments. And I may mention here that she was not merely a friend and physician of *the soul*. I well remember her giving me once a teapot and a quantity of some dried herb, — I think it was dandelion, — with instructions for the preparation of a decoction, which I had better drink. The prescription met my mother's approval, and these two ladies kept me supplied for a considerable time with this unpalatable liquor.

On June 6, 1849, she wrote me from Northampton, sending me some money and expressing regret at not receiving certain funds which somebody had promised her for my benefit; and she added some words of encouragement: "I have enclosed you fifty dollars. . . . But do not be disheartened; you are better off than those who have time and money to commit sin, and whose mental repose is impaired by the want of innocence, which you will be able to preserve. I hope you pay attention to your health, and that you prompt William occasionally respecting *his*. I have just been reading 'Tyler's Views of the Life and Character of Burns,' manifesting the struggles he encountered for want of means, and the triumphs of the spirit over mental discomforts of every kind. . . . The yearnings of Burns's mind for opportunities of mental culture were never satisfied, but the field of Nature contributed largely of her inspirations to his naturally prolific and poetical imagination. This makes his life a noble contemplation to all who think they are cramped more than they can bear."

When I left college, in 1852, and went to teach school in Milton, your mother had gone there, as you remember, to live. My brother was already teaching there, and Mrs. Lyman invited us to board with her, for some moderate price, as long as she stayed there. At that time her memory was failing her a good deal; she was restless, and evidently missed the old Northampton life. I remember the presence of symptoms which foreshadowed the mental trouble that came upon her, later on. Notwithstanding the kindness of her neighbors and rela-

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tives, such a change in her dwelling-place and her habits, at that time of life, was too great. It was a new generation that she looked upon; they were not used to her ways, and she was not used to theirs. She soon removed to Cambridge.

Thither, after two years, I also returned; and during the seven years which followed, until my marriage, I saw her often. During a good part of that time Chauncey Wright was an inmate of her house; and it was my custom to take tea there on Sunday nights. It was often sad to notice the signs of her failing powers. But her old hearty welcome never once failed. She was, to the last as hospitable and warm-hearted as ever. Not seldom her mind seemed clouded, and she would be perplexed; but she did not mean that it should be observed, and joined cheerfully in the talk. She liked to tell us of the past, and of people whom she had formerly known, and made many a sagacious and quaint remark in her old, familiar, emphatic way. In telling me, for instance, of the ancestors of a certain wealthy family in our neighborhood, she said: "They were hatters and clothes-venders at the North End. The mother was a religious woman, and though not *cultivated*, she had that kind of cultivation which gives good sense, and which people are apt to get, who have to struggle and contrive to get a living."

After I was married, in 1861, and had moved back again to Milton, I saw her seldom, and did not know how far her mind had failed until I heard of her removal to the asylum. And so it seemed no cause for grief when the news came, in the spring of 1867, that this great and generous heart had ceased to beat; at last, all that was so pathetic about her last years had come to an end, and the thought of it gave place to the blessed and thick-coming recollections of her earlier life.

It is so good to know that you are preparing this memorial of your mother. I wish that I could contribute more to help you, and especially could recall more of her most amusing and vigorous conversation, the flavor of which I well remember. But others can do that, and *my* story is such as I have told you. Your memoir will be of the greatest interest, not alone to your own family, but to all who knew the dear and noble woman of whom you write. And I am sure that it must do a great deal of good to the younger generation among your kindred, to read of that cultivated household at Northampton. It will be to them like a liberal education, to grow acquainted with a life so sound and healthful as your mother's, — a life not only directed by the courageous and frank instincts of a broad, noble, and healthy physical constitution, by strong natural affections and a powerful understanding, but disciplined also, and devout, and cheered always by beautiful sentiments and a spiritual faith.

Your affectionate friend,

JAMES B. THAYER.

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Mrs. L. Maria Child to Mrs. Lesley.

DEAR SUSAN, — I am glad to hear that you are preparing a memorial of your large-souled mother, for the benefit of her grandchildren. She and your excellent father are among the noblest pictures in my Gallery of Memory. I recall very vividly those old times in Northampton, when we occupied a pew next to yours, and listened to the pleasant preaching of John S. Dwight. His soul was then, as now, harmoniously attuned to all lovely sights and sounds, and he seemed then, as he does now, like the poetic child in the "Story without an End," who went meandering through creation, wondering at its multiform miracles, and earnestly questioning all its forms of beauty.

It was one of my delights at that time to observe your father and mother, as they walked up the aisle of the church. They had such a goodly presence! One rarely sees a couple so handsome, after they have passed the meridian of their life; and their bearing was an impersonation of unpretending dignity. Your mother especially was as stately in her motions, as if she had been reared in the atmosphere of royalty.

