

# RUTLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Zulma Steele

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*Very pleased to have the J.C.R. Door Quarterly. I thought you might be interested in this copy of her daughter's journal which I made from the original. I include J.C.R.D. as in the 1909 picture when she was living with her daughter in Brooklyn.*

FAMILY JOURNAL WRITTEN RECORD BEGUN AT APPLETON, WIS. 1871 - 1881

William Henry Steele, eldest son of John Frederic Steele and Frances Mary Steele, was born at Albany, New York on Sept. 29th, 1847.

His father; who was a hardware merchant of firm of Steele & Lathrop, State St. Albany; died in July 1855. After his death his mother moved to Farmington Conn. to educate her children; where W. H. S. was at school from 1857 to 1861 under the teaching of Mr. E. L. Hart.

During the summer of 1861, at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion he was 14 years of age, and on the farm of Mr. Chester Francis of West Hartford, Conn.; where he worked for the summer for his board, and twenty five cents on the 4th of July.

Mrs. Steele spent the winter of 1861-62 at Monroe, Mich.; where Will attended the Union School under Prof. A.M. Kellogg, and nearly finished his preparation for college. His health being somewhat impaired in the spring, he gave up, from necessity a college course, and studied mathematics with Julius Gay, Esq. C. E., a graduate of Yale College; and surveyed in the field, as his assistant for two years 1862 & 1863.

In 1862 he joined the Congregational Church of Farmington, Conn., then under the charge of Dr. Noah Porter, father of President Porter of Yale College.

In May 1864, he went to Marquette, Lake Superior, Mich., then on the edge of the wilderness, and joined a surveying party on the Marquette & Ontonagon R.R. After a summer of work in the forests of Marquette County, full of privation and suffering, as well as of profit and pleasure, he became a clerk in the Lake Superior Iron Company's Store at Ishpeming, then a small mining village of log huts. In Feb. 1865, he was book keeper of the store and in May 1865, he went to the office of S. P. Ely, Treas. of the Lake Superior Morgan & Washington Iron Companies, and V.P. and Managing agent of the Marquette & Ontonagon R.R. Company. In July 1865 Mrs. Steele moved from Farmington, Conn. to Marquette, in order to make a home for her son and to reunite the family.

In 1865 Will was Paymaster of the R. R. Co., and in 1866 he had charge of the general books of the Lake Superior, Washington, Morgan Companies.

In November 1867 he had a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia; when both he and his brother Frederic, laid at the point of death for many days, and were only saved, it seemed by a mother's and sister's constant nursing.

Recovering from this sickness, and finding an outdoor life desirable, and necessary, after some acquaintance with the books of the lumber business of C. Donhessly, Supt. of the R.R. Co. who was engaged in the lumber business at Eagle Mills, Marquette Co. he, with Capt. Elmer F. Decker, formerly an officer on the staff of General Custer in the War, bought out Mr. Donhessly's lumber business in April 1868. The Style of the firm was 'Decker & Steele'; and within eight months the new firm found themselves, after a hard seasons' work, out of debt and in a prosperous business. They continued in harmonious and profitable partnership, sharing many rough knocks together, until 1873-74.

In March 1868 he accompanied Russell R. Dorr, a friend at the Farmington School, on a visit from Union College, to his home in Rutland, Vt. There he met Zulma DeLacy Dorr, Russell's sister. This acquaintance led to a correspondence, and to a visit in 1869 to the delightful home of her parents at the "Maples", and to a visit to Miss Dorr in New York, where she was studying drawing at Cooper Institute in the winter of 1869-70. They were married at the Maples July 19th, 1871. For whatever good there is in him, he wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness, in a large measure, to the self sacrificing love and noble character of his mother, Frances M. Steele, and to the love of brother and sister in a happy home.

Appleton, March 30, 1876

Zulma Delacy Dorr Steele, only daughter of Seneca M. and Julia C. Ripley Dorr, was born at Ghent, Columbia Co. New York, Sept. 17th 1851. At about the age of four her parents moved to Rutland, Vermont, where they still reside. At the time they moved to Rutland, her brother Russell was seven years old, and William less than 1.

*I am her eldest great-grand child  
C. W. Steele Mar 1*



For the first three years after they moved to Rutland they lived in the "Little Brown House" near the Mill, and in 1858 moved into the new house "The Maples" where Father and Mother still live. Our baby brother, Joseph Warren, who was only with us three days, was born in the 'little brown house', and Harry was born in Oct. 1858, just after we moved to the Maples.

At fourteen, Zulma was sent to Ripley Female College, Poultney, Vt. where she remained most of the time during the next three years. In the fall of '69 she went to New York and took drawing lessons at the Art School of Cooper Institute, of which Dr. Rimmer then had charge. She boarded at this time with Miss Helen R. Bell, an old school friend, at 53 West 11th Street. School hours were from nine until one, and the rest of the time was spent in visiting Art Galleries, attending lectures, theatres and operas, and in going to the many places of interest in the city. Helen was teaching in several different families.

In 1868 Zulma united with the Congregational Church at Rutland, of which Rev. Norman Seager was pastor. After her return from New York she remained at her home until her marriage in July 1871. The May previous, she went with her mother to New York. At the present writing Russell, who was married to Louise Bryan in 1874, is living in Bushington, Iowa. They have one child, Roy, who is about a year and a half old. Will is here in business with my father and husband. Harry expects to enter college next fall. Every year we try to meet at the dear old home. God grant that it may be long and unbroken.

Appleton, March 1876

William H. Steele and Zulma Delacy Dorr were married at The Maples, Centre Rutland, Vt. by the Rev. James Gibson Johnson, Wednesday evening, July 19th, 1871 at half past eight o'clock.

The next day, July 20th, we went to the Parker House, Boston, Mass., where we spent about a week buying house furnishing goods preparatory to going to house-keeping. We spent several pleasant days at Dorchester and Nahant Beach and other places just out of Boston. From these we went to Pittsfield, Mass. to visit the family of Mr. Charles E. Redfield, and then to Albany where we spent Sunday with Will's Uncle George W. Steele and his family. We returned to Rutland and spent a week in packing and farewell visits, and then left for Marquette, Mich. via Buffalo and the Lakes. We had a most charming trip with pleasant weather and agreeable companions, arriving there August 17th. The following three months were spent at Mother Steele's house in Marquette, and in the mean time our little cottage at Eagle Mills, eight miles from Marquette on the R. R. was being planned and built and watched with much interest. In November we moved into our little house in the woods and gave it the name of "Millcote". We had no neighbors nearer than Marquette except the cabins of the workmen and our mail came to Morgan P. O. a mile away.

We were often 'snowed in' for days together, with no trains and the roads impassable so that we had no communication with the outside world. The snow that winter was over the fences, and we walked over our gate for many months. The 'office' was within calling distance of the house and I had only to ring a little bell to see Will's face at the door or window. We had little company, but we were much together, and with our books and music and plants, and my painting, we spent a never to be forgotten winter.

The May of the following spring (1872) I went home to Rutland and remained until July. Will and his brother Fred met me at Sault St. Marie, as I came up the lakes on my return. We went directly to Millcote, and in Oct. as Will wished to go to Rutland to consult with father in regard to some business changes. I decided the night before he left to go with him, and in so doing gave mother and father a complete surprise. We left our little house in charge of our girl, Johanna. On our way from Marquette, Will was taken with a severe attack of asthma, and as we came near Appleton, Wisconsin, we determined to stop there and remain until he was better. We went to the Waverly House and were received and treated with much kindness by Capt. and Mrs. Turner and Dr. Page. This was our first coming to Appleton.



We remained several weeks and were very pleased with the town and the people whom we met. So much so that, on our return to Marquette after our visit in Rutland, we stopped again in Appleton, and remained several days. In the latter part of November father came as far as Appleton and Will met him there to look at the Lumber Mill which they were talking of buying. Father expected to come on to Eagle Mills to see me, but was unable to do so. I remained at home at Millcote and as Will was taken sick in Appleton and consequently delayed a month instead of a week as he had expected. I was left to four of the most anxious and dreary weeks of my life, shut in as I was by snow and storm, and so far from friends and neighbors. And had it not been for the kindness and attention of Capt. E. F. Decker, Will's partner, who was almost the only person I saw during the time, the days would have been almost unbearable. By reason of the snow the mails were delayed, and I was kept in suspense day after day in regard to Will's condition, not knowing whether he was worse or whether he might come in the next train. That winter I only went away from the Mills once or twice to Marquette and Negaunee, I think. The last of February my dear mother came to see us cheering me by advice and assistance and giving me that help and comfort that only a loving and tender and sympathetic mother can. And here I want to say that my mother has from my very babyhood, has been my nearest and dearest friend, ~~and now that I am a wife and mother, my counselor and loving helper, although we are separated by many miles, teaching me by her example what a wife and mother should be, and continually inspiring me to strive to reach the high standard which I have always had before me.~~ In girlhood my confidential friend, and now that I am a wife and mother, my counselor and loving helper, although we are separated by many miles, teaching me by her example what a wife and mother should be, and continually inspiring me to strive to reach the high standard which I have always had before me.

Her visit was brought to a sudden and unexpected end by the sad news of the wreck of the Steamer 'Atlantic' off the coast of Halifax on the 1st of April, 1873 in which my mother's sister Mary and her husband Cyrus M. Fisher were lost. As my father went immediately to the scene of the disaster, mother was obliged to return home, and she started in a few days after the news reached us.

In June we had a visit of a few days from Dr. and Mrs. Page, and again the latter part of July Dr. Page came to us and remained several weeks. On the 6th of August, 1873 our only child was born and named Frederic Dorr Steele, and four weeks from that time we packed our household goods and sent them to Appleton. We went to the hotel in Marquette ~~with~~ with the baby for a few weeks while Will was settling up his business preparatory to leaving. It was then that my brother Will, having graduated the June previous, 'came West' and joined us at Marquette.

About the first of November (1873) we all came to Appleton where my mother met us and helped me arrange our rooms at the Waverly House, which was to be our home for the present. It was there she saw her first grandchild for the first time, and I think the little fellow hardly knew which of us was his mama.

We lived at the Waverly House for a year, during that time having visits from Mother Steele, Will's brother Fred and his sister Lizzie (Mrs. Adams) and from my father. On the second of June 1874 Will and I started for home (that is Rutland) with our baby boy. We had a delightful visit in the dear old house under the shadow of our loved Green Mountains, and after ~~some~~ a few weeks of fishing and hunting, Will returned to Appleton to take charge of the business and relieve brother Will, who came in his turn to the old house.

The first of August as we were about to return to Appleton, our little Fred was attacked by the whooping cough and brain fever and lay for weeks in great danger. We feared he would never rally, but ~~then~~ by the tender and watchful care of my father and mother, who were untiring in their kindness to me and my child, and by the blessing of God, he was spared to us, though a mere shadow of our hearty happy boy. As soon as it was considered safe I started with brother Will for Appleton. Will met us in Chicago happy to take again in his arms the child who had been so near to death.

During my absence in Vt. Will had been looking about for a house, as we were tired of hotel life and knew it would be better for our little boy to be where he could have the comforts of a home. He bought the 'Patterson Place' on the banks of the Fox river and moved in the first of November, and here we are happily and delightfully situated at present. We have a large yard for Fred to sun in and he is gaining in health every day.



During the summer of 1875 we had a visit from Mother Steele on her way to join Lizzie and start on their European tour. They sailed on the 10th of June. We also had visits from father; Russell and Louise and their baby Roy; from Uncle Charlie Ripley and cousin Will Ripley, from Will's aunt, Mrs. Josie D. Lee and her son, Walter; and late in the fall a short visit from my mother. This winter 1875-76 we have been alone most of the time. My time has been fully occupied in giving what time I could spare from little Fred and household duties, to painting under the direction of Mr. Conrad Heyd, a fine portrait painter who is making his home here for a short time, and who kindly consented to let me paint in his studio. I have painted the German Christmas Tree, and am making a copy of my own portrait for mother.

Copy of telegram Sept. 28th 1875:

Your grandfather died last night, peacefully, at 7 minutes before 10 o'clock.  
S. M. Dorr

Telegram from Father.

William Young Ripley died at Centre Rutland, Vermont, Sept. 27th, 1875  
aged 77 years and 9 months.

June 4th, 1876 Tonight Will came home to supper, as Fred and I were sitting at the table, with a smooth face. Fred looked at him a moment and burst into tears, sobbing as though his little heart would break. He would not be comforted for an hour or more but would burst forth in a fresh storm of tears every time he caught sight of the strange looking papa. I should not have known him myself, and I guess the mama felt nearly as badly as the little boy. June 15th - Last night we gave a party to the young people of the town. It was a sudden thought of ours, and was all planned and carried out in one day, - began 80 invitations and about 65 were present. We had a band of music and dancing on the lawn back of the house. All seemed to enjoy it and my friends say it was a great success. Refreshments were simply ice cream and cake. This is the first party of young people alone which has been given since we lived here. Mrs. Dickinson was the only married person.

June 29th - One year ago today Mrs. Decker died. I wanted to have Mr. Decker know that I remembered the day, and I painted on a little piece of white wood a bit of arbutus with partridge berry vine and Mrs. Decker's initials underneath the flowers, and "in memoriam" in small letters just above. Will took it over to him at just the hour that she died. I think he was much pleased that I remembered the day.

July 1st evening - Will has been gone a couple of days on a business trip and I have been alone with my 'little man' who is so much company for me at such times! Since he has been gone I have finished painting a little table top of wild roses and Daisies, and a bunch of daisies and grasses on a shaded blue background. I have made careful studies this spring of arbutus, wake robin, blue violets, apple blossoms, wild crab apple blossoms, two kinds of ground pine, spring beauties, clover, several kinds of grasses and daisies. I have enjoyed it very much. Fred is sleeping in his new bed for the second night. He has slept in his baby crib until now. The past week has been Commencement at the College. (Lawrence College) The exercises have been very interesting and the place has been full of strangers. We were judges upon the prize speaking Monday evening. Miss Minnie Berge received the prize. Thursday we attended the President's reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Steele. Also the concert given by the band in which the students engaged.

July 5th (1876) Yesterday was the 4th of July and for the first time in many years, I felt really patriotic. It seemed as though we ought to do something to celebrate the 100th anniversary of our Nation's Independence. I am almost ashamed to say that the proceedings of the day were almost entirely in the hands of the Germans. However there were Union services in our church in the morning, which were very interesting and several arose and said that they were descendants of ~~the signers~~ some of the signers, or of some of those who came out in the Mayflower. We took Fred down to the church but could not persuade him to go into the church, and his papa had to stay by the door with him. In the afternoon Will took us to ride.



We went first to the Cemetary and then into the woods where we tied the horse to a tree and wandered off into the woods following a little brook and gathering ferns and wild flowers. In the evening we sat out on the side of the hill watching the fire works that were sent up along the river. We kept Fred up until he asked to go in his little bed. I had quite a funny time trying to make Fred patriotic. I told him his papa should get him some torpedoes and firecrackers, and he could help put them off. He listened very attentively for sometime, and then his lip began to quiver and his eyes filled with tears, so he said "I'm not to have those things, those pedros, I'm little, I'm little to have those things, I'm no bigger yet". So I took it all back and he was comforted. But when he came to see the things he really enjoyed them, and was busy throwing 'pedras' all day, and carrying a little flag over his shoulder. He went to ride with his Uncle Will the other day and saw a cow with a bell on her neck. "Oh see that cow" he said "she is calling herself to supper". Brother Will spent the 4th in Oshkosh where there was a match game of base ball which he was interested in.

Friday July 21st - This morning brother Harry came on the early train, waking us out of sleep at 5 o'clock. Will Dorr was to meet him at the train and slept over. Sad it is to make such an entry against his name, but it is a fact! To do him justice I will say he had been at the train the morning before and was very tired from playing in a match game of base ball the day before. Harry looks well and has grown astonishingly since I saw him last Two years ago. He has been away from home about two weeks visiting Russell and Louise in Burlington, Iowa. He will be with us two weeks or more, which will be a great pleasure to us. Tonight we were at a small party at Madam Smith's.

Thursday July 27th - Yesterday Harry took us (Fred and me) fishing down the river. We took a boat from Tetulah Park and spent the afternoon on the water. Had a very pleasant day but no fish.

Friday July 28th - For the past week Will has been suffering with a severe attack of asthma, from which he had been comparatively free since we came here to live. He was taken worse the day Harry came and had no relief until we gave him chloral Sunday night. He was not able to lie down but we finally made him comfortable on the parlor floor. We thought it quite a good joke upon him that he called me "Miss Jennard" one night and that he should see the "Walker Girls" in the morning. This was when the poor fellow was nearly wild with pain and after we gave him the chloral. This has been the most severe attack he has ever had, and we are all somewhat worn out with anxiety and loss of sleep. Fred has been very well and very sweet through it all, bringing his papa clover leaves and berries all day "for him not to cough any more" he said.

July 19th, 1876 - How we spent our "Wooden Wedding". I celebrated in the morning by making 60 glasses of currant jelly and happy am I to say that it is any good. In the afternoon Will came with the horse and carriage and we drove down to Lake Winnebago which is about three miles from here. The lake is forty miles long and fifteen miles wide. When we arrived at the lake we found Will Hutchinson and his three sisters and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. Harwood and Mr. Buckland and another young lady there before us. Miss Helen and I went in bathing suits, Will and afterward Fred was taken in laughing and kicking and splashing the water with glee, and screaming with delight. Will H. wrote an invitation upon a white piece of wood for us to join them for lunch and we accepted. Here is the invitation:

1871  
Compliments  
of  
Party of First Part  
to Party of Second Part  
To join them at lunch  
Lake Side                      July 19th P.M.  
----- 1876 -----

We rode home about dark, the party ahead of us singing and imptovising songs, the burden of which was "Five years ago"



At lunch many toasts were given which made much fun. One from Will H. was very appropriate and seems something like this - "Mr. and Mrs. Steele may the interest which they have this day attained in the Lumber business find a like margin twenty years hence". I received a sweet token in memory of the day from Mrs. Dickinson and loving words from both father and mother.

July 31st - This evening Mother Steele came. Went to my first cinema with Harry this afternoon. The riding and gymnastic feats were wonderful to see.

August 4th - Last evening Will and Harry started for Rutland. We have had a delightful visit with Harry and only wish it could have been longer. Fred is very fond of his Uncle Harry and asks for him continually.

By W. H. S. - Zulma told Fred at supper table that it was her 'opinion that he had had enough pineapple'. , since then he has always called pineapple "my pinion".

August 6th, 1876 - Sunday - This is Fred's third birthday, and very sweet he is. We wanted to do something to remember the day, but as it has occurred on Sunday this year we could not very well give a party for him as we did last year, when 19 children about two years old sat down at the table. Auntie Joe and Wally were here a year ago today. I am a very proud and happy mother today and my heart is full of thankfulness for the precious little treasure which has been mine for three years.

August 16th - This morning Mother Steele left on the train which goes at 5 o'clock. We had made every arrangement for an early start and warm breakfast in the morning but we awoke just as we heard the noise of the omnibus at half past four. Will called to his mother that it was too late, but she said she could get ready and actually did get dressed and into the bus in scarcely more than 10 minutes, which I thought was an advantage in the dress reform garments!

