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DIARY OF
Caroline Cowles Richards

1852 - 1872

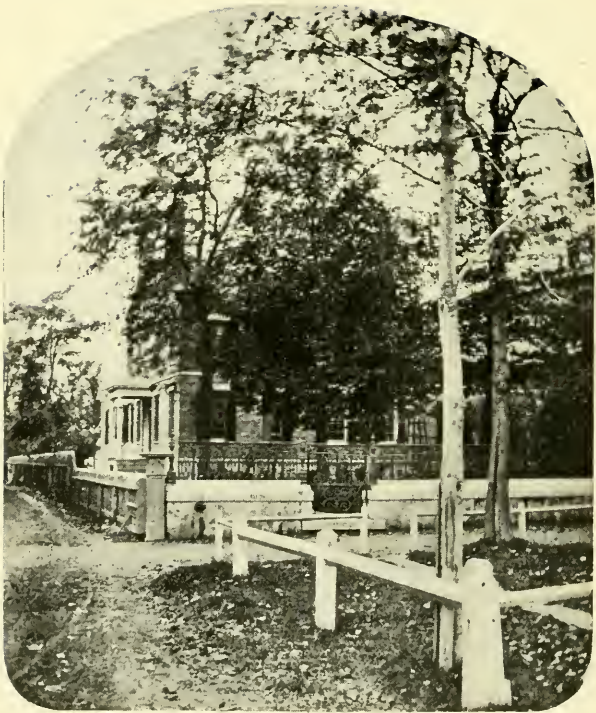


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Beals Homestead

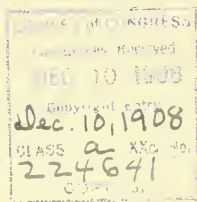
DIARY OF
Caroline Cowles Richards

1852 - 1872

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.



"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."



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CAROLINE RICHARDS CLARKE



FOREWORD

“Dear friends what can I bring to you?
I fain would offer something new
At this glad time, but I have naught,
Not even one new wish, or thought.

Only the same old love; you know
I gave it to you years ago.
Only the memories of old
That never have grown changed or cold.

No, I have nothing new: and yet
I scarcely think I need regret
That it is so, for you and I
Have precious things from days gone by.

But if good wishes, good can bring
Mine are with you, in everything.
So take the old love, tried and true
On from the old years to the new.”

Naples, New York.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

November 21, 1852.—I am ten years old to-day and I think I will write a journal and tell who I am and what I am doing. I have lived with my Grandfather and Grandmother Beals ever since I was seven years old, and Anna, too, since she was four. Our brothers, James and John, came too, but they are at East Bloomfield at Mr. Stephen Clark's Academy.



"I Was Seven and Anna Was Four"

Anna and I go to school at District No. 11. Mr. James C. Cross is our teacher, and some of the scholars say he is cross by name and cross by nature, but I like him. He gave me a book by the name of "Noble Deeds of American Women," for reward of merit, in my reading class. To-day, a nice old gentleman, by the name of Mr. William Wood, visited our school. He is Mrs. Nat. Gorham's uncle, and Wood street is named for him. He had a beautiful pear in his hand and said he would give it to the boy or girl who could spell "virgaloo," for that was the name of the

pear. I spelt it that way, but it was not right. A little boy, named William Sly, spelt it right and he got the pear. I wish I had, but I can't even remember now how he spelt it. If the pear was as hard as the name, I don't believe any one would want it, but I don't see how they happened to give such a hard name to such a nice pear. Grandfather says perhaps Mr. Wood will bring in a Seckle pear some day, so I had better be ready for him.



Grandmother Beals

Grandmother told us such a nice story to-day, I am going to write it down in my journal. I think I shall write a book some day. Miss Caroline Chesebro does and I don't see why I can't. If I do, I shall put this story in it. It is a true story and better than any I found in three story books grandmother gave us to read this week, "Peep of Day," "Line Upon Line," and "Precept Upon Precept," but this story was better than them all. One night, grandfather was locking the front door at 9 o'clock, and he heard a queer

sound, like a baby crying. So he unlocked the door and found a band box on the stoop and the cry seemed to come from inside of it. So he took it up and brought it into the dining room and called the two girls, who had just gone upstairs to bed. They came right down and opened the box and there was a poor little girl baby, crying as hard as could be. They took it out and rocked it and sung to it and got some milk and fed it and then sat up all night with it, by the fire. There was a paper pinned on the baby's dress with her name on it, "Lily T. LaMott," and a piece of poetry called "Pity the Poor Orphan." The next morning, grandfather went to the overseer of the poor and he said it should be taken to the county house, so our hired man got the horse and buggy, and one of the girls carried the baby and they took it away. There was a piece in the paper about it and grandmother pasted it into her "Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises," and showed it to us. It said "A Deposit After Banking Hours."

"Two suspicious looking females were seen about town in the afternoon, one of them carrying an infant. They took a train early in the morning without the child. They probably secreted themselves in Mr. Beal's yard and if he had not taken the box in, they would have carried it somewhere else." When grandfather told the clerks in the bank about it next morning, Mr. Bunnell, who lives over by Mr. Daggett's, on the park, said, if it had been left at some people's houses, it would not have been sent away. Grandmother says, they heard that the baby was adopted afterwards, by some nice people in Geneva. People must think this is a nice place for children, for they had eleven of their own, before we came. Mrs. McCoe was here to call this afternoon and she looked at us and said: "It must be a great responsibility, Mrs. Beals." Grandmother said she thought "her strength would be equal to her day." That is one of her favorite verses. She said Mrs. McCoe never had any children of her own and perhaps that is the reason she looks so sad at us. Perhaps some one will leave a band box and a baby at her door some dark night.



Grandfather Beals

Saturday—Our brother John drove over from East Bloomfield to-day to see us and brought Julia Smedley with him, who is just my age. John lives at Mr. Ferdinand Beebe's and goes to school and Julia is Mr. Beebe's niece. They make quantities of maple sugar out there and they brought us a dozen little cakes. They were splendid. I offered John one and he said he would rather throw it over the fence than to eat it. I can't understand that. Anna had the face ache to-day and I told her that I would be the doctor and make her a ginger poultice. I thought I did it exactly right but when I put it on her face she shivered and said: "Carrie, you make lovely poultices only they are so cold." I suppose I ought to have warmed it.

Tuesday—Grandfather took us to ride this afternoon and let us ask Bessie Seymour to go with us. We rode on the plank road to Chapinville and had to pay 2 cents at the toll gate, both ways. We met a good many people and Grandfather bowed to them and said, "How do you do, neighbor."

We asked him what their names were and he said he did not know. We went to see Mr. Munson, who runs the mill at Chapinville. He took us through the mill and let us get weighed and took us over to his house and out into the barnyard to see the pigs and chickens and we also saw a colt which was one day old. Anna just wrote in her journal that "it was a very amusing site."

Sunday—Rev. Mr. Kendall, of East Bloomfield, preached to-day. His text was from Job xxvi, 14: "Lo these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him." I could not make out what it meant. He is James' and John's minister.

Wednesday—Capt. Menteth was at our house to dinner to-day and he tried to make Anna and me laugh by snapping his snuff box under the table. He is a very jolly man, I think.

Thursday—Father and Uncle Edward Richards came to see us yesterday and took us down to Mr. Corson's store and told us we could have anything we wanted. So we asked for several kinds of candy, stick candy and lemon drops and bulls eyes, and then they got us two rubber balls and two jumping ropes with handles and two hoops and sticks to roll them with and two red carnelian rings and two bracelets. We enjoyed getting them very much and expect to have lots of fun. They went out to East Bloomfield to see James and John, and father is going to take them to New Orleans. We hate to have them go.

Friday—We asked Grandmother if we could have some hoop skirts like the seminary girls and she said no, we were not old enough. When we were downtown Anna bought a reed for 10 cents and ran it into the hem of her underskirt and says she is going to wear it to school to-morrow. I think Grandmother will laugh out loud for once, when she sees it, but I don't think Anna will wear it to school or anywhere else. She wouldn't want to if she knew how terrible it looked.

Wednesday, June 8.—Mr. Cross had us speak pieces to-day. He calls our names and we walk on to the platform and toe the mark and make a bow and say what we have



“Hoop Skirts Like the Seminary Girls”

got to say. He did not know what our pieces were going to be and some of them said the same ones. Two boys spoke: “The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but him had fled.” William Sly was one and he spoke his the best. When he said, “The flames that lit the battle wreck Shone round him o’er the dead,” we could almost see the fire, and when he said, “My father, must I stay?” we felt like telling him, no, he needn’t. He is going to make a good speaker. Mr. Cross said so. Albert Murray spoke “Excelsior,” and Horace Finley spoke nice, too. My piece was, “Why, Phoebe, are you come so soon? Where are your berries, child?” Emma Van Arsdale spoke the same one. We find them all in our reader. Sometime I am going to speak, “How does the water come down at Ladore?” Splashing and flashing and dashing and clashing and all that—it rhymes so it is easy to remember.

Tuesday, December 8.—I could not keep a journal for two weeks, because grandfather and grandmother have been very sick and we were afraid something dreadful was going to happen. We are so glad that they are well again. Grandmother was sick upstairs and grandfather in the bedroom downstairs, and we carried messages back and forth for them. Dr. Carr and Aunt Mary came over twice every day and said they had the influenza and the inflammation of the lungs. It was lonesome for us to sit down to the table and just have Hannah wait on us. We had such lumps in our throats we could not eat much and we cried ourselves to sleep two or three nights. Aunt Ann Field took us home



“Aunt Ann Field”

with her one afternoon to stay all night. We liked the idea and Mary and Louisa and Anna and I planned what we would play in the evening, but just as it was dark, our hired man, Patrick McCarty, drove over after us. He said grand-

father and grandmother could not get to sleep till they saw the children and bid them good night. So we rode home with him. We never stayed anywhere away from home all night that we can remember. When grandmother came downstairs, the first time, she was too weak to walk, so she sat on each step till she got down. When grandfather saw her he smiled and said to us: "When she will, she will, you may depend on't; And when she won't, she won't, and that's the end on't." But we knew all the time that he was very glad to see her.

1853

July.—Hiram Goodrich, who lives at Mr. Myron H. Clark's, and George and Wirt Wheeler ran away on Sunday to seek their fortunes. When they did not come back everyone was frightened and started out to find them. They set out right after Sunday School, taking their pennies which had been given them for the contribution, and were gone several days. They were finally found at Palmyra. When asked why they had run away, one replied that he thought it was about time they saw something of the world. We heard that Mr. Clark had a few moments private conversation with Hiram in the barn and Mr. Wheeler the same with his boys and we do not think they will go traveling on their own hook again right off. Miss Upham lives right across the street from them and she was telling little Morris Bates that he must fight the good fight of faith and he asked her if that was the fight that Wirt Wheeler fit. She probably had to make her instructions plainer after that.

July.—Every Saturday our cousins, Lucilia and Mary and Louisa Field, take turns coming to grandmother's to dinner. It was Mary's turn to-day, but she was sick and couldn't come, so grandmother told us that we could dress up and make some calls for her. We were very glad. She told us to go to Mrs. Gooding's first, so we did and she was glad to see us and gave us some cake she had just made. Then we went on to Mr. Greig's. We walked up the high steps to the front door and rang the bell and Mr. Alexander came. We asked if Mrs. Greig and Miss Chapin were at home and he said yes, and asked us into the parlor. We looked at the

paintings on the wall and looked at ourselves in the long looking glass, while we were waiting. Mrs. Irving came in first. She was very nice and said I looked like her niece, Julie Jeffrey. I hope I do, for I would like to look like her. Mrs. Greig and Miss Chapin came in and were very glad to see us and took us out into the greenhouse and showed us all the beautiful plants. When we said we would have to go, they said goodbye and sent love to grandmother and told us to call again. I never knew Anna to act as polite as she did to-day. Then we went to see Mrs. Judge Phelps and Miss Eliza Chapin, and they were very nice and gave us some flowers from their garden. Then we went on to Miss Caroline Jackson's, to see Mrs. Holmes. Sometimes she is my Sunday School teacher, and she says she and our mother used to be great friends at the seminary. She said she was glad we came up and she hoped we would be as good as our mother was. That is what nearly everyone says. On our way back, we called on Mrs. Dana at the Academy, as she is a friend of grandmother. She is Mrs. Noah T. Clarke's mother. After that, we went home and told grandmother we had a very pleasant time calling on our friends and they all asked us to come again.

Sunday, August 15.—To-day the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was held in our church and Mr. Daggett baptized several little babies. They looked so cunning when he took them in his arms and not one of them cried. I told grandmother, when we got home, that I remembered when Grandfather Richards baptized me in Auburn, and when he gave me back to mother, he said, "Blessed little lambkin, you'll never know your grandpa." She said I was mistaken about remembering it, for he died before I was a year old, but I had heard it told so many times I thought I remembered it. Probably that is the way it was, but I know it happened.

Tuesday—Grandfather took us down street to be measured for some new patten leather shoes at Mr. Ambler's. They are going to be very nice ones for best. We got our new summer hats from Mrs. Freshour's millinery and we them over to show to Aunt Ann and she said they were the very handsomest bonnets she had seen this year.

We go to school to Miss Zilpha Clark in her own house on Gibson Street. Other girls who go are Laura Chapin, Julia Phelps, Mary Paul, Bessie Seymour, Lucilla and Mary Field, Louisa Benjamin, Nannie Corson, Kittie Marshall, Abbie Clark and several other girls. I like Abbie Clark the best of all the girls in school excepting of course my sister Anna.

Before I go to school every morning I read three chapters in the Bible. I read three every day and five on Sunday and that takes me through the Bible in a year. Those I read this morning were the first, second and third chapters of Job. The first was about Eliphaz reproveth Job; second, Benefit of God's correction; third, Job justifieth his complaint. I then learned a text to say at school. I went to school at quarter to nine and recited my text and we had prayers and then proceeded with the business of the day. Just before school was out, we recited in "Science of Things Familiar," and in Dictionary, and then we had calisthenics.

We go through a great many figures and sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "What Fairy Like Music Steals Over the Sea," "Lightly Row, Lightly Row, O'er the Glassy Waves We Go," and "O Come, Come Away," and other songs. Mrs. Judge Taylor wrote one song on purpose for us.

November 22.—I wrote a composition to-day and the subject was, "Which of the Seasons Is the Pleasantest?" Anna asked grandmother what she should write about and grandmother said she thought "A Contented Mind" would be a very good subject, but Anna said she never had one and didn't know what it meant, so she didn't try to write any at all.

A squaw walked right into our kitchen to-day with a blanket over her head and had beaded purses to sell.

This is my composition which I wrote: "Which of the seasons is the pleasantest? Grim winter with its cold snows and whistling winds, or pleasant spring with its green grass and budding trees, or warm summer with its ripening fruit and beautiful flowers, or delightful autumn with its golden

fruit and splendid sunsets? I think that I like all the seasons very well. In winter comes the blazing fire and Christmas treat. Then we can have sleigh rides and play in the snow and generally get pretty cold noses and toses. In spring we have a great deal of rain and very often snow and therefore we do not enjoy that season as much as we would if it was dry weather, but we should remember that April showers bring May flowers. In summer we can hear the birds warbling their sweet notes in the trees and we have a great many strawberries, currants, gooseberries and cherries, which I like very much, indeed, and I think summer is a very pleasant season. In autumn we have some of our choicest fruits, such as peaches, pears, apples, grapes and plums and plenty of flowers in the former part, but in the latter, about in November, the wind begins to blow and the leaves to fall and the flowers to wither and die. Then cold winter with its sleigh-rides comes round again." After I had written this I went to bed. Anna tied her shoe strings in hard knots so she could sit up later.