We always liked each other; but in many respects it was the attraction of opposites. I was a born radical, and her training had been eminently conservative. Both of us were by temperament as direct and energetic as a locomotive under high-pressure of steam, and coming full tilt from opposite directions we often met with a clash; but no bones were ever broken. After such encounters, we shook hands and laughed, and indulged in a little playful raillery at each other's vehemence. She was too sincere to deny any proposition that she perceived to be right and true, however much it might be at variance with her preconceived opinions.

I often wondered that she had a liking for me. I suppose the earnestness of my convictions, and the fearless honesty with which I expressed them, proved attractive to her because her own nature was in sympathy with those traits; and I imagine she rather enjoyed the onset of our antagonisms as a sort of intellectual tournament.

My attraction toward her is easily explained. I delighted in her earnestness, her energy, her abhorrence of all sorts of shams, her uprightness of principle, and her large views of men and things; and even when her opinions were most at variance with my own, I honored the downright sincerity with which she expressed them, and I greatly enjoyed the raciness of humor which she often employed in their defence. Aristocratic she undoubtedly was; but not in any narrow sense. She rose with a lofty disdain above all distinctions that were merely conventional and external. I have often smiled at the impetuosity with which she upon some occasions manifested this quality in my defence. . . .

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The genuine inborn nobleness of her character often flashed out in this way, in fine scorn of all pretension and sham.

I left Northampton, and years passed without my seeing her. Meanwhile, her good husband had passed away, and his moral worth left a fragrance in the memory of all who knew him. Her children had formed households of their own. You, dear Susan, had married P. L., whose mind was absorbed in science, while his heart was deeply interested in all that concerned the welfare of his fellow-beings. It was after the hospitable old homestead in Northampton was broken up, and its inmates scattered abroad, that I again met your mother. After cordial salutations and a few mutual inquiries, I said, "Do you remember the lively encounters we used to have about Anti-Slavery? How do you feel upon that subject now?" "I hardly know what to say," she replied; "Between you and Peter, you have *got me on the fence*, and I do n't know which way I shall jump." I answered very quickly, "But *I* know, Mrs. Lyman. You will be certain to jump on the right side. You cannot do otherwise."

The largeness of her nature showed itself in generous hospitality and delight in doing pleasant things for others. I shall never forget her many kind attentions to my dear husband, when circumstances compelled me to be absent from him. We still keep, as precious relics, some pieces of a velvet wrapper which she gave him, and the sight of them always recalls pleasant and grateful recollections of her.

When I last saw your mother, her bright and active mind was overclouded by physical infirmities and increasing years; but even then gleams of her native humor broke through the gathering mist, like sunshine flashing out between the drifting clouds of a darkening sky. Her earthly light went out in darkness; but the spirit, disencumbered of external obstacles, shows only its interior qualities, — and hers were good, bright, and noble.

Always your affectionate friend,

L. Maria Child.

Dr. Austin Flint to Mrs. Lesley.*

New York, September 13, 1874.

Dear Mrs. Lesley, — In accordance with your wishes, conveyed to me in a letter from Mrs. Briggs, I shall send you several letters written by your dear mother. In reading her letters to-day, I have lived over the period when her

* Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Medicine in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, &c., &c., New York.

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sympathy and affection were so much to me and mine. My heart has been filled with love for her, and often I could not refrain from tears.

I have endeavored a brief sketch, but it does neither her memory nor me justice, and do not hesitate therefore, if you think best, not to introduce it. I shall send the package by express.

I earnestly hope that your mother is now cognizant of the affection and gratitude which, in common with her descendants, my wife and I feel whenever we think of her. My recollections of your mother always awaken emotions of love and reverence. It were, indeed, proof of heartlessness and ingratitude, if I did not cherish her memory with deep affection.

When I was beginning my professional life in Northampton, she was a sympathizing, devoted friend to my wife and myself. A tender mother could not have been more kind; and in her letters after we had left Northampton, she often addressed us as her children. She confided, when I commenced practice, herself and her family to my care, and thus, by her example and influence, the struggles incident to this early period of my professional life were much less than they would otherwise have been. At this time I was under obligations to her, for her encouragement and wise counsels, more than I can adequately express.

Of the social position and influence of your mother you may justly be proud She was truly a queen among women. No one could be in her company without being impressed with the fact that her endowments were of a superior order. With much beauty of countenance were combined intellectuality, dignity, refinement; and to these were added grace and graciousness of manner. The homage which she received was not obtained by art or effort, but was the spontaneous offering of those around her. She was ever ready to listen and respond to the claims of philanthropy. She was ready at all times to promote intellectual pursuits and pleasures, especially among the younger members of society. I recollect in my boyhood days in Northampton, there was a Literary Society, composed chiefly of young persons, to which were submitted original poems, promiscuous essays, and profoundly metaphysical disquisitions. Although then a mother of children of mature age, she was not merely a patroness but an active member of this society, furnishing her quota of written contributions. These were of a high order, and it would have been an easy task for her to have become distinguished as a writer. Her conversational powers were remarkable. She was not chary of her gifts in this regard; but her conversation was so full of interest and instruction that she never appeared to talk too much. The exercise of her conversational powers was entirely devoid of pedantry or assumption. The sayings of no one at that time and place were oftener

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repeated; but the wit and humor which characterized them never hurt the feelings of others: she was far above a spirit of ridicule or detraction.

