

Anecdotes and Reminiscences. A small "labor of love,"  
undertaken for the special benefit of Mary Willard Lincoln

by her aunt, Mary Willard

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## Anecdotes and Reminiscences

“Once upon a time,” as my mother & I were sitting quietly in our pew, a rather singular looking man entered the church, aimed directly at us, & too a seat by me. First he took two handkerchiefs, a white, one & a colored silk one, from his pocket, & laid them on the seat; a smelling bottle also. Then he rose, and placed his hat on the communion-table. When Mr. Moors read the parable of the Prodigal Son, he groaned audibly, & (I think), covered his face with his handkerchief. He joined in the singing, without my will knowing the tune. He was quiet during the remainder of the service; but after it was over, said to me, “Give my love to the Dr. I am going up to Dennis Stebbins’. Lord! I know where Dennis Stebbins lives.”

He proved to be a man by the name of Emmons, who had many years before lived in Deerfield & who was well known among the under-graduates in Cambridge as “Pop” or Orator Emmons.” I think he sold egg-pop, as well

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as made speeches. After the afternoon-service he called on my father, whom I am very sure he greeted with a kiss, saying, “Willard, I owe all that I am to you.” Then he fell into a really fine paraphrase of the Lord’s prayer, in the mist of which he gave thanks that he had “returned after an absence of twenty years with credentials, that would put to the blush the diplomas of all our colleges.” Next he set out chairs, & danced about to show us how he had decoyed Mrs. President Polk away from some grand partner at the White House. It was with difficulty that we got rid of him.

William Barnard took him to see Gen. Hoyt, whom he also saluted with a kiss. The General growled out, “Barnard, who the devil have got here.

Another insane person, who was a frequent caller at our house, was Mr. Sam. Goodhue, a very gentlemanly person, who, as was said, had lost his reason in consequence of an unfortunate love-affair. On one of his calls, he took up an Anti-Slavery Almanac, & exclaimed, “What’s this? Dr. Willard, I hope you are not an Abolitionist. If I had the niggers, I’d give them a dose of arsenic all round; & one

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didn’t do, I’d give them another.”

One morning when a strange clergyman, who had come the day before to preach, was calling on my father, Mr. G. appeared, & was ushered into the room without any appointment fore explanation to Mr. Willington. My father soon afterward left the room for a short time; when Mr. G. asked Mr. W. whether he had a family. Happily he said that he had; for Mr. G. then turned to me & said, “They told me down street that this gentleman had come courting you, & I might have to fight a duel.” Through Mr. Willington was not easily discomfited, he was quite unequal to the occasion; but happily I was able to say that I should be sorry to have any blood shed on my account.

While in the subject of insane people, I will give my mother’s experience when she was young in Hingham. Ben Hammond, who had been under the care of my grandfather, Dr. Barker, for some head-trouble when he was a boy, had become insane. Thought he had not been in the house for many years, he appeared one terribly hot evening. The parlor had been aired early, & the windows

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& blinds closed to keep out the heat as much as possible. He threw everything open, turned the chairs & tables upside down, & then seated himself between two mirrors very much perplexed by seeing himself reflected so many times. He soon announced that a ship was to sail that night for the Holy Land, which he evidently confounded with the spirit-world. My mother, he said, was to be one of the passengers; & he wished her to set down the names of such persons, as she would like for fellow-passengers. When she took her work & sat down, he said, "You may employ yourself in any way you please; but this will be the last night you will spend on earth. And how do you think you shall feel, when you stand at the head of a dance, that will reach from the rising to the setting-sun?"

He spent most of the day & it is not strange that my mother felt somewhat superstitious when a fearful thunder-tempest came up in the afternoon. There was no one else in the house, except her mother, who was very timid, & an old servant woman. My grandmother in her alarm got in between two feather-beds. Ben Hammond followed her into her retreat, & said, "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Bar-

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ker. It's only artificial thunder & lightning. Take me by the hand, & we'll advance above it all." My mother's uncle came in at last, & persuaded him to go.

He appeared once more before he was sent to some place of confinement. It was on a bright moonlight night, when he was very scary. His whole clothing was an old black bonnet, & his mother's short cloak. He seated himself in my grandmother's front fence, & imagined that he had the presidency of Harvard College for sale at auction. He called in the neighbors, Tom, Peter, & Harry to bid, striking it off at last to the old serving-woman. He called out, "Biel got the prise. Come here 'Biel, & I'll crown you the Brother of Masons."

This same Biel had a son, who "took sick" & died. As the end drew near, some one thought it proper to read him a chapter in the Bible. He selected the one where Sampson tied firebrands into the foxes' tails, & sent them into the Philistines' corn. His mother said that, if he had lived a little longer, he would have learned to play "The girl I left behind me" on the violin.

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This little book will be a jumble as to dates & subjects, it would be so nearly impossible to have any system in these reminiscences. When I was a very little girl, a line at the beginning of one of Dr. Watt's hymns troubled me a good deal. The line was, "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven." I had had one or two dreams of heaven, & asked my father if it was wicked. I think he easily relieved my mind. I shocked him one day, however, I think, by telling that an ant had bitten me, & I had given up the ghost.

One day when my mother dressed me in a favorite little white divinity gown, & told me that she going to take me to a lecture, I certainly thought it was to be a ball. I was a good deal puzzled when I found that we were going to church; but concluded that the people would dance up & down the broad aisle. It was a great disappointment, when the lecture turned out to be just like a Sunday service.

We children had been told that a bear lived under the breast-work of the pulpit, & would come out & catch us, if we were naughty at church. One Sunday, just as Samuel & I were going into the church-door with our mother, we met a [\*see page 40 & 42]

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When Luther had a little passed his birthday of four, I took him in a lovely spring morning for a walk to the railroad arch, about a third of a mile. Notwithstanding his keeping a close hold on my hand, he had several falls in the wet snow. The dogs & horses frightened him very much, & the shrill crow of a Donkey nearby finished him off. He was in constant fear that we had lost our way; & when we came in sight of our house, said in a tone of deep feeling, "There's our dear old home. We were afraid we never should see it again.

One day when he was playing in the yard with his little wheelbarrow, his uncle Sam heard him, & called him, saying, "Lutie, while I have a glass of rum or a crust of bread, you shan't want for them." Luther, a little vexed, perhaps, by being called from his play, said, "Uncle Sam, I wish you'd mind your own business. I don't want your rum; & as for crusts of bread, we have enough of those at home." He particularly disliked them.

When Susan was a little thing, her uncle Sam took her to walk one day with himself & a young

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friend. They were engaged in talking with each other, & said nothing to her. Feeling herself neglected, she said after a while, "you needn't say anything to me, for I shan't say anything to you".

When John was eight years old, he went for a walk with me in West Cedar St. My knees used to give out when I was tired, so that I could not walk straight forward. I had told John that when I began to stagger, I should turn & go home. I asked two or three times if he had not got tired of walking so slowly; but he said he was not; At last, however, his patience was exhausted, & he said, "Auntie, when are you going to begin to stagger?" I took the hint, & went home.

One day, when Mary was about five years old, she took a fancy to play with my screw-pincushion. I had my doubts about letting her have but on the whole did not think she could hurt it. She screwed it on a table, gave it a great pull, & snapped it into two. Then she said, "Whose fault do you think it was that I broke this? You are older than I am, & you let me have it. I think it was your fault." Some time afterward, when she saw the pieces, she said, "I remember that I broke that, & I was a very

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little sorry." She pulled her grandmother's scissors apart; & said, "Two scissors. No matter, Janjam," - her name for grandma.

In my childhood Henry Hoyt, a handsome boy, living opposite, was our only boy-playmate, except little John Williams, who was some years younger. Henry was often invited in. One afternoon we had a little tea party, & as our cousin by marriage, William Pomeroy, was staying at Mrs. Hannah Williams, it was necessary to invite him with Elizabeth & Caroline Williams. Henry had already arrived when they came; but when a second boy came, Susan crept in under a table, instead of going to meet him. That same

afternoon we had just apples enough to go round; & as it happened that Henry had already had one in another room, we did not see fit to offer him one again.

One evening we invited him in to make molasses-candy. He came looking very nicely dressed, but went home much dilapidated, - Susan, who was then generally much more quiet than I was, having become very antic. She had torn the ruffle from his collar, & made

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his nose bleed by throwing a ball of candy, which hit it. He referred to this in more comic verses, written about forty years afterward. I think they are in *The Family Book*.

It was our custom to exchange pies with him (Henry Hoyt) at Thanksgiving-time. Once he took a fancy to carry our squash pie to the hen-pen to eat. He set it down & went back to the house for a knife & fork. While he was gone the hens naturally took possession of the pie, and, as his mother said, he went back to the house yelling (pg. 13). The Thanksgiving before we left Deerfield-1860-he sent us the verses mentioned above.

To make another skip, when Susan Lincoln was three years old, her grandfather was very much pleased with the answer she made to his question, "do you think you have much character, Sussy?." She said, with a pert little air, that she sometimes had, "Mary Perham says I'm no great things." About that time she had a bad habit of throwing things into the fire for which her grandfather thought best to reprove her, Accordingly he said to her, "Sussy, if you do such things, you can't come into our room." Fiddlestick, said

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she, "what does that signify?" He said no more.

While the family are living at Sunny Side, Mary went into the street on morning with the young girl, Rosie Bumer, & came home alone, saying that Rosie had died in the street. When Rosie appeared soon after, Mary said that she had come down from heaven. One of M.'s worst deeds was throwing her Uncle Sam's silk hat into a well.

When I was a child I was delicate, & troubled with coughs all winter. Probably it would have been better that I should have been sent out regularly, instead of being housed almost entirely during the cold months. One lovely spring day the children took a walk up in "the lot", as it was not thought prudent for me to walk, Adam Williams, who was boarding in the family, offered to draw me in Samuel's little wagon. When we came to the ditch, he was sure that he could draw me across. I was equally sure that he could not. However, I yielded, & the consequence was that he tipped me over backward into the ditch. The water filled my cape-bonnet, & ran down my back, so that I was obliged to go home ingloriously. I think he never forgot it.

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Gen. Barker used to come now & then, & stay two or three months. When he came he used to think that we children behaved better than Mrs. Jerome Cushing's children with whom he spent much of his time; but I think he always changed his mind before he left. He always brought us a present. Once he brought a jackknife to Samuel, who of course wanted to use it. So he rose from the breakfast-table before the rest, & tried his knife by cutting notches in the edge of a solid mahogany table. When my father knew it, he told Samuel that if he did such things, he must be sent away from home.

Susan & I concluded that we would go with him, and then began our preparation by cutting a pair of flannel mittens for him. Our plan was to go to the top of "the lot", & set some boards sloping against the fence till we could build something better. We thought that Ellen Roberts would bring us potatoes once in a while, & that we should go down to "meeting", as it was called, on Sunday. We were quite disappointed when we found that Samuel was not likely to be sent away.

About that time, I presume, a menagerie

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was quartered in a barn not far from us, & mother took us children to see the animals. Samuel had boasted before of the great things, that he should do to the lion. He would run a stick into the cages;- he should strike him, & he should kill him. As we approached the barn, however, he heard the lion growl, not roar; & his courage failed him, that he was obliged to go home, without entering the barn. When we returned, however, & told him of the elephant, the ichneumon, &c., & most of all, I think the "Dandy Jack," he summoned courage to go again with Ellen Roberts, & came home alive. For some time afterward, when he boasted of what he was going to do, we told him to remember the lion. He certainly was not given in his mature years to boasting either of what he intended to do, or of what he had done.

One evening little Parkhurst undertook to have what he considered a church-service. His sermon began, "One day I went to Buffalo, & I met a buffalo." He called on his imaginary choir to sing Robinson Crusoe. Then in a very reverent tone he began to repeat the Lord's Prayer. The incongruity struck his mother & me so forcibly, that we both

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laughed, especially his mother. This so surprised & grieved the poor little boy, that he burst into tears, & could not to on with his service.

He was a wonderfully wise & thoughtful child, thought fond of fun & frolic. While the family lived in Greenfield during his eighth year, his mother was greatly tried by the vexatious ways of a person, whom she had taken to board. She very seldom spoke to Parkhurst of these trials; but one day she was sore-tempted to tell him. She said that he was very sympathetic for a while; & then said to her, "Mother, you should forget those thoughts."

When he was six years old he was very fond of hearing me tell the story of Mary, Queen of Scots. I used to repeat the Latin lines, composed by her on the eve of execution, which he always wished me to translate. Once when I had translated "paena" punishment, instead of pain or suffering, as I generally did, he looked very thoughtful, & then said, "Punishment for doing nothing wrong! That isn't punishment. It is trial." Perhaps I had given him too favorable view of the character of the unfortunate queen.

Once, when I exclaimed, "O, my goodness!" he said "Auntie, have you goodness enough to call upon?" I doubt whether

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I had ever used that exclamation before, & one may easily believe that after that implied reproof. I have not often done this since. (# pg. 16)

When Parkhurst was four years old his mother

brought him & Susan from Hingham for a visit of several weeks. Mr. John G. Williams' family then occupied the north part of our house. The children, Kitty & Sammy, spent a great deal of time in our rooms, one being denied an entrance, except for a little while after dinner, when we stipulated for rest. One morning, while Parkhurst was with us, little Sammy, who was somewhat younger than himself, came to the door of the room where we were sitting, hoping to come in. Parkhurst opened it a few inches, & said with great dignity, "We're engaged here," adding, "I don't believe you know who made you."

When I was a child I had unbounded faith in Susan's wisdom & veracity, sometimes to my misleading and sorrow, though I do not think that she was intentionally told to be a falsehood. I was very timid, somebody having told me ghost & hobgoblin stories, till I was afraid to cross a dark entry alone. I sometimes seemed to see dreadful faces after I went to bed. Susan told me that, if I could see them with my eyes closed, they were really there. Of course I did see them, & knew that they were certainly there.

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It cost me much effort for years after I grew up to overcome this fear of darkness. It was only by going about the house a great deal without a light, standing still when I felt as if something were about to lay hold of me from behind, & investigating any mysterious-looking object when I could, that I overcame it at last.

When Susan was married, & I for the first time had a room alone, I took one that looked out on a long dismal-looking range of tombs in the Hingham cemetery, then so forlorn, & now so beautiful. I resolved to overcome any shrinking from the night; in order to do this, made it a rule to look at it every night; after putting out my light. Being faced with granite, it was visible whenever the night was not very dark. It is now so draped with vines, that everything revolting is hidden. I think it must be owing to this experience, that I have since been almost invisibly drawn into doing things, from which I shrink at first.

When Susan W. Lincoln was very young, though she never was a deceitful child, she told me a great many lies, or what appeared to be so to us. Perhaps some of them were the offspring of a vivid imagination. She was fond of dictating little letters to friends, in one of which she said, "Myself is coming discouraged about telling lies." There never was a more truthful person than she afterward was

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She would send "kiss-messages" in her letters. Once when Mr. Parkhurst sent her a kiss in a letter, she said, "I will wear it on my forehead." When I sent her a little letter, she kept it tightly in her hands for some time, & would not give it up long enough to have it read. When she had her first pocket, she told a young minister that she expected to be perfectly happy. Mr. Rufus Ellis, then a young man, talking with her one day, told her she was a "little old-fashioned thing," as she was in her style of talking from living entirely with grown people, she answered, "Old fassens are as good as new fassens."

