1853

Diary of Zadoc Long Jr. 1853

Zadoc Long Jr.

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FAREWELL.
(From Harper's Bazaar.)

You've been a warm, true friend to me.
These many, many years;
But now the last long hour comes-
Apart from you I bear.
Well I remember, long ago,
One snowy winter's night,
I stood ere the gate, as usual,
To welcome a friend.
Alas! that all your grace should be,
And all the perfect charities.
My dear friend I have not known
In those rare stately arms.
You are to wear a modest look,
But now are many steps.
You have assumed.

I'm ready to scatter the last tear.
But now the last long hour comes-
Apart from you I bear.

(IDA ESTELLE CROUCH,
100 Washington St., Boston, Mass.)

FIRE FANCIES.
I am sitting by my friend,
In a warm and rusty glow,
While the day is slowly dying.

And the shadows come and go,
And within the glowing embers
Shadows form and boy the sun;
Shadows that bring back to memory
Friends and days once dear to me.

And although this firelight
Is still but rays to shape,
Through it all the deep tones of sadness
Seem to speak to me.
Like shadows over the sun;

For the dear ones whose sweet faces
Made my heart so glad and gay,
There with whom I called and journeyed
On each happy summer day
Now far away.
And I miss them
As I sit alone to-night,
As I see their dreamland
And although this firelight
Is warm and rusty glow,

WONDERFUL! WO

Bazar.

IDEAL.

Somewhere out in the great wide world
My love is waiting for me;
And I search through the endless throb of life
For the one I last shall see.

My heart whispers low, "I shall find her,"
And I feel no inward stir;
But calmly I wait for my own to come,
For the fate of my strange life is known.

I shall know her, my noble darling,
By the soul like light in her eyes,
By the nobleness crowned on the pure white brow,
Where the grace of her beauty lies.

There will be no need of questions,
Nor of answers soft and low,
For we both have bid the weary time,
And the secret we both shall know.

I shall hold her hand in a firm, strong clasp,
I shall press her close to my heart,
For all the long years of waiting are over,
And we wander no more apart.

Brooklyn Eagle.
There stands a house upon yonder hill,
A lonely house that is haunted.
Yet I say that house is haunted.

About it are many flowers and trees,
And nothing is that's dreary;
In the garden merrily hum bee,
And the bird's song there is cheery;
No, none would on all in drear.

Whenever I in that garden stray,
A feeling strange o'ersomes me,
And scenes from many a vanished day,
Phantasmal boat before me,
And an old dream comes o'er me.

Along the path past the twilight flowers,
A feeling strange works o'er me,
A street, fair face from a window beams,
With a love-bought welcome streaming,
Like a light in darkness gleaming.

Into the silent house I go,
And deem there is no one within me,
But a shadowy shape, with shadowless slow,
Comes, smiling and sits there by me.
Through the curtains he gazes o'er me.

There's a glamour about the house and grounds
That dares me to make a vision,
And charms my ear, and I hear old sounds,
And I swim with delusion,
Half-deafening my ear and vision.

To others, no doubt, these things are not.
But to me the place is haunted.
Fair memo, lie utter about the past
That never will be extinguished.
And the house, alas, that is haunted.

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**Whig & Courier**

From the Round Table.

A Haunted House.

DY W. L. SHORMAKER.

There stands a house upon yonder hill, a lonely house that is haunted. Yet I say that house is haunted.

About it are many flowers and trees, and nothing is that's dreary; in the garden merrily hum bee, and the bird's song there is cheery; no, none would on all in drear.

Whenever I in that garden stray, a feeling strange o'ersomes me, and scenes from many a vanished day, phantasmal boat before me, and an old dream comes o'er me.

Along the path past the twilight flowers, a feeling strange works o'er me, a street, fair face from a window beams, with a love-bought welcome streaming, like a light in darkness gleaming.

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**Monthly Statement.**

Boston, May 1st, 1866.

In Account with ROGERS, SNELLING & CO.

99 & 101 Broad Street, BOSTON.

45 Cliff Street, NEW-YORK.

John P. Rogers,
Wm. C. Rogers,
Nath'l P. Snelling,
E. D. Rogers,
Z. Long, Jr.

1866
Apr. 9. Wheat
  1 Fl. 17.32
  28 3/4 Lb. (15.44 S) 5.00
  10 Cash 10.00
May 1...
  1 Grains 2.50
  1 Cash 2.50
  1 Cash 2.50
  1 Inv. 3.75
  13 (Flr Flr 19.75) 3.00
  30 2.55

365 / 295.60.00 684
  12.00
  13.00
  18.00
  18.00

1/250.00 25.00
  10.00
  10.00
  10.00

1921
1910
1910
1910
Satuday Sept 3rd 1853

Very warm and dry. I have here begun a new journal of my life. 

This evening from Boston last evening and brought me this book and to day I make the commencement. He has been to Cambridge with brother John who has just entered for his College course at the age of 14 years. He was well pleased though not having much over one years time and he entered equal to any one in his Class. He is a fine scholar and I hope he will use his powers of mind in his own advancement in Knowledge and in 

being a man. I hope he will be careful of his health and careful of his money. I want him to become a distinguished man, but I want him to be a good one. He left away from his dear home last Monday morning to be absent for four years which time is required to finish his College course. He was rather sad the morning he parted with us but Time will vanish his 

Look Gould and his attachment for friends and until probably he become as his clothes Call him from them. Not one 

Now perhaps he may have attached to his friends but he will find that the world into its business will separate 

him from them and he Must go for himself. I hope he will succeed and that his brightest anticipations may be 

realised and my prayers shall be God bless him.

Father, Mother and 

I am the only occupants of the old home now. Rosie has been 

spending some time with sister Julia in Madisonville but is 

now on return home. I think she is at Portland. She will 

make the winter at home some longer but the family is rather 

small to what it was once. Grandmother Long is dead. Sister 

Anna is sick and living in Massachusetts and brother 

James gone to College. I prefer having a small family to a large 

one. It is less noisy and that is has to interrupt one in 

his thoughts. I know it. May he be Merry, but there is a 

time, a better time for thinking, think think thinking. 

