

love

ROMANTIC LOVE

1847.11.05

LOVE. – “Love does not awake in the heart of a virtuous woman those violent feelings, the offspring of a delirious imagination. It does not at once occupy her soul, it steals into it. It is not like a devouring fire; but as the genial warmth of spring, it animates and fertilizes. It is so timid and unassuming that it appears abashed, it is so generous that it resembles friendship.”

1845.08.(21-28)

FOR THE GIRLS TO READ. – A young gentlemen happened to sit at a church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a violent passion, and was desirous of entering into courtship on the spot. – But the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: – He marked the text and handed the bible to her, 2nd Epistle to John, 5th verse: ‘And now, I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we have from the beginning, *that we love one another.*’ She returned the book pointed to Ruth 2nd 10th – ‘Why should I find grace in thine eyes, that though shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?’ – He again returned it, pointing to the third of John, 13th verse – “I have many things to write, but I will not with pen and ink write unto thee – but I trust I shall shortly see thee and then we shall speak face to face.” They were united in marriage soon after.

1847.11.05

THE AFFECTIONS. – How beautiful are these words of Longellow:

“One by one the objects of our affections depart from us. But our affections, remain, and like the vines stretch forth their broken wounded tendrils for support. The bleeding heart needs a balm to heal it; and there is none but the love of the kind

– none but the affection of the human heart.”

1845.07.10

Earth has no sweeter music than a gentle word breathed into a sorrowing heart.

1847.10.29

“JENNY KISSED ME.” – In the notice of Leigh Hunt’s “Men, Women and Books,” is the following exquisite *rondeau*, which has, says the reviewer, beside its own excellence, the additional interest of being the offspring of a *real* impulse, and of chronicling the loving audacity of one of the most charming of women:

“Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in,
Say I’m weary, say I’m sad.
Say that health and wealth have
missed me,
Say I’m growing old but add...
Jenny kissed me.”

1845.06.19

“More hearts pine away in secret
anguish for unkindness from those
who should be their comforters, than
for any other calamity in life.”

1845.05.08

That love which gathers strength
from perfect intimacy is deep and
true.

1847.09.03

Be careful how you get crossed in
love – The way to prevent it is, to
love moderately till you are sure of
the object, and then to let in all you
know!

1847.10.01

The following, from “Every One’s
Book,” contains some suggestions on
a subject in respect of which, good
advice is particularly desirable:

There is nothing more appalling to a
modest and sensitive young man,
than asking the girl he loves to
marry him, and there are few who

do not find their moral courage
tasked to the utmost.

Many a man who would lead a
forlorn hope, mount a breach, and
‘seek the bubble reputation even at
the cannon’s mouth,’ trembles at the
idea of asking a woman to question
which is to decide his fate. Ladies
may congratulate themselves that
nature and custom have made them
in the responding party.

In a matter which men have always
found so terrible, yet which, in one
way or other they have always
contrived in some awkward way to
accomplish; it is not easy to give
instructions suited to every
emergency.

A man naturally conforms to the
disposition of the woman he
admires. If she be serious, he will
approach the awful subject with due
solemnity – if gay and lively, he will
make it an excellent joke – if softly
and sentimental, he must woo her in
a strain of high wrought romance,
and if severely practical, he relies
upon straight forward common
sense.

1846.01.23

A young lady being severely
censured by her mother because she
had permitted a young man to give
her a *kiss*, replied, “La, mother, if
you will say no more about it, I will
give it back to him tomorrow.”

1846.09.11

Some wag has cold been kissed to
death by a pretty girl, a “capital
punishment.”

1845.05.08

When a young lady walks out with
you, because she loves ice cream, it
is foolish to imagine that it is
yourself whom she loves.

1846.05.15

WHAT FOLLY. – Half a dozen
brothers, four uncles and a gray
headed father, trying to stop a
young girl from getting married to
the man she loves, and who loves

her, just as if rope ladders were out of date, and all the horses in the world were spavined.

