

THE JOURNALS OF HANNAH TAPFIELD KING

VOLUME I

I was born in the University town of Cambridge, England, March 16, 1807 in Bennet Street opposite Parkers Piece and was baptized in Bennet Church when about six weeks old by the name of Hannah. I was a remarkable fine, noble looking child, I have heard my mother say, with a calm and stately countenance. My infantile temperament was equal and peaceful, and when fed, washed and dressed it seemed I was satisfied and at rest. I have often heard my mother speak of me as a model baby. My father was greatly interested in me and certainly I was his "pet" and as I grew, Oh! did I not love? Verily, verily -----I have heard my mother describe me as "born nervous", but of high, happy spirits--having a spirit beyond my animal strength, and she said of an evening be very silent and become inert--she would take no notice but undress and put me into my crib, and in the morning I would be myself again. This was wisdom in her and no doubt a blessing to me.

The First thing I remember was being severely flogged when about two years old on the supposition that I had eaten some honey from a jar placed on the parlor cupboard, and as I denied having done so, my mother supposed I had told a falsehood and hence the flogging!--for she hated a lie with perfect hatred. To add to my punishment I was turned into the garden, and while bitterly weeping in real agony--yes, all that I was capable of enduring at that time--a gentleman (who lived in the next house and whose garden, was the very counterpart of ours, like all houses built in large towns, a whole street probably alike) came out of his door and stood parallel with me on the short flight of steps by which the garden was reached. This Mr. Sawson loved me and my little sisters and the moment I saw him I felt a friend had appeared for me. He directly called to ask me what had so afflicted me, but before I could appeal to his sympathy, my mother, who had heard his remark, looked out and said, "Don't take any notice of her, Mr. Sawson, she is a very naughty girl, and has done very wrong." This bitter destruction of the sweet sympathy I felt so sure was coming for me filled my cup. I suppose it paralyzed my senses for I have never been able to recall any more of that first severe trial of my infant life. The preceding is as vivid at this moment as though it occurred only ten years ago--and yet I was little more than two years old. I remember the punishment but have no recollection of the sin!! And I ever told my mother in after life, playfully, that she had punished me unjustly--but she was in every word a good mother, but severe.

I remember many little incidents from that time to my sixth birthday which is as vivid as any event of my past life! I certainly have had an immortal memory--truly my curse and blessing! I ever possessed a mind beyond my years--of a highly nervous and most sensitive temperament, which rendered my childhood delicate, so that my mother has often told me she and my father had often said to each other--"We shall not rear Hannah!" Yet I have fought the daily battle of life as only such a nature as mine can fight it, having been many times nearly wounded (wounds of the soul) and have attained at the present time the meridian of life. They--blessed be their memory--sleep the sleep of the grave! and their most cherished child lives 9,000 miles from what consecrated spot.

My father was house and land steward to the Earl Godspilim of Gogmagog Hills, Cambridgeshire for more than sixty years and had long years before his death became the most confidential, cherished friend of that noble family and when the head of that family died, it was with a firm expressed conviction that his friend, Tapfield, would be one that would rejoin him in Eternity. He was loved and respected by them as if he was a Kentish Man.

I loved my father with rare and fervent devotion, with a profound respect and admiration. He was, and is, my model man, and all the love I have ever felt for any other man had been commanded, more or less of the same elements which formed my devotion to him. My loved is sacred and devout, absorbing, powerful and enduring even after so many years, how vividly I remember the gloom and desolation which would fall on me when my father left home, as he was often obliged to do. Yes, I can realize at this very moment my feelings and the very appearance that every thing wore to me. How I can hear his stop--it has a language in it--at least to me. How I can see him open his arms when we ran to meet him and clasp all that he could hold! and then lead us back, talking in his beautiful voice--yes, there was magic in his voice! even the smell of his clothes was beautiful.

I can recall even that he was ever most clean and pure in his person and dress. And he was handsome, most remarkably so. He was nearly six feet in height with a splendid bust, elegant calling shoulders, broad shoulders and tapering down to a finely developed waist. His legs and feet were models, his hand full and pulpy, the fingers tapering remarkable to the ends. His head was admirably set on and well proportioned, his forehead high and broad, his eyes pleasing, his mouth certainly perfect. I have never seen one so entirely beautiful--his hair a black brown--his walk and carriage noble--majestic and full of life, and most characteristic. How well I remember my pride and entire satisfaction when I became tall enough to walk arm in arm with him! Truly the child was mother to the woman!! In every way I could I imitated him--his writing, his language--his actions-- his habits, etc. His words of love and approval were "My exceeding great reward." His reproof broke my heart to pieces. He never scolded but hastily utter his disapproval, and the few words and look was enough. Alas! Alas! for me, truly he was God to me on earth. But he looked to his God with a piety I have never seen matched for its beauty and sincerity. Yes, he was pure, honest, and honorable, jumble before his God as a little child! Though he was called, by those who were not capable of judging, a proud man!--n' imported--I know God loved and honored him, and those who knew and had tried him did the same. This is an inadequate testimony of one of the best of fathers and of men.

My mother was an honorable, intelligent, sagacious woman, one "who looked well to the ways of her household and eat not the bread of idleness". A most faithful wife, and a devoted mother, and excellent friend and neighbor and faithful to her God, acknowledging His hand in all things. Her mind was strong and healthy, that health which a temperate nature can alone give or acquire. She was unpolitical ad matter of fact, but yet not devoid of a high appreciation of the grand and beautiful, but they were things apart from her life. Her temper was quick, but most entirely forgiving--an honest woman in every sense of the word. In appearance she was a pretty lady like women of gentle and attaching manners, unpretending, unassuming and unostentatious both in dress and deportment. She seemed a most suitable match for my father and yet they were not similar, nor I think congenial. But he thought a great deal of her and she ever lay close to his heart. He always began his letters to her "My Dearest Good"----this most original address explains his estimation of her. I always thought she ought to have adored him! had I had such a man! but I am an intemperate being! Why did not my mother confer on me her phlegmatic constitution? Why, my father forestalled her, I suppose, for I was his daughter in everything. Oh! What heavy taxes I have paid for his temperament, and then again, what exquisite enjoyment, what untold bliss but Oh! the taxes! the Taxes!

I have two sisters and one brother. This brother was next to me in age--his game was mine and we loved each other with a love not often seen in children and in maturer years he was one of my beau-ideals of manhood! and I--there is no vanity in truth--was his of womanhood. Yes, 'Twas so. I had hold of his heart, yes, and I colored his imagination also and he had a marvelous influence over me. There have been three men--perhaps four--

who were to me a lawgiver I never dreamed of dissenting from whom I gloried to obey, not in the sense that word is usually received in, but one peculiar to myself, a delight, a charm, a holy feeling, a living feeling to do as they desired or requested. He was one-and my father another of these! And all these men have treated me as--yes--as a Queen! And verily in spirit I bowed the knee to them as King of my territory! Oh! How beautiful, how heavenly, how glorious and such feelings, such sentiments! Not put on as company manners, but the very chart of life! Oh! Well may I fell the need of such feelings if they are hidden for a time. Well may my soul pine in solitude, and well may she be pardoned if she seeks to fill that chasm that in other days bore the charm of life even to a fullness. Let none sit as judge unless they have been placed as I have been and felt as I have felt and done as I have done, etc. Then I will listen to their to their decision for I know what it will be! I am a peculiar being, even to myself I feel at times strange, that is, I cannot define the mysteries of my own nature--tis a complex web, and often do i echo the words of Byron Cain, "Oh! that an angel would come and tell me the mysteries of my being!" I have ever felt I was indeed a stranger and pilgrim on the earth. Life on earth is indeed a probationary mystery When and where will it be solved!

My mother taught all of her children the rudiments of education. Good manners she especially insisted on to each other and to allow whom we associated with. She enjoined "honor to whom honor due." She was humble herself and enforced it or rather cultivated it in her children. She was very industrious and made her children the same. She conversed a great deal with us, and talked much general information into us. It is marvelous how much children will acquire by this mode. It makes them less pedantic and breaks up the fallow ground of the heart and mind giving them a readiness to acquire knowledge and makes the heart and brain fertile. When we were about 8, 10, and 11, my mother took us to visit a lady some distance off who knew my parents but had never sen their children, and after observing us, and talking with us, sometime, my mother alluded in some way to "the children", but she exclaimed, "Children! Why Mrs. Tapfield, they are women." Certainly my mother was highly gifted in educating the young, and all loved and feared her, and entirely respected her. It was her delight to take young girls as her servants and teach them, and to them also she was a friend and mother as well as mistress. I had little instruction except from her, one or two years would cover all my school days, and after I was twelve years old I ceased all pupilage except that I then became my own preceptress, have continued to be so, and am so still "as it was int eh beginning, is now, and ever shall be, worlds without end, Amen." Dear Old Church of England! It sound good!! and is most apropos as I have applied it. When my daily work was done, I would put all away and get to my books and so school myself. My father had always been in the habit of filling up leisure moments by writing his own thoughts or extracts, and he was my most admired prototype. What he did, i attempted to imitate, and so I wrote a great deal either my own thoughts or extracts. At twelve years of age I wrote a poetical letter to my sister which seemed to perfectly astonish and charm my father. This of course gave an impetus to the em byro gift of poesy, and while he lived, the idea that he would be pleased, and he approve, was all I asked as my reward.

I can hardly tell why, but I can discover no great happiness in my childish days. My soul then, as ever since, was rarely filled, and i be the tearing of a new frock and the fear of punishment if it was discovered, for I was bound to have a romp when the spirit of romping was upon me, and five foot fence of hedge or ditch were no barriers to me. And yet withal what a coward I was! What a slave to fear! what a dread of punishment! i have felt my blood almost curdle at it's approach and though my mother believed in flogging, I rarely passed that ordeal, though often in dread of it, for she had told me since, my corpse like countenance would often suspend her hand when she had fully decided to do it, but the fright had the desired effect and made my worry how I again put myself in such

circumstances. But about twelve years old i became sedate and serious, these by the by, had ever been largely mixed in my composition--yes--I was a deep thinking child. We used to attend church strictly and I have paid great attention to our clergymen, a Mr. Blake, a highly born and highly educated man with a fine-toned musical voice. he was what was termed "high church" and was a practical plain preacher. This man called out my soul and I would listen to his sermons with the most rapt attention, and with a healthful pleasure. But when I was about 13 he gave up the Curacy and an evangelical or "low church" man succeeded him. I had been in ill health for some time which probably was the cause of my mind becoming so diseased under the preaching and teaching of this man. I listened as I had been want to do to Mr. Blake with all the intensity and devotion of my nature, but Oh! what a change! The doctrine was so different! Hell and its concomitants were the pictures that he drew! I was shaken, agonized and confounded! I feared I might be one of those lost proscribed beings! I pondered, meditated, tried to throw it off, yet dared not tell anyone my feelings--frightened to death that my mother should discover my wretchedness. Oh! what I suffered, how I prayed, tho' I did not know much how to pray beyond the set prayer i had been taught. But these did not seem to suit my particular case. I searched in a large book on the bookcase "The Whole Duty of Man" and "The Week's Preparation" for the sacrament. In some of the prayers I found some that I thought might suit me, especially one " To be used by one under distress of mind." Oh! how many times I offered up that and others! and then attempted something extempore! Oh! My heart weeps over that crushed and broken-hearted girl! Did the Lord hear her? It appeared not. Often would I arise in the night and kneeling by my bed entreat the Lord.

At last one day I was called to see a child I know who was dying. This filled my cup. I could bear no more. I, too, was taken ill and i heard my mother tell persons I had been made ill by seeing Richard Shipp dying! But Oh! no, that only bro't my over-wrought feelings to a crisis. Oh! how I longed to tell her all my sufferings, to unburden my soul to her! But it seemed they were shut down as with an iron door! At last one day when i was a little better and we were talking, I tried to lead off into the train of my sufferings and I succeeded so far as to let her see I had something on my mind. She arose and put her arms around me, and this act of affection, not often displayed in her, broke up the deep fountains of my long sealed up heart, and the rushing forth of my feelings and tears was like a cataract, astonishing even to myself and most fearful in one so young. Never shall I forget my mother. She seemed paralyzed, and knew not what to say. I spoke of my unworthiness, of my skepticism and my consequence wretchedness awakened by Mr. Williams's preaching. Bit it was hurried and broken ad tenacity to hold back all I could, I felt, I dared, not, could not, must not speak and tell her all that was in my heart. The only words I remember her saying were that if the Lord had afflicted me, it must be for some fault of her or my father, for she considered me without a fault. She said I had ever been her most obedient child, and that I should no more go to hear Mr. Williams preach, that I was weak and ill in health and that was the cause of my mental suffering, etc. she spoke to Mr. Blake of the state of my mind and he called to see me and talked with me, for i was an especial favorite with him. After he reached home he wrote to me a kind and noble letter which I still keep, and I answered it highly pleased with it, and He showed it to me 20 years after as a specimen of the mind and heart of his youthful parishioner of whom he said he ever felt proud--yes, more, to love! (*Yes, loved! Had this man known the principles of our church he would have taught me with eagerness and delight, and had he obtained me, would richly and highly appreciated me. As it was, I shunned hi except in public but ever retained a desire for his approval, which God knows I ever had.)

Well, all this made a break in my feelings but certainly did not remove the cloud. Oh! no--it rested upon me for years--long years! and

well I became acquainted with the silent battle and the secret strife with self for I spoke no more of it, tho' about two years after this my father surprised me weeping bitterly one day. All were gone out, and thinking and expecting no interruption, I gave way to the generally sealed up fountain and let it flow freely. My father clasped me in his arms but offered no words. I expect, tho' silent, their eyes and their hearts were often upon me when I tho't none observed me. He went and fetched my sister Margaret to me, and she came and knelt and clasped my knees and said the words girls say to each other in their own loving simple way, and for the time i became composed--more to comfort her than any that becalmed me! No, strange and inexplicable mystery! It seemed nothing could dispel that dark spirit from my pathway. There it was by me, over me, around me forever, in scenes of gayety more crushing than ever. I was born with a joyous spirit, loving play and romp and fun, but ever since I can remember I had pensive, melancholy feelings at times, but at this period it appeared to have absorbed my whole being. No doubt it arose from a highly poetical temperament, which often engenders morbid feelings, especially if there is no outlet. And again, everything tells upon such a soul tenfold. others talk and express their sentiments. I could only feel. At this period I thought and pondered and meditated till it was too much for the young mind ad frame! oh ! how often did I pray! In the dead of night I would arise and kneel by my bed and pray. I weep over that girl even now! Had the lord forgotten her/ Had He no compassion? Then 'twould pass--this pondering moon--and I would be cheerful. But Oh! dreading its return! And so it came and went, not for weeks ad months--no, for years! I passed thru' courtship, marriage, maternity before i was eighteen and a few months! Yet through all these changing scenes there was the same dark brooding spirit over me thruy'all! My very soul seemed steeped "in the waters of Mara! And yet how I struggled t shake it off, to be free from it, and to attain that happiness for which my spirit panted and which was alone my native element. That period of my life looks like a dark valley of the shadow of death to me. Yes, at the portion of life generally described by all as so bright and joyous, I was crossing Erebus! But I anticipate-----

My family had long been very intimate with some friends living about a mile from us. They exchanged visits about once or twice a year, with a few calls now and then, but there was ever an excellent feeling between them. The gentleman was a widower and had a son and daughter much older than me and my sisters ad brother, but being well brought up and certainly intelligent. Thanks to our king and watchful mother, we were invited occasionally to visit the daughter, who became very fond of us. And once or twice her brother would steal up and take a peep at us when the door was opened, he being about 14 and we little girls sitting on a low ottoman taking and singing to amuse our young hostess who was just returned from boarding school and had become installed as her father's personage! Second only to my mother! Well do I remember her appearance at that time. She was rather short and inclined to embonpoint, with large features, yet certainly altogether pleasing and uncommon in appearance. her eyes were fine and she possessed a beautiful hand, finely formed and very delicate, her foot being in accordance as is generally the case. I remember, too, she had a profusion of dark brown hair masses of it, it being rather course, but for all that she always wore false front hair!!! and often a cap, and sometimes she would take one of her father's orange colored silk pocket handkerchiefs and fillet it around her head like a turban and truly, it became her exceedingly. Yes, she was certainly originally pretty! This is rather a peculiar definition, but it suite me, and conveys to myself a real meaning. She rode horseback and had a pretty pony, a beautiful habit, whip, and hat, and when mounted, for she rode well, she was a person of no mean attraction! I tho't then how much she possessed. As I grew up I slightly envied her, not a mean envy, but how nice to possess all she possessed, etc. But now I know, sad and dark was that girl's life! She had lost her mother as a little child and save one being, who acted as

nurse and general assistant on all special occasions, whether in sickness or sorrow or rejoicing and gladness and who had grown into her confidence--because, poor girl, she had no one after her own heart to confide in--save this being, she was alone in the world. And her nature was timid, almost servile, very reserved and proud, morbid and sickly. yet there was material in it, but there was a selfish tenacity in it, that shut off communion, and a reserve that chilled and distanced those that otherwise would have delighted to be her friends. She was one of those beings you cannot define with any satisfaction, for tho' you feel all the time there is fault to be found, yes great fault, yet sympathy continually rushes in and covers up--covers up what observation and demonstration are also continually proving. And so friends bear up such beings and help them and shield them ad pardon, and often bear the blame they themselves would carry! She married foolishly--lived to bear five children, ad but for her father would have died in poverty at the age of 31. This was my sister-in-law. Her brother "the boy of whom I spoke", grew up to be a man, ad we grew to be great girls. It seemed he admired my eldest sister and paid her some attention-she being then 16, I 13. She was a small petite figure and very beautiful in appearance and certainly very attractive. I was tall of my age and was--as I was!! I really can form no idea of what sort of being I exhibited! This I know, I was only a large sized embryo! My soul slumbered much and when it did wake for a few moments, none knew it but myself. Yet I think t left a few external traces. I think it made some sign! This I know, my father loved me, and his love was "my exceeding rich reward" in those days! And my brother loved me, and I tho't he was proud of me sometimes, and this was all the love and coquetry I knew! Well, to return to the young man's penchant--at least after suppose "halting between two opinions" for some little time, it was decidedly seen that I was the one that had "fixed" him--as the needle turns to the pole. I confess I felt somewhat pleased for my heart was "fancy free" and he had many embellishments around him, had spent some years at a first rate boarding school conducted by a Church of England Clergyman, was au fait in manners, danced well, rode admirably--and the finest and best of horses--which was a charm in my girlish eyes (and is now whenever I see a fine horseman) and was withall a highly moral character, and an only son!! And above all, loved me to a perfect passion. This acquaintance opened a new phase of life to the village girl. It threw an importance and consequence around her that was new indeed to her, and was another charm. She became "the chief among 10,000 the altogether lovely" to him! She was "the ocean to the river of his thoughts"--- most flattering to a girlish mind. Yet often did I tremble at the feelings I had inspired because i t seemed I could not reciprocate them. Yet I thot I loved him!

When I was 14 the consent of parents was asked. My father gave his with reluctance, tho he could find no fault, yet no doubt, with his knowledge of character, and of his, and mine in particular, perhaps he sensed there was not congeniality--but he gave it. My mother highly approved of it. She was pleased with his moral worth and it was an "excellent match" in a worldly point of view. And tho she was not worldly minded altogether, she had a provident spirit, and her daughter would have no fortune when she married, except the material of heart and brain which was in them, and now looking back on those girls I feel truly they were not poor! But someone says "there are but three things wanting in this vale of tears; the first is money! the second is Money!! and the third is Money!!! and in that we were not rich, I had not been educated at boarding school as he had, and which gives a prestige in the eye of the world, but i had been judiciously trained. The rudiments of learning had been committed to me. God had given me abilities, and I did not let them rust. He had had much money spent on him, but he had no taste for learning or knowledge and hence he left school with the letter of introduction that he had spent so many years there and finished his education with a clergyman!! was an only son, and his father wealthy, kept the best society into which, of course, he was introduced, could "dot he polite" to his father's guests, joined the hounds

once a week mounted on the best horse in the field which could throw the dirt in the face of anyone he felt disposed so to allow him to do. Hence, of course, young Tom King was "a jolly good fellow" and when such evenings would close with one of his father's most sumptuous dinners and the best of port and sherry in the neighborhood equal to any nobleman--why no wonder he made unto himself a name!! He was liberal as his father was and the motto of their house was assuredly HOSPITALITY. Yes, in the best and noblest sense of the word--for the poorman was ever fed there, as well as the rich at all times--.

And far and near was known the ale
That filled the glass of Dernford Dale!
Accompanied by the English Roast
Of which the English love to boast.
And every other dainty cheer
That to the epicure id dear.

Truly 'twas a bright specimen of a fine old English farm house! And the master, the originator of the whole clique--animate and inanimate that surrounded him and formed an orbit in which verily he was the center! This man was decidedly a character. To my girlish mind he was the most formidable personage I had ever come in contact with. I trembled before him, and yet (after I was married) to win his look of approval was my constant aim. And verily it became an attainment, tho i had many obstacles to surmount and many jealous spirits to encounter, but I tried to win him with all my heart and soul and strength, and I conquered. Yes, the strong man became as clay in the hands of the girl. Did she boast? Did she use her power unwisely? She honored him and loved him and with her woman's heart she bowed before him at all times, even when it was necessary in self defence to assume the high look and the proud tone which he loved to awake in me that he might have the pleasure of seeing the fountain sparkle and bubble up. But I have before traced this being and I will here transcribe it. What a strange inexplicable family they were! Oh! that I could comprehend such mysteries!

From my paper picture gallery
Character sketch of my Father-in-law penned about 1849

Let me recall one long gathered to his rest who child and girlhood. To be loved and appreciated by him was the height of my girlish ambition. But "an enemy sewed tares among the wheat" of his kindly feelings and so often turned them from me. But God had made me nature's child, and he had judgment and discernment and ---

`Tho he lifted the pall
Form my faults and my failings
He loved me withall
and I asked no more and it was granted!

Now let me endeavor to give a palpable embodiment of him as one of my specials! Figure rather tall, broad and muscular, chest board, deep and expensive, limbs powerful. Power seemed the word daquerrotyped upon phrenology and physiognomy to be sciences! He lost much of his hair before he was 25-- it was dark brown, whiskers and beard inclined to red. His forehead rather low but broad, his eyes blue, features large, nose large and the nostrils considerably expanded showing by the distension the most reckless generosity of that generous character. Mouth and lips large and full, remarkably so, teeth large and rather projection, the chin uniform with the rest of the features. The beauty and attraction of this face lay entirely in the expression which was singularly good. The general expression of the eyes calm, gentle and meditative, but they were capable

of the most complex expression, from the most happy and playful to the most sad and melancholy, the most peaceful and benevolent to the most concentrated rage, from the most attractive to the most repulsive, from the most lovable to the most hateful, form the most easy to the most despotic.

But not to extend comparisons that we might carry out through all extremes, suffice they expressed the most complicated by nature! ! And this, no doubt, accounted for the dark clouds that sometimes obscured it; yet withal 'twas a face all liked--perhaps loved! Certainly his enemies were at peace with him. His manners were bland, Affable, hospitable and fascinating. In fact, when in a happy mood, irresistible. I shall ever remember his loving, encouraging gentle look when he approved, but Oh! the reverse! How I shrank, recoiled, wept when he was displeased. And there arose that dark, severe and crushing look as if he would annihilate me with a glance! But time taught us a better lesson, i.e. to know each other better and I--even I--girl as I was, at last bound that strong man with the cords of love. I could rule him by the laws of kindness. I subdued that mighty headstrong, passionate spirit so that to me he was ever kind and gentle. And how my heart proudly swelled when I heard from his lips the one or two words of praise because his judgment was clear, therefore, I prized his approval, and I rose in my own estimation and felt grateful and obedient to him, and gloried that I had "stooped to conquer".

How well do I remember the half serious, half playful manner with which he would say something which he knew would "spring the mine"--for I was not so afraid of him as formerly--and I dared to speak the reproof that I felt--when I should catch that sly;, impish yet dear playful look that said plainly how I revel in the eruption of that puny volcano! And again all would be peace and a double portion of kindness would reward me for this mimic strife! Yet he was one of those beings so surrounded by adamant chains of guardedness and collectedness that no one could ever use an undue freedom with him--generous in the most extended sense of the word causing him sometimes to forget justice--a heart that could not resist a tale of woe without palpable demonstration of sympathy, and women and children were irresistible objects--yes, I have seen that lion nature, that passionate towering nature, that "strong man" softened--that the eyes would swim in liquid feeling, and that voice lose a tone, and then the heart would prompt the ready hand and then something would be done, if possible! Oh! What a soul was there if training and cultivation had been exercised in early life. Alas! He was a posthumous son, and motherless as a babe--does this not speak volumes in extenuation for his faults? I believe so There was a callous nature cast upon grandparents of the olden time, and they loved him and left him to grow and vegetate like any other animal or vegetable, and he grew nature's wild untamed, untutored son. But in such a case and such a nature do not the virtues, like the vices, strengthen? And his soul retained a softness, a tenderness, that was most touching and that awoke the hearts around him to sympathize in his trials. And he was tried--yes--bereavements, disappointments, sicknesses were freely mingled in his cup of life. Religion, as defined by the word, was not shown forth in him, but it was a theme on which he was silent and respectful, and in scenes of sickness and death there was apparent in him that mute, passive, enduring submission that said 'tis right, 'tis good that I should suffer. And calmly did he endure all that the Great Father saw fit to inflict upon hi.

Never shall I forget one of those scenes, when he believed he was standing in the shadow of death--which often threatened him but still delayed to strike! How he kissed and blessed me, and committed the orphans to my consideration. (These "orphans" were his daughter's children who, when she died, would have known poverty but for him. He loved them to be with me, and said whenever they visited me for a few weeks he could see a marked improvement in them. Two of them we partially brought up in our own home.)

How kind and manly were his words, how I felt to venerate him, and his warm parental kiss was the seal of the compact! Has he witnessed the fulfillment as far as in me lay? I believe so!

My tars are falling fast tho nearly 20 years have passed since this

scene, and his body has lain in the grave a great part of that time, but "the dead are living still" and stand in array around us, almost palpably at times! Yes! may he not this very moment be bending over me, and watching the traces of my pen! Plainly I see the expression I know he would wear if so. and the smile--and the the inward hysterical sob I have so often heard before--and the drawing in of the nostrils, and the working of the mouth, all denoting strong internal emotion when tender feelings ran over in that heart. I have anticipated--I gave my heart the reins and it brot me to the never-to-be forgotten scene--His temper was passionate beyond all control at times, yet have I seen a mighty burst of anger quelled by as might an effort, ad in the briefest space he would turn around with that bland expression which was the only one natural to his countenance, the hand would be extended and I've marveled at he completion of the mighty effort--yes--and it was surely gone, too, from his heart, for the visage could not so dissemble. He possessed great self control and concentration when he chose to exercise them, ad to those who had prudence and discretion to handle his nature aright and were king and sincere, he was easy of access and capable of any impression they desired to stamp upon him. To those he had tested and knew they were worthy he gave himself and all he possessed into their keeping. He was one of Nature's Gentlemen, and society had assisted in polishing him and few could equal him in doing the honors of his house and table. His guests were ever "at home" and happy, for he laid himself out to make them be so. He was a man of few words--too few-- but an admirable listener and richly capable of appreciation, yet there was a reserve none could penetrate, none take undue freedom with him. 'Twas a soil for friendship. He was beloved by his equals and dependents and ever the poor man's friend in word and deed, and what shall I say more? That he died too soon for us. Had he lived longer I know those to whom his whole heart would have been given, ad who would have satisfied him ambition, and mingling with them he would have become a better and more exalted character, for his grateful nature would have felt there could not be such blessings only from the Great Giver! But this was not to be. No! He was to be cut off in the maturity of manhood after years of preparatory suffering. In a moment the fiat went forth "thou shalt die" and that earthly tabernacle of mighty strength bowed to earth, and the "spirit past to God who gave it" teaching us in language trumpet-tongued that "man is like a thing of naught, his time passeth away as a shadow, and as the flower of the field, so he withereth" ---"Be still, and know that I am God"! This was my father-in-law!

Now for the Son! I have known him ever since I can remember. I have been his friend, his wife, the mother of his children. We have passed thru scenes together; I ever believe I have by nature great insight int character, but up to this time I could not, or rather would not attempt it. To me it is written in cypher, and I have not the key!---And now we are in the Church of God I call it "One of the mysteries of the kingdom". About all the family--that is the three, there was ever a non-come-at-able mystery of the why and wherefore of many of their peculiarities. The most glaring was their want of the law of progression even in temporal things. Eternal things they all appeared to consider tacitly, of course, not for them ! and intertie was the most prominent characteristic. The father was the gem of the trio---Requiescat in Pace"!

It seems I have digressed from the strait account but it is all right. I will now resume it. Our "engagement" was now sanctioned by "the powers that were" and I received two visits a week from my admirer--one on a Sunday and again on Thursday and we rarely saw each other between and so we systemized for a long courtship. My mind was still suffering much from the religious melancholy which I have spoken of, so much so that even love almost palled me! Yet I think now that had I been associating with one I could have been such communion! But no, he never sought such communion, and I felt he could no understand them should I declare them unto him--so we were two in the religion of the soul--and so we have ever remained! Yet

he was a skiing to me as he knew how to be, and got everything for me that could be got to do me good. Had I asked for the moon I believe he would have made an attempt to get it!!! If looking at it and desiring it could have caused possession! But I never had a desire that way!! I never thot of telling him my sorrows or my feelings! How strange! and he my lover! Could I have done so I should have been saved years of suffering and agony and been bound to him by eternal ties! But I expect it was not to be so, for then I should have been got the training. The queenly training, which I have done. I had got to learn to stand alone, to govern and train myself and others alone! To work out my salvation Alone, to bear, to suffer, to endure, to fight, to conquer, All Alone! And he was an agent to bring about all this, a mere instrument in the hand of God to place me where God meant me to be--it's all right.

At 16 I went with my mother to visit my aunt and uncle Gookson at Bexley in Kent. They lived in good style and their circle was tonish! My Aunt was invited to a large dinner party in Duke St. London on our return home, and she took me with her. There a gentleman, a Mr. Melrose, fell in love with me and devoted himself to me with a "gentle, dumb expression" all the time. He wang finely and every song he sang applied to me as far as the language of the eyes could carry the compliments. One song was Oh! My Love's Like the Red, Red, Rose, etc. His manner was so pointed it would have been affectation not to have understood it. But I was annoyed by his marked preference, and yet amused at it. He sat by me at dinner, challenged me to take wine with him and other politesse so foreign to the secluded life I had been brot up in that my cheeks felt every moment indeed like "the red, red rose". Since then I have believed this was a part of my fascination, for he was, I should think, 15 years my senior, and being a member of Drury Lane Theater was, no doubt, fully acquainted with full blown life--to which I was a novice indeed. A short time before we left he asked me if I would not like to live in London rather than the country, if he should not have power to tempt me to do so? I answered very energetically, "Oh! no. I would not leave the country and my friends in the country for anything in London could offer me!" I meant by this to shut him up and let him know I had dear friends in the country. After this I do not remember that he spoke to me again, but he never took his eyes off me! And the fascination of them so troubled me that I whispered my aunt if she was not going home soon as it was very late and we were going to leave town early in the morning. She assented instantly and we arose and bid good night. He was a fine, tall, noble looking man, tho his face was not handsome, but had a benevolent expression. I expect few women but would have felt highly complimented to have received such lavish attentions and such evident admiration pared for such a shower of pearls! Oh! what an infant I was then in the ways of the world!--and I'm not much more now!--

After my aunt and I left the room, Mr. Elmore told us, he (Mr. Melrose) requested the gentlemen to fill their glasses and he gave me as the toast I the most glowing and complimentary language!--Well, we are strange beings, verily! This man's attentions were annoying to me! I had not even appreciation enough then to admire him"! Yet the after vein of them ad him awakened my mind, or rather they turned over another phase of existence to me I had not then dreamed of ! The splendid dining room and table set out in the first style, its dinner of three courses served in the most exquisite order, the well dressed and highly educated company, the politeness yet kindness of the host and hostess to me as my Aunt's protegee--this man towering above them all like Saul among the Prophets! pleasing everyone, courted by everyone, yet he, the polite and kind to all courting none but the village girl of 15 or 16!--was enough to make an impression. I should have been a dolt had it not done so, yet it had not he slightest fascination for me! No, I left that house with gladness, but reflection appeared to hold up a mirror to my mind and heart. Thru it I saw the picture of a cultivated man. How pointed yet how delicate his attentions, his abilities so unostentatious yet so agreeable! Yet he had not excited

in me one particle of love or even admiration! And I rejoiced when the door shut me out from his presence. Yet that brief visit told me thru the sad mirror that I was going to be paired but not matched. I became afraid of my prospects--not temporarily but spiritually and intellectually! It so awakened my mind that I knew I was going to sacrifice my ideal, that is, the beauty of my soul! Yet I knew that Mr. King was a pure man morally. I knew he loved me intensely. I knew he could give me the comforts of life in a comfortable home, and a prospect of an increase. Being an only son, the home he could offer me would be agreeable to my taste, being a lover of nature and rural life, but above all his kindness and devotion to me were things that I laid on my heart. I hated the circumstances that had opened my eyes, opened never again to be shut, because opened to truth! Certainly I was not in the least in love with Mr. Melrose. Mr. King had all the love he had had the power to call forth. I did not dream then how deep the mind was! I loved no other man but my father and my brother! But my eyes were simply opened. How many a battle I fought with myself! I tried to feel as I had done but the child was gone forever! The girl with all the craving--pure sympathies cause every day my mind and character were growing and forming and I had only a standing pool to quench my thirst at! His embrace would almost become endurable! Yet how I struggled against the repulsive feeling! For I felt I was ungrateful and I wept and prayed in secret to be kept faithful to him, and at last I decided that come what might I would fulfil my engagement with him. Often had I been on the point of telling him the state of my feelings, but honor prevailed, and in a year more we were married! An I truly admire the girl whatever I think of the woman!--But Oh! My soul has never been filled by him to whom the Church of England consigned me "till death do us part". And hence instead of the giving up of myself to him who now was my husband there has been more or less a shrinking g, a holding back, a reputation. And often has my heart appealed in its silent language. Oh! Father! How long shall I endure this approximation! Yet the Lord helped me and blessed me and I made a happy home! He was still my friend and I was his most assuredly actual, the earthly. God, my infant children, my garden, the fields, the trees, the flowers, the murmuring brook, all nature, were an embodiment of the ideal, the heavenly! and between these I "lived and moved and had my being!" And worked out my heaven and tasted peace and joy and happiness with, of course, their antipodes!

My first child, a son, was still born. I had a most severe and cruel labor and after leaving nature to work till my strength began to decline, my accoucheur pronounced it impossible to save both lives, ad my splendid child (for it was a remarkable fine one) was sacrificed! to save me! He wears a martyr's crown from his mother's sake! This threw me under a cloud for a long rime, for to my sensitive nature it appeared an awful thing and my mind had by no means thrown off the dark incubus of diseased religious feeling I had lived under from the early age of 13! But I struggled and fought the silent battle day by day alone--alone--and at last I partially conquered, tho for many years it would return ad return and make the very spring of life too stagnate as it were, and my future appear like a blank.

My next child was a girl, which after much suffering was born a living child, but it required all the skill and attention of my kind attendants to keep my life from sinking under the sever suffering and its consequent dangers which were even more appalling than the labor. The doctor told me afterwards there was one period when he would not have given a farthing for my life! A person was set to watch my countenance that I might not dose even for a moment, for he said nature was so exhausted I should never awake again. I was sprinkled continually with cold water, which of course caused a gasp, and the effort helped to resusiatate nature. How kind were all around me. Had I been an angel I could not have appeared more precious! And the doctor! Kind old man! He had been the instrument in the hands of God of saving my life the first time. How I remember his look, as tho he would look me into life as he felt my pulse,

or rather the pulse he could hardly feel. He was 75 when he attended me the first time, and I ever looked upon him as I did not on any other, but I was not to die, but live to pass thru strange scenes! The ultimatum of which eternity alone can tell. This child was called Margaret and died at 14 months. My next accouchement brought the same struggle for life, but mother and child lived. She was a splendid infant and was called Charlotte. She died at 4 months in all her beauty, of an affection of the brain. Sad, sad was the desolation of my heart at her loss. It seemed torture to give me children and take them thus. I was double alone. But one may sip poisoning till it becomes a king of nutriment and cannot kill!

In time a blessing was sent to me in the birth of one of the most angelic infants, a girl we named Georgiana. She was as all my children were, remarkable well formed--indeed I might say, a model of beauty. Her features were angelic as also the expression, her skin fair and her temperament peaceful and sweet. Were it not for repetition I would put angelic to every description of her it would be no unmeaning, inflated word but a perfect truth. She grew fast and finely, and I ever looked upon her as a special blessing sent from the Lord for a recompense for all I had endured. How I loved her, how I watched and tended her! An angel could not have asked for more practical devotion. Not one hour's illness clouded her baby life. All was health and peace and beauty, increasing in them day by day throughout that interesting period. As she grew her voice was soft and sweet and gentle and her mind was precocious. I trained her most carefully lest the precious mind should overbalance the beautiful sensitive body. And so she grew till eight years of age when debility and general prostration, with fever intermitting caused my mind and heart to tremble for her precious life! But God blessed our watchful attentions and she was restored to health and beauty, the last of which, by the way, she never lost. Her illness developed only more sweetness and more character. She made good progress in general education and commenced music, the piano being her instrument. She could read well and write also, with a knowledge of tables, geography, etc. at that age. There was inertia in her nature, not indolence, but conscientiousness was fully developed, and with prompting this was got over. Here for the present I will leave her, the delight of her parents and beloved by all.

Since our marriage we had lived at a very retired place, our house standing in the middle of the fields comprising the farm.. It was in the cottage style containing eight rooms. Here with one servant and a boy, with additional help when we needed it, I spent the first seven years of my married life, and made my little home a sweet rose-covered retreat. We had our horse and chaise when we wished to ride out, and every comfort and some luxuries around us. I declared when I first began housekeeping, a girl of seventeen!!, that I would have all the comforts before I sought the luxuries of life and I did so. I am proud of that girl! and the woman likes to praise her where she deserved it.

VOLUME II

Margaret! My last section finished with an account of her. I had to leave her a widow struggling with strained circumstances and five children.

But "The widow and the orphan are the care of God." What is there in His broad creation that he has not cared for? I say I left her, but I did not do so at that time, I brought her home with me and left her baby to be weaned; Poor Baby! Poor Mother! How often I thought of her for long after and felt what trials were before her; but she was a character well adapted to buffet with the world and well has she developed herself.

At this point I will make a few extracts from my daily journal which I have kept more or less from 14-1842.

I am going to have a new servant! This is ever a great trial to me,

for I dislike change of any sort. Blessed Lord! send down a Blessing on us in our relative positions and give us a right spirit toward each other, bless us as a family and as a household, whether sleeping or waking, working or in repose, talking or listening! I whatever we do let thy spirit rest upon us, be about our path and about our bed and spy out all our way. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in us and lead us in the way of everlasting---

October 4th. My Dear Georgiana's birthday, she is twelve years of age, a good and amiable child and has hitherto been a comfort to me. May the Blessing of the Almighty rest upon her. May He make her His child, His Faithful soldier and servant to her life's end, and at last receive her glory.

How apt a parent is to pore into the Gulph of futurity, to endeavor to portray to the mind's eye, "The weal and woe of the child beloved!" But an all wise Providence has drawn a close veil over it and it is best, for we should be either too elated with the prospect of prosperity or shrink in despair were the picture strength be. If we seek for strength where alone it can be found in "The everlasting arms." Oh, God! Make us strong in thy strength and perfect in the perfection.

October 14th. Thanks be to God! for his bountiful hand is over nor ca it take away. Bless the Lord for my dear children. The promise all I wish. I have suffered pangs which few women have passed thru, "indeed the pangs of Hell," but they procured for me my now greatest treasure. How often I echo Cornelius' words, "These are my Jewels." Let them be a lesson that though the trial may be bitter the fruit shall be all I desire! Lord! I am unworthy of the beauty of all thy goodness unto me! Yet parxdon it in consideration, that I desire to be grateful and worthy of thy eternal watch care.

November 6th. I have been a good deal tired lately and my prospects begin to cloud! My dear Mother is suffering with a tumor in the face and I almost fear to contemplate the result! Our family, particularly my father and mother, have been very particularly favored never having had much illness or scarcely any real trouble. They have really been exempt from the common lot of humanity, they, and we, therefore, feel the trial perhaps the more; but shall we receive good and not evil from the bounteous Giver, who doth not-but for wise ad good ends, willingly afflict the children of men. Oh! God of Mercy, support her in her affliction and grant that her last days, come when they may, may be brightened by the sum of her love and that her last hours may be sunshine and peace! And let us remember that our last days must come also, and may we enabled to set our inward house in order!

Dream, December 24, 1842: Awoke this morning at five o'clock dreaming I saw the Judgement day. I thot I was engaged in laying out a garden. Then in company with some friends, talking, laughing, etc., all of a sudden I was in an upper room unfurnished with only my mother and children. The clouds became black and tempestuous and I saw a flame of fire issue from them, an increase until the elements were in a fierce blaze; I felt with the intuition for dreams, that the Judgement day had arrived: I went to a large open window and looked and instead of earth it appeared a foaming, trouble sea! I felt there was not time to be lost. I returned and embracing my children, thinking I would bid them goodbye and then die praying. I was in the act of putting my arms around Georgia and had got out goodbye when I awoke! Yet tho so awful a scene I did not feel oppressed by fear, though my limbs ached terribly. What can it mean?

This moment has the clock struck twelve! Farewell to 1842 forever! I has passed with all it's joys and sorrows into eternity! It is gone, never to return! How have I spent it? Much to condemn, yet I have tried

to grow in grace--to improve--Lord help me--and bless me, even me also, also Oh! My Father! Oh! holy and devinest spirit of the Father sanctify me--guide, govern, and influence me in thought, word and action and keep me thine!

January 1, 1843. This day I went to church twice and heard two very impressive sermons, etc. May we become wise unto salvation, that we may follow those things that make for everlasting peace, that the past years of our lives may suffice for vanity, and we may begin this new year with new resolutions of serving our God more faithfully. May I "Glorify thee in the day of tribulation, and have joy and peace in believing--"

January 27, 1842. Miss Fox came to live with us as governess of our children. She appears a good girl, and I sincerely trust it will be for the good of all. Oh! Lord! bless us in all we do. Bless us as a family, "Present us in all our doings with thy most gracious favor."

Dear Georgy is again suffering with pustule inflammation of the eye. She has been a great sufferer in this way for two or three years. Oh! Gracious Father preserve her precious sight! She is a dear patient child and I believe she is born for some particular destiny! She has ever been a woman in mind, and a great comfort to her parents and friends. I ever felt that she was sent as a blessing to me; for the loss of my first children, for as an infant she was calm and peaceful as an angel and ever looked as though her spirit communed with superior intelligences--full of an inner life that made its beautiful influence felt all around. I say here that all my children had more or less of this singular beautiful influence--this power of infantile heavenliness that made us feel when death called them from us--we had lost an angel from the circle--I have seldom seen this influence in the same extent in other babies or am I really so partial that I fancy that it existed only in my own? No, it is not so--but I know it is an uncommon fact though I will not say irregular. One reason may be that my infants were watched and tended with peculiar care, they were the royalty of the household, and had the first attention, yet I never spoilt my children, they were indulged but not "spoilt", --and another reason may be, I kept a watchful care over myself and I would ever arrange my household work that the last two months or six weeks I would so far give myself a holiday that I would do only such things as were agreeable to me, and gave me pleasing impressions. And tho I still continued to perform many of my daily domestic duties, I kept my house and mind in that frame as we do when we wait for pleasant company, that we have confidence in, and know that they will come and not disappoint us. And the last one or two weeks the house would be kept scrupulously clean, and my bedroom! I can see it now, a calm of beautiful influence steals over me even as I write the influence of those days. There stood my noble bed with its flowing curtains and its milk white coverlid, and its beautifully carved pillars or posts, each are proper--the room carpeted all over. The toilet chaste and useful, the swinging glass with its toilet bottles of "balm of a thousand flowers." There stood my carpeted bed steps and commode--in the recess by the fireplace stood my writing table--ever prepared and my lounging chair beside it, books were on the table--my pocket gems! a large mahogany wardrobe filled one side, with chairs each side of it, close by was the wash hand stand with its every appendage--and last but not least at that time was the baby basket, all things in it for the reception of the visitor! piles of new flannel and delicate white everything. In the center was the graceful pin cushion, and over all was the muslin and lace cover as if the contents were too sacred for a too sudden gaze! Heighho! Do I recall those days with regret? Verily no--for before I could find freedom and rest I had to go through an ordeal that was like that of martyrdom to me--well has that beautiful and graphic writer Lamaratine called it "tho Martyrdom of Maternity." I have been digressing--but no matter, it's all in "the Bill"--I will return again to my journal.

She (Georgy) possesses a humble, teachable spirit and as the accoucheur announced her at the moment of her birth "a little lady" so she truly is--I never did not ever will ask for the grandeur or the greatness of this world for my children, health, strength and all grace, I covet for them! Lord I would once again record it--Grant that they may be thy children, this I covet more than riches, and grant that the union that subsists between us now may extend to a bright and far better existence.--I record this July 28, 1843.

February 28th. Went to dine at Gogmagog by invitation from my father and mother to meet once again after nine months separation. My brother and his wife received us tolerable kindly. My brother came to help me out of the chaise, and as I gave myself into his arms I felt how cruel had been the separation and how sweet again to be reunited, and I said, "It's an age since I saw you, Sam!" He said cheerfully, "It is better late than never." And all was told between us--the heart needs few words when it speaks to a twin heart! I then went in and was introduced to her--she who made the breach! Well, my father and mother presided and a good spirit must prevail where they were, and this visit was to heal and it did--and so all ended well. We are united, never again I trust to be otherwise; it is the first serious breach in our family. God grant it may be the last, indeed we should not have thought of holding against each other in times past--No, not to let the sun go down upon an angry spirit but "one sickly sheep infects the flock?" and when once unity is destroyed how soon every baleful passion follows. But He who knows the heart knows where every grand evil lies, and will, I trust, uproot the evil and substitute the meekness and forbearance of his own great love; may He be our standard in all our actions.

Monday, March 6th. Dined at my brother's!!! after a disunion of ten months. Mr. and Mrs. Shallow of the party--all passed off well--Tuesday, 14th. My brother and his wife and her sister, Helen Scott, with Mr. and Mrs. Shallow dines here, My father and mother of course being of the party, we all were vastly polite to each other and all appeared forgotten so Vive-La-Bagatelle! Mem. to strictly guard myself against all attacks which I know will be made directly or indirectly upon my patience, my feelings are too quick and sensitive. I must endeavor to become more callous or rather, I must bring my religion into action and remember the words of my Savior, "If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn also the left to him," and again, "Forgive not only seven times but until seventy times seven"!! "Vengeance is mine I will repay", saith the Lord!" I do think of all things unity and consistency in families are the most beautiful and desirable. I desire with all my heart to be consistent, for without that we can have little confidence in ourselves or our associates!!!

March 20th. "Our Lord requireth a whole heart or none, and yet He will accept a broken one." I think it is easier to offer a broken heart than a whole one. God almighty! Take my heart, and mould it to thy will! Gracious Lord! to thee I give it, with all it's wealth and all it's secret infirmities. Search out it's inmost recesses, and cleanse it by the bright fountain of thine abundant mercy; cover it with the robe of thy immaculate righteousness, and all will be well, I am secure, "Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee! Memorandum.

I will here place an extract from my journal which I omitted in the proper place by accident. October 4, 1840. My dear Georgiana's birthday--she attains the age of ten years. May the Lord bless her and as she increases in years may she increase in all Grace. Around the dinner table this day were my ever dear and good mother, my husband, Georgiana, Louisa, and Bertha, Thos. Robinson and my nurse Mrs. Salmon, a thought struck me at dinner, Where shall we all be this day ten years! How many of us will again meet at he accustomed board, what will have befallen us?

October 4, 1843. My dear Georgiana's birthday, she enters her teens today! Quite an event in a girl's life; and she is a woman in mind; certainly beyond her years, but not more so than myself at her age; indeed, I don't know that she exhibits precocity in so large a degree as I did, because, though I had been carefully trained, her advantages had been more extended than mine. At twelve years old I could write a good letter and used to correspond with my cousin, William Tappfield, who was eighteen; and was a highly educated young man. Our principle topic, at that time the engrossing subject of George the 4th. I was her staunch advocate and warmly defended her cause! I should think he often smiled at my; childish remarks, but I remember some of the sentiments they contain and I entertain the same opinions now. (Footnote made by Thomas O. King: In ten years my dear Mother was investigating Mormonism.) I would give anything to see those letters now, but he has long been dead and I dare say my mother's letters are in the fire.

