

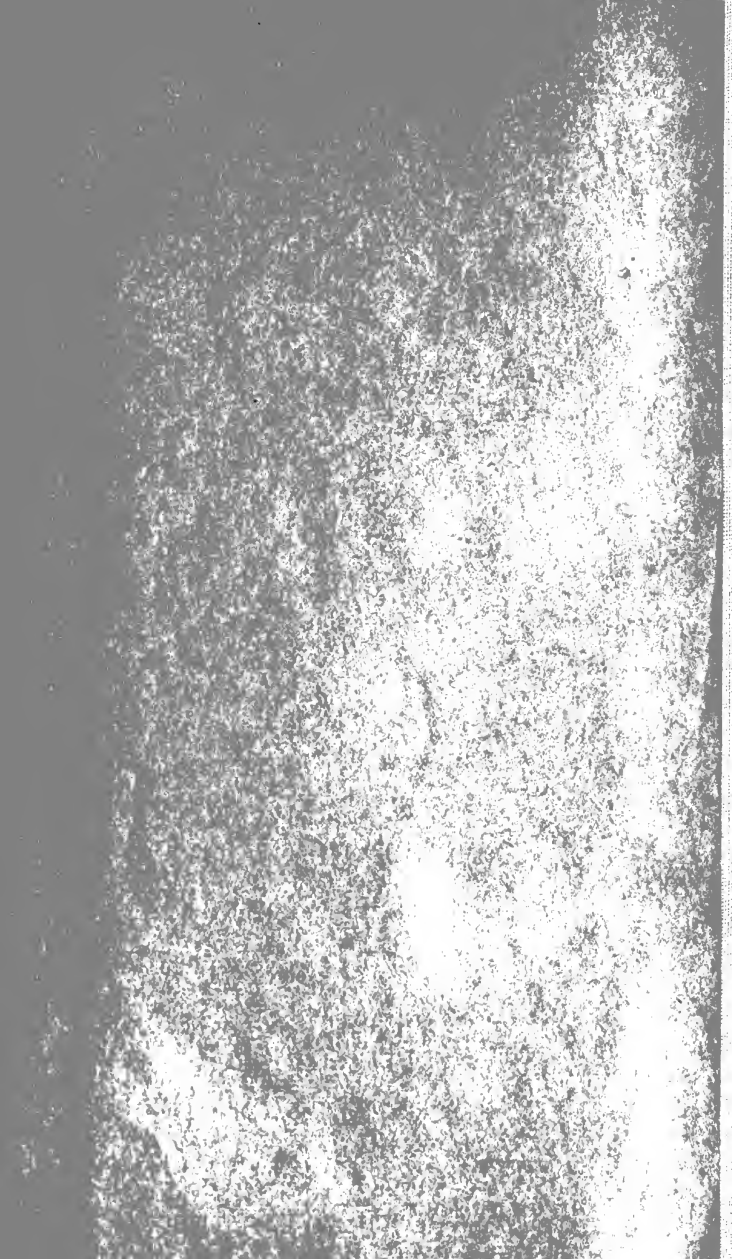
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BIOGRAPHY

OF

MRS. LYDIA B. BACON.

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND
APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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BIOGRAPHY

OF

MRS. LYDIA B. BACON.

MRS. LYDIA B. BACON was the eldest child of Mr. Levi and Mrs. Mary Stetson, and was born in Boston, (of which city her parents were also natives,) May 10th, 1786. Of her infancy and childhood it has not been the fortune of her biographer to collect other than the briefest record. Her parents having now been long deceased, and her surviving sisters being many years younger than herself, it has been impossible to gather those details and incidents of her earliest years which it would be so desirable to furnish. A few extracts from letters received in answer to an application for information upon this point is all that can here be given.

Says one, "Lydia was always a good child, and very obedient to her parents. As a child, she was of very sedate habits and conscientious principles; a good scholar also, and very fond of reading; ardent in her attachments and well calculated to gain friends."

Another correspondent, after confirming the above, adds, "hers was a happy temperament naturally. From childhood she viewed mankind and their conduct through a bright medium, always thinking and speak-

ing well of every one so long as it was possible. Such a temper and habit sanctified, was a blessed possession, shedding love and peace on all around her."

Another writes, "Lydia was a very sedate child, always orderly, neat, and industrious; carefully observant of the proprieties of life, as well as nicely attentive to the feelings and wishes of others, particularly if they were her elders or superiors. Indeed, reverence for age and authority seemed constitutional with her." That these traits which budded in her early childhood came to a rich maturity in her riper years, and bore most precious fruit, all who knew Mrs. Bacon, will bear the most unqualified testimony.

But it will doubtless be asked by a reader here, was the youthful Lydia a child of God? We are constrained to answer—*no*. This was her own testimony, repeatedly given to the writer of these pages as well as to many other friends: "I *thought* I loved God when I was a child," she would say, "and indeed I should then have been very much grieved had any one questioned it, but it was the *God of Nature*, only, or perhaps rather *the God of my own imagination* whom I loved. I was an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, and knowing it to be the handiwork of God, I loved him as its author. Sometimes, too, I admired Him as the God of providence, particularly when I saw some striking manifestation of his interposing hand in my own favor, or in that of my friends. But *the God of the gospel*—a Being infinitely holy, hating sin and bound to punish the guilty—such a God was not in all my thoughts."

This statement is corroborated by one who knew her well, and who in answer to inquiries respecting her

early religious character says, "Lydia was always a serious-minded girl, loving the house and people of God, but I think, without a radical change of heart until after her residence at Sackett's Harbor. There Christ revealed himself to her as her Saviour, and there she consecrated her all to him, and was as actively engaged in Christian efforts as since you have known her."

Early in the spring of 1807 she was happily married to Mr. Josiah Bacon who was not only a resident of her native city, but had been for years her school companion and playmate. More than once has the writer heard her pleasantly allude to this fact, and to their early mutual attachment, which resulted in their union at the age of twenty-two. Her husband having a military taste, soon after entered the Army of the United States as a Commissioned Officer, being Lieutenant and Quarter-master in the 4th regiment of U. S. Infantry, then commanded by Col. John P. Boyd. After being stationed at Fort Independence, and also at Fort Hale for a season, the regiment to which Mr. Bacon belonged was ordered to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and his young wife at once resolved to accompany him. We, who enjoy the present facilities for travel can hardly imagine the tedium of a voyage from Boston to Pittsburgh forty-four years ago. I am sure I shall startle the flying passengers upon our railways, when I state that thirty-eight days hardly sufficed to make the journey which is now compassed in as many hours. Surely if the succeeding forty years shall witness an equal rate of improvement in the *speed* of traveling, the inventive genius of the next half-century will be taxed to devise *holdbacks*.

But to return to our narrative, which will now be continued in Mrs. Bacon's own words, she having prepared (at the request of a favorite nephew) an account of her travels, and of the scenes through which she passed during the well-remembered war of 1812. This account, as she states, was made up from letters written at the time to her friends, and extracts from her journal, and commences with the date of her embarkation with the troops for Philadelphia *en route* for Pittsburgh, whither her husband, as Commissary, had preceded his regiment to prepare for its arrival.

“*May 9th*, 1811. Having obtained mother's consent that my sister A. (just 15 years of age) should accompany us as far as Philadelphia, we proceeded to the fort in the barge which had been sent to convey us to the vessel which was there waiting for the troops to embark. We arrived safe on board about eight o'clock in the evening, and commenced our voyage with a fair wind and fine weather. The second day out I was very sea-sick, but my young sister proved an excellent sailor, not being affected at all by the motion of the vessel. On the third day out, we arrived at Martha's Vineyard, where we were detained by headwinds for several days. But this was not at all unpleasant, for us, as we had friends with whom we passed our time very agreeably.

“*May 16th*. Continued our voyage very pleasantly, although my former companion (sea-sickness) returned the moment we left the land, and remained with me until we saw it again, which was not for several days.

I kept on deck, however, as much as possible, finding that the best remedy for sickness.

“On going up the Delaware Bay, as if to vary the scene, a thundergust overtook us. It was of short duration, but very violent. Sickness confined me wholly to my berth during the squall, but my sister enjoyed the sublimity of the scene very much; it being the first storm at sea which she had ever witnessed. Indeed, she would not leave the deck until the captain thought it imprudent for her to remain any longer. When we entered Delaware River, my disagreeable companion (sea-sickness) fled, leaving me to the full enjoyment of the fine air and beautiful scenery which surrounded me. Noble farms upon each side of the river attracted our gaze, and delighted us with the plenty and comfort which they exhibited. The contrast was great with what we had left at home, for at this early season in New England, vegetation had but just commenced, and here all the first fruits were rapidly advancing to maturity. We went ashore at the Lazaretto, where we were to stop for a short time. This place is a few miles from the city of Philadelphia, and enchanted us with the luxuriance of its vegetation. Here we amused ourselves with examining all that was curious; among which were some old trees which had been *wounded* in the *Revolutionary War*, and *still contained the shot embedded in their trunks*.

“At this place we found other companies belonging to the same regiment as ours which had been ordered here to meet us. These companies had been previously stationed at New London, Connecticut, and at New Castle, Delaware. The captain of the company from

New Castle was accompanied by his wife, a lovely woman, with whom I formed a friendship which solaced many an hour while our beloved husbands were on duty, separated from us, and which continued while life remained."

This lady (Mrs. Capt. ——) died some years since and was heartily mourned by her friend, Mrs. B. Often has the writer heard the latter speak of this friend, of the pleasures and trials which they shared together, and well does she recall the touching emphasis with which she once said "she was the sister of my soul." This is mentioned as a proof of the tenderness and constancy of her friendships. But we will resume the narrative.

"We had relatives in Philadelphia whom we anticipated seeing as soon as we should arrive. But it was not convenient to go to the city the first night, and we were obliged to remain at the Lazaretto, which we would gladly have avoided; for the place was so crowded on account of the additional troops that we were compelled to take such accommodations as we could get. For the first time in our lives, sister A. and myself reposed *upon the floor*, with a blanket and pillow. This of course seemed rather hard to those who had always been accustomed to a soft bed, but we were young, and blest with a good share of health and spirits which soon made seeming difficulties vanish.

"The next morning we went to the beautiful city of Philadelphia which I had so long wished to behold, and were received by our dear Cousin P—— with all the cordiality which we could expect or desire. Our friends did all they could to make the time there pass pleas-

antly and profitably, but alas! they passed swiftly also, and soon the day arrived when we must be separated from them, and from my dear young sister who must return to our parents in Boston. The remembrance of this visit will never leave me; those were some of 'the white days' which a kind and beneficent Providence strews in our path as we pursue our pilgrimage. I never saw those dear cousins again, for they paid the debt of nature a few years after.

"*June 1st, 1811.* The troops took up the line of march from Philadelphia for Pittsburgh, and Mrs. P., Mrs. G. and myself went in the stage-coach, under the care of a nephew of Col. Boyd's who was traveling for his health. The weather was serene, the roads were good, and all nature appeared in its richest dress. The land from Philadelphia to Chambersburgh, (which lies at the foot of the Alleghany mountains,) is rich and highly cultivated. Large farms with barns of spacious dimensions, built of stone, meet the eye in every direction. But our attention was particularly attracted by the sight of Dutch girls performing the labor of men in the fields, and we were greatly amused by seeing large numbers of swine feeding in rich clover up to their backs. I had often *heard* of '*pigs in clover,*' but never *saw it realized* before.

"*Pittsburgh, June 26th.* We arrived here ten days since, after a somewhat tedious but delightful journey—tedious on account of the extreme roughness of the roads over the mountains, which did not fulfill the promise of the commencement of our ride. And yet we

found great delight in the beauty of the landscape by which we were continually surrounded. For on every side was exhibited to our admiring gaze a constant succession of scenery at once grand, sublime, awful and sweet. A variety of emotions filled my mind at these surveys of God's works; every thing seemed calculated for instruction, comfort and pleasure. And while contemplating these wonders and beauties our sense of dependence on their Divine Author seemed more firmly fixed in our hearts. Oh, could we be sensible of his goodness to us we should not let a murmuring thought arise, but should be wholly resigned to his will, whatever that will might be.

“The stages over the mountains were very bad, the roads equally so; and we were obliged to walk the horses in the ascent for several miles together. Sometimes for a change we would all get out and walk, and during the roughest of the way the seats were taken out from our vehicle, straw spread upon the bottom of it, and the passengers stowed in like baggage. But to those who desired to view the landscape as we passed along, the last arrangement was most unsatisfactory, and we resolved that we would rather endure the jolting upon our seats than be deprived of this pleasure. So the seats were restored, and you may just imagine to yourself Lydia seated at the coach window, to which she was obliged to hold on with both hands, straining every nerve and muscle to maintain her equilibrium.

“On one side my neighbor's elbow was constantly pounding me, on the other the stage, which was neither lined or stuffed, was bruising me, while my head was often thrown against the top till I feared my brains

would be dashed out. But all this I bravely endured for the sake of beholding the scenery.

“At a distance the mountains towered to the clouds, and in some instances the tops were lost in them. On one side, and within a foot or two of the carriage wheels fell an awful precipice, at whose base a beautiful river quietly glided along, unmindful alike of the danger or the admiration of the travelers. After a little turning we would ride through this stream and then again cross it upon a rude bridge, and often afterward it would be seen in the distance. We were obliged to lock the wheels upon descending the mountains, and when we came to a narrow place in the road the driver would *blow his tin horn* vociferously to warn any teams which might be approaching to avoid danger by stopping where we could safely pass them. The distance across the mountains by the road which we traveled was one hundred and sixty miles, and this it took us several days to accomplish.

“There are some pretty and thrifty villages among the mountains, where we passed the nights during our journey. The one which pleased me most was called Bedford. We lodged there the second night. It was situated in a beautiful valley, which was watered by a very lovely stream—the Juniata. I was reminded of Johnson’s Rasselas, who was born in a similar valley, and like it so entirely surrounded by mountains that he lived to the age of man ere he learned there was any other world beside the spot he inhabited.”

The following description of Pittsburgh, to which place Mrs. Bacon’s journey had now brought her, it will be recollected, was written more than forty years ago.

Its appearance as described here, is, of course, in striking contrast with its *present* aspect, and may not only afford amusement but instruction, as indicating the rapid strides of our Young America :

“Pittsburgh is a *pleasant village* surrounded by mountains. On one side the Monongahela river laves its banks, on the other the pure waters of the Alleghany unite and mingle with the beautiful Ohio. This village is famed for its manufactories ; the people appear very industrious and engrossed in the *all important* business of accumulating wealth. A great deal of coal is used here, which gives the village a very dirty appearance. The children’s faces (as you see them in the street) look as if they were strangers to water, though so many beautiful rivers are running by their doors.

“We have seen a number of factories and a *large flour mill*, the labor of which is expedited by STEAM, the flour being carried by this means through all its different grades until it is snugly packed in the barrel ! There is also a fine glass factory here. We saw some of the cut glass—the first ever done in our country. The first steamboat ever built for these waters has just been launched ; if it were now ready we might have the pleasure of going in it. We visited Grant’s Hill, a place conspicuous not so much from the loftiness of its summit as from its having been a scene of battle during the Revolutionary war. We had a terrible thunder-storm to-day ; the thunder was tremendous, accompanied with vivid lightning and with rain, which drenched the streets like a flood. I believe the thunder is always more violent among the mountains than in a level country. The heat is oppressive, but it does not make

us sick. All kinds of provisions are cheap and of a good quality.

“The military quarters are small and will not accommodate all our regiment. The Colonel resides with his staff at the quarters, with the exception of *my husband, who prefers to live with his wife*, the rest board or live in hired houses. Lieut. G. and wife, Josiah and myself, with some of our brother officers, have hired a new brick house on Market street, and all live at one table. For this my husband provides, and sees that our fare is cooked and served in good order. This is but little trouble, as we have plenty of servants, and those that are pretty fair, though all *men*.

“The military quarters here were built by General Wilkinson, and resemble an elegant country seat. In the rear of the house (which is both commodious and splendid,) is a large garden arranged with much taste. All kinds of fruit trees, shrubbery and flowers charm the eye and please the palate, while the odors which perfume the air leave nothing wanting which a refined taste could desire. A canal runs through this garden, over which is a Chinese bridge with seats around it. The Colonel has tea-parties frequently, and entertains his company in the garden, while an excellent band at a distance and unseen discourses fine music. The whole appears like enchantment. At one of these parties a few days since I was sitting on the bridge under the shade of a beautiful tree in conversation with some of the company. Happening to cast my eye into a walk at some little distance, I saw our gallant Colonel upon his knees presenting to a beautiful damsel her glove which she had let fall, perhaps on purpose. This chiv-

alrous incident amused me much, especially in connection with their difference in age, the gentleman being more than fifty and the young maiden I should judge about sixteen.

“*July 27th.* Since writing the above we have received orders to proceed to Newport, Kentucky, on the Ohio River, about five hundred miles from this place. We are to descend the river in keel-boats, covered like houses; the sides we can open or close as we please, and stop at night if we choose. The river is narrow, and in many places you can call across it and be heard quite plain. We are told that it is very pleasant sailing on the river, but we should greatly prefer stopping here for the present. We are comfortably quartered, are much pleased with the people, who are both attentive and hospitable, *but go we must.* The evenings here are delightful after the excessive heat of the day. Soon as the sun retires, the families sit at their doors, or walk with uncovered heads, that they may enjoy the soft breezes of twilight. Sometimes our band, in a boat, will navigate each side of the village and send forth exquisite strains of music. These echoing among the mountains produce a charming effect, reminding me of something which I have read of but never expected to realize. All this is truly delightful, but we must leave it. The Indians are committing depredations upon the white inhabitants located upon our Western frontier, and the Governor of Indiana has requested some regular troops to assist in keeping them quiet. This is the cause of our removal at this time.

“*August 2d, 10 A. M.* Embarked on board the boats for Newport. The fleet, (if I may so call it,) consisted of eleven boats. *Our* party consists of Mr. and Mrs. A—— with her two young brothers, Mr. G—— and wife, husband and self. We went forty miles to-day, and at night stopped at Custard Island. The ground not being good we slept in the boats, and a curious figure we made indeed. We were obliged to place our beds on the floor of the cabin, and we ladies slept there together, while our husbands spread blankets upon the seats or lockers at the sides of the cabin, and all thus enjoyed comfortable repose, after the novelty of the scene allowed us composure to court the drowsy god. This is a very pleasant way of traveling. We are as comfortable as if in a house, have our regular meals cooked and served in good style by our own servants, and our reading, conversation and needlework, together with our admiration of the passing scenery, fills up the time pleasantly and profitably.

“This river is very winding, and in some places the bends are so peculiar that you seem to be sailing upon a pond with no outlet, and wonder how you are ever to find your way out. And at such times I cannot help fancying the Indians with their tomahawks and scalping knives peeping at us from behind the trees and bushes, and ready to raise their murderous yells.

“*August 3d.* We were awoke at daylight by the reveille, and left Custard Island about five o'clock in the morning. We passed the towns of Steubenville and Charleston, both of which are handsome places. The weather is fair and there is a fine breeze on the water.

“*Eight o'clock, P. M.* It is a lovely moonlight evening, and we have stopped at the foot of a beautiful bank on which are several log houses swarming with children, who seem as merry and happy as possible. The soldiers have pitched their tents, made their fires and are preparing their suppers. The ladies are making their husband's beds, and every thing is lively around me. How I wish my distant friends could take a peep at us and help me laugh.

“*August 4th.* We were aroused this morning by the drums beating the tune which accompanies these words:

‘Don't you hear your General say,
Strike your tents and march away.’

Our pilot plays well upon the bugle, and the echoes and re-echoes among the hills are wonderful and delightful. One infant has died to-day; happy child, thus early escaped from this world of sin and sorrow, and gone where there will be no more sickness and no more death! It was a soldier's babe; the officers have no children with them. We are having a pleasant time. The river is perfectly smooth, and we are going *with* the stream; of course we pass along very rapidly. Our boat is seventy feet long, twelve wide and seven high. It has no sails, and is propelled by twenty-two oars. There are many small islands in the river, which add much to its beauty.

“We were obliged to stop at one o'clock on account of a squall coming on. For awhile the prospect seemed rather gloomy; but the tempest soon passed by, doing

us no damage, and we proceeded on our way. The weather was most delightful after the shower, and I longed to have my friends here to enjoy the scene with me.

“ *August 5th, P. M.* Stopped at Marietta, which lies upon the Ohio and Muskingum rivers. The inhabitants are principally New Englanders, who were engaged in the employment of building vessels. This they found very lucrative; but the embargo came and put a stop to their business, and of course injured the place very much. My husband and myself, in walking about the streets, were struck with the *stillness* which prevailed. In consequence of the dullness of business many of the inhabitants have moved away; in some of the streets we found the clover quite high, and in others there was hardly a footpath. I was forcibly reminded of Goldsmith's Deserted Village. The place is beautifully situated and well laid out, and we walked until fatigue compelled *me* to return to our boat. But my husband with some of his brother officers rambled farther to visit some Indian mounds in the vicinity.

“ I hoped to have gone ashore at Blennerhasset Island, but the rain prevented me. It must be well worth seeing, if the description of it which I have just read from ‘The Western Tour’ be correct. A short extract from that account I will here copy for the benefit of my friends :

“ ‘ On ascending the bank from the landing, one quarter of a mile below the Eastern end of the island, we entered a handsome double gate with pillars of hewn stone. A graveled walk led us about one hundred and

fifty paces to the house. This was situated with a meadow on the left, and a shrubbery on the right, separated by a low hedge, through which we could see innumerable flowers displaying themselves to the sun. The house is large and handsome. The shrubbery before mentioned was well stocked with all manner of flowers, and a variety of evergreens, (not only those natural to the climate, but exotics,) surrounded the walks, which were graveled and wound in labyrinthine style, through this enchanted spot. The garden is not large but seems to have every variety of fruit, flowers and vegetables which this fine climate and luxurious soil could produce. In short, Blennerhasset's Island is a most charming retreat for a man of fortune fond of retirement, and is perhaps not exceeded in beauty by any situation in this Western world. It lacks, however, the variety of mountains, precipice, cataract, distant prospect, &c., which constitute the grand and sublime.'

"The foregoing description was given several years ago. Since then the unfortunate owner was concerned with Aaron Burr in his treasonable designs against the Union, and was obliged to abscond from this charming retreat. At present its inhabitants are a few slaves, who raise hemp. The entrance is choked with bushes, yet the whole has a romantic appearance. The farther we proceed down this river the more level the country becomes and the more cultivated; indeed, we have almost lost sight of the mountains.

"*August 6th, A. M.* Our boats, last night, were locked two together, yet the current drifted us forty miles. It was a dark, rainy night, but the Colonel

being anxious to reach Newport as soon as possible thought best to continue on instead of stopping for the night as heretofore. We went over L—— Falls, but I did not see them, because old Morpheus had blinded my eyes. We ladies experienced no inconvenience from this arrangement, but our poor husbands were obliged to take their watch on deck, and in consequence were wet to the skin. We are at this moment opposite a log house situated in a cornfield, and *the corn is actually higher than the house*. We can just see a troop of children playing about the door.

“*August 7th.* We drifted much last night, and this morning stopped half an hour and landed at a thrifty farm. Here we found a son of old Justice G——, of Boston. In early life he married a young lady in St. Domingo, and they were happily residing on that island when an insurrection among the blacks obliged him to flee with his wife and mother. They succeeded in reaching this country with a remnant of their property, and settled upon the Ohio. Here they have remained twelve years; they *work hard* but *sleep sound*. Their greatest trouble is the want of educational privileges for their children, who are very intelligent and promising. Having heard of a good school about twenty miles from their location, (this was the nearest within their reach,) the father with two of his children accompanied us in our boat. We found him a very intelligent and agreeable companion.

“*August 8th.* Although our boats were lashed together last night, yet two ran ashore in consequence

of the fog, and a soldier sleeping on deck, encumbered with a heavy watch coat, &c., fell overboard and sunk to rise no more. Poor fellow ! he was summoned in an unexpected moment into an unknown world, and left some hearts to bleed, no doubt, for his untimely end. Our boat got on to what they call a *sawyer*. These are trees carried by freshets into the river, and catching to the bottom. When the water is low, (which is generally the case at this season of the year,) these sawyers are very dangerous. The tops being just above water, boats often catch in them and are much damaged, and sometimes sunk. When we struck, the jar and noise awoke us from a sound sleep, and alarmed us not a little ; but a kind Providence preserved us from destruction, and we received no material damage.

“ We stopped this evening at a beautiful place without a name, and took a pleasant walk along the bank. We are in the habit of buying butter, eggs, &c., as we go along, and have found them abundant, cheap and good. Needing some butter now, we called at a house hoping to have our wants supplied ; but the good housewife very carelessly told us that she had been making *soap* that day, and not having sufficient *grease* had supplied the deficiency with *butter*. What a country, thought I, where people can afford to use sweet butter for soap grease !

“ *August 9th.* Arrived at Newport and found decent quarters in a comfortable location. This is a military depot. Cincinnati lies directly opposite, *and is said to be a flourishing town.* I intend going to see it to-day.

“ The view, as seen from this side of the river reminds

me more of Boston than any place that I have yet seen. Thirty years ago it was almost a wilderness. I can only account for its rapid growth by the fact that the settlers are principally Yankees. I long much to see my dear mother and sisters, and New England friends, but as my beloved husband was obliged to come here, I have never for a moment regretted that I accompanied him. It is a great comfort that we can be together, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that I am performing my duty. This place is healthy, we are both well, the season is delightful, and we have an abundance of fruit, which is here both plenty and cheap. How long we shall be allowed to remain here is altogether uncertain. We are now awaiting farther orders. I hope they may be to stay here or to return to Pittsburgh, but fear we shall be destined still farther west."

At Newport, Capt. and Mrs. Bacon formed the acquaintance of a family by the name of Taylor. The gentleman was a brother of General Taylor, afterwards President of the United States. He owned a beautiful plantation a short distance from the military quarters, upon the bank of the river, and treated Mr. and Mrs. B. with the utmost attention and hospitality. He often sent them delicious fruit, and frequently invited them to his house. Years afterward, Mrs. Bacon writes, "Very pleasant is the recollection of the hours passed in their society. Sweet was our social converse when seated in the calm twilight, on the front piazza, overlooking the splendid lawn which spread its green carpet to the edge of the river. The fruit trees on either side of the mansion were loaded with their rich treas-

ures which not only delighted the eye but regaled the palate."

"*Sept. 2d*, 1811. Our fears are realized; we are ordered still farther west, and again find ourselves in our boats upon the Ohio. We have much to engage our attention, but my thoughts often recur to my absent friends, whom I fondly love, and I trust that neither time or distance will ever diminish my affection. I have no female companion with me on the boat now. Our family consists of Col., Capt. S., husband and self. Our cabin is quite large, and we are very well accommodated. On account of the lowness of the water, which renders navigation dangerous by night, our boats stop at evening, and those who choose, can sleep in tents on shore.

"*Sept. 3d*. Last night the boats were anchored under a high bank, and as the summit presented nothing very inviting, we hardly thought it worth while to ascend it. But our minds were soon changed by the report of some of the gentlemen whose curiosity led them to reconnoitre a little distance. They brought with them some beautiful straw hats which they had purchased of a Swiss family, whom they found located a short distance from the river. About thirty families had taken up their residence here, being driven from their own country by the troubles in France. They fled to our peaceful shores, and purchasing some land of our government, planted vineyards, the produce of which enables them to realize the comfort and independence which they fondly anticipated.

“We purchased some of their wine made from Madeira and other grapes, and those who considered themselves judges of the article pronounced it excellent. But for my part, I much prefer the grapes *unpressed*. We went into one of the vineyards; it was a charming sight. The house was pleasantly situated, and the yard laid out with good taste. We approached the front door through rows of vines (supported by poles five or six feet high) loaded with clusters of ripe grapes, while the peach and nectarine trees swept the ground, so heavily were they laden with the delicious fruit. The family were neatly dressed; a number of fine, healthy children *adorned* the front yard, the grass of which having been newly mown, perfumed the air with its fragrance. It was one of the finest twilights I ever saw. We tarried until the full-orbed moon warned us that it was time to depart. We left with great reluctance, and like our mother Eve, on leaving her beautiful Eden, we cast a long and lingering look behind. I had often read of such charming spots; but thought they existed only in the author’s brain, yet I must say that my eyes here beheld a sight equal to any thing of which I ever read. This place is called Vevay, in Indiana.

“*Sept. 4th.* We arrived at Jeffersonville this morning at nine o’clock, and now the boats are preparing to go through the Rapids. The water is very low and it is found necessary to take all the baggage out, and send it round by land. The distance is three miles and it takes only thirteen minutes to go by water. Lieut. G’s boat with himself and wife, and Mr. and

Mrs. A. has gone over safely. *We could go by land*, inasmuch as my husband being quarter-master, has charge of the property. But we prefer to run all risks which are necessary for the rest of the officers and their wives. It is rather critical navigation here; we are obliged to have two pilots, one at the bow and the other at the stern.

“*Sept. 4th.* We are safe over the Rapids; it was frightful indeed. It seemed like being at sea in a storm, surrounded by breakers. The clouds were heavy, the wind was high, and a thunderstorm threatening us which burst upon us just as we got into port. We had no passengers in our boat except Capt P. and lady, and ourselves, the soldiers having gone by land. We *stood*, while passing the Rapids, with our eyes stretched to their utmost width, that we might see the whole in its perfection; although hardly daring to take a long breath under the fear that our boat might strike the rocks.

“We have laid below the falls these two days, and have been highly interested, viewing the petrifications which are abundant and extremely curious. I have taken some specimens along with me that I may show them to my friends some future day should I ever have the good fortune to meet them. Indeed, I often wish that I could transport them here, that they might behold with me the wonderful works of nature. We are fast approaching the lowlands. From Pittsburgh thus far, there has been a constant succession of hills and vales; but in a few hours a vast extent of level country will open to our view. We are come to the

lowlands. The contrast is great; not a mountain or hill now meets the eye. This is a pleasant way of traveling—every thing goes on as regular as if at housekeeping. Our cook prepares his food well, and does the laundry work admirably. We drink the river water; it tastes very well, but I do not like to think of the dirt that is thrown into it. Last night we had a *recruit* added to our number, in the shape of a bit of female mortality born in a tent on the banks of the Wabash, which river we are now ascending. Our progress is slow and very difficult, the current, which is against us, being very strong. We could go as far in *two* days with the current in our favor, as we can in *twelve* with it setting against us. To add to our difficulties, the River Wabash is full of snags, sawyers, and sand-bars, and the night air is so damp that if exposed to it we are in danger of fever and ague. And here I must record a *furiosus* account of an attack of that disease which I heard from a western settler: ‘You see, ma’am,’ said he, ‘we had just got moved into our new house, when I was took down with that pesky ague. First came the chills, and I shook so hard that all the plasterin’ fell off my walls; next the fever riz, and made my room so hot that the *lathes ketched afire*, and I should have been burnt to death hadn’t the *sweatin’ turn* come on so powerful as to drench the room with water, and *quinch* the flames.’

“Oct. 1st., 1811. We arrived at Vincennes, Indiana Territory, and find all engaged for a campaign against the Indians. Our health is very good at present, although my dear Josiah has been burnt with gun-

powder, which might have destroyed life had not a kind Providence prevented. He was priming his gun, for the sake of shooting some wild fowl which are plenty on the river. The flint of the gun being rather long, struck fire into the powder, in the pan by coming in contact with it in shutting. The flask, which contained nearly half a pound of powder exploded, throwing the contents into his face, burning his eyebrows and lashes close. He shrieked, and putting his hands to his face took the skin entirely off. He could not see at all for a fortnight, and we sometimes feared that he never would see again. But a simple curd made of new milk and vinegar cured his eyes, and an application of oil and brandy alternately applied to his face healed it rapidly.

“Just after he was burnt, I took a violent cold by being out to view the comet, which had just made its appearance, and was quite sick in consequence. We were two pitiable objects, neither able to help the other and yet both needing assistance. When we arrived at Vincennes, no carriage could be procured, although I was hardly able to step, from debility, and my poor Josiah could not see at all; so we both had to be led. The night was dark and rainy, but amid all these difficulties we reached our lodgings at the only public house in the village. It proves to be a very good house, although overcrowded at present. But we shall be better accommodated when the officers from Ohio and Kentucky are gone.

“Gov. Harrison called upon me to-day, previous to his departure for his Indian campaign. He had on a hunting-shirt (as they call it here,) of calico, trimmed

with fringe. In form it resembled a woman's short-gown; only the ends were pointed instead of being square, and were tied in a hard knot to keep the garment snug. On his head sat a round beaver, gracefully ornamented with a white ostrich plume. He is tall and slender, with dark, piercing eyes, and most pleasing manners, and certainly exhibited not only *politeness* but benevolence, in thus noticing *a poor sick stranger*. It made an impression upon my mind which will never be effaced."

Little did Mrs. Bacon think when thus describing the person and manners of Gov. Harrison that she spoke of the future President of these United States. And as little did she foresee that distant future when his kind remembrance of herself and husband should secure to them a position of usefulness and comfort in their declining years. But we will not anticipate.

"Oct. 5th. The troops have left Vincennes to-day. It was a sad sight to see them depart for war. A number of fine young men, volunteers from Ohio and Kentucky, left their studies in college to participate in this campaign. How many of them will return in safety to their homes and kindred none but God can tell! My husband's sight continuing very weak, it was not thought prudent for him to go on with the troops. So the charge of Fort Knox is assigned him together with the care of the invalid soldiers.

"Oct. 8th. So here we are at Fort Knox, a stockade or military depot on the banks of the Wabash. I have not a single female associate, but *I have my husband*

and so *all is well*. I venture alone sometimes outside the pickets, but although a soldier's wife, I lay no claim to heroism. And as I do not relish the idea of being scalped by our red brethren, I never venture far, but strive to content myself with those sources of enjoyment which are within my reach. I read, write, sew, converse, and think of absent friends whom it seems to me I never loved better than now. Josiah's eyes are getting strong fast, and he is impatient to rejoin his regiment. Indeed, he has besought the physician to pronounce him well enough, and has besides written to his colonel, requesting that he will order him to join him.

“ *Oct. 9th.* My husband has received the order to rejoin his regiment. This is very much to his satisfaction, though not exactly to mine. Inglorious ease suits me better than it does him. Although we have been here only a week, we must pack up and be off to Vincennes again.

“ *Oct. 10th.* My dear husband is gone to the army, and I am boarding at Vincennes, with a Mrs. Jones. I have a very pleasant companion in Mrs. Witlock, the wife of an officer commanding another regiment. They are Virginians. I have had a return of the fever and ague, and Mrs. W. has nursed me like a sister. The troops are eighty miles from this place, building a fort. The Indians in that neighborhood have as yet manifested no decided hostility towards them, but they are so deceitful and treacherous that no reliance can be placed upon their good will. The British furnish them

with arms, ammunition, and rations. I hear that Colonel Miller has been very ill, and was obliged while sick to lie upon the ground in a tent. He is now better. I should like very much to ask him and the rest (who were so impatient to go) how they like their new situation. We have had no cold weather here yet, though it is now November. Indeed, I have not once sat by a fire during the past six months. We expect to stay here all winter, which is a disagreeable prospect to me, for I do not much fancy the place or the people. Dear New England, I love thee better than ever. Oh, shall I be so happy as to visit thy blest scenes once more, for blest indeed they are to me.

“ This place (Vincennes) was settled about one hundred years since by the French. Judging by the present appearance of the place, its original inhabitants could not have had much enterprise or industry. The people are mostly Roman Catholic, and in their habits not much superior to the Indians. The local situation of the place is very pleasant. It lies upon a clear stream of water which affords a variety of fish, besides the more important facilities of easy intercourse with the neighboring states and territories. The village is perfectly level with the exception of three mounds which are situated at the rear of the place. These are supposed to have been raised by the Indians some centuries since, but for what purpose we can only conjecture. They are quite ornamental, and the centre mound is easy of access, having a foot-path winding up on the back side. I rode to the top of it on horseback. Perhaps future generations may see this a flourishing place. There are now a few American families here,

and those are emigrants chiefly from Virginia and Kentucky. Slavery has been tolerated here, but I am happy to say that it is being removed. Land in this western country needs but little labor to prepare it for cultivation compared with ours at the east, but then produce does not command so good a price here."

The writer hopes that our western neighbors will not feel scandalized by this meagre description of a place now so important and flourishing as Vincennes. If the reader will bear in mind that this account was penned more than forty years ago, they will not need to be told that it can in no respect (except that of location) accurately describe the present aspect of this thrifty and beautiful place. American emigration and American enterprise have far outstripped even the eager anticipations of the most sanguine, and left the sober calculations of the prudent at a marvelous distance.

But we must return to the journal of Mrs. B. which carries us back to an event that long after its accomplishment lingered like a spell upon the nation's lips, and became the watchword of political combatants, and the talisman of their success. This was *the battle of Tippecanoe*.

"Nov. 30th, 1811. Have been for some days very desirous to hear from our regiment, as my imagination oft pictures my dear husband in the midst of danger and death. Oh, may he be mercifully spared. News—news from the army has just arrived! My precious Josiah, after being exposed to that most horrid of all battles—an Indian attack—has been preserved in safety. I cannot describe my feelings—words can-

not do justice to them. I hope that this new, this great mercy, may be the means of raising our thoughts to God, our Creator and Preserver, who has watched over us ever since we had a being, and has done us good, and only good, continually. Oh, is it not strange that beings so dependent should so little realize their utter weakness. And stranger still, that creatures so undeserving should live, daily recipients of the divine bounty, and feel no corresponding emotions of love and gratitude.

“I do not regret that Josiah was in this battle, for I trust that the goodness of God in thus saving his life, has made impressions on both our hearts which will not easily be effaced. His duty as quarter-master was particularly arduous, of course, on a march. And although he was not attached to any particular company, yet he was equally exposed to danger with those who were. While bridling his horse, one ball went through his hat, and another passed through the skirt of his coat, just hitting his boot and the hoofs of his horse. The army was encamped in a hollow square, on a rising piece of ground, the tents all facing outward, beyond which a guard was placed. Suspicious of the Indians, (although they were apparently friendly,) the troops had retired to their tents with their clothes on, and their weapons of war by their side. Thus they tried to sleep, but I am sure their slumbers could not have been very sweet or refreshing. The Indians attacked them a little before day which is their usual method. The first gun was heard, and the regulars were at their post in a moment. The enemy had their faces painted black, which is their usual custom in an attack. This

our troops could only see by the light afforded at the flashing of the guns, but accompanied by their tremendous war-whoop and the groans of the wounded, it rendered the scene terrific indeed. Yet amidst it all our troops never faltered, but answered the whoop with three hearty cheers. This dreadful battle lasted until daylight, when the Indians were completely routed and compelled to retire with great loss.

“Lieutenant Peters relates an affecting incident of this battle. Among the militia from Kentucky was a Captain Spencer who had been in *twelve* Indian campaigns. He was accompanied in this expedition by his son, an intelligent boy about twelve years of age. This brave little fellow had a gun adapted to his size, went on guard in his turn, and fought like a man. During the fight the darkness prevented any one from knowing who had fallen. Each feared for his fellow. As soon as the fight was over, this poor boy sought his father, but alas! he was not among the living—the hero of so many battles had at last met his fate. And a gentleman searching for his friends found this afflicted child weeping over the mangled body of his father. My heart aches for him, and for his distressed mother, who is left poor, with a large family of children to be supported by her own exertions. Alas! many others are made widows and orphans by this dreadful fight. Oh, when will brother cease to lift his hand against his brother, and nations learn war no more!

“Oh, what a day was that when we at Vincennes heard of this battle of Tippecanoe. Receiving at first a mere report of the attack and victory without any official communication, and of course without any de-

tails, each of us expected to hear sad news from our dear ones, and for hours our souls were harrowed to the quick, and agonized with suspense and dread. At length the express arrived with letters, yet his feelings were so excited, that he could not select and deliver them, but poured them out indiscriminately into my lap. I was so overcome with apprehensions for my husband that I could neither see nor read, and passed them into the hands of a lady who stood by me. Her husband not being in the war, she was more calm and composed, and soon was enabled to find me my letter. When told that the address was in Josiah's own handwriting, I could hardly believe it. My bodily weakness was great, being just recovering from the ague and fever, and this, aggravated by my intense anxiety respecting my dear husband, caused me to sink fainting upon the nearest chair. Recovering soon, however, with Mrs. G—— kneeling on one side of me, Mrs. W—— on the other, and Mrs. J—— in front of me. I opened the letter and began to read it aloud. I had proceeded only to the third or fourth line, which contained the assurance of his safety, when we all burst into tears and thus relieved our aching hearts. Then I was able to finish the precious document, and found that my beloved husband (now more dear than ever) and those whom we most valued had escaped without serious injury. There were but two married men killed from our regiment, and they were soldiers. Only one married officer from the 4th was wounded. How often have I heard or read of Indian fights until my blood chilled in my veins, without thinking that I should ever be so personally interested in one.

“ Our situation at Vincennes was very much exposed while the troops were absent, for every body left that could handle a sword or carry a musket, and we women remained without even a guard. Mrs. W—— and myself had loaded pistols at our bedside, but I very much doubt whether we should have had presence of mind enough to use them, had we found it necessary. If the Indians had been aware of our situation, a few of them could have burnt the village, and massacred the inhabitants. But a kind Providence watched over us, and kept us from so dreadful a fate.

“ Another letter brings intelligence of the death of Capt. Bean who was tomahawked in a shocking manner. It is thought by the distance at which he was found from camp that the Indians attempted to take him prisoner, and that he chose death rather than submit to what he knew would be prolonged torture. He was a man of great personal beauty, and a most excellent officer, and commanded the love and esteem of his brother officers in an eminent degree. It was my husband's painful duty to see him interred. This he did, and disguised the grave that his poor body might not be disturbed, and his bones left to bleach upon the plain. The others who died during this murderous attack were all buried in one grave. But the Indians dug up the remains and left them a prey to the beasts of the forests, who by the way, are scarcely more savage than themselves. Our regiment (the 4th,) acquitted themselves with much honor in this engagement, and it is said materially contributed to secure the victory. But victories even are dearly bought with

the loss of human life, that life which God gave, and which man may destroy but cannot restore.

“Some Indian chiefs have been to Gov. Harrison since the battle, and seem very desirous of peace. They are much exasperated with one whom they call their prophet, who, it seems, stimulated them to the fight with the assurance that they should be victorious. The result having proved him but man, their confidence in him is of course greatly shaken. We are keeping house with Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, and are very comfortably and pleasantly situated, as much so as is possible among entire strangers. We eat together, but have our separate parlors, with plenty of other room, and shall not therefore necessarily fatigue each other by being too much together.

“A number of soldiers have died of their wounds since their return to Vincennes. Funerals are of daily occurrence. Very solemn is the sight and sound, for the coffins are followed to the grave by soldiers with arms reversed, marching to the tune of ‘Roslyn Castle,’ with muffled drums. Poor fellows! they have paid the debt of nature, with no kind mother, sister, or wife to soothe their sorrows, or alleviate their distress, or wipe the death-sweat from their brow. Strangers have performed the last sad offices, and with them their dust shall rest until summoned by the last trump to stand before the Judge of the quick and dead.”

A letter from Mrs. Bacon to her mother is here inserted, as it seems to take up the thread of her narrative and bridge over a chasm in her Journal. It is dated Vincennes, January 29th, 1812.

“I cannot describe to you, my dear mother, how anxiously I look forward to the time when I may once more behold you. God only knows whether that will ever take place. May He spare your precious life and permit us yet to pass many happy hours together. It is now nine months since I left you. This is a long time for us to be separated: but the variety of scenes through which I have passed has caused it to fly rapidly.

“There is an excellent preacher of the gospel here. We (with the friends who reside with us) attend upon his ministry, and are much pleased with him. He is a good man and has an interesting family. The Sabbath here is very little observed, most of the people being wholly engrossed with this world.

“We were very much alarmed a few nights since by a shock of an earthquake. We were roused from a sound sleep by the house shaking in an unusual manner. My first impression was that the Indians were assaulting the house, but we soon discovered our mistake. It was truly alarming. We have had several shocks since, some chimneys have been thrown down and ceilings cracked. This exhibition of Almighty power has excited feelings in my breast different from any which I ever before experienced. It impresses me with the uncertainties of life, the fallibility of all earthly enjoyment and the necessity of religion to give peace and happiness here and prepare us for a solemn hereafter. My dear sister, *youth* is the time to make that preparation for eternity. Piety is delightful in the young, and the poet says,

‘Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.’

“I felt a little vexed, dear mother, with those wives whom you mentioned in your last letter. So *they* would prefer staying at home rather than suffer such inconveniences. Pray, why did they get married? Never, no, never for a single instant, have *I* been sorry *that I accompanied my husband*. On the contrary, I feel grateful to the Author of all our blessings that I was permitted to come, to be with him when sick, and to encourage and comfort him under the various ills which flesh is heir to. Some may say this is enthusiasm; but really I think we have been married long enough to find out whether the attachment which has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength is real or imaginary.”

Surely no one can read this genuine outburst of devoted conjugal affection, without thoroughly admiring its author both as a woman and a wife.

Her love though possessing all the tenderness and fervor of romance, was not of that sentimental kind which expands itself in fine words or endearing caresses. She was eminently *practical*; and while some wives (though eloquently bewailing their husband's absence) preferred their pleasant parlors and the gayeties of fashionable life, to the discomforts of travel and hardship in their husband's company. She chose the latter, and (as she so feelingly wrote) never regretted the sacrifice. But we must return to her journal

which is continued under date of Vincennes, March 11th, 1812.

“We expect to leave this place soon; but where our destination is to be we know not. We can only hope it will be towards home; but of this there is, I suppose, little prospect. The boats are now being prepared to convey us hence. We still continue to feel repeated strokes of the earthquake. I often rise in the night to examine the weather, having learned by observation that our most severe shocks have been experienced in still, lowering weather.

“There was an Indian Council held here last week which curiosity prompted me to attend. There were about seventy of these hideous creatures painted most grotesquely, and profusely ornamented. I have no doubt but to their admiring eyes they looked charmingly; for ‘there is no accounting for the difference in tastes.’ One side of their faces was painted red and the other green. They were bedecked with nose and ear-jewels, and some of them wore silver bands upon their arms, and medals suspended from their necks. One still more fantastically arrayed had a pair of cow’s horns upon his head. They are good, natural orators, but all they said had to be interpreted. After the Council, the calumet of peace was smoked. This is a long pipe made especially for the purpose, and each one takes their turn in smoking it. Mrs. G—— smoked with them; but I kept out of sight in an adjoining room, as I had no inclination to taste it after its being so richly spiced with the breath of so many red and white brethren. Had I showed myself in the room where the Indians sat, I should have been

compelled to smoke 'the pipe of peace,' or else have incurred their suspicion and hatred. So I acted upon the old adage, 'an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.'

"Before the Indians left our village they gave the inhabitants a specimen of their agility, by dancing before each house. Their music was made by means of a *keg with deer-skins* drawn over it. This they strike rapidly, but most unskillfully, making a doleful humdrum noise. Their entire dress while dancing, consists of a piece of cotton cloth around their waist. Their squaws and papposes came with them. When the squaws are allowed to ride (which by the way is very seldom,) they ride upon their horses in the same manner as the men. Their little ones are lashed to a board and carried upon their backs. When they stop, they suspend them to the bough of a tree.

"We visited what is called a sugar-camp last week, and were much gratified with witnessing the process of sugar-making. This part of the country abounds in sugar-maples. Large trees are selected in which holes are bored and tubes inserted. These tubes convey the liquor which runs from the trees into a trough prepared for its reception. It is very clear, and pleasant to the taste. This is boiled in large kettles, or caldrons; and when sufficiently done (which those who make it seem intuitively to know,) it is made into sugar by being constantly stirred while cooling. This article is most delicious, as all who have tasted it will testify. The labor of making it here is performed by blacks, superintended closely *by their mistress*. The lady whom we saw doing it in this instance, was a person of great

respectability and abundant wealth. I enjoyed my ride to the sugar-camp very much. It was a beautiful afternoon; the air was mild and sweet, the weather delightful, and my pony upon whose back I rode, stepped along with a springy gait which seemed to say that he enjoyed it too.

“This climate is so mild that I have put on no extra clothing this winter except when walking or riding. And then a large shawl was sufficient even in the coldest days. Only a very little snow has fallen, and this disappeared as soon as it touched the ground. Trees bloomed in February, and the gardens are now quite forward. Lettuce, radishes and asparagus we have already, and this without the assistance of hot-beds.

“*March 31st.* We have received orders to proceed at once to Detroit. I shall go the rounds, I dare say, ere I am permitted to see my dear mother and sisters. The troops are *to go by land*, and not *by water*, as was at first thought. The distance from Vincennes to Detroit by the route we are to take is six hundred miles, and we are to sleep on the ground in tents. It will take some days to accomplish this journey. We are to proceed to Newport, Kentucky, from thence cross the river to Cincinnati, and go through Ohio to Michigan. We shall pass through some thriving villages, but mostly through woods and prairies, where none but the hunter and the Indian have penetrated. The journey looks formidable in prospect. Mrs. F——, Mrs. G—— and myself are to ride on horse-back. My husband being on the staff, will have the

same privilege. So I shall be spared the distress of seeing him encounter the hardships which those who march must necessarily endure. I have been learning to ride on horseback, and like it much; but how I shall succeed in riding through swamps and fording rivers, experience alone will determine.

“*May 14th, 1812.* Left Vincennes to-day. Our friends here manifested much regret at our departure, which I fully reciprocated as far as leaving *them* was concerned. They have been kind companions, and we have passed our time most agreeably together. Their cordial and affectionate attentions have made an impression upon my heart which time or distance will never efface. Dear Mr. and Mrs. —, may they never need a friend! or if they do, may they find those who will repay them a hundred fold for their kindness to us.

“*Six o'clock, P. M.* I have just seated myself with the other ladies upon the trunk of a tree. This makes a *pretty good sofa* considering the *time* and *place*. I have been much amused with seeing the soldiers pitch their tents, which was performed with much alacrity and order. After this, in most primitive style, we took our tea, or rather ate our suppers, (which we did with a good appetite,) the ground serving us for table and chairs.

“*15th, Evening.* We went fifteen miles to-day, the roads being very bad and our progress of course slow. The weather, however, is beautiful, and we are having fine moonlight nights. We like traveling on horse-

back thus far. I slept finely on the ground last night for the first time in my life. *A bear-skin was our bedstead, and a buffalo robe our bed.* The Colonel very gravely begs us not to fall into the cellar.

“16th. *P M.* We ladies went on ahead of the troops to-day with some soldiers to guard us; and when a convenient place offered, we alighted and took ‘a siesta’ which refreshed us exceedingly. A fire was made to keep the musquitoes off who are very annoying in these parts. We have now arrived at a log house, where I am seated upon a bed for want of chairs. The fire-place is large enough for a room, the chimney is built of logs and mud; and I should think that when it rains the house would be flooded. I am told that this is one of the best houses between Vincennes and Louisville.

“17th, *A. M.* It rained hard all last night, yet I never slept better in my life. We are now ready to start. Dear mother and sisters! how I wish you could see us now, you would have a hearty laugh at the comical figure which we exhibit. I have a large bag hanging to the pommel of my saddle, containing necessaries. Among other things, I have a Bible and Homer’s *Iliad* (translated) for the mind, while for the stomach, provision is made in the form of a huge sponge cake presented by a friend on the morning of our departure. I enjoy myself highly; and one great source of my pleasure is the anticipation of yours, if I should ever be permitted to relate in person the many curious and interesting circumstances which occur.

“18th, A. M. The General is beating, so I must put away my pen that our *house* may be packed for marching.

“P. M. We have arrived at our resting-place for the night. The rain has poured from the clouds all day. We became very wet, so we stopped in the woods and had a large fire made for drying us. There is no scarcity of wood here, and we have splendid fires. The men gathered heaps of dry sticks and placed them against a large green tree, the branches of which served as a shelter from the rain while we dried ourselves. It was rather uncomfortable drying our wet garments upon us in this manner, but we made the best of it. Afterwards we were provided with umbrellas and went on very well. The fatigue of the day has given me a fine appetite. Our supper is ready, and Josiah is begging me to eat, so good-night, dear Journal, and dearer absent friends.

“19th, A. M. We have a bright sun this morning, and are going on in fine health and spirits. We have passed through some beautiful forests, where the ground seemed enamelled with flowers. My feelings to-day have been much tried by seeing the soldiers' wives trudging along on foot, almost knee deep in mud, and some of them with a child in their arms. Only four or five wagons are allowed to carry the baggage, and of course the poor women must suffer. I should think it would kill them. We passed two houses to-day which were deserted by the inhabitants through fear of the Indians. We understand that a camp of them is near us on a hunting excursion. Our friends express the fear that we may suffer for want of good food. Surely they might spare such concern for *me* if they would

only remember that *I* have *the very best Bacon* in the world! Mother, you would laugh to see our cook roast chickens. He takes a green stick, sharpened at the ends, and placing the fowl upon one end sticks the other in the ground before a good fire, and biddy roasts to a charm. Or, if a joint of meat is to be cooked, two sticks are put in the ground with their tops shaped like a fork, so that another stick can rest across them. From the last stick the meat is suspended in the centre and cooks very well indeed. We have a pack-horse who carries a pair of mess-boxes for our accommodation. These boxes are made with separate apartments, which contain our cups, plates, &c. Our tea is carried in canisters; our table is the hind-board of a wagon set on a portable cricket shutting up like a cot bedstead. Our candlestick is a bayonet with the point in the ground, the part in which the gun fits serving admirably for a socket to put the candle in.