November 23.—We read our compositions to-day and Miss Clark said mine was very good. One of the girls had a Prophecy for a composition and told what we were all going to be when we grew up. She said Anna Richards was going to be a missionary and Anna cried right out loud. I tried to comfort her and told her it might never happen, so she stopped crying.

November 24.—Three ladies visited our school to-day, Miss Phelps, Miss Daniels and Mrs. Clark. We had calisthenics and they liked them.

Sunday.—Mr. Tousley preached to-day. Mr. Lamb is Superintendent of the Sunday School. Mr. Chipman used to be. Miss Mollie Ball played the melodeon. Mr. Fairchild is my teacher when he is there. He was not there to-day and Miss Mary Howell taught our class. I wish I could be as good and pretty as she is. We go to church morning and afternoon and to Sunday School, and learn seven verses every week and recite catechism and hymns to grandmother in the evening. Grandmother knows all the

questions by heart, so she lets the book lie in her lap and she asks them with her eyes shut. She likes to hear us sing,

“ 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die.”

December 1.—Grandfather asked me to read President Pierce's message aloud to him this evening. I thought it was very long and dry, but he said it was interesting and that I read it very well. I am glad he liked it. Part of it was about the Missouri Compromise and I didn't even know what it meant.

December 8.—We are taking dictation lessons at school now. Miss Clark reads to us from the “Life of Queen Elizabeth” and we write it down in a book and keep it. She corrects it for us. I always spell “until” with two l's and she has to mark it every time. I hope I will learn how to spell it after a while.

December 9, Saturday.—We took our music lessons today. Miss Hattie Heard is our teacher and she says we are getting along well. Anna practiced her lesson over sixty-five times this morning before breakfast and can play “Mary to the Savior's Tomb” as fast as a waltz.

1854

February 4.—We heard to-day of the death of our little half-sister, Julia Dey Richards, in Penn Yan, yesterday, and I felt so sorry I couldn't sleep last night, so I made up some verses about her and this morning wrote them down and gave them to grandfather. He liked them so well he wanted me to show them to Miss Clark and ask her to revise them. I did and she said she would hand them to her sister Mary to correct. When she handed them back they were very much nicer than they were at first and grandfather had me copy them and he pasted them into one of his Bibles to keep.

March 4.—Anna and I went to call on Miss Upham today. She is a real old lady and lives with her niece, Mrs. John Bates, on Gibson Street. Our mother used to go to

school to her at the Seminary. Miss Upham said to Anna, "Your mother was a lovely woman. You are not at all like her, dear." I told Anna she meant in looks I was sure, but Anna was afraid she didn't.



Miss Upham

Sunday.—Mr. Daggett's text this morning was the 22d chapter of Revelation, 16th verse, "I am the root and offspring of David and the bright and morning star." Mrs. Judge Taylor taught our Sunday School class to-day and she said we ought not to read our S. S. books on Sunday. I always do. Mine to-day was entitled, "Cheap Repository Tracts by Hannah More," and it did not seem unreligious at all.

May 1.—I arose this morning about the usual time and read my three chapters in the Bible and had time for a walk in the garden before breakfast. The polyanthuses are just beginning to blossom and they border all the walk up and

down the garden. I went to school at quarter of nine, but I did not get along very well because we played too much. We had two new scholars to-day, Miss Archibald and Miss Andrews, the former about 17 and the latter about 15. In the afternoon old Mrs. Kinney made us a visit, but she did not stay very long. In dictionary class I got up sixth, although I had not studied my lesson very much.

May 2.—I got up this morning at twenty minutes after five. I always brush my teeth every morning, but I forget to put it down here. I read my three chapters in Job and played in the garden and had time to read grandmother a piece in the paper about some poor children in New York. Anna and I went over to Aunt Ann's before school and she gave us each two sticks of candy apiece. Part of it came from New York and part from Williamstown, Mass., where Henry goes to college. Ann Eliza is going down street with us this afternoon to buy us some new summer bonnets. They are to be trimmed with blue and white and are to come to five dollars. We are going to Mr. Stannard's store also, to buy us some stockings. I ought to buy me a new thimble and scissors, for I carried my sewing to school to-day and they were inside of it very carelessly and dropped out and got lost. I ought to buy them with my own money, but I haven't got any, for I gave all I had (2 shillings) to Anna to buy Louisa Field a cornelian ring. Perhaps father will send me some money soon, but I hate to ask him for fear he will rob himself. I don't like to tell grandfather how very careless I was, though I know he would say, "Accidents will happen."

May 3.—I was up early this morning because a dress-maker, Miss Willson, is coming to make me a new calico dress. It is white with pink spots in it and grandfather bought it in New York. It is very nice indeed and I think grandfather was very kind to get it for me. I had to stay at home from school to be fitted. I helped sew and run my dress skirt around the bottom and whipped it on the top. I went to school in the afternoon, but did not have my lessons very well. Miss Clark excused me because I was not there in the morning. Some girls got up on our fence to-day and walked clear across it, the whole length. It is iron and very high

and has a stone foundation. Grandmother asked them to get down, but I think they thought it was more fun to walk up there than it was on the ground. The name of the little girl that got up first was Mary Lapham. She is Lottie Lapham's cousin. I made the pocket for my dress after I got home from school and then grandfather said he would take us out to ride, so he took us way up to Thaddeus Chapin's on the hill. Julia Phelps was there, playing with Laura Chapin, for she is her cousin. Henry and Ann Eliza Field came over to call this evening. Henry has come home from Williams college on his vacation and he is a very pleasant young man, indeed. I am reading a continued story in Harper's magazine. It is called Little Dorritt, by Charles Dickens, and is very interesting.

May, Friday.—Miss Clark told us we could have a picnic down to Sucker brook this afternoon and she told us to bring our rubbers and lunches by two o'clock; but grandmother was not willing to let us go; not that she wished to deprive us of any pleasure for she said instead, we could wear our new black silk basks and go with her to Preparatory lecture, so we did, but when we got there we found that Mr. Daggett was out of town so there was no meeting. Then she told us we could keep dressed up and go over to Aunt Mary Carr's and take her some apples, and afterwards grandfather took us to ride to see old Mrs. Sanborn and old Mr. and Mrs. Atwater. He is ninety years old and blind and deaf, so we had quite a good time after all.

Tuesday.—When we were on our way to school this morning we met a lot of people and girls and boys going to a picnic up the lake. They asked us to go, too, but we said we were afraid we could not. Mr. Alex Howell said, "Tell your grandfather I will bring you back safe and sound unless the boat goes to the bottom with all of us." So we went home and told grandfather and, much to our surprise, he said we could go. We had never been on a boat or on the lake before. We went up to the head on the steamer Joseph Wood and got off at Maxwell's Point. They had a picnic dinner and lots of good things to eat. Then we all went into the glen and climbed up through it. Mr. Alex Howell and Mrs. Wheeler got to the top first and everybody gave three

cheers. We had a lovely time riding back on the boat and told grandmother we had the very best time we ever had in our whole lives.

May 26.—There was an eclipse of the sun to-day and we were very much excited looking at it. General Granger came over and gave us some pieces of smoked glass. Miss Clark wanted us to write compositions about it so Anna wrote, "About 11 o'clock we went out to see if it had come yet, but it hadn't come yet, so we waited awhile and then looked again and it had come, and there was a piece of it cut out of it." Miss Clark said it was a very good description and she knew Anna wrote it all herself.

I handed in a composition, too, about the eclipse, but I don't think Miss Clark liked it as well as she did Anna's, because it had something in it about "the beggarly elements of the world." She asked me where I got it and I told her that it was in a nice story book that grandmother gave me to read, entitled, "Elizabeth Thornton or the Flower and Fruit of Female Piety, and other sketches," by Samuel Irenaeus Prime.—This was one of the other sketches.—It commenced by telling how the moon came between the sun and the earth, and then went on about the beggarly elements. Miss Clark asked me if I knew what they meant and I told her no, but I thought they sounded good. She just smiled and never scolded me at all. I suppose next time I must make it all up myself.

Monday.—When we were on our way to school this morning, we saw General Granger coming, and Anna had on such a homely sunbonnet she took it off and hid it behind her till he had gone by. When we told grandmother, she said, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." I never heard of any one who knew so many Bible verses as grandmother. Anna thought she would be sorry for her and get her a new sunbonnet, but she didn't.

Sunday, June.—We have Sunday School at 9 o'clock in the morning now. Grandfather loves to watch us when we walk off together down the street, so he walks back and forth on the front walk, till we come out, and gives us our money for the contribution. This morning we had on our new white dresses that Miss Rosewarne made and new sum-

mer hats and new patten leather shoes and our mitts. When he had looked us all over, he said, with a smile, "The Bible says, let your garments be always white." After we had gone on a little ways, Anna said: "If grandmother had thought of that verse, I wouldn't have had to wear my pink barege dress to the concert." I told her she need not feel bad about that now, for she sang as well as any of them and looked just as good. She always believes everything I say, although she does not always do what I tell her to. Mr. Noah T. Clarke told us in Sunday School last Sunday that if we wanted to take shares in the missionary ship, "Morning Star," we could buy them at 10 cents apiece, and grandmother gave us \$1 to-day so we could have 10 shares. We got the certificate with a picture of the ship on it, and we are going to keep it always. Anna says if we pay the money, we don't have to go.



Noah T. Clarke

There is a Mr. Packer in town, who teaches all the children to sing. He had a concert in Bemis Hall last night and he put Anna on the top row of the pyramid of beauty and about one hundred children in rows below. She ought

to have worn a white dress as the others did but grandmother said her new pink barege would do. I curled her hair all around in about thirty curls and she looked very nice. She waved the flag in the shape of the letter S and sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and all the others joined in the chorus. It was perfectly grand.

June.—Our cousin, George Bates of Honolulu, came to see us to-day. He has one brother, Dudley, but he didn't come. George has just graduated from college and is going to Japan to be a doctor. He wrote such a nice piece in my album I must copy it, "If I were a poet, I would celebrate your virtues in rhyme; if I were forty years old, I would write a homily on good behavior; being neither, I will quote two familiar lines which if taken as a rule of action, will make you a good and happy woman:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

I think he is a very smart young man and will make a good doctor to the heathen.

Tuesday.—A gentleman visited our school to-day and Miss Clark introduced him to us. When he came in, Miss Clark said, "Young ladies," and we all stood up and bowed and said in concert, his name. Grandfather says, he would rather have us go to school to Miss Clark than anyone else, because she teaches us manners, as well as books. We girls think he is a very particular friend of Miss Clark. He is very nice looking, but we don't know where he lives. Laura Chapin says he is an architect. I looked it up in the dictionary and it says one who plans or designs. I hope he don't plan to get married to Miss Clark and take her away and break up the school, but I presume he does, for that is usually the way.

Monday.—There was a minister preached in our church last night and some people say he is the greatest minister in the world. I think his name was Mr. Finney. Grandmother said I could go with our girl, Hannah White. We sat under the gallery, in Miss Antoinette Pierson's pew. There was a great crowd and he preached good. Grand-

mother says that our mother was a Christian when she was ten years old and joined the church and she showed us some sermons that mother used to write down when she was 17 years old, after she came home from church, and she has kept them all these years. I think children in old times were not as bad as they are now.



“Mrs. Judge Taylor”

Tuesday.—Mrs. Judge Taylor sent for me to come over to see her to-day. I didn't know what she wanted, but when I got there she said she wanted to talk and pray with me on the subject of religion. She took me into one of the wings. I never had been in there before and was frightened at first, but it was nice after I got used to it. After she prayed, she asked me to, but I couldn't think of anything but “Now I lay me down to sleep,” and I was afraid she would not like that, so I didn't say anything. When I got home and told Anna, she said, “Caroline, I presume probably Mrs. Taylor wants you to be a missionary, but I shan't let you go.” I told her she needn't worry for I would have to stay at home and look after her. After school to-night I went out into Abbie Clark's garden with her and she taught me how to play “mumble te peg.” It is fun, but rather dangerous. I

am afraid grandmother won't give me a knife to play with. Abbie Clark has beautiful pansies in her garden and gave me some roots.

Wednesday, August.—Grandmother sent Anna and me up to Butcher street after school to-day to invite Chloe to come to dinner. I never saw so many black people as there are up there. We saw old Loyd and black Jonathan and Dick Valentine and Jerusha and Chloe and Nackie. Nackie was pounding up stones into sand, to sell, to scour with. Grandmother often buys it of her. I think Chloe was surprised, but she said she would be ready, to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, when the carriage came for her. I should hate to be as fat as Chloe. I think she weighs 300. She is going to sit in grandfather's big arm chair, grandmother said. We told grandmother we should think she would rather invite white ladies, but she said Chloe was a poor old slave and as grandfather had gone to Saratoga, she thought it was a good time to have her. She said God made of one blood all the people on the face of the earth, so we knew she would do it and we didn't say any more. When we talk too much, grandfather always says N. C. (nuff ced.) She sent a carriage for Chloe and she came and had a nice dinner, not in the kitchen either. Grandmother asked her if there was any one else she would like to see before she went home and she said, "Yes, Miss Rebekah Gorham," so she told the coachman to take her down there and wait for her to make a call and then take her home and he did. Chloe said she had a very nice time, so probably grandmother was all right as she generally is, but I could not be as good as she is, if I should try one hundred years.

Sunday, August 10.—Rev. Mr. Daggett's text this morning was "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Grandmother said she thought the sermon did not do us much good, for she had to tell us several times this afternoon to stop laughing. Grandmother said we ought to be good Sundays if we want to go to heaven, for there it is one eternal Sabbath. Anna said she didn't want to be an angel just yet and I don't think there is the least danger of it, as far as I can judge. Grandmother said there was another verse, "If we do not have any pleasure on the Sabbath, we shall

ride on the high places of the earth," and Anna said she liked that better, for she would rather ride than do anything else, so we both promised to be good. Grandfather told us they used to be more strict about Sunday than they are now. Then he told us a story, how he had to go to Geneva one Saturday morning in the stage and expected to come back in the evening, but there was an accident, so the stage did not come till Sunday morning. Church had begun and he told the stage driver to leave him right there, so he went in late and the stage drove on. The next day he heard that he was to come before the minister, Rev. Mr. Johns, and the deacons and explain why he had broken the fourth commandment. When he got into the meeting Mr. Johns asked him what he had to say, and he explained about the accident and asked them to read a verse from the 8th chapter of John, before they made up their minds what to do to him. The verse was, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Grandfather said they all smiled, and the minister said the meeting was out. Grandfather says that shows it is better to know plenty of Bible verses, for some time they may do you a great deal of good. We then recited the catechism and went to bed.

August 21, 1854.—Anna says that Alice Jewett feels very proud because she has a little baby brother. They have named him John Harvey Jewett after his father, and Alice says when he is bigger she will let Anna help her take him out to ride in his baby carriage. I suppose they will throw away their dolls now.

"Old Alice" came to see us to-day and grandmother gave her some flowers. She had them in her apron for she said if she should meet any little children and they should ask for them she would have to let them go. Mrs. Gooding was at our house to-day and made a carpet. We went over to Aunt Mary Carr's this evening to see the gas and the new chandeliers. They are bronze.

Tuesday, September 1, 1854.—I am sewing a sheet over and over for grandmother and she puts a pin in to show me my stint, before I can go out to play. I am always glad when I get to it. I am making a sampler, too, and have all

the capital letters worked and now will make the small ones. It is done in cross stitch on canvas with different color silks. I am going to work my name, too. I am also knitting a tip-pet on some wooden needles that Henry Carr made for me. Grandmother has ravelled it out several times because I dropped stitches. It is rather tedious, but she says, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Some military soldiers went by the house to-day and played some beautiful music. Grandfather has a teter and swing for us in the back yard and we enjoy them usually, but to-night Anna slid off the teter board when she was on the ground and I was in the air and I came down sooner than I expected. There was a hand organ and monkey going by and she was in a hurry to get to the street to see it. She got there a good while before I did.

