THOUGHTS & & OCCURRENCES

THE JOURNAL OF

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The Thomas Cole National Historic Site preserves and interprets the home and studios of Thomas Cole, the founder of the Hudson River School of painting. Its publications and educational programs engage broad audiences in learning about the influence of Thomas Cole on America's cultural landscape.

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THOUGHTS

&

OCCURRENCES

THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS COLE

KEPT FROM 1834 TO 1848

THOMAS COLE NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE

Catskill, New York

2022

EDITOR'S NOTE

Thomas Cole wrote much of *Thoughts & Occurrences* in an informal style, using abbreviations, omitting punctuation marks, and crossing out words. The original manuscript includes notations and corrections that appear to have been written by Cole himself, as well as notations in different handwriting, possibly made posthumously by Cole's biographer and close friend, Louis Legrand Noble. All of the above has been retained in this document. Footnotes in this book are Cole's own. Cole inserted hyphens for words that are continued on the following line, which are included here, though original line breaks are not. Cole's sketches and diagrams are not reproduced here, though we have indicated where they appear in brackets. Complete high-resolution digital images of the original manuscript are available from the website of the New York State Library at www.nysl.nysed.gov.

A lightly edited version is available for sale at thomascole.org, or in our gift shop.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Projects such as this would not be possible without the work of many scholars or the dedication of the staff and research fellows of the Thomas Cole National Historic Site. Particular thanks are due to Peter Fedoryk (Cole Fellow 2019) for painstakingly transcribing Cole's manuscript and to Heather Paroubek and Meg DiStefano for proofreading the text. We are grateful to Alan Wallach for his ready and invaluable expertise. Thanks also to the Manuscripts and Special Collections staff of the New York State Library for preserving and providing access to Thomas Cole's invaluable papers.

INTRODUCTION

The opening lines of Thomas Cole's most sustained journal, entitled *Thoughts & Occurrences*, bow wryly to the shortcomings of memory. Ironically, Cole's own words remind us that our remembrance of him might not be as complete as we would like to think. In his landscape paintings, Cole both reflected upon and interpreted North American scenery. He built entire worlds within the confines of a picture frame. His paintings were the outlet for his loves, frustrations, thoughts, and muses. But these finished canvases were only the final step in a process that is better understood when interpreted alongside Cole's written records. *Thoughts & Occurrences* is a 194- page handwritten manuscript kept for fourteen years as a living document of how Cole remembered his experiences. It embodies Cole as an artist, but more importantly, as a person.

The journal begins when Cole is thirty-three years old. At this point, he had lived in the United States for less than half his life. After emigrating from England with his family in 1818, he lived in Steubenville, Ohio, and Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. By the spring of 1825, Cole had settled in New York City. He ventured up the Hudson River that summer and set foot in Catskill, New York, for the first time. By the fall, he had painted a series of landscapes based on Hudson River Valley scenes. Over the winter, he was catapulted to fame with the support of the successful artist John Trumbull and was heralded by the prominent historian William Dunlap as an "American Genius." Having enjoyed several years of this newfound fame, Cole embarked on travel yet again—this time for a three-year tour of England and Europe. Upon his return, Cole spent the warmer months of 1833–1836 in Catskill, renting a cottage from John Alexander Thomson at his property, Cedar Grove. This whirling travel and the yearly meditative retreats to Catskill that followed were formative in the evolution of his artwork. Cole penned the first lines in *Thoughts & Occurrences* three days before he left Catskill for New York City in the late fall of 1834.

Over the years he kept this journal, Cole painted his major serial works *The Course of Empire* and *The Voyage of Life*, and partially completed *The Cross and the World*. While no existing catalogue raisonné presents a definitive tally of singular artworks, it is likely Cole painted hundreds. Away from the easel, Cole married Thomson's niece, Maria Bartow, and the two started a family that grew to include five children. Cole spent nights under the stars and relished the bounty of natural beauty. Within the pages of *Thoughts & Occurrences*, Cole assumes the role of hubristic genius, existential lamenter, inspired poet, and harsh self-judicator. There is a cadence to his writing—sustained when he writes at peace and awkwardly broken when he writes in frustration or grief. Cole's authorial voice feels thick with presence and activity. Nearly two hundred years after they were written, many of these pages still effuse Cole's anticipation that these autobiographical musings might be read by those who came after him. The narrative he wove over the course of those fourteen years is his own, told in a voice that comes through as clear today as the day the ink was yet to dry. Word by word, sentence by sentence, this journal takes you on Cole's journey as told by the artist himself.

Thomas Cole Nov^r- 5th 1834.

Thoughts + Occurrences —

Catskill Nov^r 5 1834

Memory is but a leaky vessel + the purest spirit is most likely to escape, ⁺ leav^eing nothing but the dregs behind. I have often regretted that interesting facts of daily occurrence + thoughts suggested by them, fade, or are entirely buried under subsequent accumulations: rendering ^{my} experience very narrow — As experience is the foundation -^{on} which we ought to build our conduct, it is desira-ble to have it as widely extended as possible + it is with this view that I shall intend to record some of the passing circumstances of life, so that in time to come I may look to the experience of the past, which if not instructive may yet be ^{found} a-musing —

Nov 6 Last night I dreamed that I was descen-ding the side of a precipitous mountain + had to cling to roots + shrubs to aid me in the descent. One shrub towards which I had stretched forth my hand attracted my admiration by its beauty. I paused to gaze at it — as I gazed, to my horror I perceived that it was a serpent coil'd in the attitude to spring upon me — How much this dream is like many of the realities of life! Those objects + hopes which are the most beautiful + we desire most to clasp, are often fraught with poison —

This afternoon in company with the girls H + M.B. I took a walk through a favorite dell that we call the vale of Tempe. A little stream winds between two wooded hills, having a meadow-like margin which sometimes widens into the areana of a little Amphitheatre of woods which are of varied foliage — here + there is a little pool or lake of pure water, in-whichere may be seen numbers of small fishes who, one would sup-pose, lead a quiet + contented life—; for a spirit of seclusion + tranquility seems to dwell in this little valley. We gathered mosses, noticed the beautiful effects of sunlight, + shadow on the now almost leafless woods — we conversed on times past when we the woods were in their glory + of a distant + dear friend my sister who was with us the first time we visited together this sweet place. While we were in the valley we heard the shouts of a company of Jack Jacksonmen, who were rejoicing at the defeat of the Whigs of this county — Why were they rejoicing? because of the triumph of good prin-ciples or the cause of virtue + morality? NO! but because their party was victorious!! What is principle

Nov 8th

Today I commenced packing up for my return to New York, it is rather a melancholy business with me and after my summer sojourns in the country I always go to the city with a presentiment some-thing like ^{of} evil. I am happiest in the country — in the city although I enjoy the society of my family + that of artists + other persons of taste + refinement, yet my my feelings are frequently harrowed by the heartless-ness + bad taste of the community — the ignorant critiques critiques on Art + the fulsome eulogiums on the subject that so often is often issue from the press, on the vilest pro-ductions. I also dislike fashionable parties. I either have not confidence enough or small talk enough to shine, + I escape from them with as much delight as if just liberated from Jail —

I made a small ^{circular} diagram of colours today. it reminded me of an experiment I have long wished to try + thought a good deal about — The idea was suggested by something I read when a boy ^{I do not know where}. it is what may be called the Music of Colours —

I believe that colours are a as capable of affecting the by combination degree + arrangement as sound — In the first place a simple sound may give pleasure or pain to the ear, as the report of a cannon note of an sweet instrument or the report of a cannon — So rose-colour, for instance gives pleasure to the eye — so the lightening-flash pain*—

The first modification of a single simple sound in its approach to music is its being measured. such is the music of the drum † — Colour is capable of this modification —

The second modification of sound is the rising + sinking in the scale — here some difficulty arises in the Analogy. for although there are the seven prismatic colours to correspond with the seven notes in music, yet each colour has in itself an expression^x or character peculiar to itself, as far as I am at present acquainted with music the names notes are altogether arbitrary + have no analogy with colours as red blue +c.—

This Something though may depend on Key — The melody of sound depends upon arrangement — so colour may be arranged with corresponding effect — The harmony of sound depends on combination — so does that of colour —

It is evident that their is ang analogy between colour + sound + with study + experiment it might be traced through all its ramifications; but I am not

*I consider light as colour. It is the primative — their foundation is paired colour cannot exist without light

† Perhaps the first modification is degree or intensity —

x On this I will speak herafter

aiming to prove the analogy; but to show that there is plausibility in the theory + that an instrument might be constructed by which colour could be played + to those who had cultivated their taste in the Art as much as our taste in music is generally cultivated would experience a pleasure by no means inferior to that given by music —

A Scale of the Analogy —

Music^{Sound} Colour

Loudness Intensity Intensity or, Quantity*

Harmony Harmony

Melody — Arrangement or Melody.

Time or Measure Measure. Continuity + Succession

Height . Depth Light . Darkness Volume — Quantity —

[Sketch of Musical Staff annotated with Colors]

A - Red

B - Orange

C - Yellow

D - Green

E - Blue

F - Indigo

G - Violet

This scale of notes is a mere guess —

*May not Loudness or softness faintness in music Sound have analogy in the colour as modified by light + darkness — And not in quantity as mass Not strong through quantity as mass but as through intensity - the strongest colour having the least shadow - the weakest the most — shrillness in sound - analogous to intensity in colour - faintness to weakness?— Volume may depend on quan-tity in mass in colour —

Colours have their natural arran-gement in light + shade — Yellow is the lightest. Red the middle. Blue the darkest. that is, the most intense of each kind —

On reconsideration if I attempted to construct an instrument I would make the experiment with six colours + their semitints — Three colours appear to me to be the primitive because from these three, red, blue + yellow <u>all</u> the oth others can be made. The six colours should be . red . purple . blue . green . yellow . orange . semitones the intermediates — The instrument might have 24 or more notes if they may be so called, with the same an equal number of semitones — the higher notes should be light, the lower one of more intense colour — a perfect grada-tion from the light or weak colours down to the deep + strong —

The instrument might be played by means of keys like a piano except that instead of their moving hammers to strike $\frac{1}{2}$ strings, the might lift $\frac{1}{2}$ dark or black $\frac{1}{2}$ screens from before coloured compartments.

Transparent compartments with either sunlight or Artificial light behind would perhaps produce the most brilliant effect — but it might be contrived so that any kind of light or either to have either opake or transparent compartments —

[Sketch of parallel lines labeled with colors that progress from Blue to Purple to Red to Orange to Yellow to Green and back to Blue, including "semitint" colors between each]

N York

Nov^r 25. It is now about a fortnight since I left Catskill. + ever since my time has been so much occupied as to prevent me from writing a line al-though some circumstances of interest have occurred. How I regret the country with its delightful tran-quility — here is nothing but turmoil my mind is distracted with a thousand cares + although I have commenced painting, it is not "con amore" —

This day two years ago I returned from Europe. The day was pleasant and after a tedious voy-age of seven weeks from Leghorn, it is not sur-prising that every object I saw gave me delight — The Shores of the Bay with neat white buildings sprinkled along + the city itself as we approached the wharf were very welcome to my eyes after nearly four years absence — The roar of the city as it came over the waters to ears that had for a long time scarce heard any thing but the sound dashing of waves + the creaking of masts was very exceedingly impressive. We had come from the pathless solitudes of the ocean to where ten thousands footsteps of voices rise at once ++ simultaneously ten thousand footsteps clatter in the streets —

Dec^r 21 I have now nearly constructed an instrument on which colour may be played it is a rude one but perhaps sufficient for experiment — It is in sextaves with intermediate tones, that is 6

full notes + six semitones — an equal portion of each colour. + in gradation from light to dark. This system may be very imperfect; the spectrum prismatic spectrum will perhaps give me a better system — If I could discover some system of arrange-ment that would agree with the system of Music I should go on confidently — I do not despair — I now have thought of a more perfect plan for the instrument. The one I have made is has oblong compartments ranged horizontally with partitions between — It is very imperfect for the eye cannot very effectually embrace the two extremities of the instrument. The one I now think of must be circular, divided into conical sections each with its apex in the centre. this at once brings places all the colours before the eye + brings harmon chords + dissonances together at pleasure. the sections will be of Coloured Transparency with mova-ble screws to exclude or admit the light — The more I see + think of this matter the greater the field appears — The Time may come when Colour, Chiaro-scuro, form, size, + time by scientific arrangement will produce effects that will delight the world —

Jany 11 1835 It is said that the deeper we descend in

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central parts of the earth being of intense heat attract + hold together the exterior parts — It may be objected that g An objection may be made to this theory on the ground that gravitation is found to decrease as we descend — but this may be accounted for without destroying the theory but by strengthening it. for in-stance —suppose the earth— with more or less heat of Calorie throughout pervading it. that heat forming a gradation from the external parts increasing in its intensity $^{as \text{ we descend}}$ from the external parts of the globe toward the central parts. from A to B — a line passes through the greatest heated space in the globe — if we des-cend into a mine as to C we find that gra-vitation decreases

[Circular sketch with a centerpoint and radius inserted in the text; The center of the circle is labeled B, the end of the radius is labeled A, and a midpoint on the radius is labeled C]

[Scrawled diagonally across this page is a partially legible phrase: "I am [illegible due to mutilated page section]...this is nonse[nse]"]

The reason is that there is a small mass of heated matter between C+B than there is between A+B. +-consequently Consequently if heat attracts a particle of matter is less attracted at C than it would be at A. And in

[Page section mutilated]

and perhaps my ignorance is the only ground of its plausibility —

[Scrawled across the top portion of the page is a cut off word that ends with "[non]sense"]

Jan^y 24 The wings of Time are heavier + heavier la-den as he flies — each hour brings its own trouble with-out dissipating that of the past — this reconciles us to death. when the soul is fatigued rest is welcome — "O that I had the wings of a dove; then would fly away + be at rest"— Although pain + trou-ble may accumulate as we pass through life for hope like a star lights our path + as the darkness deepens increases in refulgence for as through reason of the darkness we perceive not the earth around us, but look toward eternity which we trust contains a brightness + glory + joy; inconceivable by us in our present state of being

I walked down to the Battery this afternoon to see the sun set the first time since I left the Country where, I daily watch it — It was glorious, the water perfectly calm the sky cloudless. the sun sank behind the distant land like a golden dome that had been raised by ma-gic and was again vanishing to the waving of the same wand that gave it existence— I count the winter days for they are slow footed, but the summer ones which I enjoy in The Country fly too quick to be counted——

Jan^y 25 —

My soul dwells in a mortal tenement + feels the influence of the elements. I would not dwell where tempests never come for they bring beauty in their train —

[Parenthetical notation on right side of page in pencil, "May 12, 10 P.M. L.L.N."]

I sigh not for a stormless clime,
Where quiet^{drowsy} quiet ever dwells,
Where purling waters changeless chime
Through soft + green unwinter'd winterless dells —

F
For storms bring beauty in their train;
The hills that roare'd beneath the blast
The woods that welter'd in the rain
Rejoice whene'er the tempest's past —

Their faces lifting to the sky
With fresher brightness, richer hue,
As though the blast had brought them joy,
Darkness + rain dropp'd gladness too —

So storms of ill when pass'd away Leave in our souls serene delight; The darkness blackness of the stormy day, Hath^{Doth} made^{make} the ^{welcome} calm more bright —

April 17th. I am once more in the midst of prepa-ration for the Country—+ I shall start in a few days for my favourite haunt, Catskill —

My anticipations in coming to the city last Autumn were not very pleasing ones + they have been more than realized — I have scarcely done anything, not finished a single picture. I have made an outline of the ^{3rd} picture in the series; but it is unsa-tisfactory + I shall commence another, indeed my mind has been occupied with so many cares + anxieties the sick-ness of my Mother + Father +c.— + so many in-teruptions that my mind has never it has not been in proper tone for pursing my profession — Have The Winter has not been a very happy one with me, its severity + the greatness of my expenditure considering my small means has affected me greatly — I have de-termined not to remove to the City next winter + the expenses of my family will I hope be less next year than they have been this, if not I shall feel much depressed — My best days are passing away without being able to apply my talents I possess so entire-ly to my Art as I should wish, + although the pri-ces for my pictures are what may be considered good yet with the strictest economy I cannot lay aside anything for the day of necessity, + that day may come. the eye may fail + the hand forget its cunning — Have If age old age should ever be mine who will succour + protect me? I have no children I may not marry There [are] many now depending on me. I dare not — But I will not repine nor anticipate evil. the Great Being who created me + has given me the capacity to feel + rejoice in the beauty of his works will continue his bounteous goodness undiminished by time — May the arrangements I have now made be happy; for my family as well as myself —

And O may I be enabled to pursue the art that I love with an undivided mind, so that my works may be worthy of the scenes + subjects I would choose to depict — I shall I shall most likely set off on Monday next my sister Sarah be with me in a few weeks —

Arrived in Catskill on the 23 of April — Snow on the Mountains and everything bearing a wintry aspect —

On the 6th May went down to N York to the Annual Meeting of the N Academy, to read my Lecture on American Scenery to the N York Lyceum. In consequence of embarrassment I read very badly —

On the 13th returned with my sister Sarah. Country still has a wintry appearance the snow yet lingering on the mountain tops — When will the Summer come?

May 24

The spring has come at last! — we have had a few days the most celestial — the gentlest temperature, the purest air — sunshine without burning + breezes without chilliness — skies cloudless but soft — The mountains have taken their pearly hue + the streams leap + glitter + warble as though some crystal mountain thawed beneath the sun — the bosomy hills heavy amid

white + rosy blos-soms blush in the sight of day. The air is full of fragrance + music — O that this could endure + no poison of the mind fall into the cup! —

May 28 — My feelings have been cruelly hurt wounded today — Friendship + affection meeting with unkindness + insult in return — and that, because the office of kindness was not performed exactly in the right way + performed in the way it was, because such was thought would be most agreeable — Every day I feel as though there were fewer ties to bind me to my fellow beings — they are broken one after another. He whose affections spread wide wide is like a vine that spreads over many trees, exposed to danger in proportion to number of those it rests upon. they fall one by one — one is cut down by the axe — another up-rooted by the tornado — another rotten at core crumbles away — until it he vine lies with all its glorious fruitage upon the earth, with nothing more to which it may cling — "Cast off these hands that bind thee now "Each strand is steep'd in pain"

"Each strand is steep'd in pain"
Thus spoke a voice — I made a vow
To break them all — 'twas vain .
Shall
Shall man within whose heart's blood^{core} flows
Affection's burning tide
Chill it with worldliness + close
Its gush in icy pride?

He c<u>annot</u> if h<u>e has</u> that spark
Of heaven's fire called Love
Which Quenchless it shines amid the dark above amid the storm the dark
True as the stars above —

May 31. Sunday. I did not go to church today all perhaps I should have passed my time more profitably if I had, as M^r Prentiss is a very sensible preacher — I read some^{a little} walked some⁺+ looked + wrote some + at times looked at the Landscape — In the evening I took a walk on the road to the Village of Athens which for half a mile from Mr Thomsons is a favorite morning + evening walk of mine. It was twilight and a south wind blew strongly + dark masses of cloud moved across the sky like the heralds of an approaching storm — There was an effect of gloom over the whole landscape + mountains + woods had a leaden hue — how contagious is gloom. ^a flow of melancholy thoughts + feelings overwhelmed me for a time. I thought of the uncertainty of life, its bootless toil — its brief span co I anticipated. I reflected that the south wind would still blow + bring up its gloomy clouds for ages and ages after my form should been again resolved into the elements — I my works + my reputation for which I am now labouring + I sometimes think note force vain unworthy and the worthiest reputation I may gain shall be as though they never were — swept by the wing of time in-to oblivion's gulf. And shall it be? Shall not the spirit, that mysterious principle, unknown even to itself, that vivifies this clay + generates these thoughts sink also in-to the gloomy depths of nonentity — nor feel again crea-ted beauty — see the <u>nature</u> that it loved so much? It It <u>cannot be</u>. The Great Origin. the mighty one for whom we have no adequate name — hath not created in his beings capable of the capacity for conceiving +

"longing after immortality" to be dec to deceive to deceive to delude That hope — that faith that which gives strength to virtues — + raises in man the no-blest aspirations — that fear which clogs the feet of sin to deceive to delude! — No! There are no fallacies with God — to prove one that would be if not to disprove all existence, to render all in doubt — Monday Morning — June 1st The storm has passed + the day breaks over the earth in freshness + beauty — The west wind blows + To the east may be seen the retiring storm, sullen + dark — while in the west the sky is pure + clear and the mountains rise in the midst darkly green + on their summits float aerial light clouds that seem beautiful like Hope upon the bosom of existence reality —

June 2 The evening being fine I walked down towards the point + from the road stood looking some time at the a sloops + several small boats that were gliding out of the Creek under the beautiful high beautiful high bank called the Hoppenose. The water was very calm + objects were reflected beautifully. As I walked a little farther down the road I was over-taken by Mr. D the Tailor in an elegant carraige; a day or two since he measured me for a pair of panta-loons — He asked me if I would ride with a very dig-nified air; but apparently pitying the pedestrian painter + no doubt delighted with his better fortune. If I had fifty carraiges I should always prefer walking short distances + even long ones sometimes; but at the risk of h how strange it would be that the risk of being considered either poor or vulgar — Yes vulgar by the Tailor — Yet thank heavens — I can walk — + will walk if the beggar rides — Vulgarity is in the mind + not in the means of locomotion — There is another view of matter, though, in which I shall not come off conqueror, it is that if I desired to ride I could not afford it. the Tailor can on

[Page mutilated—three-quarters of the sheet missing]

June 4 — I now give myself forty days for completing my large picture of the Series — How near shall I come to it?