The Maples, Sept. 22nd - I left home with Fred Wednesday evening Sept 26th for Rutland. Miss Lilla Smith joined us in Chicago the next morning and we journeyed on together as far as Rochester, when miss Lilla left us for Aurora where she is to teach the coming year in Nello College. Father met us in Albany and we arrived home Friday evening the 8th at 8 o'clock. It is good to be in the old house again and to see all the old familiar faces around me. Every tree and rock remind me of my girlhood and are full of precious associations. We have closed our house in Appleton and Will is sharing brother Will's rooms and boarding also at Mrs. Dickinson's with him. I am hoping to have him join me here before long. I have seen Etta Boardman and her baby, and Mary Brooks with her little boy. It is pleasant that we all happened to be visiting here at the same time. Everyone seems to feel the same affection for this dear place and these grand mountains, and I find my old mates coming back as I have done with their children in their arms. Harry has been at Middlebury College only a few weeks. He came home to see us and spent Sunday last week. Uncle Ed has been here all of three days since my arrival! Minnie and her friends engross all his attention. Grandma Ripley and Aunt Agnes have now gone to Williamstown to make her acquaintance. I brought mother and father the portrait of myself which I have been painting with Mr. Hayd. They are much pleased with it, but as the frame has not come yet, we have not yet heard the opinions of other friends. I have been busy working on a velvet cloak mother gave me and making a hat for her. Next Monday we expect to start for the Centennial at Philadelphia. Mother and I are going alone. We leave dear little Fred here with his Grandpa. Mother has offered to pay my expenses and so I can go, which is a great joy to me. I hardly thought it would be best to afford it in addition to the expense of the journey here. We are reading "Patience Strong's Outings" and "Lights and Insights" by Mrs. Whitney. Mother reads and I sew. It is so sweet to be together again. Last Sunday was my birthday, twenty five! I was so glad to be in the old home on that day and it brought back to mind all the old birthdays when my dolls and peaches were my chief delight. Old Mike is delighted to see my son and informed me that he is "the very similitude of gentility".

Sept. 23rd - Been up town this morning with father, mother and Fred. Did a little shopping and went to see Uncle William. Saw Nellie and Johnny Meyers there. Went to see Carrie Fisher who is to be married to John Woodfin next Thursday and to offer her the freedom of our sun garden. Letter from Will. Fred not very well this morning, dear little pet.



BY W. H. S. October 15th 1876

Sunday afternoon at The Maples. The snow is deep on the mountains down to the melting line, and the air cold and wintry. Inside the hearth fire glows warmly and Grandfather has his little Grandson on his knee, showing him Thomas Nast's last caricature on the issue of the Presidential election of Hayes or Tilden. We have been at the Centennial. I met Mrs. Dorr and Zulma there. Mr. Decker came on from Appleton with me, and we were fortunate enough to secure rooms at the same place in which they were boarding. We have intensely enjoyed the Great Worlds Exhibition and are proud of the good behavior and average curtesy, of the crowds of our country men. During the two weeks which Zulma spent there, the admissions numbered 1,400,000. and on the first day on which Mr. Decker and I arrived, the numbers even including employees and attendants, 274,919! Of all this crowd I did not see a single case of disorderly conduct, and not a case of drunkenness or arrest. The uniform good nature of the crowd was remarkable. Ladies were as safe in the crowds alone, as if attended by gentlemen, met nothing but respectful treatment. Mr. Decker and I, finding much specially interesting us, which the ladies did not wish to devote as much time to, were much together visiting the exhibits of machinery and the manufacturing of countless articles in Machinery Hall. We were ~~int~~ interested in the stamp mills for crushing gold and silver ores in operation upon the grounds, and saw the amalgamation of the ores by mercury and the resulting bullion. The immense Krupp Cannon with range of 15 miles and a force sufficient to drive a shot through twenty four inches of iron plate at a distance of over a mile, excited our ~~own~~ wonder. Countries of which we had a comparatively vague idea were brought near to us and their products of human invention could not but impress us with the universal brotherhood of man although separated by so many diversities of race, climate, education and religion. The exhibits in the Main building intensified the impressions of Machine Hall. Nothing in them impressed me so much as the pictures of Ancient Roman Life, the combats of the gladiators, and the state of social life that could make such scenes and audiences possible, seemed distinct and vividly brought out. There were many horrid and repulsive pictures of martyrdom of Christians. Lt. Bartholomew's Days, and others, that spoke of sterner times, and conflicts in which the world has suffered and grown strong. These were peculiarly attractive to me. Of this class, too, were the battle scenes of our late rebellion. The English sent us a fine collection of paintings which I shall never forget. After taking in as much as possible, the lessons of the Exhibition as they impressed themselves on my mind, I felt proud of my country, proud of her achievement, and the place she has won among the nations; proud of the results of the last hundred years, and thankful for the heroic virtue of our fathers who have left us so precious a legacy of freedom. At Independence Hall I visited the place sacred to Americans and saw the original Declaration of Independence. There, too, upon the wall were the portraits of Robert and Philip Livingston, four generations back in our family. We met Uncle Lewis and Aunt Mary Morgan and Lemuel, Aunt Abby Steele and Cousin May of our family. Aunt Eveline was there but we did not see her. Mother Steele, Fred, Bessie and her husband, Edgerton Adams, Will Dorr, Russell and his wife, of our more immediate family relatives have all had the pleasure of visiting the Centennial, and I am sure we are all glad of the privilege.

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Today (Oct. 15) Father and I drove to Church and heard Dr. Aiken preach, and listened to the delightful music of the Congregational Church Choir.

Z. Del. S. Appleton, Nov. 9th, 1876. - I have long promised myself that I would write up an account of our trip to the Exhibition at Philadelphia, and with the notes taken at the time and my memory I will try to note down so brief sometime of what we did and saw. I left Rutland with my dear mother, Monday, September 25th at 3:30 PM. for Albany. We took the night boat "Lt. John" down the Hudson, and this was the first night that I had slept without little Fred by my side since he was born. I should have been very sad had it not been that I knew the little fellow was safe with his Grandfather at the Maples. The boat was very crowded, many obliged to sleep on the floor. We had many funny experiences and were much amused by conversations of some country people in the next stateroom to ours, to whom everything on the boat was new. Arrived at New York Tuesday morning, crossed, crossed the ferry and took the train for Philadelphia.



Here we got into our first crowd from the boat to the train, - being an hour and a half getting only a few rods, so dense was the crowd of people. Arrived at Mr. George Sayre 1500 North 7th Street where we had rooms engaged., at three o'clock. Did not go out that day, but rested ourselves in our room. We found Mr. and Mrs. Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Wooster from Rutland at the same house and it was very pleasant to be among friends. Mr. and Mrs. Francisco and Mr. Elroy Francisco were especially kind and attentive to us.

Wednesday Sept. 27th - Went to the Centennial grounds with Mrs. Francisco at half past nine. Mother and I spent the whole day in the Annex of the Art Building studying very carefully the immense number of paintings which the building contained. The paintings were a great treat to me and mother was as much interested in them as I, so that we spent much of our time among them. Left the grounds at four o'clock. Lunch at the Vienna Bakery with Mrs. F.

Thursday, Sept. 28th - This was "Pennsylvania Day" and there were 275,000 people upon the grounds. Mr. Francisco went out after breakfast and soon returned with the tidings that there were 5,000 people waiting within two blocks of us to take the 9th and Green St. cars, so we gave up going until after dinner. When we reached the Ground we were unable to enter any of the Main buildings, the crowds were so great. We rode around the grounds on the narrow railway three times and went through Photographic Hall. At six o'clock we went to the Vt. headquarters or State Building and there met Mr. and Mrs. Francisco and Mr. Elroy Francisco, who had invited us to stay with them to see the grand display of fireworks in the evening. We went with Mr. Elroy to the Trois Freres restaurant for supper, and had much sport trying to get waited upon, between the crowd and the French waiters it was a difficult matter. Then we went back to the Vt building and near there witnessed the display of fireworks which was, I suppose, was the most extensive this country has ever seen. At a given signal the whole of the Centennial grounds were illuminated with colossal calcium lights, and the effect of the volumes of different colored smoke which arose and steamed the entire - - - - - was beautiful, grand, and at times terrible to see. The first figure that was given was an immense head of Washington, but this was somewhat of a failure as the poor man's eyes and nose went out in utter darkness before his forehead and hair were outlined. Next came a figure of a soldier having the American flag, all the colors of which were beautifully brought out in the light. The flag fell fold upon fold at the feet of the soldier and above his head was the American Eagle carrying a scroll upon which was written "Welcome to all Nations". It was a beautiful sight and as different parts of the picture came out in a blaze of light cheer after cheer went up from the thousands of people ~~assembled~~ crowded near the foot of George's Hill. After this there were showers of rockets, different colored balloons which vanished in a rain of stars, and many others which I cannot describe here. I heard afterward that the fireworks were a contribution of an English firm and that the expense was \$10,000. We were to ride home with Mr. and Mrs. Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, and as soon as we could make our way through the mass of crowding people, we did so to the outer gate where our carriage was to wait for us. But when we arrived there the crowd was so great, and the carriages were so thick, that it was impossible to tell which was ours. And one by one the gentlemen of the party went out to search for it, while we huddled together like a pack of sheep, and hoisted a flag of truce in the shape of a handkerchief tied to Mr. Sayre's cane, so that we could be distinguished among the crowd. Getting tired of that at last we sat down on the curbstone until one of the gentlemen appeared with a boy and offered to conduct us to where our carriage was waiting. So we started with the boy as pilot, but had not got across the street before we missed our boy, and were obliged to go back to our cold stones and wait for him to discover that his party were missing. After a short time he appeared again, this time with the carriage, and we packed ourselves in and started for home. This was a tedious proceeding as horses and vehicles of every description were so closely packed together that it was only by a step or two at a time that we moved at all. When at last we did reach home who should I find in the sitting room at Mr. Sayre's but Will, who had just come from Appleton with Mr. Decker. Fortunately they were able to get rooms at Mr. Sayre's, and our trip was made doubly pleasant.

Friday Sept. 29th -



Friday, Sept. 29th - Went to the grounds at ten o'clock with Will and Mr. Decker who left us to get their first impressions of the grounds and buildings. While mother and I spent the forenoon in the Annex. Lunch at Vienna Bakery. We spent the afternoon in the West end of the Main Building, going through the exhibits of Norway, Sweden, Chili, Peru, Argentine Republic and Orange Free State. Home at 5 o'clock. 75,000 people in the grounds.

Saturday Sept. 30th - We had rain all day, and this, by the way, was the only day when it did rain. The admission to the grounds was only 25 cents, and as a result there was a great rush of people of the poorer classes and of school children who could not go any other day. The rain drove everyone indoors so that the buildings were all packed with a wet and disagreeable crowd of people. It was the most unpleasant day we experienced. There were 125,000 people. We spent the entire day until 2:30 P. M. in the Main building going through the United States and France. I had taken a very severe cold which was just settling in my lungs, and at half past two we went home, sick and tired and about ready to give up the exhibition and go home to the peace and quiet of the Maples.

Sunday, Oct. 1st - Bad cold and very tired, both mother and myself. Will got a carriage and we all went to ride in Fairmount Park until one o'clock. The sun was bright and we had a delightful drive which did us all good. In the afternoon we slept and rested and retired early.

Monday, Oct. 2nd - Felt much better and made up our minds to go to the exhibition and see what we could and come home when we felt tired. We went first to the Woman's Department, and after hearing so many speak of this building with scorn and contempt, we were much pleased with it. It seemed to us that there were no more poor things exhibited for the size, than in any other building on the grounds. There was nothing better of the kind, nothing in fact nearly as good as Mrs. Dany's painting on slate, and Miss Martha Wood's, who was first drawing teacher at Ripley College. Their table tops and panels were beautiful. Mother was much interested in work of the Royal School for needlework. I know she can do as fine work of the same kind herself. I saw also the Wisconsin Shrine, which I always thought rather absurd, and the Wisconsin State, which made me blush for my state. The Cincinnati woodcarving was, of course, remarkable as examples of what could be done with patience. Some of the Japanese scenes were beautiful and the painting on China, etc. etc. The "butter head" by Mrs. Brooks attracted much attention but I thought the remark of a lady who said Mrs. Brooks was cute to make that head in butter, for if it had been made in any other material it would not have attracted the least attention", was very true. I was glad to see also the work of the Cooper Institute girls. Mrs. Garstney's pen and ink drawings, Miss Frelons Lt. Christopher. As we were looking at the Royal needlework, we heard mother's name spoken and turned to find Aunt Agnes Warren and Tish with Miss Rodney, all from Buffalo, standing near us. We had a very pleasant little visit with them. Afterwards as we were examining the pictures in the same building we met Mrs. Vule and the Thompson girls. Mrs. Vule told me of Tom's engagement to Miss Anna Dorr of Buffalo. It was nearly noon when we came out of the Woman's Department, but we thought we had time to take a look at Hortural Hall nearby. So we started in that direction walking among the most beautiful beds of foliage and playing fountains. Just before we reached the building we sat down upon one of the seats to rest, and soon saw Miss Julia Pease and her brother John, Mr. Gelding and Will Page coming towards us. We had a pleasant chat with them, passed on and into the building. As we entered we came upon Miss Foley's fountain in the center of the building and were proud of our Vermont girl. There were no flowers in the building, but the mass of beautiful palm trees and all different kinds of fresh green foliage with statues and fountains gleaming and sparkling here and there, made me think of fairyland. We then went upstairs and upon the roof where the view of the grounds was most charming. We lunched at the American Restaurant, and after that went to the Kansas and Colorado building where the display of fruits and grains was very large and beautifully managed. We were much disappointed in Miss Maxwell's stuffed animals, tho' I have no doubt that they looked much more life like when they were first placed on exhibition and were free from dust and cobwebs. This did not take us long and we went next to the immense Agricultural Hall which would have well repaid a longer visit than we were able to give it. From here we passed to the Government Building, which was one of the most



interesting and instructive upon the ground. Here we met a very gentlemanly police man whom we recognized as one who answered some questions for us in the west end of the Main Building a few days before. He also recognized us and offered to escort us over the building, and he did so, explaining many things to us. We spent most of the time looking at the relics of the Arctic explorations by Dr. Hall and Dr. Kane in their trips to the North Pole. A fur suit worn by Dr. Kane and a journal kept by Dr. Hall on his last voyage. Nothing on the grounds moved me more than to look upon these things which spoke so plainly of trials and suffering and death. On the page of the journal which was open for the public to search was one of the last entreys in the book in which it was written that the crew were nearly out of food, that they had no meat for the dogs, and that unless help came they must perish. Our policeman was able to tell us much of the history of what we saw,, and seemed to be a very intelligent man. Afterward one day we saw a large company of policemen going to dinner and noticed that our policeman, as we called him, was in command of the corps.

14th Sunday, Oct. 3rd - Spent the morning in Memorial Hall with Will. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, our neighbors. To try to describe even a few of the number of fine paintings which we saw and enjoyed would seem a hopeless task, so I have resolved to go to my Art Catalogue to refresh my memory instead of trying to make a note here of all we saw in the Art Galleries. Lunch at Vienna Bakery. Afterwards we went to Italy in the Main Building, bought my silver earrings and a gold cross for Will Dorr to give to Carrie Fisher as a wedding present. On our coming out of the building we stopped at Brazil to see the feather flowers and the beautiful butterflies. The blue butterflies were exquisite. We met Will's Uncle Lewis H. Morgan of Rochester and his wife and son, and found that Aunt Abby Steele and cousin May were expected the next day.

Wednesday, Oct. 4th - In the morning we went to Memorial Hall with Will. I saw the immense picture of Venice paying homage to Caterina Camaro by Hano Makart. This, I believe, was the only one of the very large pictures that I enjoyed and thought beautiful. The coloring was so very deep and rich and each figure was beautiful and graceful by itself. Caterina was Queen of Cyprus and married the Doge's son, which gave the Island of Cyprus to the Venetians. The dark majestic form of a woman in the center of the picture with clear cut profile outlined against the sky, was to me the most beautiful figure in the picture, . This picture was in the Austrian exhibit. Lunch at Vienna Bakery where I ran into Imogene Clark, one of the Poultney girls or Ripley College girls, - now Mrs. Hathaway. After lunch we returned to Memorial Hall for half an hour and then went to Machinery Hall where we took Rolling chairs and Will conducted us through the building, stopping to see the most important things. Should have been glad to have given much time to this building. Then being somewhat rested, we went to the Main Building and through China and Japan. I should be glad to tell in detail of all the wonderful and beautiful things which we saw and enjoyed in different countries of the Main Building, but there was so much to see that was wonderful and new and beautiful it would be an endless task. The Japanese bronzes were the most beautiful things which we saw that afternoon and the Chinese carving of furniture was wonderful. Saw Mrs. John Baxter. Rode to and from the grounds that day on the platform of the cars in a great crush.

Thursday Oct. 5th - Spent the morning in Memorial Hall. Vienna Bakery for lunch. We were all the afternoon in the Main Building in the departments of Mexico, Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Canada, Minor British Colonies and the Australian group, Denmark, Tunis, and Sandwich Islands. Passed through Austria and bought the garnet beads for my necklace, . Bought a little bottle of Attar of Roses in Tunis. In the evening we all went to see Uncle Lewis and Aunt Mary Morgan, and Aunt Abby and May at their boarding place. Had a delightful call with them and was very glad to have them see and know my dear mother. Met our neighbor Mrs. Atkinson in Australia.

Friday, Oct. 6th - Will had to go this day, but mother and I made up our minds to stay a few days longer. So we bade Will goodbye in the morning and went alone to the grounds. First we finished Memorial Hall, which took us the entire forenoon. Then we took the cars for the Southern Restaurant where we had lunch. It was too windy and dirty to enjoy being out of doors, so we went back to the Main Building. Met Mrs. Goldsmith and Mrs. Patterson at the entrance.

wife of Dr. McMillan Goldsmith



On the cars we met John Woodfin who was on his wedding trip, having been married the week before to Carrie Fisher. We devoted that afternoon to Russia, Egypt, Turkey, Portugal, Spain. Back to Tunis for another bottle of Attar of Roses, - Austria-Hungary. The Bohemian glass was beautiful and mother bought two beautiful colonial glasses and a vase for me. At Denmark I persuaded a man to let me have a little terra cotta vase, which was marked sold. When we reached home I found on my bureau two little jugs or vases with a beautiful spray of tuberose, which Will had left for me before he went away, and a note which was sweeter than the flowers.

Saturday, Oct. 7th - Our last day at the great exhibition. We went first to Germany where we saw the most beautiful china and porcelain in the building. We finished Germany and came back to the center of the building just in time to hear Leroy play in the Weber Concert. It was delightful. We then took the cars and went to the Trois Freres Restaurant for lunch, after which we took a look at the Japanese Bazaar and mother bought herself a quaint little green vase. We saw in to the Department of Public Comfort long enough to see how uncomfortable it was, and walked through the Carriage Annex. We went to the door of the Swedish School House, but it was locked. We then returned to the Main Building where we roamed about at will, looking at this and that, and mother bought her flower jar at Henry's. While listening to Leroy we met again Miss Julia Pease and Will Page. Thus ended our ninth day upon the grounds of the Centennial Exposition, and of great profit, the memory of which will be an inspiration to me as long as I live. (List of exhibits repeated here)

Nov. 9th, 1876 at Appleton, continued - A few days ago I had to shut Fred up in the closet for some misdemeanor, and told him he must stay there until he was ready to be a good boy. For quite a while he kicked and screamed and said "mama no no" when I asked him if he was ready to be a good boy. But finally his screams turned to downright sobs and his little voice was so broken I could hardly understand him. At last I made out between tears and sobs in the most pitiful little voice "I want to come out and have you take me up and say "Oh, my little darling"". I could not resist this, and when I took him out he was the most repentant little fellow I ever saw, and kept teasing me "oh my little darling because he was a good little boy". I think he did not want for caresses that day.