“*P. M.* To-night we have encamped near a house. The landlady is very patriotic and gave the soldiers a generous supply of milk.

“*22d.* It has been very rainy for two or three days past. One of the soldiers was taken suddenly ill with cholera-morbus, and breathed his last sigh in a baggage wagon. He was buried in the woods, in a rude bark coffin—the only one of which the times would admit.

“*23d.* Every step brings us *toward* home, yet *I* fancy it will be long ere we shall see it. Dear friends, *I* think if *I* could see you once more *I could sit and look at you for a month* at least. The weather is still dull

and wet, and the ground in a bad condition to lie on. When we can get straw we put some under our bearskin to sleep on, and when the straw is not to be had we substitute the leaves of trees and cover them with bark. This also makes an excellent carpet for our tents, and with the addition of a fire at the door to keep off the musquitoes renders us very comfortable. We are in good health, eat heartily and sleep sound.

“ 27th. I have omitted writing for several days, having nothing pleasing to relate. Our men get sick ; two were buried this morning. I believe I have never mentioned my *pony* particularly, which is quite ungrateful in me. She is a character, I am sure, being not only clever and amiable, but stepping to the sound of the drum like any regular. And besides, she is not afraid of the guns, minding the firing no more than I should the singing of the birds. I sit quietly on her back while the men discharge their pieces.

“ 28th. We have arrived at Louisville, Kentucky. It is a handsome and flourishing town situated on the Ohio. The citizens gave our officers a splendid dinner in honor of the battle of Tippecanoe, where our regiment was associated with Kentuckians. We have had a delightful time here. Kentucky is a perfect garden ; but then *they tolerate slavery* here, which *I feel to be a great evil*.

“ *May 29th.* We had green peas and strawberries to-day, which were very acceptable. As we pass through Kentucky great respect is paid to our regiment. It is

amusing to see what a parade they make over us. One old gentleman asked one of the officers 'if those young women, (meaning Mrs. F—— and myself,) came all the way from Vincennes?' He was told that we did, and that one of us had been the whole campaign! This answer filled him with wonder and admiration. We have passed through Frankfort, another flourishing town in Kentucky. The inhabitants treated us with every possible attention, giving a dinner both to the officers and soldiers. And when we were leaving the town a salute was fired, accompanied with three cheers.

“ *Newport, Kentucky, June 7th.* We have once more arrived at this place with feelings far different from those with which we left here last summer. Then we were going farther from dear New England; now we are going *towards* it, which is a great satisfaction, even if we do not very soon reach it. Oh, there is nothing thrills the heart of the wanderer like thought of home and friends.

“ *June 10th.* We crossed the Ohio, at Cincinnati, at two o'clock this afternoon. The boats which were sent to convey the troops across the river were ornamented with the American and regimental colors. Two companies of Artillery waited on the bank to receive us. They fired a salute, and then escorted us through an arch erected for the occasion, on which was inscribed, 'To the Heroes of Tippecanoe.' When the troops reached the encamping ground a handsome collation awaited them, which had been prepared by the hospitality of the people of this delightful town. The

officers and their ladies had been previously invited to General G——'s, where we were entertained with an elegant and liberal hospitality.

“A few evenings since we were encamped at a place called Dry Ridge, in Franklin county, near a public house. A puppet show had drawn together all the young people for twenty miles round. After they had examined the show sufficiently, the day not being nearly spent, they betook themselves to dancing. Some of us at the camp hearing of the fun went up to see them. An amusing sight truly! The day was intensely warm and yet they danced with all their might. They were dressed in their best of course: skirts very short, thick leather shoes with sharp toes. The lads disencumbered themselves of their coats and vests, and performed feats of activity at once surprising and ludicrous, while the perspiration flowed copiously down their heated faces.

“*June 12th.* We have at last reached Urbana, where we found General Hull with fifteen hundred militia waiting for our regiment. We were received with great respect some distance from the town, and escorted into Urbana through an arch ornamented with oak branches and laurel from the forest. In the centre of this arch the American eagle spread her broad pinions, while on one side of it was inscribed ‘Tippecanoe,’ and on the other ‘Glory.’ We take up the line of march tomorrow for Detroit. A party precedes us to cut roads and make them passable. General Hull and Governor Meigs, of Ohio, called on the ladies of the regiment immediately on our arrival. These gentlemen are both very courtly in their manners, par-

ticularly General Hull, who is Commander-in-Chief to the troops. After three or four days of incessant rain, accompanied often with heavy thunder and lightning, the clouds have dispersed, and the bright sun again greets us with his cheering rays. Oh, how cheering after so long an absence and such a situation as ours! We have been coming through dreadful roads, part of the way being entire swamps, and all of us being repeatedly wet through.

“Our tent was one which was used at Tippecanoe, and many a shot has told its tale in its canvass. The holes admit the air freely, and, (when it rains,) the water also. At night we sleep with an open umbrella over us to keep the rain from disturbing our repose. We shall stop here a day or two to prepare cartridges. The troops are expecting an attack from the Indians ere we reach Detroit. God only knows what is before us. Let us hope that such a calamity may be averted; it would be dreadful with such a number of women and children along.

“We understand that a number of Indians are at Fort Malden. The English have been holding a council with them, and no doubt have done every thing on their part to instigate them to hostilities. Breast-works are made every night around our encampment, by felling trees and heaping them on each other. It seems as if the very ground trembles as the mighty oak, elm and maple fall. Both the officers and men sleep with their clothes on, and their implements of war by their side. I wonder how my dear sisters would feel to know I was in such a situation. Doubtless when they read this they will shudder at the idea of a female

being so exposed. But it is an acknowledged fact that people in perilous situations do not so deeply realize their danger at the time as afterward. I feel quite composed and those around me seem so too, but I hope our courage will not be put to the test.

“*June 18th.* We have arrived sixty-three miles north of Dayton, and five beyond the Indian boundary. Amid the noise and bustle of a camp, the frequent firing of guns and rattling of drums, my heart, (true as the needle to the magnet,) turns to the dear circle of loved ones at home. More quickly than the bird of swiftest wing, my thoughts fly to mother, sisters and friends; and as imagination depicts you in many a well remembered scene, I stretch my arms with the earnest longing to be once more in your midst. God speed the happy day when these fond fancies shall become living realities, and these warm desires be swallowed up in their blissful fulfillment.

“We are encamped on a spot of ground to-day where once stood an Indian village. Very little remains to show that human beings once inhabited this place. Oh, how easily may every vestige of man's presence be blotted out, so that the places that once knew him shall know him no more forever. Not so with the works of an Almighty hand. ‘He speaks and it is done; he commands and *it stands fast.*’ The ground here is covered with strawberry vines full of their luscious burden, and adorned with wild roses and other flowers. Even in one corner of our tent is a very sweet wild rose smiling upon us in its beauty, all unconscious of the pleasure it bestows on the wanderer

who have taken up their abode here for the night. Could my dear Eastern friends travel with me through these American wilds, and see the beauty which God has lavished where there are none to admire, much less to praise, they would I am sure share in my wonder and astonishment, as well as in my enjoyment. These western militia are very different from regular troops. They seem to have very little idea of order and discipline, and think they may do, (as did Israel of old,) every man what is right in his own eyes. Some of them have been guilty of great insubordination. One man for mutinous conduct has been tried, and sentenced to have his head shaved, the word 'Tory' written on his back, and to be drummed out of camp to the tune of the 'Rogue's March.' I shall never forget the poor fellow's look when he heard his sentence. I thought he would have fainted. He fell on his knees and besought for pardon, and *if this were impossible, he begged they would shoot him.* He could bear death better than disgrace. He said that he had a wife and child who loved him, and whom he had left as a volunteer to serve his country. Not understanding military law, he had thoughtlessly committed this fault. I looked at the General, and my throbbing heart and streaming eyes plead for the culprit, and I longed to whisper 'be merciful as our Father in Heaven is merciful.' The poor fellow was then led through the camp, and while his sentence was being read to the army, the barber stood by ready to shave him. But the General interposed and pardoned him, and thus not only made the poor soldier happy, but conferred joy upon all who witnessed his clemency. Had they proceeded to execute the sentence, the ladies

of the army with one accord would have plead on his behalf. Oh, when I saw him on his knees imploring pardon, my mind reverted to his young wife, and her distress and anguish so impressed my imagination that I was well nigh overcome. It was almost too much for me. I do not like to witness such scenes, but I trust should they be repeated they will not harden my heart. I do not know what I should more deplore than to have my sensibilities rendered callous to scenes of suffering.”

None who knew Mrs. Bacon in after life will believe that she lost any of her quick and tender sympathy with distress and sorrow. Her eyes were suffused with tears at every tale of woe, and the care with which she sought to *shield* the *feelings* as well as to *relieve* the *necessities* of the poor and suffering, was worthy of all praise. But the narrative continues :

“ We have been now six weeks on our journey, during four of which the weather has been rainy and unpleasant. I find it occasionally quite difficult to guide my horse properly. The new roads which the advance party cut for us are quite narrow, so that it is sometimes impossible to prevent the large bushes and the boughs of small trees from coming in contact with our faces. When it rains I am obliged to hold my bridle and umbrella with one hand, while with the other I prevent the bushes and branches from scratching out my eyes. Not long since I was riding rather carelessly and musing the while, when I felt a sudden jerk and was almost thrown from my horse. Had not the kind creature stopped instantly I know not but I should, (like the rebellious son of David,) have been left hanging to a tree.

“ *Blanchard's Creek, Fort Findley.* We are resting here for a few hours. Block houses are erected every twenty miles to keep the road open for provisions to pass from Ohio to Detroit. As we have no vessels to keep open our communication by the lake, should there be a war with England, as is now apprehended, this land route will be of vital importance. It is very tedious traveling through roads that are only opened as you proceed. Sometimes the horses are in danger of miring, sometimes there is a probability of breaking their legs in crossing the rude bridges which are so hastily constructed; and often in fording the rivers the current is so strong as to render it extremely difficult to gain the opposite shore. Many have a fine bath ere they reach terra firma. But as yet I have been exempt from such a disaster, which I feel would require all my philosophy to bear with equanimity. Yet it frequently takes all my strength and prowess to maintain my equilibrium, as the streams are sometimes so deep that I am obliged to put my feet upon the horse's neck to keep them out of water.

“ This moment a man has brought us a beautiful fish which he has just caught in the creek near by. This will give us an excellent supper, accompanied by the nice warm cakes which our cook was about to prepare. We could have *a dish of garlies* in addition if we chose, as the ground where we are encamped is full of them. My tent has all the odors of a French cook-shop, not quite so agreeable as the strawberries and roses which so lately regaled us.

“ *June 26th.* An express has just reached us from

Washington to hasten the troops to Detroit. War with England is soon to be declared. Oh, with what different feelings shall we keep the approaching 4th of July from any ever experienced by *us*. Our eastern friends will not suffer in this war like those upon the frontier, as the latter will be exposed to the merciless tomahawk. This evening we encamped on a delightful spot of ground upon the banks of the Maumee river which empties into Lake Erie, about a mile from the place where General Wayne defeated the Indians in 1794. We have had dreadful roads to-day and several of our horses gave out from fatigue. Two of them dropped dead upon the road, and in consequence one of our wagons was abandoned and left in the mud.

“*29th.* To-day we have passed through several beautiful prairies covered with fruit and wild flowers. The weather has been delightful.

“*June 30th.* We pass the Indian boundary to the Michigan Territory to-day. We are now within seventy miles from Detroit, which we could reach in two days if we dared to leave the army. The troops are in fine spirits.

“*July 1st, 1812.* Took up the line of march to-day, and passed through a small village called Miami, or Maumee. This is situated in a fine prairie, three or four miles in length. We ladies rode on ahead to the edge of the woods which terminated the prairie, and turning our horses, had a fine view of the troops as they approached us. This evening we have pitched our

tents at the foot of the rapids. In crossing the river, the water got into the mess boxes and wet our sugar. I must here record an incident which occurred a few evenings since, which I have not mentioned in its place. As I was sitting at the door of our tent, enjoying the beautiful twilight and musing upon absent friends, I heard the report of a gun and felt the wind of something passing close to my ear. Presently an officer came up with a *ramrod* in his hand, which he said had just fallen upon his tea-table, where he was taking supper with his family outside of his tent. This was what I felt as it whizzed past my ear. But what an escape! Had it gone one inch nearer, it would have penetrated my head, and inevitable death would have been the consequence. This happened through the carelessness of a militia man, who in discharging his gun, forgot to elevate it, or to remove the ramrod. Thus I am constantly preserved through dangers seen and unseen, and have a renewed call to adore the God of Providence.

“Accompanied by my husband, I have to-day visited an old fort that formerly belonged to the British. It was erected, I believe, by Gov. Sineoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, in the year 1794, a few months previous to the defeat of the Indians, by General Wayne. It must have been a very good fort for that day, I should judge. We rode into it on horseback.

“From this place (near the rapids) it was now thought best to send the baggage, together with the sick and feeble, *by water* to Detroit, while the army performed the remainder of the journey by land. A small unarmed vessel had been sent from Detroit for

this purpose, and in this Mrs. G——, Mrs. F——, and myself embarked. Being much fatigued with riding six hundred miles on horseback, and sleeping fifty nights upon the ground, we thought the change would be pleasant. So we left the army in fine spirits, anticipating the pleasure which we should enjoy in resting, and expecting to reach Detroit in a few hours. But when within eighteen miles of Detroit, and opposite Malden, in Canada, (where was a British fort and military depot,) we saw a large boat coming towards us with all possible speed. When near enough to hail us, they ordered our captain to lower his sails. He, not knowing any reason for such a proceeding had half a mind to continue on his course, but a second and wiser thought altered his intentions. The fact was we were now so near the guns of the fort that they could have blown us out of water. And as if to hasten the captain in his submission to circumstances, two guns were fired at us from the boat. As the shot whistled about our ears, it caused any thing but an agreeable sensation. Excepting the ramrod, I had never come so nearly in contact with murderous weapons before. But now our sails were of course lowered, and the English captain with his men came on board and took possession of our vessel *as a prize*. Lieut. Gooding inquired the meaning of such conduct, and was told that *war was declared* between England and America, and that the Americans had already taken two British vessels upon the seas.

“We could hardly credit the statement, but it was indeed true. General Hull had received the intelligence just after we started, and had sent a messenger

to stop us, but it was too late. We were then beyond his reach. The British were delighted with their prize, as our vessel contained nearly all the hospital stores, as well as the officer's baggage. Mrs. G—— and Mrs. F—— flew into the cabin as soon as the first shot was heard, but *a love of novelty, spiced with curiosity* overcame my fears, and I remained on deck to see what was next to come. Our captor was an English captain, by the name of Rulet, and a very gentlemanly young man. He took the helm, and our vessel was in a very short time anchored at Malden, and we prisoners to his majesty, George III. This was an honor I had little anticipated, and one moreover, that I could very willingly have dispensed with. However, there was nothing but to make the best of it. The English quarter-master soon came on board. Lieutenant Gooding introduced the ladies to him, observing that we were all officers' wives. He assured us that we should be treated as such, and invited us to his own quarters until we could procure accommodations at the public house. So Lieut. G—— and his wife, with Mrs. F—— and myself, went home with the quarter-master. We were introduced to his wife, whom we thought a very pleasant lady, and were handsomely treated to cake and refreshments, so that for a few moments we almost forgot our real situation.

“A number of Indians were at Malden, several of whom were engaged in the battle of Tippecanoe. Hearing that it was some of the 4th regiment who were taken prisoners, they followed us through the streets to the public house, scowling upon us with faces truly terrific. After dinner several British officers called

upon us. Finding them disposed to be civil and friendly, I took courage to request them *to allow Mrs. F—— and myself to proceed next day to Detroit.* They very courteously granted my request, pleasantly adding, ‘We do not make war upon the ladies.’ Lieut. Gooding could not be paroled, and of course his wife chose to stay with him. That night we slept on board *a prison-ship*, but as we were the first prisoners who had been placed there, it was clean and comparatively comfortable. We slept very well, considering the novelty of our position. I awoke early in the morning, having a strong desire to set my feet on *republican ground* ere our national anniversary arrived. Tomorrow would be the 4th of July! Agreeable to his promise, the quarter-master procured us a pass from the commanding officer, and provided a carriage and driver to take Mrs. F—— and myself to Detroit. A cart was also engaged to carry our baggage. At my earnest request, he also consented that two young boys (sons of militia officers) and a soldier’s wife, with her young infant should accompany us. So we departed, Mrs. F—— and myself in an open chaise, with a New England man to drive, while in the rear was the cart, guided by a Canadian, with the woman, children, and baggage. Of the latter, most fortunately, I was permitted to make my own selection, so (of course) I secured my husband’s as well as my own. On his account I considered myself lucky to have been of the party. The weather was fine, and we rode along quite happy in the prospect of soon seeing our husbands. Our road lay upon the bank of the river Detroit. This river is wide and deep enough for vessels of any di-

mensions to sail upon. The man who drove us lived about half way between Malden and Detroit. He stopped at his own house to rest the horses a short time, while I improved the opportunity, with his permission, to reconnoitre the garden. I found some nice fruit which was quite refreshing. After which we resumed our seats in the chaise, and soon arrived at the ferry opposite Detroit, having rode eighteen miles. Here a boat was procured for us by the gentleman to whom we presented our passport, and he kindly volunteered his services to wait on us across the river. These we thankfully accepted, and in a short time were seated in the boat on our way to Detroit. The gentleman took the helm in one hand and his cane with my pocket-handkerchief tied to it in the other, as a flag of truce. Of course this was the only way that peaceable people could approach an enemy's shore in such troublous times. Our boat was a long canoe, made out of the trunk of a tree, and having lain out of water and exposed to the sun, it had begun to crack. Of course it leaked so badly in consequence that we could not keep our feet dry, and were actively engaged all the way across in bailing out the water. As we approached our American shore, we saw a number of men on horseback riding rapidly down, quite to the edge of the water. When we came near enough to hear them, they ordered us not to advance any nearer, and enforced their order by pointing large pistols directly at us. This was a cold welcome to returning prisoners. But all communication between Detroit and Canada had been prohibited on account of the declaration of war, and even flags of truce were not allowed. But I

thought that *a canoe full of women and children*, carrying a white flag was a small thing to disturb the valor of my countrymen. On the wharf, a guard of regulars, with their commanding officer, waited to receive us. The latter now hailed us and inquired who we were. I replied (with some spirit) 'that we were officers' wives of the 4th regiment,' and we were immediately permitted to land. The gentleman who had escorted us in the boat with such disinterested politeness I had promised should return without detention or molestation. This I communicated to our commanding officer and added my hope that it might be fulfilled without delay. He assured me that it should, and I soon had the satisfaction of knowing that no harm had come to the gentleman for his kindness to us females and strangers. Captain H., (the commanding officer just alluded to,) then waited upon us to General H's quarters, where we were most cordially received by his daughter-in-law, the wife of Captain H. who was keeping house for her father. The rest of the family, excepting this only son, were in New England. With this lady I tarried while in Detroit, and received all the attention and kindness which a refined mind and generous heart could bestow. She had two dear little girls, and the care which they required, together with their pretty and endearing ways helped to relieve much of the tediousness of our unpleasant situation. For from this time the continual din of war caused us sleepless nights and anxious days. No Sabbath and no sanctuary privileges blest us with their return. All days were alike employed in preparation for brother to shed his brother's blood. A war with England seems most

unnatural—'tis like a family taking up arms against its own. But if we are forced to do it our cause is just. And I trust that the same kind Providence who fought for us in the Revolution will still succor and protect this highly favored people. I know that our friends at the east will be very anxious on our behalf.

“*July 7th.* The army has just arrived in good health and spirits. I had a delightful ride with my husband on the bank of the river above Detroit. This is a beautiful part of the country. There are good gardens in the village, and fine farms in the vicinity.

“*July 12th.* General H. crossed with his troops to Sandwich, opposite Detroit, and took peaceable possession. The inhabitants either quitted the place or stopped under American jurisdiction.

“*August 7th.* Some parties of our troops have had several skirmishes with the British and Indians. An English officer, but dressed and painted like the Indians, led them on to battle. I am surprised that a *white* man of any refinement could do such a thing. After one of the fights, the English suffered the Indians to take the scalp of a Yankee soldier, and carry it twelve miles for the purpose of showing it to Lieutenant G——. He was still where we left him with his wife confined on board the prison-ship at Malden. This exhibition of Indian cruelty was made to him in the most insulting manner. This license so stimulated the Indians, that it was found necessary to move the prison-ship out some distance in the stream to prevent them

from firing into her. They did fire once, but happily injured no one. Poor Mrs. G—— must be very unpleasantly situated—so closely confined, no female companion to speak to, and in constant terror. A detachment of troops have gone to Brownstown and my husband among them. We have heard that an engagement has commenced between them and the English. The thought is almost too much to bear that my beloved husband may be already among the slain.

“*9th.* We have just heard that our troops have been victorious, and that no officer was killed, and only one wounded. Colonel Miller commanded. My dear Josiah has returned in safety.

“*August 12th.* Our troops have vacated Sandwich, and returned to Detroit. Since then the enemy have been very busy building, as we suppose, a battery upon the opposite shore. They erect project beyond a large dwelling which conceals them while they work. At night we can hear them throw their cannon-balls, from a boat on to the land.

“*August 13th.* One of our physicians, Dr. Foster, is very dangerously sick. He is a particular friend of ours, a young man of unblemished morals, and possessing a superior mind, highly cultivated. I have just received a message from him requesting an interview with all possible dispatch. I hastened to his room and found him apparently near his end. ‘Mrs. Bacon,’ said he, ‘I have sent for you to converse with me about *dying*. My *male* friends are not willing to talk with

me on this subject. But I believe you to be a rational woman, and trust you will not object to hear me.' I assured him that it would give me great pleasure, if I could do any thing to comfort him. He then told me of his conviction that death was near at hand. His disease, he said, was hereditary; his mother and several members of their family had been taken away with it. He thought he should die ere tomorrow's sun should sink in the west, as there was an abscess nearly formed, which, in breaking, must inevitably terminate his life. He expressed his thankfulness that his precious mother, whom he had greatly loved, had preceded him, and was not left to mourn his departure. I was astonished at his calmness, for I knew that he was not a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. But I soon found that he was perfectly confident of his acceptance with God upon the score of *his own merits*. He acknowledged no Saviour, and felt that he needed none—his own righteousness was all-sufficient. I knew, I felt that he was altogether wrong, that he was building on the sand, but I knew not what to do or say. I was so struck with surprise at finding him so near his end, and so filled with horror at the thought of his unpreparedness that I was overwhelmed, and almost lost the power of utterance. I felt, too, my own utter incompetency to direct him aright, and I left him without one endeavor to convince him of his error. I fear I was greatly culpable. My feelings on leaving him were indescribably painful, inasmuch as after his explanation of the character and progress of his disease I could not indulge the hope that he would survive many hours. His impressions and my forebodings were too true, for alas,

he died the next day at noon. He was interred among strangers, with military honors, much beloved and respected by surviving friends."

Often in after years, did Mrs. Bacon recur to this scene, and never without feelings of grief and contrition. When relating it in the hearing of the writer, during the last year of her own life, she said, "I almost feel as if the blood of that man's soul will be found in my skirts. I knew that he was building upon a sandy foundation, and I ought to have warned him of his danger, and exhorted him to flee to the only refuge. But the very imminency of his peril stupefied me, and a bitter conviction of my own inconsistency in neglecting that Saviour whom I now saw so essential to the salvation of a dying sinner, tied my tongue. I left him, feeling that his harvest was past, his summer ended, and he not saved. But I do not think I ever forgot the lesson which I there learned. It followed me through many an after scene, often whispering in my ear, 'Sinner, come!' And I do not think the impression of that unblest death ever wholly left me until I was brought to make that Saviour mine, who alone can safely guide through 'the dark valley.' Now I never see the sick and dying without making earnest efforts to lead them (if they are not Christians) to place their feet upon the rock—Christ Jesus. But oh, that haunting thought, *I cannot undo the past.* I can only pray, Lord, forgive." All this was said with the deepest emotion, her eyes overflowing with tears of regret and sorrow. But we will resume the journal of Mrs. B. whose next date is that of "August 14th."

“While a prisoner among the English, at Malden, I was much mortified to hear one of their officers say, ‘The New England States will not take up arms against his majesty. For you have federal governors, and nothing would delight them more than disunion.’ He had imbibed this idea by reading so many strong party pieces in our eastern newspapers. Though I felt that his conclusions were wrong, yet I was both sorry and ashamed that the rancor of political and party differences should give any color to such an assertion. I know, however, that those vile productions are not the sentiments of the majority of the people. Disunion *cannot* be seriously entertained by those who worked first and longest to achieve our independence. Oh, may the bright flame of patriotism, which glowed in the breasts of our Washington and his compatriots fire the hearts of their descendants. And while one drop of blood runs in the veins of Americans, may they remember the dying injunction of the father of his country, that they should ‘*unitedly maintain that independence which (under heaven) their fathers so gloriously obtained.*’

“*August 15th.* A summons has been sent to-day, from General Brock (the British commander in Canada,) to General Hull, demanding the surrender of Detroit and the army to the English! This our general has not seen fit to comply with. Every preparation is now making for a bombardment. The British soldiers are very busy in pulling down the large house which conceals the battery which they have been so industriously constructing. If I were not so terrified at the idea of

a siege, I could laugh to see their hurry. Never did a building come down faster in a raging fire than in the hands of these bloodthirsty fellows. The women and children are to go into the fort as the only place of security against the savage Indians, and the bombs, shells, and shot of the English. The officers who came with the summons have left us to return, and as soon as they arrive upon the opposite shore, the firing will commence. So I must lay aside my pen and escape to the place of safety, not knowing what shall befall me.

“ *August 19th, 1812.* Amid the horrors of war I have not been able to compose myself sufficiently to write. But now that the carnage has ceased for the present, and *as prisoners* we are quietly seated in his Britannic Majesty's ship, the Queen Charlotte, I will endeavor, my dear mother, to give you some account of the very thrilling scenes through which we have lately passed. While the bearers of General Brock's summons to surrender were returning with General Hull's refusal to their demand, I took Mrs. H——'s eldest girl by the hand and fled to the fort. This was some distance from our house, but I assure you I did not loiter by the way. When I arrived, I found most had preceded me. It was not long ere the cannonade commenced on both sides. The firing was continued till midnight without intermission. As nothing had then been effected it was discontinued, and we were glad to breathe and take some refreshment. As many of the females and children had not been able to eat during the day, I concluded to make some tea. So we partook of our supper,—or breakfast I might as well have

called it, it being past one o'clock A. M.—and then we endeavored to get some sleep. Capt. S——, an officer in the —— company, had two days previously to the commencement of hostilities married a sweet little girl of fourteen years! She was with us, having under her care a little nephew, a child five years old. The two hand in hand, like the 'Babes in the Wood,' cried themselves to sleep. But in vain *I* tried to court the drowsy god; anxiety for the future drove sleep effectually from my eyes. Many others found slumber as difficult to be obtained as myself. It was a night never to be forgotten.

“Soon as the morning of the 16th arose the cannon commenced to roar with apparently tenfold fury; and alas! it did not continue long without doing execution. The enemy's bombs and shot began to enter the fort. Some of the ladies were employed in making cylinders, viz: bags to hold powder for the cannon. Others were scraping lint, that it might be ready in case of necessity, to dress the wounds of the injured soldiers. While thus engaged, a twenty-four pound shot entered the room next to where we were sitting. Two officers who were standing in the room were cut entirely in two, their bowels gushing out as they fell. The same ball, after doing such horrid execution, passed through the wall into another room where a number of persons were standing. Here it took off both the legs of one man, and sliced the flesh off the thigh of another. The man who lost both his legs died very soon. Thus *one* of these angry messengers killed three men and wounded a fourth in a moment of time.

“One of the gentlemen who was killed, was a captain

of the regulars, who had been previously taken prisoner and released upon parole. He was now in the fort *for safety*, not being allowed to take up arms until he was exchanged. But death met him where he least expected it. Soon after this another ball of equal size entered the hospital room. A poor fellow who lay sick upon his bed, and was asleep, had his head instantly severed from his body; and his attendant was killed by the same blow, the shot striking him in his breast. The enemy had got the range of the fort so completely that it was now judged unsafe for the women and children to remain any longer in it. So we were all hurried to the root-house, which was on the opposite side of the fort, and was bomb proof. Never shall I forget my sensations as I crossed the parade ground to gain this place of safety. You must recollect, dear mother, that my feelings had been under constant excitement for many weeks, and now were wrought up to the highest pitch. Complain I *would* not, weep I *could* not; but it seemed as if my heart would burst. My hair stood erect upon my head, (which in the hurry of escape was uncovered,) as I raised my eyes and caught a glimpse of the bombs, shells and balls which were flying in all directions. The boy warrior, whose father was killed at Tippecanoe, was running about upon the parapet exposed to the fire of the enemy, and seemed as fearless as if in sportive play. On going into the root-house I found it nearly full of women and children. What a scene was here presented! One lady was so sick that she had to be carried there on a bed. The wife of one of the officers who was shot by that first ball which entered the fort was, (as you may suppose,) in an agony of grief. 'Oh,

what have I done to deserve so severe a trial? what had my poor husband done that he must die?' were her constant lamentations. Oh, thought I, *what have any of us done to deserve any thing else?* In the midst of all this sorrow and weeping, our child, too young to realize its danger, was screaming at the top of its voice because its attendant would not walk with it on the parapet! A thing which had been often done for its amusement when it had been uneasy and fretful, and which it could not be made to understand was unsafe and impracticable now. Such a day of lamentation and weeping I never witnessed before, and pray I may never again be called to see. Only three or four of the whole number present maintained the appearance of composure, and they felt more than can be described. On looking from the door of the root-house to the quarters opposite I saw a ball knock down one of the chimneys, and was afterwards told that the same shot killed a man who was on duty upon the parapet the other side of the building. About this time the enemy effected a landing on our side, under cover of their armed vessels. Of these they had a sufficiency to demolish Detroit if they chose, while we had not a boat in order to carry a single gun. General Brock's effective force was also double ours, and the Indians were now let loose on the inhabitants. In addition to this our supply of provisions and ammunition was extremely small, and a part of General H——'s most efficient troops were at this juncture at some distance from Detroit, having been sent away on duty a short time previous to the summons to surrender. Under these circumstances General H., after consultation with Colonel Miller, thought it best to capitulate,

and obtained the best terms he could. A white flag was accordingly displayed upon the parapet as a signal for the cessation of hostilities. Immediately the cannon ceased to roar, and all was still. General Brock then sent to ascertain for what purpose the white flag was displayed, and learned the determination of General H. to surrender. Our soldiers were then marched on to the parade ground in the fort, where they stacked their arms, which were then delivered to the enemy. The American stars and stripes were then lowered from the flag-staff, and replaced with English colors. A royal salute was now fired with the very cannon which the Americans had taken from the British in the Revolutionary war, and their music played their national tune, 'God save the King.' How shall I tell you our grief and mortification at this triumph of our foes. A thousand emotions struggled in my breast, too numerous for utterance, too exquisitely painful to be described!

"The poor fellows who were shot in this contest were all buried in one grave. After the surrender those who had fled to the fort for safety returned to their respective abodes. The little girl of whom I had charge at the commencement of the siege was with me until the close. When she saw the fine uniform of the British officers, after they had taken possession, she expressed great delight and admiration, pointing at them and exclaiming in broken language, (for she was too young to speak plainly,) 'Pretty, pretty!' Poor child! she little realized what sorrow the transactions of that day caused to her family, her friends and her country.

"*August 19th.* The prisoners were put on board his

Majesty's vessels to-day. They are to be sent to Niagara and from thence to Montreal, on their way to Quebec. Thus a second time in the short space of six weeks am I a prisoner. I fear I shall not be so easily released this time, as my husband is with me; and a man is of more consequence to the enemy as a prisoner than a woman. Whether my husband obtains a parole or not, one thing is certain: I shall not leave him unless I am compelled to. We were put on board the Queen Charlotte, a fine armed vessel of three hundred tons. In the same ship were General Hull and son, a number of Fourth Regiment men, both officers and soldiers, together with several public civil officers from Detroit. There were only three ladies, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. S——, the young bride of fourteen, and myself. Mrs. F. and Mrs. S. staid on board our vessel, however, but one night, we being so crowded, they were transferred the next day to another. Thus I was left without a female to speak to. But we were a merry set of prisoners that first night. Our friends would have laughed heartily had they seen us when we laid ourselves down to rest. There was but *one state-room* in the cabin where the prisoners were confined, and Mrs. F—— had taken possession of that before Mrs. S—— and myself arrived. Captain S—— was very much offended that a state-room had not been provided *for his beautiful bride*, to whom he had been married hardly a week. And I must confess that I myself had been led to expect more from British officers, (whose politeness to ladies is proverbial,) than *that they should monopolize all the state-rooms to their own use!* But as we had been accustomed for many months to make the best of every

thing we thought it good policy to do so now. So we proceeded to arrange our beds as well as we could, consulting comfort and propriety as much as our very peculiar circumstances would permit. Capt. S—— put his bed next the state-room where Capt. F—— and his wife were sleeping, and himself occupied the side next the door; we put our bed next to his, myself lying next to Mrs. S——, and my husband the other side of me. Thus we ladies were as well protected as possible. The rest of the gentlemen occupied the remainder of the floor. Although nothing but *variety* had been our lot for many a month, yet I must confess that the *unprecedented novelty* of our present situation drove sleep most effectually from my eyes, notwithstanding every thing was quiet on board the ship but ourselves. The next day Mrs. F—— and Mrs. S—— were placed in another ship not so crowded as ours, and I succeeded to the accommodations which the former had vacated. But this, though very convenient, was hardly a recompense for the loss of their society. I felt this loss the more, as we were now wind bound for several days. And to add to the tediousness of our situation, our fare was any thing but good. One day at table a gentleman near me remarked that if I could eat such bread as this, (pointing to a biscuit which he held in his hand,) I was a better soldier than himself. As he broke the bread the *hairs and sticks* showed that the flour, at least, had not been *sifted*. The next day I obtained leave to make a huge apple pudding, which we all enjoyed very much indeed. I met with quite a loss in going on board the ship, which detracted very much from my enjoyment and was quite a trial to my patience and submission.

I had made up a small bundle to take in my hand, containing some work, with all my sewing apparatus, a very handsome pearl breast-pin, (the gift of brother John B——,) and some money. As I was ascending the side of the vessel from the boat which conveyed us to it, I put my bundle into the hand of one of the boatmen who was assisting me, and never saw man or bundle again. This was a serious evil, as every cent which we had with us was in it. A young British officer learning my misfortune went on shore, purchased needles, pins, scissors, thimble and thread, and presented them to me. So my loss was partially made up through the politeness of *the enemy*. We were fourteen days out before we reached Buffalo. Eleven of these were spent in waiting for a fair wind, and we were only three days actually sailing across the lake. We landed at Fort Erie, nearly opposite Buffalo, on the Canada side. Here the British commanding officer gave General Hull liberty to fill the carriage which had been provided for him and his aid, (and which was the only one which could be procured in the place,) as he pleased. My husband had been acquainted with the General and I had boarded in his family, which I suppose was the reason why he offered *us* the vacant seats in preference to others. Officers of the line were obliged to be with their men; but as my husband's duties ceased when the soldiers became prisoners, he could avail himself of the comfortable conveyance which General Hull's politeness placed within our reach. I afterwards learned that the wives of other officers had a very uncomfortable time getting to Newark, which was thirty-six miles below Erie, having neither protectors or proper carriages in

which to ride. But we were seated with the General and his aid, and guarded by officers of suitable rank on horseback to prevent our escape. Two of them preceded us, two rode upon each side, and two followed us. All of them rode as fast as their horses could be made to go, and our carriage was obliged to keep up with them. True, their horses were none of the best; but poor as they were, I think it was at the risk of our necks, we were hurried along with such velocity. I presume the reason for this excessive speed was their fear that we should get a view of their fortifications, which were erected at short distances from Erie to Newark. In descending Queenstown heights I expected that we should be precipitated into the boiling waters below, but a kind Providence saved us from such a catastrophe. My head whirled as I endeavored to catch a view of nature's wonders in this remarkable locality. We dined at a hotel near the Falls of Niagara. These Falls, of which I had long heard so much, I had a great desire to see. Indeed, ever since we came west, my husband and I have said whenever we spoke of our return, 'We will see Niagara when we go home.' Now our wish could perhaps be gratified; but oh, how strangely different from our anticipations. Still I did not feel disposed to neglect the opportunity. So I preferred a request to the officer in command, telling him that 'though a prisoner, I trusted I might be permitted to visit the Falls.' He very pleasantly answered me in the affirmative, and immediately after dinner sent a guard to escort us thither. We were astonished and delighted with this stupendous and sublime work of Nature, or rather I should say of Nature's God. But we were

allowed only a short time for our stay, as it was necessary to reach our destined stopping place that afternoon. In conversing with the gentlemen who formed our escort, we found that they were well acquainted with Lieutenant Goodale and wife, whom I had left on board the prison ship at Malden. They expressed their admiration of Mrs. G——, who was in truth a lovely woman. We were then informed that she and her husband had been sent to Montreal a short time previous to this, and on their way had stopped at Newark, (the place to which we were now bound,) for some weeks. Here Lieut. G—— was placed in close confinement because he had spoken of his Majesty, King George, in terms which were offensive to the ears of his loyal subjects. [I wonder if our polite informers repeated this as a wholesome caution to us.] I afterwards learned from Mrs. G—— herself that she was treated with much polite attention during her stay at Newark, by the British officers and their wives, and found the ladies very pleasant and refined.

“We resumed our seats in the carriage after our return from the Falls, and at five in the afternoon we arrived at Newark. This is a very pleasant village directly opposite Fort Niagara. Here we found good quarters, and soon discovered that they were the very rooms which were occupied by Lieut. G—— and wife ere he was ordered into closer confinement. It was quite a pleasure to me to find their names traced upon the wall. But we were not detained at Newark long. Very providentially for us Gen. Brock was at this place, on his way to Montreal. At General Hull’s request he gave my husband his parole *because his wife was with*

him. So we were once more free. Before the other officers who desired the same privilege arrived, General Brock had left, and they were obliged to proceed to Montreal. There those only *who were married and accompanied by their wives* were also liberated. This greatly provoked the officers who were *bachelors*, and made *them* very desirous of such an addition to their welfare. All the prisoners who were carried to Montreal were marched through the streets there and around Nelson's monument to the tune of Yankee Doodle, before they were allowed to put up for the night. An insulting display of triumph this, and worthy of a ruder age and a more barbarous people!

“My dear Josiah having received his parole was most anxious to depart. Accordingly the next day we left King George's dominions with heartfelt joy. *We had but twenty-five cents with which to travel five hundred miles*, the troops not having received any pay for a long time. The communication with Detroit being so hazardous the money had not been sent. All the cash we had when taken prisoners was tied up in the bundle which I lost when climbing into the ‘Queen Charlotte.’ But our poverty did not dishearten us, so delighted were we with the hope of being once more in our own country. The river which divides Newark from Niagara is there quite narrow, and in a few moments we were safely landed in *our beloved United States*. We breathed a *mental hurra!* and imagined our respiration freer. Oh, liberty! country! home! ye are magic words, and dear to every uncorrupted human heart!

“We went immediately to the fort, escorted by our brother officers, who saw our boat approaching and

came to the wharf to receive us. The stone building in this fort was erected by the French more than a century ago. It is situated directly on the bank of Lake Ontario, the distance between the building and the water hardly admitting a foot-path in its rear. Its high windows, its lofty and massive walls, its strong doors and broad, solid staircase all denote the purpose for which it was built.

“After dinner we walked by invitation to the house of Dr. West. He was a physician in the army, but had purchased a beautiful farm on the lake, where his family resided. This family consisted of a wife, a sister and several children. We passed through some woods near the fort, and the recollection that those woods had been consecrated by the prayers of the sainted Isabella Graham, (a name which I feel unworthy even to repeat,) made them peculiarly interesting. I had now been for so long a time unaccustomed to walking, that in going only a mile and a half my feet became sadly blistered. With joy I hailed the appearance through the trees of the house where I was to rest for the night. We were received with great hospitality by the doctor’s family, who manifested their interest in us by every attention to our comfort and happiness. Once more admitted to a pleasant domestic circle, we for a season almost forgot the perils through which we had passed, and felt that there was something yet to enjoy. Miss W——, when I retired for the night, followed me to my room, and with great kindness insisted upon bathing my blistered feet. Nor did all the objections which I could raise dissuade her from her benevolent purpose. Surely an obligation is laid upon *me*, if upon any one, to remember the

stranger, for *as* a stranger I have experienced a thousand kindnesses which I can never forget. We were much refreshed and invigorated by our short stay with this excellent family. But being naturally most anxious to see our dear parents and relatives, we proceeded the next day on our journey towards dear New England. My husband had obtained funds for this purpose from the paymaster at Niagara. At this time the stage coach did not run farther than Buffalo, which was about thirty-six miles from Niagara. So we hired a *cart*, which was the best vehicle the times afforded. In this we put our trunk, and spreading a mattress over it made us as comfortable a seat as circumstances would allow. But the roads were dreadful, being most of the way made of logs slightly covered with earth. We bore the jolting until our limbs were almost dislocated, and then resorted to walking as a relief. But fearing to blister my feet again, which were still very tender, I soon returned to our miserable conveyance. Thus we journeyed until about nine in the evening, when we arrived at a tavern, the only one within our reach, and only a few rods from the Falls of Niagara. We had come but eighteen miles this long and tedious day. Besides the badness of the roads we were frequently interrupted by officers stationed along the route who wished to learn from my husband the particulars of the surrender, which they had only imperfectly heard. This detained us very much. Wearied *exceedingly* with our hard day's travel we thought we should gladly avail ourselves of any shelter for the night, however mean. Upon entering the house I was immediately struck with the absence of every thing that could be called com-

fortable and feared that we had not exchanged our situation for the better; and so it proved. The only female whom we could see, prepared us a miserable supper, consisting of raw sliced onions with bread and butter. The onions she cut first, then the butter, and then the bread. All this was performed with one knife, which she was not guilty of wiping. After trying in vain to eat of this untidy repast, we sat in silence until I was ready to drop with very weariness, and yet was fearful to look at our accommodations for sleeping. While waiting for our supper we heard a groan, and inquiring the cause, were told that it proceeded from a *young soldier* who lay sick in the house with *camp fever*. When exhaustion obliged me to retire, we were shown up a ladder through the room where the poor young man lay. He appeared to be about eighteen years old. He was very ill indeed, and looked as if he must soon die. The head of his bed was close to the door of the next room, which we were to occupy, and this door being unhinged excluded neither sight nor sound. The only ventilation for the apartment was a small window consisting of six panes of glass mostly broken. Through this the full moon shone with uncommon brilliancy, and served to render visible the extreme filth within. The room contained two beds, and owing to its small size these came nearly in contact with each other. In one of them lay a traveler, already asleep and all unconscious of the weal or woe that surrounded him. The other bed was reserved for us, but was so extremely disorderly and unclean that all my senses revolted from the use of it. I implored my husband to leave, preferring to stay out

doors, any where, rather than pass the night in such a place as this. It was worse than any thing which I had been called to endure in the whole campaign. My sufferings I suppose were much increased by my having rode and slept so much in the open air for the last few months. It was *the contrast* which made the dirt and confinement appear so terrific. But my husband with his prevailing desire to make the best of every thing, persuaded me to stay. Of course we did not undress; but spreading our handkerchiefs upon the pillows lay upon the outside of the bed until morning. In addition to the discomforts already mentioned innumerable vermin began to prey upon our wearied bodies with unexampled voraciousness. Add to these the piercing groans and fœtid breath of the dying man, and the thundering of the mighty cataract, (which would of itself have banished sleep,) and you have some faint idea of the dreadful night we passed. But no language can adequately describe the scene. . As soon as the day dawned we left, and as we passed through the next room we saw the poor young soldier gasping his last breath. A person near his own age, perhaps a brother, was kindly tending him. Fearing lest we had already imbibed this malignant disease we asked no questions, but hasted away. While the man who drove us was attending to his horse and making preparations for our departure, we paid another brief visit to the Falls and bade them adieu. Returning, we took possession once more of our *yesterday's coach* and proceeded on our way. But we met with the same interruptions as on the day previous: Josiah having to answer innumerable questions at every place through

which we passed respecting *the surrender*. Some of these queries amused us, and some exceedingly provoked us. It rained also during a part of the day, and our only shelter was an umbrella, which prevented us from being wet to the skin. At six in the evening we arrived at Batavia, where a good night's rest at an excellent house refreshed us beyond measure, and prepared us for taking the stage the next morning with much comfort. The coach was easy, the roads were fine, and, what was still more delightful, we found agreeable companions. There was an officer in the American service, a most intelligent and interesting man. There were two gentlemen belonging to New York city and on their way thither. Under their care was a lady with her two children and servants. She had left her father's in New York to join her husband at Detroit. But at Buffalo she heard of the surrender, and not knowing where to find her husband, who was now a prisoner in the hands of the English, she was obliged to retrace her steps, and return with her little family to her father's house. She was disappointed of course in her expectations; but the hope of her husband's speedy liberation and re-union with her in New York inspired her with courage and cheerfulness. Our fellow travelers all proved to be very sociable and interesting. Their minds were highly cultivated, and their manners pleasing and refined. Some of them had been great travelers, and were apt at communicating the pleasures which they had enjoyed. Mr. Bacon and myself were so exhilarated with the prospect of returning to our home and our friends that we were in just the frame of mind to enjoy such society and conversation. Oh,

youth! how rich and varied are thy treasures! how bright thy dreams of future good! The first night after leaving Batavia we spent at a very excellent hotel, which, however, was very much crowded, though large and commodious. We were obliged to share our room with our friend the officer, as it contained two beds. But we slept well and were refreshed by a most excellent breakfast, after which we again pursued our way. We passed through several pretty villages, Canandaigua, Skeneateles, Auburn, Geneva and others. We also crossed lakes and rivers, with which that part of New York State abounds, and admired the beautiful scenery which we had never before seen. Surely all these charming creations of Almighty power ought to lead our minds to their Divine Author, who has made all things for himself and nothing in vain. We arrived at Utica, a delightful village on the banks of the Mohawk. This pretty river only a few years since wafted the light canoes of the aborigines upon its bosom, and their rude wigwams adorned its banks. But now how changed. Beautiful farms charm the eye of the traveler with the glories of rich cultivation, and stately mansions are rising upon the romantic slopes which look down in grandeur upon the sparkling waters.

“ We put up for the night at ‘ Baggs’ Hotel.’ This house is renowned for the elegance of its accommodations, as is its proprietor for his suavity of manners and pleasing attentions to all those who are so fortunate as to make this their resting-place. Refreshing repose and a bountiful table prepared us anew to enjoy the scenery which met our eye as we traveled on, as well as

the interesting remarks of our traveling companions. We soon arrived at Albany, congratulating ourselves that our journey thus far had been safely, and for the most part agreeably performed. But here we must separate from our fellow-travelers whom we had come to regard as friends, and part with no expectation of ever meeting them again. So it is—the sadness of *partings* must always, sooner or later, succeed to the joy of meeting! And are our social tastes and instincts which find so much pleasure in their cultivation, and experience so much pain in deprivation, *are* these to perish and be annihilated when our bodies return to their native dust? Believe it who can. For my own part *I have an inborn consciousness*, a feeling implanted, I am sure, by my Creator, that my thinking, reasoning soul, so full of susceptibilities, so endued with energies is, *must be* immortal,

‘Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This *longing* after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
’Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
’Tis Heaven itself that points out to an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

* * * * *

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.’

“But I must turn from Addison, and from the friends with whom I parted, to anticipate the joy of meeting the friends to whom we were hastening, and from whom we have been separated these seventeen months. Two days more of travel, and we should behold them. The thought was pleasant indeed. We found, however, on inquiry, that if we continue directly on towards Boston, we should be compelled to stay over the Sabbath in Northampton. This we did not like to do, and therefore concluded to remain in Albany till Monday. For husband had been informed that General Dearborn was at the military depot near Albany, and with him were a number of officers whom Josiah very much wished to see. Saturday morning we slept until past the regular breakfast hour, and when we arose our breakfast was sent into the parlor where we were sitting. While partaking of it, a Quaker lady of very pleasing aspect, who sat by the window, informed us (as a piece of important news) ‘that the evening previous *an officer and his lady had arrived directly from Detroit*, where they had been taken prisoners by General Brock.’ Finding that we did not manifest any surprise at the intelligence, and perhaps guessing something from the silent smile and mutual significance with which we heard it, she soon contrived to draw from us the acknowledgment that we were the hero and heroine of her tale. She expressed great pleasure at meeting us, and made many inquiries respecting the transaction which had caused such commotion throughout the country. Her views upon the subject of war in general, did not very materially differ from my own. We both deplored it as an evil, although I would fain

have brought her to admit that it was sometimes a *necessary* evil. I believe she did go so far as to say 'that if ever war was *excusable*, it was a war of *defence*.'

"As soon as it was known that my husband was at Albany, a number of military men called upon him, and he was diligently employed in answering the innumerable questions which each new comer felt eager to ask. For since the days of Mother Eve, *curiosity* has been a prevailing foible of our common humanity. In the evening, the stage arrived from Saratoga Springs. A lady and gentleman alighting from it, came into the parlor where we sat. I soon recognized them as Lawyer Thurston and wife, whom I had often met before my marriage, at my aunt Smith's. Mrs. Thurston was an intimate friend of my aunt, and associated with her as managers of the Female Orphan Asylum. I longed to speak to her, but being younger, I waited to see if she would recollect me, and it was not long before I found that she remembered me perfectly. She and her husband manifested much interest in us, and we passed the Sabbath very pleasantly together. For the first time in many long months, we enjoyed the means of grace and went to the sanctuary with none to molest or make us afraid. More sweet and solemn than ever before seemed the worship of God in his earthly temple. I trust I felt to join with some sincerity in the praise of Him who had so wonderfully preserved me and mine.

"Monday morning, we set forward toward our beloved home, cheered with the prospect of soon seeing our dear friends. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston took seats in the stage with us, and I was gratified with such agree-

able and excellent fellow travelers. We have been generally most fortunate in meeting good company wherever our lot has been cast. I consider this a special blessing, for disagreeable traveling companions from whom one cannot escape, are at once a nuisance and a torment. We had a great deal of pleasant and interesting conversation which made the day seem very short, although we did not reach Northampton—our next stopping-place—until ten o'clock at night. Here a good supper and an excellent bed refreshed and invigorated us, and in the morning we pursued our journey with all the eagerness and intensity of feeling which our situation was calculated to produce. We went on very rapidly and pleasantly until about eleven in the morning, when our stage coach *broke down*. This I suppose, was the concealed *thorn* lurking in the *rose* of our delight. But we were none of us hurt, and with thankful hearts, we took our seats in an open wagon, which carried us to the point where our stage was to exchange. Here a convenient carriage awaited us, and without farther delay we proceeded to Boston, where we arrived at ten in the evening, and were received by my dear mother and sisters with open arms and a shout of joy."

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Bacon's journal ends here. Had she continued the practice of recording the daily incidents of her life, and the scenes which passed before her observant eye, together with the thoughts and feelings which these elicited, a manuscript of rare interest would have been penned. For two or three years after their return from their western campaign, Mrs. Bacon and her husband remained in Boston,

enjoying the society of dear friends and kindred. In the latter part of the year 1815 they removed to Sackett's Harbor, New York, where Mr. B. engaged in trade as a commission merchant. A military depot called Fort Madison being here established, our friends had the satisfaction of finding among the officers some of the friends with whom they had been associated during the war. They also made many new and most agreeable acquaintances, and here Mrs. Bacon contracted the warmest and most tender friendships of her life. Aside from family ties and the connections of kindred, the attachments which were formed at Sackett's Harbor proved the most delightful, and the most lasting. Very soon after their arrival there, Mr. and Mrs. B. became interested in the subject of personal religion, though some time elapsed ere they became decided Christians and confessed Christ before men. Years afterward, one who knew them well in speaking of Mr. B's public profession of faith in a crucified Redeemer says, "When that position *was* taken, it was taken *never to be surrendered*. Under an earthly commander he had practiced obedience, where to obey cost great peril. Surely he was not the man to shrink from duty, or fly from danger when the great captain of our salvation laid his claims upon him. During most of the time of his residence at Sackett's, he was an active member of the Presbyterian church there, and a part of the time a faithful and efficient elder." Mrs. Bacon's efforts there were very early directed to the formation of a Sabbath school. In this good work she enlisted with youthful ardor, and the enthusiasm of her earnest and benevolent nature. A small but most

interesting school was established, and with a few kindred spirits, Mrs. Bacon became a Sabbath school teacher. A friend, in speaking of her labors and efforts there, remarks, "For many years she was the head and prime supporter of Sackett's Harbor Sabbath school. Once, owing to deaths, and removals, and a general declension in religious feeling it seemed impossible to procure a single teacher, and the cry was 'our enterprise must be given up.' 'No,' was the response of Mrs. Bacon, 'I shall teach alone first.' This she did, until her spirit and example had such an effect that others came in, the work of the Lord was revived, and after that, there was no lack of instructors." Much pains has been taken to ascertain particulars with respect to Mrs. Bacon's conversion. It doubtless occurred as before stated, soon after her residence at Sackett's Harbor, as it is known that some time elapsed after she indulged the trembling hope that she was a child of God before she took upon herself the vows of the covenant. The record of the S. H. church gives the date of her admission as May, 1820. And a friend writing from that place says of her, "She has many times been heard to remark that she had no consciousness of any *sudden* or *remarkable* change, as is the case with many. With her, the work appeared to be a gradual one, until the time that she fully decided to come out from the world and be upon the Lord's side. It may seem strange to some that a lady so enthusiastic as Mrs. B. should have no more marked religious experience. But one thing is certain. None who knew her, or were acquainted with her labors of love, and her indefatigable perseverance in overcoming

every obstacle to promote the conversion of others can for a moment doubt that she herself was a rich partaker of the grace of Christ." Another friend at the Harbor says, "My memory is stored with such a variety of scenes and circumstances connected with Mrs. B's Christian exertions while here that it would of itself make a volume. But these, after all, are only such as we read and hear of every day—deeds of kindness to the poor and degraded, bringing them into the Sabbath school, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, instructing the ignorant—such deeds as claim the promise of our Saviour: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me.'"