June 24 I have been reading Irvings "Abbotsford. It gave me great pleasure. What a healthful genius was Scott — no mawkishness — no morbid sensitiveness no feverish fancies — But a sound heart + a grasping a creative an all powerful mind + an her-culean body nature had wonderfully knit together. I love both Irving + Scott for their decided fondness for domestic animals — it is an indicative of a truly benevolent heart — Irving was rather disap-pointed in the scenes that Scott so much delighted in — After all, beauty is in the mind. a scene is often only an index to associations + feelings which are hidden in book of memory.— History + poetry had made the barren hills of Scotland glorious to Scott — Irving remembered the majestic forests, the rich luxuriance of his own Country —

What a beautiful exemplification of the power of poetry, was that remark of the Old Carpenter who had been a Companion of Burns — "and it seemed to him that the country had grown more beautiful, since Burns had written his bonnie little songs about it"—

July 6th— I have just returned from the Mountain where I have spent two of happiest days that I remem-ber — On the ^{evening of} third ins^t— After close application to my work all day I started on one of my customary rambles with my Sketch Book. In passing through the village I saw the stage come rattling down the street enveloped in a cloud of dust, as it passed me I saw M^r Oakley was in it. I immediately went to meet him at the Tavern + we soon came to the determina-tion of spending our 4th among the mountains —

In the expectation that a stage would be going up to the Mountain-house in an hour or two we lounged after packing up a few articles of dress we lounged loitered about the village — We were disappointed in having a conveyance We were delayed until 9 o'clock, and no stage making its appearance and our legs not having through means of rail-roads + steam Boats become mere incumbrances we set out to walk — The night was fine + the moon though small gave a pleasant light.— The first 7 miles by means of agreeable conversation + the blessed moon we passed over merrily, but soon the moon sunk behind the piny ridge of the North mountain — And we began to be thirsty + were disappointed in not finding a spring on the road by Lawrences. the inmates of the house appeared to be sound asleep + we deemed it rather dis better to pursue our way to "Rip Van Winkle's hollow" about three miles farther than to disturb the slumbering. The long mile from the foot of the Mountain to Rip's is exceedingly steep + we sprung up it with rather more speed than was necessary for our comfort but excessive thirst urged our steps— We at length arrived at Rip's with parched mouths + wet skins. It was midnight when we sat down by thate pure warbling stream that comes jumping down from thate grand amphitheatre of Wooded Mountains called Rip Van Winkles' Cove —. There was a tin vessel glittering by the stream placed there for the use of travellers by some generous travellers or perhaps some fairy who expected us at that silent hour—be that as it may we drank from it that the cool pure water again + again + its the drafts were more delicious even than the contents those of Rip could possibly have been he when he drank took the somniferous potion from the famous keg in or near this self same place. It was grand + a solemn scene that was spread around us. The atmosphere was yet full of light from the departed moon + the tallest tall trees waved wildly in the night wind breeze Dark forests rugged rocks, towering mountains, encompassed us. + the night breeze brought the sound of waving trees, falling streams + the clear chant chaunt of the Whip-poorwill to our listening ears — it was grand, it was sublime, to be thus by ourselves at mid-night in the midst of the fabled solitude of woods + mountains while all the world beside was slumbering in their beds — We did not sleep twenty years after our potations but prepared to scale the remaining part of the mountain — We conquered — and after a little difficulty in getting into the house. (it being after one o'clock) we got into a comfortable bed —

We did not rise remarkably early in the morning but were ready for breakfast — after which we loitered a short time about the cliffs in front of the house gazing on that vast landscape below "ever char-ming ever new" — There was much company + as usual in such places few that enjoyed the magnificence that Nature spread around them — They seemed to have no object — no prospect for enjoyment — Some of the ladies were riding on headless + tailless Hobby horses that were propelled round by several indus-trious gentlemen *Swines Mules or Asses perhaps* — One party of *Gentle* men was engaged in the intellectual game of nine pins and half a dozen ladies + as many of the other sex were dancing in a long *empty* room*, where there was a mangle in one corner to the sound of something like a three-stringed fiddle. What a desecration of the place where nature offered a feast of higher holier enjoyment — Alas that men should *obtrude* thrust* their frivolities into the very face of the sublimest regions of the world — We turned away disgusted +

sought pleasure where we were sure to find it pure healthful + unalloyed — We strolled down to the first lake which lies about 200 yds from the house It is diminutive but has beautiful as well as grand fea-tures for where there are rich forests + stupendous mountains round a lake there must be such. Leaving the upper lake we pursued our road to lower one which is much larger + more beautiful. I poin-ted out to M^r O a view which that I once painted. And which picture I believe was the first picture that was ever painted of that lovely lake whichthat in future time will most probably be the subject for a thousand pencils — except the de-solatery hand of modern improvement should so destroy + deform it — Several years since I had explored its shores for some distance from where the road touches its NE end, but thick woods + swamp swampy ground impeded me in these ra attempts + although I enriched my sketch-book with studies of the fine dead trees which stand like spectres round on the shores I returned without exploring more than half a mile of the eastern side — As M^r O and myself made our way to an opening through the woods which disclosed the lake in a charming man-ner we perceived a rude boat among the bushes this was exactly what was wanted. we pushed it of leaped in-to it without as though we knew the genius of the Lake had placed it there for our especial use. But behold! there were no oars + nothing to na-vigate with, except a piece of board something like an oar + a long pole and the boat leaked fast, this checked us for a few minutes but we found means to stop some of the leaks and procured another piece of board. We now launched out but determined with our crazy vessel, to imitate the navigators of antiquity in creeping along the shores near the coast — Columbus himself when leaving the port of Palas to lam pursue his course into reg ocean regions yet un-explored could scarcely have felt more joyful anticipations than we commencing our voyage in search of the un-discovered explored reg regions of the picturesque. + he certain-ly had more anxiety — Before us spread the vir-gin waters which the prow of the sketcher had never curld — green woods enfolding them whose venerable masses had never figured in trans-atlantic annuals — And far away the stern blue mountains whose forms were neer beheld by Claude of LSalvator or been subjected to the canvass by the innumerable dabblers in paint for all time past— The painter of American Scenery does has indeed feel a joy privileges superior to any other — all nature is new to Art — No Tivolis' Ternis' Mont Blancs' or Plinlimmons— Hackneyed + worn by by the daily pencils of hun-dreds—but virgin forests, woods lakes, + waterfalls feasting his eye with new delights + filling his port-folio with their features of beauty + magnificence And hallowed to his soul because they had existed untouched through from time of the creation for his heavenly favoured pencil— A little promontory invited us and which formed a firm foreground to a changing the view a charming view down the lake invited us so Looking down the lake we had some fine perspective lines of wood forest on our right, with many gray trunks that standing in the waters of the lake as if stripped for the element — These dead trees are a striking feature in the scenery of this lake gray and in some 1 are exceedingly picturesque. their pale mossy trunks forms + contorted branches rise from the deep and stretching their contorted branches + they seem like giants genii whoto protect the sacred waters of the lake On the left was another reach of forest of various hue and in the center of the picture in the distance rose the MtRound Top blue + well defined + cast its reflection on the lake, even to the Woody Point near which our boat swung like a thing of air—This headland was picturesque in the extreme, for disparting from the dense woods a few birches + pines were grouped together in a rich mass + with one giant pine with dark green foliage + strag-gling branches rose far above the rest. On the extreme cape a few bushes of light green grew directly from the water and from in the midst of their sparking foliage stood two of the bare spectre like trees whose trunks leafless limbs were decorated in mass of silver hue that waved about in the wind like locks of gray —

We remained here long enough to finish a sketch + then returned to our harbour in order to refit be-fore we ventured farther for our boat took in wa-ter rather faster than agreeable and our We re-turned to the M House + after eating dinner obtained an axe a hatchet and again sought our bark — chopped a board into a rude oar — bailed the wa-ter out of the boat drove some pieces of chip into the leaks and again launched our vessel for a longer voyage of discovery — We now crossed the lake paddling in the manner of the Indians + with ease + good speed— Our boat glided beau-tifully over the tranquil water + swept aside the yellow water lilies — we got into a strait be-tween the Main + a low island where the water was very still and it Woods reflected beautifully. I never saw such depth + brilliance in the reflec-tions, the most intense masses of brown which were cast from the shadowed depths of the woods were broken by the emerald green of the sunlit birches + maples and the dead trees on the margin + in the water were so beautiful added by their silvery tints to the harmony of colour— and their images seen in the water which had a gentle undulation seemed like immense glittering serpents playing in the deep — We thus proceeded almost to the foot of the lake at every stroke of the oar some fresh object of beauty would break upon us. — We made several sketches, and about sunset which was not one of the finest, though the evening was pleasant, we turned our prow if prow it could be call which prow was none. for it was square flat bottomed vessel which we na-vigated — As we returned we struck up the duet of the Canadian Boat Song + though our song music was rude the woods answered in melodious echo's—What a place this wood be for a music party by moonlight. It would be romance itself— This may be + I may enjoy it — July 5th We em-barked again, in order to go to the lower end of the Lake + from thence walk to the Falls — We fastened some green branches so as to she[l]ter us from the sun + pushed off—but soon found that our boat rowed heavily with them + leaked more, so we had to throw them over-board— at the outlet of the Lake we shot into a shady harbour where we thought the boat would not be discovered by any rambler of the woods but as a precau-tion we hid the oars —x-x— We returned from the Falls + behold our boat was gone! but the oars were not — after looking around a little while we perceived it lying on the opposite shore but a short distance from us. Some person or persons had been in it — and perhaps intended to sail up the Lake with it but found the piece of board left in it rather awkward to manage + so abandoned it the boat — But It was half filled with water, and not any better or more comfortable for the use the pirates had made of it — We bailed it out + had a delightful row to the head of the Lake where we left left the boat for the use of those who please — but were confident that few will make such a pleasant use of it as than we did on the 4th + 5th of July—

July 19 Tomorrow I intend to start for N York and perhaps business will require me to go to Boston — I leave my picture far from being fi-nished + with regret —

July 26 Yesterday I returned, but not from Boston where I had intended to go, but from N York I-cou My business in Boston was not sufficiently urgent to induce me to leave my picture for so long a time. Came up in the De Witte Clinton—We had a heavy Thunder Storm in Tappaan Bay—some grand effects. This day is glorious—the atmosphere clear + cool + the country clad in the richest verdure—

July 28 I have had some difficulty in finding a comprehensive + appropriate title for mythe grand series of pictures which I am now painting for M^r Reed. I have had several but have discarded all of them; but now I think I have thought of a good one. al-though it may perhaps be considered a lofty + ostentatious sub it is "The Course of Empire" —

Augs^t 8 I am reading Coleridge's "Table Talk—it is amusing; but less so than I expected. I like him as a poet more than as a metaphysician. His reasoning is often priscal finical—He appears to me to do injustice to Milton Newton in comparison with Kepler. His saying that it would take several Newton's to make one Milton is nonsensical. he might as well say it would take several loaves of bread bottles of wine to make one loaf of bread—He says that Spurzheim was the most ignorant German he ever saw—he must have seen only a few then—Any person who reads "vill read" Spurzheim's works will be astonished at his being called ignorant—The fact is that Coleridge + his Editor in their remarks on Spurzheim's system have pre shown them-selves utterly ignorant of the subject—neither of them can possibly have read Spurzheim—

Augs^t 16 T Night — Thunder + heavy rain, with an oppressive atmosphere— I have been prevailed upon to spend a few days at Mr Provost's Greenville with a party from Catskill + although there was much merriment I my heart was in my own room. I cannot for any length of time give myself up to mere idle mirth + consequently do not shine in the society of giggling girls + idealess men — Would to heaven that the Ladies would strive more to please by true refinement and accomplishments than by laughing + chattering nonsense everlastingly— But the men are worse than they —

Mine eyes bedimm'd with earthly tears I rais'd

Mine eyes bedimm'd with earthly tears I heavenward rais'd,

Turn'd Call'd by some spirit of a better sphere,

And through the universal ether gaz'd

Up to the golden orbs that there did appear

Trembling amid the dark abyss profound—

But yet they falter'd not, nor sank, nor swerved

Keeping their gloriously appointed round

In everlasting harmony preserved —

- "Is there then cause for tears the spirit said
- "When all these pond'rous worlds are thus sustained
- "By that invisible hand + gently led
- "Through the wide fields of heaven; like sheep restrained
- "From wandering by the shepherd's gentle voice,
- "Within that His hand is held thy soul thine all,
- "List! thou wilt hear that shepherds' loving voice call,
- "Is there then cause for tears? Thou oughtest to rejoice"

Spirit thou has illumed my soul; but with me stay

Or shades of earth again will may rise + quench the blessed

Augs^t 18 It has been a glorious day. clear + cool. A crystal atmosphere over the mountains — I w After work I walked up the valley of the Catskill by Van Vechtens— The sun was down + the woods hills^{fields} + mountains never looked lovelier. All iswas green + fresh as June — What a blessed season! Would that it be slow to pass — Augs^t

August 20 Here we are at the latter end of Summers' latest months. The wind blows freshly + with an Atumnal chill — How swiftly the summer has passed! So they all do if we are not in sorrow + pain but My years now seem greatly^{much} shorter than formerly— When a schoolboy a year either past or to come seemed an age a reality but now it is a misty exhalation that vanishes before I can one can perceive make out its form— Is it that in youth we measure time by our hopes, which are then unbounded, and not by our experience?

Augs^t 21. I have of late felt a presentiment that the Institutions of the U States will ere long undergo a change + that there will be a seperation of the States—Low Business. Riot & public murder are common occur-rences, every newspaper brings accounts of the laws broken violated not by individuals merely but by com organized + self organized + self constituted communities who act in defiance of the lawfully con-stituted authorities. what a weakness this proves in the government — It appears to me that the moral principle of the nation is much less lower than formerly — much less than van vanity will allow— Americans are too fond of attributing the great prosperity of the country to their own good government instead of seeing the source of it in the unbounded resources + favorable political opportunities of the nation. It is with sorrow that I anticipate the downfall of pure republican Institutions government their destruction will be the death blow to Freedom—for if the Free go-vernment of the U States cannot exist a century where shall we turn? The hope of the wise + the good of past ages will have perished— And the scenes of tyranny + wrong, blood + oppression which such as have been acted since the world was created, will be again performed as long as man exists— There is no perfectability in this world. evil seems necessary for the production of good + good And good is like a stream flowing swiftly towards a precipice + dashes down. The tumu[1]tuous waters below are the sa same as those above. but those above are o in the smooth stream are good^{pure}, those below are evil^{turbid}— May my fears be foolish— a few years will tell—

Augst 23

When evening in the sky sits calm + pure

And all the fleecy clouds are still + light bright

And earth beneath the silent air obscure

Waits for the stars, that seek the coming night—

Then is the spirit melted melted as with love

And tears spring forth upon the brink of joy.

Then through the soul soft dreams of beauty move

That sorrow tinged bliss[?] mysterious[?] allay

Which pleases That gentle thoughts to tenderness may each move

O Whence But whence is that tinge of shade of sadness sorrow oer us thrown

When thoughts are purest in the this quietholy hour?

From sense of sin arises that sad tone?

K Knowing that we alone feel passions' power

WhichThat touches not the woods, nor mountain far + lone?

Or is it that the fading light reminds

That we are mortal + the latter day

Steals onward swiftly like the unseen winds

And all our years are clouds that quickly pass away...

 $Augs^t$ 25 A gloomy day. Windy + dark— The country yet looks green as ⁱⁿ June — but the weather is remarkably cold <u>for the season</u>.

Augst 29 I have just been reading in the Sun an account of Sir J Herschels later discoveries in the [illegible] if it is [illegible] know any reason to [illegible] (except to their astounding [illegible] importance) [illegible] And should [illegible]

The last part I have read [illegible] that Commen^{Lunar} article in the Sun + am sorry to see some indica-tions of Hoax—But I have hope that ere long some real discoveries will be made.

Sep^r 6 I am afraid that I am becoming more irritable in disposition than I was formerly, this is partly owing to not being more interrupted in the pursuit of my profession— I am most happy when I can most escape from the world; but the longer I live in the world the more it seems to claim me— that is; its ordinary cares + troubles. Nothing makes me so melancholy as to be that which prevents me from the pursuit of my Art —

Though time has sadden'd all my thought,
And stolen its fresh + flower like joy,
Kind Memory + Hope have brought
A quiet bliss that cannot die.

And The care the sorrow that we now pass by

May be And but the gate of to glory's [illegible] majesty

Sep^t 21 Chilly + disagreeable + And not yet having a fire in my room my work goes on but slowly. I was not made for a cold climate my mind as well as my body is affected by the cold. all frozen up. I never wish the Thermometer lower than 68 or 70 + it is agreeably warm at 84 to me.

Oct 7 Have just returned from an excursion in search of the picturesque towards the head Waters of the Hudson River — From Sandy Hill there were no regular conveyances through the country I wished to visit + consequently make had to make use of the good legs which which have served me on many a similar occasion— I left my luggage which was but small at S.H.—+ borrowed an old cloak. And with started over the hills to Hadl Luzerne, where I made several sketches + then sped on to Caldwell on Lake George in all about 26 miles — From Luzerne to Caldwell the road lies through a wild district of Forests + Mountains— It is what is called a

Lumber Country many of the tallest trees of the Forest had been cut down but much of the primitive forest remained, shadowing the ponds that could be seen here + there glistening in the deep valleys — part of the Road I travelled in company with a pedlar in his Waggon. It was dark before we reached Caldwell — The next day I set off towards Scroon Lake sometimes riding a little in a county Waggon over a mountainous tract of Country (also a Lumber Country — The scenery countryscenery between Caldwell + Scroon is not very picturesque though rugged + often wild; but its formation is very remarkable. The mountains do not run in continuous chains as is generally the case but are insolated heaps of rocks scattered confusedly about. It is a Granitic Forma-tion and one would be led to expect an-gular forms in the outlines of the mountains but they are generally lumpish — and all appear to have been rounded by the action of Water — As we approach Scroon Lake the Country takes a very wild + more picturesque appearance— The Lake I found to be a very beautiful sheet of water. Narrow at the Southern end + shadowed by rounded sloping hills clo-thed with magnificent forests—By rowing north a mile or two, the lake widens opens to the width of two or three miles. and an exceedingly fine view breaks upon us — We On either hand the hills rise gently with their thick woods from a shore of sand + pebbles + before us spreads the lake beyond which rises stretches rises range of distant mountains of remarkable beauty one peak rises lifts up like a stupendous pyramid whose broad side has its been riven by earthquakes. Another Mountain has a ridgy serrated out-line, and when I saw them were on they stood in the midst of the wilderness like pinnacles of sap-phire— It is my intention to visit this region at a more favourable Season the weather being cold + disagreeable during my visit— I set off on my return next morning + had a cold rainy day —

Oct^r 10th There is an Article on the American addressed to the American People on the subject of erecting a mo-nument to Washington — And I trust it will have the effect of awakening the public in an honora-ble sense of what is due to the memory of the grea-test of men. and To rouse them to a noble effort to wipe away erase the disgraceful stain of ingratitude that has so long darkened the character of the people by erecting a splendid Monument which shall be (if it is possible) as stupendous + dur enduring as the fame of him to whose memory it is erected — As to the design for such a monument. I would not have a statue, for however great in size its many parts + projections would render it less dura-ble than a more simple monument And the ori-ginal beauty of the sculpture would be lost in a few centuries — I would not have a Column because being merely an architectural member and not a complete whole, it appears in bad taste, even if there was a statue on the Top. A pyramid would answer in durability of structure but is unmeaning—I think that an monument in the form of an immense collossal Altar would be the most appro-priate + the most capable of uniting beauty of form with durability. And it ought to be several hundred feet high and have a fire continually burning upon it + which should never expire as long the nation recognized Washington as the Pater Patria. And that from the hands which

If the subscription for the monument should be anything like it ought to be in amount, there would be ample means of constructing such a mo-nument and appropriating funds for maintaining the Fire— There may be some who would object to this kind of monument on the ground of an Alter being having been used by the Ancients in offering sacrifices to False Gods but we are not like-ly to turn pagans because we erect a monument in the form of an Alter, more than we shall for worshipping the true god in churches built after the model of Heathan Temples— Beside the flames which shall ascend from its summit are not as incense to

Washington to the immortal spi-rit of Washington but shall rise in memory of him + shall hold him in our perpetual remem-brance as a pharos which shall light his children for ages + ages to come— The

The dimensions of this monument should be so great as to allow of a spacious passage to the summit on an inclined plain plane so that the makers the material for its construction (which ought to be massive) shou could be raised without the ordinary means but and drawn up in carraiges by Horse power or steam—

[Pencil Sketch for proposed Washington Monument]

Oct^r 30 As The weather this last month has been delightful in the extreme— And this day beautiful above all— A pure crystal like atmosphere has floa-ted round the landscapes—+ the brown of the leafless forest has been tinged with the purest ultramarine. The sky clear + cloudless—+ the air still, but fresh.

O Nature! to the "loving eye" thou art seldom with without smiles—

Nov^r 21. In consequence of having a number of sketch-es to paint, my evenings are so fully occupied that I have little opportunity writing—Gloomy days are come at last and have brought with them to my mind a shade of their gloom. Want Deficiency of sunlight + want of exercise are to me the great sources causes of depression of mind—

I cannot but consider myself un-fortunate in not having found a companion of conge-nial spirit would commune + mingle with mine in unreserved communion— I feel an en-during want, a lasting + unsatisfied desire to have intercourse with one to whom I could reveal thoughts which must not be spoken to the world— I am insolated. those around me only know me in part. Though the foot of the mountain may be bare though the summit is lost may be hidden in clouds—not that I feel myself superior or exal-ted above those whom I know my fellows but that I am my thoughts + feelings are different, and if revealed would neither be understood nor appreciated. I am insolated for how few there are who love the beautiful with heart and soul who forget cast off sordidness worldliness and clear away from their eyes the film worldly filth worldliness which prevents them from beholding the glories of crea-tion—But am I better or wiser for this sense + perception of the beautiful that I imagine myself to possess in a greater degree than the multitude? That is a hard question—+ I can only say that I believe I ought to be—but I know that at times my feeling admiration for the beautiful is a source of irritability + uncharitableness towards those who do not seem to feel as I feel + see as I see—+ instead of pitying them for their obtuseness + want of taste I speak of and to them as if they were vile + criminal—

Jany 1, 1836—

Another year is gone \downarrow Who shall redeem it?