Nov. 17th - Brother Will has been making us a visit since we returned, and last night I went to a small hop at the Wenerly House with him. He persuaded me to dance and I enjoyed it very much. Wore my grey striped silk.

Nov. 24th - Last night there was an old folks party for the benefit of Capt. Turner, dancing at the Hall and supper at Wanely. We did not expect to go until late in the afternoon, but then I ran around to the neighbors and persuaded Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Smith to go. We all went down in the bus together and had a most pleasant time. They all declared that they were ready to go to the next affair of the kind. I wore my pink silk. Will Dorr had gone off to sell lumber, so he was not here to go with us and we missed him.

Saturday, Nov. 25th - Went out to make calls this afternoon with Mrs. A. L. Smith. We went to see Mrs. Gale, our minister's wife, and Mrs. Will Clark, then to see Mrs. Dickinson and found her sick in bed with a bad cold, and Ted also sick in bed with her. After I came home I wondered how she would get through the night alone, and packed up my bag and went down to take care of her. She was very glad to see me, and I laid on the lounge and slept some. Came home Sunday morning.

Tuesday, 28th - Spent last night with Mrs. Dickinson again. They are all better. On the way home called at Mr. Heyd's Studio. He was glad to see me and said he would take charge of my work this winter. Saw photographs of the Indian picture he painted from a description, very fine. The gentleman gave him \$200. for it. Made my mince-meat today.

Nov. 29th - Last night we had the pleasure of having Prof. David Levering of Chicago lecture about thoughts about the Fine Arts. Great Treat, but I did not quite agree with him when he said that music was the only one of the Fine Arts that would cause one to weep. I saw more than one stand before Faid's picture of "Faith Father and Mother" with tears in their eyes, in Memorial Hall. Tonight we attended the first of a series of "Musicals" which we are to have this winter, which was held at Mrs. Richmond's under Lizzie's direction. It was very pleasant but rather stiff as such things are apt to be at first.



Will returned from his trip and came down to the house before the evening was over and we send the Messenger Swallow together. I invited them to meet here next time.

*Stale*  
 WHS- Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30th 1876 - The day is bright and cold, snow upon the ground, but not enough for sleighing. Boys are skating on the canal opposite us. The political horizon is much overcast, and citizens are gravely discussing the outcome of the results of the action of the Canvassing Boards upon the returns of the election in the Southern States. The horrible excesses of the "White Liners" in parts of Louisiana send a chill of horror throughout the nation and demand punishment, which in the disorganized state of society and law seems unlikely to be meted out in the unhappy districts. Our Thanksgiving Day we have celebrated with a family dinner with Will Dorr. Our family circles on both sides of the house have been unbroken this year. All have good health and in spite of the terrible business depression and financial revolutions of the year, have been able to pay our debts and provide for ourselves. At Church Dr. Steele preached to a union congregation of the churches an excellent sermon. The meeting of the Evangelical Clergy at Chicago to consult together under the lead of Moody Sindy engaging the attention of the Christian Church, and the meeting is fully reported in the daily papers. Tonight we are invited to A. L. Smith's to meet a number of pleasant friends. On looking back over the past year and bringing to mind the many joys, its delightful peaceful home life, the many remembrances of Fred's little ways and growing knowledge, we feel grateful to the God of our fathers. During the year we have seen many of our family, have had many opportunities to improve ourselves by travel and reading. We have been surrounded by many cordial friends and have enjoyed them. Our house is beautifully situated and we daily enjoy as fine a view as can be had in this part of Wisconsin.

Z. De L. S. Dec. 5th - We left Rutland on our return home Oct. 25th at 3:30 pm. It was a sad day for us all, and between my two homes my heart is continually divided. It seemed almost wicked to take Fred away from father and mother. We took the night boat down the Hudson. Uncle George, Aunt Abby and May met us at the boat and we saw them just for a moment. Arrived New York Thursday morning and went first to Savery's Photographic Shops where Fred sat for his picture. We then went to the Academy of Design where we saw the celebrated Loan Collection of paintings. This was a great treat. The paintings were all particularly fine, being from portrait galleries. We had Fred with us but he was very good for such a little child, and when he became tired we gave him a paper and pencil and he stretched himself at full length on the floor of one of the halls and amused himself drawing pictures as he does at home. He attracted much attention from the crowds of people in the building. About noon we went to the Lt. Denis corner of 11th Street and near many old New York homes, where we had our dinner and took a room inside to give Fred his nap. I then went down to see the proof of Fred's photos, and about four o'clock we started down Broadway for the ferry, stopping now and then to do a little shopping. We came home by the Penn-Central P. R. arriving at Appleton Saturday evening, Oct. 28th. Brother Will met us at the train and we came immediately to our little home, which was all lighted up, and in the front window Will had placed in large letters the sweet word WELCOME. It was indeed a sweet homecoming. I found my old girl, Emma, back in her place with a nice warm supper on the table, and Mrs. A. L. Smith and Mrs. H. D. had each sent some dainty for the table. The vases were all filled with flowers and the house warm and cosy throughout. Fred was delighted to be at home and ran from one thing to another saying "I remember this, mama".

Sunday, Oct. 21st - Little Roy fell from a chair in which his papa was giving him a ride, and broke his collar bone. Russell and Louise joined us at the Maples with little Roy, his birthday, Oct. 20th.

*Willie*  
 Tuesday, Oct. 24th. - Uncle Ed came for us with the carriage and took mother, Louise and me for a ride up on the mountains to Mendon. We had a delightful ride. The day was perfect and the lights and shadows exquisite. Uncle Ed was in one of his happiest moods and chatted away to us about 'Minnie', making us feel well acquainted with her. We stopped at the Rowells for me to say goodbye, and then rode around to the Maples where Louise got out and Will joined us to take tea with Uncle Ed at the house. Grandmother and Uncle Charley were away and Uncle Ed entertained us all by himself in a most charming manner. The table was as dainty and exquisite as a table could be, and after supper we had a nice time looking at pictures etc. in Uncle Ed's room.

Sunday, Dec. 3rd. - Today Mrs. Peabody's little girl was born.



Wednesday, Dec. 6th, 1876 - Received news of the death of George Newman's little boy, Georgie. He was nearly three years old and a bright little fellow. This morning took tea with Mrs. Foster. Will Dorr met with us and Mr. Gale, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Smith were there also. Fred three years and four months old today.

By W. H. S. Monday, Dec. 11th - The election has not yet been decided. Candid men of both parties have but little confidence in the reliability of the Louisiana and Florida Returning Boards and the attempt to elect Tilden by a trick in Oregon produces much indignation. Some men shake their heads and prophecy the beginning of the end of Republicanism in this country. In Chicago the city is stirred to its depths by the meetings of the allied clergy when Moody and Lankey have charge. Tonight we have at our house the second of a series of "musicals" at which every guest is expected to sing or play.

By Z. DeL. S. Sunday, Dec. 17th - Will has been shut up in the house for just one week with another attack of asthma. Has had a real hard time. Mr. Hutchinson has asked us to take charge of an entertainment for the S.S. Saturday evening Dec. 23rd. We are to have music, charade, reading of some appropriate selection, and a pantomime. This has kept me pretty busy.

Dec. 24th, 1876 - Will is still confined to the house with asthma and bronchitis. It is just two weeks today since he has been out. Last night the entertainment for the S.S. was given in Birtschy's Hall. Will and I had charge of it. The program was music by Mr. Frank Sprama, Charade in 3 acts, silent. Will Dorr, Mrs. Corwin, Mrs. A. L. Smith, Mrs. Canless, Margery, myself. Mrs. Smith was just as funny as she could be in an old dressing gown browning and green goggles. Will was quite elegant in black suit and grey nigs, and I wore scarlet petticoat, short black overskirt and waist, broad muffler and cardinal kerchief around my neck, little mushie cap with red ribbons and my hair braided and the ends tied with red ribbons, striped red and white stockings and low shoes. Everyone seemed delighted and when at the last I charged Mr. Smith off the stage at the point of his large umbrella the house was in a roar. Will got many compliments and people said he need not be afraid to have his hair turn grey. The next thing on the program was music by Mr. and Mrs. Birge, after which refreshments were served. Next a reading of a Christmas poem by Mr. Gale, the minister, and this was followed by music from Miss Bushnel. Then came a Mother Goose pantomime. "When I was a bachelor and lived by myself" et which I had put in the hands of Miss Susie Smith to arrange and present. This came very near being a failure as she came down in the morning to tell me that several who had promised to take part in it had refused at the last minute to help. This was rather discouraging but by working all the morning we found others who would take the part, and had one rehearsal at the Hall. The girls were all obliging and enthusiastic and by evening had their costumes all ready, and the whole thing passed off splendidly. George Birge as the Bachelor was capital and Minnie Dodge as the Bride was as sweet and cunning as a little bride could be. The others all did well and the evening was pronounced a grand success. After the Pantomime Charlie and Rose Morey sang 'Gently, gently sighs the Bridge' very nicely.

Christmas 1876- (A long list of presents omitted) Fred hung up his stocking by the parlor fire, and after he had gone to bed we opened the box from Rutland and filled his stocking. We agreed not to exchange presents among each other, and did not send anything away. All our friends understood that we were not to do much this year and almost everyone feels poor. Will is spending the day with us and we have a great deal to make us merry and happy. The year has been a happy one in spite of 'hard times', and we look forward to a happy year to come.

Dec. 27th - Mrs. Peabody is very sick. Last evening we attended a musical at Mrs. Lewis'. Brother Will sang "Warrior Bold" and I sang 'Sleep, My Baby'. Will has had a hard day with asthma. Dr. Winslow is here.

By W. H. S. - James F. Atkinson failed Dec. 30th, 1876. Liabilities \$1111,000. Assets \$60,000. The failure causes much distress in the city.

Jan. 12th - Atkinson's failure has been followed by failure of W.J. Butler, hardware, our neighbor, H. A. Phinney, Clothing, A. Nitchle groceries, H. Schulder, and Randall and Patten, groceries, A. Findenkiller, hardware, besides seven embarrassments to many of our business men. It is almost impossible to make collections.



Dec. 30th, 1876 - Died Saturday at 5 o'clock pm. Emma K. Peabody, wife of George F. Peabody, aged 24 years. So went out the light and warmth from a love lit home. Our sweet little neighbor has gone from among us, and has left us only the memory of a beautiful flowerlike nature, pure and sweet and good. Her little girl is just four weeks old. A gloom is over the whole town, and especially in the homes where she has gone in and out among us. Our hearts are sad but think of the pain and anguish of her husband his dream of happiness so soon ended. God help him and comfort him.

Franco, our old dog at the Maples, died in Sept. (Poem by S.M. Dorr omitted)

Monday, Jan. 1st, 1877 - I had invited Mrs. Fitch to receive calls with me today, but on account of the sad death nearby, our plans were changed. It did not seem right or kind to go on with our plans for New Years Day when so much sadness was in our midst. We had no heart to do it, and all the houses in this part of the town were closed, and very few calls were made. In the afternoon I went over to Mrs. A. L. Smith's and sat a while with her and Mrs. Dickinson, who was spending the day there. In the evening Mrs. A. L., Mrs. Dickinson and the two boys L. and F. were here.

Tuesday, Jan. 2nd. '77 - Today was the funeral of Mrs. Peabody. Lizzie Richmond, Will Steele, Will Dorr and Myself were asked to sing at the house and I asked Mrs. Fitch to play for us. So all the forenoon we were practising for the services. Mrs. Hutchinson brought over a song, one of Sankey's which I had never seen, and asked me to learn it if I could. It was "Watching and Waiting" and I learned it to sing alone. We sang four times "Song of Hope", "Go Bury thy Sorrow" and "Watching and Waiting" and "Only Remembered" which Lizzie and I sang as a duet. It was a very cold ride out to the cemetery. Mrs. Fitch rode in the sleigh with Will and me, and after the services at the grave, I took the responsibility of ordering the driver to pass all other teams and get home as soon as possible. Mr. Gale and a minister from Fond-du-Lac conducted the services. He compared the short life of Mrs. Peabody to a morning glory which finishes its beautiful life in a few short hours but who shall say it has not been a complete success. In the cemetery every bit of snow had been removed from Mrs. Peabody's lot and the one adjoining, and the paths and the earth from the grave and even the inside of the grave were covered with little sprays and branches of cedar. It was beautiful.

Saturday, Jan. 6th - Received a letter from Will's Aunt Josie that she would be with us by the evening train. She is out of employment and has been having a hard time. We were glad to make her welcome and give her shelter in our lovely home.

Tuesday, Jan. 9th - Went to Musical at Mrs. Montgomery's with Aunt Joe. Sang "Far Away" and Will Dorr sang "I Sent a Letter to my Love".

Sunday, Jan. 16th - Aunt Joe received a telegram from Prof. Phelps of Whitewater Normal School saying he had a position Monday for her, and she left this morning, very happy.

Friday Evening, Jan. 26th. '77 - The young ladies of the Lansean Society at the College asked me if I would be Evangeline for them in a series of tableaux to be given at the College Chapel. Mr. A. B. Fitch took the part of Gabriel. Basil the Blacksmith was impersonated by E. W. Bradley, Benedict by Mr. Rifenback, and Father Felician by F. A. Watkins. We had three or four rehearsals at the Chapel and during the two weeks previous to the entertainment. I was thrown into quite intimate relations with Mr. and Mrs. Fitch only to find them more lovable each time. I am glad I consented to act in the tableaux if only because I have come to know them better. Mrs. Fitch has been very sweet and Mr. Fitch as kind and good as a brother. We have had our own sport out of the thing. Gabriel never losing a chance to upset our gravity at just the wrong moment by some funny speech. Below is the list of the tableaux. (Not typed) Everyone pronounces the evening a success. As for me, I have cried for two days over the poem, it has seemed so very beautiful to me upon reading it again. Admission was 25¢ and they made \$50.

Tuesday, Jan. 30th - Mrs. A. L. Smith came over this morning and asked us to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Fitch. I went over at half past five and stayed until after ten, had a delightful evening. Mr. Smith showed us his fancy tops and a number of sleight of hand tricks. We played the game of words with letters. I had wretched luck but enjoyed the game. We are talking of getting up "The Lady of Lyons" to be given at Mr. Smith's. Lots of fun about it.



Wednesday, Jan. 31st, 1877 - Made calls this afternoon, Richmonds, Dr. Steele's and Butlers. Mr. Heyd came down to see my picture of Will, and to give me his advice. He is as kind as can. Fred, the darling, has taken a bad cold. We had very warm weather and it has been about impossible to keep from catching colds. Letter from father today saying he expects to start for Appleton tomorrow. Then we shall look for him Saturday evening. Copy of a letter from Mr. Longfellow to mother:

Dear Madam,

Cambridge, Jan. 3rd, 1878

I have just been reading in the "Rutland Globe" your beautiful poem "The Bead Century" and though I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I cannot refrain from thanking you for the delight it has given me. It is very striking both in conception and execution, and I only regret you did not keep it back to be read at the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia. I feel sure that no better one will be offered. Pardon the liberty I have taken, and believe me,

Yours very truly, Henry W. Longfellow.

(1113)

Sunday, Feb. 4th, '77 - Father came this morning at half past five. Will Dorr met him at the train and they came right down here. I called Emma up and we had an early breakfast for Sunday. Father has had a hard trip and feels sick and tired.

March 1st, 1877 - The first day of Spring and the air is so soft and balmy that it makes us feel as tho summer indeed near. Father started for Rutland the 22nd of Feb. which, besides being Washington's Birthday, was the 30th anniversary of his wedding. Dear little Fred said "I don't want you to go off and leave us, I want my grandpa to be here". Father has been a grand comfort to the boys in consulting and advising with them about the business, and a joy to us. We miss him very much. I have begun the "Hours" for mother, and Mr. Heyd is helping me. We have found that our play "The Lady of Lyons" was ~~not~~ pleasing to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and so it has been given up. Last night we attended another of our musicals at Mrs. Montgomery's. Brother Will and I sang "I know a Bank" and I sang "Ring on Sweet Angelus". This morning we were awakened by a croupy cough from Fred, and Will went for Dr. Page at five o'clock. He is much better.

By W. H. S. March 7th 1877 - President Hayes, after a fair consideration of the case of the Electoral Tribunal, was duly inaugurated President on the 5th. His inaugural address commands the respect and confidence of the country. Business now breathes more freely and we hope for better things during the summer in trade. Little Fred has had a disease very similar to whooping cough. We have been awake with him six nights and are somewhat worn out.

(Omitted letter and cute sayings of little Fred)

By Z. Del. S. April 29th - Snow fell to the depth of six inches, and lasted nearly a week., covering the green grass and plants which were starting in the beds. I had put out pansies and sweet peas.

A notice received from mother of the death of Dr. Ardian J. Ebell, was cut from the New York Tribune of April 11th, 1877. I quote from her letter "You will see that your dear friend Ebell has indeed the "other shore", but not the shore for which he sailed two weeks ago. It is startling painful, and the pain is increased by his death at sea. It is impossible for me to think of Ebell as dead. I see him this moment as I saw him when he came to see me at Stoddard's in New York, the very embodiment and type of vigorous, earnest manhood, one of the most striking, noticeable men I ever saw, one who would have been marked in any crowd. And he was so full of hope and courage and the criticism that carries all before it. It is hard to understand why such things must be. The world seemingly could have spared so many young men in New York, other than him". Prof. Ebell's father and mother were missionaries and he was born upon the Island of Ceylon in the Indian Ocean. Prof. Ebell was in the Indian War in Minnesota in 1861-2. He wrote several articles which appeared in Harper's Magazine illustrated with views which he took himself on the spot. He had one brother, younger than himself, who went to the Crimean War and was never heard from again. It is supposed he was killed. He has one sister, Mrs. Cheney, now living in N. Y. She is older than he was. I first met Prof. Ebell at Ripley Female College, Poultney, Vt. in June 1867. I well remember the summer morning he came riding up the gravel road to the College on horseback. And as I happened to be the only person in sight, he addressed me and asked to see my Uncle the Pres. of the College. I showed him into the office, and from that time until the day of his death our friendship was unbroken. He delivered a course of lectures at the College.



The Boston Lyceum Bureau says of him "Dr. Ebell is one of the ablest and most popular lecturers of science now living. He possesses the rare faculty of rendering science at once instructive and attractive. As a lecturer before academies his success has exceeded any American of his years". (A long list of his lectures omitted)

He was a graduate of Yale College, and I suppose few men of his age had traveled as much. He came to this country at about nine years of age, and he must have crossed the ocean twenty times. His sweet young wife stood waiting on the dock at Hamburg as the steamer came into port, but within twenty minutes of the shore, his spirit passed away. He always loved Hamburg, and there his poor tired body rests. He was taken sick the second day out from New York. His disease was rheumatism of the heart. His last letter to me was written a few days before he sailed, and his last words were "I will write you again from ship board".