When it is said that she was the worthy wife of your honored father, one must have known him and his home to appreciate all that is expressed in this statement. Judge Lyman was in truth a "gentleman of the old school," in the fullest and highest sense of this expression. His house represented the highest idea of domestic life and elegant hospitality, forty years ago, in one of the most intellectual, cultivated, and refined sections of New England.

I sympathize with you in your undertaking to prepare a memorial for distribution among your mother's descendants, and surviving friends. There are many living who knew her in her days of health, during your father's life, who are much more capable than I am of delineating her superior endowments and beautiful traits of character. But no one of those not connected with her by ties of blood, can cherish her memory more than I, or with greater affection and reverence.

Very truly yours,

AUSTIN FLINT.

Mrs. Caroline H. B. Laing to Mrs. Lesley.

GERMANTOWN, July 18, 1874.

MY DEAR MRS. LESLEY, — It gives me very great pleasure to answer your letter of the 14th inst. I only regret that my acquaintance with your mother was not of such intimacy as to open a very wide field of reminiscences. Your honored father and mother are associated with my earliest and most pleasing recollections of Northampton. They now stand forth in all the dignity and urbanity for which they were so distinguished, and which will long keep their memory green to those who had the happiness to know them.

Of your father, that dear, good man, whose name was a household word, reverently spoken by Mr. Butler and myself, I can only say "He was Nature's Nobleman," with a heart to prompt kindness, and a ready hand to obey those promptings.

For your mother I have always cherished the greatest respect, and admiration for her talents. They were of the highest order; her friendship strong, her kindness unlimited, her wit keen. How many pleasant hours do I not owe to her versatile flow of language! Why! the words dropped from her mouth like jewels — if sometimes a little rough, the diamond was there! It was her manner, too, which gave such point to her wit. There are few who can express so much by the eye and hand as did your mother.

I have only a very few characteristic anecdotes connected with her from my own personal knowledge, but volumes can hardly contain the many records of

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her benevolence, and her disdain of all falsehood and pretension (the metal must ring true, or she would none of it), which I have heard from the lips of others more closely bound by long and intimate acquaintance. How many, struggling with poverty, has her hand lifted to a competency! How many young men to whom God gave the higher gift of talent owe to her a position and a name!

I remember her calling one morning at the —— mansion on one of her characteristic visits for the weal of others. —— had just married; and, as the bride had no fortune but gentle manners and a pretty face, your mother undertook to furnish a few articles rather necessary, we must allow, in all households; namely, bed and table linen. Miss —— listened to the appeal with that placid smile her countenance always wore; but ——, rather indignant at the improvidence of the newly-married pair, exclaimed: "Well, Mrs. Lyman, I can only say one thing — if I was to be married to-morrow, I thank goodness I have a supply of sheets, pillow-cases, and towels!" Never shall I forget the sweep of her garments, as rising from her chair, with a low courtesy, your mother said: —

"I am glad you are so rich, ——!" and then without another word, like a "stately ship," sailed out the gate.

Another time I called at your father's; your mother with her usual kindness inquired about my children. Among other things, I told her that my boy Edward had just entered the American Exchange Bank, New York. "How old is he?" she asked. I replied, "Sixteen." "Sixteen!" exclaimed your mother; then calling to your father in the next room, "Mr. Lyman, do you hear? Edward B. is only sixteen, and in a bank; and here is our —— who is twenty, and has n't *begun to be born!*"

In New York, one Sunday evening, I went to the Unitarian Church to hear Dr. ——. I had just seated myself, when I saw your mother walking up the aisle with that calm independence of manner so natural to her, and fanning herself with a huge palm-leaf. She recognized me, and took a seat by my side. Presently the Rev. —— appeared in the pulpit. Never shall I forget the sparkle of fun in your mother's eye, as turning to me she said in a pretty loud whisper: —

"Heard *Nancy* this morning; came here to get rid of him, and — *I've got him!*"

You perhaps know the reply made to a certain Miss —— who, visiting at your mother's, had not only rather extended her limits, but drawn in a few shillings and dimes by a *borrowing* line. At last as the stage stopped at the hospitable door to bear her away, she threw her arms about your mother's neck, saying half tearfully: "Oh Mrs. Lyman, tell me, do tell me, have you any thing against me?"