I do not think that precocity of intellect adds to the happiness of the possessor, for you are treated as a child, children are your associates, when the mind is despising both, and pining for the sympathy which it rarely attains, because people do not understand such a temperament, and the mind and feelings are constantly thrown back upon themselves which create irritability and the child is often reprov'd and punished for what is its misfortunes at that time. Or if not so, its dangerous gift! But if there has been a prayerful spirit cultivated, there will be a "stronghold" where rest and consolation may be found, and where should I have been had not an unseen hand held me up? How many were the prayers I offered in my twelfth and thirteenth years, indeed 'till my seventeenth year; without any visible answer, and look which way I might, I could not see a bright prospect. How I came to the conclusion that I should never know happiness on earth! But still I would try to do right--was not this heroism. All this was no doubt the mind being overwrought and craving that sympathy and training which it required, yet no one understanding me. Indeed, I sought none, and was terribly afraid that any one should suspect my sufferings. To God alone I applied, and thanks be to Him, He brought me through!! (Here ends the extracts) and after years of mental sensitiveness and suffering, I found rest and peace and much happiness, but my life was so secluded "I didn't live to have the fullness of life!"--"A quiet life which was to life at all" to do such a mind and temperament as mine, I had a life within me, apart from that outer life of daily duties--a hungry, thirsty, soul, and none to help to feed me, so I had to watch for the way, feed on my own vitality. Had a congenial being been my dearest friend and co-mate how often should I have poured sorrows there and been comforted or reprov'd as wisdom might dictate. But it seemed an eternal fist had gone forth--walk alone! or it by chance a beige crossed my path, shedding on my path the slightest beam of congeniality, "too sweet to pass down some other current never more to blend with me"--"My heart beat in my brain"--"My soul was singing at a work apart, behind the wall of sense, as safe from arm as sings the lark when sucked out of site. In Vortices of glory and blue air!"

Left of June 1, 1868. Well I struggled hard to obtain the food and nutriment of my soul, even happiness--and at last I did attain it, that is, enough to be at peace and dare to look forward with a hope!

My children grew around me and rewarded all my toils for their present and future good, with being nearly all I wished them to be. My home was indeed the ark to me--a bliss in the wilderness of the world; and I sometimes thought I desired nothing more. I had lived within myself until I had become a recluse in my feelings; and to roam the fields alone when the daily duties were performed was now all I seemed to crave or anticipate. When the children were old enough for higher studies than I had time or perhaps ability to attend to, we agreed to have a lady in the house as governess, for I had a great objection to boarding school and loved to have

my children about me. After awhile we heard of one who we entered into treaty with; all was settled that could be settled by letter. An interview was all that seemed necessary to ratify it.

One was appointed at an Inn in Cambridge and I went at an hour appointed for the purpose! How well I remember her as she arose from the sofa at my entrance! In a moment I liked her! Her flowing curls of soft brown texture, her honest face, her beautiful teeth, and large violet colored eyes and a head of fine phrenological development, of medium height, and a manner humble but not servile, and showing that "that tide of learning had passed over it, by it's general fertility." I sat down on the sofa beside her and tried not to be embarrassed and said simply in her face, "Where shall we begin?", meaning the conversation. We began, got along well, and ended by the day being named for her arrival at our house. During the days that intervened I felt at times most wretched, fearing that my seclusion or reclusion were now going to be disturbed. I could be no more alone as I had been. This alone had become a disease, however, I remembered it was for my children I made the sacrifice, and I arranged my bedroom with my books, writing tablet, etc. that I might retire where when company became irksome. She came!!!--We sent to fetch her from the train, just before tea and after that social meal, we had music and conversation. "And the evening and the morning were the first day." Viz January 27, 1843! From this moment "a change came over the spirit of my dream"--or rather my dreaming life. I had lived hitherto in two distinct worlds, the actual and the ideal!! The latter giving me all the poetry I experienced in life, feeding my soul, and helping me endure the actual, and not only so but I may say, without vanity, I daily "filled the bill" of domestic duties. Yes, looking back with my now enlarged experience, the WOMAN can judge the girl and also her early womanhood with its wifely and maternal duties. I have opened the court of self examination, summoned the witnesses, and examined the evidences, and feel I do only justice when I pronounce "well done thou good and faithful wife and mother--thy reward is sure!" Some may pretend to be shocked at what they may call vanity and egotism. I do not. "Truth is truth wherever 'tis found, "and I can look up with unquailing eye and heart and say Thou Lord knowest! My life, My heart and brain, my soul and spirit are and were before thee from my early days. Thou art my Father, Tho knowest me altogether and knowest that I have errors and imperfections, but could I have squared my actions by my aspirations I should long ago have attained something like perfection!----- Well the change! Yes, a new epoch commenced from this time. Miss Fox formed for me an ardent attachment and tried to draw me out to her with reciprocal feelings, but I held my own with a great tenacity, feeling that our individual positions would not be congenial to the growth of friendship--Such as our enthusiastic natures would require, it was my place to preside, hers to fill the important one of Governess to my children.

I felt if I gave way, as my feelings prompted me to under affectionate and ever watchful love, Order would probably cease, at least it would be broken, I should be assuaged, and the children would be ignored. So I struggled to retain my position and so oblige her tacitly to retain hers. Yet her love never diminished. It continued to increase, until she earned for herself b application of the scripture, that I had found her love to me "passing the love of women"--a strong and singular lover like devotion was between us, and to me, it was an entirely new feeling, a new phase of life, and made for me, "A sunshine in the shade". But I realized that my course was wise, for I preserved my friend and lost none of the order of my house. I would advise all to ever maintain their own self respect, "it is the keystone of character"; and also their position. By so doing we insure the love and esteem of our household, and our friends.

I believed she hardly understood my code of domestic politics at first, but I believe she did me justice when time showed her they worked

well, and I know that whatever I did was with an eye to the mutual good and happiness of that happy household. This I can say with my hand upon my heart, and looking up to Him who looketh on the heart! What, an anomaly it is that we often look up to Heaven with confidence and without fear, and yet our neighbors and friends decide against us--and perhaps harshly condemn us. How little we are really known, often by our own families and household. If, as Bulwer says "our thoughts are the angelic part of us, our actions the earthly," I may take courage. So months and years glided on and we were ALMOST ONE!

I knew all her secrets--my life was before her, and whatever secrets I had were in that--and hence she could read for herself being a witness of it, but on whatever secret I might have regarding my inner life, I used no language at any time at any time, all was too sacred with me and too real to talk about. She was a blessing to me and in many ways did me good and vice versa.

She was highly educated and accomplished and there were few things she could not do. Our sojourn together might make a pretty romance, for it was singular and unique, a most delightful episode in my life and helped to life me out of Self-somewhat.

Extract made from my Journal at this time: 1845 Saturday 20th. Went with my brother and his wife and Miss Fox to see Byron's full length statue in Trinity Library. It is a splendid work of art, and ought to have been placed in Westminster Abby, but the immaculate (?) head of our Church wouldn't allow it; because he had written "Cain!" Ah! He was too honest and it is true, "'Tis safer far to sin like Lucifer in wily guize, than simply err and tell the wrong you do". The statue is valued at ten thousand guineas, but as a work of art, is allowed to be invaluable. It lay many years in the Custom House, and when the case was opened was found much broken, but one of our first artists had so repaired it, no eye could tell where it had been damaged. The committee, not knowing what to do with it when the Bishop of London, Doctor Bloomfield, refused it a place in the Abbey--presented it to the head of Trinity College, where he was educated, as an appropriate resting place, and consequently there it stands on a plain but exquisite pedestal of parisian marble, pure as a mass of blamange!! in the center of the grand aisle of the Library in bold relief.

The first moment it breaks upon the eye is very fine. The figure is chaste and simple. He appears to have on a dressing gown, or flowing robe and slippers, and has thrown himself a broken column with "Child of Harold" in one hand, and a pencil in the other, the point resting on one side of the chin, the face elevated, as if in the attitude of inspiration, aspiration, or ecstasy. The form of the head with its mass of curls are glorious, the eyes "those windows of soul" are such as I love to look upon. The nose is somewhat heavy, but the mouth did not come up on my ideas of Byron's mouth in which the excessive beauty of his face lay, still the tout ensemble is very beautiful. I thought it breathed, but I might have been mistaken!! Oh! Byron!! Who would sigh for fame? when thy gigantic mind, with its transcendent beauties are so estimated by the nobles of thy country! Out upon their nobility! The nobility of Nature is all I bow to. Out upon the whining cant of the Puritan! The religion of Christ is the religion of the heart, and all I wish to own.

February 4, 1846. I have got back my "Eliza Cook second series", and have bee dipping in, or rather bathing my soul in some of her beauties! What chords, what responsive chords, answer in my heart to her, Dear Eliza Cook! My soul embraces thine with arms of reciprocal love! Oh! that ever the breath of calumny should agitate the blossoms of thy "Spirit of song." Would that I could shield thee, beautiful one! But I will do all I can. At this moment what an Arcadian Paradise my "mind's eye" presents to the soul, but "White Priests" condemn such--what fantasy! Dear Eliza Cook! My

soul's love my heart's inmost cell resounds with the mystical influence thy poetry throws me! Where we to meet would the charm be dissolved? If so--better never meet until we "shuffle off this mortal coil". I know another, too, who must be one of us;" yes, the sister of my soul. She must also join our paradise where not but the pure may enter! Dear Eliza Cook! Is thy faith unsound as some Puritans would fain persuade us? God of Heaven, of love, of humanity, forbid! May He who formed a soul, so purely beautiful, breathe into it the gift of spiritual life.

April 1846. What cannot imagination and idealists not achieve? Under their influence every spot is fairy ground, and we seem transplanted to regions that have not a grain of earth in them; association with it's one thousand whisperings hold up the magic veil, 'til the enchanted soul forgets that it is embodied in a tabernacle of earth! What a goodly hoard of secret, silent, and sweet enjoyment had the susceptible and grateful heart all to itself! I have associations, delightful, but unaccountable ever adding to my happiness. Even the smell of flowers throws around me a richness of feeling not of earth--especially the smell of the sweet pea, the French marigold, the sight of the forget-me-not!! The moaning of the wind--the song of birds, the croaking of frogs at a distance, the word woodland, certain pieces of music, etc. All these speak to me in a language without sound--but more full, more heavenly than any I have yet heard with my outward ear! When so mesmerized "My mind to me a kingdom is--". I can but look up and say "My sup runneth over. " Yes, I have goodly heritage, I have which the bounteous Giver of all good has bestowed upon me, His grateful child!

At this time I enjoyed life in a considerably good degree. I had attained peace of mind, and a satisfaction in my religion. I had been brought up to worship in the Church of England; yet I often felt I belonged to no church on earth. I had a creed of my own, even the creed of my soul. There I was a true worshiper. I felt God was my Father and my Friend' I adored Him and gave him my soul's worship, the worship of my inner life. To Him, I constantly dedicated my children, and daily sought His aid that I might bring them up in His love--and in His admonition, and certainly they were angelic in their spirits and bowed to my control as the flower bends and again rears its head beneath the congenial solar sun!

I was surrounded by a new competence; yet planning, and arranging and economizing for the best, belonged to my nature, and it is certain I made five pounds go farther than many would ten. To study to arrange and organize for the happiness and the good of my household, was my daily, my hourly business. I myself, took a part in every department of the domestic manage; my eye and my hand were in and about all thins. Order was essential to my happiness, consequently I studied to make my children and my servants orderly, and they were so to a degree I have never seen in any other family--though I believe there were many with the same order. But in all this order there was o undue precision. I ever believed in freedom, and my children and my servants were in no bondage, no law was visible, order was palpable therefore they lived above law! This was not attained without a watchful care over myself as well as others. I was the moving agent, the propelling power, and had I not been careful to keep the main spring light, where would have been the beauty of the complex machinery of the household! yes, verily I was in school all the time; and my lessons were often so hard and severe I felt almost like giving up. But God has placed conscientiousness within me, and that strangled the important thought.

I often went into my chamber and shut the door and poured out my soul before my Father, and asked for His help that I might endure the heavy responsibility and be enabled to guide and direct my children aright that I might correct in love, in wisdom, and in dignity; showing by my words and actions that principle was my motto--Oh! How many silent tears I shed.

Perhaps I felt too keenly. If I measure myself but he mass of mothers, I certainly did! But it was so, I felt how awful it would be, how utterly unendurable it would be to me should I see in after life if they did not turn out well, and in such and such a case it was my fault. And hence I struggled, to speak and act that example and precept might go hand in hand and that hereafter my conscience might bless and not curse me. And truly they, my children daily blessed me for I could see they were, like me, struggling to do right and prepare for future usefulness. They were children of good abilities, but retiring and unobtrusive in their nature.

This inheritance they possessed from each side of the house. They were not particularly precocious, neither did I desire to call out their minds beyond the day and hour of life. I do not admire forced human plants. Let a child be a child, not a forward and pedantic nuisance. I have never seen bright agreeable men and women spring from such seedlings, therefore, mine were thinking, observant children and universally beloved by all around them for their gentle, unassuming manners, and yet for their entire readings to perform or display any of their acquirements when called upon to do so. And many a secret triumph has my maternal heart enjoyed when the two oldest girls, so quiet and unpretending had been called upon after some young lady, who some sycophantic friends had been so emetically eulogizing, had displayed her drawings and paintings or needlework or her performance upon the piano forte with--"Oh! Miss King, I think you draw? Do let us see them" or "do lay to us, "--how I quietly enjoyed their surprise when they looked at each other, and I heard, "Oh! beautiful indeed!" "I'd no idea", etc. And when they took their seat at the instrument to perform some of the most difficult pieces of Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and others (their music all being arranged as duets) and then their sweet, charming voices;--Oh! I smiled in my heart to see how they were taken aback and "Dear Me! Who is their master? Why, they must practice four hours a day. They can do nothing else!", etc. When I would say, "they never practice but one hour a day unless for their own pleasure, and they take a part in domestic duties daily!" And their drawings were equally admired and excited astonishment because they had no idea those quiet little girls could do such things! Such is the flummery of the world, and from such nonsense I derived considerable mirth and certainly an entire satisfaction, for I had confidence in them and knew they would not fail when called upon. How often this sort of thing has been my experience through life! But I have ever felt as in such a case as this trifling affair to "Bide my time", knowing I should have my triumphal hour, and them would have a right to it because I had earned it.

Well they grew these children! And they grew in knowledge, and intelligence and in wisdom. Yes, they had much wisdom; they were accomplished and yet domesticated, and at ten years old I gave each a portion of household work to be her own peculiar duty--no other person was to ever do it unless she were ill-or out visiting--which was a rare occurrence. At fourteen Georgiana made all the butter, did considerable of the cooking, such as the plastery, cakes, etc., plain and ornamental needlework, and was never a moment of the day idle. Louisa, at ten years old, took charge of her little brother Tom Owen, washed and dressed him every morning, taught him his prayers and little hymns, took charge of his linen, mending, and putting on strings and buttons, darning his socks, etc., and was a good, kind, loving and watchful mother to him. I well remember how she alarmed me one morning by attempting to carry him down the back stairs. Her foot slipped and to save the child, whom she clasped tightly in her arms, she took the brunt of the fall herself. The consequence was, the breath was shaken out of her, and when I reached her and clasped her in my arms I felt she was either dead or her back was broken! She soon struggled to regain her breath and I mechanically raised her to see if her back was saved. Thank God! Oh! Did I not thank God who has spared my precious, devoted child?

The thanksgiving I offered, or ejaculated must have gone straight to

the throne of God for there was to a grain of earth in it. Oh! What an age of agony to endure in those brief but most exquisite pangs of fear, love, and sorrow! How blessed the moment that succeeded it that reveals to us our treasures are safe and still in our possession! Never was a more precious generous, devoted deed performed on earth! That child truly gave herself for her baby brother without thought or fear of herself. Should not such deeds of children be recorded as well as such performances by men and women? I think so, it has been hid in the archived of my heart and brain and I here record it and bless her again and again for this act. "Yes, and she shall be blessed." Bertha was at this time a child but she was ever the ready "Mercury" to fetch and carry and lend a helping hand to be useful, and like the rest of the household, "eat not the bread of idleness". They were truly children to be satisfied with, and were my exceeding great reward, every day I lived.

I had lost so many that the remnant were doubly dear to me and my whole soul was sensitively alive to their well-fare and their interests. Thus time rolled on. "Ease and alternate labor, useful life, progressive virtue, and approving Heaven", these words of the poet were a synopsis of our life at that time and indeed up to the moment that we left our native land.

I have retrograded here somewhat--well--I am not writing for the public eye, but for the eyes for the loving and beloved and they will not require such precision.

My sister Mary had married and settled in Ireland and had had three children, Edward John, Georgiana, and Louis. Her eldest born was her idol. He was a beautiful, healthy, sprightly boy, agile as an antelope, but they over indulged him and over fed him with delicacies, etc. so that he was seldom well; add to this that they were surrounded by woman Catholics, and my sister's servants were of course of that persuasion and besides talked broad Irish. These things often made her speak in her letters to me of the trouble they caused her and how it "Wounded her pride" to hear him lisping broad Irish. She also admired my children and my mode of government, and had said sometimes "I think I must send Eddie to you." Accordingly her words made an impression on me, and after mature reflection, a "cabinet counsel", etc., I wrote to tell her if she chose to send Eddie to me we would watch over him with the same care as my little Thomsey had, and they would be companions together. They had an abundance of means, and therefore I told her she would of course clothe and pay for schooling, etc. but his board she should be perfectly welcome to. We had an over abundant table, and one more would not be felt. Accordingly on this perfect understanding she visited us in the following summer and brought the little stranger with her. We had not before seen him. He was then six years old and my own boy five. So he came and we loved him and he loved us. We knew no difference between the boys. They grew together, slept together, both dressed alike and were like twins. Georgie and Louie attended to him, washing, dressing and mending his clothes, etc., his washing was put out. the girls also taught him with their little brother. After a time we thought it best to send them to school and they were sent to a young lady, Miss Hardy, in the neighborhood where they remained until their eighth year, when they left home for boarding school at Mr. Honey's Huntingdon, a gentleman, every way qualified for a tutor, being kind, watchful and humane. in short, a man and a gentleman both by nature and by education. His amiable wife was the counterpart of himself, hence it was a desirable home for children. I find the following in my journal which I extract 27th January 1849.

Our beloved boys left home for the first time for school, that is, boarding school, for they had been to Miss Hardy, and latterly to the Ben W. Burgess for some time previous, besides considerable home tuition. It was of course a day of trial to me, but hoe next morning-how true it is

that under any bereavement in any shape--the next morning is the moment of utter desolateness, which we somehow do not feel in all it's slyness 'till them. So the next morning I felt doubly desolate; but it being Sunday we went to Church and that soothed the lacerated feelings. And time "sweet soother", softened down the keen edge of feeling and--and--it for their good! In 1840 the children attended Monsieur Venna's Dancing Academy at Cambridge, and our two pets, these boys! One seven, and the other six years old, became the admiration of the school, that is of the visitors, for the suite of rooms opened with folding doors ad one was the dancing room and hoe other fitted up as the drawing room for mammas and chaperons.

Georgiana had taken lessons in dancing at eight years of age, but attended here to finish. Louisa was ten years old and Bertha seven. Louisa had always been a pale faced child and had caused me much anxiety with her appearance. But she never complained and I expect never will. However this agreeable visit to the academy and the exercise of dancing and the change of scene and choice of associates etc. caused a most blessed change in her health and appearance. She also soon became an adept in the graceful art and pleased the master exceedingly. Her figure was always good and suited to the Temple of Terpeschore! And I feel certain that dancing is a elegance, and style even to those in a degree on whom nature had not bestowed these fascinating qualities--I here extract from my journal acting on a retrograde movement which seems to belong to my sphere of getting forward.

Monday, November 30th. Went to the Academy. Georgia began the Celarius! Pretty graceful waltz. Tofts drove us there. He also is attending, and has asked us to allow him to be our charioteer as an accommodation on both sides. Home at five. Tofts staid to tea and they all renewed their lessons in the evening for their own recreation and certainly mine--the boys do well. Monday, December 14th. Went to the Academy for the last time this year. My pupils all acquitted themselves very well, and the boys well for their age. Eddie remarkably well, but I must not forget that he is a year older than Thomsey, who is not so satisfactory on "The light fantactic toe", but Mons. Venna is very proud of them and calls them his pets. He generally meets the at the door as they depart from the dressing room, make them a most polite bow, as example of course, takes a hand of each and leads them up the room introducing them to the company as "My pets"! --and of course, "Little dears" and darling fellows", and such like epithets are showered upon them with kisses and other boubou!

Tuesday, December 8th Heard this morning from Eliza Cook. Pretty letter. How I loved her letters. I know them the minute a person enters the door with one in hand! Eight o'clock P.M. I am alone! How I love to be alone, to think, to dream, to look back. I not only the sunny hours of life, so the retrospect is ever fresh and delightful, the hearth is clean, the fire burns bright and I fell "My aim fireside" and it's household Gods, are the summum bonus of my existence! I have another hour and a half to be alone. Mr. K. is gone for the children. Let me look into my soul, and commune with Myself! I am contented--because I think with Pope "Whatever is, is right". I am not a being to live in the world as I have looked upon it (that is a bird's eye view). There is little that has ever had a charm for me, yet there are beautiful things that I love, choice spirits that cross my path and throw gleams of sunlight on my way. But they pass like a vision before me. They are not for me, these bright visions of earth, which friendship and sympathy render divine. They in embryo die, or are crushed in the birth. If I madly conceive they can ever be mine! Well, we do not make our own temperament but we are to control it. I cannot! Lord of All! Hold me to they will, and make me contented with thy guiding.

Wednesday. Wretched, foggy day, busy in the kitchen, then at needlework. Saw not a soul all day except ourselves. Thomas came in the evening while the girls were playing! supper, wrote to Ma chere and this

much in my Journal. Now to bed, to think, perhaps to sleep--.

Sunday--Three days have passed since I Journalized. Nothing to note but cold, snow, fog, rain and, I will only be like the sun dial--note the shining hours of life. It is very true, 'tis better to be born with a disposition to see the bright side of things than heir t ten thousand a year. It has been my study to do so; and very often have accomplished it.

I am sitting alone, the hearth is clean, the fire burns bright, my own fireside is the altar of my imagination! My household Gods literally cram the hearth rug, I can embrace, or salute, praise, or condemn, converse or command, and yet they remain mute before their priestess! I look around, the vision is past, I am quite alone, not an insect is in the room. Heigh ho! I wish some mere mortal would come, but that's not likely. Like Selkirk we seem "out of humanity's reach". Well, do I not boast of loving solitude? Well, I do, --but one--or two--might break the spell and please me well. No more castle building tonight, the material are too splendid to be durable! N'importe, they bide their time and serve to illuminate the path of life for the time.

Tuesday. Still wretched weather, but I suppose it is seasonable, but I cannot help looking upon winter, dad winter, as among the curses that has fallen upon the head of erring mortals. But yet we should not so exquisitely enjoy spring and summer if it was not for this corpse-like contrast to add to the disagreeable. This is washing day. one of the must be's, and they are generally bitter pills. No more Wednesday ironing, making mince pies, etc. The ground covered with snow and the air looks loaded. Thursday--. The clouds have discharged themselves during the night of their heavy burden and snow is very deep. Busy ironing, and other such like affairs. The sun shines but he looks cold like the politeness of some people. one could not well find fault with it and yet it warms not and makes one feel more than ever dissatisfied with it, and yet, if one complained, people would say what do you want? There was all ad everything necessary well--well--"facts are stubborn things! Wrote to Ma chere. No more--something too much perhaps already n'importe--Vive la bagatelle!

Friday. Bright frosty day. Had a walk, enjoyed it. Sam dines here, and Mr. Waldock spent the evening her. Saturday--. Sent a Christmas basket to Margaret--frost going--indited a letter to Eliza Cook in the evening. What a pleasure I experience in writing to and hearing from her.

December 24th. Wretched weather, but I suppose seasonable, like most disagreeable things i this world--the disagreeable is the beneficial, or ought to be. At half past two o'clock went to the Shelford station to meet Eleanor Ayers. She came, had a quadrille in the evening, and music and singing. Sunday 27th. The last Sunday in the Old year. Dear Old year! thou hast afforded me many joys, and of course the opposite. Shade and sunshine, wheat and chaff make up the chart of life! All right! Christmas day gave the men a dinner. Mother and Mary Ayers joined us, quite a family party.

Monday 28th. Went to the station to meet Ma chere. We met! 1845 was an eventful year. 1846 was a very agreeable year. New Year's Day! 1847. Spent in quiet at home, and enjoyed it. The past year has conveyed to me much happiness. My mind has been fertile and happy and I have ben enabled to realize in a measure how greatly I am blessed. So that I ought to leave the "To be", and bask in the present which I have really done and the past year, and hence the peace and sunshine. Sat up last night according to my custom, wrote my letters to the children and Ma chere and sometimes others. I commence when the family retires and hear the clock strike the old year out, and I sit and write him out and also usher the new year in by writing. This has been my custom for years, a whim of mine which has caused me much happiness, and I know has done good to my beloved ones! The next day I have their answers--bless, bless, bless them, My own, My own!

Memorandum. Domestic Calendar April 13, 1840. My beloved Owen was taken seriously ill with scarlet fever! Good Friday, alarmingly ill! Delirious all day, and dreadfully so at night. Oh! how very wretched I felt! Was my knee tardy to kneel? Or did my anxious heart ask with out fervor for the life it sought? Heave knows!

Saturday, April 18th. The disorder at the crisis, we easily believe what we hope, and I hoped all things with regard to my boy. And for a time appearances seemed favorable for us. Easter Sunday--changed his room. Mr. Ramsay carried the dear patient himself to the sofa in the best bedroom; he was quite himself then and looked--Ah! blessed Angel! I shall never forget how he looked! Little did I then allow myself to think I might have known by those beautiful features for earth! He had the "face of an Angel" at all times. And now it was lovely indeed!--

April 27th. Monday about 10:00 in the morning a Seth was born to me instead of the beloved Abe! I was so soon to lose, --so soon! And yet hope blinded me. May 4th. The dear invalid was brought into my room and set by my bed. I tried to talk playfully and cheerfully to him of his little brother and so forth. He tried to smile! But oh! What sadness was in that smile. I told him I should be down in the best parlor on the following Sunday, and he and I would spend the day together, both being invalid--Darling Boy; how he tried to enjoy the idea! Sad reverse for me! All that remained on earth of him was in that parlor on that day, alone in his coffin!--And I trying to say, "Thy will be done!" --His angel spirit had passed from me to an infinitely better Parent into Glory.

May 7th. Thursday evening about half past nine o'clock, aged eight years and 6 months! As his spirit was passing he called loudly and strongly "Mamma, Mamma"!

May 31st was "churched" and my baby christened by the name of Thomas Owen. June 15th. My brother married Miss Scott. June 17th. Jane Robinson left us to enter upon her apprenticeship at Huntingdon. In the afternoon, my dear sister Smith came to see us, after an absence of two years. June 28th. We all went to Cambridge to welcome the bride and bridegroom home. July 12th Mr. and Mrs. Peake, Mr. and Mrs. Shallow, Father and Mother, Sam and his bride dined here. Spent a pleasant day. Monday 13th same party dined at Gog. Newley's came in the afternoon. Mr. Higgins and his son came in the evening. Tuesday 14th, went to the ploughing match. Saw a host of company and was amused. Home to dinner, Mr. H. returned to tea.

My sister left us after having enjoyed ourselves very much. "She came, she is gone, we have met!"

To meet perhaps never again--
The sun of that moment has set
It seems to have risen in vain!--

Wednesday 15th. Grand agricultural meeting at Cambridge. Walked on "Parkers Piece". Where was a great company!--Went in the evening to Great St. Mary's church to hear an oratorio. Heard some beautiful singing from Hobbs, Philips, Misses Birch and Haws. Supped at Sam's and got home at one o'clock A. M. Thursday 16th dined at Mr. Shallows with the Peaks, the Moores, the Greefs, Mr. Stewart, and so forth. Home at eleven. Monday 20th went to Huntingdon, bound Jane apprentice to a dress maker. Hope she'll do!! Tuesday went to an evening party at Sam's to meet the Shallows, the Peakes, and Tapfields, Mr. Rance, Mr. Coates, the Browns, etc. Pleasant evening. Wednesday 22nd. The Peaks, Sam and his bride, Mother being still here until her house is ready, came Sam's Ceremony, dined and spent the day. Bid adieu to the Peakes as they leave tomorrow. August 4th. My

Mother came to live in "the cottage" at Stapleford. August 10th. Carried nearly all the wheat! August 13th. Revisited the scene of my childhood. My old schoolroom!--What a host of sensations passed across my mind--twenty years!--had passed into eternity since I stood on the selfsame spot before! --I had seen a generation born and prematurely pass away! I asked was I indeed the same person? That (At ten years old as wild, as untamed, as aspiring as a hawk unhooded, and in imagination taking flights as aerial) was learning the oft repeated lesson, and preparing myself for future usefulness and the part I was to sustain o the earth's theater? I felt I was indeed the same, but Time had taught me deeper lessons. I had brought experience and had waked from the elusive dream of youth to the reality of Womanhood!--I had then trod but a little way in the path of life. I had encountered only its flowers--since which time, I had felt its briars and thorns like every other son and daughter of Adam.

Extract from a Journal of two weeks spent at Leamington.

A green spot in memory! A brief account of a journey and sojourn to Leamington, Jun 29th 1836. Arose and breakfasted, having slept at my Mother's to be ready for the journey. Repaired to the Eagle with my brother and started at half past seven A.M. Determined to please and be pleased with everything and everybody. Found the coachman in rather bad temper, but suspected he only wanted drawing out to become tolerably agreeable, a very desirable thing in a stagecoach man! Being myself i a mood that nothing could ruffle, I determined to conciliate, and as I sat directly behind him, I ventured to admire the horses, the fine condition they were in, and so forth--the admirable art of coachmanship that even I professed to know something of it, having a fine pony that I drove myself. He made very brief answers, but I fancied in rather more gentle tone--we proceeded about ten miles, and going at a rapid rate, when we perceived at a short distance a timber carriage with the horses in it extending half across the road. The coachman hallowed with all his might and the carter began to take out the horse, but we perceived that could hardly be accomplished before we should come in contact, it being still halfway across the road. The following dialogue then ensued:

Coachman: Why the devil didn't you get your cart out of the way? You must have seen us coming.

Man: Well sir, don't make a noise. I'll soon get him out.

Coachman: Out, the devil! I can't stay waiting here all day. Get out of the way.

And with that he slashed the four beautiful horses unmercifully. They gave a sudden bound and we sprang to halfway up the shafts of the timber carriage and alighted safely on the other side. What sudden and singular feelings one has int he moment of danger! All that are near and dear to us rush in one little moment before us and the fear that we are lost to them forever flashed over us! But such sensations cannot be analyzed!--My heart palpitated the rest of the day for I had not long recovered from severe debility--though I laughed heartily after it was over, and could not but admire the coolness and dexterity of our accomplished John! The poor carter stared after us in petrifying astonishment, and I doubt whether he has recovered his surprise yet!! After this even our coachman and us became sworn friends and I found he possessed a correct notion of men and things which probably had something to do in giving him the rough appearance observed when first coming in contact with him. We continued our route throughout splendid scenery, wood and water, hill and dale abounded and a glorious sun and cloudless sky canopied and prospect--It was a day to exhilarate any heart, and my bosom's lord sat light as air upon its throne. We dined at the George at northampton, kept by Mr. Charles Higgins, our dinner being lamb and green peas. Again we entered our carriage and our fresh horses bore us swiftly through this beautiful country. But the brightest day must see a cloud, the brightest sun may be

obscured! And a sight soon presented itself that illustrated this apostrophe!

There was a election at Southam, and "open house" to everyone who chose to enter. Consequently, all had voted for Lushington in a more or less degree. The coachmen were driving with the speed of Phaeton, and the horses in that excited state soon became unmanageable. A post chaise and pair were going at this mad rate down a very steep hill, and defied the efforts of the Postilion to restrain them, when the reins broke!! and the unfortunate man was thrown with great violence on the road, the coach overturning, and when we came up with him he was lying on the road, a wreck too dreadful to behold, with scarcely the appearance of humanity, with now and then a gasp of expiring nature. Two doctors were attending him but I fear their aid was vain! God be with him! Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to be hurried before the Judge of all, with "all our imperfections on our head", and not time to say, "Lord, remember me" How kind was my brother to me. In a moment he rose up and stood between me and the sad spectacle that I might behold it, and requested me to sit still and avert my eyes. The act was so touching that I was gratefully obedient. This was the first drawback to my pleasure.

We at length reached Leamington and for the first time I saw Mrs. Fairweather, my second cousin. We had long been acquainted by means of an epistolary correspondence, but personally we were unknown. I cannot define the feelings of that moment, but they were singular enough and that meeting and that evening will never be erased from the tablet of my memory! She is very talented and an authoress, but was early in life deprived of her parents. (Her father being James Cookson, the eldest son of the clergyman, Rector of Aughton, Yorkshire), and has drunk deeply of the bitter cup of affliction! 'tis strange! that the sun of prosperity will not shed his invigorating beams on some, be their attempts to reach the bright summit ever so assiduous and praiseworthy; this is one of the inscrutable ways of Providence, and our duty is to bow before the All Wise Judge who knows what is best of His creatures. But hard is the lesson!--Drank tea--and Mrs. F. red to me and Ellen played some favorite airs on the piano. My feelings were peculiar all the evening. I retired early to my room, but the varied scene of that long June day prevented me from sleeping; for to a recluse like me, the most trifling incidents become important, much more those I had passed through that day! The world has hitherto been to me a sealed book, perhaps 'tis as well, but as the first sin? has been entirely eradicated from the Adamite posterity, I often fancy I should like to taste a little more of the Tree of Knowledge, but I must curb the ambitious feeling, as such gratification is not for me! A very singular feeling, or manie came over me after I got into bed! I felt alone! Afraid! I thought all manner of dreadful fears. I felt at one time that I would go into the drawing room which was on a level with my room and throw up the windows and scream! This I felt would be most absurd, but I felt some dreadful fate awaited my that night!! Oh! could I not make my brother hear! (He slept in the adjoining house, Mrs. F. not having room for him in hers.) Oh! why did I allow him to go away and leave me in a strange house with strange people, and in a strange city. Mr. F. looked such a strange man! The Polish Major looked strange, a refugee that boarded with them. I thought a thousand things till my bed felt on fire, my heart palpitated to suffocation. I got out of bed, looked into back years and miserable dirty looking places. The beautiful fields of Dernford were in my mind; s eye ad the delicious garden into which my window looked, resplendent at that time with floral sweets of every kind! I thought, Oh! why did I ever come to this place to seek for renovated health. I made up my mind to tell Sam in the morning my feelings, and to ask him to return home with me at once! At last I slept-----

June 30th. Rose after a restless night, feverish and unrefreshed, occasioned by the excitements of the previous day and evening. My

constitution had been broken down, and my mind seemed to sympathize with it, which will probably account for the feelings described. Dressed and went down to breakfast. All welcomed me lovingly and kind with all politeness, and I blushed to myself for the feelings of the past night. Sam had ordered a phaeton to take us to Kenilworth Castle! Who has not read Scott's Kenilworth? We took a picnic and dined amongst the ruins! What more could the most romantic imagination wish for? near the very spot where Amy Robsart met the Queen, according to Scott, Amy, the beautiful but unfortunate Countess of Leicester, who, here craved protection of her sovereign, the Mighty Elizabeth, in her husband's halls! Falling at her feet as the meanest of her subjects. We decided to be in character. They made me Queen Elizabeth and I directly dubbed Sam, Leicester. Mrs. F. was Amy Robsart, Ellen, Fliberdy Gibbet, Major Swricieskin (a Polish Major) Sir Walter Raleigh. He amused us by climbing up the steepest places, having been accustomed to scale rocks, he did it with ease--of him more anon! The beautiful banqueting hall where Leicester entertained the Queen is in ruins, but one of the principle fire places remain, and partly the other, and the window frames and partly the other, and the window frames and cornices, etc. Enough is left to show 'twas no mean domicile for the "Virgin Queen" with all her lofty bearing! Oh! 'tis a splended monument of fallen greatness. And among its broken columns is food abundant for the contemplative mind.....

Pleasure was the order of the day or I should certainly have been inspired and have sent forth to the world a sentimental moralizing rhapsody on the subject!!!!-----The eminence on which it stands commands a splendid prospect and many a "longing lingering" look I cast behind as the massive ruin faded from our view. The pool where Raleigh met the Queen and gallantly threw down his cloak for Her Majesty to walk on still meanders over the road. We walked on to the Billage of Kenilworth, parched with thirst. Got a bottle of sherry and another of water, mixed, drank and became refreshed. Took a coach to proceed home by "Guy's Cliff". Enjoyed the day beyond everything I ever felt before. All was just in my style. Home and took tea, then walked about Leamington. The houses and buildings are superb and the streets broad, the shops richly embellished. There are an excellent pump room, assembly rooms, repositories, gardens public, and in fine everything and ever luxury can be procured here providing you can command the world's idol, all powerful Gold!---Home and had some music. Sam and I both sang, supped and to bed! The evening and the morning were the first day!

July 1st. Rose late, got some breakfast. Very hot morning. Read some of "The Golden Violet" by L.E.L. Walked to the repository and bought a Napoleon--my favorite hero. Walked in Ravelagh Gardens, dines, dressed, drank tea, and wet to the theater with our whole party--Saw Elliston in "Wild Oats" --a good play, but don't think anything of him. He has a bad voice and black, currant eyes both of which are no fault of his! Home an supped, and that was always a delightful meal because--because---I hardly know why! But it was so!!!---And to bed--July 2nd. Ordered a phaeton to be at the door at ten o'clock at which time we all started for Warwick Castle, a fine and stupendous relic of ancient days; and the only castle that resisted the seige of Cromwell, which they accomplished by means of wool sacks suspended by hooks on the outside of the walls, which hooks remain to this day. The view for "Guy's Towers" carries the eye over one of the most extensive and richest prospects the mind can conceive. Objects thirty miles distant may be seen. The Entrance Hall is a splendid room, hung with armor, and the leather jackets worn in the days of Cromwell is heavy but rick and is character wit the building. The paintings are also fine. The gardens are not greatly embellished by the "modern art of gardening" but contain some fine and ancient cedars and the noble and renowned Avon River winds through the grounds. There is a handsome greenhouse containing a splendid vase, dug out of Hadrien's Villa. It is an interesting piece of antiquity. At the gate they show a room containing

a punch bowl belonging to the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick. There is also his spear or tilting pole, two yards and a half in length his helmet, shirt of mail, short sword, and the word he wore being 1 yard 2 1/2 inches in length!! He was nine feet high. His helmet weighed seven pounds, shield thirty-two pounds, breastplate fifty-two pounds, sword twenty pounds. The iron punch bowl will hold 102 gallons and is, on festivals, filled with punch and carried up to the castle. From this noble pile we proceeded to Stoneleigh Abbey, the seat of Clandos Leigh Esquire. It was founded in 1154 but is now a modern built, handsome mansion. The entrance hall is enchanting. The ceiling represents "the presentation of Hercules", and the design and sculpture is chaste and admirable. The sides are ornamented with busts and statues by the first Masters. There is also a fine organ upon which we performed some popular pieces. (I blew the bellows) The furniture is superb, and the valuable ornaments adorn every part of it. In the library is a fine painting of Byron, my favorite poet. I could look at nothing else whilst in the room. No wonder he turned the heads of so many!

Who could resist bowing to so fair, so noble a specimen of all the heart looks for in humanity? And especially when coupled with such transcendent talents? Gold indeed must be the heart and dull the brain that vibrates not to the chords he struck! Acrostic impromptu.

By the Spirit He displayed
Yearning on through light and shad
Rare and gorgeously portrayed
Over wrought, but not dismayed
None more faithful to thy shade
Can truly say I love thee! H. T. K.

The gardens give a glimpse of that of Eden, so enchanting and delightful were they on that June day! And its banks are laved by the Avon, and on leaving those delightful bowers it is impossible to resist casting a "longing lingering glance" behind. 'Twould give one and excellent idea for the banishment of the Edenites, when cast upon the sterile and uncultivated earth! The owner and his lady are very charitable and domesticated. He is very talented and a writer. His own bowery would inspire anyone who had a grain of poetry in their composition! Drove to Warwick church and inspected "The Lady's Chapel". It is indeed a beautiful and chaste building, and in every way calculated to inspire devotional feelings. There is a splendid tomb of Leicester and his Countess, with full length recumbent figures of both on the top. There are other magnificent tombs and I left it with tearful eyes and lamented that I was not alone to indulge my feelings. As it was, I walked and everyone thought me the "gayest of the gay". Got home at four o'clock, dined, dressed, and drank tea. Then walked with our party in Newbold Garden. Saw the dancers and heard the bands play and was delighted. Walked in "the Holly Walk" and the Major gave us some accounts of the suffering of the Poles. He served under Alexander and has twice joined the revolution against the usurper, Nicholas, but was obliged at last to fly his country, a price being set on his head! He with three other officers escaped by being concealed in a van of furniture and was obliged to live for days in the woods on berries, etc. He also swam under water for four miles that the enemy not see him, and at last escaped to this country, leaving a bonny and beautiful wife and two bonus in the hands of the usurper, her own house being made her prison! Any communication from him to her would be instant death or exile to Siberia, Poor Man! I pity him so much because there is such manliness and high mindedness in hearing his sorrows. His countenance, especially the forehead and eyes are handsome, and the expression benevolence itself. But when speaking of his wrongs, and Nicholas, his eyes flash fire and his lips curl in bitterness and disdain, but generally, his sorrows are concealed though you may see the eye moisten and hear the voice change when anything occurs to remind him of all he has left behind so near and dear to him. With all my heart I pray he may be restored to all which the vile hand of tyranny has rent from him! heaven

grant that hand may soon be powerless. He treats the Polish nobleman and their wives and daughters like brutes, giving them to the common soldiers for wives of something worse!-----and other enormities that would fill a volume. The Major is particularly noticed by nobility and gentry about him. Of course, they feel for his situation. Who that has a heart would not? His regiment the 4th was signalized for their undaunted bravery, and hence they were more hardly dealt with and only few escaped--only three officers besides the Major. He is allowed 15 shillings a week by the English government. What a pittance for one who had a splendid establishment and every luxury in his own land. I find myself constantly comparing him to a chained eagle who tears and spurns the earth and endeavors to soar into his native element, but falls to earth bruised and brokenhearted! Sunday, July 4th went to church, heard the prayers read beautifully and impressively and an excellent sermon followed. Took a walk before dinner. Home and dines. Some lively little friends of Ellen's came in the afternoon. Count Abouski called, another Polish refugee, a fine old man and very polite to me most especially, and declared I was the first English lady had had seen that was not phlegmatic and that I ought to have been a Queen instead of a King. I told him I preferred that as being the highest title, and had no desire for the other. Took tea, ordered a phaeton and drove to "The Bury", a pretty place, but poor house. The park is fine, full of noble trees and contains some pretty, romantic walks. The owner is a child, an heiress about nine years of age who will be worth an immensity on attaining her majority. Did not go inside. The Major was my escort and amused me much with manners and customs of Poland. Education cheap so that all above the peasantry are educated and most accomplished, his wife highly so, a beautiful dancer and performer on several instruments. The Major himself was a performer on the Spanish guitar, pianoforte, and violin, but gave up all for a soldier's life which he commenced at 15. Gave up all, alas! For what? To become and exile in foreign land and the fait of death suspended over his head! But sympathy and regrets are unavailing.

Monday, July 5th. Never did I experience anything like the hot nights. They positively make me delirious. Rose, dressed and breakfasted. My brother went to Birmingham; rather a dull day, for Sam is the life of us all and the moving agent. Oppressively hot. Read, wrote, laid down, rose, drank tea and we walked in Newbold Garden. Returned home and found my brother also returned. Supped and had some fine fun with Sam's nonsense. One always laughs at nonsense. Shall not trouble the reader with it. Laughing is the sign of a rational creature so one could find fault wit us. "To bed--To bed--To bed---"

July 6th. Rose after a night of tormenting dreams, walked to the Pump Room and drank a large glass of spa water, not particularly agreeable but considered beneficial, like most other disagreeable. Walked to "the repository" and other places. In the evening Mrs. F. had a most delightful party. The Colonel was one--Music and dancing with singing were the amusements of the evening. Was delighted with the Major's dancing. It is in the first style. Waltzing and Quadrilles were the daces. I sang which, by the bye, I have done several times here and quite astonished the natives!! But the Leam. people are certainly fond of the superlative everybody appeared highly gratified with the entertainments. Went to bed at two o'clock a.m.

July 7th. Rose at eight. Glad to escape from the hot bed. Rest is out of the question. Rain and thunder the greater part of the night which appears to have cooled the earth. Going to take a walk before breakfast so adieu for present to horrid pen and still more horrid ink. Walked four miles, home to breakfast at eleven. Sam brought in a beautiful dish of strawberries as a cooler. he is ever kind and attentive and possesses a genuine, liberal, and noble spirit. Not one grain of meanness is incorporated in his composition. He is the delight of every one here, as

he ever is. Walked to the aqueduct at Emscote and returned by the river. A delightful walk. Dined and Mrs. Grimaldi came quite unexpectedly. She is the sister of Mrs. F., but not like her! Drank tea at some friends of Mrs. F.'s and enjoyed everything!! The Major and Miss Harriet Burbury waltzed most enchantingly. He also danced Polisti Merzerker. Returned home and to bed at 2 a.m.

July 8th. Slept well for nearly the first time. Rose and walked five miles before breakfast. Before that drank a flask of spa water. Couldn't keep it down!

Walked on the parade. The Colonel called, looked over some Polish views and paintings, statues, and so forth. The Major taught us to play at Ecarte and to deal the cards in a particular manner. Drank tea and went for a walk to the Campoin Hills, a fine rich prospect from them, came home and had some music, supped, and had our usual entertainment of fun. Went to bed at 11:00 o'clock. July 8th, slept well. Up at half past seven and walked to the Baths. Drank a glass of water fresh from the springs, which I like better than having it warmed. Kept it down. Walked on the Roman Road home and to breakfast at nine. Read part of the "Seige of Kennielworth"; beautiful language, the incidents good, thrilling, and romantic---and what have we to do with romance? Dull, sterile reality is ours, and romance is a delicious dream that for a short time "steeps our senses in forgetfulness." Well, perhaps we should indulge such dreams sometimes, at any rate they beguile us from ourselves for a time, and self is not a very pleasing theme at all times. Dined and played at Ecarte with the Major but not being accustomed to late house so sleepy that I was obliged to go and lie down.

In the interim my brother ordered a phaeton to be at the door at six. Drank tea and started, called for the Miss Barkers and took them with us. Rode to Teachbrook ad round by Warwick, walked by the hills and round by Bridge End. Had a delightful ride and enjoyed it much. Home ad then walked on the Roman Road, home to supper and to bed.

July 9th. Slept well, rose, dressed, and called the sleepers, walked to the Pump room, drank the water, walked in the Newbold Gardens, returned and drank another glass of spa water, returned to the gardens, the band playing my favorite waltz, Le Due de Richstadt. In the summer a band is stationed in the Pump room, and another in Newbold Gardens and they perform admirably! Returned home and took breakfast. Mrs. Fairweather and the Major talked all the time about that tyrant Nicholas and his enormities. I wish from my heart someone would-by the bye, perhaps I had better not write my wishes on that matter. The Lord says "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Nothing particular to record today. Waled as usual in the evening. July 10th. Rose, walked and drank the waters, home and breakfasted, dressed and went to Church---heard a very fine orthodox sermon. Christian love and charity strongly insisted upon as an indispensable attribute in the Christian character. Rather a derth of that excellent ingredient nowadays, for true it is "There is a lust in man no charm can tame, That of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame, as eagles wings immortals scandals fly, While virtuous actions are but born and die." And the ninth commandment we hear violated every day and hour; home and dined. In the evening walked to Mrs. Barker's and inspected their picture gallery. Much delighted with it.

The Major came up to me and requested me to come and see a beautiful picture. I turned and accompanied him very innocent when he took me/myself/, as the irish say, before a full length mirror. And so little did I take the idea that I was looking round and said, "Where is the picture?", when he gallantly pointed to my reflection figure in the mirror!