From one of Mrs. Bacon's beloved Sabbath scholars at Sackett's, who is now the wife of an esteemed minister, a letter has been received, from which the following extract is taken. "Among my very earliest recollections are the efforts which Mrs. B. made for the little ones of the Sabbath school. She won us to the Saviour by her own warm-hearted love to him and her tearful earnestness in the matter of our salvation. Well do I remember her instructions, and her unwearied exertions to make us understand and love the Scriptures. She tried to persuade us to love Christ and do good in imitation of his divine example. She made us believe that as baptized children of the church and Sabbath school children we ought not to live as the children of the world lived. She taught us that we were not cyphers but responsible beings, and capable of honoring Christ though we were the little ones of the flock. She interested herself in all our little affairs, temporal

as well as spiritual, and won us to love her by her evident interest in our welfare. Had we any childish disputes to settle, any problem of duty or any little doubts to solve she was our mediator and arbiter. And perhaps nothing would bring a recreant child to duty, or quell the turbulent, so quickly and quietly as the threat of a playmate 'to tell Auntie Bacon.' Nothing gave me more pleasure than to receive permission from my mother to visit her, with a bunch of flowers or some little gift. Perfectly charmed, I would sit and listen to every word which dropped from her lips, watching, meanwhile, her busy fingers which plied the needle with as much ease and grace as she conversed. Many a time have I returned home, and taking my patch-work, seated myself beside my mother, in the humble endeavor to imitate the industry of my beloved teacher. When she taught by precept, she did it in so gentle and easy a manner, that it appeared to be less her object to instruct than to interest. Yet her words left an impression on the mind and heart not easily effaced. Her heart was right with God; and 'out of the abundance of the heart' she spake. She thus commanded the respect of all, and could converse any where and at all times on religious subjects with great ease. She never feared to rebuke sin in high or low places, but always with so much kindness and Christian love as not to give offence. She was once invited to a social gathering among the officers of the navy-yard and their wives. At the close of the entertainment a dance was got up. Mrs. Bacon not only declined a participation in this gayety, but reprov'd a professing Christian present for engaging in it. This she did with such wisdom and

meeekness as not only carried conviction to the mind of the inconsistent disciple, and induced her to abandon the practice, but won her heart to her faithful monitor. Mrs. Bacon's constant aim was to do good at all times ; in her house, by the way, in the social circle, everywhere her words distilled as the dew. But she taught still more by her *example*. Who among the living has done so much in this way ? In the sewing circle, in the female prayer-meeting, in the conference room, the sanctuary, and the Sabbath school, her presence and demeanor was most exemplary. Indeed, so constant was her attendance, that if she ever failed to be present, we invariably went to see if she was sick.

“ The little white cottage in which she lived at Sackett's, how lovely it was. Embowered in roses and honeysuckles, and every inch of ground around it in the highest state of cultivation. How sweet were the moments spent there with this best and dearest of friends ! ” The remainder of Mrs. Bacon's history will be gathered almost wholly from her correspondence.

The letters of Mrs. Bacon, although written without the remotest idea of publicity, are, I think, all that could be desired for insertion in this brief memorial. For it is the simple record of one's daily life, thoughts, and feelings which most deeply interests us when studying an individual history. And surely these unstudied epistles to her kindred and friends so minute, so full, so tender, kind, and solemn, bring the writer before us *as she was*. As we read them, we feel a sympathetic share in her joys and sorrows, and almost identify ourselves with the different scenes and events in which she was an actor and a participant. I only

regret that I have not more of these letters to copy. A large number which were written to her mother during some of the most interesting periods of Mrs. Bacon's life were, after the decease of that beloved and venerable relative, restored to Mrs. B., and by her committed to the flames. She had held a most interesting correspondence with a friend at the Sandwich Islands, but the distance, and the length of time which must intervene before they could be received, coupled with the uncertainty whether they had been preserved, seemed to render it inexpedient to wait for them. With regard to the arrangement of the letters which follow, as far as it respects priority of date or location, entire exactness is not pretended. They are for the most part given as they seemed most naturally to come.

The first is to her mother, and is dated

“ *Sackett's Harbor, Sept. 22d, 1824.* ”

“ My dear Mother:—T—— is to start for Boston tomorrow, and I cannot let so good an opportunity pass without improving it by a letter to you. I was very sorry to learn from A—— that your eyes are troubling you so much. Not only do I regret this for your own sake, but also for mine, as it deprives me of the pleasure of receiving letters from your own hand. I cannot urge you to write unless you can do it with ease to yourself, and if I can contribute to your happiness by writing to you it will be a pleasure to me to do it. I hope you will take good care of your health and not injure yourself. You have done your share of work, and ought now to live at your ease. I do not mean *idly*, for I know you would not be happy, but do only

just what you *please*, and take care *not to please to do much*. While dressing for dinner to-day, I thought what a pleasure could I pass the afternoon with you and my sisters! But the thought *savored of murmuring*, and so *I checked it*. For what right have I to complain when I know that my Heavenly Father has set the bounds of my habitation. May resignation to his divine will mark *all the thoughts of my heart* as well as the acts of my life. May I be enabled to fill up life with usefulness, working while the day lasts, 'for the night cometh in which no man can work.' When I look back upon the years of my pilgrimage, the retrospect causes me many a pang of sorrow and regret. So much time wasted, so many opportunities to gain knowledge misimproved; 'unprofitable servant' is written against every day of my life. But amidst all this, what cause have I to praise God for his goodness to me; for health and a disposition to wait on him in his sanctuary; for so many precious privileges; for faith to believe in his promises, and firm confidence that he will order all things for my good. Oh, what a Father we have! My dear mother, with such a God what have we to fear? If we are his, nothing can harm us. Let us then hold fast this hope as an anchor to the soul, and pray much that our faith fail not; so shall all the dispensations of his Providence be sanctified to us whether prosperous or adverse. I hope my dear mother is enjoying the light of God's countenance, and that her path shines brighter and brighter. In our journey to the Heavenly Canaan we must *advance or retrograde, we cannot stand still*.

"I have to lament that our church here is in a cold

state. There are none inquiring the way to Zion ; none under conviction of their sin and misery. Our Sabbath and evening meetings are well attended by the impenitent ; but as message after message is sounded in their ears with no apparent impression, I sometimes think they are gospel hardened. Judgments too are in our midst, several very sudden deaths having recently occurred. Two men in Mr. C——'s employ were drowned, another died of fever. Mrs. H—— has lost her dear little daughter, just a year and a half old. She was a beautiful child. She had been complaining for some time, but no one thought her dangerous until she was seized with fits and died in a few hours. To add to this affliction, Mr. H—— was absent at the time, and has not yet returned. But the bereaved mother bears her trials with true Christian fortitude. I think they have been peculiarly sanctified to her, and when that is the case afflictions are certainly blessings. Mrs. H—— esteems you much, dear mother, and often inquires after you with affection. Dear old Lady B—— has just returned to this place with apparently as good health as ever she enjoyed. She speaks often of you, and inquires if you will not come here again. I must tell you that the female prayer-meeting is held at our house. It is attended by increasing numbers, and we have some precious seasons of communion with God and with each other. But I must close with love to all the dear friends. When I write to you, dear mother, I feel that I am addressing the rest, because I know that they all read my letters. But, adieu.

Your affectionate child,

LYDIA B. BACON."

This is the only letter extant written by our friend during the fourteen or fifteen years of her residence at the Harbor. After several years of prosperous business there as a merchant, a season of great commercial pressure affected the interests of Mr. Bacon most unfavorably, and obliged him to abandon the situation which had been so pleasant to himself and his dear companion. But although stripped of all their resources, and under considerable pecuniary liabilities, they did not despond. As they would neither eat the bread of idleness or dependence, they anxiously sought a situation where they might obtain an honest and comfortable livelihood. This was found at Sandwich, Mass., and thither they removed in 1829. "There for twelve years," says my informant, "Mr. Bacon identified himself with the cause of Christ, superintending the Sabbath school, leading or seconding every religious enterprise, being a standard and a burden bearer during his entire residence in that place. There he also held civil offices of trust and responsibility, and was three times sent to the General Court of this State as a Representative. Of Mrs. Bacon's active participation in every good work her letters afford abundant evidence.

The first is to one of her dear Christian friends in Sackett's Harbor, and is dated

"Sandwich, March 20th, 1830.

"Think not, my ever dear sister, because I have delayed writing you so long, or have written others before you, that you are *the less beloved*. Oh, no! Your friendship has been one of the prominent sweets in the mixture which has been my lot since my acquaintance

with you. I trust that the union of hearts found amidst trials and difficulties, and the exalted communion of Christian intercourse will not be broken or in the least degree weakened by our separation. Your image, my loved Harriet, is often, very often with me, and your repeated kindnesses afford me a pleasing and grateful retrospect. I cannot tell you how much I think of my Sackett's Harbor friends. The blessed news of a revival of religion among you, which was communicated by your dear husband and confirmed by our beloved pastor, fills us with inexpressible delight.

“Oh, how can we ever doubt the great ‘I Am,’ or despair of the conversion of any sinner, when we are constantly experiencing the fulfillment of those promises which are all ‘Yea and amen in Christ Jesus.’ Dear H——, do you not feel fresh courage to persevere in the path of duty? In imagination I hear the sound of the *new bell*, calling those who love the courts of the Lord to mingle their prayers, praises and penitential tears at his altar. For God delights in the sacrifice of a humble and contrite spirit. I have fancied also that I could see numbers flocking to that little school-house, and with tearful earnestness inquiring ‘what they must do to be saved.’ Oh, that we may hear that the good work is still progressing.

“I am more than ever convinced of the superior religious privileges which have been for many years enjoyed at the Harbor. While in Boston, I heard several of their most pungent preachers, such as Dr. B—— and son, Mr. M——, Mr. W——, and Mr. P——. But I heard no preaching more *faithful* than that at the Harbor. You have again, my dear H——, been

called to mourn. Often has the shaft of death entered your family, and though in the present instance you were somewhat prepared, yet no doubt the loss of one endeared by relationship, as well as by Christian and social virtues, and who was of such importance to her family must be severely felt. I had a great desire to see her when I was at Northampton, and took a long and fatiguing walk for that purpose. But her physician did not think an interview best, and this made me fear she was not as well as I had been led to believe. Well, she is, I trust, at rest; her trials and disappointments all are over, and she can now see that the path to her so thorny was all ordered in tender mercy by Him who 'doth not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men.' I sincerely hope that this bereavement may be sanctified to her husband, and result in his conversion. Then would he be more than ever qualified to discharge the important duties which devolve upon him in the double tie which now binds him to his motherless children.

“Tell *your* dear mother that I enjoy now the society of *my* dear mother. We are so near that we have constant intercourse. She is very well and pleasantly situated. My dear husband is also well, and is much engaged in the Sabbath school here. Mr. B—— mentioned that Mrs. C—— is superintendent of the female school at Sackett's Harbor. I am happy to hear it, for I think her well qualified for the situation. I learn also that there is an increased attendance at the school since the revival of religion. I ardently long to hear that some of the dear children have become subjects of this work of grace. Are there any new teachers, and

do the old ones continue punctual and engaged? Remember me to both teachers and scholars as you have opportunity. Tell Clarissa G—— that her *gift* has been of great service to me, and will be kept with much care as a memorial of the affectionate little Sabbath scholar who presented it. I presume your female prayer-meeting has increased in numbers since the attention to religion. Ah! I often think of that dear little meeting and of the precious few who united their prayers and praises at our Father's throne. We have a similar meeting here. Our Sabbath school is not so flourishing as yours. It has been sustained through the winter for the first time in its history. They were about dismissing it when we came, but we prevailed upon them to continue it. They are now much pleased that they have done so. We find enough to do here, and I trust that we feel it a privilege thus to employ the talent entrusted to us. I am sensible that I do my duty very imperfectly, and I more than ever feel my insufficiency for the responsibilities devolving upon me. I try to look to him who has promised to be the strength of all who put their trust in him. Remember me to dear Mrs. B——; her trial has indeed been severe in the loss of her eldest son. May God comfort her! Do not fail to remember me also to all who may inquire for me. And now, dear H., write soon, and give me full particulars respecting yourself and others. Nothing that transpires at the Harbor will be uninteresting to me. With many prayers that you and yours may enjoy a continuance of every blessing and a heart to appreciate them, I remain, in the strong bond of Christian affection. Yours,

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

The following extract from a letter to the child of her friend is given as a specimen of her regard for children, and her affectionate endeavors to make them happy. I think that I never knew a childless couple to whom children were so uniformly attached as Capt. and Mrs. Bacon. My own children both loved and venerated them, and will never, I am sure, forget them. The rare flowers which were sent me by Mrs. B. to strew around the faded form of my darling Mattie in her coffin, and the sweet plants which she gave my remaining daughter to plant upon her sister's grave, will be remembered while life lasts. Yes, Mrs. B. loved children, and well deserved their love in return. But we will read a part of the letter referred to.

“ TO MISS HARRIET.

“ I thought I perceived in the countenance of my little friend when I promised to write to *her*, an expression of *incredulity*, as if she thought an *old lady* like Auntie Bacon could not or would not write to a *little girl*. But as I always endeavor never to promise without fulfilling my word, I must rob your good mother of a corner of her paper to tell my dear little pet that I have not forgotten her. I have many dear children to love in this part of the country, some of whom are my dear nieces and nephews. But a corner of my heart is reserved for my sweet Harriet, who often by her affectionate caresses soothed my sad or weary moments. I think I hear you greeting me when at play in your yard, or if you saw me across the street how soon would come bounding along the tiny form, expressing so much pleasure in the meeting.”

The next letter is to one of the dear young people in Sackett's Harbor, formerly a Sabbath scholar of Mrs. Bacon's from whom Mrs. B—— had just received a most affectionate letter, desiring a correspondence.

“ *Sandwich, Mass., April 10, 1830.*

“ Most heartily and readily do I reciprocate the wish of my beloved Elizabeth to correspond, and thus continue a friendship for one whose affectionate attentions have alleviated many trials which it was my lot to endure while a resident at Sackett's Harbor. For I cannot now revert to your unnumbered kindnesses, and those of your family to one so unworthy, (and who had no particular claims upon you,) without tears of affection and gratitude. None but the unfortunate, possessing hearts of sensibility and refinement can realize the *solace* imparted by *the delicate attentions* of those whom we love and esteem. The contents of your letter were devoured with avidity, both by Mr. Bacon and myself, especially that part of it which related to the wonderful work of grace with which you have been visited. The delightful tidings that some for whom we had long felt anxiety had at length submitted to the supremacy of him who is ‘ Lord of all ’ excited in our hearts the most tender and grateful emotions. Gladly would we have flown on wings of joy and love to congratulate them on their recovery from the service of sin and Satan. Doubtless souls are *alike* precious in the estimation of *Jehovah*. But *we*, poor *finite* beings cannot well help feeling a peculiar interest in the conversion of those with whom we are more intimately connected or acquainted. That dear youth, Walter K., I do hope will

be an *influential, active* Christian, one who will on all occasions let his light shine, and thereby lead others to glorify his Father in Heaven. You mention William F——. He was one of *our first Sabbath scholars*, and his case is one of much interest to me, and so indeed are many others whom you mention. How delightful to see so many in their youth, and others in the meridian of life come over on the Lord's side. Oh, *there will be no dearth of Sabbath school teachers now!* My imagination is often with you in that dear school, and in that beloved sanctuary where my heart has been so often warmed while my mind was banqueting on the Gospel feast. Those were precious seasons never to be forgotten. There were dear friends with whom perhaps we shall never again unite in the pleasant services of God's house on earth, but may we be so blest as at last to meet in that upper sanctuary where are no more separations. I cannot tell you, my sweet Elizabeth, how anxiously we have looked for the name of —— among the converts. Why is it that a heart so kind to others should be so cruel to himself? Why should one who so delights in making others happy withhold his choicest affections from that Being who with a bountiful hand has loaded him with benefits? Oh, may he speedily be brought to realize that there is a treasure in heaven, and make that treasure his own. It is truly gratifying to see the names of Mr. and Mrs. E—— among the happy number who have joined themselves to the Lord in a covenant never to be broken. Mr. E—— will, I am sure, be a very useful brother, being a man of energy and decision of character. Mr. P—— and Mr. Mc K—— also will be great helps. Great

changes have taken place in Sackett's since we left. A few weeks after our departure, some of the fairest of the youth were suddenly snatched by death from the arms of their disconsolate friends; others, as the result of protracted disease, were called to their account. But in the midst of wrath, God remembered mercy, and the conviction and conversion of sinners has been the angelic theme which occupied every tongue. Oh, how long-suffering and compassionate is that Being who has all power, both to destroy and to save. He is indeed a God who heareth and answereth prayer, and constantly verifies his promises to his believing children. By the recent accounts from the Sandwich Islands, kings and queens are still nursing fathers and mothers to the church. How very interesting to have seen that young king and queen dedicating their all to Jehovah! Remember us with much affection to your beloved family. May we not flatter ourselves that in some of your journeys you will visit Sandwich. It is a quiet, pleasant village on the Cape, and the glass works are worth seeing, being an extensive establishment. We have many comforts and blessings. My dear husband has perfect health, even better than before his sickness. With much love to yourself and friends, and *Mr. B. in particular*, I remain

“ Your affectionate

“ LYDIA BACON.”

Another letter follows to the same young friend, who had been suffering severely from a species of neuralgia in the head, and had expressed a desire for ‘a long

comforting letter' from Mrs. B., together with some surprise that it should be delayed.

“ *Sandwich, July 26th, 1830.*

“ Sympathy for your poor head, my precious child, has made me withhold my pen until the present time. I assure you this has required some self-denial, for it affords me much pleasure to receive and answer your affectionate epistles. Would that I could relieve you of that dreadful pain. I sympathize with you most truly in this severe trial; but I feel assured my sweet young friend realizes who it is that thus afflicts her. If a child of the Most High, there is a ‘needs-be’ for your suffering, for our heavenly Father doth not afflict his children willingly. And though for the present not joyous but grievous, yet the end may work out for you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It is salutary to reflect much on the sufferings of Christians in past ages, and especially on the trials and sorrows of our Divine Redeemer, who suffered even unto death that he might bring us to God. Are you not lost in wonder and astonishment when you think of the love which caused this sacrifice? Oh, the infinite evil of sin which made it necessary for the Son of God thus to suffer, thus to die! Let us then cheerfully endure whatever his hand shall lay upon us, fearing nothing but the having a name to live when we are dead, and the possibility of being deceived and having no part in the marriage supper of the Lamb. Dear E., who would wish to have all their good things in this life—a short and transitory state which is only given us to prepare for another which shall never end? A few more days, months or

years and the places which know us now shall know us no more forever. Oh, then may we find that our trials have worked out for us 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"Often, dear E——, do I recall the delightful hours passed with you when together we sought instruction from the sacred page, or side by side listened to our dear pastor's exposition of the blessed word. Those are seasons never to return, but the tie which binds us to that people is not easily broken. We have a small Sabbath school here, but our church is scattered over some distance, which makes it difficult for all to attend with punctuality. Husband and I both have large classes, and those that are very interesting. I hope that you, my young friend, will soon have health to enable you to serve in this blessed institution. We are very anxious to hear from you all, but especially from Mr. B. I felt extremely sorry to hear that he was unable to preach for you any longer. But you say rightly, '*Some are called to work, and others to suffer,*' and true religion is to perform the work or endure the suffering, as God shall appoint. I cannot but believe that if our lives are spared we shall meet again on earth; but if this pleasure shall be denied us, most sincerely do I join with you in the hope and prayer that we may meet where parting is no more. There, disrobed of sin, and freed from pain, we shall never be weary in the service of our Redeemer.

* * * * *

"We are boarding a few weeks in the family of my sister J——, which is quite a relief while the warm weather lasts, and gives me more time to devote to such

pursuits as are congenial to my taste. It is very delightful also to enjoy my sister's society after being so long separated. All I fear is that my rebellious heart will not feel gratitude in any degree commensurate with the favors I am constantly receiving. The season has been very delightful this summer. I presume your garden is in its gayest bloom. Receive this letter warm from the heart of one who will ever think of you with the liveliest affection. With many kisses for the little darlings, and much prayer for your health and growth in grace, I am, as ever,

“Your affectionate and sympathizing friend,

“LYDIA BACON.”

To Mrs. B——, of Sackett's Harbor :

“*Sandwich, Sept. 10th, 1830.*”

“How delightful would it be could I pass the day with my dear Harriet and her interesting family, and hold sweet converse with them as in times past. I can almost imagine myself in dear grandmother's room surrounded by you all, each eager to impart some information of what has transpired since last we met. But alas, this cannot be ; many, many miles intervene and exclude this pleasing intercourse. My only alternative is that of writing, and although not so gratifying as a personal interview would be, it must suffice for the present. It is some time since we heard from the Harbor, yet our interest in your village is not abated. We beg you to write soon and give us an account of all that is occurring.

“The summer has passed rapidly and pleasantly with

us, every moment being filled with something useful or interesting. My husband and self have just returned from a visit to Boston, the first which we have made since our location here. He tarried a few days and then left me to finish my visit, which was principally to his parents at Newton. For we should not have left this beautiful village *in the summer* for a visit to a city. While at Boston we were gratified in visiting some of the schools, it being the season for examination. It was very interesting to me to witness the improvements in the modes of instruction, as well as the proficiency of the scholars. I was charmed with the sight of so many lovely youth, but mused much upon the remarks made a few Sabbaths since by a young theological student, who is superintendent of the Sabbath school at Newton. He was speaking of the difference seen between those who were educated together as they advanced in life. 'I went to school,' said he, 'with a bright lad who sat on the same bench with me, pursued the same studies, gamboled on the same green. But my schoolmate, as he entered manhood, chose the paths of vice, and going from one degree of crime to another has now to expiate the guilt of murder upon the gallows.' This was Knapp, the instigator of the atrocious murder in Salem!

"After my husband returned to Sandwich, (leaving me in Boston,) I had a very unexpected pleasure. What do you think it was? *I was told that a lady from Sackett's Harbor wished to see me.* I flew to meet her, not knowing who it could be, my heart almost ready to burst with surprise and delight. Who should I embrace but dear Susan G——? I had thought much of her this summer, and wished much to see her, but little

guessed I should so soon be gratified. She had come to Boston with a party who were going to Vermont, she intending to visit me at Sandwich while they continued their journey to Vt. My visit at Boston was nearly through, and last Thursday we left for Sandwich together, accompanied by my dear mother. It is a beautiful ride from Boston hither. We stopped at Plymouth over night, and Susan and I slept together. The last time that we had this privilege was in *Madison barracks!* now we were in the land of our forefathers. There we had often participated in many events important and interesting to us; here we visited the rock on which our ancestors first stepped their foot, and together ascended the hill which is converted into a repository for the dead. We stepped lightly over the ashes of the descendants of those who, under Providence, bequeathed to us so fair a heritage. From the summit of the hill we had an extensive view of the harbor and surrounding country. Susan and myself improved every spare moment in conversation about dear Sackett's Harbor friends. I cannot find words to express to you how much we enjoyed her visit. Remember us to all who inquire. Give my *love* to Mr — ; *compliments* is too cold a term for such friends as we have been, to use. Say to dear little Hattie that I should write her a few lines had I room. I hope she is a good girl. Tell her Uncle B—— joins with auntie in love and kisses to our darling. With most affectionate regard for yourself and all the family, (not forgetting grandmother,) I remain, dear Harriet,

“ Yours in Christian bonds,

“ LYDIA BACON.”

The next is a most tender and consoling letter to the young friend whom she had previously addressed, and whose illness still continued, causing her much suffering and mental depression.

“ *Sandwich, Feb. 15, 1831.*

“ From your long silence, my beloved Elizabeth, I am led to conclude that you are still much indisposed, for I know that your perseverance and resolution would enable you to surmount difficulties if it were possible. I have thought much of you, my precious child, and fancied I could see you in your room bearing with meek submission that dreadful pain in your head which your heavenly Father sees fit to afflict you with. Oh, that you may be enabled to feel that his purposes are wise, and to say, ‘Thy will, not mine, be done.’ May that youthful heart which you have long since surrendered to your Saviour be filled with ‘joy and peace in believing.’ May you have that peace which the world cannot give or take away. You have been signally favored at the Harbor in the outpouring of the holy spirit. Not only has your heart been gladdened by seeing the dear youth of the Sabbath school giving their hearts to Christ; but your own dear little sister Mary has been a recipient of this blessing. How delightful and encouraging must this have been! But where are the rest of your dear ones? Is she the only one who will come into the kingdom? Where is dear S. G. H. and L.? Do they still prefer the broad road? Oh, that you may be enabled to tell me in your next that *they too* have chosen that good part which can never be taken away for them.

“ If your head will not suffer you to write me, do

depute Sophia or Mary to write for you. I so long to hear from your dear family, whose kindness has entwined them with every fibre of my heart. How sweet is the recollection of the many hours spent in your society. How speedily did the moments fly when in your domestic circle I was so cordially admitted. My heart delights to linger in fond remembrances of those interesting scenes so long gone by. And now, dear girl, I would ask how you feel under this trying dispensation of Providence in regard to your health? Do you feel resigned to do or suffer whatever your heavenly Father shall see fit to lay upon you, remembering that 'as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him'? Oh, that you may be enabled to lie at the foot of the cross, and draw sweet consolation from the promise 'as thy day is so shall thy strength be.' May we all be ripening for a home in those blest mansions which our Saviour has gone to prepare for those that love him.

"We and our friends here are all well at present, my dear husband particularly so; he joins me in kind remembrances to your parents, grandmother and the children. Accept my best wishes for your present and future happiness.

"I remain your grateful and affectionate,

"LYDIA BACON."

Another to the same friend, dated

"*Sandwich, Aug. 30, 1831.*

"Accept my grateful thanks, my beloved young friend, for your highly interesting favor of April 23d.

I was indeed rejoiced at seeing your well-known hand once more, for it conveyed to me the pleasing intelligence that you were yet spared. Spared not only to your friends, but to the cause of the best of Masters—that Master to whom you, my beloved child, have consecrated the morning of your life. Oh, may life and health be continued to you, and strength be imparted from on high to enable you to pursue the narrow path that leads to joys which ‘eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.’

“Think me not neglectful, my sweet Elizabeth, that I have not replied to your precious letter until the present time. This would not be just, for amidst the numerous cares and interests attendant upon my new situation which have made my hands too full to write, my heart has been often with you. Imagination, ever busy, has brought your image and that of your dear family often before me, and recalled those seasons of social Christian intercourse which are blended with all my retrospections of life spent at Sackett’s Harbor. It grieved us to hear of a decline in religion in your church. I hope in your next you will be able to report ‘better things’ even ‘things that accompany salvation.’ I presume you notice in the papers accounts of a wonderful work of grace in almost all parts of our beloved country. It is truly astonishing. The revival still progresses in Boston. We have just returned from thence, and while there were delighted with the attention given ‘to the one thing needful’ in that gay and populous city. Great numbers of the youth of both sexes have joined the standard of the Lord among all

the Orthodox denominations. Mr. Finney is to be in Boston in the course of a fortnight. He is now at Newport, R. I., where there is an astonishing work of grace in progress. The good ministers of Boston were at first a little fearful of having Mr. F. to labor among them; but Mr. W—— has been to hear him and returned with a good report, and they have invited him to come. Mr. F. has accepted the invitation, (as I understand,) and will be with them at the time I mentioned.

“We received a paper from Sackett’s Harbor a day or two since, announcing the death of Mr. E——. We feel that this must be a great loss, not only to his family, but to the community at large. As a husband and father, a teacher of youth and a Christian, his decease will be severely felt. I trust that his dear wife has that support from above which alone can sustain her under this trying dispensation. The widow and fatherless have many precious promises in the word of God; I hope that she and her children will be enabled to lay hold of them and put all their confidence in Him whose word is everlasting truth. We sympathize with them most tenderly. No doubt your family will sincerely lament the loss of this valuable member of society. You, as well as your brothers and sisters have received the first lessons of your education from him. Of course many tender recollections are associated with this assiduous teacher and friend who is now no more. But blessed be God we mourn not as those who have no hope. Though he was tardy in embracing the doctrines of the gospel, yet we hope he will not be least in the kingdom of Heaven. This blessed gospel, which so many reject, shed a light and peace around his dying

bed. Let the unbeliever scoff; there is a *joy* and *loveliness* attending the death of a child of God which no language can describe.

“It gives me much satisfaction, my dear E., to see the disposition with which you view the dealings of Providence towards yourself. You have much to endear you to life; but without grace these very blessings would have much increased your trials under the indisposition you have had to endure. May you come forth from the furnace as gold doubly refined, and be able to say, ‘it is good for me that I have been afflicted.’”

“My mother has *all* her children with her at present, which has not been the case before in many, many years. She enjoys good health for her age, and unites with my husband and self in kindest regards to you and to all. Write soon, my beloved girl, to your ever affectionate,

“LYDIA BACON.”

“To Mrs. B—— of Sackett’s Harbor.

“*Sandwich, Oct. 20, 1831.*”

“My very dear Harriet:—Your highly interesting, but sombre letter of Oct. 6th, has produced so many emotions in my breast, that I know not what to say or where to commence. Although your silence had been protracted beyond what I expected or wished, yet I could not but believe that you had good reasons for it. My confidence in your friendship was too strong to be shaken, and I could not bring myself to think that time or distance had diminished it. I have felt that you had much to do at Sackett’s, and my imperfect petitions were often arising to a throne of mercy on

your behalf, that grace might be imparted equal to your necessities.

“What a scene you must have witnessed at the E——s? My heart bleeds when I think of it. What strength, what resolution, what a high sense of duty, what trust in God must have been necessary to have carried you through those kind but sad offices! Poor Charlotte! how forlorn, how disconsolate must she now feel, for she has not yet learned to put her trust in the Father of the fatherless. Oh, that she may be led to Him who will support, guide, and protect all who rely upon him. May she hear his gracious voice, saying, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.’ Her *mind* has been well instructed in the truths of the gospel; my fervent prayer is that her *heart* may feel its blessed influences. Dear child, give my kindest remembrances to her and to them all. Tell them I sincerely sympathize with them, and hope that they will turn to the Lord in this day of their calamity. Then will they have a friend indeed, one into whose compassionate heart they can pour all their sorrows, and find the consolation and support which they need. The pilgrimage of their dear parents has not been long but wearisome, yet now we trust they have entered into that ‘rest which remaineth for the people of God.’ Now they can look back upon the path they have trod and see that it was marked out by unerring wisdom. Now disease has no longer power over their bodies, nor sin dominion over their souls, but, washed in the blood shed upon Calvary, their robes are made white, and their harps and voices tuned to the praises of redeeming love. Dear Lucy, too, is

gone. What a train of reflections does the thought of her departure create in my mind. Her whole life rises in retrospective view before me, and the many interesting scenes in which I mingled with her are especially prominent. Like a dream, they fled, but I can hardly realize that she is a disembodied spirit. Her pilgrimage, too, was short, and owing to infirmities of the body, from which she was seldom exempt, often wearisome. You say nothing special respecting her exit, but I trust that she was prepared to meet her God, and that her end was peace.

“Your description of the state of the church is too, too painful; your spirit must be grieved within you. Oh, that the great head of the church would send his Holy Spirit into your midst to rectify the sins and errors that abound! God is doing great things at the present time in his American Israel; every breeze comes laden with some delightful news of the Gospel’s triumph. Let us then hope better things for poor Sackett’s, even that the Sun of Righteousness may arise there with healing in his beams, and chase away the darkness of spiritual night.

* * * * *

“We are very glad to hear that Mr. Boyd’s health is better, and hope that he may be entirely restored, for we think him calculated to be very useful. Do remember us to him when you see him. Dear Elizabeth C——, with the rest of that estimable family, holds a large place in our hearts. She favors me with a precious letter occasionally; please say to her that I have answered her last, and that as soon as her health permits, I shall hope to hear from her again. My

mother is well, and very grateful for your kind remembrance of her. Tell your good husband if he will bring you to see us it will afford us inexpressible pleasure. Adieu, my beloved in the Lord.

“Yours ever,

“LYDIA BACON.”

“To Miss Elizabeth C——, referred to at the close of the last letter.

“*Sandwich, Feb. 15, 1832.*

“It is impossible, my precious young friend, to describe the thrill which comes over me upon the perusal of your interesting letters. I imagine myself with you, I see you, hear you converse, am seated by your side in the Bible class, the conference meeting, or the sanctuary, and all the interesting situations in which we were so frequently engaged together rise in review before me. As I muse, the tears flow in rapid succession, but not altogether tears of regret. No; that would be ungrateful to him who permitted me to tarry so long with you, and has removed me hither that I might enjoy the society of my dear relatives.

“I should have answered your letter sooner but have been prevented by the state of my health. I have had the *prevailing influenza*, and it has *affected my lungs* considerably. What the end will be I know not. I have not been well a moment since the second week in December, though not confined to the house except in bad weather. I have now a large blister on my throat, and hope it will be efficacious in removing the difficulty. I have some cough, and find it quite diffi-

cult to converse much. I can more feelingly sympathize with you, my beloved child, than when I was well. Remember me, dear E., at a throne of grace, and pray that strength may be given me to bear all my heavenly Father's will. Ah, we know not how soon (if we are indeed God's children,) we shall be called to sing the praises of redeeming love around his throne. Time appears very short to me—eternity very near. But with the garment of Christ's righteousness about me, *death will be welcome*, come when it may. Oh, may our love to Christ inspire us both with that holy feeling which led an apostle to exclaim, 'For me to die is gain.' I heard a child of God, when dying, say, 'He considered death one of the greatest blessings, for it was his passport to his Saviour.'

"My heart was cheered with the sweet state of *your* mind in view of death apparently so near. But you were spared and permitted to attend the death-bed of your early instructor. How affecting to your feelings, how exciting to your sympathies must this have been. You accompanied your Christian brother to the confines of eternity, but there you had to leave him. No earthly friend can go with us through the dark valley. But the Friend, 'who sticketh closer than a brother' is nigh, to take us by the hand, and calm the waves that the passage over Jordan shall not overwhelm us. How dreadful the condition of those who have not such a friend in their hour of extremest need. We rejoice to hear that you have a good minister, and that the prospects of the church are brighter. And is our lovely S—— joined to the people of God? This is blessed news indeed. Tell her that I am happy to hear it, and

that I trust she will be a *firm, active* Christian, *taking up her cross in her youth*. I presume she has a class in the Sabbath school. H——, I always felt much interested in, and rejoice to know that she too has chosen the Saviour as her portion. Well do I remember the first time she came to Sabbath school. She was in my own class, and though quite ignorant of religious truth, was very desirous of acquiring knowledge, and seemed to listen with much attention to the instruction which I tried to impart. *That school, dear E——, lies very near my heart*. Do give my love to the dear teachers and the children who remember me—*I shall never forget them*. It must have been delightful to you to have dear brother and sister Gallagher once more at Sackett's. Were not the *scholars* overjoyed to see him? *We had a delightful interview with her two summers since—I believe I told you of it*. Perhaps it is the last interview we shall ever have this side eternity. Do remember husband and self to her and her father's family most affectionately. Our dear father Bacon departed this life week before Thanksgiving, in his 71st year. He died in the full enjoyment of that faith which is 'the evidence of things not seen.' We see some engagedness in religion here, and several have experienced a hopeful change. My brother W——'s wife is among the number. Dear Elizabeth, write me again soon, and believe me as ever, fondly yours,

“ L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. B——, of Sackett's Harbor.

“ It is indeed a great privilege, my beloved Harriet,

to be enabled to communicate our feelings to each other in *any* way. But when I take my pen so many thoughts rush into my mind which it would be inexpedient to commit to paper, that I would fain exchange this mode for the more delightful one of personal conversation. Oh, how many hours have we spent thus, while our hands plied the busy needle. The instruction which I often thus derived, and the consolation which I received are indelibly impressed upon my mind. Sure I am that your place will never be supplied to me. I have many kind friends here, *but no sister Harriet*. Your last letter was full of interesting matter, and I thank you for answering my numerous questions.

* * * * *

“ We rejoice to hear that Mrs. W—— is blessed in her child. Oh, that she may indeed prove a prop to her declining age. It seems hardly credible that you should not have seen her for sixteen months ; don't you ever go to W—— ? I am not reconciled to your being so much of a ‘*Martha*’ as not to have visited that beautiful village in all that time : especially as (having a carriage of your own,) you have the means so abundantly at your command. I am sorry to hear that your health is not good. I can heartily sympathize with you, for my own health has been miserable for some time past. I have been obliged to be careful of myself, and have been often deprived of the privilege of attending evening meetings, and occasionally the services of the Sabbath. But I would not murmur or complain, for oh, how long, how greatly have I been favored in this respect. How often have my willing feet walked with you, my dear Harriet, to the house of God, my

heart filled with joy at the thought of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. How often have I taken my place in that Sabbath school with feelings not to be described! *That school, those children may forget me, but never, no never shall I forget them.* Our church and congregation here have at length received the blessing for which we have so long prayed. In February we had a 'protracted meeting,' preceded by a church fast, and this special effort has been owned and blessed of God, as we humbly trust. About sixty in our society give evidence of a change of heart, and the work is still progressing. The feeling has been deep, solemn and pungent, and embraces both the young and middle aged, including several heads of families. Our Sabbath school shares largely in this work of grace. Oh, it is a sweet and cheering sight to see the love of Christ reflected in the countenances of these lambs of the flock. One of my scholars, a colored girl about sixteen years old, is a hopeful subject of grace. When she told me, (to repeat her own expression,) that 'her heart loved Jesus,' I could have hugged her, black as she was. She is a dear child, and seems like 'a new creature.' Others in my class are thoughtful. Help me, dear friend, to praise Him from whom all blessings flow that I have lived *to see a revival in a Sabbath school*, a thing I so much desired to see at Sackett's, but was not permitted. Pray for us, that this precious work may be continued till all shall acknowledge Christ as their Saviour.

"We are very happy to hear that you have such an agreeable accession to your society as Mrs. Adams and her mother, and Mrs. M. They have it in their power

to be very useful, especially as they are members of the household of faith. Remember me most affectionately to them, and to all inquiring friends; I cannot designate all by name, but you know as well as I can tell you. It gives me much pleasure to hear that S. S. has concluded to study for the gospel ministry. I thought that would be his final decision. His mind was turned to the subject so early that I felt the impression would not be very easily effaced. My husband says you omitted two important matters in your letter. You did not send him your love, (of which he claims a share as well as myself,) and you told us nothing about dear little Harriet. I hope you will make amends in your next. We were very happy to hear of the local improvements in the Harbor, and think the value of property will be much increased. Remember us most kindly to dear grandmother and the rest, and believe me

“Yours in Christian bonds,

“LYDIA BACON.”

To Mrs. C——, at Sackett's Harbor.

“I avail myself of the first real leisure moment since the receipt of your very interesting letter to give you evidence of my continued affection by replying to it. It rejoiced our hearts to hear of your welfare, and to know that your beloved husband is better. Truly, health is one of our greatest earthly blessings; but like other mercies not sufficiently prized until it is withdrawn. We rejoice with you that your dear T—— has been made a recipient of divine grace. Oh, that he may become a burning and shining light, a faithful

laborer in his Master's vineyard, and may his dear brothers be partakers of the like blessing. I am more than ever convinced of the value of early instruction in religious things. We see evidence of its worth at the present day in the conversion of very young children. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings' God is perfecting 'praise.' We hope to hear soon that there is a better state of things at the Harbor. When will the blessed Jesus be all and in all to those who profess to love him? How long-suffering, how full of compassion and goodness is he toward the sons of men. What mercy has he manifested towards this nation during the past year, in refreshing so many of his churches with his divine presence, and bringing such multitudes of sinners to bow to a Saviour's feet. And now he is abroad in the earth in judgment: the dreadful cholera is slaying its thousands, and we know not where or when it will stop. How many has it summoned, (as it were,) in a moment to the tribunal of their Judge. How shocking the thought that so many immortals have been ushered unprepared into eternity. Will it not bring the thoughtless to consideration and a preparation to meet God in peace.

"Yesterday, by appointment of our Governor, the people of this State observed a fast, that if possible, by humiliation and prayer, this dreadful calamity which threatens us may, by divine mercy, be averted. Other States have done, or will do, the same. Oh, that prayer may ascend from sincere and contrite hearts, and, presented through the mediation of him who ever liveth to make intercession for us, find acceptance and bring answers of peace. To those who are prepared it

makes but little difference how they pass from this world to another. But how necessary that we, as professing Christians, see that our lamps are burning, that we be not thrust from the kingdom with that awful sentence, 'I know you not.'

"It gives us much pleasure to hear that our beloved Mr. Boyd has recovered his health, and is able to preach at W——. The remembrance of him is very sweet to us. May he long enjoy health and happiness. Happy he will ever be while engaged in his Master's cause, and I know he feels that nothing else, (comparatively speaking,) is worth living for. I can readily imagine that your visit to Utica was both profitable and useful. How did you find that dear sister of your husband, and your good father and Cornelia? She was a dear girl; do remember me to her. Poor Lucy has sunk to an early grave. I felt much when I heard of her death, and still more when I read your letter giving a more particular account than I had before received. Her course was short and toilsome; but I trust she is now where sorrow can never come. What a memento to us who survive of the frailty of earthly joys is the early death of many with whom we have passed hours of social converse and gone to the house of God in company.

"My dear Josiah sends a great deal of love to yourself and husband, and bids me say you are often in his thoughts, but his time is too much occupied for him to write. His hours of business are from six in the morning to seven in the evening, and the business such as to require his constant presence. Besides this he has duties in the church and society which must be discharged. We find wherever we are that we are not to

be *idle*, and our desire is to be useful as far as our limited abilities will permit. You know those who have but *one talent* must not bury it in the earth, or hide it in a napkin.

“How does the Sabbath school succeed now? Have you an interesting Bible class? And how are Mrs. G. and Mrs. C., and the dear sisters of the praying circle? May the presence of the Lord ever be with them. We are glad you have so good a pastor; may he prove a lasting blessing! Though unknown personally to us, we shall ever feel deeply interested in the pastor of ‘Sackett’s Harbor Presbyterian Society.’ With love to all your family, I am your friend,

“LYDIA.”

The following letter was written to the dear young friend heretofore addressed as Miss C——, but who having happily united her destinies with the Rev. Mr. Boyd, received thus the congratulations of her faithful friend and correspondent. She will be designated hereafter in these letters as Mrs. E. C. B.

“*Sandwich, Oct. 27th, 1832.*

“My dear Elizabeth:—Your interesting epistle was received and perused as usual with unfeigned delight. It is very kind in you thus to contribute to my happiness, especially when you are pressed with so many cares. I should have answered your letter ere this, but unavoidable duties prevented me. The pleasant summer has passed with great rapidity, and now the whistling winds and changing foliage of autumn are heralding the approach of winter. This to many is

unpleasant, but not to me. *I enjoy all the seasons in their turn*, and the many comforts which solace us in the inclement season are a constant call upon our gratitude to that good Being who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. Yet the summer has many charms peculiar to itself. We often think and speak of your beautiful garden, and wish we could see it and its beloved owners. Our garden is very good, but will not compare with yours for taste and elegance. Do you cultivate the Isabella grape? This and the Black Hamburgh are very hardy, and require very little more care than the wild grape. But where am I rambling?

“My principal object in the present communication is to congratulate my beloved Elizabeth and the dear pastor upon their union with each other. This I do, dear friends, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, feeling assured that a union founded upon such principles as yours must be productive of mutual happiness. May Heaven’s choicest blessings be poured out upon you! May you indeed be helpmeets to each other through a long and happy pilgrimage. You, my precious girl, are now in the situation which I have always anticipated it would be your lot to fill. May you have grace and wisdom given you to discharge the numberless duties new and important which will now devolve upon you. Be every thing, dear E., which a minister’s wife ought to be. Thus will you continue to sustain that character which has hitherto contributed so essentially to the happiness of your dear parents and friends. Great have been your advantages both natural and acquired; the *ten talents* have been committed to you for improvement. Oh, how great is your responsibility! I write

not thus, my beloved child, because I think you have not duly appreciated all these considerations ; but they force themselves upon me, my heart is full, and I must write as I feel. You can never know the deep interest which I have felt in your welfare and future happiness, nor can you realize the pleasure it now gives me to see you so happily united to one so worthy of you. It must be a mutual gratification too that you are settled so near your beloved parents. This will mitigate the pangs of your removal from them. We have always been interested in Watertown, and shall feel that interest increased now that you are located there. Do write soon and inform us how you are pleased with your new situation, and what there is of interest in the Church, Sabbath school, Bible class, &c. Every thing which concerns *you* and *yours* will always *be matters of interest to us*. It must be very agreeable to Mr. Boyd to be in the same village with so estimable a man as Mr. Boardman. Please present our most respectful remembrances to the latter and to his wife.

“ I thank you, dear E., for the intelligence contained in your last respecting so many of our young friends at the Harbor. Truly, it is a time of ‘ marrying and giving in marriage.’ The change to Elvira must be great indeed, though not unpleasant to one of so amiable a disposition. She has been a great pet with her parents, and of course will need and require much indulgence from her husband. This I presume she will receive, as I understand he is a man of fine temper, and has been a most attentive and affectionate grandson. I love Elvira, and trust that the many prayers offered on her behalf by her dear departed mother will be answered

by her becoming a decided and influential Christian. Walter and Frances have every rational prospect of happiness. Having devoted themselves to Christ in their youth, they will escape many temptations incident to the morning of life. Mutually sharers of each other's joys and sorrows, may they ascend the hill of Zion with their faces ever thitherward, looking to their Saviour for grace to help in their every time of need. Thus will their lives pass sweetly and tranquilly, and their influence be happy on all around them. Tell dear —— I recommend her to devote fifteen minutes every day to a contemplation of the blessings which she enjoys. My knowledge of her disposition and temperament induces me to send her such a message. Her good sense will, I trust, pardon the liberty I take, and her Christian feelings will lead her to receive it kindly, as coming from an elder sister in Christ, who has the advantage of some experience. Tell her I shall ever feel deeply interested in her welfare. Indeed, you know not how my heart yearns over the dear youth at the Harbor. I learn that Charlotte E—— has chosen the good part. Oh, Elizabeth, how great is my joy at hearing of the conversion of my Sabbath school scholars. Our school here is increasingly flourishing and interesting. My dear husband and self find our love to the lambs of the flock daily increasing. Do remember us to all our friends at Sackett's, especially to your father's family, and give our kindest regards to your beloved husband.

“Yours most affectionately,

“LYDIA BACON.”

To Mrs. H. B.

“ Sandwich, Nov. 26th, 1832.

“Your good letter, my dear Harriet, seemed to bring your form and face directly before me. When I read it I felt as if in the very presence of that dear, dear friend with whom I have passed so many happy hours, and from whom I have received so many proofs of disinterested affection. These scenes I know can never return, but the recollection of them will never be obliterated. How often have we proffered our petitions together to the throne of grace. How often have we in concert endeavored to instruct the ignorant, comfort the afflicted and reclaim the wanderer. Those were precious duties, and precious privileges too. May my heart ever be filled with gratitude for the opportunities which I had at Sackett’s of doing good, and may I be humbled with the review of my poor performance of such duties and obligations. Dear Harriet let us be faithful in fulfilling every present duty and persevere unto the end. Then, though we should never meet again on earth, we may together worship the Lamb around his Father’s throne forever and ever.

“Dear sister, how does religion flourish in your heart now? Does the Saviour appear more and more precious? Does the world recede, and time appear as nothing compared with eternity? And can you not sometimes say, ‘It is better to depart and be with Christ?’ How important that we be always prepared to die! The judgments of the Lord are abroad in the earth, and both the righteous and the wicked are cut off in a moment. True, the places where you and I reside have been hitherto exempt from this dreadful

scourge, but we know not how long they will continue so. If *sin* is the procuring cause of this great evil, surely Sackett's and Sandwich ought to tremble.

“Thank you, dear sister, for the interesting communications in your last letter. I had heard some of the news from our dear Elizabeth. Say to —— that she must make —— *a good wife*. He was one of my favorite children, and a great friend of my husband. The latter says ‘it would make Uncle Bacon very unhappy if his young friend —— had not an *obedient* wife.’ This is one of the cardinal virtues in his esteem. I should love to visit them, and also our beloved J—— and E——, who are at length happily united. May their lives be prolonged, and they be made abundantly useful. I have loved E—— ever since I knew her, and always felt that hers would not be a common lot. The propriety of her behavior, the rectitude of her sentiments, and the strength of her principles seemed always far beyond her years. Now she is placed by Providence in a situation where her example may constrain many others to glorify God. You, dear Harriet, are indeed full of cares. Some are destined to be *Marthas*; but as good Mr. B—— says, ‘it is better to *wear* out than to *rust* out.’ I am sorry that your dear aged mother suffers so much. Her life seems to be prolonged through much suffering. I hope she is making rapid attainments in the divine life. I often think of the many precious female prayer-meetings held in her room; it was indeed a Bethel. Are those meetings still attended there? Do remember me to all those dear sisters, and beg them not to forget me in their prayers. My dear mother sends her love to you

and yours. She has been quite sick this fall, so much so that we felt alarmed about her; but she has now recovered, and is as well as usual. I felt it a great privilege that she was where I could wait upon her when sick. She is now seventy years old, and enjoys better health than most aged people do. * * * *
We are glad to hear so good an account of *our dear little Harriet*. May she ever prove a blessing to you. Tell her, as soon as she learns to write, she must send us a letter. I am sure she must have a great deal to tell Auntie Bacon about the birds, and trees and flowers, to say nothing of the dolls and playthings. I suppose your shrubbery has grown wonderfully since I have seen it. Do the apple trees which brother J— planted along the fence bear yet? And how is the beautiful tree which *I set out* in the cottage garden fronting the street? It was an acacia, and if it lives must, I think, be a large tree now. My dear Josiah sends a great deal of love to his little pet Harriet, and wishes she could dine with us tomorrow, as we expect our little nephews and nieces to help us keep Thanksgiving. But I must close with much love to you all.

“From your affectionate

“LYDIA BACON.”

To Mrs. E. C.

“*Sandwich, March 22d, 1833.*

“Your affectionate letter, my beloved friend, was duly received, and its contents devoured with avidity. Could you realize the pleasure it gives me to hear from you, you would not be so sparing of your epistolary favors. The apparent depression of spirits under which

you appeared to labor when you wrote has given me much uneasiness. Oh, that I had wings that I could fly to you for a short time, that we might, as in days gone by, impart our mutual joys and sorrows. When I remember that in your breast I ever found sympathy, I long to bestow comfort and consolation in your trials and sorrows. We are both of us sensitive; I think you are more so than myself. Though much younger in years than I am, you have had much experience of this world's changeableness. We have both arrived at an age that we can calmly and rationally view things as they actually are, making all allowance for the perverseness of our natures, which are constantly propense to evil. That same selfish ambition which made Eve aspire to the wisdom of Him who made her is too predominant in her posterity, and is ever marring the enjoyment which we might otherwise take. For we have much given us to enjoy even here, and our very troubles are calculated to give a zest to our comforts, as past deprivations enhance subsequent fullness. For many years I have felt as if every blessing was undeserved by me, and bestowed as pure unmerited grace by my heavenly Father. *So that the bread which I eat, and the pure stream which slakes my thirst, cause at times emotions of gratitude wholly indescribable.* I have reason also to be thankful to that kind Providence which has permitted us to spend our last days with our beloved relatives. It adds much to my dear mother's happiness to have us near her. Here too is a field for usefulness where we can live and labor in a calm, peaceful way which suits us well after so many changes.

You know I am prone to look on the bright side ; evils decrease and blessings brighten when I compare them.

“ We heard of the death of your dear father Camp, and felt that you had met with a great loss. Well do I remember the last time I saw him ; I thought as I took my leave of him we should probably never meet again. I always thought him a lovely old gentleman, and agree with you in thinking that our loss is doubtless his gain. Assured of this, why should we mourn departed friends ? Oh, rather let us endeavor to be prepared to meet them in glory. I thank you for your account of Mrs. Clark. I have never been able to learn before how her mind was exercised in view of death, though I always felt that she was a true and humble follower of the Saviour. I cannot help complaining of you a little for not telling me more about the friends with whom I do not correspond, but for whom I feel the most lively interest. Dear Mary White—has she forgot her sister Lydia ? I often think of the pleasant three months we spent together. And how is Mrs. Bridge and her dear little Ann ? How are Mrs. G—— and Clarissa ? Tell the latter I still keep in good preservation the basket she gave me at parting, and it often reminds me of my dear little Sabbath scholar. Have you now a class in that school ? Who teaches the class which once was mine ? I suppose many of my old scholars have left, and their places are supplied with new ones. I am still favored with health and opportunity to teach a class, and have a very interesting one. We have two Sabbath schools here ; one is held at noon in our meeting-house, and another at the close of the afternoon service in the Factory village. My dear

husband is superintendent in the former and a teacher in the latter. So you see we are not permitted to be *idle*, although we are removed from that part of Zion where we so loved to labor. We have a sewing circle on Tuesday eve., and a female prayer-meeting on Wednesday. How I wish you would come to Sandwich. The glass works are well worth seeing, and it is extremely pleasant to strangers here in June. To me it is pleasant all the year round, for I dearly love the country. Already the bleating of the lambs and the sweet notes of the birds remind us that the winter is passing away. But I must close with my husband's love and mine to you all.