4th of July, 1877 - Almost the whole town celebrated by going off on picnics into the country. Early loads of people could be seen starting from nearly every house, with lunch baskets, fishing rods, guns, etc. We took Fred and went to the Cedar Dam, about two miles down the river, and finding a shady place under the trees Fred and I made ourselves comfortable with blankets spread on the grass, and books and fancy work, while papa fished along the river. Found some beautiful wild roses which I brought home to paint. We had a very quiet but pleasant day. Fred amused himself with fire-crackers and torpedoes, though he was hardly big enough to put them off alone.

July 5th - Painted the wild roses this morning.

July 10th - Made 32 glasses of currant Jelly today, 24 of them flavored with raspberry. Also put up 11 cans of raspberries and currants.

July 19th, 1877 - Sixth Wedding Anniversary. Another anniversary has come, another day upon which we are involuntarily looks back over the years that have fled, and forward with that questioning, wondering gaze, that vain attempt to solve the mystery of the future. Life seems such a simple thing to look back upon, almost common place in a life as uneventful as mine. And yet in any life however quiet and simple there is that constant reaching out, and looking forward, that future both near and farther on, for which we plan and work, of which we dream, and which we sometimes long for, and which lifts us above the petty sound of daily cares, and worries and makes us strive the more earnestly to reach that ideal life which is always so far beyond us. Thank God there is a future even tho' we know not what it holds for us, and may we go forward to face it bravely, trusting that "whatever is is best". This afternoon we took Fred and Cousin Wallie Lee, who is spending a week with us, and went out to the Lake and in bathing. It has been a dark cloudy day, quite cold but with no rain. Very much such a day as it was six years ago. We gathered beautiful wild roses. Will has gone to prayer meeting. Fred has gone to bed. Wallie and I have been playing backgammon. What will I write a year from now?

July 24th, 1877 - Last night I received from mother a check for \$50. in payment for the pair of Raphael's Hours which I am painting for her. It is a great deal more than I expected, and more than they are worth, and only one more of the kind thoughtful things mother is always doing for me. Last spring after father was here, he suggested that our house would be more convenient and prettier if we made a change in the way we used it, Taking what was our large bedroom for a parlor, and our smaller parlor for bedroom. at the same time he sent us \$50. to get a new carpet for the parlor, and he had already given me \$10. when he left. So we decided to make the change, and on Thursday April 19th, I went to Milwaukee to select carpet, paper for both rooms, and to do a little shopping for myself and Fred. I bought a very pretty Tapestry Brussels carpet which cost us \$55. paper for both rooms, curtains for the blue room door, and ordered material for parlor curtains. Stayed at the Plankinton House and had every attention. Returned Friday night. It was on the way to the train that I received the sad news of the death of Prof. Ebell, and that cast a little gloom over the trip, but it was a very successful one. So we made the change, and when I have finished my curtains, our house will seem new and fresh. I have put nearly all of the \$50. for the Hours toward paying for the curtains, etc. and the \$110. which has come from father and mother will more than pay for all our improvements. This is a great comfort to us for we should not have felt we could make the changes ourselves in these hard times. Our house never was so pretty, and never was less care. We owe all this pleasure to the loving kindness of our dear ones in the old home, father and mother.



Thursday evening, May tenth was the State Oratorical Contest at Madison, and Olin A. Curtis of our Lawrence University was the victor, against the states of Ohio, Iowa, Ill., Ind., and Mo. It is a great triumph for the College. When the students received the news by telegram at midnight, they came out with bands and torches, bells and cannon, and with much cheering and shouting, marched to Dr. Steele's and houses of the faculty where speeches were made, etc. Saturday evening Curtis returned home. Was ~~was~~ received at the depot by students, citizens, fire companies, etc. and escorted to the College where the chapel was decorated and supper prepared. There speeches were made by prominent men, and one by Curtis, himself, and then followed a general handshaking and the supper. Curtis' speech was manly and very simple and modest. He bears his honors well. Wednesday May 2nd - Our dear Will started for Waukesha. If good wishes and prayers have any power, he will come back to us soon with renewed health.

Tuesday, July 24th, 1877 - There is a "Strike" on all the large railroads of the country., and in many of our large cities there is fighting and bloodshed. The papers are full of accounts of riots and mobs. The law has no contrroll and the infuriated mob have everything their own way. I will ask Will to write about this.

Saturday, July 28th- This afternoon we attended the funeral of Mrs. Allen's little 7 months baby. Wanting to give some expression of my sympathy for her, I took with me a copy of mother's little poem "Questionings" and left it on the table where I knew it would be found. July 30th - Today I received this note from Mrs. Allen which is so sweet I will give it a place in our journal. (Note omitted)

Thursday, August 2nd. - Yesterday I invited Dr. and Mrs. Page here to tea with their two little nieces, Agnes and Grace Redfield, who are visiting them from Chicago. They are beautiful girls in looks and manner, about 10 and 12 years old, I should judge. Grace recited for me mother's poem "God Knows" which was published in St. Nicholas for April, and which she had learned to speak in school. We had a very pleasant visti with them all, and Fred was very happy with the little girls. In the morning Miss Lizzie Richmond came and sat for me to work on the crayon head, which I have begun of her.

Monday, August 6th,-1877 - This is my dear little boy's fourth birthday. Four years since the precious little life was given into our keeping. We had made all our plans for a little birthday party, but awoke this morning to find it raining hard. It is the first rain we have had in many weeks, and is a great blessing to the country, so we do not grumble that the party must be put off. Fred was not very well in the night, seemed nervous and feverish and tossed and talked to himself all night. This morning he seems better, but it is quite as well for him that he is to have a quiet day. Dr. Page has been in and put up some medecine for him, and Frankie Smith has been in and left a drawing book with six colored pencils and a rubber, and a queer sort of many colored "bugz". Will has bought him a box of picture blocks and a little pop gun, with which he is much pleased. He asked me last night as I was undressing him "Where he was before he came to live with me and be my little boy". While I was thinking what to tell him, he made up his mind himself and exclaimed "Oh, I know where I was, I was at grand-ma's all the time, thats where I was, mama!" He is a very excitable child, and I think, his feverish state was brought on by nothing in the world but thinking about the party. In the night his head ached and he said "I thought to myself my head would ache when we had that party, when we were talking about it last night". It shall be a lesson to me. to keep him very quiet always. Finished Lizzie R's crayon head Saturday. Friday evening we attended a party at Mrs. Faye's. Wore my pink silk and had a pleasant time.

August 7th - Fred had his birthday party. Mrs. A. L. Smith took me out for the morning with her carriage to give the invitations. There were 25 invited, and 12 ladies came with the little ones. I will give their names. (Omitted) I ~~was~~ invited them from five to half past seven, and Fred did not know they were coming until he saw them from the window when he exclaimed "Oh, Mama, I bleeve my party's coming!" I knew he would be so excited he would not sleep if I told him, and I wanted him to have his long nap. He did sleep from half past one till four and was fresh and bright when they came. He wore his white skirts and jacket, with blue sash, necktie and stockings. Papa put up a tent in the back yard out of our tableaux curtains, which was large enough for all the children to sit under. When it came time to pass supper, we had all the little ones seated under the tent, and the ladies on the piazza, and gave them all their supper.



We had some nice raised biscuit and a kind of sweet biscuit which Emma makes, beef tongue sliced, two kinds of cake and macaroons, and ice cream, with raspberry shrub for drink. It was a pretty sight to see the beautiful children in their white dresses and many colored sashes. The boys played tag and other games around the yard. The little ones amused themselves in the tent with the playthings, and the older ones played croquet, while the ladies visited and chatted indoors and on the piazzas. May my dear little boy have many more birthdays as happy and innocent as this his fourth has been.

August 8th - Took Nellie Mason a dish of ice cream left from the party and some peaches with a little bunch of flowers to hold in her hand. The poor girl cannot live many days.

August 9th - Drove to Oshkosh with Will who went on business. I took my Hours and my two flower panels and the head of Lizzie Richmond for Mr. Heyd to criticise. He helped me very much, and I bought his Hours for \$20. Had a very pleasant ride, came home in the evening. He seemed pleased that I took the Hours, and they are beautiful.

August 13th - Monday morning in Appleton Nellie Mason died, youngest daughter of R. Z. and Mary A. E. Mason, aged 16 years, 7 months and 23 days. Nellie was a very sweet young girl who used often to come in and see me. She was the picture of health a year ago, with sound fresh rosy cheeks, lovely reddish brown hair and sparkling black eyes. I used to say she would break many hearts when she grew up, but they were idle words. Her disease was consumption, and her constant prayer was "Oh dear Lord take me".

Wednesday August 15th - Today mother's poem "Vermont" is to be read at Bennington. Tomorrow one by Mr. Cullen Bryant. Prof. Churchill of Andover read both poems.

August 16th - The Chicago papers have full accounts of the Bennington Celebration 50,000 people are present. The President and his Cabinet and many of the prominent men of the country are there. Parts of mother's poem are given in all the Chicago papers. (Excerpts follow from New York World in enthusiastic praise of the poem.)

August 26th, 1877 - Fred has gotten into the habit of swinging his feet at the table and hitting them against the chair making a great noise. I have been trying to break him of it and have had to speak to him a great many times. I said "Now Fred if you don't remember and keep your feet still, I shall have to punish you". He kept very quiet for a while, but pretty soon he began again singing away to himself, utterly unconscious of what he was doing, then all of a sudden he checked himself, and looking up in the most beseeching way said "Oh Mama, that was dust my forgetness again". Now when I put him up to the table he generally says he must "look out about his forgetness".

Yesterday Mr. Peabody ~~drove~~ drove by the house with his little baby, and Fred asked where Aunt Peabody was. I told him she had gone to Heaven to live with God. Up in the Sky? he asked. For want of a better answer I said yes. He looked at me in a comical half doubting way and said "Well I guess She's died". I told him so, she did die, but she had gone to heaven to live with God, and after telling him a little about the beautiful home where she had gone, I said would you like to go there some time with mama and papa? He smiled a little bashfully and drawing his head down on one side as though he was half afraid to say what he wanted to, he said "I don't think I would 'cause I don't believe that, mama". Don't Believe what? I asked. "Oh that about Heaven and getting up there" he added and I was silenced. I see the child is always going to demand a reason belief, and I expect he will drive his mama to the wall many times. My mistake was in telling him Heaven was 'up in the sky'. It was a foolish thing to expect a little child to believe or understand it. How much a mother has to learn!

Sunday, August 26 - Fred asks me tonight "What do I don't have rings on for? Mama" as he notices mine as I am washing his hands.

Sunday Morning, Sept. 2nd - This morning brother Will came at five o'clock waking us up with his maps at the front door. He came in the bedroom a moment to see us and then went upstairs to sleep a few hours. Emma has gone home on a little visit and as I had the breakfast to get, it was after nine before we sat down. Will is looking well and we are very happy to have him here again. He brought Fred a funny toy that winds up and runs, and to me a beautiful candlestick.

Thursday, September 20th - Evening at half past seven - Mother came to make us a visit.



December 19th, 1877 - Our journal has been neglected so long that it seems quite an undertaking to go back and gather up the threads of our lives which have stretched in so many directions for the last three months. To begin with my dear mother's visit. She was with us five weeks in all. The first few days of her visit we spent in driving about, this giving mother her first impression of the country about us. The weather was charming and the roads in excellent condition, and with a double carriage large enough to carry us all, and brother Will for a driver, we had many delightful drives. One day it was to the lake. Another time we went to Nenah and Menasha, and one day to the Roberts House, when the boys fished and mother, Fred and I wandered about, inspecting the now deserted log cabin of Gov. Doty, the first governor of Wisconsin, and standing with strange phantoms of the dusky warriors around us, under the famous old elm, the Winnebago Treaty Tree. I sat on the ground and made a sketch of the tree, for it is old and will soon be gone, and I believe there is not even a photograph to remember it by. The remainder of the time it rained almost continually so that it was almost impossible for my friends to come and see mother, or for her to go out. However, those I cared for most came, and then, and since she left, so many kind and appreciative things have been said to me about her? I feel people are always drawn toward mother. She is so simple and cordial in her manner, and enters into other people's plans with as much interest as tho they were her own. Dear mother will never grow old. We had such pleasant times conversing together in the long mornings, each busy with some light work, sometimes painting for me, and embroidery for mother, with reading and talking which was best of all. While she was with me Will had to go to Cleveland and Rutland on business, and was gone ten days. It happened that Russell had to go east on business at the same time, so they met at Rutland and helped to break the loneliness for father, all by himself at the Maples. Father was just as kind and unselfish as he could be. I know he must have been very lonely without mother, but he wrote nothing to mar the pleasure of her visit with her children. After mother had been here five weeks, I took my little Fred and went with her to Burlington to visit Russell and Louise. We left here the 22nd of Oct., reached Chicago that night. We went to the ~~Ra~~ Palmer House and had a nice large room on the third floor, near the "alligator" as Fred called the elevator. - with two beds, bath, large closet and every convenience. Here we were just as comfortable and happy as we could be. The next day we spent in shopping, taking Fred with us in the morning, and in the afternoon leaving him asleep and in charge of one of the colored boys on that floor, with whom he was happily playing when we came in at five o'clock. Mother took the Hours which I painted for her, and the landscape she bought of Mr. Heyd, to be framed at Wolcott's, and I met with every encouragement from him and others who saw my work. We called at the Ladies' Art Association and saw Mrs. Higginson who was very kind and cordial. Found she was acquaintance of Miss Van Doren, the young lady Uncle Ed is engaged to. At the Strone Furniture Co. where one of my table tops is exhibited, they told me they had never seen finer work of the kind, and Mr. Wolcott said the Hours were the finest things of the kind that had ever been brought into the store for framing. So I felt much encouraged as I had never tested my work by the side of that of others. The next day, after some shopping early in the morning, we started for Burlington arriving there at 7:15 in the evening. Fred was much entertained during the day by watching a parrot which hung on the opposite side of the car, and kept up a continual chatter. Russell met us at the depot, and took us to his lovely little home. It is a house he bought about a year and a half ago, situated in a large grove of trees and surrounded by blossoming shrubs and climbing vines, and is appropriately called "Rose Cottage". I shall never forget the pretty picture which we saw as we came up the gravel path and peeped in at the bay window, & ~~saw~~, through the plants and vines in the window, - the little fair haired mother with her sunny golden haired boy upon her lap sitting before the bright fire in the grate. The house was beautiful, full of books and pictures and pretty things, and a grace given to everything by the touch of the little mistress. We had a delightful three weeks in this little house. Their friends made it very pleasant for us, and we had many glimpses of other attractive houses. The little boys, the two only cousins, had a fine time together, sometimes playing sweetly together, and then again fighting in a desperate way, which would make them laugh to remember, if they could, when they have grown beyond childhood. One day we took them down to Russell's office on Russell's 30th birthday, Nov. 1st. We had them both weighed, and both weighed 33 lbs. tho Roy is about an inch shorter than Fred.



On Monday, the 5th of November, Will joined us in Burlington, and stayed until we all returned. Fred was perfectly wild with delight to see his papa again, and I guess mama was too! On Friday, the 9th, Will, Fred and I went to Davenport to visit Will's sister, Mrs. Adams, who is keeping house there. We returned to Burlington the following Monday (12th) and on the next Thursday 15th, Had to say goodbye to the dear people in Rose Cottage, and turn our faces toward Chicago again. Mother and I had to talk fast as we felt the time was drawing near when we must be separated again. When we arrived at Chicago we found there was just time for mother to get her supper and board the train which was to bear her from us. So we went to the nearest place where we had a snatched supper and there in that dingy diningroom Fred and I had to say goodbye to our dear precious mother, and see her go off with "papa" to get the train. When Will came back we went to the Palmer House for the night., and succeeded in getting the same room mother and I had when we went down. The colored boy on the hall remembered Fred and asked him if his mother had gone off and left him. A great many took him to be mother's child instead of mine on this journey. The next morning we were up early and had an hour or two for some errands we wanted to do before the train left, which was at ten o'clock, and we were finally on our way home. Brother Will met us at the station and we came right to our little house which was bright and pretty as we came in. My good girl, Emma, who kept house for me in my absence, had done the fall cleaning and the house was as fresh and bright as it could be. A nice hot supper was on the table for us, and and we were soon settled in our old places. Fred ran from one thing to another and hunted up his old playthings as happy as a bird, and I felt again the truth of the saying "East or West, Home's Best". Since our return I have been busy with some little Christmas gifts of candles and shells, and have had a little French girl sitting for me in my little studio. I bought some casts in Chicago to aid me in my drawing, and have them in my studio against a crimson drapery. I selected the head of Young Augustus, the hand of the Venus de Medici, a babies leg, and a little hand and foot. I painted for Russell the little figure from the Central Window of Cologne Cathedral. They are delighted with it. This week we are busy with the S.S. entertainment for Christmas eve. Shall have the charade "Apron" with some reading and a Christmas carol. Those who take part in it meet here for the third time tonight. Last night "Uncle Will" returned from a flying trip to Rutland and Conn. on business. Our church has been making an effort to get out of debt during the last ten days. \$1500. is the amount of the debt and 1250. has already been pledged. We gave \$75. which was all we could afford in these hard times. Father has just lost \$11,500. by the failure of the Nat. Trust Co. in New York. Grandfather's Estate loses \$4,000. so that our family lose in all \$15,500. The boys can talk of nothing but the new Horse nail business which they expect to start soon. For a year they have been at work closing out the old Lumber business and getting ready for the change. Mother Steele made us a short visit on her way to Marquette from Davenport and Elysia where she has been for three months. Louise's father, Mr. Bryan, lost nearly all he owned in the Trust Co. It is very hard for him at his age, and with a large family. I am reading Mrs. Whitney's "Sights and Knights".

Dec. 23rd - I wrote Mr. Peabody a little note telling him how much he was in my thoughts as the time of the year draws near, that his home was made desolate and send-ny him some extracts from mother's "In Memoriam" series. (Answer omitted)

Monday Evening, Dec. 24th - This evening our affair for the S.S. occurred. It was at Bertrichey's Hall, and there were 5 or 6 hundred peresnt in spite of the severe rain. We had first the reading of a Christmas storey by Mr. Hutchinson, then a quartet "The Bulldog on the Bank" by male voices in which Will Dorr & Will S. sang. Then followed a charade "Apron" in 3 acts, which just brought down the house. The children fairly roared. Mr. Phelps took the main part and it was done admirably. This was followed by the Christmas Carol by Marsh, quartet the same as the first. The evening was a great success.

Christmas, 1877 - Another happy day with our dear household band onbroken. Brother Will, who makes his home with us now, added one more to our little circle.