I am entering dire + mysterious Gates of another

The $\frac{\text{mysterious}}{\text{gates}}$ gates of another year are opening + I enter; but dark-ness is before me. $\frac{\text{H}^{\text{A year}}}{\text{total palace}}$ is a palace of many chambers, all dimly lighted, and we know not what they contain until $\frac{\text{come}}{\text{come}}$

[illegible] + feel^{we explore them} — I proceed with faltering footsteps, but the mind rushes forward all in spite of the glooms, but it is only to enquire what may be + not what is. I carry the lamp of Experience in my hand but it gives but a feeble flickering light on the mysterious halls depths before around—

May 22nd The season of beauty is again here, but I en And I enjoy it—Since last I wrote in this book there has been ^a fierce + dreadful Win-ter and when I look at the fields + woods I am astonished at the wonderful power of Nature. In the place of dreary drifts of snow which not much more than a month since cumbered the ground, the fresh green grass + the yellow flowers wave to the gentle breeze— And a spirit of gentleness + peace seems breathed over the landscape. I feel that I ought to enjoy it more than I do; but cares of various kinds seem to occupy my mind. I am afraid the that I am drawn more + more from Nature. A few years ago + I never let an opportunity of looking at Nature pass nor suffered the common affairs of life to interfere with my studies I was absorbed in the love of the beautiful of external Nature—But the world + with its multitudinous affairs break makes breaks more + more upon my former little king-dom of the mind— It is a hard battle that I have to fight. The fire which burns within me receives no fuel from without. Society is uncon-genial, it is material, unspiritual. Among my acquaintances there are few very few whose minds assimilate with my aura—But I will bear up a-gainst the tide + I know I shall never cease to love Nature— Hav I finished my large picture but not satisfactorily I have erred a little in the perspective + in the endeavour to make it rich have introduced too many objects + consequently they are small,—A more massive + simpler design would have been better. And I may yet attempt it. If I have failed in this picture it is not surprising—it is the first Architectural piece I ever painted + to paint without the objects of study around one is difficult, And in the figures + I have been entirely destitute of Models, such a picture should be painted in Rome—My kind + generous friend M^r Reed is now sick I had hop expected him here the day I received information of his sickness + instead of a delightful meeting I experienced a sad disappointment — M^r R said when last I saw him that if I wished I might paint a-nother large picture in place of this + he would remunerate me. I am anxious to do so but am afraid almost to attempt it for I cannot well ask of him what I might earn by painting pictures of another class. And although he has offered me much more than I expected for the Series, they hav I have been sadly thrown back in my pe-cuniary matters + I am yet struggling with poverty, and obtain just sufficient money to supply the immediate wants of myself + family—

June 13th I returned On the 11th inst I returned from N York where I had been called on the melancholy occasion of the death of M^r Luman Reed—my kindest + best friend— He died on the morning of the 7th inst after a sickness of five weeks—his mind was clear + calm to the last—In him I have lost a true, a generous a noble friend , who with I could expatiate on [illegible] the regret sorrow I feel for his loss — but words are vain things — He was admired + beloved + cannot be forgotten

Augst 1st. The first day of the last summer month— I am, as it were, taken by surprise. the months now steal by swiff so swiftly + silently that they are scarcely noted until they are past—+ then only to a regret that more has not been accomplished in them— They are like the breezes that

whisper for a time in the grove + bear with them nothing but a transient fragrance—a dying reminiscence— This morning is as beautiful as heaven ever spread over the earth— The air cool + transparent. the mountains clear + blue. the woods deep green + dense with juicy foliage + the gem-like dew glittering on every leaf. I hear a Robin in the grove singing his never-closed song. + a little wren on a cedar near by themy barn door is warbling with might + main— Last evening I took a walk up the Catskill above Austin's Mill where the Rail Road is now making. This was once a favourite walk but the charm of quietness + solitude is gone— it is still lovely. man cannot remove the mountains + he has not yet felled all the woods + the stream will have its course— If men were not blind + insensible to the beauty of nature the great works necessary for the purposes of commerce might be carried on without destroying it; but at times might even contribute to her charms by rendering her seen more accessible— but it is not so— they desecrate whatever they touch— They cut down the forests with a wantoness for which there is no excuse, even gain, + leave the herbless rocks to glimmer in the burning sun—

Augst 18th There is a south wind blowing and gloomy sky over head— In such wea-ther I am predisposed to melancholy— Yet When nothing particular has occurred to give pain or to annoy— the melancholy is usualy far from being painful; but when disagree-able circumstances do take place at such a season the melancholy takes its dark hues. All And objects all life, the past + the future seem shrouded in gloom— I often think that the dark view of things is the true one— We could not live if such truth was always pre-sented to us + heaven has granted us a sunshine of the heart that warms up the barren + cold reality + dazzles + deceives that we may enjoy + live—

Oct 29th I have just returned from the City where I have ^{been} with the Series painted for M^r Reed— When I took them I was fearful that they would disap-point the warm expectations of my friends. I am I have been agreeably surprised for they seem to give universal pleasure— I wrote a descriptive Catalogue of the pictures. A printed copy of which is attached—

May 14th ₁₈₃₇ These pages have now been neglected for a great length of time. Many eircumstances The Winter has passed + many circumstances of interest have transpired since last my pen touched them and I have been so busily enga-ged in acting that I have had little leisure for retrospection, anticipation or reverie—

I have been married + my happiness is aug-mented. Nov 22nd was the day, and I trust God will grant it to be an auspicious one + bless us— The Rubicon is passed and I feel more contented than I should had I remained single. It was a serious undertaking for me, but I now rejoice + I believe shall always have reason to do so— In the Winter I painted four pictures A View on the Catskill for M^r Sturges, An Autumnal Scene for a Friend of M^r Inmans A small picture Landscape for M^r Cooke + a View of Florence—

When in the My poor Father died in Feb^y last, and although the bonds of Natural love cannot be severed without sorrow, we cannot but rejoice that he has escaped from the infirmities that have rendered him a burthen to himself for several years past— He was an indulgent + affectionate

Husband + Father— he possessed a heart always open to the distressed and indignant at the wrongs of the weak + oppressed Too generous, + unsuspecting of evil in others, himself to thrive in this world— his life was spent in buffe buffetting successive waves of adverse fortune. And he never found a calm haven until Death opened the ports of everlasting rest— He now dwells in that region of Spirits on which his mind often dwelt in fond + hopeful speculation befor + I trust is reaping the reward of a virtuous life. He was born a Haynford in Norfolk England + I think was 72 years of age at his death—

Last Autumn a new principle for Steam Boats p suggested itself to me—+ this spring my Nephew Henry Bayless + I constructed a rude model after my plan + it succeeded as well as could be expec-ted from the rudeness of its structure— And it is now my intention of to have a more com-plete model made— We know that the great difficulty in propelling vessels through the is in their having to lift such a weight of water before them. And the immense power has to be em-ployed in order to propel them swiftly— Now it appears to me that the plan I propose does away with the obstruction of head-water. + consequently less power will propel— The Boat should be con-structed of two more Cylinders made of wood or Sheet Iron or Copper These must revolve on axles, to be turned by steam or other power, they must have long strips or paddles be placed lengthways on them— These Cylinders are as the hull of the Common boat + the Paddle wheels united— between the Cylinders may be suspended staging Decks for the machinery— decks + Passengers +— for according to convenience—

[Pen and Ink Sketch of Boat, Cylinder, and Paddle mechanism]

I think there will be no headwater because the cylinders will revolve + as it were, roll over the water offering no resistance. While at the same time the paddles will propel the vessel forward—The Cylinders must not sink in the water quite down to the axle, but from a rough calculation that I have made the weight of the material of this q kind of vessel will be very much less than of those made in the Common way. and it is surprising to me that wheel paddles the Paddle wheels have not before this have been made to buoy up the vessel in some-degree—
I perceive many advantages attainable by this kind of boat if I am not much mistaken (+ my ignorance in these things may be the Cause of my easy speculations) it may be constructed so as to go over shallows in rivers for it will go on land—The greatest difficulty I apprehend will be in steering the vessel but that is sur-mountable—

May 15th—

I have thought that as stone is so much lighter in water than in the air—(owing to the dif-ference in their specific gravity)—that it might be transported with more facility than by the usual mode of loading vessels with it; if it was merely suspended in the Water. particularly where large masses are to be carried— Vessels might be constructed in such purposely— And surely thA mass of Stone would offer less resistance to the water in moving through than through the hull of a vessel suffered of sufficient bulk to carry that Stone— Where lofty buildings were erecting might not there be some contrivance by which the Stone or Bricks might be raised by means of water in a tube large tube. I mean with the application of less power than is now required—

The Fine Arts are the imitation of the Creative power— None but the Almighty can create but [illegible]

July 8th Have just returned from a Tour in search of the Picturesque—On the 22nd last M^{rs} C + myself joined com-pany with $M^r + M^{rs}$ Durand with the intent to explore the scenery in the vicinity of Schroon Lake: a Region which From the hasty visit I paid it in the Autumn of 1835 I reason to expect a rich treat + I was have not been disap-pointed— To Mr Durand the Scenery was entirely new And I am happy in having been the means of introdu-cing the rich + varied Scenes of Schroon to a true lover of Nature— In the memorandum that I made of my first excursion to Schroon I gave a short description of the route be-tween Lake George + Schroon + can only add that the sce-nery between Chester + the latter place appeared more de-lightful than before + as we approach the lake growing in beauty + magnificence—the road in great measure lies over high hills which are in divested of forest + the eye embraces vast extent + luxuriant + broken middle grounds—+ here we first get glimpses of the distant + lofty range of mountains that rise a few miles from the Western Shore of Schroon— About a mile from the Foot of Schroon we descend a steep hill, on our left in a deep valley lies quiet little lake with some clea-rings round it but embosomed in the hills—before us rises a ledge of precipitous rocks in to whose shadow the road descends. Over + to the right we see the mountains that slope down to enfold quiet lake beautiful Schroon—We cross a Bridge over a fine stream called Trout Brook which is enriched by one of the most singular natural curiosities in the Country—which I shall mention herafter And here winds its way through a luxuriant valley to the river that issues from the Lake—We are now on an extension a level cultivated plain more than a mile across and surrounded by varied + picturesque moun-tains some densely clothed in forest some displaying bare pre-cipitous rocks + others partially cleared and affording fine pasture for sheep— We are now ^{24 June} at Beebes an unpreten-ding looking house— We arrived in the afternoon + found am-ple accommodation, indeed all that ourselves or Ladies could desire, civility, neatness + excellent fare + above valued ^{above} all exem-tion from the curse of fashion—+ fashionable society— Here we determined to spend^{make headquarters for} eight or ten days. As far as I can remember I [illegible] Several of those days were spent on the Lake + others in rambling about its shores + among the mountains round—our Sketch Books constantly in our hands— The southern end an outlet of the of the Lake gradually widens from its river-outlet, indeed in such a manner + with such windings that it is difficult to determine where the Lake terminates + where the River begins— The Lake is said to be 9 miles long; but in the first view which we get of it from near our abiding place the eye embraces but portion of it the most distant shore seen is not more than three or four miles— A picturesq A wooded forest cape called Eagle Point (called so on account of it having formerly been a favourite place for building their nest of resort in the time of breeding) shuts out more distant and wider parts of the Lake—But here the view is pleasing—We stand on a broken shore + see an island clothed in rich undergrowth lying not far out on either hand majestic hills clothed in dense unbroken forests stoop down to deep transparent waters. Our Over the These hills on the eastern side gradually retire to where they are crossed by loftier ones mountains one rising over the other in beautiful composition arrangement— The scene is not grand but has a wild sort of beauty that approaches the grand-quietness solitude the untamed the unchanged aspect of Nature—such an aspect these hills scene has worn thousands of years affected alone by season, the powers of tempest + the smiles of the sunshine—We stand on the bor-der of a cultivated plain

yet could look into the heart of nature—By By taking a Canoe Boat or Canoe as we did on our first little voyage and rowing a mile or two up the Lake a magnificent scene View opens Eagle Point slides out like the side Scene of a Theatre + expose to the eye a glorious picture of glorious beauty— The Ample Lake expands [illegible] variant hills [illegible] parts gentle but rich + partially cultivated hills rise on the western side—above them higher ran wooded ranges rise, and afar + stretching into dim distance in the North the peaks + ridges of the lofty Kavaderoseros*

*I believe this to be the name but it is difficult to get at the original names of mountains. I believe this is the name + the present inhabitants of the vici-nity are too barren of ideas to give a name to a mountain their whole vocabulary furnishes. Blue Mountain, Bald Face, Whiteface. Potask Kettle, Huckleberry Mt. Adirondack Mountains tower— The most conspicuous rises like a mighty pyramid + must be of great elevation + I imagine it is the one that Professor Emmory estimates as near 5000^{ft} above the sea— We called this moun-tain Schroon as it belon although at a considerable dis-tance from any part of the Lake its it can be seen from most parts of it gigantic form may be seen almost from every point— The summit of this mountain appears to be clothed with a dense + matted forest of evergreens—presenting + unvaried mass— To the north of this peak + at a great distance A broken retiring into the purple haze of distance a company of mountains lift their heads some dark with ancient forests others broken brown + bare. The whole surmounted by a lofty majestic form whose serrated summit at sunset lifts itself among the clouds an amethys-tine mass— I do not remember having seen in Italy a composition of mountains so beautiful or pictorial as this glorious range of the Kayaderossesos Adirondack Mts— Whether from land or water, at sunset or sunrise, they "ever charming ever new"— One of our excursions was through the Lake—Our Boat lent to us by an obliging resident Col Van Benthuysen, the patriarch of the settlement the only Boat to be had—Was rowed by two stout boys. And was just large enough to accommodate us conveniently the ladies be-ing of the party—We started early + soon passing Ea-gle Point launched into the widest part of the Lake. On the left rose the wooded hills some of which are partially cultivated that they formed the steps by which to the lofty towering mountains of which I have spoken— On the right all rested in its ancient garb of unbroken forest above all a mountain Camel Mountain in is the most conspicuous from this part of the Lake in the eastern view and has an agreeable side form. In the deepest recess of the wide bay on our right— A brook enters the Lake it flows from Brandt Lake which lies beyond the nearest range of hills and is distant only a few miles— It might well reward the lover of the picturesque for the labour of follow-

We are now opposite a headland beautiful Cape which from the western shore shoots far into the Lake. A farm house there is dwelling on the Cape it has beach of beau-tiful sand tempts the foot— And the wildest waves of the tempest driven Schroon beat over this beautiful but steadfast promontory— Their is a farm + dwelling here the woods have been in a mean Cut away and as usual the scene has suffered. Still it would be an enchanting location for a summer residence— From this point all to us was terra incognita we had on the day previous vi-sited this point— The wind blew strong from the North the Lake the waves rose to a height sufficient to make a good deal of motion to the Boat and to increase the labour of our Young oarsmen— Our progress was slow, but at length we reached the Narrows where the water was smooth— Here the Lake is contracted by several jutting headlands one of which with its long sandy beach + narrow fringe of forest trees tempted us ashore it was beauti-ful spot. The golden sands sloped gradually beneath the blue trees that the blue waters + through the + could be discer-ned at a great depth as we approached the shore— Leaving this spot we entered the Northern expanse of the Lake which is perhaps as wide or wider than the Southern part— We rowed for an island near the head of the Lake and

ing that stream to where it issues from the Sister Lake—

distant two or three miles from the point we— The wind still blew adverse and it was after long continued labour that we reached the wished-for Island— There are but two islands in the Lake—except a bare rock that may be enti-tled Islet near the upper Island in a We landed + seated on pieces of drifted logs white from the action of the waves + sun, and beneath some craggy rocks oerhung with evergreens we took our simple meal, with keen appetites— Mr D + myself sketched + rambled along the western shore of the Island which in part rose in precipitous rocks + not unpicturesque though of no great elevation— The shores were covered with Logs + drift woods and we were dreadfully much annoyed by mos-quitoes + Gnats— Although the views from this island are beautiful and we enjoyed them, we were not unwil-ling to take to our boat once more that we might escape the annoyance of the poisonous myriads— We made several excursions up the Northern road that lies runs at short a short distance from the Lake along its whole length and enriched our portfolios Sketch-books with several fine views— After leaving Beebes the road passes between two mountains and the Lake is hidden from view on the right rise a precipitous mountains clothed with evergreens on the left another still bare sho more lofty whose rocky side is in many parts exposed to the sun + storm— The woods on either hand are rich + lofty + the mossy banks are fringed with a small Pink flower on a running vine that scented filled the air with a delicious fragrance + through birds made musick of different notes that was strange to our ears + passed through this Gor gorge, we come into the clearing, and soon obtain a glimpse of the Lake that lies still and beautiful below reflecting the eastern hills that rise in the unbroken garb of Nature— One day we diverged from the road about three miles from Beebes with the intent of getting a finer view of the great range of mountains to the west. we climbed a steep hill on which many sheep were at pas-ture, And gained a magnificent view, below us lay a beautiful little lake embosomed in the hills, And the perfect mirror of the surrounding scen woods, beyond were hills of gradual ascent partially cleared of wood and beyond those the pyramid of Scroon Mountain lifted its head aloft into the sky— We sketched here; but the cleared hills be-yond the pond and nearest the great mountain promised such an opportunity for a more com-plete view of the Mountain that we could not resist the temptation So we and the formation of the land seemed to indicate a Lake beyond those hills and at the foot of the mountain— This would be glo-rious we thought + hope + enthusiasm drew us on— We dashed dashed down the hill towards the shore of the pond skirted its shore through the swampy forest scrambled through the black logs of a recent burning, arrived at the new clearing, passed a log house or two whose inhabitants seemed aghast at the apparition of two strangers scraping across their domains without stopping to ask, a questions or say "good day"— We ascended the cleared hills, once or twice turned round for the eastern to view + were re-warded, the little Lake lay below us without a crystal in an ebony setting, beyond it over shadowy woods gleamed Lake Scroon and the Orient hills beyond rose soft beneath beyond at the at-mosphere of distance—But we could not linger long our object was before us not yet attained we climbed the topmost knoll of the clearing tram-pling down the luxuriant clover + beneath some giant denizens of the forest whose companions had all been laid low by the destroying axe—we ea-gerly looked towards the west— + were disap-pointed a mass of neighboring forest on the declivity of the hill on which we stood, enviously hid the an-ticipated prospect for a time I once I wished the the woodsmans hand had not been stayed—But we were not so easily to be foiled we en-tered the forest + soon found it was but a narrow strip that seperated the clearing we had left from another, lower down the hill— We emerged + our eyes were blessed, we were rewarded— There was no lake toin view as we had expected—but the hoary mountain rose in stupendous silent grandeur, its dark head clad in a dense forest of evergreens cleaving the sky a star-y pointing pyramid—some

distance from the summit that black uniform forest, the individual trees of which could scarcely be distinguished from distance + con + closeness, the forest broke in to lawn-like openings, green velvety descents—these again gave p gave place below to glistining rock ridges of rock + barren precipices— One beaut One singular feature struck us with admiration. From the dark forest mass forest that crowned [illegible] enrobd the peak—A fringe of sable the same hue descended a ravine in a tortuous wavy line on either hand the lawny swells + rugged rocks among the lawn-like swells + brut sunny rocks to where it joind in ocean-like forest below— It looked like Imagination might easily have converted it into a congealed stream of pitchy lava which in some distant age had flowed from that awful summit— Below lay stretched to the moun-tains base a mighty mass of forest unbroken but by the rising + sinking of the earth on which it stood. Here was the we felt sublimity of untamed wilderness the grandeur of solitude and the majesty the eternal Mountains—

Song of a Spirit

An awful privilege it is to wear a spirits form
And solitary live for aye on this vast mountains-peak
To watch afar beneath my feet the darkly-heaving storm
And see its cloudy billows oer the craggy ramparts break.
To hear the hurrying blast
Torment the groaning woods;
Oer precipices cast
The desolating floods—
To mark in wreathed fire
The crackling pines expire.
To list the Earthquake + the Thunders voice
Round + beneath my everlasting throne;
Meanwhile unscath'd, untouch'd I still rejoice
And sing my hymn of gladness all alone—

Through the clear ether that surrounds my home

My keen eyes watched the undimm'd stars Each fallen sphere

Through the clear ether that surrounds my home

My keen eyes watch the undimm'd stars—Each fallen sphere,

Each dimdim eclipse that track'd the midnight dome

Within the deep recesses of my mind appears

For ages past—Years! they are nought to me,

And centuries on centuries roll by harmlessly—

I first salute the Sun when he breaks through the night

I gaze upon him still when Earth has lost his light.*

*He loves me een when winter gloom enfolds the world below

And lights my mountain pinnacle enwreath'd with drifted snow

That mid deep heaven lifted high by mortals seen afar

Through rifts of sable clouds appears a new + burning star—

When silence is most deathlike,

When darkness deepest cast,

The streamlets voice is breathlike

And dews are falling fast;

Far through the azure depths above my clarion voice does sound

Like voice of winds + waves + woods + deep tones of the ground. I spread shake clap my shadeless pinions oer this my calm domain; A solitary one realm it is but where I love to reign—