I hope this 

journal may be so kept that in after years it will prove in 

teresting to me and those who shall turn over its pages. I 

wish wish to keep a journal of Life of my thoughts, Day s and 

ments and My acts. I rean it the life history of them who write it 

and I hope I show to him and to act. That will have not feel
I read by this book to gain three
things, to live a good life, to a
reach as I advance in my life, and
my thoughts and feelings in the pa
t. I have been, what are my thoughts and feelings in this
past? Each day I must make some record here and every
time I shall be sure I shall feel and know I am
Making improvements. I am now in my twentieth year, old enough
to be a man, but I am not as much of a man as I wish
I was. I am old enough to begin and now let me say to
myself that I will be. If I am pursuing the wrong road
now, then let me reverse my footsteps and have the
forms which is the best to follow on or to consider.
If I am guilty of any bad habits be me to clean from them
too after this day. I am perhaps now beginning on New Year in
My life, and if so, let me hold myself; I can only depend now
to connect myself with similar people going on steadily. Then
will be called forth my energies and I shall be forced to see
more for myself, and to show the more upon my own excellence.
Well. I am glad I have been not of spending much all day
and have had nothing to do. So now I can say I am
glad that soon I shall be engaged in business. I am going to
be one to go ahead in business perhaps the other was try
and make the next year's an equal one in doing well in business and see
how men I can become the part of a man
and when I can do that. Then I shall be one. And that is
enough. There is something in the business of things human. So in
I am thinking that I perhaps can be a man. So a little
more but that is its meaning. Rather for me the capital
to go into business and my prayer is that I may do well. I
want to be successful in gaining property. But I never expect, as
I hope, I pray that I shall never serve from an honorable and
upright course to attain so. If to do right and doing right this
way industrious and ambitious. One not gain the wealth than he
is buy the people. I had rather be beloved and respected, and
be poor than rich and have the presence. One to live or
in the hearts of those I love. If a demi to do rights of having
this to be, will make me try. Then I have and these try. Try, try
again. I may not have began this is well it means have been but
in closing this page I will say so that it may be remembered
by them who many years may come, I fear. Those who may never
see this book but know that it was written in sincerity and
No sun. Great change in the weather from yesterday.

In the afternoon I attended a Temperance Lecture at the Meeting House

Almost a full house by Mr. Learned a reformed sailor. Rather too much flourished of course, and rather to loud, for the amount of talent and

eduction which he desires to have. He was in favour of the

Wine Liquor Law and that it was the Law of all

Laws. I thought that the Miami had been here and the other

Law repealed than the Miami Liquor Law. I don't agree

with him. I think the Law may be good, if it produces the

good and effects the purposes for which it was intended. But

I have my doubts in regard to its very good influence. It

came to me that of late that the Temperance Cause

is relaxed. Rum, Rum seems to be the chief new drug. It

is in vogue in the Politics of this State, that the Demo-

cratic Party are all disbelieving of theNames Braggin' into the

Democrats and I don't know how many more. The Miami Law

has been in operation some time, certainly long enough to try

its work and its seems as if there was a great flood of

rum far more than ever. The Old and Young Men drink, but

when I am a boy and the Leaders was upon the Counties and

Men drinking freely, I saw the young Men indulge, but now

the Liquor is driven by Breezes into private and secret places

whoses and Cellars, where the Sinners and Indulge when he

will. This is the bad Effect of the Law I think. To be done it seems to drive the Sinners into private, where the Leaders from

the Common are above the call of the multitude, but follow them and you

will find them in fine places in their pockets, and in their

Cellars. It would be better if it was justice. If the Bar was

for them all come and more clearly the bare and low etc. of the

Law of Alcohol. The young, less all might take warning. But no. It

is kept in sweet places, To escape the Breezes and Cellars of the Law.

with the drink it is their right this Liberty and as long as this

so be it so we are to thrive them, for they will fight what they

think is right and let it be, whether it actually be right or wrong. Thus

can be pretended that it is for their interest to do right when it is some

matter of their return, but then should be used as much, and be

shown personal and kindly treat them in the same how the Temperance

Cause advance rather than drive them and call them names monthly,

any longer. There is so much dispute as much quarreling and back bit-
among all parties that it is enough to revoke any cause and
to lessen the effects of any Law. Why not make Laws/To
Men such Changes as this? to form Men of one
passions and inclinations. There is a certain portion of con-
Years that will promote and end it much and a
portion that will give rise again to those passions and
new themselves in to the lower depths of vice. and why do
not have a strict Law for all as well as for one. But of
the Law be enforced upon one portion. before it is upon
Let the Laws of the American men to people alike. But
if this Law will affect its people. I am for it. Any thing
that will keep intemperance. But I do not wish to hold
up or maintain any law or laws that will sit to the ad-
bancements of the American people. People will Eas to cease
two drink to teas. Next I ask why the before laws equally
on each. As for the Laws of the land and council of this
the same one of which we Made by a set of devils come
to the legislators. when they had ought to be done to having
corn an shorting love. I dont think that any of these would
not be from drinking or eating. When Men think they right
in this right is their liberty to a hard task to have them
in So long as the statue book other laws are under
prohibits them from being place the intemperate here
the town is allowed to be intemperate and drunk. Just So long
men will drink. just as done as that if the laws was it
will you right. But you let Men in the awful position
in which they are. show them the dangers in their path and they
will reform under such influence. ten times Men than under the
efforts of as. Many more Laws as Council. I confined into this
journal. I dont drink for I know it is wrong. I love rum gin and
brandy for I know that the very love I have is the best reason
why I should not indulge. If I drink once I shall again. and
my judgement taken I can truly say I am a temperance
man. in the use ofordnance spirit. I dont allow. My self to
be in such circumstances as some young men say thing are
when in hard suffering. I can say Mr. and I hope to heaven
I always can. I love it. but my conscience. My pride to be a
man. Checks Me. is harder for those who love to drink to abstain
from them who do not. Until they who drink for the honor of
is. them to be kind of good common sense to me. I have missions
to take a drink glass but I always decline. I advise my young friends to
than is. I tell them the reason is of certainty must bring them, and though they warnings may not be all them, I mean by themselves had never heard them to take one single drop of the poisonous liquid, elongating, drink. If the Alcoholic Liquor Act does not advance the Case of Penitence, but makes drunkards more, then I am not its depository, but God I have the reformation of all the men as slaves to the heavy cups. Not long ago, I was in one of our streets or the village and I saw a mad, a mad running scene, such a scene as I hope there will be witnessed here again. I passed a young man, a father who had been drunk, his insane wife drunkards, and his poor wife who is the picture of despair came after him to lead him home. He cursed he swore as he was drunk a beast had to make himself, and his self pitying his hand in his arm to cling is as though leaving him to go with her. How her heart must have bled to Thus see her husband. To see her leading him along to his home, with her hands clasped around his as of leaving him to be alone was more than one could bear. I made the trip to see such a scene. But this was only once of a thousand times for ought I know that he has been guilty. He is a drunkard. It seems, as though he was bound to fall a drunkard gone. I went to hear he might be saved, and how he shed is he done. I told that the longterm might be taken away. I told that he sought him mercy enough to withstand the evil. But this will not be to be given, but Why Art thou seek him and then in Penitence until they shall be so as the best of a Man? Then else can be done.

