

Kents Hill May 24 1849  
Beloved Sister  
Received Valentines  
Letter 22, containing intelligence that Aunt  
was dead, What solemn feelings came over me,  
alive & possessed of comfortable measure of health,  
when I left my home, Not, once did I think but  
I should see her again,, No! her days are numbered,  
and her body lies in the cold grave, with others  
that has gon before,, Death is upon our track,  
and sorrow & sadness has many secret places,,  
But she has past through all of earths toils;  
hope & joy has been at the heart, in childhoods  
day,, How many plesent & happy hours, has she past,  
How we tripp along through life; hope beaming  
at the heart, and unconcious of the future,,  
When the blushing tints of early dawn, tinges the  
eastern sky, and the approach of evening twilight  
we gaze upon a high unclouded sky, glimmering  
with its silvery hosts how quickly we feel the  
image of beauty smiling at the heart,, But when  
the twilight of the tomb, begins to boro its sable  
drapery, around the brow: too deep, to thrilling, to

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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Westport Island Historical Society  
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Date: May 24, 1849

Description: Letter to Sarah Tarbox from brother Franklin

be portruded,, But when twiligh begins to bow  
around the brow of virtue, the brow adorned with  
a crown, set with brighter gems then even  
glittered in a monarchs diadem, a crown adorn-  
ed with the gem of virtuous sentiments,  
of virtuous thoughts, of virtuous actions, how  
much brighter shines the orb of beauty that revolves  
around the brow of the virtuous,, This cannot be por-  
traid - It may be that it dwells, like some  
lone star in the far off - distanced unnoticed  
by aspiring man, for in the rich and beau-  
tiful language of Gray,

~~Full many a flower is born to blush unsee~~

Full many a flower is born to blush unsee,  
And wast its sweetness in the desert air;  
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed, caves of ocean bare -

Let angels see the far off wanderer in the vales  
of earth and celebrate its loveliness and beauty,  
in songs of joy that mortals know not of!  
Can it be that but few, pay there devotion to  
the lovely goddess? Thousands of deluded beings,  
yearly wander as pilgrims to merces shrine -  
Thousands, drink of the pure, but yet unsatisfied  
waters of the castlian fount - And can it be her  
shrine alone, which rewards the votaries with  
heavenly crown,, Let us hope dear sister, that

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beneath the ruffled surface of society; behind  
the vale that history lists not; in the gentle  
shades of domestic life, in the calm retireme-  
nt of humble pursuits, that when the twilight  
of life begins to set and hovers around our  
tents we may meet these bosom friends  
in fairer climes, where we shall be crowned  
with a wreath that fades not, and blooms and  
withers not.

The reason I wrote so soon  
is that I do not know for certainty that  
I shall step, to exhibition; but shall return  
between the eight and sixteenth of June; they  
begin to drop off, and the interest of the school  
is not so great; so I may as well come home.  
I shall not take a part in the last day, but Torsey  
wanted me to but told him I should not.  
Now my money I should like to get, as soon  
as next week. Tell Father to send me enough,  
for I want to get home awfully. Recollect \$22.00  
for board & \$10.00 for tuition etc. I am in hopes  
that I shall make this up or recompence Father  
after I return. I expect I shall be very smart.

Yours Aff  
Franklin

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