Here amid the blackened stumps & mutilated trees of the clearing we spent an hour sketching endeavouring to trace in our Sketch Books the features of the Scene— Impressed with the sense of solitude we pursued our la-bours silently—it was a still + solemn scene; yet at times we heard the sound of running waters ascend from the woods below soft + soft, but thrilling + impressive as midnight whisperings— This sound was a voice of invitation to us, we knew that the picturesque was to often dwells by the warbling brook + when we had finished our sketches we descended the clearing to a log cabin + enquired of the half civilized inmates whether the stream which flowed hard by their dwelling had not issue from some neighbouring pon lake (vulgo pond). We were in-formed there were two ponds one within the distance a mile the other more t two to the west of us + lying at nearer the moun-tain range— Following directions we took a wood path + soon reached the first pond it was a still piece of water surrounded by dense + lofty forests but with li-tle to tempt the pencil— We now plunged deeper into the woods which were of a savage + shadowy + moss grown— Impeded by the eru mouldering giants that lay stretched on the in heaps beneath their surviving descen-dants, we had some difficulty in finding + forcing our way—+ were much annoyed by the mosquitoes which seem to find a congenial home in these dank + sunless woods— We again heard the sound of falling water + soon got a gleam of silver light through between the mossy trunks— What a scene was before + around us!— A waveless lake lay at our feet—reflecting perfectly the tall woods that appeared to rise on every hand from its bosom hoary gigantic + hoary with with gray moss that clothed trunks + extended branches + drooped in to the waters. Beyond the lake which was perhaps half a mile across rose in an unbroken mass of forest a mountain of pyramidical form still beyond that ano-ther of similar form but higher which was the high peak that had been our admiration + landmark since we first started— These mountain heads were reflected in the lake near our feet which trod the shaking + uncertain floor of decaying trees— The trees immediately on the margin of the lake near us were principally the White Cedar (Arbor Vitae) they she project-ted in wild fantastic forms far over the lake, robed^{covered} in grisly moss that hangs like The day was shadowy a sombre gloom hung over woods + water which added adding repose to majesty + giving shedding a and on the gray trees shedding a pallid hue, adding the appear ance of d s seeming death to solitude— The imagination is might easily conjure up dread spirits from the deathlike waters—and take the mists that flit among the hoary trees for aw any awful beings that dwell beings of fearful birth that dwell as the guardians of this dismal lake—But our object was to act + not to indulge in dreamy speculations, but both to do either was almost impossible—our tormentors the mos-quitoes held head quarters here + from the quaggy shores of the lake had sucked keener poison + sought with ravenous appetite the blood of man— We made some hasty scratches + were glad to retreat covered with sundry blot-ches + burnings—vowing not to visit again the spot at such a season— This pond Lake may have a name a Billy or a Rogers' or a Dicks or Toms' pond—But it is worthy of a more poetical one—We thought of several characteristic. Pyramid Lake because of its mountains resem-bling pyramids— Hoary Lake— Grisly Lake, which latter we thought best, although Mosquito Pond would perhaps have been the most characteristic— We re-traced our steps towards the log house descended a valley by the side of a brawling stream, came to the head of Scroon Lake—+ arrived safe at Beebes' after having walked more than 25, (perhaps 30 miles), during the dayHaving learned that there was a remarkable natural curiosity on Trout Brook the stream I have previously spoken of having crossed, we made an excursion there. The stream Trout Brook is a bright + rapid stream of considerable—stream of considerable size + in Europe would be called River— It would be well if we had a word to designate a small river, not Rivulet that is too diminutive—Brook perhaps is the nearest. Creek is the word most frequently used, but incorrect + it is disagreeable in sound and incorrect—Creek means Inlet; but it is probable among that in the confusion of Lan-guage that seems likely [illegible] which threatens to involve us that word vu Vulgar as it is will be adopted—

About three miles from the Lake leaving the road that leads to Minerva (Classic region!) We descended into a woody valley + soon heard the dashing of water And soon were on the bank of Trout Brook which en-shadowed by lofty + overhanging woods in in this place dashed over iron-stained rocks + formed a picturesque waterfall then making a sudden turn brawling enters beneath a black beneath an arch of rocks which opens up like a cavern + is lost beneath in its black shadow plunges into yawning cavern— The rocks that form the at the mouth of this cave are 50 or 60 feet high +— And form a stupendous arch from over whose brink whose above are wild hanging woods, below the brawling stream seeking its subterranean course. The Cave suddenly closes + the water channel is apparently almost choked up by drifted wood— The first impression of the beholder is that the sides of the craggy mountains have been rent + the ruins fallen across the narrow defile in gigantic ruins—this may partly have be the fact but we soon perceive that the waters themselves have perforated the mighty masses of stone which is of a crumbling nature easily disintegrinated by the ac-tion of the atmosphere— I believe it is primitive limestone and is full of glittering metallic particles most likely Plumbago— Clambering this steep rocks elin by clinging to the mossy + contorted trees, a cavern was b discerned below—we descended entered and heard the dash of subterranean streams—soon the eye became accustomed to the dim light + perceived a torrent di falling from the roof of the cave breaking + foaming over jagged rocks + again disappearing in a chasm beneath our feet— This place reminded me of the Grotto of Neptune at Tivoli, but impressed me with a fe deeper feeling of awe—this was wrought by the hand of Nature, that partlyin part by Mans. In this Cave beauti-ful spars are found + crystals of various hues— We ascended again and proceeded a little farther in the light of the sun—but soon beheld in a deep hollow amid moss grown rocks a deep stream of pitchy darkness + smooth current—whirling the water whirls round it disappears covered as though lothe to plunge again into its the subter-channels— When we saw this there was a thick scum floating on the water— Trout are often caught here. We now proceeded to what is called the Wolfs Cave it is a Low Cave without water extending 40 or 50 feet under a roof of rock spangled with crystals + Gar-nets— The smoky Birch bark torches which we bore gave a rich tone of colour to all around—We now came to descended to where a Gothick Arch of Stone cave that opens under a Gothick Arch of Rocks The Arch rises from a still pool whose asphaltick coloured waters spread through its chambers the hollow chambers still as death— We now came to At a short distance from this the stream again issues into the light of day from two arches that open at the base of wall-like rocks precipices The first is low the top of it not more than three or four feet from the surface of the gliding stream, it looks al-most as though chisselled by the hand of man being a compete Roman Arch—from this extends obliquely steep + lofty rocks about 50 ft to where the second outlet is— Here the stream comes from the The Arch is more picturesque and broken than the other + the stream comes from the cavernous recesses of the Earth gently as though it had slept in the profound darkness of the Earth— The tones of colour of the rocks + the

water are extremely beautiful here—rich grays + browns— The gliding waters throw the reflected sunbeams far into the caverns + the caverns cast their sombre shadows far over the waters— Tangled Woods roots + giant trunks of trees overhang the precipices of the secluded glen in wild savage + fantastic forms Salvator in his wildest dreams never imagined scenes like this—

Augs^t 20 Beautiful Weather. The foliage of the Forest ^{+ meadows} never were a richer deeper green— + the fields O that they might O that Time would now stay for a while his flight And let the summer linger with us long—

October 6 It is past. Summer is indeed over—the night before last a severe frost came + the Foliage now falls in mournful showers— The peaches + Grapes have been frozen + the vines that but two days since were so luxuriant now display nothing but skeleton stems + blighted grapes— What a harsh + cruel climate— But are not all earthly climes imper-fect and bearing some evil—either too hot too cold too changeable or unhealthy? Where shall we pitch our tent?— We can find no Elysian Clime but may let this hope cheer us that when the soul has thrown of [f] this mortal + suffering envelopment it will dwell Where Summers scorching heat + Winters cold shall neither scorch nor blight—

Oct 14th The Winter is upon us —
Another year, like a frail flower is bound
In Times' sere chaplet, with'ring for aye to cling,
Eternity! thy shadowy temples round;
Like to the musick of a broken string
That neer shall can sound again, tis past + gone Forever flown
Leaving alone to Memory its sad or joyful tone
Its dying sweetness dwells with Memory alone—
Year after year the lapsing years time fleets by
Each seems a shorter span than that before;
The weeks of Youth are years, but manhoods' fly
On swifter wings, years seem but weeks, no more—
So glides a river through a thirsty land
Wastes as it flows, till lost amid the Desert Sand—

The green of Spring which that melts the heart like love Is faded long ago, the fiercer light Of hues Autumnal, fire the quivering grove And rainbow tints array the mountain height A pomp there is, a glory on the hills And gold + crimson stream, reflected from the rills—

But 'tis a dying pomp, a gorgeous shroud T'enwrap the lifeless year— I scarce forgive The seeming mockery of Death; but that aloud A voice sounds through my soul— All "All things do live"
"To die + die to be renewed again
"Therefore at death we should rejoice at death + not complain

Oct 30 My dear Mother is gone— The kindest the most affectionate, of pare the best of parents is departed from us. Her sickness She died calmly on the morning of the 20th of this month. Her Children whom she loved so much were with her in her last moments. Her intellect was clear to the last + she answered a question I made about half an hour before her death— I should rejoice that she is released from the pain + suffering of her long sickness but I cannot but feel her loss sorely— I cannot say more I have too much to say—

Mother! All hallowed word forever bless'd!
Forever dear to man + most to me;
But utter'd now 'mid sighs but ill suppressd,
And rising tears that struggle to be free—
Mother! Alas thou dost not answer; 'neath the ground
Thy^{ine} willing ear is clos'd, nor heedeth mortal sound—

My Mother! Yet, Still, the dear lov'd name I call
It is the natural musick of my tongue,
Sad now its tone, but potent to recall
To mind thy love, thy tenderness, how strong!
And call I vainly? No! The Grave does not enclose Does the grave enclose!
Thy Spirit; freed from Earth it rose it arose No undying it arose

Hope tells me, + a holy hope like this
Can not be false, whether tis thine to dwell
Beyond the stars, or in thy blessedness
Dost linger near thy children, lov'd so well,
A Heaven-appointed time; thy kind, maternal care
Still lives—Still thine eye sees us—still thou hearest our prayer—

My voice lifts not complaining. Thou art ta'en From earthly trouble—impious it would be To wish thee in this darksome world again To bear with us a sad mortality. But Nature is unconquerable, grief will rise Within a filial bosom when a Mother dies—

No! not with not complaining; but with gratitude
The dear remembrances of love arise—
Thy watchful care with tenderness imbued—
Countless anxieties—self sacrifice—
Wave upon wave, till uncontroll'd bursts forth
Thy soul in faltering accents; tribute to thy worth—

Dec^r 28 Charming bland weather. No snow, even on the mountains, River open ^{again}, Steam Boats yet come up—

January 1st 1838—

This Morning. New Years Day. Maria has presented me with a New Years Gift in the shape of a Son— He was born at 6 O Clock precisely the a remarkable Birthday. May Heaven grant that it be one auspicious of good—

Janr^y 12 Steam Boats yet pass here—the wea-ther is lovely; The other evening the mountains were as beautiful as I ever saw them. An exceedingly deep purple—

[Pencil Sketch labelled "Sectional Circular Colour Instrument"]

On the frore shadow of yon mountain-steep I gaze remembering every tender dye Of Summer + of Autumn, rich + deep, The joyous forests' gorgeous prides; + sigh That the soft seasons speed so swift away And Winter lingers with unkind delay—

I gaze; but not as once I gazed 'twas mine to gaze
With heart too full of youthful hope for gloom
Ere those Belov'd Ones 'twas our task to place we did gently place
Within the confines of the Silent Tomb.
Since then the Seasons wear a sadder hue
And Evenings' golden tints are faded too—

No! Hope must now outstretch outspreadattempt for wider light The joys no more in Summers yet unseen,
In Winter warms with Junes' all-gladd'ning light
In dark November with Springs' soft tender sheen;—
But winging oer the [illegible] spread her wings across the gulf of Time
Of And to Eternal Scenes Seenes should now soar sublime

It tak'd h^{Now, on} swift wings across the Gulf of Time To Scenes Eternal now she should soar sublime.

Metaphysical Truths are but vapours + inefficient things. Being the result^{product} of idealisms formed + concatenated in the labarynths of the brain, remote from + often independant of the Affections + Propensities of Man they are at best feeble convections, unstable grounds for action + poor aids in the journey of Life—

Oft when oer Earth is cast spread the gloomy shades

Of Wintry clouds, there sighing the ever the sad mournful wind Like Sighs like some lone Ghost that through the forest-glades Seeketh the quiet it may ean never find:

So sad, so lost at times the Mans'My spirit flies
From thought to thought yet findeth no relief
Oercast by mortal cares that thickening rise
And Nature all does minister to grief
Oershadowed thus
When thus [illegible]
When dark + troubled thus, O thou wh
When Dark + troubled thus, O thou who hast the power
Upon th' benighted soul thy blessed sunshine pour,

Oft when the oer Earth is spread the gloomy shade
Of Wintry clouds, the ever mournful wind
Sighs like some Ghost that through the forest-glade
Seeketh the quiet it can never find:—
So sad, so lost at times my spirit flies
From thought to thought, yet findeth no relief;
Oercast by mortal cares that thickening rise,
And Nature all does minister to grief—
O Power Divine! in that such relentless remediless hour
Upon th' benighted soul thy blessed sunshine pour—

On Wednesday last. 2nd May. The Annual Meeting of N. Academy of Design. Until this time the affairs of the Academy have been conducted by the original Founders of the Institu-tion: A period of 13 years—And So conducted in such a manner that from a Society of a few Artists struggling against violent popular prejudice and numerous difficulties which arose and sometimes threatened en-tirely to overwhelm it, it has become a great + flourishing Institution And through its exhibition yearly affording to Thousands through its exhibition great intellectual a refining + intellectual enjoyment + contributing greatly to raise the standard of Taste in the Community— Its schools have flourished + its Finances supported The Institution was sustained at one time by a contribution from the pockets of the Artists who Founded the Institution it, some of whom I know were very poor at the time, but are now And which sum has never been repaid—From being deeply in debt the Treasury can now boast of an overplus of three or four thousand dollars, + the receipts of the Annual Ex-hibition now amounts to several thousand Dollars and are yearly increasing— In fact the affairs progress of the Institution has been almost unparralled— And why? Because the Founders of the Academy + those particularly have conducted its affairs—have been high minded honourable men, distingui-shed for as Artists + bound together by ties of friendship that grew stronger by time— Whose greatest highest aim was the benifit of Society + of the Fine Arts of the Artists— Who were at all times willing to make sacrifices to the general good. + have proved their willingness again + again— The President. M^r Morse (whom all respect) has yearly spent several weeks in superintending the business of the Aca-demy. beside his pen has never been idle when the interests of the Institution required its aid + in its its early years if this was by no means unfrequent, he was drafted most of the Laws + at all times has had the advancement of

the Institution at heart. For what he has done he has been subject to many malicious attacks and been materially injured in pecuniary matters—*

*Mr Dunlap has been Vice President many years—The Patriarch of Our Academy + respected by all— M^r J. L. Morton has been Secretary + Corresponding Sec^y, ever since the foundation of the Academy, which office he has been filled to prefect satis-faction—Much time + labour of Course was required in the per-formance of his duties— M^r T S Cummings has been the Treasurer almost from the founding of the Institution, to him the Academy owes much of its prosperity. He has laboured for the Academy Night + day, spent Months + Months in its service. Not merely performing the du-ties of Treasurer but many others essential ones that were necessary but which none else could perform— As a Treasurer the highest praise is weak in expressing his merits— Correct, punctual, [illegible] + devoted to the Academy—And as a Miniature Painter standing at the head of his profession. Mr A B Durand. A distinguished Artist an Amia-ble excellent man. He has performed the duties of Recording Secretary for Many Years + with correctness + fidelity— M^r CC Ingham— Distinguished as an Artist, Noble generous + high minded, has been one of the Council for many years— These men being the council have yearly devoted weeks of their time every in the business of the Academy. The Arrangements for Exhibitions + for the Schools +cgratuitously, although all of them (perhaps with the exception of Morton depending for livelihood on the product of their pencil— I myself have been of the Council several years + was among the building up of the Academy— Each year of the past four or five I have left the Country a fortnight or three weeks before the opening of the Exhibition in order to attend to my duties as one of the Council— As time is money to me I may say that I have spent at the very least a hundred dollars a year (lately much more) in the performance of my duties— I commenced by saying that saying that to this Time the affairs of the Academy have been man aged by the original Founders of the Academy A change has now taken place—By secret Cabal a number of the youn-ger Academicians eon contrived to turn out of the Coun-cil M^r Dunlap, M^r Ingham, M^r Durand + myself + substituted in place M^r Inman, to whom there is not any objection only the turning out the venerable Dunlap who apparently is just on the verge of the Grave. Mr Frothingham a coarse vulgar beer-drinking man who paints a face very well is elected. Mr Whitehorn also a Portrait Painter of Mediocrity of no Standing in Society either as an Artist or a Man He is to fill M^r Durands place of Secretary—M^r Shum-way a s Miniature Painter of little note + conse-quence— Men with exception of M^r Inman who con-tribute little to the Exhibition + are if our opinion is correct totally unfit for the offices they are to fill. The thing has been done secretly + meanly— Instead of coming openly like men + stating their grievances or expressing a desire for change In a suicidal man-ner and proposed some other way of that other of the Members than those of the Council should have the Arranging of Pic-tures for Exhibition—(for this that their pictures were not in the best places appears to have been the grievance) They have formed a party in the dark + I believe have struck a death blow to the Institution. (there never was a party before— We had even thought of proposing either that the pictures should be arranged by certain Academicians taken in rotation of electing Com-mittees from the Body for the purpose—M^r Morse M^r Cummings + Mr Morton the old members of the council that still relieve their places were reelected were much inclined to resign protesting that it is impossible for them to work with the new members of the Council And considering the Institution to be destroyed but myself + M^r Durand protested against this + prevailed on them to continue in the places + Fight the Battle again next Spring—For my own part I feel relieved from a burthen in being free from the thankless office of han-ging pictures + I am grieved only that the affairs of the Academy have fallen into the management of men who are utterly incapable. from I can solemnly say that in our management hitherto there has been as little selfishness as it is possible for any body of men to have, we may

sometimes have been injudicious; but the ^{prospects} + standing of the Institution prove that we have not been mainly so— Of The benefits we have derived are in fact far overbalanced by the time spent + Labour. We could if we wished at this any time have formed a society for the exhibition of our pictures, the receipts of which would have formed a handsome yearly dividend but we had higher objects than mere pecuniary emolu-ment— Whether those who are likely to have afterwards the Academy under their control have views equally elevated remains to be seen. If they have I am + we shall all be satisfied— If next Annual Meeting the older members are turned out entirely—The Young ones will start under vastly greater advantages than we did— They will have a well filled rich treasury + a well Established Institution— Alas, the Academy which we have loved will go the way of all the at

May 19 the

Winter has indeed departed. And Spring, nay Sum-mer has burst upon us suddenly though not unex-pectedly, for we have waited long & anxiously— The Birds fill the air with musick, the Fruit Trees are clothed in blossoms, + the fields offer to the eye their grassy slopes, whose transparent juicy green tempts the eye to delightful repose— The grass of the Pas-tures of this season of the year is exceedingly beautiful in colour, tender though strong, soft & melting though intense—it possesses that due proportion of shadow that softens the harshness crudeness of great masses of the Green without destroying its brilliance; + when sprinkled with the Golden drops of the Dandelion + seen between the Spectator & the sun it has the most glowing charming effect of colour that nature possesses in her wide & varied range. But alas the painter falls far short in imitating it—with all the skill in the world he has not the materials and with all the skill in the world must fail—

When I remember + read of the multitude of great works produced by Raphael, MichelAngelo, Domen-ichino + other great Masters, how paltry + insig-nificant are the productions of my own pencil + how unpromising the prospect of ever producing Pictures that shall delight + inform posterity + be regarded with the admiration + respect that the works of those Masters do— Is it my own deficiency + the defect of the Times in wh + Society in which I live? This I know I have the Ambition, the desire + industry suf-ficient to do as much as any man has done, the capacity I may not have; but that has not yet been tried, no sufficient field has yet been opened to me— I do feel that I am not a mere leaf painter, that I have loftier conceptions than any mere combination of inanimate + uninformed Nature. but I might fail in the execution The But I am out of place everything around, except delightful Nature herself is conflicting with my feelings—there are few per-sons of real taste. + no opportunities for the Artist of Genius to develope himself his powers—the Utilitarian tide sets against Fine Arts—

May 22^{nd} I am now engaged in Painting a Picture representing a Ruined + Solitary Tower which stands on the verge of a tremendous precipice below which is spread the unruffled Ocean that seems to form that stands on a craggy promontory whose based is laved by a calm unruffled Ocean. Some rocky Islets rise from the sea at various distances, but the line of the Horizon is unbroken but by the Tower. The spectator is supposed to be looking east just after sunset. The moon is just ascending from the Ocean like a silver vapour, around her are towering clouds still lighted by the sun— The Moon the Clouds the Islets are all reflected in the tran-quil Waters—

On the summit of the cliff around the ruin + on the grassy steeps below are seen Sheep + Goats—+ in the Foreground seated on some fragments the Ruin is a lonely shepherd. he appears to be ga-zing intently on a distant vessel that lies becalmd on the deep. Sea Birds are sailing [illegible] round the Tower + afar till almost lost invisible through distance be-low his feet— This Picture will not be painted in my most finished style; but I think it will be po-etical; there is a stillness, a loneliness about it that may touch reach the imagination— The mellow subdued tone of Evening Twilight—the silvery lustre of the rising moon, the glassy ocean which mir-rors all befo upon its bosom—the Ivy-mantled Ruin—the distant Bark—the Solitary Shepherd Boy who apparently absorbed intent on in dreams of distant lands suggested by the lagging lagging sail, has forgotten that night approaches + his flocks are yet straggling among the rocks + precipices round— These objects combined must surely, if executed with ordinary skill produce to the in the mind capable of feeling, a pleasing + poetical effect— A sentiment of tranquility + solitude—But this picture will probably remain on my hands, it is not the kind of work to sell it would appear empty + vague to the multitude—those who purchase pic-tures alas! are like those who purchase merchant-dize they want quantity. material. They want something to show, something palpable—things, not thoughts—

July 1st — All around is luxuriant beautiful + fraught with life—indeed the season is more than usu-ally propitious— The Birds are warbling on every bush + tree + each bush + tree is unusually umbrageous—every tint of green is displayed + every texture of foliage from the dense deep tones + dense mosses leafage of the Forest Trees to the tender transparency of the spreading vine— The meadows glisten + the grain waves to wind— What in-imitable beauty!— The longer I pursue my Art + the more my experience + the more cultivated my eye becomes the more impotent is my skill to represent on canvas the ever varying features of Nature— And instead of appearing to approach nearer to perfection in imitation, I feel to be removed farther + farther away until at times I am overwhelmed by a melancholy fear that I am retrograding—that my sea-son of improvement is past—

And shall I halt midway in my career,
Just as I see the beauteous Fane uprear
'Mid th' golden clouds of the horizon far—
The shrine of my devotion + my pilgrimage—
Find 'neath my feet which yet unwearied are;
Before my eyes undimmed as yet by age
A Gulf mysterious whose cloudy depths defy
A passage— Vain are my efforts. Hope is near to die.