The gentle dose of repentance and of discretion is the only one penal can for the shameful disease. I helped a young man who are to be my school masters, into the hotel some time ago and set him laid down for the night. He was so drunk he could not go for him ever from the sagging, swinging multitude, and tumbled to him like a brother. Yes, my old brother though he is a young man. He said he the child. Thus a Scripture for him to occupy, the position of a drunken one. I pitied the poor fellow, and I knew all I could for him. I wish his Money that it might be kept, and in the morning gave it him. Now he now and I don't know I see him but seldom. I hope he dies soon and again.

Since the evening will climb last night. Colonel
Canwell came with me. He is going to back to the farm place there.
Colonel and Miss Frances Hall run very intimate. Took our goods and bags
by writing, say nothing which will make you return by this, and cause you
embarrass. Look well after your health. In the building world, be best to keep cool.
Tuesday afternoon Sept 6th 1857

Mrs. Cole will go in the morning our new quite warm and sunny.

Note to Mrs. Emmons yesterday afternoon with Michael Hall. Took tea there. in the evening called and saw Mrs. and Miss Ellen. Sister Rose came in the car last evening. She has been gone quite a long time and now makes our family number just 11. Rather a small family to occupy such a large house as this. The schools commence in the village yesterday morning. Mrs. Tracy the principal rooms in our house. Quite a large attendance I believe.

F. C. Smith is extending the Rockford Branch Rail Road through to Carter Point. The road is graded under the management of John Morton. It is graded on most of the way to Hazel's Mills I think now. They commenced grading in the spring. The road runs quite a curve over fix belt back of our house. It was hard to have such a beautiful and fertile field thus cut through but to escape. Mr. Smith has had a steam boat to run upon the Androscoggin River to connect with the upper part of this road.

The "Wild Cat" portion of the Democratic party has nominated Mr. Pleasburg for governor to be successor to Mr. Crocker the present Governor if he be elected, and the Republicans have nominated Hon. A. D. Hamblett for their candidate in opposition to the wild cat nominee. The "Wild Cats" are opposed to the Miami liquor laws and the Republicans are in favor. So each must select a Jefferson candidate. Which will gain the victory is not to be known until the battle is fought, but I think that Pleasburg will be the Governor. The Miami liquor law has cut the Democratic party all to pieces, and its hard finding vain democracy these times. There are cattle rancher broken, and this is grinding. Backing, floundering, officious seeking and denominational courses pursue while many run, our which do much excitement 1st is flooding the land. Men will not be driven from what they think is right and if you try this to do, they will come against you with added vigor.
Wed. Evening, Sept. 7th, 1853.

Dear Evening,

We had some showers with very short lightning. I never saw the heavens look as distant and awful as they did last evening. Across some fixing mountain high upon heavens and as they declinded, and creaked in the distance I made me aware. I never saw, so grateful to perceive a light. The lightning was airy frequent, and sharp. This Morning it is some cloudy. Called up to the friends Albert last evening had a very small call. Had to go home in the dark.

Evening, it has been quite warm and sunny part of the day. I went to the Depot this morning to get a friend of mine who was coming away in the case but the case was to soon for the funeral service. After breakfast I arrived my friend to Heather's place, to take the case there. Arrived there about 10 o'clock and our sound. Took dinner taken my friend to the Depot bought a ticket, and bid 'adieu', and off I came, all alone towards home. It was very cloudy, and so hot was the sun that I took off my coat and scarf and jogged a long as undisturbed as one be, feeling quite cool, but I had to break it and wind in huge enormous quantities of debris that I was so uncomfortable. After my bed, and the wind starting up. I thought I should get a cooling but I kept on into my hospital, as long as possible until I found I must protect myself from the hot sun, as soon as I had been my umbrella on the whole before distant. So I took the Buffalo river and turned near my present and down on I turn on and the sun in the mountains, and the wind blow toward and harder and the sun beating of such high heads into my eyes that I was compelled to come into a broad shed which luckily happened to be near by. I was and having put my coats on I was one behind in the same as I came out, putting down on the old road, and the morning of the news that duve to Morley blow on the tall depot near by. Finally it broke away, and the sun ceased, but not raining the umbrella I came upon, and we were home about 6 o'clock. Went down to the barn, and farther and the more when I did. I love him, and she loves him, and he had a letter came to see me (as usual) and said when I was the year old. I never thought him right in what he said. I think it very lie I think, and when I am so. I have look back to the time when I was so, and attribute what
transfixed them. They are from childhood to lifetime limits and terms.