October, 1854.—Grandmother told us a story to-day, how when she was a little girl, down in Connecticut, in 1794, she was on her way to school one morning and she saw an Indian coming and was so afraid, but did not dare run for fear he would chase her. So she thought of the word sago, which means "good morning," and when she got up close to him, she dropped a curtesy and said "Sago," and he just went right along and never touched her at all. She says she hopes we will always be polite to everyone, even to strangers.

November.—Abbie Clark's father has been elected Governor and she is going to Albany to live for a while. We all congratulated her when she came to school this morning, but I am sorry she is going away. We will write to each other every week. She wrote a prophecy and told the girls what they were going to be and said I should be mistress of the White House. I think it will happen, about the same time that Anna goes to be a missionary.

Rev. Mr. Dickey, of Rochester, agent for the Seaman's Friend society, preached this morning about the poor little canal boy. His text was from the 107th Psalm, 23rd verse, "They that go down into the sea in ships." He has the queerest voice and stops off between his words. When we got home, Anna said she would show us how he preached



Governor Myron H. Clark

and she described what he said about a sailor in time of war. She said, "A ball came—and struck him there—another ball came—and struck him there—he raised his faithful sword—and went on—to victory—or death." I expected grandfather would reprove her, but he just smiled a queer sort of smile and grandmother put her handkerchief up to her face, as she always does when she is amused about anything. I never heard her laugh out loud, but I suppose she likes funny things as well as anybody. She did just the same, this morning, when grandfather asked Anna where the sun rose, and she said "over by Gen. Granger's house and sets behind the Methodist church." She said she saw it herself and should never forget it when anyone asked her which way was east or west. I think she makes up more things than anyone I know of.

December, 1854.—There was a moonlight sleigh ride of boys and girls last night, but grandfather did not want us to go, but to-night he said he was going to take us to one himself. So after supper he told Mr. Piser to harness the horse to the cutter and bring it around to the front gate. Mr.

Piser takes care of our horse and the Methodist church. He lives in the basement. Grandfather sometimes calls him Shakespeare to us, but I don't know why. He doesn't look as though he could write poetry. Grandfather said he was going to take us out to Mr. Waterman Powers' in Farmington and he did. They were quite surprised to see us, but very glad and gave us apples and doughnuts and other good things. We saw Anne and Imogene and Morey and one little girl named Zimmie. They wanted us to stay all night, but grandmother was expecting us. We got home safe about ten o'clock and had a very nice time. We never sat up so late before.

Sunday.—Rev. M. L. R. P. Thompson preached to-day. He used to be the minister of our church before Mr. Daggett came. Some people call him Rev. "Alphabet" Thompson, because he has so many letters in his name. He preached a very good sermon from the text, "Dearly beloved, as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men." I liked to hear him preach, but not as well as I do Mr. Daggett. I suppose I am more used to him.

Thursday.—Edward Everett, of Boston, lectured in our church this evening. They had a platform built even with the tops of the pews, so he did not have to go up into the pulpit. Crowds and crowds came to hear him from all over everywhere. Grandmother let me go. They say he is the most eloquent speaker in the U. S., but I have heard Mr. Daggett when I thought he was just as good.

Sunday.—We went to church to-day and heard Rev. Mr. Stowe preach. His text was, "The poor ye have with you always and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." I never knew anyone who liked to go to church as much as grandmother does. She says she "would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of our God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." I cannot imagine grandmother doing either. I know she would not dwell a minute in a tent of any kind and they never have women for doorkeepers. Mr. Colburn is the doorkeeper in our church and he rings the bell every day at 9 in the morning and at 12 and at 9 in the evening, so grandfather knows when it is time to cover up the fire in

the fireplace and go to bed. I think if the President should come to call, he would have to go home at 9 o'clock. Grandfather's motto is:

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Tuesday.—Mrs. Greig and Miss Betsey Chapin called to see us to-day. Grandmother says that we can return the call as she does not visit any more. We would like to, for we always enjoy dressing up and making calls. Anna and I received two black veils in a letter to-day from Aunt Caroline Dey. Just exactly what we had wanted for a long while. Uncle Edward sent us 5 dollars and grandmother said we could buy just what we wanted, so we went down street to look at black silk mantillas. We went to Moore's store and to Richardson's and to Collier's, but they asked 10, 15 or 20 dollars for them, and Anna said she resolved from now, henceforth and forever not to spend her money for black silk mantillas.



"Black Silk Mantillas"

Sunday.—Rev. Mr. Tousley preached to-day to the children and told us how many steps it took to be bad. I think he said lying was first, then disobedience to parents, breaking the Sabbath, swearing, stealing, drunkenness. I don't remember just the order they came. It was very interesting, for he told lots of stories and we sang a great many times. I should think Eddie Tousley would be an awful good boy with his father in the house with him all the while, but probably he has to be away part of the time preaching to other children. Eddie was named for Dr. Carr and he gave him a silver fork. I don't think I should have given him anything quite so nice if it had been me.

Sunday.—Uncle David Dudley Field and his daughter, Mrs. Brewer, of Stockbridge, Mass., are visiting us and he

preached for Mr. Daggett this afternoon. He is a very old man and left his sermon at home and I had to go back after it. His brother, Timothy, was the first minister in our church about fifty years ago. Grandmother says she came all the way from Connecticut with him on horseback on a pillion behind him. Rather a long ride, I should say. I heard her and Uncle David talking about their childhood and how they lived in Guilford, Conn., in a house that was built upon a rock. That was sometime in the last century like the house that it tells about in the Bible that was built on a rock.

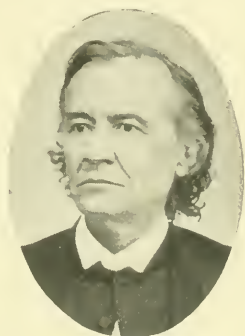
December.—My three chapters that I read this morning were about Josiah's zeal and reformation; 2d, Jerusalem taken by Nebuchadnezzar. 3rd, Jerusalem besieged and taken. The reason that we always read the Bible the first thing in the morning is because it says in the Bible "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Grandmother says she hopes we will treasure up all these things in our hearts and practice them in our lives. I hope so, too. This morning Anna got very mad at one of the girls and grandmother told her she ought to return good for evil and heap coals of fire on her head. Anna said she wished she could and burn her all up, but I don't think she meant it. I bought some things at Mr. Mitchell's store to-day and Mr. Moses Olds gave me a cake of maple sugar. It was good.

1855

Sunday, January.—Mr. Daggett's text this morning was, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." They sang, "Behold a stranger at the door." It was very solemn indeed. In the evening the text was, "And the door was shut." That was even more solemn than the one in the morning. I think they will do a great deal of good.

January 29—Sunday.—Mr. Daggett preached this morning from the text, Deut. viii, 2: "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." It is 10 years to-day since Mr. Daggett came to our church, and he told how many deaths there had been, and how many baptisms, and how many members had been added to the church.

It was a very interesting sermon, and everybody hoped Mr. Daggett would stay here 10 years more, or 20, or 30, or always. He is the only minister that I ever had, and I don't ever want any other. We never could have anyone with such a voice as Mr. Daggett's, or such beautiful eyes. Then



Rev. Dr. Daggett

he has such good sermons, and always selects the hymns we like best, and reads them in such a way. This morning they sang: "Thus far the Lord has led me on, thus far his power prolongs my days." After he has been away on a vacation he always has for the first hymn, and we always turn to it before he gives it out:

"Upward I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.

"God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour."

He always prays for the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

April.—Grandmother received a letter from Connecticut to-day telling of the death of her only sister. She was knitting before she got it and she laid it down a few moments

and looked quite sad and said, "So sister Anna is dead"—then after a little she went on with her work. Anna watched her and by and by, when we were alone, she said, "Caroline, some day when you are about ninety you may be eating an apple, or reading, or doing something, and you will get a letter telling of my decease and after you have read it you will lay it down and go on with your work and say, "So sister Anna is dead." I told her that I knew if I lived to be a hundred, and should hear that she was dead, I should cry my eyes out, if I had any.

September 1.—There was a stranger preached for Dr. Daggett this morning and his text was, "Man looketh upon the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart." When we got home, Anna said, the minister looked as though he had been sick from birth and his forehead stretched from his nose to the back of his neck, he was so bald. Grandmother told her she ought to have been more interested in his words than in his looks, and that she must have very good eyes if she could see all that from our pew, which is the furthest from the pulpit of any in church, except Mr. Gibson's, which is just the same. Anna said she couldn't help seeing it, unless she shut her eyes, and then everyone would think she had gone to sleep. We can see the Academy boys from our pew, too.

Mr. Lathrop, of the seminary, is superintendent of the Sunday School now and he had a present to-day from Miss Betsey Chapin, and several visitors came in to see it presented: Dr. Daggett, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Howell, Mr. Tousey, Mr. Stowe, Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Granger and several others. The present was a certificate of life membership to something; I did not hear what. It was just a large piece of parchment, but they said it cost \$25. Miss Lizzie Bull is my Sunday School teacher now. She asked us last Sunday to look up a place in the Bible where the trees held a consultation together, to see which one should reign over them. I did not remember any such thing, but I looked it up in the concordance and found it in Judges ix: 8. I found the meaning of it in Scott's commentary and wrote it down and she was very much pleased, and told us next Sunday to find out all about Absalom.

September 2.—I received a letter from my brother John in New Orleans, and his ambrotype. He has grown amazingly. He also sent me a N. O. paper and it gave an account of the public exercises in the school, and said John spoke a piece called "The Baron's Last Banquet," and had great applause and it said he was "a chip off the old block." He is a very nice boy, I know that. James is sixteen years old now and is in Princeton college. He is studying German and says he thinks he will go to Germany some day and finish his education, but I guess in that respect he will be very much disappointed. Germany is a great ways off and



"James and John"

none of our relations that I ever heard of have ever been there and it is not at all likely that any of them ever will. Grandfather says, though, it is better to aim too high than not high enough. James is a great boy to study. They had their pictures taken together once and John was holding some flowers and James a book and I guess he has held onto it ever since.

Anna fell down and sprained her ankle to-day at the Seminary, and had to be carried into Mrs. Richards' library. She was sliding down the bannisters with little Annie Richards. I wonder what she will do next. She has good luck in the gymnasium and can beat Emma Wheeler and Jennie Ruckle swinging on the pole and climbing the rope ladder, although they and Sarah Antes are about as spry as squirrels and they are all good at ten pins. Susie Daggett and Lucilla Field have gone to Farmington, Conn., to school.

December 20.—Susan B. Anthony is in town and spoke in Bemis Hall this afternoon. She made a special request that all the Seminary girls should come to hear her, as well as all the women and girls in town. She had a large audience and she talked very plainly about our rights and how we ought to stand up for them, and said the world would never go right until the women had just as much right to vote and rule as the men. She asked us all to come up and sign our names who would promise to do all in our power to bring about that glad day when equal rights should be the law of the land. A whole lot of us went up and signed the paper. When I told grandmother about it, she said she guessed Susan B. Anthony had forgotten that St. Paul said the women should keep silence. I told her, no, she didn't for she spoke particularly about St. Paul and said if he had lived in these times, instead of 1800 years ago, he would have been as anxious to have the women at the head of the government as she was. I could not make grandmother agree with her at all and she said we might better all of us stayed at home. We went to prayer meeting this evening and a woman got up and talked. Her name was Mrs. Sands. We hurried home and told grandmother and she said she probably meant all right and she hoped we did not laugh.

1856

January 23.—It is one year ago to-day that Johnnie Lyon died. Georgie Wilkinson cried awfully in school, because she said she was engaged to him. This is the third morning that I have come down stairs at exactly 20 minutes to 7. I went to school all day. Mary Paul and Fannie Palmer read "The Snow Bird" to-day. There was some funny

things in it. One was: "Why is a lady's hair like the latest news? Because in the morning we always find it in the papers." Another was: "One rod makes an acher, as the boy said when the schoolmaster flogged him."

This is Allie Field's birthday. He got a pair of slippers from Mary with the soles all on; a pair of mittens from Miss Eliza Chapin, and Miss Rebecca Gorham is going to give him a pair of stockings when she gets them done.

February 6.—We were awakened very early this morning by the cry of fire and the ringing of bells and could see the sky red with flames and knew it was the stores and we thought they were all burning up. Pretty soon we heard our big brass door knocker being pounded fast and grandfather said, "Who's there?" "Melville Arnold for the bank keys," we heard. Grandfather handed them out and dressed as fast as he could and went down, while Anna and I just lay there and watched the flames and shook. He was gone two or three hours and when he came back he said that Mr. Palmer's hat store, Mr. Underhill's book store, Mr. Shafer's tailor shop, Mrs. Smith's millinery, Pratt & Smith's drug store, Mr. Mitchell's dry goods store, two printing offices and a saloon were burned. It was a very handsome block. The bank escaped fire, but the wall of the next building fell on it and crushed it. After school to-night grandmother let us go down and see how the fire looked. It looked very sad, indeed. Judge Taylor offered grandfather one of the wings of his house for the bank for the present but he has secured a place in Mr. Buhre's store in the Franklin block.

Thursday, February 7.—Dr. and Aunt Mary Carr and Uncle Field and Aunt Ann were over at our house to dinner to-day and we had a fine fish dinner, not one of Gabriel's (the man who blows such a blast through the street, they call him Gabriel), but one that Mr. Francis Granger sent to us. It was elegant. Such a large one it covered a big platter. This evening Gen Granger came in and brought a gentleman with him whose name was Mr. Skinner. They asked grandfather, as one of the trustees of the church, if he had any objection to a deaf and dumb exhibition there to-morrow night. He had no objection, so they will have it and we will go.

Friday.—We went and liked it very much. The man with them could talk and he interpreted it. There were two deaf and dumb women and three children. They performed very prettily, but the smartest boy did the most. He acted out David killing Goliah and the story of the boy stealing apples and how the old man tried to get him down by throwing grass at him, but finding that would not do, he threw stones which brought the boy down pretty quick. Then he acted a boy going fishing and a man being shaved in a barber shop and several other things. I laughed out loud in school to-day and made some pictures on my slate and showed them to Clara Willson and made her laugh, and then we both had to stay after school. Anna was at Aunt Ann's to supper to-night to meet a little girl named Helen Bristol, of Rochester. Ritie Tyler was there, too, and they had a lovely time.

February 8.—I have not written in my journal for several days, because I never like to write things down if they don't go right. Anna and I were invited to go on a sleighride, Tuesday night, and grandfather said he did not want us to go. We asked him if we could spend the evening with Frankie Richardson and he said yes, so we went down there and when the load stopped for her, we went too, but we did not enjoy ourselves at all and did not join in the singing. I had no idea that sleighrides could make anyone feel so bad. It was not very cold, but I just shivered all the time. When the 9 o'clock bell rang, we were up by the "Northern Retreat," and I was so glad when we got near home, so we could get out. Grandfather and grandmother asked us if we had a nice time, but we got to bed as quick as we could. The next day, grandfather went into Mr. Richardson's store and told him he was glad he did not let Frankie go on the sleighride, and Mr. Richardson said he did let her go and we went, too. We knew how it was, when we got home from school, because they acted so sober, and, after a while, grandmother talked with us about it. We told her we were sorry and we did not have a bit good time and would never do it again. When she prayed with us the next morning, as she always does before we go to school, she said, "Prepare us, Lord, for what thou art preparing for us," and it seemed

as though she was discouraged, but she said she forgave us. I know one thing, we will never run away to any more sleigh-rides.

February 20.—Mr. Worden, Mr. Henry Chesebro's father, was buried to-day, and Aunt Ann let Allie stay with us while she went to the funeral. I am going to Fannie Gaylord's party to-morrow night.



