

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

THE
EARLY LOVE LETTERS,
AND
LATER LITERARY REMAINS
OF
MARIA BICKFORD.

[Murdered in Boston, October 25th, 1845.]



*Thine truly, Adieu.
Maria A. Bickford*

EDITED BY A FRIEND OF HER YOUTH.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY ALL PERIODICAL DEALERS.
1846.

The text begins on page 5.

No pages were skipped during the scanning process.

A WORD TO THE READER.

THE flattering reception with which my former work, the "Life and Death of Mrs. Maria Bickford," was received by the public, has encouraged me to bring forward the LITERARY REMAINS of that hapless female, which have been kindly entrusted to my care by herself, and other individuals who cherish an affecting interest in her untimely fate. I propose to give them in the order in which they were written, without word or comment. They speak for themselves, and fully establish the fact heretofore stated by me—a fact which has been so often and strenuously denied by her heartless calumniators—that MARIA BICKFORD possessed an intellect of no ordinary character, and a generous, confiding heart. She was a victim to her own free impulses and affections. She entrusted her virtue and good name to the guidance of betraying man while yet the rose of youth was on her cheek, and before a blighting experience had taught her the fatality of acknowledged love. How little she dreamed, while breathing the pure emotions of her soul—her affections—into the fickle ears of THEODORE MAXWELL, that the winning smiles with which he won her were but the charmings of a serpent? Fanny Kemble was right when she wrote a confidential letter to a young female friend, who had fallen in love: "Love, and love deeply," said she, "but never make it known—hide it, by the most studied indifference—deny it, upon the sanctity of an oath—ridicule him whom you love, in public and to himself, but adore him in solitude, when no one knoweth it. You will then be safe, where disgrace and abandonment might otherwise afflict you. Never trust your feelings with the perfidious heart of man, unless he be a pirate."

I am indebted to Mr. CHESTER THORPE, of Portland, for the Private Journal, in which Mrs. Bickford noted down such occurrences as she desired to remember, after taking up her residence in Boston; and also to ABISHAI WHITE, Esq. of Eastport, for a package of miscellaneous letters and other productions, which, he avers, were placed in his hands by Maria herself, early in September, 1845—a few weeks previous to her murder. She was anxious that they might be kept sacred while she lived, and that after her death they should teach an unfeeling world how pure was her nature, ere man despoiled it of innocence. Of the persons to whom they were written, or who are mentioned in them, I know nothing, and trust that the appearance of their names in print, where no harm is meant, will neither offend nor displease them.

It cannot be expected that the following pages contain all that has been written by Maria—with her it was write, write, write, in pleasure and in sorrow. She has been heard to say, that if all her letters were collected, they would make a book as large as the Bible. Those which we here give, evidence much discrepancy, showing the absence of many important links in the chain of her varied correspondence. A majority of them are without any definite date.

It is supposed that not less than one hundred thousand persons have perused the Memoirs of Mrs. Bickford, which I gave to the world one month ago. This liberal patronage induces me to believe that my efforts to create a becoming sympathy in the public mind towards an injured and highly gifted female, have not been in vain.

Brunswick, Me., February, 1846.

J. B. S.

LOVE LETTERS, POEMS, &c.

To Mr. Theodore Maxwell.

SIR:

Brunswick, June 22d, 1837.

Your brief note of this morning treats upon a subject which merits the deepest consideration, from yourself as well as from me. I trust you did not pen it without reflection. Our acquaintance has been slight indeed—I know nothing of your former history or present characteristics. But I give you my free opinion, that so far as I have observed and conversed with you, your manners and personal appearance have won my admiration, if no more. Should my feelings and opinions be strengthened by a further acquaintance, (as well as your own,) I doubt not the result will promote our mutual happiness. Yet I deem it my solemn duty to remind you of the importance of the subject, and I trust you will bestow upon it the serious attention which I do.

I shall write to my mother at Bangor on the propriety of marriage, before I see you. I must be dutiful, you may be aware, since I am so young.

Your sincere friend,

MARIA A. DUNN.*

To the same.

DEAR SIR:

Brunswick, June 29th.

At our last evening's interview, with much that pleased me, you expressed a sentiment which pained me—that *virtue exists only in woman*. This idea is new, and, if correct, surprising to me. But it cannot be founded in truth. All philosophy instructs to the contrary. I wonder what gave rise to such an opinion in your mind? Nothing in the Bible, I am sure. I thank you for the pictures—they are rare and fine. I have several of Hogarth's, which will interest you; I will send them to you to-morrow, by favor of our mutual friend, the Rev. Mr. S.

Speaking of ghosts and things supernatural, about which you related your singular experience to our jovial party last evening, pray let me dissuade you out of some of your credulity. Your earnest seriousness lends a charm to the joke, but you should regard old family legends as themes of romance, not matters of fact. Pray dwell no more upon the power of old horse shoes to keep the witches from passing through

*This was Mrs. Bickford's maiden name.

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the doors over which they are suspended!* The people of your "dear Georgia" must be easily imposed upon to imbibe such notions. Be glad when I upbraid you!

Charmingly did you sing 'I cannot tell thee all I feel.' I will remember it forever. That homeward walk, too, was blissful—a foretaste of heaven to me. Is it wrong to believe there are shady retreats in paradise, and spangled birds, even such as are here? There is a presentiment within me—I know not how to account for it—that I shall die young, Theodore. Should my spirit ascend to God, while youth is yet on me, it shall cluster at the feet of my blessed Savior, and intercede for you. Oh, how glad will be the welcoming, when you enter, and we meet, in that spirit-land! I will teach the angels a chorus, and they shall guide you to the city of light, and the echo of their voices shall peal along the heaven-wide halls:

"Welcome, welcome! wand'ring stranger—

Gaze on millions here before thee!

Behold the Lamb, of earthly manger!—

Love-lit watchers hov'ring o'er thee!

"Reckon not the wearying hours—

The aged here are ever young—

Weep not thou the withering bowers,

But dance the heavenly groves among.

"Here unite the sundered lovers—

Here sad partings cannot come—

Here the angel-spirit hovers—

Welcome to thy love-lit home."

O Summer! I am grateful for thy music, thy fragrance, thy sunsettings and sunrisings. Out of them Love is born; by them it is nurtured. Sympathy, in itself, is a law of the universe, and without its strengthening influences this world were an ungladdened waste. But what is Love! O sound that hath no name, break forth from thy eternal prison and glorify its creation and its birth! Love—that sitteth enthroned in a garret—the light of the humble and the unbefriended—I thank thee, Almighty, that thou hast bequeathed it to mortals!

I have been invited by a party to take a ramble in the pine-woods on Tuesday. Can you make it convenient to accompany us? I shall not go if you do not. A pic-nic is to be had on Blue Ridge. There will be music, and one gentleman will make a speech. If I could hear your sweet songs with the others, it would please me a deal. But I leave all with you—if any sacrifice is to be made on your part, do not come. Then I am not anxious to go.

I am thinking, (having just read what is thus far penned,) that you may consider me imprudent—too frank. A lady, who is so much interested in my welfare that I call her my stranger-mother, has urged me to be most cautious in conveying my sentiments of love to any man. I

* Whoever has travelled through the benighted sections of Georgia and Tennessee, will have noticed a horse-shoe nailed above nearly every front door. This comes from a superstition that witches or cloven-footed spirits dare not pass beneath the talismanic emblem, and also that prosperity will attend all faithful believers in its efficacy. You may explain, ridicule, or laugh at it, as much as please, it is impossible to convince the inhabitants of its unavailability. Many of the colored people of the North adhere to a similar superstition.—Ed.

dare not show her this! But perhaps there are exceptions—she knows you not. Your opinion of H. B——, is much like my own. His impertinence is intolerable.

Yours truly,

MARIA ANN DUNN.

To the same.

MY RESPECTED FRIEND:

July 8th.

That word *Adieu!* which closes yours of yesterday, affects me strangely. I never liked the word—it has a meaning which absorbs hope and makes a martyr of its poor devotee. But I presume you do not view it in that light, and intended nothing more than a confidential “good night.” I beg thee, use it no more.

I send you the *Vicar of Wakefield*, presuming you have not read it, and because it is the favorite romance of my heart. I have perused all that Mr. Bulwer has yet written, but, though I like them much, they do not collectively evince the genius and wit of this one, by Goldsmith. I have gone through with it five times, and was as much refreshed by the last perusal as the first.

I disagree with you entirely, about the merits of Cooper’s *Last of the Mohicans*; its plot is absurd, but not less so than most of the characters. How this author ever won so many admirers, surpasses my comprehension; humor or playfulness he has none—one might as well look for flowers among the ashes. It puzzles me to see how your imaginative mind can be interested in so dead a work, while so many that are excellent—those of Scott, for instance—you leave unread.

The *Man of Feeling* stands number two in my estimation, as a romance. It is enough for the fame of one man to have written such a work. How ennobling, pure and true, the humanity which runs through its every page, like a stream of silver! Yet, both Goldsmith and Mackenzie went out of the world which they beautified, victims to intemperance—the most hopeless of vagabonds. This fact teaches me that genius is no safeguard against folly and vice, and that many who possess it know not how extravagantly Providence has showered its bright jewels upon them. I am sometimes made to think that the impudent, the vacant-brained, are the only *living* philosophers.

How did you enjoy your dance at Springvale? Rather warm, hey? Write to me, and be merry, for I am as dull as the man that wrote and read the *Monnikins*.

Truly,

MARIA.

To the same.

DEAR THEODORE:

July 21st, 11 o’clock—moonlight.

My last remains unanswered; but I can overlook this neglect, for yours of Sunday morning was well worth a dozen of mine. I would not part with it for an inheritance. I must dissuade you from going to Georgia so suddenly—can I not? True, you say you will soon return; so kind is that! But, Theodore, these partings are ominous of misfortune. Many a devoted soul hath been mildewed by them, in the noon-time of hope. Though I doubt not your fidelity, and would not allow the counsels of friendship to weaken my faith, I yet am aware that other eyes will glance their magic upon your heart in your own southern home—other bosoms will sigh for the sweet affections of the generous and manly-browed youth, already adored by one who is far away in the frigid North. May the magnolian breezes be gentle with my hopes!