“Your grateful and affectionate

“LYDIA BACON.”

To Mrs. H. B——

“*Sandwich, March 10, 1834.*”

“Dear Harriet:—It always gives us inexpressible pleasure to hear from you; and having been so long without one of your favors, I feared something serious has happened to you. Judge then of my pleasure in once more beholding your well known hand. But this joy was greatly damped when I read of your illnesses and sufferings. You have frequently been called to suffer in this way; it is the Lord's will, and who dare ‘ask the reason why?’ I rejoice to know that during this last indisposition you enjoyed unusual peace of mind. How good was our heavenly Father while he afflicted your body to pour consolation into your mind. How easy to bear infirmities when sustained by that Almighty grace which causeth. ‘all things to work

together for good to those who love God.' And how blessed a thing it is that we can glorify him by *suffering* his will as truly as by active labors. May we, dear sister, be ever ready and willing to glorify him in just the way he shall appoint, whether by Christian *activity* or Christian *endurance*. We know that he is too wise to err. Let us then endeavor under all circumstances to feel and to say, 'Lord, do with us as seemeth good in thy sight,' for 'who is a God like unto our God?'

"I too have numerous infirmities to bear; but am enabled to keep about, and think my health better than when I wrote you last. I think of you and yours very often, and wish greatly to see you. The next time that you take a journey do come in this direction. I am indeed *in earnest* in the matter. Here you can have sea food, air and bathing. The latter, it is true, you must go to the beach to enjoy, but it is only a mile from our house. Will you come? We were much pleased to hear that you had 'a protracted meeting,' and that the results were so satisfactory to the friends of Jesus. *We must* ever feel the liveliest interest in the church at the Harbor, for did we not witness *its struggle for existence?* and have we not *felt to our heart's core* the opposition of the enemy? I often think of brother B's remark as applied to your place, 'every Christian counts *ten*,' and that 'it is *an honor* to be placed as watchman on the walls where *constant vigilance is necessary*.' We are happy to hear that you have now such an able defender of 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' May you long enjoy his labors, and may the church thrive under his fostering care. Is he interested in the Sabbath school, and do you have the S. S. concert regularly?

We have them here : they are held in our own house. My dear Josiah is still superintendent, and I have the charge of the female department. It is now fifteen or sixteen years since I have held this responsible situation, and oh, how imperfectly have I discharged its important duties. Do you still sustain your female prayer-meeting? and is it well attended? I often think of the times when we bowed the knee together, with only a sufficient number to claim the promise, 'where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them.' Those were sweet seasons ; but you are stronger now. May the number of those who delight to go 'where prayer is wont to be made' be largely increased. Your dear mother is favored in being restored to more comfortable health. Her image is often before me, seated in her nice arm-chair, and the many pleasant hours passed with her are not forgotten ; give her my kindest regards. *My* mother enjoys very good health for her years ; she is now seventy-two. Soon probably must these dear ones be laid in the grave ; but *we may* go before them. Oh, that we may all be prepared to meet in those blessed mansions above. There, freed from sin and no longer compassed with infirmities, we shall have no hindrances to our worship and bliss.

* * * * *

“ You say dear little Harriet is much altered. No doubt she is ; still I think I should know her. I could not forget *those eyes*. Has she forgotten Uncle and Auntie Bacon ? Well do I remember the shout of welcome with which she always greeted us ; it seems now to vibrate in my ears. Give my love to her. Our

dear Elizabeth and her husband you say are gone to the South. I did not think of their leaving so soon. My husband joins me in kind regards to you all; he is happy to hear the temperance cause is looking up with you.

“Write again soon to your affectionate

“LYDIA.”

The following letter from Mrs. Bacon to her friend is inserted to show the rectitude of her principles, as well as the sweet and tender charity of her feelings. I do not know the individual, male or female, who more richly abounded in deeds of charity and beneficence; yet her strict conscientiousness and discretion made uprightness and prudence ever the handmaids of her benevolence. An incident still fresh in the mind of the writer, though in itself a trifle, will illustrate my meaning. Happening into her dwelling one day, I found her just sitting down to her dinner. I mentioned the case of a poor woman but a few doors off who was feeble and had nothing comfortable to eat. Mrs. B. looked at her own table, and musing a moment said, ‘I will send her this dish of soup; it will be nourishing and relishing for her, and if I choose to deny *myself* I shall *wrong no one*. I *could* send her money, but she would not be able to make herself a broth if she is so unwell; and the fuel necessary to cook it would cost more than she could afford.’ So the broth was sent to the ailing indigent, and my friend made her own dinner without her favorite dish. But we will pass to the letter which is addressed to Mrs. B—— of Sackett’s Harbor, and is dated

“*Boston, April 29, 1834.*”

“My beloved sister Harriet:—Your letter was cordially received. I am happy to learn that your health is so much better, but regret to hear of the indisposition of Mr. H—— and N——. That dear little Martha too, her sickness must be most distressing, such a sweet sprightly child, and her mother’s darling. When I think of her mother, what a crowd of memories press through my mind. Some of these, oh! how delightful, and some alas, how bitter. Well, resignation to the divine will becomes such frail dependent creatures as we are. Heavenly Father, may we bow in submission, feeling that thou canst not err.

“I cannot describe my feelings, dear friend, while perusing your account of that poor young orphan girl, the victim of a seducer! Base villain! his compunctions, (if he has any feeling,) must be terrible; surely he must remember that solemn menace of holy writ, ‘Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord.’ May he repent of all his wickedness, so that he may not lose his soul. You ask me if it is not in my power to afford that poor wronged one protection. Oh, gladly would I answer in the affirmative, but such is our situation here that it would be impossible. My husband gains only *a support* by the business in which he is engaged, and to do even that has to devote all his time. Still I would share my little cheerfully with the unfortunate; but there are, (as you know,) claims against us which ought to be liquidated. All, therefore, which by the strictest economy we can save must be applied to these. We must be *just* ere we can be *generous*. I am sure you will believe me when I say that nothing would

give me more pleasure than to afford this poor girl an asylum, could I *consistently* do it. Our limited circumstances, as far as *we ourselves* are concerned, never trouble me, for *we* learned while in the army to make a little suffice. But when called upon to *assist others* then I feel their pressure. However, it is not for me to say who shall be the Lord's almoners. 'The silver and gold is his,' 'the hearts of all are in his hands'; if there be *a willing heart* it is accepted 'according to that a man *hath*, and not according to that which he *hath not*.' This is my consolation.

"You will see by the date of this letter that I am visiting the city. My sister has taken a journey to the South, accompanied by her husband and eldest son. Knowing that she would not like to leave her younger children without some person more suitable than the servants to look after them, I offered my poor services. Mr. Bacon with his usual disinterestedness consenting to my absence. So here I am, and mother to four children. The youngest is but two years, and a very lovely, docile little creature. But my time is limited, and I must bid you adieu. Reserving a corner of the paper for a few lines to your little Harriet, I remain as ever

"Your affectionate friend and sister in Christ,

"L. BACON."

"To Miss Harriet:—I was delighted, my sweet little H., when 'Uncle Bacon,'—his countenance beaming with pleasure,—presented me with a letter from *you*. I thank you for it, and hope to be often thus favored. I am glad that you have learned to write. It is a great

comfort, (and no small accomplishment also,) to be able to correspond with one's friends. I often think of you, dear child, and wish much to see you. Can you not persuade your dear father and mother to bring you to visit me. I am sorry you must part with your only sister, but hope the separation will not be final. I want to ask if you, my dear H., have yet learned to trust the blessed Saviour? I hope that you have; you are not too young to give him your heart. This is very pleasing to him who while on earth took little children in his arms and blessed them and said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' How is Ann B.? I hope she has accepted this gracious invitation of the loving Saviour. Give her my kindest love, and tell her I often think of her. Sweet child! she was one of my best Sabbath scholars. I well remember how earnestly and affectionately she used to listen to my instructions. How is Clarissa G.? and the little Butterfields—how are they? Please, dear Harriet, give them my love, and remember me to all who care enough about me to inquire for me.

"I am very much pleased to hear that the trees and shrubbery have grown so beautifully. Thanking you again for your pretty letter, I remain, dear child,

"Your affectionate,

"AUNTIE BACON."

To Mrs. E. C. B——.

"*Sandwich, Nov. 9th, 1836.*

"My ever dear Elizabeth:—Your favor of April 26th was read with the warmest interest. I then fully intended to have answered it immediately; but a desire

for a more convenient season has deferred it until the present. And now in looking at the date of yours, I find that six months have elapsed since its reception. Accept my acknowledgments, (though late,) for the very interesting account of yourself and family. Quickly was I transported to that dear family circle where I have spent so many happy hours; and I enjoyed, as well as *imagination* could, the delightful scene. I trust that your anticipations were realized in the meeting of all its members. If such *earthly reunions* are sweet, what must be the bliss of *Heaven!*

“It does indeed rejoice my heart to hear that so many of the dear Sabbath school children at the Harbor have chosen the Lord for their portion. How encouraging for teachers and parents to sow the seed and water it with tears of faith and love, trusting the word of Him who has promised that ‘they who sow in tears shall reap in joy.’ Oh, may those dear children wait upon their divine Master with the sincere and earnest inquiry, ‘Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?’ Language will not convey all I feel when I think of that Church and Sabbath school at the Harbor. I sympathize with them in being so long deprived of a regular pastor; but trust by this time they are supplied. They must not be unnecessarily particular; every little village in the Union cannot expect a Dr. —.

“We are happy to hear, dear E., that your husband’s health is better. But we regret to learn that it is still not sufficiently improved to enable him to fill the situation in his Master’s vineyard which is so congenial to his feelings, and for which we think him so abundantly qualified. What a consolation is it to God’s children

that their Father in heaven knows what is best for them, and that he will not suffer any adversity to overtake them that is not consistent with their highest good and his own glory. And though he may deny to your beloved James the privilege of laboring where he thinks it most desirable, yet he can make you both more useful in another and a different sphere. May he give to each of you that submissive spirit which will enable you to say, 'Thy will be done.'

"I learn, (by your husband's postscript to your last,) that you have another immortal soul committed to your care to train for eternity. So your duties increase. Oh, may you be abundantly qualified and aided in discharging them. I know that you realize in the fullest sense your accountability to God in this important trust. Parents have many helps in the present day—so many excellent books are being written for their benefit. There are the Abbots' works, the Mother's Magazine, and many others. But after all the Bible, *the blessed Bible*, is *the* book to which we should resort in preference to all others. May you, dear E., be enabled to train your little ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and experience the joy of seeing them early consecrate themselves to Him to whom you and their dear father have already devoted them. How pleasing it must be to your own dear parents to see so many of their beloved ones walking in the straight and narrow path! May they soon have the satisfaction of knowing that they are *all* embraced in the household of faith, and look forward with joy to the time when they shall all be gathered—a whole family—in heaven. You did not mention Elisha, Harriet and Edgar. Dear children!

I remember them well; do tell me all about them when you write again. I hope it may be so ordered that M. may abide at the Harbor. They surely need *efficient* members in that church, and to whom can they look if not to those *who have been fostered in its bosom?*

“Dear E., do write me soon, and I will try not to be so tardy in replying. Tell me every thing about yourselves and friends which you shall see fit to communicate to one who will ever feel the deepest interest in you all. Do not forget to mention your own dear little ones; many changes may have taken place since the date of your last. However diversified your lot may be, let your faith in the blessed Redeemer be unchanging. Keep constantly in mind his own assurance, ‘in the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.’ Yes, this life is a thorny path, notwithstanding the fruits and flowers which a kind Providence has scattered along its banks. But how delightful the thought that a time is coming when those who love God shall enjoy that eternal life in his presence and kingdom where neither sin or sorrow shall mar their peace forever.

“Ere I close I wish to inquire after some of my old friends at the Harbor. Dear sister Harriet B., Mrs. C., Mrs. W., Mrs. D., &c.; it is a great while since they have written me, and it would give me great pleasure to hear from them. Do remember me to them, and to all others who think me worth inquiring after. My love to your dear grandmother and parents and the children, in which my dear Josiah heartily joins. Give my kindest regards to your good husband, and kiss the dear babes for us. *Our interest in children is not in the*

least abated. A kind Providence still retains us in our places in the Sabbath school here, although my health does not permit such uninterrupted attendance as at Sackett's. What a privilege to be allowed to labor so long in this blessed cause. Pray for us, dear child, that while God gives us health we may ever have a *willing heart* to do what we *can* for him. My dear mother enjoys unusual health for one of her age, and desires her kind regards to you all. With a strict injunction *that you write soon*, I remain,

“Yours in Christian bonds,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. H. B.

“*Sandwich, Feb. 28th, 1837.*”

“Prompted by an earnest desire to hear once more from my ever dear *sister Harriet*, I have taken my pen to give you positive evidence that *I* have not forgotten *you*. In this way I hope to elicit a similar expression of remembrance from yourself. I have endeavored in every possible way to account for your long silence. Prone always to look upon the bright side, I cannot persuade myself that you have ceased to think of one who still cherishes the warmest affection for the friend with whom she has passed so many happy hours. With your image, my loved Harriet, memory associates some of the most interesting occurrences of my life, and could I think this communication would be received with indifference I would lay down my pen at once. No! I will still flatter myself with the pleasing thought that you love me, until you have had time sufficient after the reception of this to prove my idea true or false.

“I learned by John R—— that you were superintendent of the female department of that beloved Sabbath school. This I was rejoiced to hear, as I know your love for the cause of your divine Master, and your zeal and perseverance in every good work. May you be amply rewarded for your labor of love to the lambs of the flock. Often when teaching my own class here do I think of Sackett’s, and in imagination see you occupying the same place there which your unworthy friend once filled. The dear youth with whom I there met weekly in the house of God are often in my thoughts, and ever have a place in my prayers. Where are they all now? I have from time to time been cheered by the pleasing intelligence that *some* of those dear ones have been gathered into the fold of Christ. Oh, that I could hear it of all! Eight years have passed in rapid succession since, with heartfelt sorrow, we separated from you and your dear family. I have endeavored since to set more loosely by the things of this world, and have not formed such strong local attachments as in the earlier part of my life. We are very pleasantly, (though humbly,) situated. Our heavenly Father has been most kind in supplying us with the comforts of life, and has given us health, (generally,) to enjoy them, together with a disposition to fill usefully the sphere which his Providence assigned us.

“We have been hoping to see you this way for a long time. It would give my dear Josiah and myself the greatest pleasure to welcome you with your husband and our dear Harriet to our home in Sandwich. Shall you not travel this summer? and will you not come

this way? Does your honored mother still live? or have you no longer to watch her wasting form? How is your own health? and how are your husband, Harriet, Frances and her family, and dear Lucy's little ones? Is Mrs. Gray still living? Where are Mr. C——'s family? We heard that he was dead, and if I knew where to direct a letter, I should write to Mrs. C. I have given you a long list of questions, but these friends all live in my remembrance, and I am anxious to know of their welfare. So *if* you write me, be particular to tell me about them all. My dear mother sends love to you. She enjoys remarkable health for her age. She still lives with my sister T——, whose eldest child, a daughter, is we fear in a fatal decline. She has been sick for a year past, and daily grows weaker. It is sad to see such a young creature, (just eighteen,) sinking to an early grave; but we trust she is prepared for the change.

“What an eventful period we live in! How many themes agitate the public mind. What does your good husband think of the slavery question and popery? The latter seems to be making fearful strides in our happy land. Should not Protestant Christians soon awake and make commensurate efforts, we shall see Romanism gain the ascendancy. What an awful result to contemplate! Some few seem to be aware of the impending danger, and books and papers are sent forth to arouse the people to action on this important subject. I fondly hope that this country, hitherto so blessed of God, may not become a prey to ‘the man of sin.’ Alas! how soon would liberty become a name and truth

a bye-word, and our holy religion 'the form of godliness' without 'the power.'

"I think were we in Sackett's now, our husbands would find more topics than ever for reading and conversation. Josiah loves to read the papers as well as ever, but has little time for this favorite amusement. He is confined to his business until eight in the evening. When he does read to me I am often reminded of the time when he used to read so much with your husband. I suppose the latter has *his dear daughter* to read to him now. Thus will she amply repay him for all the care with which he used to instruct her in *this invaluable art*. Well do I remember seeing him thus engaged with his little Harriet. But oh, the flight of time! She is no longer our little Harriet, but a young lady—*Miss B.* I suppose, really, her Auntie Bacon would hardly know her were she to meet her now. Does she resemble you? Kiss her for me, dear sister, with just such a caress as I used to give her when with childish vivacity she ran to meet me as soon as I turned the corner in sight of your house. Oh, how well I remember her beaming looks and joyous shout of welcome. I should be very happy to have a letter from her. Take each of you a large sheet of paper, and give me an account of yourselves and of other friends whom I dearly love.

"I hope to hear that your pulpit is well and permanently filled. When I last heard, you were without a pastor. Husband unites with me in cordial regards to yourself and husband and Harriet, and to grandma also, if she is in the land of the living.

"Yours fondly,
"L. BACON."

To the same.

“ Sandwich, Nov. 9th, 1837.

“ Being entirely alone this evening, while waiting my husband’s return from his business, I hasten to improve the time in writing to my beloved Harriet. Oh, could I just step in to your dear home and pass the hour in social converse, methinks it would quickly fly away.

“ Talcott informed us that your beloved Frances is no more! Again are you bereaved of a darling child. One after another have they been taken; three of them sustaining the interesting relation of wives and mothers, and dear Harriet alone is left you. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! But you mourn not as those without hope. They all died in faith, and are now, we trust, rejoicing ‘with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’ Your dear aged mother too is gone, and is now, we believe in the presence of that Saviour ‘whom not having seen, she loved.’ Oh, how many of our dear ones are gone before us. Among them our precious Susan Gallagher and Elizabeth Boynton: though long separated on earth, they have doubtless met in the blest regions above. We had fondly hoped to see them again in the flesh; but he who knows the end from the beginning willed it otherwise. May the remembrance of their virtues stimulate us to copy their bright example, and to be followers of them even as they also were of Christ. We shall meet them no more here; but if faithful to our trust, when Christ has no more for us to do or to suffer on earth, we shall share with them in ‘that inheritance which is pure and undefiled, and fadeth not away.’ Mrs. Boynton wrote me that Elizabeth died very suddenly with an affection of

the heart just as she was on the eve of marriage. We were very much pleased with seeing Talcott; what a lovely young man he appears to be. I should think his dear mother ought to feel very grateful that her endeavors to train up her children in the right way have been so successful. *All pious parents are not thus blessed.* Yet, I suppose if we believe the promises, we must allow that *the failure is not in God.* 'He is not a man that he should lie.' 'Hath he said and will he not do it? hath he spoken, and will he not make it good?' T—— looks very much like his dear mother; I could almost fancy myself conversing with her while talking to him. It was very kind of him to take so much pains to visit us. And now, *my dear naughty Harriet*, I want to *hide* you that you should come so near us as Springfield and return without visiting us. Tell your dear husband I feel so grieved about it that I know not what to say. I hope you will never be guilty of such a thing again. It is remarkably *pleasant* here from the middle of May till October; but the most beautiful season is from the first of June until the middle of July. We will hope yet to have the pleasure of seeing you all here if you and we should live. I am glad to learn that you received the Magazine with the account of little Catharine. At the time of her death some of her friends suggested my writing something respecting her, but I did not then feel like doing it. Since I came to this place I often thought of her, and one Sabbath evening, after being with my class and feeling unusually interested in them, the story of Catharine recurred to me, and I resolved to write it for their perusal. When it was done my friends persuaded

me to have it printed. It is so imperfectly written that I ought not to have consented; but inasmuch as it was in print, I concluded to send you a copy, knowing that you would feel deeply interested in the narrative. I regret that I have not a copy to send Mrs. C., as she requests; I will try to procure one when I go to the city.

“I hope you will write me soon and tell me the particulars respecting Frances’ death. Where are her dear children? Remember us to W——; it is a most afflictive stroke to have the wife of his youth taken from him, and in so sudden a manner. The daughter of my sister T——, whom I mentioned as sick in my last letter, died the first of April. She was the only daughter, and her death is a severe affliction to her widowed mother, to whom she was a great comfort. She was a pleasant, and we trust a pious child. My sister is very lonely; every thing reminds us of the dear departed. You know well these feelings. May afflictions be sanctified to you and to us. Remember my husband and self to your good J., to Harriet, and to all inquiring friends.

“Yours in love and sympathy,

“L. BACON.”

The winter of 1838-9 Mrs. Bacon spent very pleasantly in Boston, her husband having been chosen Representative to the State Legislature. In the city she, of course, enjoyed many privileges from which the more retired situation of Sandwich debarred her. Some of these are referred to in the following letter to Mrs. Boyd.

To Mrs. E. C. B.

“Sandwich, June 6th, 1839.

“My dear Elizabeth:—Having just received intelligence that several vessels will sail for the Sandwich Islands in six weeks from this date, I hasten to impart the information agreeably to your request. I hope you will be ready to avail yourself of the opportunity, if you have not already sent via New York. I have been hoping to hear from my dear young friends before this, but conclude your time must be more usefully or agreeably employed. I need not repeat that it will always add much to my happiness to receive letters from you. It is now six months since I have had any tidings from you, and I begin to feel anxious to hear of your welfare. During our sojourn in Boston last winter, we had several delightful interviews with our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. McLellan. You and your dear husband were not forgotten. They expressed much satisfaction that they had enjoyed the privilege of seeing you both, and requested to be remembered to you with much affection. We enjoyed much while in the city, being favored with health and opportunity to attend many interesting meetings. Among those from which we derived great pleasure and instruction were the lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, by the Rev. Mr. Aiken, Mr. Blagden, Mr. Winslow and Mr. Towne. The latter is a young man, but highly gifted, and appears very much devoted to the cause of his divine Master. I often thought of you while listening to them, and wished that you could enjoy them with me.

“We returned to Sandwich about the middle of April. Although we had enjoyed much in our winter sojourn,

yet we were glad to return once more to the peace and quiet of our village home. It was pleasant to resume the duties of our station, which had been for a time suspended; it was pleasant to meet our beloved Sabbath school and praying circle, and to receive instruction again from our own pastor. While in Boston I attended a Sabbath school at the House of Correction, which you visited while here. The school was composed of *those degraded creatures* whom we saw *in the work-room*. In that room the school was held, and there I taught a class. Oh, how different were they from those *comparatively innocent beings* whom I had been accustomed to teach. Yet the latter as truly need a Mediator as the former, for the most moral as well as the most vile must be washed in atoning blood and become new creatures in Christ Jesus or they can never be saved.

“In my class were eight females, some of them about my own age, and others more advanced in life. All were brought to this house in consequence of indulging too freely in ardent spirits. Under its influence they had been led to commit crimes which must be expiated by a residence in those gloomy cells, which I presume you will well remember. I was pleased to see them solemn and attentive, and some of them well acquainted with their Bible. The last Sabbath I was there being the anniversary, we assembled in the chapel after school to join in further religious exercises and to hear the report, which was exceedingly interesting. Both male and female prisoners were present on this occasion, though separated from each other by a partition made high enough for that purpose. The seat which I

occupied gave me a partial view of the men, and an entire one of the women. It was doubly painful to see among them so many youthful faces. The sight was to me solemn and affecting. Oh, my friend, what has not sin wrought! What an exhibition here of its consequences, and what cause of gratitude that *we* have not been left to fill such a destiny. I think if ever I felt both humble and grateful, it was while endeavoring to impart instruction to those poor women. Often would the language of Scripture rise to my mind, 'Who madeth *thee* to differ? and what hast thou which thou didst not receive?'

"What cheering communications the last Herald contained from the Sandwich Islands. We have received letters from our friends who are on the way there. They had got round the Cape, were in good spirits, and had been favored with good weather most of the time. We shall soon expect to hear of them from the Islands. And now, my beloved E., let me hear from you and yours. With much love,

"Yours truly,

"L. BACON."

To Mrs. H. B——.

"Sandwich, May 6th, 1840.

"I thank you a thousand times, my precious sister Harriet, for your very interesting letter, which I received as *a proof* that you had *not forgotten* me. *I could not believe* that you *had*, although your long silence *was rather ominous*. I cannot tell you of the emotions which thrilled my heart on reading it. Re-

membrances of scenes of past enjoyment; recollections of the fondly loved, the early lost?

“Oh, how often do I think of dear Mrs. Hooker. How delightful were the hours of our early acquaintance. Hand in hand we partook of the same joys and sorrows, and united with others to benefit the needy around us. She had a large heart, and her early exit was a severe loss, not only to her family and friends, but to the poor and the suffering. Dear Luey too I loved, and Frances. Tell grandpa that I remember Frances as well as if I saw her but yesterday. She was one of the most interesting children I ever knew; if her little daughter is like her she cannot help filling a large place in your hearts. I should love dearly to see you all, and thank you for your kind invitation to come to the Harbor. But such indulgences are not for us at present; it seems that Providence does not intend we shall have more of this world than what we are commanded to pray for—*our daily bread*. Yet for this I desire to be truly thankful, remembering the admonition of an apostle, ‘Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.’

“*You* must come and see *us*. Cape Cod is a beautiful place, especially in summer. We are now living with my mother and sister Abby, or rather they are boarding with us. Mother is very well for a person so advanced in years. She is now seventy-eight, and retains all her senses remarkably except her hearing. My sister has lost her daughter and her two boys, and was very lonely; so we moved into their house last July, and as I said they board with us. The house is small, but very pleasant, and we have a bed for a friend.

It is a great pleasure to help smooth the declining years of a beloved mother: this you, my dear H., know by experience. I often think of *yours*, (now a saint in glory,) when I look at *mine*. She is highly favored in retaining such good health, and I trust she may long be spared to us.

“It gives me great pleasure to hear so good an account of my ‘pet.’ I hope she may continue to be all that your fond hearts can desire. From some expressions in her letter to me some time since, and subsequently from yourself, I was led to suppose she had given her heart to the Saviour. Is this really the case? Tell her religion is the one thing needful, and most lovely when it adorns the brow of youth. I look around on our Sabbath school here, and often groan in spirit at seeing so little fruit from our labors. But that sweet verse often meets my eye and cheers my heart,

‘Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan’t deceive our hope,’

and with fresh alacrity I try to pursue the path of duty. Have you a Maternal Association? We think them very useful and interesting. Our ordinary meetings are held once a month, and are spent in useful reading and in prayer for our children. Once a quarter our minister meets with *them*, and instructs them from the Assembly’s Catechism. The children recite, after which he questions and explains to them.

“One of the public prints has recently mentioned a revival of religion at Sackett’s Harbor. This rejoiced our hearts, for though we are not favored with one *here*

we are glad to hear of the triumphs of the cross any where, and especially at our beloved Sackett's. It is now a long time since we have heard the anxious inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Some of our church are feeling quite strongly on the subject. God is pouring out his spirit all over the land, and I hope we shall not be passed by. My prayer is, 'O, Lord, revive thy work.'

"My interview with our former beloved pastor and his precious wife was like meeting an 'oasis' in the desert. I enjoyed it exceedingly. Elizabeth, you know, *was one of my children*, and to see her, (as far as I could judge,) *all that I expected and desired* was very gratifying. She has many talents—of such much will be required. I pray that she may have grace given her to improve them an hundred fold. I am glad to hear that your dear Harriet is fond of *music*. Does she love *flowers* too? I think a taste for these should go together. I wish she would write me a long letter, and let me know her tastes, occupations and pleasures. If she cultivates flowers, I have some beautiful exotics I should like to show her. I would recommend the cultivation of flowers to all young persons. It is a never-failing source of innocent gratification, and tends to lift the heart and mind to the great Author of nature and of being, who has spread this earth with so many beauties for the comfort and pleasure of his creatures. While they think of him thus as *the God of creation*, will they not also remember that *the most precious* of his gifts to man is *an atoning Saviour*, and believing in *Him* be led to worship *the God of redemption*.



“My husband is gone to Baltimore as a delegate from the Whig Association here, (of which he is president,) to the Whig Convention to be held at that place. He was not well at all, and I hope the journey will be of use to him. He read your letter with much interest, and I may venture to send his love, though he is not present. What does your good husband think of the times? I refer especially to the Sandwich Islands, and the conduct of the *French frigate* there. My sister J. has a son with his wife there. Through them I frequently hear of our dear Mrs. J. Mother and sister desire their love to you. With a great deal of the same from myself to you all, I am,

“Your affectionate,

“L. B. BACON.”

The time of Mrs. Bacon's sojourn at Sandwich now drew to a close. Early in the spring of 1841 her husband received an appointment as steward of the United States Marine Hospital at Chelsea. This was understood to be through the influence of General Harrison, whose personal recollections of Captain Bacon, as he knew him in the army, and his convictions of his fitness for the situation prompted him to this act of friendship. From this position he was removed only by death. It has been truly said of him since his decease, “Of his self-denying, persevering assiduity, of his unremitting fidelity to *every interest* connected with that institution *know all men*. For him to have remained through two administrations with which he had no political affinities is the highest eulogium upon his capacities and faithfulness, and is no less honorable to

those who for the public good suffered him to remain. The laying out of the grounds around the Hospital, their care and cultivation, the fruit trees, vines and flowers which are now so flourishing all bespeak his good taste, as well as his kind feelings towards those for whose welfare this asylum was established.' It is added by his pastor whose words I have just quoted, 'He was active and forward in promoting the formation of this church, and was chosen one of its first deacons, which office he held until his death, never failing to be present at every communion season until the last, when disease had laid him aside.' Mrs. B's correspondence furnishes so good a history of their residence in Chelsea that any other detail seems superfluous. The following letter announces her removal.

To Mrs. H. B——.

"U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, }
Chelsea, June 16th, 1841. }

"My dear sister Harriet must excuse my not answering her precious letter ere this. When I received it we were in an unsettled state, not knowing what our destination would be. So I delayed writing till something more decisive should be known. On the first of May last my husband was appointed steward of this institution. It is a place provided by the United States Government for *invalid sailors*. Here they may be restored to health, or lay their bones in its cemetery. Few die, however, compared with the number who are restored to health. It is an excellent institution, and we find our situation more agreeable than we had dared to hope. For although my temperament, as you well know, is

sanguine, I have learned by experience and the word of God not to anticipate too much, or place dependence on any thing below.

“But methinks I hear you say, ‘Is it possible that Lydia Bacon has left her mother again?’ Yes, my friend, I have separated from that dear aged parent once more. It cost me much, but my duty and affection to my husband was paramount to all other considerations. And besides my mother is as pleasantly situated as possible, with my brother very near her, and my sister S—— also. We are but sixty miles distant, and can visit her often, or should it be necessary we could have her with us. But she resides in her own house with every comfort she needs or desires, enjoying a green old age. Although in her eightieth year, she is still surprisingly active, and her faculties are as bright as ever. *She cuts and makes her own dresses* also; true, they are made after her own fashion, but they look very pretty, and it pleases her to do it. It *was* hard for her to part with us; but she knew it was best, and I think you will say so too when you hear the particulars.

“The situation which my husband filled in the glass works at Sandwich, though very respectable and responsible, was at the same time most laborious and confining. And it only afforded us a living, even when the business was good. But for a few years past the business during a part of the time was so dull that the emolument received for unremitting service, with our utmost economy, only sufficed for a bare subsistence. For a time, indeed, the factory stopped entirely, and had not Providence provided for us by opening the way for Josiah to go to the Legislature, we should have been

wholly without support. His health too was suffering, and we could see no way of improving our condition if we remained at Sandwich. True, we were very much attached to the people and the place; it is one of the loveliest villages that the sun ever shone upon. But my husband came to the conclusion that it was his duty to try to do something towards bettering his condition. Learning that this post would soon be vacant, he applied for it, and, although there were a host of applicants, succeeded in obtaining it. So here we are, he as steward and myself as matron of this establishment.

“We have a family varying from sixty to ninety, including help. The latter have to be hired, as the sailors leave as soon as they are convalescent, unless occasionally one will stay on wages instead of going to sea again. The salary is not large, but is much better than that received by my husband for his former occupation. Then the business is much more congenial to his feelings, giving him a fine scope for the exercise of those benevolent traits of character which his friends have always ascribed to him. The duties of our station are more pleasant and not so laborious as in Sandwich. Much *physical* strength is not required of us, as there are none but *sick men* to be taken care of, and the nursing is done by suitable persons of *their own sex*. There are only three females in the establishment besides myself: these are two cooks and a laundress. My husband has ample room in the neglected grounds belonging to the place for the indulgence of his favorite pursuits, and I have opportunity within the building for the exercise of all the benevolence which I have the heart or the

strength to perform. So, taking all things into consideration, it seems to be just the place for us both. We beg of you to remember us in your petitions at a throne of grace, and do not forget also to pray for the poor sick sailors. We have great demands upon our sympathies. We are constantly coming in contact with suffering; there are all kinds of diseases; the subjects are of every age, from youth upward, and there is, of course, great diversity of character. I trust that some have left us healed both in body and mind. There are several interesting cases here now. Some, if their lives are spared, will, I hope, be useful to their fellow men. We have religious services on each Sabbath evening and on Thursday afternoon. On the Sabbath day those who are able attend worship in either of the evangelical societies, of which there are several in the village. Our society, (the Orthodox,) is the smallest, having just been started. There is, of course, every thing to be done. Oh, how I want to go forward in the establishment of a Sabbath school, female prayer-meeting, &c., but my duties to my numerous family in the Hospital forbid it for the present, as I have no time to take a very active part beyond its limits. What is duty in *some* situations ceases to be in *others*. Neither do I feel able to *trot about* as I have done in years gone by. I am now fifty-five, and although I enjoy tolerable health, yet I cannot endure the fatigue that I formerly did. Is it not, my dear friend, a most kind Providence to place us where we can be very useful, (if we will,) without extreme fatigue? Is it not most kind that we are not laid by unable to work for the Lord? Oh, for the spirit of Jesus, our divine Master, to teach us our

duty and enable us faithfully and cheerfully to perform it with a single eye to his glory. May we so experience the peace and blessedness of the gospel in our own hearts that we may be able to cheer, counsel and admonish those who need it.

“The local situation of this place, (Chelsea,) is beautiful. It is across Charles River, opposite Boston, with which it is connected by a ferry. Steam ferry-boats go and return every half hour. There is also a very pleasant drive to the city through Charlestown. There is a Naval Hospital in Chelsea, where sick and disabled *officers* are taken care of. From our parlor windows we have a beautiful view of our native city, the Navy Yard at Charlestown, and Bunker’s Hill with its proud monument—all tending to produce associations in the mind of a most interesting nature.

“We want you and your dear husband and daughter to come and see us. We want to see your dear faces once more in the flesh. We have good quarters and comfortable living, found by Government it is true, but as we serve them faithfully and have no family but our two selves, I do not think it unjust that our friends should visit us occasionally. My dear husband joins in this request and in sending his love to you with mine. With love to all who remember us at the Harbor, I remain,

“Yours faithfully,

“LYDIA BACON.”

To Mrs. S——, of Sandwich.

“Chelsea, September, 1841.

“Dear Sister:—I suppose that you are beginning to think of —— going west. I hope you have had a pleasant time. I shall be much disappointed if he does not let us see him before he leaves Boston. How is Mary’s health since her return? We derived much pleasure from her visit, and hope that she enjoyed it enough to make her wish to repeat it.

“Next week on Thursday, the Methodist meeting-house here will be dedicated, and our society is invited to attend. It is probable Mr. Moffit will be here, and if he does I shall expect him to come to me after the dedication. The church is a nice, convenient building; Christians in that society are somewhat engaged since the camp-meeting. Two of our sailors are to be baptized and admitted to the church. Tell Mary, the one with whom I had some conversation when we were cutting out sheets in the office, is one of them. He appears very well indeed. We have sixty-five patients now: some of them are very sick, and others appear to be going to their long home. A number of them are thoughtful, but they are so constantly coming and going that we shall never know the result with regard to many of them. At the meetings in the house those who are able to attend are very solemn and attentive. It is an affecting sight to see them, when we consider the worth of the immortal soul, and the peculiar temptations to which seamen are liable. Cut off, as they are while at sea, from the sanctuary and the means of grace, were they not sick sometimes in port they would hardly find

time for reflection or instruction. I tell them it is a mercy they are sick, for it gives them time and opportunity to care for their souls; but, alas! a sick bed is after all a hard place to seek God and prepare for heaven. Poor fellows! some of them suffer a great deal; I pity and pray for them.

* * * * * *

“Last Tuesday a sewing circle, or, (as ours is named,) the Ladies’ Benevolent Society, was formed from our congregation. As no one here was found willing to *take the lead*, and I was unanimously chosen to the office of first directress, I felt compelled to accept it for the present. In addition to this there will soon be a prayer-meeting and Maternal Association; so you see, my dear sister, *change of place* has not lightened *duty*.

“Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Boston, Mr. Clark, of East Boston, Mr. Laurie, (who is to be a missionary to the Nestorians,) and our own dear minister, Mr. Langworthy, were with us to tea at Mr. O——’s. These gentlemen are all of the first order for piety, intelligence and courtesy of manners.

“In the evening we repaired to Slade’s Hall, the place where we meet for divine worship. After suitable addresses by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Clark, we proceeded to the formation of an Orthodox Church and Society in this place. We had an interesting time both afternoon and evening. It is very solemn to enter into covenant relations with God and our fellow-Christians. I hope and pray that the Church thus formed may increase and be productive of good to the cause of Zion.

“To-day has been a solemn day at the Hospital. Two men have died, one at four in the morning, and

the other at nine. The latter went very suddenly. He had just said to his physician, as he was leaving the room after making his morning call, 'how *much* better I am.' But as the doctor reached the door the patient fell back in his chair, dead! His disease was an affection of the heart. Tomorrow both the deceased will be consigned to the tomb. We expect Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Boston, to officiate.

"Yesterday Mrs. B. and Mrs. S. spent the day with us. They appeared to enjoy every thing except the sight of the *large boilers of tea* which was sending its fumes all over the house. Mrs. B—— thinks I ought not to allow the patients tea and coffee, believing it wicked to drink any thing but cold water. I wish I had no other sin to answer for than neglecting to convince sailors of the wrong of drinking tea and coffee. If I can persuade them not to drink rum I shall be satisfied. Remember us affectionately to your dear family and friends, and come and see us as soon as you can.

"Yours ever,

"LYDIA BACON."

To her Mother.

"*Chelsea, Jan. 17th, 1842.*

"Dear Mother:—Our brother and sister made us a flying visit, which, though short, was very pleasant to us. We wish they could have stayed longer. Sister intends, should nothing prevent, to visit us when the weather is warmer. I hope that she found her late visit agreeable enough to induce her to come again as she proposes. Tell her the two sick men whom she saw here have gone to their long home. Brother Harris

died very suddenly on Wednesday evening, and Storer, whom we thought dying Sabbath evening, lived until Tuesday morning. Both as we trust fell asleep in Jesus. Sabbath evening Storer sent for Josiah and myself to visit him. We found him in the most delightful state of mind, calm in view of death, his trust and confidence in Christ firm and unwavering. His only earthly care was a crippled mother whom he had supported for several years. 'He must now leave her to the care of his heavenly Father.' Josiah prayed with him, and then we bade him adieu, shaking hands with him as if he was going a short journey. It was a solemn scene. Being nearly midnight almost every one was in bed in the house except those appointed to watch with the sick. But there were some whose ears were attentive to the conversation and the prayer, and I hope the scene will not be lost on them. Storer was a member of the Mariner's Church, (Mr. Lord's,) and came here from the Sailor's Home. I had often conversed with and sent him some little extra comforts, for which he seemed very grateful. Before he died he *blessed* us for our kindness to him. Oh, mother! it *was* sweet to have the blessing of a dying sailor a child of God, just ready to wing his flight to his everlasting home. Josiah wrote a very kind letter to his poor mother, from whom he received an answer this morning. Though much afflicted, she seems resigned to the will of God. His remains are to be sent home. Brother Harris is the colored man whom you heard me speak of. He had been ill a long time. On Wednesday morning I passed some time with him. He was quite comfortable, though very feeble. He did not seem more so,

however, than for some time past. His faith and hope were strong in the blessed Jesus. After conversing awhile we spoke of *sudden death*. He remarked that 'he was willing *his* should be *just as God saw best*; but he thought *it would be a privilege* to give his *dying* testimony to the truth of the religion of Jesus.' I left him, bidding him and others in the room good morning, never to see him more until the resurrection. Had I known it was his last day on earth, I could not have left him; but so it proved. I went to a lecture in the evening, and when I returned at nine o'clock his body was in its coffin, and his happy spirit had gone to its blessed mansion above. He had ruptured a blood vessel while coughing, and was instantly suffocated. Happy brother! what a Sabbath of blessedness was the last to thee. No more pain or sin to disturb thy enjoyment, no troublesome cough to break the sweet notes of praise to redeeming love. He was very fond of music, and sung his sweet hymns as long as he was able. You don't know how much I miss him. I look with tears upon his empty bed, from whence he used to look into the grave-yard, and see those who were deposited there, and think of his own coming mortality. But the grave had no terrors for him.

"There is quite an attention to religion in our society. Meetings for prayers are held every morning at six o'clock and every evening at seven. Our minister and church are making great efforts to save immortal souls. Some few are already rejoicing, others are earnestly seeking the Saviour. It is a solemn time. Husband and I went to a prayer-meeting this morning at a neighbor's house. There were two rooms

full of professors of religion, and a few anxious sinners. It was good to be there. We returned just as the sun arose. Our minister, (Mr. Langworthy,) is very faithful and devoted, and willing to spend and be spent that souls may be saved. But he wants his church to work with him and stay up his hands. 'Oh,' said he, the other day, when speaking to Christians, 'do *any thing else*, but do not, oh, do not send your minister to the battle *alone!*' Rev. Mr. Towne is to preach to us this evening. Good-bye, dear mother, and don't forget to pray for

"Your unworthy,
"LYDIA."

To the same.

"February 12, 1842.

"I suppose my dear mother and sisters would like a few lines this morning, and indeed I feel like filling out a sheet. My last would lead you to expect interesting intelligence. We live at a wonderful period. The Lord is doing a great work, not only in our midst but all around us, and in our beloved native city. Christians are beginning to feel their responsibility and the duty of laboring for the salvation of perishing souls. They see that they must not hide their talents, or be found sleeping when Christ has said, 'watch and pray.' The spirit of the Lord is evidently, in answer to prayer, following the impenitent to their hiding places, and bringing them under the influence of the gospel. We have in our society converts from the Unitarians and Universalists, renouncing their errors and sitting at the feet of a divine Redeemer clothed and in their right

mind. Oh, what a privilege to be permitted to witness another revival of religion! Oh, what a slothful, unworthy servant I am. *This is a time to try the hopes of professors.* How can we flatter ourselves that we are the children of God and bought with the Saviour's precious blood, if we are unwilling to labor in bringing poor sinners into his kingdom? Could we fully realize for one moment the value of the never-dying soul, we *could not* be so lukewarm, so careless. What infinite mercy is that which spares us, and permits us to be co-workers with God in such a glorious cause. Oh, that we may henceforth 'redeem the time, knowing that now it is high time to awake out of sleep.' I think much of Sandwich, and pray that the Spirit may be poured out in your midst. S. D. and Mrs. N. are feasting upon the good time here; perhaps they will get their hearts warm and return to bless Sandwich. Oh, Christians there must not live so stupid any longer. Think how many young people are in your midst going on in folly and vanity and stumbling over careless professors into deep, irremediless ruin.

"14th. Last Saturday Mrs. F. came and spent the Sabbath with us. I wished her to stay longer; but her mother is almost confined to her room, and she thought it not best to leave her longer. Our meetings were delightful to her. She appears to me more lovely than ever, and bears her trouble with Christian fortitude. She says she has long felt the desolations of Zion at Sandwich, and thinks there must be something done. Why cannot the sisters meet and unite their prayers for their *pastor* and *brethren*, that God would pour out his spirit on *him* and *them*. Don't wait to feel melted and

fervent, but pray *now* for the Holy Ghost to be sent into your hearts. I have not the least doubt if you will do this you will very soon see a different state of things in your midst. Do try it, trusting in the promises of God to those who seek him.

“Have you heard of Mr. D——’s conversion? I should like to give you the particulars. He was brought up in Portland, under Dr. Payson’s ministry, and had a pious mother, but was not inclined at all to serious things. Mr. Bacon and myself have both conversed with him on the subject of religion at different times, but not much since the commencement of the revival here. About two weeks since, in general conversation, he remarked that he had not shed a tear for many months. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘I hope soon to see you weeping for your sins,’ and looking very earnestly at him I added, ‘for I cannot, no I *cannot* give you up.’ He immediately left the room. A week passed away, and as I sat in the morning prayer-meeting, the thought occurred to me, what if *every one present* were to bring one impenitent friend to the meeting tomorrow? Whom shall *I* invite? was the next question. My thoughts instantly turned to *Mr. D.*, and I resolved to invite him. When I returned home *he was the first person I met*, and I gave him an earnest invitation, which he immediately answered in the affirmative. Nothing more was said, but at the appointed hour next morning Mr. D. was in the parlor waiting for us. As we started for the place of prayer, he observed that ‘*he didn’t wish people to think he was serious, for he was not.*’ He then added, ‘perhaps he had better not go, if it would lead any one to think him serious, though if he were he should not

be ashamed of it.' I replied that 'he need not feel troubled about that; I should doubtless be asked why he came, but should say it was at my invitation.' So he went with me. But although it was the Sabbath he would not attend meeting through the day, but went off to Boston to divert his mind by calling upon a friend. He did not find him, and then went to Charlestown: but here also he was disappointed, and so returned to the Hospital. At our six o'clock meeting Capt. T—— talked to the sailors in a most faithful manner. Mr. D. was present, and evidently very uneasy: the spirit of the Lord striving with him, and he trying to resist it. After this meeting was over, Josiah and myself went to our evening meeting at the Chapel. Mr. D. concluded to go to the Methodist meeting, but *resolved to sleep* through the services, and for this purpose leaned his head upon the top of the pew. But it was all in vain; his distress of mind increased until he could bear it no longer. He left the meeting, and resolved to seek my husband or Mr. Langworthy, and make known his feelings. Seeing the lights at our Chapel, he came directly there. Our minister was addressing inquirers, after which with a short prayer he dismissed the meeting. Mr. D. came immediately to him and requested conversation. I was standing by Mr. Langworthy, and could hardly believe my eyes as I saw my friend shaking like an aspen leaf, and his eyes bathed in tears. I left him with Mr. L. and my husband, and retired thinking of the disciples of old who had been praying that Peter might be released from prison, and yet when he was actually brought to their door could not believe it was he. Well may our Lord say to his followers, 'Oh, ye of little

faith.' Mr. D. remained at the Chapel until ten o'clock, while Mr. L. talked and prayed with him. When he came home he followed Josiah to our room, and coming up to me with streaming eyes said, 'Well, Mrs. Bacon, you wished to see me weeping for sin; you can now be gratified, for I have done nothing else the whole evening.' I took his hand with joy, and we wept, conversed and prayed together. At length we left him in the parlor to pray for himself. When I called for him the next morning, at his request, to accompany me to the prayer-meeting, I found him asleep in his chair, with his Bible by his side. He awoke calm and peaceful, resolved to devote his remaining days to the service of his rightful Lord. He appears well; his views and feelings are entirely changed; he delights in religious duties, and is anxious for the salvation of others. Oh! the wonders of sovereign grace. Well may we exclaim, what hath God wrought! I hope to give you more of this good news in my next.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"LYDIA BACON."

To Mrs. T——, at Sandwich.

"*March 7th, 1842.*

"My dear Sister:—The date of my letter reminds me of the *march of time*, which has fled so rapidly the past year that I cannot realize what has become of it. What an eventful year it has been to us both as a nation and as individuals. Oh, that God would in mercy give our rulers wisdom, that they might rule this nation in the fear of God. Although much evil is abroad in the world, yet how mercifully is the Lord

pouring out of the spirit in all parts of our beloved country. Many who were engaged in open wickedness, many who scoffed at the name and worship of God are now sitting at the feet of Jesus, learning his blessed precepts with hearts filled with love to their Saviour and to all around. This is truly wonderful, and proves the gospel to be indeed the power of God.

“ Last Friday I was present in the city at one of Mr. K——’s prayer-meetings, where I heard a Mr. R. relate his experience. One week ago he was an open infidel, despising the Saviour and hating his followers. His account of himself was thrilling in the extreme. The sixth chapter of Micah and the tenth of Romans were the Scriptures that were blessed to his conversion. He compared the love to Christ which filled his soul to an overflowing river. Oh, what a change was this; and his is one of many such which are almost daily occurring. Mr. R’s impenitent brother was in the house while he was relating his experience, and it would have melted your heart to have seen and heard him plead with *him* to love the Saviour. Every eye was wet, as in an agony of emotion he besought him to flee from the wrath to come. It was a solemn scene to look around and see five or six hundred people leaving their worldly cares at nine o’clock in the morning, in the midst of this gay city, to attend to the concerns of their souls. But when I considered the importance of the work in which they were engaged, the world’s pursuits sunk into insignificance. We were transacting business for *eternity*, business that angels were watching with intense interest, while they waited to carry to heaven the news that sinners were repenting.

“ S. D. will give you many particulars which I have not time to write. She stayed two days with us, and we often conversed together respecting the state of things in Sandwich, for we have not lost our interest in that sweet village. We often spoke of you, and wished you were here to enjoy the meeting. She and Mrs. N—— have returned to Sandwich, I trust with their lamps trimmed and burning. I am sorry that your minister is going away; I fear you will not get another soon. I must say that I never had a minister who in all things suited me so exactly as our Mr. L——, and husband is of the same opinion. Our little chapel is already full, and the revival still continues. Yesterday was our communion, and a most interesting occasion. Several were added to the church, which has been the case every communion season since we organized. Our morning prayer-meetings are still continued.

* * * * *

“ We are very sorry that mother did not get the things we sent. Josiah bought them and gave them to the carrier with many charges. Shall you not be able to make us a visit soon? ‘The time of the singing of birds has come,’ and the spring is advancing. We have much to enjoy, but I am sorry to add that my health is poor. My *side* troubles me exceedingly, and aches so badly that it hurts me to write. My appetite is good, and I sleep well, but cannot eat much without hurting me. I think something serious must be the matter, and *my impression is* that I ought to be ready for a *sudden summons to another world*. Oh, that I may be well prepared, then no matter how soon or how suddenly my call shall come.

“Mrs. H—— is in the city; I shall expect her to make me a visit as she promised ere she returns. Mr. D—— is well, and sends his respects to you. He appears well, and is a faithful worker in the good cause. He has it in his power to do a great deal of good in this house. Here is every variety of character, and much wisdom as well as faithfulness is needed.

“Love to all friends. Let us hear from you soon. Josiah sends much love to you and dear mother. Good-bye, my dear sister.

“Your affectionate,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. M. S., of Sandwich.

“*Chelsea, March 26, 1842.*

“Through the goodness of God, my dear sister, I am once more permitted to address you. Although it is some time since I have written, think not it is because I love or think of you less than I ever did. No; my thoughts are often with you, and I can imagine how happy you must be that your prayers are answered with respect to Theodore. What a blessing that, ere he he leaves his home entirely, he should have found the pearl of great price. I trust he may be a burning and shining light, and that his example may allure others to the Saviour. Especially do I hope that his two young sisters may become interested in the great salvation. I cannot think it possible that they will longer withhold their hearts from Christ, who is calling after them with infinite tenderness, waiting till ‘his head is wet with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the

morning.' Tell Anna that Caroline G. and Sophia M. have both, I trust, consecrated their young affections to God. I received a visit from them the other day; they are fine girls, and bid fair to be a blessing to their friends and to the world. Oh, how delightful to see the dear youth devoting themselves to the service of their heavenly Father. We have a number of such here, who have taken God at his word and have proved his promise true: 'Those that seek me early shall find me.' God's glorious work of saving souls is still progressing, both here and in the city. I understand there is quite a work of grace also in Sandwich. I think S. D. will enjoy it. After witnessing the good times here and in the city, she almost dreaded to return to S. But the Lord has been better to her than her fears, and she is now rejoicing in the manifestation of his grace at home. May her dear brothers be partakers in this blessing. Mr. J. M——, who visited us awhile ago, informed us of some very interesting cases. How is it with your dear girls? and how with Susan N.? I do hope and pray that Mrs. N. may have the satisfaction of seeing *her only daughter* become a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I received a letter from Frances some time since, and send it for your perusal. I shall endeavor to have an answer ready to send by Theodore when he goes.

“When will you come up and make us a good visit? How is Mary's health? I am anxious to hear. Give my love to all the girls, including M——a. Have any of her children yet chosen the good part? Do write and tell me how it is with them. I hope all the dear children in our families will become the children of

God. Mr. Kirk is still preaching in Boston; he is a *most excellent preacher* in every sense of the word, but *no better* than *our own dear minister* after all. Mr. K. preaches every evening in the week except Wednesday and Friday.