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"*Only a matter of five dollars!*" was the inimitable reply.

Again. My son Theodore, and Evans Denniston came from Philadelphia to Northampton on a visit. Walking down Shop Row, they met your mother. Theodore advanced at once, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her. "I am very glad to meet you," she said; "how do you do? you look well;" and shook his hand very heartily. Then Theodore turning to Evans said, "This is Evans Denniston, Mrs. Lyman, you remember him?" "Perfectly. How do you do, Mr. Denniston?" Then holding her fan between her face and Theodore's she asked (and you know she was too open to whisper as some people do), "Evans, *who is your friend?*"

My dear Mrs. Lesley, if in relating these little anecdotes I have trespassed upon the filial tenderness you cherish for your dear mother's memory, I ask your forgiveness. You say truly that "her influence was a strong one, and the aim and purpose of her life noble." I appreciated and admired her, and shall never cease to do so. I assure you it is to me an inexpressible pleasure to offer this small tribute to the memory of such a noble woman.

Very truly and affectionately yours,

CAROLINE H. B. LAING.

Hon. George S. Hillard to Mrs. Lesley.

You have asked me to give you some reminiscences of your dear and excellent mother. I comply with your request, although my treacherous memory is not very retentive of details; but it retains with a strong grasp the general impressions.

It was in September, 1828, that I first saw your father and mother. I had heard of them before; and your brother Joseph, who was in college, was personally well known to me. After leaving college, I was appointed a teacher in the Round-Hill school, at that time flourishing and numerously attended. The journey from Boston to Northampton was then performed in stage-coaches, and was tedious and fatiguing. I went to Worcester in the afternoon, slept there, and the next day arrived in Northampton. I had for companions on my journey Miss Catherine Sedgwick, and Mrs. Griffith of Charlie's Hope, and I need not say that with such fellow travellers the journey, though slow, was delightful. Within a day or two after arriving at Northampton, I dined at your father's house. I think the companions of my journey were both present, — at any rate, I am sure Miss Sedgwick was. I remember the occasion particularly, because in the course of the dinner it came out that the day was your father's birth-day. He was sixty years old on that day. Let me here pause and say a word about

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him. He was, as you well know, a very handsome man; but in his manners and natural language there were none of those peculiarities which handsome men are apt to fall into. He was remarkable for his simplicity and unconsciousness. The sweetness and benignity of his countenance were the natural expression of a beautiful soul. His manners retained something of the finish derived from a former generation, when the distinctions of rank were more marked than at present; but he was no respecter of persons. His high-bred courtesy was extended to the humblest as well as to the highest. He had a sweetness of nature which nothing could affect. Long and familiarly as I knew him, I never heard a harsh, bitter, or wounding remark from him. He had no gall in his blood; there was never a frown upon his brow, and his tongue knew not how to utter a gibe or a sarcasm. His face always bore an expression like that of embodied sunshine, and all who approached him felt his genial warmth and light.

Your mother was about twenty years younger than her husband. She was in the prime of life, and a woman of noble presence and commanding beauty. Her personal attractions were little enhanced by her dress, which was plain and almost careless. She evidently gave little time or thought to it.

You will remember, of course, that I soon became a familiar and frequent guest of the house: indeed for a time I was a sort of private tutor, giving a lesson three or four times a week to the older children.

There were at that time four young children in the family, — Anne Jean, Edward, yourself, and Catherine. Mary and Jane, daughters of your father by his first marriage, were members of the family, but they were frequently absent on visits to their relatives. You were between five and six, and Catherine between two and three, and I may add that both of you were very attractive and engaging children. You were much petted and caressed by all that came to the house, and especially by me; some might have said you were in danger of being spoiled, but I do not think that love or the expressions of love ever spoiled anybody.

The most conspicuous characteristic of the household was its perfect freedom, and the absence of any thing like formality or ceremony. Summer and winter the front-door was never locked, and the friends of the house never knocked or rang. Your mother was often seated at the window exchanging greetings with the passers-by, and often calling them in. Whenever a visitor came, he was cordially welcomed by your mother, in whatever part of the house she might be, or whatever she might be doing; perhaps mending stockings in the parlor, or shelling peas in the dining-room. If she were on familiar terms with her guests, she would often ask them to read aloud some article from the "North American Review," or "Christian Examiner," or some new publication fresh

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from the press. I need not say to you that your mother was both physically and mentally a woman of great energy and activity. There was not an idle bone in her body. She was always doing something; she was never weary; she never folded her hands. I never saw upon her face an expression of pain and weariness from overwork or over-worry. When a young girl as a member of her father's family, who were in rather narrow circumstances, she, in common with her sisters, was cumbered with many cares and duties; and on her marriage with your father who was a widower with several children, she immediately took charge of a numerous household. But her burdens and anxieties had never any power to depress her. She walked under them with a light and elastic step. She was always a very early riser, and woke at once in full possession of all her manifold energies.