1845.07.10

The greatest tyranny that ever enters into human imagination is that of a father compelling his daughter to marry a man she cannot endure.

1846. [find date]

CRUSHED AFFECTIONS. How many suffer unreturned affection! They are attached strongly to those who return them cold words, indifferent looks, and even avoid their presence. A word, that might not otherwise be noticed, often sinks deeply in the heart of one whose life is bound up in another. When an object is cherished, each motion is watched with solicitude and a smile gives exquisite pleasure, while a frown sends a dagger to the heart. There is no greater sin than to crush the warm affections gushing freely from a generous heart. It dries up the fountain of the soul – fades the smile on the cheek, and casts a shade over every bright and glorious prospect.

- *Factory Girls Album.*

LOVE AND FAMILY

1847.11.05

CHILDLIKE. – I am glad the world is full of children. To me, earth, with all its other charms, were a gloomy waste without them. I love to feel as a child. There is no solace in affliction so sweet as the sympathy of children; there is no music so enchanting as their unaffected joyous laugh. I am never so happy, and the gentle spirit of humanity never breathes so freshly and cheerily into my heart, as when I am surrounded by a company of affectionate merry children.

1847.01.15

OUR MOTHERS

Around the idea of one's mother, the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or oppositions; shut when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not she possessed.

1846.02.06

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Oh! In our sterner manhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,
When girt with sin, and sorrow, and the toil
Of cares, which tear the bosom that they soil;

Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain

One link that knits us with young dreams again,
One thought so sweet, we scarcely dare to muse
On all the hoarded raptures in reviews,
Which seems each instant in its backward range,
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,
And every spring, untouched for years to move,
It is – THE MEMORY OR A MOTHER'S LOVE.

1847.01.15

Childhood. – Well may the hours of childhood be termed the sweetest and happiest of our life. Like the evening star, which is the most beautiful in the firmament, the first to set but not the soonest forgotten. Even in *those* blessed hours we anticipate happier moments and sweeter enjoyments. But, alas! time with all his promises, will never yield us a joy that will half repay us for the innocent ones of childhood he so wantonly *steals* away. – How dear is our childhood's home! How sacredly we cherish its memory, and the pleasing scenes connected with it, as a fairy dream never again to be realized. With what mournful pleasure we repeat the prayer that was then breathed at a mother's knee. Again we feel the touch of her hand as it was gently laid upon our heads, while she softly breathed a blessing. We hear her lips pronounce the sweet "good night," accompanied with a kiss that mother's fond, earnest kiss! It seems to linger still upon the time-worn brow with all the purity and truth with which it was there enstamped in childhood.

In youth, we may not notice these little endearments, but we find them in after life printed upon the heart in undying letters; and as we fondly dwell upon the sacred thoughts, our eyes are filled with tears of regret. Our hearts were then light and careless as the gay summer bird whose cry we tried to imitate. We

know of no sorrow that the first gush of tears could not sweep away. Oh! we were happy then! And the scenes that made us so, linger o'er the path of after life like the rays of the setting sun, and the night of age is brightened with their remembrance.

- *Manchester Saturday Messenger*

1845.12.05

SCOLDING. - It has neither reason, religion, common sense, or experience to recommend it. While there are reasons many and mighty to justify its total and immediate abolition. - It sours the temper of the children; so that one thorough scolding prepares the way for two or three more. It sours your temper provided it is sweet, which is a question if you are prone to scold; and thus the more you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become *crosser*, and your children likewise.

Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it, they cannot love you as well after you have *berated* them as they did before. You may reproach them with firmness and decision, you may punish with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up the bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their esteem. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their slumbers with thoughts of love stealing around their souls, and whispering peace.

1847.07.30

LOVE. Tupper, in his new work, republished in this country, furnishes the following among other beautiful passages: "Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man, when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow to blow; future interest he meets with present pleasure; but love, that sun, against whose melting beams winter

cannot stand, which wrestles down the giant, there is not one human being in a million, whose clay heart is hardened against love."