Christmas, 1877 continued

Fred hung up his stockings and was awake before five o'clock teasing to see his stocking. We had breakfast at half past seven and then Fred looked at his stocking. He was very much excited, and was all in a tremble as he tried to unwrap the papers. His presents? Box of ten pins, whip, popgun, candy, from Santa Claus; Harmonica, Uncle Will, picture books, Grandma & Grandpa, Box of paper, "Auntie Dickie", Drawing book & pencil, Emma, stuffed blue jay, Chris Nelson. Mother sent me a check for \$1,000. and a set of gold earrings and pendant. Will gave me \$15. to go towards a new cloak when I want it, also a nice box of writing paper and envelopes. I am having the Sistine Madonna framed for Will. Will Dorr has selected for us in Cleveland a beautiful Dado for our parlor. It is an exquisite pattern and matches the parlor perfectly. Chris Nelson sent me a very rare owl stuffed. We gave Will a very complete dressing case, which we thought would be convenient on the road. Fred gave him a funny little bottle with a colored baby doll in it for cologne. Mother has sent him a pair of sleeve buttons. (list of gifts given omitted) Mrs. Dickinson ran in for a few moments this morning. Today I finished "Sights and Insights".

Pansies were picked in Mr. Butter's yard today Dec. 27th, 1877

Jan. 3rd, 1878 - Mrs. Dickinson spent New Years Day with me, "received" together. The day was not unpleasant, tho' there was no snow upon the ground. The custom was not very generally observed either by the ladies or gentlemen, and we had only 18 or 20 calls. (Names omitted) We had refreshments in the dining room consisting of coffee, biscuit, marble veal, turkey salad, cake, jelly, fruit and Saratoga potatoes. The boys told us ours was the handsomest table they saw. I wore my pink silk and black velvet dress, and Jennie wore black relieved with white tulle and flowers. Last night we went to a church Social at Mrs. Fitch's. Had a pleasant time. Will could not go on account of toothache, and Mr. Fitch came home with me. I invited Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Fitch and Miss Spoffard to join us New Years morning as I heard they were not to receive, but they all declined. Mrs. Foster wrote me the sweetest note. I told Will it was a blessing to have such things said to one before one died. Have had Josephine sitting for me today. Am getting along very well with her portrait. The slate panel of painted cup and dandelion, which mother sent Mrs. Higginson, was broken on the way to her. I am so sorry. Fred has a bad cold.

January 25th, 1878 - For the past week I have had a pupil in drawing. Early one morning the door bell rang and Mrs. Morrison asked to see me. She said she wanted to ask me some questions about the "School of Design" as she had thought of going there. I told her all I could about the school, and finally took her upstairs to see my drawings from casts. She was very much interested and evidently impressed, and after asking a great many questions, she hesitated and stammered and blushed a little and finally came out with "Oh Mrs. Steele if I could only come here and have you start me right, I should be so thankful". She seemed so thoroughly in concert and anxious to begin in the right way, that I told her she could come. She pays me \$1.00 a lesson and is here from half past nine to half past eleven every morning. She has been at work on a cast drawing of a babies' foot, and today she sketched a calla lily leaf in charcoal, and did it very nicely indeed. Tonight I go to a dance at the Mansley House with brother Will. My Will is in Chicago on Horzenail business for a few days.

Feb. 1st, 1878 - This morning when we awoke we found Fred had the chicken pox. I don't know how he could have been exposed. Dr. Winslow came and said he thought he would be over it in three or four days. He has been fussyish and fretful all day and has been in my arms all the time except for an hour this morning, when Emma held him while I gave my lesson. Mrs. M. is doing nicely and is now at work on the head of the Venus de Medici.

April 7th, 1878 - Our journal has been neglected for a long time, but tonight while Will is at prayer meeting, and Fred in his crib, and I alone by the fire, I will try and give an account of our life for the last three months. The boys have been very busy with the new business and very happy in it. Will Dorr has been called away to Cleveland once or twice, the last time being absent nearly four weeks, and now he has just started on his first long trip to introduce the nail. He has been gone now about ten days and is in Iowa. He will make Louise and Russell a visit before long, which will be very pleasant for him and for them. We miss the dear boy in our home very much. He was always so sunshiny and sweet that it is hard to get along without him. Fred, too misses Uncle Will's fun and music.



I have given one party for the Juniors and Seniors in the College with a very few of the neighbors. One evening company for Donkenskys, Smiths, etc. and an afternoon "coffee" to a dozen ladies, just those I know and love the best. This last was a delightful company. Among those present, Mrs. Steele gave a very entertaining account of her travels in Europe. Mrs. Stansbury read her beautiful poem "How they saved St. Michaels", Mrs. Atkinson played and we chatted until about five when they went home. I passed refreshments about four o'clock. I have attended several "coffees" at different places this winter, but they have generally been too large to be thoroughly enjoyable to me. Mrs. Steele has given us a lecture on "What she saw in London and Rome". We have had two lectures on Shakespeare's Queens, by a Miss McCartney. In a Musical way we have had the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, besides several home and College concerts. We have had our regular meetings of the Young Peoples Social Union in our church, once a month, which has been considerable work. Frank Steele has been in often and has brought a number of his College friends, and a good many evenings have been occupied in that way. Mrs. Morrison continued her lessons in drawing with me for about four weeks, when she either became tired of the drawing or made up her mind she knew it all, and asked me if I would give her lessons in painting. I told her I did not feel I could undertake it until she knew more of drawing, and I have not seen her since. I do not think she has persistence enough to accomplish much. I have just finished a study of Bessie Gale, our minister's little girl. I have learned a great deal on it, but whether anyone thinks it a likeness or not, remains to be seen. It was a mistake for me to undertake a child so young. She has not kept still a moment. I have painted a slate pendant for myself, putting mother's head upon it. It is now in Rutland where mother is having it mounted for me, and I am much pleased with what people say of the likeness. I have begun a set of dessert plates, illustrating them with scenes from "Rock in the Pasture". I have also painted the little window cherub, the same that I did for Russell, for myself. I have done considerable drawing and mean to give most of my time to it this summer. One day I took all I had done this winter and went down to Oshkosh to see Mr. Heyd, my old teacher and the one who painted my portrait. He met me at the train with a carriage and took me to his home, and gave the whole day to criticizing what I had done, and helping me. In the afternoon we walked out to the Lake shore where he moves his family soon and will spend the summer months. Mrs. Heyd was very kind and made me very welcome, and his three little girls are as well behaved and as beautiful children as I ever saw. I came back with fresh enthusiasm for my work, as Mr. Heyd gave me ~~very~~ encouragement. Since then Will and I have talked over and decided upon a plan for next winter which, if it is carried out, will be a help and stimulus to me all my life. It is this, that in the fall I go on a visit to Rutland, (which I should do any way, if we are well, as father has sent us the money to pay our expense and insists upon our coming) and then leaving Fred with father and mother, I go to New York and devote a few months to work and study. I should arrange it so as to work all day, perhaps drawing in the morning and painting in the afternoon. This plan mother and father have agreed to, and if nothing happens to prevent it, I shall go. I think my dear husband is very kind and unselfish to consent to it, but if possible I will try to make it all up to him when I come back. I know when it is over we will be thankful that I have had the opportunity, and I feel that it will do me more good than at any time in my life.

Dear little Fred has grown both mentally and physically this winter. Since he recovered from chicken pox he has gained in health steadily, and he is now as hearty a little brown faced and ruddy cheeked boy as you could wish to see. He draws almost constantly copying things about the house and trying to represent things he does what he sees upon the street. He lies upon the floor in the parlor or in my studio when I am at work there, with his "paper, pencil book and blotter" and draws by the hour. He has learned all his letters and many words, and also to print little letters to his friends this winter. He is a very sweet child and easily managed when he will be reasoned with. He is affectionate and gentle, and minds us very well without ever being punished. I have read this winter for the first time Bulwer's(?) Last Days of Pompeii also Mrs. Whitney's Sights and Insights, The Story of Asia by Miss Phelps, Agnes Strickland's Queens of Scotland, and have started Black's Princess of Thule, and Col. Cleveland's Child Carusoe. Besides this I have read every month the Magazines. Harpers, Atlantic, Scribners, & St. Nicholas, N. Y. Semi-weekly Tribune, & the Golden Rule.



The Harpers and magazines have been full of Art matters, so I have not felt the need of any work on art, except occasional bits from Eastlake and Hunt. I have painted a very pretty Indian jar from Eastlake designs, and have decorated a little pottery. Just now I am in the midst of the spring housecleaning, and when that is done, shall settle down to a summer of steady work.

Saturday, April 13th 1878 - Finished cleaning today.

September, 17th, 1878 - This is my birthday! 27 years old, and I think I ought to take time to write a little in my long neglected journal. I have had such a busy summer. That even such a little thing as this has seemed one burden too many.

September 29th - And even on my birthday I could not carry out my plan, and now it is the 29th, my dear Will's 31st birthday. To go back to go back to the early summer, the first of July, finding that the Horse nail business, from which we expected so much, was beset by many difficulties and discouragements, and that Will's income would be necessarily small, I determined to see what I could do towards getting up a class in object and cast drawing and decorative painting. I accordingly set out and surprised Will one night by telling him of my plan, and telling him I had secured four or five scholars. I opened my class on the 2nd of July, and it grew to ten in number. I have taught every morning from nine to twelve, and have had an enthusiastic earnest class of workers. (Names omitted) I closed my teaching last night by inviting the parents and friends of my scholars to spend the evening here. I had all the sketches and drawings in the dining room, and the work in color arranged on the library table. All seemed pleased with the progress made, and I feel my attempt has been in every way a success. I asked \$15. for a term of 24 lessons, and have made during the past summer \$195.05 up to the present time. Next Thursday, the 3rd of Oct., I expect to start for Vermont, stopping first a week in Amsterdam to see my old friend, Helen Bell. We shall close the house, and Will is to board at Mrs. Dickinson's until my return. Whether my plan of the early summer is carried out or not, depends on many things, and is yet to be decided. I have given up everything else to make a success of my class, have made no calls, except on intimate friends, and have gone out evenings very little. Fred has been a little treasure all summer, so good about amusing himself, and not teasing me in class time. He has had very few sick days, and we all as a family have been remarkably well. Have not done much, myself. Have done a life size drawing of Lizzie Richmond from a photograph, and have painted a few cups for presents, one each for mother and father and Harry, to give on his birthday, and one for Will for his birthday present today. Also one for Helen Bell which I shall take to her. Brother Will has spent the summer at home in Rutland. The business has been at a standstill, waiting for new machinery and so there was nothing for him to do here. The new machinery is here now, and we hope that this week everything will be moving as smoothly again. Will has had much trouble and anxiety and worry, but we hope the worst is over now, and that prospects from this time on will be brighter. The summer has been unusually hot, and in the south the Yellow fever has swept away thousands of people. Whole cities and towns have been swept out, and the long lists of dead in the papers have reminded one of War times. We have been thankful for our cool country house and the breeze upon our hillside.

Nov. 7th, 1878 - Rutland. - My precious husband, I am not feeling very well this morning, and can only write briefly. I shall feel better by and bye. Monday morning we went to the studios with Mr. Marble and several others. Just grand for me. The great thing I have gained in this trip has been studying the different methods of working. It seems to me one can be entirely independent as to style. Monday afternoon I went to Wellesley, delightful trip and nice visit with Lizzie. She has grown very fat, never saw her looking so well. Miss H. was very cordial to me, more agreeable than usual. Tuesday morning we went through the wonderful church decorated by LaFarge New Trinity, and then to the Art Museum. The best art school in the city, and I begged until they took me through the drawing school, tho' against the rules. This morning I am going to get a permit from Mr. Marble to go through the painting department. Wonderful pictures and curiosities in the Museum, Greek statuary, etc.. Tuesday night went to Malden and spent the night with the Milkens, lovely place and pleasant time. Came in Wed. A. M. and went out to lunch with Prof. Whitney's family at Cambridge. Saw hosts of beautiful things from all over the world. Went to see Mr. Longfellow who was just like a father to me.



All these letters were congratulating mother on the success of the lovely book. The book has certainly been most handsomely received. All the leading papers have reviewed it in words of praise and appreciation. The New York Tribune had a long three column review written by Dr. Ripley. (no relation) But what gave mother herself more pleasure than all the notices of the press, was the way in which women of all classes and positions clung to her, and thanked her for the help and comfort her written words had been to them. When we went to return her calls, it seemed as tho' they could not let her go, and even comparative strangers would cling to her hand and tell her of their love for her and of the blessing her words had been to them. It was a beautiful sight, and I shall not soon forget the thankful and tender expression with which she received it all. I thought this time that mother was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and certainly she is the dearest and best. Every year seems to add to her beauty, her strength and sweetness of character and her goodness. She has enjoyed the dear children so much. She said over and over again that she did not know any difference between her own and mine. We have had such long talks together over everything, and from her I have always gained strength and comfort and peace. She always makes me feel more contented and happy, is always able to straighten out and make plain any tangled place in my life, to make my duty plain, and brighten the path before me. It seemed to me that I could not let her go, and yet instead of feeling weak and feeble without her, I take up all the duties of life with fresh courage, and a brave and hopeful spirit, and with the memory of her strong brave tender words in my ears, I strive to do and be the best I can. Mother named our place "Riverheight".

Feb. 20th, 1880 - We have had a visit of two weeks from our dear father. He left us last Wednesday morning. Brother Will came home to be here also for the whole visit, which made quite a family reunion. Father was quite sick when he came, but was well again before he left. We enjoyed having him here so much! and the children were very fond of him. Little Joe would coo and put out his hands and laugh when he saw him come in. Fred would walk with him and sit in his lap and listen to stories and talk with him by the hour. He was in the house much of the time with me, but went to the office and factory nearly every day. The two Wills and Father had long talks over the business together. I think father was much pleased with the general look of affairs and think the business is now well established and promises to be a success. Father gave me a present of \$31.50 before he left, which will be a great help to me now in getting myself and the children ready for spring and summer. In looking over my accounts for 1879, I find that the clothes for myself and the children have only cost about \$100. for the year, for which I am very glad. Father has been much interested in the coming Presidential Campaign and had written many editorials and leading articles which have been widely copied and commented on by the press of the country. Father was the first one to suggest Senator Edmonds of Vt. as a candidate for the Presidency, in a letter to the Rutland Herald and Globe. The children have both been sick for several weeks with hard colds and coughs, and I was sorry the baby was not quite himself when father was here. He will not know what a jolly little fellow he is as a rule. Will went to Chicago and elsewhere for ten days just before father came. The dear boy has been working very hard of late, and has been at the office nights more than I like to have him or than is good for him. (Another page of cute sayings omitted)

Feb. 29th, 1880 - Mother writes me in regard to the Ripley family. "Our line is very straight. Hannah Bradford married Joshua Ripley Nov. 28th, 1682. Here are the inscriptions on their grave stones in Windham, Conn. "Here lies peacefully interred the body of Joshua Ripley Esq. one of His Most Worshipful Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Windham. Died" and there the inscription is obliterated, but the town record says May 8th, 1739. "Here lies ~~interred~~ interred the body of that most worthy and virtuous and ingenuous gentlewoman Mrs. Hannah B. Ripley the well beloved consort of Joshua Ripley Esq. who after she had led a most lovely and eventful life fell asleep in Jesus May 28th, 1738 in ye 76th year of her age". She was my fathers great great grandmother. I find that in 1798 a daughter of Gamaliel Ripley, Elizabeth, married John Adams of Andover, Mass. That Gamaliel was a cousin of my grandfather. Mr. H. H. Smith of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, a first cousin of my grandfather Ripley writes "of the family of Hezekiah Huntington, from which we spring on the maternal side, Eunice the eldest daughter married Capt. Ralph Ripley. Second daughter, Sabrina, (My mother) married Miner Smith. Third, Sybil, your ancestor, married Nathaniel Ripley, brother of Ralph, which makes them your great grand parents."



Letter from Rutland, cont. re Longfellow

You would have thought he had personal friends in Appleton with the interest with which he enquired about my life there. He was lovely to mother. Of course he knew her and it was different. I didn't suppose he would say much to me, but he was such a sweet old man. Took us all through his house and showed us everything. Lots to tell you about it when I see you. This morning I am going to Helen M. Knowlton's with Nellie Milliken, who has been her pupil. Here is Mr. Marble's card, and we must go. In haste with love for Will, Your own wife, Zulma

Oct. 3rd, 1878 - Started east with Fred, Will went as far as Detroit with us. Met Will Dorr on his return from Vermont there. Stayed one week at Amsterdam with my old school friend, Helen Bell. Reached Rutland and the Maples Friday Oct. 11th. The latter part of Oct. went with mother to Boston, leaving Fred with his grandfather. Had a delightful time with mother in Boston, boarded at the Parker House. Visited studios and art schools and classes, and met many literary people who were very attentive to my dear mother. Had charming little visits or calls from: Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mr. Henry W. Longfellow, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, Gen. Banks, Mr. Earl Marble, Mr. Milliken, Mr. Charles Adams, Mr. Lathrop who married Hawthorne's daughter, Prof. Whitney and his wife of Harvard, Mrs. Bates, and many others. Of the Boston artists we met: Darius Cobb, Grant, W. F. Landsil, Albert Thompson, Percy the sculptor, Porter, Munzig, French, Mrs. Jenks and Mr. Stone of the Art Museum. We were in Boston two or three weeks, and after our return with little Fred to visit the friends in Chatham and Albany. At Hillsdale we saw dear Uncle Joseph Dorr, for the last time. He died shortly after. He was then upon his sick bed. After a second return to Rutland, I took lessons in crayon drawing from life of Mr. J. N. Marble, who was there for a few weeks. At the same time he made the crayon portraits of father and mother which we value so much. Brother Harry sat for me during his short Christmas vacation, when he was home from Middlebury College. I also painted with Miss Martha J. Wood the head of Vogel's child, which she had copied in Dresden. I returned home Feb. 3rd, Having been gone just four months. Met Will in Cleveland, where he was on business, and remained there with him several days. This is a mere outline of a most delightful and refreshing trip.

Monday, Feb. 10th, 1879 - Fred began to go to school. (omitted page of cute sayings)

Friday, May 23rd, 1879 - Joseph Dorr Steele was born at ten o'clock A.M. at Appleton, Wisconsin. Weighed at birth 11 pounds. (other baby statistics omitted)

Wed. Sept. 17th, 1879 - Twenty eight years old! How the years fly! Will went to Chester duck shooting yesterday, so as I did not want to be alone all day, I invited Mrs. Dickinson and her children to come home from school with Fred and take dinner with us. Then she came over after school to finish her visit as she said. I have had a very pleasant day. My heart has been full of thankfulness when I have looked at that dear little baby Joe, and have thought that a year ago I did not have him in my arms, and have remembered how much I have been brought safely through. The baby is a little sunbeam in the house, and it seems to me that Fred grows more interesting and lovable every day. He is so fond of his little brother and watches over him and cares for him in the tenderest way. When he was brought to my bedside to see the dear baby, I said to him "Fred, I have something for you, something to give you for your own". Then I turned down the bedclothes and showed him the little brother God had sent him. He was perfectly delighted and has claimed him as "my baby" ever since. He kisses him a hundred times a day and is just as lovely with him as can be, with never a thought of jealousy. Today he has said over and over again "Mamma, you must kiss him a great deal today because it is your birthday". He says the baby is the nicest present he ever had because he came right straight from heaven. (Apage of cute sayings omitted)

Will gave me Dr. Rimmer's Elements of Design and Miss Knowlton's Hints to Pupils for a birthday present.