I turned away hastily, and he as politely apologized and asked me to pardon him if he had offended me. Walked from there to the Campoin Hills, delightful spot!! ---Lemington and its environs are certainly beautiful. Who can look on nature without a Lover's Eye? They must have a cold insensate heart who can! It awakens some of our best feelings, love and

gratitude to Nature's God! ---Home and to bed. July 11th. Very hot night. Rose, dressed, and walked to the Pump room, drank the waters, walked in a beautiful avenue completely shaded from the burning sun. Home and breakfasted. Played at Ecarte's with the Major. Beat him all hollow, can deal, too, as well as he can. Made a Gypsy party to the Campoin Hills, took all sorts of provisions, and a boy to boil the kettle in complete gypsy style. Enjoyed everything exceedingly. no Gypsies were ever half so happy. Mr. Gillings took his violin and after tea the company danced to his playing. Bade farewell to the Campoin Hills, not, I hoped, forever!!! Returned home and supped at Mrs. Burburys, walked home, chatted till a late hour being our last evening, all seemed loath to part. Went to bed at twelve. July 12th. Rose at half past six, very wet morning, cleared up at eight, walked tot he Baths, talk my usual quantum of water, walked in my favorite avenue, home and breakfast. Everyone feeling triste. At last comes the parting hour, the sigh, the tear burst forth, the hand is grasped, the farewell word is spoken, the coachman calls out, "All's right"--which sound like an insult and a mockery to our feelings--the horses bound forward the scenes we so lately traversed recede from our view and nothing is left to us but Memory--that curse the blessing of our existence.-----

Arrive safe at home and find my household Gods are there, so-Vive las bagatelle. In writing this brief Memoir of my life, I find I have not sufficiently attend to data, but it has been written amid the daily cares of a busy life, snatching a moment of leisure that might present itself, when perhaps the mind has not been concentrated enough for even this small affair. And hence I crave pardon for what may annoy and call for censure on the writer, but I write not for the public eye but for those i well as a few incidents of the external one. I also like to look at myself in the past and the present, and shall now place a few more extracts from journals and memorandums that I ever kept from my youth up.

VOLUME III

It appears to me that a portion of my journal is missing at this time; but perhaps not. At any rate I can find no more links till I take up one which commences January 7, 1847. Miss Fox left for Cambridge. Heard that one of my stars was wandering from its orbit!-- 'Tis ever thus! --A cloud over me all day. One of those peculiarly heavy clouds I have been accustomed to feeling from my earliest childhood when my soul has been touched; "Trifles make the sum of human things" and in my life have I most truly felt this. Well, this will pass and I shall again see the bright summits of hope!--which I usually behold.

Rise, rise my soul! Fly to the external fountain of light, love, and joy and there bathe thy clogging wings till they are enabled to hear the higher themes, and higher subjects. "Chords that vibrate sweetest measure thrill the deepest notes of woe." And if we have the tenacity to strike those blessed chords we must stand the vibration, last as long as it may, and for the instrument as it will!! Saturday 9th, went to the station to meet Ma Chere! She came. We had a long chat with Gemini. They seemed pleased and so were we. Invited Ricardo to call 'ere he left, and to the ball. Ma Chere! made a candid declaration, Desdemona's was mystery compared with it! Sunday 10th, went to Church with Ma Chere! and the rest. Home and dines, enjoyed the afternoon much. At half past five Ricardo came, had tea, then music. Georgy and Louie played some of Beethoven's and Handel's pieces and he was charmed. They also sang "Fancy Waft Me". he sang bass to "To Strike the Harp in Praise of Brazela" --staid supper and left at half past en.--He highly enjoyed the evening-----Monday, very busy preparing for the ball--Tuesday 12th--The Ball! Enjoyed it amazingly--all passed off admirable. We had two musicians from Cambridge, one to preside at the piano and the other violin. The supper was elegant and good.

Ricardo came, evidently basked in the pleasures of the evening, but would not dance. Said he felt dreadfully bashful, certainly though enjoyed it. Nos e bled from excitement, I should think. All were delighted and declared it was the best party they had attended that Christmas. All left at five in the morning---high time I think!

January 20th. Went to the Shelford Station and saw the children off by the train to a party at Mr. Rowes, but Ricardo "the stranger chieftan" very polite and king; returned home and sat up for the children. The sociable having gone for them. They got home about 3:00 A.M. Had coffee and to bed. All in high spirits having enjoyed themselves much.

January 26th. The children all went to a party at Mr. Starkey's. Went by train. I had nice chat with the D---Very conversational and warmed up upon acquaintance. Talks of leaving. I hope not.--27th. Being up all night I fell weary and triste today. A nice day for the time of year, but oh! for Spring!

Monday, February 7th. Went to Cambridge shopping-expected Lewis Fox, he passed on to London. Harry Dowton came at 8"00 in the evening. We had music and Georgy had a bah headache and Mr. King was gone to bed and all seemed wrong. However, we did our best to amuse him adn I think he was pleased. He stayed till 10:00 o'clock. I wonder if we shall ever see him again! as he leaves the station tomorrow--I hope so. January 27th Miss Webb dies, one of my dear friends. She is happy, why then should we lament her? My tears fall from a selfish motive. February 6th Miss Webb buried.

I had not been to a funeral since I was ten years old. She looked nicely, but alas! for poor humanity! 7th, went by train to call on Charlotte. Had a talk with Ricardo. Walked home being too late for the train!! It poured with rain nearly all the way, oh! those awful words, too late. How much sorrow have they caused--and will yet! Sunday-went to Church. In the afternoon went to see Father. He is still very ill. Home at six. Home sweet home, thou art all to me!

Monday, expected Mr. adn Mrs. Westrope--they could not come. Went for a walk. Heavy snowstorm. Came on home to tea. Mr. King very poorly. Gout coming on! Heigh ho!---Tuesday Mr. King had a bad night, consequently, I had no sleep. Oh! what a sad change illness makes in a home, particularly the men. They are such bores in illness. Mr. Ramsey was called in in the evening. Wednesday with Mother to see Mrs. Sam who was confined on Sunday morning at 8:00 o'clock. Found her doing well. Home to tea, had some music. Mr. King is better. "Oh! Music! Much I owe to thee."

Thursday in the kitchen all morning. I hate kitchen work, but must not recline too much. Mr. King better but still confined to the house. Had a walk in the afternoon. When we got to the railroad bridge saw Lewis Fox coming up the line to our house. Hailed him, and he scrambled up the bank and joined us. Walked home with us and stayed to tea, going off by the six o'clock train to Cambridge. Friday Mr. King something better. Sam came and gave Lou a lesson. Walked to Stapleford in the afternoon round by the station. Sunday went to church. Heard poor Mr. Smith was dying. He was at church a few Sundays ago, but true it is "In the middle of life we are in death. Sent to inquire after them." Monday busy all day, preparing for our large wash and was not very well. Took caster oil in the evening. Tuesday, no better. Large wash---two disagreeable things. I'll note no more. Wednesday, still in pain. Took more oil, felt something better. No time to be ill. Thursday, very much better, nice morning. Walked to the Stapleford Station. Waited there some time. To my great surprise, saw H. D. writing in the booking office. Very polite and chatty. He seems so amiable; I wish I had it in my power to permanently secure both him and his brother. They possess the essentials that win, and not only so, but bind. They are well educated, have been well born and reared,

but still the world's idle has not fallen at their feet by my means. Why was I not, I wonder, for I ever feel I should have done much good and certainly have added to my own happiness as it is decidedly "More blessed to give than to receive." If so, now I will build a pretty castle. I would endow Ricardio. He should marry Ma Chere!, and they would insure each other happiness for life!!! And I should hope be the decided friend of both and love them both. Would they love me? I should hope so. And Harry, what should I do with him? Oh! He should come in for his share but I've not yet found an amica for him, though no doubt I should have no great trouble to do that. But they don't appear to possess a feather of cupid. They seem to stand on the "glass stool" and beauty all around them. But they themselves receive no shock. Well, there's an end to that subject. I leave off where I began.

Friday Sam came and gave Lou her lesson. Mother came to dinner, better today, but weak. A nice day. Birds begin to sing and snowdrops in full bloom. Walked in the garden and saw two trains pass. This feels like spring.

Sunday 21st; went to church. Mr. Smith prayed for, he's no better, - ---worse. Walked with Georgy and Louie to the railway bridge after tea--- home, wrote to Mary and Margaret and so much of my journal. Heard from my friend the Rev. H. I. C. Blake this morning; answered. Tuesday heard from Ma Chere! Walked to call on the Hawthornes. The latter part of last month and the beginning of this I have made a discovery! It regards Louis, poor child! She is a young devotee at the Altar of Cupid! But I admire her taste, and she has not sunk in my estimation by her penchant. I only wish she may marry a man (ten years hence) that I could like as well and with such a mind, education and abilities, but at present she is an infant-and he old enough nearly to be her father. And between them there is a gulf--- I fear--no more-I'll pray!

Tuesday February 23rd. Mr. Smith died. She is to be pitied. She is young and inexperienced and a widow. Wednesday went with Mother to bind Ellen to Mrs. Swain as a millner, Father and mother paying the premiums. Ellen and I did not very well "set our horses together". She wishes to introduce duplicity in my family. This I will not allow. I dare say she will be careful how she openly attempts it again. But I've no confidence in her, and it is a sad thing to lone one's confidence in anyone. Thursday, went to the R. R. to go by the early train to Ickleton to poor Miss Webbs sale. Saw Ricardo, had a nice long chat with him. He has been ill, confined to his bed three days, poor fellow. That poor palpitating heart of his is the cause. Probably sorrow and suffering is the primal cause. Told me he was going to leave the poetry of the S. will then be gone to more than one of us. But partings are the lot of mortals.

Sunday, wretchedly cold day. Went to Church once, could not venture out again. Louis very low. She and I exchanged notes which did us both good. How strange that she should have such a strange penchant, at so early an age. But it is, in her, and idealism, and very beautiful it is. He will never know it, but certainly he never had or can have so pure a love again.

March 2nd, 1847. An event in Ma Chere's life! But it has not my wishes for its success, because I feel it is not for her good in any way. March 10th, went to Cambridge to the christening of Constance Mary Tapfield. Met Mr. and Mrs. Shallow, quite a reunion. He was the Mr. S. of other days. Ah! There has been an enemy of mine, at work with him, on e of those nasty little dark spirits that have ever hovered around my pathway and 'tis most true, "One sickly sheep infects the flock." Saturday, went shopping by train Had a chat with D. He promised to get me Eliza's picture that is coming out for the public. Sunday rode to Gog to see my father. He had been to church after a long illness of gout. March 15th. Tomorrow is my birthday though I am not yet?? still I began life so early that there

seems to be a large amount of matter crammed into my hitherto life. I began life too young enough to give one a surfeit, and did I not profess an elastic spirit, I know not how it might have been with me. And thank God I was brought up with good principles. A spirit of love or the ideal has also strongly impregnated my nature, consequently I embellish life according to my own ideas and feelings, and endeavor to extract the good and the beautiful from everything I come in contact with---and this gives me the power to create a world around me that matter-of-fact folks little dream of, and hence "my mind to me a kingdom is." And were it not for this faculty, life would often be a sterile spot where I could cull no flower to brighten my path of life. I have suffered peculiar to my organization---an have enjoyed in nearly the same ratio---16th March. My birthday! A lovely day. Mary Ayers and Mother dined here. Mr. King in bed with the gout. Heigh ho! Had lots of presents and notes--the children gave me "Elizas" first series---Miss Fox a pair of polish slippers, etc. March 24th general fast order of the queen. It was observed very solemnly through out the land---God forgive all that was amiss that day for I fear few of us felt all that we ought to have done. For myself, I am nothing---I can only pray, and desire, and crave---and make but little progress in the way of perfection. 26th, Mr. Daniel called in the morning. Georgie and I went to call on Mrs. Smith. Poor thing, she looks very interesting in her widow's weeds. Mr. King still an invalid-----30th, went into the grove and beautified the old ash tree, and had one of the men cut me a path to it, I leading the way, and he cut down the impediments as I directed. Heard Miss Fox was coming. 31st, sharp, white frost like winter and bitter cold---bind up!!! All's well!

April 1st. Ma Chere's birthday. She has got her presents and poetry b this time. I hope she'll like them.---April 3rd. Went to the S. S. to meet Ma Chere---She came---we had a nice chat with Ricardo. He looks ill, but patient and resigned. Ma Chere says heavenly! He promised to come on Monday evening. Easter Sunday April 4th. Got up at one-half past eight but felt low and dispirited--breakfasted, read Bible lessons and prayers. Had great difficulty in getting through. Could not get quite through for emotion. Thought I felt I could not take the sacrament. However went to church with Ma Chere---the children and Thomas Robinson---did partake of the sacrament, and they also---felt more quiet, and better in every way---Mr. King very unwell still.

Monday-breakfasted, read Bible lessons and prayers and felt stronger--busy all morning--went into the grove with Ma Chere! She quite charmed with the ash tree and my rural retreat. Expected Mr. D to tea--he did not come---Expected him all evening. At a quarter before nine o'clock the door bell rang and 'twas he. He supped with us and we had some music. He seemed more happy, but thinks he shall not live---thinks three years will decide his case, poor fellow! Living or dying he has my best wished. There is something in him that draws and attaches irresistibility---he is so gentle, so calm, so passive and pensive, that one feels to love him with that sort of love God Himself approves, and St. Paul taught might be sealed with a "holy kiss". Earthly natures cannot, would not, understand this---but he before whom I write would not condemn. I daresay we shall never see him again but my Benedicite shall be, May the Lord bless him. May He make His face to shine upon him and be gracious unto him and give him peace forever more--Amen.

April 9th, 1847, I was in the grove by the old ash tree and the 10 min. past 4 train came by, and on the front part of it by the engine stood R. L. D., he kissed his hand, and I returned it---he is gone!-----We shall probably meet o more on earth, but looking up to Heaven I say God bless him.

Friday 10th. Sam came to breakfast, gave Louie her lesson--did this--that, and the other. Saturday a lovely day--in the garden and grove all

the afternoon helping the gardener with flowers. Sunday, miserably wet day, only went to church once in the morning. Mr. King still laid up. Felt triste enough--something better toward evening. Monday, a very equivocal atmosphere. Seems to look as I feel--that is, ready to weep. "Oh, my prophetic Soul!---Tuesday washing, not more!-----"

Saturday April 11th, 1847. Thos. Robinson went to East Wickham to Messrs. Dickson and Bell. April 27th. Tom Owens' birthday - 7 years old today. He enters upon, or rather has passed, the first era of life--the little Ramsays dines and spent the day with him--his first party. Mother and Mary Ayres also. She helped to make fun for the children and keep them alive--for which she has a talent, and is with all a good little girl! Bertha annoyed me very much in the evening, indeed excited me a good deal more than I like to be excited. What a trial she has ever been to me--how unfortunate we are so dissimilar, there is no tie of mind or spirit, which is far more binding than the tie of blood. I hope time will improve her and give me patience. This has hitherto been a cold spring---the birds even do not sing like spring 'Tis in accordance with my feelings, which have been anything but elastic this year--Why?--Aye that is more than I can say---or if I could I will not attempt to explain---'Twill pass---May 9th still triste--leaden and blue are my spirits. Would I could shake off their horrid "coil"---time, sweet soother is alone my friend!--

June 5th 1847 started by the one-half past 12 train for Crausley--Mr. King, Georgie, Louis and I. Arrived there safely, Willaim Higgins meeting us at the station with a very handsome "Dogcart."

At Peterbro' we waited an hour for the train that was to convey us to Thrapston. Walked to the cathedral---but did not go in. It is a fine old building--bought a small bust of Shiller--one of my favorite poets--posted a letter. Sunday after breakfast walked to Boughton to church--only prayers--dined---in the afternoon attended Crausley church--I had heard Mr. Routledge preach before--He and his Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton came to supper--William Higgins and his wife were to dinner---she is plain but pleasant. Monday. Mrs. Foreman Daniel, I, and the girls rode to Boughton House the seat of the Duke of Buecleugh, and the Parkton Church and saw the splendid monuments of the Bluecleugh family. I had seen them before and duly expatiated upon their beauties in a former journal. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Wymen, and Mr. and Mrs. Draper and their daughters the Misses Lee came and Mr. Houghton tolerably pleasant evening. Tuesday--Rain fell in the night--cold morning, had a fire---walked and called on Mrs. Routledge and Mrs. Houghton---the Northamptonshire people are very hospitable, quite set an example worthy, of imitation in this particular. Wednesday, walked over to Boughton and over to Mrs. Douglas' Garden---very pretty----home, dined, and rode to Kettery and hear Wilson and the Scotch Minstrel at a morning concert commencing 3. His "One hour wie Burns" delightful---We were to have taken tea at Mrs. Drapers but she was taken ill. We therefore returned home. They had a little party of old friends in the evening and Miss Palmer was there. Went, had a good deal of singing and seemed pleased--to bed at 2 o'clock.

Thursday Mr. King left Crausley and Daniel and I and the girls went to North Hampton. Saw the Barracks and the County Jail. Oh! My heart bled in that but there is beautiful order and cleanliness--but the heavy looks and bolts grated awfully on our ear. Alas! that such places should be necessary. Dined at the Georges. They are cousins of the Higgins--and the same name. Had a very nice dinner with sherry and champagne. Home to tea at Mrs. Routledge's; more singing. Supped and home to bed at twelve.

Friday rose and breakfasted at one-half past eight. Read Burn's, walked in Crausley wood with Daniel and Mrs. Foreman, G, and L. Home and wrote this much in my journal. Saturday. They would not hear of us returning home today so we stayed till Monday--After dinner rode over to

Old to see Miss Palmer---home to tea---Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Tresham came to tea and we spent a very pleasant evening. No ceremony, no foolery, we all sang dined we were to have gone to Kettering to tea at Mrs. Wyman's but the pouring rain prevented us--read--talked and enjoyed each others society. Mr Houghton and Mr. Knight came in. The latter stayed to supper--and Georgie, Louis, and I sang "Lord of all power and might."

Monday Mr. Higgins went out purposely taking wit him the horse that was to have taken us to Thrapston Station and did not return until 3 o'clock p.m. So it was agreed we should go to tea at Broughton Lodge. Mrs. Tresham as she wished us to do----Charles drove Georgie and Louis--Daniel was obliged to drive the girls, Charles having a friend come with whom he was obliged to return home earlier; and in coming through Broughton the leather strap that holds the harness broke and we were very nigh having a sad accident. But I discovered it just in time--as it was we escape with a severe fright--and a good deal of fun--as Daniel was very facetious about over turning the church--having the parson's wife with us! Tuesday--another wet day!--and after a great deal of discourse on their part, that we could not and should not in the rain--it cleared up, and we bid adieu to king friends at Crausley ---Daniel driving us to the station at Thrapston where we arrived safely--and soon started in the train for Home Sweet home. Arrived at the Shelfor Station at 7 o'clock but could not discover our luggage, in fact, we found they had sent it on to Nisbict. Mr. Sproul was very kind and sent a telegram to all the stations on the line, and after being in a great fume and fear of not regaining it we got it safe once again. How much anxiety we often have about what proves a bubble! Wednesday. Went to Cambridge to the town hall to hear "The Creation." It was admirably got up by the first class pupils of my brother. The parents of the children alone being present all went off exceedingly well and we returned home satisfied. Thursday, June 18, 1846, poor Joe Turner, one of our farm laborers, had his arm torn off by the threshing machine. I went out and did what I could and gave him my heart's tears. We sent him to the hospital and they immediately amputated it. Poor fellow! It sadly unnerved me. Northamptonshire had a very nice letter from Mr. Downton about Eliza Cook's picture which he had promised to get for me. Last week in June papered and painted the best bedroom. July 3, 1846, Charles and Daniel Higgins came by the 7 o'clock train to visit us. We met them at the station. While there Mr. Sproul gave me a roll from Mr. Downton containing E. Cook's picture, the thing I have so craved for. Got home and undid my parcel and there was my beau-ideal, Eliza Cook! 'Tis a fine face and figure denoting large human nature. "They" say it is too masculine, she has a masculine mind, but a true woman's heart, or else her poetry is not true to herself. there was also a nice note, a very nice one, which I enjoyed because I like and respect the writer, and sympathize with him and wish him well, temporarily, spiritually, and eternally. Sunday--We all went to church in the morning, walked in the evening with Higgins' and the children. Monday--the Queen came to D. Higgins. Very hot day. Saw her face distinctly and plainly. Immense crowd to witness the procession. Lunched at my brother's, walked about, and in the evening went to Mr. Metcalfe's to see the fire works. Home at 12 o'clock, tired enough. Tuesday--started at 10 for Cambridge with G. & L., C and D. Higgins. Tried to get into the senate house but the crowd was too great. Saw the Queen return from there looking very pleased and gracious. Lunched at my brother's. Went to the fete at 2 o'clock. Immense crowds, intensely hot, and not able to see a great deal. Saw the iron Duke Wellington close, saw the Queen again. We, the people, formed a line for her and Prince Albert to pass up, --crowding, pushing--melting hot. Asked myself is this pleasure? Thought not. Wednesday--saw the Queen pass our gate house on her return to London--walked in the evening--bye the bye--must go back a day or two. July 3, 1847, what a decided gratification in the (Here the journal breaks off abruptly and the next sentence reads)---Friday, July 9th, Mother and Ellen Ayers dined with us here, also Mary. Had a very pleasant evening, dancing, and music, and singing. Saturday 10th, received

a letter from Eliza Cook. She says, "The picture is too large and not like her but 'tis useless to grumble." How provoking! But I like it and can fill up all deficiencies.

August 14--received a letter from Eliza. She is better and begs me to write to her, saying "my letters breathe a kindred spirit and speak of comfort and sweet peace." It is something to be able to give a fill up to such a spirit as hers. How I love to write and receive letters from a "kindred spirit"! Alas! 'Tis rarely one meets such a one.

August 18th, took Mary Ayers to teach for a time. God bless the undertaking. 23rd. Wrote to Delta enclosing extract from Young--31st. An answer very kind, good, etc.--Sept. 1st. Mr. Smith and Charlotte Ayers came. 2nd, took C. to Cambridge to see Ellen. Saturday Georgie came and staid Sunday with us. Tuesday went to London with Edie & Mr. Smith. In the evening went to the Politechnic Institution. Very much enjoyed it as always do that place. Heard a musical lecture from Russell, a most amusing, laughable, but withal edifying affair. Mr. Smith and I laughed 'till we cried nearly--the dissolving views very splendid. Views of the Holy Land, etc. After that a human head magnified 60 million of times. Wonderful! Wednesday poured with rain all day--in the afternoon got out to show Edie some wonderful birds, one personated Marshall Neg! firing a cannon, etc. In the evening went to sup with Mr. Jones. Very much enjoyed ourselves. Thursday. Breakfasted and went to see a collection of splendid pictures at Westminster Hall. Some of them exquisite. 13 Sept. Left London for "Home Sweet Home". Sept. 15th--Major Huddleston departed this life. The poor have lost a needy friend.

The second anniversary of the first visit I made to the Shelford Station and the first time we saw one who has created a good deal of agreeable conversation in our domestic orbit. 28th. Mrs. Peake, Mrs. Smith, and my brother spent the day here. I was rather glad of the change, for i've felt an additional weight hanging upon life's chain lately--I scarcely know why--but surely "Tis not good for man or for woman to be too much alone." Thought becomes feeling, feeling becomes oppression and oppression breaks the spirit, and the spirit frets under the yoke, and the yoke becomes grievous and--but not to magnify trifles, a change is sometimes necessary. Even if it is for the worse, it sets life in its true colors and we awake from our dream like a Giant refreshed. Sept. 30th, wrote to Ma Chere'. Fear she will be ruffled by my letter--can't help it--if I take pen in hand it will express my feelings and I felt all I said. I hardly know in what the fault lies. Perhaps there's something wrong in my ideas and something in other people's and so we can't always dovetail; well, there is One above who is the friend of all. To Him I must look--He above understands me--but I shall, nor will, nor can ever replace her. I've no wish--her niche in my heart shall ever remain unfilled. She was the first woman that won my heart, she shall be the last to wear it. But we were "over romantic." and it doesn't do in this world. There are so many persons and things that step in between and destroy harmony--Oct. 4th--my dear Georgine's birthday, bless her! She still maintains the opinion I have ever held of her. Tho' I don't mean to exalt her above humanity, oh!no, but she is, and will be, a nice piece of womanhood. I have had some trouble in forming her mind and heart, but there was always fine material to work upon and a teachable, humble spirit which is ever winning. Should she marry a man after my heart I shall love him a very little less than her. God grant it may be so--I anticipate nothing in this world, I am passive!-----I once wrote to one I had a great respect for, and one I am trying to benefit, who has declared a benefit has been felt. How delightful to feel one is of use in our "day and generation." May the blessings of the Almighty be upon the correspondence for everything we do or say, or write, must have His blessing upon it, His sanctification and purification, or what is it worth?

Tuesday 12th. Lovely, lovely, day. Had an answer not quite

satisfactory. It is not always one can be understood in writing. oct. 9th-Mr. and Mrs. Higgins came on a visit to us for a week. Wednesday, 13th. Went to the musical class at Manor Cottage, enjoyed it much--Mozart's Choruses being the program. Posted a letter. Thursday--Mrs. Higgins and I went by train to Cambridge, entrained by the half past eight. Friday Sam, Mother, and Mary Ayers dined here. We all went for walk in the afternoon, that is, Mrs. Higgins, G - L. and myself by the lake and round by the road--Stapleford Church and home. Mr. Kempton drank tea with us--Saturday--A most lovely day but, alas! everything wears the melancholy hue of autumn and now we've a long winter to get thru--I love the spring---in that blessed season I seem to be born anew--well, we shall get through some how, I hope--Charles gave warning and left--no great loss--Mr. Higgins left us. Sorry to lose him--he's a good natured creature. Sunday, Oct. 17, 1847 a general Thanksgiving for the abundant harvest--what a heavenly day--mild, pensive, and melancholy--but pleasing--melting, dreamy, and exciting--meditative, evanescent, vague and shadowy. Who can tell all the mighty stirrings of the waters of their soul? How powerful they are, how ravishing, soul-searching, yet untold and untelling, they could not live again upon our own lyre! How poor is language, even the most eloquent to convey some of the conceptions of our souls! Blessed gift to those who can attain even a moderate share of their divine communication. Josiah lions had tea here! What an event! Thursday 21st, went to Duxford to the opening of the national school. Heard Lord Charles Hervy preach from the commandment of our Savior to St. Peter. "Feed My Sheep."--again in the evening a discourse by the Rev. Roger Buston, a most eloquent discourse, nice singing and a good collection was made. Spent the day at Mrs. Westropes; whose hospitality we've often experienced and enjoyed. Friday 22- A nice autumnal day--but winter is fast approaching with rapid strides--but we must have the lights and shades of every picture in life. Saturday nice morning. Rec'd a letter from R.L.D. he received the game we sent him and seemed pleased. Read some of "Self Control". I have not read it since I was fourteen which is now some years since!!!How much has transpired since that time, Heigh ho! When we consider how much time is taken up in preparing to live, how little is left for really living! But this is but a passage to a better and it is narrow enough sometimes. 30th oct. Lovely morning, sun shining like spring--Alas! it is like shining upon a sepulchre, for winter is evidently upon us. Went to church and heard Mr. Daniel from Gen. 1st Chap. 27th verse. Nov. 1st, a lovely day like May day. Went to Cambridge shopping. Saw Mrs. Sam Tapfield and Mrs. Peake at the station. Had a chat with Mr. Sproul. He seemed very polite and obliging. Posted a few of my thoughts. Nov. 2nd-Lovely looking morning, like spring, except that there is the dead silence of autumn. No music of the birds. We seem to feel the stillness--nature seems to be taking her siesta like old age after the business of life is over. May my age, if I attain that period. be like this morning. Then, how calmly, how brightly, how pensively, shall "I stand in the cloud of years"---and drop into the grave as a weary child on the breast of its mother! and my mind shall soar aloft into a blissful dream, 'till I awake at the last great day and my body spring up in undying youth. The mortal will then have just felt n offering up- a prayer--'twas offered in very weakness, but surely I felt 'twas answered. Why should it not be? I asked but for spiritual gifts, and will He, can He deny himself? Oh! no, He does not wish His nature is Love, and even while we are a great way off He runs to meet our backsliding, faltering steps, that still would fain walk the straight and narrow path, and "Hold thou Me up and I shall be safe." and "Bless me, even me, Oh! my Father" Will-must be answered. The I am blest! Yea, Amen-So be it! Nov. 3rd. dull, foggy weather. Experienced a disappointment. Well, such is the lot of mortals--rec'd an invitation from Mrs. Metcalfe for Friday evening--shall go.

Nov. 4th awoke from an alarming dream, a strange dream last night! but it is now indistinct. It appeared to me that Satan in person was endeavoring with super-human strength to breathe his sulfureous breath upon

me! and I struggled and prayed that I might not catch it. I felt that if he could but say his breath had passed on me, I should be his!! But 'twas so confused and I was so alarmed that I know but little of it. However, I was dreadfully oppressed and every nerve was quivering and my bowels aching with fright and strange to say, I have not thought of it all day until this moment. He as no power beyond what is given him. Why, then, shall I fear him? Let me rather pray to my God to keep me and bless Him for His repeated care of me--a dull November day--and no letter?

Nov. 5th--Hear Mr. Higgins was seriously ill. Fear he will never rally again, poor man! We all spent the evening at Mrs. Palmer's--very pleasantly. Saw Mr. Palmer who printer my toilet 10 years ago. Had not seen him since. Got home at 2 o'clock a.m.---too late. Nov. 6th--feel very unwell with a bad head ache in consequence of the late hours. I was not made for anything that even borders on dissipation. Nov. 9th heard this morning that Mr. Higgins departed this life on Sat. at quarter to ten a.m. on Nov. 6th 1847. Poor man! Many will miss a kind neighbor and a ready friend. God rest his Soul! A great disappointment to me today, but that is the lot of mortals, and mine in particular--felt low spirited and went into the garden to help to plant some trees. Louis planted a Laburum by "Eliza Cook". The Gardener remarked it would be a fine tree in 40 years, and from that a joke arose--which ended in my asking him to dine here that day 40 years!! and smoke his pipe under its shade, and he should have everything he could eat or drink. He said he was afraid he would not be able to walk here. Well then, I said i would send a carriage for him 40 years this day it being then Nov. 9th 1887!! it caused much mirth and dispelled my low spirits, for it was such a novel thought of mine, but serious thoughts arise out of it. Where shall we all be by that time? Probably in our graves. Saturday Nov. 21st--My dear Mother very ill with severe cold and shortness of breath. Monday, the same. Tuesday sent for Mr. Ramsey. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, no better. Saturday, My Mother no better--so very weak. A poor little boy drowned at the bridge at Stapleford---body not yet found. Poor little fellow. He is happy, b this parents! What they must feel! Poor, afflicted ones! God help them, and heal their broken hearts. I have somehow made a mistake in the dates of my journal and it is not strange when I consider the changes of my life and my journeying from the old world to the new--however, I again commence. Tuesday, June 24, 1849---went in the afternoon to Pausee church with the Robinsons. It is a sweet pretty place to Vicarage. The Sunday school children presented flowers to us as we entered the church. Pretty and elegant idea, which besoke a teacher possessing a mind of that stamp. July 3rd 1849 started for London but he eleven o'clock train. Met Ma Chere' at the Shelford Station arrived safely in Ebury St. Found them all well, but a sad change had come over them, caused by the death of their husband and Father. Our first mela was a sad one owing to this change. I offered to take Freddy for a time. My sister agreed to it. In the evening went to the Poletechnic and was much amused.

July 4th. Wrote to Mr. Downton and Eliza Cook proposing interviews with each. In the evening rec'd his answer which was flattery, and I thought not quite gentlemanly--so wrote to reprove him and decline the proffered visit saying that is we now met it must be in Ebury St. that is, he must call on us. Went to the National Gallery and exhibition. Delighted! Home to dinner. In the evening Lewis Fox called, chatted, and then he and Ma Chere' went to Madame Waxworks and we called on Mrs. Jones. Home and supped, and Mr. Smith came at 11 o'clock--

July 5th. Rec'd answer from Dowty--annoyed beyond measure at my answer--saying it was method to "cut him". Wrote to him and told him the folly of such fancies. Said we should be at Astley's in the evening if he thought proper to meet us there. Went shopping all day. Had no dinner. Home to tea, and to Astleys. Soon after "half price", I was very intent upon the pieve felt a finger on my shoulder! Turned and saw-----one

I never thought to see again. One-in short, Mr. R.L. Downton! We talked all the rest of the piece. He walked home with us. It was a lovely moonlight night. How well I remember crossing the bridge, the noble Thames flowing beneath, his remarks! He saw us home and rang the door bell and when the servant answered it bade us good night. Was he really pleased to see us? I think so, certainly--I know both Ma Chere' and I enjoyed his company; how strange! Verily, Truth is stranger than Fiction. Saturday--MaChere' went into the city all day. In the evening did some shopping. Came home, trimmed bonnets, etc., to bed tired! Very hot day and night. Sunday went to hear Melville at St. Marks, North Audly Street. I had not heard him for 13 or 14 years. His text 4 Chap. of John 36-7 Verses--At first I thought it was not the same--but soon that marvelous voice of his broke on my ear, and then I knew it was he, and his discourse was beautiful, confirming me in my opinion, that nothing is in vain, that if we sow we shall reap or rather as he said the another may reap, k still we shall be fellow workers and shall "rejoice together"--he said this was an encouragement to parents and teachers. that they shall in wise lose their reward. He does not believe in sudden conversion, generally speaking, that there was a former preparation, and that the exertions of friends--or preaching at once established the incipient principle--Very hot day.

Miss Fox went into the Park to meet her cousin, and brought Erastmus here--he staid but a short time--we had ta, walked in the garden. What a struggle for vegetation a London garden presents, enough to make one melancholy--MaChere' entirely undressed and we were waiting a visit from Ricardo. He came! Yes, verily he did, and a very animated conversation we three had. Religion was the topic. He staid till eleven--Margaret would not come into the room! How I pray he may be all I desire for him. I do believe the finger of God is upon him for Good. May it be so, is my earnest prayer--Thursday, all the morning we were not seeing the Pantheon Lowther Arcade and Bazaar where we saw a magic cave and Cosmaramic views. Oh! Wonderful!! The Crucifixion. Marcus Curtius leaping into the gulf, the Deluge were the three that struck me as being so life like as to be awful and thrilling! All were beautiful! MaChere' treated us to a luncheon at eh confectioners,--ices, cakes, and cherry brandy. In the evening we all went to the Hay market treated by Mr. Smith. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Kean in "Stratham", a beautiful drama. i like their performing together. It is delicate and all it should be--Monday --all went to Cremoine, Tuesday had a note from Ricardo saying he could not procure us tickets for the opera, but would we allow him to accompany us to the Surrey, where the performances were musical and select; That he would meet us at the door--We went late and found him leaning against one of the pillars. He shook his head the moment he saw our cab. How nicely he behaved! How gentlemanly, how much every word and action confirmed the good opinion I had formed of him. We walked part of the way home and rode the rest, he seeing us to the door. Del Beggimenti was the entertainment and The Miller and His Men."

Wednesday felt triste, paying taxes for my enjoyments--so be it. Gladly will I pay them--Home at 5 o'clock so ends a pleasant, yea, a happy visit.-----

Thursday--Miss Bailey came to work for us. Friday--Georgie and I went to meet Mrs. Thorpe, and the thing was settled without any difficulty. Home at 5 o'clock. Felt triste at the thought of parting with one who has been the cynosure of my existence. She was born an angel and as for as human nature can partake of the ethereal essence--she has ever done so-- Besides the tie parental and filial between us, there is one far more binding, yes, a 1000 times more so--the tie of mind. For the last four years she has been my constant companion, my friend, my sister, and ever, every m own dear child! I was married at 17 therefore the disparity of years is not so great--she knows me better than any other human being, and she loves me with a warmth that makes the sunlight of my destiny! But hold! whither am I running! Not too far, never too far when I speak of

her!! And I am called to part with this household treasure! Another great trial of my life, but I believe and hope it will be for her good, and self must be immolated on the pyre of maternal love--My Father! Thou art alone my refuge. To thee I fly direct--protect and hold me forever Oh! let me live to thee!

Friday 13th, went to the Bournbridge Station to meet the train that was to take us to Newmarket to see Mrs. Thorpe. On my way got a letter from my pet correspondent--a nice one. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe. It was settled that Georgiana should go there--home to tea.

Saturday--felt triste and nervous at the thought of parting with my dear child. Alas! Sunday--answered my Friday's letter. God bless all I do and say in these letters may I ever endeavor to be all that I ought to be. Monday--went to the station to meet the train (7 o'clock) by which Mr. Smith and Edie came. Tuesday all confusion. How wretched I felt all day--an incubus was over me that I could not shake off, do all I could. Oh! Father of mercy! and God of all comfort, help and bless me!----

My brother and his wife dines here and spent the day and added to my misery in every way tho' innocently--how happy I was this day a week ago, and yet how strange it is we never seem to realize true happiness while it is within our grasp! Strange!

July 22nd. Heard from R.L.D., a nice letter. Did me good, though I was disappointed too, he is ill, poor fellow, always ill. Oh!!! that I could make him well body and soul!! But he says I have done him good. Often in this early world we cannot do the good we would--Sad thought! Tuesday--Washday--Bah! heard by a letter dropped upon the line that Ma Chere' was gone to London again. Wherefore? She's fond of mystery. A miserable wet day. Miss Bailey here. Thursday--still wet. I had rained almost everyday since I left London. Heard this morning from Eliza Cook. Nice letter, did me good. The Browns, Robinsons, Evans, the Hedding and two visitors coming here to tea this afternoon. Friday--rode to Gog to bid Mrs. Owen goodbye--took Georgie round by the Shelford Station and she went by train to Cambridge. Got home at one-half past four and then we all went to Mrs. Brown's to meet the same party. Sunday, dull morning. Went to church--Text "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." Thought of R.L.D. God grant he may be led into the way of truth! How happy I should be were I convinced he had attained it--God grant it maybe so soon----

Half past eleven p.m. Wonders will never cease! We had just done supper, when I saw someone come in at the gate. Looked again and saw Richard Leigh Downton. Strange! Passing strange! He staid and chatted an hour or so, and then we found he had no particular place to go to, and we offered him a bed--which after some little delicacy he accepted. I then went and prepared the room and he has retired--it seems I can hardly realize it. Poor fellow-----

Monday morning, 9 o'clock. Mr. Downton is up and gone. Strange being! How shy and cool he seemed, yet I believe he appreciated our kindness. Half past twelve Mr. D. returned for dinner-himself again--that is most agreeable, but always eccentric. Had a nice chat before dinner, dined, had wine and dessert, and conversed. Then went into the best parlor. Then we all walked round the garden--showed him the children's drawings--had music--"What are the wild waves saying", etc., tea, and then a delightful chat--He is witty and mirthful and very handsome. Certainly he is one I should love for a son-in-law, but that will never be, poor fellow! I wish I was rich for his sake. At 7 o'clock he rose to go as he was to leave by the 8 o'clock train. We all went into the garden with him. He asked me to give him arousal--I cut him a bouquet. We shook hands and said farewell, and off he went, and we then jumped into the Sociable to spend the evening by invitation at Mrs. Robinsons and enjoyed the evening very much. Home at half past one. Tuesday. In the evening we all went to

Mrs. Evans and enjoyed ourselves very much. Got home at half past 3 o'clock. Am glad these parties are over for my heart is not in them-----

Wednesday, August 1st, 1849, My ever dear Georgiana left home to go as governess to Mrs. Thorpe's children, he being a clergyman and they are quite a high family of Chippenham Vicerage. This parting has been one of the great trials of my life. To part with one who has been my companion for four years, and more than that, my friend, my sister, and ever, ever, my own dear child! We possess the tie of mind which is far more binding than the tie of nature. Well, I will hope it is for her good. Employment is a fine thing for young people but do-say--think what I will, it is a trial of the heart--my sad hear! God help me! Thursday Mr. Dowton sent by Post a piece of music each of the girls. Very kind indeed of him--just like him. At 1 o'clock lous started for Huntingdon. I am alone! Went and drank tea with Emma Webb. Bertha took her lesson of music and we returned home by the 8 o'clock train--to--bed-----Friday felt triste, very--When shall I get reconciled to the separation? Alas! I know not! Felt most miserable and desolate, all day. Had a letter from my own dear child, and another from dear Dowty. Felt relieved and more cheerful. Worked in the garden feeling not quite so leaden. Mother came to tea and supper. Sunday, a return of my sad to be "maid" which was as well-----Thursday--Emma Webb came to make me visit for a few days. A heavy thunder storm. Rec'd a budget from Ricardo. Very kind as it was written to beguile me from selfish sorrow for the loss of my children, that is their absence--August 12th. My beloved Louie's birthday--how well I remember her birth. What a dream life is! God forever bless her in everything she does. She has been a great blessing to me and still is so.

Monday--all the wheat down' a splendid crop opposite the house. A shocking prospect. God be thanked for it and all things else--going to tea with my Father and Mother. Friday went to call on Mrs. Gosling. They were very polite and kind. 18 years ago we were very intimate but circumstances over which we had no control raised a barrier between us and we have not visited.

Sunday, as we finished prayers, George Elbown brought up the letters--one from-- but not quite such anyone as I like. Mr. King and I went to Church Duett. Felt like a fish out of water--teeth aching and queer. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and sister called in the evening. Monday. Sadly dull all day.-----

Tuesday--lovely day all day. Felt better, went for a walk to the Culverts and read "Belt ont he Hand", Bridgewater Treatise. In the evening called on Mother. Certainly felt better. Wednesday--wrote a letter to D. Packed off a box to G.--Mother drank tea with us--the Robinsons called. Saturday had a note from MonAmi. Felt anxious many times int eh day---says he will respond. This is merely an acknowledgement. Sunday went to church. had a nice not from Georgy. She is well, and as happy as can be from home, bless her! Long may she remain so. Rode to Mrs. Westrope's Miss Webb accompanying me--home at 9 o'clock had prayers and to bed. Monday rode over to Chesterford and called at Cottinghams, had tea. They seem to me to belong to a past age like the Valence people. Felt glad Georgy was out, for to me they seemed "mere cumberers of the Ground" which none ought to be, especially the young and healthy. Friday 24th. E. Webb left by the half past four train--lovely day. Enjoyed the walk home from the station----Josiah Froning here--staid tea--felt triste in every sense of the word. Whether this parting opened up old Wounds, or what, i hardly know, but before I went to bed, up rushed the flood gate and bathed me in a briny ocean of tears. Verily I felt that I could dissolve in tears, but it something relieved me. Though my tears are wrung out, I do not weep easily. Had a wretched night after it. Saturday, felt low and unwell. Had a nice budget from my precious child Georgy. Felt anxious and

presentments, coming events cast their shadows before.-----Sept. 5, 1849- Received the astounding sad melancholy news that my dear friend had departed this life on the fourth at one o'clock in the morning. I dreamt I saw him and shook hands with him, but he looked dull. Saw him again sitting at tea with Mr. Sproul. My feelings were so benumbed by this sad news that I hardly know how I feel except sad and desolate, convey my idea of them alas! Alas! Yesterday, September 4th, Miss Bailey who is here spoke to me upon the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, and broke up my feelings very much, for she told me that all other Churches were false! I had suffered so much in my early life for my religious feelings, and had my earnest prayer, and trying to walk consistently as became a Christian gained a great degree of happiness in my religion, and I know the spirit of God has led and comforted me. And when she showed me that the last dispensation was opened and that there were but two Churches on earth--One God's and the rest the opposite power, I felt again stranded, and oh! how I trembled to think should I again have to "stumble upon the Dark Mountains" of doubt and uncertainty in which I had struggled and suffered for years? Oh! how she broke me up, how I wept "rivers of tears". She was shocked, and seemed to mourn over me. I told her never to mention it to me again, etc. under this wounded spirit came the letter from George D. announcing the death of his brother. I was already full of tears, and indeed were the "deep fountains" of my heart broken up. Truly I was "born in tears" unto the Church of Christ--Never shall I forget the misery of those days. But I will not write them.

Thursday--Have shed showers of tears over the bier of departed friendship! May his spirit be safe in The Land of Bliss! Where the weary are at rest, and I do believe he was a-weary--I repeatedly ask, can it be? Draw the curtain and let the dead rest! Monday, Sept. 10th, 1849, God and myself only, know the breaking up of old associations that have taken place in this year to me! 1849 has been a year of frenzied trial to me, shall I make a list? Perhaps some day I will--but 'tis at any rate written "where everyday I turn the leaf to read it."

Sept. 12th. This day I had another letter from George Dowton saying he would take the earliest opportunity of answering my letter, and as far as in him lay, of granting my requests. Felt something relieved. Very wet and miserable day like my feelings. Sept. 13th. I had written to G.D. to return all my letters and 24 tracts that I had written to his brother might be returned to me--he was A. Deist, and a large packet of letters were on religion, etc. He promised to do so--felt relieved some. Monday 17th. Went to Chippenham to see my precious child Georgy. Dear girl, she looked well and happy. Walked to the Vicarage and saw her nice, sweet little room. Thank God all is nice about her and I will endeavor not to repine, for God has been good indeed to me.-----Tho' He has seen fit to remove some of my load stars from this earth, still has he left me rich in my precious children. Oh! My God! pardon all Thou seest amiss in me, and forgive me because I "loved much". Bless my remaining children and spare them to me! Found Mrs. Newell here on my return home. Tuesday--washing day--but I still feel better. Oh! May it continue. Sunday--16th, went to church. Heard a sermon that made me bless God that I had held out to my friend the lamp of revelation. How thankful I am that I did this, or how bitter would be my regrets. How autumnal everything looks this evening--like my heart.-

Sept. 26th My dear Louie and the boys have just left after a sojourn of 4 days which I enjoyed, and so did they.--It has been a balm to my spirit. Thanks blessed Father! Thou hast left me great consolation. May I never forget to be thankful for all Thy bounteous goodness unto me! Had a nice satisfactory letter from dear Georgine, bless her! She is a host of good things in her self. And my darling Louis is a gem. I will ever wear upon my heart. Oh! bless my children and make them all Thine own. Oh! My God, body, soul, and spirit, Amen! Amen!-----

Sept. 27th. Went by invitation to spend the afternoon and evening at "The Valence" with Mr. and Mrs. Gosling, the Robinsons there. Years have passed since we spent a day with them, a coldness having arisen through others over whom we had no control, so it was quite a reunion. She seemed pleased and we enjoyed it, as well as I am capable of enjoying anything at the present time. I have lately been shown the vanity of human life, human love, and friendship, and I sit loosely to things of earth at the present moment.

Oct. 10, 1849. Received a letter from G.D. with the particulars of his brother's death. He died of the awful scourge which has been like the plague in England the last summer Cholera -----his remains were carried to, and found, a resting place in that most beautiful cemetery "Norwood"--R.I.P.-----

Oct. 14. Rec'd all my letters and extracts, and the Bible I gave him. I feel that dying I need not blush for my feelings to the deceased. I faintly tried to do him good--I felt a singular feeling in looking over these relics, subdued and chastened. In all my travels I have had consolations almost mysterious. Peter was saved tho' he denied his master. Paul was called while on his way to persecute the saints. A look recalled the former, a voice the latter. Why, then, should we doubt His mercy. He is no respecter of persons--such gives hope to me. Sunday, Oct. 14. Felt triste and lachrymose but softer and more passive---I make a pause here--after all, I wonder if it is worth telling such a simple, plotless accurate of a life made up of Mondays--Tuesdays--and Wednesdays. Well, I cannot help it if nothing sound or reads very remarkable. To me, my life was very remarkable but then, "the half is not told". "The music is left out", or a good deal of it. I'll go on at any rate. Monday 15th. Called on my way to Cambridge and paid Mr. Sproul what I owed him. Bid him goodbye as he is going to leave the station. I like him and we have been very friendly in exchanging books and other politesse. Bought him a book as a souvenir. "Johnsoniana" which I hope he will like---Wednesday-- took the book to Mr. Sproul as a parting gift--had cards from Jane Robinson who was married yesterday. Oct. 18th. Sorted my letters. Surely we shall meet the lost and loved on earth in the land of spirits. How dark everything is around us! My mind has been a good deal engrossed by what Miss Bailey has told me of the Latter day work--I asked her many questions and she was kind and gentle in telling me in what their principles consist. Certainly there is nothing in them but what I can test by the Bible, and therefore I know they are truth--They take hold of my mind wonderfully, and I seem to gain strength from them--I feel to prove them all I can, for the Bible says, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." Nov. 5, 1849, went to Cambridge--posted a letter and the purse to G.D. hope he will be pleased. He has been very polite, and shown a spirit of rich appreciation of our friendship, which is something. Received the profile, and my last letter, and all is ended.

Nov. 15th, 1849, a public thanksgiving day by order of the queen for the cessation of the cholera. Went to church twice. Mr. Danmiel preached an excellent sermon in the morning. In the afternoon good also--May this day be noted in the Book of Life--Lord forgive our wanderings and our weaknesses. Nov. 16th, went to the Town Hall Cambridge to hear the Oratorio, "Elijah" "Elijah" of the Bible--he is tall, and fine looking--very pale and intellectual looking, and most magnificent eyes, all soul! I could look at such eyes forever and be elevated by the gaze! The orchestra was full and fine--kettle drums, etc. 17th. Miss Wood lent me "Life of Beethoven". I am very pleased with it yet it is sad, too. He resembles one I knew--small in person--difficult of access, a republican, a Deist, very modest--disliked epistolary Communion--kind to his family--made a will--lived and died a bachelor--often changed his lodging. Is not that a likeness!