February 21.—We had a very nice time at Fannie Gaylord's party and a splendid supper. Lucilla Field laughed herself almost to pieces when she found "Frankie Richardson" on going home that she had worn her leggins all the evening. We had a pleasant walk home but did not stay till it was out. Some one asked me if I danced every set and I told them no, I set every dance. I told grandmother and she was very much pleased. Some one told us that grandfather and grandmother first met at a ball in the early settlement of Canandaigua. I asked her if it was so and she said she never had danced since she became a professing Christian and that was more than fifty years ago.

Grandfather heard to-day of the death of his sister, Lydia, who was Mrs. Lyman Beecher. She was Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher's third wife. Grandmother says that they visited her once and she was quite nervous thinking about having such a great man as Dr. Lyman Beecher for her guest, as he was considered one of the greatest men of his day, but she said she soon got over this feeling, for he was so genial and pleasant and she noticed particularly how he ran up and down stairs like a boy. I think that is very apt to be the way for "men are only boys grown tall."

There was a Know Nothing convention in town to-day. They don't want anyone but Americans to hold office, but I guess they will find that foreigners will get in. Our hired man is an Irishman and I think he would just as soon be "Prisidint" as not.

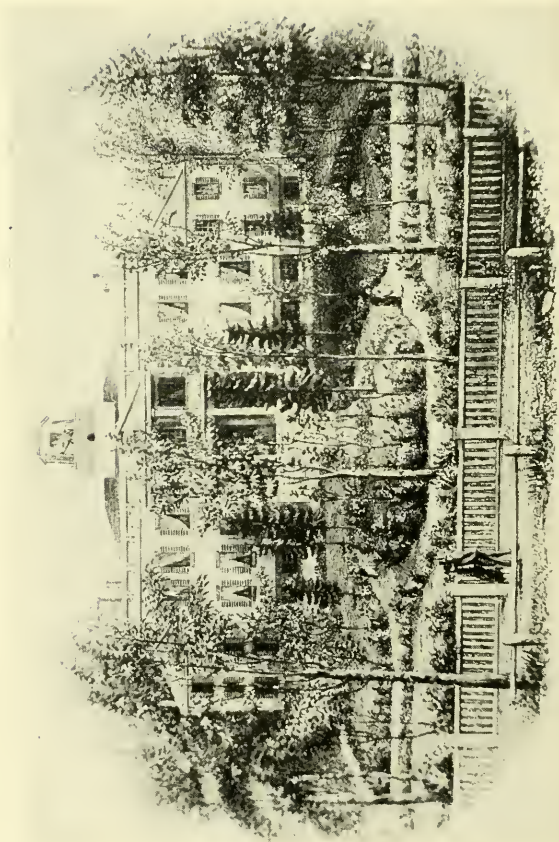
February 22.—This is such a beautiful day, the girls wanted a holiday, but Mr. Richards would not grant it. We told him it was Washington's birthday and we felt very patriotic, but he was inexorable. We had a musical review and literary exercises instead in the afternoon and I put on my blue merino dress and my other shoes. Anna dressed up too and I curled her hair. The Primary scholars sit upstairs this term and do not have to pay any more. Anna and Emma Wheeler like it very much, but they do not sit together. We are seated alphabetically, and I sit with Mary Reznor and Anna with Mittie Smith. They thought she would behave better, I suppose, if they put her with one of the older girls, but I do not know as it will have the "desired effect," as grandmother says. Miss Mary Howell and Miss Carrie Hart and Miss Lizzie and Miss Mollie Bull were visitors this afternoon. Gertrude Monier played and sang. Abbie Clark spoke "King Henry of Navarre" and I spoke "Bingen on the Rhine." Mrs. Anderson is the singing teacher. Marion Maddox and Pussie Harris and Mary Daniels played on the piano. Mr. Hardick is the teacher, and he played, too. You would think he was trying to pound the piano all to pieces, but he is a good player. We have two papers kept up at school, *The Snow Bird* and *The Waif*—one for the younger and the other for the older girls. Miss Jones, the composition teacher, corrects them both. Kate Buell, Anna Maria Chapin read the *Waif* to-day and Gusta Buell and I read the *Snow Bird*. She has beautiful curls and has two nice brothers, also, Albert and Arthur, and the girls all like them. They have not lived in town very long.

February 25.—I guess I won't fill up my journal any more by saying I arose this morning at the usual time, for I don't think it is a matter of life or death whether I get up at the usual time or a few minutes later and when I am older and read over the account of the manner in which I occupied my time in my younger days I don't think it will add particularly to the interest, to know whether I used to get up at 7 or at a quarter before. I think Miss Sprague, our school room teacher, would have been glad if none of us had got up at all this morning for we acted so in school. She does not want any noise during the three minute recess, but there

has been a good deal all day. In singing class they disturbed Mr. Kimball by blowing through combs. We took off our round combs and put paper over them and then blew—Mary Wheeler and Lottie Lapham and Anna sat nearest me and we all tried to do it, but Lottie was the only one who could make it go. He thought we all did, so he made us come up and sit by him. I did not want to, a bit. He told Miss Sprague of us and she told the whole school if there was as much noise another day she would keep every one of us an hour after half-past four. As soon as she said this they all began to groan. She said "Silence." I only made the least speck of a noise that no one heard.

February 26.—To-night after singing class, Mr. Richards asked all who blew through combs to rise. I did not, because I could not make it go, but when he said all who groaned could rise, I did, and some others, but not half who did it. He kept us very late and we all had to sign an apology to Miss Sprague.

March 3.—Elizabeth Spencer sits with me in school now. She is full of fun but always manages to look very sober when Miss Chesebro looks up to see who is making the noise over our way. I never seem to have that knack. Anna had to stay after school last night and she wrote in her journal that the reason was because "nature will out" and because "she whispered and didn't have her lessons, etc., etc." Mr. Richards has allowed us to bring our sewing to school but now he says we cannot any more. I am sorry for I have some embroidery and I could get one pantalette done in a week, but now it will take me longer. Grandmother has offered me one dollar if I will stitch a linen shirt bosom and wrist bands for grandfather and make the sleeves. I have commenced, but, Oh, my! it is an undertaking. I have to pull the threads out and then take up two threads and leave three. It is very particular work and Anna says the stitches must not be visible to the naked eye. I have to fell the sleeves with the tiniest seams and stroke all the gathers and put a stitch on each gather. Minnie Bellows is the best one in school with her needle and is a dabster at patching. She cut a piece right out of her new calico dress and matched a



Ontario Female Seminary

new piece in and none of us could tell where it was. I am sure it would not be safe for me to try that. Grandmother let me ask three of the girls to dinner Saturday, Abbie Clark, Mary Wheeler and Mary Field. We had a big roast turkey and everything else to match. Good enough for Queen Victoria. That reminds me of a conundrum we had in the Snowbird: What does Queen Victoria take her pills in? In cider. (Inside her.)

April 12.—We went down town this morning and bought us some shaker bonnets to wear to school. They cost \$1 apiece and we got some green silk for capes to put on them. We fixed them ourselves and wore them to school and some of the girls liked them and some did not, but it makes no difference to me what they like, for I shall wear mine till it is worn out. Grandmother says that if we try to please everybody we please no-body. The girls are all having mystic books at school now and they are very interesting to have. They are blank books and we ask the girls and boys to write in them and then they fold the page twice over and seal it with wafers or wax and then write on it what day it is to be opened. Some of them say, "not to be opened for a year," and that is a long time to wait. If we cannot wait we can open them and seal them up again. I think Anna did look to see what Eugene Stone wrote in hers, for it does not look as smooth as it did at first. We have autograph albums too and Horace Finley gave us lots of small photographs. We paste them in the books and then ask the people to write their names. We have got Miss Upham's picture and Dr. and Mrs. Daggett, Gen. Granger's and Hon. Francis Granger's and Mrs. Adele Granger Thayer and Friend Burling, Dr. Jewett, Dr. Cheney, Deacon Andrews and Dr. Carr, and Johnnie Thompson's, Mrs. Noah T. Clarke, Mr. E. M. Morse, Mrs. George Wilson, Theodore Barnum, Jim Paton's and Will Sly, Merritt Wilcox, Tom Raines, Ed Williams, Gus Coleman's, W. P. Fiske and lots of the girls' pictures besides. Eugene Stone and Tom Eddy had their ambrotypes taken together, in a handsome case, and gave it to Anna. We are going to keep them always.

April.—The Siamese twins are in town and a lot of the girls went to see them in Bemis hall this afternoon. It cost 10 cents. Grandmother let us go. Their names are Eng

and Chang and they are not very handsome. They are two men joined together. I hope they like each other, but I don't envy them, any way. If one wanted to go somewhere and the other one didn't I don't see how they would manage it. One would have to give up, that's certain. Perhaps they are both Christians.

April 30.—Rev. Henry M. Field, editor of the New York Evangelist, and his little French wife are here visiting. She is a wonderful woman. She has written a book and paints beautiful pictures and was teacher of art in Cooper Institute, New York. He is grandmother's nephew and he brought her a picture of himself and his five brothers, taken for grandmother, because she is the only aunt they have in the world. The rest are all dead. The men in the picture are Jonathan and Matthew and David Dudley and Stephen J. and Cyrus W. and Henry M. They are all very nice looking and grandmother thinks a great deal of the picture.

May 15.—Miss Anna Gaylord is one of my teachers at the Seminary and when I told her that I wrote a journal every day she wanted me to bring her my last book and let her read it. I did so and she said she enjoyed it very much and she hoped I would keep them, for they would be interesting for me to read when I am old. I think I shall do so. She has a very particular friend, Rev. Mr. Beaumont, who is one of the teachers at the Academy. I think they are going to be married some day. I guess I will show her this page of my journal, too. Grandmother let me make a pie in a saucer to-day and it was very good.

May.—We were invited to Bessie Seymour's party last night and grandmother said we could go. The girls all told us at school that they were going to wear low neck and short sleeves. We have caps on the sleeves of our best dresses and we tried to get the sleeves out, so we could go bare arms, but we couldn't get them out. We had a very nice time, though, at the party. Some of the Academy boys were there and they asked us to dance, but of course we couldn't do that. We promenaded around the rooms and went out to supper with them. Eugene Stone and Tom Eddy asked to go home with us, but grandmother sent over two girls

for us, Bridget Flynn and Hannah White, so they couldn't. We were quite disappointed, but perhaps she won't send for us next time.

May.—Grandmother is teaching me how to knit some mittens now, but if I ever finish them it will be through much tribulation, the way they have to be unravelled out and commenced over again. I think I shall know how to knit when I get through, if I never know now to do anything else. Perhaps I shall know how to write, too, for I write all of grandmother's letters for her, because it tires her to write too much. I have sorted my letters to-day and tied them in packages and found I had between 500 and 600. I have had about two letters a week for the past five years and have kept them all. Father almost always tells me in his letters to read my Bible and say my prayers and obey grandmother and stand up straight and turn out my toes and brush my teeth and be good to my little sister. I have been practicing all these so long I can say, as the young man did in the Bible when Jesus told him what to do to be saved, "all these have I kept from my youth up." But then, I lack quite a number of things after all. I am not always strictly obedient. For instance, I know grandmother never likes to have us read the secular part of the New York Observer on Sunday, so she puts it in the top drawer of the sideboard until Monday, but I couldn't find anything interesting to read the other Sunday, so I took it out and read it and put it back. The jokes and stories in it did not seem as amusing as usual, so I think I will not do it again.

I asked grandmother to-day to write a verse for me to keep always and she wrote a good one: "To be happy and live long, the three grand essentials are: Be busy, love somebody and have high aims." I think, from all I have noticed about her, that she has had this for her motto all her life and I don't think Anna and I can do very much better than to try and follow it too. Grandfather tells us sometimes, when she is not in the room, that the best thing we can do is to be just as near like grandmother as we can possibly be.

Saturday, May 30.—Louisa Field came over to dinner to-day and brought Allie with her. We had roast chickens for dinner and lots of other nice things. Grandmother taught

us how to string lilac blossoms for necklaces and also how to make curls of dandelion stems. She always has some things in the parlor cupboard which she brings out on extra occasions, so she got them out to-day. They are some Chinamen which Uncle Thomas brought home when he sailed around the world. They are wooden images standing in boxes, packing tea with their feet.

Sunday, June 1.—Rev. Dr. Shaw, of Rochester, preached for Dr. Daggett to-day and his text was: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." He said by this water he meant the pleasures of this life, wealth and fame and honor, of which the more we have the more we want and are never satisfied, but if we drink of the water that Christ can give us, we will have happiness here and forever. It was a very good sermon and I love to hear him preach. Grandmother never likes to start for church until after all the Seminary girls and Academy boys have gone by, but this morning we got to the gate just as the boys came along. When grandmother saw five or six hats come off and knew they were bowing to us, she asked us how we got acquainted with them. We told her that almost all the girls knew the Academy boys and I am sure that is true.

Tuesday, June 8.—We are cleaning house now and grandmother asked Anna and me to take out a few tacks in the dining room carpet. We did not like it so very well, but we liked eating dinner in the parlor, as the table had to be set in there. Anna told grandmother the best way to dust was to close the blinds, but grandmother does not seem to agree with her. She says that when she gets married we can come to visit her any time in the year, as she is never going to clean house. We went down street on an errand to-night and hurried right back, as grandmother said she should look at the clock and see how long we were gone. Emma Wheeler went with us. Anna says she and Emma are as "thick as hasty pudding."

June.—Rev. Frederick Starr, of Penn Yan, had an exhibition in Bemis hall to-day of a tabernacle just like the children of Israel carried with them to the Promised Land. We

went to see it. He made it himself and said he took all the directions from the Bible and knew where to put the curtains and the poles and everything. It was interesting, but we thought it would be queer not to have any church to go to but one like that, that you could take down and put up and carry around with you wherever you went.

Saturday night, July.—Grandfather was asking us to-night how many things we could remember, and I told him I could remember when Zachary Taylor died and our church was draped in black, and Mr. Daggett preached a funeral sermon about him, and I could remember when Daniel Webster died and there was service held in the church and his last words, "I still live," was put up over the pulpit. He said he could remember when George Washington died and when Benjamin Franklin died. He was seven years old then and he was seventeen when Washington died. Of course his memory goes farther back than mine, but he said I did very well, considering.

July.—I have not written in my journal for several days because we have been out of town. Grandfather had to go to Victor on business and took Anna and me with him. Anna says she loves to ride on the cars as it is fun to watch the trees and fences run so. We took dinner at Dr. Ball's and came home on the evening train. Then Judge Ellsworth came over from Penn Yan to see grandfather on business and asked if he could take us home with him and he said yes, so we went and had a splendid time and stayed two days. Stewart was at home and took us all around driving and took us to the grave yard to see our mother's grave. I copied this verse from the grave stone:

"Of gentle seeming was her form
And the soft beaming of her radiant eye
Was sunlight to the beauty of her face.
Peace, sacred peace, was written on her brow
And flowed in the low music of her voice
Which came unto the list'ner like the tones of soothing Au-
tumn winds.
Her hands were full of consolations which she scattered free
to all—the poor, the sick, the sorrowfull."

I think she must have been almost exactly like grandmother only she was 32 and grandmother is 72. Stewart went to prayer meeting because it was Wednesday night and when he came home his mother asked him if he took part in the meeting. He said he did and she asked him what he said. He said he told the story of Ethan Allen, the infidel, who was dying, and his daughter asked him whose religion she should live by, his or her mother's, and he said, "Your mother's, my daughter, your mother's." This pleased Mrs. Ellsworth very much. Stewart is a great boy and you never can tell whether he is in earnest or not. It was very warm while we were gone and when we got home Anna told grandmother she was going to put on her barege dress and take a rocking chair and a glass of ice water and a palm leaf fan and go down cellar and sit, but grandmother told her if she would just sit still and take a book and get her mind on something else besides the weather, she would be cool enough. Grandmother always looks as cool as a cucumber even when the thormometer is 90 in the shade.