She had an imaginary acquaintance, of whom she talked a great deal;- Mrs. Fingleton. We never knew what her idea was, nor what put the name into her head.

Her first sight of a colored person occurred to strike terror into her. He was a clergyman of great height & wide. She opened the door of our dining-room, where he

was standing, gave him one look, & fled without a word. This same "Brother Lear's" delivered a lecture in our church in Deerfield, in which he told his adventures on board a steamer, where he had occasion to spend a night. He was told that, an account of his color, he must sleep on deck. He remonstrated, saying that he did not wish to

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"cause any inundation on board the boat," but that other weakness of his lungs could make it impossible for him to bear the exposure of sleeping on deck. Notwithstanding this pulmonary weakness, he had a stentorian voice, & as Geo. M. Rice said, "roared like one of the bulls of Bashan."

The name of G. M. Rice reminds me of a little scene while he was preaching in Deerfield. He came a great deal to our house, sometimes reading aloud very agreeably; sometimes talking, playing checkers or chess, & one evening at least playing checkers to his own accompaniment on the flute. As he sat at the piano singing in a powerful baritone voice, Sussy, "who sat by me, spread out her dress, as was her habit when she had anything special to say, & said, "Uncle Sam hollers sometimes."

When Sussy was very small her uncle Sam told her once that he was very hungry, & she must get him something to eat. When she asked him what she should get, he answered, "Some mustard." She ran off & soon returned, bringing everything, which of course, he could not see. She told him to open his mouth, & she popped in a teaspoon of mustard, thinking that it was the thing he wanted. He exclaimed, "The devil!" For sometime after that, whenever she went to the post office, Mrs. Williams would ask her what Uncle Sam said

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when she gave him the mustard; & she would answer, "Unc Sam say debil."

When John was very small, I told him one cold autumn morning that Jack Frost had been round, & pinched the flour, he said very earnestly, "I shall punish Jack Frosty." The first time I think that he notices frosted windows, I told him that Jack had marked them; & he said, "Jack Frost knows how to make pretty pictures." Perhaps some moralists would say that I did wrong in leading him to think that there was such a person as "Jack Frost". Perhaps I did, but I do not think that it's harmed him.

He used to be very bewitching when he came to me early in the morning, his eyes with their beautiful pupils dilated in the dim light. Sometimes he would be very quietly, wishing of course to be entertained, till it was time for me to rise. Then I used to wrap him in my long dressing sacque, with a pair of velveteen slippers too large for myself on his feet, & set him down by the stove till he was called. Once for a considerable length of time, he wanted some new plaything every morning; which, as I had no toys, put me very much to my trumps to find something that would answer.

"Once upon a time," when there was no organ in our

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church in Deerfield, or no other instruments were used by the choir, The chorister being absent, the bass started out in the tune Dresden on a different key from the other parts. The effect may bring be imagined. My father endured until the second verse had been begun. Then he brought down his cane with three loud thumps on the pulpit floor. This put an immediate end to the performance; but some leading members of the choir were

very indignant, & said that they were going to take a new pitch at the beginning of the second verses, not realizing that they had already begun it. (opposite page- top par)

On another Sunday, when Geo. M. Rice was preaching for us, there was a disaffection between members of the choir, & we were left without singing for a time. After a Sunday or two Mr. Rice took it upon himself to name the tune after reading the hymn, & to lead the congregation in singing. Unluckily he selected a long metre tune for a common

metre hymn, or vice versa. Of course at the end of the second line there were two supernumerary notes or syllables, as the case might be. I foresaw the evil & had not joined in singing; but those who had come to grief, especially Mr. Rice. He had his full share of self possession, but found the situation rather trying. He changed the tune & made a new departure.

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On a certain Sunday when Rev. G. F. Simmons, a very delightful man, but with some little peculiarities, had come on an exchange, the organist & chorister both were absent; & the choir felt distrustful about attempting to sing without a leader. Mrs. Simmons read the first hymn & sat down. A dead silence followed. Mr. S gave out the hymn again, & again seated himself. Then one of the choir plucked up sufficient courage to say, "We shall not be able to sing this morning." Mr. Simmons answered, "I wish you would try." When the choir found that apparently the service would not go on without their aid, they made the attempt & succeeded well I believe. (#p. 64)

As Mary wished me to give my earliest reminiscences of Deerfield, I will try to describe the street as I first remember it. From our front windows we had a fine view of mountain, meadow, & river also, when it was high, unbroken by any building, from the Indian house, standing in the site of the house lately owned by Mrs. Kate Hoyt, to the large hipped-roof house, new occupied by the Whittleseas, I think;- then occupied & owned by Baxter Stebbins. Next north of that was Mr. Eliphalet Dickinson's then next beyond Major Dickinson's afterward Henry Stebbins'; beyond those houses Seth Sheldon's, Col. Ashley's, & Col. Dickinson's. Crossing

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the street, as the brick house in the common was not built, -(by Asa Stebbins)-until some years later, first came Mr. E. Hinsdale Williams' house, quite imposing, with a balustrade on the roof. To the south of that were the houses of Dennis Stebbins, William Dickinson, Mrs. Bardwell, Zur Hawks, [Stearns] Zenas Hawks, David Sheldon, [Pink house] a little cottage, occupied by Mrs. Russell & Mrs. Merrill, Col. Stebbins [Mrs. Lamb] brick house, & then ours. [Manse] To the south of our was a very old house, owned by Deacon Arms, the roof at the back [site Orthodox Parsonage] sloping nearly to the ground. Then came Deac. Arms store, William Russell's house, the "tavern", kept by Deacon Nims, Mr. Augustus Lyman's house, now Miss Baker's, [Frary hse] Edwin Nims in the corner of the old Academy Lane, Mr. Orlando Ware's [Thorn] in the other corner, Mrs. Thomas Williams' cottage, Mrs. Catlin's, [Cyrus Brown] Mr. Quartus Wells, [Henry Wells] Joel Wells, [Elizabeth Wells] though I think this latter was not built for several years. Mr. William Barnard's [Delano], on the corner, Mr. Tyler Arms'. Again, crossing to the west-side, on the corner lived Mr. Rufus Sexton's [Abercrombie]. Toward the river from that were Mrs. Tom Bardwell's one other house,

[Mrs. Burke Lincoln] I think & then Mr. Amos Temple's, afterward undermined by the wearing away of the river-bank. To the north of Mr. Saxton's was a little shoemaker's shop, then Gen. Hoyt's, Mr. Horace Hoytt's, [Estabrook] Mr. Eben Saxton's [Herbert Childs], Mr. Cooley's, now moved to the old Academy Lane.

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Mr. Elijah Williams', [Champney] the blacksmith's shop, [Mrs. Catlin's house] –(Mr. Ray's house not having been built till I was about fourteen year old,)- Mr. Ephraim Williams', [Ada Brown] familiarly called "Uncle Bob," Widow Williams, of 'Squire John, who endowed the old Academy, Uncle Bill Russells' [Whiting], Mr. Reeds [Sam Well], grandfather of Mrs. Delano, &c. Williams', Mr. Consider Dickinson's [academy], Mr. Ware store, Capt. William Wells [?], then the Indian House, Col. Hoyt's. On the lane toward the river were the two Hitchcock houses.

About in the centre of the common stood the old "meeting-house", (described by me in my childhood as the "squash-colored meeting-house".) It was a wooden building fronting on the street; the front-door opening directly into the auditorium. Toward the north was another entrance through a porch, which was in fact a tower, supporting the belfry & a very handsomely shaped spire, surmounted by the vane now on the brick church. There was a clock under the belfry; but it had ceased to go before my recollection. The pulpit was at the western side; - a solid structure of oblong shape, with many panels. In a point under the breast-work, I had been told that a bear had his habitation, & would come out & carry off children who did not behave well during the service. Once, when I had been overcome by some little thing, that happened

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just as I entered the church, & I had laughed several times in thinking of it, but without being carried off by the bear, I quite lost my faith in him, & he was no longer a terror to me. (A repetition)

All the pews were large & square, & finished with a railing, supported by very small posts, if they could be called so, some of which squeaked delightfully when they were turned. The seats, too, were raised on hinges while the congregation stood in prayer, & went down with a great slam at the close. People were seated according to social rank. We sat in a pew next but one to the pulpit on the right, in company with Mrs. Deac. Arms & the widow of Squire John Williams. In the large gallery was a long pew, called "the old maids" pew, though I do not know that anyone of the sisterhood ever availed herself of it. I think too, that there was a "widow's" pew. Behind a door was "the negroes' seat." While the new church was in process of building, the old church was still used for Sunday services, though the pews on the ground floor had been taken out, & the space used as a workshop by the carpenters; those of the congregation, who could not be accommodated in the galleries, sitting on barrels & work benches. It was quite a picturesque scene. One morning my mother found a snug little seat for her-

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self & her two young daughters, but soon received a message from a lady in the parish, to the effect that it was the negroes' seat. Of course it was not thought proper that she should remain there.

The church was built in 1729, & taken down in 1824, when the brick church was built. I recollect the long line of men, stretched toward the north of the common, pulling down the spire, in order to take off the vane. The pillars of the belfry had been partly sawed off, in the expectation that the peak would come there; but the tower did give way several feet below. I am indebted to Mr. Sheldon for the fact that as men had been with difficulty dissuaded from staying in the belfry while the spire was being pulled down. Had he remained there, he would have fallen to the ground with the wreck.

A little to the south of the church stood the schoolhouse;- an ugly, square, brick building of two stories, the upper one of which was a hall, which was used for lectures, & c., with a dark, break-neck flight of stairs leading to it. After the removal of the church, this building became still more conspicuous & offensive to the eye of taste. Though it was regarded very much as a nuisance, it is entirely doubtful when it would have been removed,

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if some unknown person,- (though I think my brother was one of the initiated), had not set fire to it in a very raining evening. Some of the leading men, who were apparently trying to extinguish the fire, took care to let it burn, until the building was beyond the expense of repair. Soon afterward the brick walls were taken down. When they had been removed as far as the hall-floor, Col. Clay sent for a violin, & the workmen celebrated the occasion by a dance in eight of all the neighborhood. I think that this was early in the forties.

Probably during the winter of 1823-4, my father, feeling that his blindness might make it necessary that he should resign his parish before very long, & that the condition of the old church might be an obstacle in the way of securing a satisfactory successor, preached a sermon from the text, "Is it time for you O! ye to dwell in your ceiled houses, & the Lord's house lie waste." Whether or not it was the effect of the sermon, measures were taken very soon for the building of the brick church in the summer & autumn. Through the vigilance & experience of Mr. William Russell, the very best lumber was secured, & the church was considered a fine specimen of its kind. Before the pews were put in, there was a very remarkable echo that would repeat words spoken inside three or four times at best,

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I think." While the church was going on, standing in our parlor one day, I heard a cry or groan, & a heavy fall. It proved that a plank had broken under one of the workmen, & he had fallen from the bell-deck forty feet, to the floor below. He was taken up for dead, & laid under one of the elms in front of deac. Arms', - now the site of the parsonage, but revived, & was at work again in six weeks. It was thought that the plank, going down with him, had somewhat broke his fall.

Mr. Russell did not profess to believe much; but was quite a large pewholder, though I think he never made any personal use of his pews. After his wife's death, he called on my father, & said, "We're going to carry the old woman out tomorrow. She was an old customer of yours, & I wish you would come & say something to the people."

When both churches needed a bell, for some reason, Uncle Bill [Mr. Russell] was sent to New York, I think, to make the purchase. He said that one must be keyed on U., the other in O. At that time there had been a recent importation of Spanish Convent

bells, to be cast into cannon. I believe they were to be had in reasonable terms. There was something very

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poetic in the idea of a Spanish Convent bell. The inscription on ours in Spanish & Latin was beautiful, too. "Santa Maria de la Pax, Ora pro Nobis." (Saint Mary of Peace, pray for us.) I was living in Shelburne when the bells were hung. I do not know whether or not at that distance I might have been tempted to woo the Muse, if I had not received a note from John Williams, warning me against any attempt of the kind, by saying that he had a like idea' "but lo! when the first sound came creeping forth from the belfry," his Pegasus had taken fright, & had not been seen since. Indeed never did bells send forth a less musical sound, cracked & dismal as it was. I think that our bell, at least, was soon superseded by a better one.

The school-house, built to the north of the church, was but a poor structure,- the walls bulging before it was finished. At the dedication of the building, I think it was my brother who gave a toast, that was considered by some to be rather incendiary: "The new schoolhouse, May she follow in the footsteps of her illustrious forecessor, & become a burning & shining light.

The church-music for many years after my recollection was entirely vocal. Deacon Hitchcock found the key with his pitch-pipe, & gave it to the choir. I never heard a violin in church.

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till my summer of seventeen, when Susan, Samuel, & I spent a Sunday in Belchertown. The tuning of the violin in that Orthodox church reminded us so much of the ball-room, that Samuel said afterward that he "did not know but that it was the custom for the minister to dance in the aisle." At the age of fourteen I attended my first singing-school, though I had sung for years. When we took our seats at the close of the school, I think we entirely filled the very long double row of choir-seats. I should think that there might have been more noise, than genuine music.

In 1843 or 1844, the first organ, a single parlor one,- was placed in the church. In the autumn of '45, a few weeks before Mr. Moor's ordination, it was sold to the other parish, & a church-organ was purchased for our own church, -the one lately superseded by the present instrument. Charles Hawks of Wisdom was the organist for many years, & Joseph Fuller for at least part of that time led the singing with his beautiful voice.

We decorated the church with much labor for two or three days, winding the pillars, festooning the galleries, & hanging

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the like heavy wreaths from the chandelier to the corners of the ceiling, beside the other decorations, & had our first Christmas Eve service in 1842, - George M. Rice officiating. We were so tired with our work, that when we had finished, we declared tht we would never do it again. The service was delightful, however, with the one great draw-back, that our beloved young pastor, Mr. Parkhurst, was presented by what proved to be fatal illness from being with us, that we reversed our decision, though I do not think so much labor has ever been bestowed since that time.

When a new bell was purchased for our church, heavier, I think, than any former one, several men attempted to ring it, but were unable to set it. Samuel exceeded in doing this; and not being too proud to do anything real dishonorable in itself, & within the power of a blind man, he continued for many years to ring the bell for the Sunday services, & also the G.P.M. bell. One day when it was to be tolled for a funeral, he wished to experiment in the morning whether it could be tolled in the belfry by tying a rope to the tongue. The belfry was built with a very large window, as it were, on each of the four sides, unglassed, but closed by a stationary blind. As these blinds appeared to confine the sound of the bell, many of the slats had

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been taken out. On this particular morning, Samuel had tied one end of a rope round the tongue of the bell, & the other to a slat of the blind. In pulling on the rope it gave way; & he was precipitated to the icy, slated roof, four feet below the floor of the belfry. He thought that he lost hold of the window-sill, but this could hardly have been, as he could in that case, have had no support in the steep, slippery roof. He called aloud for help, thinking as he afterward said, that I should hear which I did not, - happily, perhaps, for I am afraid that I should have been but a poor dependence. Luke Wright did hear the cry; but at first did not see from what place it came. When he did see Samuel's peril, he ran to his assistance just in season to see him climbing in at the window. In the afternoon he asked me to feel his hand. It was cold & clammy still from the terrible shock.