Your mother inherited the blessing of a sound and healthy constitution. She came of a vigorous and hardy stock; her naturally firm fibre of health was strengthened by a nurture which knew nothing of luxury. She was early accustomed to self-denial and self-sacrifice, and these were not irksome to her. But this firm and vigorous health had its drawbacks in her relations with others. She did not understand, and consequently did not make allowance for, that want of energy and want of animal spirits which belong to ill-health. Her children, some of them at least, had a delicacy of organization to which she was a stranger; and between such and a person like her, whose bosom's lord always sits lightly on his throne, there is a gulf like that between Dives and Lazarus in the parable. She could not understand that one could have moments of weariness or inaction, without some specific cause. Her unbroken health and unwearied energy, also, in some respects affected her judgment of others. She had not enough of toleration for all those Protean forms of weakness which belong to a nervous and sensitive organization. She knew nothing in her own person of headache, dyspepsia, or the depression of spirits caused by a low tone of health; and therefore was hardly just to those who were thus tried.

But I need not say that a mind and body so healthy as hers were in themselves no common attraction. There was a sort of magnetic power about her which was particularly felt by those who, unlike her, were delicate and sensitive. She was always ready for conversation; and conversation with her was an intellectual exercise, an interchange of thought, and not merely an amusement or relaxation. She had a keen and healthy appetite for knowledge, and her intellectual training in her childhood and youth, though in some respects limited, was sound and good. She had read but few books, but these were excellent books, and were carefully and thoroughly read.

A sound and healthy love of knowledge had not been cloyed with a multitude of books of light reading, which I regard as one of the evils of our time. Some

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physicians say that one should always rise from a meal with something of appetite left. I think the maxim is also true of intellectual repasts. At any rate, your mother preserved to the last her keen relish for all forms of knowledge. The various problems of religion and society, which stirred the minds of men in her time, were fully felt and comprehended by her. She delighted to discuss them with her friends, and her conversation on such topics was always full, frank, and courageous. In these discussions she laid open her whole mind; she never gave nor asked for quarter, and never made her sex a shield or defence.

Your mother was not by any means a faultless character; she had not that measured excellence which comes from having no good qualities to excess. She had strongly marked traits, and, where this is the case, there are corresponding imperfections.

Where there are many and bright lights, there will be some shadows. She was frank and courageous and out-spoken, but on the other hand she was impulsive, sometimes formed hasty judgments, and gave free utterance to them. She had an intolerant scorn for any thing that was low, base, or underhand. She had warm and devoted friends, but then she had some enemies, or rather unfriends. She often said sharp things, but in her large and generous nature there was no room for malice, hatred, or vindictiveness. Her tongue sometimes wounded, but in her conduct she was always friendly, warm-hearted, and benevolent. No one ever sought her for sympathy or aid, without finding a ready response. You well know how faithful she was to all the claims of kindred, and how for many years her house was the home of the orphan and the friendless. The cares of a numerous family of her own might have been deemed by many a sufficient excuse for declining these trusts, but your mother did not so regard it. The warm impulses of her generous nature made it her pleasure as well as her duty to respond to these calls. It is a great privilege to have been born and reared in a household like your mother's, in which every faculty of mind, soul, and heart found free development; where there was no bad temper, and no restraint but that gentle kind to which a willing obedience was paid. There was entire freedom, and that perfect love which casteth out fear. There is no better preparation for the duties of life than the recollection of a happy childhood.

Your book will give to such of your mother's descendants as have never seen her a vivid picture of her excellences as a wife, mother, sister, and friend. It gives the image of a noble, generous, large-hearted, and warm-hearted woman, who in the sphere in which she was placed was faithful to every duty, and obedient to every claim of affection. The memory of such a life is a precious inheritance.

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Mrs. George S. Hillard to Mrs. Lesley.

Among the earliest recollections of my childhood, are those of the happy hours I passed as a guest at what we children called the "Northampton House," while my father's family lived in Worthington. The house, which was somewhat more luxurious in its appointments than our own comfortable, happy home, was to us a palace of delight. Could I restore this house as it then was, it would doubtless look less imposing and palatial than it did to our eyes, but I am sure that even those most accustomed to magnificence and splendor would consider it attractive. Had I the power to call up the master and mistress of that hospitable mansion, they would not suffer by comparison with the noblest and handsomest now living.