I have made arrangements to be absent from school, as you desire, for a week or two, during which time I anticipate the realization of much pleasure in your society. If you persist in visiting the White Mountains, I shall not object, provided you will consent to have Miss Grimke accompany us. I must positively refuse to attend you alone, though not from any apprehension of impropriety on your part—for I am willing to entrust my honor and my life in your care—but because of the envious scandal of my school associates, and of the idle gossipings of this neighborhood, which would blast my name for aye, however guiltless I might be of impropriety or misconduct. Miss G. is a most agreeable friend of mine, and one who admires you. Her fund of intelligence will interest and instruct us, and render the excursion, (if that could be,) more pleasant. Let me hear from you very soon. Mind, you owe me two letters—you will surely grant me *one*.

Good night, my love, good night!

M. A. D.

To Mr. Harmon Fields.

DEAR FRIEND:

Brunswick, August 3rd.

That was a sad tip-over! Why don't you write to inquire if I am "likely to recover?" But I am going to tell you unasked. I am in the enjoyment of excellent health, and also the most *ardent* spirits; my earnest desire is, that you may be permitted to enjoy the same rich blessings. How did you get home? Which of you slept on the road? Mr. Fields, I reckon. I assure you that I accompanied you both, in spirit, during the whole of your twenty-five miles ride. Don't you like to see a lady in undress? Above all, do you not admire my *taciturnity*? I know you do; and that is the reason why I exert myself so much to please you. I shall be obliged to leave you rather sooner than I anticipated, as information has come to me that there is company below, waiting my appearance—methinks my present company is better, though twenty-five miles away! I tender you my grateful thanks for your unremitting kindness and attentions during our excursion; if it afforded you one-half the pleasure it did me, you can never cease to remember it but with satisfaction.

Wishing that ere long the pleasure of hearing from you may be suspended by the joy of seeing you, allow me, in conclusion, to add, that *under any circumstances of affliction*, I shall consider it a privilege to sympathize with you, and ever hoping that we may all obtain that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, I remain yours,

MARIA A. D.—

To a Gentleman from Bangor.

RESPECTED FRIEND:

Brunswick, Aug. 12th.

Your note informs me that you continue to enjoy uninterrupted domestic felicity. How can I express the pleasure the information affords me? Did I not, long ago, predict that a brighter day would dawn upon you? Long may it last unclouded by that dusty visitant, disease, which has so much perplexed you. Still a sick chamber is not without its good effects. It is a great purifier—we grow in wisdom as we ruffle the habiliments of eternity.

I am anxious to see you, as you have doubtless been informed by Mr.

Graham. I have something to communicate. But rather than it should be the occasion of one moment's remorse to yourself, I would prefer to remain forever from your sight—the time has come when I must require you to banish me from your thoughts. My heart is betrothed to another already, whom I regard dearer than my existence in this world of trial and sadness. I have no wish but for your happiness, and will ever strive to prove myself worthy of your regard. I trust the time may hasten when I can speak with you verbally. Adieu, and may our Father in heaven abundantly bless you and yours.

Your humble friend,

MARIA.

To Mr. Theodore Maxwell.

THEODORE:

Half-past three.

Concerning the proposition to go to Fryeburg and remain a few days, I *do* feel that I must reject it, though it pains me to refuse you any request. I assure you, that the proposition you made is regarded with kind feelings and even gratitude. I am convinced that you made it with pure and friendly motives towards myself, and in order to gratify my *desire*—but, upon giving the subject a serious deliberation, I believe it would be improper, unwise, imprudent, in me to accede to it. It would be a breach of delicacy on my part, and therefore I will sacrifice inclination to principle, and thereby retain a conscience void of offence.

Dear Theodore, I am weak, and do often err; but I have made it a fixed principle never to do wrong knowingly or willingly. Convince me that it is a point of duty, of expediency, or of justice, and I will relinquish the promptings of my own perverse spirit, that I may enjoy the approving smile of my best beloved. But, Theodore, do not urge me to the commitment of impropriety—think of the cold world's taunting scorn—remember the fate of that beautiful creature whose history you recited to me last evening. Poor Agnes! loved, lost one! I would give more to behold thy stricken countenance at this moment, than to enjoy the tinsel of a princess.

Will you walk over to Widow Hale's with me to-morrow night? Please send me word. 'Till then, love, adieu.

MARIA.

To the same.

ABSENT ONE:

At sunrise, 19th.

Why this long absence? I watch but you come not. They tell me you are offended; that you have abandoned me for the society of another. What have I done? Wherein is my offence? I know you left me dissatisfied; I could not grant *such* liberties, or do that for which you would despise me forever afterwards. Are you an enemy to virtue? Would you love me better if I were a fallen girl? How can I interpret your coldness? It freezes me to think of it. Let me look into those eyes before writing again. Your faithful, but injured

MARIA.

To the same.

Sunset.

Neither word nor answer all this day! That is more than I can endure. May my days be taken from me rather than linger along under

such suspense as this. You know that I confide all in you. I have no secrets that are not yours. At eight o'clock to-night, I will be under the ash trees; meet me there and accompany me home. *And the lion shall lie down with the lamb.* Will God permit it?

This from your disconsolate

MARIA.

To the same.

THEODORE:

September 8th—Evening.

Always rest assured that it will please me to receive you with any friend or friends you may see fit to bring with you, and if I fail to make them happy, it shall not be for want of kindness or attention. I do not observe in your note, whether you desire to have Miss Bacon included; if you do, it will embarrass me. I do not wish to give her any new cause for offence, and sincerely hope that she may never see any exhibition of a malignant, hostile, or unforgiving spirit in me, as I have known from her. If she is at the party, I will strive to treat her with civility and politeness—but as for entrusting her with my *confidence*! it cannot be. In this determination I have not resolved rashly or in anger—I have meditated upon the subject in the still hours of night.

Theodore, I have passed many agreeable seasons in her society, and in times past she has contributed much to my happiness. For this I am not ungrateful, and can only regret that any circumstance whatever should induce her to act the part she has. To slander a bosom friend and companion, that she might poison the gentle heart of that friend's betrothed! She little knows the many tears she has caused me to shed in solitude, and it has been with much difficulty that I have at times concealed my feelings from her observation, and appeared as calm and unmoved, as though, perchance, I had no feeling!

But do what pleases you the most, and if unpleasant to me, I will not offend you thereby.

Your devoted

MARIA.

To the same.

MY HEART'S LOVE:

10 o'clock, P. M.

I received your polite note last evening, and would have been most happy to have accepted the escort of your friend, if I had been able. But I am afflicted with such a severe headache, that I am compelled to decline. Should I get better, I will come up to-morrow, if to stay but an hour. This is darkest night that I ever saw.

Night seems an hour of solemn gloom,
Which hangs the happiest bosom o'er—
In which e'en Beauty's fairest bloom
And Love's soft raptures joy no more.

But still one hope the bosom cheers,
By deep regret and sorrow riven—
When we have passed the vale of tears,
That we shall meet again in heaven.

MARIA.

To the same.

MY BELOVED FRIEND :

Sunday Afternoon.

We met and loved—we still love—not that which the world looks upon and says ‘Beautiful,’ merely, but the soul, the dear bestowment God. Then why this reluctance, this continued procrastination? Why let the years of hope run to waste? Do you ever forget, Theodore, that there is one whose every breath is thine—the pulsations of whose heart are prayers for thy prosperity, thy happiness, thy presence in heaven?

We now know each other—WE LOVE: Then why should we not closely unite our lives and fortunes, and pass the remainder of our days in the sunshine of matrimony? Am I immodest? Perjured the lip that speaks it. But I have no desire to conceal from my life’s Hope the emotions of devotedness which thrill within me. The consummation of a marriage is, of all that can befall the human race, the most important in its results. Within its magic circle, I would ride on billows of destruction and defy their power.

Think not, O Theodore! that I manifest improper frankness in this, but look into my heart and interpret my motives for yourself. Call this evening—I will be at the broad window. MARIA.

To the same.

AH, THEODORE!

Saturday, Nov. 19th.

I must laugh at you for that closing paragraph—it made the mud fly so thick that you were near being lost in the mazes of joke! What has love to do with horses, hounds and turkeys? I fear me, that these men possess not all the nobility which fond woman so generously accords to them. We believe that Man bears the nearest resemblance to God—at least such men as you are. In you, Theodore, I have found all those higher qualities (I confess it!) which win the respect and admiration of a woman’s heart—there is a nobleness about you (I am no flatterer!) which can overlook and forgive—which can deign to love, and freely acknowledge its joy at love’s response. With a nature and a form like thine hovering around me, in my daily walks and nightly dreams, what could I do but love?

I have, from earlier youth, sought for a kindred being, gifted with a soul—for, in my humble opinion, not all men are possessed of this sacred brilliant)—a soul that sits divine in every movement, and bids joy to all living things. Now that I have found a being on whose image God has stamped the plastic hand of divinity—should I not exert the utmost of my mind’s capacity to merit a continuance of that love which you cherish for me? If I ever speak coldly of thee, Theodore, may I sleep in an unwept grave. Good night! MARIA.

To the same.

MY DEAREST THEODORE :

Brunswick, Nov. 29th.

As circumstances seem to render it expedient that we should for a few months be separated, permit me to address you a few words. I do not presume to advise, for that I am wholly incompetent to do—but let me affectionately make one request: *Of all things, take care of your feeble health.*

I cannot conscientiously urge you to remain here, neither would I ask it, since I have reflected upon it. I now think it would be very unkind in me to do so. I would rather, if it were to make me miserable, encourage you in going; feeling, as I do, that perhaps your life depends upon a change of climate. When I see you suffering with a complaint which our easterly winds only tend to render more and more serious, I cannot, in order to gratify my selfish desires, even ask you to remain in this rigid climate any longer, unless after a restoration to health. But sad will be the farewell.

