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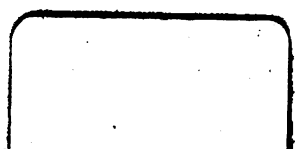
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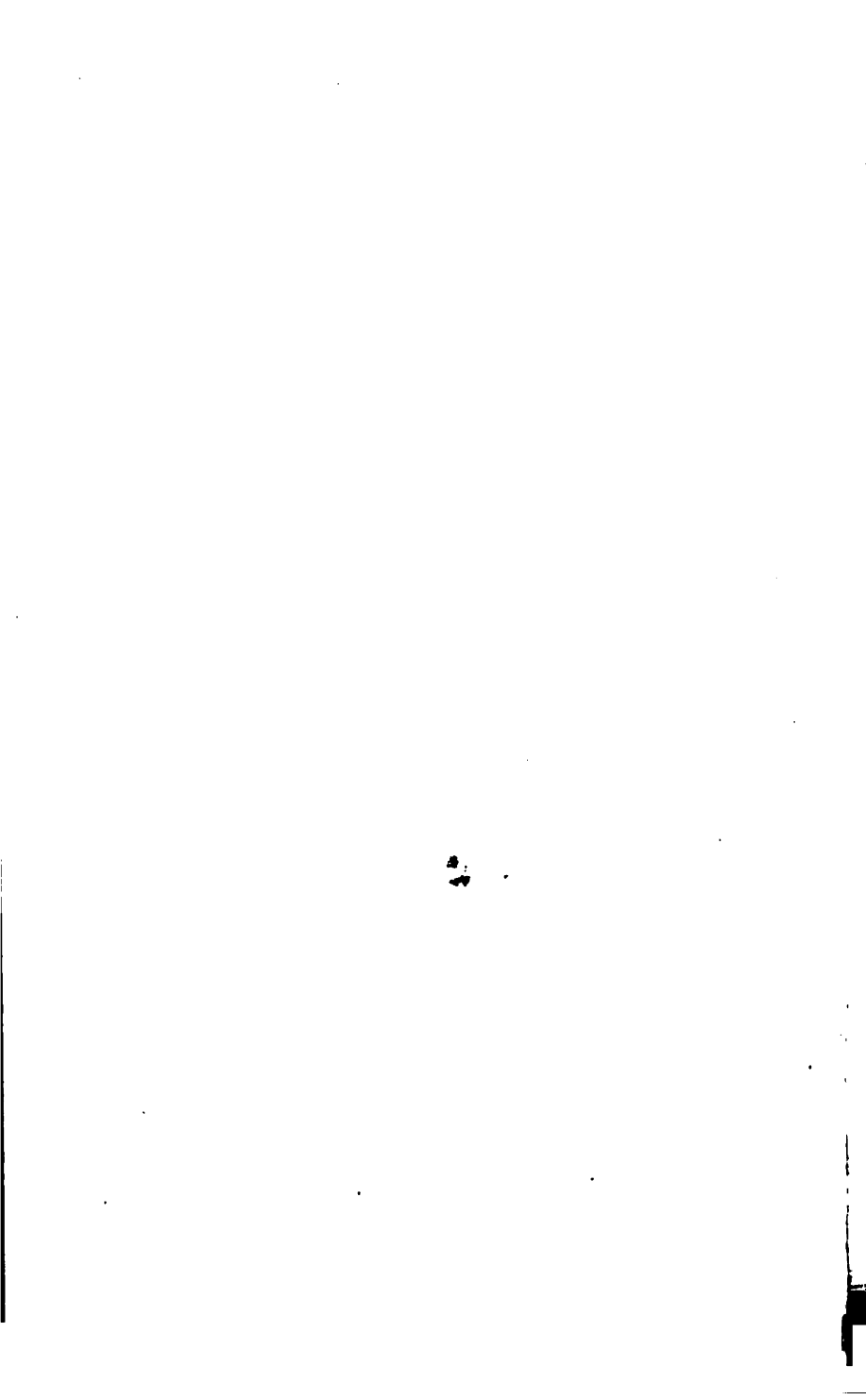
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Knapp

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HIC HABITAT FELICITAS



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Mrs. Shepherd Knapp

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HIC HABITAT FELICITAS

A VOLUME OF RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS

BY
MRS. SHEPHERD KNAPP
(EMMA BENEDICT)

COMPILED AND EDITED
BY HER CHILDREN

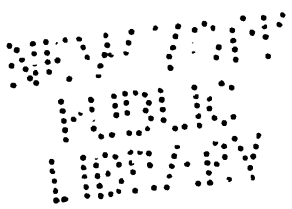
In one way I have Margaret Ogilvy's ambitions, which would not be guessed from my outwardly calm presence. I have longed to leave, not only a memory, but an influence, when I die, wider than the home-circle.

E. B. K.

February 7, 1897.

BOSTON
W. B. CLARKE CO.
1910

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Mrs. Shepherd Knapp

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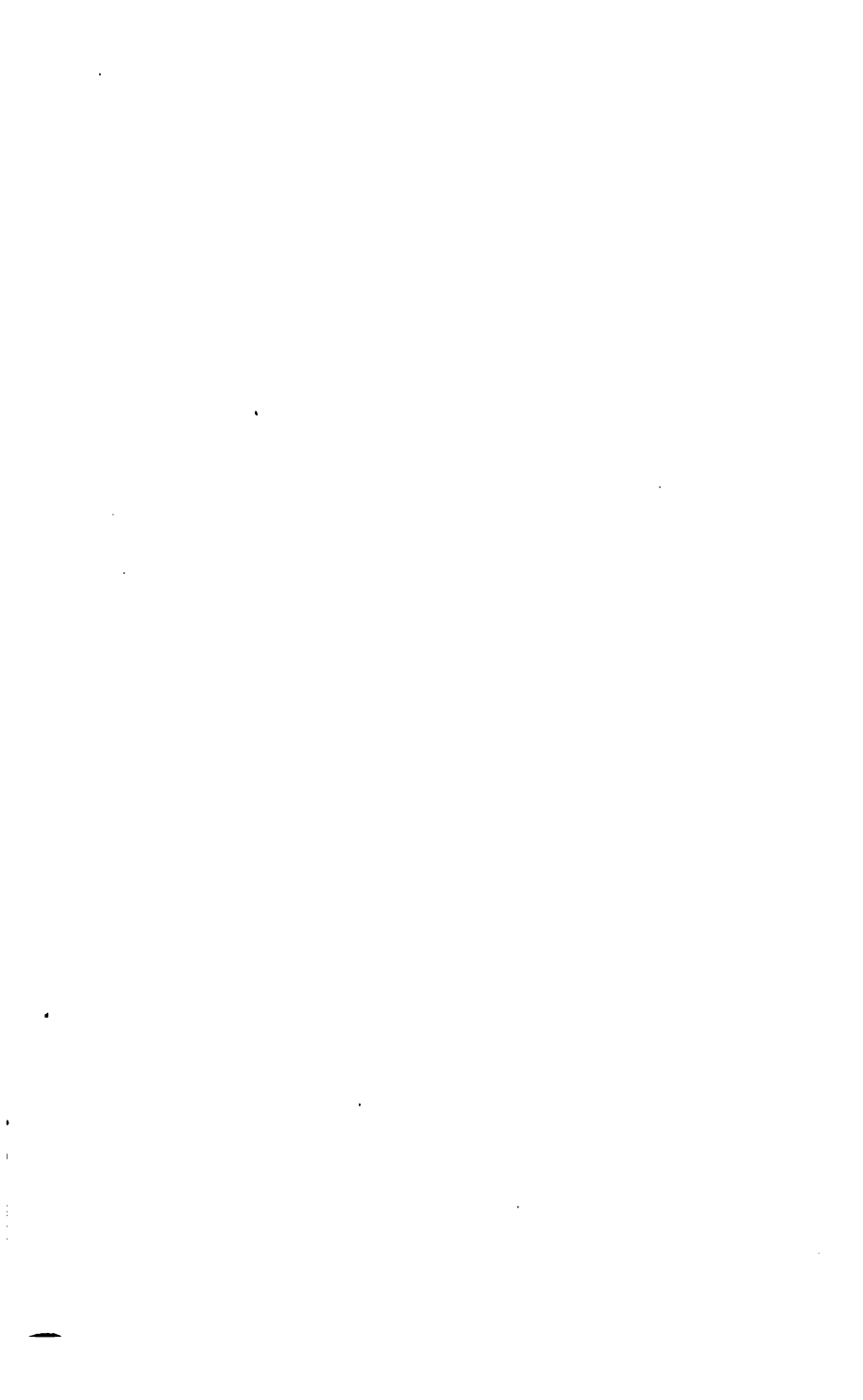
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Who can find a virtuous woman ?
For her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. . . .
She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.
She seeketh wool and flax,
And worketh willingly with her hands.
She is like the merchants' ships ;
She bringeth her food from afar.
She riseth also while it is yet night,
And giveth meat to her household,
And a portion to her maidens. . . .
She perceiveth that her merchandise is good :
Her candle goeth not out by night.
She layeth her hands to the spindle,
And her hands hold the distaff.
She stretcheth out her hands to the poor ;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. . . .
Strength and honor are her clothing ;
And she shall rejoice in time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom ;
And in her tongue is the law of kindness.
She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up, and call her blessed ;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying,
" Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all."
Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain :
But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.
Give her of the fruit of her hands ;
And let her own works praise her in the gates.

PROVERBS XXXI.



HIC HABITAT FELICITAS

CHAPTER I

A GOODLY HERITAGE

It would be worth while to live long, to suffer much, to struggle and to endure, if one might have such spiritual beauty blossom out of furrows and wrinkles, as has been made visible in aged human faces. Such countenances do not preach, — they are poetry, and music, and irresistible eloquence.¹ — LUCY LARCOM.

“ The Seventh Child ”

I WAS born on November 24, 1847, in New York City, on Nineteenth Street, one door east of Broadway, north side of the street.² Our house stood almost alone on the block, the garden extending along the street as well as at the back of the house. I remember nothing of this home, as we moved, when I was one year old, to No. 67 Madison Avenue.

For sixteen years I knew no other home but this one. When my father purchased this red brick house, it was the last house on Madison Avenue. A grove of trees was where the next

¹ The mottoes of the several chapters were among Mrs. Knapp's favorite quotations, and most of them were copied by her in her "Commonplace Book." See note on page 42.

² The narrative of the first four chapters is compiled from recollections written from time to time for her children.

block now is, and nothing obstructed the view from our windows, so that we could see as far as Hoboken. Ten years after we moved into this house, I could roll my hoople before breakfast to the end of Madison Avenue, which stopped at Forty-second Street. A great high board fence, as I remember it, marked the avenue's limits. Behind the fence and extending to Fifth Avenue were cattle-pens, and it was here that a cattle-disease spread, contaminating the milk-supply of the city. I can see in memory, vividly, the pictures in Frank Leslie's picture papers, representing the diseased cows.

My father was the best father in the world, so indulgent and so just, making religion an every-day thing, and showing us what it was to be a Christian.¹ He was our example, and each of us has tried to live as Father would have wished. Many of us have "witnessed a good confession" and entered into that life in which he so firmly believed.

It was in the Madison Avenue home that I became acquainted with all my brothers and sisters; and such a lot of us as there were! I remember, when our whole family was traveling together to or from the country, my father would say to the conductor who came through the car to collect the tickets, "I pay for every

¹ Jesse Wheeler Benedict, born December 25, 1810.

one on this side of the car." A brother, a sister, then twins (boy and girl), then two more sisters, made their appearance before me. As I was the seventh child, I should have been a lucky one, and I think I have been, if it is luck and not God that gives the best gifts in the world, — parents, husband, and children, and a happy childhood home. Then after me came five more girls and a boy. As I came thus between the two sets, I chose the last sister of the older batch for my chum. There were seven years between Kate and me, but we were very companionable. Two died of the six older than I, and two from the six younger. Nine of us lived to grow up, all marrying but one.

Memories of Grandmother

As you children have access to records which trace my family back in its different branches, I will now only concern myself with what I personally remember about my grandparents.

My father's mother, who lived with us, I loved from the very moment I remember her at all. Father used to tell me that his mother was very handsome in her youth, my sister, Fannie, the beauty in our family, looking like her. When I remember her, she was seventy years old. She was very fat and of about medium size, with a kindly, lovable old face. She always dressed in

black, with her gown cut V-shape at the neck, filled in with white net and kept together by a little round cut-jet pin. She wore a cap like a baby-cap, with strings, but never tied, and gold spectacles, and had her knitting ever in her hand, generally stockings. She used to pin to her side a funny little needle-holder which received the extra needles, when at rest.

Her husband, my Grandfather Benedict, was a widower with several children when he married her, a young woman. He died at the age of sixty-one, my father being five years old. My father loved to tell of his father's little acts of kindness to him, which he remembered. One was that on a July day he harnessed the horse to the sleigh, put on the sleigh-bells, and gave him a ride around the fields. He was a farmer in Black Rock, Connecticut. He died of heart-failure, as did my father also, and at the same age. Ten thousand dollars my grandfather left his widow. Mr. Gregory, a friend of her husband's, advised her to use her capital while she educated her boy, for if her son lived, he would return more than that amount. So she took his advice, gave my father the best education of his day, including Yale College and a trip to England; and to-day you may see the evidence of your grandfather's visit in "J. W. B.," scratched with a diamond on the window-pane of Shake-

spere's house in Stratford, below the initials of Sir Walter Scott. Scott had visited the house the day before,¹ and my father, boylike, for he was only eighteen, wanted to get as near the great man as possible. I have often heard him tell the story of his conceit.

Before my father began his college career, my grandmother, very comely and about forty years old, had an offer of marriage. She consulted this same Mr. Gregory, who had given her such good advice in the matter of her son's education, and he then and there proposed to her himself. So our grandmother became Mrs. Gregory. My father always spoke of his stepfather with respect and affection. Mr. Gregory was in the War of 1812, and Grandmother had a pension from Government and several acres of land in Wisconsin. I remember my father used to say that only a ditch was between this land and the city of Milwaukee. It was sold, when my father's estate was settled, but nothing great was realized.

Father used to give Grandmother part of her pension money in ten-cent pieces, and to this day I remember perfectly the box she kept them in, a pink candy-box. When you pulled the box apart, there was another box inside with a square opening, in which all those shiny

¹ April 7, 1828.

ten-cent pieces were displayed. We children had most of this money.

I slept in a room off my grandmother's, who at night, when I was in bed, would come and tuck the bedclothes tight down all around my shoulders. She was so loving and good, and adored my father, her only child. And he was such a loving son. The way the money disappeared in our large household used to disturb her very much, and she would say with alarm, "Jesse, I do not see how you keep the sheriff from the door."

Grandmother had a sister, Aunt Renaud, whose husband, I fancy, must have been of Huguenot extraction, for he was born in New Rochelle, New York. The Renauds lived in the Bowery, on the corner of Tenth or Twelfth Street. On Saturdays I used to go with Grandmother to spend the day with her sister. Several things have impressed me about those visits: the raised-letter Bible and bead baskets of Edgar, the blind son; the flagroot which Aunt kept in a glass jar, in her bedroom closet with the large mahogany door; Uncle's silent blessing; and the huge pickles on the table. And once I remember staring half the morning at a house on the corner above, where a mother had murdered her children. I can see plainly in memory to-day the feather-bed, which hung out

of the window, and which seemed to satisfy my curiosity.

Grandmother died in 1862, mourned by her son and grandchildren.

Holidays at Grandfather's

My mother's parents lived in Bridgeport on Golden Hill, in a delightful, old-fashioned house, with an air of plenty about everything. Grandfather Coleman was President of the Bank, and often would I see him burn up a package of dollar-bills in the grate in his room, there being a new issue out, and the old and torn money destroyed. To me it seemed a dreadfully wasteful thing to do.

Grandfather in his younger days was a leather-merchant in Charleston, South Carolina, where he made his fortune. He was a spare, fair-skinned, blue-eyed man, so very quiet that I never remember one word he ever said, except to call me "Emmie," and yet I was greatly attached to him, and he was quite an important man in Bridgeport. Grandmother, on the contrary, was overflowing with talk and bustle. Rosa and Susan were the two maids, and I can in memory hear my grandmother's voice, calling "Su-san."

Oh, such things as Rosa cooked! And the store-closet where the good things were kept!

—citron in a big piece, sugar in a loaf in blue paper, and brown sugar in a barrel, as good as candy, so nutty in taste. I have on the sly, I am ashamed to say, stolen into the store-room, when the door was open, and taken out handfuls of brown sugar. Unlike the child in "The Fairchild Family," I was never found out, nor did my conscience ever trouble me; and then, brown sugar, unlike jam, left no mark behind.

I spent many a summer with my grandparents, and had plenty of playfellows in Bridgeport. On Thanksgiving our entire family would spend that day in the old home. Such a feasting-time as it was, and what exciting preparations would go on for several days before the great event! The mystery of pumpkin and mince pies, the chopping of mince-meat, the seeding of raisins, in which I had a share, and the odors of baking cake were all so exciting, and created an unusual appetite. And then, Dr. Hewitt's long Thanksgiving sermon, the walk home, and — the dinner. Oh, that dinner! The table literally groaned with the weight of food. Everything was placed on the table, — ducks, chickens, turkeys, vegetables, jelly, pickles, — no courses, but such a variety to choose from, and all so good, that we nearly died from overthankfulness.



EMMA BENEDICT

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In Grandfather's Pew

Among my memories of the old Bridgeport church the most distinct is that of Captain Hawley, in a nankeen waistcoat, — captain of a steamboat, owner of a wonderful Poll-parrot, and performer on a huge bass-viol every Sunday in the north gallery. With what delight I watched his vigorous handling of the bow and the bodily exertion it took to send forth "How firm a foundation." That sight more than compensated for Dr. Hewitt's two-hours-long sermons.¹

Not one word of those sermons can I recall, though I can remember plainly the Doctor's dignified presence, stern face, and the fear of him that prompted me to run away and hide when he made pastoral calls on Grandmother. I still recall the mystified admiration and awe with which I regarded him, after hearing his daughter, Miss Sarah, mention with evident pride the fact of his having married a Hillhouse. In those days I supposed that the reference was to some mansion of brick or timber, and it was not until I was grown up, and had visited New Haven, that I knew what marrying a Hillhouse really meant. (This reminds

¹ This paragraph and the three that follow were written for an anniversary celebration of the Bridgeport Church.

me, by the way, that I also supposed Mr. Hanford Lyon to be related to the stone lions that stood in the neighborhood of his house.)

Then, in gratitude, I must mention Mrs. Lucy Lewis, who from the pew behind Grandfather's used to offer me fennel and flagroot. The novelty of the act, and the being able actually to chew in church without Grandmother's displeasure, made the not-over-pleasant-tasting fennel acceptable then and a delightful memory ever since.

And now I see the service at last over. The people exchange salutations with one another. My active grandmother has gotten almost home before Grandfather and I reach the church door. Then out into the sunshine, with perhaps a glimpse of Dr. Nash, a doctor of the old school, dearly beloved. Mr. Nichols joins Grandfather and talks with him over that long sermon, and the little girl upon whom he smiled has remembered his kindly face for forty-five years. So together Grandfather and I go up the street that leads to Golden Hill.

Grandfather lost his money by unwise investment, and my grandparents spent their last days with us, my father being a real son to them, beloved greatly by them, too. When my grandfather died, I remember seeing for the first and last time a strange New England custom. In

the room where he lay dead, the clock was stopped and the mirror covered with a sheet. It was so weird, and made death so fearful! Grandmother outlived Grandfather fourteen years, and died at eighty, active and bright, delightful company to the end. I feel with K. that my children have not had what they should have had, for the experience of the companionship of grandparents is a most delightful memory.

CHAPTER II

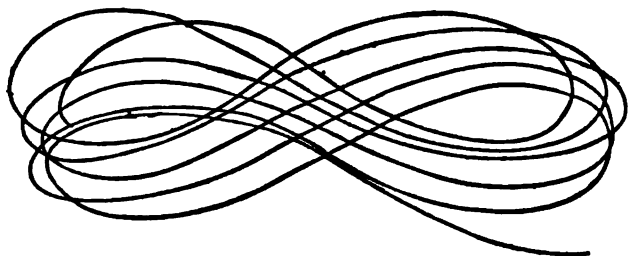
THE STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL

Fortune, good or ill, as I take it, does not change men and women. It but develops their characters. As there are a thousand thoughts lying within a man that he does not know till he takes up the pen to write, so the heart is a secret even to him (or her) who has it in his own breast. — WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

School Days

My first school was Madame Chegary's, — I spell it as the name was pronounced. Madame was a Roman Catholic, and yet my blue Presbyterian father sent us all to her school. He had great respect for her and great confidence in her methods of education and discipline. Madame, or "Tante," as she was called, had the Bible read every morning. She lived to be very old, — ninety-five, — and had educated almost all the women of New York in her day. My older sisters finished at her school, which, when I went to it, was on the southwest corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Madison Avenue, — two houses. My younger sister Anna (the little one in the gold locket) and myself went hand in hand to Tante Chegary, when I was

seven and she six years old. In our copy-books we copied a thing like this



to get a free hand. I see it to-day, and it looks like the ocean currents. I have Anna's little pink-covered book, out of which she had begun to learn the alphabet, when she was taken ill with brain-fever and died. There being but the year's difference in our ages, we dressed exactly alike: — drab gaiters; boots with patent-leather tops, high, to our ankles; low-necked, short-sleeved dresses; white merino capes trimmed with white watered ribbon; leghorn hats, trimmed with the same ribbon; — this our summer costume. In winter we had heavy wadded dark-blue cashmere coats with capes, beaver hats, — with ribbon rosettes on our ears and ribbons tied under our chins, — and buttoned leggings. I remember that before Anna died our nurse took us to Brooklyn to see some friends. We went over Wall Street Ferry, and walked up

the hill a little way to a big garden, where were a swing and an arbor,—all country; and I see the long-ago garden, whenever I go up on Columbia Heights; for my swing and arbor must have been where the A. A. Low house is.

After a year at Madame's I was sent to Spingler Institute, kept by Gorham Abbott, D. D. Nellie Lane took me, I remember. She was seven years older than I was, and her parents were very intimate with mine. I see my lunch-basket and my hood and cloak in the hall among the wraps of lots of girls. Nellie tells me not to be afraid, and we walk along to a closed door, which she opens, and hundreds of eyes are upon little (I was very small) Emma Benedict. I remember nothing more of that first day except the bell that rang for recess and study-hour. A long cord was attached to a piece of tin, which, when pulled down, showed the hour in gilt on its back, while a bell tinkled at the top, which warned every one when recess was over. Only the very good scholar was allowed to ring the bell.

The school occupied two large double houses, and our playground was fine,—from the church, which stood where Tiffany's stands [1904], to within a few feet of Fourteenth Street. The chapel was such an interesting place, built like a Roman amphitheatre,—white wooden seats,

SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT.

Albion's Collegiate Institution
for

Young Ladies.

Class of *Anna Benedict*

TERM 1858.

~~Primary~~ Department.

Spruiter's Institute, Union Park,
New York.

	Arithmetic	Algebra	Geometry	Trigonometry	Euclid	History	Composition	Latin	French	Bible Lessons
Defunct										
Original										
Monday.										
Tuesday.			10	10		10				10
Wednesday.		2	9							2
Thursday.			10	10		10				10
Friday.			10	10	9					10
Monday.		2		2						2
Tuesday.		2		2		2				2
Wednesday.			10	10						10
Thursday.			10	10		4				1
Friday.		1	10	10						8

Note.—The number 10 signifies a satisfactory recitation.

A SCHOOL REPORT

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mahogany tops; and four pictures over the side galleries, of "The Voyage of Life." They depicted the life of Man, from youth to old age, led by a heavenly being with a bright nimbus about his head. Once, while house-hunting in Litchfield, I came upon copies of these pictures in Mrs. W.'s house, and they took me vividly back to Spingler and chapel exercises. I do not know whom the paintings Dr. Abbott owned were by, nor whether good or not, but they were ever objects of delightful contemplation to me.

Next to the school, and where Tiffany's shop now stands, stood Dr. Cheever's church. He was a strong Abolitionist, and many services were held there during the Civil War. I remember once a little girl and myself succeeded in putting a long clothes-pole through the open window of the church, which could be reached from our playground.

I read the Rollo books and the Franconia stories while at Spingler. A little wooden bookshelf in our schoolroom contained the books written by Dr. Abbott's brother, Jacob.

New York in the Fifties

I generally walked to school and back. If I rode, it was by stage. They were white stages, filled with straw for your feet, and with cornu-

copias, containing flowers, painted on the sides. After a heavy fall of snow there would be stage-sleighs, and there was enough snow then to give us fine sleigh-rides down to school and back. The traffic was nothing compared to that of to-day. I remember that we knew generally to whom the private carriages belonged, usually from the coachman, who stopped long enough on the box in those days to impress his features on the rising generation. As an instance, Great-grandfather Knapp's darky coachman, Walter, lived sixty-five years in the family. Of course there were some drawbacks to such a long service, the family having to submit to a certain amount of management; yet the faithfulness and the affection on both sides compensated for the giving up of one's way occasionally. I remember hearing how Walter ruled his part of the establishment, and how old Mr. Knapp, when asked by his sons, on a day of hard rain, whether he was going to drive to the city that morning, would answer, with a twinkle in his eye, "I don't know: it depends on whether Walter is willing to take the horses out or not." Mr. Knapp's carriage was about the last one in the city that retained the hammer-cloth on the box.

I used to walk to school through Madison Square, and every tree was full of worms,

hanging on a fine thread which they spun,—miserable little green measuring-worms. The English sparrow has rid us of this pest.

The New Haven and Hartford Railroad had its depot where Madison Square Garden now stands. I used to go to Thirty-fourth Street and stand over the tunnel to watch the steam-cars come out, where now the trolley-cars run.

I remember the laying of the Atlantic telegraph. We had bits of the cable as mementoes of the occasion. I also remember seeing telegraph communications indicated by dots.

Chimney-sweeps went about, with little boys, calling "Sweep-o!" The little boys did not climb in my day, as I am sure the narrow chimney was coming in.

The firemen, when I was young, wore very large hats and red shirts, and they ran, holding by ropes, on both sides of the hook and ladder. Gentlemen had to do fire-duty as you now do jury-duty. I remember seeing, hanging on the Lanes' attic wall, a whole fireman's rig, which their father wore as a volunteer fireman in his young days.

Childhood Pleasures

The Lanes were our best friends, and I had much pleasure at their house. They had a very large baby-house, painted to represent red brick,

and furnished beautifully, which was a perfect joy to us children.

When young, I never remember having ice-cream as a dessert, but we ate it in the evening at about ten o'clock, as a sort of supper. Oranges were considered a treat, and I was allowed, when at a party at a little friend's house, to bring one home, with the mottoes. Never, as I remember, did we have oranges the whole year round.

In the spring strawberries used to be sold in deep narrow baskets. A large cart with canvas cover held these baskets, some hanging inside the cover.

All my friends gave parties, to which I went, but much to my disappointment I never had one; why, I never asked, or else I do not remember the reason. I fancy that it was the continual coming of new brothers and sisters that prevented my mother from thinking about parties. At the little parties I went to, we played games with forfeits. "Bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, kiss the one you love the best," was our favorite forfeit. "Pillows and Keys" was a favorite game. This was when we were ten and twelve. "Turning the Platter," and "Oats, Pease, Beans, and Barley Grows" were the other games. We read our motto-papers earnestly, and exchanged them with the boys,

and kept for many a day those that we received.

The party I remember the best was given by Susie Adams, our clergyman's daughter, for all the children of the church. The parsonage adjoined the church, a very large basement house. I remember my dress, a pink tarleton over pink silk, low neck and short puffed sleeves, with long streamers of white ribbon and black velvet hanging from the shoulders. I had such a fine time. Campbell Mortimer, who was to me the "Durwood Bellmont" of my life then, cut out the other boys, and I had what the children call "the time of my life." "Durwood," if I have correctly remembered a name I have not seen in forty years, was the hero in "Lena Rivers," one of Mary J. Holmes's novels, which at that time were *the* novels to me, and her men and women just the ones to dream over.

Our greatest pleasure was to go to Barnum's with Father Saturday afternoon, to see the "happy family," a large cage containing animals antagonistic to one another, — cats, mice, parrots, canary birds, — all as peaceable as possible. Barnum's was far down-town, and under every window was a big picture of what could be seen inside, very enticing, you may believe. My father would also take us to the play there, and once — it was the first play I remember — I

saw "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." In the scene where the poor discharged prisoner is being tempted to drink, I became so excited, and it all seemed so real, that I rose in the seat (I was twelve years old), and shouted out, "Oh, don't do it!" When my father pulled me down, and I realized what I had done, I had indeed fallen in my own estimation.

As you entered the museum, there were round holes in the wall on both sides of the hallway,—panoramas. "London Bridge" is the only one I remember.

Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren were exhibited there. Tom Thumb's gilt and red carriage, drawn by two ponies, with two coachmen, and two footmen hanging on behind, in powder and scarlet coats, was a never-ending delight to see on Fifth Avenue,—little ugly Tom inside with his high hat. Lavinia Warren, whom he married, was a little dear. All her trousseau was on exhibition at Lord & Taylor's,—the gowns would have fitted a big French doll.

The Negro Minstrel was another amusement we were allowed. Billy Birch and Backus were the end-men, and they were great fun. They always managed to hit the public men or local politics in their questions and answers. They were both of them naturally bright and witty.



SHEPHERD KNAPP IN BOYHOOD

I heard my elders speak of Jenny Lind, but I never was taken to hear her.

The Crystal Palace, a great glass house like one of the conservatories at the Botanical Gardens in the Bronx, was full of all sorts of interesting things on exhibition. The Palace stood in the middle of the square now occupied by Bryant Park. I saw it burn also. I stood on Forty-second Street, and, as I remember, there were no houses north of us. It was a fine sight to see the flames through the glass.

The Hippodrome, an open building built in imitation of a Roman one, where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands, was another place of amusement. There were held chariot-races, for one thing. I remember seeing a white horse, feigning dead, carried around on something flat.

My sister Mary was the first daughter to leave home, and accordingly her romance made a deep impression on the minds of her little sisters. Among my first recollections of her was her wedding-day and seeing her husband, Mr. Peter Carter, and herself receive the congratulations of their friends. When the new home was set up and the furnishing began, it was all most interesting. The book-case in the parlor contained "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and this made Mary's house very at-

tractive to me. I spent all my Saturday afternoons there, reading.

Scotch Marie

When I was about ten years old, Marie came to us, as nurse to my brother. Marie and her family—father, mother, and two daughters—came from Scotland, *en route* for Canada, where the father was going to buy a farm. They were a most respectable family, and had letters from their clergyman to my brother-in-law, Mr. Carter. My mother, in need of a nurse, offered the two daughters situations in our family. The sister stayed with us a year, Marie for a great many years. The two sisters brought with them many things interesting to us children; for example, two wooden chests instead of trunks,—“boxes,” as they called them. They had short linsey-woolsey dresses, and red balmoral petticoats with a gay stripe running around the lower part; also balmoral boots. The petticoats and the boots were just coming into fashion. Then they had great sticks of licorice. And the chests smelt of salt, like the sea.

Marie had also her “Burns”; and how she would weep, as she read in broad Scotch his “Lament for Highland Mary.” I loved Scotland through her. She would cross the poker and tongs on the floor, and whistling a Scotch

air all the time, she would jump over the fire-irons, and dance what she called the "Highland fling"; and her "I canna be fashed" I can hear yet.

Marie had a lover in the English army, a bushy-bearded, black-haired man (from his photograph). After an engagement of fourteen years Marie went to Scotland and married him, but hers was a hard life. She had several children, and Mr. Knox, her husband, died. Through kind friends in Hamilton, Canada, where her family lived, she kept the toll-gate. We never lost sight of her, and boxes and letters went to her frequently. Many years after Marie died, I had the pleasure of helping her daughter become a trained nurse in New York City.

At about this time I saw the great meteor. I must have been about thirteen years old, and was with my grandmother at Bridgeport in the summer or fall. This great round thing looked to me as big as the moon, as it tore across the heavens. I was terribly frightened.

CHAPTER III

WAR AND PEACE

I would not exchange my country for the wealth of the Indies, or be any other than an American, though I might be queen or empress of any nation upon the globe. My soul is unambitious of pomp or power. Beneath my humble roof, blessed with the society and tenderest affection of my dear partner, I have enjoyed as much felicity and as exquisite happiness as falls to the share of mortals.
— ABIGAIL ADAMS.

“Our Fathers’ Politics”

SOON after Marie came, the Civil War also came. The first recollection I have of it is my father rushing into the dining-room in our house on Madison Avenue, and saying, “By George! Lincoln has called for seventy-five thousand men!” I was more startled at the “by George!” than at the call to arms. My father never swore, and for him to use strong language meant that something awful had happened. Then I began to see recruiting-places along the avenues, and soldiers would be constantly passing through the streets. I remember, when the Seventh Regiment went off to Washington, that my older sisters had friends among the soldiers.

We attended the Madison Square Presby-

terian Church, of which Dr. Adams was pastor. My father was an elder, conducted the Ladies' Bible Class, and had something to do with regard to the Church Erection Fund. Dr. Adams was a very popular preacher in his day. My father, who was a strong Abolitionist, thought him "on the fence" in the Civil War. General McClellan joined our church by profession of faith, I think during the Civil War years. His seat was third from the front, middle aisle, ours a side pew by the pulpit. I used to take him in, bull-neck and all; and as my father, being a Republican, did not approve of him, I also felt hostile to him, and fought my friends, the Lanes, who were Democrats, over the subject. Father was a Grant man, and all my friends were for McClellan. It seemed to me at that time that we never did popular things: thus, we had a "Grover and Baker" sewing-machine, while the majority used "Wheeler and Wilson," which was a cause of mortification to me. While the Grover and Baker machine never became popular, Grant did; and I lived to crow, strut, and look down on those who thought McClellan the only general in America. What times those were for party spirit! and how we children held, and fought for, our fathers' politics!

The Passing Regiment

One evening, as we were eating our supper, we heard the sound of gun-carriages and soldiers in the street. Out we ran. It was a regiment from Connecticut on its way to Washington. The railroad station, as I have said, was just a block below us, and the men were gathering and forming to march to the ferry. The regiment was commanded by a captain whom my parents knew. We were all set to work, like Werther's Charlotte, "cutting bread and butter." It was Saturday, and we always had roast beef cooked that day, to be eaten cold on Sunday. We gave our dinner to these soldiers, my father and the maids carrying plates of sandwiches to them. While they were eating, the command came to march, and I can hear my father calling out to the men on the gun-wagon, to whom the last plates had just been given, "Never mind the plates, boys; throw them away, when you finish."