“How is your health, dear sister? and how are you enjoying yourself? I often think how pleasant it would be could you all come in and spend the day with me. I hope if we live until summer we shall see you and enjoy some delightful visits together. But *I make no calculation* upon any thing earthly in the future, not knowing what a day may bring forth. Death comes so sudden that we cannot call a moment ours but *the present*; and *that is gone* ere we can seize it. How it becomes us to be prepared for the final summons, come when or how it may. Oh, for that faith in Christ which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. This only can disarm death of its sting and the grave of its victory. We have but few patients in the house at present, and these not very sick. One little boy only thirteen died last week of typhus fever. He was very sick when he was brought here, and we could only learn that his mother was dead and his father far away. He had the best possible care; every one pitied him; but we could not save him, for his time had come. Poor little fellow! He made his grave *among strangers*, but was not buried *unwept*. I often think when we are consigning the poor unknown sailor to his last resting-place, how touching is that eastern benediction, ‘May you die among your kindred.’

* * * * * *

“Give my love to old lady Fessenden and husband,

and Mrs. M. Remember me affectionately to Theodore, and do write me soon.

“Yours ever truly,
“LYDIA B. BACON.”

To Mrs. H. B., of Sackett’s Harbor.

“*Chelsea, April 2d, 1842.*”

“My very dear Sister Harriet:—I had indeed almost begun to think that you were very sick, on account of your long delay in answering my last letter. I had just concluded to write to Mrs. G. C., thinking I might elicit an answer from her, and thus learn something of yourself and other dear friends at the Harbor. I used to hear most frequently from my dear Elizabeth B.; but I should think it is now nearly two years since I have received a letter from her. Indeed, she has written me but once since she visited me in Boston. Oh, how sweet is the remembrance of that visit. With my beloved Sabbath scholar and her dear husband we walked around my native city, visited the institutions at South Boston and trod the solemn walks of Mount Auburn. That visit was a sunny spot in my pilgrimage. What can be the reason that Elizabeth does not write me? I cannot think she and her husband have forgotten me. Remember me most affectionately to them.

“It was while pondering sadly upon the silence of dear friends at the Harbor that I received your letter, addressed in your husband’s well known hand. A quick glance at the red seal, (giving no indications of bereavement,) re-assured me, and breaking it open, I soon eagerly devoured its contents. As I read, how did

scenes long past come up in review before me, mingled with the image of dear ones now inhabiting mansions of eternal blessedness. My heart was grateful that you were still spared and in the enjoyment of so many blessings. I thank you for the joyful intelligence that if our lives are spared we may expect a visit from you this summer. Is it possible, dear Harriet, that you and I may meet once more *this side of the eternal world*? May we once more mingle our prayers together, once more recount together the mercies of our heavenly Father, and go to the house of God again in company? I will dare to hope for it, although this as well as all other events in the future must be left in *his* hands who seeth the end from the beginning, and will do all things well. Should we be disappointed, oh may 'we meet at Jesus' feet to part no more!'

"*April 6th.* My niece S—— B——, who was born in the same chamber where your beloved Harriet first saw the light, has been at Hartford this winter visiting my husband's sister, who married a Baptist minister and is settled in that place. After I learned that your dear Harriet was there at school, I requested S—— to call upon her and make her acquaintance. Last evening S—— returned, and I hope to see her ere I close this letter. We have now been in our present situation nearly a year. We find it quite pleasant, although surrounded by disease and death. For it is a satisfaction to see the poor, sick, weary sailor find a place of rest where the body and soul can both be cared for. Many of our patients are without friends; some of them are parentless; some have lost their mother while young, and were cast into the wide world without any

preparation to meet the storms of vice and temptation which assail the inexperienced mariner. We have had some most interesting cases of those who have died in the triumphs of faith, blessing us and praising God with their dying breath. Their memory is precious. One was a colored brother* who was here four months with consumption. He could not read, and was so thankful to any one who would read the Bible and other good books to him. I often went into his room and read and talked with him, and never returned without feeling that I had been myself a learner. How delightful was it to witness his resignation to death, and his faith in his 'blessed Lord,' as he always called him. When I see you I will tell you more about him and others.

"I am glad to hear that your society is doing so well. The meeting-house must look much better for the new fixtures. Oh, that dear meeting-house! how many happy hours have I passed in it. Aye, and in the little school-house too. How many important events in my experience are connected with it. There our little church was first gathered and the Sabbath school instituted, and there *we first covenanted* to love and serve God. There too we listened to our dear pastor, Mr. Boyd, and other faithful servants of Christ, and mutually labored and studied in that precious Bible class.

"Since we have been here an Orthodox Congregational church and society have been formed, a chapel built, a minister settled, a Sabbath school, female

* Brother Harris, spoken of in a former letter.

prayer-meeting and maternal association formed, and a sewing circle established. All this was accomplished in six months, and the sewing-circle has paid for the carpet, lamps, table, chairs and curtains for the chapel. We have had a blessed revival of religion this winter past; it has been a glorious work both here and in the city. Sandwich also is sharing in such a blessing, and some of my own Sabbath scholars there are among the subjects. I do not teach a class in our church here, as I think my spare time on Sabbath ought to be employed in teaching the poor colored sailors in the Hospital. They cannot even read for themselves, and they appear grateful for such instruction as I can bestow. I feel that *my post* is as truly *missionary ground* as *India* or *Africa*. But I hope you will be soon able to judge for yourself. Husband joins me in love to you and your husband, and bids me say that nothing could give him more pleasure than to welcome you here. My dear mother is comfortable in her eighty-first year.

“*April 9th.* I have seen my niece S—— B——. She found your dear Harriet, who boards with an acquaintance of mine. S—— gives an interesting account of their interview, and of the school examination at which she was present. Harriet has the name of a first-rate scholar. Adieu, dear sister, till we meet.

“Your own

“L. B. BACON.”

To her Mother.

“*Chelsea, May 2d, 1842.*

“My dear Mother:—You say that you have written me four letters to my one. It may be so, but just think

how very short your letters are, while mine are as long as the Catechism. It troubles my side to write as much as I would like to, and I have many cares, and constant interruptions. Mrs. H—— passed last week with me: ere she left, E—— came; Saturday Mr. H—— arrived, and will take E—— home with him on Wednesday. It is a fortnight since she came, and it would be very pleasant for her and for us if she could stay a fortnight longer; but I suppose she is wanted at home. I had a delightful visit from Mrs. H——; she is a charming woman. Sarah T. passed a night with us while her aunt was here.

“*May 3d.* Last Sabbath was a most interesting day here. Seven were added to this church by letter, and thirty-two by profession, many of whom received baptism. A number of infants were also consecrated to God by believing parents. It was a goodly sight to see whole families dedicated to the Lord. A number of quite young people were received to our watch and care. Among them were two little girls: one nine and the other fourteen, who, although young, gave such good evidence of a change of heart, and were so desirous to be joined to God’s professing people that it was thought best to admit them. Our chapel was crowded on the occasion. Susan N. and Frances W. came over to the meeting. Both appeared deeply affected, although their feelings doubtless were very different. One seemed to feel *the necessity* of repentance and faith; the other wished to show hers by an open profession of the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. Mr. Langworthy was very plain and affectionate in his address to the impenitent at the close of the services, and followed his remarks by

commending them to God in fervent prayer. I think I never enjoyed a communion season better, never had clearer views of the love and preciousness of Christ. Surely all must be convinced of their individual duty to love and serve him who has died to redeem them.

“One hundred and seventeen were added to Mr. Towne’s church in the city. Among them was a young seaman, hopefully converted while in our Hospital.
* * * We are much obliged for the plants you sent us. They are set out in fine order, and will be all the better coming from your garden. We shall have a beautiful garden this summer, Providence permitting. Josiah is very much and pleasantly engaged in cultivating the land belonging to the Hospital, of which there are ten acres. Every thing *tells*, because there has never been any improvement before. I received a long, good letter from ———, and rejoice with her that A—— has chosen that good part which shall never be taken away from her. Oh, that H—— also would become pious. Josiah sends love with mine.

“Your affectionate child,

“L. B. BACON.”

To the same.

“*Chelsea, Jan. 25th, 1843.*

“My dear Mother:—It gives me great pleasure to hear you are so comfortably situated. Truly, you can say your last days are your best, and that not only in temporal but in spiritual things. I trust you are growing in grace and in the knowledge of God your Saviour. This, it seems to me, you have great facilities for doing. True, you cannot hear the word of God *preached*, and

this, I know, is a great deprivation; but you have the Bible and many good books, with time and health to read them; a quiet and pleasant room, a good fire, and leisure to indulge in your favorite pursuits; and besides can enjoy the society of your children. Let us praise the Lord for all his goodness to you and to us. I saw sister Anna last week and had a very pleasant but short interview; she has promised to pass a day with me soon. Our church and society have commenced to build a new meeting-house; the little chapel which we built a year ago is full to overflowing, and the numbers which crowd to hear the gospel seem to cry 'Give us room.' So we have moved the chapel to the rear of the lot, where it will make us a very convenient vestry. Last Sabbath we had no meeting of our own on account of this removal, so we had to feed in our neighbors' pastures. I went to the *Methodists*, and was fed with living bread.

* * * * *

“Brother made us a very short visit; I did not like it that we saw so little of him. And Hooker did not call at all, which I much regretted. His Aunt — was here, and wished much to see him. She spent two nights with me, and I enjoyed her visit much. I love to have her come; she seems like one of our own family. She went to the sewing-circle with me, and seemed to enjoy it. It was a pleasant and profitable occasion; while most of us plied the busy needle, others took their turn in reading aloud, and our meeting was closed with singing and prayer.

“Shall I give you a sketch of my engagements and employments for one week? I commence with Sabbath

morn. I attended public worship all day ; visited and instructed my colored bible-class at intermission, and at six o'clock P. M. had public meeting in the Hospital for the house and sailors, and any neighbors who might drop in. These last are very interesting meetings, and fully attended. I enjoy them very much, having often wished that I could hear pious sailors talk and pray. We have some very pious and gifted sea-captains. Monday I visited the wards as usual ; at eleven o'clock Mrs. Nye and Susan came to pass the day with me. At five P. M., just before they left for Boston, Miss D. came to spend the night. In the evening the young men's meeting was held here, on account of the disarrangement of our chapel. Tuesday morning I made some calls with S—— ; in the afternoon attended the female prayer-meeting, and in the evening went to the conference meeting. After this meeting was over, (it being early,) I called upon a sick friend. Wednesday morning fixed S. D. off to the city ; at twelve Mrs. Hooker came, and went with us in the afternoon to South Boston to attend Mr. Patton's ordination. Mr. Langworthy accompanied us. Mrs. H. was delighted to go ; she had been wishing for it, but never dreamed of having so favorable an opportunity. The services were of a high order : the weather was pleasant, and we went and returned in safety, the Lord preserving us. Thursday Mr. Cleveland came and held a meeting with the sailors, at which we were present. Afterward we went to the sewing-circle, where we spent the afternoon and evening. Friday morning I accompanied Mrs. Hooker to Boston, spent part of the day with sister Anna, and the remainder, until five o'clock, with Mrs. Hall. Returned in

season for the evening meeting, which, (on account of the chapel not being in a condition to receive us,) was held at our house. Our numbers have so increased that this meeting was obliged to be divided into three bands, and held at three different places at the same hour. Saturday Mrs. Hall came from the city and dined with me, after which I made several calls upon the sick and the stranger, and, returning in season for tea, spent the evening alone. Thus was my week employed, and this is a fair sample of my occupations, except that I have not added my daily visits to the wards, the superintendence of my household concerns, the care of my own rooms, and considerable sewing and knitting.

“Methinks you will say, ‘if Lydia accomplishes all this, she surely need not complain of infirmity.’ Well, so it has been with me ever since I can remember: always just enough to do, and enough of something, (I know not what,) to impel me to do it. Tell sister Maria that a friend of hers, by the name of Manning, is my nearest neighbor. She is a very lovely woman, and has some sweet children. Mr. M. I have not yet seen. They are professors of religion of the Baptist denomination. We have exchanged calls, and Mrs. M. spoke very affectionately of sister. Maria will now have a double inducement to visit in Chelsea. Has she heard from the boys lately? Please remember me with great kindness when you write to them. My love to you all, in which my dear husband heartily joins.

“Dear mother, let us praise the Lord for all his goodness to such unworthy sinners as we are. And let us endeavor to fill up all our time, whether longer or shorter, in such a manner as to glorify him. Then

shall we have at last the unspeakable blessedness of hearing him say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Good-bye.

"Your affectionate child,

"LYDIA B. BACON."

The following letter is one of congratulation over the hopeful conversion of the dear child of one of her Sackett's Harbor friends. This was her little pet, the darling Hattie to whom she addressed some of her earliest letters after leaving Sackett's.

To Mrs. H. B.

"February 14th, 1843.

"My ever dear Sister Harriet:—I improve the first leisure moment at my command to tell you how truly I rejoice with you in the conversion of your darling child. When your dear husband was here he told me that '*he felt that Harriet would become a Christian.*' Is not our God a covenant-keeping God? How merciful, how full of compassion to his rebellious creatures. Blessed Master! give us faith to believe thy promises. Oh, how can we ever doubt them when we realize the greatness of thy love in sending thine only Son to die for sinners. 'Lord, we believe: help thou our unbelief.' May we henceforth take thee at thy word, and plead thy promises with an earnestness which shall show the reality and the strength of our faith.

"My dear friend, you have indeed been blessed in having your child after a few years' absence return to her home and immediately consecrate herself to her Saviour. This was all you could desire; truly your cup

runneth over with blessings. And now may the little ones, (dear Frances' orphans,) be *grafted in* to the *blessed stock*, and their infant voices join in hallelujahs 'to the Lamb that was slain.' Thus shall you be an unbroken family hereafter in the spirit land. Dear sister, shall I ever be permitted to join the blessed choir above? Oh, for stronger evidence of my adoption! May I find it in that habitual holiness of heart and those fervent desires for the salvation of others which can only proceed from a renewed heart.

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.'

Oh, that I may be enabled constantly to apply to it that all my sins may be washed away. It *does rejoice* our hearts to hear the good news from the Harbor imparted in your letter. We feel and ever shall a deep interest in that place. And this not only because it is your residence and that of other dear friends, but that *there we found an interest in the precious Saviour*. Yes, after living nearly thirty years estranged from God, though enjoying his unnumbered blessings it was at the Harbor we had our eyes opened to see our lost condition, and grace given us to close in with the offers of salvation so freely made in the gospel. Can we ever then forget our spiritual birthplace? Oh, no. We hope to hear that you have a more powerful revival than ever before known at the Harbor.

"Our church has been favored again with a few mercy drops; may this be the precursor of a plentiful shower of divine grace. Our dear minister continues to labor most faithfully. We have some anxious inquirers.

Our chapel is full to overflowing. We have commenced a new meeting-house on the site of the chapel, that having been removed to the rear of the lot, where it will stand for a vestry. The new house will not be done before next May or June.

“To-day we have consigned to the tomb one of our patients, who died of consumption at the age of twenty-five. His hope I fear was on a wrong foundation. He was not willing to converse much with me, but I think he was a Universalist.

“Our situation is in all respects about the same as when you were here. We have had an abundance of snow this winter, and it is now falling fast, giving us a prospect of sleighing into March. Our city abounds in mental entertainments this winter: sermons, lectures, concerts and sights. But we seldom go over to them, having enough of both duties and recreations to occupy us at home. My mother is very comfortable this winter; I received a letter from her a few days since, written with the vivacity of twenty-five. She retains her energies and faculties wonderfully. But I must reserve the rest of my paper for a few lines to your dear Harriet. May that peace which passeth all understanding be your present and eternal portion, is the prayer of

“Your grateful friend,

“L. B. BACON.”

“To Miss Harriet B:—It was indeed most delightful, my dear child, to hear from yourself that you have given your youthful affections to the blessed Redeemer. May you be a *whole-hearted* Christian. Seek to know what duty is, and then perseveringly pursue it, without

turning to the right hand or to the left. Especially shape not your course *by that of other Christians*, young or old; but let your divine Master be your pattern, and follow others only as they follow Christ. This measuring ourselves by and among ourselves is not wise. There is but one example in the universe which we may at all times safely follow, but one being whom under all circumstances we may seek to please. My precious child keep this ever in mind, and always ask yourself, will my conduct please my God and Saviour, whom I desire to honor or obey? You have the advantage over many young converts in the counsel and example of Christian parents, able to watch over you. Although you are entwined with every fibre of their hearts, yet they would not allow any thing reprehensible in your conduct to pass unnoticed. I am persuaded they have your fullest confidence, and well they merit it. Let it be ever thus; keep your heart open to them on all occasions: it will be a shield to you from the temptations of life of inestimable value. Be watchful, and watch unto prayer. It is the experience of all Christians that it requires great watchfulness and constant supplications to keep a heart pure, and a conscience void of offence. Oh, may you be richly endued with the Holy Spirit; seek his blessed influences, and you will have a monitor that will not let you stray.

“Your education, my dear young friend, has been such as to prepare you for great usefulness. I shall expect to hear that you are engaging in every good word and work. May you in this be more eminent than all who have preceded you at the Harbor. While speaking thus my mind reverts to by-gone times, when

with your beloved mother and sisters and other Christian friends we endeavored in much weakness to do something for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom at the Harbor. Oh, that those who are now commencing the holy warfare against the powers of darkness may be more faithful than we were, and may find their labors crowned with abundant success. The great Head of the church can enable 'one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight.' I hope you will have the happiness to see your dear little nephew and niece give the dew of their youth to the friend of children. You will now feel, I hope, like pointing them to him who when on earth took little children in his arms and blessed them. Do not let the little girl go from you. If I mistake not, you are about the age of her mother at the time I left the Harbor, and she is about as old as you then were. Well do I remember the comfort which you then took with that older sister; and now, dear Harriet, you can be the guide and companion of her little one, so early left motherless. She will look to you for a safe example; oh, disappoint her not. May you be enabled in the great day of accounts to say of her and of many others redeemed by your influence, 'Lord, here am I and those whom thou hast given me.' Accept my warmest wishes and most fervent prayers that heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon you. 'Uncle Bacon' desires his kindest regards, and joins me in particular remembrances to you all, and to other friends at the Harbor. Pray for Anna, that she also may feel the importance of securing the one thing needful.

“Your affectionate,

“L. B. BACON.”

To her Mother.

“ August 19th, 1843.

“ I am sorry, my dear mother, that you were disappointed about sending *the berries*. Not however so much on *my own* account as on yours, for we can get plenty of them here. But you took so much trouble in procuring them for us, that I regret your disappointment. We had a delightful ride to Plymouth on our way home from Sandwich. We arrived at P. just in season for the boat. There was some swell upon the water, though it was not rough, and I felt a little like being sick; but I lay down upon a settee and bore it as well as I could. As soon as we got to Boston light I began to feel better and roused myself to enjoy the scenery of Boston harbor, which is always very attractive to me. Vessels of various dimensions were coming and going, but we passed them all, as we were proceeding at the rate of twelve miles an hour and they six. We met the British steamer, bound to Liverpool: it looked like some huge monster of the deep, smoking and hissing as if in a violent rage. Our boat trembled as it fell into the steamer's wake. I do think one of those large steamships in full operation is a sublime sight. It certainly is calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the wisdom and power of God, for who but an infinite Being could endow man with such conceptions and skill as to enable him to invent, construct and control such vast machinery. These steamers are now on every sea, transporting not only those who are engaged in worldly pursuits, but those also who carry the glad news of the gospel to the heathen. We arrived at the wharf just about three o'clock, and soon

found ourselves in our little ferry steamer, and in a few minutes more were safely moored in our pleasant domicil. We found all well but Mrs. B——r, who was suffering from an attack of cholera morbus. It certainly calls for our warmest gratitude, dear mother, that we have been permitted to meet once more under such favorable circumstances, and that our journey to you and our return has been so safely and pleasantly accomplished. It is no slight thing to make a journey, long or short, without accident of any kind.

“Tell sister that I found my boys professing great pleasure at seeing me home again. Williams, though more feeble in body than when I left him, now is, (spiritually,) clothed and in his right mind. I told him that you sent your regards to him and others. ‘God bless her,’ said he with all the warmth of a sailor’s heart, ‘I never shall forget the tear she shed when she talked to me. That tear has followed me ever since, and I *think*, I *know* that she feels for the poor sailor.’ It seems that he had a Roman Catholic mother, but one whom he believes to be truly pious notwithstanding her ignorance and superstition. He remembers weeping much on hearing her tell the story of the cross. She was (he says,) very particular to instruct her children, making them pray morning and evening. Though poor, she always dressed them clean, and made them go to church on Sabbath day. He is a Prussian, and to avoid being drafted as a soldier he left his home and went to sea. He has a decent education, and reads his Bible considerably. I cannot help thinking that a good work is begun in his heart, and trust it will be perfected. If so, what a brand will be plucked from the burning.

Pray for him. Naylor is as usual, and Anderson is better. They all send you their thanks for your kind remembrance of them. *A sailor is never ungrateful.* Antonio is here, but I have not seen him since my return. He was not in the wards when I went my round, and I have not happened to meet him elsewhere. I wish I had time to tell you of our good meeting in the chapel last evening, and also of my interview with my poor colored brethren in their ward.

“Now, dear mother, how do you do? I suppose you are all going on as usual. Sister Anna visits you every day, and the grand-children and great-grand-children to the third generation cluster around you. Oh, may they all be as olive plants in the vineyard of the Lord.

“Remember us affectionately to all friends; we are much obliged to them for so many favors.

“*Saturday Eve.* Since writing the above we learn that our Hospital physician, Dr. O——, is removed, and Doctor L. appointed in his place. The latter is a young man from Andover, about thirty years of age, and was a pupil of Dr. Stedman while he was at this Hospital. We know not but we also shall be displaced. With assurances of love to all, I am

“Yours affectionately,

“LYDIA.”

To her Mother.

“*December, 1843.*

“My dear Mother:—I know it is a long time since I have written you; but could you see how much I have to occupy me, you would, I think, hold me somewhat excusable. I have come to the conclusion that there is

no such thing for me as *an idle moment*, although sometimes I am almost inclined to wish for one. Let our situation be what it may, I do not believe that either Josiah or myself shall ever be in danger of *rusting*. We shall, I suspect, always find enough to do. To-day the weather is most delightful, and husband has gone to Brighton on business. It would have been pleasant for me to go with him, and I should much have enjoyed the ride; but I wished to write my dear mother to-day, and there is a sick man whom I ought to visit, so I decided to remain. My poor patient cannot live long, and as he is unable to read he likes to have me read the Bible to him. I have conversed with him to-day about his situation; he seems quite reconciled to death, feels his dependence upon the Saviour, and trusts in him alone for salvation. He is gentle and quiet as a lamb, though suffering considerably. His disease is consumption. Poor fellow! his rest will be sweet; it is a consolation that there will be *time enough to rest* in heaven. That blessed world is often present to my view, and when inclined to relax my efforts in any good cause, I reflect were I there and could I grieve in heaven it would be that I have done so little good here. Oh, then 'let us work while the day lasts.' We have a colored man here who also is drawing near his end. He has been much exercised about his future state. His *mind has been dark as his skin*, but the light of the sun of righteousness has now dawned upon his soul, and we hope he will be prepared to meet the Lord at his coming. Oh, my mother, what a station has God in his providence called us to fill. Its responsibilities are almost overwhelming, and we need, oh, how much, the prayers

of our Christian friends. Let yours ascend constantly on our behalf.

“The boy whom I mentioned in a former letter, who was brought in with the Savannah fever, is now convalescing. He is only fourteen years old. We have taken him from the ward and put him in the family, the doctor thinking that he would recover faster if removed from among the sick, as he needed no medicine. Kate, [a niece of Mrs. B’s,] and I are learning him to read, and are also making him some clothes, as he was very destitute. So you see we have plenty of *variety* in our labors. He is a gentle, docile child, with a very sweet face, and nothing bad or vile about him outwardly. He seems to think that sin is a hateful thing. We took him to meeting with us, and he never took his eyes from the minister during the whole sermon. In the evening I was conversing with him and trying to explain the fourth commandment, and he told me that ‘he had thought upon good things all the day.’ He went with us to Sabbath school, and also attended our meeting at the house, so that his whole *time* was employed in religious services. But I thought few of *us* could say that our *minds* had been upon them *all the time*. The boy seems very grateful and affectionate, and interests me much. Still I try not to feel too sanguine respecting him, so that if he should prove unworthy after he recovers and be a different boy from what he now seems, I should not be greatly disappointed. His father was a Frenchman, but is dead. His mother is German, and is now living in Baltimore. He is very fond of her, and I think she must be a decent woman, though probably ignorant. All the literary knowledge

he has was acquired in the Sabbath school. Had it not been for that precious institution he probably would not have known his letters. Dear Kate is much interested in him, and is quite a help to me in teaching him to read, though herself a child. So you see, mother, that I have two children. At one time I am listening to *her* notes on the piano, and next I am helping the little sailor boy spell his words of one syllable. Sometimes I leave him to try Katie's patience while I go and read the Bible to some poor sick one in the wards. Kate improves very much, and I enjoy her society exceedingly; she is very pleasant and obedient. She has gone to-day with her Uncle Bacon to Charlestown, to visit Abby G. I thought it a good opportunity for her, as her uncle was going to Brighton, and could leave her at C. on his way over and call for her on his return. Francis, the invalid boy, has gone with them. I don't know which was the most delighted, the 'big boy,' (as Susan N. used to call *Josiah* when they played at school together,) or the children. They were a happy trio, I assure you.

"Last evening a new benevolent society was organized in our village. It is composed of the benevolent from all denominations, and its object is to assist the poor in this inclement season, without respect to age, condition or color. Mr. Bacon presided at the formation of the society, and Mr. R. S. was Vice-President. Kate desires love to you all with husband and self. Tell Anna that I received the cape and like it. I have seen sister twice since I came from Sandwich; once I dined with her. Next week being Christmas I shall expect Isabella and Mary to visit us. We dined at J——'s Thanksgiving day, with their children and grand-children, and had a very pleasant time.

“We have just received an invitation from sister A. to dine with them on Christmas day, which we shall accept, Providence permitting. We have just now returned from a temperance lecture in our village; it was very good, and we trust the influence will be salutary. Abby, should we all live and remain here, you must come up and stay with us during the anniversaries in May, unless it is more convenient for you to come later.

“Yours as ever,

“L. B. BACON.”

To the same.

“*January 22d, 1844.*”

“I am admonished, my dear mother, by the date above that I have not written you since the year commenced. I am reminded of the goodness of God in sparing us another year, when we deserve to be ‘cut down as cumberers of the ground.’ Yes, *we* are spared while on every breeze is borne the sad tidings that some one whom we knew and loved has gone to the spirit-land.

“Last week we received a letter from Mrs. Boyd, who has been called to mourn the loss of another sweet child, a darling girl, I believe about nine years of age. Her letter also announces the sudden death of our dear friend and brother, Mr. Brewster of Sackett’s Harbor. This will be a great loss to the church there, and to the society also which is now struggling to replace their house of worship unfortunately burnt to the ground. But we must not question the ways of Providence. Brother B. lived to a good old age, and as a shock of corn fully ripe has been gathered to his fathers. How sweet is the remembrance of his kindness and brotherly

affection to us. And how pleasant the memory of his visit here a year ago last October. How well I remember the last time we knelt around the family altar, and the last look as they took their departure. I felt then that I should never see him again in the flesh. We ought not to regret that he is now enjoying the presence of his Saviour. His dear companion has lost the friend of her bosom, but her gentle spirit is used to discipline, (having often borne the rod,) and will bow in humble submission to her Father's will. Mrs. Boyd likewise mentions the death of Ann Bridge, one of my Sabbath scholars at the Harbor. She was a very lovely girl. When a child she was one of the best I ever knew, and the only daughter of a mother who was a great invalid. I think Abby will remember the family.

“Yesterday I heard that our dear Catharine P. is on her death-bed. I wish very much to see her once more, and should go over but I understand that she is so low they do not allow any company. I am told she is perfectly happy in view of death, and feels that the grim messenger comes with happy tidings, bidding her ‘enter into the joy of her Lord.’ Well, her course of self-denying usefulness is over, and now she will understand the mystery of God's dealings with her, and with enraptured strains will chant the praises of redeeming love. How many of God's children whom she has comforted and ministered to will greet her in her new and blessed abode. And how many who but for her faithful instruction had never entered the pearly gates will at last rise up to call her blessed. Surely ‘they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.’ She will be a great loss to her

friends and to the church ; but the great Head of the church can raise up some one to fill her place, if he sees best to call her home. Oh, how admonitory are all these dispensations ! How loud the call to us, ‘Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.’

“Last week we buried two of *Ocean’s sons*, not where ‘the coral’ is their ‘pillow,’ and ‘the seaweed’ their ‘winding sheet,’ but in the silent tomb prepared by man for their long home. Father Taylor attended the funeral, and was very good indeed ; he has just returned from a long journey by sea and land for the recovery of his health.

“We had a very pleasant time at South Boston last week, and wish you had been with us. Do you remember the ‘little prisoners’ ? You would have thought yourself in company with noblemen’s sons had you seen them last week. Really there are some very talented boys among them. Capt. C. was in his ‘valley of diamonds’ ; he is certainly a wonderful man.

“Our dear pastor has been quite sick, and is still unable to preach. Had Mr. C., (your minister,) been here last Sabbath we should have persuaded him to fill the pulpit. I hope we shall have the pleasure of hearing him preach before he returns to Sandwich. Our boy Francis is improving in his reading. I wish, Abby, you were here to help teach him. I have sent him to school lately, and he has made good progress. But I must close. Kate joins me in love to dear grandmother and all our dear relatives.

“Yours always,

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

Mr. Brewster, of Sackett's Harbor, whose death is mentioned by Mrs. Bacon in the foregoing letter to her mother, was one of their dearest and best friends, tried and faithful in adversity as well as prosperity. His wife was the beloved and valued companion and friend so often addressed in these pages as 'Sister Harriet.' The last epistle addressed to her was, (as the reader may remember,) one of most affectionate congratulation upon the hopeful conversion of her only daughter. How different the tenor of the following, written after the bereaving stroke had fallen so heavily.

To Mrs. H. B.

“ Chelsea, Jan. 23, 1844.

“My dear afflicted Sister:—I have been wishing to write you for some weeks past, but have waited to find the moment when I could do so without interruption. I have just been perusing the last letter I received from you ere the hand of the Lord had written you a widow. How striking seemed the contrast as I read it and thought of your situation then and now. *Then* you had health in your habitation and peace in your dwelling-place, and your heart overflowed with gratitude to God for his kindness to you, and with sympathy for your neighbors less favored than yourself. *Now* death has entered *your* dwelling and taken the loved companion of your bosom, removing 'the desire of your eyes' with a stroke the severity of which none but yourself can fully estimate. My heart is full; dearest sister, what shall I say? I need not point you to the promises so graciously and profusely scattered through the blessed Book, for they have been your solace in all

your pilgrimage hitherto. I need not tell you that our Father is the widow's God and Judge, nor remind you how tenderly he says to you, 'Thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name.' Nor need I assure you that he who wounds can heal; you have had blessed experience of his mercy in many a previous trial. What strong consolation you have in this hour of your distress. Your loved one has fallen like the ripened sheaf. He had nothing to do but to die, and so, gathering himself in his bed, he pronounced his last blessing upon his weeping friends and then fell asleep in Jesus. My sweet sister, as you walked down with him into 'the valley of the shadow of death,' and followed him to the confines of eternity, *did you not almost wish to go with him over Jordan?* But no; you have still ties to bind you here, and those dear children, (left you by a former bereaving Providence,) are committed to your care to be trained for God and heaven. Oh, may your life be prolonged to finish this 'work of faith and labor of love.'

"More than ever do I prize the privilege of that good visit received from you and our dear departed brother more than a year ago. How delightful is the recollection of our meeting; how vivid the memory of our parting. I am sure we all felt that we should probably never meet again on earth. How much I have thought of his kindness to us, and of his Christian character generally. How he will be missed in the house of God, and in every thing that he used so much to delight in. But, blessed be God, with an eye of faith we can follow him beyond the veil, and there

behold him, freed from sin and unfettered with infirmity, praising the grace that hath saved him.

“Dear sister, *accept our sympathies*. You know the bonds of long-trying friendship and Christian love which united us. We feel for you and your dear Harriet more than we can express. The latter will now have a double duty resting on her. As she has early devoted herself to her Saviour, may she have a double portion of his spirit and grace. You are blessed, my dear friend, in having your beloved only daughter a member of the household of faith. May those little ones, the dear offspring of the departed Frances, give their young hearts to Jesus, and consecrate to him the dew of their youth; and thus be early adopted into his blessed kingdom.

“Do write us soon, dear sister, and tell us, if you can, more particularly of the closing scene of our lamented brother. Oh! that we could meet and mingle our tears together: we would only mourn *our* loss, for *he* is an infinite gainer and *needs no sympathy*.

“I have just received a letter from Mrs. Boyd. A few lines from him at the close announced the birth of another daughter. They, too, have been bereaved, and his health is very precarious, as, no doubt you know. May they have grace given them to bear all their Father's will. You express the hope in your letter that *we are exempt from all ill*. We have not at least been free from apprehensions; as we have had reason to fear we might be removed from our position. Our physician was displaced, and we could hardly expect to be more favored. But a kind Providence placed us here, and has hitherto sustained us; and we feel that we are in

his hands. Should *he* see fit to remove us he *will*; and *no one else can do it*. If we are obliged to leave, it will doubtless be for the best. At present, our situation, though not without its cares and trials, seems desirable to us both. I have never allowed myself to call it *home*, both on account of the uncertainty whether we should be permitted to remain here, and the certainty that ere long we must part with all things earthly. How consoling the assurance that Christ has gone to prepare a place for us above. We have much to encourage us in our labors; many interesting cases among the sons of the ocean are occurring to cheer us on in our efforts to do good to the soul as well as the body. We have a little boy with us only fourteen years old. He was born in France, but went to the West Indies where he took a fever; and the vessel in which he was, coming to Boston, he was brought to the Hospital. He 'was sick nigh unto death,' but has recovered. He has no relations in this country but a mother; she is very poor and a Catholic. He could not read; and as he is not yet fit to send away, we are trying to teach him. He is very affectionate and obedient, and improves fast. I know not what to think of his religious character. He professes to love Christ, and says that he always did; he also says that he always loved to pray, and feared to do wrong. Time will prove the sincerity of his professions. * * * * * We lay no plans for ourselves not even for the morrow; as we know not what a day may bring forth. I feel that life is peculiarly uncertain with me. I am troubled with a *complaint of the heart* which has been more or less obvious for the past two years. I did not tell you of it

when you were here, thinking it might disturb your enjoyment. I consider myself more than usually liable to sudden death: pray for me, my dear sister, that I may be ready whenever my Divine Master calls. I visited my dear mother in August. She still enjoys good health for such advanced age. She felt delighted that you had visited me, and it would have given her great pleasure to see you herself. I have a niece, a daughter of my brother William, staying with me this winter and attending to music. I enjoy her society much. Accept our united love for yourself and dear ones: we commend you all to God and to the word of his grace. Should we meet no more on earth, may we be all found at the right hand of the Judge.

“Your affectionate sister,

“L. B. BACON.”

To her Mother.

“*March 8th, 1844.*”

“My dear Mother:—I thank you and Abby for the few lines received by the Packet. I can sympathize with you as it respects the distress in your head; for mine has been similarly affected for two weeks past. It has been dreadful to bear; but with you I can say that I desire to submit to the will of God. Cheerful submission I believe to be the best cure for all earthly troubles. And what a motive is there for submission when we reflect how little we deserve aught but suffering. Oh let us bear patiently all God’s afflictive providences; for does not our heavenly Father know what is best for us? And after such a long experience of his goodness as you and I have had, cannot we trust him for the

future? Although mine has been a checkered scene, yet how many, *many* mercies have been strewed in my path. When I look back on the fifty-seven years spent in this frail tabernacle, I am filled with wonder and astonishment at the goodness of God to one so unworthy. Especially do I feel called upon to admire his condescension in placing me in situations where I could be greatly useful in his vineyard. You, my dear mother, are pleasantly and peacefully situated, where you can have time calmly to prepare for your last change. That great change must shortly come. You may, it is true, outlive your children; but *we* are all growing old; a few more years, months, or days, and 'the places that now know us will know us no more forever.' It will make but little difference then whether our life was long or short, our pains many or few. The only questions of importance will be, 'did we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and did our faith show itself in corresponding works?'

"Is it not astonishing, dear mother, that we trust to *finite things* for happiness so much and neglect the *infinite Being*, who is the source of all true bliss. Oh! let us ever cherish that soul-satisfying feeling, that God doeth all things well. Let us remember that his ways, though now dark to our finite minds, will all be cleared up when the sunbeams of eternity shall fully reveal his goodness in his mysterious dealings with us. Oh! it is sweet to rest with the confidence of children upon that divine word which assures us that *all things* shall work for good to those that love him. It is, as you justly observe, a great blessing that we are able to walk about and take care of ourselves, although in much infirmity.

Perhaps you have read of the poor sufferer at Salem with a diseased spine. She has been confined to her bed for many years, enduring the most violent spasms. These distort her head and limbs, putting them in unnatural and painful positions in which they remain until a succeeding spasm changes them. She is a perfect wonder: and amid all this protracted suffering and torture, *her mind is stayed on God, and she has sweet communion with her Saviour.* I have just been reading in the Puritan (a new religious paper which I shall send you instead of the Recorder,) a very full and particular account of the dreadful accident at Washington. I do hope that our nation will be admonished by the blow which has fallen upon those who wear its dignities and sit in its places of trust and power.

“Our lovely friend, Mrs. L——, who went as Missionary to the Nestorians, has taken an early flight to the spirit-land, and is, doubtless, at rest in her Saviour’s bosom. But eighteen months ago, we were all busy helping her prepare for the work on which her heart was set: but the God of missions has taken her to brighter realms. She had the cholera, which weakened her exceedingly; and after the birth of a dead infant, she sank immediately into the arms of death. She was perfectly happy, and sweetly resigned to her heavenly Father’s will. Hers was a very perfect character; I loved her much, and so did every one who knew her.

“You remind me, sister A., that we are to go to Mount Auburn if we live till you come up. I have not forgotten it: when will you come? The birds are singing to-day; soon all nature will wake to life and renew its beauties.

Yours always,

“L. B. BACON.”

To her Mother.

“*June 4th, 1844.*”

“I suppose my dear mother begins to think it is about time to have a letter from Lydia ; and as brother and sister will leave for Sandwich in a day or two, I will have a page or two filled to send by them. I was very glad that sister came up to the Anniversaries. It was very pleasant to me to see her, and I think she enjoyed the meetings, although of course it was very fatiguing to her to attend them. She has taken some cold which affected her head very unpleasantly ; but she is now better. I did not go to every meeting ; for it is more than a frail mortal can bear to attend them all. Besides, I am commanded by the doctor to avoid excitement, and to exercise very moderately. The meetings have been very interesting this spring ; the Seamen’s Friend Society in particular. I presume you have read an account of them in the Recorder. It is wonderful to see the multitude of people who attend these meetings. Several were held in different places at the same hour ; and each was filled to overflowing. Old Mrs. F. is with her son ; she went over to the Anniversaries one day. She enjoyed the meetings, but the noise and excitement were too much for her. I attended on four days, although I was not able to remain entirely through each day. My head and heart trouble me ; and some of the time I was excessively fatigued ; but I cannot bear to give up as long as I can go ; there is so much to interest and instruct.

“I saw Mrs. Hooker at the meetings ; but she had no time to visit Chelsea, as she had to return to Braintree on Friday. Her mother is very feeble, being now

ninety years of age. Soon she must put off this earthly tabernacle, and enter another, I trust a brighter world. Mrs. H. was very well and very desirous to see you all. I think she will come to Sandwich this summer. I met her at the morning prayer meeting which was held at Park street church; and at the close of the meeting we went together to a mutual friend's in Colonnade Row, opposite the Mall. This was on Thursday, the day of the great Temperance Celebration, and we had quite a 'tete-a-tete,' though in the midst of a crowd. The concourse of people in the streets was immense. The constant hum of human voices, the trampling of horses, the rolling of wheels, and the shouting of a multitude of boys were enough to confuse and deafen any one whose *head* was not made of *iron*. It was interesting to see so many of our youth assembled on this occasion. Whole families came in from the country, and took up their abode upon the common for the day; resting in groups upon the grass which never looked more beautiful. There they stayed, eating and drinking and caring for their little ones, and all seemed the happiest of the happy. The day was beautiful; it could not have been more so. The air was just cool enough; and it seemed as if Providence smiled on the occasion. Stagings were erected upon different parts of the common, and speakers upon each platform were advocating temperance at the top of their lungs. It was a sight altogether novel for the 'city of notions;' but never was there a more glorious one since the day that the British troops evacuated the city. The eye of the friends of virtue and order could rest on this spectacle with pleasure: for with cold water for its foundation no

melancholy consequences could be expected. There were booths around the outside of the common filled with an abundance of edibles ; and tea and coffee were supplied to those who wished to drink something stronger than water. I was amused with the sight of several boys who held a boiled lobster in one hand and an orange in the other, and seemed to enjoy both exceedingly.

“ I am sorry, dear mother, to hear that you are not so well as usual ; I hope that you will be better soon. The older we grow, of course we shall feel our infirmities the more ; and the time must come when we shall be called to quit these tabernacles of clay. Then, if we are Christ’s we shall go where there will be no more sickness and pain, and no more death. Oh, may we each be ready for our summons when it shall come. Dear mother, I trust that your lamp is trimmed and burning and you waiting to enter into the joy of your Lord. Oh for more faith ! This is what we need ; then should we live near to God ; maintaining a constant communion with him, and beholding his divine attributes with joy, wonder and praise. I *do* have glimpses of this blessedness ; yet oh, how transient they are. I wish I could find words to express what I would say on this subject. Pray for your child, dearest mother ; that her faith and love may be increased ; and her hope sure and steadfast like an anchor to the soul.

“ Brother and sister have gone to pass the day with sister Anna, and I shall join them there in the afternoon. The omnibus will take me up at my own door and land me at Anna’s.

“ I suppose the country looks beautifully now and

that Sandwich is in its summer glory. I often think while contemplating the works of nature, if this world is so beautiful with so much to mar its loveliness, what must be the glories of the better land. There no sin can stain or sorrow blight; and the light of the sun and moon which here are so necessary to our being will be wholly superseded by the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness. Oh for a home in that heavenly city!

* * * * *

“I desire to see you very much, and hope I may be able to visit you in July. I shall try to be with you over the ‘Fourth’ if possible. With love to all inquiring friends,

“I am your affectionate child,

“LYDIA.”

To the same.

August 13th, 1844.

“My dear Mother,—I hasten to improve the first moment of leisure since my return, to inform you of my safe arrival home. What a blessing to be carried out and brought back in safety. ‘The Lord is my keeper.’ More than ever before, I think I have realized this in my visit to Sandwich at this time. The morning I left you, my heart was full, and yet I dared not give vent to my feelings both on your account and my own. I am obliged to avoid excitement as much as possible; and it is religion as well as philosophy to endure patiently what we cannot cure. The morning of our journey home was most delightful. There was a fine breeze, a nice stage coach, the roads were good and we

had but one fellow passenger. This was a gentleman by the name of Parker, a Baptist brother, and a very good man: he was acquainted with father Bacon and wife. The ride was very pleasant with the exception of a little dust; and when we reached Plymouth, although the boat was just coming in, we concluded to continue on in the stage. Remembering that I was troubled with sea-sickness in coming up by the boat last summer, I concluded this time to prefer earth to water and horses to steam. But I was not very wise. At the hotel where the stage usually stops for dinner, they provide no dinner on boat days; as most of the passengers prefer the boat. So we dined on berries and milk with a cup of weak tea; and our repast being soon ended we resumed our journey. At Weymouth, we took in several additional passengers, but not so many as to make it disagreeable. The dust however soon increased until it was tremendous, and nearly choked us. Still I tried to enjoy the ride as much as possible. The country never looked more beautiful. The trees were loaded with fruit; and the fields were covered with every thing necessary for the sustenance of man and beast. All showed the goodness of our heavenly Father in supplying the wants of his dependent creatures. Oh that men might be sensible from whom all their blessings flow; and render the praise and gratitude which is his due.

“About five in the afternoon, I was landed in Boston at Chelsea omnibus office. But the coach had just gone. So I left my name with instructions for them to call for me at No. 2 Derne street, and walked up School street, where I accomplished some errands, thus saving

the necessity of another jaunt to the city on purpose. At sister S's I washed and dusted myself, and partook of some refreshments. After which I waited in vain for the omnibus to call; and at length ascertained that having a full load they had left me. So meeting my husband, I walked with him to the ferry; and by the time I reached home was exceedingly fatigued. I found all well; and nothing unfortunate had occurred during my absence.

“Mrs. Foster had called, and also Mrs. Swain from New Bedford. The latter told my husband that Elizabeth was going to Sandwich; so I suppose she is with you now. Yesterday the Collector visited us with Capt. Sturgis and the Postmaster. He seemed very much pleased with the appearance of things, though he could make no comparison in our favor, having never been at the Hospital before. He thought however, that the garden must be a very great improvement to the prospect in front. The Collector is a fine looking man and very pleasant in his manners.

“I do not feel well to-day, and am constantly reminded how short may be my stay on earth. Mother, do remember your child in your prayers. How fleeting is time! My life in the retrospect seems like a series of dreams. First from childhood to youth; then to womanhood; next in the army; afterward at Sackett's Harbor; then at Sandwich; and now in Chelsea. In all these periods how the goodness and mercy of God has encompassed me and provided for me. ‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?’ The summer is nearly gone. I hope, should we all live till next month and your health permits Abby to leave,

that we shall have a good visit from her. Remember us to all friends, especially to brother and family, and to Maria and hers. Good-bye, dear mother.

“ From yours ever,

“ LYDIA B. BACON.”

To Mrs. B., of Sackett's Harbor.

“ *September 3d, 1844.*

“ I suppose that ere this our dear Harriet has returned to her peaceful home and to the embrace of her best of mothers. We were delighted on receiving your letter informing us of her intended call on us, and we awaited her arrival most eagerly. We enjoyed it very much; but its brevity, and her engagements with her party, together with mine to our sewing-circle, (which met at our house on Wednesday,) prevented me from paying her such attentions as I wished to render. I hope she enjoyed her *little* visit, notwithstanding these drawbacks. It was very sweet to me to have the privilege of once more beholding the beloved child of my dear and tried friend. What a blessing she is to you. You are lonely, I know, at times; but how much more desolate would be your widowed heart had you not this treasure left as a companion and solace in your bereavement. Oh, that she may be spared to comfort and support your declining years.

“ I hope, should our lives be spared, that we may meet again, either here or at the Harbor, though heretofore it has seemed hardly possible. Be that as it may, *there is a land* where we shall meet to part no more; there we shall delight to recount the wonderful dealings

of our heavenly Father with us in this pilgrimage state ; there we shall worship our God and Redeemer without the encumbrances which now burden us, and—oh, delightful thought !—*without sin*.

“ *Sept. 4th.* This is one of the most delightful afternoons that you can possibly imagine. The air is bland and sweet, and all nature smiles, renewing the evidence of the goodness of its divine Creator. I am seated near the window of our front chamber ; the tide is full, and the steamboat with untiring speed is conveying its living freight across the ferry. Some are hieing to the city, to pursue their business or pleasure ; others are flying from its crowded and dusty thoroughfares to inhale the pure air and enjoy the comparative quiet of Chelsea. Many small boats are upon the river, spreading their white sails to the gentle breeze which moves them on as if by magic. As I cast my eye over the whole scene, which includes our good city, with its State-house dome, Bunker Hill, with its proud monument, and the busy town in the midst of which it rears its lofty head, the river, with our own beautiful garden sloping almost to its banks, my heart overflows with delight, and I wish that you were here to enjoy it with me. I was very much gratified in seeing S. and his wife. He reminds me of his dear mother, to whom I shall ever feel much indebted. Not only do I owe her much useful knowledge, but also the stimulus which her example afforded me to improve the talents for doing good committed to me by our heavenly Father. Although I was often a dull scholar, yet I think I did feel a desire to do my duty. As these and many other things connected with my acquaintance with the differ-

ent branches of your dear family come up in review before me, the thought that so many of these loved friends are gone to return no more fills me with sadness. I cannot forget old friends; the recollection of their virtues and of their many kindnesses to one so unworthy as myself will never leave me. May all these reflections and enjoyments be so sanctified to me that I may be led to glorify God in all I do, or say, or think.

“I visited my dear aged mother and found her comfortable considering her years, which now number four score and four. When I left her I could not help feeling as I pressed her to my heart that it might be our last embrace, for I consider my life as uncertain as hers, though not from the same cause. My sister J. was also at Sandwich with her family. So my mother had all her children and grand-children once more around her.

“Our house is now very full of patients, but we have none distressingly sick. Indeed, we have been highly favored in having little severe illness or death for the last six months. My dear Josiah sends his kindest regards to you and Harriet, with many wishes for your present and future good. Adieu, my much loved sister. May heaven’s richest blessings ever attend you, is the prayer of

“Your affectionate,

“L. B. BACON.”

The following brief letter to her sister, Mrs. T., gives a lively description of some of her occupations and enjoyments. The compiler of these pages can well appreciate the allusions to the fine melons with which Mrs. B’s company were entertained, having been often invited

with other friends to a melon feast at her table. Those which were raised by Mr. Bacon I never saw excelled in size or flavor.

“ *Chelsea, October, 1844.*

“I suppose my dear sister is by this time safe at home, congratulating herself that she has such a quiet abode, and thankful that she is not in Lydia’s place. Well, it is a great blessing to know when we are well off, and I am glad that you are one of the wise ones.

“We had a tremendous blow last night, and the weather is very unpleasant to-day. But I shall not mourn about it, since it prevents me from going out or from receiving company, and thus affords me the opportunity which I much desired of writing to you. Shall I tell you some of my occupations and engagements since you left? I commence with the morning of your departure. As the omnibus rolled from the door, bearing away my precious A——, I fled to Miss Cheney’s kitchen. There, amid the fumes of pepper and vinegar, boiling hot, (which were preparing to pickle the dear little cucumbers that I showed you,) I endeavored to drive away any lurking sensitiveness which would unfit me for the duties I had to do. I made one kettle full of the aforesaid spicy mixture, and was preparing another when Mrs. T., with Capt. G—— and wife, was announced. Well, I walked up stairs, although looking, (as far as outward habiliments were concerned,) like any thing but a lady, and making no apologies I gave my friends a cordial greeting. After which, (of course,) I retired to make myself more presentable, and enjoyed their unexpected visit very much. Dinner was served

up in Hannah's best style, with *plenty of melons for dessert.*

"In the evening Mr. Langworthy came with his wife's sister and Dr. F. and wife: so we had another melon feast, which all seemed to enjoy very much. Since then I have had a constant succession of company. Dr. L. was with us a fortnight, and of course we had his friends occasionally. A friend of Dr. D. came and passed a night, and Mrs. W—— was here the same day. Mrs. Lord also, with D—— and her daughter, came to spend the afternoon, and the omnibus failing to call for them, they were obliged to spend the night. A day or two since I went into the kitchen to make another attempt at pickling cucumbers; but it ended as before in getting *myself* into 'a pickle.' For Mrs. W——s, whose visit had been long promised, called to pass the day with me, and just as we were going in to dinner Capt. B's daughter was announced. In addition to this our sewing-circle met in the afternoon, and as I have the honor and the task of presiding I could not omit attendance. So I went, and took the ladies with me.



"Yesterday I visited all the wards, (containing eighty persons,) and conversed with each soul. Among them I found some cases of much interest. One was a Christian in the blessed enjoyment of religion. Another was a backslider awakened and desirous of returning to duty. He discarded his old hope, and seemed humbly seeking the face and favor of God. I said what seemed proper for his case, and commended him to Him who heareth prayer. Do you remember B——,

the man that I told you was so irritable the first time I saw him? Last evening he came into my room and begged to converse with me. He referred to what he said at that first interview, and besought me to forgive him for his rudeness. He then told me that he felt himself to be a great sinner; that he had ere this had strong convictions of sin, and the Holy Spirit had striven with him when tossed upon the ocean waves. He said that he had grieved away this blessed Spirit, and having sinned against so much light he feared that his day of grace was past. He had been piously educated, but at the age of sixteen had broken loose from home and friends and went to sea. He wept much while talking, and said it seemed as if his heart would break. I tried to lead him to the sinner's friend. But oh, 'who is sufficient for these things?' Pray for your poor sister,

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

To her Mother.

“*Chelsea, Nov. 19, 1844.*”

“Well, my dear mother, I suppose you have amused yourself a little as usual, in watching *the election*. The important day is past; and Mr. P—— is to be our next President. What the consequences will be, time alone will determine. Should Texas be annexed, I fear the chains of the poor slave will be riveted more strongly than ever. *We have no children* to be affected by bad legislation, but I trust we are *patriots* and feel a deep concern for the weal and honor of our country. And I hope that we have benevolence enough to feel for suffering humanity everywhere. One fact does console

me through all changes, whether prosperous or adverse, 'The Lord reigneth.' He can bring order out of confusion; and can cause the present disappointment to result in the best good of his people and the triumph of his cause. Let us trust his overruling hand.

