

Gideon Lee Knapp and Augusta Murray Spring, his wife

GIDEON LEE KNAPP

AND

AUGUSTA MURRAY SPRING

HIS WIFE

Extracts from Letter & Journal

EDITED BY

ONE OF THEIR GRANDSONS

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INTRODUCTION

To the descendants of Gideon and Augusta Knapp,

My dear Family.

Although very few words actually written by Grandfather Knapp appear in this volume—only the brief, long-ago letters at the very beginning—still throughout the whole of Grandmother's Journal,

which tells a large part of the story, he is so continually in her thought, that the book is really his book as well as hers, and properly bears in its title their united names.

Their married life began, as you know, in 1842, but of only one of the earlier years, the year 1849, does any written record remain. The reason for this fortunate exception was Grandfather's journey by sea to California, in the hope of taking advantage financially of the gold discoveries of '49 on the Pacific coast.

To judge by the newspaper files of that year, little else was talked about in New York besides California and the different ways of making a fortune, if one could only get there. Both the news columns and the advertisements seem to be dominated by this absorbing topic;—letters from California; lectures on California; notices (under the caption, “Ho! for California”), of steamers and sailing vessels bound for the gold-fields; invitations to join this or that party, organizing for the overland journey across the continent. The commodities offered for sale, to which, on one plea or another, the name of 4 California was attached, were many and various, as, for example, to quote from an issue of the “Evening Post,” selected at random, “California saddles,” “Guns, Pistols, etc., for California,” “California Mess Hampers,” “Watches and Jewelry for California” (that is, “suitable for the California market”), “Shoes for California,” “California Filters” (which, says the advertisement, “are all-important to persons going to California, as the water of that country is known to be very impure”). Finally, as a sort of reminder that the wisest preparations might not ensure safety or success, there were the notices of “The Nautilus Life Insurance Company of 63 Wall Street” and similar institutions, by which “the lives of those visiting California” might be insured.

Grandfather took passage in the United States Mail Packet “Panama,” a vessel of 1,087 tons, Lieut. D. D. Porter, U.S.N., Commander. According to the advertisement which appeared in the “New York Herald,” she was to sail for San Francisco on February 15th, “touching at the intermediate ports for fresh provisions.” The charge for a stateroom, such as Grandfather occupied, was \$400 from New York to Panama and \$250 from Panama to San Francisco. In the “forward cabin” quarters were available for a little less than half that price.

As a matter of fact, the vessel's departure was delayed two days. In the "New York Tribune" for February 15th appeared this notice: "Passengers in the steamship Panama will please have their baggage on board to-morrow. The ship will proceed to sea at 10 o'clock Saturday morning." When, on the 17th, the start was indeed made, the vessel carried, besides her crew, twelve officers and some eighty-five or ninety passengers. In the list of the latter, published in the "Tribune" for the next Monday, under the heading "California Emigrants," appear the names of Mr. Truman, mentioned in Grandmother's letter, and "E. Gillender Knapp." Possibly this outlandish appellation represented an anagram on the name "Gideon Lee," which the printer had somewhat confused. But in any case, the person meant was Grandfather, who had now set out to make his fortune.

The most important fact to be added is that he came safely back to his wife and children. The fortune, had he made one, would also have been an important matter, no doubt; but he made no fortune in California. The entire profits of his adventure consisted, it is to be feared, of nothing more than an experience of men and manners and of the perils of the deep, a little gold nugget which one of his descendants now wears as a breastpin, and the letters included in the first part of this volume.

Grandmother, meanwhile, had remained in New York, first with her own father and mother in their home at No. 3 Bond Street, and afterward with Grandfather's parents at "Melbourne," their summer residence on Washington Heights. For her the natural anxieties of the separation were still further aggravated by a peril which threatened to make her own situation almost as hazardous as her husband's. As she read the newspapers from day to day, she had not only to face such unpleasant titles as "Murders and Lynch Law among the Miners," "Shipwreck of Six American Vessels," "Terrible Weather in the Gold Region," but also, beginning in April, to trace the spread of a dreadful cholera epidemic, —now in New Orleans, now in St. Louis, now in Cincinnati, now at various points in the Mississippi valley and along the coast, and finally in New York City itself, where, as summer advanced, it became a very serious matter. On July 17, for example, when one hundred and fifty-eight new cases were reported in the city during the twenty-four hours, the leading editorial of the "Herald," discussing the situation, declared that there was "almost a panic."

But even two weeks earlier than this the condition of the country as a whole had become so alarming, that a national fast day had been recommended by the President. The first Friday in August had been designated for this purpose. All business, it was announced, would be suspended in the various branches of the public service, and citizens generally were urged to abstain from their secular occupations, and in their places of public worship “implore the Almighty, in his own good time, to stay the destroying hand which is now lifted up against us.” The Governor of New York State and the Mayor of the city added proclamations of their own to the same effect; and, according to the next day's report, “the national fast was strictly observed in New York and vicinity.”

It is no exaggeration to say, therefore, that for both the husband on his travels and the wife at home this was a trying and anxious time. But in 1849 Grandfather and Grandmother were both young, and able to endure a good deal of hardship and anxiety. He was twenty-seven, she twenty-six.

Their two children, Kate Louise and Shepherd, were respectively four and two years old.*

A still older child, Catherine Louisa, had died in infancy.

After January, 1850, Grandmother's journal lay unused for nearly a quarter of a century, nor do any letters of those years remain, —years, for the most part, of great happiness. The four other children were born in this period, —“Ned” in 1852, Anna in 1854, “Gid” in 1857, Harry in 1864, —and before it ended, the two oldest children had married and had children of their own. Aunt Kate, Mrs. Benjamin L. de Forest, had a family of three, “Nellie,” “Bennie,” and “Shep;“ while the oldest son, my father, married to Emma Benedict, had had two children, Jessie, who had died at the age of ten months, and a son, still another Shepherd, the writer of this introduction.

The occasion for resuming the journal was the coming of sorrow into this almost unbroken family circle. In August, 1873, Grandmother's father, Dr. Gardiner Spring, for sixty-three years pastor of the Brick Church, died, at the great age of eighty-eight. In March of the following year Grandmother began to keep (not in the book which contained the earlier journal, but evidently in a small diary, now lost) a brief record of the days' events; but in the summer of 1875, when the chief sorrow of her life came to her, —Grandfather's death, —she transcribed these records into the old

journal of 1849 (the place where so long before she had found relief in writing what she would not speak,) and prefaced them with the following entry:

“August, 1875. Nothing has been written in this book since 1850, twenty-five years. So much of joy and sorrow I have seen; the last eight years sorrow upon sorrow. Five beloved ones gone, leaving me without head or counsellor. My dear children are spared, and they are all heart could wish, loving, affectionate, obedient; but —”

The journal, which was continued with more or less regularity till April, 1882, contains many sad pages, recording as it does the thoughts, prayers, questions of a broken heart. Read by itself, it would perhaps convey a false impression to one who did not know, from other sources, the noble cheerfulness of Grandmother's outward life, at the very time when these secret battles against sadness and depression were being fought. It was with a view to guarding against this possibility, that her daughter-in-law, my mother, sat down many years later to write a simple account of that outward life, as she loved to remember it. The opening words of her little memoir may be quoted here.

“My dear Children,” she writes, “Very unexpectedly, as you know, your father found this little journal of Grandmother's, when they sold the Thirty-seventh Street house ten years after Grandmother's death. It was tucked away in an old box, and had been overlooked when her papers were gathered together. Elsie and Shep remember how precious we considered it, and how we wept when we read it. Grandmother never murmured at the rough way she had to walk through life. She locked up all her sad thoughts in her own heart, and outwardly was cheerful. Therefore the insight, which the journal gave, of the state of her mind after Grandfather's death, was very touching to us. Shep remembers Grandmother; Elsie's recollections must be very dim; and Kittie was born two years after her death. I thought in the years to come you children might enjoy knowing more about her, so I shall write down some memories, which I hope may interest you.”

But in the present volume Grandmother is to speak for herself; and perhaps, in their way, her letters, which here interrupt and supplement the journal's narrative, trivial as some of them are, —half of

them letters to the little grandchildren about matters pleasing to boys and girls, —will serve well enough to complete, for those who knew and loved her and for their descendants, the story of her strong, unselfish, and noble life.

SHEPHERD KNAPP.

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Journal of A. S. K. [January, 1849.]

I wonder at times that the command has not gone forth, “Cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground?” As I ask myself, What good have you done? I am without an answer. If I ask, Have you not brought disgrace upon the Saviour you profess to love, oh, it is a bitter self-condemning response that springs to my lips....I am sometimes tempted to throw all up and come out on the world's side, and say I have been a hypocrite. It is terrible to feel so, and I believe it is the Devil that is tempting me to my destruction. I cannot, I will not give up striving and hoping....

Gracious Father, here at the commencement of another year I would give myself to Thee, praying that Thou, with Thy dear Son and Spirit, wouldst accept me, teach me, and guide me; that, if Thou shouldst permit me to live this year, I may grow in grace and come near to Thee; that I may have clearer views of my duties in this world, and make more fitting preparations for the world to come; that Thou wilt teach me to pray and to read my Bible with more clearness and understanding, and that if Thou shouldst call me to die, I may be found *ready* to die, to the honor of Christ.