While the brick schoolhouse stood, the hall was used for Lyceum-lectures, &c. The stairs, as I think I have said, were break-neck, being perfectly dark, steep, & winding. Mr. Pliny Arms introduced the speakers one winter at least, saying, "Ladies & gentlemen, Capt. Hitchcock will exhibit, The Old Oaken Bucket; which meant that he would sing that song. One evening when

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was to lecture, he announced him in his usual form, adding the question, "What's your subject, Gen'ral?" I'll tell 'im myself, growled the General somewhat (soto voce), but still loud enough to be heard by those nearest him. When the General spoke of the "prismum mobile, as he was quite in the habit of doing, he always gave the word mobile, the pronunciation of the southern city. I recollect another of our lecturers speaking of tobacco as "delicious snorshoo." [?]

But very few of the older men of my father's parish ever entered his doors. If he wished to see them, he must visit them himself; though I think that several of these men, who were called, attended church regularly. I do not think that I ever heard our next-door neighbor, Col. Stebbins, speak. They were friendly, no doubt, & some of them occasionally sent presents, I think, of meat or other provisions. Col. Hoyt was a very agreeable neighbor. Mr. Consider Dickinson, "Uncle Sid", -entertained us with his Indian stories. Two of the four Williams-brothers, Dr. William Stoddard & Ephraim, nicknamed Uncle Bob, called pretty often, especially the latter. Mr. E. Hinsdale Williams, a graduate of Harvard, but sadly ignorant of his mother tongue & I should say of all other languages, called now & then. These, with Mr. Pliny Arms, Mr. Orlando Ware, & Col.

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Wilson, are almost all whom I remember as calling. Perhaps this was not & at the present day is not anything uncommon in.

[Odd Characters]

“Uncle Sid” was one of the oddities. When he had reached the age of eighty years, & long, I think, after the death of his first wife, “Aunt Phily”, as she was called,- he thought of taking to himself a mate. Accordingly he called on day on Miss Harding,- a woman of mature years, who had once kept house for him,- & made his proposals, telling her that he was going to mill, & would call for her answer on his return. It was in the affirmative, & I think that they jogged on amicably together for his remaining twelve years or more. As he had no relatives, to whom he cared to leave his quite large property for a country-farmer, he made her sole heir; & by her will she founded the Dickinson Academy. In the old burial ground stands a handsome marble slab, which, in addition tot he usual epitaph on Mr. & Mrs. Field, the parents of Mr. D’s first wife, bears the following remarkable inscription: “This stone was gratuitously erected by their son-in-law, Consider Dickinson.” For years his answer to the question, “How do you do?” was always, “To as to be crawling”. He was in the habit of rising at

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three o’clock in a summer morning to work in his garden. He never wore an overcoat, even in the worst weather. [# bottom of page]

Mr. Joel Saxton was another of the oddities in his way;- a man of very good sense, but entirely uncultivated. He did not profess to have any religious belief; but enjoyed attending church, When we were hearing candidates, after some new person had preached for one or two Sundays, Mr. S. would call on my fatherError! Bookmark not defined., and say, Well, Dr., how do you like this man?” It was a teat to hear Mr. Lincoln talk with him. My dear brother-in-law had taught school so long, that he was rather precise in his language, & never seemed to realize that everyone else would not understand the rather uncommon word he used as well as himself. One day when Mr. Saxton had been describing the lofty airs of “Parson Ashley, his minister in his boyhood, Mr. Lincoln said, “Mr. Saxton, if you should see Dr. Dewey, you would think he was Mr. Ashley’s prototype, or rather post-type.”

Mr. Moors furnished me with an excellent story about Mr. Saxton. It was in a time of great drought that Mr. Moors asked my father to offer the principal prayer

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in the afternoon-service, as he often did. As Mr. M. expressed it, “The Dr. prayed lustily for rain,” & before the congregation reached their homes it had begun to rain. Mr. M. met Mr. Saxton soon afterward in the street, who said to him, “I was glad you asked the old Dr. to pray. I thought he’d fetch it.” This was the more remarkable, as I suppose Mr. S. would not have allowed that he had any faith in the efficacy of prayer in general.

Little Mary Hawks was one of the notabilities of Deerfield,- very diminutive in size, but very intelligent & full of energy. One of my early reminiscences, perhaps in 1823 or 1824, is of her presenting to the Cadets a handsome standard in the name of the ladies of Deerfield. The ceremony took place in the common on July 4, I think. She was not able to held the flag herself but made a little speech, which was responded to by Capt. Williams 2<sup>d</sup>, I believe.

I remember her as she stood on her high foot-stool in the old church, at the head of the female singers, her slender reed-like voice distinctly heard above the other voices of the choir. One of her favorite songs was "I'd be a butterfly," - much more

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appropriate to her, than to the lame hand organ man, whom I once heard singing, "I'd be a butterfly born in a bower." Being thirteen years younger than she was, it was a treat to me to see her go up the steps to the new church in her little bonnet & feathers, - a miniature woman.

Many & many a year afterward, wishing to make a home for herself & her father, she took charge of the board-house in the old Academy, & had, I think, at one time twenty in the family. She was a very decided character, & not averse to giving a little advice. Once when she was at our house Mary Lincoln, then a little girl, did not quite like the idea of setting the tea-table, as her mother wished her to do. Miss Mary encouraged her to it, adding, "It is a good plan to learn to do everything." Luther then about six or seven years old, said, "Miss Mary, is it a good plan to learn to swear?"

The poor little woman in middle-life or later, lost all her scanty property through failure of memory from age, in the person, who had charge of it. She bore the loss of it & her consequent dependence for a home on the kindness of friends in a truly Christian manner.

Mrs. Bradley, mother of Mr. Joel Saxton by a first marriage, was a funny little old woman, who lived on a corner at

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the end of the old Academy Lane & spent most of her time in piecing patchwork bed quilts, which she gave away. She gave me one & inquired of some one whether I "was mad" because she sent it. When some woman in the village was very ill, Mrs. B. sent her a quilt, thinking that she might be entertained by looking at it. "And don't you think," said Mrs. Bradley, "the critter up & died!"

My mother once asked Mrs. B. to call at our house. "No," she answered, "I don't want to go to no such place. Nobody wants to see my old profile." Her sight returned after the age of ninety, so that she could sew without glasses, & she had a few new teeth, which were rather a trouble than a comfort.

Mrs. Deacon Arms, our next door neighbor, was a very bright old lady. She said that her first offer was from a widower with three children, whom she refused. Next came another widower with six children. She thought that if the number of children was doing to double every time, it would be best to accept this suitor. She said, too, that he wrote her a note, asking leave to lay his hat & gloves on her table, & that she did not say him nay, because she never would find a pen for answering his note.

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There was a little peddler of sweet-herbs, catnip, &c. who used to call on us now & then. He said that all the cats were glad to see him. His name was Sam Duello, vulgarly pronounced Dwelley. He was mildly insane, I think; -saying that his health was poor, & that his physicians had ordered him to drink wine, take drives, see pictures, & I think, agreeable company. A very pleasant prescription.

There were two demented tramps, too, who made us occasional calls;--“Old Joe,” who could never be entrapped into saying “No.” The reason was said to be that he had received that answer to a declaration of love. The other was Levi Hayden. I know nothing of his former history; but having been in the habit of calling on us in Deerfield, when he by mistake came to our door in Hingham, & discovered who we were, we were obliged to take him in for the night. He was very cross & fractious until we perceived that we must treat him as if he were sane. He had a beautifully packed trunk with him. My mother, noticing how neatly each article was folded in paper, spoke of it, & added, “I guess you have a mother or sister.” He answered, “Folks aint all alike. I always heard that they were a rough set here on the seashore.” My delicate, gentle mother was very much amused. We felt a little timid about him at night; but he was quiet,

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except that he got up to put the cat out of his room. The cholera visited Boston for the first time that summer, & my mother was quite anxious about it. One of the first things Hayden said when he came to the house was, I’m one of the neatest folks in the world. There’s no cholera about me”; which was just what my mother had in her mind, as she did not know where he might have been staying. He had intended to take the morning stage to Plymouth, but as it was a pouring rain, my father & mother would not liet him go. He was very pleasant, & brought out tow handsome, large, silk handkerchiefs, saying, “If I give him these, don’t you think he’ll let me stay?” Of course my father would not take them. So Susan & I hemmed & marked them for Hayden.

This was on Friday, & as the Plymouth coach did not pass through town again until Monday, Samuel drove him five or six miles to meet it on Saturday morning. we were very glad to be so relieved of our guest. We heard afterward that he had attended church in Plymouth, & frightened two ladies.

There was a crazy Mrs. Bacon, too, when I was a child, who sometimes came round. She was very quiet & orderly, unless something excited her. Then she would give a scream louder than it

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would have seemed possible for any woman to give vent to. This she did once at our house, when she asked to see my , but was told that he was in his study, & could not be interrupted. I think she fell on her knees, with a mingling of a prayer & a most terrific scream.

Gen. Barker was an interesting character, full of brightness & originality in his conservation, when he was at his best, very low in his mind when at the other extreme. He was in the habit of spending three or four months at a time with us. I think that it must have been as a boarder, though being so young, I never heard. The remain of his time he lived with his other niece. Mrs. Jerome Cushing as long as she remained in Hingham, I think; after which he boarded at Mr. Martin Lincoln’s, where he died in the autumn of 1828, leaving his little personal property of about L400 equally to my mother’s & Mrs. Cushing’s children. He remitted the remainder of my father’s debt to him for purchase money on the house in Deerfield. This debt of 300 my father would have paid some years before, but, as the General preferred to let it stand, my father put it into the hands of a merchant in his parish, & lost it all by the failure of the man.

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When the General came to us, he always thought for a while that we behaved better than Mrs. Cushing's children, but changed his mind before long. I presume that he went through the same process after his return to Mrs. C. [repetition] He almost always began the morning by feeling nervous & miserably, improving as the day went on, & ending as a full-fledged beau in the evening among the young ladies, notwithstanding his fifty years & more. A conundrum was made in Hingham, running this:--"Why is the only beau in Hingham like a mastiff. Because he is a General Barker."

When my father went on his exchanges, he was gone over two nights, as he was principled against driving on Sunday, even the short distance of ten miles, - his nearest exchange. It happened, however, that once while the General was with us, it was necessary for my father to start for Boston early on Monday morning. This made it unavoidable that he should return from his exchange on Sunday. As he would not drive before sunset, the family had retired, & the house was almost closed when he reached home. He knew, however, that he could raise a back window in the General's room on the [?] floor. Now it happened that the

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General had three hundred dollars, I think, in his trunk by the window, & naturally thought, when he heard a man entering in that way, that he was about to be robbed. "Wh- who's that?" he called; but my father was so much amused by his evident terror, that he was unable to speak for some little time. The General said afterward that if he had had a pistol he should certainly have fired.

\*Accidentally omitted at the bottom of page 6.) little dog, that barked so furiously when Samuel tried to pat it, that we laughed now & then through the service in thinking of it. We knew very well that we had been naughty & as the bear did not appear, our faith in him was very much shaken.

As this little book is somewhat on the plan of a rosey-quilt, with little regard in general to index, I will mention here Samuel's reply to a woman who came to him in emergency of some kind, telling him that she had heard of him as "a benevolent individual." He told he(r) that he thought is must be a mistake. She probably did mistake him for his father, who was, of course, much more widely known, & moreover was more easily imposed upon by tales of wo[e]. We were victims in several cases. My father came in my room one day

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very much moved by the story of a woman down stairs, who said that she was a book-agent, that she had been overturned by a boy in driving, had broken her collar-bone, & lost all her money, except a small sum, that she had kept in her pocket for immediate expenses. She was anxious to return to Boston, if she could get the necessary four or five dollars. My mother & I were doubtful about her, However we gave her one dollar,-- all we could spare, & my father took his to Mr. Moors, who let her have four dollars on her pledge of a silk dress, which he was to find a certain place in Greenfield. Accordingly he drove to G., & found the dress as promised,--a neat plaid silk prettily made; & with it a very moving? note from the owner, saying that the dress was the gift of one, who had stood to her in the place of her God;- that the idol had been broken, as all

idols must be, &c. No doubt she hoped that Mr. Moors, after this appeal would not have the heart to take the dress; but he was not the man to be caught upon in this way. He brought the dress home, and amused himself & as by saying that **Mrs. Moors** & I could take turns in wearing it. However, we never had that pleasure, for the woman appeared at our house a day or two afterward, saying nothing

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about the money, but inquiring about some opportunity for doing light work. She went to Mr. Moors, & redeemed the dress by paying the four dollars. So ended that episode. I could mention other similar ones, if it were worthwhile.

I will mention one more, somewhat similar, though involving no loss of money. One terribly sultry morning a handsomely dressed woman called, who introduced herself as coming from Texas to procure subscribers for a volume of her own lectures, which she proposed publishing. She asked for my father's name only, if he felt unable to pay the subscription price of two dollars, I think. She had in fact a very long list of names, some of them eminent, or to all appearances genuine autographs. She was very airy in her manners & conversation, said that there was no atmosphere that morning; & on my father's answering to her inquiry for his health that he was as well as he could be on such a morning, she said, "You are supportable." She was so much delighted with the idea of reading her lectures to my father, that she kissed me; but the lectures never came. Neither did those of one or two others, who had paid the money. Some of our friends in Dorchester had a like experience with her. When

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I was visiting Dr. Nichols' in Portland a year or two afterward. I think, I was very sure that I heard her voice in his study one morning, but had no opportunity to warn him against her. I think, however, that he did not subscribe.

Of our most distinguished guests,- the first whom I remember, though Dr. Channing has been a visitor at the house before, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was not then distinguished, as he had but just entered in his professional life, it being in the summer of 1827 that he spent a week with us. He was very gentle & quiet, and there is nothing really worth noting in my reminiscences of him at that time. I was a shy girl of fifteen.

1851 [?] Charles Sumner spent a few hours at the house where his first election as U.S. Senator was pending before our Legislature. He said that he had no desire for political life, or that he should be glad to be quietly let down to earth again. It was necessary to take several ballots before his diction was carried. While he was with us a telegram was brought him of the latest ballot, on which he remarked very quietly, "Then I have fallen after many [?]"

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[?] since the last ballot." He told us some amusing incidents of the campaign, one of which was that, after he had spoken in some town, a man had said to him that he did not care what platform he (Mr. S.) laid down for himself, if he would promise not to stand on it in case of his election. From the time of his visit as long as Mr. S. was able to remain in the Senate, he sent my father from time to time congressional documents until the death of the latter.

Horace Greeley spent a night in Samuel's part of the house. Whether it was his "natural habitude," or whether the zero weather, after a mild season in New York, was too much for his equanimity, he certainly was not in a genial frame of mind. He said that the weather could not be praised. His face, eyes, hair, & clothing being very nearly of a uniform whitish hue, he might have represented a human icicle. He came into our room to warm his feet by the open fire. I had a very severe cold, which he evidently thought was entirely unnecessary. He did not hesitate to say that it was nonsense, or something of the kind, that I should want the doors fastened, at least the many back ones, when I was to be left

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alone in the house for the evenings. Mrs. Greeley, "he said, "stays in the house alone, & she doesn't want the doors fastened. Everybody knows there's nothing to steal". The poor man slept in the coldest room in the house, where there was no possibility of a fire. He wanted a pail of cold water for his bath, & when he came down to breakfast his benumbed fingers had made it impossible for him to button his waistcoat.