Sunday, August.—Rev. Anson D. Eddy preached this morning. His text was from the sixth chapter of John, 44th verse: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me, draw him." He is Tom Eddy's father and very good looking and smart, too. He used to be one of the ministers of our church before Mr. Daggett came. He wrote a book in our Sunday School library, about Old Black Jacob, and grandmother loves to read it. We had a nice dinner to-day, green peas, lemonade and gooseberry pie. We had cold roast lamb, too, because grandmother never has any meat cooked on Sunday.

Sunday.—Mr. Noah T. Clarke is superintendent of our Sunday School now and this morning he asked, "What is prayer?" No one answered, so I stood up and gave the definition from the catechism. He seemed pleased and so was grandmother when I told her. Anna said she supposes she was glad that "her labor was not in vain in the Lord." I think she is trying to see if she can say Bible verses, like grown up people do. Grandfather said that I did better than the little boy he read about, who, when a visitor asked the Sunday School children "what was the ostensible object

of Sabbath School instruction," waited till the question was repeated three times and then stood up and said, "Yes, sir."

Wednesday.—We could not go to prayer meeting to-night because it rained, so grandmother said we could go into the kitchen and stand by the window and hear the Methodists. We could hear every word that old Father Thompson said and every hymn they sung, but Mr. Jervis used such big words we could not understand him at all.



Gen. John A. Granger

Sunday.—Grandmother says she loves to look at the beautiful white heads of Mr. Francis Granger and Gen. Granger, as they sit in their pews in church. She says that is what it means in the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes where it says, "And the almond tree shall flourish." I don't know exactly why it means them, but I suppose she does. We have got a beautiful almond tree in our front yard covered with flowers, but the blossoms are pink. Probably they had white ones in Jerusalem, where Solomon lived.



Mr. Francis Granger

Monday.—Mr. Alex Jeffrey has come from Lexington, Ky., and brought Mrs. Ross and his three daughters, Julia, Shaddie and Bessie Jeffrey. Mrs. Ross knows grandmother and came to call and brought the girls. They are very pretty and Gen. Granger's granddaughters. I think they are going to stay all summer.

Thanksgiving Day.—We all went to church and Dr. Daggett's text was: "He hath not dealt so with any nation." Aunt Glorianna and her children were here and Uncle Field and all their family and Dr. Carr and all his family. There were about 16 of us in all and we children had a table in the corner all by ourselves. We had roast turkey and everything else we could think of. After dinner we went into the parlor and Aunt Glorianna played on the piano and sang, "Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes," and "Poor Bessie was a sailor's wife." These are grandfather's favorites. Dr. Carr sang, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side." He is a beautiful singer. It seemed just like Sunday, for grandmother never likes to have

us work or play on Thanksgiving day, but we had a very good time, indeed, and were sorry when they all went home.

Saturday, December 20.—Lillie Reeve and her brother, Charlie, have come from Texas to live. He goes to the Academy and she boards with Miss Antoinette Pierson. Miss Pierson invited me up to spend the afternoon and take tea



Dr. Carr

with her and I went and had a very nice time. She told me about their camp life in Texas and how her mother died, and her little baby sister, Minnie, lives with her Grandmother Sheppard in Dansville. She is a very nice girl and I like her very much, indeed.

1857

March 6—Anna and her set will have to square accounts with Mr. Richards to-morrow, for nine of them ran away from school this afternoon, Alice Jewett, Louisa Field, Sarah

Antes, Hattie Paddock, Helen Coy, Jennie Ruckel, Frankie Younglove, Emma Wheeler and Anna. They went out to Mr. Sackett's, where they are making maple sugar. Mr. and Mrs. Sackett were at home and two Miss Sacketts and Darius, and they asked them in and gave them all the sugar they wanted, and Anna said pickles, too, and bread and butter, and the more pickles they ate the more sugar they could eat. I guess they will think of pickles when Mr. Richards asks them where they were. I think Ellie Daggett and Charlie Paddock went, too, and some of the Academy boys.

March 7.—They all had to stay after school to-night for an hour and copy Dictionary. Anna seems reconciled, for she just wrote in her journal: "It was a very good plan to keep us, because no one ever ought to stay out of school except on account of sickness, and if they once get a thing fixed in their minds it will stay there, and when they grow up it will do them a great deal of good."

Johnnie Buxton brings his lame father around in a sort of a rolling chair and sells molasses candy to the Sem. girls every Wednesday afternoon. It is the best I ever ate.

March.—I asked Grandfather why we do not have gas in the house like almost every one else and he said because it was bad for the eyes and he liked candles and sperm oil better. We have the funniest little sperm oil lamp with a shade on to read by evenings and the fire on the hearth gives grandfather and grandmother all the light that they want for she knits in her corner and we read aloud to them if they want us to. I think if grandfather is proud of anything besides being a Bostonian, it is that everything in the house is forty years old. The shovel and tongs and andirons and fender and the haircloth sofa and the haircloth rocking chair and the flag bottomed chairs painted dark green and the two old arm chairs which belong to them and no one else ever thinks of touching. There is a wooden partition between the dining room and parlor and they say it can slide right up out of sight on pulleys, so that it would be all one room. We have often said that we wished we could see it go up, but they say it has never been up since the day our mother was married and as she is dead I suppose it would make them feel bad, so we probably will always have it

down. There are no curtains or even shades at the windows, because grandfather says, "light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun." The piano is in the parlor and it is the same one that our mother had when she was a little girl but we like it all the better for that. There are four large oil paintings on the parlor wall, DeWitt Clinton, Rev. Mr. Dwight, Uncle Henry Channing Beals and Aunt Lucilla Bates, and no matter where we sit in the room they are watching and their eyes seem to move whenever we do. There is quite a handsome lamp on a mahogany center table,



"Will Sly"

but I never saw it lighted. We have four sperm candles in four silver candlesticks and when we have company we light them. Johnnie Thompson, son of the minister, Rev. M. L. R. P., has come to the academy to school and he is very full of fun and got acquainted with all the girls very quick. He told us this afternoon to have "the other candle lit" for

he was coming down to see us this evening. Will Sly heard him say it and he said he was coming too. His mother says she always knows when he has been at our house, because she finds sperm on his clothes and has to take brown paper and a hot flatiron and get it out, but still I do not think that Mrs. Sly cares, for she is a very nice lady and she and I are great friends. I presume she would just as soon he would spend part of his time with us as to be with Horace Finley all the time. Those boys are just like twins. We never see one without being sure that the other is not far away.



Horace Finley

Later.—The boys came and we had a very pleasant evening, but when the nine o'clock bell rang we heard grandfather scraping up the ashes on the hearth to cover the fire so it would last till morning and we all understood the signal and they bade us goodnight. "We won't go home 'till morning" is a song that will never be sung in this house.

March 29.—Our old horse is dead and we will have to buy another. He was very steady and faithful. One day grandfather left him at the front gate and he started along and turned the corner all right, down the Methodist lane and went way down to our barn doors and stood there until Mr. Piser came and took him into the barn. People said they set their clocks by him, because it was always quarter past twelve when he was driven down to the bank after grandfather and quarter of one when he came back. I don't think the clocks would ever be too fast, if they were set by him. We asked grandfather what he died of and he said he had run his race, but I think he meant he had walked it, for I never saw him go off a jog in my life. Anna used to say he was taking a nap when we were out driving with grandfather. I have written some lines in his memory and if I knew where he was buried, I would print it on his head board.

Old Dobbin's dead, that good old horse,
We ne'er shall see him more,
He always used to lag behind
But now he's gone before.

It is a parody on old Grimes is dead, which is in our reader, only that is a very long poem. I am not going to show mine to grandfather till he gets over feeling bad about the horse.

April.—Grandfather gave us ten cents each this morning for learning the 46th Psalm and has promised us \$1 each for reading the Bible through in a year. We were going to any way. Some of the girls say they should think we would be afraid of grandfather, he is so sober, but we are not the least bit. He let us count \$1,000 to-night which a Mr. Taylor, a cattle buyer, brought to him in the evening after banking hours. Anybody must be very rich who has all that money of their own.



Mrs. George Willson

Sunday, April 5.—An agent for the American Board of Foreign Missions preached this morning in our church from Romans x, 15: "How shall they hear without a preacher and how shall they preach except they be sent."

An agent from every society presents the cause, whatever it is, once a year and some people think the anniversary comes around very often. I always think of Mrs. George Wilson's poem on "A apele for air, pewer air, certin proper for the pews, which, she sez, is scarce as piety, or bank bills when ajents beg for mischuns, wich sum say is purty often (taint nothin to me, wat I give aint nothin to nobody)." I think that is about the best poem of its kind I ever read.

Miss Lizzie Bull told us in Sunday School to-day that she cannot be our Sunday School teacher any more, as she and her sister Mary are going to join the Episcopal church. We hate to have her go, but what can't be cured must be endured. Part of our class are going into Miss Mary Howell's class and part into Miss Annie Pierce's. They are both splendid teachers and Miss Lizzie Bull is another. We had preaching in our church this afternoon, too. Rev. Samuel Hansom Cox, of LeRoy Female Seminary, preached. He is a great man, very large, long white hair combed back. I think if a person once saw him they would never forget him. He preached about Melchisedek, who had neither "beginning of days or end of life." Some people thought that was like his sermon, for it was more than one hour long. Dr. Cox and Mrs. Taylor came to call and asked grandfather to let me go to LeRoy Female Seminary, but grandfather likes Ontario Female Seminary better than any other in the world. We wanted grandmother to have her picture taken, but she did not feel able to go to Mr. Finley's, so he came up Tuesday and took it in our dining room. She had her best cap on and her black silk dress and sat in her high back rocking chair in her usual corner near the window. He brought one up to show us and we like it so much. Anna looked at it and kissed it and said, "Grandmother, I think you are perfectly beautiful." She smiled and very modestly put her handkerchief up to her face and said, "You foolish child," but I am sure she was pleased, for how could she help it? A man came up to the open window one day where she was sitting, with something to sell, and while she was talking to him he said, "You must have been handsome, lady, when you were young." Grandmother said it was because he wanted to sell his wares, but we thought he knew it was so. We told her she couldn't get around it that way and we

asked grandfather and he said it was true. Our Sunday School class went to Mr. Finley's to-day and had a group ambrotype taken for our teacher, Miss Annie Pierce; Susie Daggett, Clara Willson, Sarah Whitney, Mary Field and myself. Mary Wheeler ought to have been in it, too, but we couldn't get her to come. We had very good success.



Miss Lizzie Bull

May 9.—Miss Lizzie Bull came for me to go botanizing with her this morning and we were gone from 9 till 12, and went clear up to the orphan asylum. I am afraid I am not a born botanist, for all the time she was analyzing the flowers and telling me about the corona and the corolla and the calyx and the stamens and petals and pistils, I was thinking what beautiful hands she had and how dainty they looked, pulling the blossoms all to pieces. I am afraid I am commonplace, like the man we read of in English Literature, who said "a primrose by the river brim, a yellow primrose, was to him, and it was nothing more." I asked grandmother if Mr. Clarke could take Sunday night supper with us and she

said she was afraid he did not know the catechism. I asked him Friday night and he said he would learn it on Saturday so that he could answer every third question any way. So he did and got along very well. I think he deserved a pretty good supper.

June 2.—Abbie Clark wrote such a nice piece in my album to-day, I am going to write it in my journal. Grandfather says he likes the sentiment as well as any in my book. This is it: "It has been said that the friendship of some people is like our shadows, keeping close by us while the sun shines, deserting us the moment we enter the shade, but think not such is the friendship of Abbie S. Clark." Abbie and I took supper at Miss Mary Howell's to-night to see Adele Ives. We had a lovely time.

Tuesday, June.—Gen. Tom Thumb was in town to-day and everybody who wanted to see him could go to Bemis Hall. Twenty-five cents for old people, and ten cents for children, but we could see him for nothing when he drove around town. He had a little carriage and two little bits of ponies and a little boy with a high silk sat on, for the driver. He sat inside the coach, but we could see him looking out. We went to the hall in the afternoon and the man who brought him stood by him and looked like a giant and told us all about him. Then he asked Tom Thumb to make a speech and stood him upon the table. He told all the ladies he would give them a kiss if they would come up and buy his picture. Some of them did.

July 4.—Barnum's circus was in town to-day and if grandmother had not seen the pictures on the hand bills, I think she would have let us go. She said it was all right to look at the creatures God had made, but she did not think He ever intended that women should go only half dressed and stand up and ride on horses bare back, or jump through hoops in the air. So we could not go. We saw the street parade though and heard the band play and saw the men and women in a chariot, all dressed so fine, and we saw a big elephant and a little one and a camel with an awful hump on his back, and we could hear the lion roar in the cage, as they went by. It must have been nice to see them close, too, and probably we will some day.

August 8.—Grandfather has given me his whole set of Waverly novels and his whole set of Shakespeare's plays, and has ordered Mr. Jahn, the cabinet maker, to make me a black walnut bookcase, with glass doors and three deep drawers underneath, with brass handles. He is so good. Anna says perhaps he thinks I am going to be married and go to housekeeping some day. Well, perhaps he does. Stranger things have happened. "Barkis in willin'." I have just read David Copperfield and was so interested I could not leave it alone till I finished it.

September 1.—Anna and I have been in Litchfield, Conn., all summer at father's summer school for boys. James is one of the teachers and he came for us and we stayed two weeks in New York and vicinity before me came home. Uncle Edward took us to Christie's Minstrels and the Hippodrome, so we saw all the things we missed seeing when the circus was here in town. Grandmother seemed surprised when we told her, but she didn't say much because she was so glad to have us at home again. Anna said we ought to bring a present to grandfather and grandmother, for she read one time about some children who went away and came back grown up and brought home "busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room," so as we saw some busts of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin in plaster of paris we bought them, for they look almost like marble and grandfather and grandmother like them. Speaking of busts reminds me of a conundrum I heard while I was gone. How do we know that Poe's Raven was a dissipated bird? Because he was all night on a bust. Grandfather took us down to the bank to see how he had it made over while we were gone. We asked him why he had a bee hive hanging out for a sign and he said, "Bees store their honey in the summer for winter use and men ought to store their money against a rainy day." He has a swing door to the bank with "Push" on it. He said he saw a man studying it one day and finally looking up he spelled p-u-s-h, push (and pronounced it like mush), "What does that mean?" Grandfather showed him what it meant and he thought it was very convenient. He was about as thick headed as the man who saw some snuffers and asked what they were for and when told to snuff the candle with, he immediately snuffed the candle with his

fingers and put it in the snuffers and said, "Law sakes, how handy!" Grandmother really laughed when she read this in the paper.

September.—Mrs. Martin, of Albany, is visiting Aunt Ann, and she brought grandmother a fine fish that was caught in the Atlantic ocean. We went over and asked her to come to dinner to-morrow and help eat it, and she said if it did not rain pitchforks she would come, so I think we may expect her. Her granddaughter, Hattie Blanchard, has come here to go to the seminary and will live with Aunt Ann. She is a very pretty girl. Mary Field came over this morning and we went down street together. Grandfather went with us to Mr. Nat Gorham's store, as he is selling off at cost, and got grandmother and me each a new pair of kid gloves. Hers are black and mine are green. Hers cost six shillings and mine cost five shillings and six pence; very cheap for such nice ones. Grandmother let Anna have six little girls here to supper to-night; Louisa Field, Hattie Paddock, Helen Coy, Martha Densmore, Emma Wheeler and Alice Jewett. We had a splendid supper and then we played cards. I do not mean regular cards, mercy no! Grandfather thinks those kind are contagious or outrageous or something dreadful and never keeps them in the house. Grandmother said they found a pack once, when the hired man's room was cleaned, and they went into the fire pretty quick. The kind we played was just "Dr. Busby," and another "The Old Soldier and His Dog." There are counters with them, and if you don't have the card called for you have to pay one into the pool. It is real fun. They all said they had a very nice time, indeed, when they bade grandmother good night, and said: "Mrs. Beals, you must let Carrie and Anna come and see us some time," and she said she would. I think it is nice to have company.