O Theodore! when will the hour come, that I may greet your returning face? Go, and make yourself happy in so doing—banish every anxious thought from your mind. Think of me often, if you will, as one who is ready to yield her will, and, if need be, her breath, if it would in the least degree promote your own happiness and welfare. I shall be lonely without you—time will droop heavily with me—but I will live in anticipation of seeing you, at the expiration of a few months, restored to health—and if I *do* realize that pleasure, I shall be rewarded—nay, a thousand times rewarded—for all my loneliness.

It is most fortunate for you, that you are going where smiling faces and warm hearts will welcome you. Were you embarking for a land of strangers, in your present precarious health, how deep would be my solicitude! Blest will that mother be, when the tread of the footsteps of her darling boy shall echo in the old ancestral halls. How wakeful has been her rest—how has her paternal bosom throbbed when the watch-dog's honest bark announced the approach of some dusty-footed pilgrim, but not her own bright offspring!

And now, my invalid lover—my Theodore! whatever occurreth, fail not to communicate your thoughts to me, frequently. There is no joy but when you are true—no grief but when you are melancholy. You must see me once more—and once again, again!—before you go. Do not fail, will you? From your ever devoted M.

To the same.

DEARLY BELOVED:

December 18th.

A certain individual, styling himself Mr. "Nobody-in-Particular," purporting to be a special express messenger, bearing your commands, called at my boarding house Tuesday evening, but he failed to accomplish his *mission*, (I can imagine it,) owing to my absence. I hereby inquire of you if you have any knowledge of the case in question? and if so, to be kind enough to furnish me with the desired information, as it is of the utmost importance to my individual and private welfare, if not to the state.

When will you come down? Sunday—hey? Say *yes*—do! Don't fall to making excuses—don't refuse *me*—only think how bad I shall feel! Well, then, I shall see you on *Sunday*. I some anticipate visiting my mother in Bangor next week—will you accompany me? You will, won't you? Don't say *no*, and fling out thirty or forty conclusive reasons why you *cannot*. Accept my best wishes for your health and happiness, as ever, and believe me to be,

Your devoted friend,

MARIA.

P. S.—Please charge this villainous specimen of chirography to a steel quill—I won't say *pen*—for, give me a *pen*, and I can, to say the least, write a *legible* hand.* M.

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To the same.

MY DEAR THEODORE:

Thursday Morning—(no date.)

So, you have really concluded not to go away to the south this winter! What news that is! and how gratifying that you are so much better! Heaven has favored my prayers. A silly poet has said "distance lends enchantment to the view." Ay, rhymester; but where is the use of your enchantment, when the sundered hearts of the devoted may never again unite? I have lately consulted the fortune-teller of Lucky Basin—one who sees through the dim future—and my destiny has been written and sealed for me. I am not allowed to read it just at my present age, but from certain ominous misgivings of the old lady, I judge that she interpreted my fate from the shady side of the picture—dark and drear it would indeed be, if thou wert not my heart's hope! I have fixed my gaze upon a star, and if intervening clouds obscure its lustre, frail and tempest-tossed is my bark of life.

Fearful am I of being too unreserved in these letters, and in thy presence. Yet thou art such, Theodore; may I not imitate your own example? If you deem me incautious, tell me frankly! Friends reprove me daily, for what they regard as a blind devotedness. May my blindness be perpetual, then, is all my prayer! I have kissed you letter so often, that the writing is almost obliterated.

Like dew-drop on the thirsting flower,
Like moonbeam on the sea—
So, dearest, falls thy tender glance,
Thy look of love on me.

There's not a word thy lip hath breathed—
A glance thine eye hath given—
Which lingers not around my heart
Like sunset hues in heaven.

Oh, never, never can depart
Thy manly image from my soul!
Within the heaven of my heart
Thy name is writ on mem'ry's scroll.

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Whisper!—Adieu.

MARIA A. DUNN.

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To the same.

DEAREST, DEAREST!

Sunday Night, Jan. 1st—11 o'clock.

I have not yet lain down. Did you reach home in safety? That was a swift, ugly horse! I would give worlds to hear from you, Theo-

* This was by no means a vain boast. She has drawn the most perfect specimens of chirography that I ever saw, though I have passed fifteen of the earlier years my life in a counting-house. The Mechanics Institute, in Boston, at their annual Fairs, have twice awarded gold medals to a certain writing-master, whose specimens were drawn by Mrs. Bickford—he passing them off as his own! Was ever impudence more barefaced?—Editor.

dore, even one word! What joys hath God revealed to me this day! Can our love endure forever? May angels guard you, Theodore, and learn you to think of your betrothed Maria. . . . It begins to rain dreadfully, and I know not what to do. I beat about my chamber like a silly bird in a cage. What a destiny broods over us! Write me one line, only one line, to tell me of your welfare. I shall be in despair until I hear from you. Do not delay the bearer an instant. He promises to return in a very short time. I will pray for you all this night, my darling Theodore! Do not fail to write, and, till we meet again, believe me your own
MARIA.

To the same.

DEAR THEODORE:

Jan. 18th—At noon.

I received yours of the 15th instant in due season. I read it—I studied its contents with a critic's eye—I smiled and shed tears upon its pages, which seemed hallowed with a divine presence. Those lines were a balm to my soul. O yes! Theodore, they purified my heart from dross and doubt, and drew aside the dark veil which conceals the mysterious future. In that future I behold thee even now, a monument of honor and humanity. How noble, that you forgave those unfriendly words which I said when we parted last. Bright seasons are in store for us yet, and may we at last sleep in one sepulchre. Oh! it will be a happy, happy grave! Theodore, I could smile in the tortures of dissolution, to think that I died for thee! You know not the feelings that burn in this heart—language on paper cannot express them. But if I could kneel before thee, and unbind the chords that hold my soul in bondage—leaving the purity of my feelings naked to your gaze—then, then you would know how deeply I love you. When the spirit breaks from its moorings, then, if not before, you may read the story, and feel the depth, of my affections. Truly your own
MARIA.

To the same.

BELoved:

Portland, March 28th.

I have arrived from Bangor to this place, safe as when we parted, though not blessed with the same happy feelings which throbbed in my bosom while lingering in your presence, watching your smiles, and enjoying the bliss of being under the beaming of your dark, affectionate eyes, which are the starlight of my earthly heaven.

It is strange that you will ever turn a listening ear to calumny when uttered in injury of me. I could not, were I to attempt the task, express my indignation at the base insinuations and charges preferred against me by the old maid and the widow Bangs. Those two precious individuals are famous for the mastication of reptiles, and it were a pity to deprive or begrudge them their delicious food. Can you have forgotten the inhuman manner in which they strove to disgrace poor, innocent Miss Chambers? that friend to you and to me, whose character was without spot, whose name was Virtue?

O Theodore! to be poisoned in my absence—to allow a liar's malice to prevail against an unprotected girl! I will here close, and retire to my evening communings, lest ungentle words escape me. I shall be in Brunswick in about twelve days.
MARIA.

To the same.

MY OWN LOVE:

Tuesday, April 6th.

I wrote you a few evenings since, but fearing lest you might not have received it, I venture again to intrude upon your kindness for a small favor, (not in the love line,) viz: to forward me those articles which I left in the parson's house.

I am almost sick; I know not what the matter *really is*, but have my fears. Suffice it to say, that I am unfit for everything that requires any effort of body or mind—therefore excuse me for penning such a scratch as the one before you. I should be rejoiced if you were sitting by me now, that you might enliven my stupidity by the sallies of your witty and prolific brain. Perhaps you might speak *one* word of comfort that would cause my heart to leap for joy.

If you will take the trouble to call at the office, you will probably obtain my former letter, stating my reasons for making the request therein contained. Give my best wishes to my kind *Lizzy*. Caroline says she would feel *very greatly* obliged to you, if you would make her a present of a *lb.* of confectionary like that you gave me. I shared that with her, and she says she will share *her's* (when she gets it) with me.

Adieu, love, but not a long adieu, MARIA.

To the same.

THEODORE:

Brunswick, June 1st.

You have forgotten, or purposely neglected to answer my letters of late. What motives actuate you? Are you false to me? *False!* who invented that word? The devil. I am downright mad—really, truly, candidly, honestly, and particularly—don't you believe me? Hop down here and take a peep at me. You'll never want to "look upon the like again," I know.

How much gratification it afforded me to be informed that you are so happily situated in these sultry summer times! May your recreations and the happiness you enjoy, be not in duration like the rose that withereth when the sun setteth, but rather may they be typified by the FLOWER ETERNAL, which, blossoming in mid-summer, retains its beauty when all else fadeth.

More I would now say, but perhaps I might break, with a rude hand, a chord which cannot be touched too delicately. I will explain to you some other time, when I can command more spare moments from my lessons. Neglect no longer to write. There is a point beyond which trifling may not go. Good night! M. A. D—.

To the same.

BELOVED THEODORE:

Wednesday Evening, June 16th.

* * * Shall we *ever* again meet? Shall I indeed ever again listen to that sweet voice—that voice which sometimes bears such unkind words—and will it tell me again that it loves me, with the self-same accents that ever ring in my fascinated ear? But oh, Theodore, speak unkindly to me no more—no more neglect. I feel that there is a stain upon my soul which all the waters of the Jordan could not cleanse. But, Theodore, you swore your fidelity in the face of Heaven. If you continue your neglect, I shall die.

Oh, this love is a fever—a fever which has no antidote but death for me! Could I but blot that fatal night from the scroll of time, my bliss would never end. Why did the moon look down so palely, and the gold stars laugh? You bathed my temples in the pearly dew, and spoke so kindly—oh, were you false even then? And *I* your victim!

* * * * *

Avaunt! avaunt! thou horrid dream! Begone! He is still true—my Theodore! But seldom he comes, or writes to me, of late.

Dearest love, I thought to meet you yesterday, at your boarding-house. I called with Miss R——, but you were gone, and (would you think it?) your landlady tossed her head slyly, and said, that perhaps you went out of town to some grave-yard, last night. Horrible!—how infamous in her to say that! I heeded not her base insinuation.