James G. Birney, afterward Anti-slavery candidate for the presidency, was a delightful guest. Strongly Anti-slavery as he was, I think he was a southerner by birth, & his manner had all the charm of old-time elegance and courtliness. He spent a night at the house in 1836 or 1837, sitting up with my father until midnight, & by his conversation & the books, that he sent, or left, converting him to faith in immediate abolition.

We had a multitude of other most interesting, agreeable, & welcome guests, among whom may be mentioned Judge & Mrs. Howe, Judge & Mrs. Lyman. Mr. & Mrs. Edward B. Hall, his sister, Miss Mary, the English people, Dr. Wells of Brattleboro & his daughter Hannah. In later years Rev. George F.

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Simmons of Springfield & Rufus Ellis of Northampton were among the most welcome. Dr. Sprague of Albany, an "Orthodox" clergyman, came occasionally for years, & made himself agreeable. He was a great collector of autographs, & on one of his visits, about the year 1829, I think, took away those of forty different people. He brought out & looked over many old letters' & I remember how much amused we were by stumbling on a letter from one of my father's classmates, who had just heard of his engagement, & hesitated about believing the rumor. He began by saying something of this kind: "I am now about to mention a subject, that should make that long face of yours a yard longer;" & ended by saying, "If it is true, how are the mighty fallen!"

I must not omit mentioning a delightful call from Rev. Henry Giles, a dwarf & fearfully deformed in figure, but with a fine countenance, full of intellectual fire. I have no distinct recollection of his conversation, except that it was most delightful. The subject was in part, I think, a journey through magnificent scenery, of which he gave a glorious description. Whatever the subject might have been, I remember making the basis of my next Sunday's

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conversation with my class; & I never allowed myself to give them mere entertainment, or secular instruction. I count the opportunities I have had for intercourse with these choice spirits as among the richest blessings of a favored life.

Later years, through the Summer School especially, have brought me into communication with many others, whom it is a privilege to have met; but these are so fresh in the memory of the younger members of the family, that I shall not enumerate them here.

I might have mentioned in the proper place the multitude of clergymen, who were at least occasional callers at the house, some of them very interesting; the two Drs. Henry Ware, Rev. William Ware & John F. W., Dr. Hall, Dr. Parkman, Mr. Colman, Mr. Brooks, Dr. Strong, rector of the Episcopal church in Greenfield,- a man, whom it was a pleasure to meet, even in the street. Our dear young minister, Daniel B. Parkhurst, during his few months in Deerfield, was a more than daily visitor; & though only twenty-three years old, his conversation was one of the richest treats I ever enjoyed. Among our candidates, Dexter Clapp

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& George W. Packard were charming in their different ways. The latter died a few weeks after leaving Deerfield. I think I once counted nearly two hundred Unitarian clergymen, whom I had seen at our own house, beside the many, whom I had met elsewhere. I have met too, a large number of the clergy of other denominations, especially Episcopalians, including seven or eight, who were bishops at the time, or have made so since. Dr. Hale & Rev. John Heywood in these later years stand out among our delightful visitors among Unitarian ministers.

To go back to our early days, when Samuel was a very little boy, he expressed his idea of poverty & riches in a few words. He had asked his mother to buy him something, that she was obliged to deny him, giving as a reason that she was poor. "O! no," he said, "you're not poor. You have a few little girls, & a few little boys, & a few marigold-seeds out in the front yard.

His bed stood by the side of his mother's, & he depended in getting into her bed when his father rose in the morning. Once when this happened later than usual, I suppose, Samuel said, "It's time for one body to get up".

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I have heard that when Susan made her first visit to me, I being a few hours old, she brought me a newspaper to read, & invited me to dance a minuet. Of course she was obliged to give up her place in her mother's bed to me; & as she lay in her cradle, she was heard singing in her fashion, "Poor little Sun lies in the old books."

When she was a little thing her father & mother took her to Wapping, where she saw a flock of geese by the wayside, & exclaimed, "O Ma! see those winter squashes!" She had been in the habit of seeing crook-necked squashes, & thought that the geese must belong to the same family.

I think I have not mentioned the many happy hours we used to spend with our dolls in the great "garret", with its six Domer-windows. Susan took the north side, & I the south. We had our pretty dolls & dainty little mahogany bedsteads, for which we made the sheets & little patchwork quilts ourselves. We each had a window seat for a

chamber, & the floor for other rooms. We made cornstalk chairs, very fragile, but pretty, & little toilet-tables in imitation of my mothers. (By some means we got possession of

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fragments looking-glass, which we framed with the imitation gold-thread bordering of muslin. It seemed quite a journey for our dolls to visit across the garret. Sometimes we wrote letters for them under or over very romantic names. We thought it a pity that Samuel should not share our enjoyment, & set him up accordingly on the west side with a doll, but soon discovered her hanging by the neck from the handle of a large chest.

Our Saturday evenings were among the happiest hours of the week. "The sabbath was considered as beginning at sunset. Then all work was put away, & the family gathered with their books; more frequently we children with our slates or paper & pencils. Our parents always encouraged our juvenile attempts at composition, whether in prose, or what we were pleased to call poetry, & never made game of their crude results.

When we moved to Hingham in 1829, my father wished it to be understood that we did not wish to receive calls on Saturday evening; so it was a rare thing that anyone called, but we often had quite a circle of friends or acquaintance in Sunday evening.

I well remember the shock I experienced on my first visit in Boston

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from seeing Mrs. Codsman & her daughters take their swing on Saturday evening. I think it was the only time, when I saw the daughters employ their hands in that way. I presume that putting out their swing may have been one of their charities. I daresay that I shocked them even more by taking my work on Sunday evening; but I discussed & explained my mistake very soon. Afterwards Mrs. Rice gave me another shock by taking her work on the afternoon of Fast-Day. We had always kept it even more strictly than Sunday, inasmuch as, beside attending church all day, we had no dinner but doughnuts, - sycballs, we called them, instead of the full dinner, provided on Sunday, partly in account of the distant parishioners, who must be invited in. [pg. 50]

Among the most frequent of these guests were a venerable-looking pair, -- Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Smith from "on the mountain. He said one day, "The first time I saw her she was in her cradle." Another was a very lugubrious woman, Mrs. Frederic Boyden, who came from Mill River, where I suppose she was surrounded by the Orthodox, "so called," who worried her very much about her spirit-

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ual condition, & I dare say, her heresy in attending on my father's preaching. I think he always cheered her somewhat for the time being.

Since the brick church was built in 1824 a furnace was put into the cellar; I do not know of what construction, for it was not until many years after that the modern furnace came into use in private houses, at least. The heat was intended to be brought up to the auditorium by means of two very large pipes, open at the top, places on either side of the broad aisle, one being directly in front of "the ministers' pew," where we sat. These pipes were called tin deacons. An accident befell the flue of the chimney, with which the furnace connected, so that it never could be used. If any draught passed through the

pipes, it was only the cold, damp air of the cellar, & the church remained for many years without any artificial warmth. In connection with this, we had an amusing illustration of the power of the imagination as affecting the body. A Mr. & Mrs. Hanson drove from Shelburne one winter Sunday snowing to attend church. On our return at noon my

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mother asked Mrs. H. if she had not been cold. "O no," she answered. "That pipe in front of me kept me very comfortable."

Sally Marsh, who must have lived with us a year or two when I was growing up, was a remarkable character. She might well have passed for the original Deborah Lenox in Miss Sedgwick's "Redwood," which appeared about that time. Her conversation was a strange mingling of the yankee vernacular & its pronunciation with very elegant expressions. She combined a delicate complexion & features with a masculine voice & manner. She was thirty years old, or more, had acted as housekeeper, & felt herself on a par with the aristocracy of the little town of Heath, from which she came. As she said to me one day, in speaking of a departed silk gown, "That was when I went round with the gentry." Still she occupied her inferior position apparently without any hesitation or regret. She was the perception of neatness, & this without the ill-temper that sometimes accompanies neatness & love of order, from dislike of having things

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disturbed. She was invaluable to my mother in my grandmother's very last illness, as my mother could give up everything down stairs to Sally, & devote herself to nursing knowing that everything would go on as well, as if she herself were around.

Once when the stage was to have taken a passenger, but passed the house without stopping, Sally went out, called it back, then mounted the steps, & took a look at the passengers, who as she said, "looked rather disconsolate."

She waited on the table, but instead of standing in the dining room, she was allowed to sit in an entry close by. Once when Mrs. Judge Lyman was dining with us, a question happening to come up, which none of us could answer, we were surprised by hearing Sally's voice from the entry, giving the desired information. Luckily Mrs. Lyman was a person fully to appreciate & be amused by the situation.

Whenever my father knew that a clergyman of whatever denomination was to spend Sunday in town, he was in the habit of inviting him to preach. It hap-

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pened one of these occasions that the person, a Baptist minister, I think, was a most peculiar-looking individual. He was tall, extremely lank, his spare figure made even more apparent by a gown of Canton crape, which clung closely round him, & close sleeves instead of the large bishop-sleeves, worn by the city-clergy. His hair standing out in every direction gave him a wild appearance. Sally said he looked "like some kind a creature, that came out of some kind of cave." His sermon, too, was very remarkable. I well remember the manner, in which he uttered the opening sentence:--"The schoolmen have told us many frightful stories of the Being who made us." In the course of the sermon he said, "Suppose a scroll should come down, made out in Heaven's counting-room, with the names of those who were to be saved on one side, & or those, who were to be damned in the other, there would be con-sid-er-able excitement, even in

Deerfield. Hands that had never done [done] anything more laborious, than sweeping the keys of the pianoforte, would be engaged in trying to get a

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copy.” As there was but one piano in town beside our own, thought he could hardly have known it, this had rather a personal sound.

Ellen Roberts filled an important place in the household for many years. My mother took her from an Irish family in Boston when she was eight years old, -- a year older than Susan, & she remained with us until she was eighteen. My mother used to say that she could neither live with nor without her. She had very great capability, but was hopelessly untidy, & had a temper, that at times was really frightful, when white circles would appear round her eyes, & she would not eat for a day perhaps. But she was most loyal, & very fond of us. On her first visit to her friends in Boston, when she might have been about fourteen years old, she lay awake, as she told us, all the first night crying for fear that the family might persuade her to stay with them. Her sister Honora, who seemed to be a gushing young lady, had written her beforehand, that when she came they would “have filial affection & conjugal felicity.”

We girls should probably have had more training in some branches of housework, if it had not been that as soon as

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as we appeared the kitchen, Ellen’s head was literally turned as her face was round behind her, & her work amounted to very little as long as we stayed.

In the afternoon or evening when her work was done, she was allowed to join in our plays, & she never took advantage of this privilege by any undue freedom. Her manners were very good, & her use of language almost as correct as our own. She made a lapse, however, on one occasion, when she was sent by my father to ask Mr. Pliny Arms to call on him, as he wished to consult him on a point of law. Ellen made the slight mistake of saying that my father wished to insult Mr. Arms.

The point on which my father wanted information being connected with a rather remarkable incident, I may as well describe it here. Couples sometimes came to the house to be married by my father. On this particular morning, we saw a stout elderly woman ushering a very meek-looking white haired man in at the gate. When they were seated she announced their errand, which was that they wished to be married. My father asked for their certificate

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of published, but found that they had none. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Arms, a lawyer, that he might learn to what penalty he should become liable by marrying the pair. I think it was a fine of five dollars. He declined to perform the service. The woman was indignant; but the old man took it very calmly. He probably had a happy escape, as we learned afterward that they were never married.

As I have said, Ellen was very capable. She would kill as well as dress a chicken. In those days when icehouses were almost unknown, it was customary to hang meat, or anything else, that needed to be kept cool, down in the well. One day Ellen had the misfortune to drop a piece of meat into the well. Without telling any one, she went

down into the well, & brought it up. She could cut & make her own gowns, too. One winter we made ourselves quilted bonnets. Susan's and mine were of blue cambric, trimmed with swan's down. Ellen's was of some dark silk, trimmed with foxskin. The young men or boys teased her so much about her fur, that the poor girl did not take much comfort with her bonnet.

The last year or two that she was with us,

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she was my mother's only "help." I think she wrote once, expressing regret for any trouble, that she had given my mother. We lost sight of her after that time, except that my mother once met her in the street in Boston, & asked her where she lived. "I don't live anywhere," she answered. "I'm married."

"Little John Williams," now bishop of Connecticut, remembers some of these domestics of ours very well. As neither he nor Samuel had any brother, he was a very frequent playmate of ours, having the freedom of the house about as much as ourselves. My first recollection of him is his being brought to the house by his mother, & his repeating "How doth the little busy bee," as he stood in a chair. I think he remembers one of our favorite amusements, which was pulling the plugs out of Col. Stebbins waterpipes, that we might see the water sprout up. Those wooden pipes passed through our land, lying very conveniently for us, on the surface of the ground. We never thought of doing any harm, until we were frightened one day by seeing Rowland Stebbins, the Col.'s deaf & dumb son gesticulating at us over the fence.

In winter Samuel & John used to take the body off our sleigh harness the horse on the remaining runners, & stills,[?]

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drive up a very steep hill at the back of "the lot"; then unharness the horse, lead him down the hill, walk up, & coast down. This performance they would repeat as many times as it pleased them.

Many years afterward one winter, when our family had broken up, my father, mother, & I being in Shelburne, John & Samuel had a fine time keeping Bachelor's Hall in our dining room. They lived in a most free & easy way, keeping a basket of apples under the bed, & troubling themselves very little about tidiness. I came in from Shelburne for a few weeks' board with the Wilsons in the Academy, where Mr. Lincoln & Susan were boarding. In the course of those weeks Samuel & John gave an evening party, inviting about forty people, some of whom were much puzzled to know where Bachelor's Hall, from which the invitation were issued, might be. Mrs. Williams's (John's mother [Error! Bookmark not defined.](#)) Mary Wilson, & I went to make things decent in their living room. Before we could sweep the carpet, it was necessary to bring in snow to lay the dust. They had an open fire, & at no ashes had been taken up, the pile had reached a great height, so that at last bands would roll out on the floor. Part of the evening's entertainment was going out to look at the ashes. The

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day after the party, they took up sixteen great grain shovel-fulls of ashes. The parlor was opened for the occasion, & brilliantly lighted, as we thought my grandmother's four tall plated candlesticks with candles being set in front of the mantel-mirror. The young

ladies looked remarkably well, & the occasion passed off finely. The only refreshment furnished was nuts, raisins, & water:--“a feast of raisins, & a flow of water,” as John said.

The house looked as might have been expected when we returned from Shelburne. There seemed to be scarcely a clean dish, though the bachelors had taken their meals out.

Our life in Shelburne was very comfortable. We had a large, sunny parlor, the “spare room,” with a bright open fire; my father & mother a bedroom adjoining, & I the “spare chamber” over the parlor. It has so much sun, that it was very comfortable for a room, where, I suppose, there had never been a fire. I should probably think now that I was nearly frozen; but then it seemed really comfortable. There was a good public library, & we had plenty of books, & plenty of time for reading. The rest was delightful after a very hard autumn of illness in the family, & insufficient help.