Christmas.—Grandfather and grandmother do not care much about making Christmas presents. They say, when they were young, no one observed Christmas or New Years, but they always kept Thanksgiving day. Our cousins, the Fields and Carrs, gave us several presents and Uncle Edward sent us a basketfull from New York by express. Aunt Ann gave me one of the Lucy books and a Franconia story book

and to Anna, *The Child's Book on Repentance*. I am afraid she will never read hers, but I will lend her mine. Miss Lucy Ellen Guernsey, of Rochester, gave me "Christmas Earnings" and wrote in it: "Carrie C. Richards with the love of the author." I think that is very nice. Anna and I were chattering like two magpies to-day, and a man came in to talk to grandfather on business. He told us in an undertone that children should be seen and not heard. After he had gone I saw Anna watching him a long time till he was only a speck in the distance and I asked her what she was doing. She said she was doing it because it was a sign if you watched persons out of sight you would never see them again. She does not seem to have a very forgiving spirit, but you can't always tell.

1858

February 24.—The boarders at the seminary had some tableaux last evening and invited a great many from the village. They were splendid. Mr. Chubbuck was in nearly all of them. The most beautiful one was Abraham offering up Isaac. Mr. Chubbuck was Abraham and Sarah Ripley was Isaac. After the tableaux they acted a charade. The word was "Masterpiece." It was fine. After the audience got half way out of the chapel, Mr. Richards announced "The Belle of the Evening." The curtain rose and every one rushed back, expecting to see a young lady dressed in the height of fashion, when immediately the seminary bell rang! Mr. Blessner's scholars gave all the music and he stamped so, beating time, it almost drowned the music. Some one suggested a bread and milk poultice for his foot. Anna has been taking part in some private theatricals. The play is in contrast to "The Spirit of '76" and the idea carried out is that the men should stay at home and rock the cradles and the women should take the rostrum. Grandmother was rather opposed to the idea, but everyone wanted Anna to take the part of leading lady, so she consented. She even helped Anna make her bloomer suit and sewed on the braid for trimming on the skirt herself. She did not know that Anna's opening sentence was, "How are you, sir? Cigar, please!" It was acted at Mrs. John Bates' house on Gibson street and was a great success, but when they de-

cided to repeat it another evening grandmother told Anna she must choose between going on the stage and living with her grandmother, so Anna gave it up and some one else took her part.

March.—There is a great deal said about spirits nowadays and a lot of us girls went into one of the recitation rooms after school to-night and had a spiritual seance. We sat around Mr. Chabbuck's table and put our hands on it and it moved around and stood on two legs and sometimes on one. I thought the girls helped it but they said they didn't. We heard some loud raps, too, but they sounded very earthy to me. Eliza Burns, one of the boarders, told us if we would hold our breath we could pick up one of the girls from the floor and raise her up over our heads with one finger of each hand, if the girl held her breath too. We tried it with Anna and did it, but we had such hard work to keep from laughing I expected we would drop her. There is nothing very spirituelle about any of us. I told grandmother and she said we reminded her of Jemima Wilkinson, who told all her followers that the world was to come to an end on a certain day and they should all be dressed in white and get up on the roofs of the houses and be prepared to ascend and meet the Lord in the air. I asked grandmother what she said when nothing happened and she said she told them it was because they did not have faith enough. If they had, everything would have happened just as she said. Grandmother says that one day at a time has always been enough for her and that to-morrow will take care of the things of itself.

June.—Cyrus W. Field called at our house to-day. He is making a trip through the States and stopped here a few hours because grandmother is his aunt. He made her a present of a piece of the Atlantic cable about six inches long, which he had mounted for her. It is a very nice souvenir. He is a tall, fine looking man and very pleasant.

August 17.—There was a celebration in town to-day because the Queen's message was received on the Atlantic cable. Guns were fired and church bells rung and flags were waving everywhere. In the evening there was a torch-light procession and the town was all lighted up except Gib-

son street. Allie Antes died this morning, so the people on that street kept their houses as usual. Anna says that probably Allie Antes was better prepared to die than any other little girl in town. Atwater hall and the academy and the hotel were more brilliantly illuminated than any other buildings. Grandfather saw something in a Boston paper that a minister said in his sermon about the Atlantic cable and he wants me to write it down in my journal. This is it: "The two hemispheres are now successfully united by means of the electric wire, but what is it, after all, compared with the instantaneous communication between the Throne of Divine Grace and the heart of man? Offer up your silent petition. It is transmitted through realms of unmeasured space more rapidly than the lightning's flash and the answer reaches the soul ere the prayer has died away on the sinner's lips. Yet this telegraph, performing its saving functions ever since Christ died for men on Calvary, fills not the world with exultation and shouts of gladness, with illuminations and bon fires and the booming of cannon. The reason is, one is the telegraph of this world and may produce revolutions on earth; the other is the sweet communication between Christ and the christian soul and will secure a glorious immortality in Heaven." Grandfather appreciates anything like that and I like to please him.

There was a lecture at the seminary to-night and Rev. Dr. Hibbard, the Methodist minister, who lives next door above the Methodist church, came home with us. Grandmother was very much pleased when we told her.

Sunday.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is staying at Judge Taylor's and came with them to church to-day. Everybody knew that he was here and thought he would preach and the church was packed full. When he came in he went right to Judge Taylor's pew and sat with them and did not preach at all, but it was something to look at him. Mr. Daggett was away on his vacation and Rev. Mr. Jervis of the M. E. church preached. I heard some people say they guessed even Mr. Beecher heard some new words to-day, for Mr. Jervis is quite a hand to make them up or find very long hard ones in the dictionary.

August 30.—Rev. Mr. Tousley was hurt to-day by the falling of his barn which was being moved, and they think his back is broken and if he lives he can never sit up again. Only last Sunday he was in Sunday School and had us sing in memory of Allie Antes.

A mourning class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we loved to meet,
Will join our youthful throng no more,
'Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

And now he will never meet with us again and the children will never have another minister all their own. He thinks he may be able to write letters to the children and perhaps write his own life. We all hope he may be able to sit up if he cannot walk.

Some one told us that when Bob and Henry Antes were small boys they thought they would like to try, just for once, to see how it would seem to be bad, so in spite of all of Mr. Tousley's sermons, they went out behind the barn one day and in a whisper Bob said, "I swear," and Henry said, "So do I." Then they came into the house looking guilty and quite surprised, I suppose, that they were not struck dead, just as Ananias and Sapphira were for lying.

September 9.—We gave the ambrotype to Miss Pierce and she liked it very much and so does her mother and Fannie. Her mother is lame and cannot go anywhere so we often go to see her and she is always glad to see us and so pleasant.

1859

April.—Anna wanted me to help her write a composition last night, and we decided to write on "Old Journals," so we got hers and mine both out and made selections and then she copied them. When we were on our way to school this morning we met Mr. E. M. Morse and Anna asked him if he did not want to read her composition that Carrie wrote for her. He made a very long face and pretended to be much shocked, but said he would like to read it, so he took it and also her album, which she asked him to write in. At night,

on his way home, he stopped at our door and left them both. When she looked in her album, she found this was what he had written:

“Anna, when you have grown old and wear spectacles and a cap, remember the boyish young man who saw your fine talents in 1859 and was certain you would add culture to nature and become the pride of Canandaigua. Do not forget also that no one deserves praise for anything done by others and that your progress in wisdom and goodness will be watched by no one more anxiously than by your true friend, E. M. Morse.”



“Old Friend Burling”

I think she might as well have told Mr. Morse that the old journals were as much hers as mine; but I think she likes to make out she is not as good as she is. Sarah Foster helped us do our arithmetic examples to-day. She is splendid in mathematics.

Old Friend Burling brought grandfather a specimen of his handwriting to-day to keep. It is beautifully written, like copper plate. This is the verse he wrote and grandfather gave it to me to paste into my book of extracts:

DIVINE LOVE.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was the whole earth of parchment made,
Was every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could that scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky.

Transcribed by William S. Burling, Canandaigua, Christmas, 1859, in the 83rd year of his age.

December 8, Sunday.—Mr. E. M. Morse is our Sunday School teacher now and the Sunday School room is so crowded that we go up into the church for our class recitation. Abbie Clark, Fannie Gaylord and myself are the only scholars, and he calls us the three christian graces, faith, hope and charity, and the greatest of these is charity. I am the tallest, so he says I am charity. We recite in Mr. Gibson's pew, because it is farthest away and we do not disturb the other classes. He gave us some excellent advice to-day as to what was right and said if we ever had any doubts about anything we should never do it and should always be perfectly sure we are in the right before we act. He gave us two weeks ago a poem to learn by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is an apostrophe to God and very hard to learn. It is blank verse and has eighty-five lines in it. I have it committed at last and we are to recite it in concert. The last two lines are, "Tell thou the silent sky and tell the stars and tell yon rising sun, Earth with its thousand voices praises God." Mr. Morse delivered a lecture in Bemis hall last Thursday night. The subject was, "You and I." It was splendid and he lent me the manuscript afterwards to read. Dick Valentine lectured in the hall the other night, too. His subject was "Prejudice." There was some difference in the lectures and the lecturers. The latter was more highly colored!

The older ladies of the town have formed a society for the relief of the poor and are going to have a course of lectures in Bemis hall under their auspices to raise funds. The lecturers are to be from the village and are to be: Rev. O. E. Daggett, subject, "Ladies and Gentlemen;" Dr. Harvey Jewett, "The House We Live In;" Prof. F. E. R. Chabuck, "Progress;" Hon. H. W. Taylor, "The Empty Place;" Prof. E. G. Tyler, "Finance;" Mr. W. T. Clarke, "Chemistry;" E. M. Morse, "Graybeard and His Dogmas." The young ladies have started a society, too, and we have great fun and fine suppers. We met at Jennie Howell's to organize. We are to meet once in two weeks and are to present each member with an album bed quilt with all our names on when they are married. Susie Daggett says she is never going to be married, but we must make her a quilt just the same. Laura Chapin sang "Mary Lindsey, dear," and we got to laughing so that Susie Daggett and I lost our equilibrium entirely, but I found mine by the time I got home.

December.—We have had a Christmas tree and many other attractions in seminary chapel. The day scholars and townspeople were permitted to participate and we had a postoffice and received letters from our friends. Anna says they had all the smart people for clerks in the P. O.—Mr. Morse, Miss Achert, Albert Granger and herself. Someone asked Albert Granger if his law business was good and he said one man thronged into his office one day. Mr. E. M. Morse wrote me a fictitious one, claiming to be written from the north pole, ten years hence. I will copy it in my journal, for I may lose the letter. I had some gifts on the Christmas tree and gave some. I presented my teacher, Mr. Chabuck, with two large hemstitched handkerchiefs with his initials embroidered in a corner of each. As he is favored with the euphonious name of Frank Emery Robinson Chubuck, it was a work of art to make his initials look beautiful. I inclosed a stanza in rhyme:

Amid the changing scenes of life
If any storm should rise,
May you ever have a handkerchief
To wipe your weeping eyes.

Here is Mr. Morse's letter:

North Pole,
10 January, 1869.

Miss Carrie Richards,

My dear young friend:

It is very cold here and the pole is covered with ice. I climbed it yesterday to take an observation and arrange our flag, the stars and stripes, which I hoisted immediately on my arrival here, ten years ago. I thought I should freeze and the pole was so slippery that I was in great danger of coming down faster than was comfortable. Although this pole has been used for more than 6,000 years, it is still as good as new. The works of the Great Architect do not wear out. It is now ten years since I have seen you and my other two Christian Graces and I have no doubt of your present position among the most brilliant, noble and excellent women in all America. I always knew and recognized your great abilities. Nature was very generous to you all and you were enjoying fine advantages at the time I last knew you. I thought your residence with your grandparents an admirable school for you and you and your sister were most evidently the best joy of their old age. You certainly owe much to them. At the time that I left my three Christian Graces, Mrs. Grundy was sometimes malicious enough to say that they were injuring themselves by flirting. I always told the old lady that I had the utmost confidence in the judgment and discretion of my pupils and that they would be very careful and prudent in all their conduct. I confessed that flirting



Mr. E. M. Morse

was wrong and very injurious to anyone who was guilty of it, but I was very sure that you were not. I could not believe that you would disappoint us all and become only ordinary women, but that you would become the most exalted characters, scorning all things unworthy of ladies and Christians and I was right and Mrs. Grundy was wrong. When the ice around the pole thaws out I shall make a flying visit to Canandaigua. I send you a tame polar bear for a playfellow. This letter will be conveyed to you by Esquimaux express.

Most truly yours,
E. M. MORSE.

I think some one must have shown some verses that we girls wrote to Mrs. Grundy and made her think that our minds were more upon the young men than they were upon our studies, but if people knew how much time we spent on Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" and Butler's Analogy and Kames' Elements of Criticism and Tyler's Ancient History and Olmstead's Mathematical Astronomy and our French and Latin and arithmetic and algebra and geometry and trigonometry and bookkeeping, they would know we had very little time to think of the masculine gender.

1860

June.—Annie Granger asked Anna and me to come over to her house to see her baby. We were very eager to go and wanted to hold it and carry it around the room. She was willing but asked us if we had any pins on us anywhere. She said she had the nurse sew the baby's clothes on every morning, so that if she cried she would know whether it was pains or pins. We said we had no pins on us, so we stayed quite a while and held little Miss Hattie to our heart's content. She is named for her aunt, Hattie Granger. Anna says she thinks Miss Martha Morse will give medals to her and Mary Daggett for being the most meddlesome girls in school, judging from the number of times she has spoken to them to-day. Anna is getting to be a regular punster, although I told her that Blair's Rhetoric says that punning is not the highest kind of wit. Mr. Morse met us coming from school in the rain and said it would not hurt us as we were neither sugar nor salt. Anna said, "No, but we are 'lasses.'" Grandmother has been giving us sulphur and molasses for the purification of the blood and we have to take it three mornings and then skip three mornings. This morning Anna commenced going through some sort of gymnastics and grandmother asked her what she was doing, and she said it was her first morning to skip.

Friday, July.—I have not kept a journal for two weeks because we have been away visiting. Anna and I had an invitation to go to Utica to visit Rev. and Mrs. Brandigee. He is rector of Grace Episcopal church there and his wife used to belong to father's church in Morristown, N. J. Her

name was Miss Condict. Rev. Mr. Stowe was going to Hamilton college at Clinton, so he said he would take us to Utica. We had a lovely time. The corner stone of the church was laid while we were there and Bishop DeLancey came and stayed with us at Mr. Brandigee's. He is a very nice man and likes children. One morning they had muffins for breakfast and Anna asked if they were ragamuffins. Mr. Brandigee said, "Yes, they are made of rags and brown paper," but we knew he was just joking. When we came away Mrs. Brandigee gave me a prayer book and Anna a vase, but she didn't like it and said she should tell Mrs. Brandigee she wanted a prayer book too, so I had to change with her. When we came home Mr. Brandigee put us in



Dr. Jewett

care of the conductor. There was a fine soldier looking man in the car with us and we thought it was his wife with him. He wore blue coat and brass buttons, and some one said his name was Custer and that he was a West Point cadet and belonged to the regular army. I told Anna she had better behave or he would see her, but she would go out and stand

on the platform until the conductor told her not to. I pulled her dress and looked very stern at her and motioned toward Mr. Custer, but it did not seem to have any impression on her. I saw Mr. Custer smile once because my words had no effect. I was glad when we got to Canandaigua. I heard someone say that Dr. Jewett was at the depot to take Mr. Custer and his wife to his house, but I only saw grandfather coming after us. He said, "Well, girls, you have been and you have got back," but I could see that he was glad to have us at home again, even if we are "troublesome comforts," as he sometimes says.