July 22nd There is a climbing plant which is attached to a large oak in our grove that I have watched from year to after year + find that it never gets any larger or stronger— In Spring it puts forth a few leaves + spreads a few green tendrils but the Winter entirely blasts them + the slender woody stem remains, without any increase of size—
Thou frail + feeble vine!
Year after year I watch with pitying eye

Thy fragile fingers twine,

Around that oak, whose sturdy branches high

Wave in the sunlight, in fruitless vain essay To spring from th' dismal shade up to the glorious day.

In summers' genial hours
Thy leaves + light green tendrils stretch aloft
With hope-inspiring power—
But Winter comes too soon + all thy soft
Thy bright young gay young foliage shrinks in sudden death
And the old stem alone remains beneath—

My fate resembles thine
I toil to gain a sunnier realm of light
And excellence—waste + pine
In the low shadow of this world of night—
The genial seasons sometimes bear me up
'Till Hope persuades I ne'er again shall stoop
But quickly comes the withering blast to blight
My rich + prided growth— + I remain
The same low thing, to bud—to blight fade again—

A August 26th Our little Boy was christened this morning by the Revnd M^r Philips—in S^t Lukes Church Catskill— His name Theodore Alexander.

Oct^r 9th I do not know when I have enjoyed a week more than I did the last. Feeling the want of fresh air + exercise I had determined to spend it in the midst of the beautiful of nature— On Monday in Company with M^r Griffin I set out to visit the Great Cave at Schoharie. The day was delightful the atmosphere clear + the Foliage had assumed the most beautiful hues of Autumn without having lost its freshness— The ride to Schoharie is all beautiful but be after leaving Oak Hill there was great novelty in the scenery. The Catskills had softened down into into gently swelling hills of great elevation but capable of cultivation to the very summits + Farm rose above Farm Field above Field in every variety of form + colour—from the gleaming Catskill that flowed in the depth of the valley below us to the distant summits on the opposite side of the Valley, affording a rich + luxurious picture. The Road now enters a narrow valley Preston Hollow on our side of which the Mountain rises principally clothed in its primitive forest The Catskill flows at its base through narrow bottoms— This kind of scenery continues to Livingstonville where it assumes greater grandeur The mountains on the left rising higher + more precipitous + clothed with forests of the noblest growth and rich in their Autumnal Colouring. Here + there might be seen in places that appeared al-most inaccessible Farm Houses perched on the heights above the Forest— These apparently insolated Farms must command fine prospects + reminded me of the Castles + Villages that I have seen among the Appenines. At Middleburgh the scenery changes its Character The Schoharie a fine stream flow breaking through the Mountains flows through wide + fertile flats, but the Mountains rise majestically around there is a remarkable band of precipitous rocks to the east the rampart of a mountain in the west a picturesque insolated mountain springs up from the valley extremely steep on one side, forming a big very striking + beautiful

feature in the Landscape— The scenery about Schoharie resembles that of Middleburg— The meadows are rich + the trees magnificent— The Maples were glowing in unequalled tints one splen-did Tree rivetted my eyes for some time its many of its upper branches masses of foliage were a deep red while the rest was of a dark but juicy green—We spent the night at Schoharie + next Morning having engaged the Landlord as Guide to the Cave we proceeded in a Waggon. The road lay over the hills to the N East of the village generally ascending + in many places commanding charming views— The entrance of Cave 1 is near the summit of a hill + in the woods, it is a mere hole having no picturesque or ca-vernous aspect— We descended by means of ladders perhaps 150 feet nearly perpendicular + then came to a low and narrow passage which leads to a Subterranean Lake here we found a Boat + one at a time we were carried beyond the water by our guide who pushed the boat along with his hands The passage at first is extremely narrow but at a turn widens + its roof rises beyond the Vision of with our lights. the water is perfectly clear + the perpendicular walls of the Rock descend into it to un-known depths—there is something awful in in being suspended in such an abyss—Landing we climbed up a steep passage over tenacious clay— + came to a great Chamber whose sides in many parts were not per-ceptible to us when standing in the Center + whose roof also in some parts was extremely lofty we explored its recesses climbing over hills of Clay of which the floor is formed, there were several other chambers, but they resembled each other very much— And There deco-rations, the stalactites have principally been car-ried away + nothing is left but the damp dark walls of limestone gloomy + silent but for the hissing of Bats which hang from the roof like innumerable drops of black poison— We remained in the Cave more than an hour, + found the Atmosphere pure + temperature not disagreeable (52 Farhenheit)— There is another part of the Cave which we did not visit on account of not having a proper boat to na-vigate under a low arch— This part is said to be three quarters of a mile long with several falls of Water in it— We ascended much delighted with the golden sunshine that shown down the mouth of the cave in a most charming manner— This cave on the whole is not a very remarkable one, but our curiosity was much gratified. Returned to Catskill the same day— The day following was spent in making arrangements for an excursion to the Highest Peak of the Catskill Mountains sometimes called Mt Round Top + sometimes High Peak— This excursion had long been long projected + talked of by myself + several friends but had been delayed from time to time from year to year until we began to think was in the summit of High Peak at which we daily gazed was in a region too elevated for our slow heavy feet—But my leisure permitting or rather making my time suit my inclination I determined to accomplish the excursion and endeavoured to muster our original party + succeed with the exception of the Gentlemen who were recreants. The Ladies being of bold spirit I determined to under-take the journey should I be the only man though no other man would accompany us—the Fortunately we were not reduced to this strait, two Gentlemen ret- Mr Theodore Prevost + M^r Louis Prevost volunteered to be of the party— Several years ago I ascended High Peak with a guide + made several sketches from the summit + also from the summit the mountain which is called Round Top from Catskill so I went f I started from the Mountain House on foot + returned the same day. It was a day of great toil for my guide did not was not acquainted with the best + easiest way to the summit— The High Peak is a very conspicuous mountain + its graceful varying outline is seen for many miles on the River—Its height was ascertained by Capⁿ Partridge to be 3804 feet above the Hudson it the summit has seldom been visited but by Hunters— A few Scene-Hunters like myself have ascended it from time to time And it is probable several Ladies have accomplished the toilsome journey to its summit— It is to be re-gretted that a better name has not been given to the Catskills, that the Indian one has not been preserved— From Catskill the High Peak takes the following form—
The mountain marked * is called Round Top from at Catskill —

[Sketch of the Catskill mountain range in profile as viewed from the village; includes labeling of High Peak and *]

From the River several miles below Catskill the High Peak takes this form and is called Round Top—

[Sketch of the High Peak and Round Top from a view that differs from the previous sketch]

On the morning of the Fourth of October our party being mustered and our conveyances being ready which consisted of two Waggons, one a spring waggon capable of carrying 6 or 8 The other three persons beside the driver, being ready we started— The party consisted of six Ladies + three Gentlemen The Ladies were My Sister Sarah Miss Harriet Bartow, Harriet Hawley, Maria Cook, A Cook + Elizabeth Cook— Schutt who was to be guide drove one of his Waggons and th The day was such a one as to we should have chosen had we our choice, one of our heavenly Au-tumnal days when the sun shines blandly through a clear + cloudless sky—the crystal atmosphere casts a veil of beauty over the retiring Landscape now tinged have the loveliest tints of Autumn— Several Ba Sundry Baskets containing many good things provided by the Ladies were placed in the Waggons giving weighty promise that we should not die of Famine among the Mountains— We started full of bright anticipations + congratulating one another on the weather— Although we had never so completed seriously the It was our in-tention to proceed to the Mountain House Pine Orchard by way of the Clove Valley, pass the night there the next day morning start for the High Peak + return to the Mountain House the same day

I well knew the toil would great be excessive for the ladies to accomplish this + I had several times spoke of encamping for the night on the Peak but had never seriously entertained the in-tention of doing so, but a few miles from Catskill the the thing was spoken of incidentally + it was proposed the Ladies were delighted with the idea. of course it was decid resolved that we should sleep on the morrow night on the highest Peak of the Catskill Mountains—It would be tedious perhaps to relate describe, though any thing but tedious to us was the ride from Catskill to the entrance of the Clove Valley—The party was in the highest spirits + if there was not much wit among us there was abundance of good nature which is far better—We entered that beautiful Pass through the Mountains called the Clove, on either hand the moun-tains rise majestically thousands of feet, on the left the High Peak, on the right the South Mountain on whose side the sun shown with golden splendour + the huge precipices that from several Hundred rise a thousand feet above the village of Palensville (now Irvingsville) frowned on the valley like ramparts towers + battlements of Cyclopean structure—At Irvingsville whilst the Ladies purs At Livingsville we all dismounted to walk up the steep road that was before us—Our party scattered in groups went loiter-ingly along, sometimes stopping to pick a flower or a pebble, to gaze on the fearful

precipices that rose a-bove or into the depths below where flowed the Kaater-skill with many a rush and bound ma as making merry with its native rocks in it left there for the quick windings of lower Country— We crossed a bridge which spans the stream under impending rocks. This is a scene truly picturesque, The Rude Bridge over and the dashing stream in the foreground the dashing stream and overhanging crags of rock to in the foreground. the win-ding road beyond, seeking its way amid the luxuriant foliage the distant + in the distance the mountains folding across each other in beautiful light shade and colour—form a scene worthy of the a masters pencil of But we could not linger long to gaze on this lovely scene we were hungry + the Waggons having overta-ken us it was proposed that we should take a meal at a charming waterfall close bye—

Time will not allow me at present to discuss our excur-sion as I intended: but the sum of it is that we ascended the High Peak. the next day. traversed some beautiful realms of moss where the effect of the sun shining in gleams through the tall dark Spruce Forest on the green velvety carpet which outspread, without un-derwood, was extremely beautiful— It reminded me of Gothick Ar Cathedral of the interior of some vast Gothick Pile, where clustered Columns the groined roof above + the sun breaks through narrow windows in slen-der streams and lights whatever it strikes with a refulgence that appears almost supernatural amid the dim gloomy shadows round—

Then was some hard clambering before we arrived at the summit but the Ladies did bravely—We took blankets with us provisions +— Guide + two men to carry necessities, Built a Cabin or Camp, Made Fires, And remained all night on the summit—Comfortably—Descended next morning in health + spirits—

Nov 8

O, that in adamant were cased my breast!
Or closed mine ear against the distracting noise
Of the great strife political. That Voice
Which like a hurrying whirlwind comes, unblessed,
And prostrates mans affections, sympathies,
Domestic joys and duties; makes the Guest
An Enemy and deadly hate unnatural has placed
'Twixt Brothers— Holy Peace + Virtue Holy Peace + Virtue fly—
Before those fain + multitudinous shouts that cry and hideous eries
"For Liberty"—dishonoured name! Shouts shrill,
Of Selfishness they are, and Lawless Will.
My soul is sad; for Freedom sinks to + dies
When Party hath usurped her lofty throne
And Loves' + Truths' bright Altars overthrown—

March 24 1839. Again in the Country! in sight of the mountains far from the distracting turmoil of City life! Maria + Child went with me las to N. York last November—The River closed suddenly + we were obliged to spend the Winter in the City. Our sojourn there was neither a pleasant nor profitable one— The Child was unwell part of the Winter + Maria was als + myself were also indisposed a part of the time—And painting seemed almost an impossible thing to

me— I hardly sup-posed myself to be such a creature of circumstance. I had two Painting Rooms in the Course of the Winter and the first in the University which I found too cold for me; the second in the house where we boarded but in neither could I paint, warm or cold, I commenced several pictures but did not finish a single one. I invented a mode of applying water (when there is head) to the raising of stone or other heavy weights. I am now applying for a patent for it under the name of the Water Derrick or Shears—A Caveat was taken out + a good model completed with the assistance of my Nephew Henry before I left the City. It was suggested to me by the fact that the Croton River water is when brought to the City will rise to the height of the highest buildings— It appears Death has again been in our house! My Sister Mary died on the 1st of March af-ter an illness of many months which she bore with exemplary patience + resignation + even cheer-fulness— May God grant that when the hour of death comes to me and mine it may find us in the same happy tone of mind that our poor Sister was. Her character was simple, amiable + affectionate, wil-ling at all times to sacrifice her own pleasure to the good of those she loved indeed such sacrifice was a plea-sure—Benevolent to all—and a peace-maker wherever dissension threatened her friends— She was buried with my Father + Mother in St John's Burying Ground Hudson S^t. We grieve not that she has been released from her suffering but that we have no longer her ever ready smile to cheer us + that the recollection of her is all that now remains. with us We shall cherish that memory though it is tinged with melancholy, as all that death touches must ever be-

I have received a noble commission from Samuel Ward. A commission to paint a Series of Pictures the plan of which I conceived several years since + had an oppor-tunity of presenting to him this Spring. The Subject is to be executed in four pictures about 6 ^{ft} 6 ⁱⁿ or 7 ft long each, and is entitled the Voyage of Life.

I earnestly + sincerely hope that I shall be able to ex-ecute the work in a manner worthy of $\frac{Mr}{Mr}$ Ward's liberali-ty and honourable to myself—the subject is $\frac{Mr}{Mr}$ Al-legorical one, but perfectly intelligible + I think capable of $\frac{Mr}{Mr}$ being the vehicle for making a strong moral and religious impression.

April 28th— The invention of Daguerre + Talbot if carried to the perfection which it promises will undoubtedly produce a great revolation in the Pictorial Arts and it is difficult to imagine to what it may lead. one thing appears to me evident that it will have the effect of annihilating these false + lying Artists who of late have deluged the World with their production—those things called views—sk purporting to be sketched on the spot—effect put in in London + elswhere by some favourite manufacturer of blotch + blaze— Nature herself will now confront the liars in paint + black + white—and their monstrosi-ties will be revealed to the eyes of the much abused public—their exaggerated mountains their pitchy skies their suns setting in the south. their full moons setting in the companionship with their sun + all those violations of truth which they have been guilty of will be exposed—*

*Mr Weir told me that when Bartlett the manufacturer of Views was at West Point, he observed that he exaggerated the height of the mountains in sketching on a remark being made by Weir on that subject—he said, O they will <u>sell</u> the better—

And I trust better taste will be the result. The lower and mere imitative branches of the Art will most probably receive their death blows; but the higher branches the imaginative will probably rise to greater perfection in consequence of the red^{ab}undance of materials fur-nished to it through means of the Daguerroscope. To be sure there is some danger that the Artist will become indolent + not being compelled to go through the laborious process of sketching his materials

from nature + Art, may ne be deficient in that power of execution + exact knowledge of nature that can be obtained only through great labour + study— But to the Artist who has studied nature in all her moods + treasured up her impressions + the principles derived from incessant observations this new invention will be a rich mine from which to select + arrange in order materials for the structure + embodyment of his most beautiful + sublime conceptions— The false + exaggerated system of Chiaro Scuro which of late has been so fashionable will have to disappear shrink away before modesty of nature as exhibited in the Daguerroscope It is It is not to the Arts of Design alone that this invention will contribute but also to the Sciences— To Chemistry Natural History Astronomy +— For the latter I believe it will do wonders the images of the Stars Moon Planets +— as transmitted through the best telescopes may be preserved + be again magnified. The motion of these The motion of the planet, many will be

May $-19^{(11th)}$ This season has so far has been a beautiful one it vegetation has come out gradually + earlier than usual. Yet how magical the change wrought by the hand of nature in a few days—Green tender green [illegible] clothes the Landscape and melts the heart— + here + there white or pink blossoms give variety to the scene— How aptly has nature chosen her colours, the soft, the fresh, the healing. The cold white snows of winter are gone the ice blue shadows and the ^{gray} rimy clouds have given place to hues + tints + tones, tempered with war warmth + glowing with freshness + vitality— The murmur of gentle breezes, most gentle because the harsh branches are + the b rocks are mantled by delicate + yielding foliage + herbs + flower—the hum of bees the warbling of birds from morn until 1 night unite in a strain sweeter + more harmonious than ever was struck by human hands—But the season passes as I write + a few days only comprise the season of Spring—regrets that it will so soon pass invade the ac-tual enjoyment— O that there was a power to perpetuate the Spring or to give it the slow leaden feel of Winter— Vain thoughts are these, should Spring be perpetual we should long for Summer Autumn Winter and abhorred Winter to vary the monotony even of beauty— It is all right each season brings its own peculiar beauty + pleasures—But there are those whose temperament is such that bland airs of Spring and the more ardent ones of Summer bring comparative hap-piness + wintry winds bring misery or tedious discom-fort— Mine is such a one—

To Melancholy.

When winds Autumnal sigh among the hills
And rustling leaves embrown the vallies dim
And swollen brooks lift up a mournful voice
As through the flowerless groves
The shivering leafless groves
They wend them towards the Ocean far away.
Thou Melancholy, by some Sadness called,
Unto the lonely wanderer art ever near
And whispering to his soul things once forgotten
Joys of his former days
And thoughts that cause
"His breast to heave + gushing tears to flow—
Thy face is pale but ever sadly beautiful
As is the Moon when falls her gentle light

On some lone tower, or antique arch where waves

With ever mournful music

To the midnight breeze

The sable ivy glittering with dew; in the falling dew

Or on the desolate heaps that rise beside

Euphrates stream, heaps once vast palaces

Where musick nightly rose to royal ears

And sounds of a great multitude arose

When silence now does reign;

Nor dripping oar nor song

Breaks that dread silence stillness—silence which is death the hush of death.

Thy face is beautiful; + though no never smile

Illumes those holy features calm + pure

Sober serenity in thy deep eye

Dwells like some mountain-head

Glassed in the lonely lake

When breathless breezeless twilight lingers oer the world.

In spring I find thee 'mong the gentle flowers

Those dying children of the earth & air,

Calling to mind my own departing youth

My perished hopes once so bright

And shortens as the breeze

That lifts the head of coy anemonie—

In the blue sky art thou in summertime

At noon—at midnight when the stars

From their deep homes remote look down

On this our globe minute

And teach the astonished mind

How weak—how vain—how small a thing is man.

When winds autumnal sigh among the hills

In every murmur of the waving grove

I hear thy voice, in every shadow see

In every cloud thy winged form

And in thy pictureless air thy presence dwells;

And in my spirit for the season that Autumn brings

Death on its pinions broad + death has struck

With a repeated blow + robbed

These arms of those the earth

And all its fullness never can

To me restore— Yes! Autumns is all thine own.

And when the snows of Winter drift^{close} my path

And shut me from the world, thou art with me

Whether I con the page of wisdom or pursue

My avocation dear,

Impatient of renowns

Or with a wiser aim: to bless my fellow men—

Yet! Yet by Hope sustained! I will arise
From thy embrace + like the lark
That upward soars warbling its joy
Though its remembered nest
Is lowly placed on earth
Frequent I will essay to rise soar like like it
Until the hour which Hope has promised me
Shall break loose the chain that binds my soul to thee—

June 20th I have at length discovered what I have long desired the Indian Name of the High Falls of the Kaaterskill— It is mentioned in an Old Deed of Leverage + Van Orden I believe dated 1767. Which deed I t deed alludes to other deeds of older date 1702, 1686 wherin it is probable other particulars may be found—the names of the Catskill + Katerskill + of the Mountains. The name of the Falls Quatawicknaak. I wish it had been a little more euphonous. I think the a 's in the word are sounded like we soun have it in Water. It is the Dutch pronunci-ation of the Indian word—

On Sept^r 24.— Half past eleven o Clock last evening^{night}, which was Monday the 23^d, Maria presented me with a Little Girl gave birth to a fine litt Girl— I am very much delighted that it is a girl— It is left to the [illegible] God grant that she may be a blessing to us.

Nov^r I have removed into a new Painting Room in M^r Thomsons Store Building— This is a temporary chan arrangement— My Old Painting Room was rather too small for painting such pictures as M^r Wards is. I hope to have a good one in the House I intend to build next Summer—

M^r Samuel Ward who gave me the liberal commission for the Voyage of Life is dead— There would almost seem to be a fatality in these commissions. M^r Reed died without seeing his series completed— M^r Ward died soon after his was commenced— I trust there will be no desire on the part of the Family that the Commission be discontinued, in fact there can be no change without my consent as there is a written agreement— The work is one in which I have much hope & I should consider is a great misfor-tune to have to abandon it—

Dec^r 29th The latest footsteps of the year are now being impressed on the sandy ^{+ unstable} shore of time—that shore which skirts the Ocean Eternity. A narrow shore it is on which we are ^{man} standing ^{treads} + before him are spread thick mists + darkness — and ever + anon we hear the plunge of one who fallen ^{dropped} into the gulf into which all must It is a narrow shore which man treads; before him spread thick mists + darkness + ever + anon we hear the plunge of one who has dropped fallen into the gulf in-to which all must fall descend; but let us not fear; it is the corporeal frame of man that sinks, the human soul soars over that vast ocean + finds a fitter dwelling place—than this house of clay— Why do Ye count your little years your years Why do ye count your little days, your years, Or e'en your ages? they are nought—they are

The measure of your wasting breath—your fears.

Ye are as misers hoarding up with Care
The shining gold, which is but dust, insensate dust,
That never can be changed to spirit: gold
Nor years are chattels of the soul, they rust
Or perish. Her possession is the during trust
In God— A love for him that [illegible] all whose love can not be told,
And glorious Eternity Immortality which death shall soon unfold.