Everything was very primitive. We went out to tea one

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afternoon at half past, I think, & returned him by half past 4. John Williams’ mother came out, & spent a week with us. She & I went to a ball soon after sunset in March. Knowing that this would probably be considered a very wrong thing by the other parishes, as a kind of peace offering, I attended their church the next Sunday. It was a warm day for the season, but I did not dare to leave off my wadded pelisse. The church **Error! Bookmark not defined.** was heated from below, & while we spent the short intermission in the church, I, sitting with my back near the stovepipe, heard some one below replenishing the fire, which I think I heard rushing up the pipe. After that minute the choir was singing,

“But, O! their end, their dreadful end!  
Thy sanctuary taught me so.  
On slippery rocks I see them stand,  
Any fiery billows roll below.”

On another occasion when I attended that church, the choir was led by a group singing-master, whose grand aim & purpose seemed to be to show himself off. The choir seats ever amicably arranged for carrying out this object, being placed in either side of the platform on which the pulpit stood. As the floor sloped down from the back of the church to the

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pulpit, he was a conspicuous object to all the congregation. He stood in the centre of the platform, the women of the choir being seated on one hand, the men on the other. In one of the tunes there was a fugue, which gave him an opportunity for bowing low to the women at the proper time, then whirling round with agility; that would have credit to a dancing-master, to bow to the men. When he sang the lines,

“O glorious hour! O, blessed abode!  
I shall be near & like my God.”

with all his airs & flourishes, it seemed absolutely profane. I was vexed with myself for looking at him; but my eyes seemed to be irresistibly attracted to him. I used to imitate him to the best of my ability for some time afterward, omitting the sacred words, & singing, only the figure.

On one of my visits in Hingham, I attended church on one of the hottest days, I have ever known, when it seemed to be almost all we could do to get through the service. Mr. Dall preached, & read George Herbert's hymn, beginning

“Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright.”

As I was not then familiar with the hymn, & Mr. D had exhibited the word pure for cool, I did not notice the absurdity of the

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thing, until the chorister, who was too much of away to lose such an opportunity, having given himself a solo on that line, brought out the unlucky word on three notes, with the full force of his powerful voice. Of course it was disrespectful to the place & the clergyman, who had unfortunately laid himself open to such an occurrence, as it was but following the words of the book.

I might have mentioned in the proper place an interesting visit from a Greek, Chritophous Plato Castinis by name, who came to this country with Dr. Howe, I think. He called one afternoon, accompanied by his dog, Minos. He was delighted that we had just seen his marriage in the paper. My mother invited him & his bride, when he had left at the hotel, to take tea with us. They came, & he was beaming with pleasure to be at a private table, & to bask in the warmth of our open fire. He gave a very interesting lecture in the evening, describing the war between the Greeks & Turks, in which Lord Byron fought. He exhibited what he said was Lord Byron's sword, in an elegant silver scabbard, embossed with the crescent, though Lord B. fought for the Greeks. Mr. Castanis, who was very dark, wore the capote & camise, that is, a fur cap & a white shirt, measuring as he said, twenty yards round the bottom, & tapering up to

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the waist, like the covering of an umbrella. This was a great puzzle he said, to American laundrettes, who sometimes came to him to inquire how it should be ironed. He quoted Byron's lines,

“O! who is so brave the dark Suliote,  
With his snowy camise & his shaggy capote.”

He wore a very rich crimson silk mantle, with a deep border of gold thread, passed over one shoulder & round the waist, as a sash. He danced a Greek war-dance, & sang the war-song.

The dear old house has had two narrow escapes from destruction by fire in the last sixty years. After we left it in Sept., 1829, it stood empty through the winter; but in the following spring, I think, it was let to two very agreeable families; one of which seemed to have arranged everything favorably for setting the north side of the house on fire. For many years before we left, a chamber over the kitchen had been tempered by the pipe of the kitchen-stove passing through the floor, & entering the chimney near the top of the room. When we moved to Hingham, we took the stove with the pipe, leaving an opening into the chimney, where the pipe had passed through.

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This the family had stopped by pasting paper over it, & had filled a shelf below it with pamphlets & papers, set a bed under it. One day a member of the other family, smelling the fire, after looking through the rooms on the south side of the house, opened the door

into this north room, & found the fire not blazing, but creeping over the bed. It was in the winter of 1835-6, when the winter had set in suddenly with the springs low. A bucket was let down into the well several times, but without bringing up any water to speak of. There was no fire-engine, for fires in Deerfield were almost unheard of then. The fire was extinguished at last, but on side of the room was charred when we returned in the following spring.

The second time was where Samuel & his family occupied the north side of the house, & the Saxton family the south. Mrs. Tirzah Williams had the south front chamber. On this particular day she had gone out to spend the day, leaving a large fire in her airtight stove & a number of cotton articles hanging near to air. Miss Saxton discovered the fire in the afternoon, when it had probably been burning for considerable time. She called to Sister Sarah that there were all on fire. My brother went into the attic and

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“found the smoke so thick that it seemed as if it might be cut.” Mr. Sheldon was soon on hand, as he was sent to be in case of need, giving orders as to what should be done. He said afterward that he “would not have given a red continental for the house,” when he first saw it, with smoke pouring out from under the eaves. The very handsome panelled woodwork, that made one side of Mrs. Williams’ chamber, was destroyed; but then was little or no other damage done, except by water. An insurance officer said that if there had been one fire engine, the house would probably have gone in the time required for getting the engine into operation.

Until into the forties two noble elms, “old patrician trees,” stood side by side to the north of the manse. The remaining one was mentioned in Boston Transcript not long ago as one of the largest elms in the State. The companion tree had become so weak, that large limbs sometimes fell on the sidewalk from being soaked with rain. My mother & I plead for its life, until we realized that the danger to passers by was too great to be risked longer. Very sad was the crash, that laid its “leafy honors” low. The little man with an axe seemed so small in comparison with that noble structure, the growth of nearly or quite ninety

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years! I could not help having a little superstitious feeling, too. These two trees had so long spread their protecting arms over the homestead, that they seemed, as it were, to represent the dear father & mother, who “kept watch & ward” over the little world within; but the removal of the precious human life did not follow for a number of years.

When my sister & I were growing up, my father set out a house [?] for us in the south-eastern corner of the south yard. It was oval in form, the trees being young elms & the cornel, with its large white blossoms, cinnamon rose bushes being interspersed with these. It was very pretty for some years; but during our first residence in Hingham some one cut it down. I dare say that it had become badly overgrown, as it had begun to before we left. Much to our regret, too, we found that at least one beautiful drooping limb had been trimmed from one of the large elms.

My father was very fond of wild flowers, as he was of all the beauties of nature, & tried with varied success to cultivate several different species. The azalea & raspberry rose flourished finely, growing into very large bushes. The orchids did not thrive & the

mountain laurel absolutely refused to live. The flower borders from the front-door to the gate were too shady to do very well;

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but at one time we had about the house eleven different kinds of roses including a monthly? rose in the house. Among them were the cinnamon, blushing white, Burgundy, Scotch or white wreath, purple velvet, & sweet bier.

I may possibly had mentioned that soon after leasing the house, my father terraced the north yard, making two flights of grass steps, in which Mr. Reed says that he was assisted by Mr. R.'s father, leading down to the low ground, in which he made a fishpond, fed from a ditch, that must have brought water from the mountain. In my early childhood I remembered that our guests were sometimes entertained by going down to the pond to feed the fish with bread-crumbs. In the course of years the pond became unsightly, & probably unwholesome for want of proper drainage, I suppose; & my father, when quite beyond the age of seventy years, undertook to fill it himself. He accomplished this by toiling down & up the steep banks, or broken steps, carrying, I think, seventy or more large basketfuls of heavy earth.

When I was young, I once had a root of the sidesadall- flower, (*Saracenia*,) given me, which I had sat out near the fishpond, as it likes a moist soil. Even after my father became partially blind,

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he preferred mowing his yards with his own hand, rather than leaving his scattered flowers to the tender mercies of a hired laborer. At the time of which I am writing, however, he had become totally blind, & a hired man was mowing the ground. I sent a messenger, asking him not to cut down my sidesaddle flower; but it was too late, & I received word that "Miss Mary would never ride in her sidesaddle again."

One morning when I was a very little girl my mother came to me, & told m to guess what was lying in front of the parlor-fire. I wisely guessed that it was a bear; but when I went down, found a very pretty gray & white kitten lying on the hearth. It had followed my mother's young servant-girl so far on her walk from Greenfield the night before, that she had thought best to take it up, bring it home. It lived till I think I was thirteen years old, & grew to be one of the largest cats I have ever seen. We named it Rosetta, though it should have had a masculine name. This was my cat. Some years afterward, my sister had a pretty gray & white kitten, which we named Serena. My father then had a student in Divinity, who boarded in the family. He disliked cats, & I think was really afraid

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of them. One day hearing an uncommon noise in the hall, he (Mr. Williams,) opened his door, & asked the cause. My little brother answered that he was "only playing with little Serena." "I wish you would be a little serener yourself," said Mr. Williams. About this time some "benevolent individual" probably dropped a small kitten at our door. She made her presence known in the small hours by violent mewings. She was brought in, & soon domesticated. She was not pretty, being a dark gray, streaked with black; but she

was very playful & fascinating. We named her Stella, & assigned her to my brother. One day we dressed her in a gown & cap, belonging to one of our dolls, & took her into Mr. Williams' room. She looked very unhappy, standing on her hind legs, with her tail trailing, it were, behind her dress; & Mr. Williams was not much more pleased than she.

Before very long, the higher power, thinking there was a superfluity of cats, took advantage of a day when we children were out of the way, to have Stella disposed of, much to our sorrow when we found it out. Soon after this my old cat disappeared, & was never again seen by us, having probably come to either a natural, or violent end. I gave vent to my feelings in

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some lines, most of which I remember, as I rarely do anything that I have written will give what I can recall of this childish effusion.

Yes, poor Grimalkin, thou hast left the earth;-  
The scene of all thy gaiety & mirth;-  
The scene of all thy viper? exploits, too,  
Which rats & mice have long had cause to rue

Oft have I seen thee sit demure & sage,  
In all the received dignity of age,  
Upon the fishpond's green & grassy brink,  
To watch the sportive fished rise & sink.

Oft have I

And gazed upon thy face all seamed with scars,-  
The glorious marks of long-remembered wars.

And long shall kittens, warmed by martial fire,  
To emulate thy warlike deeds aspire;

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And gray-haired cats to future ages tell  
The praise which thou hast-long discovered so well.

I think that I must have lost a verse preceding the last, as the connection seems imperfect.

Serena apparently mourned herself to death for the loss of her companions. She was ill for a few days, & then died. The first record in a journal, begun when I was thirteen years old, was that in the day "our dear little Serena departed this life." That journal was kept with few interruptions for thirty four years, & would probably have continued for many years longer, if a partial failure of my eyes had not prevented. Years afterward I burned this journal,- five thousand pages, or more. I have since rather regretted that I made so wholesale destruction, reading comparatively little of the manuscript. I do not think it would have harmed anyone, unless it were myself; & it contained not only domestic history, but records of the many public events, I think, in

which I was much interested, as well remarks on books, &c. It was a kind of safety valve for my feelings, as I went on in, through for some of the earliest years it was

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only a bare records of facts. I know that there were no eyes in the family to be spared for the reading of so much manuscript, even if there were the inclination; & insignificant as I am, with the modern rage for publishing everything old, I feared lest it might possibly fall into the hands of one of those unscrupulous people, who make public the most private annals, without regard to the intentions of the writer, or the fitness for the publicity.

I was obliged, as it were, in self-discipline to take an early interest in politics, as my father, who always took a great interest in the state of the country, wished to hear the papers. The President's Message was at first an annual weariness to me; but became by request less & less so. The first Presidential election, in which I took any interest, was that of Jackson, when I was sixteen years old; & that was in consequence of hearing Judge Howe of Northampton say that, if Jackson should be elected, he "should feel constantly as if we were a powder-magazine." I was from my earliest childhood indoctrinated in Anti-Slavery principles. An article in the North American by Alexander Everett, I think, brother of Edward Everett, on the injustice & fraud, committed by our Government against the Cherokees, enlisted me in the case of the Indians by the time when I was twenty or

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younger; & not long after that an editorial in the Christian Register against capital punishment, when Professor Sidney Willard had charge of the paper, gave me a lifelong interest in that subject. This was strengthened by reading Dymonds's Essays on the abolition of capital punishment in England for minor crimes, & the consequent diminution of those very crimes, is such they should be called.

I took a lively interest in the temperance cause, and peace-principles, with abhorrence of war were very early instilled into me. Out of these early convictions have naturally grown a deep interest in the subjects of arbitration & reform in prison discipline & the oversight of convicts after their release. Alas! that I can do so little in aid of these great causes, & in speeding the time, when nations, Christian in name, will become so in spirit & in truth! I confidently expect that good time; though it may be yet in the far-distant future. At present the little boy of the story might truly look in vain for Christendom on the map; though the efforts for reform are many & great.

I might say here that notwithstanding the sufferings of my native town from the bloody attacks of the In-

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dians, Cooper's novels, which were coming out in my girlhood, had invested the Indian character with such a glamour, as to throw those early annals into the background in my mind; but it needed on idealizing or romance to be alive to the wrongs the natives had received, & were continuing to suffer from their white invaders.

Many years later, in 1849, our peaceful village was quite excited over the arrival of a company of pretended Indians. One of them, the leader, a tall copper-coloured man, with short black hair, called on my father, & introduced himself as a Caushugance,

one of the Ojibeway tribe of Indians, who proposed to give a temperance lecture the next evening at our church. Accordingly he came in on Sunday evening, bringing a little woman, whom he introduced as his wife. She was dressed in a white cambric gown, with green moccasins, & a coronet of feathers in her head in place of a bonnet. I should have been glad to take her to our pew in the gallery; but she marched in below, & took a conspicuous seat in front of the whole congregation. There I had the honor of sitting between her & two supposed Indian men. Another stood in the aisle close by, & fitly represented on of

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Cooper's ideal Indians. He was tall & stately, wearing a black ostrich feather on his head, & standing with his arms folded across his breast, apparently in utter indifference to everything around him. He bore the name, Oscable, the same with that of the ambassador, who was sent by the Seminoles to our army in Florida, with a flag of truce, & was shot down by our honorable & Christian army; a deed unheard of before, I believe, in all the horrors of war.

In the course of the week after the coming of Caushagance, his company gave an exhibition in our town hall, preceded by a furious gallop through the street, to the music of the war-whoop. The exhibition was very interesting, including the treatment of a patient by a medicine man, who was encased in an alligator skin, & flopped round his patient, who lay on the floor. She gave us some of the funeral rites,--a eulogy in the Indian language, translated into English, & followed by a very simple requiem in their rich, deep voices. The music of those few notes has stayed with me ever since. They ended with a war dance, which was not so pleasant, one of them crouching near my feet, & springing into the air, brandishing his tomahawk nearly or quite over

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my head.