He dreads more than his enjoyment. The infant dreams not the 4

child's dreams nor its enjoyment. The infant dreams not the 5

he dreads must have its enjoyment. The child's dreams not the 6

what he dreads must have its enjoyment. The child's dreams not the 7

now to embark upon this voyage. The attractions, the pleasures, and advantages of the world change as men advance. I...
In vain, with our own head simile, with our own stormy days, praised the infinite God did his figure course. Mark it out to him by some almighty hand, he would see along the way, to view the future. Written in dark and letters the "Mistakes of a Life Time." And I sometimes questioned if there be such things as these; or if in fact they are, I think them as lessons to train us in our judgments. In Tonying so definite a journey as this from time to eternity the guide boards on the long way may not always be rightly read, and thus coming so many years our way, but the routes are so numerous that we shall not go for one of the long before taking into another track. We shall read the guide again and push on. But there are directions all in the way, and if we will serve along the ears which is?ingdom, grief. This plan, and the "Mistakes of a Life Time," have closed our eyes with the shall not anqht and knowing the long shall journey on again. It makes one smile, a true in 2nd, to contemplate this march of life. Whether it be going with the vast army of human souls what of the enemy's which he is to encounter? If God comes standing my song from yonder graveyard, and tells me death. What a "March of March" is this? This March of Life. Here, there are they all going. I am the army marching onward, and as they pass in they have behind them comrade upon the battle field. I look at the right going down, I see the rear army all with lying in between upon the other. And, before on the march. Where are they going? Or where they but marching, without knowing what their destiny was! Regarding them souls for the March of Eternity, and where have they gone? Where are we all going? In thinking of my distance and my destiny, I sometimes have to pause and recall in my meditations and shake my thoughts upon something which comes within my grasp. Sometimes in fact what my mind can grasp. I have been so busy, so in my wandering in thinking of man and his distance, and final destiny that I do not know, or the I allow my self to try to bring out or guess what which always makes stick to me. The Man I think of a new Doctor myself to the anchor the clouds of destiny down to how around my mind. Man is steadily and slowly made. The difference in the equipment and the soldiers of the army that lived in the River Face of Life. So in the army, I am equipped with too good in the River Face of Life. In the army, I am equipped with too good.
Thursday, Oct 5th, 1853

Very pleasant.

Just cool enough for comfort. The leaves upon the trees are beginning to fade and change their colors of green for colors of all hues. It makes me sad to see the leaves falling and falling away. It reminds me of the flight of time and time passing quickly. And still I love the Autumn. I can not know what time leaves me on. I will not mourn, but I can not bear the leaves away. Some of the leaves. Autumn makes me think of the past and the future. Makes me think of the Summer that has fled and of the many pleasant scenes with it, and makes me look back to the springtime to come. What all the beautiful and unison fruits will be borne in the snow, and the green leaves now, now changing, will bear all gone and the budding bushes will be alike and clothed in the gray hands of winter. The song of the birds I shall not hear them. No. The sounds will hush and moan, and bitterly cry, to feel cold, which the loss of all these will have made. Their lie is gone, and let summer go. This is another summer coming. But this one that has gone will never come again. Say a little prayer in your heart. So it never will.

Father and Mother have been down to see Grandfather Long. He is an old man, all alone. He thinks that all is gone for his wife who has lived with him for many years. He died this summer very suddenly. Grandfather Long is still here. He is an old man. And to be left so in his old age was rather more than he can Bear. He is from John Davis last night. He is well and doing

for the first time come in College. He is well and doing
Saturday Evening Sept. 10, 1853.

This morning cloudy, some wind. In the afternoon we had a little rain. James Tender and I have been over to Hatton Academy to the County Song which was held there.

We have a fine moon to-night and it is one of the most pleasant evenings imaginable. The moon and stars are shining bright and it is just cool enough to be comfortable. It seems like fall for the trees are beginning to change their foliage and the leaves have mostly gone. The sounds begin to move their solemn song. Yes, the autumn is coming here. Come, come, and they make us begin to prepare our minds from the chill. The fires in the old chimney and the stove are going to be Dean - and tell us that Winter is coming. Saw Charlotte to-night. Michael Read took tea with Mr. 10 Clay.

Sunday Sept. 11, 1853

Cool and cloudy. The weather to-day drives more clothes on to us to-day. It has been cloudy all day; the sun family breaking through with cool breeze for tables with. I have been to meeting all day and heard Mr. Anger of Turner Village. Asked to lay out that I slept so much that I think I have much of his earnest. I think the old Man and of Thursday. It is to my mind, and in fact I don't think he is very eloquent or sublime in words or ideas. But that was no excuse for my going to sleep. I ought to be ashamed. I am trying to get away from the world. I have tried to come myself of many of my faults for many that I have made me sad, and dissatisfied with myself. I am deciding to try once more, and again as much as I am capable of, in many things, and bring me to be ashamed. I feel lonely and sad and these words that become growing and long are always. My chimney, and the rooms, the rooms. I am ashamed of, and my adrover my chimney, and the rooms. I am ashamed of, and my adrover my chimney, and the rooms.
cold andivery winter. For that is too cold too dreary. Too
abruptly of a warmth for ever my soul. But let the colder
climate find its way to the heart. I am ready for it. I have
come here quite long enough. I see not the flight of time. But
after it has gone I love to look back and see some of the
deeds that have been done with it. Oh! how I like to dwell on
the past. For it is not only that, but it may
away forever the little heart which I sometimes imagine was
in some, when I am gone and shall sleep in the cold church
little heart. The future in this world, does not look very bright to
me. Of course it is my own fault. But I do try to
much to live for in the coming or of time as perhaps many
do. I can not hear many voices echoing from thefuture, but in
the room. I cannot lie. Many voices than away that
are and make me like brave and ambitious to be an actor.
How I do not hear voices far away near, which touches my
lips and makes me long to go. As the times are not much
as ever. I now fell at once echoing through the lonely
lips of my heart. But time will separate me for the coming
autumn and winter of life. And I shall not care for its
cold and dreary leaves, its faded and falling leaves, its swift
in force and its lingering songs. For them, come and let me laugh
them a welcome. Then when comes back for a young lad of 18.
I guess I will pause and with thinking, that, think, thinking.
by the Mason Law it knows that candidate against itself must fail to pays the Bible, and, if we be true. I should think the Democratic House of this State would fall soon and if not I am but that it is Julian Alley. I believe them very true yes then run your Candidate for Governor last year.