"We were very sorry, dear mother, to hear that you had been so unwell; and it was quite a relief to us to see your hand-writing once more. Thus are you spared from time to time, to serve your Maker a little longer; to put up a few more prayers for your children, your friends, and a dying world; and so to grow in grace that you may be meetened and prepared for your heavenly inheritance. Mr. Barnes, the young man whom I mentioned in my last letter to Sister Abby, has left the Hospital and gone to sea. I trust he is a new man in Christ Jesus; he seems to be deeply in earnest. He belongs to a good family, has pious parents and sisters, and is very intelligent and of pleasing manners. He says that every thing connected with the Hospital will ever be pleasantly associated in his mind. When I first conversed with him upon serious things, he was very unpleasant to me. But he was soon convinced of his sins, and came with tears to ask my forgiveness and prayers. When he saw his guilt in the light of God's truth, the sight was almost too much for him. Oh, how deeply I felt my insufficiency to guide his anxious soul to Jesus. I could only pray, 'Lord, open the eyes of this young man that he may see' 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' I was overwhelmed with a remark made to me the other day, by Rev. Mr. Springer. Said he, 'you need *much personal piety*, Mrs. Bacon, to qualify you for your duties

here.' My heart responded, 'yes, I do indeed,' and conscience loudly reproached me with my deficiency. Oh, for more grace and strength to overcome the world without, and the easily besetting sins within.

"But to return to my young sailor friend. He has written to his parents while here and has had beautiful letters from them. Never shall I forget the animation and love which beamed from his countenance, as he brought in one for me to read. With eagerness he unfolded it and displaying its full pages, exultingly said, 'see, see; this is a letter from *my dear mother!*' Then turning it over to show me that every part was closely written, 'how full it is,' he said, and the tears mingled with the smiles. Oh, could Christian mothers realize as I did then, the hold which their instructions, and prayers, and tender love have upon their offspring, they would never despair. I hope Barnes may be strengthened to resist temptation and lead a godly life. Dear mother, when you pray for the sailor, oh, remember *him*. We have a little French boy from Paris with us. He amuses me often with his imperfect English. He came to my room a few days since, to beg a needle and some thread. 'Ma'am,' said he, 'nofer boy want some needle and *tread*; but he shame to come ask it. I tell him, he no need shame or fraid; for you is de best woman I see since I come to 'Merica.' I replied that 'he had not seen *many* then.' 'Oh, yes, ma'am, I have,' was his quick response; 'but I never see one dat give me every ting I ask for.' I gave him the needles and thread, a bag to put clothes in, a piece of paper to draw a vessel on, and some 'ginger ubber,' as he calls it, to rub out his pencil marks, and thus

added to his feelings and expressions of gratitude and obligation. He has the fever and ague often, and amuses me with his description of it. 'It very bad, ma'am; it catch me right in de legs, and come up in de back and into de stomach, and make me shake so,' suiting the action to the word like any Frenchman. It is sometimes hard work to keep my countenance while talking with him. He has a very honest, open face and soft dark eyes. I cannot but feel greatly interested for him.

* * * * *

"I cannot write more at present. Josiah joins me in a kiss of affectionate regard. Love to A—— and all friends.

Your affectionate child,

"L. B. BACON."

To the same.

"December 18, 1844.

"My dear Mother:—The date of this letter reminds me that another year of my unprofitable life is drawing to a close. Every day seems to glide away with more rapidity than the preceding; and this fact admonishes me that with me, time will soon be gone forever. Oh, how important that I so improve each passing hour as to give

'Some good account at last.'

My responsibilities are great; and I need much grace to enable me to discharge them aright. May He who for wise reasons has placed me in this sphere, give me strength equal to my day.

I received a few lines from you by sister Anna, and was rejoiced to find you were so comfortable. It is a

great favor to be able to wait upon one's self, even if our friends *are* ready and willing to care for us. Sister A. came to see us last Monday week. We were not interrupted by calls, and had the day all to ourselves. I enjoyed it very much and I believe she did, too. Last Monday I was at her house, but could only stay for a short call, and did not see her. I go to Boston but about once in three weeks; and sister A—— has so many engagements that she cannot come here very often; so we do not see each other as frequently as I could wish. But it is a comfort to know that she is where I *can* see her when I go to the city. They had just received a letter from J——,* which relieved their anxieties. His letter must have been retarded by some means on the way. He wrote that he was expecting his wife in the vessel with Mr. Richards. He will be sadly disappointed at not seeing her; as he is now at house-keeping. His situation and prospects are good; and he wants nothing but his family to make him as happy as he could ask. I was thinking when I heard from him, how often I had wished that some of the dear children of our families might become missionaries. This is not yet granted. But in another way, one of them has been stationed among those who are just emerging from heathenism; and I trust in many important respects he will be useful there. He continues to speak with warm affection of Dr. Judd and wife; and it does give me much pleasure that he has such friends there, who beside their attachment to him, are so able to counsel and advise him. How does this carry me back to the childhood of both

* A nephew of Mrs. Bacon's, at the Sandwich Islands.

Mrs. Judd and our J——; and in connection with my relations to both, how strange does their present meeting seem in another quarter of the globe. Little did I think that the affectionate little girl who smoothed my pillow when I was sick and weary at Sackett's Harbor, and did all she could to comfort and assist me when far away from my mother and friends, and whom I in turn delighted to instruct to the best of my poor abilities, should, when grown to womanhood, be (with her good husband) the chosen friend of my dear sister's son. 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' Methinks, dear mother, I see yourself and Abby sitting in your snug little parlor, cosily chatting of absent friends. Perhaps *sister Lydia* is spoken of—and A. wishes she knew what L. is about. Well, I'll tell her. We are going to give our good minister a donation party. We shall not make him rich; but we wish to give him some *substantial* tokens of our regard. The visit will be on Christmas Eve. Contrary to the usual custom in such cases, we have decided to have no refreshments on the occasion. As my name was put on the committee of arrangements, I took the liberty to advise that we should dispense with *the eating process*. It always seemed ridiculous to me that a people should carry their own food to eat at their pastor's house, and thus make a deal of unnecessary trouble. And it would be worse still to allow him to provide refreshments for three or four hundred people. In such a case, a minister might well exclaim, 'save me from my friends.' The Rev. Mr. B——, of ——, at a donation party given him, had such a superabundance of cooked provisions sent in, that he had to take a wagon the next day and carry it round to the poor.

My suggestion was well received and seemed to meet the approbation of the sensible portion of the community. So we decided to be singular in this respect, and I do not fear that we shall regret it. We expect to have a pleasant social and religious visit; and hope it will be the means of promoting our unanimity, and building up the cause of Christ in our midst. Our pastor is much engaged in his Master's work; and we are expecting good days in Zion. * * *

A—— tells me that you received *the grapes* in good order. They were given to me; and I was happy in the opportunity of sending a part of them to you. Anna Maria and Isabella passed a few hours with us to-day. Mrs. Walton also came; she was one of my youthful friends, and I had not seen her for some years. The girls have not been here this winter until now. They have a multitude of engagements. I was very glad to see them. Give my love to all the dear friends. I remain, dear mother, your affectionate child,

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

Mrs. Judd, the lady referred to in the preceding letter as a resident at the Sandwich Islands, first made Mrs. Bacon's acquaintance during the residence of the latter at Sackett's Harbor. She was then a motherless little girl, and resided with a relative, in whose family Mrs. B. was then a boarder. Mrs. B., with her usual affectionate regard for children, soon became deeply interested in the little L. Every afternoon she called the child to her room and gave her instruction in reading and needlework, filling her mind with useful knowledge and counsel, and seeking to lead her heart to him who

has permitted the orphan to say, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." It was this same little L. who, after obtaining an accomplished education, and grown to be a lovely and pious woman, was now residing, as the beloved wife of a missionary, at the Sandwich Islands. She has frankly acknowledged that a few words which Mrs. Bacon said to her while a child gave her the first encouragement to, and aspiration after usefulness. "From that moment," says the friend who gives me the relation of this interesting incident, "little L. really began to live. She commenced vigorous exertions for self-improvement, and after struggling through difficulties which would have staggered any ordinary mind secured a thorough education, and went on a mission to a heathen shore, where she has exerted an influence on the heathen mind unsurpassed by any female living. Truly, 'the words of the wise are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

The next letter in my possession is to her friend Mrs. H. B——, of Sackett's Harbor, and is dated

Chelsea, April 15th, 1845.

"My very dear sister Harriet:—I perceive on re-perusing your last valued epistle that it is just two months to-day since its date. Yes, two months ago your own hand, (which I have so often pressed in friendship's close embrace,) penned, folded and sealed the precious sheet. Your eyes have looked upon the same paper which I have now been looking at, and your affectionate heart has dictated those interesting contents which call forth sweet responsive emotions from mine.

And I actually hold in *my* hand that which you have made so precious to me by first taking it in your own. How pleasant is the thought to me, and how valuable is this method of communication between kindred spirits whom Providence has separated too widely for personal intercourse. Yet far pleasanter would it be to me, were I permitted to throw aside my pen and hold sweet converse with you face to face. Gladly would I accept your kind invitation to visit you this summer; but fear I shall be obliged to defer it until 'a more convenient season,' and that indeed may never come.

"As yet we know not what awaits us with respect to our present situation here; but we shall not long be kept in suspense. Of course the change of government at Washington renders our removal a matter of probability. A new Collector has been appointed at Boston, and whether he will be propitious to us remains to be seen. Let this be as it may, it will be all right. Our heavenly Father knows what is best, and he will do all things well. To us, poor finite creatures, it seems desirable that we should stay; but we are short-sighted, and know nothing aright. My great desire is for a submissive spirit, and I do think my husband and myself both feel ready to acquiesce in the divine will.

"We are rejoiced to hear that you enjoy such a good degree of health. This is the best of heaven's temporal gifts, without which all other temporal good is vanity indeed. And in your *lonely* state it seems a special mercy that you have such health as enables you to be actively and usefully employed. May you long enjoy this blessing, and find full scope for the exercise of your kindly and benevolent feelings.

“We have been called to witness the departure of one of our little ones. She was the daughter of Dr. F., who married my niece, and was a sweet, interesting child of four years. Her disease was the whooping-cough. She loved music, and kept those who had the care of her singing the sweet hymns which her mother and aunts had taught her. These seemed a store laid up for time of need, and it was delightful to see what a comfort this treasure was to her. Almost at the last she requested her friends to sing that beautiful hymn of Kirke White :

‘ Oh, Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.’

Soon after this was sung she was seized with a convulsion, and instantly expired. She has left a little sister two years older, (the only surviving child,) to mourn the loss of her beloved little playmate. This is the third family here who have lost their youngest recently, leaving them in each instance only one remaining child. But they are all pious parents, and have resigned their little ones to him who lent them for a season, and has recalled them to himself. We are glad to hear that you progress so well with your meeting-house, and hope you will soon have it finished as you desire. May a divine blessing attend all your efforts, and many be added to the church of such as shall be saved. We have had here a few precious mercy drops, about twenty hopeful conversions. The interest has not yet entirely subsided. Our meetings are well attended, and the pastor and church much engaged. We need a powerful

revival here. This is a rapidly increasing population ; you would, I think, be astonished at the change which has taken place since you were here.

“My niece A—— S—— is staying with us ; she desires her kind love to you and Harriet. She would very much like that we should take a trip to your place and bring her with us. Harriet told me that she was going west this summer. What time will she go ? and shall you accompany her ? Pray write and let me know, for I should very much deplore coming to Sackett’s and finding that either of you were absent. How are our friends the C——s ? I have not received a letter from Elizabeth for some months. I know she has much to do, and many correspondents, but I cannot bear that she should forget me. Remember me to Mr. G—— C——’s family, and to all who remember and inquire after us.

“My mother is still living, and in the enjoyment of tolerable health. My brothers and sisters are all well. I must bid you farewell, desiring an interest in your prayers for me and my better half, who is well and desires a great deal of love to you and Harriet. While life lasts the fond remembrance of your faithful and untiring friendship shall be my solace. Pray for us, that our faith fail not, and that we may be ready to render up our account when our divine Master calls. Ask for *me* more holiness of heart and life : it is what I need and what I desire. Should we never write to or see each other more, may we meet at the right hand of our Saviour above. Once more, farewell. May the grace of God ever fill your heart, is the constant wish of

“Your affectionate sister,

“L. B. BACON.”

To her Mother.

“Aug. 29, 1845.

“Dear Mother:—I received a few lines from you yesterday, and was happy once more to see your beloved handwriting.

“Last week we visited New Haven, Conn., the beautiful ‘city of elms.’ I suppose it is so named from the great number of elm trees planted in all the principal streets. The latter are of spacious breadth and noble length, and the lofty trees meeting overhead afford a delightful shade to the traveler, and give the place an air of grandeur and beauty not to be described. You will recollect, mother, that our first station when Josiah entered the army was at *Fort Hale*, near New Haven. I think it was in the year 1809 that he was sent there with a detachment of men. The fort and barracks were then being built. But to our great disappointment, just as our comfortable quarters were ready for us to occupy, husband was ordered to rejoin his regiment, then stationed at Fort Independence. Of course we have always felt a special interest in the place, and have long wished to re-visit it. We have of late been often solicited to visit in the family of Mr. W——, who is the father of our pastor’s wife. This invitation being now urgently renewed, with a special request that we should come during Commencement week, we decided to accept it. We had an additional and very strong inducement to go at this time in the fact that my husband’s nephew, J. S. B., was to graduate, now having just completed his studies at Yale College. So we concluded we would attend Commencement exercises, which was my first debut in this line.

“We had a very pleasant ride from Boston to New Haven in the cars, going one hundred and sixty-two miles in ten hours. I was quite fatigued, it is true, but slept well, and arose refreshed by slumber and anxious to renew my acquaintance with the scenes of my earliest married life. So we took a carryall, and with our dear pastor, wife and son, (who came to New Haven with us,) we rode to *Fort Hale*. Only thirty-six years, if I remember rightly, since it was built and occupied by proud and gallant troops. Now we found it in a state of ruin, the fort tumbling to pieces, and the barracks occupied by fishermen and clam-diggers. We entered the fort, ascended the parapet, took a survey of the beautiful prospect from the summit, and left hoping that it would never be found necessary to repair these ruins. The house in which we used to board still retained its former comfortable appearance, although none of its former occupants reside in it. We also saw the old meeting-house where we used to attend worship with the soldiers; but thirty years and more make great changes everywhere. This ride occupied us most of the morning.

“In the afternoon we heard a fine address from Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Philadelphia. His subject was Study. He answered some of the objections which are made against it by saying that students are not so much injured by attention to their books as by the want of attention to their food, their exercise and personal cleanliness. In the latter particular he thought there was great deficiency. He said many of them were content with merely washing their *face* and *hands*, instead of that daily ablution of the whole body which

was indispensable to sound health. He asked them 'what they should think if their laundress only washed the *wristbands* and *collar* of their shirts?' This address was very interesting, and made the auditors not only *smile*, but in one instance *roar*. In the latter case the speaker was compelled to join the laughers, and indeed how could he help it, when looking over that vast assembly with their mouths wide open.

"Wednesday morning we visited the Trumbull gallery of paintings. These were presented to Yale College, with money to build the hall in which they are hung. An admittance fee of twenty-five cents is taken, and the income thus derived is used to help indigent young men to complete their studies preparatory to the sacred ministry. The remains of Trumbull are entombed beneath the hall, and his monument is directly under his own and his wife's portrait. Just above these is a splendid picture of General Washington and his beautiful horse. It was taken from life, and is said to be a very exact likeness. Trumbull was one of Gen. Washington's aids, and was considered one of the best artists of his day. Why is it that one feels so differently in looking at Washington's picture than that of any other human being? Is it not because in his character goodness was so eminently combined with greatness? Trumbull's representations of him are better than any others. The expression is uncommonly good and life-like. As you gaze you think you can *see* the workings of that powerful mind, endowed by the Almighty for the part which he had to perform.

"I was told while in New Haven the following anecdote of the artist: When he drew the heads of the

signers of the Declaration of Independence he took them from life. But there was one exception. Colonel Harrison, (the father of General Harrison,) had deceased, and Trumbull, not choosing to put in a head which he could not draw from life, had omitted him. Some time after a gentleman who was a stranger to Trumbull called to see the picture. After looking at it attentively, he observed that it was a great pity all the signers were not on the canvas, and expressed great regret that Col. Harrison was left out. Trumbull inquired if he knew the Colonel, and the stranger replied '*he was my father.*' 'Did he look like you?' said the artist. 'No,' was the reply; 'but I can tell you how he looked.' Trumbull immediately took his pencil and drew from the son's description. Upon shewing him the drawing it was pronounced an accurate likeness, and the artist added it to the group.

"At ten in the morning, (after leaving the picture-gallery,) we attended an address before the Alumni of the College. But I came away as wise as I went, not being able to hear a word. The speaker's voice was too low, and ere he closed two-thirds of the audience had left, being unable to hear him. It was a great pity that so much good, (for I presume it *was* good,) should be lost for want of sufficient voice to make it audible. In the afternoon we heard addresses from theological students. At half-past five we went to ride over the beautiful city, and returning spent the evening in social converse at Mr. W——'s. Here we met Mr. Wallcut, formerly a missionary to Syria, but now a settled pastor in a beautiful village at Long Meadow, Mass.

"The next day being Commencement day, we started

early that we might secure good seats. Mrs. B—— and myself, having a son and nephew about to graduate were favored above many others in having tickets to the platform. Even here was a choice of seats; but going so early we had good places assigned us. Mrs. J. B. did not attend in the afternoon, feeling rather indisposed. But I wished to see the whole, and persevered, although quite weary, and I assure you I felt well rewarded. But I must close my descriptions, for my side aches badly with the effort of writing so long a letter, and it is late in the evening. So good-night, dear mother.

Yours,

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

To the same.

“November 5, 1845.

“My dear Mother:—I am wonderfully at leisure this morning, and shall devote an hour or so in telling you about the new Sailor’s Home in Boston, in which you have felt so much interest. The quilt which you were making for it will be very acceptable, as they have now commenced house-keeping. Mrs. More, with her husband and sister A——, passed the afternoon with us during their visit to the city. Mrs. H. was prevented from coming with them by indisposition. She is very feeble, having every thing in life desirable but health. Without this nothing earthly can be enjoyed, as we all know more or less by experience. *I do love* Mr. and Mrs. More, and their visit was very pleasant to me. On Wednesday the new Home was thrown open for the reception of company, visitors paying twenty-five cents for admittance. This fee was asked to raise a sum for the

completion of the building, which is delayed for want of funds. All the furniture has been received as a donation from different societies and individuals. The materials are of good quality, but made plain to correspond with the building. The latter is large and commodious, but not one cent is spent for unnecessary ornament. *This is as it should be.* I wish it were so in all our houses of every description, at least so long as there is such a crying *want of money* for purposes of usefulness and charity. The Home is really worth seeing. It is five stories high; the first story, which is partly under ground, contains the washing, ironing, bathing-rooms and cellars. In the second are the kitchens, pantries and dining-rooms, all of which are very large and convenient. The third story has a spacious reading-room, two large parlors with folding doors, a *smoking*-room, leading to a piazza, and an office and parlor, with other apartments for the family having charge of the Institution. The fourth and fifth stories are divided into chambers, with two single beds in most of them. These are furnished each with a table, two chairs, a mirror and a lamp. On each table is a Bible, and on some of them other good books. There are also pin-cushions, needle cases, thread and buttons, that the poor sailor may mend his clothes. None of these articles are to be taken from the rooms, but are free to the use of each succeeding occupant. It was quite amusing to observe the variety of bed-quilts which have been furnished. Hardly any two are alike. I saw one with white squares written over with texts of Scripture, pretty verses and kind wishes for poor Jack. I thought while looking at them how many pleasant hours different

circles of ladies had passed together while making articles for the comfort of the hardy sailor. Oh, it was enough to do one's heart good to see these tokens of regard for a class of men who are so serviceable to the world, and of whom the world thinks so little. I regretted that we had not done something in Chelsea towards furnishing the house beside our contribution for the building, which amounted to sixty dollars.

“Tables were set in the Home covered with useful and fancy articles for sale. These articles were given by benevolent persons, and the tables gratuitously tended. The avails were to be added to the funds for the completion of the building. I believe that about five hundred dollars was realized for this purpose. As I passed through the chambers and saw the nice soft beds, I thought how many poor sons of the ocean, as they lay their weary heads upon the pillows provided for their comfort by the fair daughters of New England, will bless them for their labor of love. How much better that our young ladies should be thus employed than to spend their time in adorning their own persons and ministering to vanity and folly. This establishment is a noble one, and worthy of our good city.

“The weather has been very pleasant of late. Yesterday, however, there was a storm; but it has now cleared away, and is threatening to freeze hard. Our plants in the house look finely, and we are mostly prepared for winter. How is your health, dear mother? and how is sister A.? Does the coming winter look long in prospect? I hope it may prove a comfortable one to you. E—— sails to-day. She will have, (as the sailors say,) a spanking breeze and pleasant weather.

May a kind Providence protect her and give the winds and the waves charge concerning her. My love to all, in which Josiah heartily joins.

“Your affectionate child,

“L. B. BACON.”

To the same.

“December 31st, 1845.

“You will perceive, my dear mother, by the date, that this is the last day of the year, a period of time which naturally suggests most serious reflections.

“Mr. Langworthy has improved the occasion by a very solemn discourse. His text was ‘Where art thou?’ and the subject was applied to the different classes of his hearers, who listened with earnest and profound attention. It well becomes us to ask ourselves, *where are we, what are we doing, and whither are we going?* If Christians, are we in the path of duty? and are we contented that our heavenly Father should mete out our charges for us without giving us the *why* or the *wherefore*.

“Another year is added to the many we have seen, all filled with mercies, all rich with tokens of the divine goodness. But what returns have we made for all his manifestations of kindness and grace toward us. I can see nothing in my own case at all answerable to the mercies received; and reviewing my life I am constrained to call myself an unprofitable servant, an ungrateful sinner. At present I am constantly reminded of the uncertainty of life. My infirmities are increasing, and I am increasingly liable to sudden death. Yet should the brittle thread of my life be snapped sudden-

ly to others, it will not and ought not to be so to me. *I die daily*, inasmuch as sure disease is making constant progress. Yet I cannot always bring death near to myself. Although so conversant with it, and so often an attendant upon the dying, yet I cannot always realize as I wish the solemn truth, 'this year thou mayest die,' and 'in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.' Oh, how slow are our unbelieving hearts to credit either the promises or the threatenings of the Almighty. Pray for me, dear mother, that I may be prepared for whatever awaits me and mine. Our dear pastor is very much engaged in religious things, and there seems to be more attention in our church and congregation than there has been of late.

"*January 1st, 1846.* A happy new year to my dear mother and sisters and all my good friends in Sandwich. It is charming weather to day for those who visit their friends with the compliments of the season. We received the bed-quilts and articles which you sent in good order. We have sent the largest quilt to 'the Sailor's Home,' and the small one with the other things to 'the Widow and Fatherless Society.' In both instances they were very gratefully received.

"Since I wrote last we have had some affecting cases of sickness and death at the Hospital. Two were sufferers from the effects of rum. One of these had 'delirium-tremens,' and died in twenty four hours after he was brought in, in awful horror of mind. The other lingered a few days and then went to his account. The last was a well educated man about fifty years of age, good-looking, and of pleasing address. Oh, it was

heart-sickening to see one so endowed by heaven debased in his own eyes and in that of his fellow men. He expressed thanks that he was permitted to die among Christian people ; but his mind was so weak and wandering that he could converse but little. He was very grateful for any attention, and smiled whenever I went to see him. We hoped he would rally sufficiently to have his mind directed to 'the Lamb of God,' but the mandate had gone forth, 'eat him down,' and he died as he lived, without God and without hope. Poor fellow ! 'better that he had never been born.' His mother was spared the agony of seeing a once darling child so lost and degraded. The third death was that of a colored seaman ; his disease was consumption. I hope that he realized his situation, and was in some measure prepared to meet it. He was very patient and appeared submissive to his fate. He was very fond of hearing me read the Bible, and used to say 'he could hear it all night, he loved it so well.' He breathed his last as easy and peaceful as a little child going to sleep. He had a wife, who with other colored friends attended his funeral, at which Mr. Beaman, a colored clergyman, officiated. Thus three times in one week were we called to bury the dead.

"Dear Abby, we have now in the Hospital as a patient, an old acquaintance of yours. He recollects you perfectly, and was acquainted with all our friends at Sackett's Harbor. We often meet those who have known our friends, but here was one who had once actually been in husband's employ. He is a clever man. We have three sailors in the house over sixty years of age, and neither of them fit to go to sea again.

When I see such poor, *worn-out* sailors, I feel as if I wanted to see them in a good home. How much we need a *snug harbor* for such *shattered hulks*. One of these old sailors was a twin child. His sister, (his other half, as he called her,) died at eleven years, and they were two of eighteen children born of the same mother. The rest all lived to grow up and settle in life. The sons, ten in number, were all farmers but this one. *He* wished '*to see the world,*' and *he has seen it to his sorrow*. He is a sensible man, and appears well disposed. Yesterday he went to the city to see his cousin; when he returned he brought me some figs from her. He said he told her that I went into the wards to see the poor sailor; and she said, 'she must send that dear old lady a present.' The figs are very nice, and I send a part of them to you.

"Anna is well, and enjoys herself; she is going to Mrs. Manning's this afternoon, and tomorrow will pass the day with J——, and bring L—— home with her. She attends two evening meetings in the week, and one Lyceum. Adieu, dear mother and sister. With love to all, I remain

"Yours most affectionately,

"LYDIA."

The preceding letter is the latest one in the writer's possession, addressed to the dear mother whom this daughter so loved and venerated. Between the date of this and the one which follows, is a gap of sixteen months. During this period Mrs. Bacon visited her beloved parent, and witnessing her increased infirmities felt that possibly this was her last visit. Her account

of it is given in a letter to her friend Mrs. B., which is dated Feb. 11th, 1848, to which the reader is referred.

Well does the writer remember the happy pride with which Mrs. B. exhibited to her some bed-quilts and other useful articles which her mother had assisted in making for the Sailor's Home and the Society for the Widow and Fatherless. "Are not these stitches beautiful," said she. "for an old lady of eighty-six years?"

Her expressions of attachment to and fondness for her only surviving parent were frequent and endearing, though always natural and unaffected. After Mrs. B's return from the last visit to her mother, I called to greet her, and found her standing by her mother's portrait with a look of touching sadness. After my salutation was returned her eyes again sought the picture, and with a pathos not to be described she said, "I shall not see that blessed mother again in life. I shall meet her no more till we cast our crowns together at a Saviour's feet." Then adding, "but oh, shall one *so unworthy* as *I* be permitted to join the blessed above?" She burst into a flood of tears. Having always regarded Mrs. Bacon as a most exemplary Christian, I was struck with her emotion, and could not refrain from saying to her, "Surely *you* do not doubt your acceptance." Smiling through her tears she replied with her usual sweetness, "Yes, dear, when I look only at *myself* I am full of doubts, *but when I look to Christ* all is peace." She then added that to her "one of heaven's greatest attractions was that there she should be freed from sin, and thus have no drawback to her worship or her enjoyment." I remember being forcibly struck with her declaration that "it would be

no heaven to her if she must carry her sins with her." Perfect and universal purity was indispensable to her idea of perfect happiness.

The first call which I made upon her after the decease of her beloved parent she took me by the hand and said, "I have lost the best mother that ever a daughter had; but heaven has gained a saint, and Jesus a new jewel for his crown."

Her mother's death took place, and is alluded to briefly in the following letter to her friend, which was written during the succeeding spring.

To Mrs. B——, of Sackett's Harbor.

Chelsea, April 18th, 1847.

"My ever dear sister:—Your precious letter was very, very welcome, and I embrace the first opportunity to tell you so, and to assure you of our unabated affection for yourself and your darling child. Such a train of thought rushes into my mind when I hear from you, such a vivid recollection of the many pleasant hours we have passed together, of the many kindnesses received from you, that my heart is filled to overflowing. I almost wish for a fairy's wing to waft me to you, that I might tell all I think and feel to the loved sister who has so often sympathized in my joys and sorrows.

"We have recently received a letter from Mrs. Boyd, after a protracted silence, reviving our remembrances of the many interesting circumstances connected with our intimacy. Those memories can never be effaced. But oh, how many changes have taken place since those days, both with her and with me. How full of passing events is the present moment. Our country is again

involved in war, bringing in its train all the multiplied evils which it involves, and death is selecting its shining marks to make us feel its horrors more deeply. You see by the papers that some of the officers with whom we were acquainted are among the most conspicuous in the discharge of duty. Let our fervent prayers ascend that the nations may learn war no more, and the Prince of Peace rule in every heart. You can imagine that we feel more than ordinary interest in this war, so many of our former associates being engaged in it, and its incidents recalling so many events connected with our own experience. But I dare not trust my pen on this subject.

“We were delighted to hear that you and your sweet Harriet were well. You have a blessing indeed in such a child. I rejoice with you sincerely, and hope that she may be spared to cheer the remainder of your pilgrimage. What a kind Providence it was that permitted us all to meet once more under such propitious circumstances. We have visited Mount Auburn since your return. I cannot tell you how much we thought of you and your dear ones. It is a most solemn place to me, notwithstanding it is so beautiful, and so embellished by nature and art.

“You have heard that I have been called to part with her who gave me birth. Now I know indeed what it is to be motherless. How *inexpressibly lonely* is the feeling! My dear mother had lived beyond the common age of man, being eighty-six years old. For the last few years she has struggled through infirmities, which, though not of a violent nature, were undermining her constitution, and made her an easy victim. Her death

was quiet and peaceful, surrounded by her children, all vieing with each other in kind attentions. I have her picture, taken about two years previous to her decease; it is an excellent likeness. When I look at it, and think that she is gone, I cannot describe my feelings of sadness. But I reflect upon her happiness in the presence of her Saviour, all her doubts and fears removed, freed from infirmities and from sin, and my fervent ejaculation is, 'the will of the Lord be done!'

"I often hear from Mrs. Judd, through my sister A——, whose son has returned to the Sandwich Islands with his family. He edits the State paper called the Polynesian. Dr. Judd is Secretary of State, and his wife, (our own little L——,) is a lady of the first rank at the Hawaian Court. She is thought to be the most elegant woman there. My nephew's intimacy with Dr. and Mrs. J—— has been continued with increased affection and confidence. He describes their family as very lovely, and exceedingly well-educated in every sense of the word. Little did I think when L—— and myself resided under the same roof at Sackett's, that in future years the welfare and happiness of one of my own dear kinsmen would be so pleasantly connected with her. Is it not a wonderful Providence? J—— is in mercantile business, with a partner, in addition to his literary employment. He has adopted the country as his own, looking upon it as his future home, and desirous to use all his efforts for its welfare and prosperity. So my desire that some of our numerous offspring should be useful to the heathen has been gratified in part. To have one of them a Christian missionary is more than

God sees fit to grant, more, (I acknowledge,) than *I deserve*.

“I am glad that your sweet boy, (the son of our dear Francis,) is situated so much to your mind. I hope he may prove every thing that you could wish. You have, I am sure, trained him in the way he should go, and may trust the promise that he will not depart from it. Where is the little sister? I should love to see them both, and hope that I may at some future time. Remember us with much affection to Harriet, and also to all those who feel an interest in us, especially to our good friends the C—— families, Mr. G——s, and the S——s. Anna is with us, and begs to join us in these kind remembrances. She has the promise of accompanying us to the Harbor when the railroad to it is completed, should such an event happen ere our pilgrimage is ended.

“We are still, as you see, at the Hospital, a kind Providence having permitted us thus far to retain a post where opportunity is afforded for the improvement of our talents, be they one or many. Oh, may it be found at the last that we have not buried them in the earth or hid them in a napkin. We have about sixty patients now from all nations; poor fellows, my heart aches for them.

“The spring with us is very backward, though the birds carol forth their sweet notes. But I must say adieu.

“Yours faithfully,

“LYDIA BACON.”

The following letter, written by Mrs. Bacon to her sister T. at Sandwich, shews her deep interest and tender sympathy in all that befell her friends, whether prosperous or adverse. The wedding of her sister J's daughter in Boston, the death of two of her most valued Chelsea friends, are mentioned with the emotion which each event was calculated to produce. With the latter incidents the writer of these pages was perfectly familiar, and can testify to the truthfulness of her friend's description. She thinks it not improper to add here that the three motherless daughters of Mrs. De B——, referred to in the following letter, are now blessed with a pious step-mother, who is diligently and successfully training them in the paths of peace and virtue, and making their home as happy as their lamented mother could have desired.

To Mrs. S——.

“ October, 1847.

“ My dear sister:—For many days I have been trying to find a few leisure moments to write you, but have been more than usually occupied. Scenes both joyous and painful have filled up all the passing moments. But at length I find myself alone, with the prospect of being able to devote a few moments to you, and will detail some of the most important events which have transpired since I wrote you last. And first, *the wedding*. I wish you had all been here to witness it. It was truly a pleasant sight. The youthful pair in all the freshness and joyousness of first love, went through the ceremony with great propriety and becoming dignity. I never saw the Episcopal form of marriage before, except once

where a part of the service was omitted. Dr. V—— officiated. The bride and groom looked charmingly, being dressed with becoming simplicity and elegance.

* * * * * *

“And now I have a very different scene to present. For the last fortnight our church has been in a state of great anxiety on account of the severe sickness of two of our beloved sisters: and we have followed them both to the grave. Mrs. De B——, (in whom you became interested last winter,) after months of intense suffering has gone to her home above. She had a lovely family, and every thing to make life desirable, but bowed her head submissively to her Father’s will, commending to His care her three little daughters, so soon to be motherless. Her last thoughts were of the Saviour, and her last audible words, ‘the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; yes, altogether lovely.’

“The other death was that of Mrs. Norton, mother to the young man whom you heard speak in our sailors’ meeting. She was a very active member of our female prayer-meeting, where she will be greatly missed. She was sick three weeks or more with the dysentery. She suffered much in body, but her mind was calm and joyful, and her faith triumphant. The Saviour, the Almighty Saviour, was her theme. She dwelt much upon his *divinity*. ‘Were Jesus *only a man*,’ she would say, ‘how could I trust my soul to him in such an hour as this? But *he is God*—I know it, I feel it; my feet are on *the rock of ages*; the *everlasting* arm is underneath me, and none shall be able to pluck me out of his hand.’ She retained her reason to the last. As her family and friends stood around her dying bed she

slowly raised her wasted finger, and pointing upward said, with a heavenly smile, 'Home,' and breathed her last. Very sweet has been my intercourse with both these deceased sisters; it will be long before their places will be filled. These are not unmeaning providences; may we receive the admonition God intends. Adieu, dear sister.

Yours ever,

"LYDIA B. BACON."

To Mrs. S——, whose son was in a hopeless decline, she wrote as follows:

"November 15th, 1847.

"My dear sister:—I have endeavored for many days past to find time to write you a few lines, and have not succeeded until this morning. Every moment of my time seems to be full of occupation, and yet I often ask myself, 'what have I accomplished?' True, I do my own sewing, besides attending to the numerous wants of my family, which numbers one hundred. Yet I write but little compared with what I used to do, as the exertion always hurts my side. I acknowledge I am becoming a very poor correspondent, both as to the quality and frequency of my letters. But as I really have a strong desire to write, which my health and my cares only prevent, you must 'take the will for the deed.' Do not think that I love my sisters less because my letters are 'few and far between.' Neither must you imagine that the constant demand upon my sympathies in behalf of the sick and sad in my home sphere makes me less sensitive to *your* sorrows. I know the desolate feeling that must fill your tender heart as you

look upon the wasting form of your beloved son. My dear sister, I do pity you and pray for you. I cannot but hope that God in his infinite mercy will spare your dear T——, and raise him up from this sickness to be an ornament to his profession and a blessing to the world. But if in his unerring wisdom he shall order otherwise, may he give you and his friends resignation to the divine will. Especially do I pray that dear T—— may bow submissively to the disappointment of his plans and hopes. May he trust wholly in that divine Redeemer who alone can cleanse our souls from guilt; may he seek earnestly that forgiveness and acceptance which will fit him to live or enable him to die in peace. This sudden sickness is a sad blow to all his friends, who have become exceedingly interested in him. May we be enabled to say, ‘the will of the Lord be done.’ We know that our heavenly Father cares for us; that he watches over this earth so closely that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Let us then feel, my sister, that whatever he wills respecting us as individuals is right. Let us cultivate the habit of trusting him implicitly, and he will give us grace and strength to help in each time of need. Time is fast receding from us all. A few more days and we shall all put off this earthly tabernacle and fill the places assigned us in the world to come. Our family has hitherto been remarkably exempted from the strokes of death; but it cannot always be so. I feel for myself that my time will probably be very short, as I have admonitory symptoms which cannot be mistaken. May it be my chief concern ‘to make my calling and election sure.’

“I hope to send this by Josiah, and also some grapes

and jellies for the dear invalid. Give him my love, and tell him that I think of him and pray for him. Anna is writing a letter to go with this. Remember us to all friends, and believe me,

“Your affectionate sister,
“LYDIA.”

To the same.

“*December 16th, 1847.*”

“I received yours, dear sister, without date, and hasten to answer it. I have just returned from my daily visit to the wards, where I have been endeavoring to sympathize with a young sailor who is in a consumption. The doctor says his time here is very short, but the poor fellow does not realize it as he should. He would like to die, that he may be released from suffering: as he believes that he is punished *here* as much as he deserves, and that he ought to be rewarded hereafter. Oh, how dreadful to see people so deceived! I gave him some comforts for the body, and left him a tract, which he promised to read.

“From him I turn to sympathize with you, my sister, and to tell you how truly I feel for you. Although I have no children of my own, still I think I can feel for those who see their dear offspring slowly wasting before their eyes and soon to be on earth no more. I pray that our heavenly Father will strengthen you to bear this heavy trial, and to meet the still heavier stroke which now seems to be so near. It is a great comfort, dear sister, that you can have him with you and be able to make him so comfortable. Thus the Lord mingles mercies in each bitter cup. He ‘doth not willingly

afflict or grieve the children of men,' but chastens us 'for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. I hope our dear T—— will cast himself into the arms of a redeeming Saviour with humility, penitence and faith. However upright and moral a man may be, he can never be saved except through the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb of God. 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.'

"We miss Anna very much, and should like to have her return whenever you can spare her. Do not confine her to the house too much; she has a great deal of air and exercise here, and close confinement will be very injurious to her health. K—— has not been here yet to stay. Aunt J—— wishes her to pass a week there before she herself leaves for New York. She is going thither to stay a few weeks under the care of a celebrated physician, the same who has helped A—— M—— so much. I have not seen the P——s since Anna left, the weather and the walking having been the most of the time very unpleasant. I attend the Lowell lectures it is true, but I ride to the door and return directly, and cannot stop for calls. Dr. Potter's lectures are the best I ever heard at the Institute; his subject is 'the soul and mind of man,'—the highest subject, next to Deity, upon which human lips can speak. The Doctor has a crowded house, and is listened to with the most interested attention. His speaking is easy, distinct and graceful. The lectures before the Mercantile Library Association are also well attended, and the lectures as reported are certainly very interesting.

"And *last, but by no means least*, our own Tuesday

evening lectures, from Mr. Langworthy, are most excellent. His subject is, 'The duties and responsibilities of the Christian.' I think I never knew them so forcibly presented or so impressively urged before. I want every body should hear them. We have also very interesting temperance meetings. Your Uncle Bacon, Annie, is much engaged in promoting this good cause. Next Monday evening Mr. O——d's scholars are to give a concert of music; I expect to enjoy it very much if I should be permitted to be present.

"Capt. A—— is to leave the first of January. He has just received from a deceased friend the sum of \$5000. This is very opportune, as he was wrecked previous to coming here, and not being insured lost his all. I am really glad for his good fortune in receiving a bequest which will place him above want. He now intends having his useless foot taken off and a cork one substituted. I rather fear the latter article will be in demand since the Mexican war has crippled so many. Should this raise the price so much that poor soldiers are not able to purchase this powerful auxiliary to locomotion, I think the Government in whose behalf they suffered ought to supply them with so important a prop.

"The boy with the bruised arm is still here, and is recovering slowly. Mr. —— started for Snug Harbor this afternoon. Mr. R—— gave him free tickets, Josiah furnished him with a little of the needful, and I put up for him a basket of provisions for the journey.

"D——'s miniature vessel is finished at last, and was launched about a week since; it was very handsome. The man carried it home and was liberally

rewarded; he returned very much pleased with *the house, the lady, and the money*. In love, I remain,

“Yours,

“L. B. BACON.”

To the same, on receiving intelligence of her son's decease.

“*January 8th, 1848.*”

“My dear sister:—Though we have for some days feared, and were thus in some measure prepared for the sad tidings of dear Theodore's decease, yet when we learned that it had actually taken place I found that hope of his recovery had predominated in our breasts. Oh, that God would give us each grace to say, ‘Thy will, not mine, be done.’ We need divine help to attain that humble submission to our Father's will which is so desirable and so necessary. This our heavenly Father requires of us, even under such severe affliction as that which now rends your maternal bosom. The desire of your eyes is taken from you at a stroke. He was a son every way worthy of your warmest affections: one to whom you were looking as a solace and support to your declining years: one who bade fair to be an ornament to society and a comfort to us all. All our fondest wishes could not keep him; human love and skill could not save him from the grasp of death. There is only one solace—and is it not sufficient?—our Father in heaven saw it best to take him, and allows us to hope that *our* loss is the dear one's *gain*. I feel assured that amid this stunning affliction you will strive to say, with God's dear servant of old, ‘The Lord gave,

and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"We trust that this bereavement will be sanctified to us all. May we receive the admonition that this painful dispensation is intended to give, and be ready when our summons shall come to lay aside the flesh which now cumpers the immortal spirit. Soon, very soon, some one of us who now survive will be called to follow our departed T. Oh, may we not only be prepared to go, but anticipate our departure with pleasure. Dear sister, we do sympathize with you most truly in this sore disappointment of your most fondly cherished hopes. Although I am not a mother, and may not know exactly a mother's grief, yet I feel deeply, tenderly for you, and pray our Father in heaven to comfort you. Remember that it is He who hath done it; not an enemy, but your best friend; and he has promised to bind up your broken heart if you will cast your care on him. Lean then upon his Almighty arm, and he will give you 'the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' To his grace I commend you, husband joining with me in love and sympathy.

"This letter is necessarily short, as I wished to send it by Joseph, and have met with many interruptions while writing. When you can spare Anna we shall be glad to have her return. God bless and keep you all, is the prayer of

"Your affectionate sister,

"LYDIA B. BACON."

The letter which follows was addressed to her beloved Mrs. Boyd, who was the "dear Elizabeth" of her earlier correspondence.

" *February 11th, 1848.*

"Thanks—a thousand thanks for your highly interesting letter. It was indeed refreshing to my spirits to receive so rich an evidence of your continued affection, though I have never doubted it for a moment. It was so delightful to hear from you and yours, and also from the many others linked with you in memory's chain and in the closest affections of my heart. But especially did I prize tidings from the beloved members of your family, whose kindness never-failing in the hour of need was so grateful to us then, and will be gratefully remembered 'while life and thought and being lasts.' Your beloved mother and grandmother: how kind, how delicate were their attentions. And your father was no less our constant friend. My heart swells with gratitude to our Father in heaven for strewing in my path so many flowers all along life's toilsome way. When I look back for *the shadows* of my pilgrimage they are almost lost in *the sunshine* of divine goodness that has poured its radiance around me. And mercy still follows us; we are continued in this situation where we can be active and useful if we will. Pray for us, that while the diseased body of the poor sailor is cared for, the sick soul may not be forgotten or neglected. In both these respects we have constant calls upon our sympathies and best efforts, and it is very pleasant to be able in any degree to alleviate suffering, whether of mind or body.

“I know you would feel for the sailor. He has a claim upon the consideration of all, for he certainly contributes to the comforts and luxuries of all. And yet what does the poor seaman receive in return but hard fare and often hard usage. Thanks to him who once ‘pressed a sailor’s pillow,’ and selected for his bosom friends some of this humble class, a better day seem^d dawning upon ‘the sons of the Ocean.’ The weather-beaten tar is beginning to feel and to act as if he too belonged to the immortal part of God’s creation. We often have very interesting cases among those who are brought to the Hospital. *Over six thousand* have been here since our sojourn in this place, a period of nearly seven years. With *three-fourths* of this number *I have had personal conversation*. What a responsibility. Wo to us if we are unfaithful to such a trust! But I have dwelt long enough upon this subject; my apology must be that it is one which lies very near my heart.

“It gave us great pleasure to hear that you were so well. Nothing would give us more satisfaction than to visit you at your own home and behold you surrounded by your little flock. Should our lives be spared till the railroad communicates with your place we shall certainly try to come. But life is very uncertain, and I am daily admonished, both by my own infirmities and the deaths of my friends and neighbors, that this is not my home. Well, if I am prepared for an exchange of worlds, no matter how soon my summons shall come. For however pleasant or desirable the situation we may occupy here, yet *heaven is better*. Oh, for that faith which will enable us to feel always as the apostle, that while it was better to depart and be with Christ, we are

willing to stay and suffer here if our Master requires. This state of mind would be easy to attain if our faith and love were commensurate with God's gracious and blessed promises to those who trust him. Is it not delightful, when we get a glimpse of the blessed haven of eternal rest, to reflect *that the time is coming* when we shall be admitted to its blessedness? Then shall we worship God in the beauty of holiness, without temptations to annoy or sin to mar our services. Our praises will then be spontaneous and pure, and while we gaze with rapture on that divine Saviour who died to redeem us, our united song shall burst forth in the strain, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.' Shall we indeed be permitted to swell that strain? And will it be ours to join in the answering chorus, 'Blessing and honor, and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.' How many of our dear friends have preceded us to that better country.

"Since I wrote you last I have lost my dear aged mother, eighty-six years of age. She slept in Jesus, and 'her children buried her.' Her last work on earth was for the widow and fatherless. I visited her a short time before her death, and spent two weeks with her. It was a pleasant and I trust a profitable visit. As I left her she took me in her arms and blessed me saying, 'I never shall see you again.' The next time I saw her she was on the same spot where we took our last farewell for time, *but in her coffin*.

"We are rejoiced to hear that your dear parents and

grandmother are so well. Surely the latter is blessed with a green old age in the midst of her numerous progeny. Give our kind regards to her and to them all. How vividly, as I write, they all come in review before me. It seems but as yesterday since I was associated with them in the dear Sabbath school, and passed so many happy hours in the Bible class with my beloved Elizabeth at my side.

“I received a letter yesterday from sister Harriet B., for which I have been looking for several long months. I am rejoiced to hear that her darling daughter is happily united to one who seems every way worthy of her. He was chosen, I doubt not, both by mother and child for his intrinsic worth. There is a young lady in Boston who has a large fortune, and wishes to wed a deserving young man who is poor. Her father rejects him with scorn, telling his child that she ought to look for a fortune with a husband, and gives a reason which strikes me most singularly, viz: that she has so much money she ought to marry rich.

“My sentiments respecting the war coincide exactly with yours. I hope should E—— be spared, the experience which he may gain in his present situation will be of importance to his whole future life, and that he may return unscathed shall be my prayer and hope. This, dear Elizabeth, I consider possible, even to the soldier. For has not E—— been reared in the nursery of piety and virtue? Has he not been taught to raise his infant heart in praise and prayer to his God and Father? And will not the pious counsels which he has received in his early days abide with him, and be a safeguard in the time of trial and temptation? Often will

he think of dear friends at home—the sweet home of childhood and riper years. How will the tender love of parents, the sweet affection of ‘birth-mates’ rise to his remembrance and fill his heart till his eyes overflow with manly tears.

“ You know, dearest, that my husband went into the army young, (in the war for sailor’s rights,) and I accompanied him. I can then speak from experience, for our early instruction was like a seven-fold shield around us. And the restraining grace of God enabled us to resist much that was evil. Take comfort then ; pray much for your dear E——, and write to him often, that he may be reminded of your affectionate solicitude and feel the force of early ties. God guard him, and bless you all.

“ Yours ever,

“ L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. H. B., of Sackett’s Harbor, upon the marriage of her only daughter.

“ *February 23, 1848.*

“ Right glad was I, my dear sister Harriet, to receive your long looked for, and most deeply interesting epistle. I felt assured that the newspaper which I received a short time since, was only the harbinger to a more full account of the late happy addition to your family circle. We congratulate you that your dear H—— is united to one who (from the description of disinterested friends,) we judge to be most worthy of her. Dear sister, may your heart be filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good, for such a happy consummation of your hopes for

your only daughter. Sweet Harriet, the beloved child of my affections, whom I cradled in my arms during the first moments of her conscious existence, what shall I say to her? For several years I watched the promising bud of artless childhood. After the separation of several intervening years, I again saw that bud of promise blossom into beautiful womanhood—just such a character as I desired and expected to see developed. And now she has chosen as her companion for life, one with whom she has every rational prospect of happiness, obeying the injunction to marry in the Lord. May your precious lives, dear friends, be spared to each other—may you grow in grace and in the knowledge of God. Then, while journeying through your earthly pilgrimage, you will taste life's sweetest joys, be prepared for its sorrows, if they come, and enter at last into that rest for the people of God. You make me ashamed, sister H., of my inefficiency, when I see how constantly you are engaged in promoting the happiness of all whom providence places within your reach. When I compare myself with you, I feel as if I had done nothing that cost me any sacrifice or self-denial. All that I have done has been so easy and pleasant that I often reproach myself as bearing no cross. And life with me is ebbing fast; soon, very soon, will the night of death come and close all my earthly labors. Pray for me, dearest, that I may be more diligent and efficient in my Master's cause. You ask after our health. Mr. Bacon's is very good, though he is just now afflicted with a cold. Mine is not good at all, and yet no one would judge from my appearance that I had any aches or pains. But I feel that life may soon terminate with me; all I desire is t^o

be prepared to go joyfully when my summons comes. Oh, for that faith which will enable me to welcome death, 'the end of cares, the end of sins.'

"My niece, Anna S——, is with us altogether, except occasional visits to her family at Sandwich. She went down there this winter to spend Thanksgiving, and found a sick brother rapidly declining with quick consumption. He was a medical student and a very promising young man. He was two years older than Anna, and one in whom many hopes were clustered; alas! only to fade. His mother feels it deeply but bears the blow like a Christian. He was her youngest son; and from being so near to Anna in age, was her favorite brother and companion. He was expecting to study practice in the Hospital, and we were promising ourselves much pleasure from having him with us. But God prepared him and then took him to himself.



"My dear Harriet, there is one part of your letter which it really requires some philosophy to read with patience. It is the information that you came so near to us and yet we did not meet. I verily believe that you were in New York at the same time that we were. Why could we not have known it? I visited our old friends, the S—— family, and had a most delightful time. Mr. and Mrs. S. are not much altered during the years since we met. Her hair is of the same beautiful golden hue, and shades her open white brow as sweetly as ever. We talked of you and all dear friends at Sackett's; nor did we part until we had once more knelt at a throne of grace to supplicate blessings for them and for ourselves. This reminded me forcibly and touch-

ingly of the times when our little band used to meet and mingle our prayers with you and others who have entered the 'better land.'

"We visited Staten Island and the Seamen's Retreat, and Snug Harbor, located there. These are most excellent establishments for the comfort of the poor sailor. The Snug Harbor was the gift of a noble sea captain. His remains are interred under a splendid marble monument in front of the house. The monument is surrounded by an iron railing, within which are beautiful weeping willows, rose bushes and other shrubbery. The building and every thing within and around it, are as handsome and convenient as could be desired. This establishment is expressly for old and disabled seamen, who have no home or friends to take care of them. When I saw it I did wish I had a few of *some people's* hoarded, rusty dollars, to build such an one in our own State. I do think the generous donor appropriated his money most admirably. We have been enabled to send some of our poor sailors there.

"What a difference a few years has made in the speed of traveling. When we went to Sackett's Harbor in 1816, it took us twenty-four hours to get from Boston to New Haven. Now we left Boston at seven in the morning, reached New Haven at one, P. M., and taking thence a steamboat to New York, took our tea in the latter city at seven in the evening. However, it is certainly not to my taste to travel with lightning speed; for I wish to see something of the country as I travel, and *to be whirled past* every pleasant or interesting spot, is very tantalizing.

"In August we took Anna and went '*down East,*'

never having seen that far-famed locality. We felt well paid for our journey; every thing was most propitious to our enjoyment, and we had a delightful time, Anna's company and pleasure adding much to our own. We left home on Monday morning, took seats in the seven o'clock train of cars at East Boston, and arrived at Portland at twelve. Mr. Bacon has a married sister (the wife of a Baptist clergymen) residing at P., and with them we stayed until Tuesday noon. We then embarked on a steamer to sail up the Kennebec to Augusta. The K—— is a beautiful river, whose banks are ornamented with fine thrifty villages. On Wednesday we rode from Augusta across the country forty miles to Belfast. This part of our journey was performed in the good old-fashioned way, by a stage-coach. We had fine, strong horses, and a good driver; so away we went over hill and dale enjoying every object worth looking at. I saw some most splendid trees; and was foolish enough to wish some were on the Hospital grounds at home. If wishing would have wafted them there, I am sure the grounds would have been finely ornamented ere our return. From Belfast we went by steamboat in three hours to Bangor, which is a fine city *built on two hills*. Here my husband had a niece residing, with whom we took tea and passed a very pleasant evening, after riding around the city and admiring its beauties. The next morning we started for home, going down the Penobscot to Portland, which we reached on Friday evening. Here we tarried with our dear mother Bacon and children; and a sweet and quiet Sabbath prepared us for our ride home in the cars on Monday. Portland is a lovely city. Its elms vie with those at

New Haven both in numbers and magnitude. We visited the spot where the remains of the sainted Payson rest, with feelings of veneration and love. But I must close, or my descriptions will weary your patience. Husband joins me in fervent regards to you and yours, as well as to all our dear friends at the Harbor.