Singularly enough, I escorted, as it were, this same Cawshagance to the State Prison in Charlestown a few weeks afterward. It came about in this way. It seemed that he was no Indian, but plain Daniel \_\_\_\_\_; I have forgotten his last name. He had lived among Indians long enough to learn many of their habits; & his figure, copper-colored complexion & straight black hair served him well. After his performance in Deerfield he was convicted of having carried off another man's wife, & was sentenced to a year in the State prison. It happened that I was going to Boston on a certain day; & at that time, as it was for some years, it was necessary to make the journey as far as Fitchburg by stage-coach; Fitchburg then being the terminus of the railroad. When we reached Greenfield the coach stopped at the jail, & the self-styled Cawshagance was assisted with much difficulty to the top of the coach, as he was handcuffed & fettered to a poor fellow, only sixteen years old, who had received a similar sentence for stealing six dollar's worth of silver. We women in the coach cried out against the severity of the sentence; but were told by some man, probably the officer, who had charge of the prisoners, that it was not his first offence. I thought of him when the year came round, Sept 1, 1849,

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& wondered how much wiser he had become by his sojourn with older & greater criminals. The train stopped at the back gate of the prison, & we left our unhappy fellowmen at their dismal quarters.

I think that I have said nothing of Miss Mary Moody Emerson; a most unique woman,-- the aunt, to whom has distinguished nephew felt that he owed so much in the forming period of his life. She was a woman of much strength of mind, as well as a great cultivation, I think, for that day, & of very decided opinions on various subjects;-- opinions, which she never hesitated to state in strong terms. I think she must have started in life with the determination of "speaking the truth," without paying much attention to the later clause of injunction. Her grandnephew, Dr. Edward Emerson, says that she had too much sharpness in her nature to be an agreeable inmate for any length of time. Toward her last day of her long life, I think that she became nearly or quite ; & earlier in life, as Whittier says of another,

"The outward wayward life we see.  
The hidden spring we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
The sorrow with the woman born

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What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes,  
And held the love within her mute."

My intercourse with her was most peculiar. During our residence in Concord in my youth, we saw her more or less. She applied for board with Mrs. Buttrick, with whom we were boarding. Of course we said nothing to influence Mrs. B., but were very glad when she decided not to take Miss Emerson. When the latter received her answer, she said to Mrs. Buttrick, who was somewhat deaf, "Which is your best ear? Dr. Willard's family don't want me," which was very true, though we had never said so.

Many years later, when we were living in Deerfield, Miss E. appeared suddenly at our house, hoping, I suppose, that she could board with us. This being out of the question, I took considerable pains to find her a boarding-place, which I succeeded in finding a house next our own. She was not very well pleased, & complained to me of the noise made by washing dishes when she was late at breakfast in another room, I think; & the enthusiasm of a young girl over a former teacher was offensive to her. She depended on me for occasional little services, & now & then came in for a private conversation; one of which was the question whether or not it could be proper for her,

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then at the age of eighty or more, to take board at a place, where one member of the family was a divorced man, certainly not more than forty years old. I could not see that there would be any objection on the score of delicacy. In that same conversation she expressed her displeasures at having received a call from my father & mother on the preceding Sunday evening, saying that she should not have been more surprised to see a ghost come in; & she added, "Your father & Mrs. Eldridge talked about thermometers. She had manifested her displeasure at the time by returning to her own room before my father & mother went. We learned afterward, however, that she had been quite

disturbed with the family for neglecting to call her down to see that same divorced man, who called after my parents left.

It happened that a few months previous to this time, on one of my visits to my friends, the Williames, in Hartford I had been so much pleased with a very simple wrought-collar worn by Mrs. W., that I had worked one for myself, & also for my mother & sister. I was wearing mine one day, when Miss called & said to me, "If you bought that collar to help some poor milliner, it's all very well; but if you did not, I will say that is in very

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bad taste." In another day, when she sent for me to do an errand for her, as I had not called in her for some little time, I thought that I would sit a little while, there being apparently no haste necessary about the errand. Presently, however, she said, "If you are going, you may go now." It is needless to say that I went.

I had other much more trying experiences with her, which, though they disturbed me at the time, are only a source of amusing reminiscences now, & had better fall into oblivion. I was much of an invalid at that time myself, with no spare strength, & with little for home-duties; & as Miss Emerson had maladies, that might at any time become very serious, I became quite anxious lest she demand & need aid that I could not give. Therefore it was a great relief when she decided to leave town. When I made my farewell call, she said, "I have not thanked you for what you have done for me because I think that those who can help others are blessed of God!" Verily they are, & it is a grief indeed to lose the power of helping others.

When I was young, it was customary to drop down on one's friends for a visit without special invitation & without warning, trusting that a visit would be convenient & agreeable.

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We received multitudes of friends in that way, & legions of strangers for a shorter time. During our first residence in Hingham, when I was from seventeen to twenty-three years old, I think that nearly or quite all the young ladies, who had friends in Boston, spent a few weeks there every winter. I did among the rest, including my visits to Dorchester & Cambridge also. I enjoyed a great deal in these visits; & formed an affection for those places, which I have never lost.

My first visit to Boston, after I was four years old, was made in the company of my father early in the winter of 1829-30, very soon after our arrival to Hingham. I think that we must then have been invited by Mrs. John Codman of Rowe Place, on the corner, I think, of Chauncey Place & Essex St.; or at least that we must have announced our intention of spending a Sunday there, for though she was a friend of my father & mother, they were not so intimate with her, as to make an unheralded arrival of two people suitable. It must have been on Monday, that Mrs. C. invited Dr. Channing, & Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, minister at large, that is, to the poor of Boston, to dine with her, & meet my father, who was already well acquainted with Dr. Channing. I

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do not know whether or not he had ever met Dr. Tuckerman. Dr. C. had an engagement, & could not come; but Dr. T. came. I was very much impressed by the saintliness of his appearance. He had brought from England the idea of a ministry at large, & was himself the first person to fill the position. I remember his saying on that day that he should wish nothing better after death than to be allowed to come back, & minister with his poor in Boston.

My father returned home that afternoon, I think, but I stayed a few days longer at Mrs. Codman's, & then visited at Mr. Rice's in West Street, Dr. John Ware's in Howard St., then the court-end, as Mrs. Codman said, & at Judge Jackson's in Bedford Place, close by the Chauncey Hall school. There I must have gone by special invitation, & spent some days very pleasantly. Judge & Mrs. J. are charming in their entice simplicity of manner, & the daughters very friendly. From that time when they knew of my being in town, I was always invited to dine on some Sunday, & attend service at King's Chapel with them in the afternoon.

It must have been this same winter that Mrs. Codman invited me to dine at her house, & meet her "two favorite nieces,"

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Misses Anna Cabot Loarll & Cornelia Amory, afterward. Mrs. Chas. G. Loring by a second marriage on both sides, & step-mother of the present Colonel C.G. Loring. Miss Sewell afterward invited me to a cotillion party at her house. I went with Francis Codman & met the very elite of Boston, I suppose, dancing with Mrs. Codman's nephew, Mr. Bethune,--the late Rev. Dr. George Bethune, I believe.

Before my return home I made my enjoyable visits at the houses of Dr. Ware Sen. & Prof. Willard in Cambridge, & at Dr. Thaxter's in Dorchester. Afterward I used to stay at Mr. Benjamin Thaxter's in Boston, & Mr. Joseph Willard's also, at Mr. Treadwell's in Cambridge. There were a number of other places, where I used to be invited to spend a day, both in Boston & Cambridge, & others, where I only called. I sometimes attended President Quincy's [?], & other parties in Cambridge.

One evening is memorable, chiefly from subsequent events, though it was charming at the time. My cousin Adeline Lincoln, was then engaged to Prof. Treadwell, & I were staying at old Dr. Ware's, & in Mr. Treadwell's account the Ware family & Adeline were invited to spend an evening at the house of Dr. John White

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Webster, afterward so well known through the terrible tragedy, which he enacted?. He was exceedingly fond of music, & on that evening Miss Helen Davis, daughter of the Solicitor, sang finely. One of her songs, which I had never heard before, destroyed by me ever since, though I did not hear it again for more than sixty years.

Among the people, whom it was a privilege to meet at their own house & elsewhere, were Dr. Henry Ware Jr. & his wife, nee' Mary Pickard. They were charming in their simplicity of manner, & so excellent! I was staying in Cambridge when they gave up their home there, & moved to Framingham, for the sake of economy, as Dr. Ware had resigned his professorship, on account of ill-health, I think. His little daughter Hattie said to Mrs. Rice, "We are going to be poorly now."

It must have been at this time that I had the privilege of joining in a communion-service, at which he officiated probably one of the last times. I heard some pleasant anecdotes of the family-life in Framingham. Some lady who was visiting them, heard frequent mention of "the butter money," and was told after a while that the children, if they were willing to give up eating

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butter," were allowed to give the money, that it would have cost in charity. This they did.

One day when Mr. Abbott Laurence called, the oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was washing windows upstairs. When she saw him coming she ran down to meet him with her sleeves turned up. This pleased Mr. L. so much, that when not long afterward he sent a package of presents for the family, it contained calico "for a dress for Miss Elizabeth when she washes windows." She was a fine girl, & as I have been told, refused some offers of marriage on account of an inherited disease. I had an exceedingly pleasant acquaintance with John F. Ware, though his moods made him very uncertain. I once hear him preach a sermon on "hereditary tendencies," in which he said that, though they may be a palliation, they are not an excuse for our wrong-doing;--that it should be our life work to counteract them. In the course of the sermon he said that he recognized in himself traits, that belonged to an ancestor, whom he had never seen;--his maternal grandfather Dr. Waterhouse, no doubt, whose reputation for evenness or pleasantness of temper was not good. John F. W. felt that he owed a great deal to the beautiful influence of his stepmother. I think he never

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lost an opportunity for paying her a tribute of grateful love. I was told in good authority that when he & his older sister, Elizabeth, being children, learned that their father was to bring them a new mother, they determined not to like her. She came in the evening, & went to visit them in their beds so lovingly, that they were completely disarmed, & surrendered at once.

I remember a delightful call from Mr. William Ware, author of *Zenobia*, with his lovely wife. He was a very handsome man, as well as very pleasing otherwise. He brought the first aeolia I ever saw, & played the Cromack [?] with much expression.

It is so long since I began to write these "simple annuals," that I have forgotten whether or not I have mentioned the meetings of the Franklin Evangelical Association, which, notwithstanding the present meaning of the word, "Evangelical," was composed of Unitarian clergyman. They were a very small number at first, being only my father, Mr. Rogers of Bernardston, Mr. Smith of Warwick, & one other, perhaps Mr. Harding of New Salem. As the number was so very small, they took their [?] with them. Before my distinct recollection, however, they had increased to a goodly number, & membership was by no means confined to Franklin County, as Dr. Peabody of Spring-

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field, Mr. Hall of Northampton, & even Mr. Sullivan of Keene, N.H., were attendants at the meetings, & I certainly think, members. The meetings were held often, & at the houses of the different members; I do not know whether in regular rotation, or at such time as was most convenient to any member to invite them.

After the Association grew to the number of ten or twelve it was a very serious matter to entertain them for the three meals that are included in the session, & the night, of course. As many as the house could accommodate remained for the night. Others were quartered round among such parishioners, as were ready to offer their houses. Neighbors were very kind, too, in sending in bread, pies, &c to help the hostess. Matters were complicated by the utter uncertainty as to how many to provide for. I think that it was on the last occasion when they met at our house, long after my father resigned his parish, that the meeting was a very full one. I think twelve dined together, probably including my mother & myself. Our faithful & competent American servant was taken ill that morning; so that we were not only obliged to do the work, but to wait on her. Just before dinner I went to take a last look at the table, & to my astonishment found a slip

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of paper lying upon the table, on which was written, "They will be starved." This seemed very discouraging, & was utterly unaccountable to me, until I remembered that we had played "Consequences" some time before to entertain some young people, & that probably the slips had been put into the same table decor with my sister's knives & forks, which we had borrowed for this occasion.

We had imprudently invited Dr. & Mrs. Parkhurst & their son, our beloved young minister just ordained, to take tea with us; but my mother & I found ourselves so completely used up when the clergy departed after dinner, that we were obliged to countermand the invitation. Mr. Lincoln was dispatched with the message, quite against his inclination, no doubt. I can see & hear with what a serious face & voice he would give the message, which he prepared by saying, "I am under the painful necessity." Mr. Parkhurst was out, & Mrs. Parkhurst, an anxious mother, immediately conjectured that some harm had befallen him, & was quite startled.

Never was a parish happier then we were when we thought that we had secured the services of this remarkable young man. He was not particularly striking in the pulpit; though his

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services were good; but his conversation was wonderfully rich & varied for a man of twenty-three years. His mind seemed a storehouse of knowledge, from which he could draw at any time, & on any subject, without any parade of learning. He was at the same time a great talker & a most respectful listener, being almost too profoundly attentive, as it seemed as if one ought to say something well worth saying to deserve so much apparent interest.

All was joyful for about six weeks, or perhaps considerably less. Several informal evening parties were given, any of the parish being invited, who chose to come. No refreshments were furnished. Mr. Parkhurst's more than daily calls at our house from his ordination July 21, 1841, until Sept. 4, were a delight & a rich treat to us; but they were brought to a very sudden end. Some time in August a dreadful epidemic of dysentery broke out, six cases, I think, being fatal. Almost every member of our family either had the disease seriously, or threatenings of it. Sept. 4 was a day never to be forgotten by me. On that day Mary Wilson, perhaps the most brilliant girl in Deerfield, & a particular friend of ours, died. In the afternoon there was a funeral of a child. Dr.

Williams that morning reported Mr. Parkhurst as being in a high fever, & my father sent him word that he would officiate at

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the funeral. However Mr. P. came in, & went with us to the church saying that he did not wish to alarm the parish needlessly. He read a passage of scripture, but as my father rote to offer the prayer, I noticed that Mr. P. left the body of the church, followed by Dr. & Mrs. Williams. When I went into the vestibule after the service, I found him seated, perfectly composed, though as pale as he afterward looked in his coffin. He was raising blood, & we learned for the first time that he had had a previous hemorrhage. When he first came to us, he struck as a looking very delicate; but his cheerful spirits, his firm, quick step, & the zeal with which he entered on his duties, wore away the impression; though Saint-Beruc's [?] description of Joubert applied perfectly to him:--"He looked like a spirit, that had accidentally met a body, & had little to do with it as possible. "This effect was much heightened by his perfect transparency of character. I never saw any other being, in whom I seemed to look directly on the soul.

On the following day, Sunday, --six people were to be admitted to the church, as it was called, Samuel among the number. Mr. Parkhurst had looked forward to the day with peculiar interest. It was to be his first administering of the Communion. After his death, in looking over his manuscripts with a view to writing the Memorial

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of him, which my father published, we found an unpublished sermon from the text, "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer." Undoubtedly he had intended to deliver it on that occasion. Of course he could not be present to at the church, & my father took his place, going through the two regular services, administering the Communion, & officiating at two funerals, though he was then sixty-six years old.

