

**A RAGGED REGISTER
(OF PEOPLE, PLACES
AND OPINIONS). [1879]**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649749263

A Ragged Register (of People, Places and Opinions). [1879] by Anna E. Dickinson

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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ANNA E. DICKINSON

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H. Freeman

A RAGGED REGISTER

(OF PEOPLE PLACES AND OPINIONS)

BY

ANNA E. DICKINSON



NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE

1879

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by
HARPER & BROTHERS,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TO
MY MOTHER

FOR WHOSE ENTERTAINMENT THE MANUSCRIPT OF THIS BOOK WAS
ORIGINALLY PENNED

I Dedicate the Printed Volume

A RAGGED REGISTER.

I.

I WANT to go somewhere away from city walls and sewer smells and "L" abominations. Of that I am sure—but *where?*

"Where?" did I hear you, my invisible friend, echo? "Where! Why there are *fifty* places——"

Yes; I know. Unluckily, it is the things you *don't* want that are always accessible.

Let me consider. Let me sit down and ponder for a space over the ragged register of times and places that in some sort has been kept by my brain. A shabby-looking book, mutilated and half effaced, still it may help me from stand-still to action and—who knows?—serve as a bit of amusement to you by the way.

Shall we go a-fishing? No. To the sea? No. To the springs? No. Is it to the mountains we will wend? If so, by which path and to what ending?

It shall not be the Adirondacks, since I am sufficiently a sybarite to object to smoke and gnats and to look with disfavor upon manifold wettings with an insufficiency of drying sunshine.

Nor yet the White Hills. If they were lying under an autumn sun they would be tempting; but now——?

Times a many have I made my pilgrimage to this summer shrine in summer weather, only to sneeze and shiver through dreary days and weeks, and leave with a strong determination to do penance nevermore; and yet have been tempted by renewed seasons to repeated efforts and exasperating disappointments.

Twenty-seven times had I gazed from the summit of Mount Washington at tossing clouds and sombre or ghostly mists, when the resplendent beauty of a summer morning tempted me to a tenth foot expedition and twenty-eighth ascent.

To be sure, if there is "luck in odd numbers" and the converse is also true, I had but an ill showing—but what of that! "He either fears his fate too much or his deserts are small" who does not dare much and also dare often.

With humility I have decided that, in this case