The dining-room in those early days was in the east wing of the house, the room that you knew as the sleeping-room of your father and mother. A delightful, cheerful room it was, with its large windows opposite the glass door which opened on to a piazza and looked upon a yard in which were trees and shrubbery, the street beyond, and a portion of Mt. Holyoke in the background. Between the glass door and the fireplace was a broad closet with glass doors lined with green silk, in which were kept the books; and much did we enjoy being allowed to sit upon the broad lower shelf and look at pictures, or choose some child's book to read. I can see this room as it looked on a bright, cool autumn day, when we had driven down from the hills; the blazing wood fire with its bright fender and andirons, the long dining-table on which the cloth was laid for dinner, the bright red and gold plate-warmer by the side of the fire, in which was a pile of blue china plates, — all form a picture that is still bright, as I turn to those pleasant days, so long, long gone. One of the greatest attractions of this house, to us, was the very tall, upright English piano which stood in the west parlor. My brother Tracy and I had a strong love of music, which was seldom gratified. Now and then would come to our house some friend who could sing without an accompaniment, and who was kind enough to do so for our entertainment; but there was not a piano in the town where we lived, and a child who has always been familiar with a piano could hardly understand the thrill of delight with which we looked upon those black and white keys, when the cover of the piano was raised; and when your mother or one of your sisters played upon it, our delight was unbounded. I doubt if the sight (I was going to say of the great Harlaem organ, but I will say) of the great organ in the Music Hall in Boston ever impressed us so much as the sight of that instrument; and we listened then to the "Battle of Prague" with a delight as intense as is now excited by the Fifth Symphony.

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To this charming mansion your father and mother welcomed us cordially, and this welcome is one of the choicest treasures in my memory. Perhaps we did not then see their beauty, but we saw the smile of loving-kindness that ever made us happy; this I never failed to see when I met them, so long as they lived; even when memory and mind were all confused, the ever ready smile was there, assuring me that I had friends who could never look coldly upon me. After the removal of my father and mother to Northampton, our visits to the "Northampton House" were of course shorter and more frequent, but familiarity destroyed none of the charm with which it was always invested.

As a part of the celebration of Thanksgiving, that festival so dear to New England children, we were permitted to join the circle of relatives and friends that were gathered early in the evening of that day in the west parlor. Thanksgiving, like all anniversaries, is sad to most persons who have lived long, from the recollection of the changes that have come to all, and from the absence of those with whom we once shared its enjoyment. Remembering the pure pleasure we had in it, I always wish to have every thing possible done to make the day one of enjoyment to the children; so much of happiness as recollection can give, is thereby secured to them. I remember one of these visits to your father's house, when your sister Catherine was an infant; and what a beautiful baby she was! Your mother's sleeping-room was then on the same floor as the long dining-room; the kitchen was below. One day when there were some half dozen friends at dinner, after they had gone to the parlor, your mother retired to her own room and took charge of the baby, while the nursery girl went down to her dinner. In perhaps a rather shorter time than usual, she rang the bell, remarking, "I think the damsel has had time for sufficient rest and refection!" As the kitchen-door opened, your mother called from the head of the stairs, near to her chamber-door, "I have left the baby on the bed!" Turning to me she said, "If you wish people to be prompt in their service, you must throw the responsibility upon them; what people know must be done immediately, they seldom neglect or delay in doing." She then sailed in a stately manner into the parlor, and devoted herself to her guests, undisturbed by any anxiety or misgiving about the baby whom she had left "on the bed."

The subject of education was one which ever interested her, on which she often talked, and talked well. One day when the subject of corporal punishment came up, some persons thought it necessary; others were convinced that it ought never to be used, — that moral suasion is much better. Your mother closed the discussion and put the whole thing in a nut-shell, by saying, "Moral suasion is very well when it is efficacious. But there are cases in which it is ineffectual and insufficient; then we must resort to more stringent measures. My rule is, to touch the conscience when you *can*; when you *cannot*, then touch the skin."

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You know she always spoke favorably, when she could, of any thing done or said by her friends. One fourth of July, the oration was given by a young man in whom she felt a warm interest, partly on account of his friendless condition. The performance was rather dull; as we were going home, some one said, "I am curious to know what Mrs. Lyman will say to that oration; she surely cannot praise it, and she will not say any thing in disparagement of it." Some half dozen of us dropped in at the ever open door to see the good lady. "Well," said she with a sweet smile, "do n't you think we have had quite a *comfortable* oration?" No one ventured to make any criticism; we were quite willing to say yes, in answer to her question.

I recall my visits of a few days at a time to your house, as days of delightful recreation, though by no means as days of idleness. Every hour was occupied; no one ever complained of *ennui* in that house. With a large house and many people in the parlor, there was no lack of occupation for the early hours of the day in setting the house in order, going out with messages of kind inquiry or some token of sympathy to an invalid neighbor, or preparing for the reception and entertainment of some of the frequent gatherings of friends in the evening. The hospitality of *your* father's house, as well as *mine*, resembled that of our good old friend, Judge McCoun, of New York, whose wife, being asked why she did not give a ball to some distinguished people replied, "I do not wish to sacrifice the hospitality of a year to the prodigality of a night."