Nov. 21st, 1849. Went with Mr. Waldock to Huntingdon to visit Miss Fox. Sunday, 23rd 1849 Tom went into jackets and trousers. Quite an event in a boy's life! Heigh ho! Bertha has, as usual, made me miserable. We cannot live together, no--wemust part. We do not add to each others aration may do something for us both--then we may be better able to appreciate each other. Georgy wrote the invitation for the Quadrille Christmas day. -- they are all gone to church and I stay to cook a dinner for all our men adn boys. A lovely morning but is now twelve o'clock and clouding over--so clouds often, the brightest prospect of our lives. Many that we loved are gone 'cold in the winter hours' alas!

Dec. 31st a.m. sat up till 2 o'clock and wrote my accustomed letters to my children and friends. Jan. 1st, 1850, sent off my letter and the 3 Vol. Poutefrael to Mr. S.--sat up for G. and L. and Miss Fox who were gone to a ball to Mrs. Robinsons. I have another journal which I think I shall not extract but leave it as it is. Except perhaps many a few memorandums from it.

Memorandum. 1850 Christmas Day--one of the most wretched, if not the most wretched, days of my life, Oh God, hold me up and keep me safe! Nov. 4, 1850. I formally changed my religion adn was baptized by Elder Joseph W. Johnson buried in the waters of baptism according to the orders and example of our Savior, Jesus Christ, and my ever dear Georgiana at the same time. 'Twas a most important and grant epoch in our lives. Language is perfectly peurite to describe by feelings but as I was buried in the womb of water I felt this is Baptism! Oh! May this deed, this obeying literally the command of our Savior be registered in the records of Heaven. Nov 22-52. Extract from letter.-----

I feel to add a few more words to my letter this morning B. Claudius Spencer and Sister Spencer /"Georgy"/ are just gone. I fain would recall B.F.D. Richards' discourse on Sunday might or rather a portion of it. The scripture he read were the opening 5 or 6 versus of the 30th Chapter of Deuteronomy with, I think, a portion of the 28th Chapter and the pitch of his discourse was that all things would be restored even the sacrifice that in the old laws a child would be destroyed for being undutiful to his parents, or calling them names---That the adulterer would have his life taken from the earth, and all the laws of Moses would be restored as he had said they would be till iniquity was put away from the earth. And that there was not a government upon the earth this day where they could be carried out but among the Latter-Day-Saints. To us, as saints, it was clear, for we know what is coming upon the earth. Oh! Let us be faithful--let us remember that we are a peculiar people, and hence the world is looking to see that we disgrace not our profession and our principles. Let us remember that to us are committed the oracles of God as they were to the Jews of old, and that there is a bright reward to those that remain faithful to the end. I know no good thing will the Lord withhold from his people if they are faithful and are willing to sacrifice for His names' sake. Four fold shall he restore to them. I have lost Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Friend. Yet has not God given me those who love me with an Eternal love? Those that will "stick closer than a brother"? Those who acknowledge me their sister in a pre-existent state--where together we worshipped our Father in Heaven, knelt before his effulgent throne, and covenanted to come forth in this probation to do a work that should exalt our own name and nature, and glory and honor to his great name! Have I not met those with whom I then knelt in covenant? Did I not know their voice as soon as I heard it? Did it not sound in mine ear as a talisman I could not resist when it said--come with us and we will show you what is good? Have I not been obedient, and have I not reaped already something of my reward? Yes, verily--May I not name you among those in number? I believe so--have we not drunk into the same spirit? Are we not bound in the same covenant?

Extracts from my journal commencing March 14, 1848. It seems here is a chasm between this and the last extracts I made, but perhaps it's as well. At this time my life moved on in one unbroken stream of sameness---the same "yesterday, today, and forever". Received the letter--a nice one, all's well. 16th. My birthday! Received hosts of presents, a very happy day--accept my thanks, gracious God, for all thou hast bestowed upon me! Sunday the 19th. It has been very wet and cold for a long time, no appearance of spring yet. Mother very poorly and Georgie's head very bad. We must have the evil and the good in this life. Wednesday 22nd. A nice day--quite a treat after the wretched weather we have had. Went in the grove and gathered the first violets; this looks like spring! Heard a beautiful thrush and a blackbird sing! Thoughts! Thoughts! unutterable thoughts, but they were dreams of bliss, short lived of course, as all sublime pleasures must be! Read my letter and added a little to it, and scented it with violets! The girls went to the musical class for the first time this year. 24th. Rode to Cambridge and posted a letter; enjoyed the ride----25th. Mrs. Smith invited the girls to an evening party by letter--accepted it. Hope they'll enjoy it. They are at the age for enjoyment of that sort. Every age has its recommendations. 29th. Walked to the Shelford Station and saw the girls off to Cambridge for Mrs. for Mrs. Henry Smith's party. Lovely afternoon. Rained in torrents all night; nothing but rain! This morning the sun shines in all his glory but clouds are flitting about that denote no stability in the weather. Have not been violating but once. Last year I nearly lived in the grove. Eh! Bien! 'Tis useless to complain. Wrote to Mary and to Ma Chere'. In the afternoon went violating, lovely afternoon. 30th. Eddie came home to write his invitations for his party on his birthday. In the evening walked to Shelford with Louie, Tom. Eddie and I called on Mrs. Ramsey and chatted with her some time, then returned home. 31st. Lovely day like summer. In the afternoon went violating; have had a bad thumb for some days which quite disabled me. How valuable is the smallest member, and yet how little we value them until, by their loss, we are taught to know their worth! Walked to the Shelford Station and paid for the Irish box. First of April, MaChere's birthday, bless her! Wish her much more than the common "happy returns". She is a good girl, a kind friend to me, and very deserving, etc. Had a letter from Georgie. Second of April. Lovely, altogether lovely day. Ellen Ayers came by the morning train to spend the day with us. All went to church--fine sermon. Mary Magdalen the principal subject. Her sins were forgiven "for she loved much", beautiful love! The elixir of life! The sentiment of angels, the attribute of God! The sensation I would cherish for all!---3rd. Lovely day. The gardener here so I have been his shadow all day. Mother and Louie rode to Gomagog. Went into the rove and read some letters and violated a little. Young Evans attains his majority today. Grand doings a nobleman could do but what is being done for him; and his only the son of the gent at the "Sparch Yard" as my servant, Mrs. Dellow, emphatically calls him.--4th, Eddie's birthday, nine years old. Had had a large little party, and they richly enjoyed themselves. Danced in the evening. April 6th. Mr. King's birthday and our wedding day. Nice day, but cold and I feel cheerless, somehow. Louie rode to Royston with his father for the first time. 8th. Wet, cold, stormy morning--something like the maternal fracas last night. Alas! When we do try to do our duty, what a sad thing it is to fail giving satisfaction to the very party for whom we make such sacrifices as few can understand, but I feel and know. God help me! I have no other strength, for my own is nothing!---April 9th, 1848. Three hundred and sixty five days have passed since i stood by the old ash tree when the four o'clock train went by, and on the front of it stood one whom we all admired--who had been a good deal mixed up with our thoughts, words and actions, and whom one very dear to me had given heart and mind to! 'Twas an ideal love but not the less beautiful and sincere and could he have known all as I knew, he must have felt honored at the thought of inspiring so ardent an affection in one so young, so pure, so innocent and good. (She was but 13, he 30!) For her sake and his own I say again as I did that day, God bless

him, and health and happiness and peace go with him and every good! R.I.P.
14th. Very busy getting Bertha's things ready for school and also reading "Jane Eyre". 'Tis a fine unique work, nothing namby-pamby in that. No letters--'tis nearly a fortnight since I heard from MaChere!, very busy all day picking feathers alone. It has turned out a wretched wet day, and my employment being anything but agreeable, have felt triste enough. One of those peculiarly heavy clouds has been over me all day that I have been accustomed to all my life from my earliest childhood, but it will pass. If the sun of the heart shines, it matters not how shrouded the earth's planet is, and visa versa, which is the case today. No more---be April 18th, '48 in the log book of Memory!!-----

Easter Sunday, not well, but went to church and partook of the sacrament. Lord forgive all that was amiss in my receiving. April 25th. The last week has been wretched weather and I've been feather picking all the time. Sam and Charlotte dined here today and Georgie returned with them, having spent a month there, and Mother went home with them having been here in the hospital three weeks. I went to the station with them. 26th. The sun actually shines after being hidden for a week! But it is cold and showery still. Wrote to MaChere! The early fruit is all out off by the cold and frost. Sad! But "Man proposes and God disposes". No letters. May Day, fine morning but windy. Somehow I feel forlorn today. My home is not as it used to be. The quiet and peace of it is broken, and by whom? One from seventeen, since which time I have acquired thoughts, feelings and habits far different. I have others to study and please, and if my present character borders on the peculiar, I am at any rate happy, and what can be thrown into the scale against happiness?---Nothing, with me. May 2nd. Had a very good letter from my Father upon the recent fracas. He is ever kind and good and reasonable. Would all were like him! Halting between two opinions today--are my doubts traitorous! I know not--Thou, God, who knowest all things direct me and protect me, for I need Thy guiding hand. I am weak and frail and fluctuating; my best resolutions nothing, my doings worse! Going to walk to "the brook". May 3rd. Lovely day. Walked to the Shelford Station and took the train to Cambridge. Arrived home tired and this day gained a victory over myself, whether such self denial was important I know not. I had prayed to be led into the right way, and feeling a strange bias I expect it was imperative, at any rate it was self denial, self control, or else the Spirit of God directing me to right. Lord, accept the sacrifice which I this day offered.-----
End of the domestic fracas! May 9th. Margaret came by the five o'clock train unexpectedly. Freddie came with her in the midst of my large wash! Wednesday, ---They all went to Gog. Miss Westrope came, and she and Georgie went to the musical class in the evening. Thursday posted the letter, lovely day. Let Thy blessings be upon me, even me, Oh! my Father!--
-----Saturday Eleanor came by the eight o'clock train. Margaret and I met her at the station. Sunday at home all day, heard from Elisa Cook. Thomas took Eleanor home in the evening. Monday Margaret and Georgie rode to Gog to dinner She left by the five o'clock train. This was her last visit to us. Wednesday, lovely day. In the afternoon walked to the Shelford Station with Georgie to go to Cambridge. Thunder storm in the evening. Thursday quite a change in the atmosphere. Last night I dreamt of----how plain everyone appeared and things seemed real. Expected a letter, disappointed. How seldom I meet with one of my own enthusiastic temperament. Heigh! ho!--- Thursday, 18th or May 1848. Mr. Collier married for the second time. Louise at Cambridge keeping house while her Aunt and Uncle are at Yarmouth. No letter--"the absent are the dead"--- Verily they are!---"Hope on, hope ever." Sunday we dined at Duxford with Mr. and Mrs. Westrope. I went with her to the chapel while the gentlemen sat over their wine and talked of markets and so forth. Text "Remember Thy Creation, the Days of Thy Youth" and so forth. Good sermon.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Miss Bailey here. Bah! work, work, work, and confinement! Friday, a lovely day. Wrote to T. Robinson, Mary

MaChere', and Charlotte. May 26th A lovely day. After dinner went and sat in the grove in the old ash tree and read this journal; fell into a dreamy mood, birds singing sweetly all around and overhead! What could a poetical temperament desire more? That old ash tree is one of the blessed places of my present life. I seem away from the business of life---"The world forgetting, by the world forgot." Nov. 19, 1868 Mother and Georgiana went to Cambridge in the evening and Mrs. and Misses Hawthorne called. Had some nice chat with them, discussed "Jane Eyre". They like it as I do. Now for supper---tomorrow we are off to London. May 27th. Started by the 11 o'clock train for London with Edie,--sent Mr. Sproul my "Drama Vindicated" and he lent me one on the same subject. Found agreeable people in the train. Arrived safely in Davies Street, and found all well. The Queen's birthday kept. Walked out in the evening to see the illuminations, crowds of people, but not one face I knew. So what was all this life to me? Alone, that's all. Sunday intended to go to the Abby, but Mr. Wynne named ten to call for us and made it eleven, so we were disappointed. What a pest are tardy people! Went to John Street chapel and heard an excellent sermon text "What! could not ye watch me with one hour?" The preacher was a noble specimen of man and such a magnificent voice one seldom hears! Altogether it was a most awakening discourse, and I enjoyed it greatly. Dined and then called with Margaret on Miss Steer's. Saw Mr. Johnson; both very polite. In the evening went to Pimlico Chapel and heard Mr. Harrison--a very excellent discourse---Which he always preaches--and such a large congregation one rarely sees. It was a literal cram! Many stood, and in the responses and singing the mighty murmur rose thrilling upon the ear! The human voice is the finest of all instruments, and when heard in masses all in harmony is something language cannot tell. Monday walked into Oxford Street and bought a few things. In the afternoon called on Mrs. Jones, Miss Gregory, and Miss Steers. Mrs. Jones and I called in the evening upon Henry Norton.

Tuesday - could not sleep fearing I should not wake in time to call Edie who was to leave at half past five on his visit home. Rose at four and looked out the window upon the silent city---the modern mighty Babylon which was calm and quiet as a sleeping giant! I saw a solitary policeman. At last a cat appeared on the pavement, and then another, and then a well dressed woman came along alone, walking briskly along looking neither to the right nor to the left. Who or what can she be? Then a man, and soon another strolled along the street, then another rolling first on one side and then the other, having been a devotee at the Shrine of Bacchus. Then a carriage with a lady in it returning from a party or a ball, but they passed, and again all was silent. 'Twas a moment of thrilling interest to one, a novice in the ways of cities and its inhabitants. The air was really pure, and a pair of pigeons was on the house opposite chasing each other along the roof till one was made to take to his wings, showing he had to bow to ambition and victory. A bird or two attempted a chirrup but their notes lacked the richness, the joyousness, the freedom of our country warblers, but short and broken and unmusical were their attempts. At last I withdrew from the window and a cab man had espied me from my eyrie. Laid down for another half hour, then rose and awoke poor Edie and dressed him, took him down stairs and got him some breakfast. At half past five the cab drove up with Mr. Wynne--he took his trunks, we kissed the child, and he was gone!---This day three years he came to me; a singular coincidence!

Wednesday, walked in the park and also called on the Nortons. In the evening Margaret, John, and I went to the Polytechnic Institution and were greatly amused. Heard a very fine lecture on steam, and a microscopic lecture, diving bell, and dissolving views. Wet evening. Thursday dull cold day. Made Margaret a chemisette. In the morning walked out and bought a few trifles and retrimmed my cap for the evening. At five went with Mrs. Jones to the Nortons to tea. Had a very pleasant evening. Some musing in the way of polkas, etc. Supper, and Henry brought me home in a cab through St. James Park. On the morning of this day, received a letter

from one who ought to have written before---is friendship but a name? and must self-interest be the cement that holds the fabric together? I believe many fee friendship in its purest form but they rarely meet another who possesses this exquisite sentiment--so it is rarely enjoyed reciprocally. Well, I shall sometimes write, and if I get no answer it will die a natural death!---I know the integrity of my own heart and I know I meant to soothe, to harmonize, to sometimes instruct well. Intentions are something and particularly when put into practice.

Friday--had a good night, "Natures sweet restorer, balmy sleep." How blessed is thy influence on the wearied frame and the ever active brain. Sat. morning at twelve o'clock left London, arrived home to tea, and found all well. Never does my home appear so precious to me, or in greater beauty than after an absence! Verily, I find no place like my home to me; My Home, My Home, the spot on Earth, That's dearest to any heart and eye, etc. Sunday morning--went to church with my family. Longed for the beautiful organ I heard in London. In the afternoon went to Stapleford and heard Mr. Carns for the schools. Tuesday, went for the letters----an envelope from the D.--enclosing his father's autograph which I had requested. He had asked the name of the publisher of "Fanny Waft Me" so Georgie copied the music and sent it with the particulars. Wednesday, busy ironing all day. Georgie and Louie gone to the music class for the last time this half. Carried Mr. Sproul some seeds for his new little garden. Thursday--finished ironing. In the evening we were to have gone to Richard Love's garden, but the "English sunshine--the wet," prevented it. Young Duchenne, the sailor called to say his aunt would be happy to see us any day next week,---so shall go--Saturday very uncomfortable about Bertha, having heard she was ill. Went for the letters but none from her. One from Mr. Doughton with thanks for the copied music. 'Twas a nice letter, showing a good heart and humble mind; but declares he is not a "trained animal". He likes "the council for four" thinks it "Capital".---- Whitsunday 1848---began again the Bible, have read it through in morning lessons before prayers several times with my children. May the Lord bless it to us, and enlighten our minds to understand what we read. Charlotte Daniel returned home. Monday--rode to Cambridge with Mr. King. Bought Tomsey a new frock, etc. Tuesday busy making the frock. Young Duchenne came in the afternoon. Wednesday, the domestic oratorio.----Tom went for the first time--introduced to Young Alto Brown, Mr. Piper, and Mr. Roland, and my brother sang a capital glee. Saturday went to the Shelford Station to meet Bertha, who was looking very well indeed. Trinity Sunday. Dull, wet morning, unable to go to church---read portions from "The whole Duty of Man"----then got down my Sanctum and read a packet of old letters---a glimpse into the past! I love old letters and relics of all sorts. Had I been a papist I had been a devotee to relics.

June 19th. In the garden all the morning typing up the flowers that the days of successive rain we have had crushed and bent to the ground, or sent gadding. Trimmed and swept the walks, going to tea with Mrs. Smith. My mind has been full of thoughts for many months, sometimes more than I can well bear. I am a strange being! certainly. I only hope I shall be upheld by the arm of "my beloved", for without His divine aid what should I be? "Hold thou my goings in the way that my footsteps slip not." 23rd, my brother and family spent the day here which closed to me with a headache. I am only fit now to live alone, or with those who are congenial to me. The fault is mine, no doubt, but that does not alter the case. Mr. King poorly. The last few days I have felt awfully excitable, but none know it but my God!----To Him I have appealed and applied; gracious Father, unmeet, unworthy as I am, cast me not off, for Thou art the pearl above price to me! The sun of my existence! Implora Pace! 27th. I feel wretched today!

L.S.D. has been my bane through my depression today, acting as it does on my sensitive nervous system. Read the "Collegians", sad, but well written, and delineated some ideas that struck forcibly on some cords, that are very quick in my temperament. I hope for good---this has been a dark day, have I nurtured anything culpable within my heart? If so, root it out Oh! God

tho' my heartstrings crack in doing it. 28th. Much better today; walked in the evening. 29th. Received a letter this morning, a very nice letter. There is in it a spirit of gratitude of grateful remembrance, humble and respectful feeling that does credit to the writer, i.e., head and heart and breathes happiness to mine-----I did not than "cast my pearls before swine". No, I never could think I did, but beneath that cold, chilling exterior who could tell? I am glad I do not find my penetration at fault! For I always thought there was in that being the aristocracy of nature, the nobility of soul, the supremacy of mind there, and thank God I have not been deceived. Answered the letters. God bless every action in this affair. With His blessing all will be well, without it, what are our purest and best intentions? Lord Almighty, lead me right, and make me wholly Thine! Full of the thoughts of Georgiana leaving home and Louisa going to school. What "changes and chances" in this world of ours. Monday a damp, dull languid morning. Went to the station to meet the Cantaby! Took Mr. Sproul "The Stranger Chieftain". As we returned with my brother and his wife, called on Richard Hedley. He was from home; saw his mother whom I had not been in room with for twenty years. She is now blind, or nearly so. Oh, I could but look on her with sorrow, though she did one and near and dear to me a serious and wilful injury. She injured our family!--and did I crave revenge I might have gloated over her, but I felt none. At that moment I freely forgave her, and took care that my manner today should show it. I am now in health and prosperity as great as hers had ever been and all I felt for that blind woman was pity and sympathy, God has said "Vengeance is mine, I will repay". That seemed realized. 6th. Went to Cambridge and spent the day in a family party. 7th. Ditto to Gogmagog. Had a letter from the Rev. H.I.C. Blake. 8th. Fine morning. Went for the letters and paper. My "farewell to weeping June" in the paper. July 9th. Mr. Smith left by the half past 6 train; poor Edie very dull and low. Oh, I trust we are all journeying where partings are not known, and where tears flow not. Lord! Make us to know this road, this way, this truth, this Saviour! July 11th, 1848, I have this moment returned from taking my dear boy to boarding school for the first time, except the short time he went to Miss Hardy. He is eight years old, can read and write, and is well informed for a little boy. He is also promising. May the Spirit of the Almighty rest upon him, and His blessings on all he studies and undertakes, and also on his tutor. May my son be led in "the straight and narrow way", and Oh! may he grow in grace and in the knowledge of his Saviour. 17th. Had our gypsy party at Gogmagog, about 30 of us. They enjoyed it very much, and I by reflection. It was especially for the juveniles, and they were happy, and it is blessed to me to see the young happy! Charlotte Ayers came home with me for a week. 21st. Went to tea with Miss Tovey and her brother; met Mrs. Wm. Headly and Mr. and Mrs. Westrope, etc. Went on the river, Josiah and Allen Ramsey rowed us. Pleasant trip. 27th. Walked to the station to enquire about the trains. Took Mr. Sproul some books--"Siege of Kennelworth"---he is a very pleasant young man, but no poetry about him. So much the better. 30th of July 1848 Louie started for Huntingdon to finish her school education. I went to the Cambridge station with her. God grant it may be for her future good. With his blessings upon it must be so---Lord, Let Thy blessing descend on her, Oh! my God. Bless her exertions, and may the healthful spirit of Thy grace, and the dew of Thy blessings rest forever upon her. August 2nd. The 15th anniversary of poor Mr. King's (Senior) death. Poor, dear man! I really loved him, and he certainly loved me. Poor man! He was but 57 and died suddenly! Awoke this morning dreaming I was shaking both the hands of one far away, and how he was overcome, really palsied with agitation! What are dreams? I have had some strange ones in my time, and that have made a great impression upon me. But it does not answer to tell dreams. They lose the thrilling interval sleep gave to them, or words cannot convey the filling up of the picture. We can feel dreams, but language is not made for such an office. A look, a grasp of the hand--these convey in an instant what no words can tell! We are strange metaphysical beings, inexplicable even to ourselves! We shall be unriddled in a future world!--

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August 5th. Changeable and wet. It is not nice weather, nor has it been for some time. What a splendid, delicious summer this time two years! I fairly revelled in it! Yes, 1846 was certainly a blessed summer to me--indeed, the whole year was fraught with some thrilling day-dreams to me, but---aye---but to the end of the chapter. Were it not for but and ifs earth would be Heaven! At once! ---and that must not be, till we "shuffle off this mortal coil".

August 14th. Miserable, wet, windy day. Reading "Emelia Wyndham", and wrote the poetry to Suffering Ireland----

23rd of August 1848. Poor William Daniel died of fever at the hospital of which he was surgeon. Only a short month before he made one of our Gypsy parties at Gogmagog---the gayest of all. Oh! Such is the vanity of life! and the uncertainty even of youth!

25th. Mother and I had a few words. Such things ever make me wretched. Well, I may say for my own consolation, I have tried my best to make her happy. Her temper is unstable and petulant, yet she has many amiable traits and her principles are sterling, but for the true happiness of domestic life, something more even is needed. "Trifles make the sum of human things", and she does not attain to this, and here is the secret of our disagreement. And have not the tie of mind. This is sufficient! No more need be said. This speaks volumes. August 27th. Poor Fannie Fox departed this life at 7 o'clock in the morning after a lengthened illness of great suffering. R.I.P. Alas! "in the midst of life we are in death" most truly. May we all lay it to heart, and while we are in love with life, may we not be in fear of death! 30th. Lovely, lovely day. Quite a treat after the wretched, weeping weather we have had. Gave all the men a dinner, which I ever love to do. Had a nice note from Louie, bless her! Mrs. Ramsay came to tea. Last evening walked to the station with Mrs. Sam and Mother, they having spent the day with us. Met there Mrs. Clabbon and Mr. Cannon. Had a nice chat with them, and then for a few moments with Mr. Sproul about a book I'd lent him, but how different I feel in talking to him to his predecessor. Why is it? Aye, that is among the hidden things of earth. Electricity, possibly something to do with it--as I believe it has to do with everything on earth. I believe it to be the one vital power--at any rate, it is the most wonderful thing in Creation-

August 31st 1848. 7 years ago my last child was born on this day. Blessed child! He is in Heaven!--Nice morning--had a nice, friendly letter from Mr. Dowton.

Sept. 4th. Lovely, lovely weather. How delightful my home looks beneath this benign influence of nature! It breathes happiness above and around. Were men's stormy soul as peaceful what a Heaven would earth be! Received a note from MaChere'. She declines my invite for a time. Is she really changing? If she is, how perjured she is! But I'll hope not. I'm too suspicious of what I love.----Well, Mr. Danby was suspicious, but he was a good man and a high exalted character. All have their flaws, and I'm sure I've signed, sealed, and directed my letter to my London correspondent. Now for a wash and to dress for a walk either before or after tea--perhaps both.

12th. Busy cleaning up the road and grass on each side and made all tidy after the harvest. How nice a place looks when clean. It adds to ones very happiness. Heard Mrs. Huddleston was dead! Poor lady! She has not long enjoyed Sawston Hall. Oh! such a life! A year ago Mayor Huddleston was lying dead--going to the Theatre to see Madame Celeste and Mr. Webster. 15th. Had a letter from Mr. D.--nice but melancholy. Answered it. This day 3 years went to the station for the first time with Miss Fox and the children, and for the first time saw Julian and Mr.

Downton. That was a memorable day! "Trifles make the sum of human things"--verily they do when we least expect it. We arise one day in the morning--all seems as usual. We have no idea that anything is going to transpire before the close of it, yet something does occur--yet perhaps so trifling, so noiseless, that it causes not our pulse to beat one iota quicker. But before we are aware, we have sown a seed that no time will erase, and Eternity itself may witness. I have known a few days like this in my time, and it causes me to think. 18th. of Sept. 1848--Nice day--like this day twelve years! On that day one left here who had been a visitor for a short time in whose company I had turned a leaf in the book of Life, and found on its page much pleasure, sympathy, and instruction, which formed a friendship of the highest kind. We said farewell for the last time. It has ever been a remarkable feature in my life that if I met a being very congenial to myself--no matter which sex--they pass down some other current, never more to blend with me. I experienced it even with my children.-----I here pause, and in reading my journal it seems nonsense to write again from it at this time. My life flowed on in a current of still waters that seldom agitated my bark. Yet I feel these days left an impression on my Soul that I shall feel to my latest age, and even the resurrection of my body will bear witness that the slow process worked deep--like the process of geology forms the strata that is not discovered, perhaps for generations, but it is there when the explorer comes, slow but sure! I read in my journal always notes on the weather, the sunshine being very delightful to me, and the wet and foggy, the changeable climate of England destroying, at least, the poetry of life to me. I read that which another reading it might think---what monotony! Yet it was all shaping and forming and molding a nature alive all over--yes to the quick--everything was something to me at that time. Nothing was lost. There were Eternal principles at work, organizing and preparing my spirit for the great change. I did not then even dream was in existence! Here I will again make an extract, for it seems to show that "coming events cast their shadows before".

Oct. 18th, 1848. Severely cold this morning. It snowed about 9 o'clock--half past 10--Why droops my heart so often? And today more particularly. I longed to be alone to think. What luxury! The luxury of thought! What dreams! Day dreams, tis true, fleeting and unreal, but brighter than anything reality can offer are sometimes mine! Father, God! for what hast Thou made me? For anything in this world beyond the animal life, and the brief intellectual, which is the only thing worth living for! Surely I have not yet fulfilled my destiny! I feel that my soul is great and yet what has it yet achieved? A smile from Thee!!! Is not this worth a life? I have also been enabled by Thee to bring up my children so that they are as angels to me, and to the household! Surely, this, too, is something. Let me then rest content--content to still endeavor to keep this smile of Thine as a sunbeam on my Soul!----

Oct. 20th. Yesterday washing--today ironing and other serflike realities--with a wretched, wet day, enough to give one the blues. No letter.

Oct. 29th. The cholera has reached our country! What will be the end of it? God knows! Let us lay it to heart and correct what is amiss in our individual characters for no doubt it is a rod meant for correction.

Nov. 7th, 1848. Miss Bailey just left after two days close work which is anything agreeable. But duties ought to be agreeable. Humph!! Well, when performed they leave a savour of satisfaction that does confer peace and sometimes happiness--virtue shall be its own reward.

Christmas day 1848--Gave all the men and boys their dinner---beef and plum pudding, etc. English fare. Made all their hearts glad. What a pleasure there is in doing good. Surely this is a redeeming point in human

nature; who dare say it is not? And I do bless God that He has given me the means and the will to do good. They sat over their ale and a good fire till 5 o'clock. We also spent a happy day in the parlour---the family all going to church in the morning except Sarah and me who were the cooks.

Monday--New Year's Day -1849---How time flies! Another year passed into Eternity, another grain added to the Eternal pile!

January 12th. Had our quadrille party. All went off well, which rewards me for the trouble. The girls seemed to enjoy it much. I danced in "the Triumph" with Sam. Had two musicians from Cambridge--one for the piano and the other the violin.

March 2nd. How quickly time flies! the third month of the new year! Tempus fugit! Wednesday--Mr. King very unwell. Sent for Mr. Ramsay--a good deal troubled lately about temporal affairs. Feel triste today. "Times" press heavily. Our expenses are great, and our children's education costs a great deal, yet I ever pay that with a pleasure for it is a boon that cannot be taken away from them. And they are already making us a rich return in their talents and abilities, and withall, their goodness, obedience, and humility. Yes, they are really all that I could expect or desire, and that is saving much, for I desire much for them. In the evening rode to Cambridge. Called on Emma Wells. Spent two hours in the very room that Byron occupied in College (Trinity) and drank a glass of rich port wine out of the very glass the Queen drank out of when she dined at Trinity! Byron's room! What a host of fancies might be conjured up there! And Emma sits there every day! She seems to think little of it--but she's little time for musing, much less for poetical musing. Besides, I don't think as the Iris woman says--"she's got it by her"!

March 16th. My birthday, and a happy day it has been to me. I have received a host of presents and kind expressions from kind and good hearts, which have shed over me a pinkey cloud on which I love to bask!

26th. Went into the Grove in the afternoon. The Grove? Alas! They have cut it down and my dear old Ash Tree, too! 'Tis sacrilege to my heart!

April 5th. Louie, Edie, and Tom came home for the Easter holidays, all looking so well and improved, and all happy, which alone will ever give beauty and even sanctity. For evil cannot intrude when the heart is innocently happy as they now are. April 6th. Mr. King's birthday and our wedding day.

BROUGHT UP FROM EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

I rejoice and exult that I am this day a Latter Day Saint. Yes, that I am the sister of noble spirits "veiled in the flesh". Oh! Press on! Let nothing take your eye from off the bright goal. Lay all that would do so upon the Alter of Sacrifice--yes--even your own self on the pile of self-immolation till you can say "My Soul and My God". I feel at this moment that my soul is filled with the spirit of our God! And I would fain you should rejoice with me. Bear in mind your noble namesake. Be like him, the towering, the might, yet the humble, the obedient, the faithful Servant of God! Making the proud Ahabs and the Jezebels quail before you. For he stood in the strength of Jehovah and none could withstand his mandate.

I must go, I have much work to do, and I must return to things of Earth--for duty is the path of safety. Ever your friend, H.T. King.

Dec. 11th, 1852. Brother Mine! We have just arisen from our knees agreeably to the covenant we have entered into with each other for the earthly head of this family. I wished you had been with us, but always a

but it could not be. I feel that 9th of December will be a day noted in the archives of our memories. I felt it was good, and what our Father in Heaven looked smiling upon His children. I felt that His spirit of love was around and about us, and the angels rejoiced with us. How far away are many of the Saints from their privileges, how little prepared to enjoy them! Did we not realize the communion of Saints? I am bold to say we did. His spirit of love was around us, and this glorious emanation of Himself purifies the heart, makes us like little children, makes us partake of the nature of angels, makes us recipients for the celestial order that will hereafter be revealed--so glorious that truly all we suffer here is as dust on the balance compared to the glory that shall be revealed. Oh, My Father in Heaven, keep me ever as I felt that day, as I feel now, as I ever desire to feel--"Communion sweet, communion large and high"-----

Sept. 6th, 1852. Dear Brother, I daresay you have expected to hear 'ere this, but indeed I have had no spirit of writing more than I was obliged, indeed, I have passed thru a fiery trial, and I almost felt at times that I should sink in the deep waters that surrounded me. I cannot go over it again even in writing nor perhaps could I tell you were you here, but when I see you I will try to be back a little. Mr. King has been in too unsettled a state for anything. My heart has bled for him, poor, dear man! Truly he has proved that no greater love can a man have than to "lay down his life for his friends". Truly he has seemed to lay down a portion of his life for his family. Yes, nothing but his great love for us could have brought him to such a sacrifice, and I trembled at one time, fearing it would be too much for him. Surely our Father in Heaven will look upon him and bless him for the sacrifice he is making for the holy principle of love! And I say with all my heart verily he shall not lose his reward either from us or Heaven. For myself I feel to dedicate my future life to his happiness, and with God's help so I will, for I feel few men would have done what he has done. But no more. I feel low amidst it all for I am being tries to the very quick, as it had been told me that I should be! but blessed be God I stand firm and unshaken in the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ and I feel to say "tho He slay me, yet will I put my trust in Him". I have two or three times since I entered this church received such a signal answer to my prayers that I feel to realize in all its glorious encouragement--"ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find". And I have often felt that I needed, like Paul, the spirit which has "buffeted" me, to enable me to maintain a consistent equilibrium, so joyous has my spirit felt at times amid all my hourly trials. And these glorious feelings have been only as lightning thru the thick darkness of trial, doubt, and uncertainty. But I STAND!! firm, yea, and faithful, and with God's help I will go on to perfection for nothing less will satisfy me, nothing else--nothing else! What are the perishing baubles of Earth compared with the incomparable riches of an Eternal weight of glory and happiness!-----

Dear Brother: You cheered me last evening, and your words were king and good as they have ever been, and for which I say God bless you! And reward you.

On Saturday and Sunday I felt almost to die away, and indeed if my path is hedged up and I go not to Zion, but see my children go without me, what good would my life do me? I should be like a flower removed from the sun and light; I should become sickly, but I must hope on, hope ever--as you said last night, no doubt all is working right; pray ever for us my friend and "teacher" We always pray for you. I desire your welfare greatly, and I pray God to sustain you in every trial and to clear off the briars and thorns that obstruct your pathway. Press on! A glorious goal awaits you. The crown will repay you for the cross. Let us uphold each other by our faith and prayers, keep ourselves right and then all must be right with us. Adieu. PS. Someday, By the Bye, did I mention to you in my last letter that we have coveted to meet in my bedroom at 12 o'clock each day to beseech our Father in Heaven to influence Mr. King to cast in his

lot with us by going down into the waters of baptism before we leave this land, and also for a prosperous safe and happy voyage and journey to the valley of Ephriam. Will you remember us particularly at that hour wherever you may be? If you cannot conveniently pray in your chamber offer in our behalf an ejaculatory prayer. I know your prayers for us are sincere, and that's the prayer I prize, and which also God loves! We shall probably have a fast day for the same but that is not yet named. We began on the first of December, viz. yesterday and shall keep it up for an indefinite period. Our prayers have been so signally answered that we have all faith this will be ---this great desire of our hearts which we ask in Christ's name, Amen!

Dear Brother! You seem not to understand me when I said in my last, I felt bound. Do you remember the spirit of fear I spoke of in a former letter? Well, it was that spirit that hovered about me and indeed this feeling. My whole soul desired to pray with you that day, I intended to pray - but my circumstances were such I dare not! propose it--and hence I believe across those saddened feelings I had after you left. My aspirations were sent back upon myself. Do you understand me? I felt free to you and desired you should join in prayer with us but my circumstances destroyed my courage to carry it our. OH! How sad it is when those nearly allied to us differ in the most essential part of our lives, namely, our religious feelings. Truly this makes bondage. Can you wonder that one so sensitive and alive to what ought to be should feel shriveled under such circumstances? Oh I have realized this a thousand times before I ever heard of this church. When, when will this bondage cease?-----My soul is schooling for something I feel every day. Oh! may I emerge from my pupilage prepared for the higher school that is awaiting me! I have heard this morning that we do not go so soon, but please do not name it--and I cannot but say but I rejoice over it for my spirit clings to this loved home, where I have enjoyed and suffered, and both have endeared it to me.

I am like Lot and his daughters--I linger-- but shall I have an angel to lay hold of my hand, upon the hands of my loved ones to lead us out? What must have been their feelings! The touch of a celestial being! We must go alone! Yet not so, for the Priesthood of the Son of God will be around and about us--I make these thoughts palpable to you, my friend, One "Who sticketh closer than a brother".---My brother turned his back upon me and mine when I entered this church of Christ, but I have found his place filled to a fullness more than he could fill---for lack of knowledge--and for this I thank my Father. His promises I have realized even to a "romance" and I take courage and drink the cup of consolation.

Feb. 15, 1852. Dear Brother! You misunderstood my letter, wherein I said I would, "recall" my prayers. Think not I repented of what I had asked. Oh! no! ---I meant I would try and remember what the sentiments were, that I might make them palpable to him for whom they were offered. I offer every prayer with a desire that my will may be subservient to His will--I have recalled some of my prayers and as far as I could remember have transcribed them from the tablet of my Memory.

Dec. 17, 1852. My heart is full of gratitude to you for your good and kind letter to me this morning. I will ever remember your uniform kindness to me and mine. I love your letters also because they ever breathe the spirit of the gospel, and this is why I have ever felt to uphold you before the saints and before God! Your letter has sent me on my way rejoicing, I trust all will be well with me, and that your prayers will be answered that I will have someone to stand by me through my long and perilous voyage and journey, or wherever I may be. Can they take the place of my first friends in this church? No, they cannot! For they cannot have the associations I have with them. The first can never be last in my heart. Should the way be opened for you to go with us I should then know where to look for a tried friend, but we must be passive---I have a few

things for you when I leave--by which you may recall Sister King. I am glad your baby is getting better. I told you he would not die--this time-- We shall spend Sunday in church meaning to make it a fast day for the same purpose as our mid day prayers. How sad I felt in the room last conference, not knowing whether dare shake hands with you!! Now you are again restored to us, and when I clasp your hand on Sunday next my heart will rejoice, even mine! I rejoice to hear you say how good a portion of the spirit of God was upon you when you prayed for Mr. King at 12 o'clock the other day. We must have a little meeting at the Shepherds soon if we cannot here--no time to write more.

-----Say to such weak degraded creature, Avaunt, touch me not! If a woman wishes to be approved by me, let her be virtuous, chaste, and holy.-----Let her not take the form of a vile tempter, and forget the very aim and end of her existence, which is to be pure and chaste and holy, I would start from such and forget this, as from a serpent, for indeed she is an emissary of Satan, and no long the bright and glorious being that God made as a help mate for man. Oh! for the time when woman shall be restored to her primeval purity, when man can take her to his bosom as indeed the brightest gift of God! and not see among creation a being the counterpart of her externally, but within dwelling a fiendish impure soul.

Paul says, "I bring my body into subjection lest when i have preached to others I myself should be a cast away." You say well let that pass.---I reverence a servant of God. I love pure men and women, the opposite I abhor. Had I an impure husband, no mortal power should compel me to live with him. But bless God, I have not had that trial. My friends, and those to whom I extend the right friend of fellowship, must be pure and chaste. By this I do not mean any straight laced hypocritical nonsense--but a feeling that whatever we do God does not condemn us, a feeling that gives a consciousness that were Christ present, I need not alter my manner nor my motives. But like an obedient child before its parents, I might rejoice and give free scope to the feelings of my heart--truly we may let God see much we dare not show our fellow creatures---because He knows the spring and motive of every action. "Man sees the deed", "God the circumstance. Judge not that ye be not judged." This is how I feel in regard to your case. I will not, I have no right to sit in judgement. I have mourned and wept and asked my God to pity and pardon you, and the raise you again to the place from whence you have fallen. If you will do your part God our Father will not fail you. Oh! e circumspect. Shun temptation as the plague-----

Dec. 14, 1852. I feel to say one word to you this evening. I think much of you at times, and my heart tells me you will regain the treasure you have forfeited, i.e., your priesthood! And my heart leaps with joy that I shall once again before I leave this land, clasp your hand as the restored servant of God. As the time draws near to leave my native and I seem to realize more and more the sacrifices I am about to make, and through me my family also---our beloved happy home, my parents, sisters, brother, yea, all I hold dear--and I tremble lest I sink beneath the load for do I not in one sense stand alone! Yes, worse than alone! I cannot turn to a spirit mightier than my own and seek and find support! Only the strength I gather from God and His Servants enables me to stand this day of trial. I write freely to you because I know you are my faithful friend and my first teacher in this church. I can never forget your kindness to me and mine. It has been uniform and unsleeping, and indeed, I need all my friends, for I feel sometimes stranded but this is temptation!

Dec. 15, 1852. My Brother and Friend: I do think it singular that our feelings appear to have been so similar with regard to our interview on Thursday, 9th, as your letter testifies this morning, and though I have not sent mine to you, it was written as dated and hence you will see though absent i body, we were present in spirit. Certainly you have done me good

many times----indeed always----nothing but good---

Do you remember me being at the room one evening and being very low, and I told you some of my feelings as I was leaving?----We stood near the fireplace--Well, your words did me a world of good that night and sent me home lightened of half my load. I looked anxiously for your letter this morning and greeted the welcome missive with delight, and I could but start at the close sympathy there had been in our feelings on the interview of last Thursday. I believe now it was right you should miss the letter as you did, or we should not have had to date that day in the life book of Memory as now--I would often see you if I could from a purely selfish motive, because you do me good, but did I not feel that I have the power to do you good also, this feeling would soon die away. We have had the gift bestowed upon us of doing each other good! To build each other up in our holy religion, and I glory in the feeling. Adieu, I must go to work, I am very busy.--two hours late,r another leisure moment offers, and I delight to take up my pen to say a few words to you. I did write to Brother Spencer, and he approves much of my faithful friendship for you, and said, "How happy would be the society of the saints, if the same feeling towards each other pervaded all their bosoms, and how much good could be done". But this is not the case, and the few who cherish it are often crippled by circumstances over which they have no control. This is most true, and I realize the truth of it--and that you know, for you know my heart as much as most people, and with regard to your going says all will be right. So cheer up--I will do what I can, if it is little.

Sept. 1852. Thursday. I half fancied you would write to me this morning, but I suppose if I do not write you will not. We are all confusion, and I cannot now name a day for you to come, though I want to see you much. Our estates at Stapleford are to be sold there on Friday 15th and our farm sale on the 18th. I daresay you will see the catalogue, and also in the papers. My brother and family said for Hobart Town on Saturday!! What an event!!! How strange is the path of life. Thank God my father and mother seem resigned and all seems to be working together for good. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Your sister in the Eternal Covenant. Do write to me and say everything you can to comfort me the short time I shall be here. I do indeed desire to be faithful to the holy covenants I have entered into, and go on to perfection. But I feel my path often choked up with briars and thorns. But God knows my heart. He knows I love Him, that I adore His Holy Son, that I love and reverence His Servants, and desire to receive the "Law from their lips" and be obedient to their teachings. I have mourned with you, and will I not rejoice when you are restored? You know I shall. I thank God amid all your sorrows and trials He has not taken His spirit from you!! an evil influence has tried to keep you down but it has not succeeded, no it has not, and by this I know God has been with you. Oh, Brother, cherish this loved and holy spirit, quench it never, but foster it by every means in your power. When I am gone think not I will forget you. I will ever pray for you in love and kindness, for such you have ever shown to me and mine. Look not to the present but to the glorious future. In that will be your "Exceeding great reward".-----My friendship is no light feeling of today but will "confide 'till death" to those who are worthy of love and esteem. Have I not proved this to you? I was near you in the sunshine--but nearer still when overcast. I have had the power to do you good by the spirit of God, and His strength has been made perfect in our weakness--is it not so? Again I say, rejoice and say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted", etc. etc., Adieu. I subscribe myself your friend and sister.

Dec. 30th, 1852. Friend and Brother in the Lord. I seem to have lived an age since I saw you. I have been to London to the conference with Brother and Sister Spencer, and there met Mr. Spencer, Sr. The meeting between father and son after so long an absence was truly affecting, not

that there was any "scene", but it was noble. There were no tears, or if one or two were wrung out they were quickly wiped away. I shall never forget it! Mr. Spencer is tall, you know his son is the reverse--and he clasped him in his arms as though never more to part, and held him without speaking for a minute or two. He then said three or four words which I have in vain tried to recall, but my feelings were all in commotion and consequently I have lost them, though I knew them at the time. Had I been a painter, that scene would have been my subject,--enough of that--He is a good man, there is no mistaking him, but he looks as though he had suffered much. Oh, when you and I have gone through as much as he has, shall we be as he is? Well, I hope so; Why not? If one can be faithful amid all trials, others can.

Well now a few words on the events of Sunday last. It was a day never to be forgotten by me! The meeting was held in the splendid Freemason's Hall which was a perfect cram to overflowing. Georgy and I were favored with chairs on the platform. In the afternoon the revelation was read which will I expect, set the world in a blaze--Oh!--Brother, I shall never forget my feelings!!! It had an extraordinary effect upon me, for though I had known for a year that such a principle existed in the church, when I heard it read, and some things in it which I did not know, I confess to you I became skeptical and my heart questioned with tears of agony, "did this come from God?" I could not speak or shed a tear at first. I felt overpowered, stunned as it were!--We had a cab home. Mr. Spencer, Claudius, Georgy and I in it. Claudius seeing my state of mind got up as he sat opposite to me, and kissed me affectionately and asked me how I felt. That was sufficient. The flood gates of my heart were opened and I wept like a child. He soothed me, and but for the kiss and the kindness, God knows how long the evil one would I have held my spirit in bondage. My eyes seemed to rain tears. When we got out of the cab I asked Mr. Spencer, Sr. if I might speak to him. He kindly walked up and down the square with me, while I asked him if he knew that the revelation was from God! He, also, was very kind and said everything to comfort and console me, and build up my trembling faith 'till I became calmer--I then went to my lodging close by as I felt too unnerved to go to Mrs. Bray's with him where all our associates were. And there I wept unrestrainedly 'till the agony of my feelings subsided. And after awhile I was ready to go with them all in the evening. Were it not for the righteous men in this church who stand to me as God, I never could stand through these trials. I wish I could see you to have some talk with you, and indeed I must, either here or at the Shepherd's, as pen and ink is not sufficient for these things. This will indeed prove a "sieve", a "mill", a tester to see who is pure and who is righteous, and who is not---I have decided not to go to Norwich.

Jan. 2nd, 1853. Beloved in the lord, I feel more than ever I did in my life to need a councillor. God knows I desire above all things "to be, to do, and to suffer" right, but when I look around me I feel now alone I stand, how many dear ones are leaning upon me, how few know me or can comprehend me, how many are my enemies, I tremble for myself. I feel indeed there must be a power mightier than my own around me or I shall be unable to stand, or it will be hard work for me. You know something of my position, but not all. I realize that the next few weeks will color the time and eternity of my existence, and in fact I feel almost to sink beneath the ponderous weight of my own thoughts and feelings; but God is good, and I hope and believe he will "temper the winds to the shorn lamb", in other words that as my day my strength shall be. Hither too hath God helped me, and why should I doubt then? Verily I do not doubt Him, but myself! I ask shall I be able to endure all things? Time will tell! But truly the revelations of last Sunday shook my soul and to this moment I feel the effects of it. Will the people be prepared to receive it! Will then not attempt to carry it out at once and so fail, and bring dishonor on the Church of God? My circumstances are very peculiar and hence it shakes me where another would stand firm--No more--I'll leave it where I find it.

Do write to me every day, and when the sheet is full, send it. It will carry four sheets--I will send you stamps and paper.

There was also an elder Vancott, came from America with Brother D. Spencer, a nice man and good. One, I think, will be found powerful. I wish you could have been in London. I would have rejoiced to have seen you at Freemason's Hall. But I shall rejoice over you yet. Good bye, your affectionate sister and friend.

I rejoice that you received so sweet a blessing from Elder Brown. I prayed in our family circle this morning that his words might be ratified in Heaven and, dear Brother, if you are blessed as I desire you should be, you will have little left to ask or desire, for I ever feel there is much good and that your spirit is in the work. May the Spirit of God ever direct you, and may the shafts of Satan fall powerless. This will be your experience if my prayer avail! Write freely to me, do I not to you? Let us speak to each other while we can. Time is hastening on when we shall be parted for years, I will not say "forever" for I feel if faithful we shall meet again where the saints do congregate.

1849. This was an important year to me. A perfect rooting up of old association.--Death and absence of the beloved was also in the cup I had this year to drink to the dreg. Perhaps it was all in the map of my life, and helped to prepare me for the great and mighty changes and trials I had to undergo. I had heard from Miss Bailey, my dress maker who had worked for me for 11 years, of the Latter-Day-Saints. At first it made no impression, but the time had come when the seed was to be sown and my mind seemed prepared to receive it, though not without a shock and a great shock to both body and mind. I look back and I marvel and know there was the power of God with me or I could not have carried it out as I did. I had read many of the works. I knew they contained glorious truths, but I had not yet entered a meeting or seen a male member of the church. But I anticipate-----

May 18, 1850. Returned to Mr. Sproul "the Girondisty" which he had kindly lent me, by Lamartine. They created in me an intense interest, though they occasioned sighs and tears. What a mysterious, shadowy, undefined character Robespierre was, poor unfortunate man! I gave him my tears. I could not help it! Madame Roland! What a star! And never a fallen one in that galaxy of intellect. Dumourey I must admire; he something reminded me of one I had known in features. And Burot's death, how sad, how awful and mysterious. Alas! Alas!