1861

We seem to have come to a sad, sad time. The Bible says, "A man's worst foes are those of his own household." The whole United States has been like one great household for many years. "United we stand, divided we fall!" has been our watchword, but some who should have been its best friends have proven false and broken the bond. Men are taking sides, some for the North, some for the South. Hot words and fierce looks have followed and there has been a storm in the air for a long time.

April 15.—The storm has broken upon us. The Confederates fired on Fort Sumter, just off the coast of South Carolina, and forced her on April 14 to haul down the flag and surrender. President Lincoln has issued a call for 75,000 men and many are volunteering to go all around us. How strange and awful it seems.

I recited "Scot and the Veteran" to-day at school and Mary Field recited "To Drum Beat and Heart Beat a Soldier Marches By;" Anna recited "The Virginia Mother." Everyone learns war poems now-a-days. There was a patriotic rally in Bemis hall last night and a quartette sang, "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and "Dixie" and "John Brown's Body Lies a Mouldering in the Grave," and "Marching Through Georgia" and many other patriotic songs.

May.—Many of the young men are going from Canandaigua and all the neighboring towns. It seems very patriotic and grand when they are singing "It is sweet, Oh, 'tis sweet, for one's country to die," and we hear the martial music and

see the flags flying and see the recruiting tents on the square and meet men in uniform at every turn and see train loads of the boys in blue going to the front, but it will not seem so grand if we hear they are dead on the battlefield, far from home. A lot of us girls went down to the train and took flowers to the soldiers as they were passing through and they cut buttons from their coats and gave to us as souvenirs. We have flags on our paper and envelopes and have all our stationery bordered with red, white and blue. We wear little flag pins for badges and tie our hair with red white and blue ribbon and have pins and ear rings made of the buttons the soldiers gave us. We are going to sew for them in our society and get the garments all cut from the older ladies society. They work every day in one of the rooms of the court house and cut out garments and make them and scrape them and roll up bandages. They say they will provide us with all the garments we will make. We are going to write notes and enclose them in the garments to cheer up the soldier boys. It does not seem now as though I could give up anyone who belonged to me. The girls in our society say that if any of the members do send a soldier to the war they shall have a flag bed quilt, made by the society, and have the girls' names on the stars.

June.—I have graduated from Ontario Female Seminary after a five years' course and had the honor of receiving a diploma from the courtly hands of Gen. John A. Granger. I am going to have it framed and handed down to my grandchildren as a memento, not exactly of sleepless nights and midnight vigils, but of rising betimes, at what Anna calls the crack of dawn. She likes that expression better than daybreak. I heard her reciting in the back chamber one morning about 4 o'clock and listened at the door. She was saying in the most nonchalant manner: "Science and literature in England were fast losing all traces of originality, invention was discouraged, research unvalued and the examination of nature prescribed. It seemed to be generally supposed that the treasure accumulated in the preceding ages was quite sufficient for all national purposes and that the only duty which authors had to perform was to reproduce what had thus been accumulated, adorned with all the graces of polished style. Tameness and monotony naturally result from

a slavish adherence to all arbitrary rules and every branch of literature felt this blighting influence. History, perhaps, was in some degree an exception, for Hume, Robertson, and more especially Gibbon, exhibited a spirit of original investigation which found no parallel among their contemporaries." I looked in and asked her where her book was and she said she left it down stairs. She has "got it" all right, I am sure. We helped decorate the seminary chapel for two days. Our motto was, "Still achieving, still pursuing." Miss Guernsey made most of the letters and Mr. Chubbuck put them up and he hung all the paintings. It was a very warm week. Gen. Granger had to use his palm leaf fan all the time, as well as the rest of us. There were six in our class, Mary Field, Lucia Petherick, Kate Lilly, Sarah Clay, Abby Scott and myself. Abbie Clark would have been in the class, but she went to Pittsfield, Mass., instead. Gen. Granger said to each one of us, "It gives me great pleasure to present you with this diploma," and when he gave Miss Scott hers, as she is from Alabama, he said he wished it might be as a flag of truce between the North and the South, and this sentiment was loudly cheered. Gen. Granger looked so handsome with his black dress suit and ruffled shirt front and all the natural grace which belongs to him. The sheepskin has a picture of the seminary on it and this inscription: "The Trustees and Faculty of the Ontario Female Seminary hereby certify that _____ has completed the course of study prescribed in this Institution, maintained the requisite scholarship and commendable deportment and is therefore admitted to the graduating honors of this Institution. President Board, John A. Granger; Benjamin F. Richards, Edward G. Tyler, Principals."

December 1.—Dr. Carr is dead. He had a stroke of paralysis two weeks ago and for several days he has been unconscious. The choir of our church, of which he was leader for so long, and some of the young people came and stood around his bed and sang, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." They did not know whether he was conscious or not, but they thought so because the tears ran down his cheeks from his closed eyelids, though he could not speak or move. The funeral was from the church and Dr. Daggett's text was, "The beloved physician."

A young man asked Anna to take a drive to-day, but grandmother was not willing at first to let her go. She finally gave her consent, after Anna's plea that he was so young and his horse was so gentle. Just as they were ready to start, I heard Anna run upstairs and I heard him say, "What an Anna!" I asked her afterwards what she went for and she said she remembered that she had left the soap in the water.

1862

February.—John B. Gough lectured in Bemis hall last night and was entertained by Governor Clark. I told grandfather that I had an invitation to the lecture and he asked me who from. I told him from Mr. Noah T. Clarke's brother. He did not make the least objection and I was awfully glad, because he has asked me to the whole course. Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley, E. H. Chapin and John G. Saxe and Bayard Taylor are expected. John B. Gough's lecture was fine. He can make an audience laugh as much by wagging his coattails as some men can by talking an hour.

March 26.—I have been up at Laura Chapin's from ten o'clock in the morning until ten at night, finishing Jennie Howell's bed quilt, as she is to be married very soon. Almost all of the girls were there. We finished it at 8 p. m. and when we took it off the frames we gave three cheers. Some of the youth of the village came up to inspect our handiwork and see us home. Before we went Julia Phelps sang and played on the guitar and Captain Barry also sang and we all sang together, "O! Columbia, the gem of the ocean, three cheers for the red, white and blue."

Mr. Dillaway is at Mr. Gibson's as tutor for one of the Sherman boys. They walk up and down Main street every day, taking their constitutional, and people say, there goes "the tutor" and "the tooted."

June.—There was great excitement in prayer meeting last night, it seemed to Abbie Clark, Mary Field and me on the back seat where we always sit. Several people have asked us why we sit away back there by old Mrs. Kinney.

but we tell them that she sits on the other side of the stove from us and we like the seat, because we have occupied it so long. I presume we would see less and hear more if we sat in front. To-night just after Mr. Walter Hubbell had made one of his most beautiful prayers and Mr. Cyrus Dixon was praying, a big June bug came zipping into the room and snapped against the wall and the lights and barely escaped several bald heads. Anna kept dodging around in a most startling manner and I expected every moment to see her walk out and take Emma Wheeler with her, for if she is afraid of anything more than dogs, it is June bugs. At this crisis the bug flew out and a cat stealthily walked in. We knew that dear Mrs. Taylor was always unpleasantly affected by the sight of cats and we didn't know what would happen if the cat should go near her. The cat very innocently ascended the steps to the desk and as Judge and Mrs. Taylor always sit on the front seat, she couldn't help observing the ambitious animal, as it started to assist Dr. Daggett in conducting the meeting. The result was that Mrs. Taylor just managed to reach the outside door before fainting away. We were glad when the benediction was pronounced.

June.—Anna and I had a serenade last night from the Academy Glee Club, I think, as their voices sounded familiar. We were awakened by the music, about 11 p. m., quite suddenly and I thought I would step across the hall to the front chamber for a match to light the candle. I was only half awake, however, and lost my bearings and stepped off the stairs and rolled or slid to the bottom. The stairs are winding, so I must have performed two or three revolutions before I reached my destination. I jumped up and ran back and found Anna sitting up in bed, laughing. She asked me where I had been and said, if I had only told her where I was going, she would have gone for me. We decided not to strike a light, but just listen to the singing. Anna said she was glad that the leading tenor did not know how quickly I "tumbled" to the words of his song "O come my love and be my own, nor longer let me dwell alone," for she thought he would be too much flattered. Grandfather came into the hall and asked if any bones were broken and if he should send for a doctor. We told him we guessed not, we thought we would be all right in the morning. He thought it was

Anna who fell down stairs, as he is never looking for such exploits in me. We girls received some verses from the Academy boys, written by Greig Mulligan, under the assumed name of Simon Snooks. The subject was the poor unfortunate Academy boys. We have answered them and now I fear Mrs. Grundy will see them and imagine something serious is going on. But she is mistaken and will find, at the end of the session, our hearts are still in our own possession.

1863

March.—Our society met at Fannie Pierce's this afternoon. Her mother is an invalid and never gets out at all,



Abbie Clark

but she is very much interested in the soldiers and in all young people, and loves to have us come in and see her and we love to go. She enters into the plans of all of us young girls and has a personal interest in us. We had a very good time to-night and Laura Chapin was more full of fun than usual. Once there was silence for a minute or two and some one said "awful pause." Laura said, "I guess you would have awful paws if you worked as hard as I do." We were talking about how many of us girls would be entitled to flag bed quilts, and according to the rules, they said that, up to date, Abbie Clark and I were the only ones. The explanation is, that Capt. George N. Williams and Lieut. E. C. Clark are enlisted in their country's service. Abbie Clarke and I had our ambrotypes taken for two young braves who are going to the war.

July 26.—Charlie Wheeler was buried with military honors from the Congregational church to-day. Two companies of the 54th New York State National Guard attended the funeral, and the church was packed, galleries and all. It was the saddest funeral and the only one of a soldier that I ever attended. I hope it will be the last. He was killed at Gettysburg, July 3, by a sharpshooter's bullet. He was a very bright young man, graduate of Yale college and was practicing law. He was captain of Company K, 126th N. Y. volunteers. I have copied an extract from Mr. Morse's lecture, "You and I:" "And who has forgotten that gifted youth, who fell on the memorable field of Gettysburg? To win a noble name, to save a beloved country, he took his place beneath the dear old flag, and while cannon thundered and sabers clashed and the stars of the old Union shone above his head he went down in the shock of battle and left us desolate, a name to love and a glory to endure. And as we solemnly know, as by the old charter of liberty we most sacredly swear, he was truly and faithfully and religiously



"And I"

Of all our friends the noblest,
 The choicest and the purest,
 The nearest and the dearest,
 In the field at Gettysburg.
 Of all the heroes bravest,
 Of soul the brightest, whitest,
 Of all the warriors greatest,
 Shot dead at Gettysburg.

And where the fight was thickest
 And where the smoke was blackest,
 And where the fire was hottest,
 On the fields of Gettysburg,
 There flashed his steel the brightest,
 There blazed his eye the fiercest,
 There flowed his blood the reddest
 On the field of Gettysburg.

O wailing winds of heaven!
O weeping dew of evening!
O music of the waters
That flow at Gettysburg,
Mourn tenderly the hero,
The rare and glorious hero,
The loved and peerless hero,
Who died at Gettysburg.

His turf shall be the greenest,
His roses bloom the sweetest,
His willow droop the saddest
Of all at Gettysburg.
His memory live the freshest,
His fame be cherished longest,
Of all the holy warriors,
Who fell at Gettysburg.

These were patriots, these were our jewels. When shall we see their like again? And of every soldier who has fallen in this war his friends may write just as lovingly as you and I may do of those to whom I pay my feeble tribute."

August 12.—Lucilla Field was married in our church to Rev. S. W. Pratt to-day. I always thought she was cut out for a minister's wife. Jennie Draper cried herself sick because Lucilla, her Sunday School teacher, is going away.

1864

April 1.—Grandfather has decided to go to New York to attend the fair given by the Sanitary Commission, and he is taking two immense books, which are more than one hundred years old, to present to the Commission, for the benefit of the war fund.

April 18.—Grandfather returned home to-day, unexpectedly to us. I knew he was sick when I met him at the door. He had traveled all night alone from New York, although he said that a stranger, a fellow passenger, from Ann Arbor, Mich., on the train noticed that he was suffering and was very kind to him. He said he fell in his room at Gramercy Park hotel, in the night, and his knee was very painful. We sent for old Dr. Cheney and he said the hurt

was a serious one and needed most careful attention. I was invited to a spelling school at Abbie Clark's in the evening and grandmother said that she and Anna would take care of grandfather till I got back, and then I could sit up by him the rest of the night. We spelled down and had quite a merry time. Major C. S. Aldrich had escaped from prison and was there. He came home with me, as my soldier is down in Virginia.

April 19.—Grandfather is much worse. He was delirious all night. We have sent for Dr. Rosewarne in counsel and Mrs. Lightfoote has come to stay with us all the time and we have sent for Aunt Glorianna.

May 16.—I have not written in my diary for a month and it has been the saddest month of my life. Dear, dear grandfather is dead. He was buried May 2, just two weeks from the day that he returned from New York. We did everything for him that could be done, but at the end of the first week the doctors saw that he was beyond all human aid. Uncle Thomas told the doctors that they must tell him. He was much surprised, but received the verdict calmly. He said "he had no notes out and perhaps it was the best time to go." He had taught us how to live and he seemed determined to show us how a Christian should die. He said he wanted "grandmother and the children to come to him and have all the rest remain outside." When we came into the room he said to grandmother "do you know what the doctors say?" She bowed her head, and then he motioned for her to come on one side and Anna and me on the other and kneel by his bedside. He placed a hand upon us and upon her and said to her, "All the rest seem very much excited, but no matter what happens you and I must be composed." Then he asked us to say the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and then all of us said the Lord's Prayer together, after grandmother had offered a little prayer, for grace and strength in this trying hour. Then he said, "grandmother, you must take care of the girls, and girls, you must take care of grandmother." We felt as though our hearts would break and were sure we never could be happy again. During the next few days he often spoke of dying and of what we must do when he was gone. Once when I was sitting by him he looked up and smiled and said:

"You will lose all your roses watching over me." A good many business men came in to see him to receive his parting blessing. The two McKechnie brothers, Alexander and James, came in together on their way home from church the Sunday before he died, Dr. Daggett came very often. He lived until Saturday, the 30th, and in the morning he said, "Open the door wide." We did so and he said, "Let the King of Glory enter in." Very soon after he said, "I am going home to Paradise," and then sank into that sleep which on this earth knows no waking. I sat by the window near his bed and watched the rain beat into the grass and saw the peonies and crocuses and daffodils beginning to come up out of the ground and I thought to myself, I shall never see the flowers come up again without thinking of these sad, sad days. He was buried Monday afternoon, May 2, from the Congregational church, and Dr. Daggett preached a sermon from a favorite text of grandfather's, "I shall die in my nest." James and John came and as we stood with dear grandmother and all the others around his open grave and heard Dr. Daggett say in his beautiful sympathetic voice, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," we felt that we were losing our best friend; but he told us that we must live for grandmother and so we will.