Further from the movements for Representatives.

The Democrats have been from this town to Sumner and succeeded Mr. Cooper to resign, as they wished to exchange him for Mr. E. O. J. Smith. The New Views of being candidate to Deale.

Probably all the Heck cats will go for Smith and some that would have gone for Deale. Mr. E. O. Parry is working for Mr. Smith. I hope he will get it, but I can keep laughing to see the way the Democrats, confound of Heck cats and Figueres set along. If the Figueres voted as they do, I am ashamed

Men an out (Though it is Sunday) Chicanering for Smith in all Sorts and Positions for Deale. Poor Business.

Monday Sept 13, 1858.

Pleasant day. Election day for Governor and Senator etc. Men are beginning to flock in to the village to cast their votes and the nearer intervals seems to be taken here in choice of the Representative. Some in favour of Smith and some in favour of Deale. The settlement being Disputing, Disputing, Disputing, and many feelings amongst both classes. The Miami Ledger has to be made the issue in most all political questions in this State Dem. Men who are not in favour of the Law though they be good Temperance Men, and opposed to the Law or Temperance Movement, are liable if they attempt their opposition to be blinded with the name of Rummy or some equally slanderous name. Men in favour of the Law are be jeered out of the house, that they were the judicious to those who disagree with them. Perhaps they think all who disagree with them must be Rummy. Briggs Record told me to say that I was a Rummy. But I think I am as good a Temperance Man or Boy as he. Though he is a Law Man I hate to saw men make such fools of themselves in both sides of the Question. The Law and Liberal Man are too far natural, they quarrel and dispute too much. And while they are against Each other Men meet our the town in the same Jugg, and the same Barrel. Poor way of Making Information.
Tuesday Sept 13, 1853.

Cool and som'what rainy. Though pleasant weather I am helping Mr. Neall on the farm to-day, his Uncle Mr. Harris being at home. Mr. Neall and Mr. Smith, his father, are both prominent in the Legislature. Mr. E.J. Smith is elected Representative to the Legislature. Mr. E.J. Smith, Mr. Neall and Smith are both against him. I am sorry that Smith was defeated. He wanted to go to the Legislature to retrench and help on his Rail Road interests here, and I for one though not a vote was in favor he would be elected as whatever it is for his interests, is. must be for the people also. This is natural it is not unnatural but goes down at each instance this village especially. It means little and we have to do so, it is so many of our village people voting for Neall and recommending to stand against Smith when it is so much for their interests to have Smith in the Legislature. He is a man of talents of great influence and wealth, and he would undoubtedly have more influence than Mr. Neall though the title of the Counts as much as. The other, Neall may be preferable to Mr. Neall, and to a Charles to submit it to Portland and to Quebec, and he perhaps found vote in its favor, but I should think he would come out M'Neeley in making a speech for it, or having a great influence over the members with whom he would associate for he has neither wealth, and that is quite an object for days. Mr. M'Neeley more than common and I guess hardly that nor I don't think a great amount of claret then click for Mrs. Neall. On not the ones who always fill them. Men fine thought the Miami Law men consegna than Racine is or any thing which could enable them or build up the village. I went down to Grand Jackies yesterday and bought him up to town meeting. We are having our braggura rereproper by Mr. Child. Peter's gone to carry Braggura Long home. The Bond come up to reaminate Capt. Neall last night in his good notion of being elected Representative. There were four Candidates up for Governor yesterday. Crosby, Mr. M', Mr. P. Moreau, Rogers, Dement, Palcus, Wielicki, Demont and Holmes. The Senator Dement in this State seems to be quite well pleased, and having so many men up for Candidate it gives the people a chance to select. One of your Candidates I should think there might be an chosen who would do. I should think if The Democrats of this State can act for or against the Miami Law it would be different in Matter what his other qualifications were. If he is a Law Man or an shipman, that is all that is required.
Wednesday September 14, 1853

Mr. Evans, and quite cool. No much rain to use this mornning. I am sitting at the clock on Melle's shoe store I have bought my friend one pair as I am helping Mr. Head in his store. Rufus Harris you know sits. Mr. Preble lost his youngest child yesterday.

Bill Crissy who bought The old Hotel here, is under a great deal of trouble. There is so much business in his house, and the clauses carry so high that he feels nervous that poor Crissy is in a tough fix. He is at a loss what to do. Last night, he had so many customers he was afraid about drunk and one lying in the Hotel on the hay bed with room that he asked then of they would not go to the other Hotel. But they were rather cross and impatient, and threatened to cut his sign post down and I know not what else. They wanted some refreshments and Billy will want to get it for them. I should think he would become a Temperance Man now of Cov. To see men made white and crazy with rum. I should think would turn them 180 degrees Temperance. Brown left on the hay last night as drunk as a Man could be and live. I saw him and he was the drunkest Man I ever saw. Young man who indulges in the least an interesting drink. Many have said this would go on in that right. All who think at all are looking for some party custom to be ascended if they keep on. If a Man drinks he can reform at first. But if he gives loose reins to his affections, he will fail. I pray to my heavenly Father that I may never be an inducer in the use of rum. Let me have my reason and I will strive to conquer in the Garden of Life, but if that be taken away I must be conquered. I want to have my reason, my talents and my health and pleasure what fun I have stolen away by the mechanic cup.

We are having our habits and ham barrel. Red is the Cotton, Dirt in abundance. The old house that Mr. Brown once lived in, has been rebuilt and fitted up for a Hotel house. It is a fine looking structure, of stone built, and well furnished. Mr. John Taylor Lambert, the Temperance man, and has lived one quite differently in making the home pleasant and inviting to the Patrons, It does much to our situation. Uncle Lucius and Cornet have gone to Auburn to purchase looking glasses for our store. We go to Boston Monday may
Thursday Sept 15 1832
Command

Drinking last night, and to day we are having showers of rain. It com-
manding putting down as lively as can be. We are all glad to use
the bow, for the East is dry. We have had but little rain for
a long time. I have been sweeping and washing out the stove to
lay getting it ready for the New goods which I expect we shall
purchase next week.