January 1st 1840

How strange appear the characters in which we write the title of each New Year when first we see them! [illegible] And what mingled sensations of pleasure + pain arise on contemplating them— They announce that the Old Year is past with all its good its evil its hopes fears cares + enjoyments that another year enters upon the stage of Time with veiled face + hidden form. It comes up from Eternity like the cloud of Elishah no bigger than a mans hand; but who can foretel whether it hears in its bosom dark storms, or refreshing rains + gentle airs— God grant that to me + mine it may bring nothing of great evil— I cannot hope for all good either for myself or the world, for the life of man is a mingled tissue— This day is one that makes a deep impression on my mind—it is the first of the New Year + it is the 2 Birthday of our little boy Theodore—two years have passed over his head + the third finds him healthy blooming + happy + a joy to his Mother + myself—

Upon the bosom of the infant year,
Our Firstborn! Thou wert brought to earth
The New Year rose—the day-dawn did appear,
And thou didst breath the breath of life— Thy birth,
The mighty years'—the Days' covenal were—
No common Auspiciously thy earthly race begun:
No common natal hour was thine, my son!—

Thy name too hath a meaning, "Theodore",
The "Gift of God", that I would ne'er forget;
And may the giver on the gift outpour
His choicest blessings, & before thee set
His shield; So, in the world's tumultuous roar
Thou shalt be strengthened, & sins' arrows fall
Innocuous—thy virtue conquering all—

If tis thy lot to live through many years
And this the utterance of a parents' love
OerShould meet thy gaze—think, think what anxious fears
What hopes, thy Mother's breast + mans did move,
As watching thee with tenderness + tears
We looked into the future, knowing well
That in the world, sorrow + sin foreverdo dwell.

And may the love which now I would express
Bring to thine eyes a tear—strength to thy mind
To battle with temptation—onward press
In virtues path, even for our sakes, + find
In our fond love a cause for lovingness;
And prove my son, when earth's dark vale is trod,
Thou wert indeed the very "Gift of God.

Feby 1st My Birthday. How they accumulate, these years. Subtracted one by one from the appointed sum & thrown into the Past. things that may be counted but not enjoyed—except they bear leave the reminiscences of virtuous action.

Gray hairs. Unwelcome monitors! begin
To mingle with the locks that shade my brow
And sadly warn me that I stand within
That pale called uncertain called the "middle age—
Upon the billows head which soon must bow
I reel, and gaze into the deep bepths where wage are
No more the Wars 'twixt Life where wage I descend towards that Deep
Whose secrets the Almighty One doth keep—

I am as one on weighty errand bound,
Uncertain is the distance, fixed the hour—
[I] He stop to gaze upon some gnomons dials round
Trembling + earnest, when a rising cloud
Casts its oblivious shadow & no more
The dial Gnomon tells what I would know: And loud
Thunders are heard + gathering tempests lowr lower.
Lamenting mispent time I he haste away
And tread again the dim + dubious way.

Feby 22nd The Painter must necessarily be more intimately acquainted with external nature than the Poet. The Painters business is to produce the appearances of nature + by them impressions. The Poet produces by description produces impressions— It is absolutely necessary that the Painter should have a minute I may say anatomi-cal knowledge of nature as well as a general one— The Poet requires no such definite + particular ac-quaintance with External nature he most frequently deals in generals— For instance the Poet describes a sky—he says—"The morning sky was beautiful light rosy clouds floated across the deep blue vault of heaven—" Or "The sunset was gorgeous, clouds of gold + crimson were heaped plied together in stupendous masses—" Now the painter must create, he must make the beautiful sky—it is a "Morning Sky" he must know wherein consists a morning sky. he must know what are the forms the clouds take in the mor-ning—when light + rosy—he must know too that there are no two parts in the whole sky alike no two clouds in light shade or colour + more he must know what they must be— The

"Purple Vault" of the Poet he knows very well is not all purple the Horizon is widely different from the Zenith— And so with the sunset the gorgeous must be embody-ed, the gold + crimson clouds which must have forms + particular tints, tones + shadows that belong only to nature under the circumstances of sunset— + there again are many sunsets which differ excee-dingly although the clouds are gold + crimson + piled in stupendous masses—

The Poet describes a Forest—he says conveys an impression in a few words "the magnificent forest"— The painter knows represents that a Forest is composed of a multitude of trees—these trees va-rying in kind age + character + that each tree is composed of trunk branches + foliage—this fo-rest must be lighted too, by from the right the left or from above + that light must have its peculiar tone which tone must pervade the whole scene. he He must also represent the space in which the Forest stands by means of aerial perspective, some trees are near some afar off— And so with the human form The poet deals in generals the painter in both generals + particulars—

March 18th Our little girl was christened by the Rev^d M^r Phillips—Her name is Mary Bartow

August 3^d 1840 Marias Birthday—

Thy Birthday comes Maria when the meads
Their rich encumbrance to the scythe have given
And tempt to wander (the willing) feet to roam when the twilight spreads
Her azure mantle over earth + heaven—
It is Amid the glory of the orbed year
For in it rose the star to me most dear. The star that rules my heart did first appear.

It was a day of great import to me When thou wert born, unconscious though I dwelt In youths unthinking maze^{time}. Each hour we see Weaves in our destiny unseen, unfelt, Some chain of light or shade which shall be found Forever more about our being found.

Spirit benign who in that blessed hour Didst high preside when first Maria breathed, And opend^{opened} those eyes whose gentle power In after years my soul with joy enwreathed,

I owe thee gratitude; + this full heart Acknowledges the boon thou didst impart.

There is in the Foreign Quarterly of July 1840 An extract from "Michelet's History of France" on the subject of Gothick Architecture and of in speaking of the Architects of Germany. "Those souls of purity: childlike innocence + yet of profound thought. "How were they named? Who can tell us? We know nothing more than that they formed part of that the vast + mysterious + vast association that was every where spread out about. "To know with what care they laboured"

obscure as they were + lost amid the association, or with what abroga-tion of themselves they persevered, the most remote + inac-cessible parts of Cathedrals ought to be visited. Climb those aerial deserts mount to the highest points of the spires where the tiler cannot trust himself without trembling, and you will often find + seen by the eye of God alone, some Chef d'oevre chef d'œuvre of art and of sculpture upon which the pious workman has spent his life—not a name not a sign not a letter is there upon it! he would have thought himself robbing God of his glory had he put any. He laboured for God alone, + for the remedy of his soul"— This abrogation of themselves this unegotistical spirit of the harnessed by the Gothick Architects, so foreign to our times. was not was is I believe has been the true source of excellence in every Face of the Fine Arts in every age + as there was more or less of this chaste devotion to the beautiful + the sublime so have the Arts risen or sunk. In the Temples of Greece this same pious lofty feeling can also be traced. Parts, for instance, of the Parthenon that the Athenian Mul-titude never gazed upon, have been Ruin has revealed to the modern eye of the modern elab sculptured into forms of as elaborate + exquisite as the any of the parts most exposed— Every great Artist works to God, forgetful of the whims caprices prejudices + even the desires of men he labours to gratify the eravings of his soul to gratify his souls devotion to the beau-tiful + true which are centred in God-

When Artists descend to labour merely as a means of obtaining reputation + emolument they relinquish abandon the path that leads to the highest excellence + gro-vel forever amid the filth and are found grovelling forever amid the filth in the filth + common of Art—

Jany 31st 1841

This day hath^{is} closed another of my years And the red current that doth turn the wheel Of mortal life, of its appointed task Thus much hath well performed; to be renewed No More. I know the years my life has known I know that there has was mingled in their tide The light, the dark, the painful + the glad; But when I gaze into the Future's depths And strive to learn what yet remains of life Whether of years or hours or seconds, Ah! 'Tis blank, mysterious + mortal ken Is lost in gloom. Am I disconsolate? That all is dark? Oh God forbid! for though Not yet thou has is granted prescience to man Immortal hope is given him to sustain. Who gave this being knows the time to take. That time Oh God! I wait! grant that the hour Whene'er it come may find me trusting thee.

May 30th The Winter only left us about a fortnight ago; bare trees + bleak winds, + snow clad mountains. But now summer is glowing around us. The blossoms of the fruit trees have already covered the paths like snow + the forests are clothed in green leaves. We cannot but rejoice that

earth is so quickly from the cold + bare to the luxuriant beauty of early summer; but a sigh escapes us when we think that the footsteps of Spring have been so fleet. Let us rejoice in the beauty that encompasses us casting no background thought on our stern, + long, dreary winters; but thanking Almighty God that he has given us this glorious season to enjoy + hearts + eyes capable of feeling the fulness of its beauty. We are awakened in the morning by the song of birds we open our eyes upon the green fields + the green leaves in tender + playful as children cover the gray arms of the Oaks + Chestnuts of our Grove—sweet scents salute us + we breath with delight the fresh + fragrant air. It is indeed a beautiful world— Oh that the cares the turmoil the sin of the world were not!

The children are happy these days there is no keeping within doors + it would be a sin to endeavor to keep them there unnecessarily.

July 17th This afternoon Mr^s C my sisters Sarah + Harriet + myself made a pedestrian excursion to Canoe Lake about three miles from here— The wea-ther was beautiful though warm + the foliage of forests on the shady sides of the rocky hills near Gaylord's as luxuriant as I ever saw nature— We found the val-ley in which the lake is sometimes found, but it was destitute of water— A few weeks ago I visited it was quite a fine sheet; but now the basin of the lake is covered with green weeds + flowers— Canoe Lake is in one those valleys, which are not unfrequent in this part of the County, that are locked in by hills on every side and allowing no outlet for the waters that flow into it except a subterranean one + this lies under a ledge of rocks in Canoe Lake— Although the scene it was destitute of Water Fall it was beau-tiful; descending towards into it we see on the right steep Salvatoresque Rocks with wild trees at their crests + sides. And vines and creepers of various kinds + most luxuriant festoons clinging around them— The east side of the valley is all of precipi rocks with hanging woods, the rest is steep + not so rocky + in parts cultivated; the hills on each side perhaps two or three hundred feet high. The bed of the lake itself is in no place more than a stones throw across but is perhaps about half a mile long. It is a wild secluded + peculiar scene + when the water is there, which sometimes stands to the depths of thirty feet it is exceedingly beautiful + looks like deep river winding it quick way through hills. I # on returning I remarked to Maria that although these scenes in American in ge were often so extremely beautiful, yet we feel the Want of As-sociations such as cling to the Scenes of the Old World—which are hallowed by History or Legend. Simple Nature is not quite sufficient we want human interest, incident + action to render the effect of Landscape Complete. The American Mind has yet to turn to Europe + must for centuries to come—but the time will come when the Old Associations may be worn + wasted away + the American Scenes that we now think are desti-tute of human Association will be full of the richest deepest interest poetical + historical which the footsteps foot of time shall impressed thereon thereon.

I have observed that blue flowers are exceedingly beautiful seen in the bright sun-light while in the shade, if perceived, they are of little value—Orange or red flowers on the contrary are disagreeable seen in the glaring sun, they are them-selves warm in colour, but the sunlight makes them hot—they are most beautiful in the shade, which they glow like fire illumine with a pleasant glow. Were I gardening in a sunny clime I would place blue flowers in the brightest light, perhaps intermingled with white and pink + delicately tinted flowers in the shadowy places Scarlet, ⁺ Orange—in the inter-mediate Crimson + rich purple flowers.

Paris Oct^r 8th I am in the Old World + in the midst of Works of Art. I am just from the Louvre + have been steeping myself in the inspiration of the greatest works minds of olden times— I have dwelt among pictures since I came here I feel am delighted, depressed, yet stimulated. I feel that art has not yet arrived at its acme. I feel that much more may be done, wonder-ful as some of the master productions are; but I am conscious that time has too far advanced for me to subject myself to that study + training of hand + eye that is necessary. I began too late in life, but I will do my best if I may not be the first I will not be the last— I have always longed to be an Historical painter as well as a painter of Landscape but I fear that op-portunity will not occur either in practice or employment. I am hopeful + earnest + cannot entirely fail if God grants health + moderate means.

Whilst I am among works of art my mind is in great measure beguiled away from my dear Family but when retired to my solitary Chamber the sad thoughts of absence come thick upon me.

Rome 22³ November— Last Evening was the Anniversary of my Marriage. Five years have elapsed + I am in Rome far away from my dear wife + family. What strange leaves open ⁱⁿ the book of life! Health + the necessity of renovating my artistic feeling + oc-cassional offering ⁺ gathering fresh materials for my profession have dragged me away from home. And my life will be laden with sad-ness until I see my Wife + Family again— I have made a great sacrifice of my affections to what I consider to be my duty. God grant that I may not be disappointed in my hopes labours + expectations. I made a mistake in the day of the month, yesterday + thought that this Evening was the anniversary of my marriage— But it is singular that ^{in or} a-bout or the very same hour that we were married (making al-lowance for difference in time) I dreamed about Maria— The dream was not altogether an agreeable one. I thought I saw her on a bed with one of the children. The child was well but Maria's face was flushed with fever— But why do I record this; except ^{as} I hope it will to prove the fallacy of dreams. If I were to think over this I might be sad but I will close the book + leave all to God.

Rome Dec^r 24— I have seen a grand sight this evening + aft After sunset I walked on the Pincian Hill. The sun was set + two huge clouds stretched obliquely across the sky to the right + to the left of the great Dome of S^t Peters of the Wings of the World, all the city below was wrapped in a mysterious shroud of darkness + vapor + only here + there the loftier roofs of towers stretched through the obscure + were indistinctly darkly visible— The lofty buildings seemed like a connecting chain of shadow that connected the mighty S^t Peters + with the huge mass of the Castle + S^t Angelo which rose darkly relieved from amid a cloud of vapor bluer + lighter than the general haze of the Landscape. ever and anon a vivid flash of light issued from its walls + after a few seconds a peal like that of distant thunder was heard— This explained the cause of that blue mist that curled around that giant structure— It was Christmas Eve. But where are the bones of Adrian? Little dreamed that mighty Emperor that his bones sheet, torn cast from the Sarcophagus that and scattered like the common dust; that the stupendous pile of masonry erected over him should should become a fortress from whose walls the human thunderbolt should be launched. And more than all that strangers like myself should come from a land beyond an Ocean which his ships had never crossed the Rome's legions never conquered + of whose existence he was utterly ignorant—

should come I say + muse gazing on his Mausoleum muse as I have mused. + pondered on the mighty over the mighty changes wrought by Time.

Christmas day 1841 Today the thoughts of home crowd upon me + I feel sad at being absent from our own dear friends on this particular day. A day which has generally been one of much enjoyment to me— What a contrast from last Christmas day then I was in the midst of my family my Wife Children + Sister— And now I am sealed in my solitary cham-ber in Rome. An Exile though a voluntary one, if that can be called voluntary which circumstances require— A great part of my exile I trust is over yet when I looked at the labors that I propose to accomplish be-fore my return I feel that it is long very long. How can I bear it! If I am spared to get through it prosperously how I shall enjoy my dear home next Christmas day—

Jany 1st 1842. The New Year finds me far from home. The waves of the Atlantic roll between me + those I most love on earth— My thoughts are full of Home—The Past + the Future. + I have no power of expression—

Feby 28th The weeks pass away. occupation give them swifter wings than they would otherwise have. My pictures advance as rapidly as I expected + perhaps more so The Voyage of Life. I have finished two + the 3^d which is the second of the series is far advanced in a fort-night I hope to have finished it. the last I think will take me a comparatively short Time— They may be better on the whole than the ones I painted for M^T Ward, but it is difficult to judge. I hope they may prove profitable to me as I have sacrificed time to them that ought to have been given to the study of Figures Land-scape + Art which I might have was so desirous to make; but I hope yet to have some opportunity. The Weather is delightful The whole winter has been a lengthened spring. The flowers are now bursting forth abundantly + the birds are singing in every bush. But I would give all these things for a few hours with my dear Family—

March 19 20th Yesterday I was gratified by a visit from T^horwaldsen the great Sculptor. He is a grand old man. His remarks on my pictures ^{of The Voyage of Life} were highly gratifying— He at once seized the Allegory + understood the whole intention of the Artist— He said my work was entirely new + original in its conception + executed in a very masterly manner. He commended much the harmony of colour + the adapta-tion of Scenery + detail to the expression of the subject. He remained in my ^{room} a great length of time looking at the pictures + when he went away thanked me for the great pleasure I had given him and asked to be allow-ed to come again—

How often in passing through the streets of Rome I see some poor Woman haggard + miserably clad prostrate before some shrine + offering up her prayers to the Madonna or some other Saint. Though I pity her + cannot believe with her, yet I can-not despair altogether her superstion, for she derives consolation from it— There she kneels oppressed by by hopeless poverty—borne down by the cares + sorrows of the world + conscious of deep sin (from which none are exempt) + believing that her prayers are heard by one who turns towards her a merciful ear + has the power to mitigate her earthly sor-rows + procure for her eternal joy; her mind which but for this

would sink under accumulated sorrow + guilt, gathers hope + consolation + she goes on her way if not with joy yet with patience—

May 22nd Two days ago I returned from Sicily where + in a few days I intend to leave Rome, in all probability for ever! I am thankful that I have been preserved in health + I now look forward with the pleasing expectation of being soon united to my dear Family—My sojourn in Europe has been rather a melancholy one in consequence of my being se-perated from those I love—I have laboured hard, for I have painted again the Series of the Voyage of Life. I doubt much whether I have acted judiciously in attempting a work which has engrossed almost all my limited time in Rome. And sometimes I think if I had painted one or two smaller pictures only + studied Figures + from Nature more I should have been wiser; but time will show. I shall take the Series to England + shall endeavor to dispose of them there. I have but little hope of doing so. The fashionable taste (if I may dignify it with such a name) is for works of another order pictures without ideas, mere gaudy displays of colour + Chiaro Scuro without meaning—mere showy things for the eye. If I do not dispose of them my pictures in England I must take them home + hang them in my own Room + content my-self with the conviction that the time will come when they will be more valued. And if my journey to Europe produces no pecuniary recompense I trust that my health is, + I trust will continue to be better for it. And let the worst come I hope to be able to earn by my profession sufficient for the comfortable support of my family. My pictures in Rome have certainly been received in a most flattering manner by the Artists.

May 26 Rome. To-morrow I expect to leave Rome— Until now it has been my intention to take the Voyage of Life to England with me but on serious consideration I am now in-clined to do otherwise. My reasons for taking them to England were to sell them—to acquire a reputation through which my pecuniary interests might be advanced + means and opportunity afforded me for producing other + better works— My reasons for hesitation are these. My means are exceedingly limited + I know when I return home there will be demands on my purse which it will be difficult to meet. If I take my pictures to London many expenses are incurred necessarily + considering this taste that now prevails in England it is most probable that my pictures will not be successful at any rate—it will require time (more than in all probablity I can spare) to get them into notice + I may send And I can send them home + if I think proper from New York to London for less expense than I can carry them through Europe from here to London. + whilst I am in London I most likely can make arrangements for the reception of my pictures there— I am not quite resolved on this matter. May I be enabled to determine well + judiciously!

Nov^r 27th It seems strange to me that I have not writ-ten a word on these Pages since my return from Eu-rope. it is not because there has not been anything of interest to write but rather that there has been too much— I returned on t from Europe July 30th in August on Aug 4th to a beautiful New York The Great Western entered the harbour of N York. never was there a more beautiful morning everything looked brilliant the Sky the Water + the earth; but + my spirits were in harmony with all. The same evening I left N York in the Steam Boat + arrived at home after midnight. I was hardly expected so soon—but was not the less welcome I found all well Maria Children all. Perhaps the for a few weeks after my return I felt happier than I ever did in my life

before. Would that such bliss would bless were more enduring; but it may not be in this world the cares + anxieties of life will crowd upon us + we are only now and then permitted to get a foretaste of the joys that we hope are in store for us hereafter—and these brief seasons of happiness are bought by months of painful anxiety + care. How much I suf-fered how much I bore + how much I grieved during m my absence from my family, but thank God I am once more at home + I have learned to value more highly than ever the-my own fireside—Snow Squalls to day, in the intervals brilliant sunshine. the woods are roaring in the blast. I fear the river will be closed very soon.

"What now as beauty thou dost know "Shall one day come to thee again as truth. Schiller.

That the true + the beautiful are in [illegible] Nature + Art are one + inseperable, I have long been con-vinced, And that truth is the fixed + unchangeable standard of taste + that whatever is produ that Works of Art however they may tickle the fancy + amuse the eye of the multitude at the time, unless founded + built upon truth will pass away like the breeze that for a moment ruffles the surface of the lake. Though founded on Truth are permanent + reflect the World in perfect beauty. The Truth I mean is What I mean by true in Nature is—the fulfillment in themselves the consummation, I may say, of objects + purposes of created things of the object + purposes for which they were created. For instance the most beautiful leaf + flower will be that which has per-formed its various functions to the greatest perfection There is however a difference in objects one kind of leaf was more beautiful than another one flower than another— — In the human form—the most beautiful is that which is most completely developed for the function of life—whether modified by sex or age— In Art By true in Art I mean in a imitation of True Nature + not the imitation of accidents nor merely the common imitation that takes nature indiscriminately— All Nature is not true. The stunted pine—the withered fig-tree—the flower whose petals are im-perfect are not true—But I would say the imitation of Art should be the imitation of the perfect (as far as can be) in Nature + the carrying out the of principles suggested by nature. Art is in fact Mans' lowly imi-tation of the creative power of the Almighty— In Art The Apollo—The Farnesian Hercules. The Venus di Medici—Are as true as Any thing in Art has pro-duced— In the Apollo, Dignity Grace + Agility are embodied— In the Hercules, Form + Muscular energy power— In the Venus Feminine beauty—in great measure destitute of intelectual expression— These Works are true having their type in Nature— Apollo was the God of swiftness, fire light + poetry song Hercules he who wrought such immense physical labors of Venus the Voluptuous. The Artist found in Nature the principles + forms which constituted these various classes of beauty—And the Artist must always turn to nature if he would pro-duce that which is to immortalize him—

The Fiend as well as the Angel may be beautiful in Art, that is it may be perfect in its kind, for perfection is only another name for beauty which may be applied to Morals as well as to Nature + Art— In Art is the Fiend is depicted fiend-like + the Angel—Angel-like the beautiful in its enlarged sense is produced— It might be said that an Oyster is beautiful on the principles that I have laid down + so it is, not pictorially to be sure, but sensuously— there are different kinds of beauty as well as different degrees—the Oyster has not the beauty of the moon— The moral is not the beauty of the physical, nor the animal beauty that of the vegetable— I have expressed my meaning very imperfectly; but I feel certain that the true + the beautiful are one. In a future state we may find that perfection that that we are incapable of con-cieving while wrapped in the

corporeal clay—that the modes of beauty with which we are conversant are more or less allayed by our grossness + impurity. That our admiration of Fiend-like forms—Tempests—And the dire features developments of human passion which we have been used to ad-mire in Art + Nature + Art will be found but the shadowings of our imperfect being + own dim vision— Angelic beauty—stainless + pure will be known as the true + only beautiful— And as Schiller says that which now affects us as the beautiful only shall be found to be the True also—

Jan^y 1st 1843.