“I am, in the best of bonds,

“Your sister

LYDIA.”

The next letter is addressed to the same friend more than a year after the preceding, with congratulations upon a most interesting occasion—the birth of her first grandchild. It is dated

“*March 19th*, 1849.

“My very dear sister:—Most sincerely do I rejoice with you that your dear H—— has become the joyful mother of a living child. Dear little Hattie, who used to run to meet us with open arms, shouting with eager tones, ‘here is Uncle, here is Auntie;’ what a lovely childhood was hers. How tenderly was she reared by her parents, who, receiving her as a lent blessing, brought her up for God, ever holding her at his divine disposal. Well has he rewarded you for this full surrender, by sparing her to you so long, and giving her dear father the privilege of seeing her choose the Lord for her portion ere he was called away. Verily, ‘they that trust in the Lord shall want no good thing.’ And now this dear one has in turn, one committed to her to be trained ‘in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.’ Oh, may she have wisdom and strength given her to discharge aright her sweet and holy duties.

“It gives us great pleasure to hear that her health and yours is so good. This is a blessing which few appreciate as they should. My imagination loves to dwell around your home; and in thought I see you with grateful acknowledgment of God’s goodness, engaged in making others happy. How delightful, could I step in as in former days, and receive your cordial greeting. We feel very grateful for your kind invitation to visit you; but fear we shall not be able to accomplish so desirable an object this season. You must not let any thing prevent your visiting us, should you come this way. We are still at the Hospital, and things remain much as they were when you were here. A new Administration has taken the reins of government, and it is expected there will be some changes; but *we* do not anticipate a removal. My husband’s health is good and mine is very tolerable. I am thankful to be enabled to perform my customary and most interesting duties; and grateful, I trust, that my situation enables me to be useful without much bodily fatigue. I could not fill any sphere of labor which required great physical activity; as I am still troubled with that affection of the heart which forbids all violent exercise. I expect this disease will end my mortal career sooner or later, and probably in a sudden manner. My own feelings as well as the repeated instances of the kind which fall under my own observation, warn me that ‘in an hour when I think not,’ the Son of man will come. Dear sister, I ask your prayers that I may live in constant readiness for this great event.

“What a momentous age we live in! What strange things are taking place in our world! Kings are flee-

ing from their thrones, and the Pope losing his glory and power. Error is overwhelmed with the rapid march of the Gospel truth; and all things seem tending toward the ushering in of that day so long predicted, when 'all shall know the Lord.' In every direction we hear of revivals of religion. After such a long declension it is indeed joyful tidings that the Spirit of the Lord is visiting not only our highly favored land, but other countries. Even the Islands of the sea, with their abundance, are being converted unto God. Our village is sharing in the rich effusions of the Holy Spirit; and many of our youth are earnestly seeking the pearl of great price. It is so delightful to see the young consecrating the morning of their days to Christ. Our own A——, though naturally amiable and not opposed to the truth, still remains unmoved and seems to rest satisfied without a hope in Christ. Though admonished of her own frailty by the sudden departure in two successive years of a beloved brother and sister, she still defers the great work of preparing to meet her God. I am distressed on her behalf, and beg you will join your prayers to mine that she may not put off this great work till her probation is forever closed. We have a boy whom the Lord sent us last summer, in whose welfare I am much interested. Last May a man was brought here severely injured by a fall into the hold of a vessel. After lingering awhile in much suffering, he expired. His son, a boy of fourteen years, had accompanied him from Ireland; and when he was brought to the Hospital, this lad was left at a common sailor's boarding-house in Boston. Here he staid for some time until he became anxious at not hearing from his father;

and coming to Chelsea to make inquiries, he found him in his coffin! The poor child was overwhelmed with grief; and the consciousness of his situation without money, or friends, or home, made him almost frantic. Our sympathies were strongly moved, and our first thoughts were to rescue him from his present distress by sending him back to his friends in Ireland. But he gave a sorrowful negative to our proposal, saying that he had nothing to do there, and that his mother was too poor to take care of him. 'Would he like to be a sailor?' was the next question. 'No, he did not like the sea, and should rather do any thing else than go again upon the ocean.' After keeping him a few days till we could form some little judgment of his capacity and disposition, husband gave him the offer to stay and work for him; asking him 'if he would be a good boy?' 'Indeed, sir,' said he, 'I would be as good as ever I could.' Thus far he has redeemed his promise. He was brought up a decided Catholic; had partaken the wafer; been to mass, and confession strictly, and had all the superstitions of his sect well rooted in his mind. But being a shrewd and sensible boy, as soon as the errors and delusions of his religion were pointed out to him, he saw and frankly acknowledged them. His inquiring mind soon learned to discriminate between truth and error. The Bible was placed in his hands, and he soon read it through, re-perusing many parts of it, and committing whole chapters to memory. The Assembly's Catechism he has recited to me, and understands it well. The old-fashioned Primer is now in his hands, with the good sayings and *inimitable* poetry of the 'Cradle Hymn,' 'John Rogers,' and even 'Young

Timothy.' I have lived my childhood over again in hearing him repeat these familiar and most excellent sayings. The Primer lies on the 'what-not,' in my best room, and there it shall ever have a place. I both love and venerate it; and take more delight in reading it now than when I was a child. Besides these books I gave the boy D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. He read it with the avidity of a man eating his first meal when starving with hunger. Many other good books he has also perused, reading much of them aloud to me, while I sat at my sewing, and frequently stopping to make his comments or inquiries. He is a very good reader, and has quite a decent education, having been three years at the National school. He will be put to some good trade or business as soon as we can find the right thing for him. Meanwhile he will remain with us, and we shall do all we can for him temporally and spiritually. He attends church with us, and also the Sabbath school, of which he is very fond. He treasures up the preaching in his memory and can repeat most of it when he comes home. We hope that he is now seeking his soul's salvation. He appears like a sincere and earnest inquirer. The visit from our former beloved pastor, Mr. B——, was delightful to us. To hear his voice once more in prayer and in pleasant converse, and to have the privilege of receiving him as our guest, was a treat indeed.

“ Husband unites with me in love to yourself, to Harriet and her husband, not forgetting *the welcome little stranger*. Do, my dear sister, write often, and greatly oblige your most affectionate,

“ L. B. BACON.”

The writer well remembers the affecting case of the Irish Orphan, described in the foregoing letter. It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of June when Mrs. Bacon's niece, with one or two young companions, made me a visit; bringing with them a parcel of cotton upon which they most industriously commenced operations. They were sewing for the desolate and destitute orphan; and with hearts glowing with compassion and tenderness, related to me his sorrowful story. The poor lad was soon comfortably clothed; and cheered by the kindness and generosity with which he was treated, soon became contented and happy. I often saw him at the house of my friend, who, much delighted with the attainments and rapid improvement of her protege, occasionally invited me to test his knowledge in grammar and arithmetic, or to hear his reading which was quite correct and intelligent.

“During the winter, his kind protectors sent him to the public school, where his progress in learning, under the tuition of Mr. H——, the accomplished teacher of the ‘Boys’ Grammar School,’ was rapid and praiseworthy. The pious zeal of Mrs. Bacon was not, however, rewarded by the lad's conversion, although he became a decided Protestant. He maintained a regular and affectionate correspondence with his mother, sending her (as soon as he could command any wages) as much of his earnings as he could spare. She, of course, bitterly deplored his renunciation of Popery, and strove with all a mother's energy and a papist's zeal, to win him back to the faith of his fathers. But her efforts were fruitless. Her boy had reached a country *where the people dare to think for themselves*; and the full blaze of gospel

light had forever chased away the darkness of 'the Man of Sin.'

"I will only say further respecting this lad (now grown to manhood) that after staying with his friends as long as was thought best, he was helped to a situation as a mechanic, in which he still lives and labors. Should this account meet his eye, may the memory of Mrs. B's kindness and Christian love, melt his heart."

To Mrs. T——.

"September 3d, 1849.

"My dear sister:—I think it high time that we should recognize each other's *existence* at least by exchanging a few lines. I do not know but I shall forget how to use my pen, for I have not written a letter this summer. I said *summer*, but ah! the summer has fled never to return, and many with it have gone to the land of silence. Death is doing his strange work here at a fearful rate. I do not mean in the Hospital, for although we have had more patients this season than ever before, and now number one hundred and thirty, we have had but four deaths in the last two months. No cases of cholera have occurred here as yet, but we cannot tell how soon it may come. The patients are packed too close; the upper hall is full of beds, and the wards have double the number that is common.

"We have been thinking of a visit to Sandwich, but at present we shall not be able to come; it is about as much as we can do to find beds and bedding. I have not been away to pass a day the whole summer. I have double care and anxiety because Mrs. ——, [one of her

most efficient assistants,] is gone. I hope she may return by-and-bye. She has left the situation which she took in Boston; the confinement and bad air injured her health. She has now gone into the country for a few weeks, and I think if she gets better she may return here. She is an excellent woman, and is very much missed in the Hospital.

“I spoke of the sickness in town; the dysentery is the prevailing disease, and is unusually fatal here this season. You remember the two dear children of our pastor. I am sure you will be shocked when I tell you that their sweet little Nettie is dead, and Cyrus is not expected to live. The day previous to the commencement of their sickness, Josiah and myself with some others took tea at Mr. L——’s. As I entered the yard they both bounded to meet me, apparently in perfect health, blithe and happy as two little fawns. Their gayety struck me forcibly, recalling the days of happy childhood. Each of them gave me a kiss and a hand, and leading me to the house, waited upon me up stairs to lay aside my bonnet and shawl, and then accompanied me to the parlor. During the afternoon they seemed perfectly happy, and the propriety and sweetness of their behavior left an impression on our minds never to be erased. Before the next morning they were both taken sick with the dysentery, and the little girl lived but one week. Her dear parents felt the blow most deeply, but have set their people an example of Christian resignation. Mr. L—— said ‘the day little Nettie was buried was one of the happiest of his life, on account of the felt presence of his Saviour.’ ‘It seemed,’ he said, ‘as if while my heavenly Father with

one hand was crushing me to the earth, with the other he sustained my fainting spirit, bound up my bruised and bleeding heart, and poured in the sweetest and most blessed consolations.' The dear child was buried upon the Sabbath. The coffin was borne from the house to the church by some young lads on Sabbath afternoon. The services were conducted by Dr. Edward Beecher and Mr. Kirk, and were most appropriate and affecting. The little boy was not expected to live through the day, and it was a solemn funeral to us all. I think I never passed such a Sabbath. My feelings were different from any thing which I had ever experienced before; I cannot describe them. Eternity seemed very near, and the veil which hides it from our sight seemed VERY THIN.

"*Sept. 4th.* Little Cyrus is still living, although a great sufferer. But it is thought he cannot continue many hours. Many other families are suffering with the same disease; some are already bereft. Thus the tenderest ties are being broken, and the mourners go about the streets.

"*Sept. 5th.* Dear little C. has gone; his happy spirit, released from the sick and suffering tenement, has fled to the arms of his Saviour, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' If the best of attention and skill could have saved his life he would not have died. But God saw what was best for him, and for his afflicted parents, who are now childless. And though they know not now the reasons for this double stroke, the time will come when all these mysteries shall be explained. These children were lovely in life,

and in death scarcely divided. Cyrus knew not that his sister had gone before him; what will be his surprise to meet her in glory! But I must close, with a kind remembrance to all.

“Yours ever,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. E. C. B.

“April 29th, 1850.

“My very dear E.:—Most thankfully do I acknowledge the receipt of your long expected letter. I rejoice again to recognize your own dear handwriting, and to be assured of your welfare. Often do we think and speak of your sweet though short visit to us. Shall we not praise God that in his kind providence he permitted us to meet under such pleasant circumstances. Can we not say emphatically that all our heavenly Father’s dealings with us have been replete with mercies. And although we have both been afflicted, yet were not even these blessings in disguise? Even the infirmities of our poor frail bodies are sent in kindness to admonish us of our approaching dissolution, and warn us to be ready for our summons when it shall come. Oh, let us love to anticipate the hour when our trials, doubts and fears will all be over, and in the presence of our Saviour we shall worship the triune God without sin, *hateful, dreadful sin!* Remember your unworthy friend, dear E., at a throne of grace, and pray that I may at the last be found on the right hand of the Judge.

“Thank you, dearest, for particulars respecting your beloved family at Sackett’s. How delightful it would be to meet them all once more under that hospitable

roof. Do remember us with great affection to them all, not forgetting cousin G——'s family, for whom we shall ever retain the warmest friendship. We had a little visit from Dr. H—— last winter, and were very much pleased with him. We only regretted that we could not have seen him more. Our good Mrs. McL—— has been called again to mourn: her son James having deceased at California. He had obtained a good situation there with very fair prospects. His brother, the doctor, with whom the climate did not agree, had concluded to return home; but just on the eve of departure he was called to the sick and dying bed of his brother. He attended him faithfully, but his disease was very violent, and he had to bury him in that land of strangers.



“We have been called to part with another of our dear nephews. G——, the second son of my sister J——, died of consumption in March. He was a young man of twenty-five, of superior abilities, and with much to live for; of course death was to him unexpected and undesirable. But ere it came, he sought, and, (we trust,) found the Saviour. His end was peace, calmly and without a struggle falling asleep in Jesus.

“The husband of *our L.*, (Dr. Judd,) has been in Boston on his way to England, whither he goes on business for King Kamehameha, I believe to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain. He stopped but a short time, but on his return he will pass some time in the United States, and I presume will visit your part of the country. He has two of the native princes with him.

“I am very sorry to hear that brother Gallagher's

health is so poor. When he was here and told me of his labors I thought he would not be able to endure them long. We were anxious to hear whether your dear S—— is at Mount Holyoke school, but could learn nothing about her from the young lady who goes from Chelsea. I shall be as well satisfied if she remains at home—‘sweet home,’—with parents so well qualified to teach her. I hope and trust your dear children will repay you for all your anxiety and care. May they each be living members of the household of faith.

“Husband joins me in most affectionate remembrances to you and yours, and hopes that we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you, Providence permitting. Mr. Langworthy desires his affectionate regards to yourself and husband. His health is not good, although he labors as abundantly as ever. I am most sincerely,

“Yours,

“L. B. BACON.”

A word in reference to the royal family of the Sandwich Islands, spoken of in the preceding letter. The king referred to, on whose behalf Dr. Judd was then journeying to England, was Kamehameha Third, who deceased a few months since. At the present date, (Feb. 16th, 1855,) the latest intelligence is as follows: “The first appearance in public of his present Majesty King Kamehameha 4th was on Sunday, the 21st of Dec., in the house of God. He led his sister, her royal Highness Princess Victoria, and was followed by the ministers of the late King. The latter had offered their resignations to his present Majesty, but had been requested to retain office for the present at least.” The new king is one of

the royal princes spoken of in Mrs. Bacon's letters as traveling in this country and England with Dr. Judd, in 1850.

To Mrs. E. C. B.

“ August 8th, 1850.

“I did not intend, my dear E., that your letter should have remained so long unanswered. I am always glad to hear from you, and your last letter was doubly welcome. I hope ere this your dear Sophia and her father have regained their health, and that you are all in circumstances of mercy and comfort. Perhaps this may find you at the loved homestead at the Harbor; long may you be favored with such a retreat. I did hope we might be able to compass a visit to you this season. But it will not be expedient to leave our post at present long enough to perform such a journey with comfort. I cannot with impunity bear the fatigue of rapid traveling, as I could have done twenty years ago.

“Mr. Bacon has been quite unwell since June, and though now better has still to be careful. He went to Washington on business for the Hospital, and the heat which was so excessive overcame him much. This, together with the quantities of iced water which he from necessity drank, made him for a time very sick. Then he had been denied his usual sleep in consequence of oppressive air in small confined lodging rooms, which contrasted so miserably with his large airy chamber at home. He would not have gone had he dreamed of suffering so much from the heat. But he had long wished to visit the seat of government, and as he had

business which rendered it desirable for him to go, and he could do it without expense to himself, it seemed too good an opportunity to be misimproved. But how little do we know what is best. Though he succeeded in his business, his life was well nigh sacrificed; never before have I seen him so prostrated. Thanks to a kind Providence he now seems to be gaining.

“Our dear pastor’s health was poor through the winter, and in the spring he had a most generous offer of a free voyage to Europe, which it was thought best he should accept. He went in great haste, having only one week to think of and prepare for his journey. * * * * * We hope he will be home in October. He writes most interesting communications from the different places which he visits. In London he passed some hours with my husband’s brother, who has resided there for many years. He has reared a lovely family in that great metropolis, all of whom, Mr. L. writes, are worthy descendants of the New England stock. We do want to see our dear pastor very much. The Lord spare him and return him to us in due time. His wife and family are well. The little son born last October is a very sweet child, and helps to beguile his mother’s lonely hours during his father’s absence.

“And now, my dear E., I would ask, did you see Dr. Judd? I hope you did, as I know the pleasure it would give you. We had a delightful *call* from him with the princes. A longer time could not be devoted to us, as their time was so closely occupied during their stay in the city, which was necessarily short. The princes were tired with being ‘*lions*,’ and sighed for their own dear island home. They were truly elegant young

men, dignified yet social, and hope to be able to do much for their race when they return. The young heir to the crown I thought very manly, and think he will make a noble and elegant Christian monarch if he lives to succeed to his father's throne. May God spare his life and that of his brother, and make them instruments of good to their country and to His cause.

“Dr. Judd I think an interesting man. It was very gratifying to me to see *L——’s husband*. He spoke in the highest terms of his wife, saying that she had been every thing to him, not only relieving him from domestic cares, but accomplishing much beside by her example and influence.

“I am grieved to hear that the health of your dear Sophia is so imperfect, and hope she may gain relief from her journey. Yet I must be permitted to say that although such changes are sometimes doubtless beneficial to the health, yet in my opinion *rest, entire rest* from all care and excitement is *better*. For there are no comforts like *home comforts*; and the excitement generally attendant upon traveling, especially at the present day, often counteracts all the benefit hoped for from a change of air and scene. Thus I fear that our dear pastor will not derive the good which he desires and expects from his foreign tour. With his active temperament and ardent susceptibilities I am afraid he will not keep still long enough to know what rest is, and thus will defeat the principal end proposed and wished for by us all. But why do I speak of *rest here*? There is not much for any one; this world and its inhabitants are made for *action*. But *there is* a rest which remaineth for the people of God. Let us look forward, dear E., to that

rest, preparing ourselves for it by the cultivation of a meek and quiet spirit, and perfect resignation to our heavenly Father's will. May we have grace to fill our allotted sphere on earth, and at last to meet our Saviour and Judge with joy unspeakable. Meanwhile I remain now and ever,

“Your most sincerely attached,

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

To Mrs. C.

“*January* 14, 1851.

“My dear sister and friend:—By a paper from your son Walter, and subsequently a letter from sister H. B., we were informed of the death of our dear brother in Christ, your beloved husband. This was sad tidings indeed to us who so well knew his excellences and virtues. We hasten to tender you our warmest sympathies in this your great bereavement. How our hearts swell with emotion as we call to mind his kindness to us as individuals, as neighbors, and as friends in the bonds of Christian love. The church too is left to mourn one who could ill be spared. All his consistent conduct as a follower of Christ, his indefatigable zeal and perseverance in his Master's cause, are among the sweet recollections of the past, ‘links in memory's chain’ never to be broken. May his mantle fall on one who in all things will adorn as he did the doctrines he professed.

“My dear sister, I know that in your present grief vain is human help and sympathy. It is only firm faith in your heavenly Father that can at all assuage such sorrow. The confidence that He doeth all things well; the assurance that your dear husband, the companion of

your youth, has gone where pain and sin can no more disturb him or mar his perfect blessedness—these are the most timely solace in an hour like this. Think of him, then, as now enjoying the immediate presence of that Saviour whom not having seen he loved; and as rejoicing in all the ways and in all the means which God employed to bring him to that blessed abode. This will calm your grief and make it settle into that quiet, holy resignation which says, ‘Thy will, oh God, be done.’ Thus will you be enabled still to perform your accustomed duties, both temporal and spiritual, as well as the new responsibilities which will now devolve upon you. It will not be long before you and I shall be called to pass over Jordan, and tread its cold waves after those who have gone before us. I have reason to think *that time* may be very near with *me*. Oh, may I be prepared for the solemn exchange of worlds.

“We often think and speak of you, dear friend, and your repeated kindnesses, (especially when we were neighbors in Ambrose street,) are among the most pleasant recollections of the past. As I recall those scenes when Mr. B. boarded with you: the meetings, the Sabbath school, the pleasant social intercourse in which your husband’s image and your own are ever blended, my heart throbs, my eyes overflow with tender memories. Oh, Sackett, ‘with all thy faults, I love thee still.’ A few of those first friends there are yet in being, some are gone home and others are widely scattered. Some of the latter we occasionally meet. Mr. G—— has been to see us, Mr. B——, with his wife and daughter, and some others.

“We enjoy tolerable health. Husband’s is much

better than mine; but his is not that perfect health which was his treasure for so many years. Yet we are thankful that it is as well with us as it is, for we have great mercies. One of the greatest is that we are in a situation where we can be highly useful. We have the best of opportunities under the roof where we dwell, of being useful both to the souls and bodies of our fellow-men. Husband and myself find enough to do for the poor neglected sailor, and do not attempt to labor in the Sabbath school as at Sackett's. In ours we are not needed, there being teachers enough without us, and our duty is plain. At the hour for Sabbath school on Sabbath I go into the ward where the colored sailors are, and hold a Bible class with them, spending an hour in conversation, reading and instruction, as I am able. They all seem very much interested in the exercise. Sometimes I find a pious soul among them, and sometimes a very intelligent one. We have now over one hundred sick ones in the house; one is dying, having, as we trust, experienced religion upon his sick-bed. Another, one of my Sabbath pupils, is inquiring 'what he must do to be saved?' Oh, the responsibility of such a trust! May the blood of souls never be found in our skirts! Husband joins me in sympathy and best wishes. May this great loss be sanctified to you and your dear children. Let us hear from you when you feel able to write. I must close, for writing hurts my side badly.

“Yours in love and tender sympathy,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. E. C. B.

“ February 3d, 1851.

“ When I received my dear Elizabeth’s letter I fully intended to answer it immediately; but upon turning to it for a second perusal, I find it is four weeks already since its reception. You know well enough, dear E., how we are situated, and can easily imagine that a month may pass away almost unnoticed. Your letter brought us tidings of sad changes among your dear relatives: the death of your grandmother and cousin G——. Of the latter I had been previously informed. Truly we can say, ‘a good man has fallen in Israel.’ I know of no man for whom we had a higher respect and Christian love than for him. His great and uniform kindness to us will ever be engraven on our hearts. Your dear grandmother too; every thing that ‘is lovely and of good report’ is associated with her image. She was always ready to engage in every good word and work. How powerfully did her example stimulate me to action; for with such a prompter and aid who could help going forward in the path of duty. And then how undeviating was her interest in our welfare: the same alike in our adversity as prosperity. I did hope I should be permitted to see her once more in this world; but it may not be. Well, the time is coming, I trust, when we shall again join in the praises of redeeming love, even around our Father’s throne.

“ You give a delightful account of your own house and garden. I congratulate you on the possession of such a charming retreat. I sincerely hope that you may long enjoy it, and that persevering in rest and quiet your beloved husband may enjoy comfortable health.

We well remember the beautiful lake upon which you are situated. We crossed it on our return from Detroit, prisoners of war, in 1812. The banks were then being beautified with country seats and cultivated farms. I assure you the distance will not deter us from visiting you, should we be able to leave. Would it not be a delightful excursion hence to New York, then up the North River, and so on to you? The thought of it even is too good for such an unworthy worm as I.

“ We were glad to learn that you had so favorable an opportunity of seeing Dr. Judd and the princes. It was a great treat to us who knew dear L—— so well. By the papers we see that they have safely arrived at the Islands, and were received with demonstrations of joy and respect.

“ Our beloved pastor has returned from Europe with improved health, and a heart overflowing with love to God and man. He is longing, praying and laboring to see the Lord’s work revived in this place. Our house of worship has become so full since his return that several families desiring to worship with us have been unable to obtain seats; and the result is that we feel obliged to *colonize*. So with Mr. L—— and twenty families, as a nucleus for a new church and society, we commenced last Sabbath to worship in a Hall. The room is very pleasant, but the two flights of stairs which we must ascend are rather trying to persons whose breath is short as mine. The remainder of the church remain in the neat and commodious edifice which you worshiped in when here. The attempt to build another church seems formidable, but in the strength of the Lord we will go forward. He has answered prayer by filling our house,

and thus has made it necessary to form another church and build again, and will not he continue to bless? It is a great thing at our time of life to go over the same ground again: but we left it entirely with Providence to dispose of us as he pleased. We would not decide for ourselves, but left it to the church to say whether we should go or stay. It is just as we would have had it, although we have not said so until it was decided. You may ask, why does *the pastor* go? It is something new, I know, to take the pastor, but we think he is a more suitable person for the enterprise than any one whom we could get. And besides, unless *he* would leave *no one else would*, or at least not a sufficient number to accomplish any thing. But we would not trust in *man*. The work is God's; he alone can prosper any undertaking, and 'in his strength we will arise and build.' So while we have to rear a new edifice, our brethren who remain will have to find them a new minister. May God prosper each branch in their arduous work.

"We still continue to have large numbers of sick seamen: there are now over one hundred. Some are very interesting cases. One has lately deceased, giving evidence of a happy exchange; he was born in Hartford, Conn. After traveling the mighty deep for some years, he was sent here to die of consumption. He has no mother or relative to mourn over his early exit, or soothe his dying bed, his family having all gone before him, although he was only twenty-six. I felt it a privilege to minister to his comfort both of soul and body. He was patient, resigned, and grateful to his heavenly Father and to those around him. He was here for several months. The Sabbath on which he

died I went into his room to read the Bible and converse with him. Death was making rapid strides, his throat filling so that he could not take any food. But when I left him he bade me good-night most pleasantly, and soon after his spirit took its flight to that home which he had contemplated so often with peace and joy.

“We have a colored sailor here,—a real African,—who has lost all his toes, and will be crippled for life. When he first came here, eight months ago, his feet were so bad I could not go into his room; but I used to stand at the door and say a few words to comfort him, and as soon as his condition would allow me to sit beside him I did so. I found him very ignorant, knowing only his letters. Feeling that he would have many weary hours ere his recovery I resolved to teach him to read. He can now read in easy lessons, and is very grateful to his instructor. I did not pursue the same course in teaching him that I would with a child, but gave him lessons in which he would get ideas as well as words, and this increased his interest. I want that he should be able before he leaves to read the Scriptures, that he may become wise unto salvation. He wishes to return to Africa, and will be sent by the Colonization Society next spring. Once more, dear E., adieu.

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. E. C. B.

“*May 17th, 1851.*”

“Ever dear E.:—Your esteemed favor, post-marked 14th inst., is just received, and I thank you for this fresh proof of your affectionate remembrance. The kind feelings therein expressed I receive as the offering

of the generous heart that dictated them, though far beyond the deserts of the friend whom you address. It is true that many of my poor attempts to perform my duty have been crowned with success. But it is all of God, whose loving kindness has strewn my path with flowers. Although my life has been like that of others, a varied scene of sorrow and joy, yet when I review it, the latter seems so to predominate as to obliterate all traces of the former. Only *mercy* seems written on every page of my long life, and I have so many good things here as to make me sometimes afraid that I am having them all in this world. Oh, may I have that faith which is the gift of God, and without which it is impossible to please him. Thus only shall I be enabled to fill the sphere which he has allotted me, and having the presence of my Saviour, go on my way rejoicing. Oh, the forbearance of God towards a guilty world! and especially toward those who bear his name, with some of whom their profession is the only token of their discipleship.

“ We saw our dear pastor last evening, and gave him your message. He received it with much pleasure, and returns you many thanks. The site for our new church is chosen, and the building will soon be commenced. Our village is thriving in temporals exceedingly, and there cannot fail of being a large population. The next time you visit us I hope you will have time to ride about and see it more than you were able to do in your last brief visit. You ask us many questions respecting our former life which we would readily answer by letter, only that we have concluded—what do you think?—*that we will come and answer them in person.* Yes, dear,

we have resolved, Providence permitting, to visit you for a few days during the first or second week in June. We propose to come by the way of New York and Albany, as Anna will be with us, and she has never seen those cities. And besides, should we come by the way of the North River, we could pass a day with your dear Sophia at Catskill, if her health will admit of her seeing us. Now write us if you will be at home at the time proposed, and free from any engagements which would render our visit inexpedient. Tell us frankly also what you think of our calling upon S——. Do not encourage us to do so, unless you are sure it will be perfectly proper and agreeable.

“ We have heard nothing from Mrs. Judd since the doctor’s return, but presume you will hear soon. Were you acquainted with him before he married our friend? I had never seen him before, but was very favorably impressed by our short interview. His manners are very courteous and gentlemanly, and I should consider him a man of marked ability.

“ 18th. Dear E., husband read my letter last evening, and thinks I have been *too positive* in my calculations of visiting you this summer. I am therefore obliged to qualify my promise by saying that if we can do so consistently with other engagements we will. But if you have any plans for that month, do not let us interfere with them. Write just how it is. I will only say that I do not give up the delightful hope of sometime seeing you in your own dear home, which you describe so sweetly. Husband joins with Anna and self in much love to you all; and as we may possibly see you soon,

and it hurts me to write much, I will close now with the promise of a longer letter next time. Adieu, my beloved.

“Your affectionate,

“L. B. BACON.”

The journey which Mrs. Bacon was so desirous of taking to visit her friends in the State of New York, (both at Geneva and Sackett's Harbor,) she did accomplish as proposed, and enjoyed it in the highest degree. “Never,” said she to her friends upon her return, “never was there a June so beautiful before. It really seemed as if the heavens and the earth conspired to heighten our enjoyment.” The following was written immediately after her arrival home, describing the homeward route.

To Mrs. B——d, of Geneva.

“June 30th, 1851.

“My very dear Elizabeth:—I write to assure you of our safe return home. Our visit was so sweet and pleasant that, now it is over, I can find no words to describe it. It does rejoice my heart to have seen you so comfortably, so delightfully situated. Oh, may your life and health, and that of your dear family be spared to get good and do good. And may your love and gratitude to the Author of all these blessings be commensurate with the benefits bestowed. How often since my return have I thought of the charming retreat at the bottom of your garden, where I spent such a pleasant morning with those dear little girls. It was enough to make any one happy to witness their enjoyment. As I listened to their exclamation of delight over their new-

found treasures, a pebble, a leaf, or a shell, and heard them ask, 'Isn't this beautiful,' or 'sweet,' or 'charming,' I answered, 'Yes.' But my thought was, 'not half so charming, sweet, or lovely as yourselves.' When I saw them playing with their pet lamb, I breathed a silent prayer that their hearts might be led to 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' Our ride to Syracuse on our return was very pleasant. After tea, learning that Mrs. Heron was in the house where we stopped, we soon found our way to her room, and were received with much cordiality by herself and husband. Mrs. S. was also residing there with her daughter. I was very glad to see her, as she was a great favorite of mine in her youth, on account of her correct deportment. She looks so young still that I could scarcely believe it when she told me she was a grandmother. An hour of sweet converse flew swiftly by, and we reluctantly parted to get our necessary rest, that we might rise early and take the cars for Oswego. We thought the ride to O. very fine, though it was through a rude part of the country. The sail from thence to Sackett's was most delightful. The air was cool and bracing, and we had smooth water all the way. I need not, and I could not tell you my feelings on beholding that place endeared to me by a thousand tender recollections. It was there I joined the people of God, and there His Spirit taught me in various ways that I, even I, had one talent to improve for him. Till then, I had lived without any realizing sense of my obligations. Oh, how long-suffering and patient is Jehovah with his rebellious and ungrateful creatures. My husband felt rather reluctant to go to Sackett's, fearing that his feelings

would be more pained than pleased, as there had been so many removals by death of those whom he loved. But he is now glad he went, and thankful to those dear friends who after the lapse of so many years greeted us with such affectionate kindness. It was good to be in their midst once more and join with them in prayer and praise. Good to see those men who commenced their Christian career in the Sabbath school now *elders* in that church which first received their covenant obligation to be the Lord's. We dined with cousin J——'s widow, and took tea with your dear father's family. Amid all the changes, it was pleasant to be in that same parlor once more. How natural every thing looked, and your beautiful mother hardly altered at all. I saw three of your brothers; E—— came from Oswego with us. Mrs. D—— is much the same, and her two daughters whom I saw are very pretty. One of them is very much like what her mother was at sixteen. On Saturday afternoon we went to Watertown to see T. C's family. We had a charming ride over the plank road, and Seward's Island we thought delightful. Widow C., though a sincere mourner for her husband, seems very happy in her children. Her sons are certainly very fine young men, and must be a great comfort to her. Parents cannot be too thankful when their sons as well as daughters are pious. I saw your brother G——'s wife and two of his children; they were both beautiful. How strange it seemed to see so many whom we left children now fathers and mothers themselves. Then I realized my own age more than ever before. I was pleased with your sister H——; her frankness was most amiable. We had quite a time over the flowers in

the garden, and she gave me some roots to take home, besides promising me that if she comes to Boston she will certainly visit us. Mrs. B—— seems very happy in her dear children, and they are certainly precious ones. I admire Dr. H—— and do hope that he may be restored to health, although my fears are stronger than my hopes.

“ We left dear Sackett’s on Monday noon, and after a most charming sail among the Thousand Islands, arrived at Ogdensburg at nine P. M. At ten the next morning we left O., but being detained, did not reach Montreal until nine in the evening. The sail from Ogdensburg to Montreal was truly magnificent. But too much of the *awful* mingles with the *sublime* in coming through those rapids for me ever to risk a second trip merely for pleasure. It is exciting in the extreme. But the Almighty was our keeper. This is truly a wonderful river, and taking it as a whole, perhaps the most so in the world. And such a constant variety: from river to lake, then through the rapids, then amid boiling places like Hurlgate, only more terrible. During your passage through the rapids you would think there was a strong gale of wind, while at the same time on shore not a leaf could be seen moving. In passing the longest rapid I saw upon my right a steamer, which appeared as if poised in the air. It was passing up the canal, and was in a lock. We must have made a strange appearance to them. I thought of the observation of your dear children respecting the scenery at your lake, ‘that we were a picture to each other.’ We became acquainted with a very pleasant lady and gentleman on the boat, who stopped with us at the same hotel in Montreal, and we rode around the mountain together.

This is a charming ride, commanding a view of a highly cultivated country. Indeed it looked like a beautiful garden spread out before us; the distance round the mountain was about six miles, and the roads, (ascending and descending gradually,) were so fine that I think I never took a more pleasant drive. On the top of the mountain stands a noble building, the former residence of the Canadian Governor's. But since Lord Elgin's departure it has been converted into a public house. Its salubrious air, fine prospect and ample accommodations allure many to this charming retreat. * * *

“We made an acquaintance on the river with a Mr. C——, a resident at Montreal, and found him a very intelligent gentleman who knew the whole route. He was like a guide book to us, giving us all needful information respecting different locations on the way. The Lachine Rapids we did not pass through. These are the last, and are very near to Montreal. Only the mail boat descends there. I was thankful that we were not obliged to, as they are the most terrific of all, being in one place quite perpendicular. The boat dashed in and under them like a duck, and I am told that some ladies like to go through them. Mr. C. told me that he had descended them in an open Canadian boat with women and children. This reminded me of the old boat song, ‘Row, brothers, row.’

“We left Montreal on Thursday morning, going by boat nine miles, and then by the cars seventeen miles to St. John's. There we took a beautiful steamer up the Lake Champlain to Burlington. Our passage was most delightful, the eye being gratified all the way with interesting and pleasant sights, and the time beguiled

with intelligent company. At Burlington we were made very comfortable. Good fare, and a comfortable bed in a large, airy room, refreshed and prepared us for the hardest day's work of traveling which we had yet endured. This was a jaunt of two hundred and thirty-three miles in the cars, from Burlington to Boston. We left the former place at eight in the morning, and reached the latter at seven in the evening! Having sent a notice of our return by the wires in the morning, our faithful S—— was in waiting with the carryall, and we soon arrived at our pleasant home. Here we found all things right, and were overwhelmed with the goodness of our heavenly Father, who had guided and guarded us in our long and somewhat perilous journey. Never had we taken so long a one before except from imperative necessity, in the way of business. But this was solely for pleasure and mental profit, and I think few could say that they had traveled thirteen hundred miles with more ease and delight.

“Our dear pastor is to leave next Monday with his wife and child on a visit to his father in Central New York. He has recently lost his mother, a dear and most excellent woman.

“Husband and Anna join me in the strongest expressions of love to you all. Accept many thanks for your kindness and attentions during our sojourn with you. The savor of that visit will long continue, and the beautiful places to which husband gave a name will not soon be forgotten. Write soon, my dear E.; every thing that interests you will find a quick response in our hearts.

“I am, as ever, your affectionate,

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

To Mrs. H. B.

“*July 10th, 1851.*”

“My very dear sister:—We are exceedingly anxious to hear from you again, as the doctor was so unwell at the time we left you. We regretted very much not to see your good minister and his wife, and also Mrs. B——. We understood the latter was to call upon us on Monday or we should have gone to see them. The time was so short that I could not do all I wished. Mr. Bacon being out so much had a much better opportunity than I of seeing the people. Now that my visit is over, it seems more like a pleasant dream than a waking reality. I ask myself, is it possible that I have been again at Sackett’s? that I have there met once more the dear friends with whom I used to take ‘sweet counsel and go to the house of God in company’? Our journey was delightful from beginning to end; not an unpleasant circumstance occurred to mar our enjoyment. Tell dear Harriet that we experienced no discomfort from the roughness of the passage to Kingston. We met some delightful company on board the boat, who were our fellow-passengers to Montreal, and stopped when there at the same public house. It was a new hotel near the Cathedral, quite in the centre of the city, called the St. Lawrence Hall.

“I wish you had been with us to enjoy the trip down the St. Lawrence River; it must be seen to be understood; words cannot describe its beauties. I never met with any thing before which more exalted my ideas of Almighty power and skill, than those rapids and the scenery which surrounds them. And that God should give to the human mind skill to navigate them and to

go by steam where formerly nothing but the light bateau of the Canadian dared to venture, is wonderful. I think Canada must be a fine country, though I should not wish to live there. I never was so sensible of the comparative *poorness* of the soil in Massachusetts as in returning to the State after journeying through Vermont and New Hampshire. There may be, it is true, more skill and intelligence in our agriculture; indeed there must be if we would wring from nature any thing like a fair return for our toil. Never would our State have been settled had it not been done before other and more fertile portions of the country were seen. But I presume the exertion necessary to bring the land into proper tillage, (especially in an age when the appliances to agriculture were fewer and ruder than at present,) was one means of producing such a hardy race of men as our ancestors were.

“Now, my dear sister, will you not write soon, and tell us about the doctor’s health. We want also to hear of the little darling, and her mother and grandmother.

“You, my dear sister H——, are very pleasantly situated, having what Thomson in his *Seasons* calls ‘an elegant sufficiency.’ May you all live to enjoy many years, blessing and being blessed. Receive our heartfelt thanks for all your kindness to us when with you, and do not fail to give us an opportunity to return it ere long. Husband and Anna respond to all the kind feeling in this letter for you and yours.

“Kiss little blue-eyed Hattie for me; her sunny face is continually before me. Adieu. The Lord bless and keep you all, is the prayer of

“Your unworthy friend,

“L. B. BACON.”

Soon after Mrs. Bacon's return from this long desired and much prized visit, her affectionate heart was wounded and her sympathies called forth by the sudden and unexpected death of another nephew, the third child of the sister already twice so recently bereaved. Allusions to the death of this kinsman occur in several subsequent letters beside the following, which is addressed to his mother not long after the sad event.

To Mrs. S.

“ August 7th, 1851.

“My dear sister will excuse my not writing her ere this. I have very much wished to do so, but could not compose myself long enough at a time, with such constant calls.

“Dr. I—— and his wife have taken a journey, leaving little E—— in my care. He is as little trouble as a child can be, yet the fear that something might happen to him in the absence of his parents has made me exceedingly anxious. Josiah has also been very unwell, and he is so unused to being really sick that it was pretty hard for him. However, he is better now, and the doctor has returned, so that I am relieved of my most pressing cares. None of these, I suppose, would be any trouble to one who was young and well; but old age and infirmity, you know, make a world of difference.

“We have felt for you very much, dear sister, in your new and unexpected trial. Joseph was the last one whom I should have expected to come to a premature death. I always thought him a man of healthy and vigorous constitution, and expected he would live to be

the prop of your old age. But our heavenly Father has ordered it otherwise. Our only consolation is and must be that He is too wise to err, and too kind needlessly to afflict. Oh, let us trust him still. I have never known *your* trials experimentally in burying promising children; but *I have had those that required faith to bear*, and still I would say, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' Dear sister, while you mourn over your *departed* loved ones, let gratitude fill your heart for those that remain. I pray that they may still be spared, and continue to be a blessing and a comfort to you.

"A—— says some of my friends wondered that I could write such long letters about my journey. They cost me much pain, it is true; but I had enjoyed much, and wished to share that enjoyment with those who were not with me. It would be a poor delight to me which I could not impart a portion of to others.

"We hope to see you here in the fall. Mrs. M—— is ready to accompany you to New York, and we shall depend upon a visit then. Love to sister T—— and all friends, from

"Yours truly,

"LYDIA."

To Mrs. B., of S. H.

"August 9th, 1851.

"Your precious letter of July 23d was gratefully received. It afforded us pleasure to hear that Dr. H—— was no worse, but was well enough to journey. I write this to say that we should be most happy to see him here to pass a week or more with us. He would

have all the benefit of sea bathing and pure air, and we would try to make him comfortable as possible. Do you not think our plan would do? We very much want him to get well, if it is our heavenly Father's will; for it does seem as if he could not be spared from his dear family and friends. I am very glad to hear little Harriet is better. May she be continued to you all. But love her not too well. Earthly treasure is a 'broken reed,' to lean upon, and oft a spear

'On whose sharp point peace bleeds and hope expires.'

But this is a needless caution, perhaps, to you, and surely comes with an ill grace from one who has not had half the discipline and experience which it has been your lot to bear. I recollect your once telling me *that you had tried every rope in the ship*; and I know your faith has been an example to us all. The recollection of my visit to you, how vivid, how delightful! It will afford food for memory to feast upon for a long time to come. Abby T—— is longing to hear an account of it from my own mouth, for she, too, was deeply interested in Sackett's Harbor friends.

"Soon I suppose the C—— family will assemble to witness the nuptials of Miss H——. May every thing be propitious to the happy occasion. Mr. B——, I understand, is to tie the knot indissoluble. Remember us to them all, and say to H—— that the violet she gave me bore the journey home and is carefully cherished for her sake. Our dear Anna has been much afflicted in the unexpected death of her second brother, thirty-nine years of age. He had been residing in St. Louis

twelve years or more. For about eight months he had been indisposed, with cough and pain in his side, but never told his friends. He tried the cod-liver oil, but without effect, and at length became so feeble that his physician advised him to try his native air. He set out for home, being obliged frequently to stop to gather strength to proceed. When at length he reached his mother's, he entered, looking like a corpse. What a shock to his friends, who had not heard he was sick, and did not know that he intended visiting them! Four weeks from the time he entered the house he was carried from it to his burial. O that this afflictive event may be sanctified to Anna! She feels her loss deeply; may it teach her the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of immediate preparation to meet the summons which must sometime come to her. This is the third severe blow which has come to her in less than four years. Two brothers and a sister in this short period have fallen victims to this dread destroyer. Pray for this dear child, that her heart may be softened, and that she may now make her peace with God, and become a happy follower of the Redeemer.*

“Yours ever,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. B——d.

“*September, 1851.*

“How delightful it would be, my precious E——, could I just step into your sweet home and enjoy an hour's chat, instead of telling you my thoughts on paper.

* This prayer has been graciously answered in the hopeful conversion of this young relative.

But as this cannot be, I am truly thankful for so good a medium of communication as pen and ink; for one of my greatest earthly comforts is that of holding converse with you and yours. My visit renewed and deepened all my former interest; and all I have to regret is its briefness. Oh, that visit! how we did enjoy it! Your home continually rises in imagination before me. Again I am with you, in your beautiful garden, in the woods, by the lake; again I see your dear little girls frolicking with their pet lamb, and long to be a child myself and join the sport. Kiss those darlings for me, and do not let them forget their Auntie Bacon.

“How did the children like the ‘Bible Stories?’ and how did you enjoy ‘Wide, Wide World?’ I would thank you, ere I forget it, for your letter describing your visit to Albany. It was full of interest to me, and I was delighted that you went.

“We wanted you with us, week before last, at Portland, whither we went to the meeting of the American Board. It was a feast indeed. You will of course read the report in the papers, and I will not enlarge upon it. The returned missionaries held an interesting meeting with the children one morning. One of the largest churches was full to overflowing. It was good to be there, although I was suffering from bruises received from a fall the day before we left home. You remember the situation of our attic stairs. I was coming down, and, it being rather dark, thought I was upon the last stair when I was on the second. So I stepped off, and fell, striking my head just over my right eye, and coming down with great force upon my stomach and ribs. I cannot describe to you the dreadful jar which it gave

to my whole system. As the Hibernian said, 'I *thought* I was *killed*,' but soon rose, made the proper appliances, and the next day, though feeling very lame, went to the meeting. I had a wonderful preservation of life and limb, for which I hope I am truly thankful. I still feel the effects of my fall, and fear I shall for some time.

"How is dear Sophia D——? I sent her a few lines after our return, reminding her of her promise to visit us, and requesting her husband to inform us at what depot we should meet them and when. But having seen and heard nothing from them, I conclude they have not visited the seaboard. It would have given us great pleasure to see and entertain them. Do remember us to that dear family most affectionately, and ask them if they received our letter.

"The great jubilee* is over. We trust it may be productive of good and inspire the people on both sides the border with a more fraternal feeling. We hoped to see your dear father among the visitors, knowing his deep interest in such works of practical utility. I did not attend the celebration myself, having no desire to be in such a crowd, and thinking it better for my health to remain in my peaceful home. You no doubt read the proceedings in the papers, and know as well as I could tell you how fine the weather was, how splendid the parade, how interesting the speeches, &c., &c.

"Husband and Anna join me in kind remembrances to you all. A—— fully intended writing to Sophia ere this, but has been prevented hitherto. Tell dear S——

* The celebration of the completion of the Grand Junction Railway, connecting Canada with Boston and New York.

we remember all her kindness, and hope sometime to have an opportunity to return it. I could but *laugh* to hear you projecting another visit from us next summer. No, dear, it is your turn now, and we shall hope to see you. Adieu for the present.

“Your affectionate,

“L. B. BACON.”

Mrs. Bacon's interest in the new enterprise undertaken by a colony from the church to which she had for many years belonged, did not abate. Yet she loved both the branches of this fair and goodly tree; and although her more direct efforts were given to the increase and enlargement of that one with which herself and husband were now identified, still she never forgot to pray for and rejoice in the prosperity of the others. The sisters in Christ who were accustomed to unite with her in their weekly circle of prayer, will not soon forget the frequency and fervor of her petitions for “the sister church.” Especially did she plead “that God would send them a pastor—a man after his own heart, to go in and out before them, and break unto them the bread of life.”

This prayer was (as we trust) graciously answered; and Mrs. B. rejoiced in the event with hearty sincerity. The two churches were now called the “Broadway,” and “Chestnut street,” after the streets in which they were respectively located. The new building was in Chestnut street; and the expense incurred in its erection was so great, that the *ladies* connected with the enterprise resolved to furnish it from the avails of their own industry. Accordingly a social levee was held, at which

various articles which the ladies had prepared, and many others which had been generously bestowed upon them, were exhibited and sold. This explanation is given that the allusions to these facts in some of the letters which follow, may be better understood.

To Mrs. T——

“*December 31, 1851.*

“True, indeed, my dear—our letters are few and far between. But we have such constant intercourse with —— and thus hear from each other so often, that it seems almost like living together. Still I should love to write oftener, if time and strength would allow me; but I cannot write without hurting my side, and therefore am apt to omit it unless I have something special to communicate.

“You complain of a monotonous life; but did not you ask for *rest*? God has granted your request, but he has done it in *his* way, not *yours*. Oh, how many times has God answered my prayers and given me that which I asked. But he has always done it in *his own way*, and often in a totally different method from what I expected. I often quote to myself those expressive stanzas of John Newton’s.

“‘I asked the Lord that I might grow
 In faith and love and every grace;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.
 ’Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
 And he, I trust, has *answered* prayer:
 But it has been *in such a way*
 As almost drove me to despair.’

“The loss of the babe was, I know, a great disappointment; but think of it with other loved ones as basking in the sunshine of a Saviour’s love where there is no sin. *Oh, that sinless world!* To be without sin *for a single moment* would be *bliss*; but to be *forever* free from it, *unspeakable blessedness!*”

“I wish I had thought to ask you to make something for our *sale*: I am sure you would have been interested. I do not very much approve of *fairs* for religious purposes. But ours was not one of the common kind: every objectionable feature, (as far as we could control circumstances) was carefully excluded. ‘Grab boxes,’ ‘lotteries,’ &c., which are among the usual excrescences of these occasions, were omitted; and propriety and decorum marked all the proceedings. The whole affair was ‘got up’ in about six weeks. We have three vestries under our church. The largest, which will seat five hundred, was arranged with taste and beautifully decorated with evergreens. In this the sale was held; the tables, ten in number, which were well filled with useful and fancy articles, were upon the sides of the room. This left ample space for visitors; and although there was a large number, there was no jam. One of the smaller vestries received the hats, cloaks, &c., while in the other tea was served three times; only as many being admitted at once, as could be comfortably waited upon. They entered by one door and retired by another, so that there was no confusion. We have realized already exclusive of all expenses \$775 dollars, and shall reach \$800 or more. Besides this effort, we are making the covers to our pew cushions, thus saving much expense to the society. * * * *”

With the compliments of the season, I send you and
— a little present, the work of my own hands.

“Yours truly,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. E. C. B.

“*January 1st, 1852.*”

“Many, very many happy returns of this season to my dear E., to her husband, and her darling girls. I should have answered your letter sooner, but wished when I did write, to be able to tell you something about our new church. But first I must refer to the contents of your last, and tell you how delighted I was with your description of that wedding. How beautiful must have been that garden with the arbor lighted within and so elegantly adorned; and heaven’s splendid lamp illuminating the whole with a brilliancy which no artificial light could equal. I cannot tell you how much I think of you all at Geneva and at Sackett’s. Since my visit there, my heart has been clinging to old friends with fresh tenacity. The fountains of memory were stirred afresh; and by-gone scenes have risen up before me with a vividness at once real and startling. Husband enjoys the remembrance of our visit as much as I do; it forms the subject of much sweet mutual converse. How kind in our heavenly Father to permit us so great a happiness. I am glad that your mother went with the bridal pair upon their journey. I think her return must have been a little sad when she came to realize that all her daughters have now left the beautiful home of their childhood.

“Our new church is a beautiful structure. Only the

outside of the edifice and the vestries are finished. There are three of these. The largest which will seat five hundred is designed for our conference meetings. At present we use it for public worship on the Sabbath, and shall, I suppose, until the church is finished. There are two smaller vestries opening into the large one by folding doors, and communicating also with an entry which is accessible to each room independent of the others. One of these smaller vestries is for our sewing circle meetings and the other for our tea room at our monthly and annual social gatherings. Opening from the tea room is a large pantry with a boiler set, a pump, and sink. This not only affords us conveniences for tea at our benevolent and social meetings, but also for cleaning the church and vestries without troubling our neighbors for hot or cold water. In addition to these, we have three closets which are to hold our dishes, our sewing, and our refreshments. The latter are furnished by the members and are necessary because we come to our sewing circle early in the afternoon and stay until nine in the evening. We hope thus to accomplish much, and to make our gatherings something more than a ceremony. We assist in supporting a pious young man in college who is preparing for the ministry; we clothe destitute children for the Sabbath school; we send an occasional box of clothing to a home or foreign missionary; and the rest of our earnings we appropriate towards defraying the expenses of our religious enterprise. Our house when completed will cost (including the organ) about \$22,000. The ladies of the church and society have held a sale and social levee to assist in furnishing the edifice. They have raised over

\$800. The sale was held during three afternoons and evenings. On the last afternoon, the children were admitted, and had a fine time you may be sure. Each child spent their pocket money according to their fancy; and as there were plenty of toys for sale, fifes, drums and whistles all sent forth their choicest sounds. I went in on purpose to see the children's happy faces and watch their glee and enjoyment. When they had amused themselves as long as was judged best, we gave them their supper and dismissed them, delighted with their entertainment.

“Do you remember little Catharine who died such a happy death at her uncle Y——’s in Madison barracks? I wrote a short account of it some years ago for the ‘Sabbath School Visitor.’ While thinking what *I* could do personally to furnish articles for our tables at the sale, it occurred to me that I might revise that little story and have it printed and sold. A good brother in the church, learning my purpose, offered to print it gratuitously. This was done and nearly two hundred of the little books were sold at the tables. I send you a copy for the children, which they will read with interest because you can assure them of its truth. Dear Kate! I trust the perusal of her short experience may be blessed to many.

“Husband is in better health than when we saw you, and joins me in love to yourself, Mr. B., and the children. Tell the latter that Uncle Bacon wishes to know if *their lamb* has lived through this cold winter. Write soon, dearest, and tell us of your welfare.