27, May 1850. Bertha went first to Miss Burgess--May it be for her good. God Almighty shed his blessing upon it!-----June 3. I have journalized but little lately, why, I know not.--Sept. 28, 1850. Saw Mr. Johnson for the first time. The first male Latter-Day-Saint. I very much enjoyed his conversation. May it be by God's will a blessing to me. October 1850. Last Year at this time how I wept, how I wept!!! My heart was bruised, almost broken, and for long it felt swelled and my breast tender---it was a year of trial and separation and accumulated trials of that sort which cause heart convulsions. I remember the volcanic shocks it has received through my too sensitive nature and praise God and bless Thee, and thank Thee every day in my heart for the temperament thou has given me. Sept. 15, 1850. There are some of our feelings and impressions it is not right to speak about. They are not of earth, but partake of the Heavenly and Etherial nature within us that earthly natures cannot comprehend. They would construe us unjustly. True is it, we dare let God see much we dare not show our fellow creatures, yet these are an especial gift of Heaven, that we may foretaste the joys of that Heavenly country toward which we are approximating--My God! I thank thee for all.

Sunday, Oct. 13th, 1850. About this time my dear Georgiana is

receiving the Holy Sacrament C.V. Oh, my God! Look upon her in love and mercy. Fill her with love, joy, peace, humility and sure confidence in her Saviour. Let His death be life to her. May His flesh and blood be "meat indeed" to her, that may nourish her soul to Eternal life. May she be thankful "for His great benefits," which may she never forget. Amen.

Tuesday, Oct. 20th, 1850. Went to church, Missionary sermon. Heard Mr. Evans was dying, poor man! Oct. 25th, 1850. Letters this morning from C. Fox, Louis Fox, Georgie, and Louie, all good, loving and friendly. Tomorrow my dear Georgie leaves Chippenham. Sixteen months she went there and it seems an age since that time. What changes, how many deaths, R.S.D., Mary Collier, Mrs. Peake, Mr. Evans, and others. May she return home well, God bless her! The Portico nearly finished.

Saturday the 26th. Fine morning. Met Georgie at the Chesterford Station on her return home for good from Chippenham. Seventeen months have passed since we walked that platform on her first leaving home. Much had past in that time. I had passed through deep waters of trial and affliction. I had mourned her loss almost like death, and death himself has also mingled deeply the wormwood and the gall in my cup. The year 1849 was long to be remembered by me. But it is past, and I can say "all is well". I see the hand of love in all, and even while smarting beneath the rod, I kissed it. Saw Mr. Sproul and had a nice chat with him. He looked changed, worn, and weary, and I pitied him much. I like him and wish that somehow he might be one of the Planets of our Future Orbit! But I leave all that to Him, to whose direction I commit my destiny and that of those I love. He complained of fatigue and ill health from over exertion in his duties. I wish him all prosperity that may be good for him, and God bless him!

Sunday went to church with Georgie and Bertha. Fine day, in the afternoon rode to Gog. Nov. 1st. Miss Bailey here; talked a great deal about Latter-Day-Saints. For a long time I have been halting between two opinions. Went yesterday and had a little conversation with Mr. Johnson. Am I like Herod? "I heard him gladly" or like Agrippa "Almost thou persuadest me"? Alas, I know not. Oh, My God! Thou without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground, direct me and protect me, strengthen, stabilize, settle me, but ever keep me Thine. Show me the way in which I should walk, for I lift my soul up to Thee.

Sunday evening, Nov. 3, 1850. Went to Cambridge to hear Mr. Johnson preach in the Assembly rooms in Wheeler Street. His text, 16th Chapter of Mark, . 14th to the last verse. Delighted with his preaching, being truthful and reasonable. He walked to the tram with us where Mr. King was waiting for us, who ordered some cakes and port wine, and we said Goodnight to Brother Johnson.

Tuesday, Nov. 5th, 1850. Yesterday I formally changed my religion!! That is, I was buried in the waters of baptism by Mr. Johnson. My ever dear Georgiana at the same time, though I had no idea of her being baptized 'till were at the tea table at Sister Merrill's. But it seemed it was to be, and she felt desirous to be. 'Twas a most important and grand epoch in our lives. Language is perfectly puerile to describe my feelings. I was dreadfully agitated, but as Brother Johnson put me down into the water I said in my spirit, This is baptism indeed. This is truly according to the pattern." Oh, may this deed, this obeying literally the command of our Saviour be registered in the records of Heaven!

PRAYER

Oh God! The Eternal Father, look down upon us, thine hand maidens, who have obeyed the express commands of our Saviour, and been buried in the waters of baptism by the hands of thy servant Brother J.W. Johnson. Grant

that we may rise to newness of life. Bless also the Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. May this renovating spirit be upon us. May its influence direct every step we take, every word we speak, every thought we think. May we be Thine through body, soul, and spirit through time and the countless ages of eternity. I ask all in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Sunday, Nov. 11, 1850. Went to Sawston Church. Felt starved. I thought of the beautiful, energetic preaching of Brother Johnson. I thought with the Queen of Sheba, "Happy are the people that stand about continually and hear thy voice, etc., etc."

PRAYER

Oh God! The Eternal Father! Look down with an eye of love and mercy upon Thy servant, Brother Johnson. May the helpful spirit of Thy grace and the dew of Thy blessing attend him every step he takes. Hold him up that his footsteps slip not. Make him strong in Thy strength and perfect in Thy perfection. Support in his arduous duties. Touch his life with Thy hand that he may speak Thy words and be not afraid. Give him a portion above his brother, agreeable to his great namesake. Look upon his family be to hi wife, husband, protector and friend.

PRAYER

To his child a father, guardian, and counselor, and when he has completed his mission reunite him with those he left for Thy sake. May sunshine and peace await him in his latter days. May 4 they be his best days. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Nov. 17th, 1850. Went by train to Cambridge and to the meeting to hear Brother Johnson preach. Was delighted with his sermon. Dined at Sister Merrill's. Enjoyed the "communion of Saints". Went in the afternoon and actually stood up and bore my testimony as a Latter-Day-Saint. This is a great step for one educated in the Church of England, and in all the refinement and retirement of an English lady. Brother Johnson blessed me for my bravery, for indeed it was not by own strength I stood up and spoke. Returned Sister Merrill's to tea, and then we all went to meeting in the evening. Mr. King and Daniel Higgins met us there. They all seemed to enjoy the meeting much. Returned home; poor Georgie obliged to go to bed directly with a bad headache. Monday rode over to Cambridge and paid the money for Bertha's schooling. Called at Sister Merrill's and had a chat with her and Brother Johnson; enjoyed it much. Tuesday Brother Johnson came here to breakfast and spend the day. He is going to remove from Cambridge--I am so sorry--Mother very cross--Wednesday, dull November day. Felt triste all the morning. Do "coming events cast their shadows before?"--Had a few sharp words with my mother about my religion, of course! I expect persecution and know I shall get it. May I be enabled to meet it. We are going to bid Brother Johnson goodby at a "tea party" it pours with rain, but the sociable and punch will carry us through, I expect--Went and found Brothers Johnson, Wallis, Smith, and Hyde at Sister Merrill's. He presented Georgie and me with a bouquet, each with camilis. after a time we all walked to the assembly rooms and the party began to assemble. Brother Johnson went from one to the other having something kind to say to all. He looked indeed "Saul among the prophets". He certainly realizes to my mind a fine, type of the servant of God. There was speaking, and singing, and recitations. Brother Wallis spoke admirably, and gave me strength by his address. Brother Johnson and the two Baileys walked to the inn with us, also Brother Wallis; then they said goodbye once more. We shall see him before he leaves Cambridge Thursday. Daniel Higgins left us for home, poor fellow! I pity him. He has no mother or sister to be kind to him or to watch over and take care of him Brother Johnson has left Cambridge. We shall miss him.

Had a letter from my mother, full of complaints about changing my religion--"Had I become a Roman Catholic she could have forgiven me, but these low people!" Was not the Saviour and His disciples what the world would call low people? No matter, He was the Son of God, and our Elder Brother and Redeemer! What can you say to that, Mother?

Wednesday, Dull November day: Heard unpleasant things about Bertha, is she always to be a trouble to me? Felt sad and triste, cannot see my way before me. Oh God! Make a way for me to escape that I may be enabled to carry out all I have undertaken. Brother Johnson told me not to fret about anything, and I know his advice is always good. Friday, had a bitter letter from my sister, Mary, a kind note from Brother Johnson. Oh, my Father, help me to bear reproaches, I am very weak---"Hold thou me up!"

Saturday, felt terribly triste. Cold night, got better toward bedtime. Today I found a piece against "Mormonism". Read it and felt shaken; not that I ever felt to disbelieve it because it has spoken so home to my heart and mind that my convictions are most powerful upon the subject, but I am weak just now, and little things unnerve me. Read some of Spencer's letters, his introductory address, and became strong as Hercules. They are certainly most convincing and satisfactory.

Wednesday, Dec. 4th. A letter from Mr. Hedding about his writing to Bertha. Strange affair! Saturday posted a letter to Mr. Hedding and one to Brother Johnson. Had some talk with Mr. King about America. I do not know what is to become of him or us, for he does not seem to come into our ideas at all upon the subject. But I must hope against hope. God help us! Sunday went to meeting and heard Brother Hart preach. Like him. Certainly there is something in these people far above all things mere earthly and I cannot but like them. I cannot contend for my religion but I want to live for it.

Dec. 14th. Went to Cambridge to meet the boys coming home from school, from Mr. Honey's Hungtington--posted a letter to Brother Johnson. Georgie also sent the purse she had made him. I hope he will be pleased and enjoy the letters.

Christmas Day 1850. Gave all the men a Christmas dinner. I stayed to help cook it. My mind very much broken up and agitated by Mrs. Hawthorn coming and telling me what a fearful people the Mormons were! "Had all things common", etc. She agonized me, but I did not let her know it. I defended the people and stood firm to my principles, but her dagger was quivering in my heart. Others, too, were always sending me some horrible thing to read. Brother Johnson was away but I wrote to him, and had to wait and suffer until his answer arrived. Christmas Day my torture had reached its climax, it was all I could do to go into the kitchen and ask the men if they had enjoyed their dinner as was my want. I felt I was changed and as white as death. If I put food into my mouth I often could not swallow it. It seemed to choke me.

I was in a dreadful frame of mind, I absented myself from the meetings. I knew it was no use to ask my parents or our Clergyman. In my agony the wordxs came to me, "If any lack wisdom let him ask of God", etc. ---I arose from the parlor and went to my bedroom adn knelt down. I felt like a lost being. I was indeed stranded. I hardly knew how to pray. At last the thought came to me, "Why should I feel so dreadfully? I have only done as the Bible commands, and I will only be the Lord's", and in a moment I broke out into a dedication of myself, told Him I would be His and no other; that soul and spirit for time and for all Eternity to Him and no other. In a moment the cords that had tightened round my brain slackened. I felt a renovating influence steal gently, almost imperceptibly through my whole system. I felt palpably a change had passed over me, but it was

almost skeptical. I could hardly believe a prayer could be answered so instantly and I was afraid to stir lest those dreadful feelings should return. Sometime I continued kneeling after I had left off speaking. Then I gently rose. I felt weak as though recovering from an illness. I sat down in my room. After a while I descended to the parlor but felt afraid to move, or read, or work lest the horrid feelings should return. For days I felt weak as though recovering from an illness, but those same feelings never returned to me again. Bless the Lord!

New Years Day 1851. Blessed Forever! Blessed by my God who hath cleared my mind of the dark clouds that hung over it like a pall. Oh! my Father never let it return, but keep me Thine, body, soul, and spirit, for to Thee I dedicate myself with all the power I dare call mine. Oh! holy Spirit of the Father, dwell in me forever!

January 2nd, 1851. Bless be God, I have found the peace which I had lost! Before I was baptized I consulted no one but my God and the light which His spirit had put in me, and then felt happy and right. But the opinions I have had forced upon me since have agitated me awfully. I then determined to hear nothing against the L.D.S. knowing that "the world" knows nothing of them. therefore they cannot judge us. I then cast myself entirely into the arms of my Savior and to the guidance of His Holy Spirit, and directly I felt a calm stealing over me, over the tempest of my soul, as if a voice had said, "Be still!" I cast myself at the foot of the cross and said, "If I perish--I perish!--"

Went for a walk with Georgie and Louie, fine and warm almost dusty. Bless the Lord, Oh! my soul and forget not.

Jan. 6th, 1851. Had a parcel from dear Sproully, containing a present of Lamartine's travels in the East, and a dear good letter which, however, caused my heart to fill up and run over at my eyes. May the God of Heaven look upon him and reneate his soul, for he seems in trouble and his letter breathes a saddened and chastened spirit. God bless him for ever.

Saturday, Jan. 11th, 1851. Georgine went by train to visit Mrs. Thorp at Chippenham. Monday, Jan. 20th, 1851. A dark day in my mental calendar. Oh! my God forsake me not. Oh! bless and keep me for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.

Jan. 25th, 1851. Oh! my God! With all Solemnity I come before Thee to implore that thou wilt ever grant me the presence of Thy holy spirit. And I vow and promise with all the power I dare call mine, which alas is perfect weakness for I can only yearn and desire and ask and implore, Thou must do all the rest--and Thou shalt have the glory for time and all eternity---I then in the poor way vow and promise that if Thou wilt give me Thy Holy Spirit, the light of Thy countenance, Thy peace which passeth all understanding, give me through out my earthly pilgrimage, I will on my part do my best to be Thy faithful hand maiden. I will endeavor to bear with out repining all Thou shalt see fit to inflict for my good, whether it be poverty, loss of friends, or persecution for Thy name's sake. Or if sickness shall be my lot, I shall endeavor to bear with out repining. Hear me, Oh! my Father! as I ask it in and through the name of Thy son Jesus Christ, alone my only Savior, Amen! Amen! Amen! Sunday, Jan. 26th, 1851.

Went with Georgiana to the meeting and heard Brother Spiers preach. Like him very much and enjoyed it. Felt strengthened, Blessing God!

Monday, 27th. Lovely day. Like spring. Walked with Georgie and Louie. I thought to have had a letter from Brother Johnson, but disappointed. Thank God my mind remains calm and I feel strong. Oh! may I ever feel this toward my God! He saw, heard and answered my poor but sincere prayer. Why should I ever doubt Him? For I ask all in the name of

His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Feb. 4th. My mother left for London. Heard of the death of Elder Flannigan. Two months or less ago we saw him at Cambridge, little dreaming he would so soon pass away. How uncertain is life, even to the servants of God. May we prepare to follow.

Feb. 9th, 1851. Went to a tea party at the Assembly Rooms. Enjoyed it very much, all seemed unanimous -- but I missed "Saul among the Prophets". Ah Lord! make a way for us to escape to Zion. My mind still calm and hopeful.

Sunday, 19th. Went to meeting, saw Brother Thomas Smith, heard his testimony to the work, good and powerful. Received the Sacrament there, and felt strengthened.

Feb. 20th, 1851. My old Friend and pet correspondent, Mr. Sproul, was married to Miss Martha Francis. May they be happy. Had my last letter from Brother Smith on the 28th. They say, " My Native Land goodnight". I do not journalize so much now, I know not why, but I seem more settled. Perhaps that is it. Happiness is always quite. I am very happy in my religion. It seems to have filled the vacuum I have ever felt in my past life, and all I see of the church of the L.D.S. convinces me it is what it purports to be. Oh, my Father, suffer me not to be misled for I desire to do Thy will.

Oh, God, help me, for into Thy hands do I entirely commit myself. Yet I see no way for us to escape to Zion, but by a direct interposition of Thee, therefore, Eternal Father act for me that I may escape to the Vallies of Ephraim. I desire with all my heart to carry out what I have taken in on earth turned a deaf ear to any creature, hear me!

Feel triste tonight, why, I hardly know. But I do not see my way before, and that is not agreeable in such an important thing as religion.

April 2nd. Went to the Room and heard Brother Meeks preach. All good. The first time I have been without my shadow, Georgy. She and Louie are gone to the Musical class at Manor Cottage.

April 17th, 1851. My beloved Louid is this night to be buried in the waters of baptism. May the Almighty Father receive her into His fold, and may His servants in their office confer a blessing upon her as she upon them. May this act be noted in the Book of Life! Oh! my God keep her faithful to her covenants, and may she be Thine, body, soul, and spirit for time and all Eternity. My servant Ann Newling, is to be baptized with her, and what I ask for my child I ask for her, Eternal Father, for she is desirous to be good and faithful. Bless her in this act of her life, and may it be a blessing to her forever!

April 18th. My dear Louisa is now "one of us". We much enjoyed the ceremony and the beautiful prayers. A queen might be satisfied if the same thing could be said over her head as were spoken over Louisa. May she be enabled to carry out her noble destiny by the help of her God! I thought as I saw her descend into the water led by the hand of the Elder, how pure and chaste she looked, and the words of Watts beautiful little hymn came to my mind, "A flower when offered in the bud is no vain sacrifice". Oh! God how true that was as applied to her. She was pure as an angel. Ann, too, had great things said over her, the gift of tongues being one. May neither ever disgrace their profession. Let this act of theirs be noted in the Book of Life! Even so, Amen.

Saturday 20th, 1851. Died Mr. Downton, the father of my friend R.L.D.. I had a kind filial letter from G.D. telling me the sad news, though I do

not know that I ought to say sad for he died full of days, being 88 years of age. This surely is long enough with the abridged knowledge of the world. I trust he is in Paradise. He bore a good character and had many faithful friends. God bless his family! Amen.

April 26th. Most lovely day! Spring is coming in all her beauty. Bless God for all things. Oh, Father, shine into our hearts with the light of truth, and dispel all clouds of ignorance and error. Pour upon us the dew of Thy blessing, and make Thy way plain before our face. Make a way for us to go with Thy Saints, for into Thy hands do I commit all my affairs. Therefore hold us Thine.

April 29th, 1851. Heard my Church or rather the people, spoken against, and felt as I always do in consequence, triste and shaken. Thou knowest, my Father, that I could not survive impurity or dishonor. Help me, Oh, my God! And if evil exists within this Church may it be eradicated. I would rather die than be dishonored. Keep us--make us Thine for time and all eternity, for such we desire to be from our very hearts.

Saturday, May 17th, 1851. My sister Mary came; dreaded her visit much, fearing we might not be happy together on account of my new views. We met--the evening passed off agreeably, basicly by the girls and singing also. Sunday morning. Had a little conversation, found her reasonable. She was so kind to what I expected or lately been accustomed to, that I could not but weep at last. Dined with our parents, the day passed very well.

Monday she and Louie went to fetch the boys; they enjoyed the day. Tuesday Mary and boys dined with father and mother. Had a little conversation on the LDS subject, she, however, cannot see it--don't want to. I felt happier for defending and preaching it, as I always do, just as Brother Johnson promised me I should do, and this promise I have realized.

May 20th. Oh, my Father I ask Thee to put words into the mouth of Thy servant, Brother Johnson, that when he speaks to me on the grand subject, it may be to me Thy voice, that I may be enlightened and strengthened, that I may go on my way rejoicing, having no more doubts that may beset my path, but that I may know for myself by Thy inward voice and by his voice which I implore Thee to inflate with Thy spirit that I may know I am right and may then go on from strength to strength. Hear me, for I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

May 25th 1851. Went by train to Cambridge and heard Lorenzo Snow for the first time. He is indeed a mighty man. We heard him three times, parted hoping to meet again. Brother Johnson is coming to visit the branch in Cambridge.

Sunday, June 8th, 1851. Went by the early train, being an hour behind time. Got to the room just before they began. Shook hands with dear Brother Johnson, but did not speak--After service shook hands, intended to dine at Sister Merrill's, but he dined at Brother Bowds, and they asked us, so we went. Had tea at Sister Merrill's after afternoon service. Enjoyed it very much as all do who are in his company. He walked with us to the sociable and then bid goodnight.

Oh, my Father, make my husband agreeable and open his mind to truth. June 12th. My dear boy went to London for the first time with his aunt Smith and Eddie. Very uncomfortable today, if not very unhappy! June 13th. Brother Johnson spent the day with us. Very happy together--but a draw back in the coolness of my husband, but such a day must ever be a happy one! 14th. The night is past. The clock "talked small" before I closed mine eyes in sleep. Thought was busy, however I feel refreshed this morning. Oh! Lord bless this day. Brother Johnson prayed with us---I felt

melted--could not well recover myself. My hands were ice cold, but after a time I felt melted--could not well recover myself. My hands were ice cold, but after a time I felt myself, and enjoyed the day.

July 14th, 1851. Poor little "Fanny", the children's pony, was shot today by Cotley, she being worn out with age that life was no longer desirable for a pony. She is the last remaining link of my beloved Owen, being his pony. So are the links of love that bind us to earth cut.

July 26th, 1851. Started by the half past 4 train for Norwich. Georgie and Louie accompanying me with Mr. Spiers, Miss Ketteringham and the Clarkes. President Richards got in at Ely. Not much struck with his appearance, but liked him on better acquaintance. Arrived at Norwich about half past seven. Went first to Sister Atkins' to tea. Sat up till 11 o'clock to see Brothers Wallace and Spencer, the first time we had seen the latter. Thought Brother Wallace much improved, much warmer. Liked Brother Spencer. Next morning, Sunday, Brother Richards and Wallace came to breakfast with me. Enjoyed their conversation much. Went to Chapel which was crowded. Like Brother Spencer's manners much. Though a small man there was much dignity, self possession and good sense about him. He struck us all as being so like L.D. Went to Sister Teasdel's to tea. Brother Spencer, quite exhausted, went and lay down. Brother R. fell asleep on the sofa. Then to chapel again, a gathering each time--enjoyed all the discourses much.

Monday Brothers Wallacen and Richards came to breakfast with us, then we walked into the town, went to the Cathedral, and after to the Hall, and G. and I tried the piano, it did very well. The Hall had been repaired and fitted up to give a Mormon fete in and the piano was repaired for the Misses King. Home to dinner, after dressed, and went to the Hall. Everything new to me and mine. Liked it all much. Mr. Spiers delivered the address for the 24 young ladies. G. and L. played and sang several times, I had altered the words of "Fancy waft me", to suit the occasion and all gave general satisfaction. We were "the observed of all observers", and all eyes were upon us, and we were all admired and liked. This is simply truth, no vanity in it, but just truth--Home at eleven, bid goodbye to Brother Richards. Went to Sister Atkins as usual. Brothers Wallace and Spencer came to breakfast as usual with us. Louie and I went out and ordered a leg of lamb and some wine for dinner and they all dined with us. We then went to the gardens at Wittingham. Enjoyed it excessively. Rode there in a nice carriage and walked home in the evening. Looked in at the "Rosary", pretty cemetery. Enjoyed the conversation of Brother Wallace much whom I walked with. Wednesday per train to Lowestoff, Brother W. and S. going with us, also Miss Ketteringham and Miss Frimel, walked onto the beach, saw the sea for the first time. I felt as if I had seen it before, but enjoyed it exceedingly. Walked on a beautiful path overlooking the sea. Brother Wallace and I walked together and had some very interesting conversation onto the L.D.S. principles---rather startled, but from the lips of a righteous man--all seemed right. Had tea at Sister Taylor's, then went to the Hall Brother Wallace preach. There was a slight disturbance, but soon quelled. Brother Spencer spoke beautifully and overcame evil with good. They supped with us, then to bed---then Three in a bed!!! One of my first trials in the "Mormonish". And cold water for dinner. These were real trials for me at that time!

The next day we returned home, the brethren accompanied us to the Station. We were all in high spirits---Brother Spencer stood on the step of the train after we were all seated and said some words to me respecting "the girl". I thought it was badinage and pleasantly and playfully assented to it, at which he seemed joyfully surprised, and I began to think he was really earnest. I certainly liked him and he shone by reflection into my heart. We said goodbye with a promise to come and see us soon, and the train moved off and we for home.

Aug. 6th, 1851. Went to Cambridge to hear Brother Wallace preach. Met him at Sister Whitehead's. Enjoyed everything very much. Aug. 7th. Brother and Sister Spiers and Brother Bailey came here to spend the day. For the first time Brother Wallace had entered our house. Enjoyed it excessively. A most happy day for all!

Aug. 9th, 1851. Went to Cambridge and took tea at Brother Goats. Enjoyed ourselves in the garden much; played at hide and seek, and forfeits. 10th. Went to Cambridge to hear Brother Wallace preach; enjoyed all he said much. Drank tea with many of the Saints at Sister Burbage's. In the evening bid goodbye to Brother Wallace; hope soon again to see him.

Aug. 13th, 1851. Had a letter extraordinary from C.V.S. Its contents were new to me and shook my mind into a muddle. God direct this sequel! Reflections on a letter received yesterday from C.V.S.

Aug. 14th, 1851. Three weeks this day I wrote by express desire of Brother Spiers to C.V. Spencer, saying we purposed being present at the Norwich conference as we had received an invitation. I had never written to him before --had never seen him or scarcely heard of him, certainly not to make any impression on my mind, and I felt a strange feeling in writing to him, feelings which are ever indescribable but they flit over and around the soul at certain moments of our lives and though shadowy and evanescent are so powerful in their associations that we conjure them up at any after hour by recalling certain words or sound that are assimilated with them at the time. We repeat and recall these, and the same feelings instantly steal over us in all their vividness, but with the same evanescent flittings as at first! What accompanied us into this mundane state, whatever they are--all more or less experiences them, especially those whose souls are ever vitally alive to its constant workings. Well, I wrote----

We went and we were introduced to the president of the Norwich conference. What were my first impressions with regard to him? I certainly felt directly that he meant to be kind to us. I next saw in his manner and something in his appearance that he bore a strong likeness to one in whom we had all been much interested, now gone to the spirit world, and he shone into my heart by reflection. Before two days he needed no borrowed pedestal to stand upon, for I found he had one of his own. Shall I attempt to describe him? I don't know that I could--but this I do know, that I liked him, for he possessed what I consider essential in a man, viz, he was manly, gentlemanly, self possessed and dignified, modest and retiring in his manner, gentle and kind to all, and unassuming, yet ever maintaining self respect and his own position.

We spent the greater part of a week together, and by that time I had settled in my own mind that he had become one of the planetary bodies of our social system in the shape of a "fixed" friend, tho little did I dream that his destiny would be linked with ours, but such is proposed. Let God declare the sequel! How singular and trifling are the causes that often heave the molehill into the mountain! When I wrote that letter this day three weeks--only three weeks!!! Little did I dream that I was forging links, the first links in an endless chain of existence, a chain that would be as adamant and endless as eternity.

My God! I almost tremble! But I look to Thee and go forward in Thy strength. Thou knowest I do not attempt one step in my own strength for I am weak. Shew me, Oh, my Father, Thy will in this momentous question and then I say, let Thy will be done. Thou knowest I have never asked for grandeur or greatness for my children, or for riches, but I have looked to Thee alone to weave the web of their lives. To Thee I still look to bless, to direct, to conceal in every step of our lives. If this compact is agreeable to Thee, so be it. If it is Thy will to set it aside, even so

let it be. Amen.

Sunday, Aug. 17th, 1851. Finally settled between C.V.S. and Georgiana. May God bless the compact with his choicest blessing. I believe he is a noble spirit. Sept. 9th, 1851. I went in my pony chaise to the Shelford Station to meet Brother Spencer. He came. We dined, and Georgie and he rode out in the same in the afternoon. A great fire at shelford. Mr. King out all day at the firs, so enjoyed ourselves.

10th. Rose and breakfasted. Brother Spencer prayed with us. Miss Lueiry came, talked with her on the principles, dined, Mr. K. not with us, very disagreeable; he drank tea with us, and told me he would "do away with the whole concern"!!!! He little knew that God was with us, and helping us!

Had a letter from Lorenzo Snow. With Mr. King rather better in feelings. We walked in the evening. When we returned home Brother Spencer talked with him about the principles, and he asked him for Georgiana!! A great change came over him. This morning at 3 o'clock I dreamed I was in the keeping parlor with Georgie and Tom and I thought Mr. King took his candle to go to bed, and as he reach the top most stair I heard him stumble and fall from the top most stair to the bottom and lay there, perfectly dead, in the hall. I was horror stricken and rushed up to Georgie, and clasping her in my arms said, "Oh Georgie there is a God in Heaven!!"--I then went into the kitchen and met one of the men, and said, "the way's open, but how awful", or words to that effect. I then woke in an agony, my heart beating dreadfully--He gave Brother Spencer his consent and his blessing, and he parted with us in all love and amity, returning to Norwich, since which time Mr. King has evidently been changed for the better. A power seems at work with him which seems irresistible and he shakes as with an ague at times.

14th. We all went to Sawston Church in the morning. Mr. Daniels' sermon most suitable to his state of mind. Had one of our elders spoken to him, he could not have been more to the purpose, corroborative, evidence in abundance. He, himself, acknowledged it. God forever hears, He alone shall have the glory. May we carry all out in righteousness and then may we have the desire of our hearts int he same.

Sept. 15th, 1851. This day six years, went first to the Shelford Station and saw dear Dowty. Sept. 29th, 1851. Met C.V.S. at the Cambridge Station and went with him, Georgie, and Louis to London. Stayed at Sister Haslem's. In the evening went to Astley's and saw Masseppa. Much pleased. Home and slept three in a bed, one of my first trials in Mormonism.

30th. Went to the exhibition. First called on Elder L. Snow, which led to remarks from C.V. which I thought unkind. Perhaps I misunderstood him, he said I did. Be that as it may, he planted a dagger in my bosom which destroyed my happiness for that day. I was in consequence a dark day to me, and I saw everything with a clouded eye and was wretched!! At five o'clock we had a cab home. I hastened upstairs, took off my things quickly, and ran down and knocked at his bedroom door. He came into the parlor and I offered reconciliation, he gratefully accepted it, and seemed distressed, but I soothed him, and we were reconciled.

Wednesday, Oct. 1st, 1851. Went to 35 Dan Street and saw elders Dikes and Kelly. Much pleased with both. From there to the British Museum. Pleased-----From there to Sister Bray's to tea. Like her, and him. King, they were. From there we went to the "Princesses". Much pleased with the entertainment. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. Theater well conducted. Must certainly be a good organ to convey moral instruction. Hope there will be one in the Valley if our first president coincides. Home with a bad cold.

Oct. 2nd. Felt most unwell with my cold, unable to go to the exhibition as we promised. Dined at 1 o'clock. Dressed and rode to the Crystal Palace. Too late for me, so Sister H. and I and Brother walked on to the Edgeware Road to tea with Lorenzo Snow; C.V., Georgie and L. went in, joined us at 6 o'clock. Met some Sisters there. Enjoyed it much., i.e, the evening.

Friday at home all morning reading and writing. After dinner went to Chealpside. Shopped a little. Home at 4 o'clock to meet by appointment George Downton, the brother of our lamented friend Leigh Downton. Found him there on our return. He was very pleasant and staid to tea with us.---- After some nice conversation, he left, said goodbye.

Saturday morning rose at 5 o'clock, breakfasted, and started in a cab for the Shore ditch Station. Arrived in time and came down to Cambridge with our friend C.V. saw him off for Norwich and then jumped into our sociable that was waiting for us, and reached home safely. This was Georgie's birthday, October 14th.

Last day of october 1851. Brother Adams came quite unexpected. I asked him to stay to dinner--and then--as we had not finished the shirt we were making him, asked him to stay all night -- which he did--and he did not leave till 3 the next day.

Sunday at 40 minutes past 12, "Noon of night", James Merrie departed this life--4th Nov. 1851. Georgiana and I am one year old in the Church!

13th December Bertha returned from school after an absence of one year and a month. Found her improved, and hope that time will show good has been done. God bless us all and keep His spirit overall to direct and guide us.

Dec. 15th. Brother Johnson's birthday. He is 36 today, 1851. Oh! my Father pour upon him Thy choicest blessings and all that pertains unto him, and make Thy work to prosper in his hands.

Dec. 18th. Elder Wallace came here and stayed over night; we all enjoyed his society very much. He is a Godlike man.

19th. Elder Wallace was down late, had prayers. He prayed with us, and for us, and for dear Tom Owen that he might grow up in goodness and might have the High and Holy Priesthood coffered upon him, to which I heartily say Amen! He laid his hands on me at a quarter to one as I had requested him to do for an affection in the throb, that had troubled me for some years, and he spoke a rich blessing on my head. May the Lord ratify and seal all he said upon me by Hid spirit. I was to write for the Saints, and my writings should be read with pleasure and edification. This I believe is my vocation, and I trust the Spirit of the Lord will accompany me in this thing, for I desire it. I received relief under his hands. He said no disease that had ever troubled me should trouble me again, and many rich promises.

Went to Cambridge in the evening to a prayer meeting, Elder Wallace going with us. We all prayed in the meeting. He saw us to our Inn and we said farewell.

24th. Christmas Eve. Oh, how happy I feel tonight compared with this time last year! "Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" Oh, my God, help me to keep faithful and work for me, for if Thou Workest, who an hinder? And let the coming year be one of release. Oh Lord! hear this oft repeated prayer and answer it!----

Jan. 4th, 1852. Sunday. Went by train to Cambridge. Met the Baileys and Brother Wallace and lots of brethren and sisters to see the

Brethren off as they started from Cambridge, on that day for Liverpool on their way to America. Bid them goodbye, then left the station. Brother Wallace offered me his arm and we much enjoyed ourselves. Georgie and Louie went with Ester B. to Lucas Bailey's to tea. Met at the Room. Brother Wallace preached admirably on many subjects connected with the Latter-Day-Saint Church. He came with us to the in where Mr. King was waiting for us, and came home with us by appointment. Enjoyed his company much; had supper and to bed.

Monday after breakfast Brother Wallace prayed with us, enjoyed a nice chat with him. At 12 o'clock Claudius came, having lost his hat. He put his head out of the window and the wind carried it off. Dinner, and spent pleasant time together. Mr. King dining with. Huddleston, Esq.

Tuesday. Breakfasted. Brother Wallace prayed. Had some nice chat, and Brother Spencer went to Cambridge. Sisters Merrill and Burbage came; spent a pleasant afternoon. After tea walked to the station and saw Sisters M. and B. off. Walked under a glorious moon, I and Louie with Brother Wallace and Georgie and Bertha and Claudius. Had some nice talk. I felt low. The conversation took a turn that touched me, and my feelings got the better of me, but soon recovered myself. Brother Wallace said many kind things. At last returned to the station. When the train came up, said goodbye to dear Brother Wallace, and returned home. God bless and speed Brother Wallace.

Wednesday. Louie very poorly. G. and C. went for a walk. After supper I asked Claudius to lay hands on Louie which he did. We with him G. and I. This, and what he said broke me up.-----He talked a little while then went to bed--we followed---

Thursday Louie much better. Thank God! In the afternoon walked a little with G. and C., returned home and had music, and singing, and dancing. All Happy.

Saturday. No prayers, as it was not decided whether C. should go by the early train. At last settled not to go until evening.

Had a letter from Brother Johnson, and another from Lois Bailey. I expect they are now on the waters. God speed them. In the evening Claudius left by the 6 o'clock train. Nether but farewells in this world.

Sunday at home all day. In the evening Mr. King sent to borrow a horse for us, our own being lame. Brother Crisp preached, was pleased with the discourse. So ends the week.....

Jan. 15th. heard today Brother Johnson was to leave England in three weeks. It was quite a blow to us, for we have ever found a firm and ready friend in him. But he goes, and we shall lean more upon the lord.

Saturday, Jan. 31st, 1852. Sat writing about 11 o'clock. G. and L. at needle work. At last Louie looked up and said, "Oh, who's this?" Georgiana turned and said, "Why, it is Brother Johnson", we all rushed to meet him. Sunday went with him to the room and bid Brother and Sister Goats goodbye. They go in the same ship as Brother Johnson. He preached beautifully, gentle and persuasive language. Brother Johnson returned home with us and after supper he blessed us all. One word only do I remember that I should be joined in the fullness of the Priesthood of my sex. And all was good.

Feb. 8th. We all went to Cambridge and spent the last afternoon with him at Brother Baileys. Felt dull at eh thought of losing him. Oh, my Father, enable me to walk circumspectly before Thee all the days of my life. And to obey Thy laws as Thy servants shall teach them to us, and

open the way that we may be gathered home to Zion.

In the afternoon walked to see Mrs. Angel who is sick. Prayed with her and felt I was doing some good. She sat, washed for me 11 years.

Feb. 16th. Went to the Station with Edie. Saw him off by the 11 o'clock train. Dear boy, he has left us for good, perhaps forever, as my sister is afraid me should contaminate him. Well, God bless him and keep him is my fervent prayer. I have been a mother to him, and my children, sisters and brothers to him, but it has ever been my lot to sow and another, or others, reap the benefit. Read some of the Creed of Christendom as I returned home having the book with me. Dined and read it again, nearly all the afternoon. Cannot say it added to my happiness. The author is either to be pitied or despised. he would rend away every fiber of the beautiful faith that has "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength". He would rob us of the hope of a resurrection, denies flatly a resurrection of the body. Denies in folded up language the Divinity of our lord and Savior. What he does say of Him I receive as poison. There may be and there are discrepancies in the sacred writings. He would reduce it all to Eastern Legendary lore, and reduce the most glorious demonstrations of the Diety to the over heated fervid imagination of an Eastern poet!! Our Savior, to a divine man without divinity!!!

Oh, I feel that I cling to this glorious, adorable Being with more devoted worship than ever I did before, if that be possible. For the worship of my soul He has ever had, and those of His servants whom I have known, who have drunk of His spirit, I feel I must love also, because their Master's Spirit is in them, and they bear His missions and His name and good will to men. Love, joy, peace, ect. If I tried to withhold my love from them it would not be; no, they breathe His spirit and my soul turns to them as the "sun flower turns to her God when he sets, the same look which she gave when He rose".

Christ said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me"--those men, His servants, have His spirit and hence this power! So I pity the author of this book, he has read the scriptures with a jaundiced eye, and his vision has become obscured if not sealed in consequence. I cannot finish him, he sickens me. There are some truths and a few useful hints, but it is not a book for me.

In the evening Tom and I went to the station to meet Brother Wallace, he came, and I had hardly got seated in the sociable when the horse who had got excited by the train coming up, ran on the bank and turned us over. However, we were not hurt, and with the assistance of one of the porters, we got the sociable right side up again, extricated the hors, tho the sociable was somewhat broken. Got home and found them wondering what had become of us! Had supper, some chat, and to bed.

17th. Rose. Had breakfast, prayers by Brother Wallace. Talked all the morning. Dined. Had a good deal of conversation in the afternoon. He struck some chords I little thought a male hand would ever strike and they caused me some tears--yet I knew he spoke truth in all. Had music in the evening--supper and to bed at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday. The same as yesterday. In the evening music, after supper, Mr. King went to bed, and Brother Wallace blessed G. and L. Beautiful blessing. May they be ratified in the archives of Heaven and be answered upon our heads, for he blessed me when he was here before. After a little chat went to bed.

In the morning prayers as usual. Talked for two hours, then luncheon, and bid goodbye to Brother Wallace, Mr. King walking to the railway bridge with him; felt triste all day.

Feb. 20th. Felt triste. Felt I could not contain myself here another year. But I must try as Brother Long says, and will do my best. Every energy of my soul is embarked on the subject, and I feel like I can live and die for it. My God, clear up the obstacles that now hedge up my way, and let me go at the time I have appointed, even Jan. 7th, 1853. And grant that neither friends or foes may have the power to hold me back.

Walked in the afternoon with G. and L. felt relieved and not so depressed. Feb. 28th. Brother Larkin came in the capacity of a teacher. He spoke to us very nicely and we also spoke and sang and prayed and he then dismissed the meeting. He stayed to tea with us, though we are not taking tea now, and I have embraced--and such meetings strengthen me and make my spirit lighter and give me hope. I pray God to bless Brother Larkin for he is all kindness and gentleness to us.

Saturday 28th. Poor David Heffer killed coming home from Market!----
Sunday 29th. Our Fast Day. Spent the day at Cambridge. Enjoyed it much, and felt first rate all day. The shadows will flit across my path, i.e., my heart and memory and when in that room I missed him who was the first elder I saw in this church, and who baptized me and Georgie, but who I had to lose. He had to go, who could have helped and comforted me so much. But I suppose I have to learn to walk alone. That is the word stamped on my scutcheon. He is now far away, yet we can and do write to each other. This is something, yes, much.

March 15th. Oh, Father, clear the way before us, and make us to see all things, and let us take nothing in hand but what is agreeable to Thee, for Christ's sake and our own. Amen.

March 16th. My birthday. Before I was up in the morning T.O. came into my room with a packet containing a beautiful pair of slippers for me, worked by G. and L. and a note from himself. Mr. King also gave me 2/6 to buy gloves or what I pleased. The dear girls prayed beautifully for me; and Brother Johnson had left a letter for me not to be opened until my birthday. All was cheering and comforting and good by my heart. I thank God that He has given me such good, dear children, and pray that I may never carry out my covenants in all righteousness. Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul! and forget not all His benefits.

A letter from C. Fox and a pretty crochet night cap, done by herself. We walked out and saw a poor woman and lots of children and I went to the bakers and bought her some bread. (Left off her March 17th, 1869.)

Memo: March 13th. This day we set apart for a Fast Day, to ask God to work with the earthly head of this family, that he may cast in his lot with us and go with us at the time appointed, even on Jan. 7, 1853. Brother Larkins came and fasted with us, and we enjoyed the day very much, and felt we had a goodly portion of the spirit of God with us. God forgive all that may have been amiss in us this day. A letter from Brother Wallace. Here I think I will insert a covenant I made with the Lord 4 a.m. June 16th, 1851. Oh God, I rise from my bed this morning to cast my self before thee! Thou alone are my defended and helper. Thou alone are the God whom I will serve as hast revealed Thyself in the Bible and Book of Mormon. I will serve no other God but Thee! The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, shall be my God! Thou knowest in what spirit I entered Thy church because I believed it the Church of Christ. There was no cavilling, no setting up of my own opinion or preconceived notion, or those of my former teachers. I believed the command and I obeyed as a child! Now, Oh Father, I want the blessings, I want to go to Zion as Thou hast commanded us to do. Now, Oh Father, I will go in January '53. Thou being my helper, give me strength to carry out this will, this desire. Let it be done in all gentleness in all firmness, in all consistency, but in all

determination, and gather to Thy will and mind and the hearts of those who oppose us and shut up our way or remove them from us. I will obey Thee. I have said it in my heart of hearts. I have no desire to be here any loner. This is no longer my home, with all its many blessings, I no longer cling to it. I feel away from my father's house and from my kindred and I want to be with them. Now let me go!! Make everything give way before me. Do what Thou wilt with me during that time, if I require chastisement by persecution, by opposition, by slander, by the loss of my good name, I am willing to submit Only let me go!!! Open the way for me and I vow with all the power I dare call mine, Thou being my helper, to dedicate my future life to Thee. "Without holiness no one shall see the Lord", then I will aspire after holiness. I will lay my self to spend and be spent in Thy service during my future life! Only let me go, for I desire it with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength. Remember, Oh Father, the integrity of mt heart towards Thee in my early days--and all my life long, though I am conscious of my imperfections and am unworthy of Thy many blessings unto me, which have been innumerable. Father, Let Me Go!! I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. (Continuation of the Journal)

March 23rd. Oh, what a glorious, lovely day, like the middle of June. I have fairly revealed in it! Though a washing day! How I have thought of them on the mighty ocean, and wished I was with them, far away from all commotion, that I expect will soon be around and about us. Two days more and Mr. King must make known his determination to give up his farm. If he means to do so, then will commence our trials and persecutions I expect. Well, God is good and will not suffer us to be tried beyond that we are able to bear. We will look ahead to "the good time coming" when I believe great will be our reward. Oh, Lord, work for us, and in us to will to do Thy good pleasure. Turn and ever turn things in our favor, that all may be well with us. Enlighten our minds and enlarge our hearts and remove all doubts from our minds. Preserve Thy servants bearing Thy Priesthood that are near and dear unto us, and preserve them that not one of them may fall. Work with my husband, Oh, God, that he may give up those things that may hold him back in Babylon, and give him to us for Christ's sake, Amen.

March 25th, 1852. Our Shepherd and his wife were baptized by Brother Bowd, Brother Long and Brother Bramwell assisting him. The former confirmed the Shepherd and the latter his wife. She had been my kitchen servant, and he married her from our house. She lived with me about 4 years.

On Saturday 27th. They came down here and we had a nice little meeting. We expected Brother Larkin, but he was unable to come.

Sunday 28th. All went to the Room and partook of the Sacrament. It has not rained for 7 weeks and the roads are dusty like July. Hope to hear soon from the Voyagers. April 8th. A lovely day. We have had two months of drouth except one night ofrain. It is dry and cold but still lovely and cheerful. Went to the Room last evening and heard that a letter had been received from the Voyagers on the "Visbee". Shall perhaps hear full particulars tomorrow. My father and mother are apprized of our intended immigration, and my mother wrote tome this morning about it. Such a letter!!! Heigh! Ho! Those letters cloud my soul, though they do not bow me down as much as they used to. That shows I am stronger. Well, I must leave all in the hands of God! It is His business. I know I mean to be right, and that right ins the motto of my soul, and ever has been though of course I am not perfect. My mother says I will suffer for leaving England, and she hopes it will humble me and do me good, for I have a proud heart!! Heigh! Ho! I did not know I had--neither do I think I should have entered this church, had I had worldly pride, for everything in it is humbling. But time will show what number of person I am. I was her pet child until I entered this church, and her constant impression was that I was born for something great, but like the Jews looking for the Messiah, He came in a

form they did not expect, and hence they would not have Him.

My greatness came in such a questionable shape to what her ideas had planned, that she would not, could not see it.

April 10th, 1852. Claudius came from London by the 5 o'clock train and we spent a very happy evening. Sunday spent a happy day. In the evening we all went to the room--Claudius preached--I heard him with pride and pleasure. None could gainsay his words.

Monday Georgie and Claudius spent the day alone nearly. Well, we must excuse that. In the evening they told me they thought of being married. This was astounding news to me. The reason of such haste is, they wish Brother Franklin Richards to seal them before he leaves England about the 1st of May.

Tuesday my father and mother came to dine with us!! They were very agreeable and all passed off well. They invited G. and C. to go to dinner with them Friday. Wednesday they spent alone and also Thursday. Friday they went to Gogmagog to tea with my father and mother. They enjoyed the visit much.

Saturday Brother Larkins came. Enjoyed the day, had a singing meeting, and I sent him home. At 6 o'clock Claudius left. We walked to the Shelford Station with him and saw him off. I am tired out! Late hours and excitement on many things used me up. Oh, my Father, help me out of all my troubles, for verily their name is legion.

April 20th, 1852. Mr. King not well. In at prayers this morning. After prayers he said he humbly thanked us for all our prayers. Invoke a blessing on us his dearest wife and children, and also on his servants! It struck on our ears like a voice from the dead, for it was the first time we had ever heard his voice in prayers. Indeed it was more an invocation, we were all melted to tears.--Oh God, help us!

21st. I feel at the present time like Job when he kept silent in the presence of his three friends. Alas! I have not three friends to come and advise me what is best at this time. As usual I stand alone and silence seems to be the only thing that speaks to me. (Left off here April 23, 1869)

I could put my thoughts into words, but they would only be sad. And were I to give my soul a tongue at this time, it would cry out like a trumpet. I should myself be startled at its vehemence. But it is best for me and perhaps for others to be at this time possessed by a dumb spirit, for few could understand what its language could attempt to convey, and I have long done what I am now attempting to do. When my soul feels pregnant with mighty thoughts, and when a dark spirit seems to brook over the waters of my soul, I cast myself into the arms of my God and lie passive in His hands, not even giving or attempting to give, even to myself, "a local habitation and a name", to the myriads of embryo thoughts that press upon my brain. I feel this is wisdom; let them pass like Banquo's ghosts, but one dim shadow I would fain arrest. "That rises like the issue of a King,--and leaves upon its brow the sound and talk of sovereignty."

April 28th. Claudius came per train in the morning. In the evening Richard Headly came to have some talk with Mr. King, that is, to persuade him not to go to America, i.e., the Valley. At 8 o'clock President Richards came and at 11 o'clock Georgie and Claudius were married by him. We were all present and also my servant Ann, too. Tears were shed by me, at any rate. But though sad there was some peace in my feelings. All passed off as well as might be expected. We had cake and wine and did not

return until 2 o'clock. All quite tired and worn out with fatigue and emotions. Did not sleep well. Georgie went to her own room, for I had made this one of my stipulations, that she remain with me, retiring to her own room until she could be married in the Church of England. She was pure as an angel and it would have destroyed me had the breath of slander passed upon her name. And we are enjoined in the Doctrine and Covenants to obey the laws of the land in which we are. Claudius consented to this in a very good grace, and that suited me.