So chance by the people of Gurno
and it looks quite favorable now that dusty thing will be
our next. A Majority of the Legislators are probably in
favour of the Moore Law.

Friday Sept 16 1832

Pleasure

Morning. Everything looks refreshingly and the air is clean.
and bracing. The sun is out, the rain has ceased and
the Autumn winds are on fresh gale. Silver clouds are
racing in the blue sky, and lie a delightful day. I am all
alone on the Star, sitting at the desk writing in my book, and
the sound of my pen as it scritches along, echoes along
the empty halls around me. The bow has been washed and
emptied, and is destitute of goods. My pen and journals of past,
and looks bare and lonely. I shall be glad when it is filled with
no marks, no harm.

I was happy as the horses last night had
quite a chat with them. To rather a consome day. So the
Mrs. I believe. I am always going to have consome days, in
wearing my life. Why not. I must attend to that with today
day as we do other. I don't care. I had rather be used and be a Man.
Than gay and be a fool. I believe my heart is puerile and
my soul largest when I am sad. Then I am The Because I
feel proud of myself for Then My thoughts seem to rain
me who and my feelings seem defeat. Then I am sad. I feel the
last satisfaction with myself, for Then Nothing seeming seems to
know me. When I am Mortified and gay, I am to able to
bring unhappiness upon me. I am apt to say or do something
which I am sorry for, and is in any of all the pleasure I
had enjoyed. So, knowing that when I am lighthearted I may
not sincerely, I am ready to say that I had rather be
Sad and be a Fool Than gay and be fool. I am now
perhaps writing this thoughts and feelings which looked to, in
future may rise Mad. Make me laugh at my youthful folly, but
I felt as I write, and why not such as I feel. I am talking
To myself. So one and I feel be troubled with what I
shall set say. And because I look ahead into futurity
and see myself grown old, and many, perhaps, laughing
over these papers at what my feelings prompted me to do
now, shall I know and let by be sooner or shall I go on and in after years compare them with
what they shall then be? Some thing tells me to go on...
This is on some occasion a record of my soul's history
and my prayer to is, that as I put note down
the record of my soul, my soul shall enlarge. My heart swell
with Samson's blood and these page have reference to what
I was when had a youth. Oh as I tramp along the pathways
of life. Were the look back and find that I am less
Then I was when sitting at the old desk. Bemming down
Youthful thoughts and feelings

Faith is the Substance of Things hoped
for. The Evidence of Things not seen.
Hebrews 11:1.
Saturday Sept 17 1853.
Cloudy and quite cool. Mr. Stephenson and wife took two hour's walk here yesterday. Miss Baby Gates and husband came here as usual to-day. Miss at Mrs. Weeks last evening when we were quite late we had quite a laughable joke or line, but nothing took place to confine any thing lasting impression upon me as I know of. The days at Petersburg is abating, but the Sundays day only because there are not so many in the city to spend it. It has already swept away nearly two of the inhabitants.

Sunday Sept 18 1853.

Rainy day.
What is more lonesome than a rainy Sunday? Received a letter from some visitors last evening to be came to Miss Hart in Boston. The Misses Smiths called him under the invitation of Mrs. Williams. She has about six or eight. Edith in a letter from John Davis last evening. He wants to write at home, but he does not want to Company much. When he came away I guess he thought he should get think of him so much as I did when I was in Boston but since he has left. I guess he knows how. I feel at times when I was away from home and friends. He is quite home of too and that makes me think that he thinks of us a good deal. That he knows how much to prize a good home until they have it. I was talking with Cousin Carrol in the store yesterday and he said he wanted to make 1500. 1500 dollars here in about 2 or 4 years and if I caught him how then I should catch a wife and be married. He would care if he was not sure. I don't write this down as I want to record him if The Whiteman by 1 by. Saw Cousin Helen yesterday from Thomas. I came with Miss Moring. Solon feet in the spirit of writing. I must now write to Uncle Jesse Washington.
Monday, Sept. 19, 1853.

Since the station in the cars with some luggage for Boston. When we arrived we took as far as Portland and returned the same day. We also being occupied from about 9 o'clock in the morning to 5 PM. We started again on our journey and we stopped along in slip, close, heat and examination. We arrived until we reached Boston. Went to the Brown's hotel, as being about Garish. Took leave. Went to the Pearl Street House. Saw Mr. Head, Mr. Hennes, and the Colours. We are Chatted awhile and went back again and I was at the Brick House in the whole hour. I should think.

When we first woke along in our way to Boston, it was cloudy and rainy but in the afternoon it cleared away, and the scenery from the cars, as we rode through the woods and meadows, hills and lakes was delightful. But riding in the cars in strong currents is rather uncomfortable and becomes too much close to much motion, too much jolting, too much hitting, and altogether too many incidents.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.

Safely anchored in Boston ready to buy a Coca Coke. We are looking around some to find good organs and good situations. Started in the Ontario after breakfast and went to Cambridgeport to see brother John. Arrived and I knew not where he was to be found. Inquired and hunted (buying a watch that was heavy and not for a small hand-carrier) for about 3 hours and finally it was much written, disagreeing and hunting I was held when the house to board at last. Called and found Miss Dunham at home. Staying away at recreation. Hunted awhile and then he came. Started with him until noon and came to Boston to dinner. While this I called and saw Alice's place, an old and quaint place of some antiquity. Heard a short talk of discourse and left. In the evening attended the Mechanics Hall on the Market Square and in Faneuil Hall. John Goss in Hall next also. Saw many interesting things, and details of most all Assemblies. Recked and drank round strong and gawking until quite late and out I came and...
Wednesday Sept 22nd 1853.

Eating Post chicken square pie, green corn, and 2 peas at the Boomfield. Looking round same and buying corn.

In the evening met my Cambreysport. Called on Johny Hill. Was going to stay all night with him. First call and called on Kepp Live. Saw his Pinks who is very sick. Taken and relieved away. Some visited, and came away. Went to Johny and he was looking for me. Did not deem to think. Very favorable of my going to March. Wednesday evening. Then close by a Hop.