Patriotism

We worked hard for the great "Sanitary Fair," to aid the sick soldiers, and had two dolls on exhibition, Napoleon and Eugénie. What a fair that was!—in a great wooden building, extending from Fourteenth Street

to Seventeenth, between Union Square and Tiffany's.

When we were at Lake Mahopac, where we spent our summers, the draft came, and with it the riot. My father was in our Madison Avenue home, and expected every moment to be attacked. There was a colored family living in our rear. Father told them to put their belongings in his yard. He had a red shirt ready to don, and intended to mix with the crowd and escape, should his home be attacked.

Everything at that time was military: flags on note-paper, brass army-buttons on blue cloth coats;— I had a round blue cloak with brass buttons and straps. We carried paper money in funny little books, and for a short time stamps would purchase candy. In recess at school we scraped lint, and we knit stockings. My good sister Kate visited the soldiers, when they were sent North sick. She was very patriotic; she taught me to love my country. The Casino in the upper part of Central Park was turned into a hospital for the wounded. She carried them fruit and lemonade almost daily, and such nice letters as she had from them, grateful for her gifts and bright presence.

At night and many times a day we would hear the cry, "Extra! A Battle." Then every one would run to the front door to get a paper;

and though we had no near relative to lose, we had friends in the army, and every soldier was a brother. I saw the crews of the Cumberland and Congress at the Academy of Music, Irving Place and Fourteenth Street. Such an exciting event! Professor Hitchcock, short of stature, — like Paul, I thought, — with flashing eye and enthusiasm, told the story of “the Yankee Cheese-box” going down to fight and vanquish the Merrimack. Such shouts and waving of handkerchiefs! And then that large audience rising and singing “Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.” I sat down and cried. It was patriotism to the verge of pain with me.

My friends the Lanes, at whose house I almost lived, had no mother, and high old times used to go on in their house. A Lieutenant S. had a furlough and came on to New York. The S.'s were from Vermont, and the sister was a boarder at Spingler, but often stayed a night or so with my friends. I remember seeing the Lieutenant with his sister at the Lanes', Nellie darning the Lieutenant's stockings, and he reading letters he had taken from the Arlington-house attic, where his regiment had been quartered, — letters from Mrs. Lee to her husband and from Mrs. Washington to her granddaughter. I also remember what it was reported

Lincoln said of the same lieutenant when he became a brigadier-general, and was captured with a large number of horses: that he was sorry for the loss of the horses, but as good a brigadier-general could be made any day.

During the Civil War there was an income tax, and people must have wanted to be taxed for the full amount, for all incomes were published in full. When the government officials came to our house, Father got out every scrap of silver. He wanted to help the Government to the last penny.

The End of the War

As the War drew near the end, troops were constantly returning, and such weather-beaten, bronzed men, with torn and dirty flags, would march up Broadway. My sister Kate and I, bubbling over with pride and love of country, would weep and wave to them as they passed, longing to be boys to cheer and shout.

When Lincoln's body passed through the city on its way to Springfield, I had a fine view of the procession from a house on the south side of Fourteenth Street, between University Place and Broadway. The catafalque, draped in black, drawn by eight white horses, each horse led by a black man, was most impres-

sive; the tears of the people, the music so solemn, and the vast quiet crowd. We all felt as if Lincoln were our very own, and we truly mourned for him. We hung our house at Audubon with black cloth, and all along the route, where that funeral car passed, were emblems of mourning, the rich and the poor wishing to do him honor. Your father stood in line for hours to see Lincoln's face, as he lay in state at the City Hall.

When Jefferson Davis was captured, we held a service in our church, at which several addresses were made by laymen as well as clergymen. My father took for his text Jeremiah 13: 22: "And if thou say in thy heart, Wherefore come these things upon me? for the greatness of thine iniquity are thy skirts discovered and thy heels made bare." Jeff Davis was captured in woman's apparel, hoop-skirt and all.

"Audubon" and "Melbourne"

It was about the middle of the Civil War when my father sold our home on Madison Avenue, and bought, of the widow of John Audubon, the ornithologist, the old Audubon house,¹ which we owned until my father and mother died. Among our goods and chattels went Dr. Foster,

¹ At One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and the Hudson River.

the cat. He came to us in "a shower of rain"; whence his name. My father thought the world of him. Every morning the Doctor would march in to family-prayers at the sound of the first bell, and sit by my father's side, as quiet and sedate as possible.

It was at Audubon, on the skating-pond, that I met your father.¹ He had come on a visit to his grandfather, Shepherd Knapp, whose beautiful home, "Melbourne," was a little above us on the river. I was mostly taken by your father's height and his long boots; they were "great," so we girls thought. He was, I am ashamed to say, attracted toward my friend Delia ——, and it was she who had the sleigh-rides in his grandfather's sleigh and the beautiful baskets of hot-house flowers. The baskets were round low ones, filled with moist sand, and each flower was put on a stick with wire, and arranged around and around, with tuberoses standing up above the rest, — all ugly from the modern point of view, but considered "the thing" then, like the long-stemmed roses to-day. After a while your father turned to me, and Delia had no more pink-and-white japonicas.

Then we children — for I was seventeen, your father eighteen — became engaged. Your father had just left school for a broker's office

¹ Born January 23, 1847.

in Wall Street.¹ For seven years he was "true to Poll," and in 1870² we were married at the Brick Church by your great-grandfather, Gardiner Spring, who was eighty-five years old and had to have a chair to sit on, while he waited for the bridal party. He forgot part of the service, the part that pronounces you man and wife, so that when we returned from our wedding-tour and called on him, he made us stand up in front of him, and then and there finished the service.

¹ The following letter from him to his mother is dated New York, August 4, 1866:—

DEAR MOTHER,—"Richard is himself again." Thursday evening, as soon as I finished my tea, I went down to make a call on Mr. and Mrs. B., but found they were away, and that no one was at home but Mrs. Coleman (the grandmother). So I thought I'd see what she had to say, and went in; and, I tell you what, she did have a great deal to say, and it was that Emma would be home on Friday (yesterday, I mean); and sure enough, when I came home in the afternoon, there she was, as large as life, waiting for me. She looks much better for her little trip, and if you had wanted to find a happy couple last night, Audubon Park would have been the best place.

Tell Aunt Anna my heart is n't in the Highlands any more, and so my list of songs is diminished one, since last week. We are all well at the house. Give my love to all and believe me,

Your dutiful son,

SHEP.

² October 11. Nearly thirty years afterward, referring to another family event, he wrote, "I never felt quite so proud in my life before, except once. That was when I turned around to walk down the aisle with your mother on my arm, after the wedding ceremony was over."

"For Love was Over All"

We boarded in Forty-seventh Street for the winter, full of happiness, going to your Grandmother Knapp's every Monday to dinner, and to your Aunt Kate de Forest's, — just a simple, happy life. When summer came, Mrs. Knapp loaned to us her house in Sixtieth Street, and there little Jessie was born.¹ I remember being so fearful, before she came, that we should never have enough money to remain independent (for hard times in Wall Street came soon after we married), and I can see myself kneeling and praying, that, as we had taken God for our Father, he would not desert us; and here I am to-day, having had five children and all the comforts and luxuries that life can give, with happiness to the full.

We had our dark days, and were far from rich, but we never missed what we went without, for love was over all. I was my own nurse for S. for two winters or more, and therefore confined more or less to the home, but it was so much pleasure to care for him that I never missed anything, and then we always had our two big family-connections for our society.

So our young married life went along, sorrow

¹ On August 31, 1871.

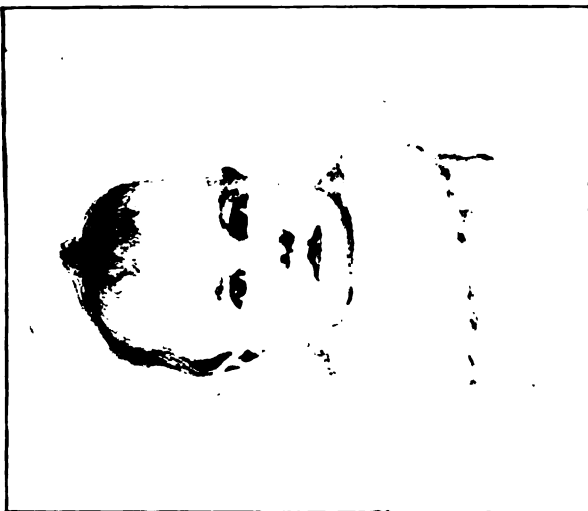
coming to us in many ways,¹ teaching both of us the lessons of life, which together we learned, and found the burdens lightened because they were shared. And then we had so much happiness in our little children. Three were spared to us, to grow up to manhood and womanhood, training us, as we tried to influence them for good, and binding us together so very closely. Your father was such a wise father, so unselfish, so just, always taking his share of the care in the sick-room, so tender and patient with his little ones, ever looking on the bright side, nothing gloomy or morbid in his composition; while I was strongly inclined to be morbid, taking life hard.²

¹ Her father died on April 14, 1872, and his little granddaughter and namesake, Jessie Benedict Knapp, on July 12, of the same year.

² Here these recollections of her early life abruptly end. They exist in the first rough form only, and were never completed.



JESSIE



KENNETH

Children of Mrs. Knapp

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CHAPTER IV

RUTH AND NAOMI

Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. — RUTH I: 16.¹

Roots in New Soil

YOUR Grandmother Knapp² was not fifty years old when I married your father, her oldest son. She was tall and straight, very reserved, with a quiet dignity of manner, and her voice was low and soft. I was greatly in awe of her at first, for she could look at you keenly with her dark brown eyes, which seemed to look you through and through. Her hair then was very black; it grew gray as the years went on. But her lovely eyes never changed, except that they grew more soft, and had a greater depth in them; and over her face, as she grew older, there came an expression of peace, the peace of God which had come to her through great tribulation.

Grandmother was what is called a strong character. Not "strong-minded," for she was

¹ This verse was chosen by her to preface the little Memoir of her mother-in-law, which she wrote for her children, and from which the material for this chapter is taken.

² Augusta Murray Spring, wife of Gideon Lee Knapp.

very dependent in some things, most womanly and humble. It was in her moral character that she was strong. She could see right and wrong clearly; she was like a man in her fine sense of honor; and she knew how to be just, which in my experience is a rare quality in women.

Grandmother was everything to the family, our rock and stay in times of trouble and sickness; and it seems to me now, looking back, that there was always a child sick, and Grandmother going from one house to another, making the mother go out for a breath of fresh air, while she took her place,—playing games or reading with the child, if it was better. She understood children perfectly.

We took all her ministrations as a matter of course,—children, big and little, are selfish, I rather think,—but now I see how unselfish *she* was in always helping and comforting some member of the family. And in sorrow she was such a tower of strength: her faith was so firm, that just to be in the room with her was a help.

Aunt Anna Spring was Grandmother's favorite sister. After their father's death¹ his house, Number 6 East Thirty-seventh Street, came into their possession, and they were to make their home together in it. Every one was happy at the prospect, and dear Grandmother

¹ August 18, 1873.

planned many beautiful things they would do together. Mr. Knapp loved Aunt Anna almost as much as Grandmother did, and as the children could get out of her anything they wanted, they adored her.

But while the new home was being fixed, she went to Grandmother's house, and there was taken suddenly sick, and within a week died.¹ Grandmother tells about it in her journal, but she does not tell how she never undressed for days, but took the entire charge of her sister. The big boys wrung out hot flannels for her chest all one day in the next room, and all that devoted love could do was done by every member of that affectionate family.

In the fall Grandmother moved to the new home on Thirty-seventh Street. You all know the dear house, from the windows of which we could see the old Brick Church and hear the clock strike the hour, and which is associated with so many we have loved.

Grandmother speaks in her journal of feeling sad in church, because of its bringing back so many memories. (I find I feel the same at times, and often have to make an effort to get back to the present. History repeats itself, but I think we are surprised that it does so in our case. We rather expected that we were to be exceptions

¹ April, 1874.

to the rule.) But although Grandmother had so many sad thoughts, seldom did a murmur pass her lips. She would talk constantly of all those she had lost, but with cheerfulness, and of pleasant scenes connected with the past; and I heard so much about those she loved, that I grew to love them and to think that I, too, had known them.

Years of Shadow

And now came more trouble to us all,— indeed, trouble after trouble. And yet what a happy family we were! I think it must have been the presence of so many young people in the house that kept us from being weighed down. The trouble this time was Mr. Knapp's ill health.

He was only fifty-four and young in looks and feeling. Grandmother and he had grown up together; theirs was a lifelong friendship. He was perfectly devoted to her and very dependent upon her. He never opened the front door, upon entering the house, but we could hear his voice, as he ascended the stairs, calling, "Duck, are you there?" "Duck" was Grandmother's pet name, given her in babyhood by her brother Gardiner, and it had clung to her through life, even nieces and nephews calling her "Aunt Duck."



**MRS. GIDEON LEE KNAPP AND HER CHILDREN,
KATE LOUISE AND SHEPHERD**

From a daguerreotype

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TILDEN

Grandfather consulted Grandmother in everything, when he wanted sound judgment and common sense. She, in like manner, depended upon him in the training of the children, and he had great authority over them and exacted obedience. He was a keen sportsman, taught his sons to handle a gun, and loved fast horses. He was very patriotic, and trained his sons to be good citizens. At the time of the Civil War Grandmother, with his help, made an immense flag, and on every occasion it was unfurled, and showed clearly which way the wind blew in that family. Though Grandfather was not given to religious fasting, — nor, in fact, to fasting of any kind, — yet when Lincoln appointed a day for fasting and prayer, he literally went without food from morning until evening, and obliged his family to do the same. Love of country and love of the family were your grandparents' inheritance, and influenced their whole lives to a great degree.

And now into our happy life came this shadow, and we saw Grandfather growing weaker and doing less day by day. He was not ill very long;¹ and he was, as Grandmother says in her journal, "very patient." Grandmother's powers of endurance were marvelous, and she could, if it were necessary, go without sleep for nights,

¹ He died July 15, 1875.

taking cat-naps on a sofa by the bedside. In those days there were no trained nurses to call in, and I doubt if Grandmother would have allowed them to take *all* the responsibility off her shoulders, while I am sure she would have accepted of their help. She would do everything to enable her to nurse a dear one,—eat, take a short walk in the fresh air, keep cheerful with hope in her heart, but taking no real rest, until they were out of danger. And if all her loving care could not save them, she would go with them down to the dark river, doing such loving things to ease the dying one. Then, when all was over, and she could not help any more, she would go to bed, worn out in body and mind. Her children have remembered all this service.

After Grandfather's death Grandmother would always, on the anniversary of his birthday, place a bunch of pansies in a vase before his picture on the stand by her bed. Pansies were his favorite flower. The little grandchildren would sometimes give her the pansies "for Grandfather's picture," and she would take a child by the hand around her room, naming the faces which looked out from the pretty frames on her bureau, until the child knew whom they were meant for. I must mention one more thing about the pansies. Long after Grandfather was dead, your Uncle Gid had his stable at

Jerome Park, and the colors he chose for his jockey were purple and gold, the colors of the pansy. It was beautiful to me, whether I liked or not jockeys and racing, that the dear boy remembered his father's and mother's favorite flower.

The Thirty-seventh Street Home

Just after Grandfather's death your Aunt Kate de Forest, your father's older sister, came home with her five children, and was a great comfort to Grandmother, who loved her with a great love. Aunt Kate was a rare woman, like Grandmother in character, nobly unselfish and good. She was the life of the house, always cheerful and bright, and ever thinking of other people.

In our happy life together, — for now for five years,¹ I, too, lived under Grandmother's roof, — soon after breakfast we would meet in her room and take turns reading aloud. She loved history and biography, and many were the grand discussions carried on over Gibbon's "Rome," "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and Kingsley's charming books.

I remember a most amusing scene one evening in our sitting-room. Grandmother believed implicitly that Constantine saw the cross in the

¹ 1876 to 1881.

sky. Kate and I argued against its probability. We were having a glorious time, all talking, laughing, and waxing hot over the argument, Grandmother going to the Bible and the Church Fathers for authority on visions. I fancy we made a good deal of noise, for the boys (your father and his brothers) rushed up from the billiard-room, their cues in their hands, to see "what all the row was about," and I shall never forget the look of disgust on their faces—when they had been told—at the idea of making such a noise over a vision in the sky more than a thousand years ago.¹

Your great-grandmother, old Mrs. Shepherd Knapp, had always made Christmas the great

¹ At about this time was begun the "Commonplace Book," into which she copied, from the books she was reading, extracts that had interested or pleased her. In after years she also wrote in this book a few brief records and reflections of her own, which will appear in their proper places in the story. The books from which she quoted in the period covered by this chapter were: Niebuhr's *Life and Letters*, *Memoir of Charles Kingsley* by his wife, Kingsley's *Alexandria and Her Schools*, Voltaire's *Charles XII*, Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Froude's *History of England*, Carlyle's *Letters*, Emerson's *Prose Works*, vol. i., *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor*, Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, by Besant and Rice, George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Middlemarch*, *Life of George Eliot*, Barbou's *Victor Hugo and His Times*, Longfellow's *Hyperion*, Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*.

event of the year, with a fine Christmas tree and big family dinner. After her death Grandmother did the same. Grandmother loved simple gifts, the money value never won her; it must be something given with thought. Therefore such gifts were especially appreciated. I remember, as soon as E. could use a needle to some purpose, she outlined several of Kate Greenaway's little figures in crewel on linen, and I made it up as a work-bag. Grandmother was delighted with it, put her knitting immediately into it, and showed it to every one as the work of her youngest granddaughter. It was so with all the children, the boys working cardboard book-markers, and Grandmother always delighted with the gift. She never seemed to get tired of being pleased, and there were so many bags and book-markers!

We were a large family, over twenty, counting the maids, who had to be provided for. Ten of our own family, the older members, sat down to dinner every night, and the boys could always ask their friends without warning, so there was usually a guest or so. Such a lively time as we all had together! People loved to go to "the Knapps'." Grandmother was a born house-keeper. Everything moved along so quietly that it seemed to be no trouble to her to keep house; but now that I have tried it, I look

back at her with admiration, knowing that it was because she planned it all, and knew how to direct. Servants lived with her for long periods, and old French Catherine served her as faithfully as a dog for over thirty-five years.

Out of Doors

We always wanted Grandmother to share in our pleasures, for she was the life of everything. We remember, for instance, the picnics and glorious drives we had altogether at Milford, Pennsylvania, and how dear Grandmother would tire herself out, tramping over the rocks for fossils or into the woods for flowers. She was interested in everything. And then, those lovely summer evening teas in Central Park, before we all separated for the country! There were Grandmother, Kate with her children, I with mine, your Aunt Anna, and sometimes one of the uncles. Grandmother loved the Park at that hour, all the crowd gone, and only the sheep and the little birds left, and peace and quiet over all. We would carry such good things to eat! and there were so many of us that our load was well distributed. We would spread a table-cloth on a rock, and enjoy ourselves as quietly as if there were no great city, full of people, only a block away. You remember we



IN CENTRAL PARK

Mrs. Knapp, her niece, Augusta Spring de Forest, and Mrs. G. L. Knapp

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took our tea in the Park not many years ago, but it did not seem the same, nor can it ever be for some of us.

“The Power of Her Unselfish Life”

After your Aunt Kate's death¹ Grandmother took up her music again. She had her upright piano brought up into her bedroom, and she and L. E. R., who then came to live with us, would play duets together. It was a great resource, and helped Grandmother to forget sad thoughts. She wanted to be cheerful and to live rightly. She often said, “These young lives must not be saddened by my grief.” So after a while she again had the Christmas tree and the family dinner. She wanted all the grandchildren to have happy memories of her and of their childhood under her roof. Those days, however, used to be sad days for us older ones: we missed so many we loved. On those occasions a far-away look would come into Grandmother's eyes. I have sat with her in the parlor, while the rest lingered in the dining-room, neither of us speaking, for each knew what was in the other's mind. Life was all before me then; to her it was mostly retrospective. Yet the moment she heard the children coming, she was all brightness, and they never dreamed how sad she really was at heart.

¹ April 21, 1881.

Aunt Kate had died in the spring. In the fall your Father and I returned to town to a new home, with your little brother Kenneth, only four weeks old.¹ I dreaded the home-coming, being weak and miserable. I had lived with Grandmother five years without a care, and here was a new house to get into order; and I felt sad about Kate, too, and missed her. When I put my foot on the steps of my new home, I saw Grandmother's face at the window, with all Kate's children and dear faithful L. E. R. Grandmother had planned this surprise. Each had something for me on the luncheon-table, either a new piece of china or something good to eat, and Grandmother had had a hot dish of stewed kidney cooked in her own kitchen and sent around, for she knew I loved kidney. This was almost too much for me, this thoughtfulness for others, when she had had so much sorrow. She seemed to me so good and holy and so above me in the Christian life, and I longed to follow in her footsteps.

Four years after Aunt Kate's death Grandmother died suddenly.² It was all so painful and sad that I cannot write about it. Her boys were at her bedside, nursing her like daughters. She knew them, and her eyes followed them with love.

¹ He was born August 26, 1881, and died October 9, 1882.

² March 4, 1885.

And so my little story of Grandmother ends, and the half of what she did for all of us is still untold. At every turn of life I feel her influence, and I know that many of her grandchildren to-day think often of her, and feel the power of her unselfish life.

CHAPTER V

INTERESTS AND RESOURCES

The effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life. — GEORGE ELIOT.

The importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that, yet they will not do it in the simplest and most innocent manner, by reading. — MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FROM S. K. TO HIS BROTHER, G. L. K.

PALENVILLE, N. Y., *July*, 1886.

. . . We have had glorious rains during the past few days, which have filled all the streams, and we have enjoyed the falls immensely. Emma says she is very free from asthma, — only “smokes” about ten times a day, and squeaks at night like a superannuated saw-mill.

FROM HER HUSBAND

WESTHAMPTON, L. I., *August 22*, 1888.

DEAR EMMA, — I don't know how you got the idea that people considered you selfish:

on the contrary all, whom I have heard speak on the subject, have considered you so *unselfish* that you become at times almost sinful. For you have certainly abused your body, by trying to spend the summer here,¹ for the sake, as you supposed, of giving others enjoyment. Don't say anything more about your selfishness, or I shall think you are getting morbid, which is worse than selfishness, and shall come right up to town and give you a grand scolding.

As to my being happy here or there, I am not as happy here as though I were with you, and, were I with you, should not be as happy as though you were with the children, and not as happy in either case, as though we were all together anywhere.

We returned from the beach at about nine o'clock. It was cloudy, so that the moon did not shine, but we had a big bonfire, which made it more cheerful and less romantic. As the *Fair Imperia* was not of the party, it made little difference to me on that account. The young people had a jolly time.

Let me hear from you each day, telling me how you are. I am just as anxious to hear from you, as you from me, and I like particulars in full. Don't fail to let me know, if all does not go on well with you.

Yours in two places, SHEP.

¹ Where the sea air aggravated her asthma.

TO HER FRIEND, L. E. R.

LITCHFIELD, CONN., *July*, 1890.

. . . We had a novel performance last evening. A Mr. Karmarka and his wife (Hindoos), with the aid of several young girls and boys, gave us scenes in the daily life of India, grinding, school, wedding, games, etc. The girls and boys wore such pretty bright costumes, and as for the Hindoo himself, I fairly lost my heart. The towel, or whatever it is called,—white, fringed at both ends, of thin texture, and capable of being used for anything, as a turban, scarf or sash,—is fascinating. . . . But, oh, it was so hot in the hall. Shep went, and to see my “polar bear” so uncomfortable, took half my pleasure away. We are having some “tall” weather, quite unlike the Litchfield of last summer. I brought hardly any gingham dresses, but was obliged to have two made. Alas, the dressmakers here are just as full of work as those in New York, and my two ginghams have been in their hands for weeks.

I am reading Herodotus. Don't smile; it is only the name that sounds uninteresting. Do get it, if only for the first two books. My copy, which I have from the Library here, is a new translation; good type, with delightful notes,—

by Rawlinson. The wonderful civilization of the ancient Egyptians, the tribes settled in Russia (the Scyths), and much else of interest. In reading the history, I felt the wonderful patience of God forcibly, in waiting his own good time, or rather, as the Bible has it, "In the fulness of time God sent his Son"; and I fairly felt humbled and grateful to the good God for all his patience toward man, leading us step by step, until we could appreciate a Jesus Christ. . . .

I have had my photograph taken: will send you one. I say it is the last. I hate to grow old, as you know, and dislike to see "age, age" written on all the lines of my face. I thank God, dear E., that he has permitted me to live thus long, for life is beautiful: all the same, I hate to *look* old. . . .

Am trying the Buffalo Asthma Cure. I have a capsule or a liquid for every hour in the day, but am really using it faithfully, for if good health can be got, I am bound to have it.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

NEW YORK, *September 29, 1890.*

It was very sweet of you to write me such a very nice letter, and the part about "our little counsel" made me very happy. It is so lonely without you that I don't like to go into your

room and not see you sitting around. . . . The house is getting to rights quite rapidly after all, and I feel ever so much better, although Father would not let me go to church to-day. . . .

TO HER HUSBAND, HER SON, AND HER
DAUGHTER, E. K.

NEW YORK, *June 9, 1891.*

MY VERY BEST OF FAMILIES, — You must be far up the river by this time (half after three o'clock). I see you all, you children with your books, and big old Father with a cigar and a friend to talk to, for by this time you must have found a broker aboard. . . . I am on my way out, and I do feel funny enough without my dear ones; my heart is in the Highlands all the time. Have packed almost two trunks. I expect everything I shall want for a week is down at the bottom of them. I am full of thoughts of you all, but have nothing to write about. Children, take care of Father: he is the very apple of my eye. . . .

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

THE LAUREL HOUSE,

LAKWOOD, N. J., *April 7, 1893.*

We did not get off until yesterday afternoon, for I was sick again, and really frightened about myself, so had Dr. M. to sound me all over, for I had no notion of going away to be ill. The

journey down was very much shorter than it used to be; it took us only an hour and ten minutes; so none of us were at all tired. K. is in a great state of excitement. The ringing twice for hot water, once for ice-water, etc., has given her an idea, which she hopes to try at home, when we return. Her knitting seems to amuse people. She is entirely oblivious to every one.

I never saw such a collection of ugly faces and ugly gowns; old maids who were born so, old ladies with caps and ribbons flying, who are here to regain health, which I fear will never be theirs this side the grave. There are quite a number of children of all ages, and I enjoyed seeing them dance last evening. I judged what kind of mothers they have from their own appearance. Some have their hair arranged just as their mothers must have had theirs done, when children, straight, smooth, parted and braided. There are also little girls with tight curls all about their heads, tied in front with ribbon; their mothers, also, I think I should like; they have a respect and love for the past. Other children are quite in the style, and extreme at that, fluff all over, making them look like Skye terriers. Their mothers I should not like.

I sit in the big hall and watch the people pass. Such a quantity of women, all with work-bags and bits of useless work. One elderly woman,

however, sat by me all last evening, knitting a wonderful bed-spread on four needles. I know I should like her; she is solid, believes in the Bible and old-fashioned things. To be sure, she wore big sleeves, but only big enough not to make her look singular. Before I leave, I shall probably know how to knit that bed-spread, and you will have to come in for a lesson; something more for our old age. For this old body knitted like fun and never looked on more than two or three times.

I, also, walk about with a bag, containing keys, pill-boxes, eye-glasses, novel and work, and it is not a clothes-bag either, but the pretty blue silk one Mrs. G. gave me. I suppose some one is calling *me* an "old hen," but I feel better-looking than the crowd. . . .

Father has all his sketching things with him, and hopes to take back some views. I long to go into the pine woods, and breathe the air, and get that smell. It always helps my old breathing-tubes.

Quite a decent-looking man has just taken the desk facing mine, and I sincerely hope he cannot read upside down. He has a diamond ring on his little finger, a new coat, and everything very bride-groomy about him; only his neck looks thin and he may have a cough. He has a female attached to him, for he is now mak-

ing motions to a creature who has a newspaper before her face. I can see only her feet, and they look *old*. . . .

FROM HER HUSBAND TO HERSELF, HER SON,
AND HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

LITCHFIELD, *June 8, 1893.*

DEAR FAMILY,— Here the rest of us are at the dear old place, after a long, dusty, hot ride, and the train one hour late. . . . Of course, we have forgotten some things, which will give you occupation when you get back,— hunting them up: 1st, two table-cloths, one on the dining-room table and another clean one; 2d, the blacking-brush, which was left out of the barrel. . . .

I trust you will not overtax your strength. Be sensible and be satisfied with half the Fair,¹ and leave the other half for the rest of creation. . . . Take it easy, and pause once in a while to think of Litchfield in all the freshness of a new suit of green.

FROM HER HUSBAND

LITCHFIELD, *June 10, 1893.*

DEAR EM,— Your long Morning Journal received to-day, so I did not telegraph as I threatened. I am rejoiced that you had such a comfortable trip out, and hope the return will

¹ The Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

be of like character. I think you will be content to sit on our piazza for a few days, when you get here, and rest your poor tired feet. . . . It has been very warm these last two days and lonely as Mt. Ararat.

LITCHFIELD, *June 13, 1893.*

DEAR EM,— Nothing from you later than Friday A. M. I am afraid that that first day, on top of the long journey, knocked you out. We are looking for you on Friday morning, and hope you will not be too tired to talk. I have hired the Casino for a series of lectures to be delivered by you; subjects, "Our Country, East and West," "The Parlor Car of To-day," and last, "The Wonders of Art and Extortion at the World's Fair."

K. and I are having a very gay time. Breakfast in bed. Tiffin at 12.30. Dinner at 7. Supper between 11 and 12. Barber shaves me in bed every morning. Have engaged a charming French maid: she is also a stenographer and makes lovely doughnuts. K. talks nothing but French; hardly understands English.

Remember you are to come here by the New Haven Road, not the New York Central, and also remember that Litchfield is the name of the place you are coming to, not Ridgefield; strangers often make this mistake.

This, I guess, is my last Epistle to the Weary Wanderers. I have much to say but will wait until I see you face to face. I will only add a piece of advice. Don't come up here and put on airs, as though, like Theudas, you thought yourself somebody. We have seen things ourselves. We have a new Tom Cat, and we have seen Molly Rudd's goat, and Mrs. Thompson's new baby, and William's bald spot, and lots of other things more wonderful than pen can write. So be sensible and quiet, and behave yourself in a seemly manner.

Yours in the flesh or out of the flesh, I know not.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL,
LITCHFIELD, CONN., *May 24, 1894.*

. . . We have had such a rain; poured all day long. However we took a carriage and spent the day in the house,¹ working like fun. The rug is down in the dining-room, glass in the sideboard, all the things on the shelf. Father thinks they look well. I have left the place over the mantel for the pewter. The china is washed and in the closet, but not arranged. I have broken two finger-bowls, one wine-glass and a tumbler: I was afraid to do

¹ A new summer home, completed at this time.

anything more. . . . To-morrow we are going to get the papers out of the first floor; they are mountain-high. . . . I can sweep the entire second floor in half an hour; it is too clean and easy to care for for anything. . . . I have not unpacked a book or a trunk; have had too much else to do. . . . We have had such fun in all the muss, and Father has worked so hard; ran up and down stairs, hung pictures, and opened bundles. We are both lame: I can hardly step. I have so much attic, that I shall worry until I have some lumber. . . .

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW, A. A. K.

LITCHFIELD, *June*, 1894.

. . . We are planting a garden, and have an Indian for a gardener. He dresses like anybody else. I wish he had feathers and war-paint all over him. . . .

From the "Commonplace Book"

November 24, 1894 [her birthday]: A beautiful, happy day, made beautiful by the love of the dear family.

*Partial List of Books read in 1888-1895*¹

"Triumphant Democracy," by Andrew Carnegie.

"The Story of the Psalms," by Henry van Dyke.

¹ Taken from the "Commonplace Book," in which these books are quoted or listed.

"Dandelion Clocks, and Other Tales," by Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing.

"My Reminiscences," by Lord Ronald Gower.

"Bracebridge Hall," by Washington Irving.

"Knickerbocker's History of New York," by the same.

"Henry Esmond," by W. M. Thackeray.

"Sesame and Lilies," by John Ruskin.

"Silverthorns," by Mrs. Molesworth.

"The Story of a Country Town," by Edgar Watson Howe.

"A Daughter of Eve," by Ellen Olney Kirk.

"The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley," ed. by George William Curtis.

Wordsworth's Poems.

"Beaten Paths, or A Woman's Vacation," by Ella W. Thompson.

"Bow of Orange Ribbon," and "Friend Olivia," by Amelia E. Barr.

"The Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa May Alcott," ed. by Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

"Betty Leicester," by Sarah Orne Jewett.

"Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook," by W. R. W. Stephens.

"Letters to Sir William Temple," by Lady Dorothy (Osborne) Temple.

"Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," ed. by C. E. Stowe.

"History of Latin Christianity," by H. H. Milman.

"The Story of My Life," by G. M. Ebers.

"Bible, Science and Faith," by John A. Zahm.

"The Familiar Letters of John and Abigail Adams," ed. by S. Eliot.

"The American Revolution," by John Fiske.

"The Beginnings of New England," by John Fiske.

"Viscount Palmerston," by the Marquis of Lorne.

"The Life of John Barrett Kerfoot," by H. Harrison.

"My Canadian Journal," by Lady Dufferin.

"Our Vice-Regal Life in India," by the same.

"Piccadilly," by Laurence Oliphant.

"Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant," by his wife.

"Blanche, Lady Falise," by J. H. Shorthouse.

"Autobiography and Recollections of Laure Permon Junot, Duchesse d'Abrantes."

"Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury," by R. T. Davidson and W. Benham.

Three volumes of "History of Greece," by George Grote.

Thackeray's "Book of Snobs."

"Life of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce," by his son.

"Two Years before the Mast," by R. H. Dana.

"Susie's Six Birthdays," by Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss (five times through to K.).

"Henry and Bessie," by the same (four times through to K.).

"A Window in Thrums," by J. M. Barrie.

"My Lady-Help and What She Taught Me," by Mrs. Warren.

"Ivanhoe"

"Marmion"

"Quentin Durward"

"Woodstock"

"The Lady of the Lake"

"The Talisman"

} Read to E.

"Letters of Asa Gray," ed. by J. L. Gray.

"Herodotus," translated and edited by George Rawlinson.

"Short History of the Renaissance in Italy," by J. A. Symonds.

"Life and Letters of Madame Krüdener," by Clarence Ford.

"Alexander Heriot Mackonochie, A Memoir," by E. A. T. ; ed. by E. F. Russell.

"Life of John Frederick Denison Maurice," ed. by his son.

"Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley," by G. G. Bradley.

"Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth," by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell.

"Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia," by Elizabeth H. Hudson.

"Alexandra Feodorowna, Empress of Russia," by August Theodor von Grimm. Translated by Lady Wallace.

"Van Bibber and Others," by Richard Harding Davis.

"Mycenae," by Heinrich Schliemann.

"Tiryns," by the same.

"Christian Institutions," by A. P. Stanley.

French Books.

"Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," ed. by Samuel Longfellow.

"Charles Lowder, A Biography," by the author of the "Life of St. Theresa" (Miss M. Trench).

"Chronicle of the Cid."

"Lady Augusta Stanley, Reminiscences," by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle Charles.

"The Ascent of Man," by Henry Drummond.

"Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd.

"Life of Charles Loring Brace," by his daughter.

"Claims of Christianity," by W. S. Lilly.

"The Formation of Christendom" (some of the volumes), by Thomas William Allies.

Parts of Meneval's "Memoirs Illustrating the History of Napoleon I from 1802 to 1815."

"The Rulers of the Mediterranean," by R. H. Davis.

"Our English Cousins," by the same.

"Quits," by Baroness Tautphœus (second reading).
Roman Catholic Tracts on Papal Infallibility.

"Diary of Anna Green Winslow, a Boston School Girl of 1771," ed. by Alice Morse Earle.

"Trilby," by George du Maurier (twice).

"The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by J. L. Motley (second time: with E.).

Children's books nearly every evening to K.

"Pembroke" and "Jane Field," by Mary E. Wilkins (second time: to Laura).

"Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments," by A. H. Sayce.

"Letters of James Russell Lowell," ed. by C. E. Norton.

"Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," by C. F. Adams.

"Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by Ian Mac-laren.

Genealogical books and American history all the time as a pastime.

Some of Kipling's Jungle Tales.

"Lord Lawrence," by Sir Richard Temple.

"Autobiography of John G. Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides," ed. by his brother.

"Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides," by Mrs. J. G. Paton.

First volume of "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," by W. E. H. Lecky. Could not finish it: made me too sad.

*Causes of Gratitude*¹

(After Marcus Aurelius)

1896

For my father, who, by his affection, unselfishness, and daily living, impressed the beauty of his Christian character upon me, and gave me the desire early in life to be good, as he was.

That I was brought up to attend church on Sunday as a matter of course, until it is the habit of a lifetime.

That I spent so many years with Mrs. Gideon Lee Knapp, whose influence upon my character has been very great. I have tried to mould my home-life after her example, and to make my home what hers was to her children, "a beacon light."

That I have had such a good husband, domestic in his taste, affectionate, upright, with strong religious principles, generous, and with

¹ Recorded in the Book-List. See note on page 92.

a most even disposition, never out of patience with my lack of hearing.

For the best children in the world. Whatever I have done for them in care or teaching has been returned a thousand-fold.

For the beautiful traits of character in my two dear sisters, Carrie and Mary.¹

That I have had two such friends as faithful L. E. R. and Miss Fannie Averill.² I have had many dear friends, but these two have been the dearest.

¹ They had both died in the preceding year. Under her picture of the former she inscribed these words of Whittier:—

Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.

Of the other sister she wrote. "I saw more and more each year what it was that made Mary's home so attractive: it was her wonderful unselfishness. Her hospitality was unbounded. With a large family of children to provide for, and much sewing to do, it seemed as if company would be a great undertaking; but she was so unselfish, that she was willing to take all the trouble for the sake of the pleasure it would give to others. It was not only for her family and kinsfolk she wrought, but for the poor and needy everywhere. Much has gone out of my life by the death of my unselfish sister Mary, but her memory will be ever bright in my home, and her influence for good undying."

² At the end of a brave letter, written by Miss Averill a short time before her death (ending with these words, "I did so enjoy your call. We did have some *fun*, in spite of 'storm and wrack,' and I think we shall both 'die with harness on our back'"), is added in pencil, "Darling Miss Fannie, you died, courageous to the last, and your example helped me in my hour of need. E. B. K."

That I have been deaf. It has made me think more than I should have done, had I heard easily, and also revealed to me the kindness in the world.

For prosperity; and also for those early days, when we were poor, and learned to know the value of money.

For the inheritance of patriotic sentiments; and for being born in America; and for living to be nearly fifty in spite of asthma.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *January 5, 1896.*

I wish that for four years we could go on a pilgrimage around the world, ever seeing the things our hearts and minds delight to honor. It would be too much happiness, I suppose; so I must have what Henry van Dyke calls "inward contentment," which I get every evening with a book of travels or a biography, by the gaslight, in my rocking-chair.

E. went to luncheon with —, and had a most beautiful time. You cannot imagine how happy it has made me. For you must remember that those who are themselves childless get a little reflected happiness from the young people they invite in. It is just as I should want to do, if I had no children. The heart hungers for the young. So be good, dear, and

go sometimes where you may not want to. It brightens up lives that but for you would perhaps be very dull and warped. . . .

NEW YORK, *January 12, 1896.*

I have felt guilty all the week at not sending you a line since a week ago to-day. I have been trying to write a short recollection of my young days in regard to your Aunt Mary, or rather a letter about her for Mr. Carter, who is getting up a little book for his family in her memory. That has kept me very busy, I assure you. It has cost me all the paper I could lay my hands upon, and thoughts innumerable. I think a bit, write a bit, think a little more, unwrite or tear up what I have already written, and go at it again; and so on, until I have satisfied myself that I can't do any better. My gifts, if I have any, are not in composition. I sent my little article to Mr. Carter, and he seemed pleased with it, notwithstanding my own dissatisfaction; except, he says, there is too much in it about himself. Mary and Mr. Carter were so identified with one another that it is hard to separate them in thought.

I have had no time, or rather no opportunity, to look up genealogy at the library, for the cold has been so extreme, that I have been in the house for over a week, going out yesterday for

the first time. I hope to have my fill of that pleasure this week some morning, when, if I do not lay hands on one of Robert Chauncey's five daughters, it will not be for want of search. One way of getting a clue is to look up wills. Robert Chauncey's will would tell us the names of his children. In those days they gave iron saucepans and feather-beds to daughters, silver and home-lots to boys; and they put so much talk into their wills, too. . . .

I have been reading a book which has given me much to think about, "Recollections of Childhood," by Sónya Kovalévsky. She was a Russian and a great scientist, was Professor of Mathematics in the University of Stockholm, received from the French Academy of Science "the Prix Bordin, the greatest scientific honor which any woman has ever gained, one of the greatest honors, indeed, to which any one can aspire." And she was so unhappy, such an untamed creature, to my mind, so completely like the squares and angles of her own science. There is to me one solution of the problem of her nature and that is selfishness. . . . I do not think the English-speaking race could or would give such an unbalanced, yet gifted, mind to the nineteenth century. We have been trained too long in civilization and self-control. She seems to me like a wild animal,—Tartar, Hun,

or Gypsy, — educated in mind, able to think; therefore all the more dangerous. Not that she was vicious or wicked, but only so morbid. The picture she draws of Russian home-life is very interesting.

In connection with this book I am going to take up the "Recollections of Mary Somerville," a great English astronomer, who lived to be ninety-two and died in 1878. Mme. K. died in 1892. Mrs. Somerville, also, obtained prizes and recognition for her contribution to science. I am anxious to see what her private character will be under the civilization of England.

NEW YORK, *January 17, 1896.*

. . . I spent all the morning in the library,¹ but found nothing to pay me for standing on half a leg for two hours. The books were on the top gallery of the big reading-room, behind that old customer in the red gown. I wrote, like a stork by the river, on one leg. My pencil was the fish or worm, for I had it in my mouth half the time, as I turned the pages of the books.

I have Mrs. Somerville's life, and it begins in a most delightful manner. She comes of a family who have used self-control for generations and the product will surely show the effects. . . .

¹ The old Columbia Library on Forty-ninth Street.

CHAPTER VI

THE RECONQUEST OF FAITH

I found myself facing all the dread problems of human existence. For a long time my intense desire to remain a Christian predominated, and brought me back from each return to skepticism in a passion of repentance and prayer to Christ to take my life or my reason sooner than allow me to stray from his fold.¹ — FRANCES POWER COBBE.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *February 1, 1896.*

. . . We had a delightful time at ——'s, with some solid conversation, argument, etc., which has made me think, and long to have some one straighten out my religious belief. While —— was talking, I was startled at my own thoughts, which I kept to myself, not daring to give them away. I think I believe that the religion of the Israelites was all a development. Holy men, who were the best for their time, and whom God raised up to instruct the nation, guided them to the one God. It was a revealed religion, but not supernatural. Oh dear, that I should come to this! It quite took my breath away. When —— said, "Well, I suppose we all believe that

¹ Beside this quotation, where it is copied in the "Commonplace Book," is written, "Somewhat like my own experience."

the God of the Jews was," etc., etc., I said to myself, "Do I?" and I don't think I do. Can I get back my old belief? Show me the way, and I will take it. For I think it was a revealed religion, but not in the way I used to think. Don't preach what I have said; the times are not ready for it: and turn my footsteps backward, if they can go that way. It spoils nothing for me: I *believe* more than I used to, but not in the same way.

NEW YORK, *February 29, 1896.*

. . . Erasmus is my daily companion. He is delightful, and I quite understand him. If the Salvation Army had been, when I was young, I should have viewed them very much as Erasmus viewed Luther. He took no stand against Luther, which, considering the age, was remarkable. Erasmus I could not love, but I do admire him. Dear old Martin Luther! his name means love to me. I am glad that Froude has done Erasmus justice.

NEW YORK, *March 23, 1896.*

Chapter 1st of the Domestic Drama. — These are the days which try women's souls. No cook, no laundress, and M. says she is leaving; only Katie left of the six hundred. What do you think of this upheaval in our tranquil house?

. . . I started off myself this morning, meaning to get a cook or perish in the attempt. I myself would enter an intelligence office. When I tell you I have not been inside one since I began housekeeping, you may imagine my heart-beats. I have generally had servants sent to me, or Katie has got them for me.

Well, if I had had a detective dogging my footsteps, he would have been puzzled to account for my actions. I walked into a shoe-store opposite the office, went into four other stores, from the doors of which I could see the office, trying to get my courage up; for I feared I might not hear one word. At last I made the dive; and here I am, sitting in my dear old room, and a cook is coming to-morrow. I got along finely and never minded it a bit. I have my courage so up, that I could supply a hotel with domestics.

But the wages! Awful! Phillips Brooks says that the time in which the old order of things ceases, or is about to cease, and a new way is opening, is always most trying and full of uncertainties. I am sure that more than theology is changing. The whole way of domestic living is changing in New York. The very rich have upset everything, and I fear I have the anarchist way of looking at them, for when I pass their palaces, I feel a rising resentment that they have

been the cause of the passing away of the simple way of living. . . .

Did you see what a time they have been having in some Connecticut town with a man from Yale Seminary? It is said that heresy is taught at Yale. I don't believe that *I* should be allowed to preach, even old Puritan Mother, for I look into things a great deal more deeply, I know, than I did. Don't be too explicit in telling what you don't believe: you may change your mind as life goes on, and only essentials are required. Talk upon topics which help us to live as we should, and leave Moses alone, if you can. . . . When Dr. van Dyke goes to New Haven, talk to him upon the matter: he is quite sound in his unsoundness.

NEW YORK, *April 12, 1896.*

Sunday morning, and all the family at church. As for me, I took my sermon in a bodily rest on my sofa. The tea and dinner with brand new servants made me rather tired (not slang, but fact), but, I am happy to say, not nervous. It was pronounced a success, and I was satisfied. The table looked lovely with pink tulips and the old decorations. But the new maid had to be introduced to all my things, and that was a job; for for nine years I have only had to say, "So many people for dinner," and all went as it should. . . .

Dear Litchfield! We found our place, when a kind Providence turned our faces toward that old village. There I can bring up my children in my way, and when they come in contact with a more fashionable, artificial life, they will not be dazzled by it, but will see it truthfully, and it will do them no harm. . . .

NEW YORK, *April 15, 1896.*

I am sick of everything except the dear family. The weather is very hot, and I spend all my time doing nothing I like. So much time is consumed over clothes. I feel as if it ought not to be, but how to help it I don't know. If one tries to save money, one shops and shops, and all that time might be spent in the Park or in some more delightful place. . . .

I am reading Matthew Arnold's letters, and am very much interested in him. I can see how loving he was in his family life, yet all the time I don't love him. . . . From his letters so far, I think he has a high opinion of himself in literature. It does not seem to occur to him that he may err. But he loves nature, and the wild flowers are dear to him, and I feel drawn toward his nature there. His description of finding the cardinal-flower at Lenox makes one forgive him for being so sure of himself. . . .

NEW YORK, *April 18, 1896.*

I am liking Matthew Arnold, the man, better than I did, and am most anxious to read his works. He *thought*, and it will be interesting now to read what he gave to the world. He was a most devoted, loving son, husband and father, a good man. The letters are too personal, perhaps, but we could never know the man unless we had entered behind the veil. The tea taken with the little girls from their dolls' cups, shows him such an unselfish, loving parent, that I feel he is truthful and good, even if I disagree with him. At all events, I am glad I was persuaded to read the books.

NEW YORK, *April 19, 1896.*

I pasted pictures in the scrap-book all last evening and read a little in Matthew Arnold's Letters. E. and Father went to the concert. Poor Father was too much upset to enjoy it. In fact, we all had a shake-up, for a terrible accident occurred almost in front of our house. Father was shaving and dressing for dinner. I was sitting in the window with my face toward the south. A cable-car passed at great speed, and I remarked it. At that moment, unheard by me, Father heard a terrible scream. For a moment he thought it might be K., looked out, and saw that a little girl was being

carried to the sidewalk where the letter-box is. All this happened in a minute, I still calmly sitting there. I happened to turn, saw the crowd, and called Father, who acted so strangely that he made me impatient. Poor man, he was sick at heart. . . .

Thank you for not letting me know about — at the time. I could not have borne it so well. As it is, it brings a wave of sadness over me, whenever I think of it. Poor parents! I don't think such terrible experiences are sent by God to make us better. He could never do such things to improve one human being, at the expense of the bodily suffering of another. No, we follow some law of our being, which he cannot interfere with; and as we, who are left, accept the lesson, God comforts us and reveals himself to us,—more often when we walk in the valley of the shadow of death than beside the still waters and in the green pastures. Is this heresy or sense?

I find that the religious question is all-absorbing, and grows more and more so, as I grow older; that is, What is Truth? and, as Matthew Arnold says, the wish for "light."

NEW YORK, *April 23, 1896.*

Yesterday E. and I lunched at Uncle Coleman's. They are so generous and good. Cole-

man took me all over his house, even into the cellar. Such neatness! no dark holes, all clean and beautiful; old retainers in every basement room. Coleman had had all the old labels washed off H.'s five trunks, and replaced by new cards, bearing her address, so beautifully written that surely a duty will be charged on the handwriting.

LITCHFIELD, *June 22, 1896.*

It is now five o'clock in the afternoon, and you have been gone only since morning, but it seems ages. I knew I should feel just as I do, and yet it was I who pushed you out of the nest. I know I shall be glad I did it, when you come back. I don't know where this letter will reach you, but if you have arrived in London and are still there, pray be careful in crossing the streets. Don't try the American game of rush. . . .

The carpenters have one gate-post up and are now finishing their day's work. I am going out on the piazza to read a bit, about "the devil and sin," as the family call it. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *June 23, 1896.*

All night I dreamed of packing and awoke very early. Got myself into a panic for fear that you would not be waked up in time to

go aboard. When I was in the village, I saw by the town clock that my dear boy was on the sea. . . . I have been weeding the garden, watering the piazza plants, and am now going out on the piazza to read and sew. I imagine you watching the receding shore in all the beauty of a cool sunshiny June day.

From the "Commonplace Book"

July 19, 1896. If I may only go downhill gently and with little trouble or sadness to the dear, happy family! That I may be the one to bring them all sorrow, pains me terribly. I mean to be game to the end, if I can, and I rely on the good God to help me to be brave, and to have faith in his fatherly care, and to be patient. I have had a very happy life, and I thank God for his goodness to me. [Note added later: "1902: Six years since I wrote this. Alive yet, and well."]

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *July 23, 1896.*

. . . Our hollyhocks by the dining-room come up nearly to the middle of the window. They are deep red and very handsome. I am reading Horace Bushnell's Life, and am much

interested in his "Dissertation on Language," with which he prefaces his book, "God in Christ."

LITCHFIELD, *July 24, 1896.*

We are still reading Zola's "Rome," interesting from a religious point of view, — the intrigue of the Papal Court. Very hard reading, and if I were not used to reading theological books, in which I have had to make clear to myself what I read, I never could read it intelligently. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *July 28, 1896.*

. . . I am still reading Horace Bushnell; very interesting. I want you to know his train of thought. One idea he gave me, among many, was that when many people seem to be thinking on the same subject (I will quote, and then you will understand me better. — I have looked through the book, but can't find what I want. It is something like this :) that when one line of thought seems to be followed by many people at once, — such as Bible criticism or the questioning of old forms and dogmas, — it is wise to give heed to it, look into it, not go against it too sweepingly; it may be God is speaking. Oh dear, here I am again, writing on a subject I meant not to take up. I am off to bed, so good-night.

LITCHFIELD, *July 30, 1896.*

Guests; and supper one half hour late, and surprise after surprise, when we had sat down. Things forgotten, and — oh, well! it is terribly trying, when one is paying high wages. Three dishes were good, but my pretty tomato jelly came in like soup. I passed it off as a joke, but the idea of their serving such a dreadful thing, — a full-blown murder in a dish! I can tell you, I have spoken my mind this morning, and between that and the thunderstorm last night the atmosphere is clearer.

LITCHFIELD, *July 31, 1896.*

Mayo is sick, so did not come to-day. I picked the raspberries, and Father the vegetables, and I see him now staking the cosmos and gladiolus, — down on his knees. Fortunately it is a glorious day. The lake is deep blue and the hills are olive-green, and the wind is tossing the trees and blowing the phlox from side to side. K. is cutting the bluets to give to the Flower Mission. She has red on her hat, so that the picture from the piazza is very pretty. I do so love color. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *August 4, 1896.*

We have read your letter with much pleasure, especially about the finding of my father's

initials written on Shakespeare's window over sixty-seven years ago. It all seems a dream to me that you are really seeing all this yourself. . . . You have not yet spoken of "the lark, my child." An English landscape needs a lark soaring up into heaven, with that song which the poets tell us is so beautiful.

I am now reading a life of Sara Coleridge, daughter of Samuel Taylor. It is very pleasing. I shall meet good company, for of course they were familiar with all the poets of the Lake Country: Southey was her uncle. She says the northern part of England is the more picturesque. . . .

I sit "with you when the shadows deepen" in the grand cathedrals, and I feel the power of goodness. I know not if it is lasting, but I feel that this aspiration toward the good, while one goes away from the world a while, surely will not be lost. It is what I love often to do in winter, and the desire takes me into the Roman Catholic Cathedral, just to sit and say my prayers, or to feel good for a while.

LITCHFIELD, *August 6, 1896.*

. . . I think there must be a reason for the dropping of that English *h*, and do you think it could have anything to do with the Norman French? I wish, if you meet any intelligent



JESSE WHEELER BENEDICT

Mrs. Knapp's father

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Englishman, you would put the question. If a whole nation of common people do it, there is a cause, and, indeed, even a more recent cause than the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, who were of the common people mostly. The *h* is never dropped in any of the New England States. So it could not be Norman. Then why?

LITCHFIELD, *August 9, 1896.*

I am still thinking of Horace Bushnell, and it is borne in upon me that it has been for a reason. I feel that Mother's thinking has, in a roundabout way, helped you, because we could talk together. You must read Bushnell's "Dissertation on Language." . . . "There is something pathetic in the attitude of this great thinker, sitting in the dark, waiting for disclosures in nature that would substantiate what he felt was true in the realm of the spirit. A generation later he would have seen the light for which he longed"; I am quoting from a piece in "The Outlook" by Dr. Munger. This was sent me to-day by Mrs. Richards, she knowing that I was reading his life. Why have I cared so much to know about Horace Bushnell? He is still to speak to the rising generation. So be sure to study him, when you go back. As he expressed it, he "cracked words" to get their true meaning. I have found much

in him so far, and am going to read his sermons. Forgive me, but I can't help talking to you on paper.

LITCHFIELD, *August 10, 1896.*

Mr. ——— drove up to the door and asked Father to get in and drive with him to Prospect Hill, there to view the scene spread out before them. Then he said it was where he often used to go with his daughter, and that he goes now almost every day, "just to look off."

Mrs. F. is to move her barn, as we heard, in the fall, and to have a path with flower-borders. I think our bloom has given to others the idea of reviving the old-fashioned garden.

I am becoming so "chummy" with Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, through Sara Coleridge's *Life*, that I feel as if I, too, had had a cottage in the Lake Country, at Keswick, for instance. . . .

Quite often ——— comes in, and sits on the piazza. Sometimes I think God must feel proud of poor humanity, when he sees us try to be good and keep our faith, when all is so dark. I suppose that is a very heretical sentence.

LITCHFIELD, *August 14, 1896.*

Another letter from you. I knew you would be in the Lake Country, and just where I have been with Sara Coleridge. Keswick, Grasmere, Rydal, Windermere,—their names, as they do with you, make music in my ears. . . . When hereafter I read the word "Skiddaw," I shall, in my mind, see two light-hearted young Americans, rushing on their wheels through the beautiful wild lake region, and I shall hear them shout, as if a battle-cry, "Skiddaw!" I rushed with you, felt its grandeur and beauty with you, felt like the North Wind, "Mudjekeewis," shouting loud and long his battle-cry.

I love your little talks with the farmers. Do get the names of the people, if you see *book-cases* in kitchens.

LITCHFIELD, *August 15, 1896.*

. . . Don't answer any of my "theological" thoughts. They will keep until we take another drive together. It is only a relief to write them. "Aids to Reflection" came by to-day's mail. It looks interesting, but I fear is greatly beyond me. I see $x=x$, or something like that, to demonstrate a point in the New Testament. Ah, that is beyond my mind. Mathematics is to me a locked door.

FROM S. K. TO HIS SON

LITCHFIELD, *August 17, 1896.*

Your cable reached us this morning. I was just coming down to breakfast, and we were in such a hurry to get the answer off, that, after looking for a while in the code for a more expressive word, we settled on "Skyhigh," which conveyed the news you would be most willing to hear. When I wrote out the meaning of your two words ("Shippon," "Spathal"), "All letters up to date have been sent recently, enjoying myself thoroughly," Mother made the sentence read, "All letters up to date have been sent, recently enjoying myself thoroughly." — "That means he is sick," says she, "or has been, and is better; or what *does* it mean?" I told her that a comma (though she thinks so little of them) had saved you from a severe fit of sickness. I hope you received our answer to-day. . . .

The fence is at last painted and in its right mind, — a neat, quick job; it took only two months and nineteen days. . . .

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *August 21, 1896.*

This evening just before supper L. E. R. and I had one of our soul-inspiring arguments. . . .

I feel young and strong to-night. There is nothing like argument to make me feel young. It is like the dead man touched by the old prophet's bones and life springing anew through his veins.

LITCHFIELD, *August 28, 1896.*

The weather is most beautiful and I long just to enjoy it without household cares, to sit in the fields, to go here and there in old clothes, to tramp about and not be fretted by trying domestics. It does not pay. I long to run away from it all for a month, and now that we have not so much expense upon us, I mean to do it. Another summer E. must see the White Mountains and Canada, and you will go with us. And then, if only we could all go abroad!

A call from Professor Hoppin, and alas, he tells me that Coleridge is not such an aid to the present generation as he was to the past. All the same, I shall try him.

Another letter from you. Ah, I see that what I read *is* remembered by the family. Yes, I bored you all so about Frith, that you hardly appeared to listen, but you did, all the same. I was much interested in your description of his "Derby Day." I believe it was one of the pictures that had to have a rail before it, while it was on exhibition at the Academy. "Derby

Day," I think, has been to Chicago, as well as "Ramsgate Sands."

LITCHFIELD, *September 1, 1896.*

E. and I are very busy concocting a costume for Saturday's fancy-dress ball. She is to go as the Princess de Lamballe, copied from the picture I have. L. E. R. taught us how to make pink roses, and the costume is really beautiful. Hair powdered and rolled over a cushion, with curls in the back, like the picture of the Misses Waldegrave in my room. The hat is quite fetching, if we did make it out of one of K.'s, with pink paper roses and green leaves and pink ribbon. The dress is white, very simple and really lovely. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *September 4, 1896.*

I wonder whether you have yet the cable which is to give our consent to your going to Rome. I felt so glad, when your Father—dear good indulgent Father, as he is—said, "Em, what do you say? Shall we let the boy go to Rome?" I said, "If you feel that it would be safe, do let him." So Father went to talk the matter over with Professor Hoppin, who said not to hesitate one moment. Then I said, "Now don't cable him any 'Pinksilk' or 'Sky-lark' or 'Sparrowhawk' words, but good Eng-



SHEPHERD KNAPP, ÆTAT 38

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Knapp

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lish, if it costs you twenty dollars. This will be his birthday present, and in a foreign land it has got to be in the English language." So it went, and perhaps when this reaches you, you may be almost there. Be so careful. Sleep several stories above ground. Don't be out when the sun is setting; time yourself so as to be under shelter. Don't go into damp buildings without putting on an extra wrap. And may the good God have you in his keeping, and bring you safely back to us.

NEW YORK, *November 5, 1896.*

I cannot tell you how homesick we are for Litchfield. New York seems dull at present, and I miss, it seems to me, so many. I know it will be better after a while.

Father has had such an exciting time over the election. He took us all around to the club to see the decorations, which were very fine. I sat up until twelve o'clock on election night: at that hour, or a little before, Father sent me a letter, telling me to go to bed, as it was "sure for McKinley";—such a relief. . . .

We are settled, and the house looks very well and is quite comfortable. I shall spend no money upon my room; it is good enough for only six months of the year. I miss the people at Litchfield, and it actually seems as if we did not know

a soul ; very different from our home-coming in past years, when there were so many to talk about the things they were all doing. I do miss them very much. . . .

NEW YORK, *November 13, 1896.*

. . . No one seems fitted to rest a while, think a while, or remember others a bit, in this bustling city. Give me the country life for nine or ten months of the year, or let me devote a set time every day to a little quiet thought. We grow old and never have time to think. . . .

NEW YORK, *November 20, 1896.*

I went in to see L., the cabinet-maker, and something he said made me think that he, too, had had the doubts of the age. We had a bit of a conversation, in the course of which I said I would send him a book that I had found helpful. It was Dr. van Dyke's "Gospel for an Age of Doubt." What do you think? or what else would you suggest? . . .

NEW YORK, *November 22, 1896.*

A beautiful day, and I long to walk in the country instead of on the pavements. . . . Did you read in the newspaper about Edison's latest discovery ; that in a short time he hopes to be able to help the blind by the X-ray, if the optic nerve is sound? E., as a second Mother

Shipton, prophesied at dinner to-day that man's intellect would, before the end of the world, make the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the cripple to walk. It is very likely that wonderful things will indeed happen, but I wish they would hurry up about the deaf hearing. . . .

NEW YORK, *November 24, 1896.*

It is now evening, and I have had my birthday, — cake, candles, and the loving gifts of all the dear family. . . . No, I do not feel unhappy as the years roll up against me. I only dread being a care to you all. I have learned many a deep lesson in the past year. Dear Carrie opened my eyes to many things, and taught me much. Then, I feel that I have had given to me, this past year, faith in a good God, *my* faith, *my* belief, not inherited nor mine from habit, but mine from my own thought and *need*. Have I expressed it correctly? Nothing, nothing now can separate me from Christ Jesus my Lord. I am at peace, and it is a blessed peace and God-given. If I am under "law," I do not feel it, or feel like fighting it. I look up and see him who is above his laws, and they do not seem then so terrible, but great and grand. Mother is a poor one to express her thoughts, but I think you can follow me somewhat. . . .

I read a sermon of Phillips Brooks on Sunday, which I have been trying to follow all the week, that petty troubles are not worth the time and anxiety we give to them. So I have tried to rise above them, and by reading, etc., drive them from my mind. I am afraid Father would tell you he has not noticed any change in me, but really I am trying, and that is something. I always have had a great deal of sympathy for Martha, and am sure Mary did not know how things ought to be done; therefore she was not fretted. . . .

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

NEW YORK, *November 29, 1896.*

I went to the Museum after all with S., and am no worse this morning for the risk I ran. We had our luncheon in the restaurant, and it was great fun. I feel as if I had seen Italian art with my own eyes. . . . What unpleasant weather you have had. But one does not mind it much in Litchfield. . . .

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *December 2, 1896.*

Here I am in bed, and this is the second day of it. Really quite a cold with a slight fever. . . . Dr. M. sent a youthful assistant to look at me this morning. The ear-trumpet rather

startled him, I fancy, and he made no attempt to sound me all over, as I think he should have done. Your theory, of a space between us and a chair or anything we touch, is true; you could have seen a mile between him and the chair he sat on, without the aid of an X-ray. He was afraid of everything, from himself to his advice. I suppose he is a rising star, and will be a great authority in your generation.

I do not regret Friday; it was worth a week's sickness. The sight of St. Dominic and St. Francis quite repaid your Puritan mother, and I have had much pleasure in thinking it all over. . . .

Good-night. I feel perfectly miserable, and I hate to lie here passive, as I fear the different parts of my poor body will assert themselves, if I relax my vigilance.

FROM S. K. TO HIS SON

NEW YORK, *December 3, 1896.*

Mother has been in bed ever since you left, but is, I think, decidedly better to-day. I was quite worried about her yesterday afternoon. I took her temperature and it showed 102°. I could not account for this, until she told me she had been reading a lovely book about the Gurneys, and had done some weeping; so the high temperature was reasonably accounted for. But

she did not know of her record, and I don't intend to tell her. . . .

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *December 4, 1896.*

Here I am still in bed; quite a while for me. . . . For a day and a half I have taken great delight in a charming book, which I wanted to read all last summer, but it was not in the Litchfield Library,—“The Gurneys of Earlham,” by A. J. C. Hare. Elizabeth Fry was one of the Gurney sisters. I have laughed and wept over the beautiful lives and the mutual affection of these brothers and sisters. They were Quaker-born. In after life some were Quakers by conviction, others Episcopalians, but all dwelt in love together. You must read the book, for it is a rare treat. I know Mother is biography-mad, but this is really an unusual story, almost all from old diaries and letters. The development of character of these eleven brothers and sisters, left motherless when the eldest was seventeen and mothered by her, is something very interesting. I am going to own the book. . . .

*List of Books read in 1896*¹

1. “Little Rivers,” by Henry van Dyke. Very delightful.

¹ This Book-List, interspersed with a few notes of more per-

2. "Sónya Kovalévsky, Her Recollections of Childhood," with a biography by Anna C. Leffler. Sad.

3. "Personal Recollections" of Mary Somerville. Fine.

4. "Timothy's Quest," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Beautiful.

5. "The Village Watch-Tower," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Beautiful.

6. "Life and Letters of Erasmus," by J. A. Froude. Very interesting.

7. "Days of Auld Lang Syne," by Ian Maclaren.

8. "Life of Frances Power Cobbe," by herself. Very interesting.

9. "My Sister Henrietta," by Ernest Renan.

10. Parts of "The Federalist," edited by Henry Cabot Lodge.

11. Parts of "Greek Studies," by Walter Pater.

12. "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," by Eugene Field.

13. "Letters of Matthew Arnold."

14. "Literature and Dogma," by Matthew Arnold.

15. "Letters of Celia Thaxter."

16. "Vailima Letters," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

17. "Life of Vittoria Colonna," by T. A. Trollope.

18. "The Garden that I Love," by Alfred Austin.

19. "Virginibus Puerisque, and Other Papers," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

20. "Aurora Leigh," by Mrs. Browning.

sonal character, was continued for several years. The book which contains it bears the date January 1, 1896, and this note, "Life is too short for all I long to read and know about. E. B. K."

21. "Present-Day Theology," by Lewis French Stearns.
22. "Franklin: a Sketch," by John Bigelow.
23. "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
24. "The Religion of Manhood," by John Coit.
25. "The Other Wise Man," by Henry van Dyke.
26. "Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell," by Mrs. M. Cheney.
27. "God in Christ," by Horace Bushnell.
28. "Fresh Fields," by John Burroughs.
29. "Rome," by Émile Zola.
30. "David Balfour," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
31. Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge, edited by her daughter.
32. Parts of "Aids to Reflection," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
33. "Lilac Sunbonnet," by S. R. Crockett.
34. "The Upper Room," by John Watson (Ian Maclaren).
35. "Henry D. Thoreau," by F. B. Sanborn.
36. "Indoor Studies," by John Burroughs.
37. "Oliver Wendell Holmes," by J. T. Morse.
38. "The Pink Villa and Other Stories," by Constance Fenimore Woolson.
39. "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," by Henry van Dyke.
40. "Tillyloss Scandal," by J. M. Barrie.
41. "Eliza Pinckney," by Ravenel Harriot Horry.
42. "Lectures on the Council of Trent," by J. A. Froude.
43. "The Gurneys of Earlham," by A. J. C. Hare.

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44. "Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie.
45. "Margaret Ogilvy," by J. M. Barrie. Most beautiful.
46. "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," by F. R. Stockton.¹

From the "Book-List"

If I have been, in the children's judgment, a good mother, it is owing to their father's example. His generosity and just judgment of others and wonderful common sense have been great things for me. I sometimes think too much honor is given to a mother for training her children. The father trains the mother unconsciously, and to him she goes to exact obedience from the children to her rules. Of course I am speaking of a good husband, as mine is.²

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *January 10, 1897.*

Gone since Monday and never a word to each other. I have had you in my mind all the time, and wanted to sit at my table and send you a line, but have been out so much (no excuse) and had so many interruptions that I have not sent the line I intended. We have had just such a busy week as the last one, some one in to luncheon daily, and I out all day long. I do not read any-

¹ Some of these titles, not in the Book-List, have been supplied from letters.

² This note is undated, but appears among others of 1896.

thing, but am going to begin a solid book this week. . . .

The other day I met the —s. They were pleasant, I ditto. I have lost the desire to fight. There is no more sting in the dragon's tail.

NEW YORK, *January 14, 1897.*

We are going to Brooklyn to-day to the wedding. A horrid, raw day. It looks as if it would snow any moment, and be a regular blizzard before we get back. I feel as if I were going to Europe in my nightgown, for no warm clothing can stay warm through an hour and a half's ride.