April 27th. Tom Owen's birthday--11 years old. Richard headly came before they were up in the morning. had a little talk with him. I told him I had ceased to look upon him as my friend. He vehemently exclaimed, "Mrs. King, I would go into perdition for you", I believe it, extravagant as it may seem. I know he thought highly of me, and my brother was his beloved friend. Then our friends came down. He talked a little with President Richards. He left. Breakfasted, and I had a little talk with Brother Richards alone. He spoke kindly, had prayers. After some music at half past twelve, he left for Cambridge via Liverpool. His visit appears like a dream now that he is gone.

In the afternoon we read some. In the evening had a nice walk. Went to the Stapleford Church and the girls played beautifully on the organ. It soothed my feelings. Home and to bed at 10 o'clock.

My 27th. This day 11 years, my beloved Owen passed from Earth to Heaven, "ere sin could blight or sorrow jade," to an infinitely better parent into glory!---What a sharp trial that was to me; long was it before I could say, "Thy will be done" ere that wound healed. But now have realized hope that I shall receive him and all my beloved dears again. Hear the prayers I have just recorded and may it be answered upon the head of Thy servant for whom it was offered.

Sunday, May 9th, 1852. Awoke this morning dreaming, I saw Brother Johnson very unhappy and crying convulsively. He looked so full of trouble I thought he was in the room at Cambridge!

While at breakfast the boy brought our letters--when to! One from Brother Thomas Smith informing us of the sad news that the boilers had burst of the steamer on which the Sister Bailey and Whitaker were aboard. That they were lost. Dead and buried! Oh it is most awful! And I cannot put my feelings into words, for I cannot realize them. I only know it is dreadful and a great trial of our faith and patience.

Yet bless God. I feel still to stand firm and feel that if my time was come I could go tomorrow if all was ready. Oh, may this trial be sanctified to us and may it be the means of exercising us in our Christian calling, and making us more devoted to Christ by keeping a closer watch upon ourselves, and by purifying ourselves, even as He is pure. Father, uphold me and mine and all that are near and dear to us, for indeed I need strength, for I am weak though I desire to be strong and to do Thy will in all things.

Monday, May 10th, 1852. No letters. I pine for one to tell me of the sad catastrophe. I feel wretched at this time and that I have all I can stand under. Oh, my Father, to Thee I cling. Support me in every trial, for I am indeed weak before Thee.

8 o'clock P.M. This has been a dark day to me and all of us. Oh, my Father, soften the path of duty to me. Keep me in the straight and narrow way as I desire to be kept. Preserve my children unto me, for they are indeed the apple of my eye, and keep us all Thine forever, Amen.

Here lay some unaccountable accident, some leaves of the Journal are lost. I cannot even find the date of the wedding day at Thorpe Church.

But I believe it was the latter end of May that Georgie's marriage took place. During the interim that she was a "wedded maid" we worked hard and made her wedding clothes. She had all new, besides a handsome wardrobe before, and by appointment we were to go to Norwich, and they were then to be married in the Church of England. We prepared all the dinner at home, and I took my servant Ann with us. On the morning we were to start for Norwich, I felt I was about to undergo a great trial, to give up the child who had grown to be my friend in deed and truth.

When the letters came a pamphlet came also, (here commenced the journal again) I had no time or inclination to read it. I told Georgie she could burn it or read it as she pleased. I completed my packing and felt wretched. I felt tempted and tried. Darkness was round and about me. I felt the loss of this dear girl would render me miserable. I became utterly desponding. It seemed she was my destiny and if I let her go I could not stand in the Church. The shepherd came to remove the packages and boxes out of the parlor. I told them all to go out and leave me alone. I then lay down on the sofa. I kept quiet, praying with all the faith I could command for my strength to endure. My spirit became calmer, yea calm, and I regained the peace I had lost. Mr. King was also very low and ill. At 2 o'clock he drove us to the Cambridge Station and at 4 o'clock started by train to Norwich. We arrived there at 8 o'clock, had tea. At 11 o'clock Claudius and Brother Gates came in. Saw him for the first time. Felt rather disappointed at he first sight of him. At 12 o'clock they left.

Sunday morning rose and breakfasted, and got tot he chapel at half past 9 o'clock. But few there. At half past 10 Brother S. Richards and Claudius, Brother Gates, and Brother Long. I was much pleased with the appearance of S.R. He looked good to me. After the meeting was over he came and we were introduced to him. He offered me his arm. He dines with us, also Brother Long. I like Brother Long very much. In the afternoon I again walked with Brother R. to the chapel and also in the evening again.

Monday was the wedding day, that never to be forgotten day! We arose and dressed, I expect we looked well. Louisa and I had handsome new silk dresses for the occasion. Georgie was in pure white, three flounces trimmed with vallancesnes lace. She looked lovely. Two very handsome Clarences came to the door and took us to Church.--"Old Thorpe Church". I and Georgie, President Richards and Claudius went in the first Clarence, Elder Long, Louisa, Elder Gates, Elder Barnes in the other Clarence, Ann riding on the box of my Clarence. President Richards gave her away. We invited all the traveling elders to dinner, I having provided all before I left home, vic, a fillet of veal, and a ham, half of lamb plum pudding, cheese cakes, tartles, port wine, and sherry. We went tot he chapel where a beautiful supper was provided, the house being elegantly decorated with banners--one blue and silver letters, motto, "Welcome President Spencer and his Bride."

Brother Gates led Georgie on to the stand and presented her to the congregation. She was very enthusiastically received. She looked beautiful. And each shaking of hands, I though I should lose mine!!!

Wednesday Brother Richards left. Tuesday we all walked to the castle and cathedral. In the evening--I again walked with President Richards. He sat down in the seat before us and did not go on to the stand. He went home to supper with us, and told me he would bless me when he came to see us, as there was no time then. Claudius had said there was no time on the wedding day, when he offered to bless me. And it would have been a comfort to me on that day. For if ever a poor creature felt stranded I felt so on that never to be forgotten day!

On Thursday, returned home to home sweet home!! I feel to love my

home more than ever. Yet I feel I would gladly leave it tomorrow, for I want to be with the Saints' for they seem to understand and appreciate us, and none else do. Friday Elder Gates came and stayed until Saturday. This was a nice change to our ideas, for we were feeling triste. After dinner we walked in the garden and we had some nice talk about Claudius. He spoke brotherly and kindly. We enjoyed the whole day. He talked very freely with Mr. King and he with him about immigration. We read and sang. Louie played and sang. Then supper which he enjoyed very much. Asparagus and gooseberry fool, etc. We had prayers and at half past ten we retired.

In the morning Mr. King was off early to market. We had breakfast and prayers. Read and sang. Then Louis and I walked to the station with him, and saw him off.

July 12th, 1852. This morning again, in something of gloom over my spirit in consequence of the slanders I hear daily concerning the people I have associated with. But I had to go into the kitchen, it being wash day. And after I had worked there till dinner, and down my portion of work, I lay down on the sofa and had a sweet rest,---rest earned by labor is sweet. After that I arose and wrote a note to Brother Bowd to say that Bertha was to be baptized on Wednesday evening, she had entreated that she might have been six months before, but I thought it best she should return to school, as we had paid a large sum in advance and six months is still unexpired. I then dressed, went to work in the garden cutting and trimming the over grown shrubs. Then tea came in which, by and bye, there was no tea. To work again and so on till evening.

At 9 o'clock supper, which I enjoyed, as food eaten by labor is sweet. After that I went and walked solo in the garden I had helped to make so sweet and pretty, for the gardener had been here and I had helped him. And Oh!, did I not revel in it? Verily I did. I sang joyously as I walked, backwards and forwards on that June evening. The June was in me! The cologned and the arbor all spoke a language to me, not heard by common ears! Repeatedly I sang, "Home thy joys are passing lovely, Joys no stranger heart can tell, Happy home--'Tis sure I love thee Can I---say farewell?---

I rejoice I shall leave it in Winter--this blessed spot where I have been so happy. And now though I love it, and seems to cling to it more than ever, as we cling to a beloved object we are about to lose forever, still I feel I have a dearer object. Oh, that I might take this blessed spot with me! But as the dividing line has come, that is the one that I must leave. Perhaps in some future I may again claim it. My children will go, their father will go, he is my friend certainly, what good would my life do me to remain.

Even Paradise without those I love would lose half its charms. And a wilderness with those I love will be a Paradise. Oh, how happy I have felt this evening. Truly my heart has felt full of joy and blessing, even for Brother Richards visited us and we all went to a party of Saints at Brother Long's. After supper Brother Richards took Brother and Sister Long into an upper room and blessed them. He then sent for me to give me the blessing he had promised me some time before. Claudius was there too, and I think laid hands on with him. I wish I could remember the blessing. It was good and comforting. Here the journal begins again, evidently in the middle of this blessing, which I tried to recall and note down when I got home. He blessed me with prudence, so that I might walk circumspectly in my peculiar circumstances. And as my trials and circumstances had been and were peculiar so should I be peculiarly blessed--that others should look to me for example. And that inasmuch as I had been kind and good to the servants of God, and had ministered to their wants, I should be blessed, and he blessed me by the power of the Priesthood invested in him.

Oh, he spoke glorious things over me. I wish I could recall them, but the beauty of them dwells upon my soul. I kissed his hand when he had concluded, he then bent down and kissed me. I then kissed Claudius, and Brother and Sister Long, and we felt like angels, one toward another. We then return downstairs, and spoke roughly and foolishly to me---Brother R. sat down and taught us many things, and at 9 o'clock left.

Georgie became very faint just before we left and had to have hands laid upon her. We then came home very happy and got to bed at 12 o'clock.

July 24th, 1852. Busy all day. In the evening my father rode down. Claudius spoke to him about us going to America, but Mr. King had rode some part of the way with him, and evidently biased his mind. He would hear nothing Claudius would say to him, or would believe anything, Claudius then bore a noble testimony to him, but all to no avail. Now, Oh, My Heavenly Father, the help of man is vain. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity". Do Thou work for us; take our cause into Thy hands, plead it for me, and open the way before us. For if Thou workest, none can hinder. We know Thou canst turn and over turn and make all things work together for good. So do, Oh, Lord, My God! Preserve Thy servants that are returning home. Let not a hair of their heads be injured, and bear them up before Thee, even Brother Johnson, Wallace, Lorenzo Snow, and F.D. Richards and others; may their lives be precious in Thy sight, I ask it for Christ's sake, Amen.

Saturday July 31st. T.O. and I went to Norwich by train. Sister Merrill was in the train with Elder T.B. Stenhouse. She jumped out and would have us go into their compartment. We went, "Nothing loth". The first time I had seem Elder Stenhouse, arrived safely at Norwich. Went to Claudious' and Georgi's.

Sunday, Aug. 1st, 1852. My dear boy entered this Church of Jesus Christ of L.d.S. being baptized by C.V.Spencer and confirmed in the afternoon by Elder Stenhouse. I only remember he promised him blessings if he would keep the words of wisdom. On Monday we all went to Lowest off and enjoyed it much, dining at Brother Neeslens's, all very kind.

Wednesday, 4th Aug. Returned from Norwich with Elder Stenhouse and Sister Merrill. He was to have visited us but could not.

Aug. 28th, 6 p.m. Captain and Mrs. and Miss Stayner and their two sons came from London to visit us. They had been in the church about 2 years and were very desirous of making our acquaintance.

The first impression was favorable, he is a "fine old English Gentleman", she is from the Isle of Jersey, consequently, friendly. Had tea and after music and singing and singing and conversation, supper and to bed.

Sunday 29th. At home 'till the evening when we all went in the sociable to the Room at Cambridge and heard Brothers Thomas and Arthur speak to us. Much pleased with both. Thomas has been in India some time. Arthur embraced Mormonism with his mother under the preaching of John Taylor, one of our apostles. He had been educated for the Church of England and was only 16 when he was ordained an elder, and sent forth to preach the Gospel without purse or script--poor fellow.

After we got acquainted he asked me to correspond with him, which I did. And he told me when he had one of my letters in his pocket, he felt lighter and better and went on his way rejoicing. Poor fellow!

Monday 30th. Captain S. left in the morning, the rest remaining. In the afternoon we rode into the harvest field in the wagon with Zack. Mrs. Barber came but did not stay long. Tuesday, a lovely day. The juveniles

walked to Sawston Hall and Church. Sister Stanner and I stayed at home rode home on top the load!! for a change!! Sister S. and I, walked home in the evening. Had music and dancing. After supper forfeits. Wednesday they left. We went the S.S. to see them off by train.

It is settled that Miss Stayner is to come and reside with us when her parents leave England till we go to the valley, when she is to go out with us, which I hope will be January 1953.

Sept. 5th, 1852. This day, 3 years, I heard of the death of Mr. Downton, which much distressed me, and Lois Bailey as last night, preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to me, both of which combined made me wretched, for she took away my prop before I could grasp another, and my heart was full to bursting. Oh how much I suffered at that time. But God has ever been good to me and I trust to be kept ever humble and faithful, even for ever. Where shall I be this day 12 months? Safe, I hope, in the Valley, alive and well and all those near and dear to me. Such is my prayer for Christ's sake, Amen.

Sept. 23rd, 1852. I seemed to have lived an age since I last journalized! On the 21st Mr. King wrote by the hand of Mr. Westrope to Mr. Huddlestone, to say he would give up his farm and presenting Mr. W. to his consideration as a tenant to succeed him! Poor dear man! How distressed he was all the afternoon. In the evening he went to Mr. W. and did not return 'till 11 o'clock at night. In the evening we had music and dancing and cards. I, however, felt a weight upon me I could not shake off, for I knew it was only the almighty love he had for his family that made him make this great sacrifice. Well, it is a great sacrifice for me also. I have loved my home as much as he can have done. It has been a happy one to us all and we have been a host in ourselves. Now it will be broken up and disbursed, as it were, to the four winds. It is also a great, a very great sacrifice to my children. Yet, bless them, they are ready to make it. Yea, they shall be blessed. My Father and mother are wretched too about it. Oh, nothing but the conviction that I am doing the will of God could urge me forward to make the stand I have come then it may truly be said, I shall be one of those "Who have come up through much tribulation", but I trust in God, I know the integrity of my own heart and also the hearts of those of my family and I hope all things!! May God in His infinite mercy bless my husband and uphold him with the right hand of His righteousness that he may be enabled to endure all things and at last be saved with us in Celestial Glory. I ask it in all sincerity, for Christ's sake, Amen..

Sept. 24th. A most heavenly day---the earth looks almost Heaven! Mr. King serious but peaceful, and I hope he will be alright. Oh, my Father uphold him for Thou art his strength and bless him, oh my Father!

Sept. 26th, 1852. This day can never be erased from the scrapbook of my memory! On this day 2 years ago I first saw a minister of God, and was first taught by one. Brother Johnson came here and talked with me on the principles of the Gospel. I believed before I saw him, for a woman, Lois Bailey, had been my teacher for a year. But he fixed my erratic, desultory thoughts and ultimately was an instrument in God's hands in bringing me into the Church of L.D.S. though I did not hear him preach until the 3rd of November. By the 4th I was baptized by him and Georgiana also, unexpectedly. Oh, what an age I have lived since then. What convictions of the heart have I not experienced. What rendering away of old associations which are ever powerful with me. What separations of the near and dear have I not experienced! Truly I realized how wise is the providence of God that draws a veil over the future! For had I foreseen all that I have since suffered my coward heart never dare have entered it. And is there not much still wisely hid from us? I verily believe we should not stand even now, were much of the future revealed to us. "Milk for the Babes."--"The strong meat might destroy us."

Yes, "He hath done all things well." And from my inner most heart I feel to say, Lord teach me and prepare me and I will believe all things. Only let me be Thine. Let me live to Thee, and lay not more upon me than I am able to bear. My spirit is willing, urgent, desirous an aspiring but my flesh is---Oh! how weak!

15th. Arthur Stayner left us and Thomas came in the evening. Our estate at Stapleford was sold. It only brought us 650 pounds. I must say I feel disappointed but they think we must go now, and we cannot help ourselves. I expected it to realize much more. It is a sweet, pretty place... Well, the will of God be done.-----

Well, a nice kind letter this morning from President Richards. All's well so far. Oct. 18th, 1852. Our farming stocks and implements, etc. were sold by auction this day. A goodly company of highly respected men came. The things realized their value take all together. (Marginal note, left off here July 17th, 1869)

19th. Tom Stayner went away 11 o'clock P.M. I seem to realize something tonight of the sacrifice we are about to make for the Gospel's sake. Oh, my Father in Heaven, Thou who knowest the hearts of all living. Thou knowest we are leaving our dearly beloved home for Thee and Thy Gospel's sake and that we may dwell with Thy people. Oh, my Father, strengthen us and preserve grant, oh my Father, that we may reach the land of Zion in safety, with all our dear ones in health, strength, and safety.

Saturday night Oct. 12th, 1852. The last day of an eventful week of my life. My future happiness depends in a measure on this week, or rather the circumstances that we have transpired will color my future life. Father in Heaven overrule all for good for I desire to do Thy will on earth that is done in Heaven. I have worked hard this week with a multiplicity of things. I read nothing now but the stars. I felt that the harvest of my reading is over, that I have gathered into the chambers of the mind much of the good of many authors, and I feel to care little to seek out new ones. The old have taken deep root in my heart and brain and I seem not to care for others. 'Tis true books have been the pearl dissolved in my cup of life. Hither to ---what will the future be?---Time only can tell.

Thursday morning. Claudius and G. came, he under a cloud. Heard his father was coming to England. Brother Gates came yesterday. 'Tis strange show the spirit of Claudius acts or reacts upon me and makes me feel frozen up. We are evidently not of the same tribe, and the spirits seem at times opposed to each other. Well, I must leave it. I do not feel the fault originated with me for I have felt good to him as I have ever done to all the elders. But he has seemed from the moment he got our consent to raise a barrier between me and Georgie, as though he was jealous of the love she bore me. She, too, seems changed. He has thrown this darkening influence around her, also. He little knows what he is doing or he would not touch that which has been beautiful in the eye of God, and which has made the beauty of her young life and the joy of mine. Well, I must leave these things. They are among the mysteries. I seem to like Lizzie Stayner very well. I think she will be wintered with us. Though she is not "one of us" in training, still I think I can manage her.

Wednesday, Nov. 3rd, 1852. Edward Huddleston, Esq. departed this life! He did not live to see the last of us. 4th. My second birthday in the Church of Christ. My thoughts are many, but I have written them them to Brother Johnson. I cannot now go over them again. Thank God for all things is the voice of my heart.

Nov. 10th-half past ten o'clock P.M. the day is past, and all its work. I work hard each day but thank God my health is good. Oh may it

hold out until I get tot he Valley and then a little longer, 'till I have passed through the Temple. Lord, hear my oft repeated prayers on this subject. Thou knowest that I love Thee. Give me strength also to obey Thee. Louie and Lizzie have been playing this evening some of my beloved old music with which I have so many delicious associations. Oh, music, much I owe to thee! And it has cast a bright halo about my life. My thoughts are now much changed, yet I lose not my love of music, of the beautiful, of the glorious things of creation. Where shall be this night 12 months? Oh, that I could lift the veil of futurity, but so it is wisely hid from our view. If happiness is before us 'twill be hailed with joy and gratitude. If sorrow and trial, and of course there will be much of it-- then it will come soon enough. Father, I bless and thank Thee to bless me and keep me Thine forever.

Christmas day after dinner. Claudius, Georgie, and I started for London, Mr. Spencer, Sr. having arrived there. I have described the meeting of C. and his father at Sister Brays' in one of my letters to Brother Larkin. On the following Sunday we had a splendid meeting at the Freemason's Hall, where the revelation on Celestial Marriage was read. Publicly I had known that such a principle existed in the church as purity of wives, but when that revelation was read it broke me up entirely. But I have also spoken of this in a letter to Brother Larkin, and will not go over it again. I feel the shock even to this moment. Oh, when shall I lay aside my preconceived notions and see truth as God sees it?

We all returned home on the Wednesday. Mr. Spencer with us. Enjoyed his society much. On Thursday he was summoned to Liverpool, much to my sorrow. But 'tis ever thus with me. If I ever meet a congenial spirit it passes down some other current, no more to blend with me--but he promises to come again.

Jan. 1st, 1853. Had a nice kind letter from Brother Larkin this morning. Certainly I have had marvelous friends raised up from me who have laid themselves out to do me good. He is one. Edie came in the evening. Mr. King is ill with gout. He was taken with bleeding at the nose when we were in London, and has been very ill, and gout is the ultimatum. I pray he may soon be well.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER

Jan. 6th, 1853. I have decided not to got to Norwich. I will not leave Mr. King in his present weak state, for though there is no disease the apoplectic tendency of blood to the head is hereditary, is alarming, and which might if God permitted, remove him in a few hours. For I know that if I do not do all that is right by him I shall not prosper. He has made sacrifices for his family few men would or could make. His great Love for his family has enabled him to do this, and it shall be my study to do all things right by him. At present he is looked upon as a man victimized by his wife, and hence he is an object of universal pity and commiseration.

Thank God they will not be my judges! or I should be "drawn and quartered". Even those who used to give me a very elevated position look upon me now with suspicion! But a day is coming when all shall have their dues, and then there will be exulted for me. This I know, thank God! There are a few who know my soul, and spring and motive of my actions. To them I look for support and they have freely give it to me, and I say God bless them with all my heart. You are one of these, and God bless you. Ever thy friend and sister, H.T. King.

Jan 8th, 1853. Fine lovely day. Brother Larking came, we had a little prayer meeting altogether. After, he and I prayed alone in the Parlor, as we had appointed to do, but my heart was too full. I could not say much, or all I wished to say. However, I felt to do him good, and comfort him, as he is very much disappointed that he is not going with us.

He prayed beautifully. Oh, may his prayers for me and mine be registered in Heaven. If so we shall be greatly blessed. God bless Brother Larkin! I say with all my heart, and may he have the desire of his heart, for I know they are in righteousness, even so, Amen.

Mr. King is still very weak with the excessive bleeding. It is a very trying time for us all. Yet I felt the Lord support us. What will the end be? I do not know. Here the journal leaves off; I expect I was too much occupied to write more.

The sale of our furniture took place the day before we left, or indeed, the last day for it was a two day sale 'ere all was gone. A clarence was ordered from Cambridge, but I will now commence from another journal and proceed in order.

From another Journal of the most eventful era of our lives!

Jan. 16, 1853. In which month we set sail for America with all our family including Claudius and Georgiana, according to my covenant which I made June 16, 1851. Vis. that I would go to Zion in 1853, God being my helper. At that time there was not a shadow of probability that I should be enabled to carry out my covenant, but faith taught me to hope all things---to believe all things, and I believed. And we did not forget works!

Jan. 16, 1853. Mr. Robert Barber came to spend the day with us and to say goodbye, Elder Spencer, Claudius, and Georgie being with us. We dined and enjoyed ourselves very much. I then went to join a little prayer meeting at the Shepherd's, Brother Larking being there and he administered the sacrament. Had sweet prayers and richly enjoyed the spirit of God in our meeting. Brother Larking and I will not easily forget that day.

Bertha was in one of her weakened moods that caused a cloud over me. She was there but did not pray and asked to leave as soon as we arose from our knees, which I permitted her to do. Well, joy like sorrow must have an end. I returned home and we had tea.

Mr. Barber wished to stay the evening, but the shepherd and Ann were going to the room for the last time and were to take Brother Larkin home. I therefore called Mr. B. in to the best parlor and explained to him that we would have to hurry him off, for which I was sorry. I then bore my testimony to him promising him "Spencer's Letters". he seemed stricken at my words and said, "Good God! You are quite a mother to me. What a pity I had not known these things before." I then kissed him and told him he might kiss Louie, (whom he was much attached to). He seemed quite overpowered by such a singular scene--and his heart was evidently full. We then said goodbye. After he was gone Elder Spencer blessed Claudius and me and Louie, and Claudius blessed Georgie and exhorted Bertha, for certainly her blessing was more an exhortation. Mine was a rich blessing, but it is singular that I cannot remember the words. But I asked God to ratify it in the Councils of Heaven, and I know it will be if I am faithful, which I pray God to enable me to be.

After that we sang and had music and enjoyed the evening much. Had supper and to bed. Monday, Packing and other such confusions.

Tuesday morning Claudius, Georgie, Bertha, and Tom left for Liverpool and we went on with our packing---Elder Spencer staying with us. We felt him a great comfort to us. He was so kind, so gentle and thoughtful. 'Tis certain I like him and had I known him first he would have remained first. I rejoice to be connected with such a man for he increases my confidence.

Wednesday--the sale of our household goods. We had a tolerable good one. Brother Larkin came and was very kind in helping to pack our beds, etc, indeed he was most kind in many ways and I bless him for it. He stayed all day and night with us. The next day being Thursday, Mr. King and Elder Spencer went to Cambridge to pay bills and settle other affairs.

In the morning Brother Larkin and Minott packed the china and glass, etc. I walked round the garden about 11 A.M. for the last time!! and a sort of sickness came over me, to think I was doing so for the last time. But it passed and I shed no tear. About 3 o'clock my father and mother came. I had hoped they would not do so, and had written to them, not intending to see them again. This was done in consideration of all feelings. But they came, my mother brokenhearted. But what surprised me, she brought a basket in her hand for her china, which was at our house. Did she think I should take what was not my own? It seemed to me a strange compound of feeling, but she is peculiar. Anyhow I wish she had not come. Of what use was it?? I felt I could not trust myself to go out to my father. He sat in his Chaise, but Brother Larkin advised me to do so, saying a day would come when I would be glad I had done so. Blessed and beloved man! It was only to spare his feelings that I had held back, so I ran and jumped upon the step of the chaise and kissed him, but he did not speak and I do not know whether I did or not. He looked full of unutterable sorrow. Many tears were shed by those around, but I shed no tears, I could not weep. They went, and then my heart felt full to bursting, but I could not weep.

Went up into my bedroom, my Sanctum of happiness, now all devastated, all the furniture gone. I cannot tell my feelings. I did not attempt to analyze them, but I know I stood choking as with a great sorrow, and Brother Larkin came with a glass of water. There was no chair, and I leant on his shoulder and drank that water, the last water I drank of dear old Dernford Dale! ever cherished spot in the top book of memories. I know too, I asked him as my teacher, if I had done wrong in any way, for at that moment it came over me, was it right to cause so much sorrow? Such a change for my family as my adherence to the church of Christ had caused among our beautiful and happy family! He spoke comforting words to me, spoke of the blessings sacrifice would bring if made for the cause of God. Indeed he knew how to comfort me and I was comforted. And never will I forget his kindness, his nobleness to me and mine. I know he loves us with a love that will endure and I feel in some way his destiny is linked with ours.

Mr. King and Elder Spencer then returned. They met my parents, but they could not speak. No doubt their hearts were too full. God bless and comfort them by the sweet influence of His Holy Spirit. In His hands I leave them, knowing He will do all things right concerning them.

My brother left for Australia last September and no wonder they are broken up. Brother Spencer and Brother Larkin left by the 5 o'clock train for Cambridge to see after the luggage, etc., and Brother Larkin to get off another night's duty, that he might be with us and see about our luggage, as we wished to save Mr. King all the trouble we can, as he is still weak and much shaken. A Clarence came for us at 8 o'clock evening, and about that time we started. The gardener and many of our men were at the gates to see us off. Mr. King tried to deceive them, and told them he should return tomorrow. I kissed some of the oldest of them and the choicest of their rugged cheeks. Their hearts were full, but they seemed stunned and not to understand even their own feelings or senses. We were all in the carriage when there was some delay about luggage or something and I sprang out of the carriage and ran into the garden once again. The moon was shining lovely and I ran into the circular walk and took one more survey of the dear old place, and offered up a prayer for myself and those I love. But I shed no tear. No, I had none in my heart.

My usual peaceful temperament had returned to me. I could not weep. I returned. All was ready, I stepped into the Clarence, the door was shut, several hands were thrust in for one more squeeze. The coach man called out, "All right!" and we drove off from that beloved home. Where we had been so happy, where we had had all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries, yet no tears were shed by any!!!

What could be the cause of such a singular event? Nothing more than the peace of God that passeth all understanding, through the fullness of the Gospel which we had embraced and which swallowed up all sorrow and suffering. This filled up every vacuum of our hearts, gave us loving faithful friends to replace those who left us for our "delusion", gave us peace, joy, love, meekness, goodness, and all things we stood in need of. Arrived at Cambridge at the Engineer hotel, where apartments had been procured for us by Brother Larkin, and found him and Elder, Spencer waiting for us. We alighted, had baggage, waving the shepherd's wife with us, she having lost her youngest child by death only the day before, and we were obliged to leave it unburied. This was sad but could not be helped. I wrote to the clergyman, the Rev. E. Daniels, and told him how we were situated and asked him to see the burial properly attended to, which I have no doubt it was.

We had tea, then Louie and I went into the town to get some shoes and a few other things we needed. Mr. Barber accompanied us. We then returned and had supper. Mr. King and Elder Spencer went to bed, but Louie and I sat up allnight. Brother Larkin returned from the station about 2 o'clock where he had been to see about the luggage. He had a little sleep, but I felt I could not let him sleep long, having to part so soon. I wrote letters all night. At 6 o'clock Brother Larkin went again to the station as there was such a bother. The Luggage! It took up a whole "horse box", and it was very full, so we had something with us besides our gold---a goodly lump of that.

Had breakfast. The Clarence again came to take us to the station. At 8 o'clock left Cambridgeby train for Liverpool. Our fare cost 20---having so much luggage and being it was along day's journey but we got thru it and arrived safe at Liverpool at 9 o'clock P.M. We then had tea at the Temperance Hotel where we slept.

On Saturday we went on board the "Golconda". I was struck at the gloominess of our basin but I had just covenanted to keep a good spirit with all the power I had, and enjoined those with me to do the same. I therefore made an effort and recovered myself, but never shall I forget my first feelings. I felt I could have squeezed my hands and screamed. But I only clasped the arm of Mr. Spencer and said, "Is this the place we are to be in?" He looked at me and smiled as only an American Elder can smile. It conveys much, and will serve to dwell on long after, and will employ much time to define its meaning. I have only seen two who have this smile in perfection, at least to my ideas of the perfection of a smile.

At 4 o'clock we returned to our hotel and ordered tea. While they got it ready for Mr. Spencer and I went to the jewelers. I bought Tom a watch for 6 pounds and a ring for Bertha for 10/b. Returned and had tea. Claudius, Georgie, and Louie and probably Miss Stayner, who is everywhere present with us, walked to the music store and bought a piano--35 guineas, had it packed in a metallic case, with a wooden case over all. Home and to bed.

Sunday morning rose feeling weary and worn. thought I would not go to meeting. However, that was overruled and I went. Received the sacrament, the jugs and cups bearing the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord". Home to dinner, elder Spencer dined with us, and also the Stayners.

In the afternoon I wrote those to whom I had not done so. Received a beautiful but sad letter from Mr. Sprowl. He regrets so much our leaving England. His mind is also gloomy at the recent loss of his wife.

In the evening went with Elder Spencer to the meeting and returned with him. Had supper. President Richards then came and sat with us a little while and prayed with us. We then separated, and to bed.

Rose in the morning feeling triste and uncomfortable. Had some breakfast. A cab then came and took us all to the dock. We then went on board a steamer which conveyed us along side the "Golconda", which was lying out in the river mercy. We all arrived safe on board with all our luggage duly steamed away. Elder Spencer stayed with us sometime and at last came the farewell, which I hate. We seem to have had so much of it. He seemed yo feel the parting very much. i believe he is a dear, good man, and I like him very much, and hope we shall be permitted to see him again face to face in the land of Zion. Well, then he left us. God Knows that I felt forlorn and comfortless enough when he did so, and i could ill spare him, for I stand in this church having no legal head. But like all I had ever felt to attach myself to and our congenial to me, I have ever been called upon to part with. They pass as a spirit for me down some other current never to blend with me. Why is this? will it always be thus? I will hope not. Well, he left, after watching the steamer that bore him away 'till we could no longer distinguish him, I returned to our cabin. Heigh Ho! What a change from the sweet, clean, beautiful house I had just left! Oh, no one could tell what my feelings were. Yet I tried not to repine. I tried to be grateful. I tried to be resigned, and even to rejoice, I prayed. We arranged our cabins and the evening prayers commenced. It was a beautiful and comprehensive prayer, offered up by Claudius and truly my heart went with it.

I rejoiced always int he principles I had embraced. Nothing could have induced me to give them up. But the separation from those I loved and honored, the great and trying changes I had to undergo in contra distinction to my former life were most agonizing to me. Yet I was no recreant i my feelings, no--no--and the Lord pitied me and helped me in a thousand ways. I felt His hand. The time came to go to bed, to get into the pigeon hole they called a bed---and it was my own dear feather bed, blankets, pillows, sheets, etc. Yet I sat on the trunk by the side and reasoned with myself--can I ever sleep in that contemptible place? Yet I felt I certainly had to be in that ship for 8, 10 or 12 weeks!! I must submit.

If I was proud, as my mother said, here came the humbling. I was sensitive, delicate, even fastidious in my tastes and habits. I had been used to luxuries, refinement, a delicate beautiful bedroom, and this awful hole to creep into!! I undressed behind a curtain, put up for the occasion. At last I did actually creep into bed but it was long before I slept. I prayed every hour that night.

The morning at length came, we rose and dressed and got some breakfast. All this time the ship was still lying at anchor. I went on deck. Soon a steamer came to tow us off 10 miles. At 11 o'clock we set off; it then left us to our selves, fairly embarked on the mighty Atlantic. On we went. After a few hours everyone began to feel qualmish, and soon all were ill, Oh, most wretchedly so! That night passed, but what a night!!

We arose in the morning late, all more or less ill---which continued all day. But it passed with all its miseries and again night came and "The evening and the morning were the first day" on the mighty deep. That also passed. Another day of illness and had to be lashed to prevent pell mell. Rain fell heavily during the night and continued int he morning. In this way we went on more or less 'till Sunday. When a nice day arose. But let

me not forget to be thankful and enumerate the goodness of God. The captain says we have had a most favorably voyage hitherto, and he has not known a ship to have been so favored for so many months. We passed the channel without a struggle and the wind with a slight variation, has been in the right course ever since we started. And though we have been out at sea but 13 or 14 days we are as many hundred miles on our voyage or more. Bless the Lord! Oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER

Monday 24th. They all accompanied us on board the steamer to board the "Golconda" lying out in the river. Oh, Brother Larkins! That never to be forgotten day! Truly my memory will be immortal on the events of that day! Elder Daniel Spencer stayed with us till about 4 o'clock P.M. when he left on the steamer---He seemed to feel the parting very much, as did we all. For myself I had had so much of parting of late, that my heart felt it would bear no more, I loved Elder Spencer with those feelings that are the best our nature produces. I entirely esteemed and respected him, and hence you will judge my sensitive heart, as the steamer moved off from our vessel. But enough, he went, and I returned to our cabin feeling more than ever alone. Could I have repented of taking this voyage it would have been then! But no, with all my trials I have never repented, but truly feel all is well. "All is well." In the evening we bid goodbye to dear Brother Long and President Sam Richards. How well I remember bidding the latter Goodbye. He was kind and affectionate, melted. We slept on board that night, but did not sail 'till the next day, when a steamer came to take us off 10 miles. We set sail about 12 o'clock on Tuesday, 25th, 1853, wind fair--and away went our gallant vessel, 8 knots an hour. I enjoyed the set off very much, but yet I thought of those we left behind--About evening we all about down sea sick, and ah!! such a night of misery!! All were wretchedly ill and continued so for several days. The ship rolled very much which increased the illness, yet still the wind kept the vessel right in her course. The captain said there had not a vessel left Europe for the last four months that has been so favored as ours for which thanks be to God!

We have been brought very low by sea sickness. You would hardly know me I am so reduced. But today I feel something better, more like myself, and we have had a nice dinner which has done us all good. Bertha and Louisa too are much reduced. Mr. King has borne it well, he has been but little sick, and has borne the great changes like a Briton! We are now 13 or 14 miles on our way to New Orleans. I shall write again soon, and so get ready to post as soon as I get to N.O. Ever thy friend. H.T.K.

The Deck "Goleonda", Valentine's day, 1853, My friend: Three weeks ago today we came on board! We are now about 3000 miles on our way to New Orleans. We are all well, though at times we all feel debilitated. We have had a fine wind going 8 knots an hour 'till within the last three days, when we are well nigh becalmed. Today we do not move above one and one-half knots an hour which makes us anxious, but all is well. The weather is lovely, and we are on deck, some reading, some talking, myself writing. I feel I have your prayers, and this often comforts me. Often I think perhaps dear Brother L. is praying for me and my heart feels cheered with the thought. Often when the rolling of the ship prevents me sleeping, I think of you and pray for you, and my prayers are ever that you may continue humble and faithful!

On Sunday 30th, we had a meeting on the upper deck, by permission of the captain. A great many assembled on it to hear Brother Gates preach. The meeting was opened by singing, prayer by Elder C.V. Spencer. Brother Gates then preached, or addressed the meeting, and after, Brothers Spencer and Harmon. Singing again and concluded by prayer. We were on deck all the remaining part of the day.

Monday we were better of our sickness. Remained on deck all day, having pillows, cushions, blankets, etc. Tuesday we were all more or less poorly throughout the ship. Two boys have been born since we set sail, all going on well. Wednesday arose feeling completely prostrated. Crammed down some boiled rice in the morning. Had stew for dinner which seemed to strengthen me, though I ate but little, and that with fear and trembling. Felt better after it. Had not a very good night.

Arose on Thursday feeling something stronger. Went up early on deck, the morning lovely, the air soft and breezy. Soon some rain fell. I began my journal and wrote this much of it. Had some nice dinner which we all enjoyed, but we are all too weak to bear good food that is agreeable. However, the wind continues favorable and is bearing us ahead, thank God. On! On! Callant vessel! On! On! to the destined port, the haven where we desire to be. We have a nice humane man as Captain by name Kerr.

He has told me to make what use I please of his cabin, which is my only decent place in the ship, and so gives our family and friends permission to go on the Poop Deck when we please. This has already created a jealous feeling but we cannot help that. We shall avail ourselves of the Captain's kindness and they must help themselves as they can. Jealousy follows me always.

Feb. 3rd, 1853. My ever remembered friend and brother: I am seated on the deck of the "Golconda" going at the rate of 8 knots an hour. The wind, the wind, kindly wafting us toward our desired Haven, which it has continued to do with a slight variation ever since we came on board---We came on board on Saturday, Jan. 22nd and prepared our berths and stowed away some of our "goods and chattles", then returned to our hotel, "The Temperance" at 4 o'clock P.M. Had tea, etc. and then went into the town and bought a watch for Tom Owen, and a beautiful piano, which was to be packed in zinc and a wooden case over all--and boarded ont he "Golconda" for 35 guineas, which was done accordingly on the following Monday--On the Sunday we went to meeting in the morning and partook of the Sacrament, the cups and Salver Jugs, etc. bearing the inscription "Holiness to the Lord". Enjoyed the service very much though I felt worn and tired. Home and dinner, and in the afternoon wrote letters--as one to you containing half a sovereign which I hope you received. In the evening we again attended meeting and heard Elder Spencer and others, with president Richards. Returned to our lodgings. Elder Long accompanied us. Elder Richards supped with us and before he left prayed with us.

Feb. 7th. After a restless night I arose feeling ill and qualmish. Dressed and had prayers as usual, then sat sometime in the cabin. Got down some rice. At last went on deck and wrote in my journal. Yesterday being Sunday we again had meeting on the Poop deck, by permission of the Captain who was present, as also some of his men.

In the afternoon we sat on deck and sang talked, the Captain being with us, etc. Went down to tea at 6. At 7 we had a meeting in our cabin. Brother Gates preached. We all enjoyed it very much, and felt that the spirit of God was in our midst. An Irishman was strung up a the Guard Arm for a theft this morning just as we commenced our meeting, which threw a gloom over us, though he deserved it. He stood there until 8 P.M. I thought a good deal about him, for the Irish are so vindictive. Today he was made to and on the forecastle, and he confessed his crime to the Captain, who then let him come down. It is most remarkable the fair wind we have had. The hand of the Lord has been visible in every step we have taken, and it has comparatively been only a pleasure trip.

I will not complain for we are in a school that will do us all good--of course it is a great change for us, but we cannot have the crown without

the cross, nor is it right we should, for if so we could not appreciate it.

We are rolling over the mighty deep most gallantly. It seems to strike every heart with wonder and gratitude, and they talk of dining in New Orleans next Sunday, to which I say with all my heart, Amen!

Feb. 9th. Ash Wednesday. Sat on deck as usual. As usual felt debilitated. In the afternoon, a baby died and was buried in the ocean. It has been born on the ship, an "Ocean child". It died at midnight. Its mother is a young widow, her husband died about 3 months ago.

Thursday, 10th. Felt very low and prostrated all day. Slept tolerably, but my sleep has not seemed refreshing on ship board. My dreams, too, are not pleasing.

Friday. Better this morning but still debilitated. Was called on deck to see some splendid marine animals. A species of whale the Captain says.

Tuesday, 22nd. Lovely morning but we are becalmed--almost. I rose early and went on deck long before prayers or breakfast. The Captain called me to look at a ship through his glass. It was at a distance, it was distasteful like our own ship, but in a far worse manner. Soon lost sight of it. Today we have been putting up our top mast. The wind rises a little and we hope will blow in our favor.

My father, I implore, entreat, and supplicate Thee that Thou wilt send us a prosperous voyage to New Orleans, and that from this day the wind and waves may favor us, and we may be safe soon on the shores of America. Lord, hear me for Christ's sake.

Feb. 25th. Lovely morning. The birthday of my friend Leigh Dowton. I dreamed this, a dream which may or may not have reference to the future. I will just state it---I dreamed Louis said she had been very happy of late, just as she was sometime ago---the same feeling had come over her again, and she felt she could not be separated from her beloved Georgie. I felt all she said, and knew well what she meant. I seem to tell little of it, but I seemed to know a great deal, and it seemed to be an answer to the many prayers I have offered that the will of the Lord might be revealed to me concerning a certain thing. I feel in such doubt about it that I will not even give it a tangible form at present. I wait, and hope, and believe all will be right as dear Brother Johnson said it should be.

Mar. 4th. I have been certainly happier the last ten days. Claudius and I have had two conversations upon some things, and I feel to leave my affairs more than ever in the hands of the Lord, and not fight against Him. I desire to lie passive in His hands, and I wait and hope to see the salvation of God.

I have an intuitive feeling that God will surely bless me if I do right, and I will do right with the help of His spirit. Last night we had a meeting on the lower deck, as the crew wished to hear our principles. You might have heard a pin fall. I hope good was done. The Captain still continues very kind to us, for which may God bless him.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER

7 March 1853. Dear Friend! Again I sit on deck to add to my journal letter. The very day after I finished my last to you a storm in the evening carried off our top masts. It was perfect tornado, and we passed an awful night and day with the rolling of the vessel and sea sickness in consequence. But all things pass, and a calm ensued during which time we got our masts repaired, and God has all those who came from Liverpool with us. The Captain says it has been a remarkable passage, and

excepting the storm above mentioned, it has been like a summer trip.

There has been good order and a good spirit on board. There are some spirits who would grumble were they in Heaven and With Jesus himself. We are just now entering the gulf of Mexico and if the same wind continues we shall be in New Orleans in a day or so, thank God! Yes, we have indeed been blessed through out this voyage, not that we have not had our trials, for we have, and great ones. Yet I feel to say that all is right. We are in the Lord's school from which I no desire to play truant. Mr. King's health is first rate and he has borne it all like a Briton! I must leave room for our arrival in New Orleans. I am the same Sister King as you knew me.

P.M. March 9th. We are now almost again becalmed. All are now looking to go ashore. I hear them getting up the anchor; it sounds well. After all I shall leave the old ship with regret for it has borne us gallantly over the mighty deep. Early this morning Brother Sprigg's baby was buried, it having died early in the morning. I own I should have liked to have seen the descent of the poor little thing but did not. We were at dinner. My eyes long to catch the sight of land once again. How very often have I stood on the Poop Deck and wished I could see over the hill that headed us all the time. The Land of America!!

There seems a swelling at my heart as an echo that exclamation. There steals over me a peculiar feeling of delight at the very thought. Indeed, my feelings are peculiar all through this affair. This voyage has appeared like a dream. I have never seemed that I could realize my position. It appears that I have been carried above it all, though I have had many heart aches from causes that I think I will not chronicle. I will leave those things that are at present time repulsive to my feelings. I will trust in God. I feel that He will grant me the desires of my heart, or He will teach me by His spirit to bow to His will, if such it is--aye--there's the rub. Is it? How shall I know? Well, I will pray, I will wait, I will endeavor to do His will and watch for the teachings and whisperings of his spirit. My Father! My Father!

I will say no more. Thou knowest that I love Thee and desire to do Thy will. Only let me know it. I ask it in the name of Jesus, Amen.

11th. We expected all day to see land but were disappointed. At 4 o'clock on a dense fog, much to the annoyance and anxiety of the Captain. They sounded repeatedly but could find no land' till about 3 o'clock when they found a bottom for the first time. And here let me remark that about 1 o'clock we witnessed a most singular phenomenon. We observed at a distance a high ridge along the sea, or extending across it as far as the eye could reach like a ridge we see in a ploughed field. And beyond, the water looked perfectly different. The Captain called us to look at it. It was the meeting of the Waters of the Mississippi wit the ocean and was a perfectly distinct as they could be. Not a drop seemed to blend with the sea beyond this ridge. Oil and water could not be more distinct. I shall never forget it. The water was clouded until it became thick and muddy as a horse pond. Soon we heard through the thick fog a bell ring. We answered. Then our ship blew a trumpet. Then they gave a loud Hurrah. We were in hope it was a steamer, but we found it was form a ship coming in like ourselves. At last we found that many ships were around us, within speaking distance, and we also saw the lighthouse. The Captain sound 40 fathoms. He then cast anchor and here we are!

In the evening he sent off a rocket as we heard a bell ring, and we thought it might be a steamer. In the evening we went by invitation into the Captain's cabin and had a game of whist, and enjoyed it very much. I did not feel well. I felt aguesish, but went to bed and had a good night's rest, and feel better this morning.

I feel debilitated and trembling. Oh, my Father in Heaven! Inspire some people to come with a steamer and take us over the bar that we may soon arrive at our destination where we desire to be. We have very much to be thankful for, and with all my heart I render to my God the best thanks of my soul. I have experienced some severe trials on this ship but the heaviest have been entirely distinct from anything connected with it. I have seen and felt that I must part with another and valued child of mine.

There is an influence at work that has willed it so, and it is done na way that wounds and crushes my heart. Oh, My father! I feel I can do all that is in obedience to Thy will, but how shall I know that it is here commit this affair into Thy hands.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER

March 22nd, 1853. Yesterday after waiting 10 days at the bar, two splendid steamers came and "tugged" us over the bar--in grand style--and took us six miles up the river and there left us, and here we are again waiting. Last night a heavy thunderstorm broke over us, but we felt as serene in our wooden house as though we had been in a castle on Terra Ferma--truly we have realized that he spirit of our God is everywhere, that its sweet influences are around those who love Him, and desire to do His righteous will! The lightening was magnificent. We were all secure in our little cabins, thought the elements were raging around us, and as I lay awake the other morning I heard the different bells ring the hour of 4, and it sounded so peculiar, yet sweet in my ears, alone on the wide, deep ocean! As ever your sincere friend, H.T. King.

Three miles from Nauvoo! Written in my carriage and within sight of the Temple. May 20th, 1853. My friend and brother: Here we are located in a lovely spot as above. We came here last Saturday from Keokuk, where we were camped three weeks. We went one day to Nauvoo and were very much interested in the remains of the Temple, which denote it to have been beautiful, and my heart filled up at sight of it. I feel indignant at the diabolical spirits who destroyed it by fire. We saw Mother Smith. She is a splendid old lady, and my heart filled up at sight of her--she blessed us all, "With a Mother's blessing" and bore her testimony to the work of the last days, and to Joseph Smith as a prophet of the Lord. Emma Smith, the widow of the prophet Joseph Smith, interested me much--but it was not a happy interest--she seems to have absorbed int he past, and to take no cognizance of passing events or people.---I feel she is not worthy of the Prophet Joseph Smith, but I leave her. I am not her judge--Your prayers for me, dear Brother, have been heard, that friends should be raised up for me. Yes, indeed, they have in a marvelous degree--both among Jews and gentiles.