“Your ever affectionate,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. S——

“ *February 16, 1852.*

“ I acknowledge, my dear —— that I am a miserable correspondent both as to the matter and frequency of my epistles. For this there are several reasons. One is that A—— writes you often and keeps you well informed of all the news in our family and place. Then we have such frequent communications through our mutual friends that it leaves me little worth committing to paper; and lastly, it tires me to write much, and I do not like to do it often. I hope this will find you well, as I hear you have been favored in this respect since your return. How delightful it must have been to you, after your journeyings, to be seated once more in your own snug domicil with all your wants supplied, and your good children and friends evincing their pleasure at your return by numberless acts of kindness. How sweet, how refreshing to our spirits are such manifestations, especially when we can receive them (as I know you do,) as coming from the hand of our heavenly Father. Yes, you and I can both speak of and praise the goodness of God through our long and changeful lives. Even our *crosses*—and I don't compare mine with yours, though I have had those that tried both faith and patience—even these have been blessings in disguise. In that blessed land whither we hope to go, we shall know the reasons for each afflictive dispensation; and shall bless our covenant-keeping God for all the trials we have experienced here. Let us then exercise a living faith in him; appropriating the righteousness of Christ as our only justification, and receiving pardon and salvation through his atoning blood. We

cannot fathom either his wisdom or his love ; but *we can trust him*, and this is required at our hands.

“ I have been very sick lately, more so than since I have lived in Chelsea ; but am now slowly mending. It is five weeks since I have been out ; and during all this time I have not been able to see my poor sailors, though I know all about them. I do love to go in and visit them and try to do them good. Two missionaries visit them every week, and converse, pray, and distribute tracts among them. Thus their souls and bodies are still cared for. * * * * *

“ Is it not cheering after so long a withholding of the blessed Spirit, to read in almost every paper that it is being poured out in copious effusions in various places ? The great cities are not passed by. The Baptists in Boston and here also are sharing largely in this blessing. We have had a mercy drop or two, which I hope may be the precursor of a plentiful shower of divine grace. Our sister church at Broadway has settled a pastor. He appears to be a godly, devoted man, and we hope his labors may be blessed. We need the Spirit of God to be poured out upon these churches, that both our houses may be filled with devout worshipers. Our new church will be finished the last of March. We find we were not too hasty (as some feared) in dividing and erecting another church edifice ; for one would not hold both our congregations even now ; and several are waiting for the new church to be finished to locate with us. Pray for us—and remember us affectionately to all friends.

Yours in love,

“ LYDIA B. BACON.”

To Mrs. B.

“ *March*, 1852.

“ I cannot express to you, my beloved E——, what a comfort your letters are to me. It fills my heart with gratitude to our heavenly Father, that though he has seen fit to withhold the blessing of children from us, yet we have those who love us like children, and to whom we feel an affection almost parental.

“ I do rejoice that your dear mother has so much satisfaction in her girls. I say *girls*, particularly; because however loving, obedient and moral her sons may be, yet the thought that none of them are the followers of Christ must cause her many a sad and anxious hour. I sincerely sympathize with you, my precious child, in the removal of that loved grandmother; and also in your disappointment at not beholding her face, though shrouded in death. It was hard to bear, but it was right: God afflicts us only for our good. Has not this been our experience in past trials? From your youth, God has been your refuge, and he will never forsake those who rely upon him. Oh, how full the *Book of books* is of promises to those who *trust*. And are not these promises all yea and amen in Christ Jesus?

“ I feel grateful that I had the satisfaction of seeing my dear old friend once more before her exit. Dear E——, I don't believe you know *how much reason* I have to love your grandmother. I cannot think of the past without a burst of emotion: ‘memory swells with many a proof of recollected love.’ Your mother must feel her loss most sensibly: what a parent she has been to her. Although she can, and will acquiesce in

the dealings of her heavenly Father 'who doeth all things well,' yet the vacancy can never be filled. I say this from experience. I think your dear mother will have to visit her daughters often, now that the tie which so long kept her at home is removed, and she has no young children to claim her attention. Your meeting, as a family after this bereavement must have been sadly sweet. I remember after we laid my dear mother in her last resting-place, how precious it was to talk together of her virtues and worth—how soothing to speak of her love to the Saviour, and her trust in him. How the sting of such a loss is extracted by the assurance that *all is well* with the departed. Three of our dear old friends from Sackett's have left us since the commencement of the year, your grandmother, Mrs. Buchanan, and Mr. T. Osgood. The latter was a blessed man. Like his divine Master, he went about doing good; many of my most delightful associations are connected with his memory. You recollect, no doubt, his visit to Sackett's and his interest in the Sabbath School. Our first books for that school were procured by him. Sister Buchanan, too, was a most interesting woman. Thus they drop from our side, one by one; may we be as well prepared when our summons shall come.

"I have been quite sick (since I wrote you last) with the prevailing influenza, attended with a violent cough, which prostrated me exceedingly. I am now slowly recovering, and able to go out when the weather is pleasant. I have not been to meeting but once since the tenth of January. Such a confinement from the house of God, has not happened to me before in fifteen

years. Yet I must say that this time of retirement has been sweet to me. I have been (since the first three weeks of my illness) able to read, write, and sew some; and have enjoyed such a season of quiet meditation as I never had before. My mind has dwelt much upon the past—the Lord's dealings with me, the friends that he has blessed me with, their continued kindness, and unchanging regard to one so unworthy. But most have I thought upon God's great mercy in leading me to trust in the precious Saviour; though I do not forget his kindness in providing for so long a time such a comfortable home for my advancing age. Oh, his goodness is unspeakable! Your letter, dear E——, was charming. I was glad to find that your opinion of 'Wide, wide world,' coincided so exactly with mine. It is said there is to be a sequel—I hope it may be equally good. One of the most exciting scenes, I think, was Ellen's encounter with that wicked man, when she was on horseback. That was so horridly teasing: but the mean fellow must have looked well lying in the mud. Well—it is hard to keep the rush light burning; do not we, though children of a larger growth, find it so? The divine injunction 'watch,' seems constantly sounding in my ears—Oh, may I heed it, and 'watch unto prayer.'

“Uncle Bacon sends love and kisses to the dear children; and is very glad to hear their lamb, [it must be a sheep now] is well and continues to be a comfort to them. They must have had a nice time *coasting* as we call it here. There has been a sufficiency of ice and snow this winter, and the boys and girls have enjoyed it well. I am glad you approve of this kind of

exercise even for girls: it is healthy and invigorating. If well clad, children need not fear the cold. It was one of my favorite amusements when a child to play in the snow.

“Many thanks for your pressing invitation, and that of your little ones, to visit you and them the coming summer. Nothing could give us more pleasure: but, we cannot indulge so soon again in such a luxury. Cannot you come to us and bring the dear children? They would return to their beautiful retreat with renewed pleasure. We feel very sorry to hear your sister S——, is so feeble. She is being tried and purified for that better world, whose inhabitants never say ‘I am sick.’ Remember me to her, and to all your sisters when you write.

“I have been reading a little book called ‘Sunny Side.’ It is a small volume; but I send you a copy, of which I beg your acceptance, and hope you will enjoy it as well as I have.

“Dear E——, I have written a long letter, but it has been with some tribulation, as it hurts me not a little to write. Adieu, my beloved.

“From your affectionate,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. H. B.

“April 5th, 1852.

“My very dear sister:—Your letters are a precious solace to me. The last one found me just recovering from the influenza, a severe attack of which has confined me to the house most of the time since January. It was accompanied by a violent cough which caused

great weakness, and the weather has been unusually cold and stormy, especially upon the Sabbath, so that it was not thought prudent for me to venture out. Our new church is finished, and the dedication took place last Wednesday evening. I felt as if I *must* go: so we sent for a close carriage, and I have felt no inconvenience from the exposure. The services were very appropriate and impressive. Our good pastor preached a most excellent sermon from these words in Isaiah 60th, 7th: 'I will glorify the house of my glory.' The good minister from our sister church was present, and took part in the exercises.

"The music was performed by our own choir, and was very satisfactory to the audience. Our house is neat and symmetrical, and will seat one thousand persons. We have a very fine organ and select choir, with one of the best choristers in the world. The church is carpeted and cushioned, mostly by the efforts of the ladies. It is to be lighted with gas; and warmed by furnaces of course. We find our three vestries very convenient. I believe I gave you an account of the manner in which they were connected by folding doors. But I did not tell you as I should have done, that they are all thrown open for the Sabbath school exercises every Sabbath, one of them being specially devoted to the infant department. We have had a few hopeful conversions, and a very few are inquiring the way to Zion. Oh, how much we need an abundant shower of divine grace. Do unite with me, dear sister, in *praying* for such a blessing: *we know by happy experience that our God hears and answers prayer.* Though the blessing tarry, yet it will assuredly come.

“ I have much to be thankful for, in being once more able to resume my customary duties. For many weeks, I was unable to visit my poor sailors, the state of my lungs forbidding me to talk much. This and my inability to attend church were great deprivations. But my sickness was after all a pleasant one, and I was surrounded with mercies innumerable. Among them were a kind husband and niece to anticipate my wants, the sympathy of my Christian friends, and a resigned spirit to my heavenly Father’s will—all the gift of him in whom I live, and move, and have my being. What could I ask more? Now in pleasant weather, I am able to walk out on God’s footstool to breathe his air, and go to his house with those who love to keep holy day. ‘ Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.’

“ You speak, dear H——, of our *long tried friendship*. Very sweet indeed has it been to me: and I count my intercourse with your dear family, one of the greatest blessings of my life. Your dear Harriet too, and her little one and her good husband, we feel a lively interest in. We hope to hear that a more congenial clime has restored the health of the latter, that your dear family circle may not be broken at present. Do remember us most affectionately to the doctor, and assure him of our sympathy in his long continued illness. We think and speak of you all more than ever since we were with you: that delightful visit revived so many tender recollections. What a life ours has been: it seems as if we had more cause for gratitude to God, and to our friends, than any one ever had. Oh, for a

heart to love and serve that blessed Being, who has so cared for such unworthy creatures.

“Dear E. B. informed us of her grandmother’s death, and also that you did not allow a stranger’s hand to perform the last sad offices for that blessed woman. How lonely that house must seem without one whose life was so blended with every scene of joy or sorrow witnessed there. Her death is the third among those dear old valued friends since this year began. With those three are associated some of the happiest moments of my pilgrimage: how sweet is their memory still.

“Do not fail to write soon and tell us about the doctor. We are grieved at his protracted illness: but glad that he is so resigned to his heavenly Father’s will, and can cheerfully await the issue, whether it be life, or death. Our kindest thoughts and prayers attend you all. With love to yourself and dear ones.

“I remain as ever, Yours truly,

“L. B. BACON.”

To Mrs. B——.

“*June 29th, 1852.*

“You can never know, my loved Elizabeth, what a treasure your letters are to me. Indeed, I should have said to *us*, for husband and Anna enjoy them very much. Still, they cannot feel as I do towards you who have been the child of my affections from your earliest youth. I had become quite anxious at your delay in writing, and was daily looking and hoping for a letter, when A. came to my room, with a beaming face, and handed me your welcome epistle. From your long silence, I had

feared that you were in trouble, and so it proved. Your heavenly Father has again tried you in the furnace of affliction. But blessed be his name that he has graciously delivered you, giving back that precious life, so important to the earthly comfort of yourself and children and friends. I feel that this new instance of God's goodness to you in sparing your beloved, will renew your gratitude and devotion to your Divine Benefactor. May it lead you to a closer walk with Him and more entire reliance on that Almighty arm which is promised to deliver all who put their trust in Him.

“This season of the year brings with increased freshness the memory of our very pleasant journey and visit to yourself and other friends. Our recollections of it are delightful—all your kindness and attention, the sweet seasons by the beautiful lake with those darling children—all rest upon my mind as if it were but yesterday. A year has fled most rapidly since then. How many have passed to the spirit-land while we are spared!

As I sit in my pleasant room, the prospect never seemed more charming than at present. The flowers are in full bloom, and the vegetable and fruit gardens are yielding and promising most abundantly. But as I gaze beyond them, mementos of death greet my eye—the colors at half mast on the steamboats, the shipping at anchor, and the State House all proclaim that a great and honorable one has fallen. *Henry Clay* was one of the Union's most cherished sons. His mind was clear and vigorous to the last; and he was a firm believer in that blessed Being who gave him such a giant intellect to use for his country's good. He fell asleep with a

sweet, confiding trust in his Redeemer, and, we will hope, is now among the happy throng who, with deep humility, cast their crowns at a Saviour's feet.

“My dear Josiah has been for some time past very unwell with dyspepsia. It has troubled him somewhat ever since we returned from our visit to New York State; but he is now rather better, and I hope may recover fully, and enjoy his usual health. My own is much better than when I wrote you last. I trust I am thankful for this, as it needs vigor of body and mind to fill our present sphere of action usefully. We do not feel hardly able to lay by the oar yet; but all this we leave with Him who has sustained us in our youth and will not forsake us in our old age.

“Husband is very much interested at present in a new institution for sailors which is just being established. It is to be called the Snug Harbor, and is designed for those seamen who are worn out with toiling for others' luxuries, and have no money, and no home where they may rest their weary heads. Here they are to have their souls as well as bodies cared for and ministered unto. We think this subject ought to make a strong appeal to all, but especially to those who have grown rich through the hard toil of the sons of the ocean. This society has been incorporated, and its officers are now taking preliminary steps for the collection of funds and the purchase of a location. The location which they have in view is very delightful, being about eleven miles from Boston, and easily accessible both by land and water. They wish Mr. Bacon to take the superintendence; but we are too old to take the laboring oar in such an establishment; then we are as

useful here as we could be any where; and when we leave this situation it must be for one of retirement. Were we thirty years younger, nothing would delight us more. But, although we do not desire to rust out, yet we do not feel so well able to labor as we once did. We have almost attained the age allotted to man, yet we are thankful that we are still able to do something. 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all our days.'

"You, as a family, are highly favored in being permitted to meet once more, and have the last fledged one return to you in safety. How does H—— like her new abode? No doubt it is a pleasant one; but methinks I hear her say, 'Sackett's, "With all thy faults, I love thee still."' "

"We are sorry to hear so sad an account of the health of our dear friend, Dr. H——, though we feared it would be so. When a person is so low with consumption that his medical advisers recommend another clime, I never expect any permanent improvement. I am daily expecting to hear from him through my beloved Mrs. B. We do sympathize with them. He has so much to render life desirable, and his great usefulness at Sackett's, together with their need of him there, would seem to make his removal a mysterious providence, hard to be understood. Yet, even with so much to keep us here, how much more desirable is heaven. Oh, dear E., do you not sometimes get a glimpse of that glorious state

'Whose precincts sin and sorrow ne'er invade'?

"I am glad you were pleased with 'Sunny Side.' I have just read 'Queechy.' It is an interesting work,

but more of a novel than I supposed. It is not so decidedly religious as 'Wide, Wide World,' but may please the multitude more. I do not think 'Fleda' quite so natural a character as 'Ellen Montgomery.' She is a little too perfect. It cost 'Ellen' something to keep her 'rush-light' burning. I think the authoress a fine writer, and her style at once chaste and refined.

"We have had some religious interest in both our churches, but no special revival. The Broadway church has been fitted up very neatly, and enclosed with an iron fence. They have a most excellent minister whom they love very much. * * * * *

"Do, dear E., write soon to your attached friend,

"L. B. BACON."

To Mrs. B——r.

"Sept. 10, 1852.

"My dear sister H.:—It is an unspeakable comfort to have such a friend as you have ever been to me. You have responded with ready sympathy to all the varied phases of my life, both in joy and sorrow. Need I assure you that your kind feelings are fully reciprocated? We think much of you all, and especially of your dear invalid (Dr. H.), in his debility and suffering. We do pray that you may all be supported under this heavy trial and impending blow with that Almighty grace which alone can be sufficient for a time like this. We know the *aged must* die; but when death sets his mark on those in the prime of life, with every requisite for usefulness, we are very apt to ask, Why is it? The Christian has this consolation (and it is his alone), God is his father and friend, and will afflict him only

for his good. 'Whose God is like unto our God?' Blessed thought.

"I should have written you sooner, dear H., but I too have been called to wait upon a *sick husband*. Hoping that I should be able to say he had entirely recovered, and having much to do in addition to my usual duties, I have deferred answering your affectionate and interesting epistle until I can no longer suffer you to think me so indifferent to your welfare. I want very much to hear from the Dr., and so concluded to write, although I cannot tell you as I hoped that my dear Josiah is restored to health. He is better, however, though still extremely feeble. He has not been well since our return from your house last summer. He was troubled some with dyspepsia, and became very sensitive to cold, and at length had something of a cough. All this has gradually undermined his strength and diminished his flesh, until now he is only the shadow of his former self. In July we went to Centre Harbor solely on his account, hoping a change of air might be a benefit, as the Dr. said his lungs were not materially affected. But he returned more feeble than he went. All this time he was trying to do all his business as ever, without calling a physician. At length he was obliged to consult one, who found him with rapid pulse and hot skin, and symptoms of inflammation on the liver. The medicines administered acted promptly on the system, and produced so salutary an effect that we hoped his recovery would be speedy and sure. But, contrary to our expectations, he still continues very weak, and his appetite does not rally at all. The hot weather is very trying to him. When he was in health it troubled him

exceedingly, and much more now he is so feeble. He feels so much better in a cool day that we are encouraged to hope the advancing cool weather may be favorable to him. But he has lost thirty pounds of flesh in a few weeks! Oh, I cannot describe my feelings when I look at the husband of my youth, and see him so altered. *That strong arm* on which I used to lean with so much confidence, is now *so weak* that it makes *my heart ache*. You know, dear sister, that few men have been blessed with such uniform health through a long life as he has, and this makes the contrast with his present debility more apparent. It should make us more reconciled to this sickness when we consider how many years we have both been favored beyond others. Oh, how blest have we been in being able to wait upon God so long in his house. Thirty years we have been communicants, and, if my memory serves me rightly, husband has never been absent from the table of our Lord but twice. Twelve years we have sojourned in this place, and last Sabbath was the first communion season that he was absent from his post. I, too, have been absent at such a time but twice or thrice, and in this place never. Surely this is evidence of the loving kindness of our God toward us: it is on this account solely that I mention it. Thus have we been favored above many who were much more deserving; and shall we not then be submissive under our present affliction, and bless the Hand that smites so gently? We have neared the time allotted to man in this world. Having a humble hope that we are accepted in the Beloved, and our sins washed away in his precious blood, should we not be ready to depart? True, we are surrounded with blessings and

privileges ; yet how much better is heaven than earth. There we shall feel no weariness in serving our Saviour ; and, what is more precious to me, there we shall serve him without sin.

We are rejoiced to know that our dear H—— and her husband are so well sustained under their great affliction. The promises of God are yea and amen to those who trust him. We are glad to learn that Mrs. —— is better, and that Mr. ——'s preaching is so acceptable. You say 'no fruits appear as yet.' I would ask, have Christians prayed in faith for such a blessing? Unless they do, they must not expect it. We have additions every communion season to our number, mostly from among the young. We should no doubt have more, were we as a church more prayerful and less worldly-minded. We, too, need the spirit in our midst, without which Paul may plant and Apollos water in vain. Do remember us at a throne of grace.

"Mrs. B——d gave me an account of her husband's sickness: it must have been distressing indeed. We are thankful that his valuable life has been spared. May he be long continued a blessing to all with whom he is connected.

"And now, dear sister, pray for us (as we do for you), that we may be prepared for all that awaits us, and may, with sweet submission and holy patience, abide God's will. With fervent prayer that you and we may be divinely directed and supported, I remain as ever

"Your affectionate and sympathizing

"L. B. BACON."

The hope of her husband's recovery, which Mrs. Bacon expressed to her friend in the letter just given, was not to be realized. Disease had taken firm hold, and neither the fondest love, the most untiring care, or the best medical skill could arrest its progress. For two or three weeks after the preceding letter was written, hopes and fears alternately predominated as to the issue of his sickness. His loving companion, whose sanguine temperament always led her to look upon the bright side, maintained a cheerful courage, and was hopeful of his recovery almost to the last. Indeed, he was not confined to his bed more than a week, and less than a month had elapsed from the date of Mrs. B's last communication ere she was tasting the bitterness of a great bereavement. Her husband died on the first Sabbath in October, aged sixty-seven years and nine months. On Wednesday, Oct. 6th, his funeral was attended in the Chestnut st. church, where a solemn and impressive discourse was delivered by his pastor, from these words, "Even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

A few passages from this discourse briefly describing the closing scene will here be given. "He received the announcement that he must die without a change of expression or a word of regret." "The first time I saw him after he had taken his bed and all hope of his recovery was past, he took my hand and with an expressive tear trickling down his cheek said, 'the will of the Lord be done.' My *judgment* responded 'so let it be,' but my heart cried out, 'if it be possible, let this cup pass.' Raised in his bed by strong men, he made his last mark upon his quarterly returns forty-

eight hours before his death. When told by his brother that all was right with respect to his accounts, like a weary soldier when the battle was fought and the victory won, he laid himself down to sleep. Not another word about business escaped his lips. All was just right; not a pain too much; death had not come too soon; his work was done; all was peace. Christ was near and precious, and heaven open before him. We claim not for our friend an exemption from the frailties which belong to our race. He saw much in his past life to regret; but all was well, because an Almighty Saviour, in whom he trusted, had undertaken on his behalf. So at half-past twelve on Sabbath noon, he entered into his rest without a struggle. He had lived the *Christian life*, and his death was that of the Christian."

The following are among the words of comfort addressed to Mrs. Bacon by her sympathizing pastor:

"The bereaved widow will find consolation both in his life and in his death. She was his playmate in childhood, his firm friend in riper years, his companion in the camp and on the tented field. Nor was she less his companion in his struggles against reigning sin, and his conquests through heavenly grace; in his church relations at Sackett's Harbor and at Sandwich; and in the great and good work which he has accomplished here, both for seamen and for this church and community. And now she may be cheered with the hope that this separation will be only for a season. This passed, she shall join her beloved in a companionship which nothing shall mar or interrupt. Christ is her surety, God is her husband, and the bright bow of promise spans the grave where this precious dust shall lie

‘Even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.’ Let her then in this sad hour say to her troubled bosom, ‘peace, be still.’ ‘I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.’”

Meekly did our afflicted friend bow her head under this bereaving stroke. Though sorely chastened she was not overwhelmed, and instead of gloomily poring over this heavy trial she seemed to be gratefully reviewing the mercies of the past. The language both of her heart and lips was, “Truly, goodness and mercy have followed me all my days.” “Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil also?” So when the “precious dust” of her beloved was laid in the beautiful cemetery at “Woodlawn,” with touching resignation she said, “Farewell—I shall go to him, but he will not return to me.”

The aged step-mother of Mr. Bacon had survived him. From this dear kinswoman Mrs. Bacon now received a most touching letter of condolence, remarkable as the production of one who had lived beyond the allotted period of human life. Its perusal will show that she had not outlived her sympathies, or the useful exercise of her mental powers, though now at an advanced age. It is dated

“*Portland, Oct. 10, 1852.*”

“My very dear daughter Lydia:—Although deeply afflicted by this trying bereavement, I thought I would write you a few lines, hoping they will find you supported under so severe a trial of your faith. We have all experienced a sad loss. My dear child, I can truly

sympathize with you; 'lover and friend has God taken from you.' But I trust he 'has not taken his loving kindness from you, nor suffered his faithfulness to fail.' 'The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his.'

"The last time I saw the dear departed, he looked changed and sick, but oh! to me so like his dear father, that my heart yearned towards him much. Still I hoped he would recruit a little, but was deceived in his case as in that of my son William. And here am I like the old stock of a tree: the useful branches are cut off, and I am still left standing. Oh, may I be prepared to meet the shaft of death as this dear departed one has done. We feel a sweet confidence that through the merits of a precious Saviour, he has entered upon 'the full enjoyment of God to all eternity.' This is a consolation which no words can describe.

"May you, my dear, be filled with the peaceable fruits of righteousness by the Lord's chastening hand. For God is able not only to uphold the soul, but also to enable it to rejoice in tribulation. Dear Lydia, it must be a very trying time with you at present. I hope your health will not suffer on account of the various duties you may have to perform; and as you have so many good and kind friends to help take the burden of care from you, you may have more time to meditate on God's dealings with you. From place to place the Lord has been your guide, and I trust will be 'until you change this mortal state for your eternal home.'

"My dear daughter, may this poor epistle find you like Mary sitting at the feet of your Saviour, trusting

in his finished righteousness and ransomed by his precious blood. And may the blessing of your heavenly Father be with you. So prays

“Your affectionate mother,

“AGNES BACON.”

The death of her husband, of course, deprived Mrs. Bacon of the home which for nearly twelve years she had enjoyed and beautified. Another Steward must take Mr. Bacon's place at the hospital, and his widow must leave the spacious and airy rooms, every one of which looked out upon a prospect extensive and beautiful. Over those ample windows the vines which she had cultured and trained, climbed in graceful luxuriance, around the door steps, and in the broad window-sills were clustered the choice plants which she had raised and tended like household pets. Across the graveled walk, lay her flower garden still smiling in the remains of its summer beauty. And before her danced the bright blue waves beyond whose glistening summits the spires of the city, the dome of the capitol, and Bunker Hill's gray shaft towered to the sky.

All these she must leave to the care, the hand, the eye of a stranger. Painfully did her friends anticipate her sadness at such a parting. But they were mistaken—“none of these things moved” her. A few natural tears she shed, indeed. But it was not the loss of these enjoyments that stirred her soul to its depths as she contemplated her removal. “I can leave all these,” she said, “*but how can I give up my poor sailors?*”

The little property which her husband had gathered

from the savings of his salary, was bequeathed by him to the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," mentioned in these pages as about to be established in the neighborhood of Boston. For (in the words of his pastor at his funeral) we may say, "he *loved the sailor*. Long ago he adopted the sons of the ocean as his children. While he lived, he ceased not to labor and pray for their temporal and spiritual good. And nearly all of this world's goods, that he and his companion by economy and industry have gathered and saved, is bequeathed for their benefit when she shall have completed her course."

The institution which Mr. Bacon thus contributed to endow is located at Quincy Point; and the last ride which he planned, but which his rapidly failing strength obliged him to relinquish, was to that place. It was Mrs. Bacon's wish still to remain in Chelsea: and her principal care for herself was to secure a quiet home of easy access to the house of God, where she and her departed had worshiped. "I know not," said she to the writer, "where to look for a boarding place; but I mean not to be over anxious. I have committed the matter to my heavenly Father, and I feel that he will provide." The next time I saw Mrs. B. she exclaimed, with a smiling face, "the Lord has taken care of me and has provided me with just such a location as I wished. Only think, it is in Chestnut street *just opposite our church*, and in a nice quiet family. Oh, my friend, it *is* good to trust in the Lord. He has never failed me; never disappointed my confidence."

The bereaving strokes of God's providence still continued to afflict our friend and call forth her sorrows for

herself and her tenderest sympathies for others. A beloved niece who was happily married, and had just gone (accompanied by her children and sister) to rejoin her husband in South America, was speedily called to mourn that husband's sudden death. Mrs. Bacon learned the sad news while on a visit to the parents of her young relative; and immediately addressed to her the following letter of condolence.

“*Brookline, Feb. 14, 1852.*”

“From the heading of this letter, my dear afflicted niece will perceive that I am with her beloved parents in this hour of trial. I came to make them a little visit in their and my loneliness, but little did I anticipate such a dreadful blow to our happiness. To my poor heart, it is *like putting a fresh blister on one not healed*. How short-sighted we are! How often troubles come from a source where we least expected them. Within five short months, death's unerring shafts have laid each of our best earthly comforts low. Dear, precious Sarah! What shall I say to you in this hour of your deep distress? I cannot, I would not bid you not to mourn. This you cannot refrain from; and I have too recently drank the bitter cup myself to be able to give such advice. Mourn, you may, sweet child, bereaved widow; but do it with resignation to your heavenly Father's will, who has assured us he does not willingly afflict, or grieve the children of men. We cannot fathom his mysterious providences now, but the time is coming when we shall *know* (what we are assured of now) that all his dealings are for our best good. May we take his precious promises, and with deep

humility plead them at the foot of the cross, praying that these heart-rending trials may be sanctified to our soul's eternal welfare. The promises of God are yea and amen to those who believe. May the blessed Bible so full, so rich in them, be your comfort and support; and the result of this painful dispensation be righteousness and peace. Thus may you be enabled to say 'it is good that I have been afflicted.'

"I need not assure you how deeply we all sympathize with you: not only your own dear relatives, but your friends and acquaintance. Several have called already to express their heartfelt sympathy. The sad event was not known here till late on Saturday. After church the next day, your pastor called; and closed a short conversation by offering prayer, in which, (I trust) we all joined with chastened and believing hearts. Oh, how tenderly and fervently did he pray for the widowed young mother, the fatherless children, and the beloved sister in a strange land, where the church-going bell is not heard, or the Christian minister found to impart consolation in such a time of need.

"Dear S., many prayers are offered on your behalf: may you feel their blessed effects in your own soul. May you be quickened and strengthened by the influences of the Holy Spirit, and find that relief at a throne of grace which is the result of the prayer of faith. How delightful is the thought amid such paucity of spiritual good externally, that our covenant-keeping God is not confined to time or place. *Whatever place we make our Bethel, he is there.* I trust, dear one, that you will look at the blessings still left you, and though these will not fill the sad vacuum in your heart, yet they should alle-

viate your sorrow, and I feel that they will. Still the absence of the lover and friend of our youth can never be fully appreciated but by those who experience it. In this respect, I feel competent to judge. Oh, the desolation that comes over me at times, let me be where I will. It is not to be described and can only be felt. But I endeavor to look away from the tomb, and in view of the unbounded love of Christ, who is the 'resurrection and the life,' say 'the will of the Lord be done.' Believe me your ever affectionate, widowed aunt,

"L. B. BACON."

While these changes had passed over Mrs. Bacon, the friends whom she loved at Sackett's Harbor and with whom she maintained a most affectionate correspondence, had been likewise visited with a bereaving stroke. Dr. H—— the son-in-law of the dear sister in Christ, Mrs. B—— had gone to an early grave. To his youthful widow who was the "little pet" of her earlier correspondence, she now addresses the following brief letter of condolence and sympathy.

"Chelsea, December 24, 1852.

"My very dear H. :—Though our ages are so different, yet our sorrows are so similar that I feel drawn to you by a new and very tender tie. * * *

"As memory with a bound retraces past events, I find myself once more in that chamber where your precious one was laid when arrayed in the habiliments of the grave. There twenty-five years previous, you first saw the light. Little did I think when I then received you to my arms and heart that we should be

drawn together by such a tie as this. When I left you a sprightly affectionate child of four or five years in your happy home, often did my heart yearn after you; but never for a moment did I dream that our friendship would be riveted by a mutual call for sympathy in sorrows so identical. May nothing interrupt or mar this friendship, till in the spirit land we join our beloved companions (with whom on earth we took sweet counsel) and unite in their praises of redeeming love. I often think how much our glorified ones will then have to tell us of the wonders of bliss which await the ransomed. With you I can say that I wish my trial may teach me just the lesson which my heavenly Father sees me to need.

“I thank you for your very interesting letter, and the account of your beloved’s last moments. Oh, how delightful to contemplate such an exit! Well may your young heart rejoice in the manifestation of such grace and meekness for heaven. From the first moment I saw your departed one, I loved him; and as I became more acquainted with him I felt more and more confirmed in my first impressions. In these feelings *my* dear one shared. With deep sorrow, we saw the rapid strides of disease upon his frail form. But, little did we think that the same fell destroyer was slowly but surely undermining the constitution of the hitherto strong man, and that my dear Josiah would go first to the grave. It is hard for me to realize that I shall never see him here again. At times such a sense of desolation comes over me that it is overwhelming. But in reviewing his whole decline, I see so much mercy that I am constrained to say, ‘He doeth all things well.’

“Tell your dear mother that I now well understand the meaning of something she once said to me after your father’s death. It was to this effect, ‘that I had not tried *every rope* in the ship as she had.’ She was right. Though often called to mourn friends who were near and dear, yet I never before experienced a trial like this. True, I am surrounded with friends who are good and kind; but the dearest earthly tie is broken, the best human friend is gone. Well—blessed be God, there is a fountain to which we can go when our earthly cisterns are dried up—there is an arm upon which we can lean which will never fail us.

“We have a very pleasant boarding place in a quiet family *near our church*, so that nothing but sickness will prevent my attendance on the means of grace. I greatly desired and prayed for such a location that I might be near the sanctuary, and the Lord granted my request.

“I *do* regret leaving my poor sailors, but this is all that troubles me in making this change. This may seem strange to those who know how much I enjoyed living at the Hospital; but it is true. After my dear Josiah’s death, every thing appeared different; and the pleasant things in which I formerly took delight, no longer ministered to my enjoyment. I find that the rest and freedom from care which I now enjoy is good for my health; and I prize the time which I could not formerly command for visiting my dear Christian friends.

“I am glad to hear your health is so good; may you long be spared to bless your friends and the world. Please write soon to your ever affectionate

“L. B. BACON.”

The following letter to her dear friend at Geneva, is the last of a correspondence which had been continued with interest and constancy for twenty years.

“*March 30th, 1853.*”

“You see my beloved, that I hasten to obey that last injunction of your most welcome epistle. I reciprocate the feeling that although circumstances might prevent our writing to each other for *any* length of time, we could never forget our past friendship. Oh no, I shall ever remember my precious Elizabeth; your attachment has been a great solace in the changes of my pilgrimage. Little did I think the first time I saw you, (although that first time furnished me with thoughts respecting your future character which have been more than realized,) little did I think that my future happiness would be so interwoven with you.

“It gives me so much pleasure to hear of your good health, and to know that your little girls are such a comfort to you. Sweet little Maggie is just the right one to send on a mission of charity; for who could resist her mild winning way? And it will be a good lesson for her even at her early age. We cannot learn too soon that we are all sent into this world to perform our part in the great drama of life. How much to be pitied are those selfish beings who live only for their own gratification, and seek it in the pursuit of unsatisfying worldly pleasures.

“With many thanks for your pressing invitation to visit you the coming summer, I am obliged to say that although it would give me much pleasure to comply with your request, I shall not be able to do so. Should

my life and health be spared until some future occasion, not far distant, I shall visit you and the dear friends at Sackett's Harbor. But my health is so infirm, and my age such that I may be soon called to leave these sublunary scenes for brighter ones above. Let your prayers ascend that I may grow in grace, and that my faith fail not. Time does not familiarize my mind to my lonely situation—and blow after blow falls upon my stricken heart. Having no children of my own, I feel more tenderly alive to the joys and sorrows of those scarcely less dear than children, my nieces and nephews. Two of the former have lost the beloved husbands of their youth almost in a moment. One died in South America with so brief a sickness that he did not speak after he was thought dangerous. He left a wife and two sweet children in a land of strangers with no Christian friend to speak to, or Christian minister to perform the last sad rights for the dead, and speak consolation to the living.

“The other young husband died among his friends, but with even less warning of his sudden fate. While riding to the city with his father in his own carriage, he he was thrown and fractured his skull. Thus sadly do we realize the oft repeated truth ‘in the midst of life, we are in death.’

“The last left three lovely children, the eldest of whom is not quite four years old. These sad strokes have made me almost sick. I love these dear ones and deeply feel their sorrows. Are not these sad realities?

“I feel my loneliness more and more. I do want to see you very much. What a singular Providence that

your dear father came to see us only a few days before my dear husband took his bed. Some friends from Crawfordsville, Indiana, came also the day after your father left. Each had the satisfaction of a last look of him they were to meet no more in this world. Write to me, dear E., and believe me as ever your most obliged and affectionate

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

The friend to whom this was addressed little imagined that it was the closing letter of this long and endearing correspondence, but so it proved. Perhaps none of Mrs. Bacon's friends (if we except her physician who was a valued kinsman) realized as fully as she did her liability to sudden death. Often has she said to the writer while making her feel the unusual throbbing of her heart, “I expect to die *suddenly*; but no matter *how sudden* if *only safe*.” To another friend she used to say, “I am like the minute man, living only by the moment—knowing not what a day may bring forth.” To others she said, “I know that I have disease of the heart and am liable to die at any moment. It is my aim to live in constant readiness for my summons. Then, though my death may take *others* by surprise, it will not startle *me*.” During the last month of her life, she was visiting in a family where a little child before retiring whispered its evening prayers. After the child had left the room, she remarked, “I am as much a child as that little one. For some time past I have not closed my eyes without mentally repeating as I used to do in my earliest years.

‘Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.’”

This remark was made with a smile upon her face, but tears stood in her eyes. Although certainly not conscious that she was finishing her earthly course, she so lived and walked for the last few weeks of her life, as to leave upon the minds of many who saw her the impression that she was setting her house in order, knowing that she must “die and not live.”

She had for some weeks employed many of her leisure moments in copying her journal for the niece who resided with her. This she had often promised to do; but had not before found sufficient leisure. So intent was she now upon fulfilling her promise, that she could not be persuaded to delay it, though often suffering from the pain in her side of which she makes such frequent mention in her letters. She was anticipating a visit of a few days to Brookline in the month of May—and seemed to feel as if every thing she had to do, must be accomplished previous to her visit there. “I must go up to the Hospital, and visit my poor sailors before I go to Brookline,” was her exclamation almost daily during the week preceding her intended departure, and she did not rest until she had accomplished it. So it was with many other plans and duties—and when urged to defer some of them until her return, as she had exerted herself too much and needed rest, she would reply, “No, I must do present duty in present time. Who can tell what will be on the morrow?”

To the writer she said, "I do not like to go away and leave any thing undone. Life with me is very uncertain. I may not live to come back." Anticipating that she might possibly not return before the Sabbath, and knowing that a collection in behalf of one of our benevolent societies would be then taken up, she enclosed her own contribution in an envelope, saying, "I will have this all ready, and then whatever happens it will be right."

Mrs. Bacon had been very much interested in assisting the ladies of the Female Benevolent Society, to which she belonged, in sustaining a pious young man who was fitting for the ministry. He was at this time in college; and Mrs. B. having received from a lady in Boston some clothing and a small sum of money for his use, could not leave town until she had made ready a parcel for him. She finished transcribing her journal on Saturday, May 7th—enjoyed the rest and privileges of the Sabbath—and on Monday, the 9th, left her lodgings for the contemplated visit. On her way to the omnibus office, she stopped a moment at the writer's door to say good-bye. I expressed my regrets that she was going on that day, saying to her "we shall miss you so much at our female prayer-meeting tomorrow." She replied that "she was very sorry to be absent from that meeting, but trusted *the Lord* would be with us, and that would be enough without her." Then as she left my door, she added, "don't forget to pray for *me*—*I believe in the efficacy of prayer.*" These were the last words it was my privilege to hear from her lips. Had we both known that fact at that moment, what more could she have said—what else could I have

wished to hear! At Mrs. F's she also called after leaving me; and there she wrote a few lines to go with the parcel before mentioned to her young friend, the student. It was the last page that she, who had for so many years held the pen of a ready writer, was ever to trace. Yet she knew it not. Had she known it, what more appropriate than the following could she have written.

“My dear young friend—I hope that you feel encouraged to *persevere*. It is only *such* who will *gain the crown*. And oh, the delightful thought that after being worn out in our master's service, there is *a rest* in the *sweet home* above. Let these thoughts comfort, support, and stimulate you in your present situation and prepare you for further usefulness. May the Holy Spirit ever abide with you, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

“LYDIA B. BACON.”

The letter from which the above extract is taken, was written Monday, May 9th, and her young friend in forwarding it to the writer of these pages, adds this brief sentence—“It is the last line that Mrs. Bacon ever wrote me, and when I received it, she had ‘changed worlds.’”

Mrs. B. left for Brookline, on Monday, as before stated, and arrived at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Bacon. That dear home had ever been one of her favorite resorts. Congeniality of feeling and of religious faith, coupled with the ties of kindred, and cemented by mutual worth and excellence, had created

a warm and lasting attachment. The beautiful location of their dwelling, and its many embellishments, rendered it also a most attractive place to one so fond of the beautiful, both in nature and art, as our lamented friend. Upon her arrival at Brookline, she was unusually cheerful—her duties were finished—no cares pressed upon her, and she felt as if she had nothing to do but to enjoy the society of her friends and their pleasant abode. Yet she received these blessings as the direct gift of her heavenly Father's bounty, saying, "how good the Lord is now that I have no home of my own, to give me so much pleasure in the possessions of others. This garden, these flowers smell just as sweetly and look just as delightful as if they were mine. It is true that God has made them grow and bloom for *me*." Thus she passed three happy days, and on Thursday was gladdened by the presence of Mrs. F., from Chelsea, a daughter of the sister-in-law whom she was visiting. Mrs. F. was a favorite niece both of Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, and having resided near them both in Sandwich and in Chelsea, had for years given and received the most kind and pleasing mutual attentions. Much to Mrs. Bacon's gratification, the expected arrival of Mrs. F's brother from California, (which was communicated by telegraph on Thursday afternoon,) decided Mrs. F. to remain at her father's over night, instead of returning to Chelsea as she had expected. Just as the family were about to retire for the night, Mrs. Bacon complained of illness; but taking a little warm drink said she should be better soon, and went to her room. Ere she was fully undressed, she was seized with vomiting. Her friends hearing her went to her room. The vomit-

ing ceased, and she felt relieved and lay down, saying that she had felt stupid and drowsy all the evening and thought she should sleep. Mrs. F., who was to occupy the adjoining chamber, then stepped to her own room, leaving the door open between them that she might know if her aunt needed any further attentions. But she was almost immediately recalled by the voice of Mrs. B. saying to her, "Come and hear how I breathe." She listened and found her breathing rather unnaturally, though not sufficiently so to excite alarm. After a moment's silence, Mrs. Bacon said very deliberately and calmly, "Augusta, I *think* I am going to die." Mrs. F. replied "that she hoped not, she saw no reason to think so," and said "she would call her mother, and they would try to give her something to relieve her." Mrs. F.'s mother came in immediately, and to her Mrs. Bacon said, "S——, you little thought I had come to your house to die, but so it is, and it is all right; I am glad I am here—it is a good place." Her sister said "she hoped she was mistaken, she could not think she was going to die;" and some one now proposed to send for a physician, telling her to keep up good courage, and not to be nervous. "I am not nervous or frightened," was the calm reply. "Why should I be afraid to die? I have thought of it too long:—I am ready if it is God's will." Though she now labored increasingly for breath, and seemed much distressed, her friends still hoped she might be relieved, and tried to persuade her to think so. But she replied steadily to them all, "no, it is the *death-strife*, the *death-strife*—I have seen it too many times to be deceived." To Mrs. F., who was, most assiduously tending her, and supporting her in

her arms, she said, "Augusta, this is what you stayed here for—how good God is to me in letting me die here, and with you by my side. Oh, the goodness of God, the goodness of God—it is just as I would have it—every thing—just right." These broken utterances were followed by whispered ejaculations of praise and prayer, expressive of her deep thankfulness for the mercies of God's grace and Providence; and thus, in a few brief moments, she passed away. Ere the physician so hastily summoned, could arrive—ere Anna, (the young niece who resided with her, and had accompanied her on this visit) could be brought from the house of another friend where she had gone to pass the night, Mrs. Bacon had slept the sleep of death. Her heart had ceased to beat, her pulse was forever stilled. But her death—how tranquil, how serene. No grim messenger, no king of terrors was the death-angel to her prepared and waiting soul. Oh, no, the death-shaft was only her heavenly Father's call to her eternal home. She was ready to go—there need be no delay—and scarcely heeding the efforts of loving friends to detain her, she obeyed the summons. How beautiful, how befitting a close to a life like hers. Thanks be to God that "so he giveth his beloved sleep."

It was impossible but that a life of active benevolence, of zealous piety like that we have been contemplating, should have gained many and warm friends. The announcement of Mrs. Bacon's death in so sudden and unexpected a manner to the community in which she had so long lived and labored, of course created a universal sensation of surprise and regret. The writer was the bearer of this sad intelligence to the inmates of

the Hospital, and the shock of amazement and grief with which her tidings were received will not soon be forgotten. But most painful was the emotion of those sisters in Christ, who had so long witnessed her tears and prayers for Zion, so often shared in her labors, and participated with her in the communion of saints. The pastor and his family, with whose joys and sorrows, successes and discouragements she had always identified herself, felt this blow the most keenly. A sad and silent congregation, we gathered, on Saturday, May 14th, to the church where our deceased friend had so devotedly worshiped. There, on the Sabbath previous, we had met her in life and health—now, we gazed on her mortal remains beneath the coffin-lid. How impressive was the voice which seemed to come to us from those closed lips, “Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.” The funeral services were most appropriately conducted by her pastor, Rev. Isaac P. Langworthy; after which her remains were followed to their resting-place beside her lamented husband in Woodlawn Cemetery. In this beautiful sanctuary for the dead, (which is one hour’s ride from Boston, via Chelsea), Mr. and Mrs. Bacon had, previously to the death of the former, selected their place of sepulchre. After her husband’s interment, Mrs. B. often visited the spot, and the delight which she expressed in it, as well as the cheerful satisfaction with which she spoke of soon occupying her place by his side, is still fresh in the memory of the writer. The green sod which covers their precious dust will be often moistened by the tears of kindred and affection; and angels shall watch over that dust,

“Till God shall bid it rise.”

It is not proposed to add to this brief account of Mrs. Bacon's closing hours any remarks by way of eulogy. “Her works praise her in the gates,”—her memorial is in the hearts of all who knew her.

A few lines written hastily upon the day of her funeral, by one who loved and lamented her, will be here inserted. They are given to the public at the request of friends, and not on account of any poetic merit.

“What mean those deep sighs wafted forth on the air,
As we enter in silence yon temple of prayer?
We hear not the notes of rejoicing and praise,—
All mute is the song and hushed are the lays,
And sadly we gather to weep and to pray,
For ‘a mother in Israel’ has fallen to-day.

With what Christian devotion among us she moved!
By word and example her faith well approved;
With what wisdom and love the Master she served,
Nor e'er from the path of fidelity swerved:
Our Zion, bereaved, must lamentingly say,
That ‘a mother in Israel’ has fallen to-day.

How kindly she succored the sick and distressed—
The needy she aided, the stranger she blessed—
To the couch of the poor dying sailor she came,
And taught him to trust in Immanuel's name:
So ‘the sons of the Ocean’ may feelingly say,
That ‘a mother in Israel’ has fallen to-day.

In the circle of prayer where weekly she bore
The cross of her Saviour, we meet her no more;

No more shall her fervent petitions arise,
 And bear our united requests to the skies;
 Ah! sisters in Christ, *we* must join the sad lay—
 For 'a mother in Israel' has fallen to-day.

Yes—her course she has finished—her labor is done—
 And the race of the Christian triumphantly run.
 'The voice of the Bridegroom' is heard in the night—
 But it fills not her soul with surprise or affright.
 '*Tis the death-strife*' she says, as she struggles for breath,
 And calmly she yields to the summons of death.
 Yes—her spirit has fled from its temple of clay,
 And 'a mother in Israel' has fallen to-day."

With the feeling responses of friends at a distance to the tidings of Mrs. Bacon's decease, this unpretending volume will be closed; the writer rejoicing in having accomplished (though tardily) her labor of love; and regretful only that the task had not devolved on one more competent.

The first extracts are from the letters of her beloved friends at Sackett's Harbor, addressed to her niece.

"Our minds were in a measure prepared for the mournful tidings which your letter contained. A friend of ours just returned from a journey, reported that she read the death of our dear Mrs. Bacon in a paper, although she could not remember where it took place. We were very anxious to know the truth, but felt unwilling to write, and tried to hope it was a mistake. Your communication has removed all doubt, and confirmed our fears. We sincerely sympathize with you in this great affliction, though we doubt not it was for her a happy release. We little thought that she would

so soon follow her dear husband; but we can say of them, 'they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' I feel that *I* have lost a dear and tried friend; and my heart asks, who will fill her place in the church of Christ?"

Says another, "I must add a word to express the sorrow that I feel at the melancholy tidings contained in your letter. Sad to us, and to you, and to all those left behind; but not, I trust, a sad reality to her who has now entered upon her final rest. She is now, I doubt not, joyously uniting her praises with the spirit of her lost one gone before. How short a time she survived him! Dear, excellent couple; surely we have cause to rejoice with them.

"Ever since my early childhood, the names of these friends have been household words with us, and they seemed like part of our own family. Now they add new attractions to that unseen world whither we are all hastening."

The next extract is from the letter of her friend at Geneva, with whom she had so long corresponded and whom she had so often addressed as her dear and loved Elizabeth.

"Your letter, bringing the first intelligence to us of the departure of our long and ardently loved, but now sainted friend, caused weeping and mourning in all our household. For who loved her as we did? Before you knew her, we loved her as a mother. Yes—my very earliest remembrances are of her and her winning, lov-

ing ways. She was a model both as a woman and a Christian; and I prayed that her life might be spared, so that I might have the privilege of her example in my family for my dear children's sake as well as my own. Oh, shall I not see her again? Must it be that we shall no longer have her prevailing prayers for us.

“It was very kind in you to give us the particulars of her sudden exit. How few are so well prepared for the coming of the Son of Man! ‘Always ready,’ was her motto. What a rich legacy has she left us in her example! And her prayers treasured up for years will not, cannot be lost. If saints can look upon those they have left behind, can revisit the scenes they loved on earth, can minister to those who were near their hearts during their pilgrimage, may not we here be allowed the pleasing hope that she will be a messenger of mercy to us sometimes? Dear loved one! we would not call you back; we would rather try to bear *our loss*, resting assured that it is great gain to you. And if when on earth you so delighted to recount the mercies of the Lord and his wonderful dealings with you and yours, oh, with how much clearer vision will you now talk with the loved companion whom you have rejoined, of the way in which you were led to your heavenly home!

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“I do wish Mrs. — could be persuaded to write a brief memoir of the eventful and useful life of our departed friend. I know of no work of the kind extant that would surpass it in interest and usefulness. All who were acquainted with Mrs. B. would add their testimony to mine, for

‘None knew her but to love her.’”

The following letter from the accomplished lady of one of our most useful foreign missionaries will be read with deep interest. Mrs. Bacon's interest in her when a child, her influence over her, and their consequent attachment, have been referred to already in these pages. But we will let her tell her own story, and her's shall be the closing testimony to the worth of one whose life and death we present as an example to those who would remember the teachings of an apostle, "Be not slothful, but *followers of them* who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

"Honolulu, Oahu Valley, Dec. 20th, 1853.

"I was not surprised to hear of dear Aunt Bacon's death, though I deplore it most deeply. I feel that I have indeed lost a friend—the friend of my childhood and orphanage, as well as of womanhood and prosperity. Her love was the same steady sunbeam to me in all the varied phases of light and shadow in my somewhat eventful life. Blessed be God! It is indeed true as you say, 'in this cold and heartless world how refreshing to know that love and friendship have not quite died out, from the abundant testimony of our own hearts.'

"My first acquaintance with Mrs. B. commenced at Sackett's Harbor, in the summer of 1816 or '17, when Mr. B. was Commissary in the army. They boarded with Mrs. G——, a friend of mine, with whom I at that time resided in my eleventh or twelfth year. Mrs. B. noticed and petted me a great deal, and I used to snatch every moment of leisure to sit in her room reading to her or listening to her words of interest and instruction.

Her many tokens of kindness I shall never forget. I never received a gift that afforded me more pleasure than her first to me; it was a fan just like the one she herself used. I have since then possessed more splendid and gorgeous ones of French tinsel and down, gay mandarins and birds of Paradise 'Celestial made'; but none were ever so valued by me as that first pretty fan of buff and ivory.

"The first hackney-coach ever driven through those long forest roads of mud and log-causeway, was one from New York city to Sag Harbor, belonging to Mr. Bacon's brother. Mr. and Mrs. B., having just recovered from a fever, used to ride daily. My first long ride in that coach I well remember. I was very happy, and Mrs. B. seeing my enjoyment of the ride said to me, 'L——, you will be a lady and ride in your own carriage some day.' Her words made a deep impression. I resolved *I would be* a lady like her, though I should be poor and have no carriage. The winter following Mrs. B. went to housekeeping and I attended school, whither she used to send me many a beautiful pie and cake ornamented by her own hand.

"Mrs. B. organized two benevolent societies that year, aided by ladies of the officers in the army and navy. She was very active and very successful. I recollect her first Report, which was printed in the newspaper—a very unusual occurrence in those days. Society at Sackett's Harbor was very gay at that time, amounting really to dissipation. Mrs. B. used to attend their social gatherings, but protested earnestly against their excesses in dress, amusements, &c. I have seen her weep in her expostulation with those she loved.

“I left Sackett’s Harbor in 1819 to give and receive instruction, and we did not meet again until seven years had passed. Great changes had taken place with us both. She was overtaken with adversity, but was the same accomplished and graceful woman while performing those labors for herself which she had been accustomed to have rendered by others, as when she kept her servants and rode in her own carriage. I had found a Saviour since we parted, had publicly professed my faith in him, and completed my education; and she was gratified to find her pet and protege so near fulfilling her prophetic aspirations.

“Her interest in the missionary enterprise was not diminished when she next addressed me at the Sandwich Islands. You, my dear Mrs. —, who have been equally favored with her friendship and correspondence, can understand what a rich treasure I have possessed in the counsels and guardianship of such a ‘mentor.’

“What moral dignity gathers around the life of such a woman! Ever busy was she in scattering sunshine and blessing in the dwellings of the poor, consoling the widow, drying the orphan’s tear, and strewing flowers of faith, hope and charity in the footsteps of every fellow-being whom her influence could reach.”

THE END.

CR
JW