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Letter from G. L. K. to his children, Kate and Shepherd. STEAMSHIP PANAMA, LAT. 17:18, LONG. 42:40. March 2 nd, 1849.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN,

It is a long time since you have seen your dear Papa, and I suppose you would both be glad to hear from him. He is now on the great big water, and has not seen a house for a man to live in, since he left you. He has not seen a little boy or girl either. Do not you think he is in a strange place?

I hope you have both been good children and give your dear Mama no trouble, as it depends greatly on your good behavior to make her happy while I am away. It will be a long time before you see me again, and you must not forget to love your dear Papa, who loves you so dearly. You must look at his picture, and talk of him every day. Tell Mama that she must tell you stories about me, and then you must recollect them and tell them to me, when I come home.

You must both kiss Mama for me, and Aunt Anna, too, if she is staying with you. But I must end, so good-bye for the present.

YOUR DEAR FATHER.

Sunday evening, March 11 th, 1849.

I now sit down to write you a story of what I have seen during the last week of the sea-god Neptune. On last Wednesday evening, when I and all the passengers 13 of the ship were sitting on the deck, we were hailed by this same old fellow, who came on board and informed us that on the morrow we should cross the line (you must ask Mama to explain what “the line” means), and that he would pay us a visit with his wife and attendants. Well, true enough, next day at half past ten o'clock he came on board with his wife and ten others.

I must now try to describe to you how this old fellow looks, but I think the enclosed drawing will give you some idea. He is a very old man, with a long beard of seaweed, and barnacles all over his legs, and he carries in his hand a trident. (His wife and attendants, —Mama can tell you how they look.)

After this old fellow came on board, all the people that did not treat him well, and either give him cigars or money, he ordered shaved, and he does not shave as easily as Papa does, for his razor

is made of a dull iron hoop, and the lather is black paint; and the poor fellows that were shaved were washed by having three great pailfuls of water thrown in their faces. After all the people were shaved in this way, the old fellow bade the Captain and passengers good-bye, and went over into the sea where he and his family live. Now do not you think this must be a queer old fellow?

There is another strange thing that I see every day, —flying fish, which fly through the air like birds, and then go down into the water and swim.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

There are plenty of oranges here, and Papa is eating them all day. You must tell Mama to buy some for 14 you, and think of me. Kiss Mama for me very often and love me.

Good-bye, dear little children.

FROM YOUR AFFECTIONATE PAPA.*

The letters dated March 2d and 11th, with these few lines written at Rio, are all on the same sheet.

Letter from G. L. K. to A. S. K. [Note on the back.] This was written when off the Straits, and when I expected to go down every minute. I was going to burn it, but have made up my mind to send it. LATITUDE 51:24, LONGITUDE 75:12.

MY DEAR WIFE,

These may be the last few lines that will ever be penned by me. We have now one of the most awful gales ever seen. Should the worst come to the worst, I shall put this into a bottle and throw it into the sea, hoping it may some day or other reach you. Give my love to all my friends; take care of our dear children; and believe that up to the last hour of my existence I love you as you will never be loved again. Farewell, dear Duck, and God grant that we may meet again in heaven.

From your affectionate, but probably lost husband,

GIDEON L. KNAPP.

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Letter from G. L. K. to his children, Kate and Shepherd. May 6 th, 1849.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I have just heard from you through your dear mother, and am glad to learn that you are both well. I suppose you think that your dear Papa has run away, but he has not, and one of these days you will see him again. He loves you now as much as though he was with you, and thinks and prays for you every day. I hope you do the same for him, as he needs your prayers. I am now a great many thousands of miles off, and I hope you will love me just as much as though I were with you. Do not forget me. My dear little Kate, what do you think of Papa? Tell Mama all about it, and let her tell me in her next letter. And you, little Shep, do not be so spunky, but kiss Mother for me. I suppose you are now running about on Grandpa's place,^{*} and that your grandmother is letting you do just about as you please. How are Uncle Shep and Uncle Mell? Give them my love and kiss them for me. I am now trying to make money, so that I can give you both pretty things, when I come home; so you must both be good children.

"Melbourne."

From your dear Papa,

GIDEON L. KNAPP.

Letter from A. S. K. to G. L. K. May 20, 1849.

DEAR GID,

The letter that I wrote last week will be of rather old date, for the Crescent City does not leave as soon as 16 she expected to. I had thought of writing another page and slipping it in, but conclude you will be rather tired of reading such trash. So I will merely put it into another envelope (as I fear they are not strong enough to stand a voyage to California) and reserve this for the Falcon, the ship

that has caused me so much disappointment. I suppose she left about two or three days before you got there, though by your calculations you should have been just in time. It has made me heart-sick. And to think that I have got to wait a whole month: but I suppose I should be satisfied. I begin to fear that we shall not be able to hear from you, as the famous steamers are not able to return. And how under the sun am I to get to you, if I come? As for going round in a sailing vessel, I cannot; for all that we hear from have met with terrible accidents, and I should be frightened out of my wits. If I come by Chagres, I shall probably have to stay at Panama all winter, before I get up; but you must come and meet me there, and then I can get along. Do not imagine that I want to come, for I do not, and think that you will be a real goose to stay, for all the gold in the mines; but if you do stay, I am coming, or else I will get a divorce. You know that they are trying to make a law here, that if a man and his wife are separated two years, they can get a divorce; so if you wish to get rid of me, you know what to do.

We still hear great news of the gold, but I do not believe you will be able to do much with your money. I am crazy to hear what you will say of it, but suppose I shall have to wait till August. Your father talks less and less sanguinely every day, and thinks you will certainly be here in the fall.

May 22. I was interrupted in my writing the other day by some nonsense of the girls, but will try and finish, —though here they come, both, and I fear it will be a difficult thing to steer among their tongues. Your father and mother took tea here last night, and are very well. Your father said he had written you a long letter by the Crescent City, and asked me if I wrote to you to come home. I told him, To be sure: to come the minute you got there. He laughed and said that would not do, but you must wait till late in the fall for fear of sickness; so be careful and do not start too soon. He says he does not imagine you will make any money: but it is notter. They say Jacob Street goes well.*

The firm of "G. L. Knapp and Palen," dealers in hides, etc., was quartered at 10 Jacob Street from 1845.

The summer has at last begun to make its appearance, and everything looks very beautiful. Your father and family go out of town next Monday, and I expect to go on Thursday, where I fear I shall pass a dismal summer. But the fall will repay me for all, will it not, Gid? If by any chance you should not get here, I shall take board for the winter. I know I shall be opposed, but I am

determined, and shall expect you to help me 18 arrange it as I want to. As long as your father's family is as large as it is now, I am not willing to add to it; so do you be sure to write the same.

The boys are the same as ever, interested in their horses and nonsense, —Bill full of fun, and Shep going it rather strong, I fear, but Bill says not. Your own dear children have given themselves good names here. Kate is full of her old-woman sayings, and talks and prays for you every day. Shep grows, talks very well, and is very good. Every ship he sees, or picture of one, he calls “the Panama that Papa went in.” Kate has been teasing me to let her write a letter to you, so I will guide her hand:

MY DEAR PAPA,

I like my picture very much. I am pleased with my letters. I think old Neptune is a great old man. I am living in Bond Street. Grandpapa Spring is gone away to Pittsburg. I am going out of town next week. We have been out to see the place and come back again. I went down in the kitchen with Mammy Kate and made some cakes with pepper on for Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Anna, and one without pepper for little Shep. Come home very soon. I said very good lesson yesterday.

KATE.

DEAR PAPA,

Me good boy, and me give you two kisses. Papa's letter very good. Mama bought me some oranges. Bring me some gold, sixty dollars. SHEP.

Is it not funny to read such nonsense?—and yet the children think they are doing wonders. They will not 19 finish, so I must send you a kiss for them. Shep does not forget you in the least.

There is no news that is of any interest, that you will not find in the papers. I see very little of Bill Marsh. I let him read parts of your letter. And by the bye, I have not scolded you about your

fighting cock. But I am in no mood for scolding, so you will get clear; are you not rejoiced at your good luck?

Do not neglect the least chance of writing, if it is only to say you are well, and even if you have written the day before; for there is every probability that we shall not receive them regularly. And whatever you do, Gid, do not *imagine* even that you can live without me, for you cannot and shall not. I have so many fears that I shall never see you again, that I am positively ashamed of myself. But the cholera is travelling so all over the country, that it will be wonderful if it does not get here. If I should be taken, Gid, I have only two requests to make: do not marry any one that will be unkind to my children, and have them brought up as Christians and Protestants. You will laugh at me, I know, but we have placed many and many a mile between us, and God only knows the result. We have not clung to each other for better for worse, as we ought.

The girls are calling me to look at their dresses, so my ideas are completely upset. How do your shirts hold out? or have you been able to wear my poor calico ones? I hope you have not rated at me, as you put them on. If we live in California, you will have to be satisfied with my work, so be careful and do not abuse 20 me, or I will leave you in the condition of "Dicky-dicky-don't." I hear Mr. McCormick has a fine boy, and is, they say, very proud of it. Good-bye, dear Gid. Take care of yourself for my sake, extra care. Do not be imprudent in any respect. Pray for and love

YOUR AUGUSTA.

Liz turns around and asks me if I have given her love to you. She says she does not wish to be forgotten; that she is neither sick nor in a decline, though the red-headed fellow has gone to Europe.