Mr. Parkhurst soon went to his father's house in Petersham, but returned for two or three days to perform a Sunday's service with a great deal of help from my father;--about an equal share;--& also to officiate at Helen Williams' marriage, Oct. 4. After staying a while longer in Petersham, he put himself under the care of Dr. Twitchell, a distinguished physician in Keene, N.H., where he was treated not only for lung-troubles, but for a white swelling on one elbow. Here he lingered until Feb. 16, 1842, where the pail tenement set its occupant free. On the following day a special messenger brought my father a letter from Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, announcing the sad tidings, & saying, that after the funeral services in Petersham on Sunday, the Parkhurst family would give over the

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remains to the parish in Deerfield. The solemn tolling of the bell for an hour through the winter twilight gave the first tidings to the parish that their young pastor had "risen to his place." A parish-meeting was called at once, a delegation of six of whom my brother was one, was chosen to represent the parish at the services in Petersham, & bring home the sacred trust. My father requested that all that mortal of one dear friend might be brought to our home,--the first & the last that he had entered in Deerfield. Accordingly in the still moonlight on Sunday evening he again entered those doors,

where his presence had brought so much joy before; & we left the visible form to its rest by the soft light of the astral lamp. The next day almost every member of his father's family & some of the clergy came to our house; & in exactly seven months from one of the hours when we were in the church for the ordination, we were there for the funeral-rites. "Sic transit!"

It would seem that this sad experience would have been a warning to the parish in choosing another pastor, but near the close of the year 1843, they called Mr. James Blodgett, evidently in consumption, with a racking cough.

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He was ordained Jan. 17, 1844, but was obliged to leave us in April 1845, though he did not resign his office until the next July, I think. He was able to perform all the Sunday services but once after his ordination, & after a few months lost his voice entirely. I think that he was a fine man, though he had but small opportunity for showing what he really was. It was recommended that he should go South for his health; but I think he felt that he could not endure the sight of slavery in silence, & that if he spoke his mind, he shall not be allowed to remain there, or should be seriously molested. "I would rather lose my voice," he said, "than be afraid to use it." He died before the end of 1845, I think, & his lovely young wife, whom he had brought as a bride, & a remarkably pretty one, when he came for his ordination, very soon followed him, having apparently taken his disease.

To go back into the past, I will say that both of my grandfathers died before my birth;--and my maternal grandfather, Dr. Joshua Barker of Hingham in 1800. My grandmother Barker was a very dear member of our household. She died Feb. 20, 1828, just before my birthday of sixteen. I believe that my grand-

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mother Willard died in the autumn of the same year. She made long visits at our house; but though her strong good sense & her wit made her conversation interesting & entertaining, she had a certain austerity of manners & ideas, that kept me aloof, & I do not think that I at all knew her real worth. Indeed I do not think that she was much at our house after I was old enough to appreciate her. She died at the age of eighty-six, having retained her faculties of body & mind to a remarkable degree, I should think. She was tall, & large framed & masculine, as she needed to be on a farm in town, where wolves still devoured sheep, especially with so much care, as came on her, of six sons. They loved as well as revered her. My father resembled her very much. As a proof of her great strength, I have heard him say, that when he was six weeks old, she took him in the saddle, & rode from Petersham to Lancaster, her native place, a distance of about thirty miles.

My "grandma" Barker was rather taller than my mother, but even my recollection very thin & wrinkled, & very delicate, as I think she had been for many years. She almost always kept her chamber for a considerable part of the winter, at least; but she was very good company, & often entertained

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us children with stories of her girlhood, & with other devices. In winter she sat by her fire in the great easy chair, where my great-grandfather Barker had sat, & where five generations after him sat before the flames destroyed it. In summer it stood by one of the west windows in her charming south front chamber, her old family bible lying on the window seat close by.

She was said to have been very pretty indeed in her youth, as the little miniature of her shows. No doubt her [?] in Joshua Barker thought so. I believe that it was the first & only love with them both. They were first cousins, as Miss Cushing said that almost as quite all the young people of Hingham were at that time. They were married in the year 1779, I suppose, as my grandmother was twenty-four when she was married. Their first child, Joshua, died a little before my mother's birth, Oct. 18, 1782. They lived with my great-grandfather, Capt. Francis Barker, in the house ? Mrs. Adams now lives, until my mother was two years old, when my grandfather purchased the house opposite the old church, on the corner of Main & Elm streets. Here he died April 1, 1800, of nervous consumption, his birthday of 47 having just passed,--March 24. He promised my grandmother that, if it were possible,

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he would manifest himself to her. She said that she had many times gone into a dark room alone, thinking that she might see him, but in vain. He had also made her promise that she would never place herself in such a situation, that her coffin could not be placed on his. I think that this promise may have increased reluctance to leaving Hingham to make her future home with my mother in Deerfield. Distances were so great, & travelling so slow in those days, that it could hardly have seemed possible when that her mortal remains could be carried to Hingham. The day before her death, however, when she was aware that that event was close at hand, my mother inquired whether it would be any comfort to her to know that my father would accompany her to Hingham. "To be sure it would," she answered with great earnestness. Accordingly he went, Col. Wilson driving him. The winter was breaking up very early,--the last week in February; & the journey of three days was a sad & trying one. Sometimes wheels & sometimes runners were necessary. When the Barker tomb was opened for the reception of its new guest, it was found that in the interval of almost twenty-eight years, my grandfather's coffin had decayed so much that his beloved wife was laid by his side, instead of being placed

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on his coffin. Dr. Thaxter of Dorchester, whose mother was my grandfather's sister, many years afterward had the interior of the tomb put in order, & erected the small monument, that now marks the spot. He was laid there himself, & Dr. Cushing, in view of the future, calls it his house in Hingham. In addition to the share that my mother must already have owned in this resting-place, Cousin Debby Barker bequeathed her own right to her.

When my grandmother Barker died she left to my mother her furniture & her homestead in Hingham, & to my sister & myself her very small personal property,--\$700, saying that my father would provide for his son. It had been very much the custom of the Hingham men to have their property almost wholly to their sons at the expense of justice to their daughters. When Gen. Barker died during the same year with

my grandmother, he left \$400 each to Susan, Samuel, & myself. My mother sold her place in Hingham to Mr. Lincoln some time in the forties, & he soon sold it for a very low price out of the family, quite to our regret, though the house was not conveniently arranged.

Mr. Lincoln probably inherited his roving propensity, or love for change from his father, a sea-captain. He soon tired of a

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place, & thought that he had a "call of Providence" to go to some other. Then, though he was exceedingly careful in small sums, he would sometimes make a very considerable pecuniary sacrifice. Then, too, notwithstanding his uncommon love for order, he never seemed so happy, as when everything was turned upside down in preparation for moving.

Before my mother's marriage my grandmother had a little colored servant, named Phoebe. The family then consisted of my grandmother, my mother, & "Aunt Peggy" Lincoln, who was, I think, hardly even a distant connection. She spent a year or more with my mother in Deerfield, & took a great deal of care of me in my infancy. It was she, who said, when Napoleon was terrifying the nations, "I do ? he ought to be taken up." One of the very few things that I remember of my visit in Hingham when I was four years old is my unwillingness to kiss her on account of her being strongly scented with snuff. Not many years afterward she was found dead in her bed, with a pinch of snuff between her thumb & finger. She had been well when the family retired that night.

When my grandmother's family had been spending an evening out, they found on their return home that Phoebe had prepared a little treat for them of raisins & candy, I think, bought at "Ma'am Lorings" shop, the little house next Derby Academy, toward

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the old church. On being asked where she got the money, Phoebe answered very simply, "Out of Miss Peggy's drawer." My mother enlightened her on the subject of meum & tuum [?].

One very cold winter evening, my grandmother, thinking that no one would call, told Phoebe that she might sit with the family in the parlor. Of course, it was not long before there was a knock at the front door. Phoebe was ensconced behind the great easy chair where my grandmother sat, & a gentleman entered, bringing dog, which being of an inquiring turn of mind, like most of his race, soon discovered Phoebe in her hiding place, & made things uncomfortable for her. She was very much displeased with him & said, "Darn him! Why couldn't he let me alone. This isn't any of his house." The poor child was greatly troubled by her black skin, & not irreverently, I presume, wondered, "why the Lord made two kinds." She was "sure it was more trouble."

Captain & Mrs. Lincoln are very indulgent to their two little sons, Luther Barker & Joshua Barker. They are said to have been allowed each to carry a salt fish to bed one night; & that if they had fancied a hammer & looking-glass to play with, they would not have been prevented. Consequently they were not the most desirable

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visitors; but Capt. Lincoln said that he did not wish to go where his children were not welcome, & my mother was very fond of her cousin, Elizabeth Barker Lincoln, his wife, then years her senior. When Mrs. Lincoln was about to sail for England with her husband, some Hingham woman said, "I wonder that Betsey will go by water." Their first child, a little girl, was born in England, & I think died there. I have heard my mother say that the "little things," made in preparation for the occasion, were ironed with a mangle, which instead of the ordinary ironing leaves some pretty pattern, made by pressing, instead of passing the iron over the article. I think that Mrs. Lincoln had kept some of the little robes just as they were down up, as the small stranger did not live to wear them. Mrs. L. was buried in Havana.

Capt. L. gave up his seafaring life, & bought a farm in Westford, Mass., where the little boys were born. He was uneasy, as seamen generally are when on land for a length of time, & I am not sure that he did not make some voyages after that time. Indeed, I think that he must have done so, from the fact of his wife having been buried in Havana.

The manner in which Capt. Lincoln began his maritime life, deserves to be recorded as showing both his

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shrewdness & his daring. Wishing for a position as master of a vessel, he went to Philadelphia, with a very small sum of money in his pocket; but instead of finding some cheap boarding-place, he went to a first class hotel, thinking that he might find some ship-owner among the wealthy Quakers. All turned out as he expected, & he was soon in command of a vessel, & his successful began.

He showed his courage in a very different way in another occasion. Passing the old cemetery in Hingham late one night, he was a figure in white near one of the tombs. He entered the cemetery, & approached the figure, which, as he came near, ran round & round the tomb, followed by him. At last, being closely pursued, it darted down into the tomb, still followed by him. It proved to be an insane woman, who had wrapped a sheet around her, & gone to the cemetery.

Mrs. Louis was a noted character. She was in some way a relative or connection of either the Barker or the Lincoln family, I think, but do not know how, or in what degree. Very soon after her marriage to Capt. Louis, he sailed for a voyage, which in those days was a thing of time, sometimes for months.

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Her mother hired her by the promise of a "red ridinghood," to go to Boston, & see her husband off. She went to Boston on her saddle horse, & returned with the ridinghood, but did not take the trouble to see her husband off. I think that she was the torment of the poor man's life when he was at home. On his return from one of his voyages, instead of trying to make herself attractive, she put on a cap so badly soiled, that he set it on fire on her head. Rather a dangerous way of expressing his feelings! After a time she began to make preparations for a flight by laying in supplies of clothing from time to time, as she was able. After quite a length of time this was accomplished & she disappeared during one of his absences, I think. When he discovered her flight, he expressed his indignation in nautical terms, saying, "I'll reef her sails for her, main-top- gallant-sail & all." What was the end of the affair, I do not know.

I think it may be well for me to give some account here of my grandmother Barker's brothers & sisters, as it is not improbable that I knew about them & their children than is known by any other person, now living. Another place would have been more appropriate; but I did not think of it in season. The oldest son, I think, the oldest child of his

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parents was "Uncle Benjamin Thaxter." He bought & resided on a farm in Worcester, in which city some of his grandchildren still remain, I suppose I do not know the order of his children; but their names were Martin, Sally, Fanny, Francis, Mary, & Benjamin. Martin drew a prize of \$10,000, wealth in those days, in a lottery in Philadelphia. This was his ruin, as he left the farm, & went to seek his fortune in one of the Southern States, where he died not long afterward, & it was never known to the family what became of his money. —Sally married a Mr. Avery, a clergyman, I think; but had no children.—Fanny & Francis died unmarried. —Mary married a Mr. Wheeler, of Worcester, I think. Their children were Henry, Sarah, Mary, & Henrietta. Henry is father of the young Henry, who went to Oregon with his distant cousin, Addie Cushing, whom he married not long ago, after much resistance on her part from disparity in age, she being old enough to be his mother. Benjamin Thaxter, Jr. was a highly respected Boston merchant, partner of Mr. Nathan Rice. He married a handsome & very kind-hearted Mrs. Haight, with whom he had boarded. They had no children, except one, that died in the birth. Mr. Thaxter was spoken of "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile."

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My grandmother's oldest sister, Grace, married Solomon Blake, & lived in Hingham, in the house between Sister Sarah's & Dr. Spooner's, her father's house being situated on the lot, where Mrs. Thomas Whitin's house now stands. Her husband had a violent temper, & I have heard my grandmother say that his wife hoped to be forgiven for the lies she had told in trying to shield her children from his wrath. Their names were Martin, Charles, Edwin, & Susan, or Sukey, as she was called. The Blakes were noted for doing uncommon things, not always praise-worthy. Martin was engaged to a lovely Miss Sally Winship, sister of the great gardener in Brighton. She had a supposed friend, who proved very false to her. On one of this person's visits to Miss Winship the house was so full, that it was necessary that she should take Miss W.'s sleeping-room. She took the opportunity given her for reading some of Mr. Blake's love letters, & afterward repeated passages from them to him. The idea that Miss W. could be so indelicate as to show these letters so disgusted him, that he deserted her, & married the treacherous friend. She proved a curse to him. My mother once hear him say in his wife's presence, that he hoped to live to make reparation to Miss W. for

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the wrong he had done her. Afterward, I do not know for what reason, he fought a duel, killed his antagonist, & was obliged to leave the country.—Charles, his brother, had an unfortunate love-affair. He & Miss Lydia Barnes of Hingham, a handsome, finely preserved woman, as I remember her, were very much attached to each other, & I think, engaged; but her family objected to the marriage. So they both lived & died single.—

Edwin, Amelia Saxton's father, married Hannah Lincoln, of Hingham. I believe she had a great trial with him, but she was said never to have been known to be out of temper in her life. Their children were Amelia, Lincoln, & George.—“Sukey”, sister of Edwin, married Capt. Trott, and lived in Boston. I know nothing of their children, except that there were at least two sons, to whom their father used to say in the spring, “Boys, I shall whip you in the fall;” & in the fall, “Boys, I shall whip you in the spring.”

My grandmother had a brother Frank, who was married, but died early without children. My grandmother, of whose marriage I have already written, was the second of the daughters. Christiana was the third. She married William Cushing of Rocky Nook, Hingham, & was left a widow & poor,

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with five children, Peter, John, Christiana, (Mrs. Pomeroy,) Fanny, (Mrs. George Arms, & afterward Mrs. Dr. Stone,) & Silence, (Mrs. John Beale.)

I think “Uncle Tom Thaxter” must have been the next in order;--a charming old gentleman, as I remember him, with his silver hair, & his handsome, benevolent face. He married his cousin, Nancy Thaxter, sister of old Mr. Quincy Thaxter. Their children were Anna Quincy, commonly called Nancy, & Susan Joy, both of whom married Mr. Edward Thaxter, the first wife dying at the birth of her first child, & the child also. The children of the second marriage were Annie Quincy who died very early, a second of the same name, now Mrs. Benjamin Cushing, Susan Barker, afterward Mrs. Henry Peters, who died leaving an infant son, her only child, & Thomas Edward, who also died young unmarried.