Thursday Sept 23rd 1853

Got up of bed about 10 o'clock. Bells singing and Cousin Warraorning Mrs. Down Harp. Was down to Mr. Danks with but. But Johny had made me much about the Haired be. Sometimes found that I was very solemn. and Cal was better. Got into the lucky and went into Boston and got some breakfast there.

In the afternoon Johny came into the city and was found with us. Bought him a looking glass. He took tea with me, and after saying him a good bye on the bed, and said, I went to the National Theatre with Green A.D. White. Staid until 12 or 1 went into a Saloon took an ice cream, a hammer of ale went home and went to bed.

Friday Sept 24th 1853.

A pleasant delightful morning. Started from the Boomfield House early without any breakfast, with Bantoe in one hand and nates in the other for the Depot. Arrived safe and feeling some hungry. I chewed two pieces of pie and a Cup of Coffee, and having bought my ticket. I started myself in the Car. Soon the bell rang, and we moved on. Thus a delightful day. We arrived in Portland.
about town. We got on board at last again for Reck- 
field. Miss Ann Eliza Ray held in the Car and kept 
very quiet. After a while we arrived at Mechanic 
Falls. The Conductor sang out Mechanic Falls, and 
I started out. I gathered up my valise and handbag 
and got most to the door, and the Stage looked and 
our event the Beadlet, and we left the Co and 
down Cam. My new call bell, I resounded up things 
as soon as possible, and made my departure. As soon 
as possible. I decided to find Cousin Carol at 
this place, with a carriage to take me to Reckfield 
but I was clear pointed, I waited a while in this lonely 
dull, dreary place. And standing in the lane I 
was in front, worked all alone to Bramshams Mills, and 
hunted. Concluded I would wait until the train came 
for home. Half frozen, and hungry I waited till I 
was ready the Egmy. My friends preceded again. I was 
afraid the Car, clined route for Reckfield, so many 
Fram Emery my tripBoston was introduced to Miss 
Mitchell from Sipth. Saw quite a number of my 
acquaintances. Tired freezing along rather hollowly, and now 
the distance was over come, we were in the Reckfield 
Depot. Got out and made my way through the crowd 
of Spectators, who had gathered there to see who had 
and the ladies arrive, and Miss Mitchell, threading 
her arm into mine, we walked but were brought to a 
halt by a "how do you do, from Libby Texas and Cousin 
Dinata who had come to meet me. Passed the time 
of day, and again Miss Mitchell and one then in route 
for Taylor's Hotel. Soon arrived, showed into the Sitting 
Room and Came away. First home, shook hands 
with Lewis and Brothgel and them the doors and asked 
about my journey and after awhile went to bed. 
Was at home at home again. Safe and sound. 
I have been endeavor to give a short and straitly 
accounts of my journey to Boston buying goods for myself 
for the first time. Perhaps I can understand if the one that 
Can do make much difference, I guess whether they 
Can or not. We only were can enough come in to 
usened any history.
Saturday Sept 24, 1853.
Oliver and Mother cool.
Uncle Lucas is in Boston. He is buying goods. I don't know how he can forget in his memory of what he needs for he came away and left his declaration to home.

Sunday Sept 25, 1853.
Very cold and sickly. I wear an overcoat to-day and it is cold. Have been to meeting today and heard Mr. Small. Mr. Dick the school teacher of my class. Dined dinner with us to-day.

Wednesday Sept 28, 1853.
Cold and heavy raining. Some of our gardens have come and I have put them into the stove. Uncle Lucas still in Boston. I have helped father pick up apples a little this week. Not enough to hurt me.

Thursday Sept 29, 1853.
Cold and cool. Just been getting more goods into the store. Miss Brown will be here soon. Autumn winds are blowing. The leaves are turning and cold and dreary this time of the year.

Friday Sept 30, 1853.
Uncle Lewis came home last night from Boston. Rather cool today and still quite pleasant. Not much rain. Came Cousin Thomas Ethel to Farmersville to-day who is going to St. Louis as teacher in a private family.
Saturday Oct. 14th

Please day, Carroll and I have been working in the clay to clay. We have been feeling comfort among our pots and getting ready for our voyage in Trade. I hope to hear we shall prosper, and if good attendance to my duties and industry and economy will support me they deserve shall crown my efforts. Cousin Canoe and I am now launching into business with him, and I am about 1/2 the FT will be long, but my father and uncle seem on the pillars to back me. We must look out to be active now on the diamond and be ambitious to do the best thing for our own when we are aided as we are now. If an aunt try a little business, there will be for you. If we struggle, the most thing hard or helping hands. Trade business is to be worth, as we shall see; and the all he can do us and after all this part of the same. This gives an interest to some in this village and competition was good as any long and economy and improvements is all. That will keep us as long. I am bound to do some things and shall try not to fail. If nothing can be made, at least, I shall try when I come to the town and work a year and not make anything than to sell them away.

Boat on side to clay with Alice, to bring. Went over by the Federal School and some that are gone. The trees look beautiful. They are turning to colors of all kinds and the forests look dazed for Rattle. Autumn is the most beautiful, and yet the nicest time of Life. I was about to say, then I would that I could always Autumn. But no, I should have The spring, the Summer, the Cold and winter. We must have them all. Each season with its pleasures, its beauty, and relations, each age of the year. May not live to see the trees and the fields in Autumn again. They will appear the same when I am gone as do they now. Others will be admiring then other leaves and this with emotions of kindness and adoration to the author of such a world where I may be staying in the cold damp ground. Other times than there will be made glad by them, not blend with joy and comfort when I am past away.
Sunday, October 2, 1853

Dewy. Foggy. Dusk. 3 a.m. Not raining. 11 a.m. To church to-day. 6:30. To church to-day.

and attended Mrs. Smith. We admired them to have a fine orderly church. It has the pews extended to the doors thus as they should be, and many swell announcements gave the. But alas! Poor man. Perhaps they are Catholic for he's often heard from John's. Um. Perhaps they are Catholic.

Mrs. T. H. Browne took her with me to sight. Sigh. The evening last one with friend C. H. A.


Monday, October 3, 1853.