Journal of A. S .K., continued. [August 3d, 1849.]

To-day is set apart as one of humiliation, fasting, and prayer that God would remove the fearful pestilence that he has sent upon this nation; and most fitting, in my opinion, is it, that we should humble ourselves, not only as a nation, but as individuals....

[Later in August.]

Still no letters from dear Gid.* I cannot help feeling sad and restless. It is a long time to wait.

After his arrival in California. She had, of course, received the letters from Rio, and probably others mailed at the Isthmus.

September 9th.

Gid's letters came the last of August, and if there was anything could pay a poor body for his absence, it is his letters. They are excellent. He does not yet say when he will come home.

September 16th.

A week has passed since I last wrote. I do not seem to succeed very well with my 21 journal, but as I have done writing to Gid (most probably), this poor book may fare better. Still, my busy time is coming on, and I fear I shall neglect it. I do believe it would do me good, if I wrote every day; I should be more true with myself.

I finished Payson's life and was much interested and, I hope, some little improved. I have not read anything lately, and have consequently broken one of my good resolutions. To-day I took hold of Baxter's "Saints' Rest," and intend reading it through. It is some time since I read it. I never shall forget the first time; it first led me to look at religion seriously.

I cannot write or do anything else: Gid perfectly weighs me down. I think of him incessantly, and I fear I shall, till he gets home. Our last letters say he will be here soon. Oh, if we are only spared to meet again.

I have heard two very excellent sermons to-day from Mr. Mann, one on the dying thief, the other a comparison between the broad and the narrow way....

September 18th.

Yesterday passed with the same quietude as usual. Liz came up in the afternoon, and is going to spend a week with me.* Mr. and Mrs. Knapp are going away for a week; I do dislike to have them go. Mother insists I must be housekeeper, which I do not like. Still am I nervous and restless; I suppose it will last now, till Gid gets home. I have read my Bible and some in Baxter this morning. I have not yet learned my verse.

At "Melbourne."

22

October 5th.

I am really ashamed to record the day of the month; it is so long since I have written. My self-examination comes on but poorly. I have got at my sewing again, and I am always in such a hurry that I think I cannot spare time for anything. I am now expecting (and yet not expecting) Gid every day. There is a chance that he may come in this steamer, and I feel nervous enough; I hardly know how to wait. My reading comes on slowly, and I do not see as I accomplish much of anything.

December 8th.

Again I have to acknowledge my remissness in not writing in so long a time, but dear Gid's return has put everything else out of my head, at least for a time. He came home in October, unexpectedly to me, I must acknowledge. Nobody knows my feelings, when I saw his face once again, and I believe I acted rather like a goose. He has returned unchanged, as I can see. I had hoped he would be changed for the better in a religious view, but I do not see as he has now any more serious thoughts than he had. I felt disappointed and, I fear, rather disposed to murmur against God's will, but I know it is wrong. He will perform His work in His own good time, and I must learn to pray on, and more fervently, leaving all to Him.

Gid's delight at getting home caused me great joy. I feared he would be weaned from us all. After a good deal of consultation, we determined to stay out here at "Melbourne" all winter, rather than board. I like it pretty well, though it is rather lonesome.

And now, when I look back and see God's goodness to us, in protecting him and us during [those] eight 23 months, —dear Gid from so many dangers that threatened him by land and sea, and us from the terrible pestilence, —I feel as though, if we did not give to Him all our hearts and devote to Him all our lives, He would consider us the Achans of the camp....

My time has been pretty well employed in fixing the house for winter and in sewing. My work is almost done now, and I *mean* to write more frequently. I look back and read over my resolutions, and find I have broken them all, —self-examination, reading, all are gone; when shall I ever be true to myself?

December 12th.

The week has almost passed, and I often wonder how it goes. I am alone all day, and still I cannot say I am lonesome. I sit with the children, and read a great deal. I should not say I am alone, when I have two such sweet children. Kate, particularly, is a host. I fear I am often impatient, when they interrupt and bother me:—children will.

I was in town yesterday, but did not have a moment, hardly, to talk....I am going in to-morrow for the sake of sitting down quietly and talking of everything. I have read, the last week, Robertson's Scotland and Shirley. Both interested me. I believe I can get interested in almost anything but metaphysics, —from history to a novel, from a novel to a memoir, and so back. Gid lies on the sofa by me, snoring. That was a thing I could hardly realize would ever be again, three months ago.

January 2d, 1850.

The old year has passed, never to return, and the new one has just opened upon us. Let me, in the first place, here record my fervent thanks 24 to God, for His great and abounding mercies to us the past year, and also my wish and desire to serve Him more faithfully in the year which has just opened upon us. We have been down and passed the holiday week with Mrs. Knapp.* I am really glad to get home and be quiet again; it has been a perfect bustle and excitement.

At No. 2 North Washington Square.

[Here follows the long interval of twenty-three years.]

25

Letter from A. S. K. to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shepherd Knapp. BAY SHORE, L.I., August 26 th, 1873.

DEAR EMMA,

I am really ashamed that I have not been to see you, but I have been too heart-broken, and weary, body and mind, to think of any one but Anna. Our loss is nothing to hers. She is so miserable, wan and pale, that my trouble has been double, watching and tending Father,^{*} and watching and fearing for Anna. It has been a great strain upon my nerves, and I am now on the verge of hysterics, if you say Boo.

He died August 18th.

I had hoped to come in on Thursday, stay with you all night, and come back home Friday, but I have got to stay and tend Ned, who was bruised in the cars the other day (as I suppose you have heard). His foot is very much swelled, and his body aches in different spots. I think in two days he may be able to get about, but he has to be bathed all the time, and has kept in bed all day.

As you say in your note, just received, we have both passed through great trials in our short acquaintance. Let me hope that it will draw us closer to each other, and that, if we are permitted to walk on earth together some years yet, the memories of the loved ones we have lost may urge us to greater watchfulness, that when we are called, like them, our armor may be bright, and we may be ready.

But, dear Emma, I fear you and I will have many a fall, as did Christian of old, so we must be ready to pick 26 each other up, and then trudge on in cheerfulness and joy....I fear you will find it hard work to make me keep the rust off my armor, but I will trust you.

I don't suppose you can read or understand my rambling, but if it shows you I love you, I am satisfied.

MOTHER.

Journal of A. S. K., continued. March 13th, 1874.

Bitter cold, windy March day. Went down to 37th Street. * Got home to lunch; found Gid home, — he was going to dine out. Passed the rest of the day sewing, hearing the children's lessons, reading. Her own home was now at No. 128 East 60th Street.

March 16th.

Went to church twice yesterday: in the morning to the Dutch; heard Dr. Hutton, very good; have not heard him in twenty years; in the afternoon to the Brick;...music lovely; they sang "God is a Spirit." Met Gid at 37th Street and walked up. To-day I went to see Mrs. Bonnett about the picture of the old Brick Church: she will let us know to-morrow. Went to Wilmot and Boyden's about getting furniture covered. Came home. Liz came up, ate lunch with me, had a pleasant talk. The two Annas came in. Sewed till dark. Shep came up in the evening.

March 17th.

"St. Patrick's." Windy day. I am going down to 37th Street to help Anna pack. Passed the day with Anna, assorting the books. Gid stayed all day, met the carpenters about fixing the house. I 27 think it will be very nice, and we shall be very happy. Rained all day.

March 18th.

Rained again. Stayed home and sewed. Received a note from Kate, * wanting me to send her some saddler's silk, and cravats for Ben. Does not look as though they were coming home soon. Gid went to the club to see some billiard-playing.

In Florida.

March 19th.

Rain again and warm. Went down to 37th Street and helped Anna fix some of the things. I think she is very miserable. I fear if she stays there much longer, she will be down sick. Went down to get Kate's things. Got home for lunch. Sewed hard the rest of the day...

March 23d.

Found this morning that Harry was covered with a rash. I think it looks like measles. I have kept with him all day; he does not feel much sick. Clear but cold...

March 25th.

Went down town early. Stopped in to see Anna. Went down to Lizzie's, had a nice talk. Went to Stewart's, bought me a black shawl. Got home to lunch. The Doctor came in and said Harry had no measles, so he is up, though he does not look right well.

March 27th.

Rained this morning, so I did not go out. Sewed hard all day on my old black dresses. In the evening Tom Paton came up. Wrote to Kate.

April 3d.

A great deal has happened in the last two or three days. The old home (Father's) has been 28 dismantled,* the auction is over, and Anna, my darling sister, has taken up her abode with us. God grant it may prove a happy home for her. We have been down to the house this morning and are tired to death....

Grandmother and Aunt Anna had brought in the shares of the other children, and planned to live in the house together, when it had been renovated and refurnished.

April 5th.

Sunday. Went to the Brick Church, Anna and I. It was our Communion. It is very hard for me to witness that ceremony, Father is so present in everything. He was so fine, so tender at the table....

April 6th.

Went with Anna and Gid, looking for carpets. Was tired almost to death: did not accomplish much.

April 7th.

Rained. Went with Gid down to 37th Street to superintend the men: all confusion.

[Later in April.]