I was forced to stop writing at this point in order to eat luncheon. We had it at twelve o'clock, and then began dressing to go to Brooklyn, as though we were going to the Sandwich Islands. The children told me I "looked lovely." I had a very pretty hat which Annie Grey trimmed. It was sad, really, to see one so aged, nearly fifty, so silly over her good clothes. We started at half after one to get to the house at three. I told Father before starting that, if we were too early, I warned him before, I would not go in, even if we had to drive to Montauk Point. We had books to read, soapstones to heat our feet and melt our arctics (which they did, and a warm smell of burn-

ing nigger pervaded the carriage), and plenty of coats and robes. I think the Brooklyn people would have died laughing if they had seen our preparations for going that short distance.

Well, we did get there nearly half an hour too early, and we did drive out into the wilds, though not quite to Montauk Point. It was a lovely wedding, the house very handsomely decorated with pink roses, and the bride was a lovely thing to look at. . . . I had a fine time. Saw lots of people whom I had not seen in a long while. . . . And here we are home, and safe, from the foreign land. We had such fun in the carriage. E. asked me questions as to what was the correct thing to do, and her father's asides were too funny for anything. . . . Our snow has come in earnest and the ground is quite covered. It is time for me to put out the light and be off to bed. I promised E. I would tell you that I put the finishing touches to my clothes at the last minute. As Father says, I make a sleeve when the carriage is at the door.

From the "Commonplace Book"

January 17, 1897. A beautiful winter so far. I am full of gratitude for it. I want to feel happy and to be happy while I can, but I have

not neglected preparing for the end. I trust the dear Lord, and I truly love him, and feel I am his child. I fear nothing but living and suffering, and being a care to the family.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *January 17, 1897.*

You have asked me to set down for you "the religious doubts, growths and victories" which have made up so much of my life these past years. It is perhaps rather a delicate thing to talk about, our inner life, and it is difficult to be perfectly true in what we say, and not to color our experience. I want to tell the truth to you, and I will do as you request, asking you to deal gently with my composition.

To begin, I must go back to my childhood and the manner in which I was brought up, that you may understand how the Higher Criticism affected me. My father taught us all to believe *implicitly* in the facts and truths of the Bible, its account of creation, miracles, everything from Genesis to Revelation. We were taught to believe that it was written by inspired men. No one but Gibbon and Hume, it seemed to me, questioned any of its facts, and Gibbon and Hume were atheists. So I grew up, loving the good, being a Christian by "inheritance and habit." I knew not how

goodly was my inheritance, for I had had it always.

Then came Dr. Briggs and all that discussion. I read and read, and felt hot against Dr. Briggs for troubling the Church, but I was so firm, I thought, in the faith (inherited faith) that nothing could shake me.¹ Then in my reading I more and more observed how much the religious questions were discussed, the Atonement, the Trinity, miracles, etc., etc. Then the novels took up the doubts, and without desiring it I was drawn into reading upon these questions. I read parts of Lecky's "Rationalism," — I could not finish it, — then Matthew Arnold's "Dogma and Literature," and many other books of like character, all the time holding my inheritance to my heart.

But they affected me, all these books, and made me feel very, very sad; for when I would look up, then the awful doubts would fall like little poisoned arrows about me. To be good just because it was right to be good, independent of whether there were a future or no, made the road of life seem very weary. I think Matthew Arnold's book made me the most

¹ On the margin is here added: "I think now that sooner or later even without the Higher Criticism I should have had to make my belief mine by thought."

unhappy. God as a "force" struck as a cold chill to my heart; force, horrible force, and his idea of Christ, — no Christ at all, if not divine. Then it was suggested to me that a personal God might not be what Arnold called him, "anthropomorphic," but Mind, Design in the universe. Then light seemed to dawn through the darkness, and the thought of the laws of God directed by God's mind, God holding in his hand, as it were, the power to restrain blind force, gave peace to my troubled soul.

Then I remembered that Charles Brace, who had doubts of immortality, Christ's divinity, etc., was helped very much by Horace Bushnell. So I read Bushnell's *Life* and his "Dissertation on Language." That gave me a great deal of help. It may be that I did not understand him, and yet I got help from him, and he cleared much for me that had been perplexing. I learned that, in the Bible, God, in order to instruct us and lead us up to a more spiritual life, had to speak in a language that would convey his meaning to us, using often natural things to convey spiritual things. I learned that underneath many truths in the Bible is a deeper spiritual truth; that the truths back of the Trinity and the Atonement, for example, could at that time be explained to us only as the Bible explains them; but that as

man improves, and science reveals new laws, man can and will grasp the deeper meaning. Therefore I rest content, knowing that what I know not now I shall know hereafter. The truth that there is a Mind over us, directing and caring for us, I made mine by thinking, and reading, and going through deep waters of doubt.

Perhaps I have not told you what you wanted to know; and maybe it was not all Horace Bushnell's "Dissertation on Language" that did it. For I used to pray God not to let me lose my faith; life without it was so unlivable, so dark. And here and there, mostly from my own personal need of God in Christ, hope came again, and I have entered into my inheritance.

I don't think it was feeling I was sinful that made me long for faith in a personal God. It was the awfulness of living, loving, and suffering, with no higher Power to help me. To be left alone, to be buffeted by fate, was unbearable to me, and I felt I should go crazy, if I could not find what I seemed to have lost, belief that Christ was sent by God as a revelation of him to man; that we are cared for, and are not alone.

It seems now that I could never lose again my faith. Perhaps things, or truths, rather,

may present themselves to me differently, but I am happy and at peace in the knowledge that there is a loving Father over us, who cares for us and has revealed himself to us in the person of Christ Jesus, our Lord, and who is educating us by life's trials, sorrows, and joys. And this life is but the beginning of what is reserved for those who love him and obey him.

I found Dr. van Dyke's "A Gospel for an Age of Doubt" most helpful.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1897.

I think you must feel a little curiosity about what it was that Mrs. ——— wished to say to me so privately. I want to tell you before it passes out of my memory.

First she said, "Dear Mrs. Knapp, I want you to do something for me, something that I have been thinking about for a long time. I have felt impelled to come to you. I want you to let me give you absent treatment for your hearing. Do you know anything of Mental Science?"

Mrs. K. "Yes, a little. All those studies have interested me in a measure, Faith-Cure, Christian Science, Theosophy, Mental Science. But I think I should be a poor subject for you, as I have no faith that you could open my deaf

ears. The trouble is a thickening of the drum. No power in the world can work a miracle there." (Unless it be an X-ray with some attachment like a comet's tail: this not said to her.) "I think your subject should believe, in order to be worked upon."

Mrs. —. "You need have no faith. I go by myself, eject from my mind everything worldly, household cares, worry, everything; and pray for the power to enter into me, that I may transmit it to you." . . . (Not her exact words, but her meaning.)

Mrs. K. "It does not seem to me that God has heretofore worked after that manner. If I should follow that way, I should have to have a very trusty guide, a Phillips Brooks, for instance."

Well, the long and the short of it was that in all kindness Mother refused decidedly to be healed, even if she were not required to have faith. I said, when she spoke of our influencing one another in unconscious ways, "Yes, I believe that. We can influence each other greatly in our *spiritual* life, by action, by looks of love, by a thousand little unconscious things; but not by thought can we heal incurable diseases." My refusal did not hurt her feelings. I was careful to hear all she wanted to say, for she was very eager and sincere.

NEW YORK, *February 7, 1897.*

There is not much to write about, as we do almost the same thing every day,—eat, drink, and sleep. I grow cross over the daily routine, and sigh for a change from calling, “teasing,” and being called upon. I long for new sights, of cities or of the land of flowers. . . . I have a feeling within me, at times, of going, of flying away, that it is hard to suppress. In the spring I will go to the Park, and try to walk off my longing for travel. . . .

In one way I have Margaret Ogilvy’s ambitions, which would not be guessed from my outwardly calm presence. I have longed to leave, not only a memory, but an influence, when I die, wider than the home-circle. Is it a poor ambition? I have been so hampered by deafness (it seems to me), but perhaps after all that has been my teacher.

I have finished Hare’s “The Story of My Life,” and I do not like Hare or his life. It is a disgraceful thing to tell all the failings, faults, and sins of one’s family, even to a suspicion of murder by his own brother or his own sister. His adopted mother was all the time dying, but did not die until the end of the second volume; death-bed scenes gotten up very theatrically, in which Hare would write down “in great grief” all she said, and she said pages.

I felt sure, when she talked so much, that she would not die; and I would find out at the end of a few pages that I was right. . . .

NEW YORK, *March 21, 1897.*

. . . I have a new book which has interested me, "The Gospel of Buddha," by Dr. Paul Carus. It is written with no comment, but presented as the Bible or the Koran. In its essence Buddhism is like Christianity, but it is called a philosophy rather than a religion, and I do not see how common intellects could grasp it, so as to find any comfort in it. . . .

Dr. van Dyke says that, when you have been licensed, you are to preach in the Brick Church. When you do, I shall feel as if I must go down afterwards into the crypt and offer up something by the tombs of your great-grandparents and dear Aunt Anna Spring. I am a pagan at heart. I always want to offer up something in gratitude, to do something religious outwardly. Analyze the feeling. Is it the earth sticking to me yet? Have I not evolved enough? According to Buddhism I must have been a Priestess of the Sun, and offered sacrifice daily, until it is bred into my "Karma" to offer up something. Perhaps that is why I slash into my bought hats and gowns, and offer up my time and patience

to gratify my taste.— I am off to church, so
good-bye. Lovingly MOTHER.

P. S. In thinking about this Gospel of Buddha, I have wondered whether the knowledge of Christianity has not made even this translation different from what it would otherwise have been, whether certain words would convey the same meaning to a Hindoo that they do to me. Again,

MOTHER, of the Enquiring Mind.
(I am not satisfied with Nirvana.)

From the "Commonplace Book"

March 24, 1897. I do not think I ever appreciated life as much as I do now. I seem only beginning to live. The enjoyment of reading and knowing is so great; the *thinking* part of me has been aroused. And within me I feel that my life is almost ended.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, Easter, *April 18, 1897.*

Coughing too much to go to church, I took the car, entered the Park by the Metropolitan Museum, and walked home, keeping to the left as much as possible and out of the way of the people. The new leaves on the shrubs, the opening of the tulips, the blue of the sky, the

freshness of the air, and the thought that it was "Easter," made me have that tearful feeling, which means to me feelings I cannot express. I felt the hopefulness of Christianity in its precious belief in the risen Saviour, and the anguish to the world, if it is ever treated as a myth. . . .

As for the shops this year, with their display of "suitable Easter gifts," — cats, toads, dogs, and monkeys (in spite of evolution) coming out of chickens' eggs, — I wondered what the future historian would say of our religion, or our intelligence, if these objects should be unearthed in the ages to come. The cross in Siegel & Cooper's window, with a yellow-haired maiden putting artificial lilies on it, struck a cold chill to my heart. Sad, sad thoughts possess my soul. Is it to be all a myth? Or will there come the preacher to put life into the dry bones, and people again have a living faith and reverence for things? It is to be accomplished, not by the mere preaching, but by being good and going in person to the people; by understanding their needs, by believing in the thing preached. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *August 1, 1897.*

Do you remember my telling about a Scotchman visiting here? This funny fact about him I will try to tell clearly, for it is so amusing.

Miss —, with whom he was staying, asked if she might bring him to see the H.'s house. "And may I say that Harriet Beecher Stowe lived here?" said she. "You may say so," answered Mrs. H., "but it is not true. Washington, however, stopped here once." To which Miss — rejoined, "Oh, he doesn't care for Washington: it is only Harriet who interests him." So he saw the H. house as Harriet Beecher Stowe's home, and enjoyed it immensely.

LITCHFIELD, *October 24, 1897.*

Father now intends, if it is pleasant weather, to drive over to Southington. As the time draws near, I feel so fearful that something will happen to prevent my seeing your parish. Mrs. Richards and I talk of Southington almost every afternoon. I go over to her house right after dinner, and sit by her wood-fire, until the stars come out and warn me that it is long after the time to which a call should be extended.

I went in yesterday to see O.'s mother. She was very friendly and read me a letter just received from him. It was the kind of letter that touches the parent's heart,— of gratitude and appreciation for love and example. Of course I wept with her. I am positively ashamed of my

"weepy" habit, but I suppose I am too old now to stop. To dry up the fountain of tears at my age might change my character, and perhaps it is better to weep than to grow hard.

I have had a fine week, no asthma, able to make calls and see my friends. In spite of everything, I think this fall has been a better one than I have had in some time.

LITCHFIELD, *October 31, 1897.*

We are in such a state of excitement that I cannot wait until Wednesday to tell you. Our Katie is to be married to-night to Michael, the Sanfords' gardener. . . . Michael is a character. When asked what the Knapps did, when Katie told them, "Ah, sure they all cried," said he. "Well, when you told the Sanfords, what did they do?" "Sure they all died laughing."

I wrote Mrs. Sanford a letter, saying that I had always wanted to be related to them, but little thought it would be through Michael and Katie; that while it was a great loss to me to part with so good a servant, the marriage would cause a greater loss to them, for I was now promised half of all their early peas and asparagus.

NEW YORK, *November 28, 1897.*

Father says it is too cold for me to go to church, so I am staying at home and reading

“Quo Vadis.” It is a wonderful book, and impresses upon one the power of Christianity. At the time of the year when the Episcopal Church remembers the saints—All Saints’ Day—I want you to preach a sermon on the early Christian saints, the nameless saints.

The proof for the reception cards has come home, and I tremble in my boots, would draw back if I could. I look upon myself with surprise: nothing but my children’s desire would catch me at the work.

FROM S. K. TO HIS SON

NEW YORK, *December 30, 1897.*

Of course you have ere this heard from Mother about the Battle of Blenheim. “It was a glorious victory.” It was great fun to see Mother gradually come out of her dead funk of the early afternoon; and as the people began to arrive in droves, she grew perceptibly younger each minute, until her apparent age was about twenty-five. I myself had quite a “coming out” in the library, and enjoyed it very much. By evening my voice was completely gone. . . .

We are all greatly shocked and grieved at the sudden death of Charlie Miller. It somehow comes home to us, as the Millers and ourselves were married on the same day. . . .

From the "Book-List"

A PRAYER

For eyesight to read to myself, and for clearness of mind to enjoy what I read, accept my gratitude.

Books read in 1897

1. "The Cure of Souls," by John Watson (Ian Maclaren).
2. "Leaves from Juliana Horatia Ewing's 'Canadian Home,'" by Elizabeth S. Tucker.
3. "Marm Lisa," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
4. "Monsignor de Salamon, Unpublished Memoirs, 1790-1801," ed. by Abbé Bridier.
5. "The Story of Two Noble Lives" (Countess Canning and Marchioness of Waterford), by A. J. C. Hare.
6. "The Story of My Life," by A. J. C. Hare.
7. "The Adventures of My Life," by Henri Rochefort.
8. "Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson," by [?] S. A. Brooke.
9. Parts of Burroughs's bird-notes; have forgotten the title.
10. "Cape Cod," by H. D. Thoreau.
11. "The Gospel of Buddha," by Paul Carus.
12. "The Master of Ballantrae," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
13. "Karma," by Paul Carus.
14. "Sermons," by Frederick W. Robertson.
15. "Religions of India" (Handbooks on the History of Religions), by W. Hopkins.

16. "On Many Seas," by [?] H. E. Hamblen.
17. "The Place of Death in Evolution," by Newman Smyth.
18. "Immortality and the New Theodicy," by George A. Gordon.
19. "Life, Letters, and Diary of Lucy Larcom," by D. D. Addison.
20. Parts of the "Confessions" of St. Augustine.
21. "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
22. "A New England Girlhood," by Lucy Larcom.
23. "Ebb Tide," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
24. "An Amateur Emigrant" and "Across the Plains," by R. L. Stevenson.
25. "Memories and Portraits," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
26. "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington," by J. F. Molloy.
27. "The South Seas," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
28. "Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis.
29. "The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton," by William H. Wilkins.
30. "Ten Great Religions," by James Freeman Clarke.
31. "Kidnapped," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
32. "Samuel Sewall and the World He Lived in," by N. H. Chamberlain.
33. "The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
34. "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," by W. H. Lamont.
35. "The Choir Invisible," by James Lane Allen.
36. "Farthest North," by Fridtjof Nansen.

37. "A Son of the Old Dominion," by Mrs. Burton Harrison.

38. "Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett," by E. Abbott and L. Campbell.

39. "Quo Vadis," by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

CHAPTER VII

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM

Believe me, fellow-citizens, no nation upon earth has such wealth of patriotism, men with such power to conceive, or such ability to execute, as rests quietly in reserve, but ever ready for emergencies, in this democracy. — ANDREW CARNEGIE.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *January 4, 1898.*

. . . What do you suppose is now the style, to indicate a death in a house? Tied to the door-knob is, first, a long green palm or cypress leaf, then a bunch of violets fastened with a broad lavender ribbon. I told Father I did not care what the style might be in the future, I wanted the old things. One might as well tie on the things one enjoyed during life, like ivory knitting - needles and worsted, or golf - clubs; for a child, woolly dogs, etc., etc. One cannot make death cheerful or disguise it; and crêpe on the bell means sorrow within. . . .

NEW YORK, *January 20, 1898.*

Father and Coleman had a lovely visit with you. Dear old Coleman did enjoy himself so

much with the people. It made me homesick for Southington.

E. and I are "teasing it" every afternoon from the top of the map to the Gulf of Mexico. It is very fatiguing and a most ridiculous farce. I could not stand it long.

NEW YORK, *January 28, 1898.*

. . . Few know how I long to hear comfortably, without losing as much as I do, or straining all my powers to catch the words. I went to a tea yesterday. My hostess said she thought me "perfectly wonderful," and that I did finely at our reception. I take all praise greedily. It does not harm me, I think, but helps me to go on cheerfully. I rarely am morbid now over my affliction; and when a young man stays nearly two hours calling on me, I can't be dreadfully deaf to other people, though to myself I am. . . .

NEW YORK, *March 1, 1898.*

I think you will laugh, when I tell you what I have been doing. Of course you have read of those brave sailors of La Champagne in that boat on the ocean. They are at the French Hospital in West Thirty-fourth Street, and I sent them six dozen oranges, three big bunches of bananas, and crackers. Father is sending them French books (I pray they may not turn

out to be improper ones) and picture papers. I could not rest, unless in a humble way I testified practically how their bravery touched my heart. I am such a coward myself that deeds of this kind break me all up.

Between the Maine and La Champagne, Zola has not been thought of. I saw, by the way, that Howells pays a fine tribute to Zola's genius: "Indecent? Yes, but not immoral." I detest him, and right or wrong, I am delighted that he is shut up for a year. The only thing is, he will write quarts, when he gets out.

We have not fumigated yet. It is the fourth week, and still no peeling.

NEW YORK, *March 2, 1898.*

The peeling has actually begun. I am relieved, in a way. To have had all this quarantine for nothing would have been too much.

Dear Mrs. Richards was delighted with Mrs. Norton's piece in "The Southington Phoenix." That Mr. Richards' verses, written half a century ago, should be printed and enjoyed now, was so much to her. The dear lady is in Orange this winter. She has passed her seventy-fourth birthday.

I enclosed James Howell's Letters, as you will find upon opening your package. They are not nearly as interesting as Pepys, but I

suspect that in construction of sentences and use of words he is more of a scholar. I fancy Carlyle took his "beautifullest" and kindred words from Howell, rather than from the German, as I always thought he did. And "landskip," I see, is an old word. Tennyson always used it in ordinary conversation. Do you know anything of John Sterling? He has been rather a favorite of mine. In Trench's *Life* are a number of interesting letters from him.

NEW YORK, *March 13, 1898.*

Our surprise for K.'s birthday is to dress ourselves up as some of the characters in "Alice in Wonderland," Father as the Hatter, E. the March Hare, myself the White Rabbit. I have written regrets (as amusing as I could make them) for the rest of the characters, which Susie is to deliver at intervals, and which I hope will prolong the fun. Father is to write some funny verses on the Wood-Bug, which lately has been bothering us again, emerging from the wood-box by K.'s door and crawling all over everything. I send you this, as I thought you might like to write your own regret. You are the Dormouse, and we are going to set a place at the table for you. This is all to be a surprise.

NEW YORK, *March 15, 1898.*

. . . I have made a White Rabbit mask. It is too funny; the ears are the best part. With a black coat, white gloves, and a fan, I hope I shall pass. I have fits every time I think of myself. Imagine a woman of fifty being so ridiculous. . . . I am afraid, from all signs, we shall not fumigate this week.

The Birthday Letters

PEPPER POT HALL, *March 16, 1898.*

MY DEAR ALICE,—I am in mourning for the Cheshire Cat; he has disappeared. The Queen accuses *me* of foul play. I am condemned to eat one of her tarts. Good-bye.

Mournfully yours,

THE DUCHESS.

CHESHIRE ACADEMY, *March 16, 1898.*

MY DEAR ALICE,—I have disappeared, and my grin can't go so far alone.

Mirthfully yours,

THE CHESHIRE CAT.

CARDBOX PALACE, *March 16, 1898.*

MY DEAR ALICE,—Accept my *heart-felt* regret, and believe me

Tartly yours,

THE QUEEN.

MAPLE LEAF SNUGGERY, *March 16, 1898.*

MY DEAR ALICE,—I am not on crawling terms with Wood-Bug. How could you ask me to meet

him? No, indeed! Neither birthday cake nor ice-cream could tempt me.

Loopingly yours,

CATERPILLAR.

"THE LIZARDS," *March 16, 1898.*

MY DEAR ALICE,— Thanks awfully for asking me to announce the guests at your birthday party. I could have done it to perfection by going in and out through the keyhole. But I have an engagement at the Gryphon's for a garden party.

Changeably yours,

BILL THE LIZARD.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *March 16, 1898.*

We have had the party, and it proved about the nicest one K. ever had. Our surprise *was* a surprise to her. . . . Father was too drunken-looking for anything, with his beaver tipped on the back of his head, and his coat inside out. He had a paper on his hat, inscribed, "This style \$1.00." They said I was funny. I felt funny.

NEW YORK, *April 5, 1898.*

You will be amused, when I tell you that I have written a note to Miss Anna Granniss, of Plainville, author of "Skipped Stitches"; but with Father's approval. The other day I went into my favorite second-hand bookstore in

Twenty-third Street, and there picked up some books. One is "Letters of Sir John Harrington," translator of Ariosto (1608). It looks very readable. The other book was a very shabby affair outwardly, but within it was "The Lowell Offering" (1844). This was the name of the paper published by the mill-girls of Lowell. Harriet Martineau wrote the preface in this volume. The stories and poems were the original work of the factory-girls. Lucy Larcom mentions it in her Life, and while working in the mill she herself contributed to it. It was so interesting to me, and the stories were so good, all from New England life and all more or less about the mill. I thought immediately of Miss Granniss and that perhaps it would give her pleasure to own it; so I sent it with a note.

NEW YORK, *May* 5, 1898.

We have two war parties at home, E. and myself. E. is for the humanitarian view of the war, and I insist that the Maine must not be forgotten. I believe with all my soul that we are fighting to stop Spanish cruelty, not to take vengeance. All the same, I should love to hear the battle-cry, "Remember the Maine." All I ever clung to in my religion, from the tables of stone to the chariot of fire, has been explained away, but *I am going to keep vengeance until*

after this war is over. Then it, too, can follow the rest of the outworn beliefs and feelings, and I will start afresh.

What a glorious gift Yale has given. I am full of pride in her, and it is such a triumph over Harvard with her standard. ("Vengeance" and "pride"! You see there *is* a devil yet, after all.) I have sent a couple of verses from one of O. W. Holmes's war ballads to "The Commercial Advertiser." They seemed to me to fit the Seventh's case. Should you like to join me in sending a hundred paper novels to Troop A, care of Phil Hildreth? Let me know before Monday.

NEW YORK, *May*, 1898.

Mother is a patriotic wreck to-night. Troops have been passing all day through Thirty-fourth Street. I have waved to them from the curbstone, shed tears, and made a fool of myself, too, I suppose. . . . Lieut. Colvocoresses is on the Concord at Manila, second in command. The Spaniards are brave; ours is no cowardly foe. You must preach a war sermon. It is time now; next Sunday morning. How does your flag go? I have got the house pretty well fixed, and if my laundress stays, I can get off by the eleventh. I read nothing but the papers and my "good books."

LITCHFIELD, *May 20, 1898.*

. . . The house looks more beautiful than ever and the garden never was finer. The dear people are beginning to come in, and cake after cake greeted us the first night. Dear Mrs. Richards and I have long chats. . . .

To-morrow there is to be a ladies' meeting in the Court House. They are to organize as a branch of the Red Cross Society, and work for the army and navy. . . . And so Troop A has been ordered off. It made me sad: the boys all seemed so young.

LITCHFIELD, *May, 1898.*

. . . Dear Mrs. Richards is full of interest in the war. Her family call *her* "blood-thirsty." I run over there, when I want to let off steam. . . . Did I tell you that at the meeting in the Court House on Saturday I was elected one of the Executive Committee? I offered to give six pieces of unbleached muslin and six of cheesecloth, which Wanamaker is selling for four and three cents a yard for the Red Cross Society. We have our patterns sent us, nightgowns and handkerchiefs, for the new hospital-ship Relief. . . . We are to have a Red Cross flag hung out at the Court House, when we gather there to sew. We meet to-morrow with our sewing-machines, and begin our work. All denominations



THE GARDEN PATH IN LITCHFIELD, FROM THE PIAZZA

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

have joined in, Roman Catholics, too,— non-sectarian. I think we shall be able to help, and do our share for the soldiers. I wondered that day on my way home, when my excitement had somewhat cooled, what Father would say to my offer; but he was lovely. I *had* to do something or burst. . . . H. S. is hot to kill a Spaniard, partakes, in a measure, of my mediæval spirit. I long to sink the whole fleet, not in memory of the Maine only, but in memory of Spain's evil ways from the Moors until now. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *June 2, 1898.*

The days fly by on wings. I read nothing but the newspaper, and sew for the Red Cross. We have already made eighty-four shirts. My donation cut eighty-seven. . . . I heard something which I think will please you. When Mrs. Colvocoresses came up to get her house in order, a sirloin steak was ordered from the Bantam butcher for supper, Mrs. C. coming on the evening train. The butcher brought a porter-house steak, apologizing for so doing, by saying that he could not let Mrs. Colvocoresses eat sirloin after what her husband had done at Manila.

Yesterday Father, Mr. and Mrs. H., and I drove over to Milton, by invitation. Mr. D., a farmer there, had given a splendid flagpole cut on his own land, a pine tree measuring fifty

feet; and our Mayo¹ gave a new flag, a beauty. The hole was dug at the cross-roads as you approach the town, Mr. D.'s house on the left. The school-children stood on the green, the men of the town *all* helping to fix the pole in place. As the flag reached the top, the cheers, and then the children's voices, singing, "Hurrah for the red, white, and blue," the men joining in the chorus, were almost too much for your emotional mother. For it was all so simple, not over twenty-five men and boys, a sprinkling of women, and about thirty children.

Mayo stood with his hat in his hand, pointing up to the flag, far above, against the blue sky, telling the children, in his address, what it stood for, "Liberty and Protection"; how he would give his life for it, and that they must feel the same toward it; that in looking at the stripes they could think that the red was the blood of those who had died for it, that the white was for purity of life, and the stars were the states. Mayo looking up, the flag flying in the wind, the children, the hills and sunshine, made a picture for an artist.

Then Mr. D. paid his tribute to the flag, repeated a few lines from "Barbara Frietchie," and thanked his neighbors for their share in helping cut and place the pole, and Mayo for

¹ The old Indian gardener.

the flag. Then we were invited to the house, where in true New England style we had beautiful loaves of cake passed to us and lemonade. Oh, I forgot to say that Mr. H. also made an excellent speech, as he always does, pleasing the people immensely.

You can see the flag a long way off. Mayo tells Father that the people were so tickled at our driving over that they fairly "jumped up and down,"—talked it all over that night. As for old Mayo, he is taking the most beautiful comfort and pride out of that flag. It cost him three dollars; it was a Helen Gould gift.

I wish I had the pen of a Harding Davis to reproduce that scene as I saw and felt it. The look of love and real pride in those men, as they looked at the flag, made me feel more than ever that the backbone of the country is in New England. I counted eighteen little boys eating cake and lemonade, and I am quite sure *they* will remember the day of the flag-pole and flag-raising. Cake and lemonade are a part of the good influences about them.

LITCHFIELD, *June 19, 1898.*

. . . After luncheon several of us went to Mrs. W.'s for a Red Cross meeting. I had given Mrs. B. some money, to use as she thinks best, but told her not to mention my name in con-

nection with the gift. She told the ladies in my presence, *Mrs. H. interpreting every word to me*. I felt as guilty as if I had stolen that amount. I had mentioned to Mrs. B. that it would be fine if we could supply the Relief with an X-ray apparatus, so she suggested to the ladies to use the money for some one thing, an X-ray apparatus, if that could be purchased. The ladies approved of the suggestion, all wondering who Mrs. B.'s friend could be. I said to my interpreter, "I am not half as anxious to find out who the friend is, as I am to spend the money."

We sew now once a week, instead of three times. We have sent our box, — three hundred and fifty night-shirts, including those Mrs. M. gave, four hundred surgeon's handkerchiefs, three hundred and fifty antiseptic compresses, —and received praise from Mrs. Dana for the work our Auxiliary had accomplished in four weeks.

LITCHFIELD, *June 26, 1898.*

. . . I am dying to send a box to one of the ships, for the sailors, Father putting in cigars for the commander. You may say I have a fad of patriotism. Perhaps I have. I think of nothing but those soldiers and sailors, and I really long to go without something, that I may give to them. I feel nothing I give away; there is

no self-denial about it. Father is so funny, tells me to get a blanket, roll myself in it, and lie down by the kitchen fire; that I will then be feeling like our men in Cuba.

LITCHFIELD, *July 3, 1898.*

You will laugh when I tell you I am packing a box for the sailors of the Vicksburg, — picture papers, magazines, books, musical instruments (horns, jew's-harps, harmonicas and bones), 200 pieces of assorted-flavor chewing-gum, 200 briarwood pipes, 200 bags of tobacco, 200 sheets of notepaper, envelopes ditto (stamped), pencils and games, some Bibles and hymn-books. I send the box to Key West, but it may be some time before it reaches the Vicksburg. I am having a fine time getting it ready, and hope it will give pleasure.

LITCHFIELD, "*The Fourth*," 1898.

I am tired to death to-night. The war news has been so exciting; and to-night we hear that Cervera is our prisoner and Santiago is ours. I trust this will end the war. I mourn for the dead, but, as Dr. van Dyke put it, some must be the sacrifice. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *July 17, 1898.*

My box has gone to the Vicksburg, and such a box! it weighed over a ton. I have heard

from the Navy Yard that it has been received and will be forwarded on the supply-ship this week. You will all miss things for years to come. I put in every old book, besides the new ones I bought; the old bound "Puck" too. I am longing to hear whether the sailors are pleased.

I am still sending papers, etc., to Chaplain Orville J. Nave, and now to another clergyman in Jacksonville, who has two wounded boys in his home. I long to give artificial legs, too. Oh, I really long to bear a bit of this great burden, and help the brave men to the best of my ability. . . .

The following acknowledgments of the box were in due time received:—

U. S. S. VICKSBURG,

HAVANA BLOCKADE, *August 12, 1898.*

MY DEAR MRS. KNAPP, — At daybreak this morning the lookout aloft reported black smoke on the horizon, and the Vicksburg immediately started in chase, in order to determine its character by closer observation. It proved to be from the U. S. S. Supply. When near enough we sent a boat alongside, and among other things she brought back the large box from Litchfield, at which I was relieved, as I had become somewhat uneasy as to its fate.

Soon afterwards in the presence of the crew the box was unpacked, and the contents neatly arranged

on deck, and the exhibit they made was truly fine and most formidable, and called forth loud praise for the donor, whose lavish generosity and kind thoughtfulness the men fully appreciated with true sailor heartiness, and for which I am sure they will make due acknowledgments; to which, dear Mrs. Knapp, I wish to add my own.

Mr. Knapp's special contribution of the cigars was most welcome, for which I shall make my acknowledgments directly by this mail. I am,

Yours very sincerely,

A. B. H. LILLIE.

U. S. S. VICKSBURG,

BLOCKADING SQUADRON, OFF HAVANA, CUBA,

August 12, 1898.

MRS. S. KNAPP,

Litchfield, Connecticut.

Dear Madame, — The crew of the Vicksburg — one hundred and twenty-seven men and apprentices — desire to thank you for the "box" which you have so kindly sent them by the U. S. S. Supply.

We, the Chief Petty Officers of the ship, are requested by our shipmates to make known to you that the presents were equitably distributed, and that all were highly appreciated. We are deeply sensible of your interest in this ship's company, and we send our greetings to you as a patriotic woman, who can so generously remember the Seamen of our Navy.

It may be of interest to you to know that the books you send form the "Emma B. Knapp" library of the ship; that each volume is so stamped, and that they

are catalogued and properly cared for, in order that all may enjoy them.

We are, Madame, your obedient servants,

A. W. JOHNSON, Ch. Master-at-Arms.	JAMES D. LEARY, Ch. Carpenter's Mate.
GEORGE D. ROSS, Ch. B'o's'n's Mate.	F. S. LARKIN, Paymaster's Yeoman.
I. G. RAWLINSON, Ch. Gunner's Mate.	EDWARD W. POORE, Engineer's Yeoman.
JAMES L. BAART, Ch. Machinist.	WM. F. SHUTE, Equip't Yeoman.
ROBT. E. LINDSAY, Ch. Machinist.	G. H. HOLLAND, Apothecary.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

LITCHFIELD, *July 22, 1898.*

I am too lonely for words. I even miss your monotonous piano-practising — da, da, da, — dee, dee, dee. . . . It was thoughtful of you to write Father. You know he is a man of few words, and never expresses all he feels, but I know him well enough to know that he loves attention from his children. . . .

My money will soon be all gone, and then what shall I do? I shall probably have all my teeth extracted and hair cut off, and sell them for the benefit of my country. . . . Don't say anything about the gifts I give to the soldiers. Be sure to keep it all to yourself. I mean it. All are trying to do what they can by either money

or service. Dr. L. sent me a nice letter in answer to the one I sent him, asking him whether the men were at his hospital, and whether we could send them cigars. He says, "They would be glad of cigars. We abrogated the rule the first night they came and let them smoke in the wards, and they did enjoy it. They are all doing well, and the Mauser bullet-wounds are the smallest little holes imaginable. The bullets have all gone in one side and out the other, wherever they hit."

FROM HER HUSBAND ¹

Sent via Cannuckville, per Dispatch-Boat Montreal

EL MORRO DI LICHFIELDO, August 1, 1898.