Saturday Oct. 4th, 1879 - My dear mother came for a visit. Will Dorr came Oct. 9th and stayed until Tuesday the 14th. Mother started for home Nov. 10th. We have had such a dear visit with mother. My nearest friends have called on her, and we returned the calls, of course, but aside from that, and a few rides and shopping expeditions, we have been out very little. Mother's book "Friar Anschus, and Other Poems" was published Sept. 17th (My birthday) and all the time during her visit we were watching the papers for reviews, and she was receiving ~~personal~~ letters from personal and literary friends about it. While here she had letters from: Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Whittier, Dr. Holmes, Dr. Holland, R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Slectman, Mr. Churchill of Andover, Mr. Lathrop and many others.

*Stelman*



There were two other daughters, Lydia and Jerusha. William Ripley came from Hingham, Norfolk County, England in 1638, and his grandson Joshua was the one who married Hannah Bradford, a grand-daughter of Gov. Bradford who came over in the Mayflower, and the line is unbroken down to your children, Zulma." (End of J.C.R.D. account)

Monday, May 24th, 1880 - Yesterday was our little Joe's first birthday. As it occurred on Sunday this year, I invited on Saturday afternoon the "babies of '79" here to a little party. Twelve came. (Long description of party omitted)

May 30th, 1880 - Will has gone on a fishing trip with Mr. A. L. Smith, Mr. Gale, Mr. Ed Foster, Mr. Perry Smith and a few others. They are about 100 miles from here on the Osconto river. Left Wed. morning and expected to be gone about a week. They were to camp out and fish for trout. The weather has been delightful, and I hope they are having a good time. I was very glad Will could go as it was a rest and change which he very much needed. He takes very little recreation.

July 10th, 1880 - (Letter from Rutland) My dear Will. As I write you this morning, father, mother, Bessie Peck, Janet Ripley, Fred and Joe and my nurse girl and I went up to Middlebury on Tuesday at two o'clock. Harry and Mr. Goodrich met us at the station and took us to the houses where we were to be entertained. We went to Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich's, and the girls went to Mrs. Beckwith's. Mrs. Goodrich and Mrs. Beckwith and mother have been friends. Mrs. Beckwith was Miss Abby Wainwright and lives now with her mother, Madame Wainwright, ~~is~~ a beautiful old lady with elegant gentle manners, 90 years old. They live in the old Wainwright mansion where Mrs. Beckwith was born, a spacious old house with large grounds, and that air of ancient elegance about it, which one sees only in those old New England homesteads. The house is full of old family portraits and all sorts of quaint and elegant things which have been in use for generations. Mrs. Goodrich, who entertained us, was formerly Miss Julia Beckwith and is a sister in law of Mrs. Beckwith. She is just three days older than mother, and they ~~grew~~ grew up together as children. She has only been married five years and has a very happy tho' rather modest home. Mr. Goodrich lost much of his property a few years ago, so that they do not live as elegantly as their relatives. They have no children and the house was very quiet. They have a lovely side veranda shaded with woodbine and sweet-briar, where Mary sat with the baby and Fred played while we were away. We arrived at Middlebury about four o'clock, and after washing and dressing, we had a number of calls which took up the time until tea was ready. Then after tea, I got the baby ready for bed and we prepared to go to the Parkesian speaking. There are four chosen from the Sophomore and from the Freshman classes to speak for this prize. When it was time to go the baby was crying and I persuaded them to go on without me, and I would come when I could. So after a while the baby went to sleep, and Mr. Goodrich came back for me. All the Commencement Exercises were in the Congregational church. When we reached the church it was packed, and the aisles filled with chairs and benches. Mr. Goodrich worked on the feelings of one of the students, by telling him how far I had come, and he hunted up a chair and found a place in the gallery for me. You can't imagine how hot it was in that crowded building. I thought I should wilt down before the evening was over. The speaking was fine. I sat all alone in my chair, father, Harry, Bessie Peck and Janet being in one part of the church and mother and the Goodriches in another. The next morning on the early train, Will Dorr, Bessie Ripley, Grandmother Ripley, Aunt Agnes and Uncle Charley Parker, Aunt Minnie, Miss Alice Van Doren, Mrs. Rowell and Jamie and several other Rutland people arrived. At ten o'clock we made our way to the church to secure seats. Fred went with us. There were twelve in the graduating class and Harry's poem came about the middle. They were a fine lot of orations and finely delivered, and all the boys were listened to most attentively and greeted with applause and flowers. Harry was determined he would go upon the stage without his cane, and just before he was called he said he had a terrible spasm of pain in his knee, so that he had great difficulty in getting up the stairs upon the stage. I know he had the sympathy of everyone in the church as he painfully limped to his place. You will read his poem, so I need not say much of that, but he spoke it very finely, and was loudly cheered as he finished, and had many handsome flowers. Fred had a little bouquet ~~with which~~ a little card upon which he had written himself "Uncle Harry from Fred" and just before Harry came on I put him out in the aisle where he could go up with it at the proper time. (long description of Fred & flowers omitted) Harry looked very pale and worn, not only from his long suffering with his lame knee, but because he had been up nights with the extra work of Commencement week.



Harry has so many warm friends in Middlebury who could not say enough of how much they should miss him, and it was really touching to see the old men in all stations of life cling to him. We got home about half past two, and after dinner we were invited to go for a drive with another Mrs. Beckwith, Mrs. Smith Beckwith. She took us all around Middlebury which is a beautiful old town. I was never in so beautiful a place for its size. Here I saw the house where mother went to a little private school when she was a very little girl, the seminary where she went as a young lady, the House where Grandmother Ripley was born, and lived and was married. Then we drove out three miles to "Farmingdale" the large old farm house which Grandfather Ripley built after his wife died and he made up his mind to be a farmer. It is a beautiful place, and the little old house where Grandfather and mother boarded while the house was being built, still stands, across from "Farmingdale". Up on the hill a little beyond the house is the house where my great-grandfather, Nathaniel Ripley, died, and the little schoolhouse where mother went to school is still standing. The first time a fire was built in this house, was the night Grandfather was married to my present grandmother, when my mother was six years old. They were married and came directly to the new house. Here Uncle William and Aunt Mary were born, but in six years Grandfather sold to the Seeleys, who still own the place, and it is beautifully kept up, so it looks like a new place. I imagine grandfather with this one little girl as a young man, planning and building this large and handsome house, and mother as a little child, younger than Fred, living in this little house across the way, and watching the carpenters working on the new house which was to be her home, - just as Fred watched our addition this summer. Mother says that after Uncle Edward Warren graduated at Middlebury College, he taught a little while in the little schoolhouse, and she went to school to him. On our way home I saw from a distance the house where Grandfather Ripley was born, and the old cemetery where Sibyl Hontington is buried. That evening we were invited to Madame Wainwright's to tea. Father and Fred came home on the afternoon train after the graduation was over. I could not leave the baby to go to Madame Wainwright's to tea, but mother went. I was sorry, for all the Ripley and Dorr family were there. In the evening we all attended the Commencement concert, given by the Boston musicians, which was fine, but it was too warm in the church to enjoy anything. After the concert there was a reception at the President's, but I could not go on account of leaving the baby so long, and mother was too tired, so we gave it up. We were beautifully serenaded by the students about two o'clock. Early next morning Will Dorr came in a carriage with Bessie Peck, Bessie and Janet R. and Miss Wainwright and invited me to ride. We went up to the College and Harry joined us there and escorted us around the grounds and buildings and took us up to his rooms, which we found were very pleasant, with a magnificent view from every window. While we were in his room, word came from mother that our friends were determined we should stay over another day and drive to Lake Dunmore, that I could take Mary and the baby, and would I stay? I assented, and we soon drove home to make our plans for an early start. We started about half past ten, Mother and I with Mary and Joe, in Mr. Philip Battell's carriage with two fine horses, which he drove himself although he is eighty years old. It is eight miles to the Lake and over the most delightful roads with grand mountain scenery and beautiful farms. I wish you could have been with us. You would have enjoyed it all so much and it would have doubled my pleasure. I never saw such beautiful elms nor so many of them. The rest of our party, as many as thirty, came on in carriages of all sizes, and when we were all together we were a merry party, you may be sure. We had dinner at the Hotel. At one of the little cottages at our disposal, Joe had his usual nap and Mary took care of him. After dinner Will D., Mr. Goodrich, Gov. Stewart and his son and the two Bessies, Janet, Miss Wainwright and I went over across the Lake in row boats to visit a beautiful cascade and gorge which is there. It is much like Clarendon Gorge only on a larger scale, and was very wild and beautiful. The water comes tearing down the sides of the rocky gorge making its own way over and between the rocks and dashing the spray over the evergreen and mossy sides. We drove home about dark taking a different road so as to go by "Farmingdale" again. The next morning mother got a carriage and asked Grandmother Ripley to go with us to the house where her mother Zulma died, and to her grave in Weybridge, a few miles from Middlebury. Bessie Ripley and Janet went with us. First we went to the old house, the farm where Grandfather's father lived, where Grandfather brought his sick wife from Charleston with her little baby girl.



It is a low rambling old farm house. The people who lived there were very glad to show us over the house when Grandmother told who we were. We could touch the ceiling with our fingers, the rooms were so low. We went into the room where she died, and Grandmother told us just where the bed stood, and showed us the little room back of this one where mother, the baby, was taken care of while her mother was so sick, and after her death. We picked some old fashioned flowers which grew by the doorstep, which I shall press, with some from her grave also. Then we went to the village of Weybridge where my ~~great~~ Grandfather attended church, and saw the little church where the funeral, and then passed on to the little grave yard, which tho' old is still well kept and does not look at all neglected or forsaken. The stone is of grey marble and is a handsome one. This is the inscription which I copied: "In memory of Zulma Caroline, wife of William Y. Ripley of Charleston, So. Carolina, and daughter of the late John James Thomas, Jr. Esq. of St. Domingo. Born at Charleston, So. Ca. March 29th, 1801. Died August 2nd, 1826" At the foot there is a simple stone with Z.C.R. on it. I felt as tho' I had been to her funeral as we drove away. I imagined her death in the little low farm house, away at the north so far from all her early friends, where she had come seeking for health. I could see the young man left so soon with his little motherless baby. I joined in the long procession as it wound slowly over the hills, and heard the low whispers as they talked of the Zulma who had died, when she was so young and life seemed so full of Promise. Then as I gathered the flowers from her grave, I wondered if when half a century had rolled away, grandchildren would stand with reverent mien and tearful eyes above my head and gather for my sake the flowers that blossom there. When we reached home we had barely time to pack up our things and get to the train which left at 12:20. The whole trip was most delightful and our friends did everything to make our stay pleasant. I never saw such hospitable people. They seemed so anxious to have us stay, and spared no pains to give us every enjoyment. Everyone fell in love with the children, and they were just as good as two children could possibly be. I had plenty of opportunities to get rid of the baby if I had been inclined to do so! Harry came home Saturday night, having stayed to finish up some business, and Bessie Peck came home today. We had a nice time yesterday all together, and only needed you and Russell and his little family to complete the party. Mr. Johnson preached his farewell sermon yesterday, and sails tomorrow. I have written this letter this way so that it could be pasted into our family journal, and save me some writing when I get home, but I have been so interrupted, and have written in such haste that I should be ashamed to have it read by our children, so you may lay it aside for me to refer to when I have time to write it over again.

Your loving wife, Zulma

Jan. 12th, 1881 - Bryan Ripley Dorr, son of Russell R. and Louise Bryan Dorr was born at St. Paul, Minn.

April, 1881 - A course of art lessons was given by Mrs. C. D. Adrit of Milwaukee, and covered a period of six weeks. She made it her home with us every week, coming Tues. eve and returning Saturday A.M. The course began the middle of April and closed the last week in May, 1881. She is a most lovely woman and it has been a great treat to have her in our family, as also to have the beautiful pictures she brought from week to week, and which we were at liberty to examine at our leisure. The class numbered 30, and was divided into two parts, the largest part of which met here, two evenings in a week. While Mrs. Adrit was here I learned something of the process of etching, and etched several copper plates. I also illustrated for her before her classes in her second lecture.

June 14th, 1881 - I hope our second volume of the family journal will have more of the family and less of me, in it. I hope the pressure of business cares will be lighter and that my dear husband will have more time to devote to recreation and the following out of some of the plans of reading and study and travel which he has been obliged to give up for the last five years. We have had some trials and some anxieties during these years, but they seem very small when compared with the blessings of our children, and our love in our happy home. God grant that it may be long unbroken and that we may make it year by year more of a type of that Better Home where we hope to spend our eternity together. Fred is just getting over the measles and Joe is sick with the disease as I write. Fred was sick nearly two weeks, and his eyes were very weak. We hope Joe is not going to be sick so long. Mother has not been at all well this last spring, so that an intended visit here was given up, and we now hope for a visit from her in Sept. Father has had more or less trouble with his side, but on the whole his health is very good.



Will Dorr has made a short visit at the "Maples", and is now on the road again for the Horse Nail Co. He is away much of the time, but his little visits are eagerly looked for, and we claim him as belonging to our family. Brother Russell is just starting a new business in St. Paul, Minn. and they have all spent the winter there and there baby Bryan was born. They have not given up their pretty home in Burlington yet, and just at present Louise is there with the two children, having a visit from her mother and brother. Brother Harry is New England Editor on the Springfield Republican, having accepted that position May 1st. My dear Will's health is much better than it was five years ago, as he is outgrowing the old enemy, asthma. I have come to the last page of our family journal, and as I look back over its pages, it does not seem to be much of a family journal after all! It is not what I hoped it would be. I had hoped Will would write more in it, of his business, of the politics of our country, and the great events of the world in which we are living, the history of our own times, etc. As I look over the five years of my life which are embraced in these pages, I realize that the greater part of my time has been given to my children and the making of my home what it has been for them and for my husband. What I have written here has been jotted down hastily before I should forget it, and I am almost ashamed to lay this book away to be read by my dear boys when they are men. But it will give them some idea of their child life which they would get in no other way, and so I keep it for them, believing that they will read 'between the lines' all that is lacking. As a family how much we have to be thankful for! No one is missing, and a dear little life has been added to ours and to brother Russell's family, the babies Joe and Bryan. Harry has gone through College since this book was begun, and is now one of the Editors of the Springfield Republican. Otherwise there have been few changes in our family circle.

END OF VOLUME ONE OF THE JOURNAL



## VOLUME TWO OF THE JOURNAL

July 7th, 1881 - Zulma Ripley Steele was born at "Riverheight" appleton, Wis. Thursday at a quarter to six p.m. Weight at birth 7 3/4 pounds. Cut her first tooth March 1st, 1882, Put her in short clothes Easter Sunday April 9th, 1882 Baptized at Congregational Church by Rev. John Dayton Millard March 5th 1882.

Dec. 4th, 1882 - She stands alone, will get up in middle of floor with no assistance.

April 10th 1882 - Fred's school began again today after a two weeks vacation.

Mrs. Dickinson, who has not been able to teach for the last term, returns to her place today. During vacation Fred has been working in the factory, sorting mails from half past nine to twelve every morning. This has been his first regular work and he has been very faithful. He has enjoyed his play in the afternoon all the more for it. He earned 35 cents the first week and 50 cents the second.

June 5th, 1882 at the 'Maples' - I left home with brother Will and the three children Monday morning, May 22nd, arriving here the next evening, which was our dear little Joe's 3rd birthday. There were three bright Chinese lanterns hanging on the piazza to welcome us when we drove up. Russell, Lou and baby Bryan had been visiting us for a couple of weeks, and came on with us as far as Chicago, where Lou was to remain a week or so before coming East for the summer. Russell was to return to St. Paul in a day or two. Will is to sleep at the house and board at Mrs. Dickinson's in our absence. This was the first time I had seen Russell and Louise since they lost their dear little Roy, and the visit was full of sad memories, even tho' it was so pleasant. Russell and Lou never seemed so lovely to me before, and I was constantly reminded of the lines "In sorrow sweetest things will grow, As buds will turn to flowers with rain". So all the sweetness and tenderness of their natures seems to have been brought to light. Joe has not been himself since we came, having been troubled with the asthma. I suppose it was the result of the dust on the journey, and of a cold. His long hair was cut the day after we came. Harry came home Wed. and spent Sunday with us.

Tuesday, June 13th, 1882 - Today mother and Will went down to Boston. Mother is going to attend the Garden Party in honor of the 70th birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is given by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. at the residence of Ex Gov. Claflin at Newtonville, Mass. ten miles from Boston. It will be tomorrow from 3 to 8pm.

Thursday, June 15th, - Mother and Will returned today. The trip was a delightful one in every way. They took a carriage from Boston and drove out to Newtonville. The guests were presented to Mrs. Stowe in the house, after which they took their seats in a large tent on the grounds, where the literary exercises were held. Mother was on the way to the tent with Mrs. Moulton, Rose Terry Cook, Judge and Mrs. Lorange and others, when Mr. J. T. Trowbridge stepped forward, offering mother his arm, and saying "I beg your pardon, but I have Mrs Houghton's orders to conduct Mrs. Dorr to a seat upon the platform", and in spite of her protests, she was obliged to go. The others upon the platform were: Mrs. Stowe (a seat in the centre) Mrs. A.D.T. Whitney, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Miss Charlotte Fiske Berts, and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. There were several gentlemen among the, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Whittier, Henry Ward Beecher and others. The occasion as a whole was very delightful, and mother met many old friends and formed several new acquaintances.

Tuesday Morning, June 27th - We took an early start for Killington. The regular stage came for us at half past seven. There were mother and I and the three children and Norah. Joe had been sick with asthma the night before, and I hesitated about starting with him, but thought the mountain air might help him. Had a pleasant ride up the mountain, Fred, Norah and I walking up the steepest hills. The horses went well, and the driver, Mr. Sanders, was very agreeable and nice with the children, especially with Joe, who needed careful handling. Arrived at the Killington House about two o'clock, and were kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Meyerhoffer, who did everything for our comfort. Put the little children to bed early, and then mother, Fred and I climbed the peak to see the sunset. It was magnificent. Fred had been up before and returned to us full of enthusiasm, crying "Oh, Mamma and Grandma, hurry and come up the peak, and you will see a sight which you will never forget as long as you live!" and it is true. The next morning after breakfast we all started out, Mother and Fred and a little colored boy, just Fred's age, whose mother work at the House, Norah carrying the baby, and I with Joe to ascend the peak. It was a hard task to accomplish as Joe was very fretful & hard to manage on account of asthma which made him sick.