So much has transpired since I last wrote. My beloved, darling sister has sickened and died: three days' severe illness (pneumonia) and she is at rest, rest, rest, which she so much needed, and longed for. I thought she would gain with us the rest she sought, but God knew better, and took her to his perfect rest. Life seems dreary to me without *her*, but I must take up my cross and travel on, hoping with God's aid that my path will be cheerful and useful to those still around me. I dread looking at the future. The thought of living in that house (where we expected so much together) without her, is dreadful to me. I hope the way will be made clear that we can give it up, and go somewhere else....

29

April 21st.

A clear day. Received a letter from—, one of condolence. I suppose I must answer it. I wish I had not received it. A sweet one from Katie Knapp, which I shall answer with pleasure. Spent all the evening reading Anna's diary. No one knows how sick she felt all the time; so hurried, so tired, so anxious. Now she is at rest....

April 23d.

Rained all day. Gid had to go to Albany about the ferry. He got up from his bed, the gout still in his foot....

April 24th.

Drove down to Emma's. We went to Stewart's to buy clothes for Harry. Walked up as far as 29th Street; met Annie with the carriage. I feel so miserable and low-spirited, I thought the walk would do me good. Gid came home from Albany; nothing decided. I feel anxious....

May 11th.

Pleasant day. It is long since I wrote. Kate got home last Wednesday. Very sad, talking of Anna. Bennie has scarlet fever, and we are in great trouble, they being at a hotel....

May 15th.

Kate is in her own house.* Mrs. P— kindly left a month before she wanted to. Bennie is doing well, and the other children are still free....

No. 18 West 45th Street.

May 18th.

Yesterday a lovely day, Sabbath. Went to the Brick, sad place to me: Gard, Father, dear Anna gone...Walked up with Harry. Shep here to lunch. Went down to sit with Bennie and made Kate take a walk. Gid came for me. We walked up; saw quite a row, police taking a young man off to the station house....

30

June 5th.

Has been lovely weather, warm. Have been a good deal at the house in 37th Street. It is almost finished. To-day I went into Anna's room. The carpet was down; everything was so natural, you expected to see her in her big armchair, sewing; but her place was vacant.

July 5th.

...We have moved into 37th Street and also down to Bay Shore, and all without my dear sister by my side....The Fourth passed very quietly and pleasantly. I think the children had a nice time. I must try and get up my spirits for them....

July 9th.

A very warm day. Have been alone all day and enjoyed it. The boys with Shep out on the bay, Annie up at Kate's, and Gid at Mr. Lorillard's. Shep brings good news from Emma and the baby. They like their place very much, —Madison, N.J....

July 14th.

Rode to Babylon with Ned. Stopped in to look at Mr. Wagstaff's cottage, which he is building for Ben. It is very pretty, though small. I should think they might move in next week. Saw no one all day. Played croquet with the children. In the evening Gid and I studied the stars and watched the comet. It is very bright and the tail is of immense length.

July 15th.

Gid has taken Harry down to the city; his eyes trouble him so much. He came home with blue goggles on his eyes; he felt bad about wearing them.

July 17th.

Have been very quiet. Heard that Kate had moved up. Drove up to see her; was with her all day. The house is very pretty and handsomely furnished. She will move up next Wednesday. Weather warm, but lovely; a fine breeze all the time.

31

July 25th.

All my days pass quietly. Kate is up. I have had the children here a week; dear little things they are, and very good....

July 29th.

Rain all day long. Ella Riley staying with Annie; Harry Brush with Giddie, has been here almost a month. Gid has gone to town. Ned stayed up to watch his dog. I fear it is going to die; I feel sorry for the boy.

August 9th.

Have had pleasant, quiet days since I last wrote. Went on the bay with the children. I feel so anxious to exert a right influence on my children and home-life. I should like home to be a beacon light...I have just finished reading the memoirs of the Hare family. It is very interesting, and some parts are beautiful. Anna and I bought it between us, she the first volume, I the second.

August 16th.

Have been to church: heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Booth; it did me good. I have been sad, thinking of Father; a year ago to-day he was dying. The sermon to-day made me think pleasantly of him; "Calvary" was the theme. He did love to preach of the Cross; it was his great theme. My thoughts are mostly of and with the dead, and the constant longing for my dear sweet sister never ceases. Oh, I want her at every turn. We have been very quiet among ourselves. Grandpa Knapp

here for a week, and several others of the family in to dinner and lunch. The weather has been lovely, and Islip never looked finer....

January, 1875.

Have not written in months. We are settled in our new home, Anna's home, but she is 32 not with us. Every spot is redolent of her, and my heart breaks, when I turn, as I do every minute, and cannot see her sweet face, hear her merry laugh, or receive her kind counsel....Our home is beautiful. Gid has arranged everything with great taste. I ought and mean to be happy, God willing.

April 4th.

Months have passed since I wrote, and another great grief has passed over us....Grandpa Knapp came and passed a fortnight in December with us. He was feeble, and the Doctor told us he had an affection of the heart, and would not probably live long. We had a very pleasant visit, for which I am very thankful. The latter part of February we were sent for....His sickness was slight, he suffered little, and died peacefully after five days' sickness, February 22d. It seems to me we are left without anchor or stay....Poor Gid is heart-broken....After a month's confusion and disorder, the old loved home, "Melbourne," is closed, to be rented....

Kate de Forest came down, when she heard of Grandpa's sickness. She was miserably sick herself; had had a cold for two months. We would not let her go back, sent for her own doctor, Dr. Stone, sent for the children and Rosie, and here they all are yet. She, Kate, is well, but the children have been sick one after the other, Nellie quite sick. I have often thought how Anna would have contrived and fixed for them all, what pains she would have taken. And I think she would have enjoyed it. For myself, I am so glad and thankful they are here. Kate has been a great comfort to me, and the children are so good, that it is 33 a great pleasure. I think it has been good for Gid....

July 21st.

My hand can hardly trace or my pen write the great affliction, the heavy blow, that has fallen upon us. God has so crushed us; our head, our stay, our comfort, director, counsellor, lover, has gone from us. I know not which way to turn. Do Thou, Lord, lead me.

My own dear husband died July 15th, suddenly and unexpectedly. We knew he had a disease from which he would never recover, but we thought he might live years. My own Gid, —he was so patient, so kind, he suffered so much; and I laughing and cheering him all I could, never dreaming, when I kissed him that night, that he would never again return my kiss or press my hand.

He had been sick for about two months, not going out. He was confined to his bed very little; his difficulty was hard breathing. The last two weeks he had been growing weak, took nothing but milk; still the doctors saw no immediate danger. He was sad, very sad, and I think for the last day or two did not think he should get well, gave me advice about the children, spoke of religion, made his peace with God:—yes, I am sure his Redeemer accepted his simple confession and has received him to His glory....

July 27th.

Whither shall I flee, where shall I go for the word of counsel, endearment, protection, and advice. Gid and Anna both gone, and I still alive and well. I have leaned upon them both all my life. I am stunned and bewildered....I never thought he would die so soon. Three days before his death he sat up in bed, very nervous. He said to me that he wished he was a Christian; he felt he had lived wrong. I told him it was not too late; Christ was ready and willing to receive the penitent at any hour. We had long talks. He wanted to see Shepherd, talked with him, asked him to pray with him. The day before he died, when I kissed him for good morning, he said, “Duck, I have made up my mind to leave all to Christ; my only hope is in Him. I will rest and be at peace. I am not afraid.”

All day he was quiet and slept a great deal. At night...he laughed and talked with the doctor....He turned on his side for sleep. I kissed him for good night, telling him to be sure and sleep well, as I was very sleepy. He smiled, made a face at me, and I lay down to sleep by his side. I woke once

or twice, felt his face to see if he perspired too much, and slept on. At three o'clock I woke, and found him breathing heavily, called Ned to get some milk, tried to rouse him, but could not. He never woke again; and I am left to spend the remainder of my days without him who has been my companion all my life.

August 15th.

One month since my dear husband died, my Gid, my life-long friend. Strive as I will, I can but say it is hard. Oh, why, why must it be? I am wrong; He does all things well. My faith may be faint, but I *know* all is right. Oh, if I could only have strength given me to live right, to lead these children right, that all, without one missing, we might meet at the marriage supper of the Lamb. I feel lost. How to begin this new life, entirely new, no Gid, no one to lean on, and I so miserably weak, without determination. 35 How can I direct these children? One word from Gid, and all would be settled....

August 16th.

I took a little cottage at Islip to please Giddie and to be near Kate. She has a little baby,^{*} born the day after Gid's death. It is a little bit of a house, but I think we can be comfortable for two months. I feel to-day that I did wrong to come here, but the children were so anxious for me to have a change. Of course we had had a trying summer, and why should we not be broken down? Was it not a *dear* service? For myself, I care little; I must look out for my children, Anna and Harry in particular. Poor Harry said yesterday (he had been out shooting with Giddie, and shot his first bird), "How Papa would have praised me, and made a time. I have no one now."

Grandmother's namesake, "Duckie."

August 19th.

...Have felt miserably sick all day. Wanted to go home, but the children would not hear of it. If not better in the morning, will have the doctor. Ned has been in the city for two days: I miss him very much.

August 20th.

Pleasant. Feel better. Tom Paton and Harry Brush here. Ned stayed up. They have been shooting all day; they killed a great many birds. No Gid to talk with them about sport. How he entered into all such things, and gave his boys advice, and enjoyed their success. He thought Giddie a wonderful shot for his age....

August 24th.

