

December 30<sup>th</sup> 1858.

I am all alone tonight here in my room  
I hear the wind sighing a requiem over the almost departed  
year, and the rain pattering against the window pane. What  
Memories are stirred? How vividly the past is coming before  
me? Scenes of my childhood & youth are fresh in my memory.  
The mention of an old school mate brought to my mind scenes  
& events I had almost forgotten. The old school house, the  
bright young faces daily gathered there; and the clear  
running brook where we played in the sand & sailed miniature  
boats. Happy days of childhood how like a dream ye  
have passed away. Later our unbroken household band  
we will never all meet again on earth. We are scattered