But we finally reached the summit, and little baby Zulma immediately settled herself in Norah's arms for her morning nap. From all we can learn we think she is the youngest child who ever ascended the peak. Fred and Gene and Joe played around on the peak, making a house with stones and mosses, and mother and I sat and drank in the beautiful view extending on all sides. Joe was very fretful, and with it all very funny. As they were playing around there, we heard Joe crying, and found him playing around and jumping up and down, saying "I want a big large place for me!" Poor little speck of humanity, who in all that vast space, wanted more "room for me" How often we are mistaken as to the space we need in this great world. We think the space we fill is much larger than it is. When we came out upon the rocks above the trees and could look off upon the miles and miles of rolling mountains, Joe exclaimed "Oh, see the many mountains", and then suddenly discovering Shrewsbury, which seemed to lie directly under us, he cried "There's a mountain, I found a mountain!" Going up the stone steps leading to the peak there were most beautiful mosses growing on the rocks. (Omitted some cute sayings) We remained on the peak until we heard the noon whistle sounding in Rutland, and then started down again, Fred, Norah and Baby reaching the House while mother and I were still carefully picking our way half way up the peak. Joe seemed completely tired out, and I had great difficulty in getting him down, being obliged to carry him nearly all the way. I think the air was too stimulating for him, as he breathed with great difficulty all the time we were there. We were told that if we ~~remained~~ remained long enough it would pass away, and he would be better. In the afternoon the children demanded most of my time, and we did not attempt to climb the peak again. ~~On~~ Thursday morning Mother and I took Joe and wandered off into a little footpath leading to the left of the House. We found most beautiful mosses and trees covered with lichens and hanging moss. Then after we returned home we found baby had gone to sleep. I left Joe with Norah and took the path running into the woods at the right of the House, and followed on and on until the path was lost and there was nothing but the blazes on the trees to guide me. Here I sat down in the silence of the woods, and wrote to Will, and then returned to the House. Found the stage had arrived bringing me a letter from Will, and we concluded that we had better return home that afternoon. Mrs. Meyerhoffer said she would ride down with us as she had errands in town. As soon as we could pack up after dinner, we left. The ride home was a very hard one, and I don't know what we should have done if Mrs. Meyerhoffer had not been with us to hold the baby. It was all we could do to keep in the stage. The road was so rough and steep, and the horses came so fast. One of them behaved badly, kicking at every hill, and keeping us in constant terror, though perhaps there was no real danger. Be that as it may, it was all we could do to keep on our seats, and we were very tired and lame the next day. The baby slept on the roughest part of the way, and all the time we were gone, was as good a child as could possibly be. Fred enjoyed and appreciated it all. He thought nothing of running to the top of the peak, and twice went up alone to work on a sketch he was ~~was~~ taking. When we reached home found Will D. had gone to New York for a few days, and father was all alone. Will returned this morning, having had good success in his business. It is a rainy Sunday and we did not go to church. This is the anniversary of the day our noble Garfield was shot one year ago. Friday last, the assassin, Lissteau, was hung at Washington. I am glad the horrible chapter is closed at last, and we may now forget it.

The Maples, July 4th, 1882 - So cool today that we have had a fire on the hearth morning and evening. Will D. went to Middlebury on the 7 o'clock train to hear Harry deliver his poem. Returned this evening, Harry comes tomorrow. Fred and Joe amused themselves this morning with fire crackers and torpedoes. This afternoon Father took us all to ride and we went to call on the Halls at their farm home, about three miles north of the village. Found Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Clara very glad to see us. The house is very pretty and picturesque both inside and out, and the view is charming. Mr. Hall was thrown from his carriage a few weeks ago, and had his arm broken. Is still unable to use it. They expect my old friend Etta next week. Miss Searn sent mother today a lovely poem suggested by some sayings of Joe's when he went up Killington. A note from Mrs. A. L. Smith today, saying she, with all her family, passed through town last night, but too late to call.

July 20th - Thursday - Left Rutland on the 5 A. M. train. Russell came with us as far as Chicago where Will met us and brought us home, and our homecoming was very happy.



Sept. 11th, 1882 - Last night Joe had the asthma and his father was holding him in his lap in the parlor, when he began to tease for mamma. Will pointed to my portrait standing on the easel, and said "There's Mamma", "Yes" Joe replied "That's Mamma but she ~~can't~~ don't come off! I want the Mamma that is off". Today we had apple pie for dinner. Joe likes the crust but not the inside of a pie. "I don't like the jelly, I like just the skin," he said. He continually asks for Uncle Will, he seems to miss him so much. Fred is in school again, and is doing nicely. Up to this time he has always had the same teacher, Mrs. Dickinson. The last of Sept. Cousin May Steele of Albany came to visit us and remained about three weeks. We enjoyed it very much. She is a lovely young girl, just as amiable and warm hearted as she can be, and it was a delight to have her in the house.

Monday, Dec. 4th, 1882 - Will has been gone two weeks today on a business trip into Minn. He expected to return the day before Thanksgiving, but caught a severe cold, and was sick several days at St. Paul. He was with Russell and Lou who did everything for his comfort. I invited Mr. and Mrs. Millard, Mrs. Dickinson and the children and Mr. and Mrs. Bassett to dinner on Thanksgiving day. It was a very great disappointment to me that Will did not reach home, but I did the best I could alone, and hope they enjoyed themselves. After dinner we played the Stratford game of characters with the children, and had music and visited until dusk, when the Millards and Bassetts went home. The D's stayed to lunch with us. The children behaved beautifully and Joe and Zulma were made much of by everybody. I tried to give Joe an idea of what the day was, the night before. That morning he came to me carrying his pet kitten, Tom. I said "Tom must have a new ribbon, today because its Thanksgiving." Joe looked at me very gravely and replied solemnly "Oh, Goody, I thank God for that". Zulma stands alone, but does not take a step yet. Fred is much interested in his collection of stamps. It absorbs nearly all his time out of school. I expect Will home Wed or Thurs. of this week.

Jan. 3rd, 1883 - Just before Christmas Father and Mother sent a check for \$500. of which we have used \$300. in paying bills around town. We had a happy and thankful Christmas, and have entered upon the new Year with happy hearts, even tho' burdened with many cares and anxieties as to the future of the business. But we have our little flock unbroken and are all perfectly well. As Aunt Maria says "There is nothing in this world worth being blue about but sickness and sin". The children have never been so well, I think, as they are this winter. Fred is outdoors sliding down hill from morning to night, now that it is vacations, with no overcoat, even tho' the thermometer stands below zero. Joe has had very little asthma, and I believe the dear child will soon outgrow it. Little Zue is perfectly well, and we older people are as well as usual. (Omitted few Childish sayings) Joe seems to show a decided love for music. He sings Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, and many of the Mother Goose songs and parts of my songs and Christmas hymns which he has heard. His little voice is very sweet around the house. He goes to church with us every Sunday, and behaves very nicely, so that it is no trouble to take him. He enjoys leading little sister around by the hand as she is beginning to walk a little, and he is very gentle with her. They disagree sometimes when they want the same playthings, but Lizzie, who took care of Joe as a baby, understands and loves them both so well, that she is a great help to me. Dot Dickinson is spending a week here while her mother is in Chicago on a visit to the Atkinsons. We play Authors and the Stratford game with her and Fred after supper, and they enjoy it very much, in fact we all do. We are about to begin the study of Dr. Holmes in our Literary Club. A letter from Mother tonight in which she speaks of receiving a beautiful letter from him. She had a present of "Herrick" from E. C. Stedman, the poet, at Christmas time. We expected to have Russell, Lou and baby Bryan to spend Christmas with us, but at the last moment Russell was unable to get away, and so we were alone. The house is trimmed with cedarj and the star in the East still turns our thoughts to the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem.

June 10th, 1883 - We have had a very cold spring, and after the birds came we had snow. Joe was greatly disturbed about the birds for fear they would be cold. He is very fond of all kinds of pets, will go up and hug strange dogs in the street, and he is devoted to his cat "Tom", and Tom is equally devoted to Joe. (Omitted baby talk) Fred is doing very well in school. He is the youngest in his room, and at the examination in spelling, this week, stood next to the highest. Out of school he is much interested in learning about birds.



Fred has begun a little book called "Birds of Wisconsin", in which he is writing all he can learn of the birds he sees, and drawing pictures of them. Miss Annie C. Shaw of Chicago is here, visiting her friend and pupil, Mrs. Lester, and is taking a small class out sketching. We go two or three times a week, and are enjoying a rich treat, as she stands high among Landscape painters of the Broed School.

April 30th, 1883 - Nearly a year since I have written this book! How the months fly, and every day is full of sweet things which I would like to remember, and have my ~~skil~~ children remember forever. I have been a very busy woman and have left undone many things it would have been a pleasure to have done. To go back and take a glance over the year. In June our friend Mrs. Dickinson and the two children Dot and Ted left us to spend a year or more with friends in New Mexico at Las Vegas. We went over to see them off before breakfast that lovely June morning, and there has been a place that could not be filled in our little circle of friends here ever since she left us. She is pleasantly situated, and cared for most lovingly by her friends there, and her frequent letters to different ones here have kept us in communication with her. Shortly after this Mother wrote asking if I could come on and bring the children to see them, as she did not feel that she could leave home so soon again after her long absence in Bermuda.

July 5th, 1883 - So this morning we started in company with Miss Warren and the Boyd children, Bertha and Charley, who were in Miss Warren's care as far as Detroit. It was fearfully hot, and the night on the cars was terrible. I could not sleep, but sat up in the edn of the car, going back to our section every few minutes to see how the children were sleeping. We arrived at S8thmectady a pretty tired lot, but there brother Will met us, and helped us on the rest of our journey. Arrived at Rutland, Friday night, July 6th., and the next day was little Zulma's second birthday. Our trunks were delayed, and we were obliged to manage as best we could, with the help of what Mother could give us, until the next night when they came. Oh those lovely days that followed! In the dear old home with our precious father and mother, and brothers Will and Harry who devoted themselves to making us happy. The children were perfectly well, the weather was charming, and Mollie who took care of the little ones was a treasure, and relieved us of all anxiety about them. Mother and I would start out in the morning with our work. I would sketch and she would sit by me and watch me, or read aloud, or work on some pretty embroidery and talk. We kept continually congratulating ourselves upon the free and happy visit we were having, and saying to each other that we had never had so restful a visit together since I was married. But one day Joe was taken sick with what appeared to be a heavy cold. We thought little of it at first, but as he grew rapidly worse, we called a physician, Dr. Flanders, who said he had bronchitis. He had some difficulty of the blood with it, which complicated matters so that he was sick a long time. For six weeks we gave him our constant care, and Dr. Flanders, of whom we all became very fond, was faithfully attentive. The dear little fellow became so thin and pale and hollow eyed that lying asleep in my arms, one would ~~think~~ have thought him dead. Then we sent for Will to come on and help me home with him. I did not dare to start with the three children to take the long journey alone. So he came, and when we were about ready to start for the West, The baby was taken violently ill with dysentery. This delayed us a while longer and then we were all ready to start that afternoon, I was packing our trunk and Fred had gone on Prince to say goodbye to Uncle --- ?, when a little girl came running from the Centre to say that Fred had been thrown from the pony, and carried insensible into Mrs. Hines'. Mrs. Johnson happened to be calling here and I sprang into the carriage and was driven to the house. As we went out of the yard, Prince rushed past us and up to the barn on a run. I found Fred just coming to consciousness. He was not hurt seriously, but the blow on his head had made him insensible for half an hour. We took him home and he lay in a stupor the rest of the day and night. The next afternoon we were all able to start, which we did at last. Spent the night in Albany and arrived home Friday evening, Sept. 14th and found Lizzie and Tilly here with the house all in order for us. I worked very steadily at my painting until after Christmas, and made some good sales about that time. Just before Christmas Russell, Louise and "Bunny" came to spend the holidays with us. We had our Christmas box from Rutland all together, and a Christmas tree for the children. It was a lovely Christmas for us all, and the little ones were so happy. Russell returned to St. Paul a few days after, but Lou and Bunny remained some weeks. I began the portrait of Bunny which I afterward finished, and which they now have.



The last of January they went South to New Orleans, where they remained until the first of March, and have returned home greatly benefited by the trip. Will has made a number of short business trips, being away a week or two or three at a time. Lately he has been much in Chicago, and now he has gone East to the Globe Co. and settle some business difficulties. He spent Sunday last at the Maples and sent me a sprig of arbutus from Pine Hill. Last Fall Harry went to Boston (after a summer rest from his hard work on the Springfield Republican) and has a position on the Boston Herald, where he is well pleased. Will D. has been in Rutland until a few weeks ago, when he went to New York to assist Waldo Clement, in the absence of his father, in the bank at 54 Wall Street.

Sat. Oct. 13th, 1883 - Dr. Flanders died today. So suddenly, just one month from that lovely Sept. day when I said goodbye to our good Doctor, standing in the golden sunshine at the Maples, was he taken away to that land from whence no traveler returns. As mother wrote me "it seemed as tho' he came into our lives just to save the children, and had passed out again like a vision of the night."

April 19th, 1884 - Grandmother Ripley, Mother's step-mother, died after a short illness. She came down from Vergennes with Aunt Agnes, on the Saturday before, to attend the wedding of cousin Will Ripley on Monday evening. Was feeling unusually well until Thursday night, when she was taken suddenly ill and died in only 36 hours. The disease was Heart Disease and she passed peacefully and quietly away at three o'clock in the morning. On Easter Sunday, one week before her death, she sent us a beautiful Easter card, with these words on it "The strife is o'er, the battle done,

The Victory of life is won;

The song of triumph has begun, Alleluia!

The Maples, July 4th, 1884 - On the 3rd of June Will was obliged to come to New York on business again, and about a week before that, I received a telegram from Mother saying "Come yourself with Will and bring the children, I pay expenses." I happened just then to be without a cook, so I immediately made arrangements to close the house and go with him. We left home on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Donkessily and Mabel Smith went as far as Chicago with us. In Chicago, where we were obliged to wait two hours, Mother Steele and Lizzie met us, and Fred and I went with Lizzie to see the wonderful painting "The Battle of Gettysburg". I was very glad to have Fred see it, and enjoyed it myself. Mr. Kingsland of the N.W. Horse Nail Co. joined us and went on to New York with us. We went by the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne R.R. and all enjoyed the scenery along the line of the R.R. especially the Horse Shoe Bend and other noted places. At times the train socked so badly that Fred and Zulma were both seasick. We arrived New York Wed. night, and drove to the Park Avenue House, where brother Will soon came to see us, bringing me lovely flowers from the hot house. The children were delighted to see him. After the children had gone to bed, I went out with brother Will for a walk and a ride on the Elevated R.R., the first time I had seen it. It was only talked of the last time I was in New York. The next morning I took the early train with the children, and saying goodbye to the two Wills, started for Rutland. The children enjoyed the ride following the Hudson river so much. Fred knew enough of history to be interested in the various points of which he had read. We reached here at about half past four, and how lovely and cool and restful were the grand old mountains, as we came from the heated train. How sweet was the welcome home from the dear Grandma, as she gathered the tired and dusty children into her arms! The children have been perfectly well and we have had a lovely restful visit. I have not tried to do anything but rest and visit. I found myself too tired to work, to paint or sketch. We had some beautiful drives. The weather has been delightful and everything has combined to give us a lovely visit. The first Sunday after our arrival, my dear Will spent with us, on his way back to Wisconsin. It was a perfect day, and in the afternoon we went out in the pasture with Joe, to all the old places so dear to us from association. The next day he went home, and Father went to Hudson on business, and was away all the week. Will Dorr came up from N. Y. with Waldo, and with a few others they drove over the mountain to attend Com. at Northfield, fishing on the way home. They were gone four or five days, and after their return stopped here only for a couple of days before going back to New York.



Harry has had two weeks vacation, and is still here. He is so lovely with the children! They are all so fond of him, and he is always devising something new for their pleasure. They are perfectly happy to trot around after him allday, no matter what he is doing.

Sunday, Evening, July 6th, 1884. When Will and Waldo returned from their trip over the mountain, they were so delighted with it, that Will suggested that we should take the children and drive over to Pittsfield and stay a few days. So on Thursday the 26th, we went, Harry driving, Fred sitting with him on the front seat, and then Mother on the seat in the middle with little Joe beside her, and tight hold of her hand most of the time, "taking care of Grandma", then Molly, little Zue and I on the back seat. It was a perfect day, cool and clear, and we were a very happy party. We left about eleven o'clock, and about one o'clock stopped in the woods beyond Mendon to take our lunch. It was beautiful there, by a cool spring, and with deep green woods all about us. The views were magnificent as we ascended higher and higher, and the children were wild with delight. We reached Pittsfield, about 17 miles, at about five o'clock, and were at once made to feel at home by good and cordial Mr. Holt, the Landlord of the Green Mountain House, and given five rooms, where we soon unpacked and settled ourselves. Mr. and Mrs. Holt did everything to make us feel at home. The place is a little bit of a country village, the population of the entire town being 480, as Mr. Holt told us. There are two churches, two stores and the Hotel in the village. Molly and the children wandered all over the village, or played in the pretty park, which is in front of the Hotel and seems the length of the street. The next morning early Harry and Fred went fishing. Fred looked so comical and little in a fishing suit, the perfect reproduction of his Uncle's. They were gone all day and Fred caught his first trout, wading to his waist in the streams all day. Mother and I found ourselves pretty tired after the long drive, and only took a walk about town in the morning, spending some time in the quaint old graveyard, studying out the inscriptions on the stones, and sitting under the trees talking. After supper and the children were in bed, Harry took us for a drive over toward Stockbridge. I began a sketch, in charcoal, from the steps of the Hotel, but it was too late to finish it. The next morning, July 7th, Mr. Holt let us take his horse, Jack, and Mother and I drove over to Stockbridge, returning just at noon. It was a beautiful drive. Fred and Harry were off fishing all day. I made some sketches, wrote to Will, and just before supper took Molly and the children, to drive in another direction where we had not been. I took Mr. Brown, (the very kind but inquisitive Yankee who made me a sketching board for nothing,) a charcoal sketch. Sunday morning, Mother, Fred, Joe, and I went to church with Mr. Holt. The queerest little country church, with old fashioned ways, and Joe and I stayed to Sunday School, and sat with Mr. Holt's class. We listened to Mr. Holt while he reviewed the lessons of the quarter. I enjoyed it very much. His simple earnestness touched me very much. About two o'clock we started for home. Found it very hot and dirty driving, at first, but more pleasant as we entered the woods. We had only one accident, and that proved to be nothing serious, tho' frightening us a good deal at the time. While going up a little hill, some part of the harness gave way, it did not break, but slipped, and one of the hordes began kicking. Harry quieted them, and with great coolness told Mother to get out of the wagon, then told me to do the same and take the children. We all got out safely, and after some time the horse was quieted and the harness replaced, and we went on without further trouble. If the same thing had happened on one of the steep hills, the result might have been very serious. Harry showed great courage and good sense. When we arrived home we found Father on the piazza, as glad to see us as we were to see him, and to be at home again. The children have been perfectly well and the visit has been a lovely one. So much has been done for us that I feel afraid the mere pleasure of having us here, has not paid for it all. It has seemed as tho' Father and Mother could not do enough for us. Tomorrow night we go up to the Bates House, and take the early train for Albany. Harry goes with us. We expect to reach home Thursday night.



July 7th, 1884 - Today dear little Zulma is three years old, my little darling! How sweet she is as she is asleep in her little bed beside me as I write this. This afternoon Mother and I with Father went up town and took her with us. Grandma bought her a pretty new hat to travel home in, and I bought her a new doll. Last Tuesday I took her to the barber and had her hair all cut short. I thought it would be better for the hair, tho' I hated to have the soft baby hair which had never been cut before. Joe was with us, and when he saw the barber begin to cut the long hair, he came up to him with a troubled little face and said "are you going to make a boy of her?" He seemed really afraid he would lose his little sister. God bless my little daughter and may she grow to love me sometime, as I love my dear mother. So shall I be satisfied!

