

Do not blame me

I've been thinking of my faults, till my heart is like to break;
How very many are the foes, how few the friends I make;
And still within my inmost heart sincere affection lies—
The priceless gift of human love I well know how to prize.

Yet often those I love the most have not one thought for me;
When looking up for kindly smiles indifference I see;
And then the pleasant words that rose upon my lips have died,
Leaving me mournfully to crush my sorrow and my pride.

I strive that I may not offend—I check each careless word;
I seek to hide from others' ears dark tales my own have heard;
I would not, even by a thought, add to another's grief;
Yet often I have given pain where I would bring relief.

And sometimes, when my changefull mood brings feelings wild and gay,
When in my eagerness I cease to guard what others say,
A word which in itself was naught is made to seem unkind—
Bright thoughts for evil ones are changed—tears for smiles I find.

I am lonely, very lonely; my heart is throbbing fast,
And tears are gathering in my eyes for follies that are past;
Yet would I that by suffering the spirit is made pure,
So I would calmly bear the pain God wills I should endure.

The most interesting table
is
the dinner table.

Our Ship Cruising in the Arctic Ocean.

Wednesday August 25th 1869

This day, North Wind with some fog, steering towards
the S. West in company with other ships. See nothing
but ice, seals, and walrus; at 6 P.M. landed
with the Barque J. O. Thompson Capt. Allen
Latitude in 70.42. North

Thursday 26th Blowing fresh from S. East our ship
under short sail sailing on opposite tacks. Several
ships in sight there is some ice to be seen
and blowing fresh sea making.

Friday 27th Brezged on to a gale from S. East
reduced sail to close reefed topsails and staysails
Several ships in sight working to the windward
the Henry Taber and J. O. Thompson taking the
lead seem to hang on the best—Saw the ice
some snow during the day with a little fog.

Saturday 28th Blowing a gale from S. East handed our
five topsails, our ship lies under a close reefed main
topsail, fore and fore topmast staysail, and main
boom in opposite a few ships in sight and
some ice Latitude in 71.42 North

Sunday 29th Blowing heavy with a high sea
Wind S. East lying under a close reefed main
top sail, staysails, and main boom, on opposite
tacks. See ships and ice. And blowing heavy
sea running high.

Give want for Wedgwood, if she comes; we find
the find picks to be but burthens, to the mind.

W. W. W.