A kind man from Keokuk where our horses stayed at livery, (I think I told you Mr. King bought a carriage and a pair of fine horses to cross the plains with.) has been good to us. We hired his two carriages and horses to got to Nauvoo and he drove one of the carriages himself, and he brought me here last Saturday in a handsome buggy,---and came yesterday to take me out for a ride. The landlord of the St. Charles Hotel was also very kind to us. We stayed there a few days before we went into the camp--He invited us all to dinner the day we left Keokuk. I do not know how long we shall stay, but I feel I want to be going on. I begin to think it long to get to the Valley. I have also met many kind friends among both brethren and sisters. I feel as you once said, "others may gain an influence, but can't fill the place of Sister King". So I feel with regard to Brother Larkin. The first name I noticed written up over a store was Larkin! It was rather singular, was it not?--Mr. King has not had an hours illness since we left England. He is first-rate and very kind to us all, and a first-rate help to us, but is not in the Church! Neither does he ever name it--but I leave all in the Hands of Him who is willing and able to make all things work

together for good. I often think of your kindness to us and feel we may look back through every stage of life, and there has been nothing that, dying, we need wish to blot. It is a page which memory has turned down! Adieu for today--write soon to the Salt Lake to your friend, H.T. King

VOLUME VI

Thou, My Father! Knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee. That I love virtue, that I love nobleness, that I love virtuous and noble persons. Not a mean and petty soul, Oh, no, they shrivel up my soul. I am too sympathetic and too easily acted upon by those I am with, not that the vicious could ever make me partake of their nature, no, but they choke my spirit. They make it mourn and droop, and shrivel up and shrink within its self. Heigh Ho! When shall I attain perfection?

Sunday, March 19th, Still waiting to be tugged over the bar. But it appears we are yet to wait. It is a great trial of our patience. But no doubt, "whatever is, is right". The Captain's patience is sorely tried. This morning a boat came along and brought some oysters to sell. We had some, which made a little change. But they are not equal to our English.

Brother Sam Neslen reads poetry to me sometimes. I like his reading much, it is good, and has weight in it. We are all well, my headache is better.

March 21st. Grandma's birthday. Foggy morning. Two steamers, "The Ocean" and the Anglo Norman" towed us in grand style over "the bar" and brought us about 6 miles up the river, and has now left us to be taken on by a steamer. Even this seems a relief, and I pray we may soon land safe in New Orleans. The pilot left us this morning. We all feel refreshed. They also let us have some potatoes and brandy, and so we hope to get on by degrees. Thank God! We have left the fog behind.

I want to write some poetry but have no inspiration. Well, thank God for all I do possess. March 22nd. Last night or rather this morning, a severe thunderstorm broke over us. The lightning was magnificent. Our wooden house stood it bravely, and we all felt as secure in our cabins as if we had been on a strong house on land. Truly we had realized that God is everywhere, or rather his spirit and that his sweet influences are round about us.

March 24th. Yesterday morning "The Conqueror" came along side and took us from our anchorage, and now we are going up the river in good style. Last evening we were all so happy, singing, dancing, enjoying ourselves until 11 o'clock. This morning we boarded the "Conqueror". The Captain was most polite, I enjoyed his conversation much. He is a noble friend of women! He ordered wine and cake for us and we then returned to our ship. The prospect is beautiful and most grateful to our long, pent up feelings, our eyes, and our hearts.

At 25 minutes before 8 o'clock P.M. on the 24th of March 1853, we sailed into port at New Orleans! On entering I could not refrain from tears. March 26th. Rather a dull, foggy day. Had a uncomfortable night. Heard before I went to bed that many were much against our people on the ship--and I felt rather nervous about it. About 2 o'clock heard the report of a gun that startled me. And about an hour after the girl Foster went off into a fit of some sort, and made such a screaming that she startled us all, and made me miserable. Poor silly fool!

Yesterday we went into the town and bought some dresses. Claudius went with us. I never saw such fine dresses in the streets. To my English eyes they looked vulgar. The carriages are light and elegant, drawn chiefly eyes they looked vulgar. The carriages are light and elegant,

drawn chiefly by handsome mules, the harnesses beautiful. The roads are bad and uneven. The masses seem of French extraction. We went on board the "Eclipse", a most splendid vessel. I never saw anything to equal the luxury of the "Eclipse". And a splendid piano in the grand saloon, that is, the ladies'. We were very nearly taking our passage on it to St. Louis, as we are looking our for a boat.

Sunday, March 27th. This afternoon Claudius came and announced to us that he and Brother Gates had taken our passage and that of our people on board the "Illinois" for St. Louis, and all was ready for us. He seemed to have made up his mind and when that is the case, "It is no compulsion--but you must!!!" So we arose with all obedience, bade farewell to our ark, the dear old "Golconda", on which we had been both miserable and happy, and off we set with our conductors.

Samuel and Robert Neslen came in the evening. Never shall I forget my feelings on entering my little stateroom, all so nice and clean and comfortable. And after so long a time, finding myself alone once more! I fell on my knees but had no words. I was all prayers and thankfulness, and could only kneel and weep. Had a bad night.

Monday rose feeling poorly. The breakfast table set in good style, and every luxury. Black waiters well dressed, and linen or snowy white, white napkins on arm, showing the most luxurious attention. Walked out with Sister Neslen and bought some things. Went to the St. Louis Hotel and had a warm bath that did me good.

In the afternoon the boat came with all our people on board. Bag and baggage! Felt excessively tired and went early to bed. I should have said when we came on board. Sunday evening, we had to appear well dressed for supper, as all these were attentive to the toilet, and regularly dressed for dinner, and again for the evening. Just as we started, our boat left her moorings and off we went. We soon passed the poor old "Golconda", and gave her three cheers.

On Sunday Morning, Eric Cast, a sailor from the "Golconda", was baptized into our church and came on the job, on our boat, having got leave of the Captain to let him go, but sacrificing his return wages, and all his clothes, which were left at Liverpool. He was fairly stripped for the race.

29th. Rose after a good night and felt refreshed. We went along rapidly. Lovely day, the prospect beautiful, the weather like summer. What a magnificent river is the Mississippi! In the afternoon we were pounds. So I have wasted. talked most of the evening with Miss Walker, a lady on board.

Monday we stopped to take in sugar from a plantation, and we walked in their garden. They were very kind and sent some negro servants to gather us some flowers and then invited us into their drawing room. It was elegantly furnished, but the lady and her daughters, though elegantly dressed, lacked the elegance of our English--ladies in like circumstances. They were certainly homely both in appearance and manners. But I dare say they were "smart" people.

I walked with Brother Harmon and we went to the negro "quarters". They all seemed very happy and well fed. We saw an old negress 80 years old. She had 200 children and grandchildren.

Wednesday, a lovely day but I felt tired and prostrated all day. In the afternoon Samuel and Robert Neslen came dressed and spent the afternoon with us. We went for a short time on shore as the boat stopped to take in wood. We also stopped and enjoyed the fires much. It looked quite Indian

life.

Thursday. Colder this morning, rose to breakfast, which I did not do yesterday morning. Went down into the steerage for a short time. It looked to me only fit for cattle! I have been engaged in my stateroom this morning, and now sit to write a little.

April 1st. Charlotte Fox's birthday. I wish her many happy returns. I was very ill all night and equally so this morning. Ate nothing until 3 o'clock when Ann, my servant, brought me a basin of gruel which I enjoyed. I suppose it is the change of diet and also change of climate, and change in every way! The banks of the Mississippi are pretty, but not more so than I expected.

Thus far hath God helped me, and here I raise my thanks for all his goodness to me and mine. This year will be an era in our lives, whether for all increase or decrease of happiness, time alone will determine.

I think I feel getting more resigned to changes which I cannot but feel. I allude to the change which Georgie's marriage, and Louie's in the future have occasioned. I desire to do the will of God in all things if I can but get to know His will. I have been so entirely united with those girls, and they have been such a blessing and comfort to me, and have fed both my love and ambition, that I confess to lose them at the very moment of my reward, to feel that they are no longer mine, is a bitter pill to me but surely, if these must be taken, something will be given me to make up. God help me. I will not make palpable more of these feelings. But Father, look on me. I suffer! Stopped for an hour to take on wood in the afternoon. All, or many, went ashore. I did not. Not feeling well enough.

Last evening saw something of the "Spirit Rapping" now being practiced in America. The Captain's wife and some others. It is wonderful, but by the power is it done? There seems a discontented spirit down below. But really they seem to have enough to try them.

About, or on the morning of Good Friday, I dreamed that I saw Susannah Neslen dressed in her frock. We were all engaged in dressing her and she was going to be married to C.V.S. Well, this event has often flitted through my mind. Now we shall see if that dream comes to pass, and also the other dream I dreamed about Louie. And if so who shall say there is not something in dreams? Well, will God reveal all that is necessary for me to know concerning my own affairs. I must leave it.

April 4th. Dear an ever remembered Edie's Birthday. Dear Boy! I have a thousand pleasant reminiscences of him, he ought to have come with us, and would, but his mother prevented it. She may live to be sorry for it. We are still sailing up to the Mississippi to St. Louis. We expected to be there by this time, but it is a mammoth steamer, and we go but slowly. But all is right---"Whatever is, is right", when we do right. I have not felt very well since I have been on this boat but lately I feel more myself. God help us through the remainder of our long journey as he has done through the past.

Sarah and the shepherd seem to have lost much of the good spirit they had when we started. But perhaps they are only tried a little. Ann, goes on very well. She is, I believe at any rate, firm in the principles. Oh! let us look to ourselves, that we may do all things right and not be judging, having forgot to judge ourselves. I have a thousand thoughts, and many a dark hour I have had since I left home. But it has been caused by those I love, and they did not intend it, yet they knew I should be wounded. But I leave it. All is right, I hope and believe. At any rate I am important to alter anything. I will try and hope all things.

This morning we stopped at Memphis, last Saturday at Napoleon, a small town where we got out to walk and enjoyed it very much.

April 7th. Bertha's birthday. Spent a happy day. Had prayers in Georgie's stateroom, Claudius prayed. His prayer broke up the deep fountains of my heart, and upset my feelings for the day.

In the evening we had a very nice dance. I danced the greater part of the evening. twice with Mr. Richardson, a rich planter on board. he was delighted with my girls and when he found they played and sang, he was so sorry that we had not a piano on board. Said he would gladly have paid for one. Broke up at 11.

8th. Rose and breakfasted. Found ourselves at St. Louis. Went to the post office, no letters, much to my disappointment. 'Tis vain to fret, regrets are unavailing. We have many kind friends, and some of the reverse.

15th. I have been fully occupied this past week. We have taken a house for two months. We have three months washing to accomplish. Went to meeting on Sunday. Heard Orson Pratt on Plurality. He spoke well. Went again in the afternoon, and again in the evening. Claudius spoke then. S. Neslen went with us. Room full. Home to bed. I mean, to our lodgings, and out of the way place where I have felt tolerably wretched.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Our large wash in hand. Ann and Sister Bowthorpe did it. Thursday the shepher's' things washed. Thursday went to the daguerreotype galleries and sat for my likeness, also Mr. King, also all the children--in a group, which will be very valuable to me. Did not like mine. Friday went by appointment and sat again. Mr. King bought me a beautiful gold locket--he and I placed in it. I feel pleased with these likenesses. Those of my children will be my pocket gem. I feel low spirited. I do not feel to be supported, as I ought to be. Perhaps there is fault in me. I desire to be a saint in very deed, but without the sweet, renovating influence of the Holy Spirit I must fail. Tonight we go to the Theater to see Julie Dean, a famous actress. S. Neslen is here. He is a great comfort to me, and I like him. His name recommends him, and I believe that he is good.

Friday, only staid for the play, did not think so very much of Julie Dean. Had supper at S. N. stayed all night as he had kept house for us. Sunday 17th went to meeting in the morning. Brother Spencer addressed the assembly. Brother V. Shirliff went to dinner with us. Went again in the afternoon, Brother Pratt preached. Walked with S. N., he dined with us. Home to tea. Walked in the evening to the "Concert Hall". Brother Gates presided. Gave Brother Pratt a sovereign when I shook hands with him. When we got home, found all gone to bed. Had some fun among ourselves in a quiet way and enjoyed ourselves much.

Monday S. N. walked into the town with us. I've got the photographs finished. He got his done, and I made him a present of it. I also gave Georgie one of Claudius, set in a fine gold broach. Both good likenesses. My group is finished, and I like it very much. The likenesses are good. We went shopping and returned home tired out.

Thursday, we were ordered to pack up and go off to Keokuk. Accordingly, we set too. I felt very unwell and loathe to move again so soon. But orders, at one o'clock and off we all set for the boat all loaded with things. Reached the "The Dievernone", Captain Ford--and arranged our things in the stateroom. Then S. N. went out to get my watch which was under repair. Met Brother and Sister N. Mr. King. They wished us to go and choose paper for our house that is to be built in the valley.

We did so, and bought 10 pieces each at--I forget the price. Mr. King than took us to the grocery where we had bought all our stores, and treated us to a bottle of champagne. I did so much enjoy it with crackers and cheese. Then the grocer wanted to treat him to another. It did me good for I was run down. The Neslens went on board with us. I put some oil on Sam's head, brushed it, and said "Goodbye". They not coming 'till next Tuesday.

Friday 22nd. Arrived at Keokuk about 5 o'clock. The bus brought us to the St. Charles Hotel on Johnson Street where we are now sojourning, preparatory for going into camp.

Saturday, 23rd. Read Byron Woodworth, etc. Georgie played on the parlor organ. A heavy thunderstorm this morning. We hear the poor Saints are drenched. We have got to be.

Sunday, 24th. Rose and breakfasted. About 12 o'clock Brother Spencer came and brought a wagon cover and desired us to set to and make it at once. This seemed to me a strange request, but under all the circumstances I felt reconciled to doing it--for their heads were wet, many of them, and it was a work of necessity and charity. Weather heavy and dull. Brother Gates and Harmon came in the evening. Gave Brother Gates a sovereign.

Monday. Claudius told us we must go off to the camp this afternoon, so directly after dinner off we set, bag and baggage, for the camp, from the St. Charles Hotel. It seemed a strange and queer life enough. I felt triste and singular. In the evening Claudius spoke to us before we had prayers. He seemed to be in a reproving spirit. Seemed to think we were not obedient enough,---perhaps it is so. But really my heart does not condemn me. Particularly when I look at my almost unprecedented position at the present time. He is seldom kind and tender towards me. I know not for what. I suppose we do not understand each other. Indeed, I feel we do not. We never seem to have done so. But I have ever trusted to time to mark the dark places plain. And I do not feel the fault is mine. I know I did not make the first breach by many, Oh my Father, give me an adequate portion of Thy spirit, that I may do right in Thy sight!

Last day of April, 1853. We have been here nearly a week and I really like gypsy life. I sleep, work, write and read in my carriage, which is large and roomy. It is just what I like. Mr. King bought it in St. Louis for the plains. We also sleep in it!!! There is something in this life that suits me, a sort of Eastern Oriental life, suits my taste and fancy. Truly my God has been gracious to me. Amid every trial He had given me much that has comforted me, consoled and cheered me on, and I feel more than ever to trust Him for my future good. Yes, My Father, I will endeavor to leave things more than ever in Thy hands, asking Thee to reveal Thy mind and will concerning me and mine, that we may do all things agreeable to Thy mind and will.

This morning I sat and worked in my carriage--finished Tom's shirt. Robert Neslen came and talked with me and then Mon Ami Samuel, whom I respect and like. He is kind and good to me and there is much in him that I admire, and much that will be great and good. He seems to have been sent to comfort me in my journey to the land of Zion. He has been my friend and comforter, for I dare not tell Mr. King many things that trouble me. It might injure the things of God, and do no good to me. This is certainly a most delightful spot to sojourn in, and I feel happy, thank God. I rejoice in Him day by day, and night by night. He is my All in All, the focus, the center, the citadel of all I hope, love, and fear. May I daily grow more worthy of His love and mercy to me every day I live!

May 1st, 1853. How strange and peculiar is my present mode of life!

Yet it has a charm in it, that recommends itself to me, there is much in it that is congenial to the tenor of my heart and brain, that is agreeable to my taste and the romantic turn of my mind! Here I am now at the present moment, seated in my carriage in which we sleep, and in the day it is a refuge to me from any society that I wish to shun, or withdraw from, as I love, as I have ever done, solitude! Here I read or work or write, or lie and think--that most glorious of all occupations--here I sleep and dream.

This morning I attended meeting but was forced to leave before they closed, not feeling well. Brothers Clawson and Weelock spoke. Since I returned I have been rolling on my bed, and have read and now write this much with a note to C. Fox. They are all gone to meeting. I rejoice amid all my trials, and amid all the strangeness of circumstances that I am with these people. There is much in them that I like, and the principles I glory in!

May 9th. Mr. King went out last evening to buy cattle for the plains. Ann slept with me. The morning cold and blustery. Breakfasted. Brother Spencer went out to buy cattle. Went in to my carriage to write. Wrote to Mr. Downton. Am going to send letters to the St. Louis Post by Brother Ridredge that is, to my parents, to Mr. R. Barber and Charlotte Fox. Hope they will go safely. The weather is finer and I hope it will last, for there is nothing I desire so much as fine weather, at the present moment.

My spirit has felt wounded of late, crushed by the coldness of a spirit that ought to warm and foster it. Was it not for the kindness of S.N. I should often have felt isolated indeed. I have often felt so as it is. Brother Larkin said he would pray that a spirit might be raised to stand by me and support me, and I often think how exactly it has been answered in S.N. Oh! the sun is bursting out in splendor and my spirit feels warmed and comforted by it. No more today.

12th. In the morning two carriages were ordered to take us to Nauvoo. Mr. Shores drove us in one and Martin in the other. The road was better than I expected, and the views in some parts fine. We arrived at Montrose about noon and ferried over the Mississippi to the other side, having had the ruined temple in view for some time. My feelings were that day altogether inexplicable. My impressions were pleasing yet sad. Ruin and a cure seem upon the spot which the wicked have desecrated. Buildings are left as though the workman had all left off to go to dinner, yet they have lain so since the death of Joseph. Not a brick seems to be removed.

We went to the Mansion House and saw Joseph's wife Emma. Was rather agreeably surprised for I had heard much of her being a large vulgar woman. But the impression she made on me was not that of a vulgar or coarse woman. Power is the principle that seems to be stamped on her, but it is like the lion when couchant. Her mind seemed to me to be absorbed in the past and lost almost to the present. Her manners are not prepassive on account for this coldness an stolidity, neither does she seem to desire to form any intimacy or renew it, for she knew Claudius and all his family. She did not ever seem to respond to kindness, but she looked as if she had suffered and even seem to respond to kindness, but she looked as if she had suffered and as if a deep vein of bitterness ran through her system. I felt sorry for her and would have given her ocular proof of my sympathy but she seemed to shun or rather chill at every demonstration of it. We dined at her House, which is the hotel of the place, and after dinner, we were shown into the room of Joseph's mother. She sat pillowed up in bed. She made a great impression on me for she is no ordinary woman. I feel 'twould be cain to attempt to describe my feelings with regard to her. I am going to let them run into poetry, for prose would not suffice for me. She is a character that Walter Scott would have loved to portray, and he would have done justice to her. I do so in my own heart, where in she has a niche for all time. She blessed us with a mother's blessing, her own words, and my

heart melted, for I am remembered my own dear mother left in England for the Gospel's sake, and the deep fountains of my heart were broken up. Georgie gave her the ring off her finger that I gave her on her 14th birthday, as she asked Claudius, "had he brought her no present", and he told G. to give her one of her rings. I then told her to give the one I had given her. She had many on her hands but the were presents from Claudius and other friends. I would not have let her give it to anyone else.

We then went to the temple. The Portico is still standing. It speaks with a silent eloquence. I do feel all my bad feelings aries against the mean, diabolical spirit, that can set fire and destroy such a beautiful and unique structure! There seems to be something in it despicable. We enjoyed the day much and it will long be remembered by us all.

14th. At 12 o'clock at noon today we left the camp at Keokuk. Mr. Shores, where our horses had stood at livery, came down to the camp to fetch me up in his buggy, but I was gone into the town. Mr. Strife got in to the buggy, but I was gone into the town. Mr. Strife had invited us all to dine with him at the St. Charles hotel. Mr. Strife got into the buggy and came for me again and the rest followed in our carriage. Mr. Shores then drove me in his beautiful buggy and horse to the place where we turned off for our new camping ground, as he was going to Mountrose. Nothing could exceed the kindness of that man to us. He said he never saw a family to whom he had become so attached.----Indeed, he loved us too well!!

Certainly felt a degree of love to him, for his great kindness to us in a foreign land---and may God bless him for it as I do. One evening while we were in camp, he drove us with a beautiful span of horses, quite in style, and said he had come to take me out for a drive. I was delighted and admired the horses very much, when he said, "Do you not know they are your own?" Of course I did not. Mr. King had bought them and placed them in his stables, and he was practicing them every day. Oh, how he tried to persuade us not to got to Salt Lake. "It was such a shame, such a fine family as we were, and with our property to go among the Mormons!!!!!!!, etc., etc. I laughed at him and invited him to come too. He said if ever he did come it would be through me. Then I told him I did not wish to see him if he had not better motive. He said if I got into any trouble, and would let him know, he would come a hundred miles to assist me.

Arrived at the camp three miles from Nauvoo, and the beautiful temple in full view. A lovely location! I fairly revel in these beautiful spots. They are just after my heart, and I feel the Lord is blessing us every day adn every hour, for which may I be grateful and never forget to be thankful adn show forth my gratitude by my consistence. Oh! My Father, assist me, for I feel my weakness.

Wednesday 15th. Lovely morning but the wind is high. The prospect is lovely. We have just had breakfast. Robert Neslen has been sitting in my carriage with me, and talking over a few things. The freedom and liberty ;of this life suits me exceedingly well. A good deal of company came in the afternoon. Some were old Mormons, but half dead-----

Monday, thunderstorm in the morning. Had dinner, and after Mr. Shores came to drive me out in his buggy, and to cal upon us generally. He is much taken up with our family, even with Ann, as well. We all have a charm for him. He says he thinks too much of us. He brought a bottle of Madeira for the ladies. He took me to a beautiful spring and gave me some of the water, putting some wine into it for me. Truly his kindness to me in a foreign land has something touching in it, and I cannot but feel to respect him. May God bless him! Here is another answer to Brother Larkin's prayer---that friends should be raised up for me all the way. Mr.

adn Mrs. Strife were also exceedingly kind.

May 18th. My beloved father's birthday. Last night a sever thunderstorm. Tolerable fine day. How I wish I could hear how they are all getting on in England.! But I get no letters, and I pine over it. What a blessed thing is a letter! Truly, writing is a blessed and divine art! I love it with all my heart....

Last night after we were in bed, 800 bullocks and a host of the brethren came into camp weary and worn. Kept the girls up cooking for them 'till 12 or one o'clock. This is a lovely spot but the rattlesnakes and other reptiles take off the poetry to me. How true it is that we must have the evil adn the good in about the same ratio. I wish we were in the Valley. My heart pines for the Mountains of Ephraim.

19th. Fine Morning. Claudius had made up his mind to go to Keokuk, and of course that was sufficient. The carriage and horses were to go, and some of us. At last Georgie and Bertha went and C. and Robert N. They did not return until 8 in the evening. Brother Haight, J. Yound, Eldredge, V. Shirtliff dined here. I cut their hair, and Lizzie brushed Brother Harmon's who was also there. They also drank tea with us. I had a beautiful walk by my self, as I did the night before. Oh! how much I enjoyed it. After I returned S.N. asked me if I would walk with him. We went a little way, talking confidentially, as we are wont to do. Poor fellow! But still his trials are not greater than other peoples. May God strengthen him, mentally and physically, is my daily prayer, for I value him as a friend, and brother. Went to bed late, as I talked with Susannah a little while.

20th. Lovely morning. Oh, this is a sweet spot! The same party breakfasted with us. At 11 I made them eggs beaten up with wine and brandy. They dined with us. I then went and sat in my carriage as usual. Brother Eldredge came and talked with me. In the course of our talk, it came out he had two wives! He was the first man that ever confessed that to me. I exclaimed, "Oh! Brother Eldredge!" He is a good man. I liked him as soon as I saw him, there is a chaste look about him.

Saturday 21st. In the evening I went for a walk alone. I shall long remember this lovely location. I do so much enjoy it. Saturday night and Sunday morning, violent thunderstorm pierced with rain which continued until Sunday, 22nd. I had my breakfast and dinner in my carriage. We all felt triste. Had it been fine we should have had much company. Went to bed early. In the night was awoke by someone touching the carriage; looked out of the window and saw S.N. sitting over a fire. He was on watch. Felt rather poetical about it, but have not yet embodied my thoughts.

May 25th. Left our late locality and went up the hill. Here we have been till this morning. May 27th. We first daughter's birthday. She would have been 24 or 25 but she has gone to her Father in Heaven. Walked alone in the evening down to our late location. Enjoyed it.

A meeting in the evening to organize the company. Mrs. Neslen complained to me and seemed in a bad spirit. 27th. Left again and came into our present location, a lovely spot. Oh! how I enjoy these exquisite places. They are my delight! and I feel I have nothing to regret. "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places" literally and I bless God for all things.

Would that all were as happy as I am. S.N. is often my companion, always my friend and confident. 28th. Left Sugar Creek at 8 A.M. and journeyed to the prairie, a distance of about 15 miles where we camped. We passed through Farmington and over the Mississippi.....

Just before we reached our destination we nearly had a serious accident. Going down a steep short hill, with a muddy place at the foot of it our horses sunk in up to the middle and could not extricate themselves or the carriage. They got them out and then Brother Arthur brought his horses and fastened them to the back of the carriage and drew it out, the brethren pushing at the wheels. One of our horses in the morning had been very gay and had broken the whipple tree, which we had stopped to get mended. Had he been in it, it might have been a serious affair. But everything proves daily, hourly, to me that "whatever is, is right", when applied to the people of God. I feel through all things to rejoice and to thank Him always, for indeed he has been very good to me from the beginning of my life to the present moment, and I daily experience, "Not more than other I deserve, yet God hath given me more."

Sunday, May 29th. Had a good night and awoke refreshed, being very tired last night. I wish Mr. Shores could have come again, to take me out for a drive once more. He certainly was very kind, and kindness in a foreign land is doubly valuable. How it calls out the heart, with it's noblest and best affections.

Monday arose early, and started. Had to pass a terrible place but Claudius went forward and they laid down trees and bushes, and we got over pretty well. Had nearly had an accident with the carriage, but our guardian angels were around us, and it all passed off with a little fright. Camped soon after we passed "Dog Town".

Walked at the back of the camp in the evening, and fell in with a Scotch-man. He had been in America some years. Mr. King bought a yoke of oxen off him. He brought them up next morning, and drove me over a bridge and places that I was afraid to pass. We talked much during the time, and he seemed pleased and said he hoped we should meet again--also a friend of his, a nice man who had been in England. I drove over some horrid places, which made me very nervous for long after. Often when coming to a dangerous place, I have stopped the horses and asked the Lord to give His Angels charge of us---I've got over---Sometimes I would call Ann when no man could be got, and who would head the horses, or perhaps drive them through.

At last we camped near String Town. A thunderstorm came on us as soon as the tent was put up. I had not felt well for some days, and this evening I feared I was going to have an attack of erysipelas. I had worn my English bonnet this day and the sun scorched my face. It felt on fire. Mr. Shores took particular pains to caution us against getting our complexions spilt, even Ann he talked to about covering her arms. He said he hated to see a woman's fine skin burned up. Mr Shores "thou went a man!" went to bed early and had a tolerable night. Was awake with the men greasing my carriage wheels, wherein I was sleeping.

I found my face and eyes swollen, lips parched and tongue white, I have been excited by driving over these awful places. However I ate two or three mouthfuls and mounted my post, i.e., to drive the horses. They are pets, but plenty of spirit, and such frightful places!!! I feel sure few women (English) dare drive over where I have gone, and it has shaken my nerves into a muddle.

At half past two a thunderstorm came on. Could do nothing but sit still and wait. It pounded down in torrents. At last we got some tea.... I did not get out of the carriage, Ann brought it to me and I enjoyed it as well or better, than I ever did in my drawing room. I then made part of the bosom of a shirt of Tom Owen, and made up my journal so far. Thank God for all things. I rejoice evermore and am grateful that I feel well tonight. Bertha not very well. The rest quite well. Wednesday 8th, June. And the anniversary of Margaret's wedding day, 20 years ago. It is some

days since I journalized. Much has transpired of small matters but which at this time seem all important to me. True it is that "trifles make the sum of human things".

June 1st. Bertha has taken poorly, and has continued so up to the present time. I believe it is the lord's plan to punish her for a complaining, disobedient spirit to which she has forever given way to and has not been produced by this journey or anything attendant on it. It seems inherent in her. Had she only now given way to it I should have thought the present circumstances were too trying for her, but such is not the case. For when surrounded by all that moral girl could wish she was as discontented as at the present time, and that complaining, unhappy spirit has attended her every step of our voyage and journey. And my heart tells me it is necessary that she should be afflicted that she may be brought to know herself. I have prayed much about her, and give her now entirely into the Hands of the Lord to do as He pleases with her, for I have long felt that she was more than I could manage!

June 6th. A baby died. Oh! by the bye---on Sunday we camped on a beautiful hill and had afternoon service and all seemed to enjoy it much. The sacrament was administered and a few strangers were present who expressed themselves much pleased and edified. Friday morning we came down the steepest and most frightful hill I ever saw, though we had passed through a splendid country before we came to it. Monday Sister Howe's baby died and was buried the next morning before we started. We then traveled on through the new town of Clariton.

June 7th. Went to a store and bought a few things that we needed and we then came on to our camping place this morning. June 8th. We started at 8 o'clock, but it came on rain, and we were obliged to camp at 12 o'clock. All very et. I brought Bertha in the carriage, but she complained of cramped limbs and fatigue so she might as well have been in the wagon. Here we are all wet and uncomfortable externally, but with a tolerable degree of peace and equanimity. For myself I feel happy all the day, and only wish that all surrounding spirits were as happy and peaceful as my own. I have been blessed with good health except sea sickness and debility in consequence, ever since I left England. And I am a marvel unto myself, for truly I have had many trials, but then God has blessed my every day, and raised up friends that have been kind and good to me, even in a foreign land. I have ever found friends or at any rate one friend, go where I might, that has stuck closer to me than a brother.

Saturday, June 12th. Started at quarter to 9 in the morning. Reached Pisgah about 4 and our camping place about 5 o'clock. Had tea and went to bed soon. Ann washed some things for us. Bertha still ill and very troublesome. She is a strange unaccountable girl. I feel she did not enter this Church with the right spirit, consequently she has never had the spirit of the work, and has not progressed in it. Yet she came in of her own will and pleasure. Here I take a breathing pause. It seems hardly worth while to write every day's journal, for they consist all the days of thunderstorms and mud holes, making bridges, getting wet through, beds and all. I note down some of these, and then add how I enjoy my carriage bed and how thankful I am for my many blessings etc., etc.

June 24th, 1853. Yesterday morning very busy packing in the wagons, rearranging the things, luggage, etc. In the afternoon Mr. King, Mr. Neslen and I went to the Bluff City to see Sister Merrill. She was quite overjoyed at seeing us. She had letters for me from Brother Johnson, Wallace, and Larkin and also one from Mr. Barber. But Oh! that ugly little word--they were in a box that had not yet arrived, and indeed, she almost feared they were lost----Heigh ho!! How trying are such things! But 'tis vain to repine. Disappointment in such matters appears to be my lot--or rather, I seem in my present dearth to be unable to lose anything.

The Bluff City is most beautifully situated. It is a spot marvelous for its beauty. But the houses are poor and the people look queer and uncultivated. S.N. and I richly enjoyed ourselves. We had some delicious coffee with Sister Crawley, where Sister Merrill is staying.

We also called on Sister Bray, then came home rather late, Mr. King being very nervous on account of the bad road---However, at last, we got into camp safely and to bed. Claudius sent me a glass of port wine, enjoyed it much. S.N. came to bid me goodnight. I anticipate that "Goodnight, God Bless You", as the ultimatum of the good things I experience through the day. He has been ever kind, gentle and respectful to me, and in the dearth and the wild of this journey, such are to be blessings that I cannot overlook. I acknowledge the kindness of the Lord in sending him to me, in my present circumstances, for whom can I make a friend of? I dare not tell Mr. King much that has troubled me and does still. He came out for the love of his family, and for the cause of God and the love I bear him I wish to make his path as smooth as I can. My son is a child, I cannot tell him, and Claudius I have not full confidence in, and he holds me aloof, and is often unkind to me, and inconsiderate of my feelings. But Samuel is wise and kind, and withal my friend. And I can trust him with my life if need be, and all that is dear to me. Oh, those dear wandering letters! Wandering stars, are they to me! Oh, my Father, give Thine angels charge concerning them, for in my present dearth, all things are valuable, that is, of love and kindness.

Mr. King and Claudius gone off to buy a wagon and cattle. Mr K. to give him 43--10 and he will buy them and bring on our luggage, but the wagon and cattle are to be his all the time!! I don't understand this logic! Well, I am in a school, and if I receive the lessons aright I shall be improved by them, if not, they will do me harm. Oh, my Father! hold me and bless me or how shall I proceed?

Last day of peace encamped on the banks of the Missouri River. I feel weary today, and my spirit flags. Drove through the water up to the axel of the carriage. Few women would have dared to have done it. I went behind Claudius, met two brethren in the water. One turned and walked by my carriage until I was out of the "deep waters". It was very kind of him, and I will not forget it. I must learn his name, I know his face well. I wish I could get the letters, but it is a satisfaction to know they have written. Bless the Lord for the kind friends that I have. It is in answer to Brother Larkin's prayers, and his words. Certainly no woman has ever had more disinterested love and kindness offered to her, than I have ever had bestowed on me, and I thank God, for it is better to me than gold or silver. Here follows a few petty disagreeable, though not petty at the time to those who were made to feel them. But I will not write them down, let them go!

A few weeks more and I shall enter the renounced place, the "Valley". I feel I cannot analyze my feelings at the present time, they are so complicated. And I see through a glass very darkly. There is a strong vein of pleasure and happiness and then there are uncertainties, but, my Father, Thou knowest I have given all my affairs into Thy keeping and I know in whom I have trusted. This night a dreadful thunderstorm and other annoyances.

Here follow some more remarks which I throw into my oblivious reservoir and I finish by blessing the Lord for his goodness.

July 3rd, Sunday. Lovely morning. No prayers. I feel starved spiritually, but soon we will hear the prophet's voice. S.N., Lissie and I walked to the top of one of the beautiful hills that surround this spot. Sat on the top. Lissie gathered some "fat hen" for dinner, descended and

returned home. Put my carriage in order, read in the Bible and wrote. The sun is now setting on those beautiful hills. The cattle are feeding as though they knew it was their supper time and all around looked beautiful.

The girls are in the tent talking--Ann washing the supper things. Mr King sitting at the side of the tent, and Claudius with him, talking! S.N. walking around our circle. He ever appears to be happy to be near us and I feel he is my friend and does me good. How I wish I could hear from my dear parents! It would comfort me and be a delight.

Here follows a pouring out of sorrowful feelings, always winding up with thankfulness for my great blessings. 7 o'clock, same day. Claudius gave me a glass of port wine!! Being the 4th of July, and asked me for a toast for my adopted country! This filled up my heart which was full before. I got out of the tent and walked to the top of one of these beautiful hills, where I sat down and prayed and thought. Then returned. Georgie came and sat in my carriage, also Brother Robert. Then he went and Sam came. The fireflies are beautiful here, They are like diamond dust over everything at night.

7th. Better this morning. Ann brought me, with her accustomed attention, some tea and toast, enjoyed it much. Felt better. At 7 o'clock started on our way. Evening, have felt better today, as S.N. said I should last night. Got safe into camp and into bed. Ann has been attentive to me and her duties generally, and this is something on the plains. Started at 7 o'clock. Nice morning. Flat road. High grass. Road not very good. Camped for an hour to water the cattle. We also got some refreshments. Started again and got to our camping place about 4 o'clock. A tolerable nice place, had tea, etc. Felt better as S.N. said I should. He came and sat with me a short time during the luncheon hour. Troublesome, but all things considered all is well. My heart rejoices that every day we are approaching nearer the "Valley". I long for my letters. Dreamt last night that Louie and Mr. Barber were married, in secret, saw him very plainly. I knew all about it.

9th. Started at 4 o'clock in the morning. Got to a camping place at 9. Had breakfast. On again across the Platte River. Last night we had a syllabus. S. and R. Neslen were with us. A tempest in the night. Alarm from the watch at 3 o'clock that the cattle had gone astray. False report. Made partly a sunbonnet today. Went to bed, slept nicely.

10th. Rose up half passed six. Got ready to start at 7. Went ten miles to Lous Fork Ferry. Ferried over by 5 P.M. Set the wagons and tent, washed and had tea, I wrote this much of my journal, and here I feel to thank Thee, My Eternal Father, for Thy great and boundless goodness to me and mine, and to the camp generally, for His great kindness to us on this long journey. Truly His Hand has been displayed, almost palpably, to us His frail and erring people. This is the 7th Sunday after Trinity.

I recall how often we have sung that beautiful collect, and it's no less beautiful accompaniment and a 1,000 recollections crowd upon me.

S. and R. Neslen came into our tent in the evening. We sang. A beautiful moonlight night. Soon all went to bed. S.N., and I walked through the camp last thing, then bade goodnight at the carriage door.

Woke in the morning with the cry that the cattle were all gone astray!! All the men called up; false alarm!! At 6 o'clock S.N. put two lovely Tiger Lilies through the curtains of my carriage. The offering pleased me, ever kind act, however small, seems a blessing in the dearth of the present time. He is very kind to me. God sent him to me! We went off to a pretty camping place late, but a regular mosquito bottom.

12th. Wet morning. Set off. Went on until evening camp again.

S.N. not well. Came and sat in the carriage with me. Had some nice conversation as we always do when we talk at all. Bid him "goodnight" and to bed--at 9 or before.

13th. Slept feverish and awoke unrefreshed. Thundered in the night. Off at 9, not good roads, slight mud holes. No good water. Got to a place at 4 o'clock where there was some tolerable good water, long grass, and hosts of snakes, which destroy my happiness. Got into the carriage and finished my sunbonnet for Georgie. Carried it into the tent when I went to tea. Had nice tea and toast, bacon, pudding and rice. Enjoyed it much. Felt grateful for all things and happy.

Mr. King was in a grumbling spirit which marred it as he often does, finding fault with everything. This is his way at times. He would do it were he surrounded with all he wished. So I do not feel so bad over it. I detest a grumbling spirit. I had washed him and brushed his hair, and did what I could for him. S.N. a little better.

This morning before starting I gave him a glass of new milk with some brandy in it. I love to do good. And he says I always do him good. I have not much scope now but I do all I can, and that the Lord will accept.

14th. A long days travel, all weary and worn. I felt used up. All things looked dark, the dark things darker, and the bright things clouded. Much that I have suffered crowded upon my mind--the harshness I had suffered, the changes, the privations, all, all, crowded upon me and steep my soul in the waters of Marah!----Oh! how I wept! For I felt how changed were all things around me. And what was far more trying to me, how changed were those who were so lately all to me!!! But there has been an influence at work, ever since I have been on this journey, trying to withdraw my influence from those near and dear to me. Can this be right? I cannot think it is. I felt low and nervous but slept tolerably.

15th. Did not rise till 7 o'clock. Got some breakfast. Felt shaken and triste. Set off to walk, having declared I would not drive the horses again, as I had been made to do--having had an accident yesterday. Poor Tom having run his wagon against the carriage as we were waiting at a horrible mud hole. I have often been spoken to severely, when an accident has happened, so I came to the decision, I would drive them no more. And poor Tom, a mere child has been made to drive the wagon; when of course he knows nothing about ox teaming. Proposed Mr. Spencer to drive it. But Mr. King would not hear of anything but that I must drive it as before. So I walked on leaving them to settle it! Ann started off with it and overtook me. I soon rode, still feeling queer. On we went, Louie looking gloomy. I have done what I could to cheer and comfort her on this journey. I think also that I have done much to keep up quiet and good feeling and love. But I have failed in most cases. However I feel to leave all, though my heart often suffers. Oh, for the "Valley"!!!

Last night I had a few words with Claudius. He has taken a curious course with us, and me in particular. He does not seem to me to have the element of happiness within himself, and therefore he cannot confer happiness. We crossed "Prairie Creek" a wicked creek as C. calls it. They threw in grass and brush, wood, and earth, and so filled it up enough for the wagons to cross. All are by this time nearly over.

Sam and Robert Neslen came and chatted with us. These young men cause ennui often to disappear from my orbit. They are always kind and often very useful to us. They are always on hand to do us good where they can.

Sunday July 7th. We again crossed this wicked creek twice, and then went on to Wood River which was a bad place to cross, but all got over safely. Camped by the side of it. In the evening about 11 o'clock a

dreadful tempest---Yea, awful! I think I never in England witnessed such a one! I thought it would have blown the carriage over. I prayed earnestly, I felt my prayers were heard. Mr. King dead asleep the whole time. At last after about an hour it abated. The watch were indefatigable, and the cattle were all safe. Our bed got very wet. At last got some sleep. Dreamed I got my letters, but I thought they had been opened, and were briefer than usual. This I do not believe would be the case. At any rate I wish I had the trial.

In the morning felt tired and prostrated as I often do after a tempest. Walked some of the way with Bertha and Brother Samuel. Sang two hymns with Ann and him, then came into my carriage and wrote this much of my journal...

I feel happy and cheerful but by no means elated. Had meeting in the afternoon. Brother Hayes, Neslen, Walker, and Spencer spoke. A baby blessed by the name of Samuel, my brother's and grandfather's name. May all the blessings spoken over it be ratified in the courts above. Some California emigrants passed while we were in meeting. Monday 18th. Felt tolerably. Sister Dye confined last night with a son. These Mormon women! I think I should have been left in my grave in a similar case. But truly God fits the back to the burden. This we realize daily, and I think in nothing more than in such cases. She went on with the train and reported "all right" at night. "Going on well." "Beautiful boy", etc.

Long drive today, got in late. Had a deal of trouble finding a camping place. At last Brother Spencer selected a spot in the midst of the wild prairie. Our carriage was set close by a great hole, which we all thought was a grave! Had the carriage and wagons moved on a little. Went to bed at dark. After I got in, smelled a very unpleasant smell. Thought it came from the old grave! The thought of it made me feel ill, and I could not sleep. At last fell asleep. Soon awoke feeling ill, all next day felt unwell. Was it fancy? It was not fancy that I felt ill, but the cause I leave in doubt. The idea was enough.

Tuesday, 19th. I drove to Wood River, crossed the deep ravine and then on two miles. Camped close by some Californians with a large flock of sheep. Slept well.

Wednesday, 20th. Started early. Claudius drove the horses attached to the carriage. Georgie, I, and Lizzie rode with him. Also Louie. Had some agreeable and edifying talk on plurality---the first wife being head or queen. Lizzie said she would be first wife or never be married. And Claudius tried to convince her it was a mistaken idea. But it seems to be incorporated in her system---the idea of being great according to her notions of greatness. Perhaps she will learn better in time. We are all more or less biased by such feelings. Crossed several creeks and above all Elm Creek, where Brother Spencer was driving the horses over. It was an awful bridge, where few but "Mormons" would think of crossing. A large piece of wood stuck up at which the brown mare shied and low! she pushed the other horse right into the water! But by dint of real presence of mind, and management, we saved the carriage from being dragged in. The Californians came to our assistance, and we got the horses landed without a buckle being broken! After this wonderful feat Brother Spencer jumped into the water to his knees. He helped over the 48 wagons.

One of the Californians killed a buffalo. We had a large portion of it. Had some fried for dinner. Got into camp late. Had tea and to bed. Did not sleep the first watch. S.N. on watch till 12 o'clock. Saw them through the window of the carriage. Then composed myself and went to sleep. Dreamed an uncomfortable dream about my mother.

21st. Arose early, breakfasted, and then off we were. Claudius drove us. Louie and Georgie and Lizzie rode with us. Had more talk upon plurality. But it never seems a happy theme. Arrived at Buffalo Creek.

Found a letter stuck in a stick from Brother Atchinson, saying they were all well, that is, his company, and had left some buffalo meat for us. I had the tongue to pickle. Got safe over the creek. As Sister Chamber's came up, her son told us his father was dead!! He had been ill a long time. They asked me to go and look at him, which I did. He looked like a statue, so thin and wasted. Death is ever awful! And it made me feel low and triste. At last they all came up and got safely over. We then went to Sister C. and asked her if we could do anything for her. She gave me some domestic to make a shroud or wrapper for the corpse, which I did. Then sent her some wine for herself and the women who laid him out. Dined and Brother Spencer decided he would not go on till morning, so we prepared to wash some clothes. At quarter to three the grave was completed, and Brother Spencer told us he wished us to attend the funeral of Brother Chambers to the grave.

We did so. It was a nice dug grave. They laid leaves at the bottom and then lowered the corpse into it. Some boughs over him and then it was filled up. Brother Samuel assisting all through. Brother Neslen made a head board on which was, "Joseph Chambers, native of England, aged 53. Anno--53. We can only say, "Resquiescat"".

22nd. Last night a very heavy tempest. Brother Spencer says the very heaviest we have yet had. And we have had many. Our bed was very wet indeed. We got but little sleep. Had breakfast and started at 10 A.M. Passed through a very wet road. Saw many buffalos and a rattlesnake. At 1 o'clock arrived at Deep Creek---water too deep for us to cross---obliged to Camp. Got our biscuit wet--had some fried for dinner and bacon and boiled beef---fine day and a nice, healthy air. Claudius, Georgie, Louie and Lizzie rode in the carriage. Wrote a few of my thoughts to S.N., not being able to have a few words with him and wanted to do so. Oh! I long to be in the "Valley"! to behold the Servant of the Lord, and those that have been so good and kind to me in past days, and whose society I have so much enjoyed in England. I feel when I attempt to realize it, it will be almost happiness too much, and that I shall almost feel like Israel of old, "Let me die, since I have seen thy face."---It is enough!

July 26th. Days have passed and I have not journalized. Today rose early and started on our journey, after camping near the Platte River. Had a good night. Walked on. After a time got into the carriage alone with Claudius. We got into an agreeable chat. He asked me who Susannah was engaged to?!! as I had told him I knew. I at once said, "May I speak plain?" He said "Yes", I said to you!!! This lead to an excitable conversation, for certainly I did not think he had treated me well very often. We then got up to the girls and feeling quite unfit for conversation or company I got out, walked alone, and at last rode in the wagon.

Staid and had some refreshments at 1 o'clock. In the afternoon rode again with Georgie, Louie and Lizzie. At last I suggested we stay, as I was afraid of Indians. C. said there was but one Lady to take, being Miss Stayner, as I and G. were married, and Louie engaged! Louie started and said, "It was more than she knew". The conversation then went on in a "diamond out diamond" strain between C. and me. At last he said I should either do an immense deal of good, or an immense deal of evil!!! I felt this to be a most cutting remark. God knows how I desire to do right. And as I told him, I will have no other faith than that I shall do an immense deal of good. In my past life I have had the power to do so, and I believe that God will love and nurture that which He alone has sown and fostered. I will believe that the past will be a guarantee for the future. But I thought it unkind and unmanly to attack me in that rude manner, for we cannot but know how great are my trials, and how I do try to be brave.

27th. Claudius brought me a note this morning in answer to one I

wrote him last evening after his cutting remarks. It was good, but somehow he does not comfort my heart. Is the fault in me? Not all, certainly. I think we lack that confidence in each other which makes advice acceptable.

I drove the horses a good part of the day, C. being with his team. Staid in midday nearly one hour. Saw a company of people upon the hills opposite. Set off again. A tempest gathering. Got to the camping place at 5 o'clock. A sharpish tempest. Sat all the evening in my carriage. Read Brigham's sermon and other things in the Desert News. S.N. came for a few moments, but no talk. It appears we can seldom talk now. It seems there is an influence at work trying to destroy our friendship, or at any rate the life and beauty of it. Went to bed at 8 o'clock.

MEMORANDUM

Sunday, July 25th, 1853. Set off in the morning having been detained a day on account of the creek being so swollen. Got over safe. Brother Walker taken ill and died almost instantly. On we went. Came in sight of a company and found it was the Elders that we expected.

And Oh! joy! As soon as I got to the creek, Brother Spencer being first with Georgie, Louie, Miss Stayner and Lizzie with Mr. King---Louie held up a letter. Found it was one from Brother Johnson, sent to me by the Elders. This was an unexpected pleasure and I enjoyed it much, though it was a brief affair. But all's right, it was a letter! And that's something as times go.

In the afternoon we had a meeting. Several spoke, among them Brothers Ross and Major. Brother M. brought my letters, and I gave him some to carry to England, and half a sovereign for a present. Gave Captain Merrill a sovereign for the Company. Mr. King gave him one also, ditto, ditto.

A party of them took supper in our tent. We did what we could for them. Baked some cakes for them, and gave them sugar and tea, etc. They stood on the opposite side of the creek, and prayed and blessed us as a company, and said we should be blessed. We then bid farewell and on we went on our respective journeys.

July 28th. Had a good night. Wind very high, feared carriage would be capsized. Started in the morning a 7. Soon reached a mud hole. Flies and mosquitoes very troublesome. It was a horrid place. The girls went in the wagons. Claudius drove me over. Some wheels were broken. Had to wait for them to be mended. 'Tis very troublesome, but words are vain in such a case. Deeds, not words, is indeed the motto of this journey, if not of the church itself.