Would you suppose it? I went into your bedroom; I contrived to get there unobserved. I was there but a moment—a precious moment. Don't think it wrong, don't scold me, dear—but I kissed your pillow, and left a tear-drop on it. I could not help it, dearest, when I reflected that your darling head had rested there so often and so lately. Oh, that I were now at your side! Every thing is so desolate without you—every thing harrows up the past! Oh that I could forget the past! But I will not be miserable—I will be grateful to heaven that I have been loved by you.

Theodore! do not let your brow be clouded when you read this. Smile, as when you first greeted me, a stranger! God knows how much devotion I lavished upon you for that kindness. Shall it now curse me? Do write to me. There is no misery so long as we love; but in the flickering light of hope I see darkly.

To-day I have looked over all your letters. Some I pressed to my bosom as priceless treasures—others dropped from my fingers like lead. O my fainting heart! Theodore, you are changeable. I am an unprotected, unbefriended girl. I have reposed all in you. Your constancy is the only sunlight to this frigid existence. Tears gush from my eyes—no matter—God bless you, Theodore! All will yet go well, will it not? It cannot be that you despise me, as the tongue of envy interprets your indifference. If you do, I can endure this life no longer. And now, dearest, write, write! or visit, this evening, your betrothed but unhappy

MARIA.

—
To the same.

THEODORE:

Saturday, June 24th.

I cannot reconcile the word *farewell* to my stricken hopes, without trying to remove from your breast those cold feelings which you seem to imbibe towards me. PURE LOVE prompted me to pen those lines to you last evening. I inferred from the tenor of your letter that you regretted the step you had taken, and that I would give you an opportunity to retract. I have told you, many a time and oft, that you are the only man I ever LOVED—probably *the only one I ever shall love*. Often and often you have heard me say that nothing troubled me—that my fortitude trampled upon every obstacle to happiness. I can say that no longer. Never before did I know the weight of real affliction, but now I have experienced it in full.

Why do you think that I have tried to dictate to you? Far be it from my desire to do so, even if you would allow it. I trust this explanation will be appreciated. Faithfully yours, MARIA.

To the same.

MR. MAXWELL:

Tuesday, July 1st.

Sir—Had your last letter been respectful and affectionate, I would not here begin this as I do. But you have broken the golden threads of my affection, if not of my earthly probation, as the hater of music rendeth the strings of the harp whose strains roll on the breeze a soothing comfort to the weary worn. Yes, Theodore, I thought it was your intention honorably to gain my affections, at the same time resigning yours, and at some future period making me the beloved companion of your bosom. Gentlemen superior to yourself in beauty, and in lucrative situations, have proffered their addresses to me, but while I felt obliged to refuse them as suitors, I endeavored to secure them as friends. I was irresistibly drawn to you by your fluent conversational powers, and a sympathy which seemingly corresponded with my own; in my innocence I fell a worshipper at the shrine of that genius which characterised your sentiments and your demeanor. I thought how blissful it would be, to be united with a soul like your own—to move on, linked with one purpose, through the valley of life—to cherish the same hopes which agitated your bosom—to read love from your eyes and hear it from your lips, as you might from mine.

You say I scorned the idea of falling in love with you through the perusal of *that letter*. It is true I do not admire it so well as some others you have written, but it will be a sad moment when I am made to part with it. I am so disheartened by present events, that I will recur to the past and review in my mind the many happy walks in your society. How happy I was then—all was bright around me. I placed unwavering confidence in you, as too well for my own honor you are aware. I admired the sparkling qualities of your mind, and felt too happy while in your society—but my fidelity and love for you have won hypocrisy, where I thought to have merited a returning love. Look back upon the past year—have you not been awfully false? Theodore, I know you—it is a bitter knowledge—you are a hell-spirit behind a veil, mocking at my calamity!

You say you have tried to make me happy. You have. For this I am grateful to you as ever at this moment. I shall always remember our last ride with a melancholy pleasure, though I knew you were even then false to me.

For the last time I will soon write that word which hath a meaning through all eternity. And now, Theodore, (by that familiar name I will once more address you,) I sincerely trust you may enjoy every blessing which this world may impart to a being. Never will you have a truer friend than you have had in me. And may she, on whom you bestow your hand in marriage, be as devoted a wife as I would have been. Oh, never allow slander to lessen your love for her! If she loves you sincerely, to her trust will she be true, and the greater will be her sorrow when unkind words fall from your lips. Nurse her as you would a tender plant, and you will be more than repaid by her devotion to you.

How much affection have I lavished upon you, to lose you at last! Oh, that those pure feelings should water but the desert!

But it is all in vain. I will write the word—the consuming, distracting word, which shall envelope all future emotions and journeyings in mystery—FAREWELL—a long and last FAREWELL.

Your own no more, but broken-hearted MARIA.

To Mr. James W. Monier.

SIR:

Saturday, (no date.)

It is with much pleasure that I seize my pencil (for pen I have none) to ask “How d’ye do?” I have had some very serious thoughts, these few days back, concerning your welfare, for I have not had the pleasure of receiving one item of news of or from you. Any trouble, hey? Excuse me, Mr. Monier; I had forgotten your partiality for *miss-aims*, (Miss A——!) Ha! ha! You’ll never win that prize at a shooting match. Don’t screw your mouth up so; it is very unbecoming one whose standing is so *high*, that he cannot *sit* in a carriage without taking his hat off!

I have just finished perusing the Magazine which you were so kind to send me a short time since. If I had the whole of the stories therein concluded, continued, and commenced, I would thank you 450 times and 9-10ths more than I now do—for they all begin in the middle or have their ends cut off—sad catastrophe!

Did you get Martha’s letter? A witch; she had the impudence to tell me she had written, but never invited me to a share in the privilege. I am going to be mad, right off straight—immediately if not sooner. Don’t scold; I shall be demure and docile as a cat, next year—when I *get my cap set*! You have not taken the trouble to ask me.

Your unworthy friend,

M. A. D.

To Mr. Bickford.

MY DEAR SIR:

Bangor, Jan. 8th, 1839.

In your letter you speak of matrimony, and remark that I may consider you hasty. I do not know that you are. Our acquaintance, although short, was formed under circumstances which has given us an opportunity of knowing each other’s character and disposition. We have, by social intercourse, discovered that which calls forth our love and esteem, therefore there is no reason why we should not speak of an event in which we are equally concerned, and which we both anticipate. True, my hopes in life, thus far, have been strewn like autumn leaves around me—my early affections were bestowed upon a heartless young gentleman from the South, who trampled them in the dust and spurned at my grief. For this I have paid the forfeit of a consuming remorse. But the past shall be buried in its own grave—its treacherous events shall pain me no more.

You dwell upon the fact that you have been unsuccessful in business. Though it is unpleasant, when we think all is moving forward prosperously, to have our fond anticipations blasted—you must remember, that within the last five years, very few have transacted business who have met with encouraging success. If we look around upon the community at large, we can discover many who would rejoice to exchange

places with us. We see people advanced in life, who have toiled and exerted themselves to their utmost capacity, to acquire wealth sufficient to make them comfortable in the evening of their days—who, by adverse fortune, have had swept from within their reach, every dollar upon which they depended for a living. We have a natural right to our share of this world's blessings. You are yet young, and have many fair years before you—forget past reverses, as I do, and take courage for the future. The Great Ruler of this universe never placed on his footstool two individuals like ourselves to be cowered down by the dishonesty and meanness of those around us.

I do not flatter myself at all when I say that I am one of fortune's favorites, and am successful in all enterprizes which I choose to undertake. But then I must be frank enough to admit with this, that my love matters, thus far, have turned out rather squally. If I could see you enjoying good health, and an undisturbed mind, I would feel happy. Wish I might see you to-day and have a chat with you, but as that is out of the question, I must content myself with this method of sociality.

Yours sincerely, MARIA A. DUNN.

To Mr. Abishai White.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Boston, Oct. 1st, 1844.

I have not seen Miss Arnaud since you saw me. If she wishes to have an interview with me, *she can*, at any time, by calling at my residence in Kneeland street, corner of Harrison avenue. I shall be willing to speak *most freely* to her, if she desires it. Sir, that girl has conducted herself in such a manner towards me of late, as to sunder the friendship of years. I fear, that secretly she has indulged in feelings of hostility to me for long time.

Of this much am I conscious—I never used her ill. She must admit that. I have endeavored to treat her in such a manner, before you, (you know it,) that she could not regard me as a *rival*, but it seems that my attempts have proved futile, and I have no further desire to conciliate her favors, unless she can divest herself entirely of *this accursed spirit of jealousy*.

Be kind enough to give my love (frail as it is,) to your amiable and respected sister.

Adieu,

M. A. B.

To the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Boston, Oct. 2d, 1844.

I wish to add a few lines to my note of yesterday. I am of opinion, nevertheless, that the circumstances of which it treated justified the penning of its contents. In these disagreeable differences, I can only say further, that *I* am the person most deeply implicated, and truly do I affirm that "my heart knoweth its own bitterness, and there are some sorrows which the stranger intermeddleth not with."

I trust that ere long these reflections may be banished from my mind, and that they may sleep in unending forgetfulness.

Can you meet me at the National Theatre next Monday night?

Yours very truly,

MARIA.

To Mr. Bickford.

DEAR HUSBAND:

Brattleboro,' March 4th.

The time seems long since I have seen you, but longer since I have written you. I have for the passed week been extremely indisposed, caused by a severe cold. Sunday eve I retired with much pain in my head, almost distracting me. I feared it might terminate with brain fever, but the next morning found me so far recovered that I was able to ride with my kind gallant. At one time I began to think that my journey to the other world was nearly at an end. I desired to see you before taking a final leave of the corrupting earth. *I wanted your forgiveness.* Yes, I want it, though I shall never again sleep by your side. I am unworthy to look upon you.

Winter is almost gone, and the Spring will soon be here. In that season will not the country be endearing? I wish time away, the travelling is so bad and the weather so dreary. First comes a sprinkling of snow, then it rains three days, and by the time the sun has had courage to assert his rights and declare himself the 'monarch of all he surveys,' the weather-spirit puts a veil over his face and changes the prospect of 'glorious summer' into sad weather again. In earlier years, Spring was the favorite season of my fancy, but now all seasons are pretty much the same—a dismal round of reverses.