It is not without sadness that I write the ti-tle of the coming year; for it is a record that the last year in[is] forever gone. its cares, its experien-ces, its hopes + fears— The last departed year has been an of interest one—it has had deep anxieties + heartfelt pleasures— I was in Rome last New Years day— Since that I have seen much in Europe + crossed the Atlantic—have returned to my dear home + enjoyed perhaps more than I ever enjoyed before I have arranged my studio settled down to my old painting habits have finished several pictures + am now looking out over the snowclad landscape— What a contrast with last Winter—yet I delight in the clear atmosphere when it is not too cold. This is my boys' 5th birthday—he is healthful + full of life— + as far as is pos-sible to judge of a fine disposition + of good capacity— God grant that good which is in him may never be clouded by sin which cau-ses the deepest sorrow— My dear Marias health is delicate at present I trust that it will be good next New Years day. My sisters Sarah + Ann are living in N York— I am afraid Ann is much depressed in spirits in consequence of Dr Ackerleys' death + her daughter Emmas' health which at present is not good— May the next year bring her more comfort!—

Feb^y 26th 1843 How the soul is linked in har-monies + associations— A word spoken ^{now} recalls a word spoken the past year years back— A strain of musick, a single tone will take the mind on its wings far back into the regions of the Past— The sight of A mountain recalls another mountain seen in distant country far distant + viewed long ago— The voice of the stream-let is responded to by another whose course is many thousands of miles distant— Even more than this; not only do things objects + thoughts call forth the memory of like objects + thoughts; but one thing brings into the minds vision another en tirely dissimilar— A feather may remind one of greatness + Empire— A mist of Heaven— A rock of the unsub-stantial nature of things— A falling leaf may suggest to the mind a child. Paradise. a departed parent. or a living friend— By this magnetism of ideas is the vast world of the mind drawn together from the wilds of nature + Art is the great world of the mind drawn together + bound.

This world of the mind is a mere ^{created} point in Infancy it in-creases with the hours the months + the years until the meridian of life—then as old age advances the links are loosened one by one, the accumulated materials fall away—the latest first + so ^{on} to those of infancy which last get the last remain last. Less dropped gone the Almighty with-draws on the last to drop as being the first, cling to the retiring <u>point</u> with the greatest tenacity to the last.

March 2

We had often heard that the Falls of Kaaterskill are present an interesting spectacle in mid-Winter, but despite our strong desire to visit them, Winter after Winter passed away without the accomplish-ment of our desire until the present— When a few days ago, Feby 27th Maria myself + a party of lady-friends set out— Our notice was short but anticipated pleasure made us prompt— The pan-trys were ransacked, Cloaks Mocassins + Mittens were impressed were in demand And we were soon glancing over the snow— The sleigh-bells were in harmony with myour spirits which, as usual, when we can break away from our usual occupations with a clear conscience + breathe the fresh clear air, are light + gay. On approaching the moun-tains we were somewhat fearful that a storm of snow would put a termination to our jour-ney; but it proved to be transitory—indeed it added to our enjoyment for by partially veiling the mountains it gave them a dark lofty + majestic appearance a vast + spectral appea-rance. The sun which had been shorn of his beams broke forth in wild splendour just as we came in view of the Mountain House seated on the crags black crags a few hundred feet above us—We crossed the upper Lake now covered with its broad mantle of ice + snow— From it the mountains rose in the desolate grandeur of Winter, their steep sides bristling with naked trees or clad in sturdy evergreens with here + there a silver birch so "pale + wan" that one might readily imagine that it drew its aliment from the snow that rested on its roots. The deep clove valley of the lofty range of the High Peak + Round Top that rise from its depth as seen from the road between the Mountain House + the Falls are always grand; but Winter had given them an aspect of sterner character of sublimity. The mountains seemed more precipitous, the forms which embossed their sides more clearly made out than in Summer— The projecting mounds, the wall-like ribbs rocky terraces, the shaggy clefts down which the torrents' courses could be traced a thousand feet, by the gleaming blue ice were all exposed in the leafless forests + clear air of Winter while across their gris-ly heads the snowy scud was driving rapidly. There is beauty—there is sublimity in the Wintry as-pect of mountains, beauty but their beauty is mingled with melancholy + their sublimity takes a dreary tone.

Before describing the scenes which were the ob-ject of [illegible]

There is a deep gorge in the midst of the loftiest Cats-kills which at its upper end is terminated by a mighty wall of rock— As the spectator approaches through the valley he sees above him gray its craggy + impending cliffs rising to the height of 300 ft— This huge rampart is semicircular + flanked by wooded mountains on either side— From the summit of the more distant or central part of the semicircle, which is crowned by forests + besprinkled with shrubs + flowers, like a gush of living light from heaven the water earact leaps + forming into feathery sprays, as it descends, falls into a rocky basin 180 ft below. The water therein flows over a platform of rock about 40 or 50 ft + is again precipitated therein falls over a rock precipice of 80 ft high. There struggling and foaming among jagged rocks + wild fantastic trees it loses itself in the depths of the valley gloomy vale below— The stream is but a small one except when swollen by the rains of + melting snows of Spring + Autumn yet it is always sufficient for the scene which is one of savage + silent grandeur + the glancing cataract gives peoples water in the midst of it it with a thing of light + motion + is the its living soul. But the semicircular gallery or cavern is per-haps the most remarkable feature of the scene— It has been formed in the wall of rock, over which shoots the Waterfall, by the gradual crumbling away of a narrow stratum of red shale over which lies a gray rock of harder texture— This latter now projects to the distance of 60 or 70 ft + forms a stupendous canopy under which if the ground were even level thousands of men might stand— There is A narrow path beneath about 25 feet from above the basin into which of the Waterfall leads under through the semicircular Gallery which is about 500 ft in length some care is necess in passing along it some care is It is a singular, a sublime scene whether viewed from above where the eye gazes into the tremendous gulf scooped to the very heart of the huge mountains; or as seen from below the lower Fall. The impending crags the shadowy depth of the cavern across

which darts from the skyward ridge erags the dazzling cataract—that broken into feathery forms is tossed * sprayed hither + thither by the wayward wind, its sound the the with a sound of which now comes upon the ear in a loud roar + now in fitful whisperings whispering lower tones:—the lonely voice—the solitary song of the valley. But to visit the scene in Winter is a privelege permitted to few + to visit it this Winter when the spectacle, if I may so call it, is more than usually magnificent + comple * as the hunters say more complete than has been known for 30 years, is in indeed worthy the toil of month a long + pain-ful pilgrimage— What a contrast to its summeraspect has is the scene, no leafy woods upon the no gay blossoms gayly glittering in the sun, clad the steep mountains. + impending rocks— th

Hoary Winter.

"Oer forests wide hath laid his head"

And they are bare

They move + moan a grisly spectral band

Struck by despair.

There are the overhanging rocks the dark-browed cavern; but in place where the glittering cataract glistened fell stands a gigantic tower of ice reaching from the basin of the Waterfall to the very summit of the crags 180 f^t—+ from the jutting rocks around which form the canopy of which I have spoken were are hung festoons of glittering icicles—In place Not a drop of water not a gush of spray was to be seen— No sound of "many waters" strikes the ear—not even as of a gurgling runlet or tinkling rill—all was is as silent and as mo-tionless as death. And did not the curious eye perceive through two window-like spaces of clear ice the falling water one would be led to believe that all had been bound in wintry fetters of frost. But there falls the cataract sheltered enclosed but not imprisoned; but shielded like a delicate thing which the rude blasts of Winter must not blow upon—it falls too as in summer it falls broken into myriads of diamonds which group as they descend into wedge like forms like the wild fowl when the[y] traverse the blue air. I have said that this tower or perforated column of ice reaches from the whole height of the Waterfall—its base rests on the rocky a field of snow covered ice which, in partly covered like miniature glaciers covers occupies the basin + platform of which I have spoken. It is at the near the foot about 3 more than 30 feet in diameter, but is somewhat narrower above— It is in general of a milk white colour curiously embossed with rich + fantastic ornament, about it base are dome-like forms supported by groups of icicles— Which They remind one of Saracenic ceilings Much of this curious frost work In other parts were to be seen falling ban strands of flowers each flower ruffled by the breeze—these were formed of the most transparent ice— This curious frost work reminded me of the fret work + icicle like ornament so frequent in Saracenic Architecture + I have no doubt that Nature suggested to the Architect such decoration as most fitting for a warm + sunny clime. Here + there Suspended from the projecting rocks that form the <u>eaves</u> of the great gallery are groups + ranks of ici-cles in every variety of size + number some of them are 20 or 30 feet in length, glittering in the sun-light they formed a magnificent fringe to the dark rock. One The scene was fine from many points of view but from one in particular it was magnificent superior to the rest—Near by + over head were suspended hung festoo a grand festoon of icicles. A little farther on + grouping with the great column in full light + in strong contrast with the gloomy ca-vern was another cluster of icicles of great size; but which had evidently been broken off midway some time ago, + From their truncated ends other smaller ici-cles had formed They looked like gorgeous chandeliers or the richest pendants of a Gothick Cathedral. Looking Wrought in crystal Beyond these icicles + the columns could be seen a cluster of smaller lesser columns + icicles of deep pure cerulean blue. then came the rocks + woods. It really seemed like the creation of an en-chanter +

in Truth it was—the Ancient enchanter Frost. The ice stalactites—the majestic column—the impending rocks, over head, the wild valley below with its fantastic trees + drifted snows the grim + lofty mountains towering in in the distance—struck me us as a "wild + wonderous" scene—We left the scene it with lingering steps + real regret for in all probability we shall should never see it again for Frost the Architect builds but unstable structures, which like worldly virtues quickly vanish in the full light + fiery Trial. It may be asked how is formed this gigantic tube cylinder of ice—it is easily answered— The spray first congeals in a circle at the foot of the Waterfall and as long as the frost continues this circular wall con-tinues to rise until, as is the case this winter, it has reached the summit of the cataract— Through This Winter there has scarcely been a single night when it did not freeze; but ordinarily the column rises only part of the way up—even so it must be a singular sight to watch the cataract shoot in-to a hollow tube of ice 50 or 100 ft high—+ I have no doubt would amply repay anyone of the pain fatigue + exposure to which he might be subjected—

March 26th— It is still Winter, inexorable Winter! Snow storm has followed snow storm + furious winds have blown from the N West + drifts of extraordi-nary depth have been piled up and now obstruct the roads — + We never longed so much for Spring. Maria wishes to be in the garden among the flowers + I wish to ramble over the hills; but we must wait patiently— A fine Comet is now flaming in the heavens though it is becoming fainter + fain-ter every night— I can see the Nucleus with the naked eye; but with the common Telescope more distinctly. its appearance is that of a dim mis-ty star— The train is at great length stretching across one third of the heavens. It is best seen about an hour or an hour + a half after sunset when the nucleus of it is a little to the south of west about 20 degrees above the horizon— At the same time may be seen the Zodical light in the West—this has been very brilliant this season I saw it several weeks before the appearance of the Comet. The mind is lost in wonder when it contemplates the mysterious course of a comet— It cannot be conceived how bodies so attenuate + vaporous can traverse in Regular orbits the infinite depths of space + with such inconceivable swiftness. It would appear to me that the light of the sun is the pro-pelling power of the comets + keeps them in motion— It is known that comets belong to our system + of course are bound by the attraction to the sun

[Pen and Ink sketch of the Sun in the center of the solar system with rays emanating]

A is the sun. BCDE the orbit of the Comet. Suppose the first impulse was given to the comet by the Almighty at the point B. The moment after it was pro-jected the rays light (supposing light to have impetus + might) would pro-pel the comet on its course. The line of which is when the attrac-tive power of the sun + the propelling power of the light are equal— It appears that as the comet aproaches the sun it is expanded + as it retires its concentrate or condenses this may account for its parabolic course— When near the sun its volume is greatest its molecules diffused + each receiving light. It is spread out to the impelling power of the light as the a sail is to the wind—as it recedes from the sun it condenses + its m particles being enclosed within each other no longer of-fer their surfaces to the light + at length in the extreme distance the power of the light upon its body is so faint that through the attractive power of the sun + overcomes it and

again it turns + again approaches the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the sun to be again expanded + thrown off again as before by the impelling force of the thrown off again again expanded + thrown off again expanded +

July 30th It is a year to day since I arrived in N York after my visit to Europe. It was a happy day. I have had pleasant days since but many of them somewhat too strongly seasoned with the cares + troubles of this uncertain world. I have worked hard, but fear that I have produced little of great beauty or value. The pic-tures I have painted are A Small View of the Torri di Schiavi Campagna di Roma. View of M^t Etna at Sunrise. Ruins of Temples at Agrigentum. Temple of Segeste. Kenil-worth Castle. Rubligh Mountain Switzerland. Aqueducts Campagna di Roma. Snowpiece + several sketches. I am now engaged on a large picture that I trust will be of more importance than anything I have done for a great length of time— It is a View Scriptural subject. The Angels Ministering to Christ after the Temptation + Fasting— I have painted it in a serious spirit + I trust its effect will be such on the minds of those who see it— I have found great difficulties in consequence of not having suitable models +—

Alston is dead! As a man he was beloved by all who were so fortunate as to be acquainted with him. It was not my lot to have very great intercourse with him but that which I had has caused me to re-gret his loss exceedingly— He was truly a distin-guished Artist + has executed some works which will never cease to be highly prized + considered a great Work of Art. His taste was pure; + elevated far above that of most of his modern contemporaries he always aimed at the highest beauty both of execution + sentiment, always considering the former as the Servant of the latter. His dead man restored by touching the Bones of Elijah his Miriam may be considered among his finest works. (his Belshazzar I have not seen) Some of the small pictures painted in later years are exquisite. His The sketches + half finished pictures which I have seen in his studio were charming + it is to be re-gretted that the[y] were never finished— Fine as I consider many of Alstons works + superior as I ean think he is to most of the Artists of his time I have never thought the he was a man of very original genius—His p In His pictures (beautiful as they are) I have always felt that t always reminded me of some work or School of Art, something I have seen before either in invention composition or colour. His Jacobs Ladder is Raphael-like. His Jeremiah of po Michel Angelo— His landscapes with some exceptions were like resemble Salvator Rosa, Poussin + other Ancient Masters. His colour was decidedly Venetian. I have always felt that there was a want of individuality in his pictures both historical + landscape + that either from the over-study of the Ancients Old Masters or a want of original invention his pictures were always too much the like reflections from the great works of the Antique Schools. The faculty of Imitation in Alston was greater than that of invention. I feel confident that his great admiration for the Old Masters led him somewhat astray, for in some of his pictures he imitated the effects of time + they have often put me in mind of what Fuseli has said "Those pictures which anticipate the beauties of time are pregnant with the seeds of decay—" His execution was elaborate + in many of his works I may say labored. And some of them his pictures appear as if they yet wanted the finishing touches the outlines But he was a great Artist A good man. An honor to his country. One whose name ought to be revered + respected. In person he was about the middle size bef when I knew spare + almost of emaciated aspect appearance his countenance pale marked with deep lines and full of mobility; his eyes were very prominent + his forehead retired rapidly + his hair fell on his shoulders in silver ringlets. His walk was peculiar he had a sort of springing gait + appeared as

though his spirit could scarcely be kept from rising by its mortal cumberance— He is gone to that land of spirits where the love of beauty which dwelt so much in his spirit here will be perfected + glorified—

On the 27th of August 1843 at half past one O Clock in the morning it has pleased God to A little girl was given to us. She was born at half past one O Clock in the morning— Thank God she seems healthy + sound + her Mother is doing well. Business required me to be absent in Boston at the time of her birth + I felt extremely anxious. I got back 3 days after her birth. May God grant the gift which we have received from him will be a blessing to us and grow up to be a worthy member of society.

 $Sept^r$ 24 Sunday Our little girl was Baptized in the evening by the Revd M^r Phillips. She is called Emily after her Aunt

July 9th 1844

Since last writing writing on these pages many months have el gone by— I spent the Winter in the City; but sor-rowfully for I was seperated from my dear Wife + chi-ldren. it seemed well on account of business to for me to spend some months in N York— I exhibited the lar-gest collection of my own Pictures I have ever placed before the public at one time but the Exhibition was not very successful— I labored hard with my pencil + earned well; but an unfortunate arrange-ment with M^r H Bayless My Nephew to build a house which was entered into in the Winter—Has involved me in difficulties from which I fear it will be long before I entirely free myself. I was deceived + misled. I returned to the Country in March + have with the exception of occasional visits to N York, been engaged on my easel; but have no great work on hand circumstan-ces are against me + I have much to struggle with God grant that I may soon relieved of these pecu-niary embarrassments so that I may engage in works consonant to my task + such as may edi-fy as well as amuse. My dear Family are all well. Maria + two little ones Mary + Emily are spending a day or two at Greenville. Uncle Sandy + my Sister is with them. I expect them home to morrow. This Spring I lost my dear + valued friend Ver Bryck. He had been long ill (consumption) I was with him an hour before he died. he went away in peace. Christian peace. his mind was clear to the last. Where shall I turn for the Companionship of so congenial a mind, of one so pure so refined. Alas! There are none left!

Jan^y 1st 1846 Another of our Years is fled + more than a year it is since I wrote in this book. I cannot write this new date without being thankful to God for the many blessings which has shed upon me during the past year and for those which I now enjoy. My Wife + Children are in good health + I have no ailments sufficient to interfere with my business or enjoyments. My business may not be complained of although I long for the time when I can paint whatever my imagination would dictate without fear of running into pecuniary difficulties this pain-ting for money + to please the many is sadly repulsive to me. Thoughts Conceptions Crowd upon me at times that I would fain embody; but I am kept from them by neccessity. And like one who, travelling through a desert, comes to a deep stream beyond which he sees green fields + fruits +

flowers fears to venture in the rushing waters. But I am about to venture I have determined to commence in a short time (indeed I have already commenced drawing on the Canvasses) A Series of Five pictures. The sub-ject is the Cross + the World. I have no com-mission for the Work + my means are scarcely competent for me to accomplish the so great an undertaking; but the Work I trust is a good one + I will venture in faith + hope.

Feb^y 1st 1846. This is my Birthday. The air is keen; but calm. The sky almost cloudless at sunrise + the mountains received the first rosy light in deep serenity. It is Sunday + a holy calm seems rest on hill + valley + the voiceless air. O that this mornings tranquil beauty may be an augury of the coming year to me. That though the Winter of Time now is stealing over me my soul may be possessed by that holy peace which descends from heaven as this mornings light has been shed over the dark-ling world.

Hark! I heard the tread of Time Marching oer the fields sublime From Through the Portals of the Past, When the stars by God were cast Oer the illimitable vast.

Onward! Onward yet he strides Nations clinging to his sides Kingdoms crushed he tramples oer Fames' shrill Trumpet. Wars' deep Roar Blast-like rise—then speak no more.

Lo he nears us! Like a cloud Awful Time!

Bearing Wafting Which the trembling on his sea wings doth shroud sublime Darkly folding every flower All our years + every flower

Of our Life our Hope our + Love + Power,

See! he grasps the Present Hour!

Grasps it, it is withering
And it hangs a faded thing
In his girdle seen no more
But by deeds that stud it oer—
These shall mark it evermore.

On he passes swift as fear Siezes Hides each faint, fleeting year In his pinions shadowy folds All that sky + earth do hold And Things which man may not behold.

Lo! beneath his mantle dark A grim ^a spectre pallid stark Clingeth round him like a sheath Powerful; yet devoid it hath no breath— Throwing darts—'Tis Death! 'Tis Death!

Stop the Ruffian Time! Lay hold! Is there then no Power so bold! None to meet his strength midway, Wrest from him his precious prey, And the Tyrant-Robber slay.

"Struggle not my foolish soul!
"Let Times' garments round thee roll;
Time Gods' servant (think no scorn)
Gathers up the sheaves of corn
Which the Spectre Death hath shorn.

And anon shall One appear,
Brighter than the morning star,
And shall smite that Spectre frore;
Time be then shall, clasped by Death no more,
Shall Take a new name, "Evermore".

July 1st 1846

I open this book once more, + to record an event that has brought upon me new duties + cares + more will probably influence my whole life. The Death of Mr Thomson my Wife's Uncle with whom we have resided ever since we were married, took place at half-past ten on Saturday the 27th of June. His health had been gradually failing for some months past; although at times he seemed par-tially to recover. He was confined to his bed for several weeks previous to his death. Rheumatism in his feet was the immediate cause of his con-finement, this increasing the usual torpor of his digestive organs produced a gradual failing in strength which at last terminated in dis-solution. For some days previous to his death he had felt but little pain + though often drowsy his mind scarcely seemed impaired, indeed a few nights before his death, at a time when he thought himself dying, during a solemn and affecting in-terview with his family, it seemed unusually clear.

He died in his seventieth year, in the Communion of the Holy Catholic Church & in the hope of a joyful resurrection at the Last Day.