The next Sabbath, Anna and I were called out of church by a messenger, who said that grandmother was taken suddenly ill and was dying. When we reached the house attendants were all about her administering restoratives, but told us she was rapidly sinking. I asked if I might speak to her and was reluctantly permitted, as they thought best not to disturb her. I sat down by her and with tearful voice said, "Grandmother, don't you know that grandfather said we were to care for you and you were to care for us and if you die we cannot do as grandfather said?" She opened her eyes and looked at me and said quietly, "Dry your eyes, child, I shall not die to-day or to-morrow." She seems well now.

Inscribed in my diary:

"They are passing away, they are passing away,
Not only the young, but the aged and grey.
Their places are vacant, no longer we see
The arm chair in waiting, as it used to be.

The hat and the coat, all removed from the nail,
 Where for years they have hung, every day without fail.
 The shoes and the slippers are needed no more,
 Nor kept ready waiting, as they were of yore,
 The desk which he stood at in manhood's fresh prime,
 Which now shows the marks of the finger of time,
 The bright well worn keys, which were childhood's delight
 Unlocking the treasures kept hidden from sight.
 These now, are mementoes of him who has passed,
 Who stands there no longer, as we saw him last.
 Other hands turn the keys, as he did, before,
 Other eyes will his secrets, if any, explore.
 The step once elastic, but feeble of late,
 No longer we watch for, through door way or gate,
 Though often we turn, half expecting to see,
 The loved one approaching, but ah! 'tis not he
 We miss him at all times, at morn when we meet,
 For the social repast, there is one vacant seat.
 At noon, and at night, at the hour of prayer,
 Our hearts fill with sadness, one voice is not there.
 Yet not without hope, his departure we mourn,
 In faith and in trust, all our sorrows are borne.
 Borne upward to Him who in kindness and love
 Sends earthly afflictions to draw us above.
 Thus hoping and trusting, rejoicing, we'll go,
 Both upward and onward, through weal and through woe
 'Till all of life's changes and conflicts are past
 Beyond the dark river, to meet him at last."

In Memoriam

Thomas Beals died in Canandaigua, N. Y., on Saturday,
 April 30th, 1864, in the 81st year of his age. Mr. Beals
 was born in Boston, Mass., November 13, 1783.

He came to this village in October, 1803, only 14 years
 after the first settlement of the place. He was married in
 March, 1805, to Abigail Field, sister of the first pastor of
 the Congregational church here. Her family, in several of its
 branches, have since been distinguished in the ministry, the
 legal profession, and in commercial enterprise.

Living to a good old age, and well known as one of our most wealthy and respected citizens, Mr. Beals is another added to the many examples of successful men who, by energy and industry, have made their own fortune.

On coming to this village, he was teaching in the Academy for a time, and afterward entered into mercantile business, in which he had his share of vicissitude. When the Ontario Savings Bank was established, 1832, he became the treasurer, and managed it successfully till the institution ceased, in 1835, with its withdrawal. In the meantime, he conducted, also a banking business of his own, and this was continued until a week previous to his death, when he formally withdrew, though for the last five years devolving its more active duties upon his son.

As a banker, his sagacity and fidelity won for him the confidence and respect of all classes of persons in this community. The business portion of our village is very much indebted to his enterprise for the eligible structures he built that have more than made good the losses sustained by fires. More than fifty years ago he was actively concerned in the building of the Congregational church, and also superintended the erection of the county jail and almshouse; for many years a trustee of Canandaigua Academy, and trustee and treasurer of the Congregational church. At the time of his death he and his wife, who survives him, were the oldest members of the church, having united with it in 1807, only eight years after its organization. Until hindered by the infirmities of age, he was a constant attendant of its services, and ever devoutly maintained the worship of God in his family. No person had been more generally known among all classes of our citizens. Whether at home or abroad he could not fail to be remarked for his gravity and dignity. His character was original, independent, and his manners remarkable for a dignified courtesy. Our citizens were familiar with his brief, emphatic answers with the wave of his hand. He was fond of books, a great reader, collected a valuable number of volumes, and was happy in the use of language both in writing and conversation. In many unusual ways he often showed his kind consideration for the poor and afflicted, and many persons hearing of his death gratefully recollect instances, not known to others, of his seasonable kindness to

them in trouble. In his charities he often studied concealment as carefully as others court display. His marked individuality of character and deportment, together with his shrewd discernment and active habits, could not fail to leave a distinct impression on the minds of all.

For more than sixty years he transacted business in one place here, and his long life thus teaches more than one generation the value of sobriety, diligence, fidelity and usefulness.

In his last illness he remarked to a friend that he always loved Canandaigua; had done several things for its prosperity, and had intended to do more. He had known his measure of affliction; only four of eleven children survive him, but children and children's children ministered to the comfort of his last days. Notwithstanding his years and infirmities he was able to visit New York, returning 18th April quite unwell, but not immediately expecting a fatal termination. As the final event drew near, he seemed happily prepared to meet it. He conversed freely with his friends and neighbors in a softened and benignant spirit, at once receiving and imparting benedictions. His end seemed to realize his favorite citation from Job: "I shall die in my nest."

His funeral was attended on Monday in the Congregational church by a large assembly, Dr. Daggett, the pastor, officiating on the occasion.—Written by Dr. O. E. Daggett in 1864.

June 23, 1864.—Anna graduated last Thursday, June 16, and was valedictorian of her class. There were eleven girls in the class, Ritie Tyler, Mary Antes, Jennie Robinson, Hattie Paddock, Lillie Masters, Abbie Hills, Miss McNair, Miss Pardee and Miss Palmer, Miss Jasper and Anna. The subject of her essay was, "The Last Time." I will copy an account of the exercises as they appeared in this week's village paper. Everyone thinks it was written by Mr. E. M. Morse.

Mr. Editor:

Less than a century ago I was traveling through this enchanted region and accidentally heard that it was commencement week at the seminary. I went. My venerable appear-

ance seemed to command respect and I received many attentions. I presented my snowy head and patriarchal beard at the doors of the sacred institution and was admitted. I heard all the classes, primary, secondary, tertiary, et cetera. All went merry as a marriage bell. Thursday was the great day. I made vast preparation. I rose early, dressed with much care. I affectionately pressed the hands of my two landlords and left. When I arrived at the seminary I saw at a glance that it was a place where true merit was appreciated. I was invited to a seat among the dignitaries, but declined. I am a modest man, I always was. I recognized the benign Principals of the school. You can find no better principles in the state than in Ontario Female Seminary. After the report of the committee, a very lovely young lady arose and saluted us in Latin. I looked very wise, I always do. So did everybody. We all understood it. As she proceeded, I thought the grand old Roman tongue had never sounded so musically as when she pronounced the decree, "Richmond dilenda est," we all hoped it might be prophetic. Then followed the essays of the other young ladies and then every one waited anxiously for "The Last Time." At last it came. The story was beautifully told, the adieux were tenderly spoken. We saw the withered flowers of early years scattered along the academic ways, and the golden fruit of scholarly culture ripening in the gardens of the future. Enchanted by the sorrowful eloquence, bewildered by the melancholy brilliancy, I sent a rosebud to the charming valedictorian and wandered out into the grounds. I went to the concert in the evening and was pleased and delighted. So was everybody. I shall return next year unless the gout carries me off. I hope I shall hear just such beautiful music, see just such beautiful faces and dine at the same excellent hotel. —Senex.

Anna closed her valedictory with these words:

"May we meet at one gate when all's over.
The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same.
Side by side, may we stand,
At the same little door, when all's done.
The ways, they are many,
The end it is one."

April, 1865.—What a month this has been. On the sixth of April, Governor Fenton issued this proclamation: "Richmond has fallen. The wicked men who governed the so-called Confederate States have fled their capital, shorn of their power and influence. The rebel armies have been defeated, broken and scattered. Victory everywhere attends our banners and our armies and we are rapidly moving to the closing scenes of the war. Through the self-sacrifice and heroic devotion of our soldiers, the life of the republic has been saved and the American Union preserved. I, Reuben E. Fenton, governor of the state of New York, do designate Friday, the 14th of April, the day appointed for the ceremony of raising the United States flag on Fort Sumter, as a day of thanksgiving, prayer and praise, to Almighty God, for the signal blessings we have received at His hands."

On the 14th of April, this day appointed for thanksgiving for Union victories, our dear president, Abraham Lincoln, was assassinated, and on the 19th of April there were union religious services held in the Congregational church for the funeral of our late lamented president. All places of business were closed and the bells of the village churches tolled from half past ten till eleven o'clock.

I don't think I shall keep a diary any more, only occasionally jot down things of importance. Mr. Noah T. Clarke's brother got possession of my little diary in some way one day and when he returned it I found written on the flyleaf this inscription to the diary:



"Mr. Noah T. Clarke's
brother and I"

on the flyleaf this inscription to the diary:

"You'd scarce expect a volume of my size,
To hold so much that's beautiful and wise,
And though the heartless world might call me cheap
Yet from my pages some much joy shall reap,
As monstrous oaks from little acorns grow,
And kindly shelter all who toil below,
So my future greatness and the good I do
Shall bless, if not the world, at least a few."

I think I will close my old journal with the mottoes which I find upon an old well worn writing book which Anna used for jotting down her youthful deeds. On the cover I find inscribed, "Try to be somebody," and on the back of the same book, as if trying to console herself for unexpected achievement which she could not prevent, "Some must be great!"

London, August 8, 1872.—John sent for Aunt Ann Field and James and me to come to England to visit him and we have been here nearly a month. To-day we heard by cable the sad news that our dear grandmother is dead. It does not seem possible that we shall never see her again on this earth. She took such an interest in our journey and just as we started I put my dear little Abigail Beals Clarke in her lap to receive her parting blessing. As we left the house she sat at the front window and saw us go and smiled her farewell. Little did I dream that it was our last look on earth of her sweet face.

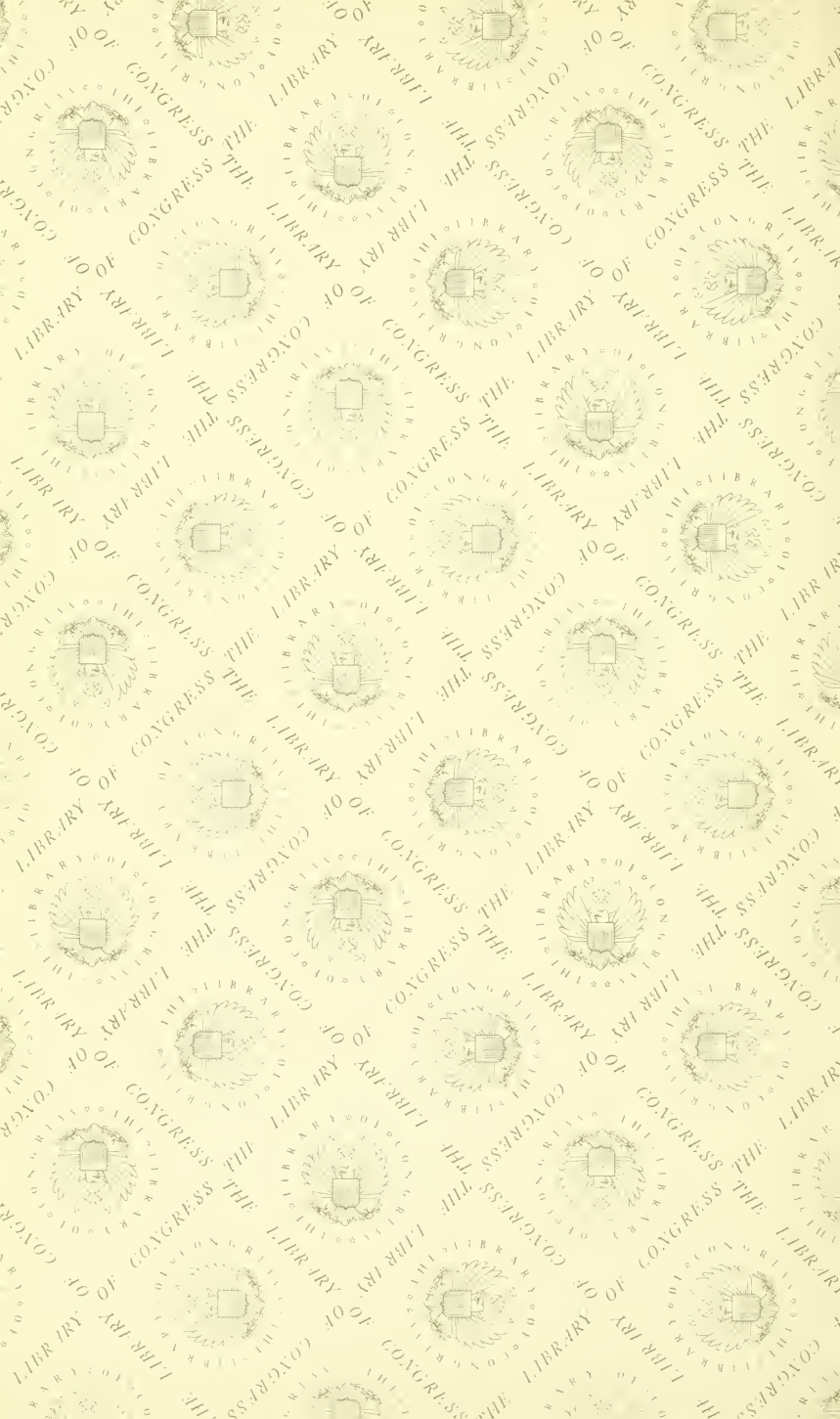
August 20.—Anna has written how often she prayed that "He who holds the winds in his fist and the waters in the hollow of his hands, would care for us and bring us to our desired haven." She had received one letter, telling of our safe arrival and how much we enjoyed going about London, when she was suddenly taken ill and Dr. Hayes said she could never recover. Anna's letter came, after ten days, telling us all the sad news and how grandmother looked out of the window the last night before she was taken ill and up at the moon and stars and said how beautiful they were. Anna says, "How can I ever write it? Our dear little grandmother died on my bed to-day."



Dr. Hayes

From the New York Evangelist of August 15, 1872:

“Died, at Canandaigua, N. Y., August 15, 1872, Mrs. Abigail Field Beals, widow of Thomas Beals, in the 89th year of her age. Mrs. Beals, whose maiden name was Field, was born in Madison, Conn., April 7, 1784. She was a sister of Rev. David Dudley Field, D. D., of Stockbridge, Mass., and of Rev. Timothy Field, first pastor of the Congregational church of Canandaigua. She came to Canandaigua with her brother, Timothy, in 1800. In 1805 she was married to Thomas Beals, Esq., with whom she lived nearly sixty years, until he fell asleep. They had eleven children, of whom only four survive. In 1807 she and her husband united with the Congregational church, of which they were ever liberal and faithful supporters. Mrs. Beals loved the good old ways and kept her house in the simple and substantial style of the past. She herself belonged to an age of which she was the last. With great dignity and courtesy of manner which repelled too much familiarity, she combined a sweet and winning grace, which attracted all to her, so that the youth, while they would almost involuntarily ‘rise up before her,’ yet loved to be in her presence and called her blessed. She possessed in a rare degree the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit and lived in an atmosphere of love and peace. Her home and room were to her children and her children’s children what Jerusalem was to the saints of old. There they loved to resort and the saddest thing in her death is the sundering of that tie which bound so many generations together. She never ceased to take a deep interest in the prosperity of the beautiful village of which she and her husband were the pioneers and for which they did so much and in the church of which she was the oldest member. Her mind retained its activity to the last and her heart was warm in sympathy with every good work. While she was well informed in all current events, she most delighted in whatever concerned the Kingdom. Her Bible and religious books were her constant companions and her conversation told much of her better thoughts, which were in Heaven. Living so that those who knew her never saw in her anything but fitness for Heaven, she patiently awaited the Master’s call and went down to her grave in a full age like a shock of corn fully ripe that cometh in its season.”





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