My days pass the same; I go over and see Kate, and the last two days have been to walk 36 with the children. I feel a good deal better and more cheerful, but I think I am heartless and hateful if I feel a happy emotion. But that is not right. I am praying to God to make me do right, to be happy and cheerful for my children....Ella has come up to stay a couple of days with Annie. She is such a nice girl.

August 25th.

A lovely quiet day. Walked over early and sat with Kate awhile. Shep and Emma ("little Em," as Gid called her) and their little one are coming up to stay with Kate a few days. I shall have all my children around me....

August 29th.

A quiet Sunday yesterday. The children went to church. Read to Harry, "The Pillar of Fire." Pleasant talks of Gid. Went over to Kate's; found her sick with headache, Emma with the asthma. Shep and his family went back to Madison this morning. Their little boy is a sweet little fellow. I can hear Gid say, "I should like to live to see that little boy grow up." How mad, how mad I was, not to see and feel he was dying; but if I had, what would have become of me? God was kind and hid it from me, and I was enabled to take care of him cheerfully to the last....

September 2d.

Went with the children for berries this morning. Got *very* warm and tired. I think I hear Gid laughing at me for being such a “chuckle-head” (one of his favorite expressions). A lovely day; how he would have enjoyed this south breeze.

September 3d.

My birthday. Fifty-three years have I been on this earth. I have had many blessings, but oh, so much grief; my heart feels weary.... 37 The children and grandchildren all gave me some little token of love. I am surrounded yet with loving hearts. Thank God, though he has taken my own husband, he has left me so many to love and live for.

September 4th.

...Walked over to Kate's. Baby grows nicely. Kate not looking as well. Talked with Ben about next winter; think they will stay with us. I do not understand myself. The last few days have been almost happy, thinking all the time of dear Gid, cheerfully expecting him, arranging for him, talking to him. I do not understand my mind. Thankfully I receive all pleasant thoughts....

September 12th.

Our arrangements are made, and Kate and her family are to live with us. I think it will be a good thing for me and Kate. I hope the other children like it. Shep, I fear, is disappointed, as he expected to come home. Of course, I would rather have Kate on several accounts. I hope it will be a profitable winter for us all....

October 2d.

Have been home some days. I was going to say my old home, but no, I have no old home; everything is new, my life, all, must be new. I have nothing left of the past but memories, such pleasant, loving memories. My life *has* been blessed with love, warm, earnest love of so many. Shall I murmur and rebel? God has taken the darlings of my life (for I cannot have many years to

live now) but he has left me young, loving hearts to carry me on. I *will trust* to the end. Oh, I want to live right, for my Saviour, my children, and myself.

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...I have fixed and cleaned every room; worked hard to keep from thinking....Giddie has entered the Medical School. He feels interested, I think. I am pretty sure that he will like the profession. Harry has commenced his school and Latin.

October 10th.

Kate and her family moved in a few days ago. I have been very busy fixing them, and I hope all are comfortable. The little baby has improved a great deal. Kate is not very strong. I think we shall have great comfort in each other....I have sewed all day, the first sewing I have done in some time. Emma came in with little Shep. Kate and Annie both ailing. Harry in a good deal of trouble about his lessons; dear Gid would have been so much exercised about him. How he did love that boy.

October 13th.

...The children in a great state of excitement. The Seventh Regiment have a grand parade to-day; I hear the trumpets and drums all the afternoon. How Gid did like to see soldiers; he never missed a parade, and was always so full of excitement, when he came home. Nellie and Bennie have commenced school to-day, Bennie's first experience. They go to Susie's,^{*} and seem to like it very much. They are dear good children, and the baby is lovely; I think it very smart. Mrs. George de Forest and family have arrived from Europe to-day; Kate has gone up to their house to receive them. My little baby has been very good....

Grandmother's niece, Susan B. Spring, whose school for girls and very little boys was at 121 East 36th Street.

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October 25th.

A lovely day. Drove out with Annie to the Park. Walked a good deal; it was very pleasant. We gathered leaves. Came home and sewed, took care of the baby, read to the children, heard them

their lessons. Shep and Emma came over in the evening,^{*} and so another day has passed, —without my Gid, dreary and lone. How I miss and long to hear his familiar call, “Duck, come here quick.”... They were boarding that winter across the way at No. 17 East 37th Street.

October 29th.

It has been a day of excitement and fatigue to me. The three remaining brothers, with my boys, and two lawyers, were here all the morning, to settle about the ferry....

November 4th.

Kate has rented her house in 45th Street, and we have been busy and anxious to get it ready. Everything makes me so troubled and cross. I want so much to hear the old familiar voice, “I will not have it,” “It must be so; Mrs. Knapp, I will have things so,” the old call of, “Duck, throw me a handkerchief,” “Duck, I want you.” Shall I never hear it on earth again? Oh, I am so homesick for my loved ones. I am having pictures painted of Gid for each of the children. They are finished; Shep says they are so good.

November 7th.

A very pleasant Sabbath. Have been to church twice; heard Dr. Adams in the morning, Dr. Shedd in the afternoon. Was disappointed in both. I presume my mind was not in the right state to listen with profit; indeed, it is very hard to command my 40 thoughts in that dear old church. So many thoughts and memories will come rushing to my mind, —all, all my childhood's loved ones gone, —and unless the sermon is very good, I find I am busy in thoughts of the past....

November 13th.

We are all well. Kate's boys give us plenty of occupation. They are very interesting children, full of spirit, and want a little stronger hand than hers to control them. Ben is away a good deal. Indeed,

we all miss Gid's authority and dignity as head. A very pleasant Sabbath evening, talking, —Shep, Emma, Kate, and I. My children are very good and kind; I should be so thankful....

November 27th.

Ella Riley came to-day to visit Annie. I should like to have her make a long visit, if I could arrange it....

Christmas Day.

...I could not stand the bustle and excitement of to-day among them all, so I have retired to my room alone, to spend it with my Gid, —but it can only be in memory. And the memory of last Christmas with him is so pleasant. Kate and her family were here. How he entered into the fun for the children, was as gay and lively as could be. No, no, I could not face it to-day, all their joy and excitement (which I wish them to have) and no Grandpa....I have been reading over my notes to Kate during May, June, and July....I kept all the time cheating myself, saying he was better, when in truth I knew he was not. . . .

I have passed the last month in bustle and confusion, getting things ready for the children's Christmas. 41 For my own children, I have given them their father's picture, nicely framed. I think they are fine, and am so thankful I could do it. As Kate had one, I gave her a small head for her locket. I know they are all delighted. Kate and I have been busy for her children, and I hear their merry voices. I hope they will have a happy day....*

Her daughter-in-law, in the memoir referred to in the introduction, has described the other side of this same day: —“The first Christmas after Grandfather's death was the most touching one I ever remember, but not until we read Grandmother's journal did we know what she did that long, sad day....She wished to impress on her children that for a time at least life could not be the same with the father gone; and although she had prepared her gifts for each of us, she begged ‘just for this Christmas’ to be allowed to spend the day by herself. At about six o'clock she came downstairs, looking so tired, old, and sad, but her face was turned to each of us with a smile of affection, while we clustered about her chair, offering her our little presents, which she received with so much gratitude.”

December 28th.

A dull rainy day....In the evening Shep and Emma came over. Read aloud "The Court of France."
Of course the boys cut up all the time. Shepherd is a good deal like his father.

December 30th.

...Went over to see Emma this afternoon. A month ago Shep exchanged the piano Grandma left him, for an organ. He played on it for me this afternoon. He plays sweetly, and I think in time will be a fine performer....

April 17th, 1876.

Yesterday our little baby was christened by Dr. Shedd. Kate named her after me. She is a dear sweet baby, and I hope, if God spares her 42 life and mine, I may be able to help Kate shape her life for heaven....

May 27th.

The last three weeks have been taken up in preparing our summer wardrobe, and lately taking care of the children, who have the whooping cough, all four, even the little pet lamb, Duckie. Bennie is very ill indeed. Bronchitis has set in and he suffers dreadfully. Poor Kate has her hands full.

June 2d.

Kate and her little ones have left me for Islip. The doctor was anxious they should change the air, and they have gone. We have had a pleasant winter, and though at times I have felt it was too much for me, I am persuaded it has done me good and kept me from depression. I am thankful we could so arrange it, to be together. Kate is a dear daughter and [a great] comfort to me, and though I know I have been cross and full of fault-finding to her children, she has never said a word; and they are sweet children, smart and entertaining, —a little wild and unruly, it seems to me, but I am not as young as I was....

June 23d.

Here we are down on the South Side....We have taken one of Mrs. Edwin Johnson's cottages in the lane. Kate has the one next, and we are all very comfortable and happy. Lovely weather; all well. Shep and Emma have gone to Madison to spend the summer. Emma cannot stand the salt air. I am very sorry; it would be so nice, if all could be together.

The Fourth of July.

How distinctly all the incidents of the last Fourth come to my mind. Gid sat by the window all day, making his funny remarks. By afternoon he got very nervous, and made us send to 43 some little boys in the back lot, and ask them to stop firing their pistols. He was very quiet and still all the evening. Only Ned and Shep were home. Only a year: the time seems long and sometimes very weary....

August 12th.

Shep and his little family have been here for a week. I think he enjoyed it. Emma does not seem well to me, though she says she is. Their little boy is very interesting....