When the time came for sitting down quietly, while your mother was engaged in her favorite (or at least common) occupation of "embroidering," I read, or some one read, to her from her favorite periodical, the "North American Review," or from some book which was on hand; her remarks about what she listened to were original, amusing, and instructive. You have given many of these in her letters; do you remember what she said of Miss Austen's novels? "She writes well, and her books are good. But they would be more entertaining if they did not introduce to you such very commonplace people; when I read a work of fiction. I prefer to meet with people more remarkable than those I see every day, whose conversation is more striking. Were I sitting at work by the fire, and some person at the window were to remark that a cow or a yoke of oxen or a horse and wagon were going by, I should proceed with my occupation, and not leave it to look at those useful animals; but were some person to come in and say, 'Mrs Lyman, there is *an elephant* passing,' I should surely go to the window to look at it."

Many an afternoon or evening stroll did I take with her to visit some neighbor for half an hour. Her knitting-work was her constant accompaniment on these occasions. She had, as she said, great faith in it "as a means of keeping idle hands from mischief, and quieting the nerves." On this principle she

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recommended it to everybody. A young woman, who had grown up in poverty and ignorance, — under the pressure of insufficient clothing and the sight of a calico dress, yielded to temptation and appropriated the garment she so much needed, to her own use, without permission. She was punished by imprisonment in the jail. The neighbors felt much sympathy for the poor thing, and much indignation was expressed. I met your mother on the street; she said, "I am going down to the jail to see that poor girl, and take her some knitting-work, for I am sure that will be a comfort to her."

When your brother Joseph was at home in his summer vacation, we had lively times. How his contagious laugh rang through the house when he had carried out some practical joke, or had been circumvented by your mother in some piece of mischievous fun, or had heard some droll thing! I can hear it now, as his handsome face comes up before me. One warm summer morning, as we were reading and working in the dining-room, we heard a rattling noise in the corridor in which the refrigerator stood. "Joseph, is that you? What are you doing?" said your mother. "Only trying a little chemical experiment, ma'am. I wanted to see if claret and water with sugar in it tasted good, and it does!" We all joined, you may be sure, in his hearty, musical laugh, which was always irresistible.

Your mother wished Catherine to be called by "her own name," as she expressed it, "for I do not like nicknames." I think her objection to pet names applied to short ones, for she almost always added one syllable to your name and mine, as a token of affection.

One of the visits to that attractive house, always one of my homes, was after that deep sorrow had come upon it, the shadow of which never left the house nor the loving heart of its mistress. The year after your sister Anne Jean's death, our little Geordie died. Some weeks after, as I was recovering from an illness which followed his death, your father came to see us in Boston; finding me far from well, he kindly asked me to go home with him. I did so, my husband following me soon after. No father was ever more kind and loving than was your father to me, then and always; and your mother welcomed me warmly. I need not speak of the tender sympathy showed to us on that visit. Your mother talked much of her departed daughter, and we felt that as these parents had possessed their treasure longer than we had ours, their loss must be the greater. Dark as was the cloud that rested on that house, there was nothing dismal or forbidding in its aspect; the same cordial hospitality welcomed all friends; the same thoughtfulness of others, and earnestness in relieving their suffering or promoting their comfort and happiness, was manifested as had been in the sunny days that were gone.

After your father's death, your mother sometimes stayed at our house. One

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of these visits comes back to me as I write. It was in winter that she spent some two or three weeks under our roof. We had several days of severely cold weather; there was small temptation to go abroad and leave our sunny parlor. After Mr. Hillard had gone to the office in the morning, she would say: "Now, Susannah, we will stay at home and have a delightful time in this lovely, warm parlor; you shall read to me, and I will sew; and if you have any thing that requires mending, bring it forth: you know that is my especial delight. Have you a table-cloth that shows symptoms of decay? if so let me '*embroider it*' a little. I assure you, if you will give me some fine mending-cotton, I will repair it in such a manner that my work will not be seen, or, if noticed, will be considered an adornment." She was as good as her word, and I have now one or two of these table-cloths, made precious by the 'embroidery.' I read to her from Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, and from various books; and whatever I read had an added charm from her keen enjoyment and her criticisms. We went sometimes, when the weather had moderated, to visit some friend; one day when we were calling at Mrs. Nathan Hale's, on Hamilton Place, we saw a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the table; it was just published, and on Mrs. Hale's recommendation we borrowed it. Your mother wished to read it because Mrs. Hale had recommended it, saying: "If *she* likes it, it must be worth reading. I do not like to read about the horrors of slavery, as I can do nothing about them." I read the book to her, and she is associated with all its scenes; how well do I recall the tears we shed at its pathos, and our hearty laughs over some of the amusing scenes, and the capital descriptions of life on a Southern plantation.