This village appears to be a rendezvous for young people who run away to get married—a Gretna Green. They wear happy and hopeful faces, the chickens! but I trow, before their brief candle hath burned to the socket, a sterner lesson will be taught them than they now know, or could be made to believe. Ah me! what work experience and age make of the fiery Romeos and soft Juliets.

But good bye—I would say more but will not. Perhaps this may be the last frail token of remembrance you will have from me. Would I were worthier, but my die is cast, and it is now too late to repent of my conduct.

Your disconsolate wife,

MARIA.

To the same.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:

New Bedford, June 18th.

I am here in New Bedford, but want to come back. * * * * Albert is not here. *I expect to get killed when he does come!* I must not stay here long.

Thine truly. Adieu.

MARIA A. BICKFORD.

To Mr. John Mannings.

MY FRIEND:

Boston, August 11th, 1845.

Thou, who art true when all others are false, accept the gratitude of my soul, (if one is left to me,) for *that advice.* Yours of the 22d ult. has come to hand and its contents have been noted and devoured with pleasure. I wrote to you five or six weeks ago, but I am afraid the letter did not reach its destination, as you did not acknowledge the receipt thereof. How does the wearer of the locket find herself? Such a sweet, innocent, creature, how could you deal with her so? What now is existence to her? Oh, world!—but let me be dumb.

I will tell you all about the valiant 'widower' when I get a chance to speak to you, which will be ere long, I hope, as I understand you intend

visiting Boston, some time next month. Do not disappoint me, and then I can also inform you about your poor Helen, and compare notes in general. Why not bring *Annie* along with you? Tell her I will be as kind to her as, I trust, I am to you.

I will bear your regards to all specified, as soon as I may have opportunity. Margaret has just left me, and I communicated *her* portion, for which she begs leave to return her thanks, and requests me to say that she hopes she may be permitted the pleasure of your company one night while you are here.

Geneveive Burrill, (this was her *last* name) went to New Bedford last month, and in nine days returned in a coffin. Poor thing! if ever heart was broken it was her own. I knew that I should never behold her alive again, and told her when she left, to go and intercede for me at the feet of Christ. She wept bitterly, and said "I will, Maria, with all my heart—follow me soon." I feel that I *shall* soon see her angelic face in a world where her goodness will be honored, and her misfortunes forgiven.

Regarding the drives to Salem and to Cushing's Garden, to which you invite me, should I be able to get rid of my *present engagements*, I cannot express the pleasure it would be to me to be with you. If I am unable to go, I shall ever thank you for proposing it. Let me know, before hand, when to look for you, so that I may be disengaged. Overlook these pencil scratches and all errors.

Your sincerest friend,

MARIA A. BICKFORD.

P. S. O dear! I want to buy some things, but havn't the money. Will you lend me a \$100? I will rifle Albert's pockets when convenient and return it to you.

To Mr. Bickford.

DEAR JAMES:

Boston, Oct. 12th, 1845.

I have just received your letter, that you wrote so long ago. You want to know all, of course. I left New Bedford and went to Concord, N. H. and from thence to Niagara Falls through Vermont, returned by way of New York city, and now I am in Boston.

They have got Albert; they caught him in New Bedford; he got bailed out; I expect he will be sent to Charlestown. They found him with me, but said it was not me they wanted—but I know they want me for a witness. I am secreted in Boston, and no one knows where except those I stay with. Albert directed a letter to the Boston post-office for me, and says they are trying to find out my name.

I have not got one cent; if I had I would come home. I wish you would write to me as soon as you receive this—direct your letter to Mary Jackson.

Your

MARIA.

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

LEAVES FROM MY LIFE.

Monday, Jan. 1st, 1843.—So frequently do the scenes change in this my eventful life, that I have bethought me to keep a record of such occurrences as it is my desire to remember. In all likelihood, my years will carry me down to the narrow house, an evidence of frailty and of sickly shame—perhaps from my fate a tragedy may be studied. But whatever befall me, I have made up my mind to be reconciled. I have lived a virtuous life thus far, for the most part—I feel dissatisfied with its unattractiveness, and am resolved to abide the consequences of my new determinations. I have loved, with a woman's devotedness—I have known the glory of love, and the bitterness of its fruit—there is no gratitude, no pity, no honor, no true love, in the encrusted heart of man. I have dipped into the lottery of marriage—three years of it imparted to me a solid foretaste of perdition—I have unravelled its mysteries, if such they may be termed, and viewed its connections in their varied importance. My researches teach me *that marriage among civilized people is a legalized fraud upon the rights of woman—a bane and a blight to her fondest anticipations and dearest hopes.* I have therefore disregarded my vows at the altar, and shall henceforth do what seemeth to me pleasing. Laws may prevail against me, but scorn shall not. I know that the distrust and derision of the selfish, and of those who are rated with the world's 'high-minded and honorable,' will attach to my name, but the full measure of my contempt shall be returned to them. While I roamed the earth in innocence, many calumniated me and strewn thorns in my path—I found no peace, obtained no reward. In the prospect before me, my lot will scarcely be as constantly visited by the chastening tears of grief.

10th.—Attended the National theatre last evening, by free admission—thanks to Mr. Pelby! Witnessed the representation of the 'Gladiator,' Mr Forrest as Spartacus. It is a wild performance, well peppered with revenge and blood, and the still more degrading vices of pride and tyranny. I was glad when it was finished, for though the play has fine points and much that is ennobling, as a whole it is loathesome. . . . A gentleman saluted me and attended me home, who looked so much like Theodore Maxwell that I could only walk by his side with great difficulty. He is from Springfield, Mass. and has (he says) a sweet family there; he is an influential member of the Baptist denomination.

What *can* he want in a house of ill-fame? My female associates inform me that the experience of years has taught them the lamentable and startling truth, that thousands of men whose standing is in the top rank of society, and who have amiable wives and dear children in a happy home, will sacrifice money and time and health in the large cities, rioting in the dens of vice. I have heard of the like often times before, but would not believe the full extent of the infamy. . . . Since there is no humanity or decency in the male race, it shall be my part to plunder and ruin all whom I am able to decoy. Perhaps I may see the day when I shall have repaid the world for its treachery; if that day ever arrives, let me then die—my mission will have been fulfilled. All men are the same, my enemies—they are really such to every female who treads the verdant earth. I have been *their* victim, they shall now be *mine*.

16th.—To-day two young girls from Walpole, N. H. have come here to reside. Their wages are to be five dollars a week, expenses paid. I have been conversing with them, and freely gave them my advice. One of them has never been seduced; she is fair and gentle. From my heart I pity the poor flower! They are the children of a family once wealthy—their father died in Vera Cruz, where his accumulations were embezzled ere he was cold by those whom he regarded as *friends*. Their mother wasted away in poverty and the consumption. Their delicate hands and inexperience unfit them for the rude buffetings of toil and servitude, and hence they have resolved upon spending their lives in frailty. At the first, I tried to dissuade them from the course they had marked out; but when I had listened to the whole of their sad history, and knew its truth from my own experience, I said no more. Should they prove as sincere in their friendship to me, as I shall try to be to them, we may have delightful hours together. While beauty and bloom is on them, they will do well; but those graces will soon bid them adieu, and then they will be poor indeed. . . . These girls, as wives, would be an honor and an ornament to the highest among men—yet both of them will go down unmourned to a harlot's grave.

25th.—Memory is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved. Friend M—— has been pleased to open his heart to-day, by sending me a basket of excellent wine. This is a *substantial* act of friendship, which I will not soon forget. I presume he will bring himself after it, and go and return while attraction lasts; then abandon me of course. Well, this is not all my favors shall cost him, as I'm a sinner. A lawyer filches his unfortunate client, be she widow, wife, maiden or beggar. I will in turn do my best to filch the lawyer.

February 3d.—Rain, rain! A melancholy time in this place. When the sun shines not, it is painful to commune with the drooping spirits, the dismal forebodings, of my associates. None but those who know the secret history of our lives can tell the horrors of a rainy day. All seem to be awaiting the knock of grim death, and they are anxious to hear his summons. Why do those drunken fools rush in upon us on such mournful occasions, break the furniture, and strike us with their fists so valiantly? A scene took place in this house to-day, that would degrade an insane brute.

14th.—It is snowing. We have all just returned from Boston Neck, whither we followed the body of Miss Abby Folsom Hopkins, who committed suicide the night before last. We tried to be cheerful, poking fun at the bony frame of her gallant to the other world, but it was hard work. In spite of efforts to conceal our feelings, the large drops came out of the eyes, and many an audible breath was heaved It will be sixteen years to-morrow, since (myself but a child,) I stood by the couch of a playmate-girl, while her spirit spread its wings and flew away. I thought it was so unkind in Providence to call her home, the fair creature! but now that I have sifted the chaff of a later existence, I plainly discover how blessed, how kind was her deliverer. As a flower with the morning dew upon its petals, she lived and left us. . . . Miss Hopkins was from Ryegate, in Vermont, the daughter of a clergyman. When seventeen years old she went to the town of Newbury, to finish her education at the Seminary there. Transcendant beauty may be said to have been her ruin. Mr. George Stowe, a merchant of that place, became enamored of her charms in a short time; under the most decided promises of marriage by a certain period, he accomplished the destruction of her virtue; subsequently he induced her to accompany him to Boston, where (as a matter of course,) she was abandoned. Being of a timid and retiring disposition, she declared against returning to her parents, since that signet of wo, seduction, had been written on the tablet of her soul. She addressed an affecting letter to her mother, stating the particulars which had brought her to ruin, and also that ere her letter reached its destination, she would be cradled on the ocean's bosom—that she was embarking for the island of Madeira that very day, to avoid the mortification of beholding her beloved kindred, an offspring in the habiliments of disgrace—bidding all an eternal farewell. How vividly doth the fancy picture the heart-consuming sorrows of those pious and disconsolate parents! In vain have been all their prayers. Though their faith was strong and their souls were pure, the seducer—mocking at the wrongs of his victim—was stronger than all. She then assumed another name and entered the house in which she died, five years and one month afterwards, being the day before yesterday. She was highly accomplished, and honored by every associate. And thus has perished the daughter, the prided and beautiful first-born, of a country clergyman. A few days before her death, she composed the following exquisite lines and presented them to me, as a last token of her regard:

TO KIND MARIA.