At sunrise the garrison was stirring, and soon after, the insurgents left the camp, carrying their baggage and side-arms stacked. Quiet and rain, with some fog, then settled down upon the Morro.

At about 10 A. M. Col. Mayo of the immune regiment reported a number of cucumbers lurking in the thicket at the foot of the escarpment, and asked for instructions. He was ordered to dislodge them with as little delay as possible. Soon after, firing was heard in the direction of

¹ This letter and the two following were received by her while on a pleasure-trip to Canada, begun on the date of the first letter.

the escarpment, supposed to be Col. Mayo's attack. This surmise proved to be well founded, as he soon returned, having captured the whole detachment.

Great activity in the fleet. Sampson and Dewey¹ manœuvring all the morning with great activity.

Evening. Thunder and lightning. More rain. More fog. Went over the accounts of the Commissary Department. Hard to strike a balance with temperature ninety-nine in the shade.

General Richards is confined to his tent with a slight indisposition. Red Cross Clara B. put a blue patch in the seat of my trousers. Blessed be woman.

Sent via Mole St. Nicholas

On Board FLAGSHIP NEW YORK,
OFF BIJUIRI, August 2, 1898.

Sunshine and northwest wind this morning. The crew had out clothes, etc., to dry, after the long damp season. Commodore Hutchins brought an invitation from his superior to the Commander to join them at tea this evening, to meet Commodore C. Lillie, Surgeon-General Symington and Captain Thomas.

While at tiffin, Admiral Sampson was suddenly taken with a very tight fit, rushing around

¹ The names of two kittens.

the cabin, and trying to climb up the side walls. After about an hour the fit loosened, and he appeared quite as usual, taking milk and acting in a natural way. At 11 A. M. he had another seizure, which was of short duration, owing to the prompt action of the ship's surgeon, who performed a very successful operation upon the Admiral. But unfortunately the shock was too great for his system, and shortly afterward he quietly passed away. The body was interred at Siboney with appropriate services, Capt. Bob Evans making the prayer.

General Richards, having recovered from his indisposition of yesterday, sent this morning his aid, Santa Anna, to invite the officers of this ship to tiffin to-morrow. Invitation accepted.

The boys all keep well, and hope soon to hear from home. Our love to all the old girls.

Sent via Shepaug (delayed in transmission)

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, August 6, 1898.

On Wednesday took tiffin with General Richards and staff. Thursday, whist at the Engineers' Club. Caught in terrible rain, while crossing the trocha. Drenched to the skin. Would suggest that members of my command be provided with red, white, and blue ponchos.

Received your very inflammatory dispatches.

Think you will be ordered to Montauk Point to nurse the suspects.

Love to all the dear fellows. Tell Aguinaldo that I am glad the swelling of his head has gone down.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *September 5, 1898.*

What a dreadful week for heat last week was. Father is off to the city again, summoned to jury duty. I suppose he wrote you about meeting Sampson. Commander Lillie has been in town, — looks brown and well, says he was not so hot on the blockade as he was here on Sunday. He is very flattering in his appreciation of the box; says there were plenty of pipes for the officers, too.

LITCHFIELD, *September 6, 1898.*

. . . My luncheon came off, and my guests will never forget it, for it was the hottest day we have had this summer. . . .

I am reading Fiske's "Unseen World," and so far like it very much. But I feel rather shaky when I try to grasp the "vortex-atom theory." I fear my intellect is not equal to it. . . .

This letter is to be short, for I am now making ready for K.'s party, Friday night, painting and gilding things for favors.

LITCHFIELD, *September 15, 1898.*

. . . I have a fine letter from the Rev. Orville J. Nave, U. S. A. He says the books I sent "were a splendid gift," and will be taken care of, and at his death or retirement given in charge to the chaplain succeeding him. He also says that when the troops from Fort McPherson went to Manila, he gave them all the books in the library, three hundred volumes, to take with them, catalogued and neatly arranged. Now my books, over fifty, come in as the beginning of a new circulating library. I did not expect this, and was greatly pleased. I am going to remember Fort McPherson and the Vicksburg, and it will be great pleasure.

LITCHFIELD, *October 23, 1898.*

I am downstairs for the first time in over ten days, — a persistent cough, the "hold-on-and-stop-up-your-ears" kind.

Such a glorious day, — with the lake glistening in the sun, fall coloring on the distant hills, occasionally a dark cloud over all, and Mt. Tom, like the Celestial City, bathed in light, far off.

I have occupied myself with reading Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston" and "St. Ives." "Weir of Hermiston" is the better of the two; some fine delineation of character. Those two

books struck me as having something touching about them. Poor Stevenson, away from dear Scotland with its moors and highlands, his surroundings all tropical, recalling the landscapes of home and the home-scenes and dialect. His inner eye saw it all, and I am sure it was a delight to recall it. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *October 30, 1898.*

Mother is quite herself again, and the cold a thing of the past. I walked on Friday with E. to the woods beyond the Goddards',—no asthma, nothing but enjoyment. On Saturday to a large luncheon next door. To-morrow I am going calling. My dear friend, Mrs. Richards, has been ill for over four weeks, much to my disappointment. I had looked forward to many cosy evenings in her comfortable sitting-room.

Books read in 1898

1. "In Kedar's Tents," by H. S. Merriman.
2. "The History of the Lady Betty Stair," by Molly Elliot Seawell.
3. "Relation of Literature to Life," by Charles Dudley Warner.
4. "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Memoir," by his Son.
5. "The First Christmas Tree," by Henry van Dyke.
6. "Madame Delphine," by George W. Cable.

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7. "Travels of Lady Hester Stanhope," by her physician. (The story of an unbalanced mind.)
 8. "Captains Courageous," by Rudyard Kipling.
 9. "Hugh Wynne," by S. Weir Mitchell.
 10. "An Unwilling Maid," by Mrs. Jeanie (Gould) Lincoln.
 11. "Familiar Letters of James Howell," ed. by W. H. Bennett.
 12. "Fifty Years Ago," by Sir Walter Besant.
 13. "Recollections of Aubrey Thomas De Vere."
 14. "Along Alaska's Great River," by Frederick Schwatka.
 15. "Letters of Sir John Harington."
 16. "Letters and Memories of Richard Chenevix Trench," by the author of "Charles Lowder" (Miss M. Trench).
 17. "The Landlord of Lion's Head," by W. D. Howells.
 18. "Auld Lang Syne," by Friedrich Max Müller.
 19. "Life, Letters, and Journal of Sir Charles Lyell," ed. by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lyell.
 20. "The Eugene Field I Knew," by Francis Wilson.
 21. "Men I Have Known," by Frederic W. Farrar.
 22. "God and Man," by Rev. Père Lacordaire.
 23. "The Unseen World," by John Fiske.
 24. "Old Virginia and Her Neighbours," by the same.
 25. "Weir of Hermiston," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
 26. "St. Ives," by the same.
 27. "Old Paris," by Lady C. G. Jackson.

28. "If I Were God," by Richard Le Gallienne.
29. "Northward over the 'Great Ice,'" by Robert E. Peary.
30. "The Adventures of François," by S. Weir Mitchell.
31. "War Memories of an Army Chaplain," by H. C. Trumbull.
32. "The Girl at Cobhurst," by F. R. Stockton.

CHAPTER VIII

THE JOY OF GIVING

A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of one's self and one's resources — the best investment of time, strength and means. — GENERAL ARMSTRONG.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *March 5, 1899.*

In spite of the dampness, I walked over to church for Communion. A very large congregation, galleries full, hardly any one in the church leaving. It is a beautiful service, and grows more impressive as I grow older. . . .

NEW YORK, *March 12, 1899.*

. . . "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." — Did you ever think of this text as meaning that our restlessness, and unhappiness, and the feeling of purposelessness in our lives, before we find God, is the crying of "Abba, Father" in our hearts, the Spirit of Christ in our hearts? Do you get my idea? I have thought it out, not seen any allusion to it, — though it may be as old as the

hills. It is to me a more helpful thought than that to turn to God is a *law* of our being (as it is); "Abba, Father" seems so close. Phillips Brooks evidently preached a sermon on this text, for I have an extract from one in my Year Book, but he applies the text to a man who is reconciled to God at last. I don't know whether you catch *my* idea. I fancy the full figure could not be carried out, as we cannot cry "Father" until we know him; and yet, though we know not that the cry within us is exactly, "Abba, Father," still we know there is a cry which cannot be satisfied, until we find God. Oh dear, I have no logic, and cannot explain after all what I want to say. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *June 8, 1899.*

I want to start you and Mr. Wilson in your bachelor housekeeping, and should like the name of your grocer, to whom I could send my order; then, if it should be extravagant, it will not be the clergymen's fault. You must not say me nay. I want to go over, too, and help settle you; it will be a pleasure. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *June 19, 1899.*

I have your table-linen. A dozen napkins are cut off, and one already hemmed. Susie is hemming the glass-toweling, kitchen-ditto, and

kitchen table-cloth. Find out for me whether they keep good sugar-cured ham in Southington; Ferris hams are the best. Have you a receptacle for kerosene oil? Where shall I send your blankets, table-linen, etc., when ready? Father is to send you a banquet-lamp, if he finds one. What kind of hard soap do people in S. use for washing, Babbitt's or Colgate's? To which of the grocers should I go for your flour? Can you buy safety-matches there? I shall send you a coffee-pot like mine from Macy's, and coffee and tea from the city. Have you a coffee-grinder? I hate to bother you with these small things, but can't help it.

I want so to help you settle. Do let me come over; I am very well just now. I could put the stores away, which would be quite a help, and could help get your supper. I never cooked in my life, but it would be fun to try. At any rate, I could make toast.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

"THE RECTORY-PARSONAGE,"

SOUTHINGTON, CONN., *July 12, 1899.*

Your letter just received. I am greatly interested in its contents. It is indeed fine about the little children. You gave them Mrs. Dana's book as the property of the cottage, I suppose.

I love to awaken people to the beautiful world we live in, and feel that through nature we are led to *look up*.

As for your reading, I see you are "a chip of the old block" in your desire to tell what has come to you as a great thought. If I were you, I should read Drummond's "Ascent of Man." And Darwin's "Origin of Species" is very interesting. All do not agree with Darwin as regards our descent from the apes,—and it is always well to read all sides of a question,—but the theory of evolution is what has turned the world upside down, men seeing that even religion is evolved, from the worship of the elements to the worship of one God. . . .

I cannot bear to leave S., for it is perfect, this cosy home. The pictures are nearly all hung, the coffee and tea put away, and everything in working order. Mr. Wilson had two of his parishioners to a late tea, for which I made mayonnaise for sardines and lettuce. I have polished up things, washed dishes a little, . . . got the tea cleared off the table, and am now dressed in my best silk, feeling very much like a New England woman about the feet; they ache—rather. And now good-night.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *September 30, 1899.*

. . . Have you thought at all of the great doings in New York City the past week? I have read every word and felt excited and full of longing to be there. I could see the crowd, and pictured the whole scene. Yesterday, while we were at dinner, the cannon in the village kept me in mind of the parade. Without saying a word to the family, after dinner I went upstairs and decorated my room, — Dewey and Olympia (pictures) on the two bureaus; twenty-four flags everywhere, beds, windows, walls; the screen stretched out long, and on it draped red, white, and blue cheesecloth, extending, with the aid of chairs, the length of the room. I pinned on my dress ten small flags and the Red Cross badge, took a blue tin pitcher in one hand and a tooth-brush, with which to beat it, in the other, and marched up and down, singing, "Hurrah for the red, white, and blue." The noise brought E. and then the others, and from the way E. acted I fancy I looked funny. She laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks; — "Mother, have you gone crazy?" Of course I laughed too, until my procession ended in my sitting over smoke — with asthma. But honestly I felt better, as I had worked off some of my enthusiasm.

We are planning to give Colvocoresses a reception of some kind. There is a sword for him, as a testimonial from his fellow townsmen. He brings a captured Spanish cannon for Litchfield. . . .

Can you get fresh vegetables, and have you sweet potatoes?

LITCHFIELD, *October, 1899.*

I have written out for you a mere sketch of John Lawrence's career, with parts of Henry Lawrence's life, too. I had the "Life of John Lawrence" to go by; have nothing here of Henry. I feel that if I could read to you what I have written, filling in here and there by talk, I could perhaps convey to you what heroes the two brothers were. I think you would have to give them together. And Havelock I will look up, when I get to town, doing the same with him, if it is a help to you, and if I can make you catch what I long to impart. Havelock is the Puritan soldier,—fine! Havelock, Henry Lawrence, and Gordon stand alone, it seems to me.

LITCHFIELD, *October 8, 1899.*

. . . I am planning for a bit of a dinner this week to celebrate our wedding-anniversary. I am going to have a cake with a paper bride and groom on the top, and Father is to write a

prophecy in the style of the Delphic Oracle, which, folded up, is to be put in the cake. Then, when they go home, I shall say, "The twenty-ninth anniversary is the Book Wedding," and give them all copies of "Their Silver Wedding Journey."

TO HER DAUGHTERS

NEW YORK, *October 31, 1899.*

Arrived safely, not very tired. Enjoyed watching a young couple kind to their old parents. The old mother, very aged in manner, was a pathetic sight. The daughter-in-law took off the old woman's hat and caught up the loose hair,—it was all loose except a piece of very dark brown false hair, which was rolled around on the top of her head, to keep her hat on, I fancy. (Don't put such a thing on my head, in my old age, when you expect to take my bonnet off before people.) They put the old body in a rocking-chair on the platform, and so close to the car-wheels, that I expected to see her legs taken off. The father was old, too, but able to assist himself after a fashion. They were very nice and neat, though plain, in appearance. The daughter-in-law was so kind; it was a pretty sight and did me good. Love is so transcendent. These old people were just ordinary, but they had won the love of their children. . . .

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *November 5, 1899.*

"Alone in London" could not be much worse than being alone all the week, Father and I, in this big house without a child. I am more homesick than he is, because I am alone all day, eating luncheon by myself. I hail the children's return to-morrow, and long to hear about the party, and whether the cakes arrived in time: I had such short notice.

The city is worse than ever, hurry, dirt, and danger everywhere. . . . Here is Dewey at the Waldorf-Astoria, and I may meet him any moment. What can I do to remain a lady, show my patriotism, and do him homage? I shall have to sacrifice one or the other. Mr. M., when he brings me some especially fine product of his garden, makes an Eastern salaam, which imagine me performing on Fifth Avenue in front of the hotel, taking off my bonnet, sticking the hatpins in those tall iron flower-vases, going down on my knees, and striking my forehead three times on the sidewalk, first for the United States, second for Dewey, third for the navy. I should get rid of this suppressed patriotism at all events, even if I left the lady behind.

NEW YORK, *November 15, 1899.*

. . . I am reading Bushnell's Life before I send it to you. Had word from Wanamaker that they are holding my booklets to send when Stevenson's Letters are out of the press. I have some fine books for the Sunday-school, cheap and good,—“Uncle Tom's Cabin,” “Black Beauty,” and “Tom Brown.” Your Sunday-school library shall be the finest anywhere, if Mother lives long enough.

If we go to you for Christmas, I propose bringing one of my maids. Let me know how many children for the tree, and whether I may give candy and two presents apiece. Do let them have the time of their life. I shall not live forever, and I long to go to fairyland once more before I die. Would n't it be nice to send a gift from the tree to the very old people? No one else could be offended, and it would be fine.

TO HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

SOUTHINGTON, *December 1, 1899.*

It is your turn now to get a letter from the runaway mother. Not since I was about your age have I spent a Thanksgiving in dear New England, and the past and present made the day about perfect. When I was a little girl, my father, mother, and seven or eight of their children would go to Bridgeport for Thanksgiving.

I can remember well the preparations in the kitchen. . . . Then Laura and I would sleep in a big trundle-bed, which in the daytime was rolled under the valance of a four-post bedstead. Then the church service on Thanksgiving Day, which is all forgotten except the tolling of the bell and the length of the service. Then the eating. . . . It is said that when you make children happy, you make them happy forever, in the present and in memory; and I am very grateful, as I grow old, that I had a happy childhood, and that all my memories are of so pleasant a nature.

As for my Thanksgiving yesterday, it was perfect. The day could not have been lovelier. The service was arranged by S., the Baptist minister preaching the sermon. He roared like a bull of Bashan. I heard every word he uttered, and you might have heard in New York, if you had had your ear to the ground. The church was prettily draped with flags, one of them the Cuban flag which one of the young ladies had made. . . . After our luncheon, or rather before, S. and I went to the Oak Hill Cemetery, and walked among the old gravestones. The sun would come out from time to time, lighting up the distant hills and the grass over the graves. The cemetery is beautifully situated, high above the trolley-car line, for which I was

grateful, nothing but trees, sky, graves, and hills in view. We found the graves of four of the early clergymen of Southington, one of them the great-grandfather of General Armstrong. The epitaphs are most interesting. We strolled all about, no one else there, walked home, lunched, and separated to write and read till dinner. At dinner the boys honored the day by extra formalities, and Mr. Wilson took me in. We had a fine feast: all our stomachs stuck out like partridges for the market. After dinner we talked and read, and altogether it was a most lovely day, and I vote that hereafter, wherever S. is, — that is, if he is housekeeping, — we all spend the holidays with him, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *December 7, 1899.*

I arrived home safely. The family have forgiven me for running away. To-day I went early to Wanamaker's, and stayed there until after four o'clock. I met Mr. P. and G. on the same errand. G. bought the sisters of my dolls for her church children. I send you the list of my purchases. I think I have done quite finely so far: — 46 cornucopias, filled; 6 candy-box fishes, not filled; 19 boxes of chocolate cigarettes; 21 little boxes with chocolates in

them; 21 dolls; 14 horses and carts, with little barrels in the carts; 2 trains of cars; 1 bagatelle game; 15 little wooden wheelbarrows with rake, shovel and hoe; 1 parlor croquet; 1 doll's swing; 2 boxes of lead soldiers; 1 soap-bubble pipe; 3 musical pipes; 3 fancy pipes; 2 boxes of beads; 3 tops; 3 magnet boxes; 3 little donkeys; silver tinsel for the tree; 2 boxes of candles.

Don't scold me; I have done it just as cheaply as possible,—one nice present and two "five-cent" things apiece. The whole tree won't cost very much, and oh, the fun! E. has no engagement, so that we can come on the Friday before Christmas. I am going to-morrow for the little girls' vegetables on dishes; that is about all I have to get.

NEW YORK, *December 17, 1899.*

I am so afraid of getting ill, that I am hardly going out of the house this week. I shall order our Christmas turkey from your butcher, and beef for Sunday. I want all the bills contracted during our stay to be sent to us; it would be too big an amount for the Rectory-Parsonage to bear.

Books read in 1899

1. "Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson)," by S. Dodgson Collingwood.
2. "With Kitchener to Khartum," by G. W. Stevens.

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3. "Human Immortality," by William James.
 4. "Barrack-Room Ballads," by Rudyard Kipling.
 5. "Old Chester Tales," by Margaret Deland.
 6. "Wild Animals I Have Known," by Ernest Seton-Thompson.
 7. Some of Huxley's works.
 8. "Faraday, as a Discoverer," by John Tyndall.
 9. "The Workers," by W. A. Wyckoff.
 10. "Our Navy in the War with Spain," by John R. Spears.
 11. "Forty-six Years in the Army," by John McA. Schofield.
 12. "Bismarck: the Man and the Statesman" (Autobiography).
 13. "David Harum," by Edward N. Westcott.
 14. "The World's Rough Hand," by H. P. Whitmarsh.
 15. "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah," by Sir Richard Burton.
 16. "Moriah's Mourning," by Ruth McE. Stuart.
 17. "Life of Henry Drummond," by George Adam Smith.
 18. Sophia Smith and Her College for Women, in "Famous Givers and Their Gifts," by Mrs. S. E. Bolton.
 19. Some of Macaulay's Essays.
 20. Some of Huxley and Spencer.
 21. "Strong Hearts," by George W. Cable.
 22. "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."
 23. "Through Nature to God," by John Fiske.
 24. "Charles George Gordon," by Colonel Sir William E. Butler.
 25. "David Livingstone," by Thomas Hughes.

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *January*, 1900.

I congratulate you about the Public Library. I am delighted, and have already begun to gather books for it. I shall not give to the Sunday-school hereafter, but to the Public Library. I shall give biography, travels, and scientific works. . . . What a lively village yours seems to be this year. . . .

NEW YORK, *February 5*, 1900.

. . . I am glad that you, too, had pleasure from the giving of pleasure. In fact, I think it is the very cream of enjoyment to *give* it.

I came across such a pretty tribute to Hannah More in the Life of Lady Stanley of Alderly. It is this: "She [Hannah More] takes to me and lets me into her bedchamber *tête-à-tête*, because she thinks me good, and I don't undeceive her, in the hope she may make me better." I think dear Hannah More understood people, and that is why her influence was so marked. She fanned the spark of goodness wherever she found it, by letting the possessors of the spark know that they held something to be built upon. Poorly expressed, but you could ever read my enigmas.

E. and I went "teasing" yesterday afternoon

and had a fine time. At the house of one of my old school-friends I had the felicity of introducing my daughter. . . .

NEW YORK, *February 9, 1900.*

. . . Did you see by the paper that Benson, of "Dodo" fame, has written a book in which he says horrid things about Arthur Hallam, untrue things? In the life of Dean Trench there are several letters from Hallam which reflect his character a little and show him in a very pleasing light. That any one should be willing to bring to view a few trivial imperfections in a noble man's character, and to make them overshadow his greater qualities, seems a base thing to do. Benson says Hallam was disagreeable to his father. You remember his father would not allow him to marry, because of the settlement being small. Most likely Mr. Father was selfish. And many more horrid, disagreeable, untruthful remarks has Benson written. I have never forgiven Max Müller for noticing Tennyson's weakness, or rather for printing it in his book. It was too trivial to be put down in the way in which Müller recorded it; it looks spiteful. Hallam, when he died, was not quite thirty, was he? I feel as if I wanted to break a lance in his defense. . . .

NEW YORK, *February 15, 1900.*

Father is in some ways better to-night. He is lying on the sofa reading. Every evening he has a temperature of 102°. The doctor says it is grippe (every one is having these light fevers) and gout or rheumatism. I am better and able to be out again, for which I am most grateful, as I can be of some use to Father.

Have you done anything to my list of library books? I thought, if I had it back, I could begin adding to my already purchased ones. . . .

NEW YORK, *February 17, 1900.*

I send by express some flax or tow, and hope you can make a wig from it. I should powder the wig. I have also put in a pair of shoe-buckles and Great-grandfather Knapp's fob, in a small box. Be careful of it and return it (the fob). Why not take the character of the Rev. Mason L. Weems, who preached at Pohick Church and was Washington's first biographer? Take Samuel Spring's costume as a pattern for yours: — wig with queue, powdered; bands; clerical waistcoat; knee-breeches; buckles; fob; cane with knobby top; and a book in your pocket, "Life of Washington by Weems." The character would be excellent, and dignified. The bands and stock, which I send, I copied from Sidney Swift's picture. I enclose

some tin-foil, to use in case the buckles are not received in good condition. I think I enlarged them quite artistically.

I hope you like the idea of the Rev. Mr. Weems. Though he is taken from life, I doubt whether any one at the church will remember having ever heard of him. When they read Lossing's "Mount Vernon," in the Library, they will renew his acquaintance.

Let me know about the set of Shakespeare. . . . My books accumulate slowly, and perhaps it is best so, as I then buy with more thought.

NEW YORK, *February 28, 1900.*

I have proposed a nurse. I felt that your father would be too loyal to me to say the word, and I am not efficient at night. Though I wake every hour, I do not hear his call. It was for his comfort I proposed one, and she is here and seems a nice body; whether she is a good nurse remains to be seen. She is no bigger than I am, with a wasp waist, but as she has been in training, probably knows how to lift, etc., without having bodily strength. Father had a bad night last night, no sleep and great pain. To-day he moves more easily and is somewhat better. This minute, as I write, he has waked up, asked the nurse to raise the

shade, and is looking at the paper. Yesterday he did nothing all day but be patient and good and bear with me. I wanted to be like Grandmother Knapp, and I can't; and oh, I am more disappointed than I can say.

NEW YORK, *March 2, 1900.*

Father has been free from pain for twenty-four hours, and we hope is out of the woods. The doctor has allowed him to eat two eggs and he is to have milk-toast for supper. . . . He is now (five o'clock) asleep. We all have a great weight off our hearts, for he has been very sick; not so ill since we were young.

I intend sending some of my books this week, about seventy, and will mail the list to you.

TO HER HUSBAND

SOUTHINGTON, *March 11, 1900.*

I suppose you will think it is "taffy," but all the same it is true, that I have had "my own true love" in my mind continually. We found S. waiting for us at the station, looking very well. . . .

TO HER SON

NEW YORK, *March 13, 1900.*

We arrived in the city on time, and while I missed the great big figure of dear Father, his



MRS. GIDEON LEE KNAPP

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Shepherd Knapp

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thoughtfulness was quite apparent, for K. and one of the maids were there with a coach. I found Father more sick, and was so glad to be here. The night was bad; I do not think he closed his eyes. Patience is no name for his goodness, not a cross word, just quiet, which knocks at my heart.

NEW YORK, *April*, 1900.

Father is up and dressed, better. The nurse has gone, as he really did not need her services any more. I went to Uncle Peter's funeral alone; E. was sick with a bad cold. It was a cheerful funeral (if I may put those words together), as a true Christian's should be. The dear little boys made a lovely picture. They would go and look at their grandfather in the most natural manner, as if they wanted to, — no fear. When I ordered my flowers, I saw the white heather, and bought a pot in full bloom. I wrote a note to N. and asked her to pick off some of the flowers and place them by her father, that he might have something by him from his own land. The daughters had fixed it so that he seemed resting on it. I heard nothing of the service, but I thought of the past and of the goodness of my brother and dear mother Mary.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
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TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *May 5, 1900.*

We have passed a lovely week, comfortable and warm in the house, with a "really truly" snowstorm this morning, which lasted long enough to whiten the lawn. Father looks very much better, and *is* better too in a great many ways. He is happy and cheerful, out of doors all day long, following Mayo about, planting shrubs. To-day he unpacked the rugs and laid the dining-room one alone, much to my amazement. The dear house is lovelier than ever, and we are so contented together, so happy in our companionship. Mrs. J. is in her house for a time, and the Richards family for good. I have been with "my playmate," dear Mrs. Richards, for an hour this afternoon.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

THE LAUREL HOUSE,

LAKEWOOD, N. J., *December 11, 1900.*

We are still having a good time. We laugh at the people and enjoy our home-made fun. I have read everything in the reading-room on the siege of Peking. One article in the "Independent," by Mrs. Woodward, who, you remember, was a visitor at the American Legation, is very interesting. The night before the relief

was a fearful one, the Chinese fiercely renewing the attack upon them. The bell in the legation grounds rang to call every one out. Mrs. W. said she called her daughter to go with her, and afterwards asked her what was the last thing she did before she left the room. She laughingly said, "Mamma, I threw a kiss to myself in the glass, for I never expected to see myself again." This bit was given to show how the gay, the serious, and the heroic go hand in hand at such times. . . .

S. is better. I am behaving beautifully, do not say every two minutes, "Button up your coat," "Let us turn back; I am afraid you are tired," "How do you feel now?" and all those tiresome motherly words. If he walks into the next county, I shall follow like a dog, without a bark, though maybe with a squeak. . . .

I am the only old lady at the Laurel House. I used to see them here by the score. Either they are all dead, or because I have joined the number I do not recognize them. . . . I have on my black and white silk, and am so ignorant of style and fit, that I am blissfully contented with my appearance.

Books read in 1900

1. "Forty-one Years in India," by Lord Roberts.
2. "Reminiscences," by Justin McCarthy.

3. "Auld Lang Syne," second volume, by Friedrich Max Müller.
4. "The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd," ed. by J. H. Adeane.
5. "The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley," ed. by the same.
6. "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," ed. by Sidney Colvin.
7. "Memoirs of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck," ed. by C. K. Cooke.
8. "Marysienka" (Marie de la Grange D'Arquien, Queen of Poland and wife of John Sobieski), by K. Waliszewski. Trans. fr. French by Lady Mary Loyd.
9. "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," by Bishop Henry B. Whipple.
10. "From Capetown to Ladysmith," by G. W. Steevens.
11. "Life of Wellington," by Sir Herbert Maxwell.
12. "Life and Work of Emin Pasha," compiled by G. Schweitzer.
13. "A Ride to Khiva," by Frederick G. Burnaby.

CHAPTER IX

THIRST FOR TRAVEL

For those of us whom Nature means to keep at home she provides entertainment. One man goes four thousand miles to Italy and does not see it, he is so short-sighted. Another is so far-sighted that he stays in his room and sees more than Italy. — GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

NEW YORK, *May 15, 1901.*

Yesterday came your splendid letter from Athens, all about your great pleasure at Olympia. And the Hermes! I had entirely forgotten that he is still where he was found. Some one said to me the other day that Greece seems like a palace that has been rifled; you find its treasures all over the Continent, and especially in England. . . .

NEW YORK, *May 16, 1901.*

Yesterday I went calling, taking in my friends of the "peerage," getting points on how the other half do things, or rather have things done for them, when their backs are turned. Mrs. —'s door was opened by her Irish butler. He was in livery, and his speech was in livery, too. He had not shaved since his mother left

Ireland before his birth, and he looked, in striped waistcoat, more like a monkey than the monkeys. To the question, "Is Mrs. —— at home?" he answered, "She is *naught*, Ma'm." On Sunday Father asked at the ——'s door the usual questions, enquiring for Mr. ——, and the answer was, "He bees at the club." These two things have made us laugh a good deal. We think our females do as well as that. . . .

TO HER SISTER, J. B. F.

NEW YORK, *May 17, 1901.*

I have thought over your question several times since you left, about being told that one is in a critical condition, when the question has not been asked. In the old-fashioned days, when God was looked upon as a Judge, people felt they must go through so much preparation to meet him, but now, with God as a loving Father to us, things are different. We should not have to prepare long to meet our own dear father, if we knew he was downstairs; for however imperfectly we have followed his precepts, we have loved him always, and *tried* to live as he taught us. . . .

I know that L. is in a critical condition, but I do not believe that even the doctors know what reserve strength she may have; she comes of a family it is hard to kill. And keep up *your*

hope too. One cannot give courage to others and go all the long weary way by their side, unless one keeps up one's own hope and courage, and to do that one must use every aid offered. . . .

It is terrible to see those whom we love grow weak, and we not able to do anything to make them well. We can only, like those dear old saints in "Pilgrim's Progress," go walking by their sides all the way, giving courage and help, just as we hope some loving one will go with us. And while we live, let us be cheerful and happy, and make our peace, which is no peace in the sense of the old-fashioned days, — just go on loving God and trying to make the world a bit better for our having lived in it.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *May 27, 1901.*

. . . As for Delphi, your description is quite different from what I imagined. The books I have read do not give the idea of the race-course perched so high above everything. Mycenæ I know already, about as well as Tiryns, having read Schliemann's books, also his Life, and I remember Mrs. Schliemann's enthusiasm. (She was his second wife.) I am with you everywhere, studying, too, for there is not a place you mention, but I will know it. Some one said, when

I showed your photographs without looking at your directions, "How do you remember which is which?" But how could I make a mistake? — I have been there this winter with my children. I know Karnak and her gateway, Luxor and her colonnade. By the way, Stanley says that among the inscriptions in the Tombs of the Kings is one of peculiar interest. "It was 'the torch-bearer of the Eleusinian mysteries,' who records that he visited these tombs 'many years after the divine Plato' — thanks to the gods and to the most pious Emperor Constantine, who afforded him this favor. . . . Such a confluence of religions — of various religious associations — could hardly be elsewhere found; a Greek priest-philosopher recording his admiration of the Egyptian worship in the time of Constantine, on the eve of the abolition of both Greek and Egyptian religions by Christianity." ¹

LITCHFIELD, *May 28, 1901.*

To-day has been delightful, — a study, with your letters, of the Parthenon, minor temples, and Delphi. I have also been reading Professor Hoppin's book and a sketch from the account of Mrs. Richards' son's trip; and Miss T. is sending for Pausanias. I wish you could have

¹ *Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D.*, ed. by R. E. Prothero, page 199.

looked in upon us; I on my knees by the red sofa in the library; your journal spread out before me, with photographs; Miss T. in Father's chair; both of us reading at the same time; the dictionary coming in now and then;—one of those afternoons, which, in their keen enjoyment, make you think that you, too, have travelled.

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

NEW YORK, *October 11, 1901.*

. . . Poor ——! Since her first false step in life—marrying a fool—the “fates” seem to have been against her. She supports two children and an ornamental husband. I sometimes think I can understand men, but women are a puzzle even to their own sex. . . .

I left S. in charge, to look over the house after the maids had tidied up everything, which he did, and told the laundress that, if anything had been left, or rather forgotten by them, she could put it in one of the empty trunks which they were taking with them. She deliberately put one flat-iron, nothing else, in the trunk. Fortunately S. discovered it and took it out. At the same time he discovered that the “sober,” left out of her recommendation, had also departed from her brain. She was dazed, not dead drunk, and followed Susie around

like a tame llama. She was of no use at the house, and poor Susie had everything to do, with the llama at her heels. (If one could be *dazed* with a clear conscience, and not know one was taking those soul-stirring turns on the Shepaug Railroad, what bliss it would be.)

I am dead tired, with a worse cough, and feel as if it would be a pleasant pastime to pitch all my possessions into the street. "Joy cometh in the morning," the Good Book says, and though Thursday has not brought it, perhaps Monday will. . . .

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

ON THE TRAIN from New York to Boston,

October 21, 1901.

I am sitting up straight, toes turned out, and will endeavor to behave in a most up-to-date manner, show no feeling or sentiment outwardly, being thoroughly Bostonian and English by the time I get back. No more "teary weeps" over beautiful lives and heroic deeds; just make a note of what I see and let others do the crying.

We saw all ancient Yale, Yale of to-day, and Yale of to-morrow, getting on the New Haven train. Yale of the past carried handbags and everything else to correspond. Yale of the future almost killed me. They wore hats with

such broad brims, that they almost knocked them off against the brake in getting on; dress-suit cases to match. They were really too funny for words.

We have just passed New Haven; the station decorated with blue Yale flags and American flags; city ditto, as far as I could see; Yale flags even on the ears of the express horses.

I have ordered my luncheon, and am to eat it at about one o'clock. Have read the newspaper, and begin "The Right of Way" in a few moments. With much love from thy travelling

MOTHER.

TO HER HUSBAND

"GOING TO BOSTON," *October 21, 1901.*

We have branched off after leaving New Haven, and are in the land of "Pond's Extract."