Cold and windy. To work now arranging the goods. Uncle Lewis gone to Atlantic to buy goods again. Spent the evening with Miss Emily last night. Oh what good world. This is how many great things and hard and how many great things are done. How many great people also. Read a letter from John to-day in the goods.

The 1st soul and Controller.

Thursday, October 6, 1853.

Cloudy, cold, and windy. Dream

autumn day. Windy, truly meaning. Get the goods up to-day. At Rug. our Wards losses for the first time. Quite neat and inviting. Keep the hall proper and baking to our ambition and.

Starting. I say now or come on. Fatigue and with ye bring. Thought it would be a close as I might. Some fellow. I'm just the date to embark in country ship Rung.

We have bought...
about three dollars worth of goods to put into the store, and I guess it would take at longer time to replace the money as it was invested than it did to purchase them. They must continue in a trade and we get small profit. Economy, Industry, and Good Calculation, are the three pillars of our success and if they fail we fail also. 1st Oct 66. I commenced trade with Cousin Carroll Long in this little village some of Blackfield. Commenced first day of October to pay rent to Long family for the use of this shop. Same time commenced to buy my goods at home. to get my own clothes and to buy and replenish myself by my industry in this big Northern State. I wonder how a lack of 17 years will set along in this path! I fear he will find many Wonders under his feet and that the way will continue down that and only, but those people a lack 17 years old will healthily, homely, and meaningly to the streets right, and stand against quite an array of misfortunes. I feel reconciled and wait my fate with composure. As the last long, my feet and my Banquet because the sunniest day could be, cause fall come and the first things, and my eyes are a blank. All the time that a man cannot think in a life time would not stand it. But why do I follow my own misery! I done. I pass, I worry, and worry trouble about many things. I am dead, thin, sickly, sore, full of laughter, then sad, redo, again. Curious Machine I am. Last in every one else, the man (he is less can I say?) I am writing but a human being. Who is not so much mean wonderful than others, as I think I am. I am going and Mrs Peake and husband, and Emily, Hitchcock nearer in the last few days.

My dear friend Gibson last evening, who is for what rendered. Read a conversation as usual. I love to talk with folks of feeling, of good common sense. I am the chief of frequent as coast Angeles. Why I do much admire these qualities in others. She has them. Of the kindlest, least hearted soft gods that were, with joy, talent, with speech. What an eclogue upon a friend. What sacred they buy love them. To read, my Journal, shall make me shudder and reduce of or 9 years. Being the 10th of January.
Friday Morning October 7, 1863

Cold, and windy.

Morning. The skies look cold and cloudy, blue and gloomy.

Sent flying in some black birds, and growing and becoming as though mad, oh, that a cold winter morning.

I opened the box and swept in our hired morning for the first time. Some long have commenced and some good luck to them.

Here from brother John occasionally who seems contented and is doing well.

Rumors of war from the old country. Paper filled with war news. It is feared that Russia and Turkey will enter in conflict unless Russian difficulties be settled. England and France are acting in behalf of Turkey, and if war takes between that country and Russia, England and France will aid Turkey. Turkey is a small nation, but brave and unless Russia returns and desires to engage it seriously, war probably will not be the result.

Quite an important news between Austria and the United States. Some signs of war have also, host a to Hungary fled to Turkey at the time of the Hungarian troubles and Austria demanded him with others she fled with him from the Turks and they refused to give him up. He then came to the country and by oath became a citizen of the United States. At short time hence, he went to Turkey on business of his own as he wished one white in Hungary, he was taken by a gang of men in the streets, examined, and thrown into an Iron box below. The American Consul at that port ordered him out, but this was refused. Simor Captain Ingram came into port with host of war St. Louis and having the State of affairs went on board of the American ship and told the Captain of he [host] was not allowed immediately to traverse river into him. The American finally concluded to obey and host was placed under the French Consul in that port to be held until the affair could be settled. Captain Ingram thus has established a worthy renown by his firm and Gallant Conduct, and if not sought to be applauded by every American by the neutral Austrian troops.
as to make amends for such insulting conduct to them as
Capt. Depaham inclined them, but his De”ar for them before
they could manage as if they would. This notion addressed
Depaham for his defence of Porto, and of America don’t
like & they must bear it the best they can. I think they
will find little sympathy from Ammas.

Gords are liht.

Common flour is bought for an Ohio. If none is now in
Europe there will be a great new distress. I would like
to have war for Orbitats sake, but would lay for peace
when I think of the Measing and unhappiness and death
which it would occasion. War War, there is some thing in
acting in the Moon. I can see to hear the battle, the Crown
the booming of the Armes’ the crowning of the grand, but again I
hear Mothers crying for their Children, widows for Brothers, Easps
for their husbands, and Des for their fathers. I see the Childs
of one side. One lad and brother being pryed off on the battle
field to back among the dead. The faces of those dead beside
those in whom all their happiness rested. Is it not then Basny
on Their Child, Companys weeping and broken hearted. I hear the
Howled, Howled for France, for Relief. For my Moon, for Mertis.
and Actors. I see the Battle Cenfers of Night, falling over the dying and
the wounded. At What a glorifying, glorifying night. To death, and the heroic
Amas morning over the battle field, mingling with the lights and passes
of the sad Horse Tic Ross, and the Sun is up, and its beams benught
over the dead. The Morning, Morning Thursday, Sounds of the Deffing on
Skelat, Naught is heard. The Morning, Then glows over the Back fred
now glowing, now blazing when the gilded trappings of the Cenfing
hosts. Peace Peace. One as Peace.

Saturday 8th Aug.

Warme, and quite pleas

Warme, and quite pleas

Amst. Sitting at the desk in the Toss no is presene but Amst.
Canal who leap back against the Container with his leg rising
in the Chair, as comfortable as can be. Yet has his dictionary
in hand trying to find what I ask him, and he does not
bring thing particular, I can hear the sound of the Deffing, or the
like. This Morning. Turning down the old Horse back of the when
father bridge for first, when learn Washington and Uncle Decius
breaks and when I prays took my lesson in that keeping
But how it is decayeres and fading. Tic Hotel, and the book
then an learn it down. Well as its so. It has had its days.