October 9th.

Again have I changed my home from country to city....I have been very busy and very tired moving. Ned has been so kind and thoughtful; I have had no trouble. I grieve to leave Kate, and dread the winter without her; but I do not see as it could be otherwise and do right to all. I am so weary sometimes; no one to tell me the right. Shep and Emma, with their little one, are coming to spend the winter. I am glad....

December 19th.

We have been busy the last week, getting ready for Christmas. I have decided to give the children a tree, —to put the presents on a tree, rather than at table; it will please them so much. Would Gid

like it? Will he think I am forgetting him? No, my heart is heavy enough with my loss. I want the children to be happy.

We have been quite excited in the arrival of our new minister, Mr. Bevan, and family from England. I am sorry and mortified that he is a foreigner, but if he will build up the church, is a good minister, I am content....

October 1st, 1877.

The summer has passed, pleasantly, full of mercies, and we are back again to our city 44 home....All are now at their occupations, Giddie busy at college, Harry at his school, Annie taking her mission and Sunday work; Shep and Emma are with us, Kate in her own house; and all, I trust, ready to do their duty with stout hearts....

Letter to Miss L. E. Riley. NEW YORK, October, 1877.

DEAR ELLA,

I have read your note to Annie, and fearing she will be lazy about answering it, I will relieve your mind about my oldest treasure. She is doing well, all right to a marvel....She has a fine boy^{*} with good lungs.

Layton.

And now about yourself. Annie and I miss our true friend daily, and we both are anxious to have such a rarity in our keeping. Will you come and spend a month or two with us, quietly, to sew, read, jaunt about, hear good music, good sermons, and enjoy the best society of our great metropolis, —to be found at No. 6 East 37th Street? I have for your birthday present a seat for the symphony rehearsals, so come as soon as you choose. I am afraid you will lose the first, but need you the second?...

With kind regards to your father and mother, I remain, dear Ella,

Your sincere friend,

A. S. KNAPP.

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The Journal, continued.

December, 1877.

Christmas has passed, and they all had a fine time. I myself had been, and was, miserably sick, but all went nicely, the little children happy, and my own dear ones pleased, kind, and loving. Gid was not forgotten, I know, in all our hearts; he had a large place. We talk of him constantly....

March, 1878.

Our winter has passed. It has scarcely been winter, so mild, little snow or ice. I think it has been the mildest winter ever known in this latitude. All have been well; some slight colds. Giddie has been my great anxiety, preparing for his examinations in college.* He has passed, received his diploma, and is a doctor. Our thoughts all go to his father, *his* joy and excitement. How he would have talked and planned. He would have been so proud. Giddie appears very well, studies hard, and I think, will succeed. He is anxious now to get into one of the hospitals....

At the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

April.

We have had anxious times about Giddie. He did not get into the Roosevelt Hospital. Though he passed a very good examination, and was tied with Hall, the professors concluded, as Hall was the older, he ought to get the place. Dr. Draper kindly came to see me the next morning, to compliment and praise Giddie, and thought there would be an opening in the New York Hospital, and that Gid had better try for that, which he did, succeeded, and has the place; is settled now in the hospital, has to live there altogether. I feel sorry to lose him so soon, but have nothing to say. 46 He is in the way

of duty, is well, happy, interested in his work. I must leave him in God's hands, and I have faith that He will lead right. We miss him very much: it is hard to lose one of our small circle....

May 11th.

Have had a very pleasant Sabbath. Two excellent sermons from Dr. Bevan. Giddie came unexpectedly to dinner and tea, which added to the pleasure of the day. All are well but Kate, and little Duckie, too, has the measles.

June 10th.

We are quite deserted now, all gone for the summer vacation, our house so large and desolate. Ned, Annie, Harry, and I, form our family. Shep and his little family have gone to Madison, Kate and her tribe of little ones to Bay Shore, where we have taken a cottage together, to board at Mr. Rogers'. I hope all will go well. I feel badly to leave Giddie, but he cannot live at home, is very happy where he is, and must begin his life's work. Harry needs two or three years more of country air and freedom for a couple of months. So I have decided to keep to our old manner of spending the summer, on the South Side, Gid's favorite place....

Letter to her Grandson, Shepherd Knapp. BAY SHORE, L.I., July 17, 1878.

DEAR SHEPPIE,

I was so surprised and delighted at receiving your first letter. I can hardly believe you wrote it, though I know you did. I think it must have taken you a great while to do it. I carry it in my pocket, and every now and then Shep or Ben says, "Grandma, do show me 47 Sheppie's cunning letter." They roll up their eyes and say, "Golly, don't you think he is smart." And indeed, I do. Tell Mama I see clearly that you will be a second Macaulay.

Little Duckie is very cunning and sometimes naughty. She hates to wear her brown linen aprons, calls them nasty and horrid, and has a fight about it every day. She runs to me and asks if Sheppie Knapp ever wore such horrid things, and when I tell her, yes, she heaves a great sigh, and puts her

apron on. She plays in an arbor back of the house, and makes mud-pies. I wish you were here to play with her. The little boys have a boat, and row about, and catch crabs. They go in bathing very often. Duckie went once, but she did not like it.

Good-bye, dear Sheppie. I am going to take great care of your letter, and put it away with one of your papa's, that he wrote when he was a little boy. Give my love and a kiss to Mama. Tell her I shall write to her soon. From your loving

GRANDMA.

Letter to Miss L. E. Riley. No. 6 EAST 37TH STREET, Spring of 1879.

DEAR ELLA,

My dear child, what will you do? Do you think it right to stay there, and face the music any longer? * What would your father say? My anxiety to have you 48 stay has made me selfish. What would become of all, if you go, I cannot say. Can you not imagine you are a missionary in Timbuctoo?—for I am sure, if you do take care of the children, your “crown” will sparkle with fresh jewels, and I can really hear the words, “Well done, good and faithful servant.” You are certainly on missionary ground now. I feel, Ella, that I cannot say enough to express my love and admiration for you. We have loved you dearly, but now our debt to you is mountain-high. I hope, with God's good pleasure, we shall be able to enjoy life's happiness, as we have shared its sorrows.

In 45th Street, with the de Forest children, whose mother was sick at Grandmother's, and who themselves came down with scarlet fever.

I am petrified with dismay, and know not what I write. I only want you to know, that we all love you, all think of you, all thank you, for being such a friend in need; and Em and I will pray hard for you (but they will have to be Presbyterian prayers).

Be sure and go out every day.

Your loving friend,

A. S. K.

The Journal, continued.

July, 1879.

A year since I last wrote. It seems incredible that I could have left my book so long. And such an eventful year, changes and distress. Ned, my own dear loving son, married and gone. I was anxious he should marry, and used to urge him to find a nice girl, but I did not realize I should lose him so completely. But it is better for him, and I am glad, though I miss him dreadfully. He married Miss Maggie Lawrence, a young lady we all knew (Gid knew her), and I think he has made a wise choice. They have 49 gone to housekeeping at Bay Shore, and are very happy. I should be content.

Giddie is still at the hospital, and doing finely. He will be at liberty in the fall. My poor Kate was very ill in the winter, and since her recovery, has made her home with me....We are passing the summer at Milford, Penn., a lovely place, all mountains and streams. I am delighted, only I miss my boys so much. I have grown very old, in body and mind, this last winter; Gid would indeed call me an "old woman."

[After this the Journal lay unused until its last entry in 1882.]

Letter to Miss L. E. Riley. No. 6 EAST 37TH STREET, Spring of 1880.

DEAR ELLA,

You are a duck and a darling! and I will take back all the bad things I have been saying about you. The sight of the apple blossoms condemned me for all my uncharitableness....

Is the Rectory furnished yet, and are you still in a state of adoration about the alligators or griffins? —I don't know what it is proper to call them. We are all well. You must not think anything of my nonsense. I must tease you a little.

Yours with great love,

A. S. K.

Letter to the same. No. 6 EAST 37TH STREET, June 16 th, 1880.

DEAR ELLA,

Your letter was received last week. I was glad to hear from you, and such good accounts of everything. 50 Of course you are all pretty well exhausted by this time, for moving is a terrible ordeal for female strength; I will not speak of temper and spirits. You fortunately have not the Knapp excitability, that is, you don't stop every five minutes and *argue* the point. I think by this time I may congratulate you upon being settled in your new home. How earnestly I hope it may prove a bright happy one, I need not say. It will be nonsense to hope you will have no trouble. It will come, Ella; old home or new, rich or poor, sorrow and trouble will force their way. Let me hope and pray for you and yours that every day you are perfecting the lesson of trust in the Master, quietly and happily doing His will. You see I cannot entirely shake off my clerical belongings, and must sermonize a little. I will close with a lastly, —“Remember Jeshurun.”*

Deuteronomy, 32:15.

All my family have dispersed. Kate left Monday with the last victims of the mumps, —as yet. She found, when she reached Milford, that Elsie was very sick with it. Kate's two little ones have escaped so far, but I expect to hear every day that they are down with it. Harry and I intend following them on Saturday. Gid will be left here alone, so that any time, if you feel like having a quiet flirtation with a nice fellow, remember 6 East 37th Street; or if at any time you are overwhelmed with the griffins, organ, choir boys, square pews, poms, and vanities, come down to us humdrum people on 37th Street, and take a free, old-fashioned breath.