It is now quarter past twelve, and I have not felt tired yet. It looks as though I were to have a fine journey. I wish my letter were more in the style of Abigail Adams to *her* husband, as it should be, being written on the way to Boston. Well, I have tried to run your house even when I go away, and Abigail only ran the house when John went away.

I have had my frugal meal. I am not deaf

on the train; can hear darkey-talk perfectly. And, besides, since reading "Deafness and Cheerfulness," I have come to look upon myself as entitled to a great deal of attention and honor, for having no hearing to speak to (not "of").

Three Boss-tonians are eating baked beans on my right. We have been skirting the Sound; have passed Mystic, and are now in a country thinly settled; no big town for some time.

Have passed Providence. Saw a beautiful white marble building, in the style of the Capitol at Washington, being built. Factories everywhere; tool-shops by the thousands.

Nearing Boston, so will close. Not a bit tired. Have read, looked out of the window, and enjoyed every bit of the way.

TO HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

THE BRUNSWICK,

BOSTON, *October 22, 1901.*

Just before I arrived in Boston, the train stopped at the Back Bay Station. I looked eagerly about for "the Laphams," and was rewarded by seeing Silas, Mrs., and Irene drive by to look at the new house going up. Old man Corey I saw on a bridge, but young Corey is still to be found.

In the Boston Library in the Children's

Room I saw a sight that delighted me. Four poor boys sat at a big round table. One boy was not more than five years old; he was looking at a large picture-book. The others were reading. One, an Italian boy, was so interested that his lips were puffed out, and his side face was rather funny to look at, but I know the signs of interest in a book, and the view was a pleasing one. The children can go up to the book-cases and take out the books to read. Children were dragging smaller children around, looking at the pictures of classic Rome and Greece. I was in a state of *Stoic* feeling.

TO HER HUSBAND AND HER DAUGHTERS

BOSTON, *October 22, 1901.*

MY DEAR FAMILY,— Here sits the “house-mother” at a pretty desk in a bay window, with Phillips Brooks’s church so near that she can almost touch it. Imagine her pleasure. Yesterday, as soon as I had washed off the slight evidences of my journey, S. and I went into the church. If I say I *felt it all*, you will not be surprised,—not the building so much as the presence of him, whose thoughts have done me good. A great bust of Bishop Brooks you come upon unexpectedly at the side of the high pulpit; and then under a side arch is a tablet to Arthur Stanley, with a bust of him above it. That, too,

made me feel the "weeps," but I refrained for the sake of the children, trying to behave.

Then to the Public Library we went, I admiring its solid strength. And then—"The Prophets!" I gazed and gazed, and have it all so photographed on my mind, that if at any time I want a good Eastern nightmare, I can call up Sargent's symbolic painting on the ceiling. It is most wonderful, and beautiful,—Hebrew, Assyrian, Egyptian, with the symbols of their religions woven in. And the Prophets!—one felt the words being uttered. Sadness, thoughtfulness, denunciation marked their countenances. And then those two prophets with outstretched arms, welcoming the coming of a better day and greater faith. I did not show my feeling—much. To-day a beautiful day. Off now for our day's sightseeing.

Back from seeing Harvard and Longfellow's and Lowell's houses. Harvard's Memorial Hall, fine!—built to commemorate those graduates and students who fell in the Civil War. It contains a dining-hall patterned after the hall at Balliol College, Oxford, hung with portraits. I saw our ancestor, children, Charles Chauncey,—not overhandsome, but it was nice to feel one had a right to hang on to him. In Memorial Hall I behaved well, though I knew (in spirit) and loved Lieutenant Lowell, and Putnam,

and Shaw. But I fear I shall explode before long. At Harvard I put my ear-trumpet, as a token of respect, on the stone erected to mark the spot where the Minute Men assembled for prayer before they marched to Boston.

Longfellow's house to me is beautiful. Lowell's made me sad, for I remember how, after the great world had given him every honor, he returned with love, though dread, to Elmwood. It was full of memories of the past, and those who had made it dear were dead. I have seen also Beacon Street and the Charles River; and though I have not *heard* "carn't," "sharn't," or "parss," I feel I am growing a Boston baby's forehead and becoming *cultivated*.

This afternoon we have seen much. Bunker Hill Monument I climbed up to, and as this was my chief time for displaying patriotism, I removed my shoes (I hope this idea meets with your approval), saying to myself, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." This act rather upset S., who up to that had said he did not care what I did, so long as I had pleasure. Quite a number saw me, and I fear hardly comprehended my motive, but that was their loss, not mine. I felt from my feet to my head a chill of devotion (or malaria). I am so glad I have found a way to do honor outwardly, and save the expense of tears.

I gazed upon the old church where the lantern was hung out for Paul Revere, the Old South Church, the State House (tears and unshoeing alternately); and then our last act was to stand before the Shaw Memorial!—No words, only feeling the glory of his life, pride that his country is my country, and that I can feel deep down in my soul the motive that prompted him to do and die. (Only an old sailor saw me.)

And then back to the hotel to eat and sleep and begin again to-morrow. The only thing I fear is that there will be a reaction from so much old-time patriotism, to no love of city or country, and a desire to cast my vote for Tammany instead of Low. Count the many blots on this letter as tears, and they will not appear so untidy. Good-night.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

BOSTON, *October 23, 1901.*

Here we are back to our trunk, after a perfect day. At Plymouth we took a carriage and went all about. *I stood on the Rock* and stepped all over it. It faces the harbor, and while somewhat inland, is not too much so to spoil it for the imagination. Then up the first street in America, Leyden Street, with signs here and there pointing out landmarks. Governor Wins-

low's house with the English coat of arms, the Lion and the Unicorn, made it all very real. At the Monument to the Pilgrims, "weeps upon weeps," which the high wind forced through my nose. Then we climbed—and it was a climb—up Burial Hill. The guide was an original "soldier and sailor too," and I enjoyed him as much as the old stones. The Museum is most interesting. There I saw Miles Standish's sword, the real one. I have seen wooden and straw cradles, brought over by the Pilgrims in the *Mayflower*. And to think that now rocking is forbidden. Yet all those who made and have kept the country until now were rocked in cradles and in chairs. I fancy that was why the Yankee was an all-round man; the cleverness of his brain was not confined to one spot, but was shaken up by rocking. Now man is a specialist; no rocking, no opportunity to be handy at everything.

My brain is so full of soldiers' buttons, cocked hats, skulls, bones, pots, and pans, that it will take me months to arrange my new accumulations of knowledge. S. may have to stop over in Boston and have his left leg treated for "pinch." I have behaved finely, but at the expense of his left leg. He said he would rather I would pinch him, when I felt patriotic, than to have me weep so at *everything*, so we made a compromise; at

babies' caps, cradles, skillets, and carding-machines, I pinch: at monuments, swords, handwriting, and placards with high-sounding patriotic sentiments, I weep.

We go to Concord and Lexington to-morrow. I am having a perfect time, no asthma, "no nothing" but real pleasure.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *January 4, 1902.*

. . . The domestic problem has presented itself to me as a problem indeed, and I sometimes think it must have been rather comfortable to have lived at the South in slave-days. I call the servants of to-day "the Minute Men of 1902," — they stay such a short time with you. For the last six weeks I have had tall, short, fat, and thin waitresses, until I felt as though I were looking through a laughing camera, and that the change was due to my eyesight, not to a change of maid. Now we are at peace, and hope to stay so for six months. Then, probably, the minute man will depart to another Bunker Hill; but I don't believe any monuments will be put up to *their* memory. . . .

I do not know whether, when I wrote you before, I had received an answer to one of my letters to the Philippines, and a photograph of a tall, long-necked boy, with hair parted in the

middle, and smiling pleasantly out of the picture. It was a very long letter about his life, rather nice; only the children teased me, telling me that he would send "little Henry," his boy, to me from Washington to educate. But Henry has not come yet, and I rather think I need not be alarmed. . . .

The following are samples of the letters received from soldiers in the Philippines:—

PASAY, PROV. RIZAL, P. I., *September 26, 1901.*

MRS. E. B. KNAPP:

My Dear Kind Lady, — Having received an abundance of papers, books, magazines, etc., from you, I send you these few lines, letting you know how thankful the boys are, as well as myself, for your kindness. Your generosity brought happiness to many of the boys who, like myself, have been without news of the outside world for over a year. We have formed a nice little library from your gifts, and now the monotonous moments are passed very agreeably. Most probably you will receive a letter or two from some of the boys for your kindness. I, as well as the majority of the boys, have been transferred from Battery C to the 25th Battery, Field Artillery, and am now stationed near Manila.

Thanking you very much for your kindness, and trusting to hear from you again in the near future, I remain,

One of Uncle Sam's Boys,
LEBBEUS F. F——.

PASAY CAVALRY BARRACKS, *December 28, 1901.*

MRS. SHEPHERD KNAPP :

My Dear Friend, — Your letter of November 15th arrived to-day, also the Books. Really, Mrs. Knapp, such a kindness I hardly know how to repay, as the letter was very interesting and the books were such a beautiful present. I like them ever so much. I have read almost half "The Cavalier," and find it more than interesting. I also received a package of "Life" some time ago, for which I am very thankful. . . .

You ask if our Gov't is educating the children. I am glad to say they are in most cases. There has been about 1,500 to 2,000 Lady teachers arrived here to my knowledge, and there is not over one or two hundred in the city of Manila. They are scattered about, all over the different provinces. Many places the girls are teaching youngsters whose daddies are fighting the American troops in the immediate vicinity. To a stranger, or to any one not acquainted with the ways of these *niggers*, this would seem strange; but it even seems more strange, when you meet them, and they take you by the hand, and call you Amigo. One case was known where the Americans had their Head Quarters one side the street, and it was discovered that the Googoes had their Head Quarters and Recruiting Office directly across the street. They are noted for their nerve (Our Little Brown Friends). They are no friends of mine. . . . I should be very much pleased to think that the rising generation would grow to be a more enlightened and civilized people, but we have no assurance of it, as the fighting is still going on. What we need is less chicken-hearted leaders of

troops, more Generals Lawton and Bell. These people are nothing more than savages; they still use the spear and the bow and arrow, the arrow being wrapped with a poisoned leaf to cause a more painful death. . . .

Well, I have been writing this letter during my tour of duty. From 3 to 5 A. M. I am on guard, and after posting my sentinels I had almost two hours to stay awake, and this is the way I have put in my time, and now, since it is almost time for relief, I will close. Hoping you will find the letter interesting, and that I may hear from you again soon, you may believe me to be

Very Truly Your Friend,

THEO. A. P——.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *February 22, 1902.*

You are certainly very different from the ordinary run of women, for you actually date your letters, so that I can refer to your last one as that of January 11, and take up our correspondence in a business-like manner. I have enjoyed your bright and interesting letter, and can imagine the sport your soldier must give your brother. I have had more letters from the Philippines, so well written and telling things worth telling. Fancy fifteen hundred female teachers sent out by our Government. I have heard that the missionaries sent to India provide wives for the English soldiers. Possibly it may be the same with our teachers. . . .

When I went on my travels abroad (to Boston), I bought a Copley print of the Shaw Memorial, which I am having mounted after an idea of my own, for my "grandchild," the Library. It will be ready very soon. In the meantime will you let me know whether they have on the Library shelves "Hero-tales from American History" by Lodge and Roosevelt? I want the book to go with my picture, for it contains a good sketch of young Shaw. The Letters of Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria, and mother of Prince Henry's wife, I picked up second-hand. I read it years ago, and have for some time been trying to get it for the Library. (This large amount of business is because you dated your letter and were so manlike.) Will you also find out whether they have any of Mrs. Molesworth's books for children? I may be able to pick them up now and then.

I suppose you read of the explosion at Forty-second Street. We were well shaken up and frightened. I ran out to see if the Brick Church and the Union League Club were still standing; and such a sight as Park Avenue was. Glass covered the street and sidewalk, and there was not a pane, in many cases not a sash, in a window. I have friends in an apartment house directly opposite the Murray Hill Hotel. They are on the fourth story. Dirt, sand, and glass

covered their parlor floor a foot or more deep. Doors were blown off, furniture was dug into by the falling glass, and my friends' maid was badly cut on the face and hands.

Now the final "command." Have you "Bismarck's Love Letters"? They are fine, and I want to give them to the Library, unless you have them already.

NEW YORK, *March 9, 1902.*

I was greatly amused at the address of your soldier; it is my soldier's address too. Theodore P. is "little Henry's" father; and Corporal Lebeus F. F., a sort of Chaplain elected by "the boys," so he says, is another correspondent of mine. He seems a good sort of man, trying to influence for good his companions. . . .

I am glad you thought Shaw a hero. He is one to me, and when I stood before his Memorial in Boston, and looked at that boyish figure, and the sensitive refined face, and then those eager sad black faces, I had an intense feeling of pride that he was my countryman, our possession.

I am going to tell you a bit of a story that may interest you and will show how we unconsciously influence others, and that acts of patriotism are not thrown away. I have a friend, who was not born until after the Civil War, but who, having read about Colonel Shaw, became

his admirer, and he her hero. The pathetic side, that he had to die so young, made such an impression on her mind that she resolved to do what she could for the race for which he had given his life, so that he should not have died in vain. . . . She is now doing great things for the negroes of Virginia. She has given libraries to schools, supports a trade-school for carpentry, dressmaking, etc.,—is doing, in short, a noble work, and all because the man with that boyish figure did his duty, nobly and well, for his country. In some way Mrs. Shaw (the mother) heard in Boston of my friend's beautiful work, and sent her a letter, in which she spoke most lovingly of her son, saying so simply, "He was always such a good boy." . . . I hope I have not murdered the story in the telling.

"Bismarck" is on the way. I hope you will admire the husband as much as I did. Madame does not look attractive (so peevish), but I try to believe that what I see is a poor photograph and not the real character. If the Library has not the "Life of Frederick," Prince Henry's father, I should love to send it. It is a fine life, noble but sad. You know he died of the same disease that General Grant had. He is the "Fritz" of whom Princess Alice speaks, "Vicky's" husband.

I have had Mr. Knapp ill for two weeks, but he is better. He had a trained nurse again. . . . On the night of the Park Avenue Hotel fire we were up all night catching water, — our house was flooded, a frozen leader causing the water on the roof to back up, until it came in through a skylight. My son was on the roof, trying to open a passage for the water; the fire was near, the street all excitement; we, in wrappers and rubbers, were catching water in jars, bowls and pails. Not until six o'clock A. M. did we all turn in. . . . Mr. Knapp's illness dates from that night. I tell my son that in South-ington people were sick and died in the orthodox manner, for which one is prepared, but explosions, fire and flood, all within two weeks, are rather upsetting.

CHAPTER X

"THY ROD AND THY STAFF"

Death is a private tutor. We have no fellow-scholars, and must lay our lessons to heart alone. — JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TO HER SON AND DAUGHTERS

LITCHFIELD, *April 12, 1902.*

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — Such a day! And here I am on the bed in the United States Hotel, with an electric-light bulb over my head, so low down that Father bumps into it, as the June bugs in summer bump into our library lamp. We arrived at 8.30, having spent an hour and a half on a side-track a little beyond Norwalk, owing to what, if our speed had been greater, might have been a bad accident. We slowed up to turn the curve, and ran into an engine and tender, crossing our "bow." Two bumps, and I realized that I was — alive. I think I must have been pushed forward, for in some way one glass from my eye-glasses fell out, I holding them in my hand all the time.

Some people were thrown on the floor, Father in the smoking-car among them, and I saw two seats broken, yet no one was seriously injured. We were frightened, I think, but it was all over

before I had time to realize. . . . I have eight books with me, and am obliged to hold one glass to my eye to read, but that is the whole of my loss, instead of what "might have been." I am grateful and happy, and send you all my blessing. Your still alive

MOTHER.

LITCHFIELD, Sunday, *April 13, 1902.*

I waked by seven, and from my bed could see the waving bare branches of the elms against the blue sky, and from the window, looking down West Street, the far-away hills and Mt. Tom, such a peaceful scene. It made it seem second nature to feel that God was over all.

I am writing this at five o'clock in the afternoon. Father and I have come from the house. A lovely day, and every bush sprouting, and phlox, peonies and everything showing above ground. Saw many people in church. . . . I cannot keep my eyes from the beauty of clouds and sky.

*May 17, 1902.*¹ One month to-morrow since my dear husband died suddenly. Every word of dear Mrs. Knapp's diary is my own experience,

¹ The words following were written at the end of a diary, which Mrs. Gideon Lee Knapp had kept, especially in times of trouble and sorrow.

almost word for word. I, too, must go on alone. May I follow in her footsteps, and be what she was to her children. I am fifty-five. Forty years of comradeship, nearly thirty-two years of married life; and all so happy, perfectly happy: we had sorrows, but we shared them. And such a united, happy home. I followed him to the end and served him, and that fact has been of unspeakable comfort. It is best, if we were to be separated, that he should go first. He would have been so helpless without me.

The following letter to her is dated April 23 :—

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It touches me deeply that you should have had a thought for me, and should have realized the comfort it would be to hear from yourself that you were “quietly holding fast to the things that cannot fail.” Such thoughtfulness for others is just like your own dear unselfish self. Though your dear husband is now hidden “within the veil,” how blessed the thought that it is where your soul’s sure anchorage has been found.

Yours most lovingly,

ANNA M. RICHARDS.

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

NEW YORK, *May*, 1902.

The bonds that exist between us are drawing us closer and closer to one another. You

know every step of the way I am walking. I need not tell *you* how bereaved I feel, and it is a comfort to me that I shall have your dear companionship this summer. I mean to do right, and to go forward bravely. And perhaps out of my old self, which seems dead, a new and better self may be resurrected. . . . I am going to Litchfield in June. I dread to go, for the things, that after a while will give me pleasure, give me pain just now. . . .

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *June 14, 1902.*

Thanks for your little note. I was so glad to get it. I don't know why, unless because of its being in your dear familiar handwriting, but for an instant it seemed a letter from Father. . . . I appreciate all the loving care of my dear children, and it has helped me to be whatever you think is brave. To myself I have not been anything wonderful.

Everything goes on nicely. We are almost settled. Mayo, under E.'s direction, has done a great deal of work, — rugs down, piazza screens up; and E. herself put up all the curtains on the first floor. . . .

I had such a realistic dream early this morning. Awake, I thought of the talk I was to have with the iceman, and while thinking, lost my-

self, and saw Father, as plain as in life, come in, with his cigar in his hand, dressed in the suit he wore all winter. It was such a relief to see him, and the thought came instantly, "Oh, how nice! He will do all this, and I shall not have to be responsible for the amount of ice." Then I awoke. All this in a flash of time.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K.

LITCHFIELD, *August 25, 1902.*

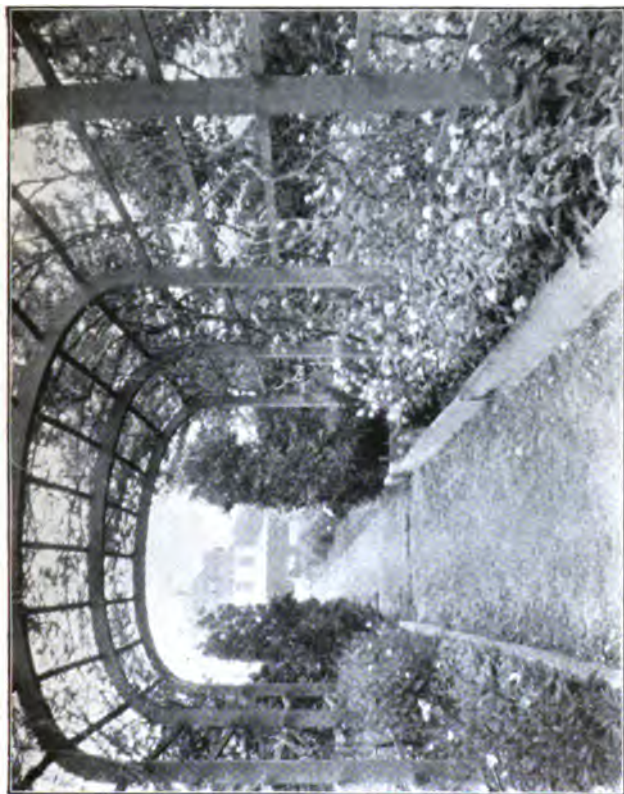
Thank you many times over for your dear affectionate letter. Now, more than ever, do I need the assurance of my children's love. Without Father I cannot but feel that my usefulness is almost over, and such a sadness comes over me at the thought, for I love to be of use; and your letter was welcome indeed.

S. has made me a seat under the grape-arbor, near enough to W.'s mosquito-pond to give the mosquitoes a foretaste of the joys of life, before they fly up to the house. . . .

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *September 2, 1902.*

Your letters are always pleasant to receive, though I do not always send an answer back immediately. All about your outing and the camping-out in the barn was so bright and



THE GRAPE-ARBOR IN THE LITCHFIELD GARDEN

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cheerful, that it did me good to receive it. And then this last one; I do thank you sincerely for letting me know how much you enjoy the books sent to the Library. "Adam Smith" is mine, too. I have had you in view when sending the biographies, and now it will be your mother, also. I shall picture you both in the evening, meeting the friends in whom I have been so much interested and the acquaintances who have amused me.

Because, so far, you have enjoyed what I enjoy, I am sending several books to the Library *especially* for your mother and yourself. Read first the story "On the Face of the Waters," then the short account of the "Sepoy Mutiny"; and then in "The Story of Two Noble Lives" you will hear of that dreadful rebellion through Lady Canning's letters to her family. I thank you sincerely for giving me the real pleasure of companionship in books. I have had to be somewhat of a shut-away from society, which I love, and should have grown narrow, if I had not loved biography and travel. In that way I have met the very best people in the world, at their best, and have broadened my ideas. By the way, when you finish "On the Face of the Waters," read Tennyson's "Defence of Lucknow."

Two weeks ago my son insisted upon my

going away for a change of scene, and planned a few trolley-trips, making Hartford our centre. One trip was to the top of Mt. Tom, where I thought of the Southington people, for I remember hearing them speak of going there. The ride through Enfield, Longmeadow, and East Windsor, was very charming. The change, I feel, has done me good and given me strength to go on. We go back to the city in a few weeks. . . .

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *September 17, 1902.*

Thinking you might like to know how the work is getting on, I send you this little note. The three large rugs and seven small ones all tied up. Stakes up, and by night the Rudbeckia will be cut down. Boards to cellar windows all up but one. All the plants in tubs given and taken away. Grass cut in front of the house and halfway down the back. Rugs have been shaken, also. Doors off piazza cupboard. Piazza screens in the cellar. I am proud of the work, — a good, willing man.

All the people are coming in in bunches. M., home from Boston, was glad to have me interested in her sightseeing. . . .

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

NEW YORK, *October 28, 1902.*

Miss J. is no doubt back in Litchfield, and has given you an account of the beautiful service Sunday afternoon.¹ I sat behind your son in the morning, for our pew is two seats behind the pastor's pew, and when the children came in and took their seats, I felt so happy that I knew them and that they were not strangers. We hoped to get your son for dinner Friday night, when he was homeless, but some one else had been before us, and on Saturday S. looked for him at luncheon-time, but could not find him. Not in vain have I taken lessons in hospitality from my Litchfield friends, and I hoped that a coming in informally would not take too much of his time. Yesterday he called on me, but to my great regret I was out. I think it must have been his first call among his new people. . . .

Thank you, dear Mrs. Richards, for the verses you copied and sent me for the 11th. On my way from Northampton on that day I passed through Springfield. It was there I went on my wedding-tour thirty-two years ago.

I will keep you posted as regards your family around the corner, and whenever I look up at

¹ The installation of Dr. William R. Richards as pastor of the Brick Church.

your son, he will do me good, even though I cannot hear him, for I shall see his mother in his face.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *December 28, 1902.*

When I say the words "thank you," they do not half express how much I thought about and appreciated "St. Francis," nor how pleased I am to have it in your handwriting, that dear little book. I felt as some woman must have felt in those long ago Middle Ages, when she obtained an illuminated missal, the work of some patient priest or brother. In the Metropolitan Museum is a copy of one of Della Robbia's fancies. The orders Dominican and Franciscan were ever at swords' points, but here you see the two, St. Francis and St. Dominic, two old men, looking each other in the face, hand in hand, and St. Francis has his other hand on St. Dominic's shoulder. The beauty of the faces, old, peaceful, with a look of having conquered life's troubles! — I have sat often before these two and felt the better for looking at them.

Your card on Christmas Day — I understood you; I knew you were putting yourself in my place. It was very sweet of you to turn toward me. Surely such kind acts must help me to "play the man," as Robert Louis Stevenson puts it. . . .

I have not been reading as much as usual; my daughter's marriage and then her beginning housekeeping have taken up a good deal of my time. Our Christmas was indeed a very sad one. We had kept up until now the custom of hanging our stockings; we used even to fill my son's and send it to him, when he was in Southington. My husband made so much fun for them in the unloading of his stocking. All these years, ever since they remember anything, they remember this happy time. How could we hang the stockings this Christmas or be anything but sad? I tried to do what a friend suggested, think only of the religious side of the day, but I failed; memory would come between me and all else. And now the day is over, and we start on our way again.

Dear Miss M., don't think too highly of me. I am just a very ordinary Christian, feeling my way along, believing in less perhaps, and trying to *be* more, as I go on.

NEW YORK, *February 1, 1903.*

When your letter arrived, I was just about sending you a note to tell you that the books I said I would send "after a while" were on their way, and that you must tell Mrs. S. that you and your mother are to be the first to make the acquaintance of "Maria Josepha Holroyd."

I wonder how you will like my friends? This Maria Josepha became Lady Stanley of Alderley, aunt of Dean Stanley, whose father and mother are the "Edward" and "Kittie" mentioned in the book. Lady Stanley lived until 1874. I think McCarthy mentions her in his "Reminiscences"; Mrs. Carlyle also. I had a fine time reading the books myself, and thought "Aunt Serena" well worth knowing. You will be in good society all the time. Gibbon, the historian, and dear Hannah More are among the friends of the delightful Stanleys. When you get into the book, let me know some time how you like these letters of one hundred years ago. . . .

NEW YORK, *February 20, 1903.*

You dear good friend, to take such an interest in my "book friends," as to make them yours and talk them over with me. It was the development in Maria Josepha's character, from a wild, giddy girl to the good wife and mother of no end of children, that pleased me. Aunt Serena was indeed her good angel. Through the biographies of others I traced some of Maria's children. One became the wife of Parry, the Arctic explorer, another the wife of Marcus Hare, and letters in "A Quiet Life," by A. J. C. Hare, show how extra-religious Lucy Stanley was. I thought the books you are reading had a

high moral tone, love and unselfishness being the keynote in an age not given to much of either. . . .

Tell Mrs. S. that the "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son" are very good, by George Horace Lorimer. I have been reading them this winter to the men in the Eye and Ear Hospital at Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, and the book took greatly. It is very bright, full of wholesome advice, illustrated by stories. The merchant is a rich pork-packer, the son a Harvard student. My brother-in-law said jokingly the other day that it should be a text-book in college.

These cold days keep me at home. I cannot walk a step without asthma.

The following letters were received from men who were patients in the Hospital that winter:—

SHINHOPPLE, N. Y., *January 9, 1903.*

I was in the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital from December 18th to 28th. I wish to thank you for the many weary hours you helped to pass away, by reading to us. It seemed to me that none of the men showed their appreciation to you, but if you could have heard their words of praise each day, after you had gone, it would have made your heart glad.

NEW YORK, *January 26, 1903.*

As you have always taken a kindly interest in our welfare and have done so much toward making our

life in the hospital as cheerful as possible, we too are interested in your welfare. Inasmuch as thoughts have come to us that you may be ill, we all hope that such is not the case, but in the event that it is, that your recovery may be speedy. This note is being written without the use of eyes, and you may not be able to decipher it.

Trusting you will pardon us for the privilege we take in addressing you, and that this will find you well,

Respectfully yours.

UTICA, N. Y., *February 19, 1903.*

. . . I often think of the kindness you manifested to us by coming in all kinds of weather to read for us. Too many thanks cannot be given you for the pleasure it gave me alone. Those hours, like David Harum's circus experience, always remain in my memory. . . .

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *April 12, 1903.*

Thank you for the lovely Easter gift. I love gifts given with thought, a bit of the giver in them. I look at the picture and say to myself, "Now is Christ risen from the dead," and my heart swells with the great triumphant thought.

I knew "Margaret Ogilvy" would find lovers in you and your mother. My children think that I am as hard to manage as Margaret was, when her son wanted her to rest, and she *would* run

and do things as soon as his back was turned. I had a dear brother-in-law, a Scotchman, who delighted in Margaret and thought her just like his own old mother. When I go to Litchfield I will send you a sketch of his life to read. I read "Margaret" to a young Scotch Canadian girl, who was in the Eye and Ear Hospital. She was perfectly delighted with it. When I first read to her, both eyes were concealed by cotton; I could only read her pleasure from the smiles around her mouth. She went back to her home, near the Thousand Islands, with a new acquaintance whom she intended to introduce to her people.

All my family have gone to church. I shall go this afternoon. A fine day after all, and in the air and in my heart sound the words, "Now is Christ risen from the dead."

TO HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

NEW YORK, *June 3, 1903.*

How fine about the beautiful edition of Browning. But poor M., I pity her if she is to read about "Ba" and that miserable little puppy. It is beautiful true love, I know, but it wearied me to death, and ever did I have that cat-like photograph of Mrs. "Ba" in my mind, with the hair all over her eyes and her hands like claws.

Can you imagine reading the newspaper — Ardsley murder-case and floods — to a colored porter? That is virtually what I did this morning in the hospital ward; the heat put every white man to sleep; the darkey was the only one wide-awake. He was very nice and appreciative. I am to read to a private patient tomorrow (a woman).

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *June 15, 1903.*

I cannot get over my surprise at the contents of the box from Southington. You know that the tears often come from pleasure as well as from sorrow, and when I saw that lovely dainty wrapper with the daisies and the pink and blue ribbon, and realized that you had sent it for our little coming baby, the tears did come.

We are in the midst of packing, expecting to leave the city on Monday. The last week has been very hot. I wonder what your mother would say to all the marvelous things that the modern mother requires. I stare with my mouth open, and wonder how I ever dared to have my children, without a sterilized thing. I believe there is a box purchased containing everything needed, including a long list of articles that I have never heard of, and I have had five children, — Pandora's box, I call it. I hope they

will let me look at the baby, even if I don't hold it. I am glad I am an old-fashioned woman and had my babies in peace. Many are now going to the Maternity Hospital for the event. It seems so forlorn to me; there will be no more "stork," nor the fancy that the doctor brings the baby; just "Mother got baby brother from the Maternity Hospital," like a foundling.

It looks at present as if we were to be here next winter. I dare not say how happy it makes us. I only hope that I shall be willing, inwardly as well as outwardly, to go, whenever the word comes. I did not know the roots had struck down so deep until we thought of going away. I have so many fears, and one is that I may hamper my son in his life's work.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K. P.

LITCHFIELD, *June 17, 1903.*

. . . When I look on the garden and the distant hills beyond, I cannot but think it pleasant that your father's and mother's grandchild should in this place first see the light of day. It is a place the little one will be glad to remember as a birthplace. No place in New York would ever be left the same for ten years; landmarks there are swept away yearly by the hand of man.

The grounds are in fairly good condition, not

so good as when Father kept them, but it is just as well. I like to think that even the garden misses him. . . .

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *July 14, 1903.*

This is a short note to tell you why a letter in a strange handwriting is enclosed with mine. I have a young friend, my daughter's friend really, who is travelling in France, and who has opened a delightful correspondence with me. I have enjoyed this letter particularly, and thought perhaps you would too. Keep it as long as you wish. I will send the next, if it, too, is interesting.

My young friend is just the kind of a girl you would like, engaged always in doing good, but not a bit "goody-good." She is personally active in mission work during the winter, and in summer she generally takes a party of poor children away for an outing. Last summer a little cottage near us in Litchfield was loaned to her for two weeks, and there she, with a woman to do the hard work, kept nine children, the youngest only three. It was a boiling day when they came from New York, a long journey, and when we spoke of it the next day, my friend said, "Yes, I was dead tired, but when I saw their curly heads on the pillows, all asleep, I felt it

more than compensated for being tired." When the children smelled the car-smoke in the tunnel, they said, "Is this the country smell?" Well, I wish you could have looked in upon that happy group, with my young friend as the house-mother. She and my K. gave all of the nine a bath every evening, heard them say their prayers, and kissed them good-night. And on Sunday K. was up early to get them ready for church. She had brought ribbons from the city to tie their braided hair with, and when they went up the aisle, they could hardly wink, the pig-tails were so tightly braided. Every summer this friend does the same thing, sometimes with her Sunday-school class of boys. Then for her vacation she goes to Europe. That is her little story. I thought to know it would give you more interest in her letters.

TO HER SON

Telegram

LITCHFIELD, *July 18, 1903.*

Fine boy arrived about one-thirty. Both doing beautifully.

LITCHFIELD, *July 20, 1903.*

Baby is two and a half days old,—that is how we are now reckoning time. Such a fine fat little chap. E. does splendidly; looks well, and is too happy for words. The whole town

is rejoicing with us. We are getting notes and gifts by the bushel, and everybody has an insane desire to see the baby. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *July 29, 1903.*

. . . Baby in his bassinet is out under the trees. I have been at my cheque-book for hours, but it won't sum up like the bank-book. Oh, how I hate it, and indeed I don't see the use of it; I know the bank-book is right, especially as it makes more left over than I have made.

LITCHFIELD, *July 30, 1903.*

. . . The baby is as good as gold, sleeps like a log; no more hours of "cry." I sat with him asleep for over an hour this morning on the piazza. W., who loathes photographing, has blue prints in his basin, K. in hers, and the baby is the cause of it all. I am taken with him; he alone on the bed (this picture is so faint that he looks like a bolster); he and the nurse in various positions.

A hot day. I weeded out most of the old spinach bed. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *August 12, 1903.*

. . . It would be hard indeed to live without my children, and I am most grateful for their love and care, only I wish it were in my power to be less of a care. I fear I shall be a greater

one as time goes on, but perhaps love will keep the balance even. . . .

The garden looks bright from the piazza, tiger lilies and golden-glow in bloom; I can see the color from my window.

I have balanced my cheque-book correctly and it corresponds with the bank-book. I may turn out a Hetty Green, who knows?

How dear Father would love to read your letters from the West.

LITCHFIELD, *August 16, 1903.*

. . . Nothing is happening except household events. The potatoes are fine, and we are eating them. Thompson drew my attention to a little apple tree on the place, with fine apples, sweet and juicy, hanging from the branches. Father must have known it was there, and intended to surprise me. The tree is by the maples near the hedge.