I am thinking, I am thinking, of the well-remembered time,
When tinkling cow-bells in the wood were to me a tuneful chime—
Of the babbling brook that leaped along the humble cottage by—
Of my rambles in the sweet spring-time, the time I knew no sigh.

I am thinking, oh I'm thinking, of my mother's evening prayer,
In the little grove near to the house, while I was skulking there!
She knew not that I listened, but so fervently she prayed,
That methought in heavenly vestments was her soul of love arrayed.

I am thinking of the whispering vale, and its silent silvery stream,
Where I loitered in the moonlight and dreamed a lover's dream—
Of the hare-bell and the lily—the rose, the trellised vine,
And the voices of dear children, with whom I mingled mine.

But oh, my Friend! on thoughts like these could I but dwell forever,
 How much of fevered sleeplessness my tortured heart would sever!—
 But the mildew wreathes my perjured soul, a blighted, dying thing;
 This day, upon my Savior's breast, may it fold its weary wing!
Boston, Feb. 11th, 1843. A. F. H.

March 4th.—Three have visited me to-day, and we had an agreeable time. When they left, I fell to reading the *Last of the Barons*, Bulwer's latest romance. It will be a monument to his fame, and is, in my opinion, the noblest offspring of his mighty mind. What dazzling brilliancy, what newness and power, characterize his ideas and expressions! How they look out from the white paper, and frown at you that you are a fool! If Bulwer has any prominent fault, it consists in being too great—the times are too far behind him. I shake at the reality when I look Graul Skillet and Red Grisel in the face. Have such creatures *ever* existed? The author was cunning enough in fixing their era in the olden time, that imagination may make allowances—but I vow me, if distance makes the view enchanting, my stupidity is too superabundant to find it out. Finishing the 'Barons,' I seized on one by G. P. R. James, (called *Tirrel, or the Bitter Blood*,) which, like all others from the same source, I found to be stale and insipid. On reaching the 18th page, it went into the fire, to warm me atmospherically as it would not mentally. This James once had the impudence to put forth his productions in rivalry to those of Bulwer, for a baronetcy! But stop—some one is in the hall—hark! It is the sharp-nosed gambler in a blue-jay coat, inquiring for poor me.

8th.—Danced all night at the Concert Hall, and am so dizzy and faint that I can hardly see. The scene was very brilliant, and I received much more than my share of attention. I shall not soon forget my victory over Miss H——, the young heiress of Bacon street; if she did not shoot envious glances at me while waltzing with her favorite gallant, C. S——, it should not be noted for remembrance on this leaf! And to have him wait upon me home, too! and leave his diamond ring upon my finger! Well, that will do for one night's enjoyment.

27th.—Saw my old friend from Bangor, and got a letter by him from Lucy B——, a companion of my youth. As I live, she expresses a wish to join me in this place. But love and respect for her benevolent mother shall deter me from advising Lucy to enter a career of infamy. It seems most wonderful how many young girls are seeking admittance into the houses of ill-fame in Boston; our applications, the matron informs me, will average twelve in a day more than can be accommodated. Wives, too, of high standing and reputation, in this very city, are daily flocking here to while away an hour or two with a stray gallant, and then return to their homes and husbands to croak about moral reform. It is a singular fact, that full four-fifths of the lewd females of Boston and New Bedford are from the State of Maine. Why it is so, appeareth to me a mystery; but there's no use in arguing to the contrary. Their basswood faces and saucy demeanor indicate the place of their birth at a glance. Seduction and unbridled indulgence in Maine are regarded as a matter of course by nearly all lawyers, doctors, ministers, and other professional men; though they expatiate, as with iron lungs, upon the enormity of these evils, themselves are the

first and most greedy participators in them. Consciences in that portion of the globe are made of material akin to India rubber. The town of Fryeburg in the year 1838 was supposed to contain but sixteen virtuous females; in my judgment that district is no more degraded than Brunswick or Bangor, any many other parts of that land of fornication. Virtue in New Bedford and Boston may be rated at par with that of Fryeburg.

April 2d.—A man, recognized as a Catholic priest, from Baltimore, is in the house!! I will say no more!! Some great man once said, “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;” of course, then, a little more is more dangerous.

May 10th.—This is the sweet May-time, a season which, all things considered, is refreshing to us, the only typical pilgrims that live. For the last month nothing out of the usual round of events has transpired, except that I have laid my hands on three elegant gold watches and a large amount of jewelry, with which to deck my ungraceful self. Lately rumaging the dilapidated wardrobe of lamented Miss Hopkins, who jumped into the great mill-dam of oblivion, by poison, about two months ago, I found a dissertation on marriage, in her handwriting, and which I suppose to be from her own brain. As every thing that she left behind is very dear to me, I will preserve this by transcribing it here with a remark, of my own, that *my* marriage experience does not well harmonize with her beautiful but unpracticed views. “Marriage (she says) is a school and exercise of virtue: and though marriage hath cares, yet single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin; while the cares are but instances of duty, and exercises of piety; and therefore if single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more necessities and more variety of it, and is an exercise of more graces. Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relations: here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre; marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labor of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad: is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys: it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.”

23d.—It is sweet to wander away from the polluted haunts of the living, and meditate in a place of skulls. So have I thought all this day,

which I passed in Mount Auburn, the loveliest retreat for an unfortunate that can be found anywhere. Holy is the ground beneath your tread—sacred the silent shrubbery. Ideas are angel-messengers, and the sepulchres are so inviting that one sighs to leave them. The ornamental devices are tastefully emblematic; the inscriptions, generally, well chosen. A piece of dog-statuary adorns the sleep-house of some one, but who it is, or what he had been, may not be known; for Towser only ‘flings a longing, lingering look’ at you, and saith nothing, nor hath the chisel. There he is, apparently a guardian watcher of the ashes of his master, who petted and talked with him perhaps, an only companion in misanthropy and solitude. May their spirits unite in a brighter sphere! But the dearest object in all Mount Auburn is the marble type of a child, reposing as did the original in the early sleep of its beautiful death. I saw it, and new thoughts came trooping through the luminous windows of the soul, until I fell in love with eternity.

Sunday, June 15th.—I have been listening to a sermon on eternal rewards and punishments, by the Rev. E. N. Kirk. His discourse was very able, and certainly the most imaginative and eloquent that I ever listened to. He elucidated his views with a variety of quotations of apt meaning, and convinced me, most thoroughly, that if Scripture be true, the doctrine of Universalism is false in the extreme. He lashed the propagators of that creed with unsparing severity, and seemed to leave no point of it unrefuted. Yet, with all the positiveness of the Bible before me, I discard the popular belief in a future state of torture. I cannot reconcile my mind to it, let me try as I may—there is a repulsiveness, vindictiveness, in the attributed purpose of hell, which appears to me as utterly inconsistent with the whole character of the Universality. The most attentive reflection and research serve only to confirm my scepticism, and present to my mind in a clearer light the blunders into which both the ancient and the modern interpreters of the designs of God have precipitated. I believe it is a great error to say that he is a Jealous God—at times a wrathful and angry ruler of the universe he hath created—a Being who steps out of the track of his Universality to wreak a destroying vengeance upon the human worms who grovel in the dust of this particular planet, for a transgression of the universal laws. The enemy is too weak, too silly, too contemptible for him to war against. We libel the human understanding and the era of progression in which we live, when we cast aside the intellectual developments of later ages and substitute therefor the dusty memorials of ancient ignorance and bigotry, as the legitimate exponents of the designs and character of God; and when I hear such eloquent theologians as the Rev. Mr. Kirk, or the Rev. Dr. Hawks, pounce Tartar-like upon the incontestible revelations of modern science, branding Geology, Physiology, Phrenology, etc. as the legitimate ingredients of infidelity, and as well calculated to bring God into contempt, or blot him out of creation altogether, I am tempted to laugh at the rusty mail of their credulity. So far from aiding infidelity, modern science has demolished it—so far from lessening the human admiration of the glory and the grandeur of God, it has reflected a light of two-fold brilliancy upon his name. It has tended much to dispel the narrow conception of the ancients, that God is a being of Speciality—a belief most stren-

ously persisted in by the church adherents of the present day. It has placed him in a higher scale of Providential impartiality than belongs to a petty magistrate among men, and clothed him with a purpose commensurate with his Universality. Geology and sister sciences teach us that this planet has had an existence nearer six millions of years than six thousand, and that it will revolve in its allotted sphere forever, Parson Miller, Parson Himes, and their stupid proselytes, to the contrary as loud as they please. Physiology imparts to us the idea that the human mind is a part or semblance of the Deity—that FLESH is the source of all evil, swaying the mind from its purity in opposition to the teachings of an ever-living conscience—that this flesh will perish and manure the ground—while the MIND, uncontaminated and just as it was, returns to that Almighty who bestowed it upon an earthly tenement. What portion, then, shall descend into hell? Not the flesh, for that doth rot, mayhap grow up into grass; not the soul, for that is imbued with God's own vitality—it is a spark of himself. The varied organizations of the temperaments produce inevitable results; a man of impetuous element, with large destructiveness and small benevolence, will rarely be a philosopher; a man with large combativeness and small reverence will be a hypocrite if he attach himself to the church. Yet no one will pretend that these misfortunes should brand them victims to damnation. The multiplicity of discordant mental and physical organizations produce the varieties of character and opinion—mankind can no more hobble along to the grave in the same path, than that they may all look alike. It is curious to see how the adherents of a benevolent system of worship cling to beauties of hell. Without this philanthropic feature there would be no spice to their prayers. Bake all the evil ideals of mythology and compound them into one, and you have an insipid fellow compared with the Great Shirtless of the infernal regions. Take away his arrow-tailed mightiness, and the whole fabric of prevailing religious worship would be as 'sounding brass and a tinkling symbol.' The subject upon which I am here digressing is one of vast magnitude and of great moment to all—so intricate, that but a few are able to comprehend it, and those who have studied it the deepest are often the most blinded in its mazes. It must not be expected that an illiterate, frail creature like myself, will add anything new to the stock of knowledge already developed, and I have only written down the sentiments which I now believe, merely to see how they shall accord with any new convictions with which I may be impressed in the future. I feel certain that in this world we are punished for our sins—let those who doubt it come into this house and behold the miseries of a life of prostitution. Finally, I will sum up my particular views thus: In the present existence we obey the mandates of the flesh—conscience rebukes it, but fails to triumph. The flesh shall manure the ground, but the soul (conscience,) shall return to the bosom of its Giver, pure as it went forth.*