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God help you, dear Ella. We all think and talk of you with loving hearts. Let us hear from you once in a while.... Excuse all my follies, and remember in your heart and prayers

Your friend

A. S. K.

Letter to her grandson, Shepherd Knapp. MILFORD, PENN., September 5 th, 1880.

DEAR SHEPPIE,

Your birthday present to me took me by surprise. To think you would work so hard for me this warm summer weather. I have put it away very carefully. You must give Elsie an extra kiss from me for her present, and tell Mama the plate is beautiful and shall be hung on my wall.

I do want to know if you have grown as tall as your photograph represents you. I think such a *long* boy ought to have a scarf-pin, so I send you a bijou from Milford. Tell your mother it belonged to the Silurian age.

It has been very warm again for two days. I hope you are careful what you eat. Beware of green apples and pears, for this is bad weather for little children. We have to watch Miss Duckie pretty sharply; you know she is a witch. Good-bye, dear Sheppie....

Your loving

GRANDMA

Letter to Miss L. E. Riley. NEW YORK, January, 1881.

DEAR ELLA,

We stretched our necks in vain, looking for you last Thursday. I was much afraid you would not be able to 52 come in; it was such a terrible day. I nearly gave it up, but Kate and Anna insisted so strongly, that we took a carriage and went down, at—I say—the risk of our necks. But I was well repaid for my frights. It was indeed a splendid concert; I was delighted....

Duckie stands at my elbow with Hans Christian Andersen, coaxing me to read to her, so I shall have to close. We are all pretty well; the children all at work. The industrial wheel has commenced turning. Remember me to all your family, and believe me your sincere friend

A. S. K.

Letter to the same. NEW YORK, April 16 th, 1881.

DEAR ELLA,

Your lovely Easter cards and note were received this morning. What a girl you are; never forget any one. And your things always come in time, whereas ours are always a day after the fair. But you know we are only Presbyterians, and must be excused. I send you a pailful of eggs, emblematical of my love and your Christian graces *progressing*, and also a crowing cock—a purely Presbyterian cock, as you see—crowing like mad....

With lots of love, your friend

A. S. K.

The Last Entry in the Journal.

April 20th, 1882.

One year ago to-day my dearest treasure, my Kate, died. Indeed I need God's help now; the way is so dark and dreary.

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Letter to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., August 22 d, 1881.

DEAR EMMA,

Don't be frightened when you receive a large box. It does not contain a baby, only some things for the He or She. The most artistic part of the contents of the box is from Ella. The real useful, homespun-looking things are, as you can well imagine, the work of my fairy fingers. I have knit, knit, knit "from dawn to dewy eve," trying my best to get them done and in your possession in time, as they are only fit to be used as *receivers*.

Sheppie is very happy and no trouble. He thinks the surf "perfectly magnificent;" went in on Saturday quite bravely, so they tell me (I did not go down). So don't worry about him.

I need not say, my dear daughter, how much I think of you. Indeed I feel that you will have to be my main dependence. Whom have I now, of womanly nature, to go to, but Emma? So be strong and valiant, ready to help me, bear with me, and counsel me. You have, you see, great works before you, a new young soul to train, and an old one to help on to the end....

MOTHER.

Letter to her grandson, Shepherd Knapp. (NEW YORK, Fall of 1881),

DEAR SHEPPIE,

I send you your little chair, or rather your father's. The piece of work [for the covering] was worked by Aunt Kate, so I thought you would like it better than anything else. Hoping you are better, and will be able to eat your Thanksgiving dinner with me, I remain your loving

GRANDMA.

Letter to her son, Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., August 15 th, 1882.

DEAR SHEP,

As Gid goes home to-morrow morning, I thought I would send you a few lines. We have been very quiet since you were here, and all well; no more broken arms or toes. The boys and Mr. Woodhouse

have gone this morning to Shinnecock Inlet for birds, but it is so dry, I do not think they will find many. Rain, rain, —how we do want it. The dust is so thick that you are choked, driving to the beach.

When I read that paragraph from the paper you sent me, I really hung my head in shame for the—family, —all gone “horrid.” I was afraid that I had done likewise, but did not know it (as I suppose they do not), so I have made up my mind that Harry may bang his head and make an ass of himself, Gid may be lazy and not come to his meals, Ned may buy horses and be extravagant, and—well, what do you do that is a torment? God bless you, dear boy, I believe you bite your nails. So I mean to say nothing, and be thankful.

I hope Nell is no trouble to you in any way. I thought, if you could, you might come up for a day or two, while she was with Emma. Lots of love to all.

MOTHER.

55

Letter to her grandson, Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., July 17 th, 1883.

DEAR SHEPPIE,

...I am so glad you all like the place so much, and I do not see how you can help it for it is certainly beautiful.* Rowing around all those islands must be delightful, if you are not afraid. I think I should be too great a coward to enjoy it.

Lake Mahopac.

It is very pleasant here, and Duckie has plenty of children to play with. Yesterday, you know, was her birthday, and she invited in all the little girls, twelve, to take tea with her in the orchard. I had a cake made for her, and put eight roses on it instead of candles; made her some mottoes, some lemonade, some cookies, crackers, and bread and butter. They crowned her with a green wreath, and then started for a good play. They had a fine time and all seemed to be content.

Tell Mama I never received her letter until last Friday. It was directed so badly, that it had been to all the Hamptons before I got it. I was so glad there was some one besides myself who made mistakes. Give my best love to Papa and all. With much love

GRANDMA.

Letter to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., July 18 th, 1883.

DEAR EMMA,

I wrote to Sheppie yesterday. I thought his letter should be answered right away. My head was quite up in the air, as I received no letter from you. "Well, 56 well," I said, "even Emma has been carried away by the pomps and vanities. She has forgotten me." I was afraid it was a second case of Naomi and Orpah.

I can well imagine what a state of excitement you are in, between dresses and keeping your hair in order. What *do you* do with your hair? Here we have such high winds, that every identical hair is off on its own hook.

We have some very nice people here, but I am so stupid, I have very little to do with any one. Among them is a Professor—, of Columbia, a young man who speaks and writes fourteen different languages. The women make all kinds of fun of him, Ella at the head. What nonsense we all laugh at.—Here come the boys to read Motley, and I must stop.

(After dinner.) I received a nice letter from Shep last night. He seems to be so pleased with his family and their surroundings. He says he thinks the right thing has been accomplished for you all.

How do your dresses hold out? I do not feel that I have anything to wear. The ladies here (most of them) have such pretty dresses, nothing showy, but such exquisite white and muslin dresses, such embroideries, and all fit like gloves. I am glad I have not a dressy daughter; I should be wild.

Gid came up Sunday and stayed over Monday. He is looking very well, and was in first-rate spirits. Give my love to Elsie. I wish I could take a row with her. Dear little thing, how cunning she must be. Write soon and tell me the gossip and what you do daily.

Your loving MOTHER.

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Letter to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., July 26 th, 1883.

DEAR EMMA,

....I am not surprised at the gaieties at your place, for even here they get up something every two weeks. We had children's tableaux last week. I mean to write Elsie about them. I like to have things lively around; I can always go to my room, if I get tired.

I have not read a great deal, no history but Motley to the boys. They come in every day before dinner, and I read aloud about three-quarters of an hour. We have finished the first volume. I did not think we should need more than two, so only took two from you. I hope Shep can find the rest, if I want it.

My days pass, I think, a good deal as yours do. I sit in the parlor, talking, about half an hour after breakfast, then generally walk or drive to the beach. Get back about twelve; read to the boys till dinner; after dinner chat awhile, then go to my room, sew and read until four, lie down half an hour, dress, read till tea, and the evening passes on the piazza, games and conversation till bed-time. So each day passes, with very little variety, but very pleasantly. I have not been driving any yet, as I thought I must study economy a little this summer.

Gid has been up and passed Sunday and Monday with me twice. It is so pleasant to see some of my boys. He told me of the dinner he gave, and I was very glad he did it well. I expected to hear some of them were sick....

With much love, MOTHER.

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Letter to her son, Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., July 30 th, 1883.

DEAR SHEP,

...All goes on well here. The children are very good and happy. Ned came down with the boys and took dinner and tea with me Sunday. When are you coming? You know I like to show my boys to every one. I think a day or two here would give your stomach a tone, and Emma can spare you very well this summer, as she is surrounded by her own people.

I shall pay Mr. Howell a draft to-day. Ned says there is no news in the adjustment of things, and that the ferry is doing well. I find I am a little superstitious about our suit. If we were so strongly in the right, why did not the Lord let us win it? Perhaps he means to take away the little we have (we have grown too easy and indolent); so I find I am trying to draw in my luxuries, or in other words, growing mean (a fine way of reading God's ways, is it not?). What a goose I am to write all this, but once in a while I must display my shortcomings to you. With much love to all

MOTHER.

Letter to her granddaughter, Elsie Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., August 6 th, 1883.

DEAR ELSIE,

You do not know how pleased I was to get such a nice letter from you, telling me all you do. I should like to take a walk to Sunset Hill, and to see you row. I am afraid I am too great a coward to get into a boat myself. How did you like being Cinderella, and did you have glass slippers, and who was the Prince? We 59 had some children's tableaux. "Rock-a-bye Baby" was one. A little girl, in a long baby's dress was in Duckie's hammock, hanging from trees. Duckie sat at the side, dressed

as a country mother, rocking the baby. Then the tree broke, and Duckie's grief was very well done. Good-bye, my darling. Grandma thinks a great deal of you all. Give my love to Mama. Your loving
GRANDMA.