Desire, the youngest of the Thaxter sisters, married Dr. Levi Lincoln of Hingham, & was the mother of Mrs. Nathan Rice, Mrs. Dr. John Ware, & Mrs. Daniel Treadwell. My grandmother's father & mother were Benjamin Thaxter and Susan Joy.

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It would have been more orderly to have written of my grandfather Barker's family in another place. For some reason I know less or feel less certain about them, than about my grandmother's family. His father was Captain Francis Barker. His mother's maiden name I do not know. He had a brother Francis, the father of Cousin Frank & Elizabeth, (Mrs. Capt. Lincoln.) Gen. John Barker, who used to make long visits at our house. He died unmarried. He had also four sisters; one of whom, was Polly, married Dr. Thomas Thaxter, & was the mother of Dr. Robert Thaxter, of Dorchester, Thomas, & Mary, (Mrs. Jerome Cushing. Three of the sisters died unmarried. My grandfather thought his sister Hannah a very superior woman, I think. I have forgotten the names of the other two. I think that there were several other children, who died in infancy.

I do not write my father's pedigree, nor of his brother's and sister's, because they are given in the published biography of him. As is said there, he first met my mother in 1806, when he went to preach to the New North Society, then just formed. He had been told before going to Hingham, that she was the only young lady among their number, whom the par-

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ish would be willing that their minister should marry. Of course this prepossessed him in her favor, & her many attractions soon confirmed this impression. He paid her what was marked attention for him; but his prospects did not warrant him in making an offer for a year or more after that time. On her part, she was interested in him from the first service that “any one who lived with him must be good.”

Among her charms, her used to speak of her music, vocal & instrumental. I think that they sang together, & exchanged the written music of some of their favorite songs. He spoke after her death of a Scotching [?] Bonnie Doon or The Highland Laddie as among those which she then sang: After my recollection they sometimes sang together The Wood Robin, & a rather varied ghost ballad, the first lines of which were

“The moon had climbed the highest hill,  
The rises ov’r the source of Dee”

My mother sometimes played a little as long as she lived. Her style of playing & singing was very soft & gentle, as was common in her day, & long afterward, so far as I hear it. The piano, it is true, had but little power; but I think that was seldom really brought

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out; & I am very sure that I never heard the full power of a voice brought out till I was sixteen years old, when Mrs. Emily Williams, mother of the Bishop, had a visit from a young Dutch niece, who sang at our house one evening. Sally Marsh’s comment on her singing was, “I heard her yelling when I was over on the common.” Perhaps, if I had been in the great world, I should have heard more of this style of singing.

My father had a very good bass voice. Sometimes he & my mother would sing together some of the old sacred music, & his voice rolled out finely in the grand old basses, that contained so much more music & variety than the modern basses, that they were very enjoyable for their mere melody.

I remember on evening in my early childhood, as it were a dream. We children were playing in the great south yard. It was the first time that I remember noticing the flies. The air seemed full of them. When I went into the house, my father & mother were sitting on the sofa in the south parlor, singing Away with Melancholy. I have seldom or never, I think hear that tune since, without recalling the sweet picture, associated with my first hearing it.

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As we children grew up, & learned to sing & play, the singing of a hymn was sometimes a regular & very pleasant part of our family morning & evening worship. My sister & I sang a good many songs together, her voice being soprano, mine alto. She played with much grace, & was we then thought execution. I dare say she would have played well the more difficult music in vogue today, if she had practised it.

In our childhood she was very quiet, while I was full of vivacity & chatter. As we grew up we seemed to exchange characters. She became very full of life & spirits, & very fond of society. I do not remember ever being actually checked in very much talking; but so much fun was made of it, that for years I seemed scarcely to talk at all. Naturally when I visited I was considered very hard to entertain; while in fact probably no one was more interested & amused than I by the conversation & doings of others. It was not

until I was twenty-four years old, that I set regularly to work learning to talk again, as I used to say.

While my father continued in his parish, & we were flooded with company, as indeed we continued to be after our removal to Hingham, Susan loved dearly,--better than I did, --to hear

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the falling of the tongue of the great gate, that announced the arrival of guests. It might be two chaises. It might be a handsome carriage & pair, bringing as many people as the carriage would hold. They might be friends, or there might be total strangers among them. We might be already seated at the dinner-table; but my mother must always be prepared with food & a suitable greeting for the unexpected guests, who were always in a sense expected, & beautifully she filled this hard position.

It may be interesting to know something about the mode of travelling in those days, which, of course, was either by stagecoach or by private conveyance. A handsome private carriage & pair sometimes passed through Deerfield, or brought guests to remain for more or less time. There was little variety in the vehicles generally used in that neighborhood;--hardly anything but common wagons, & chaises. Old Dr. Williams,--William Stoddard,--I think, always made his visits by walking, or by riding, in either case taking his saddle bags, containing medicines, in his hand or on the saddle. His son Dr. Stephen W. Williams, had a gig, which was an uncovered set for a single person on two wheels, I think. Old Mr. Huntington, father of the bishop, drove a sully, which differed

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from a gig by having a top, like a chaise.

Our journeys in the stage-coach sometimes brought us into acquaintance with very agreeable people. It would have been very unwise, as well as uncivil, to sit side by side or vis-a-vis for hours without speaking, especially as there was no noise to prevent conversation. I suffered so much from sickness in the state, that I hardly ever took a journey until after our return to Deerfield from our first residence in Hingham. After that time my desire to visit the seacoast & my friends in that region led me to have the suffering, which sometimes did not come. The rate of travel was very slow. My cousin Lizzie Rice & I once took the journey together from Cambridge to Deerfield on top of the coach;--a very pleasant seat, when we had climbed up to it by wheel & steps. We took the coach at Cambridge about 5 A.M., came down from our high perch about 9 for a change of coaches, & did not alight again until we reached Cheapside about 8 P.M. The three drivers did all they could to entertain and please us, picking flowers for us, & telling us the various people, who lived along the route, ending with buying a tin wash basin of strawberries for the road, to which we failed of doing justice. Long afterward I rode on top of the coach again with Swan [?], the last of those three

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drivers, who had then driven for thirty years. He told me that he near forgot a passenger, whom he had once carried. I once took the journey from Worcester to Deerfield, or rather Greenfield, when it was neither sleighing, nor wheeling. We left

Worcester at 1 O'clock, & did not reach Greenfield till 1.30 the next morning, a distance of about sixty miles in fifteen & a half hours.

My first railroad trip from Worcester to Framingham was in Jan 1837, though the road had been open from Boston to Worcester for some years. It was amusing when railway trains were a new thing to see the terror of the horses & cows in the pastures along the track, expressed by running to get out of the way of the frightful master? When the first train passed through Deerfield, Henry Hoyt's old horse, that had seen the snows of twenty winters, ran away, & forded or swam the Deerfield river. I think his owner heard nothing of him for three days.

Some of the inhabitants of the village, went up on the hill to see the first train pass. Among them was Dr. Goodhue, an old gentleman of eighty years. On going out he said to the family that he supposed that some young rash adventurers would cross the bridge at Cheapside seventy feet above the river & meadow. When he returned home, it proved that he had been one of those who crossed.

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A little steamboat plied more or less on the Connecticut river as early as 1827, I think. It was once expected to come up as far as Cheapside, which is somewhat above the influence of the Connecticut & Deerfield rivers, but for some reason it failed to come. For some years afterward it was a question whether the friction could be sufficiently overcome to make land-carriage possible by steam.

My father's family has been well-known from the coming over of his first ancestor in this country, Major Simon Willard, who came from "County Kent," England, & was very prominent in the incorporation of the town of Concord, Mass., his name standing next to that of the first minister of the place, Rev. Peter Bulkeley. Major Willard was valiant fighter of the Indians. His son, one of seventeen children, I think, Reverend Samuel Willard D.D., was the second pastor of the Old South church, Boston,--a very learned divine. He withstood the persecution of the Salem witches, so called, though the judge, who condemned the, was a highly valued parishioner & friend. Dr. Willard was really President of Harvard College, though with the title of vice president, as the president must reside on the grounds, & his parishioners were unwilling to give him up, as he was to leave them. He had twenty-

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one children, of whom my father's grandfather, Rev. John Willard, of Biddeford, Maine, was one. How my grandfather, William Willard, came to stray up to the wilds of Petersham. I do not know; but he did buy a small farm there, & marry Katherine Wilder of Lancaster. Afterward he bought a larger farm. I do not know whether he purchased or built the quite imposing mansion, that has only within a few years been sold out of the family. My grandfather Willard died before my birth, as did my grandfather Barker. Both my grandmothers lived until I was nearly or quite sixteen. My grandmother Willard was tall, large-framed, plain & rather severe in her manners. My grandmother Barker was extremely slight, delicate, & graceful, & was said to have been remarkably pretty in her youth. Both were bright & entertaining, & enjoyed each other's society, I think when they were together. Grandmother W. lived to the age of eighty-six, and to the end of her life, I think, being nearsighted, could read her Bible in diamond-type. I think she retained all her faculties bodily & mental in a remarkable degree to the last.

Her children were William, who had a family of five daughters & two sons; Catherine, who died unmarried about the age of fifty. Being the oldest daughter, my father used to say that

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she was like a mother to the younger children. I remember her as a quiet, rather sad woman; though perhaps she was not really sad. I might have said in the proper place that my uncle William drove one of his daughters from Petersham to Deerfield on his birthday of eighty. He was a very cheerful spirit, I think. Uncle Josiah I scarcely remember, as he died in my childhood. His children were Zur, Sarah, (Mrs. Sanderson,) Addison, & George. Susan, (Aunt Holland of Belchertown,) paired with him. Her children were Marcia, Sophia, (Mrs. Aaron Arms of Deerfield,) Seneca, Jonas, & Susan, who married a Mr. Wood or Woods. Aunt Holland was a lovely woman, & quite plump, & a really pretty blonde at the age of eighty. She came to her end by a fall on the ice, while still active at home and abroad. Uncle Ephraim, whom I never saw, came next. He died while my father was in college, leaving two children, Horatio, who died young, & Elvira, who married an Orthodox minister, whose name I cannot recall. Aunt Sophronia was his pair. She married a widower with sons, Mr. Ballard of Lancaster. I think that Rebecca was her daughter, but am not sure. Then came my father, & after him Aunt Bridgman, of Belchertown, who was also quite a handsome woman at eighty, with dark complexion & very black eyes; tall, also, as almost all the family were. Her children were Charles, Willard, & Catherine (Mrs. Mugs,) I am not

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sure that there was not another son.

I do not know where little Anna came in, who died of Scarlet Fever at the age of seven. My father said that he remembered her; but spoke as if his recollection of her were slight, though his memory dated back to an early age. Uncle Cephas & Uncle Solomon were the last two of the family. I am not quite sure which was the older. Uncle Cephas lived on the old place, & left it to his children at the age of ninety-three or four, I think. He was well-known & much respected in Worcester county. His children were Joseph, William, Elizabeth, & Cephas. Elizabeth, a striking handsome woman as well as one of very good mind & much capacity, married Rev. William Barry, then of Lowell, afterward of Framingham, and lastly a man of handsome property in Chicago. Uncle Solomon was an architect, & so absorbed in his profession, that he seldom or never for years visited his brothers & sisters, or even his mother. He was the architect of Bunker Hill monument for years, & was said to have given a thousand dollars toward it. He never married. I am told that he did much for the town of Quincy, where he lived, especially for the schools. I am not sure whether I ever saw him. If so, I was so young that my recollection of his is like a faint dream.

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A little incident, that befell Samuel on one of his stagecoach journeys when he was young, may be of interest. Among his fellow passengers were two young ladies, travelling with their mother, I think, with whom he became so pleasantly acquainted, that he proposed correspondence. Two or three letters were exchanged, & then the correspondence ceased, & nothing more was known by us of the young ladies till Mary

Lincoln went abroad in 1878, where she was put somewhat under the care of a Mrs. D.A. Palmer, who had taken the voyage, I think, more once before. While on their passage, Mrs. Palmer, finding that she had lived in Deerfield, inquired whether she knew a blind Mr. Willard. She proved to be his former correspondent. So after the lapse of nearly or quite forty years, I should think, she was heard of again.

I must record another remarkable & touching incident in Samuel's life. When he was about to enter college his g-mother gave him a small bible, on a fly-leaf of which she had copied some verses from *My Early Days*, by Walter Ferguson, which I will insert here.

“Remember, love, who gave thee this,  
When other days shall come;

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Where she, who had thy early kiss,  
Sleeps in her narrow home.  
Remember 'twas a mother gave  
The gift to one she'd die to save.

“That mother sought a pledge of love  
The holiest for her son;  
And from the gifts of God above  
She chose a lovely one.  
She chose for her beloved boy  
The source of life, & light & joy.

“And bade him keep the gift, that when  
The parting hour should come,  
They might have hope to meet again  
In an eternal home.  
She said his faith in that would be  
Sweet-incense to her memory.

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“A parents' blessing on her son  
Goes with this holy thing.  
The love, that would retain the one,  
Must to the other cling.  
Remember 'tis no idle toy;  
A mother's gift, remember, boy.”

For some time after he graduated, Samuel boarded in the family of a Mr. Carter in Boston, hoping to get pupils especially in German, as to his qualifications for teaching which he had high recommendation from Dr. Follen [?] & Hermann Barker, his instructors. He was also an excellent classical scholar, I think, he had the best of references. Not succeeding, however, in obtaining pupils, & had the weather becoming so severe, that he did not feel that he could afford to keep fire enough to warm his large

room, he came to our boarding-place in Concord, after reading proof for a few weeks, which probably hastened, if it did not cause, the failure of his sight, that began the same winter. Breaking up & moving his few effects somewhat hastily, I believe, it happened that his Bible was left behind. As well as I can recollect, the Carter family moved before long, & he lost all traces of them & of his book.

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This was in the winter of 1835. In the summer of 1857, during my mother's last illness, as it proved, at a time when she seemed to be improving, sister Susan went to Dublin, N.H., for the benefit of her health. There she met with a daughter of this same Mr. Carter, who finding that sister Susan was sister of the Mr. Willard whom she remembered, told her that she had in her possession a bible, belonging to him. As he had failed to claim it, her parents had given it to her when she was a child. She valued it very highly, but thought that if the rightful owner wished for it, she should certainly be returned to him. This he did indeed; & she gave it up to my sister Susan afterward sister Susan was called home by our mother's increased illness, & accordingly returned home about ten days before the end came. Her trunk, however, containing the bible, for some reason, is by some accident, did not arrive until the day before my mother's death. Samuel wished her to take the book into her own hands, & give it to him again, which she did. By his request it was used at her funeral.

With this incident, so remarkable & so touching to us, I will close these random sketches & anecdotes, written by the request of Mary Willard Lincoln, & for her special benefit. Many

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of them undoubtedly, are hardly, if at all worth recording; but the family relationships on my father's side, & still more on my mother's are probably now very little known, except to an extremely small number of their descendants; or it may even be to other person so thoroughly as to myself in the generations that I have undertaken to give. If so, as the knowledge of them in anything like fullness would pass away with me, this small memorial of them may be of value.

407 Marlborough St., Boston  
Finished Jan. 15, 1894  
Mary Willard, aged nearly eighty-two years.  
b. March 1, 1812 [d. July 1, 1895]