27th.—This, then, is New York, which my eyes now rest upon for the first time. So different from Boston that one might imagine one-

* The editor begs to dissent from these views entirely. Had Maria inculcated the endearing religion of love, as our Saviour taught it, blessed would have been her life and death. But she chose to discard it, and wander on in doubt, shame and disgrace—hence her awful fate. I have preached the Gospel nine years, with a strong and increasing faith, and firmly believe myself a better and a holier man thereby.—*Editor.*

self in China, by the transition! I have been here two days; visited a few of the 'lions'—the Five Points, the Battery, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Park Theatre, and I write this from the Astor. Magnificent in some of its features, New York appears to be filthy, twisty, snaky in all the rest. How would a lady appear, saluting a hog on the Common? Yet a gang of bony-looking grunters perambulate Broadway with the self-satisfied suavity of their Dutch ancestry. The gentlemen here stare at me as though they had not seen a woman before. Their grisly visages convey to one an idea how the first king of the Cannibals must have looked. Screech-owls are not needed when they speak. Fumigation! how fond they are of smoking into a lady's face, the unmanly apes! How they congregate on the steps of this hotel! Look out for pickpockets! Took a stroll through St. Paul's Churchyard alone. Came first against a marble column which bore the name of one always vivid in my fancy—EMMETT—but not of that ROBERT EMMETT whose towering genius and whose fate notched his name on the dial of time—though a not less worthy man, his elder brother. I paused by its base, and reflected on the intellectual treasures annually reaped from the earth while yet ripening, by the great despoiler. Trees and grass—here stands an obelisk to the memory of George Frederick Cooke, erected by his friend Edmund Kean, who pocketed Cooke's toe-bone and made a green room exhibition of it in London. Queer memorial of a companion! Cook was the wonderful tragedian drunkard while he lived—Kean the drunken tragedian. A pity, that these two dilemma-horns did not lay together in the 'wrong box'—it would have been highly dramatic if they had enacted their *last scene* together, and mouthed their jibes over the Styx in companionship. One might imagine this altercation with Master Charon, who, they say, is no respecter of persons. The price of a season ticket would be cheap admittance to a scene like this:—

Cooke.—Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment.

Kean.—A boat! a boat! my kingdom for a boat!

Cooke.—O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Charon.—Halloo, there! green horns!

Kean.—Halloo, rat-catcher!

Cooke.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Charon.—Silence there, sacrilegious goslings!

Kean.—I'll call thee King, Hamlet, Father!

Cooke.—Down! down to hell, and say I sent thee thither!

Charon.—Barnburners of earth, step this way.

Kean and Cooke.—We thank thee, Jew!

[*Exeunt.*]

Walk and loiter about on Boston Common, enjoy its shades, admire its broad area, and then come here and take a lounge on the Battery, and you will be apt to catch the cramp. Much as has been said in praise of the Battery, an acquaintance with it makes me its hater. It will do for a goose pen; numerous are the geese who gabble there; but it is as far inferior to our Common, as its boorish and tattered stragglers are beneath the decent frequenters of the Boston Pleasure Ground. The city fathers of olden time, who planned it, were probably hard pushed for krout fields. Cramps are contagious, for half an hour's dawdling on the Battery put me into an unit. I will say no more about it—comparisons are odious. . . . But I was delighted with the Park Theatre, in every respect—music, scenery, actors, management. My visit to it

would be a source of pleasure to reflect upon, but for the consequences which arose out of it afterwards. It so happened that a wealthy and highly respectable stranger, (a Mr. Macworter,) tendered me an invitation to accompany him, last night. and today my gallant has been so jealous and evil minded, that a sham duel had to be arranged to appease him. The parties are at this moment in Hoboken, where I suppose rare sport is being enjoyed at his expense, the silly mule! Right heartily do I wish him back to Weymouth, at his legitimate employment of tapping boots. I will humble him yet, and 'smooth his wrinkled front,' or abandon him for the companionship of a *gentleman*. Should I find a person hereafter who doubts the existence of hell upon earth, I will instance the Five Points. One stroll through the greasy district was enough. Jehosaphat! what filth and depravity! my life is virtue itself in comparison. I am much comforted since seeing it.

July 4th.—On the majestic Hudson. All is new to me, and enchanting. I walk the promenade deck of the splendid 'Knickerbocker' steamboat, and look off on the glassy water, the rugged Highlands on each side, and manorial mansions and snow-white villages which look as though they were untainted by sin. But I fear me, there be 'whited walls' within, for where the Race gathereth there is infamy even to murder. This is the day of our national jubilee, and the myriads of 'star-spangled banners' floating from steeples, house-tops, poles, trees, and the constant firing of crackers and cannon, bespeak the joy of the human rabble. Not one of the patriotic spouters of this day but would watch his opportunity to disgrace an unoffending girl, as the hyena lurks for the harmless antelope. Tarrytown! what reflections with the name! How inhuman to murder that child of destiny, young Andre; I cannot recall his gallant heroism and his fate to mind, without regret and shuddering. How much of worth, of genius, of hopefulness, of virtue and love, was plundered by the infernal gallows which bore him!

8th.—Saratoga Springs. I know not how to describe this place of mammoth hotels and hurrying strangers. Its society is a mixture of children of all climes, grades and healths—going and coming, coming and going, like the pilgrims of the Mecca. There is nothing like it in all that I have seen before. Music and dancing, psalm-singing and prayers, temperance harangues and bar-room carousals—which has the victory? Palsy-shaking parents, fair daughters who languish in the chastening blight of consumption—what seek they here? Why, water—water—water! Israel on Mount Horeb thirsted not for it as do these. Here are also droves of canes, and fashionable beetles whose very presence is vacancy, but their pomatum-fumes are insufferable. Of the curative properties of the water I know but little, and have but small faith in it. Expressing my doubts about it to an intelligent physician, he wrinkled his forehead with the remark that *imagination* cured not a few—there was everything in *faith*. Mind is the queen of matter, though the latter is sometimes a stubborn pig, and loves to be coaxed. To-day I met, at the Congress Hall house, the well-remembered features of a gentleman who remained with me one night in Boston, about a year ago. That face, once seen, is seen forever. Pale it is, but so sadly sweet, that one might believe the

angels moulded it. Where he is from, or what his name, I know not. Kindly he spoke; his words were few, but so full of humanity and nobleness, that I began to think there *was* an exception to my previous ideas of man's perfidy. How fervently would I have urged him to revisit me, but dared not from reverence, and a fear that he might repulse me. And here I behold him now, an invalid, with a young bride upon his arm. She looks into his face so wistfully, and breathes a sigh; I am glad that he does not recognize me, that my guilty intrusion need not be shunned. The sands of his glass are well nigh spent, but how calmly sweet will be his dying. Oh that it were my lot to smooth his pillow, and receive his last thought!

It was a face where you would seek in vain for thought of rest,
For something said that many hopes had been thro' life unblest;
Yet lingered beauty's brilliancy around his manly form—
As rainbows linger brightly o'er, at close of summer's storm.

There was repose, deep, still repose, like that when day is o'er,
And the sun sends down his last lone look upon a sleeping shore—
The *spirit's* beauty met you there, in every line and shade,
The light that sorrow touches not when rosier blossoms fade.

Clouds pass the moon, nor leave their trace upon her silvery brow,
And stars that have been veiled in storms, shine on as brightly now;
The ocean leaves no shade of wrath upon the peaceful shore,
But the fragile reed of human joy, once broken, blooms no more.

There's something holy in a heart so beautifully lone,
That wanders on its shadowed path, nor asks one soothing tone,
And only tells in looks, that shade has been its outline here,
That one by one the blossoms went, it had been joy to rear.

He was a stranger—home, with all its pleasant lights was far,
The deep, dark waters roll'd between him and that 'guiding star';
Wild flowers were lying on the grave of one who held him dear,
And little thought to leave him thus, a lonely 'pilgrim here.'

I've heard him sing of a far home, and seen the tear-drops fall
At thousand images of love, memory would fain recall,
In all their loveliness of hue, but to plant a deeper thorn
In a bosom, which a fearful weight of worldly ill had borne.

'Tis a lonely sight to view the things in Heaven's own image made;
Fading thus early 'neath the blight of sorrow's earthly shade,
To see the brightness and the bloom of the human brow o'ercast,
And know that such things still must be, till love and death are past.

20th.— At Niagara Falls. The Divinity speaks. Lo! what a collection of pleasure-seekers—lazy bones, the quidnuncs of gin, and coquetish damsels—even here, where His Voice bids silence and calls to prayer. This magnificent wonder of nature has been so frequently described, that *I* will not attempt it. Enough for me that I have once gazed upon it—I can only say, with Fanny Kemble, "O God! who can describe that sight!" No pen has conveyed, none ever will, an adequate idea of its grandeur and sublimity, but in my mind Dickens has succeeded the best in its description, and next to him Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune* newspaper, deserves to be placed. The usual gasconade and flummery, generally met with in such descriptions, are beneath no-

tice, and I regret to say that Mrs. Sigourney's piece of blank verse in the hotel scrap-book, is below the usual range of literary nonsense. Captain Marrayatt did well to show his contempt of the common see-saw in that book, when he wrote, "Well, I have happened this way, and my candid opinion is, that Niagara is a *respectable* watering place!" Well done, gallant boy; call and see us. But I will stop; jumping and fiddle-squeaking interrupt me. Strange, that people will come a thousand miles to *dance* at Niagara Falls. But there is no accounting for tastes; that of an American rabble especially.