Letter to her son, Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., August 15 th, 1883.

DEAR SHEP,

It strikes me I did not get my weekly letter from you. Now please, in your wonderful gaities at the Lake, and dissipations in New York, don't forget me. I look forward every Tuesday to receiving a letter from you, and am attacked with a fit of the blues, if you fail me.

What do you think of the boys going off? I think it nonsense and ruinous. How they can afford it, I cannot see. But I said nothing (excepting a few sly digs).

Feeling that everybody could spend money but me, I invited the next day thirty of the house to a clambake. To-morrow afternoon it is to come off; vapor ale, chickens, and clams. Whether the family will be ruined by it remains to be proved. There, you see, is one result of the Western trip. What I may do next I do not know.

I see by the papers that there is some trouble in Wall Street, and a heavy failure. I hope it will not trouble you. Please write me how you are in mind and body. Gid said he was to have another small dinner. I hope you eschewed the festive lobster. I received a letter 60 from Emma. I am so sorry to hear of the asthma troubling her. The weather is so cold that I hardly wonder she suffers. It is trying to find that there is no place where she is free.

We are all well excepting Layton. He has sick turns every other week. Tell Emma Gid made me put both the children in summer underdrawers. I had to send to the city for them. Their little legs and bodies are not very well protected, and they will sit on the sand and grass, and I suppose Gid is right.

Enclosed you will find the Holy Family. Please attend to its wants.

Yours with much love

MOTHER.

Letter to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., August 28 th, 1883.

DEAR EMMA,

I wish, my dear daughter, I could find some alleviation for your distress of body and mind. The physical distress adds to the mental grief, without doubt.

The longing for your dear little boy is so natural; at every turn we want our loved ones who have gone before; our life seems unhinged without them.* But, Emma, it is only for a time. God has afflicted us for a wise purpose. He has still some work for us *here* for *Him*, and if we indulge in grief and despondency, we are unfitted for that work. Your work and mine is plainly (to me) our homes. You know, dear heart, what a broken and piecemeal heart I have now. At times I feel as though all, all had gone; and then I seem to hear a voice directing me to look at my noble boys that are left me, and I have an exaltation of feeling, a courage and cheerfulness that help me on.

Kenneth died October 9th, 1882.

And you, with your husband and lovely children, how much you have to *battle* for. You must see to it that your work for God and them here is not swallowed up in depressing grief for your little sheltered one. Think, he is safe in the Everlasting Arms, nothing can soil the whiteness of his wings. But those left you, —think how much care and watchfulness they need from their mother. God has given you such a field of earnest cheerful work for Him.

God will one day ask us for the jewels he lent us. I fear, if we indulge in melancholy, our jewels will be far from bright. Ah, these poor bodies, —when they are touched, our courage and hope grow dim, but if we *can* rise above suffering, how full of beauty and faith it is.

My sermon is ended, dear Emma, and I fear I have done you no good. I see you are depressed, and I should like to lift the burden a little, if I could. You know that all I write I write in love.

I did enjoy Shep's visit so much. With love to all, I remain your loving

MOTHER.

Letter to her granddaughter, Elsie Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., September 4 th, 1883.

MY DEAR LITTLE ELSIE,

I must write you a few lines of thanks for remembering Grandma on her birthday. Of all my gifts (and 62 I had six) I think yours is of the most value. You are a very little girl to do such a nice piece of work. I intend to put my ball of knitting cotton in it to-night and wear it on my arm.

We had a very funny Mother Goose party the other night. Duckie was the old woman with “her petticoats cut all round about,” Miss Riley was Old Mother Hubbard, Uncle Harry was “the man all tattered and torn,” and Nellie, Little Bopeep. They had great fun.

Tell Mama I shall write to her to-morrow, but I had to thank you first.

From your loving

GRANDMOTHER.

Letter to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shepherd Knapp. WESTHAMPTON, L.I., September 4 th, 1883.

DEAR EMMA,

My birthday gift from you was handed me yesterday. My thanks are deep and long. It is a beautiful piece of work, and I am afraid taxed your eyes too much. I have put it in my trunk, reserving it to decorate my room at home.

Little Elsie's bag I have carried on my arm, and of course have been assailed with all sorts of questions as to my additional splendor of attire; and the exclamations of surprise and wonder, when informed that it was the work of a child four years old, were really boisterous. I told the truth, did I not?

I have been crabbing all the morning, and find I feel quite stiff. It is real cold here, and I fear you may be feeling the change. Do wrap up like fifty grannies, 63 send vanity to the winds, and perhaps you will escape the terrible asthma....

I have nearly finished the third volume of Motley with the boys. Do you not think they have done well? If they don't come in and read every day, they forfeit two cents of their allowance. Ben has missed twice. I am reading, with Ella, Stanley's "Ancient Church;" rather dry to me. It gives Constantine too good a character for me even, and you, you sly one, never told me, I am sure, that Stanley upsets your and Kate's theory completely:—do you remember? Good-bye and good night.

MOTHER.

Letter to her granddaughter, Elsie Knapp. ISLE OF WIGHT, L.I., June 24 th, 1884.

DEAR ELSIE,

Just as I came out from dinner to-night, your letter was handed me, and I was delighted. Uncle Giddie read it for me, and he laughed about the tadpoles. He and Grandma thought you were a pretty smart little girl to write such a nice letter....

Duckie and Layton have very nice times playing by the water. The tides rises and falls. Half the time it is sand with little pools of water; and then they take their net, put on their boots, and go out in the little pools after fish and crabs. Then the tide comes in, and it is all splendid water with boats on it and people going in bathing. Uncle Giddie, Aunt Annie, Nellie, and the children put on their bathing dresses in the house, and run down to the shore, take a bath, and run up and 64 dress home. There are very pleasant woods near, where Miss Riley and I walked this morning, and gathered roses and honeysuckle....

Good night, my dear little girl. Give lots of love to Papa and Mama, and with lots of kisses for yourself

From GRANDMA.

Letter to her grandson, Shepherd Knapp. ISLE OF WIGHT, L.I., August 14 th, 1884.

DEAR SHEPPIE,

If you could see your father down here, I think you would laugh. He dresses in Uncle Gid's rough clothes, and goes shooting and boating, and has a real good time. This morning he went to the outer beach shooting, and came home very much burned. When he went out again in the afternoon, I proposed that he should powder his face to save his complexion; so Nellie powdered both him and Uncle Gid, and they marched off to the boat, with their slouch hats, guns, and bags, and their white faces, amid peals of laughter.

So you have a pony, wagon, and saddle. Oh, that I were a boy again; I would come and have one drive. You and Elsie must have fine times. Be sure and be careful. Remember the Good Book says, "A horse is a vain thing for safety," so keep your eye on the horse's ears and a good hold on the rein, and I think you will be quite a horseman.

Give my best love and a kiss to Elsie. Ask her, What about the canary bird and cage? Tell Mama I will write her next week.

With much love GRANDMA.

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Letter to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shepherd Knapp. ISLE OF WIGHT, L.I., September 3 d, 1884.

DEAR EMMA,

I do not know that I can spend a portion of my birthday better than in writing to you, to thank you for your kind remembrance, and to try to pour out to you my thanks for all the dear love I am surrounded with. You know, Emma, I am a woman of few words, but I must tell you how dear you all are, how precious to me the feeling that I can rely on your love, no matter how old I get, and, I believe, how crotchety, —you will cover all with the mantle of love. God bless you, and keep your heart full of sympathy and love to all.

Sometimes, when I get low-spirited and rebellious against “the way the Lord has led me,” I seem to feel a hand laid over my mouth, to stop the bitter words, and the love of my dear boys (and am I not blessed in them?) and *Gid's little Em* sends a flood of peace and content, and I feel ashamed and humbled at my complaining thoughts....

My little cape is lovely. I saw one here this summer, and if I had had the worsted, I should have made myself one. I have it on now, and the children's lovely earrings....

Now, my dear daughter, I must say good-bye. If the love and thanks of an old woman can cheer you, you know you have both from your loving

MOTHER.

66

Letter to her son, Shepherd Knapp. NO. 6 EAST 37TH STREET, January 23 d, 1885.

DEAR SHEP,

I know of no better way of spending a birthday evening than listening to good music. It is vulgar, I know, to send money, but I fear, if I get the ticket, you may not be able to go. When you go, think of me.

I can say again and again, "Thank God for giving me such a son." May you enjoy long life, and sweet music to the end.

With much love MOTHER.

AUTUMN IN MEMORY OF A. S. K. 1822-1885

O Pilgrim with the silver-crownèd head, Whose eyes have learned a tenderer smile through tears, Whose lips have gathered strength from conquered years, To-day the green of all our world has fled Before the touch of frost. Summer is sped. But gloriously the Autumn forest rears Her flaming funeral pyre; the blaze appears On every hillside, flashing gold and red. "Age is but Death's precursor," we are told; "Seeds of decay beneath its reverence lurk, And wait their triumph but a little space." I grasp a deeper truth, when I behold God's Spirit glorying in his finished work Upon these Autumn hills, and in thy face. S. K. 1895.