LITCHFIELD, *August 17, 1903.*

I have made little Wilson a member of the church Cradle Roll. Entering with him is a little black baby in Africa, whom a missionary enters. The photograph of the black baby on his mother's lap, the proud father in pajamas included in the group, is very interesting. It seemed to me, who often see coincidences where others might think them hard to discern, that

this was one, — that a little African joined at the same time with the great-great-grandson of Isaac T. Hopper, the friend of the negro; and therefore I send five dollars in Wilson's name, to be put in the savings-bank, and used for little black Tomaso's education. It will grow to quite a sum of money perhaps. How is that mathematical bequest, for a person who counts up columns on her fingers? I have also given W. five dollars to put in the savings-bank for the baby. I mean to follow Grandmother Knapp's plan, adding to it every birthday and Christmas. Perhaps by the time he is twenty-one, he will have enough money, as your father did, to buy the engagement ring.

LITCHFIELD, *August 28, 1903.*

. . . Our baby grows finely, and sees us now and smiles. The days go by pleasantly, and my summer has been very happy, happier than I ever could have believed possible without Father. I know he would be glad that the children and the coming of the baby have made life more endurable for me.

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

NEW YORK, *September 29, 1903.*

As I left the house behind me on Saturday I was so intent upon looking at S. and his bag

full of bottles, that your house was hidden before I turned, and I missed, I know, seeing your dear face and the parting "Godspeed" from you all. And here we are in the pleasant home again, and so grateful am I to be here for this winter, associated with Mr. Knapp as this house is. It would, indeed, be hard to go elsewhere. We have clean rooms in which to sleep, cook, and eat. Beyond that it is rather a mess, but we can see daylight ahead.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *October 7, 1903.*

I am so sorry that as the days go by there is little to feel encouraged about in your mother's condition. . . . I have another dear friend who like you is devoted to an invalid mother. It is a blessed service, and makes saints of the dear daughters, but I am quite sure, also, that we mothers would rather our daughters should get their saintship from others, not from ourselves. How hard and how sweet it is to accept the self-sacrifice. I know your mother must feel as I do. Your letter was forwarded to me from Litchfield, which we left over a week ago; and now in the heat and in the dirt of New York City I am writing this. Every block is torn up from below, and houses are being pulled down over your head,—confusion and distraction. It is a

forlorn city, and yet as the abode of friends and relatives one clings to it.

Last Saturday afternoon my son and I took the trolley to Fort Washington Park, which is at about One Hundred and Eightieth Street. From Eleventh Avenue we entered a shady lane, crossed the railroad by a bridge, and went out on the point, very rocky and wild. We sat down and had a splendid view, far up the Hudson, the Palisades right opposite, steamboats on their way to Albany, little pleasure boats, bouncing up and down when caught in the swell from the big steamers, and the beautiful sunshine over all. This part of the city, when I was young, was occupied by New Yorkers for their country homes; the places are now quite run down. It is all so quiet that it is hard to realize that a dirty noisy city is near at hand.

A mile below Fort Washington Park we reached Washington Heights, where my husband's grandfather, Shepherd Knapp, had his home, a large colonial house with six Ionic pillars which are a perfect delight to contemplate. The city has cut streets through the grounds, and the old home is now a hotel. My son and I sat on the broad piazza, saw the beautiful Hudson, the Palisades and the boats, — the same view as from Fort Washington Park. My son had nothing for memory to draw upon as I

had, but I told him everything I could remember, and he laughed at me as I walked through the house, not seeing the things that were really there, but bringing to him from memory what used to be there. "Here was the sitting-room," "There by that window Great-grandmother would sit," "In this room was the Christmas tree," and so on, until he said the waiters would think me crazy. So I calmed down, and then tried to find the old garden, but only a little of the box-border was left to indicate where it had been. And now if you are not tired we go a few more blocks down to One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Street, and turn into "Audubon Park," where I used to live. . . . I love to go up to those dear memory-places, for it was there I met my husband as a boy, on one of his visits to his grandfather.

Our baby grows finely; I see him every other day. To-day I bought muslin and a pattern, and I am going to try to make him a short dress. I hope the desire to make him a bit of wearing apparel will not pursue me into the trouser age.

On Sunday, as I came out of church, I met my friend who arrived from Europe on Saturday. We walked and talked for several blocks. She ended a beautiful summer by a two weeks' trip through Devon, and went to "Bideford

Haven" in an *automobile*. Have you ever read "Westward Ho"? If you have, you must feel a little of what the children call the "shivers," when you remember Amyas Leigh and Bideford Church. I should *not* like to go there in an automobile, should you?

There now, I must stop talking, and go about my every-day duties; but I will come again another day.

From her Cheque-Book

[*October 7, 1903.*] By all my mind and body I have balanced the above. Thank the Lord I am one of the unemployed, and it is not necessary that I should keep books for a living.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *October 23, 1903.*

. . . To-morrow I am going to spend the entire day at my daughter's, and be with her baby, while she and her husband are away. . . . I shall not leave until eleven o'clock at night, when the parents are expected to return. It is so good to feel that I am useful, and I am looking forward with great pleasure to to-morrow. . . . You can easily see that the baby has made a fool of me, for here are four large pages upon "Baby."

NEW YORK, *December 23, 1903.*

I have sent you a little picture that fascinated me, and I hope it will please you to look at it. Beatrice was sister of the interesting Isabella, the friend of artists and authors. Four hundred years ago she lived. . . . By the way, I shall send a theological book to the Library after a while, but first to you, "The Religion of a Mature Mind." I read it not because I had a mature mind, but because I hoped it would help me to get one.

And now I send you my warmest love and thank you for all your sweet little acts of friendship in the past year, and for helping to keep me young and interested in the young.

NEW YORK, *January 8, 1904.*

I am so pleased that you like the little girl-wife of four hundred years ago. No, she was not sister of Isabella of Spain, but of Isabella d'Este, who was a friend of all the authors and painters of her day, and some connection of a Duke of Ferrara who sided with, or rather protected, an early reformer of the Roman Catholic Church. I sent her because I knew you would not have the time to read books, and a pleasant face to look upon might be cheering. We spent a quiet Christmas. We dressed a pretty sparkling tree for little Wilson, with which he seemed

fascinated. We hung a "Molly Cottontail" from one of the branches, and I had a box of short dresses and petticoats, which interested his mother, if they did not interest him. . . . It was so good to have that little bundle of love in my arms, to bring a bit of sunshine into our or *my* sad heart. It will ever be a regret that Mr. Knapp did not see his grandchild in this world.

An afterthought: Isabella and Beatrice d'Este were either friends or cousins of Vittoria Colonna. The monk, whom the Duke of Ferrara protected, was "Orchino," a Capuchin. I did not want to send you merely a pretty face, but something interesting with a bit of history about it. I hope she was good, but, if bad, she could not have been so long, for she died at twenty-one, and as she, being a Roman Catholic, has been four hundred years in Purgatory, she must be by this time better than either you or I.

NEW YORK, *January 31, 1904.*

While I sit and sew, I think of you trying to adjust your life to do without your mother's bodily presence, and to be patient and cheerful. I know the sad hours which must be, the burden of grief which has to be borne alone, and the loneliness and restlessness which take possession of us at such times. I know that you have

the aid and consolation of religion, but not even that can help us not to miss the ones we have lost, nor soften the great longing we have for the sight of their dear faces and the touch of their hands. I picture you and your brother talking together of your mother, as my children and I do of their father. Then we feel, as I think you must, that they are near us.

From the "Book-List"

February 5, 1904. I do not read as much as in former days. My mind needs different work: I am more quiet when the hands are busy too. But I will put down the books I do read.

1. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
2. "Reminiscences of the Civil War," by General Gordon.
3. Mrs. Vanderpoel's book, "A Pioneer School."

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

NEW YORK, *February 19, 1904.*

My warmest love accompanies this gift, and congratulations that your eightieth birthday finds you in good health and surrounded by all your dear children.

Though we met late in life, we call each other "Friend," and we will travel together on life's journey like Christiana and Mercy.

The affectionate and generous answer to this letter cannot well be omitted : —

MY DEAR MRS. KNAPP, — How did you know that the 19th was my birthday? . . . But your most beautiful gift, with the tokens of your loving thought engraved upon it : how can I find fitting words to tell you how grateful I am for this and for all I owe you in so many ways? As fellow pilgrims, being an eighty-year old mother, I suppose I ought to stand for Christiana, but in reality I have always felt as if I was holding on to your skirts. The last heard of Mercy and the other children, I believe, was “that they were yet alive, and so would be for the increase of the Church,” words which have their fulfilment in you, I am sure. . . .

Most lovingly,
ANNA M. RICHARDS.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *February* 19, 1904.

I am glad that you are busy, for I know, if you are like me, that you will have to work with the hands to keep the brain from thinking. I understand the *never being tired*. I think it is nervousness, for I must drive all the time at one thing or another; I cannot read as I used to for any length of time, but must be jumping up and stirring about a bit. . . .

Do you grope sometimes after the Bible promises, those that, when you did not need

them, seemed so comforting? I have, and they failed me, or I expected too much. I do not think I have been comforted in that way (or quieted). The loneliness and dreadful missing make us so restless, that nothing exactly comforts. The thing that does give comfort is to be helpfully active for others, in the home or outside of it. How blessed it is to know how to do every-day things, necessary things, things that are always being done, and to take a pleasure in the doing of them, and to have the bodily strength to do them, so that we are not obliged to sit idle and think.

We question so many things when sorrow and grief are our portion, that just to hold on, when the waves go over us, is about all we can do.

NEW YORK, *March 15, 1904.*

To-day is the anniversary of the great blizzard of 1888, and such a beautiful day; surely Spring must soon begin to unpack her treasures. Does the coming of the spring make you sad? Changes, I think, are apt to, after sorrow. The spring, the winter, the holidays, all cause the fact to be more plain that we are ever missing one who enjoyed it all with us. . . .

The following letter explains itself :—

OPHIR HALL, PURCHASE,
WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y., *July 11, 1904.*

MRS. SHEPHERD KNAPP,
Litchfield, Conn.

Dear Mrs. Knapp,— Referring to my former letters in reply to yours of June 18th, I am glad now to be able to say that we are in a position where we can accept the house and farm at Milton, near Litchfield, Conn., which you so generously offered for the work of The Tribune Fresh Air Fund.¹ The delay in ascertaining that better rates could now be had from the New Haven Railroad may possibly interfere with so large a use of the house this year as would otherwise have been practicable; but, if you will kindly advise me how soon you think the house can be in order, we will try to make arrangements at once for utilizing it after that date to the utmost. . . .

With renewed thanks for your generous offer, and an assurance that it will be used to the best of our ability, in the spirit in which it is offered, and in promotion of the purpose for which we are organized, I am with high regard,

Yours sincerely,
WHITELAW REID.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *July 12, 1904.*

I enclose Mr. Whitelaw Reid's last communication to me. It is so gratifying and so unlooked for, and I am sure that, if they accept

¹ A memorial of Shepherd Knapp.

it, it is because the railroad rate is satisfactory. I wish *we* could employ the carpenter and fix it up ourselves. In August it would not be much trouble for us to drive over and watch the progress. We will work without pay, whereas they would have to hire an inspector.

LITCHFIELD, *July 13, 1904.*

. . . Doctor came this morning. I am entirely cut off from human food; it is now angel food (fallen angels). I am indulging in a combination of the smell of sour milk and a suspicion of globules of atoms — "Plasmon." I think of the Psalms, whenever I read the word, but not of the comforting ones; dirges over Jerusalem. I have nothing else to eat; five cups a day of this stuff. Perhaps if I can make progress on this fare, I may have a pudding-dish of "The Song of Solomon" in prepared food. If this nourishes me, I have a prehistoric stomach, belonging to the jelly-fish order.

I walked to the village, and feel the best yet.

LITCHFIELD, *July 14, 1904.*

I am glad you are pleased about "the Home." K. and I will go over next week and measure the house; I shall enjoy that and the plan-drawing. . . . I am doing well on the proto-

plasm, I think; and perhaps it is not so hard to get it down as it was at first.

LITCHFIELD, *July 19, 1904.*

Doctor was in to-day, and I told him how I had fixed the food, entirely in water, as the directions on the box read. It seems, he told me to add milk, but I did not hear him; so I, five times a day for nearly a week, took that awful stuff. Doctor told K. to-day that I was very plucky to keep at it. But I was bound I would get well.

I am so much interested in the Home. I plan and plan. I have thought that if the barn on the place is worth it, we might have the loft made into a big room, for play or sleeping. We could do this another year. . . .

LITCHFIELD, *August 4, 1904.*

Yesterday afternoon we drove over to the Home, got the key from Mr. D. and measured the rooms in the house. The plans, which I enclose, are K.'s, and, I think, very correct and well done. We found the house dry; how it could be, is a mystery, after all that rain. . . .

Three friends are to take luncheon with me to-morrow. I took a carriage this morning and called on four people, besides doing shopping. How does this read? depressed or rather happy?

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *August 8, 1904.*

. . . Fancy living so long and bringing in sticks from the woodshed every morning since childhood. The pile of wood, if it were still wood and not ashes, would reach above her house. I suppose that is just why she lived so long. She did not bother about the "Time-Spirit" (I don't know how to spell the German word for the thought of the day), which whispers, to the thoughtful one, distracting, fascinating thoughts; but she worked the body, got health, and kept the machinery going. However, I should rather not have picked up the sticks for so many years, and died acquainted with the "Time-Spirit." How is it with you?

TO HER SON-IN-LAW

LITCHFIELD, *August 9, 1904.*

Just a line in appreciation of your letter, the last one. I hope when we arrive that there will be sunshine and good weather. By that time surely there will be no more rain to fall; we have had nothing but miserable weather for a month.

K. and I drove over to the Home to make a plan of the house, and found that the second-story front room, where the partitions had been taken down, measures thirty-six feet long and

fourteen feet wide. There are seven windows in it. Not bad, I thought, for a dormitory.

I have taken to novel-reading instead of biography, and hope you have some stories handy at Old Chatham. I have heard that even our religion is a matter of food; so plasmon, probably, has developed in me a love of light literature. Chicken and bananas give the taste for history and biography. What real meat and potatoes would do, I can't tell.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K. P.

LITCHFIELD, *August 14, 1904.*

Six o'clock in the morning, and so dark that I am writing by the light of two candles. Rain again and gloom over everything; such weather for so long a time is strange.

We have had Mr. Willard Parsons up to inspect the Home. He seemed greatly pleased, especially with the apple and pear trees on the place. We are taking down the old kitchen, and building in place of it a two-story addition, but only a board one, no lath or plaster. This gives us a dining-room, a kitchen, and another upstairs dormitory. . . .

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *September 4, 1904.*

. . . I am made up of all kinds of moods: frivolous, I fear you would think me at times;

not particularly serious except on paper, and not one bit like what a clergyman's mother is in books. I used to be on my good behavior in Southington, and trembled every day for fear of making mistakes. But in my own home, I might possibly disappoint you; and then I have been forlorn all summer, and grown old, and lost what good looks I ever had. Yet I would have taken the risk of our meeting, hoping you would go deeper than the outside of me.

We had a beautiful time in my daughter's little convenient box of a house. She is eighteen miles from the Hudson near Albany, and the Catskill range is a part of the view, making the sunsets fine. Our plays and tableaux here have all come off, and were all successful. In my next letter I will tell you of a little memorial we are undertaking to Mr. Knapp's memory. I am up early to write this, as we have guests in the house and I get little time.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K. P.

LITCHFIELD, *September 12, 1904.*

. . . What a beautiful visit we had, something so pleasant to look back upon, and to hope to repeat another year. I am anxious now to get back to the city, for I want all my children, and the going to your house will be so enjoyable.

So our baby is beginning to say words. Every day now there will be new and interesting developments. I have begun his coats, both cut out; and as for the collar, it is a masterpiece. I am making it out of one I had, cutting and joining it, and it is beautiful, so the children both say.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *September 14, 1904.*

Such a wind and rain all night. K. says she got only snatches of sleep. I slept until half-past four; then I awoke, thinking K. was shaking my bed. It was the house rocking, the first time I ever had that nasty sensation here. I remember the feeling, for the Audubon house used to do the same thing, but the timbers and beams of that house were old-fashioned and strong, so that I was not half as much afraid as I was this morning. I got up and partly dressed, for I had no intention of going through the air to Bantam in only a nightgown. The swaying of the trees was a grand sight, but K. says the dying down of the wind, and then its beginning to gather force again, rising higher, higher, was perfectly fearful. She tried to pierce the darkness, to see if the next-door house still stood, but could only hear, not see a thing. Now—nearly eight o'clock—the worst, I fancy, is over.

LITCHFIELD, *September 18, 1904.*

I went over to the Home yesterday. Saw —; he will clean out both wells. Things are going on finely. The new rooms are perfectly splendid. . . . If you see, or communicate with, Mr. Willard Parsons, ask him in whose charge he will leave the house for the winter. Suggest Mr. D.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K. P.

LITCHFIELD, *September 19, 1904.*

. . . My dearest Mrs. — has had an attack of angina pectoris, quite a severe one. She is as calm as a May morning: I found her in her garden, picking flowers. I remember my good father used to say, "Make your peace with God while in health; then, when sickness comes, the mind will be at rest, and there will be more chance of recovery." I told Mrs. — how dear Mr. Carter lived many years after his first attack of that disease, and, forgetting it, would actually run and jump on a car in motion. He, also, had the calm and quiet mind.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *September 20, 1904.*

Should you advise me to engage a man this week to put the old shingles and some of the laths into the cellar at the Home—a day's work?

They can be placed in the back part of the cellar, and not interfere with the work that is being done. . . .

I have finished Scott's Life, and love the man more than ever. Lockhart, also. Am now reading Goethe's "Autobiography."

From the "Commonplace Book"

(Quoted from Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott.") "My life has been, in all its private and public relations, as fortunate perhaps as was ever lived, up to this period; and whether pain or misfortune may lie behind the dark curtain of futurity, I am already a sufficient debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it. . . . So I can look forward to the possible conclusion of these scenes of agony with reasonable equanimity, and suffer chiefly through the sympathetic distress of my family."

Dear Sir Walter, I have found you a great comfort and example of bravery; and I, too, have tried to face courageously what is inevitable, as you did. *September, 1904.*

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *September 24, 1904.*

Yesterday we drove to the Home. The window-frames are up in the new building, shutters

also; and the new clapboards at the south end of the main house make it look like an entire new side. I hired a man to put the shingles into the cellar. They were laying the floor in the hall. I think now I will wait perhaps for you, before I go again, that is, if you come up Monday in the morning train. . . .

From the "Commonplace Book"

September, 1904. I have been so grateful for my dear Litchfield friends. . . . I cannot mention all by name, but there is not one of those who turned toward me in sympathy in my life's sorrow, to whom I do not feel greatly attached; for in trying to show my appreciation of their thoughtfulness, I have been led to try and shake off morbidness and not grow selfish in my grief.

I am not afraid to die; neither do I regret that my days may be nearly numbered. I have had an exceptionally happy life, and my work is over. I am not afraid that my dear children will forget Mother, but remember the best side of her character forever.

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

NEW YORK, *October 5, 1904.*

S. has gone to prayer-meeting, K. is studying, and I in my dear familiar room, *at home*, am sending you this note. It was so good to

get here, but the journey was most hard. I kept saying to myself, "Going to *all* the children, so bear it a little longer." The train was so overcrowded, no drawing-room car. S. met us, and dear E. was at the door to welcome me. How overflowing with gratitude I am that my life has been so full, so happy, from childhood. I feel that I should not complain now, when the going down-hill has begun. Dr. L. has not returned yet from Canada, but is expected tomorrow. Your dear son looked in upon me just before dinner to-night, while I was showing the cardboard model of the Home to my sister and her husband. . . .

Don't forget me in your prayers, darling Mrs. Richards. I am just a weak old woman now, older than you are, I really think, so there will be no pride now for you to say that we are the same age.

From the "Commonplace Book"

October 9th, and near the anniversary of our wedding day, and I ill, very ill; I know not if it is an operation before me, or a year or months of suffering. I seem in my spirit to be able to bear everything but the children's pitying faces and the thought that they will suffer with me. May I be spared suffering. I am at peace and calm. I am in God's hands; my

Maker will think of the work of his hands and care for me; I trust him.

TO HER FRIEND, A. W. R.

NEW YORK, *October 17, 1904.*

I write to *you* what I am about to say, rather than to your mother, for I feel that she will be disturbed, but perhaps not as much so, if you prepare her. I do know she really loves me, and that she has been troubled about me all summer. I am about to have an operation, advised by my doctors here. They say my age is not in the way, and that my chance of recovery is excellent.

I knew all summer that my case was serious, but thought that there was no help but to bear it. I could not tell the children, so kept my trouble to myself, but it seems now that they knew everything, being in touch with the doctor all summer. But now we are bearing this together, and they are towers of strength. I was afraid that, if I told them, I could not bear up as well, but it is so restful now that they know. It grieves my heart, to bring this care and anxiety on them. All summer I was greatly helped to live day by day, and I have a quiet mind,—
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." I have left the future in God's hands. The operation is to be at home.

My warmest love to you all. I have so enjoyed our sweet intercourse together.

From the "Commonplace Book"

I lived through an operation at fifty-seven years old. Well, happy, and most grateful to God for life and health. [Dated, *December 3, 1904.*]

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

In bed, NEW YORK, October 29, 1904.

. . . I still have two nurses, for day and night, but it will not be for long now, as I am eating and sleeping well. Steak, potato, cocoa, toast, broths, milk-custard, baked apples, prunes, grapes, find their way to me in the course of the twenty-four or forty-eight hours. . . .

And now what shall I do, I, who have come back to still more work? I say sometimes, I think I should have died, and never read the beautiful letters that came to us. But I do mean to do "the work of the Lord," as it is made plain to me. And I have had the experience this past summer of help not my own, which made me a surprise to my own self. . . .

I shall never forget the day I left you all. I never expected to go back to Litchfield, nor did I want to as I was. And now it is a new world, sunshine over all.

TO HER FRIEND, L. E. R.

In bed, NEW YORK, October 30, 1904.

It was so like you to bring me something pretty to eat out of. I have had bread and milk in your bowl at my supper, cream in the pitcher for my baked apple. The next time you come, send up word, and it is most likely I can see you. I am flat on my back, can turn a little from side to side, not a pain or an ache anywhere; good digestion since the first five days, and hungry for all that is brought me.

This is now the second Sunday that I have seen, and I never expected to be here for last Sunday; so you may imagine what it was to see the sunrise from my window, which I did. I feel as if I had been dead and were alive again. I did not allow myself to dwell much on the future, for it seemed to me that I never could live through the operation. But I could not live as I was. All summer I slept for only about four hours; then would begin the distress, which kept growing worse, until I could not go to bed at all, but spent the nights trying to find ease, from chair to sofa and back again. The operation seemed a refuge, the only thing of hope.

And now, here I am, going, as Dr. L. says, sixty miles an hour toward recovery. All the doctors are radiant. I have for my night nurse

Miss W., who was with Carrie; I wanted her. . . . It was a great strain upon them all, and yet I think it was a relief to feel that I could be helped. I am very happy and grateful.

I will give you below a strange experience I had, that I cannot quite account for, — although it was not a St. Theresa style of vision. Two nights before the operation I was sitting by the table in a reclining chair, dozing and reading. I was reading Scott's "Waverley" to keep my mind off the operation. I had read several chapters, put down the book, and evidently fallen asleep, when, as I awoke, I heard a loud voice, proclaiming the words, "Marry, thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." I told S., saying, "You know I don't believe in signs or omens, but if I do recover, this will be worth remembering." The "marry" was certainly not like the Bible, neither was it exactly like the book I was reading. I then utterly dismissed the text from my mind and never thought of it again. I did not expect to live. I did not see how I could, with such a deathlike face as I had. Well, as I came out of the ether, I saw against the blackness the still blacker outline of a little figure, that was like either a herald or a Highlander, who shouted in a clear, loud voice, "Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." The voice cleared my brain

in a minute, and I was perfectly conscious, though I could not open my eyes. I said to myself, "The text means something this time, and I will heed it all I can, do everything to help myself, thinking of my wound, taking deep breaths." Then I told the nurse I wanted to hear nothing of the outside world, no messages nor flowers to be brought to me. I felt I had died, and not until I had a right to live, would I hear things. I gathered myself together to stand the shock of the operation, keep down fever, and not get nervous. The doctors say that in their experience they have never seen a person lie so quiet; I never moved a hair in five days.

Now what do you think of my vision? It is so curious to me that I think I will send it to William James, author of "Varieties of Religious Experience." I suppose I should have gotten well without it, and yet it was a great spur.

Later, this plan of writing to Professor James was carried out,¹ and the following reply, here printed by permission, was received:—

CAMBRIDGE, *January 7, 1905.*

DEAR MADAM, — I thank you for the very interesting case of "Automatism" which you send me. The

¹ To the account of the "vision" already given should be added, from another letter, "I do not remember having ever read the verse, and had to get my son to look it up for me in the Concordance."

scientific account of it would be a subconsciously preserved memory, coming into action at this peculiarly opportune time. But the "opportuneness" shades off here into higher complications, and I must say that I am myself quite baffled and unable to come to any clear theory about what may or may not happen in such cases. The conditions are evidently highly complex.

Sincerely yours,
WM. JAMES.

MRS. SHEPHERD KNAPP.

TO HER FRIEND, F. E. C.

NEW YORK, *November 13, 1904.*

I feel as if I knew what it is to die and come to life again; for that is what it will always seem to me I did. The Sunday after the operation, my nurse drew the curtains, so that I might see the sun rise over the housetops opposite. The effect was beautiful, even on brick walls; and the little floating pink clouds, so soft and lovely. I had expected that that Sunday I should not be here on earth, and I had not much cared, for I was so very ill before the operation. But now — I am well, and to live is a privilege. I think often of what Lyman Beecher said in a lecture to his divinity students in Litchfield. He described to them an uncreated soul, and God telling that soul what life, if given, held of pain and sorrow; also the other side, knowledge of

God, eternity, and love. He gave the soul the choice of creation or no creation, and the formless soul cried out, "Create, create." And I have said to myself, "Would you have chosen life, if you had known of this operation, even if with no recovery?" and I have said, with Lyman Beecher's uncreated soul, "Create, create." For it would have paid but to see the beautiful earth, and to live as I did with my dear husband more than thirty-one years, and to have had the love and affection of the children. Mine has been such a wonderfully happy life. . . .

CHAPTER XI

THE FRESH AIR HOME

Mother's motto was, "Hope, and keep busy," and one of her sayings, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered."—
LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *November 26, 1904.*

I am able now to sit up for two hours twice a day and walk into the next room, and I feel perfectly well, and beyond words happy. Sometimes I have to get the hand-glass to show myself the old face that looks out, for my heart is so young, that I forget I am not *all* young. My children have been wonderfully helpful. I could not tell them all summer, but they knew from the doctor, and let me wait my time to speak. I felt that, if they knew, I could never keep up; but when I did speak, what helps they were, putting their courage into me. They were sure I would recover; I was not, though I knew I had much in my favor, all my organs being in good condition: but I looked so like death. Yet, here I am perfectly well.

My son carried me up and down stairs Thanksgiving Day, which was also my birth-

day, fifty-seven years old. And such a beautiful time as we had. I have not had my birthday celebrated in the old-time way of cake and candles and bits of homey fun, since Mr. Knapp died, and unknown to me the children had the cake and candles, and made merry; and it is best, for I feel this is a great epoch in my life. They all said, "It has been hard, Mother, not to celebrate your birthday, and we know Father would wish us to." I had such dear gifts from them, just what I wanted, and I was not physically tired after the pleasure; but my heart was full, and my eyes too, with gratitude for so much love and affection. I thought often this summer of my wonderfully happy life from childhood on, and that if it was to end, as I thought, in suffering, I ought not to complain; for I had had love and everything else all my life, while many others have nothing all their lives, and yet have suffering at the end to bear as well. But here I am in health again. . . .

TO HER SISTER, J. B. F.

NEW YORK, *November 30, 1904.*

If you cannot come to me to-day, I will come to you (by letter). You have been so very good to me, and your little visits have been bright spots in the day. You are excellent, cheerful company, with such an original way

of saying things. Even in your sober, deep thoughts you put in a funny saying, which is not frivolous, but brightens the whole. . . .

I spend my time getting very much upset over the pulling down of the beautiful vine on the old — house. It (the house) has changed hands, and like everybody in New York, the newcomers are not content to leave well enough alone, but are scraping and polishing the entire building, to make it look new. *They* look new, and I say that even the man's fat stomach is not an inheritance, as Mr. —'s was, but is made by himself.

NEW YORK, *December 11, 1904.*

Humble and almost kneeling, I come confessing my mistakes, as I see them through the eyes of my broader-minded and nicer children. When I told them of your generous thought for —, and that stingy I had proposed to cut it down to half, they said, "Why, Mother, how could you say what she should give, when she is such a fairy godmother!" Oh, oh, I see it all. Poor —! They say he has no money, never went to a theatre in his life, never will have as much again. — First humiliation here endeth.

Second is about to begin. We are neither of us to think of our own feeling in the case, but

to put all our minds on that type-writer. It is a good thing for the dirty Turk (my mental remark) to read interesting books, rather than to make fig-paste (another mental remark of mine). Is it not the same idea as our free libraries? — to educate the taste of the people. I fell down like Nebuchadnezzar's (could never spell his name, unless I looked the Bible through; so send it as it is) image on the plains of Babylon, and there was no health in me. I saw the type-writer sending forth Zola's works, and the changed morals of the Turks, and I said, "I see, I see; I will not hamper my generous sister in her desire to enlighten the heathen."

Thus I have confessed, and set my seal to the confession, in this the seventh week of my return to life and the fifth hour of my change of mind.

Forgive my foolishness.

From the Journal

January, 1905. I found this book, with only a few pages used, in a table-drawer down in the parlor, and it gave me the suggestion of keeping a journal. But my life is so uneventful, that I am afraid I can never fill the pages. I suppose, if I had the mind of a Thoreau, my own quiet room would give me plenty of subjects for recording in a diary. The mice, for instance,

that I catch almost daily in my closet. Seton-Thompson would make me cry, no doubt, with the sad tale of a wayward young thing who would not mind his mother; but I see only mice, and there is no mind in me to make much out of nothing.

Here I am at fifty-seven, born again, life given to me after a severe operation, and I, in health, bid go forward and do better.

As journals seem to be also a place to chronicle the weather, I must not omit the ushering in of this new year, — mild, followed in two days by a severe snowstorm, and the news of the fall of Port Arthur, — and Dr. T.'s bill, which I have paid with gratitude.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *January 3, 1905.*

I promised the children that I would write no letters of thanks for gifts until this week. But now I may tell you how much I enjoyed your original calendar, outside and in. I did laugh, but it was the laugh of pleasure at the cleverness of my young friend, who only needs a hint to bring from the treasure-mine of her brain such an original conceit. I have it leaning against Mr. Knapp's picture, which is always before me when I write, and it will mark the days as they go by.

Just after Christmas I had a pleasant call from a returned soldier from the Philippines, who went out with the 2d Cavalry nearly three years ago. He came to thank me for the books I sent the troop, and especially for a letter I wrote, tied up in "The Virginian," which book and letter fell to him. He said that I could not begin to know what reading-matter meant to the soldiers so far from home, and he asked me to write and tell his Chaplain that he had seen me and thanked me, which I did immediately, and I intend to send more books to Troop H. I tell my son I may have a military funeral after all, and go to my grave on a gun-carriage, which I have always thought so glorious.

I am very happy to be alive and able to enter a New Year, and to have the opportunity of making it a better year than the past.

The following was later received from the Chaplain referred to in the preceding letter:—

CAMP WALLACE, UNION, P. I., *March 1, 1905.*

MRS. SHEPHERD KNAPP,

Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Dear Madam,— Thank you for the most acceptable books, magazines and papers, which have just reached me, at your hand, for distribution through the Second Cavalry. . . . While I was opening the parcels, there came to my quarters Sergeant N., prin-

cial musician of the Band, to get the hymns for the following services. A most helpful worker the Sergeant is. . . . Well, your nice books peeped out, and I thought it a good time to begin. And the Sergeant chose, for first reading, "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.

Telling him of your regret that soldiers did not read the novels of Sir Walter Scott, — I think the set we have in the Library is your gift, — said he, "Why, I've read a dozen of them already, and please tell Mrs. Knapp so." Another soldier has begun to read Scott, — ambitious young fellow, *knows* Shakespeare and the Bible, has made an allotment, by the way (a method, through the paymaster, of ensuring regular monthly installments of pay to relatives), of *twelve* dollars per month, out of his pay out here, of fifteen dollars and sixty cents, to his mother, widowed since he entered the army. He is Scotch by birth, and has begun with "Rob Roy." There are lots of such instances, and they make the heart warm to the work, bleak as it seems at times to a chaplain, recalling old pastoral days.

Again I thank you.

Faithfully,

DAVID L. FLEMING,
Chaplain, Second Cavalry.

From the Journal

January 6, 1905. Stockton, in one of his books, wonders why people have ears, for they seldom use them to listen to what others are saying, but only for a clue to help them talk

themselves. As babies, we "have the floor"; at fifty we must use our ears to hear what the young people have to say; what we would say can wait. In being born again I am trying to learn the art of listening,—and hope occasionally for a chance to air my own opinions.

Weather, icy cold; the ground covered with snow.

Dr. H., the dentist, filled my teeth for me at the house. Everything primitive; no instruments to bore a hole into your brain, just old-fashioned tools that could be brought in a bag; and all done in no time. If I could afford it, I would always have my teeth cared for in this way.

Callers, work, and the day has gone.

TO HER FRIEND, A. W. R.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1905.

How good you are to send me such a beautiful letter about your life in Georgia. Your description of the outside and in of your world was very interesting, and I can see you and Mrs. R. in your every-day doings. You must have the Civil War brought very close to you, and it is most interesting to hear, from eye-witnesses, stories of those war days. We can look upon it all now in an unprejudiced spirit, and see that

those on the side of the "Grey" were animated by what they thought the right. I contemplated sending you a book called "Four Years with Massa Robert," and took it from the Library to judge of it. I did not much care for it, so send Mrs. Pryor's "In War and Peace," as being more chatty. Years ago, when I was young, we boarded with a Mrs. Pegrum, mother of a rebel general or major by that name, a dear old lady whose daughter was a teacher. She would spend many hours talking with me of her gallant son. And then I met in the same way Sims's sister, — I have forgotten her name, — a big dashing woman, who adored her brother.

The other afternoon your brother gave me a pleasant half-hour's visit. As usual *I* did the talking. Oh that I could keep my mouth closed, but I am so fearful of being stupid, because I am so deaf, and of not hearing what is said to me, that I play the ignorant fool every time. I may do better, as I am trying to improve on the old character.