Death seldom falls more gently that it did with him; but friends must always feel deep sorrow when one who is so linked in with their hearts by years of affection + mutual dependence is lat as M^r Thomson was to his nieces who watched by him. He died in the fullness of years, but we regretted that he could not have been spared to see a little longer the luxu-riant growth of of the Vines + fruits which hand planted + pruned with so much skill + pleasure. He had a passion for Horticulture + was skilled above most men + it was a-musing to hear him descant on a peach an apple or a Stra A pear or a Strawberry. In these things he was our agreeable enthusiast; but the Gardens + Orchards for weeks past have shown evidences that their masters hand is no longer there. The Useless shoots disfigure the trees. Weeds riot over the beds + the Grape Vines with their redundant foliage + curling tendrils are trailing over the ground. The beautiful around us is

tinged with melan-choly + ever Vine + Tree converses with us of one who is departed forever. No not forever! God grant us a better hope a better faith + a holy resolution that by Go his Almighty aid we shall meet him who hast just left us in those Gardens of Eternal joy where Death can never enter.

July 28th

The Summer is in great measure past + I have produced very little in my Art— Circumstances + slight indisposition have way-laid me + robbed me of much precious time. These seasons of "lying fallow" occur from time to time in the minds of most men whose pursuits are intellectual. Seasons when the mind seems incapable of conceiving or executing any great work. It has in fact, lost all its enthusiasm without which nothing fine in Art can be produced. I trust this unproductive season will soon pass by, + I shall be engaged earnestly in some important work—

Augst 14th 1846

Last evening I returned from an excursion to the what we have commonly called the South Peak of the Catskills. The party consisted of my wife Maria & my sister Harriet, Misses Catherine Maria + Elizabeth Cook, Miss Brookes, The Rev^d Mess^{rs} Noble, Kidney + Olmsted, M^m Cook, M^r M^cConkey + myself. We went in two Waggons + carried with us the provisions for two days. The road We were to have started at four or five in the morning but owing to shoing of horses +c— which things which are sure to happen on such occasions we did not start for an two hours later. The ride along those high table lands which lie at the base of the mountains was delight-ful, + afforded ever changeful views— In the foreground + middle ground rich farms + beautiful trees, (chestnuts particularly fine) the moun-tains distant only a few miles distant raised their vast verdurous walls here + there broken into gray terraces of rock, but the South Eastern aspect of the South Peak (here called the Short Off) + which I had never before approached so near was the grandest feature of the landscape. How the great range of the Catskills seems suddenly to terminate in a treme shattered precipice whose ragged brow is thrust amid the azure + whose base sinks abruptly down a jagged slope where the green forests struggle to hide the nakedness of frantic rocks. Rounding this promontory of Mountains, through Wood-stock still turning to the right + northerly (our course in the previous part of the ride was southerly) by the ascent of a toilsome + sun-stricken hill road which led through a high pass in the Mountains. which Here may be seen in several fine groups the Shendakens + Shawangunks to the south + south west. The Shendaken M^{ts} are in connected range with the Catskills. We entered now a deep valley which lies on the Western side of the Peak which it was our intention to ascend + came to some build-ings many of which were in a ruined + de-solate condition. +These seemed strange amid the verdant mountains that pre rose precipitous a-round + broken into grander forms than usual in this range. A Glass House was formerly Working in operation in this remote secluded valley + the ruins of which might yet be seen in some heaps of stone— How a Glass House came to be established in this situation I have not yet been able to learn nor the cause of its a-bandonment but when its fires ceased to rise burn the fires of the neighboring cottages were extinguished—+ the inhabitants of the vale are sheltered under two or three roofs. Mr McDaniels + his sons + wife were making hay in the meadow below the house, but she quickly came to bare footed but of sprightly coun-tenance. She satisfied us as to having our hor-ses taken care of for the night sent for her husband + gave us all necessary informa-tion respecting the Ascent of the South Peak by

her called the Overlook (a capital name with some meaning in it) We here took out of the Waggons ourselves + goods + Chattels which last mentioned consisted of Sundry blankets shawls Coats + Cloaks. Of Bread Crakers Butter Cream Coffee Ham Mutton Cheese + even a Pudding. Sundry Tin Pails + cups jugs cups saucers + Teak Coffee Kettle I ment and the baskets +c in which these things were carried. Axe + Hatchet +c— I mention all these things in particular though by no means the whole of our appointment; because the Gentlemen found them rather heavy before the summit of The Mountain was gained. And the Gentlemen + Ladies have all declared that there shall be a reformation of this matter + on future oc-cassions of the kind matters shall be simpli-fied + crockery shall in great measure be discarded, this may be but I doubt it La-dies are generous caterers + they think that a little bit of this would be so nice + little of that just the thing—this taste so good after toiling up the mountain + that give such a relish— + in case one does not feel very strong that would be the only thing, that forgetful that two or three thousand feet have to be ascended by ten thousand painful steps + much scrambling. They all go up the mountains. However we packed our burthens each in the to suit his notion + essayed to climb the mountain and soon were seen ascending M^r M^cDaniels sunny fields toward the Woody heights like a band of Pilgrim Pedlars— The bare footed lady good naturedly volunteered to be our guide + headed the processions. The ascent to the "Overlook" distant from Mr McD 3 miles, was far less toilsome than that to any of the mountains which I have climbed in this range group. As there is a path all the way + there are few very difficult places, but with our heavy packs we found it sufficiently laborious— Half a mile from M^cDaniels we came to a fine clear stream refreshed ourselves by its cool erystal clear waters— Our par-ty was a straggling one + was distributed in ^{slowly} moving groups as inclination + strength dispo-sed. We toiled + rested toiled + rested until we gained the last Spring of Water on our Path distant about half a mile from the summit. from this point Here our burthen was somewhat increased by the filling of a certain large jug + Tea Kettle with the precious gift of the Mountain— The Water of this Spring was deli-cious + very very cold a quality which made it dear to us, though with a dangerous love. And At length the summit was gained about 5 pm Mr Noble Mr Cook + myself + sister Harriet g were first the others came lingeringly along for within an hour after us. After a hasty glance at the wonder-ful scene before us we commenced the construction of a Wigwam. M^r Noble who was dexterous with the Axe + skilled in Camping Out was the Chief di-rector— The place chosen for the Camp was a pretty level spot about 50 feet from the precipice. We soon cleared a space of brush wood + trees + in an hour + a half our Wigwam was complete even to the floor which was comp laid with bran-ches of the Balsam Fir laid with care. And The floor thus made for an delightful + elastic sufficiently smooth + fragrant couch. The roof of course was of branches of the brush wood we had cut + foliage of various kinds mingled picturesquely together. Our Fire was kindled about ¹⁵ feet from the entrance of the Wigwam, regard having been paid to the direction of the Wind in the erection of the leafy dwelling— Dry wood was dragged in from every side + piled up for the nights use. By the time When the Wigwam was finished + the fire kindled the Ladies who had since their arrival at the height been enjoying the pros-pect from the precipice came in to attend to the domestic duties of Making Coffee + spreading on the mossy ground in front of the Camp a tablecloth on which were placed the stores viands in tempting order. We sat down with keen appetites and the fare seemed to us more sump-tuous than an Emperor's. The shades of evening were closing round us; but our fire was augment-ted by has large logs + numerous branches + the gummy foliage of the Balsam crackled in a bril-liant flame + the smoke rolled over the tree tops swaying hither + thither by a fitful breeze. which Illuminated by the fire the scene assumed a strange character The Wigwam of motley fo-liage illu glitterd all

but its dark recess in which some indistinct forms were perceived reclining in front of it were Figures in Various Costume some with blankets some with shawls thrown round them, in every position, standing sitting + reclining. Catching They caught the glowing light on their faces hands + vestments—according to their deeper [illegible] every light was clear but the shadows mingled with the shadows of the surrounding forest—giving a unity of effect which by daylight did not exist. Every Figure united thus with the great night—shadow of the Forest became was a part of the scene as mu Great Mountain Top as much as the rocks or trees. The gray trunks of tree that encircled us shone in the fitful light The gray trunks of the trees that encircled us in close contiguity stood out in strong relief while those more remote gleamed with a fainter + fainter light as they seemed to re-tire into the broad gloom of the Great Mountain Forest. The foliage over-head shone in a pale green light in the wayward breeze + the heavens above our magic circle seemed immeasurably deep. And the breezes of the Mountain bore on them mo the Music of Human Voices—We had songs recitations + performances of various kinds—Then came prayers—+ we sang the "Gloria in Excelsis"— How solemnly did how impressive rose seemed the prayers of our Church in that moun-tain top. We were lifted far above the Common World, into the region where the clouds congregate. it seemed that we were nearer to heaven than Heaven seemed near. The World its cares + turmoil were all far below, + our souls took a higher flight of joy + thankfulness.

One by one we retired under the cover of the Wig-wam and stretched ourselves on its fragrant couch for rest^{sleep} + repose. The Ladies took one side + the Gentlemen in the other with the blankets + shawls wrapped around them— I had no blanket but my Monks hooded dress which I brought from Italy ser-ved even a better purpose. The Night was plea-sant not cold; the dew fell heavily but we were sheltered from that. Some lingered long in front of the fire their voices sinking lower + lower as they conversed. At length all retired. Not all slept at once but a fragmentary con-versation + now + then a joke was continued for some time; but at length no voice was heard among that merry band which a short time ago had made the Mountain ring— I did not sleep I could not sleep + I had little desire to sleep. I gazed from time to time through the leafy roof at the sky—saw the moon dart her silver beams through the branches of the forest as she rose. heard from time to time the heavy breathing of a sleeper + then the restless breeze would rush over the forest with fitful melancholy sound rising + sinking—now afar of off like the surges on a distant shore now making the bran-ches swing about in dving the dim light of our smoulder-ing fire— It was a Strange solemn scene + impressive was that midnight unto me; as I gazed upon the Sky the Woods the flickering fire + the indistinct forms of the sleepers around me, a thousand solemn thoughts came into my mind: and as I think of it they beam forth as the stars do one by one as we look steadily into the blue vault of heaven. But the night did not pass all away in such stillness— Mr Noble + Mr McConkey rose to renew the fire— Mr N then commenced an Indian song + dance A death song— He f in tones some times low sometimes higher, then breaking into a wilder cry— Mr N in his Youth was much among the Indians + his imitations were perfect— After this was over, he pretended he saw a Ghost in the shape of an immense leg + foot which came stalking over the moun-tain + left at each step a drift of snow + yet when he came to look at it it was the impression of an infa^{nts} foot + for every toe mark there was ^{left} a gem which the winds shaping themselves to invisible had hands conveyed away from mortal view— This came as an interlude which came in between the acts of the silent drama, sleep. The two Gentlemen then sank on the balsam couch + all was still except the breeze— Not an insect raised its voice. The winds sang their soft sad songs alone. The da gray dawn broke through the forest + I heard a solitary bird (The Mountain Robin) down the mountain side sing his morning hymn. The sleepers rose

some earlier + later the fire was rekindled augmented— Some of the Gen-tlemen myself among them descended the moun-tainside to the spring + made our ablutions— And returning brought up Water. I carried a kettle full. The sun shone upon our encampment in bright gleams during break-fast— Which meal over we packed up— And went to the highest peak of the M^t about 50 feet higher than our encampment + got a glorious view— We also rambled along the edge of the precipices which compose the mountain verge— Returned to the Camp + about 10 O Clock A.M. Bade farewell to our Wigwam with descended the Moun-tain. Our only regret was that we were required to leave so soon the "Overlook".

With respect to the View from this Mountain Peak I may say that ^{it} appears to me to be far finer than the Pine Orchard, High Peak or any other that I have seen—Standing ^{on} the topmost precipices + look-ing South East the View is sublime. The vast valley of the Hudson lies like a sea before + beneath you while the base of the mountain on which you stand rises ab-rupt + definitely from its misty bosom + seems like The Prow of a Stupendous ves-sel ploughing the Great Deep— In the distance to the right are the Shendakens on the left the Valley of the Hudson bounded by the mountains in Massachusetts.

[Pen and Ink sketch of the mountains and valley]

The scene is vast + varied.

We arrived safely at home at 10 P.M. having been absent two days and one night.

Christmas Day. Again the day is upon us on which we commemorate the Birth of our Saviour. It is a blessed day to those whose lives are strictly in ac-cordance with the teaching ^{of} him who in lowliness + humility took upon himself our form + nature in order that we might live. God grant that if it is permitted me + mine to see another return of this day it will find us farther advanced in holiness than this day has found us.

This is M^r Thomsons' Birthday—the remembrance of this + that we have so frequently enjoyed his benevolent kindness + may never more (in the world)^{do so more} casts a shadow of sadness over us.

I am now sitting in my New Studio which is about completed though the walls are not quite dry. I have promised myself much en-joyment in it + great success in the prosecution of my Art; but I ought ever to bear in mind that "the day cometh when no man can work". I pray to God that what I am permitted to accom-plish here may be to his Glory—and that if I pro-duce fine works, that I must ascribe the power honor to the Giver of the Gift. A few pages back I mentioned the subject of the "Cross + the World" I commenced it last Winter; but en-gagements of various kinds retarded the Work. Two Pictures were commenced but one only app approached completion—I have set them aside with the intention of painting them subject on a larger scale. In a day or two I in-tend to commence

Jany 1st 1847.

Another year is departed. Another year commenced. The last brought its sorrows + its pleasures—the next coming one will like all its fellows bring its cares + its' joys. I am

thankful^{grateful} for the many blessings which I now enjoy; ⁺ for I having been freed from many cares + anxieties which pressed upon me during the last two or three years. I must not expect this year to be without its troubles because it commences smilingly; but I trust that whatever may be appointed for me I may receive hum-bly patiently + thankfully—

Feb^y 1st My Birthday. How they steal on. One by one they come; but their coming will cease + this day no more be commemorated in this book. Few are the steps ^{across} the [illegible] ^{field} of life + there is no return. Eternity opens before me how deep—how dark the Gulf. O God—be thou my help + my support when the last step is taken. "In thee have I trus-ted let me never be confounded".

This day I com have painted the Sky in the first picture in the Series of the "Cross + the World".

April 3^d This morning at 20 minutes of before 8 Maria gave birth to a daughter. As we had already two daughters + only one Son we had desired a Son, but God's will be done. It is no doubt best as it is.

April 6 "The Lord giveth + the Lord taketh away." Our little infant child died yesterday afternoon. Its pilgrimage in this world has been short + sinless. And God in his great mercy has taken it unto himself before the world could defile its spiritual garments— The Revd Mr Noble Baptized it a few hours previous to its death. Short as its so-journ here has been yet its death has brought grief into our house + its Mother sorrows; but "we sorrow not as those without hope" for we know that our Redeemer liveth. It came into the World not to be of the World but on a mission to us. To wean us from the world to rebuke us for our sins—and to prepare us to follow. "God loveth whom he chasteneth" God grant that we may receive this [illegible] visitation humbly + reverently. A few months since + we placed in the Tomb the eldest of our family—we now place beside him the youngest + one entirely unknown to him—Perhaps he may recognize it in that happy region where we believe their souls are rejoicing.

Sept^r 4th On Tuesday last Maria + I returned from an excursion to Niagara— The journey there + back we did not enjoy much— The country through which the Rail Road runs between Albany + Buffalo is generally uninteresting except in an Agricultural Point of View. The hurry, noise + restlessness of Rail Road Travelling with the conse-quent violence done to all the healthful requirements of the body are anything but conducive to health of body or serenity of mind. The body is made to be merely a sort of Tender to a Locomotive Car— Its appetite + ma functions wait on a piece of machinery which is merciless + tyrannical— The brief moments it allows for eating +c— are employed with wolfish eagerness ravenousness— Food is swalled without mastication— And a meal is dispatched with disgusting haste—

Niagara I have visited before but is effect on my mind was perhaps as great as when I first saw it; but I am Convinced that great glorious sublime + beautiful it is, it would soon cease to excite much emotion in my mind— A week or two would satisfy me— The truth is that the mind dwells not long with delight on objects whose main feature quality is motion unless that motion is varied. Niagara stupendous + unceasing as it appears to the eye to be is nevertheless

comparatively limited. The ideas of length + durability which it gives—vast as they are—are yet in the have bounds within the grasp of the human mind— That it will cease to be a Waterfall in the Course of a few Centuries, reason + the geo-logical structure of the its locality demonstrate. It is supplied too by rivers, vast + numerous as they are, whose length + sources we know. It is limited, in that, the human mind can conceive of a cataract much greater + more sublime— But the highest sublime the mind of man comprehendeth not he never sees but its one shore of it he sees not the other side— In deep repose is the highest ele-ment of the sublime + not in action. The human mind must always be associated action with waste + ultimate exhaustion. But in the deep blue sky cloudless sky is the highest sublime. there is neither height nor depth nor limit the soul essays to wings its flight into that profound but trembling-ly returns again to its mundane nest. There is deep unbroken repose. There nor lines forms nor colors*

* one color only

nor form nor Chiaro Scurolight + shade †

† only one gradation from the horizon

nor motion, nor sound is to be found discovered. We look beyond the World with all its The changeful drapery of the earth is with-drawn from before us + we stand in the midst of the infinite + everlasting tremblingly looking towards God.

But The beauty of Niagara is wonderful + of great variety it is affected by Sunlight, Moonlight, Morning Evening noon + midnight. By storm + cloud. It is beautiful in its deep green glancing depths—its showers of columnar showers of dazzling white— Its heaving foam below in moving heaving in snow-like-drifts—that seem like they bed where beauty writhes in torment— The Irises that wreathed around it both of the Sun + Moon surpassing far in purity the Color of the Rainbow And many va beauties which of form mo-tion + color that play about upon its face from hour to hour And its elo changeful clouds of spray. But wonderful as its beauty is—still is that limited in comparison with the everlasting variety of the Clouds of the Sky. Many a sunset + sunrise in the Course of the Year, in our land, exceed a thousandfold in beauty of + color all + form + Chiaro Scuro what Niagara affords—+ their variety is infinite— All men can see the skies. the sunsets the sunrises with their unearthly forms + hues they have seen them from their infancy + to many they are become as common place things, but to a few they cease to look at them with de-light because they are ever to be seen—But few men can see Niagara + that a few times + hours only, + therin consists one of its its effect on the mind mainly consists is ^{so} stirring—had we Niagaras around us daily they would not only cease to be objects of pleasure but probably become sources of annoyance. at best apathy Great glorious sublime Niagara! Wonder of the World! I do not disparage thee! Thou hast the power to move the deep soul to its depths! Thy majestic cadence is imaged in my heart + moves the mind to many thoughts! Thy snowy towers suspend-ed from above + based on the glittering clouds of spray Are images of purity that which has no earthly root. Thy Voice that ever Calleth + makes to tremble the mighty cliffs around—leads the thought to that which spoke upon Sinais Mount! Though Thy marble precipices + crested crags are the Triumphal Gate through which in grand procession pass the Regal Lakes + Captive Rivers. My The soul is full of thee! Favored is he among men who may visit it tread thy precincts + thankful should he be to God for vouchsafing to dis-play one of his most wonderful works to him. But they are blessed who see thee not if they will accept the gift which God vouchsafes to all men; for they have the far more wondrous Sky to gaze upon. You glowing golden clouds that float in gold + purple von the sea of purple a work of his always before them which in beauty + sublimity does far surpasses Niagara—I mean the: SKY.

O that men would turn from their pursuits of sor-didness + lift their eyes with wonder + reverence reverential wonder there—

January 1st 1848—

I thank God for the blessings which have been vouchsafed to me through the past year; for they have been manifold. Another year—a Stranger whose face is yet unknown to has us is announced—Mysterious Strangers they are these years—Pilgrims of Time that wander through Eternity to do homage + sing praises at the foot of Gods Throne. Their warning voices echo through the World at their coming + going! Men say the Old Year is dead. New Years day is here—Let us rejoice! "Let us rejoice! Not that the year is gone; for who can say that he would not wish to recall much of its misspent time. But let us rejoice that another year comes upon us in which we may grow wiser + holier. Let us rejoice + give Praise unto the Lord. I + my family have been blessed with health + prosperity through the past year— While other lands have suffered from famine ours has been fa-vored with abundance; but we have been engaged in a most unchristian War against Mexi-co, + I much fear that the judgements of God will fall upon us for our uncharitableness + fierce desire for the destruction of our weak neighbor— This year comes in with fea alarming news from Europe, the approach of the terrible scourge the Choler—, Famine + Murder in Ireland— disturbances in some of the European States which may lead to great Wars— Which may God avert. But These things are in hand of God + "his Will be done"—

This is a disagreeable winter, so far, very little snow, frequent rains, with severe cold intervening— The ground is now bare + wet with a dense fog over the Landscape— Of my Series of Pictures the "Cross + The World" the last picture of the Pilgrim of the Cross is a-bout finished + the second of the Pil^m of the World is somewhat advanced. I am painting a smaller picture fro from a passage in the Psalms—"The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want"—

Feby 1st 1848

My Birthday. Once more has the Wheel of Life revolved & again begins to advances on the untried road of Another Year. I am permitted again to take up the pursuits of mor-tality + yet the goodness of God affords me the opportunity of improving his gracious gifts. O may I be more zealous in doing his Will than I have been in the Past Year; so that if I am permitted to see another Birth Day I may look back on this year with thank-fulness + without remorse. The past year has had its afflictions; but yet they have been light in comparison with its blessings + prosperity— Amid many interruptions consequent on the business of the Estate (which business is very distasteful to me) I have been able to make considerable progress on my pictures of the "Cross + the World" + hope to finish them before the Coming Summer is past. I have painted several smaller pictures One for the Art Union in Cincinnati + Two for the Art Union N York ("Home in the Woods" + Genessee Scenery), + also a picture for Mrs Lee, "The Lord is my Shepherd" +— With the exception — Maria + the Children have in general enjoyed + are now enjoying excellent health, a great blessing. I have my-self been much ailing this year, probably from want of sufficient exercise—

This Winter has been a very unpleasant one much rainy weather with days ^{intervening} of great severity. Thermometer even as low as 16 below Zero. Last night it snowed, + we are rejoiced to see the black unsightly Landscape covered with the pure mantle—the Sun Shines, + the heart rejoices in the Change—