July 21st, 1884 - Just received the terrible news of the death of Ted, Mrs. Rix Dickinson's son, which occurred yesterday in Las Vegas, N.M. He fell over a precipice in the rocks, a distance of over 100 feet, and was instantly killed. The sympathy of the whole town is called out, and everyone feels the deepest sorrow. May God help the widowed mother to bear this second blow.

Nov. 9th, 1884 - When we returned home in July I was without a girl for several weeks, having only Ida, a little girl from the factory, to help me. The last of July Will's Aunt, Mrs. Lavinia S. Kellogg, of New York City, came to make us a visit and remained about a week. She was very kind and pleasant, and we all enjoyed "Auntie Vin" very much. We painted together, she having brought her water colors with her, besides many examples of her work, which gave me much pleasure. She induced me to try water colors, and I bought some colors and experimented with them. I think I shall like it. On the 18th of August, Mother left home for a visit with Russell and Louise, and she went by the Lakes from Buffalo to Duluth, and thence to St. Paul. She remained there until the 10th of Sept. when she came to us. She was to arrive at Neenah at 10:40, and as there was no train here at that time, Will and I took a carriage and drove down the five miles to meet her and bring her here. When we arrived there we learned that there had been heavy rains on that road and the train was two hours late. After some consultation it was decided that I should drive back here, and Will should wait for the train, stay over night at the Hotel and come up on the morning train to Appleton. So I came home, ~~making~~ ~~making~~ a long, quiet, lonely drive, it seemed, after my disappointment. I reached home a little after eleven and found Fred and Bertha expecting us, and soon made ready for bed. I had just gotten into my first sound sleep, when I was awakened by a noise at the door, and as I hastened to learn what it was, I heard Mother's voice outside the door, and there they were! It seemed that the train was not as late as expected, and Mother said she would rather feel that she was at the end of her journey, than to stay there all night. So they took a carriage and drove down. Mother stayed here a little over two weeks, leaving on the 30th of Sept. The days were full of pleasure, and were not long enough for all we wanted to do and say. I invited the ladies of our Literary Club with their husbands, and a few other friends to spend one evening with her. There were 80 invitations. I had asked the members of the Club to bring a quotation from one of the authors we had studied. Also asked Mrs. BeF. Hyde to sing for us, and Mrs. Straus play and Mrs. Reid to give us an original poem. One of the ladies had urged Mother to read one of her poems, and after the other exercises, she did so, giving a few words to the Club, and then following with "A Dream of Songs Missing". Then we had refreshments, and at a late hour the guests departed with many kind words of pleasure and appreciation. Mother had about 50 calls while here, which took much of our time. I began, while she was here a study of her in oil, and had three or four sittings. The children cling to her, and at every meal it had to be decided where she should sit, as both the little ones wanted Grandma to sit by them. Zue was always following her around with a picture book, wanting to sit in her lap and "show pictures". When Mother started to go home, I went with her as far as Milwaukee. We stopped there over night at the Plankinton. Went to the exposition in the evening to see the pictures, and spent several hours in Mr. Heyd's studio, while he gave me some help on the portrait of Mother. The next noon Will came down on the train on his way to Chicago. Mother joined him and they were both whirled away from my sight. After they had gone I went back to the exposition and stayed some time with the pictures, then to Mr. Heyd's studio to pack up my picture, etc. and then took the train home. Arrived in the pouring rain and found three eager, happy, little faces crowding around the door to love and kiss Mamma.



I felt as tho' I had been away from them a year, instead of one night! Since then I have been painting a good deal, and cleaning house, and putting down the new carpet, which my dear Mother gave me, for parlor, hall and stairs. (On my birthday, Sep--. 17th) Have had a visit from of a week from Will's brother, Fred and his wife, Ella, whom I had never seen before. I found her to be very sweet and ~~and~~ lovable, gentle and charming in her manners, and it was a pleasure to have her with us. Fred met her here and took her home. We enjoyed seeing them very much. We painted together, and enjoyed it very much indeed. I must not forget to say that the last of August, I had the fireplace made in the parlor a surprise to Will. He was away and I ~~was~~ engaged the men and had the whole thing done and a fire burning on the hearth when he came. I told him it was his birthday present. I had it finished in ~~der~~ brick, and painted it myself. Mother wrote the lines "Burn little fire, burn warm and bright, And fill the household heart with light." which I painted across the top. There has been the usual church and society work, and I have been very busy. I try to teach the little ones every day. Joe is learning to read and spell, and Zue thinks she is! Fred was anxious to learn something of music, and I am giving him lessons twice a week. He is in school and learning as fast as I care to have him. The two little ones are always together, and one is lost without the other. They are like twins. Zue is very fond of looking at pictures, and I was showing her Fred's "Christ in Art", we came to a picture of Jesus, and she said "That's poor Jesus, He's sick" and noticing the bare feet she added "He's going to soak his feet". (Omitted few more sayings)

When I was putting down the new carpet, I was hurrying very much to get it down, ~~expecting~~ expecting Will and Ella the next day. I suppose I must have looked tired and perhaps worried. Joe came in and sat watching me for a long time, with a little troubled look on his dear little face. At last he said, as tho' he had been thinking it out "You mustn't try to hurry so, Mamma, 'cause you know you can do all the rest of it tomorrow" I felt rebuked by the little five year old, and had to stop my work long enough to hug and kiss the sweet child, and thought I would try and remember always in all the hurry and press of life that I could "do all the rest tomorrow." That same day we found a very large specimen of the walking stick, which had come in the window. Joe was at first afraid of it, but when I told him what it was, he was interested in it, and examined it, asked many questions. He could not realize that it was not a bit of twig, so exactly did it look like one. (Omit Cute Sayings) Will has been away a part of every week for as long as ten weeks. He is now in New York. There are many complications in the business, and much anxiety and hard work with little shown for it. I hope the patient trial of the last few years has not been in vain, but we are very happy people in spite of "hard times". Mother found Father real sick, when she returned home, and he has been and still is a sick man. I feel very anxious about him, tho' he is much better now, and goes to his office every day. Harry is going to resign his position on the Boston Herald, and go to Rutland to stay permanently after Dec. 1st. He is a dear unselfish, noble fellow, and will be the greatest comfort to Father and Mother in their declining years. God bless him! I have been doing some painting in flower designs for Abbott & Co. of Chicago, and am still at work for them. Lizzie, who lived with us so long before she was married last Feb. has a little daughter. The children have hardly had an ill day for six months-- and we feel very thankful.

April 19th, 1885 - I met Russell in Chicago, Nov. 26th, 1884, which was the day before Thanksgiving, and we went on to Rutland together. A delay made it unnecessary to remain over night in Schenectady, so we did not arrive home until Fridaynoon. I cannot write of the days that followed. Our dear Father knew us, and that we had come all that long distance to see him once more. The only question he was able to ask me was about the Children, and who was taking care of them in my absence. We were all there and he was cared for most tenderly and lovingly by his own until the end came. After all was over Will came East, bringing the two younger children with him, and I was able to stay with my sweet sorrowing Mother, until after the holidays were over. Returned the middle of January, 1885 9 (Seneca M. Dorr died Dec. 4th, 1884)

Fred stayed ~~thru~~ a week with Mrs. Colwell, our neighbor, who took care of him as one of her own boys, while his father was away. I have put off for many weeks this entry in our journal. I felt I could not write all that was in my heart, and I did not want to write less. I will let these telegrams and the following notices, speak of all that is in my heart, of what we have lost and what we have gained by having such a Father for so many years.



Harry and Will are both at home with Mother, and are carrying on our Father's business in his office, and taking care of Mother and the place.

July 17th, 1885 - On the 16th of June Fred started for Vermont via the Lakes from Green Bay to Buffalo. He went in company with Mrs. Fuller and her sister, Miss Leonard, Little Hexie and Helen Underwood. Harry met them at Albany and took him home. He is having a delightful visit and is a pleasure to his Grandmother and Uncles. Last Saturday they started for Malone, N. Y. to spend Sunday with Cousin Bessie Pease, and from there to go into the Adirondacks for two weeks. On the next day after Fred left, the 17th of June, I went with Will to St. Paul to visit Russell and Louise. I took the two children, Joe and Zue, and we closed the house. Will had business to do in and around St. Paul, which would take him two or three weeks, so I should have been alone at home. Russell and Louise have a lovely home on Portland Avenue in the pleasantest part of the City, and they did everything to make our visit pleasant. Never had so many beautiful drives in my life in so short a time. We drove everywhere with the horse "Billy". While there Russell started his line of Hansom Cabs, the first in the City and they created quite a sensation. One day we drove to Minneapolis, stopping at the beautiful Minnehaha Falls, and driving through Fort Snelling with its beautiful well kept grounds, and a beautiful view of the river. I spent one day at the Falls sketching, took Joe with me, while Will went on to Minneapolis to do business, joining us on the train home at evening. Bunny is a beautiful little fellow, a perfect picture with his long light hair and blue eyes, and baby Harry is as serene and lovely a baby as ever lived, a perfect little sunbeam in the house. Dr. Seaser has just settled there as pastor of Park Church, and is fast building up a strong church in which Russell and Louise are earnest helpers. On Wednesday before we left, Aunt Maria Newman, Father's sister, came to visit them, and on Friday we took the Steamer St. Paul at 6 o'clock, p.m. and sailed down the river to La Crosse, arriving there Saturday noon. We had a lovely ride on the river, and it seemed like our wedding trip over again. After we put Joe and Zue to bed in the stateroom, Joe in the upper berth, we went out ~~some~~ to sit on deck, leaving them in great glee, laughing and talking back and forth to each other. We went back often to listen at the door and see if all was ~~ni~~ right, and always found them laughing and playing. Finally we found Joe in the lower berth, with Zue, and just getting over a hard cry. It seemed that he had fallen out head first on the floor, and hurt himself quite badly tho' not seriously. Zue had come bravely to the rescue. First she managed to get him up and into her bed and tried to comfort him and then she started out in search of me. The cabin was full of young people, laughing, playing and singing, but out she walked in her little white night gown, and not finding me, she went up to a lady and told her she must come with her "'cause Joe he tumbled out of that high bed and hurt hisself". So the lady took her by the hand and led her back and put her to bed again. Zue said "he dropped his pillow several times before he fell hisself". The way the little sister comforted him and took care of him was touching. We spent the afternoon at La Crosse, going out in a row boat towards evening, and taking the 8 o'clock train for Sparta, where we spent Sunday. I took the morning train for home Monday, leaving Will to attend to some business and return the last of the week. Bertha had the house open, and my friends had made the house beautiful with flowers. It seemed so lovely, so peaceful, so quiet when I came into it, a real haven of rest. My homecoming was very much saddened by finding our dear pastor, Mr. Willard was very ill, with what they fear is brain fever, and he still is in a very dangerous condition. It is particularly hard for Mrs. Willard, with her six weeks old baby. Our friend, Mrs. Dickinson with her daughter Edna, is here from Las Vegas, spending her vacation. I hope to have her with me next week. Little Zue has just passed her 4th birthday, and as she says is fast "growing to be a Mamma". She is a dear little thing, so thoughtful and womanly, and the two children are like twins in all their little games and plans. Had myself and the children weighed today. (Aug. 18th) Self 139 lbs., Joe 43 lbs., Zue 38lbs. Mr. Willard died today July 24th, 1885

March 15th, 1886 - Mother came to visit us the middle of Sept. (1884) and stayed until about the middle of Oct. She took a severe cold soon after she came and was sick nearly all the time she was here, so that we were not able to do much but stay indoors and visit. Will was obliged to be away nearly all the time on business, so that he missed most of the visit. She went from here to St. Paul to visit Russell and Louise, and returned home with Will, who was called to New York on business about the first of Nov.



The first of Sept. I opened a Studio up town, and have taught three days ever since, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. I have had a good class, nearly forty pupils in all, and have missed only two days. Fred has had his first lessons, and has done some very nice work in charcoal drawing from the cast and still life. He works only on Saturday mornings. Joe and Zue have been part of the time to a little school, taught by Miss Ida Wright. Harry came to visit us in the middle of Feb. on his way home from a western business trip, and stayed about ten days. I happened to be sick at the time, and he just devoted himself to me and the children, telling them stories by the hour, and looking after my comfort in every way. Will has been away from home a great deal of the time, which is a trial to us both.

July 4th, 1886 - This day falls on Sunday this year. It is very hot, and as Will offered to teach my Sunday School class of 18 young girls, I have remained at home. Tomorrow we shall do something for the pleasure of the children. Miss Wright gave up her little school in the winter. Later another was organized, taught by two sisters named Bell. It is very near our house and keeps only in the morning. I have kept up my class without interruption, and have done some work myself. Made a crayon portrait of Mr. Willard for his wife, which was very satisfactory to his friends, and a second copy of the old man by Carl Man from the original which Mr. Heyd let me take. Have lately painted some peonies and syringas from nature. Mrs. Haddock spent Commencement week in town and came here to paint several days with me. I take my class out of doors every Saturday when it is pleasant. Russell spent a day with us on his way to New York the first week in June. On the 12th of June he sailed for Liverpool with Louise and Bryan. They left the baby Harry with Mr. and Mrs. Bryan in Philipsburg, N. J. They expect to travel mainly in England, Scotland and Ireland, and will return in Sept. Sister Lou was in very delicate health, and we hope the voyage will do much for her. Mr. Bassett has spent a week here among his old friends, and has been with us a part of the time. Fred has just finished his school year and passed his final examinations. His standing shows that he has not been idle, and that he has the best of teachers. Written Arith. 93%, Word work 87 (highest in the class) U. S. History 89 Civil War 98, Civil Govt. 99 (highest)

July 7th, 1886 - This is my little Zulma's fifth birthday. She is tall for her age and everyone thinks she is six. She is very slight, without being thin, and looks perfectly well, as she has been all her life. She has been a little blessing and comfort to us ever since that day five years ago when our Doctor told me I had "my hearts desire" a little girl. Last night I was out in the yard with Will and the children, and Zue ran up to me saying "Oh your face is so sweet, Mamma, and your mouth is so sweet, and your kisses are so sweet!" I caught her up laughingly and kissed her and said "and my little girl is so sweet when she is good" She gave a mischievous little laugh and answered "and my little Mamma is so sweet when she is good". This afternoon we are going with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harzodd, out to the Lake to take our supper and let the children bathe.

Wednesday, July 14th, 1886 - We have had two long letters from Russell, the first written on the steamer and mailed at Queenstown, Ireland, the second from Cork. Russell and Louise decided to land at Queenstown and make the tour through Ireland, while Agnes Bryan (Lou's sister who accompanied them) and Bunny went on to Liverpool and by rail to London, where they will be joined by R. & L. later. They are having a delightful journey. Last night Will went to Chicago for a short trip, taking Joe with him, to see his Grandma Steele, Aunt Joe and others. It is the first time the little fellow has left me, and the house seems strangely empty and quiet without him. I think I shall have hard work to keep Zue contented until his return. Expect them home Saturday night. Have just had a sweet letter from Mother enclosing a check for \$50. for a "wedding anniversary present" she said. We shall have been married fifteen years next Monday the 19th.

July 19th, 1886 - A cold raw day with a steady rain prevents us from driving to Clifton with the Harwoods as we had intended to do to celebrate the day. But we can be happy at home, for there is sunshine in our hearts. Mrs. Willard has gone to visit Mr. John Willard of Decorah, Ill. She returns here for a short time before going East to her Father and Mother. Rev. John Paville is now our pastor. Joe and Zue are inseparable companions in all they do. Will returned from Chicago with Joe on Saturday. They had a very pleasant time and Joe seems to have enjoyed it very much.

Letters from Russell from the Lakes of Killarney and from Dublin. Went down to the office and walked home with Will. Took Joe and Zue and we were weighed in the factory. W.H.S. 142 1/2, Z De L. S. 128 1/2, Joe 46 1/2, Zue 39 1/2

(FROM THE PRINTED OBITUARY OF SENECA M. DORR 1820 - 1884)

It becomes our sad prerogative to announce the death of one of Vermont's most eminent citizens, Hon. Seneca M. Dorr. Rutland has been called during the present year to mourn the loss of many of its prominent citizens, but none more eminent in the varied walks of professional and civic life. Seneca M. Dorr was born at Chatham Center, N. Y. in 1820. He was the son of Dr. Russell Dorr, who was a famous physician in his day. His ancestors were among the early settlers and foremost citizens of Columbia County. From them he was the inheritor of strong powers of mind and a vigorous constitution. He laid the foundation of his education in the common schools in the vicinity of his nativity, which, as they were, have attached to them memories and associations that touch the heart and bring up sympathies in the mind of many an occupant of places of distinction and honor. In a word they were and are the corner stone of our system of education. He afterward received an academical education. He gained from this course of training the purity, elegance of dictation that oftentimes characterized his writings. There was ever a strong, perspicuous, affluent style in his written and oral productions. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, and practised the profession for some years. On the 22nd of February, 1847, he was united in marriage with Julia Caroline, daughter of Gen. Wm. Y. Ripley of Rutland, who has since become distinguished as a poet and author, and who survives him. Mr. Dorr some years after became a resident of Rutland and associated himself with Mr. Ripley in the marble business. In 1865 he took a lease of the Sutherland Falls Marble property, and thru' his individual efforts, the great industry which has been of such benefit to this community, was developed. After the expiration of this contract, he became associated with his son-in-law, Wm. H. Steele, in the lumber business in Appleton, Wisconsin; and afterward founded the Champion Horse Nail Company. For the past ten years he has been engaged in negotiating western securities in Rutland, and the most conservative and cautious of our business men of wealth have placed funds in his possession for investment. The public life of Mr. Dorr has been one of great usefulness to his fellow citizens and the state of his adoption. In 1863 and 1864 he represented Rutland in the legislature, and in the matters of legislation and occupying a commanding position in the discussions of that body. In 1865 he was a senator from Rutland County and distinguished himself as an able, prudent and practical legislator, and was president pro tempore, presiding with grace and dignity. He was a member of the last council of censors and of the constitutional convention which gave Vermont many of the amendments that have placed her in political progress with her sister Commonwealth. He also served two terms with conspicuous ability as Judge of the Rutland County Court. His last prominent public appearance was as president of the Centennial of the organization of Rutland County, March 4th, 1831. Such was his prominence that he has been frequently mentioned by the press and political friend for Governor of the state. He was originally a democrat and numbered among his friends many of whom have become known in history, Martin Van Buren, and Samuel J. Tilden were among these, and Horace Greeley, whose candidacy for the president he supported in 1872. He was a free-soiler when the issue of Slavery was before the people, and can be recognized as one of the founders of the republican party, and he drafted the famous address of the "Radical one hundred" in the stormy days preceeding the war. As a writer and speaker he has stood in the front rank in the discussion questions of political economy, and has proved himself strong enough to brave public opinion when he believed it to be in the wrong, and knew it to be intollerent and merciless. He possessed a cultivated literary taste. Genial in his temperament, with a fund of agreeable anecdote and a happy manner of relating them, was attractive and interesting, surrounded by many friends. He leaves four children: Zulma, wife of W.H. Steele, Russell Dorr, Harry R. Dorr and William R. Dorr.