I am wonderfully well. I walk out now daily, and have gone as far as Forty-second Street and back. I am allowed to go up and down stoops but once a day. The other day I surprised S. by meeting him in the lecture-room of the church. I went over on Wednesday at noon and into my own pew, all alone in the big

church, to return my thanks for all the mercies of God these past months. When I close my eyes in my seat in church, all about me are those who walk no more with me on earth, but are still living in my life, and who aid me even more in memory than they did in actual life. Mr. Knapp, his dear mother, and a large family who kept the faith, are my inheritance, and make no other place so dear in all the world as the Brick Church.

S. and Mrs. B. called upon me the other day, and I had a beautiful time, *talking* as usual, woe is me!

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1905.

. . . I am mailing you the photographs my son took of the Home. You know it is nothing great, like the gifts of the millionaires of the day. It is mostly out of doors in the sunshine, as Mr. Parsons says. The house is only a place to eat and sleep in. The dormitories have only beds, not even a chair. In the wash-house, under the kitchen at the side of the house, a shelf, running around two sides of the room, holds the little tin basins. . . . All the laundry work goes to New York. I do hope you may see it next summer in working order.

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

NEW YORK, *April 8, 1905.*

It is now six months since my operation, and to-day for the first time I *walked* down to Stern's and back, calling on Mrs. M. on my way. Not yet can I go to Orange, but it is only two months now before we shall meet in dear Litchfield to enjoy one another's companionship. Dear Mrs. Richards, think of it, all that dreadful past is a part of my life, and yet I lived to have joy come after it, and to see my dear friends again.

Yesterday I went to the Vesper Service in the church and *I heard every word Dr. Richards said*. Not only have I come back to life and health, but deafness is not to be thought of any more, *in church*. The electrical device, installed there, is a grand success, and I shall go to church morn, noon, and night. It is so wonderful to hear, and when your son said, "The religion of Christ appeals to the Asiatic mind," I could not believe I heard the word "Asiatic"; it seemed impossible such a hard word could come plainly through the ear-piece. I followed the prayer and benediction, and have gone over and over all he said, as I walked through the streets. What would Mr. Knapp say? How he would rejoice with me! I have so many of the

blessings of this life, that I hope I may be ever full of gratitude for the goodness of God to me.

A heart full of love to my dearest companion and friend.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE SOUTHTON
SUNDAY-SCHOOL

NEW YORK, *April 22, 1905.*

In behalf of the little children who are to occupy "The Shepherd Knapp Home" next summer, I thank you for the beautiful scrap-book just received, which will make a rainy day full of sunshine, while they sit in the big barn looking at all the lovely pictures you have so nicely pasted.

I remember many of you whose names are in the book, and the others, whom I did not know while in Southington, I know now. . . .

Sincerely and gratefully, your friend.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *April 22, 1905.*

The beautiful scrap-book, received two days ago, touched me deeply. It is all *you* from beginning to end, in conception and making. Getting the children to put themselves into it was a very happy thought. Every picture said

something to me, and the sentiment all through the pages, even to Pastor Robinson's house, found an echo in my heart. Many of the children I recall. . . . Thank you for bringing to my heart such a warm feeling of gratitude for your kindly interest in the Memorial Home.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *May* 31, 1905.

Arrived safely, after a very comfortable journey. The house is most lovely, outside and in. The new trees will be a forest, though small at present. . . . With what pleasure dear Father would view the place.

TO HER FRIEND, V. M. J.

LITCHFIELD, *June* 6, 1905. .

I did not get to see you, though I tried to, but I was so very tired that I could do little else but rest. K. came up here a week before I did, and got the house in order. I have feasted my eyes on the lovely greenness of the out-of-door world. Our garden is full of the old-fashioned flower, "sweet rocket." In the evening, as I walk down the path, the air is full of its fragrance, and I wonder, as the old woman did in the nursery rhyme, "if this be really I." To be alive and perfectly well is so wonderful. . . .

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *June 9, 1905.*

The Home opens the end of this month, and we are so much interested in it. I have a picture of Mr. Knapp to hang over the mantelpiece, and your scrap-book for the corner cupboard.

I have had a beautiful time weeding in the garden and planting seeds, reading, seeing my friends, and being so grateful and happy. What do you think of the Japanese? My bond, that I told you of, is away up. I trembled for it, when the Russians sailed, — I, who said that I did not care if I lost it, as I wanted to help those brave people. And here I was, watching the newspaper in the interest of that bond: I was ashamed of myself.

Very late, and I must turn in for the night.

TO HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

LITCHFIELD, *June 28, 1905.*

We have taken several pictures to be framed for the Home, and bought a small rug for the office. The Matron and the Superintendent came over to luncheon, and we drove them back by way of the lake. The swings are up, and with such inviting board seats, that I felt myself a child again, and wanted to swing. The graphophone has come and has over thirty records,

popular songs, as well as other funny things. The servants' quarters in the attic are as full of "Finns" as a fish. They seem very happy, made me a present of birch-bark baskets, made by themselves from the trees over in Milton. Birch trees are found in Finland also. The Matron keeps flowers in front of Father's picture. Was n't it thoughtful of her? I was very much touched by it.

LITCHFIELD, *July 1, 1905.*

We have had a day long to be remembered. I can think of nothing else, though I try to *talk* of other things. We all went to Bantam station at eleven o'clock, that is, left the house at that time, and got back at half after three. It was great fun seeing the children, when they arrived, put upon two hay-wagons, their feet dangling over the sides. They were so friendly, and all with boxes, bags, and bundles; several with pillow-cases containing their clean clothes.

At the house it was great. All marched in to dinner. After dinner they went up in single file to the window of the Superintendent's room, where one of the care-takers wrote down all their names and took for safe-keeping the pennies they had brought. They dove down into their bags for their pennies, and the little girls



A DUSTY RIDE — NEARING THE FRESH AIR HOME

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actually unpacked their bags on the grass and changed their dresses there.

Then upstairs they ran and left their bags, and many of them took off shoes and stockings and ran for the swings and the see-saws. Four young ladies of Milton came in to help amuse them, and one was swinging them as we drove off. One boy brought a ball and bat, and the popular game began almost immediately.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *July 12, 1905.*

I have made, for the children at the Home, over fifty prizes out of nothing,—bags with marbles for the boys, badges for the girls, and have knitted a hood and cape for a doll. And now it has occurred to me that a kite, or several kites, would be fine. I wonder if I could get a few cheap ones from Macy's? The field beyond the barn would be a grand place for flying them, and they would give lots of fun. Do you remember the ones Father used to make? Could you make a big one, when you come up? or had I best buy a few small ones?

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *July 16, 1905.*

I have made cheesecloth curtains for the first-floor rooms at the Home, which lighten

up the house very much, giving it a more furnished look from the outside; and my son-in-law had a flagpole put up, so that "Old Glory" now waves before the door. It was no end of pleasure to meet the first carload of children. I have often read about the scene in the "Tribune," but to be *in it* was beyond words; my heart was full of gratitude that God had given me the means of having this comforting pleasure. Little girls slipped their arms and hands into mine so trustingly that I almost cried. They had almost all been car-sick and they were dirty, but their faces lit up when the country spread out before them. Two big hay-wagons, to hold fifty apiece, were ready to carry them the three miles, we following to see the arrival. The first set stayed there two weeks, and many cried when they went back, the girls saying they would beg their mothers to come and live in the country. The boys were all going to be farmers, when they grew to be men.

We go over often and see them at their supper. The horn blows, and they run to the wash-houses to wash their hands and fix their hair. Then two by two they march in, take their places, and sing a grace. The voices sounded heavenly to me through the ear-trumpet, and I wondered would Mr. Knapp hear those voices where he is?

We had a rainy Sunday while the first set were here, and the "Rainy-Day Book" was such a help to make the hours slip by happily. The children give entertainments in the barn, decorating the stage with boughs and wild flowers. The farmers go to the entertainments, as they are held after supper. The children dance, sing, and speak their Public School pieces. . . . I only wish it were nearer, that I might go every day and be with the children more often.

I had my baby here for ten days with his parents.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *July 22, 1905.*

We took H. to the Home, and such a beautiful time as we had. After going over the house, we went out into the big field beyond the barn to see a football game, — out on the grass with the children. Also into the barn, where is Mrs. M.'s piano. On every cross-beam was a boy, and all around the piano were children, singing for dear life. Some were dancing. It was perfectly great. H. was enthusiastic and just as excited as we were. Little children clung to her and would not let her hand go. Mrs. V. has presented baseball bats, a lovely pair of blue china candlesticks, beautiful chintz, and nice white

muslin curtains — long. As a result, the care-takers' rooms are lovely. People have brought over old clothes, — shoes, shirts, and dresses, — very nice; and they have quite a box of "dress-up things." The care-takers act charades for the children, and these things come in finely. I wish you would buy, and bring up when you come, some animal-masks and funny faces, a wolf's head for Red Riding Hood. These will come in well for their plays. I had a letter from the tank people, saying that, if I would give them the number of square feet on the roof, they would tell me how large a tank is needed, and the price. As we drove off from the Home to-night, a man with a present of a big piece of ice drove in. Mrs. C. sent them a large mess of peas.

Two boys to-day were swinging slowly back and forth, reading, one of them "Br'er Rabbit." They did look so cosy. The Superintendent has covered every book, even to "Sambo" and the little "Rabbit" books. He has written the titles on the backs and catalogued them all. They are so careful and painstaking.

LITCHFIELD, *July 30, 1905.*

What a beautiful time we had at the Home. I go over and over it. It is next to the old hospital pleasure. I see those faces looking into



IN THE BARN AT THE FRESH AIR HOME

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mine. Poor little souls! hard work and a struggle for existence for them all, most likely, but the memory of the two weeks' freedom will be theirs forever. . . . If the pictures of the children come out, so that that little boy is seen in his brother's arms, I want a print for the brother. I will get his name, and send him one, after he goes home. He was too lovely in his affection.

The following letter from this lad was received two weeks later by the Matron at the Home:—

253 W. 19 St.

MISS B——, Bertie and myself arrived at home safe and sound. My mother wishes to thank you for your kindness and care of Bertie. He has told his mother about having his picture taken and his mother would be very glad if you could send her one. Thanking you again I am

Yours respectfully,

GEO. K——.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *August 1, 1905.*

. . . Saw the children get their mail, which is given out just after dinner. One little chap is spending his outing in bed with a very sore foot. He came with it. The doctor has had it poulticed with something or other, and it is responding to treatment, but the child is having no fun. The other children go up to him from

time to time, and are reading him "The Wizard of Oz." I mailed him four of those little "tumblers" you used to like, round black things like capsules that seem so alive. I found them in a box. The Matron asked whether there is any way in which we could have his outing prolonged? Is there? I am in hopes he will get an extra week at least.

The children are too sweet, and sang out to-day, "Good-bye, Mrs. Knapp." I saw my name on their lips. I read just one of the "Slovenly Peter" verses to a little girl who was homesick. She said, "I wish you would stay with me." I told her to look up at a star to-night, and I would do likewise, and I would tell my star to look down upon her in her little bed and send her happy dreams. I wonder if she will remember it. Oh dear, it is all perfectly wonderful. I am all "avenues"; so much is leading me into beautiful ways, full of giving out to others.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K. P.

LITCHFIELD, *August 5, 1905.*

As you say, the Home, instead of becoming an old story, grows even more interesting. Yesterday they all gave *me* a surprise. They had a picnic near us in the woods, and came through the village, marching up North Street, singing, creating quite a sensation. They came to see

me, lined up in front of the house and cheered me, and were so happy and dear. The smaller children were in a wagon, which was waiting for them.

I have had a lovely letter from the two boys who have been in bed. One came with a sore foot, the other stepped on a rusty nail — such dear little smiling fellows.

The letter from the boys, written laboriously in a square childish hand, is as follows:—

DEAR MRS. KNAPP, — We are both up today. and We thank you for the presents what you gave us when we were sick in bed. The boys and girls went to the picnec today. and We had to stay home because we could'nt walk so far. We are glad to be down. We were glad to have the presents in bed. and We are glad that you read stories to us. and our feet are getting better every day. I hope you are all right. We are having a nice time. and I hope you are too.

your greatful little friends

ALEXANDER T—— and

JOHN W——.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K. P.

LITCHFIELD, *August 20, 1905.*

I was about to telephone you, when your letter came. I felt anxious, not hearing. Don't keep us in the dark, when any of you are ill. We are all one family, and it is good to feel

that we really are one. Please send me word just what has been the matter with little W. What are you doing for him? Does he sleep and eat now? Uncertainty is worse than the truth. I am so glad you called in a doctor. Even a young one knows more than we do, when it comes to babies. I never trusted my judgment, after I had had experience with children's sicknesses: babies are delicate things to handle.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *August 27, 1905.*

Since our first batch of children arrived, Mrs. C. has been to England and Scotland, and returned. We must seriously plan a short trip abroad, even if only for two months, taking in, not the whole of Europe, but parts, going every other year, while I feel young. . . .

I am full of thoughts for future improvements at the Home, if I only have the money. I am making myself a silk waist, and spend my nights contriving how to dress on nothing for the coming winter. . . . I have memorized two more verses of Faber's hymn. I do not mean to learn it all, but to pick out the verses I like. I shall have something on my tongue's end for the next illness that may be awaiting me. Almost a year now from the operation, "the day I was cut," as old Pepys would phrase it.

TO HER DAUGHTER, E. K. P.

LITCHFIELD, *September 1, 1905.*

Thank you for your letter, which gives me the very latest news about the darling baby. I think you will find that in a short time he will pick up. Be most particular about his food; see to it yourself, as I am sure you do. Leave nothing to the nurse, unless she is "trained": inspect it all yourself.

I am so anxious to see the baby, hungry for him, longing for him. How dear of him to know my picture! How bright about the diamond!

The play at the Club is being given this evening. I could not go to the rehearsal on account of the rain and my cold. I am so anxious for them to come home and report. It is now ten o'clock, and the play, for good or bad, must now be over. The stage looked lovely, so they said, and we are minus looking-glasses, pictures, and chairs. . . .

Little Jessie would have been thirty-four years old yesterday, the last day of August.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *September 10, 1905.*

. . . Our Fresh Air children have all gone now, and the Home is closed for the season. Five hundred children have been housed there.

I saw the "Rainy-Day Book" by the side of a wee little girl, who was sick in bed; it has seen service all summer and been handled by every set of children.

Did you ever read any of Trollope's novels? I am reading "Barchester Towers," and enjoying it very much. I look forward all day to a chapter or so, when the lamp is lighted; and the book is not so absorbing, but that I can wait for evening to go on with the story. It is such comfortable reading, bright and clever, too, with good character sketches.

LITCHFIELD, *September 23, 1905.*

Thank you for the postals and the replies to my questions. I was amused at the varied information given me. Like Solomon of old, you seemed capable of conversing on all subjects, from the cedars of Lebanon to the hyssop in the wall. . . . The other evening Miss D. read me a charming paper of hers upon, "Ann and Jane Taylor." Do you know who they were? I had never heard of them, and yet, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" has been an old favorite of mine, and most likely of yours, too. Miss D. was in love with the two dear old-fashioned ladies, and made me so interested that I am trying to get their verses. When I go home, I shall get their lives to read. Ann left her auto-

biography to her children ; that is the book to get. Alas, it is out of print, and is only to be found in libraries.

Two glorious days. I am saying good-bye to my dear Litchfield friends. Another summer is ended, and we return this time in health and happiness. I hope the preserves and pickles have turned out successfully.

TO HER FRIEND, V. M. J.

NEW YORK, *October 18, 1905.*

This morning I took up the little book I read every day, and this that I copy below was what I read. It came in so well with what we spoke about last evening, that I must send it to you. It is an extract from one of Phillips Brooks's sermons: "It is because he died that he holds the keys of death. . . . They who have undergone and overcome stand with their keys to open the portals of life's great emergencies to their brethren. The wondrous power of experience! And see how beautiful and ennobling this makes our sorrows and temptations. Every stroke of sorrow that issues into light and joy is God putting into your hand the key of that sorrow, to unlock it for all the poor souls whom you may see approaching it through all your future life. It is a noble thing to take that key and use it." Is this not beautiful and comforting?

I arrived home safely, riding across town. I found the house quite empty of children, so I took off my hat quickly, and sat down at my table, and when they came in, they had no idea that Mother had been out after dark; — though I felt rather guilty. They are so good to me that I hate to give them a moment's uneasiness.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *November 23, 1905.*

How sweet it is of you to think of my birthday and send me a little note. I celebrated it last week, though it is really to-morrow, for I have a dear friend whose birthday is a week before mine, and as she spent it with me, we had our "parties" at the same time, my children giving me a surprise. I had said that I had not one wish for anything, except toys for the "Fresh Air Children," so they made me a child again, and I had the fun of tea-sets, dolls' furniture, and tin kitchens. Then S. had had all the pictures, taken last summer of the children at the Home, put on lantern-slides, and they were too lovely for words; it was like really being among them. . . . It was all beautiful, and our hearts were full of gratitude for the mercies of the past year.



"HURRAH FOR DINNER!" — THE CHILDREN AT THE HOME

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NEW YORK, *December 29, 1905.*

. . . This little incident I am going to tell you, about "Mrs. Tubb's Telegram," may interest you. I saw the play advertised in "The Outlook," so sent to Warrington, or wherever the town was, to Miss —— (her name, too, has gone, but you know the name of the author), and in the return mail I received the information I wanted, with this thrown in. The young lady wrote (I will quote from memory), "Your name, when I read your letter aloud to my old father, arrested his attention. He is over eighty, and he wishes me to ask you, if you are in any way related to the Shepherd Knapp who left our town many years ago, but whose name is still honored among us." This town is, or was, a part of Cummington, Mass., where my husband's grandfather was born. He was a farmer-boy, and the farm is still owned by Knapps. The Shepherd Knapp she mentioned left the farm when a boy of about seventeen, rode all the way to New York on horseback, on one of the farm-horses, I suppose. When he reached the city, it was a Sunday, and a chain, drawn across the street in front of the old Brick Church on Beekman Street, stopped him from going further. In later years he was elder and trustee of that very church, but when he arrived, he was a farmer's boy with only fifty cents in

his pocket. He came to enter the store of his cousin, Gideon Lee, who was in the leather business in the part of the city that is called "the Swamp." . . . I wish my husband could have had the pleasure of this letter I have referred to.

When I was a young married woman I went to old Mr. Shepherd Knapp's home for a Christmas tree with our first baby. It was such a beautiful tree, but most beautiful of all was the sight of my husband's grandparents, both eighty years old, hale and hearty. He was just what you would expect to see in a fine old upright man; some day I will show you the portrait we have of him. Mrs. Knapp was tall and commanding in appearance; both, indeed, were very distinguished looking, surrounded by their children (men over fifty), grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Forgive me if I grow too communicative, but this is memory-time and I am getting old.

Such a pleasant Christmas as we did have, the darling baby making sunshine for us. My daughter could not dine with us, as it was the turn of her husband's family to have them; so rather than be alone in the evening we had to dinner three students from Columbia, and one from the Theological Seminary; and as they did not go home until quarter to twelve o'clock,

we flatter ourselves that they had a pleasant evening. It was a really happy day, and I never expected to feel happy again.

And now I must bring this long letter to a close. Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. P. How good they are and brave ; but it is the only way to get peace in the heart, to do for others and forget self.

CHAPTER XII

FACE FORWARD

Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through stormy weather ;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear ;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ; —
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning!

MRS. BARBAULD.

From the Journal

January 1, 1906. All of us in good health, for which my heart is overflowing with gratitude.

I tried to write in this book every day, but gave it up for lack of ideas.

TO HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

NEW YORK, Sunday noon, *January 21, 1906.*

Service most interesting, Mr. Farr and Dr. Webster in the pulpit. . . . The women of the church are sending off a missionary-box, but not one red cent do I contribute. The family contains children, to be supplied with clothing, from *twenty-three* years old down to twelve, and not content with getting their grown sons fitted

with overcoats and flannels, they ask for *lace curtains*. I should be glad enough if I never saw a lace curtain, and lived in a town where they were not required, and if I needed clothing, I would not ask for curtains. I will not give to such missionaries. . . .

TO HER FRIEND, A. M. R.

NEW YORK, *February 18, 1906.*

The little white breakfast-in-bed shawl I made myself for you, and it is sent with a great deal of love and many wishes that we may be comrades for years to come, always the same age because we both try to keep our hearts young.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *April 14, 1906.*

Did you see the account of our robbery, how our house was broken into? The account was in "The Sun," headed "How the Thief Got the Preacher's Dollar." I cut it out to send you, but have mislaid it. Our house was broken into through the dining-room window. We being near the corner, the thief had only to climb fences from the avenue in order to get into our yard. He went through every drawer and box in the library, the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the rooms on the third story also.

Fortunately for us, we bolt our bedroom doors at night. The silver was in the safe, but a few small pieces, trinkets, were in the drawing-room, and the salts and peppers were on the sideboard. But the police say it was money he was after. The rooms looked so crazy, when we saw them first; everything in them was in confusion, the drawers turned upside down on the floor. There was one dollar and five cents in the sideboard drawer, waiting for a C. O. D. bundle. That was all he took; imagine it! . . .

We are much interested in the children's trip, K.'s first voyage. I hate to think of their going, and yet I want her to take it. I thought it would not do for me to have the rush and hurry of travel.

TO HER FRIENDS, A. W. R. AND J. E. R.

NEW YORK, *April 21, 1906.*

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS,— Here I sit sorrowing, forgetting how much there is to be grateful for, just weeping and feeling sad. My comrade gone, who helped me in my days of sorrow and trouble, whose beautiful life of faith and Christian living touched mine and gave me courage and help.

I loved your mother, I knew, but I do not think I realized how deeply the affection had

penetrated my soul. Her fine lovely face, that little gentle figure, those talks over the wood-fire, are beautiful to remember as long as life lasts. But oh! how I shall miss her. As the days drew near to return to Litchfield, I put aside the books we should enjoy together, planned so much to be shared with my dear friend; and now she has passed on, and one more that I loved has gone.

Dear friends, how hard it will be for you to readjust your lives without your mother! She was the centre of your every thought; but we do live, and God does help, and we are comforted after a while, but we never forget those we love, and we long to behold again their dear faces and hear again the tones of their voices.

TO HER SON, AND HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

LITCHFIELD, *June 2, 1906.*

Our journey up yesterday was most comfortable. Little W. was so interesting all the way, and too good for words; kept us amused every moment. N. and J. R. sent me lovely lilies-of-the-valley, and a jar of jelly with their dear mother's handwriting on the paper top, that I might feel her welcome, too. I ran over after supper to see them; they look so lonely. . . .

Peter, the Italian gardener, rushes all over

the place, looks at me, when I speak, as if he saw snakes on my head, — a perfectly blank stare, then goes and does what I have told him. I suppose he is absorbing my English, and that I should look the same way if I had to try to comprehend Italian. . . .

When W. came up with the mail, he brought your letters, sent back by the pilot. I have already read them twice. We think that you will have the moonlight. Do you remember the picture and verses in "Baby Days"? —

Dear moon, he 'll be sailing for many a night:
Oh, follow the ship with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea.

I cannot get away from this paper; I feel as though I were nearer to you, as I write.

TO HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

LITCHFIELD, *June 5, 1906.*

We are in a great state of excitement. I have sent off a postal to tell you why, but will write the details more fully. A thunder-storm was coming up, lightning playing all over the dining-room, — it was a little after seven o'clock, P. M., — when the door-bell rang, and a telegram was handed to E. We had had a telegram at breakfast-time from the ——'s with bad news, and were prepared for something sad, but with a

look of joy and mystification E. said, "It's from S. They are there." I said, "They cannot be; they are only four days out." Then it dawned on us that it was from the sea. It said "S. S. Cedric," but I could not take it in, for it was on a Western Union blank. We find the station that caught it was on Long Island. Oh, it is all too wonderful, too beautiful for words. To think you are heard from out on that boundless ocean.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *June 18, 1906.*

It is very hard to have an Italian for a gardener, so perplexing not to have the names of the vegetables known. The other day Peter, in a very excited tone of voice, pointed to the end of the garden, saying "Carlotta, Carlotta." I never knew anything but a princess or a prima donna called Carlotta, and I followed Peter, expecting to see an opera-singer lying behind the bushes, when lo, and behold, it was *lettuce* he wanted me to see. After signs and groans from both of us, I comprehended that he wanted to know if it was time to transplant "Carlotta" (or some word like that). I felt like Chimmie Fadden, and longed to say something quite spicy about Carlotta.

TO HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

LITCHFIELD, *June 20, 1906.*

. . . To-day I bossed the new Italian, and to-night the garden is in fine shape. He seems more intelligent, and does not stare at my words as Peter did. But we are having all the Saints, one by one, for this one is "Paul."

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *July 2, 1906.*

E. and I drove over to the Home to carry the things we have for "the Fourth." But before I started I picked up the morning paper and my eye caught the heading about the accident on the London train. I was sick and faint, but kept my terror to myself. Darling children, how relieved I am to know by the cable that you are both safe. Oh, do not travel by terribly speedy trains; be content to go slowly.

The children at the Home are darlings. I wish you could have seen them all in the play-room above "Augusta Hall," five children about each baby-house. Some were setting tables and pouring tea for the family, others taking the babies out in the little baby carriages. But the baby dolls are the best of all; they hug them and put them to sleep. No one has to amuse them, while there; they amuse themselves. . . .

The little boy-mother is the dearest child you ever saw. He carries about a baby two years old, and three others cling to him. The mother is in the hospital with appendicitis. I tried to carry the baby, but she cried if taken from the brother.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *July 3, 1906.*

You ask after my dear friend, Mrs. Richards, and I cannot bear to tell you that she died last April. I miss her more than I can express. She had no long illness, only fell asleep, as it were. Nothing that she dreaded came to her (the being a care and helpless). She died full of years, with a mind vigorous and strong.

I have been very busy getting a play-room in order at the Home, a "rainy-day room"; and a hundred and six children came on Friday last. A fine account of them appeared in last Saturday's "Tribune."

Professor Stevens' death was a great shock and sorrow to us. We shall miss his bright and kindly face and cheerful spirit.

Our travellers send us splendid letters. At Oxford, they witnessed the conferring of degrees, and the whole thing was very interesting. . . .

TO HER DAUGHTER, K. L. K.

LITCHFIELD, *July 12, 1906.*

To-day I picked lots of currants, the last of the strawberries, and some string-beans. The last have been attacked by a worm or disease of some kind, and all the beans are freckled. The peas have a worm at their roots, and the leaves are quite white and sickly. The spinach, however, is fine, and everything else looks very well. But it is too large a garden for a man with a foreign language to look after. I cannot be "mother's helper" to an Italian another summer, — too much work, — and I shall forego many vegetables. But I am very well. I neither read nor sew; only write letters, attend to the household, drive, and enjoy myself all day long.

TO HER SON

LITCHFIELD, *July 22, 1906.*

. . . Little W. asked his mother what a "Fresh Air Fund" was, and to-day, when they went driving, he said, "Are we going to Milton?"¹ He calls me "Grandmother dear." He was sick in bed all day yesterday, and would let me rub his back as long as I would do it. When I stopped, he would take my hand and put it around on his back again.

¹ The direction of the Home.



MRS. KNAPP AND HER GRANDSON

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LITCHFIELD, *August 29, 1906.*

. . . I am on my third Italian. Rules for the disposal of ashes, paper, and broken crockery all over again. This is "Joe." I am off the Saints. He is quick and willing, but no gardener; stones and earth are his fancy. He pulled twelve ears of corn yesterday, not one of them right. To-day I showed him how to pick them. I have had him clear out the wooden drain, cut down the long grass, and tidy up things in general. I am going to learn how to knit walking around, for until nearly eleven to-day I was standing about, showing him how, or rather what, to do. There is one thing about it, I have to know what I want done, and I don't always know; but I am learning.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

LITCHFIELD, *August 30, 1906.*

I went to the city with my son-in-law, stayed all night at my house, and saw that glorious ship come sailing in. It was nearly eight o'clock in the evening, the lights on the Jersey side all lighted here and there, few craft on that noble river, the evening star overhead, and the great steamship coming—smoke, like incense, ascending from her smoke-stacks—and my two children coming nearer and nearer. I felt thrilled, but I acted well and kept this all to myself,

which would go to show that I am descended from the English and not from the French. The next night K. and I came up to Litchfield, and on account of an accident near Hawleyville in the afternoon, our train was detained there until two o'clock *in the morning*. We had good company, and as K. could get us wraps from her trunk and I had my wash-rag to knit, we managed to spend the hours comfortably. Not one person was cross or grumbled.

NEW YORK, *October 14, 1906.*

The baby came last Tuesday, a dear little girl. . . . The latest idea is fresh air, so both windows in the bedroom are open all the time, the temperature being kept at sixty-four. Baby is on a couch in her basket, close to an open window. . . . I am to carry up my work tomorrow and sit with E., while the nurse goes out for an airing, — no, it can hardly be called that, but for a change of air. I expect the next baby will be born on the roof under a tent. Little W. is very much interested in his new sister. He says she looks like the tiger in "Little Black Sambo."

TO HER SON-IN-LAW

NEW YORK, *December 21, 1906.*

While I do not think I ever did anything that you children would not have done, if placed in

a like situation, yet I read the words of your note with pleasure, and it warmed my heart to have my best of sons-in-law say such nice things of me. I hope I may not disappoint you, to the end of the chapter.

TO HER FRIEND, J. M.

NEW YORK, *December 28, 1906.*

Many thanks for the very interesting book. I should have acknowledged it before, but between a bad cold I caught, our "coming out" reception, and Christmas shopping, I never seemed to get a moment. My cold seemed impossible to shake off: to bed, and up again has been my habit for over four weeks. We had a lovely Christmas, with a tree at my daughter's and the pleasure of seeing little W.'s excitement.

NEW YORK, *January 7, 1907.*

Don't worry over the Vantine purse. It cost a dollar and a half only, but it was so pretty and useful that I was tempted to get it for you. I understand exactly how you feel about expensive gifts. I feel that way myself, and it takes lots of the pleasure away; but now that I have confessed the price you will feel comfortable when you carry it. . . . I am too stupid for words, for I have been in the house off and on for four weeks, perfectly miserable. But I am better, and things are looking brighter.

TO HER FRIEND, L. E. R.

NEW YORK, *February 26, 1907.*

MY DEAR AND ATTACHED OLD FRIEND,— I have missed the “church” setting to my lenten days, which I always have through you, in sweet little helpful cards and leaflets. . . . I see no one yet, as I still have fever off and on.

TO HER FRIEND, V. M. J.

NEW YORK, Sunday evening, *March 3, 1907.*

To-night, in the long hours before the dawn, I shall think of my dear friend, thinking of me, and I will try to go to sleep. A long illness, but breathing-places here and there.

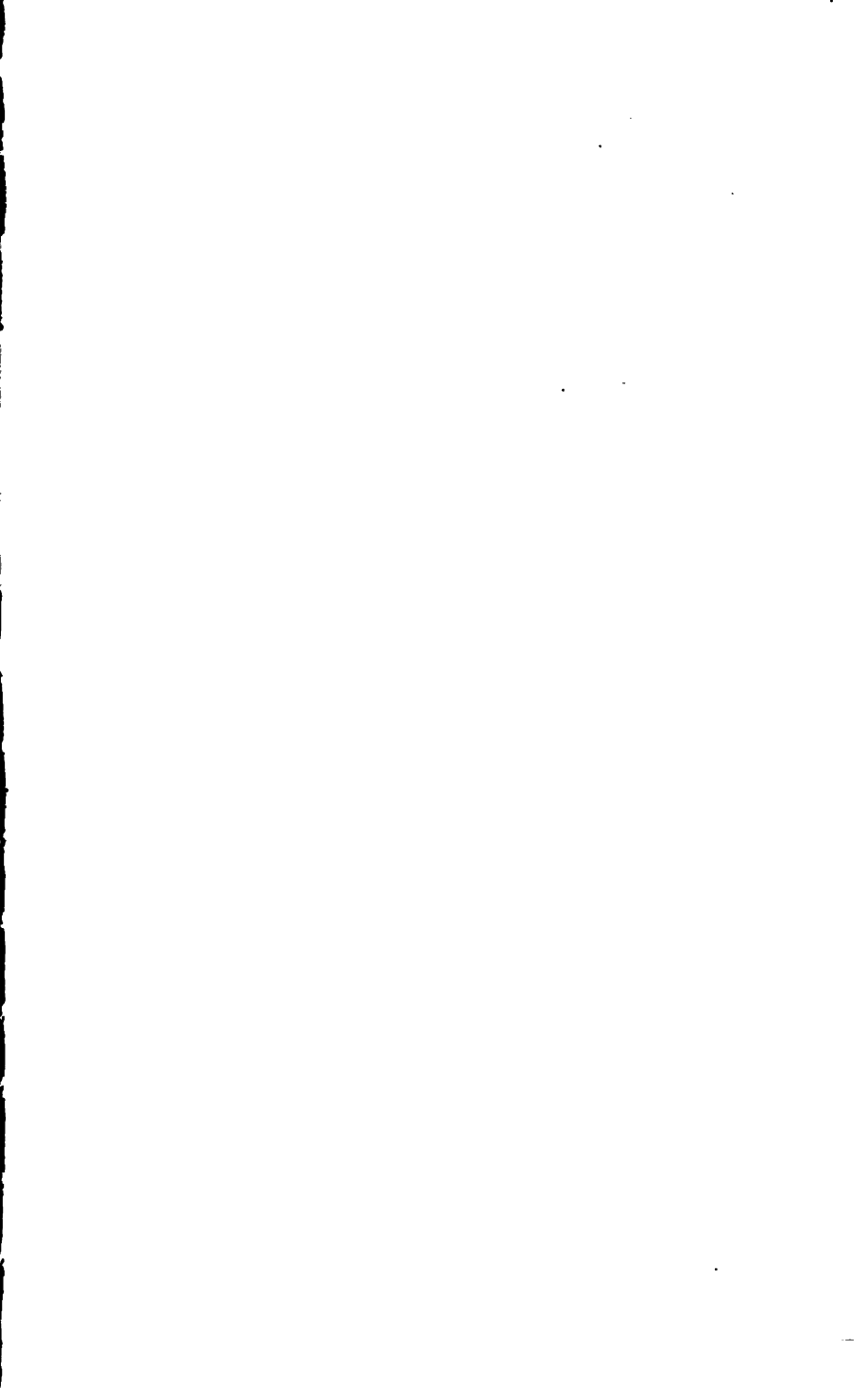


MARCH 18, 1907.



“I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.” — PSALM 118: 17.

H. G.



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