I feel weakened and my spirit caged, by stopping. Last of July, Sunday. Rose--breakfasted, started at 8 o'clock. Lovely morning. Drove over mud holes, creeks, etc., 'till we arrived at an immense bluff, which we ascended and found ourselves on a high eminence. Soon camped, at 3 o'clock. Poor water but otherwise pleasant. We had some wood with us, and found some buffalo chips. I have no Sunday feelings, while traveling on a Sunday. Yet I desire to go forward. Yesterday we had a long day's travel, and camped near the Platte River. S.N. came for a few minutes. Said he felt sad. We had a little talk, but said nothing, but both inferred that something made us feel triste. We seemed truly to understand each other.

Friday evening he drank tea with us, but there did not seem to be a happy spirit within the tent. The fact is C.V. feels-----towards tho I know not for what reason. We all parted and said goodnight. Louie and Lizzie stood by their wagons for a moment, and I stood by ny carriage, when someone came behind me. It was S.N. came to bid me goodnight Valley fashion! He is ever good and kind to me and in this dearth I can but love

him. May God bless him for his goodness.

August 1st. Another day nearer the "Valley". We have come about 19 miles today. A good road. A few creeks and no mud holes!!! And no accident. I hear S.N. singing. I am glad for he has seemed low of rate. We all feel tired and somewhat used up. But we shall be immortal 'till our work is done. Oh! my Father, my heart is full but I do not feel to make it palpable but to Thee. Work for me, and by the whisperings of Thy spirit, lead me right---remove far from me those that stand in my path for Salvation!

2nd. Lovely morning. This day 20 years ago, Mr. King, Sr. died. We started at 8 o'clock. We went on very cheerily. At last met an Indian on horse back. He told us 300 were ahead. He seemed very friendly, rode by the side shaking hands, etc. Brother Spencer made a few arrangements and soon we met the hole body of them. A party of horsemen came forward to meet us. Brother Spencer advanced with his gun, and made a sort of military salute or pass, which they responded to very gracefully, descending from their horses and kneeling or rather squatting in their not ungraceful Indian fashion. Brother Spencer then went up and shook hands with the Chief who presented a paper recommending them to all white men they might meet. The name of the Chief was "Shell". He came forward to the carriage with Brother Spencer who introduced him to us and to Georgie, as his "squad"!! He shook hands with all of us, Brother Spencer gave him some whiskey and water, which he seemed to enjoy after he had tasted it, but he seemed to fear to taste it 'till Brother Spencer had done so. We, that is the camp, all contributed some sugar, coffee, biscuit, etc. for them, and we then bid them adieu--they drawing off on one side to allow our train to pass. Did not camp 'till 2 o'clock. By accident I got a long way off, but still in sight. Enjoyed my silent position as I ever do enjoy solitude. At last gathered the cattle and off we went. Had not gone far when a thunderstorm came, had to "put up". When it ceased, on we went, and are now encamped 2 miles from Crab Creek.

3rd. Rose and breakfasted and started. Passed Crab Creek. Camped to 2 o'clock after passing the Bluff ruins. They are very beautiful. I should like to have an explanation about them, but I suppose none know their history. They stand out in bold relief with a silent eloquence that speaks trumpet--tongued to every thinking mind. There they are looking eternally silent.

Walked as I often do after dinner, or rather supper. Mosquitoes are dreadful! Had a talk with Sister Smith of Northampton. She said she quite enjoyed it. We have had the Platted River by us for the past week. It is very pretty--full of little islands. Oh! I can write no more, the mosquitoes drove me mad!

Oh for an end this journey! Truly we pass over the "Bridge of Sighs" to the "Valley" of the Free! August 5th. A long day's travel...this day these sublime bluffs in view all day! They truly speak a designer though ages must have rolled along since that design was carried out. I felt extremely ill and prostrated last night, and this morning revived again.

On we went without water all day, 'till 8 o'clock in the evening when we camped. I went to bed at once and Ann brought me my tea in bed. S.N. came to bid me goodnight. Brother Spencer also came and we had a long talk in the carriage. Enjoyed both!!!

August 6th. Rose and set off at 8 o'clock; got into camp at 3 o'clock. Cleaned out the carriage and other jobs, got tea. Sunday, 7th. Fine morning. Got into camp about 3 o'clock. Just as tea was ready two Indians came and put us about a little and frightened us some. A strong

guard was put on at night. I dreamed several things, among other things that I returned to England and to D.D. and all looked so changed, and I felt so wretched that I had been so foolish as to return. I will not go into particulars.

Suffice, that when I awoke and found it to be a dream, I did not know how to feel thankful enough, and I feel sure such would exactly be my feelings. All is well.

Monday. Louie very poorly, nervous, and weakened. Claudius laid hands upon her, and advised her going into his wagon with Georgie. So she went all day, and they seemed very happy and to enjoy themselves right well. I have had some conversation lately with C. and G. They told me their minds a little---but I do not feel to write it, yea, I don't feel to analyze my own feelings--but somehow they do not feel happy and comfortable when I think about it. Whether my feelings are right I do not know-- but I wish to do right, and to be right. I must leave it where I leave all I possess, in the Hands of Him who is my Father, as He is the Father of All! Some American gentlemen came from the fort and talked with us. One is going on to the Salt Lake and offers to take letters for me. I sent one to Brother Johnson by him.

August 9th. Tom Owen not very well today. 11th. Dull weather this morning. Rose and dressed, had breakfast in the carriage. Then got out and arranged my bed, etc., and then went into the tent. A gentlemen soon came who stayed nearly all the morning. Had quite a chat. I then went to the carriage and found S.N. sitting there. He remained about an hour reading to me. But here there is no rest. They came to grease the carriage! Soon Tom came feeling ill. Wanted me to wash him. I did so and he felt better.

12th. Finer day. Louie's birthday. We had a plum pudding. Some gentlemen came and dined with us, Mr. McDonald, Flemming, Steward and Haight. Had a meeting in the afternoon, enjoyed it pretty well. But I feel saddened, all seem changed and somehow against me!

13th of September. Left our encampment near Ft. Laramie, journeyed on to a place near a creek where we found Brothers Haight and Steward already camped. Felt low, mournful and worn down. I see the determined attention Claudius keeps to Louie, and it takes away my soul, drinks up my spirit. I feel, too, that it affects Georgie! Surely he might wait until he gets to the "Valley". It seems to me that such a girl as Georgie ought to content a man for a proper time at any rate. I cannot reconcile myself to this new doctrine coming in such a form. I feel that it works upon Georgie's feelings also.

Oh! my Father--help me and give me not up to my own dark thoughts. Dear Tom Owen very unwell. Went to bed unhappy and dejected.

14th. Tom awoke us this morning about 2 o'clock, having got up in a delirium. Came to out carriage calling to us that some of the carriages were gone ahead. We took him into our carriage bed for an hour to soothe and comfort him, and then Mr. King took him back to his own bed. He rose again early, we had breakfast, and started at 7 o'clock.

Tom Owen in the carriage with me. He was drowsy and quite delirious all day. Oh! how unhappy I have felt this day! Claudius is so very odd and unkind to me. God knows I desire to do right and to please him as far as is consistent. But it appears I have not the power.

15th. T.O. very ill which makes all around me look dark. Brother Neslen and Claudius administered to him at noon as he lay in the carriage. I felt wretched--but hope at the bottom of all. Claudius asked him before

he laid his hands upon him, if he knew what he must do to get well. He said, "Have faith in God". He then clasped his hands and went off into a beautiful little prayer which startled us all. Claudius thought it was one he had learned, but not so. It was spontaneous. It broke up the deep fountains of my heart and all seem affected. They then laid hands upon him and we all felt he had received a blessing. The disease, "Mountain Fever", seemed arrested from that time, though he still continued very ill. Claudius slept with him that night.

16th. T.O. still very ill, delirious, traveled all night "under the moon" 'till 1 o'clock; my thoughts were "Legion"--and have been for some days past. But when is it they are not? Though with me is a kingdom. Got into camp and had some tea and went to bed at day-break. Tom slept with me in the carriage. 17th. Rose early and washed him all over with saleratus water, got him into the tent, and soon again into the carriage, which was set in a shady place. Sat with him all day, he was calmer, seemed exhausted. S.N. came and sat with me in the afternoon.

18th. T.O. still very ill. Had him administered to by Brothers Arthur and Claudius--he being all unconscious. Yet I felt more happy and hopeful. 19th. Set off a 8 A.M. T.O. no worse. A beautiful morning--lovely air. Got into camp at one o'clock. John Long ran against one of our other wagons and smashed the wheel! Consequently we could not go on. Sat in the carriage all the afternoon with T.O. He no worse. I hope better. S.N. went on "Doctor" to our late camping place to find one of their lost oxen. Slept in the carriage with T.O.

20th. Lovely morning, beautiful pure air, quite ambrosial! I hope Tom is better, but still nothing very decided about him. I washed him all over in vinegar and water, changed his bed and put him on al clean linen. He looked comfortable, and comforted my poor wounded heart. I feel still hopeful, I cannot think the Lord will take him from me in this embryo stage of his temporal and spiritual existence! Surely He will remember mercy, seeing the integrity of my heart all my life long. For 'tho conscious of my imperfections yet through all one strong pervading bias has run through all I did and said, i.e., the love of my God and the desire to do His Will.

I have also sacrificed as few women have the strength to sacrifice. I stepped out of my beautiful, happy home and from all I held dear for the Gospel's sake. His Gospel, and will He forget all this? And is not this dear boy one who promises well to be good and useful? And have I not already buried 4! And have I not again and again dedicated him to the Lord? And if he will restore him, I will religiously carry out my determination and my vow! Yes, He will be faithful to His promise that those who trust in Him shall not be confounded. And I believe and therefore will I speak, therefore will I hope, therefore will I contend, asking all only and entirely in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.-----

4 o'clock P.M. Sunday. We are now camped at Deer Creek, a beautiful place for such wild surroundings. Trees, water, and a patch of green grass make it an Arcadian Paradise after our weary toil for so long over such an arid soil. After we got in T.O. appeared worse. He had a paroxysm that quite alarmed me, it appeared anger when I attempted to wash him. He is now calm and lies peacefully. Oh! my Father, Grant that the destroyer may have no power over him. Forgive me if I have done anything to bring this upon myself for God knows I value his life, and would not for the world lose him. Oh! set a watch upon my mouth and keep the door of my lips. Oh! spare this child to me, Oh God, my Father!

4 weeks more and we shall be in the "Valley", or very near it, if we have good fortune. Is it possible that this long looked for and anticipated, much-sought-after, much talked of--prayed for--worked for--and suffered for event--this consummation, devoutly wished for, is really so

near at hand!!! I cannot realize it! Am I also to realize Thy afflictive Hand? Oh, spare me, my Father this one more dreaded event. I ask it only in the name of Jesus Christ.

Monday 22nd. I have been too much engaged, and my mind too feeble and full and too unhappy to journalize. T.O. has been very ill. I feel nothing but faith has saved him. But today he is decidedly better and my heart rejoices. Yes I am right thankful to my Heavenly Father, to His Servants, and to my beloved friends for the blessings of his restoration. I ever felt our faith and prayers and exertions would keep his life on the earth.

Bless the Lord, Oh! my soul, and forget not all His benefits for indeed He has been gracious to me. He raised up Bertha who was nearly as sick as T.O.--yet I never saw Death around her--but I did around him every day. But she is healed, and I feel he is saved. And for all this my heart swells with gratitude.

We are now about 380 miles from the "Valley"!--Can it be possible? Oh! how sad it seemed to me travelling all night last Thursday and he delirious all the time. But his voice was weak and pretty like a little child of 5 or 6 and he talked innocently but not outrageously. Once he called out, "Mamma, Grandfather has been here, and Eddie." Oh! how kind is my Father in Heaven!! How gently he chastises me, and warns me of the frail tenure of all earthly possessions! May these gentle lessons never be forgotten by me, but may I apply them to the bettering of my nature. For I desire to be right and to do right.

The scene around me is wild and dreary. Oh! for the beautiful "Valley", where my heart has long been. Upper Platte River.

August 28th. I have not journalized for some days. Much has transpired and I have intended every day to write, but something has always prevented me, or we have been late in camp. Thought, as usually, has been busy with me and I have felt weary and worn both in body and in mind. Tom Owen has been exceedingly ill, but faith has saved him and he is better, thank God. I have many thoughts about many things, but God is all sufficient, and I will leave all my affairs in His hands. Who knows what is best for me. Oh, may His will be revealed to me, and may I be obedient to it.

We have been for some days passing the Rocky Mountains. They are rather more wonderful than beautiful, yet they are certainly sublime. It seems something marvelous and mysterious that our cavalcade should pass along, breaking the eternal silence of these wild places. My feelings are undefinable, but there is a degree of awe and sadness about them to me. Yesterday we passed "The Devil's Gate" but I did not see it. Louie, Lizzie, and others went, but I stayed in the carriage with the invalid. S.N. rode a little while in the carriage with me. We are now only 300 and a few miles from the "Valley". Marvelous! Wonderful! I rejoice and yet I dread, I hardly know why either. Lord Charles Fitzwilliam came by invitation from Claudius into our tent and took wine and some refreshment with us. He seemed to enjoy it. He spent a few hours with us. He is returning from California. He was entirely clothed from head to feet in buckskin, like a mountaineer. I told him I should like to see him walk into some of the splendid drawing rooms of London; how the ladies would stare!

Memo, first saw a splendid bearded comet on the 22nd of August 1853. A death in camp, Vincent. T.O. very poorly--I in low spirits, thinking him worse. This death makes me feel gloomy. All were to be off as soon as a wheel was mended. The funeral had taken place. We set off. T.O. improved as we went along and before evening I saw a decided change for the

better. Sister Neslen brought him some broth which did him good. All were kind. He has lost his voice and cannot articulate a word, through excessive talking while delirious. Bertha lost her hearing in her attack. Both Mountain Fever.

Today we passed the splendid Rocky Mountains. Truly, they are the "Everlasting Hills". They are immensely high and look as if piled up by giants and some magic stones thrown down. We passed Green River three times and saw several Indians, an Indian village, and a multitude of horses. One of the Sisters strayed off and lost her way and fell in with them. They took her money and looked for earrings and jewels, and then saw her home himself to our camp. God for him!

Had a duck for dinner at 6 o'clock or later--chatted around the camp fire. Then to bed, but my rest was troubled. Heard the wolves howling close to us. Had a watch to guard. 30th. Rose, and got off early. T.O. mending, thank God. Sandy road, saw some graves. S.N. came and drove for me a little while. He is ever kind. Claudius and I by no means happy together, why, I hardly know. But I do not feel that he fills the place of one son to me yet, and he desires too, to which I am not yet reconciled. Oh may the Lord reveal His will to me.

Mr. King is better. He is kind and good in many ways, though no Mormon. How often I think of my own dear parents, and their love for me!!! 31st. Rose after a good night, which is something as times go. Felt happy and refreshed. Temperance in all things sweetens life! Set off on our daily trip, the wind blowing, a perfect hurricane. Crossed Green River three times before 12 o'clock!! What a serpentine affair it is! Camped. I hope not for the night. One of the sisters is ill, so we wait for her. How foolish of women to be in that way on such a journey as this! But some people consider nothing but their own appetites. Bah!! T.O. better, thank God. Most heartily do I thank Him.

Saw several graves this morning. September 1st. Thomas Robinson's birthday. I wish he was here with all my heart. He would be a great comfort to us all. This has been a long day's travel to us. Camped at Sweet Water Creek, in a perfect basin. Got in late, then off to bed feeling cold and the carriage not placed nicely or comfortably, but these things are trifles, which, by the bye, "Make the sum of human things!"

Came over mountains high and ridgy. They are truly named "Rocky Mountains", for they were nothing but rocks piled up. T.O. mending, but slowly, very weak. The Saints are all kind. The children, that is, the girls, assemble around my carriage every morning just before I start to ask how he is, and to bring him flowers and kind little things! Only 240 miles from the "Valley"! 'Tis wonderful. I seem I cannot realize it.

September 2nd. Rose after a tolerable night. T.O. somewhat better. The cattle all tired out. Set off in the morning, and came on 7 miles and here we are camped at Willow Creek. We wait today. Yesterday Sister Jones was confined with a daughter amid thunder and lightening. I should think something of it were it my case. We often get wild ducks and hares and other game which I like very much, but I pine for the "Valley".

September 7th. Lovely morning. We are camped in a nice place. We are just going off. I have not journalized for some days, perhaps it is just as well for my mind has been shook up into a muddle by what I see going on around me, but I hope all will be well and that the Lord will reveal His will to me, and then I shall be able to obey. We have seen such a number of dead oxen it makes me sad. We have lost one through carelessness. Perhaps before we get to the valley we shall be taught the folly of such neglect.

September 8th. Just going to start this morning when came that Sister Sutton was shot in the arm, accidentally, of course. Brother Spencer went to administer to her and Sister Neslen to bind the wound. We traveled late and met Brother Decker with the mail from the "Valley". Claudius gave them some wine, coming to ask me for it. Nearly a week has passed and I have not bidden S.N. goodnight! I suppose it could not be, but I miss his kind "bless you" which ever does me good. The road pretty good the last few days. Prospect wild. Were it not for the lovely skies and pure atmosphere it would be bleak indeed, but they are something Heavenly! Different to anything we ever saw in England. Reminds me of Byron's exclamation, "So cloudless clear and purely beautiful, that God alone was to be seen in Heaven." T.O. mending fast, though he cannot yet speak. He has been very, very ill.

I had a dream this morning that I was pulling out one of his teeth that was horribly decayed which I don't like. September 10th. Yesterday we traveled 'till quite late, and passed some splendid bluffs ruins. These bluffs are something I cannot describe. Ther are sublime and mysterious. There is beauty and order in them, and it requires no very fanciful stretch of imagination to form Baronial buildings. "Keeps", gateways, etc., and Georgie even made "the porter" looking over the gate! They are very high.

I should like to hear a philosophical description of them. They please and interest me more than I have language to express. There is much design in them, yet they say they are solely the work of nature. Well, I must leave them, like all mysterious things. T.O. mending, up 'till last night when he had an attack of diarrhea. Could my dream pretend this? I trust he will do well yet. But he is very delicate, though he has an immense appetite for eating.

Last evening S.F.N. came and had a nice chat with me which I enjoyed much. This morning we started at 9 o'clock and went only two miles. Camped to feed the oxen---here being some good water and good, Bluck's Fork being the name. We are now going on for Ft. Bridger. We saw the smoke from it last night. The air here is so pure and rarified. Louie not very well. I expect her mind is bothered about what she shall do, and I expect C.V. is always after her either by a "dump expression" or otherwise, and she "halts between two opinions". Well, I shall leave it, but as I now feel I shall never give her to him---if it must be it will only be to Georgie that I can ever give her--and she is a gem of the first water, and she is worthy of all I can do for her, or her husband either. I only hope he appreciates her. He ought to. Here is another Saturday, how fast time flies.

September 17th. I have not had a moment to journalize this past week. I would fain recall a few things. We have passed beautiful and sublime scenery, Echo Canyon especially. That surpasses everything I have yet seen before, and some spots I saw yesterday I felt I could live and die in. But here we have truly "no continuing city"!

September 15th. Last Thursday was a day of days! The iron belonging to the whipple tree of the carriage broke. I called to Anthony to come and assist me, and Mr. King went on. Brother Spencer then detained him to help mend the road. Soon Claudius and I went on, when we soon saw one of our wagons over turned!! The very one T.O. was in on account of his enfeebled health. Oh! the agony I suffered 'till we got up to it, and found he was safe and well.

Darling Georgie, with her ever prompt kindness, came towards the carriage, leading him gently along to let me see he was safe. Blessed children!! how dear they were to my poor heart! Even then the excess of joy was a hard to bear, but suffice 'twas a moment of agony I shall long remember. We soon got the wagon over and all right again and we camped

close by. S.N. came back as they were sent forward in the evening. He ever does me good by his manly comfort. Days passed over after this.

Beautiful bluffs, beautiful canyons, and some things that were anything but beautiful. Sorrows and troubles and tears, etc. were mixed up with the beauties of nature. Our carriage horses gave out--perfectly worn down. We had oxen put to the carriage, but on the Sunday the two Brothers Cahoon met us and put their horses to our carriage, and at last on Monday 19th of September 1853 we entered the "Valley of the Great Salt Lake"!!!-- the goal for which we had so long panted, and were set down at Brother Daniel Spencer's.

Found her pleasant and kind. She provided us a delicious supper, and was very hospitable. Felt tired, worn, and exhausted. Dear Georgie has been ill some days, very ill today.

The company did not come in with us. Lost therefore our kind friends and fellow travelers, the Neslens, and I ever miss kind friends. They are scarce! Sunday, September 25th. A week has passed in the "Valley". Georgie very ill. I am most anxious about her, but I am not "called in" or consulted. Claudius seems even to dislike me seeing her. And this morning when I was ready to go to the tabernacle, but went first to see her, when my hand was on the door, he called out, "Sister King, I had rather you did not go in!" A mother forbidden to see her child---and such a mother! and such a child! It was like a dagger, though naturally obedient and affable I broke through all at the cruel order and said, "Oh! Claudius, I must go in.! And I went in. Blessed child! She said she would love to go to the tabernacle with me! After a little I went to the tabernacle with Lizzie and saw and heard the Prophet address the people! I like him.

He looked and spoke like a man! He is the very man I saw in my dream in England. He addressed the Elders of Israel on preaching and showing forth the spirit of God that was in them, and not to feel in fear of any man--not even him. Enjoyed his discourse. S.F.N., Lizzie, Louis, and T.O. went with us. I expect Georgie's illness is the same as Bertha's and T.O.'s.

We spent the first few days at Brother and Sister Daniel Spencer's. She has been very kind and hospitable. Mr. King went into the butcher market and bought a side of pork and made her a present of it. She was very pleased. He also went with Claudius and gave \$50.00 for the immigration. Paid it into Brigham's Office and he blessed him for it. All are kind but my mind is too chaotic to be happy! and Georgie's illness has been a great trial to me, though I have tried to hope all things about her. Blessed child! I feel had I nursed her, I could have arrested the disease. Faith and prayers and simples were my regimen with Bertha and T.O. and they are well, blessed be God!

On Monday evening after we got in I was stooping down to the campfire to get a potato, k when looking up at a slight noise, I saw Brother Johnson standing, waiting to speak! I sprang up! did I not?!! I took his hand in both mine. I again saw the man who has been, as it were, almost God to me in all my trials in this church--baptized me and-- and --- let the rest pass. --He had some letters from England, and I walked home with him to get them and enjoyed it much--much--

Monday, September 26, 1853. Last night! yes, the very last night of the loved one on earth, I was permitted to sit up with her. She was very silent all night, talked nothing but monosyllables. at 6 o'clock Claudius wished my to go and lie down. I went. About 8 o'clock Ann came to the carriage and said Mr. Spencer wished us to come into Georgie's room. I hurried up, thinking all the time that he was going to administer to her and wished us all to be there to concentrate our faith!!! The moment I entered the room, I saw she was dying!!

She had requested them to move her bed on to the floor. I clasp my hands and said, "Oh! my precious child." At that she opened her eyes. Claudius bent before me and received her last look which was intended for me, but which his action bestowed it upon him. She was gone! Orson Spencer closed her eyes saying "I never saw to peaceful a death."-----

She had been ill two or three weeks (I suppose Mountain Fever) how unsearchable are the ways of Providence, and in this dispensation particularly. My feelings are numbed and paralyzed. I cannot define them.-----

Great Salt Lake, December 8th, 1853. More than 10 weeks have passed since I took pen in hand to journalize. What a world has passed since then! My beloved and ever remembered child, Georgiana, who was the twin spirit of my soul, a pattern of Heavenly things, was taken from us by death, as stated below, or above, and left my almost paralyzed with surprise, sorrow, and sadness. The next day she was interred in the little cemetery in their own garden. Franklin D. Richards spoke over her. He married her in England to C.V. Oh! how beautiful she was at the time! Alas, my heart aches at the reminiscences! On Wednesday, 28th. I was taken very ill...which continued to increase, 'till death stared me int eh face. But I still felt it was not my appointed time. And the servants of the lord laid their hands upon me, and our faith was concentrated, and our prayers brought down the healing power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and I was healed.

After 5 weeks illness I was reduced very much indeed and I remained very il and weak even after I got about. I have not even yet got up my strength, but I bless God I am well again. Oh! how dark the influence that seemed around me while I was ill! I felt I had lost all the elastic spring of my soul, all the poetry of my nature, all the love of it. I did not seem to enjoy the society of anyone. I might truly exclaim with Hamlet, "Man delights not me, nor woman either."

Claudius often talked about marrying again, tho Georgie, that angel of a girl, had only been dead a few days----"Wishing I was well that it might take place", etc., etc. This seems strange indeed--the dear one so lately gone! Yet I knew 'twas vain and wrong to fret for her, and I knew he had forbid Louis! At last I said, "Cesse----fret for me---I give you release----

I will be happy. So on Sunday the 9th of October they were sealed by Brigham. He also took Susanna Neslen. Oh! How ill I was that day, how forlorn I felt! Let me here speak of my ever ready, ever true an faithful friend, S.F.N. How uniform has been his kindness to me since he first professed friendship for me. Bless Him! I say it with my heart on my lip, and may God bless him, and all that may appertain to him, for his great kindness to me upon all occasions. He is one that makes no professions in words, he is even phlegmatic, but the heart is warm and sincere, and exterior I leave, knowing this, I ever feel that God sent him to me for my friend, and I bless Him for His goodness, and love him with all my Mormon heart.

Mr. King bought us a pretty little home and I felt glad to move into it, for I feel I should never get well in a cottage belong to Claudius, where I had tasted such deep sorrows. S.F.N. drove me up in bed in my carriage and I was helped into the home and into bed. from that time I began to mend. One Sunday evening I sent for Brother Johnson to come and lay hands on me. From that time I got well. I felt I should. I have seen very little of him, which perhaps is for the best.

December 1st. I was rebaptized with Bertha and my servant Ann, whom

I had brought with me, by Brother Johnson in the 14th Ward. Oh! let me bear testimony to the kindness and attention of Ann. She attended me in my illness like a daughter, also across the plains. Well, I was baptized and felt happy. I had a beautiful confirmation. I went home and had supper at Brother Johnson's. In the evening we went to Sister Cook's and hear some music and singing. Had a little conversation with Brother Johnson as we walked home. Some of it pleased me and some of it did not. I will try and remember it.

November 24th. Went with Brother Johnson and S.F.N. to the Patriarch, Uncle John Smith's, and got my blessing. It was a noble one, and so was brother Samuel's. May they be sealed in the councils of Eternity. Sunday 18th. As usual at the Tabernacle, my health fully established. Oh! may I never forget to be thankful for this great bounty. Saw Brother Johnson but did not speak to him. I should have thought such thing impossible in England, but it appears best just now. My heart is right. went to our ward meeting in the evening and testified there for the first time.

Tomorrow we are invited to Brother C.V. Spencer's to meet President Young, the Prophet of the Lord. I own my heart palpitates when I think of meeting him. Shall walk down to Brother Johnson's tonight.

21st. Went to Brother Spencer's to meet the President, felt it was an event to meet the man of whom we had heard so much, and who was certainly the greatest man of his day and age. I met him! when I was introduced to him, he rose and said, "And this is Sister King!" I like and admire him. Without being handsome, he is most interesting. His features are good and his smile expressive and benevolent, his eyes laugh before his mouth is moved. We did not talk a great deal.

30th. Had a child's party. All seemed pleased. 31st. Very busy preparing for the Legislative ball. Sat up 'till 12 o'clock at work. Wrote as is my custom to C. Fox and S.F.W. Felt I had realized a great work in being here. Is it possible I am here in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake? Yes, I am here. I leave my future in the hands of Him who ruleth in the Kingdoms of Men. I feel all will be right, though I see not how it is to be accomplished. I have been promised a blessing and I feel I shall have one!-----

January 1st, 1854. The first time I have written it. Another year has passed into Eternity---another added to the Eternal Pile. It has been the most momentous of my life! It has had its joys and sorrows, yea, its sad sorrows, but my Father has softened all to me, and I feel and acknowledge His hand in all things pertaining to me. Oh! my Father, direct me through the coming year and may I walk consistly before Thee in all things.

Went to the tabernacle and heard President Young speak and enjoyed his discourse very much. Went to the ward room in the evening. 2 or 3 disappointments in the course of the day of a minor cast.

Monday 2nd. l The Legislative Ball at the Social Hall. Enjoyed it. The President came and asked me to let him introduce me to his wife. Of course I assented. I liked her. He also asked Louisa to waltz with his daughter Lorna. Home a little before 2 o'clock.

Tuesday. The Bishop called and I had some interesting talk with him. After dinner I walked to Claudius'; found all well. C. made some strange remarks about Mr. King and myself. I shall not write them, thy will be remembered as far as is needful. Left there and went to Brother Johnson's.

Thursday. A very sharp frosty morning. Had prayers and breakfast. Called on Sister Pratt and the Bishop. Enjoyed the calls. Made some calls and went to the Ward Room in the evening and enjoyed it all.

Wednesday. Went with Sister Cook to call on Sister Snow. I had long heard of her by name. Now saw her face to face. I like her and believe we shall be sisters in spirit. Called on Sister Cobb, and like her also. So ends my journal today.

January 10th, 1854. The mail brought me this morning two letters, one from my sister Smith, and one from my mother informing me of the death of my revered father, on the 22nd of October last. Poor dear man! His love for his family was immense, and when we left England it appeared to be his death warrant. I felt this at the time and God knows it was the bitterest pill the Gospel of Jesus Christ called upon me to swallow. How often, I halted and asked myself, had I not better wait 'till he had passed away? And then came the words as if in reproach and urgency, "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me". And on I went in my determination to pursue the path I had entered upon at whatever cost.

Strange at the time of his death we were all mourning and myself in particular. I was mourning for my lost Georgie, and was on a bed of severe sickness. Well, I feel he is, "With the just made perfect", and by this time he probably knows all things relative to us and our beloved Georgie. probably they have met and conversed upon the Everlasting Gospel. Beloved and disembodied spirit of my Earthly Father, if thou art permitted hover around me, comfort and cheer me, watch over me in the hours of darkness and temptation. We shall meet again I feel sure in a higher state of Existence. For I was thine own daughter, and thy spirit was twin with my own. Whatever is, is right to the children of God.

January 11th, 1854. Arose after a good night and pleasing dreams, but felt weak and enfeebled. Breakfasted and had our family prayers, I could not pray aloud. Brother S.N. with us--he went to work, and I the same. In a short time he came and put a note into my hands that he had received from the Bishop. Its contents were startling and surprising--I have to learn that the law of kindness is not the etiquette of Salt Lake City. Well, the only comment I will make is this---"Time unveils Truth". Let our Father in Heaven judge between us--my heart odes not condemn me, and his heart bears the same testimony--who then need fear?

Saturday, January 12th, 1854. wrote the Bishop, S.F.N. Went in the afternoon to Brother Johnson and had some conversation and counsel from him, which did us both good. I felt wretched while he was gone and felt to revive from the moment he returned. Brother Wallace came in the evening and we had cards.

Sunday, breakfasted and had prayers. Brother Samuel prayed freely and fluently. We all seemed to pray freely. Went to the tabernacle, we sat as usual. IN the afternoon the same. Received the sacrament for we had nothing to repent of, our feelings for each other being that of an exalted and pure friendship, such as dying we would not wish to blot, and would take the Heaven with us. I only wish we could see more of such love. Truly 'tis so scarce, people could well mistake it, in the poor and confused language of the world.

Words, to some, serve to express patterns that have no resemblance "save the sounds they have on man's lips." Truly I often almost blush at the name of love! Yet in its full sense it is an emanation of God's spirit!---

January 18th. Dull day and the sharpest night we have had. S.F.N. in the house all day reading. Read some from "Chever's Wanderings", he went to his own room in the evening, I went, "No whither".

20th. a fine day after the sever night. Had breakfast and prayers. we were to have gone to Brother Johnson's but declined on account of the weather. Well, thank God for all things that we do possess. I feel very happy amid all things.

27th. Parley P. Pratt and one of his wives, and Mr. Brown came to tea. Brother Johnson and Wallace came in the evening. All very happy. Sunday went to the Tabernacle and 14th Ward in the evening. Monday 29th, my brother's birthday, wish him all manner of good things.

Tuesday 30th. A meeting en masse in the Tabernacle about getting the railroad through the "Valley". Saw and heard the honorable Babbit for the first time. Like him as I saw him there. Misses Kaye, 2 Neslin's, S. Stayner, and Arthur came to tea. Enjoyed the evening tolerably.

Wednesday October 1st. Went to spend the evening at Brother Pratts, enjoyed it. In the evening had a dream, Brother P. danced with me, and proposed that his son Parley and she (Bertha) should make a match some day. We shall see. Had a talk with the Bishop Heyween on a subject in which I think he has treated me harshly and unkindly, but it was not satisfactory, it left me where I was. I feel that I have a secret enemy somewhere. We parted. Met again in the evening at Union Hall Ball. He came and talked with me very freely. I danced with Heber C. Kimball who was very kind to me. And I was doubly glad, as the Bishop saw his kindness and attention. Some years ago we should have thought it strange todance with an apostle!!! Bertha looked better than I think I ever saw her and behaved very well for her. Mr. King enjoyed himself much for him. The Neslens were there. Home about half past 1 o'clock.

15th. Went to tea at Sister Neslen's.

16th. Spent the evening at Brother Johnson's to meet P.P. Pratt. F.D. Richards, Bishop Hoagland, all two wives each. Brother Johnson three. Myself solo. Home alone at 9 o'clock.

17th. Washed for the first time in the new kitchen though it is not yet finished, or the windows in. February 25th, 1854. Went by notification direct from Brother Kimball to the Council House with Bertha, and received our endowments, and enjoyed the day. All was first rate though I shed many tears that day feeling so alone. Brother Kimball was very kind and came and chatted with me at luncheon. He gave me an exhortation afterwards, and blessed me before the whole assembly, and the Apostles all said Amen to his words. We did not get home 'till near 6 o'clock. Felt well, but my brain was stretched as far as it would go. Could not sleep when I got to bed. Wrote some verses.

26th. Rose tolerably refreshed, but felt my mind too much alive to settle to do regular work, and being Saturday I decided to do just this, that, and the other. The sun shines beautifully. Memory be thou immortal upon the events of yesterday.

Sunday Morning, 27th. Went to the Tabernacle in the wagon, Bertha, Tom, S.F.N. and the shepherd and Charles. Only a few there, I suppose, the choice ones. Orson Spencer preached. Promised those present a blessing for their preserverance in coming out on such a morning.

He spoke of the signs of the times, and that the time was come when God would claim his own and Satan would claim his own, and therefore we ought to look well that we were filled with the spirit of God. For if we were only partially filled, Satan would fill up the vacuum. Home an dined and had the bottle of champagne I bought at Kanessville. Went o meeting in the evening. Enjoyed it tolerably.

Tuesday went to Brother Wilkins Ball. The Neslens went with us, a dark influence around us all day, Mr. King seemed possessed, however to my surprise, we enjoyed ourselves much. I cannot but feel happy.

March 10th. Went int he evening to Charity Ball given by Brother Wilkin. Wrote some verses which were hung up in the Hall, and sung int he evening by S.F. Neslen. Brother Johnson and his wife were there. I enjoyed myself much. Strange events have taken place in my life the last 3 years.

March 11th. Died early this morning, Doctor Willard Richards, one of Brigham's councilors. Went to the tabernacle, came home after the afternoon service. Things uncomfotable at home. Talked with Brother Johnson during the recess.

16th. My birthday. No letters, no presents as of fore, but still I feel thankful that things are as well as they are.

25th. Went int he carriage with Brother and Sister Wilkin. S.F.N. and Bertha to spend the day with Brother and Sister Lorenzo Young. Home to tea. Enjoyed the evening in nice talk.

January 7th, 1855. I have journalized but little the past year, time being at a premium with me here in this place. But I bear my testimony here in writing that I am rejoicing as ever in the work of the Lord. I feel, indeed and in truth, that He has been my Father, and my God, and never has the thought crossed my mind that I wish I had not given up my home and come here, or a regret that I have entered into covenant with Him.

No, I rejoice that I had so much of His Spirit that I was enable to see truth and embrace, it. And though I have daily laid upon the Alter of Sacrifice, yet "all is well", and though I have been afflicted in many ways had have lost those who were formally around and about me who aided in making my Heaven, yet He has surrounded me with the purest and truest friendships that have been my solace, and has made a "silver lining" to the clouds that have hovered over me.

May 17th, 1860. This day I lay sick upon my bed. I thought to arouse my mind by reading this journal, and I cannot but exclaim, "Great and marvelous are They ways, Oh! King of Saints, and that my soul knoweth right well."

Nearly 10 years have passed since I commenced this book and what changes!!!What afflictions!! What convulsions of the heart and brain!! What doubts and fears! What sickness and sorrow! And then as an offset what singular blessing amounting to a perfect Romance which, by the bye, is living Truth,, and all is well.

Here I take up an occasional journal and shall have to retrograde somewhat but I expect it will be comprehended. Occasional Journal, July 6th, 1854. Four years have passed since I journalized in this occasional journal. What an age I seemed to have lived since that time! My mind seems almost to lose its equilibrium at the retrospection. What changes! What bereavements! What new friends and associates! And above all a new home 9000 miles from the home so much beloved, even Dernford Dale. I feel that I cannot write my thoughts at this time, they are so complicated. But I realize that trial and sad affliction has been around me, and yet the Hand of the Lord has been over me all the time.

Eleven days after I last wrote here, I saw Mr. Johnson, I was prepared for Mormonism. A woman--my dressmaker who had worked for me 11 years, had laid the principles before me, and had been my elder and teacher for over a year. I had never seen a member of the church, or of course not an Elder. But he came by invitation from me, through her, to visit us, and

became an instrument in the Hands of God, in changing my destiny and that of my family for Time and which will extend to Eternity. Not two months after I last wrote here I embraced Mormonism, so called, and was baptized by Brother Joseph W. Johnson, into the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints.

This mighty step caused me to travel to the gathering place of the Saints---Great Salt Lake City. Well, I am here with all my family. My beloved child Georgiana lived but one week after we arrived here, and then passed to an infinitely better Parent into Glory! That was one of the great trials of my life. And to this moment I am unable to read that afflictive dispensation, but no doubt all is right. At any rate, it is my duty to submit.

Am I as happy as I used to be 4 years ago? Yes, withal I am quite as happy. My views are far more extended. I feel to take a mightier range, in fact, "old things have passed away--All things have become new". The vacuum is filled which never was before in my happiest times. No more tonight.

August 3rd, 1854. The monthly fast day. All things seemed to go wrong this day. No bread or flour in the house. Obligated to borrow some for breakfast, and all our money spent or lent except \$5.00---every farthing we had in the world in money! Mr. King cross and fault finding. Felt I could not attend meeting at the Ward room, having some ironing to do, and beside have lost the spirit of going my by troubles. All so new to me! Got over the breakfast, no prayers. Went to ironing, got done by half past 9 o'clock. Thought I'd go to meeting. Went and enjoyed it much. Prayed in meeting and felt the spirit---and also my own spirit returned to me. Home at a quarter before 1. Got some dinner, but felt poverty struck.

Brother Neslen came again last night for money for building the house, some still remaining unpaid. Felt poor indeed, not being able to pay our debts. Felt overcome at the table, and left, and came into the little parlor and relieved my feelings by tears, which would fall, my heart being full.

After a time thought I would write to Claudius, to ask him to pay us some he owes us, as he borrowed \$500.00 from us at St. Louis. He sent me back \$110.00. Felt overjoyed. It came like a gift. Thanked by God for it! In the interim thought I would write to President Young about Tom to ask him to give him some employment in or about his office--Did so--I feel the spirit of God directed me in this thing and also in all my movements today. Oh! my Father! I bless Thee, I worship Thee for all Thy great goodness to me and my family. And I know if I do right, Thou wilt let Thy spirit guide and direct and comfort me.

August 20th, 1854. Why is it that I do no journalize as I was want to do? One thing is I want time. I am now a servant in my own house, and everything so different that I have not yet found my level, but I am rejoicing still in the work of the lord. I rejoice that I heard His Gospel preached in its fulness, and that I had enough of His spirit to enable me to lay hold and embrace it. I rejoice to sit under the voice of the prophet of God, our beloved Brother Brigham. I rejoice in his councilors Brother Heber, and Grant, with whom I have made some acquaintance, and I rejoice all the time.

The sorrow I have arrises from him who should stand in his lot and place, and be a father and husband in Israel! And yet he desires to be kind and do his family good. He came here for the love he had for his family. This is something, I must hope and do the best I can.

September 6th, 1854. How powerful the thought is with me today, that

could I begin life again from this time, how glorious it would be! When I did begin it, I was a mere child in age and experience---a village girl. Yet I had been raised carefully as all our family had. My mother was a wise and judicious trainer of the young, and her mind was toed with much practical knowledge of character and circumstances. She was our daily, hourly Lexicon. If we spoke wrongly, she corrected us there, if ungrammatically, she made us repeat it properly. She talked knowledge and learning and good manners and morals and principles into us day by day, and so cultivated our minds and formed our characters. Still our lives were secluded and mine especially. My experiences had been chiefly gathered from books and the thoughts and manners they had engendered. Yet, we never read trash in any shape or form. I loved the beautiful wherever I found it, whether in the flowers, the murmuring brook, the landscape, or the "human face divine". But it was an ideal knowledge. After the experience I have had and the light of the Gospel on path. I could really appreciate and understand now. faith has been lost in knowledge gained by experience of people and circumstances.

Oh, that I were now in the days of my youth, that I might give the rein to the rich impulses of my full soul! My heart! My brian! These with me will never grow old, through Thy will,m and are of course affected by the phases of life!

Even now I might realize something of the dream of my youth! And might enjoy a higher ratio than when in actual possession of that season of life which few can ever know but once. The heart with many seems to grow grey with the head! With me it is not so. Immortal youth is mine, of spirit, at any rate. And I suffer accordingly because that bill has not yet been filled.

September 26th, 1854. The second anniversary of this important day spent in the "Valley". Brother and Sister Johnson, and Sister Wienal spent that evening here---Brother S.F.N. being here also.

November 2nd, 1854. I desire to commune with my own heart palpably as I have often done in the evanescent realms of thought upon a subject that affects my much at present, has done so in the past, and will more or less---it may be in a powerful degree affect my future destiny. Mine is and ever has been a loving heat, craving with a miser's avarice the love of mortals. And I have had a large portion lavished upon me. I want to ask, and if possible obtain, an answer to my own heart. Am I at the present time acting wisely? I must hold the glass very near, that I may see the reflection correctly. Do I repent of nay feelings I may have had---or call forth? I unequivocally answer NO! I acknowledge the Hand of the Lord in all the circumstances that have surrounded me since I entered His church.

He knew I needed a faithful friend. He raise me one up. Did I seek it? No! I was too innocent and inexperienced to dream of seeking someone to lean on, though Heaven knew I needed one--one that I could to go, and throw my burden down, and say help me! I have met such friend, faithful and true! I see--dismiss the court, all is right. There is nothing that "Dying I need with to blot". I leave an open verdict.

Christmas day 1854. At ten o'clock this morning my dear Bertha was married by President Kimball to Brother Caudland; President Young, Brother Johnson, Mr. King and myself, and T.O. King being present. I have felt shook up into a muddle by this affair, in times past, but now I feel happy and all right according as I see. May the Spirit bless this compact, and may the blessing of His Servants upon us, realized by us, is my prayer in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Little did I think this day, a week, that I was going to be left alone so soon. How strange have been the events of my life! What has the Lord in store for me int he future? Oh! my Father in Thine own time,

reveal Thy will to me or to Thy Servants, that I may know Thy Will, and do it. Yes, do it and be blessed!

December 26th, 1854. A large party given by Judge Kinney to Colonel Steptoos and his officers and the citizens of Salt Lake City--a ball--at 7 o'clock. All us present, including the bride and groom. She had stayed with my by my request her bridal night. I had felt triste all day, was obliged to leave the tea table and go to my room and have a good cry. My tears flowed fast, for a thousand thoughts rushed upon my mind, and overpowered me. Still, I have much to be thankful for, above all, kind friends. Yes, my Father has never left me without a friend, that precious boom to man and woman.

President Kimball called my to one side on Christmas day, after the marriage ceremony, and looking me full in the face, after a pause said, quite most impressively, "God bless you". That was all, but to judge of its force, one must see his look and his manners, being their "God bless you", means something!

The last evening of the year 1854. How I have felt all this day! My mind is full of thoughts, and this evening I could not sit out the meeting. My spirit felt so restless and unquiet. I also felt somewhat unwell. I have had much to try me of late. I feel my situation so changed, and my associations too, that when I realize it, it makes me sad.

Saturday, March 3rd, 1855. At one o'clock went with Sister Wilkin to the Bishop's to work for the poor as we are told to do. After a time she was very silent. I smiled and said, were there wine ont he table, I should propose Sister Wilkin's health in her absence! This set her talking and she spoke of her early days in this church, of her speaking in tongues and I asked her to do so now. After a time she consented, but first desired us all to join in prayer, first laying all our work away. She prayed first beautifully, and also Sister Leonard. After, Sister Wilkin got up and laid her hands on my head to bless me, speaking in a sweet tongue. she afterwards gave the interpretation. It was full of rich blessings for me, promising I should be great in this Church and kingdom, should have the gift of tongues, with the interpretation of the same, etc., etc. Enjoined me not to be hasty in anything, but to walk cautiously. Told me many great and good things about my children. Indeed, it was a rich blessing. She also blessed the others and we had a rich time. We then walked home and I took tea with her. She blessed "grandma". I then prayed and so closed our meeting. It was all good.

March 9th. I went for the first time to tea with Brother Kimball's wives. Sisters, Young, Sarah Kimball, Robbins--Ivings--Rachael Ivings, Sister Whitney, were there. Enjoyed it as well as I expected to do. Disappointed Brother Kimball was not here.

March 16th. My birthday. Brother Sam sent a note into my room before I was up in the morning. Then came one from Bertha with a beautiful neck ribbon. And then directly after one from dear Louis, with a square of scented soap, and then one from Sister Weinal. All were kind and good, and reminded me of "the lights of other days", when love walked side by side with me in a way that seemed Heaven can hardly surpass! Truly I have been blessed come what may. May my future time be my past time.

Mail in at 4 o'clock. march 17th. This morning got a letter from my sister Mary announcing the death of my beloved and honored mother! She says she died broken hearted! Poor thing! Well, I expect the time will come when she will know all things, and then all will be right. I would not recall her if I had the power, for she is gone to her rest with the just made perfect.

Sunday March 25th, 1855. Rose late and got breakfast and my work done and went to the tabernacle. Judge Phelps opened the meeting by prayer. Orson Pratt preached chiefly of the omnipresence of the Deity.

Monday, April 9th, 1855. Bertha returned home to me, she having that day obtained a divorce from Brother Caudland! Chance and change are everywhere. It was no wish of mine but her own will, which no one could change!

May 1st, 1855. I have suffered much in my mind lately, some from internal and some from external causes. Thou my Father knowest all things, knowest my weaknesses, my desires, my resolves. Oh! help me to improve, to gain an ascendancy over myself, over my selfishness. May I be enabled to tread it beneath my feet, for I certainly desire to do right and go on in the way of improvement. Preserve me from the powers of darkness, from the weaknesses of my own imperfect nature. Help me to stand through every trial and ever be honest and virtuous to all. May I preserve with holy sanctity my friends. May I be able to return their good feelings for me. May I be determined to gain an ascendancy over that troublesome little empire, my own heart!

Oh! my Father! Give Thine angels charge concerning me. Let me not fail. Oh! let me not fail of eternal lives, and to come forth on the morning of the first resurrection. Let me be untied with congenial spirits who will build me up and do me good. This is what I yearn for, which will be the lever movement that will lift me into Eternal life!

May 2nd. This morning I feel happier. OH, that I could always feel as at the present time. OH! my Father, I bless and thank Thee for all Thy kindness unto me, in giving me kind loving heats to stand by me. May I be ever faithful to my covenants, even so, Amen.

May 7th. The 14th anniversary of my beloved Owen's funeral. This day the missionaries started for England, and among them Brother Robert Neslen. May the Lord prosper him. Heard today that Brother Sam was going to Carson Valley with the Bishop, and perhaps Tom Owen. This brings a cloud over me, though for some things I feel glad. All is right when we do right. Had tea at Brother Johnson's. What a change there! He walked home with me, but we had no particular talk.

January 24th, 1857. Years have passed since I have journalized in this occasional journal. In those years I have lived a life full of experience. I have been separated from the kind, warm, and faithful friend who was---raised up by the Lord to be my friend in need. This I verily have reason to believe. He is now called away on the Lord's business, which will bring him honor and power if he is faithful, which I feel he will be. His father, and more especially his mother, have been bitter enemies of mine--because, forsooth, I did their son good. But let it go. God will judge and decide that case. Now I will return to other journals that come in before this.