August 6th.—On the waters of Lake Champlain. We are aboard the steamboat Burlington, commanded by Capt. R. W. Sherman, the most pedantic simpleton within reach of a rod-pole. His name and nice doings were long since familiar to me through those toadies of Boston, the daily papers, but, as I expected, he appears anything besides the 'gentlemanly commander,' the 'accomplished caterer,' etc. which the newspaper pigmies represent. The truth is, Capt. Sherman is more of the tiger species than the human; a diminutive tyrant to his underlings and a slimy palaverer to gentlemen of 'birth, rank and fortune.' Thus, his boatmen must take so many steps and no more when they get in and out of the yawl—his table waiters must be decked in livery, to please the morbid vanity of British or Boston aristocrats—all hands must 'walk trippingly,' whether they are idling or at work. Every feature is disgusting to plain taste—a manifestation of coxcombry. Capt. S. is most suavitous to the women—*very* agreeable—very oracular—tickled to the eyes with a hollow compliment. Meet him where you will, this may be imagined from his vulgar leer: "Who is *my* equal us a steamboat commander? Don't you *admire* me? Ladies, am I not a *gallant* captain?" We are now within ten minutes of the beautiful and classic town of Burlington, so a lucky riddance to the steamboat of that name, and its pasteboard captain. The scenery on this lake of transparent water is delightful—but who can enjoy it under the obnoxious familiarity of a sapient caterer to the fooleries of aristocrats?

10th.—At Chelsea, Vt. This little village must be the devil's stopping-place. During the four days of my sojourn here, I have seen more meanness, drunkenness, and loaferism—heard more scandal, lying, back-biting and profanity, than any one year of my previous life has yet known. The great bone of contention just at this time seems to be the choice of a representative to the legislature, and from the almost superhuman efforts made in behalf of this quidnunc or that, one might suppose all creation was staked upon the issue. Not less than a hundred vagabond horse-jockeys and other swindlers are pulling each other by the hair, and squirting tobacco-juice into one another's greasy faces. 'Thief,' 'jail-bird,' 'liar,' are amongst the mildest phrases which fill the air. Society here subsists upon scandal; deprive the people of the privilege of poking their noses into every body's affairs but their own, and they would pine away and die. The place is rotten with ignorance, impudence, fornication and 'gouging.' We are off to-morrow, thank my stars. It now rains vehemently.

21st.—Back to Boston. After all, this is the place of my heart. No where can be found such congeniality and comfort—such homeliness

and plenty. One thing only disturbs me—the interference of the police. They are now on our track, I am informed, but they shall learn that “where there’s a will there’s a way.” My kind Albert, (though not always kind,) is so much annoyed that he is compelled to change his name, and beat about in concealment, for fear of arrest on the charge of adultery. He is cunning as a fox, and the bloodhounds of the law will find in him their match—it will be a sorry job for the first one that lays hand on him, if there be virtue in cold lead or glittering steel. Our intention is, after a few days, to stay in New Bedford until the evil wind is done whistling, then to return here and remain. His money is about all gone, and he seems at a loss what to do that he may get more; it will be forthcoming from some quarter, before many days glide away.

28th.—So I thought! Yesterday fell in with old Mr. Oakes, and raised two hundred dollars. The old man is quite a novelty in these dry times—wouldn’t wonder if people declared him to be insane. Never mind; he has done the handsome thing by me, though his head is grey, and I shall not see him abused. Old men will be funny once in a while! Nothing is easier than to please them, but they are most confoundedly knowing.

September 1st.—I have lately been thinking, while re-perusing the foregoing Leaves, that it will avail me but a trifle to add more to them. I have freely noted my opinions of the world, mainly derived from what I have known and seen in it, and such other sentiments as I sincerely believed. Perhaps in some respects my views are not well taken; but if sincerity is entitled to respect, I may claim some deference to the matter of these frail memorials. Most probable it is, that my life hath passed the acme of its sunshine. Be it so; I am content that clouds envelope me, and that my footsteps lead on to the sepulchre of a harlot. My contempt of mankind and my hatred of the treacherous world, have been measurably gratified. Whoever readeth this record and knoweth my wrongs from impartial narrative, will appreciate my motives, if they do me justice. Let my name be reviled by those who blame—may their philosophy make them happy. But if perchance there be a pilgrim in this valley of the dying, after my sleep hath begun, who seeketh to learn of me that he may judge, tell him no lies, but let him read what my pen hath left behind—in that I am satisfied. And thou, who art not yet mentioned in these Leaves—my Mother!—allow one word from thy lost, discarded child—FAREWELL!

Boston, October 20th, 1845.—One leaf more shall close the memorials.* A letter came to me this morning, from Savannah, announcing the death of my beloved THEODORE. Oh, he is gone!—how thrills my heart with this intelligence. Would I were with him in his new realm of Life, and worthier to be greeted there. To him I owe my blighted name—my burning remorse—my distraction. And yet I love him dearly as mortal ever loved—not a breath nor a sigh, even now, but is laden with messages of tenderness and prayer for that false, erring boy, ardent as were the first throbbings of endearment when I parted back the ringlets from his fair forehead. And this letter tells me, that it

*Written five days before her death

was written by his direction; that his heart was grieved in remembrance of wrongs to me; that he hoped to receive my forgiveness, and expected to meet me in heaven. Ah, dear boy! between that haven of bliss and my poor soul there is a great gulf, within which are demons and consuming fire. Canst thou wash out the stains of my guilt with thine own purity? Wilt thou intercede for a harlot at the feet of our heavenly father? Away, away, through the gloom of the grave, and angels herald thee, Theodore! In death thy true love returned, a lost bridegroom, and sought its withered flower in repentance. My wrongs and ruin are as nothing before one ray of that love in the hour of thy dissolution. Forgive thee, Theodore? Ask it not—thou wert forgiven in tears a thousand times before that hour.

We shall meet no more on the sunny hill,
Where the lonely wild flower springs and dies;
We shall meet no more by the murmuring rill,
Where the blue cool waters idly rise;
The sunshine and flowers all bright remain
In their lonely beauty, as of yore;
But to *me* they will never be bright again—
We shall meet no more! we shall meet no more!

We shall meet no more in the lighted halls
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts—
I may listen in vain as each footstep falls,
I may watch in vain as each form departs!
There *are* laughing voices, but thy young tone
Its cheerful greeting hath ceased to pour;
Thy form from the dancing train is gone—
We shall meet no more! we shall meet no more!

GENIUS.*

BY MARIA A. BICKFORD.

Light to the past, power to the present, hope for coming days. Have you seen the graves and the ruins upon earth? Have you seen nations and thrones vanish away? seen how those who have done works of love and heroic acts sank into the silent grave? how ashes cover the splendid temples, and how mist hangs over and obscures the sepulchres of heroes, and how every thing, every thing passes away from the actual world?

But, who is the glorious One, who scatters the clouds with flaming glances, and causes the spirits of the departed to live again in glorified forms? the immortal bard, who preserves the memories of nations, their struggles, their victories, their wounds, the treasures which they have gained, and which one age inherits from another; who causes us to weep

* First contributed to the Christian Register.

today at the sufferings, and to rejoice at the great actions which have passed away for thousands of years? Bright dawn of morning to the world sunk in darkness, Genius, it is thou!

When the spirit speaks, then is the heart of nations expanded; immortal words which lay there slumbering, awake again. Men look up, and perceive anew their nobler selves, they become better, more loving, and happier.

Dark clouds pass over the earth. There are autumn nights when all the stars of heaven are obscured, and the heart of man is sick of life, of all around him, of himself. No animating feeling dwells in his heart, no tear comes to his eye; wherever he looks it is night, and in the darkness are pale, frightful shadows—and the air which he breathes suffocates him. Then!—what flashes out of the cloud, and makes the night clear, and permits us to see the beautiful spirits which were hidden behind the clouds, and which now smile down upon us? It is genius, it is the great artist! His lightning flash has touched the heart of the unhappy man, he has wept, his sufferings are alleviated; yet another beam of light, another glimpse of the divine countenance, and he looks up with hope and courage.

And when a nation bleeds, when a deep wound has been struck at its heart, and it seems as if its strength, its freedom, its noblest life, must pass away under the hand of the executioner; who is it who, even then, speaks of better days, who raises again the fallen eagle, and allows his eye again to look at the eternal Sun? Comforter of the cast down, Seer and Prophet of the mysteries of God, Genius, all hail!

Who makes nature more glorious? who understands her language, reads the silent hymn of the flowers, and comprehends the thoughts in the songs of the birds? Who listens to the spirits of the mountain and the river, and to the voice of God in the rolling thunder, in the rustling forest, and explains to man the words of God in nature?

Thou wonder-worker, thou life in life, thou mighty hand, thou who bindest together time and eternity, ever-renewing, ever producing power, thou who lookest on the path of the sun, and on the heart of man, thou who seekest out the essence of the Divinity, and life of the little flower—we conceive thee not, but we know well whence thou art!

Man fell, and the spirit went astray in dark dreams; but the jubilee of a higher world reached him. O! then the scattered features united in a heavenly smile, the misty fingers of his dream received life and color, and all his recollections stood up in bright light—a beam of God's brightness, genius smiles upon the earth, and illuminates the dark reality.

The following illustrates, nearly as an engraving can, the prophetic and most singular dream of Mrs. Bickford, while sleeping at a hotel on the road between Bangor and Brunswick, in Maine. She was then but fifteen years of age, and had consulted a fortune-teller the previous evening, who wrote and sealed her fate in red letters, but refused to communicate it. Her vision unravelled the tra-



gical predictions and gloomy forebodings of the Seeress, though Maria was unaware of their import at the time. She deciphered her own destiny from the bloody hieroglyphics. First, a victim to seduction and a heartless betrayal—then abandonment, and the hiss of an unfeeling world—then a life of frailty—and, at last, to fall by a murderer's hand.

[See her "*Life and Death*,"

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