One afternoon, she wished to go to see a panorama of a voyage to Europe, of which we had been told; and we went. We went up two long flights of stairs to reach the hall in which the panorama was to be exhibited; the ascent fatigued her a little, and made her rather breathless. The lights in the hall had been turned down, and to our eyes, coming as we did from the bright light of the snowy streets, the room was quite dark. We went back to the unoccupied seats in the rear of the audience. She, no fairy in figure at that time, dropped upon a vacant seat. I was following her, when a man in the seat in front of her, at the instant she sat down with some emphasis, turned and gasped: "My hat, if you please!" She rose slightly, and drew *something* from the seat, which, in a queenly way, she handed to the gentleman, saying, as she half bowed and settled herself in her seat: "*There's your hat.*"

The exhibition began immediately. We had never been to Europe, and thought it all quite good except the views of Boston and New York, at the beginning and end of the show, — which were very unlike any thing we had ever

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seen. Your mother entertained Mr. Hillard at tea-time with her account of the panorama, and I told him the story of the hat.

When he had a leisure evening, and we were uninterrupted, he read to us, and seldom had he a more appreciative or delighted listener. She expressed much enjoyment in her visit, and she gave much in return. We both enjoyed having her with us.

You know well your mother's strong objection, I may say hostility, to all extravagance in dress. Going to spend the day in a house where one of the daughters was soon to be married, after looking at the simple trousseau, she said: "I am glad you are not having such heaps of clothes made as some people do; it is a mistake so to accumulate garments. A woman can wear no more clothes after she is married than she could before that event. One dress at a time is all that any woman can wear, and it would be well for all to remember it."

She had a wonderful command of language, especially of long words, which we all know did not sound pedantic, coming from her lips. She came in to dine with us one day, soon after we were married; there was an anthracite fire in the open grate, and a pan attached to it, filled with water. "I am glad to see this arrangement;" said she; "the consumption of anthracite coal has such a tendency to deprive the atmosphere of humidity, that some means of restoring moisture artificially are extremely necessary."

I saw her often during the years she spent in Cambridge, after her memory had failed and her mind was passing under the cloud which never lifted till the light of heaven dispelled it, but which occasionally was broken for a very short time, and a gleam, as it were, of remembrance came over her. At such moments she had a puzzled, distressed look that was inexpressibly touching. The indistinct image of some friend or relative would come to her, whose name she could not recall. She would at such times describe a person, or tell something about them, hoping that we could give her the name she had lost. It was always by some act of kindness or some affectionate thought, that she tried to make us understand of whom she was thinking; the heart was all right: her affections outlived her intellect. Her son Edward was "a man living far away, near to a large city, or perhaps in the city, who is very good to me, and often sends me presents and writes to me; he has been to see me, but he is too far away to come often." Mr. George L. Stearns of Medford she strove to recollect when she heard his name. After some little effort, she said: "Oh! now I know the man you mean. I should go to him to-morrow, if my house were burned, and I had no home; he would open his doors and make me welcome." Since Mr. Stearns's death, I have heard his wife say, alluding to this remark

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which you had repeated to her, " George felt more gratified with this than with any compliment he ever received."

During her last years she had, besides the restlessness and desire of change which was but the seeking for that rest which could never be found in this world, the strong social feeling that was ever so large a part of her nature. My mother's house, of course, she considered a home; she went and came there as freely as if it were her own. She went, when so inclined, to the houses of my brothers, where she ever found a welcome from the younger members of the household, as well as from the heads of the family; a welcome that she could appreciate long after she had lost the power to express clearly what she thought and felt. Other kind neighbors she continued occasionally to visit after her mind was darkened and only her heart was unchanged.

Her love for the sister whose daily and hourly ministrations cannot be here described, but which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, we all know.

The affection she retained to the last for the members of her own household, for that friend whose devotion was that of a son, and for the two Marys who loved and served her to the end, was tender and true.

I did not see, but have been told that when Mary Walker was suffering from the severe headaches that often distressed her, and made every noise torture to her, your mother, after she had ceased to remember any thing else, never forgot to enjoin perfect quiet upon each person in the house; and that she would even take the shoes from her feet, lest by chance she should disturb the sufferer whom she watched and nursed most tenderly.

You asked me, dear Susan, to send you some of my recollections of your mother. I have put down a few things that I remember, which perhaps you have not from any one else. I have omitted much that I thought others would have told you, or that you would recall; and I have not tried to tell you, what you well know, and what no words of mine could adequately relate, how much your beloved father and mother were to me. When death came, an angel of mercy as he was, and released them each from bonds and from darkness, he took from me as well as from many, the best friends we had. From my earliest remembrance, and especially after the death of my own father, your father ever treated me like an own daughter, and your mother gave me the same place. And if I can ever be in any measure to my younger friends what they were to me, I shall do something to acknowledge a debt that I can never repay.

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