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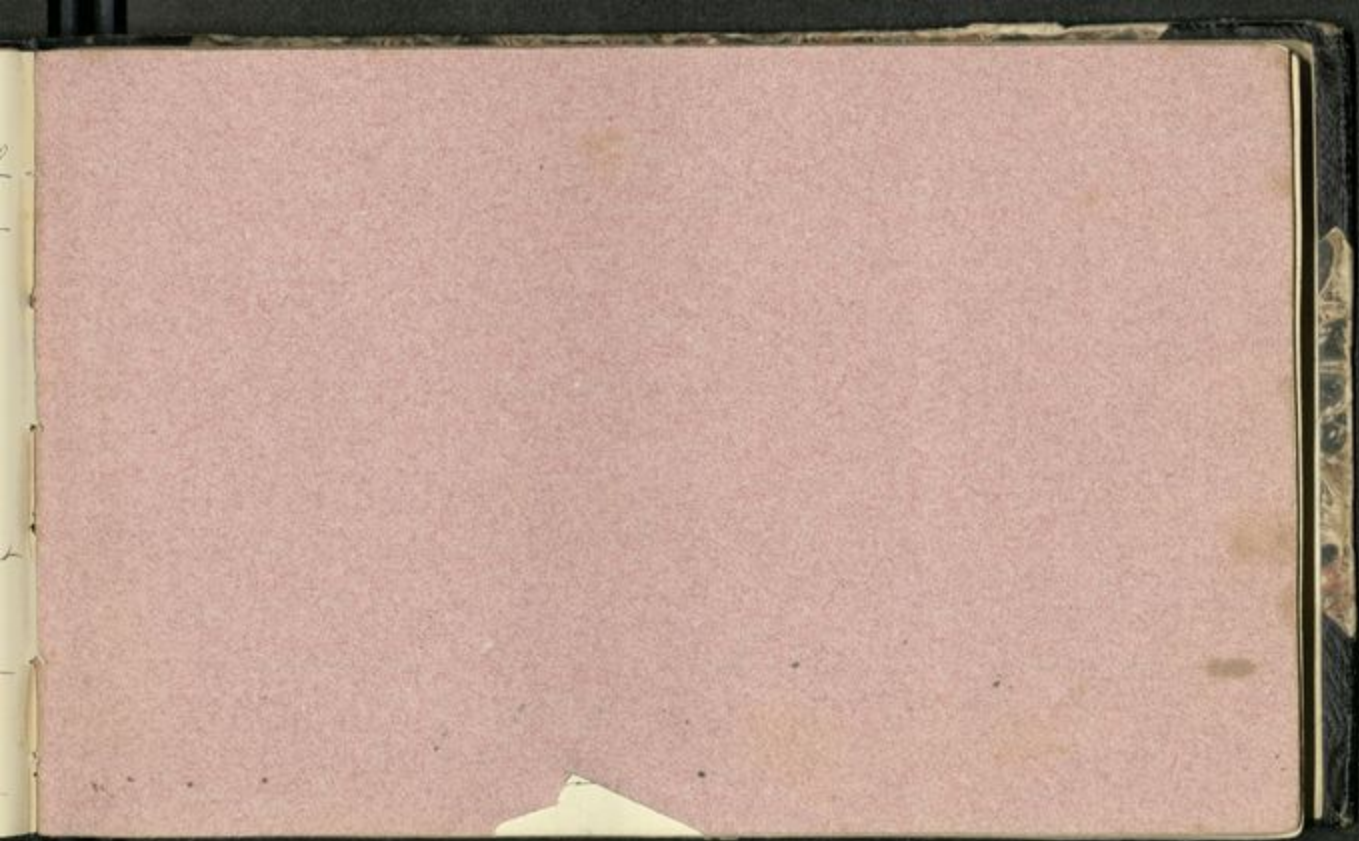


My Journal.

Walsingham
& Co.

Friday 20th February 1857. The carriage bought I almost
dread. I hardly know whether I shall like it or not. I think I
shall after a while. It takes me always a long time to forget old
associations and form new ones. I surely learn to like it. It
is a nice place. In summer I think it will be very beautiful
I live in hope. I do not think I could be content to remain
here always but for a few years I can like it. My earnest prayer
is I may be enabled to do faithfully my duty while I do remain.
I feel I can do much to lessen my father's cares. Much
to influence encourage and restrain my brothers. O! that I
could supply to them the place of elder sister & Mother.
Please God I will try. None especially is Newton. incl. my

Caro. He is a dear affectionate little fellow, very fond of me
but excessively careless and easily influenced. He needs careful
constant training. But how incompetent I am to give it him—
yet I feel I can do much for him. O! how much grace &
wisdom I must Father of Mercies! give me, teach me, make
me faithful, earnest and devoted. Saturday Feb 21st I
have been very busy to-day, I have been for a week without a
girl. I get on pretty well, better than I expected, yet I shall not
be sorry when I have less to do. There is on an average about
seven men. They are with one or two exceptions a wild, noisy,
half civilized set; fair specimens I dare say of Walsingham
They are quiet in my presence. I have not seen many
of the people about here yet. Yesterday an old maid called





She gave me to understand this was an awful place
the people told such terrible lies. They had reported she
was married and she lifted her hands in perfect horror.

The other morning a tall green looking fellow came in
without ceremony. "Well Kosa I have got a pint to the huss
somewhere" was his salutation. I could hardly suppress my
risibilities. I do not know how he knew my name, but
doubtless I have been the subject of conversation for some time.
This Walsingham is a strange place I hardly know
sometimes whether to laugh or cry but I generally laugh.
I must cease scribbling for the present for my household
duties claim my attention.

March 5th Sunday night. It is two weeks

since I have written a word in my journal. I have been
careless and did not feel like writing. I have been busy
too attending to the thousand and one things attendant upon
housekeeping. I feel more deeply since I have had than I
could before the loss of my Mother. There is hardly an hour
during the day, but the thought "I've got no Mother now," comes
over me with a feeling so sad and desolate; I feel sometimes
as if I was alone, all alone. But I should not say that for my
Father and Brothers are very kind, and I love them very, very
dearly. God has dealt very bountifully with me, in giving me so
many dear, kind, friends. "Father of Mercies," make me more
grateful for the rich blessings I enjoy. We have been this evening
to a noisy, crowded, Methodist meeting. The house was very small





and so exceedingly crowded, they seemed to think their God
was asleep, or gone on journey that they must needs make a
great noise to excite his attention. I do not believe in so
much noise. Paul says "let everything be done decently and
in order." I thought of Elijah; when and in the rushing wind
was in the sound of many waters; but in the "still small voice"
he heard God speak. Yet I would fain believe there were
many sincere, devoted hearts earnestly seeking to know what
they should do, and desirous of the favour of the "High and Holy
One." But yet I fear there were many too acting from the exciting
impulse of the moment; like the seed that was cast on a rock
and when it sprang up without, for it lacked moisture, he went
about four miles over the wildest road I ever saw, I really

enjoyed my ride. The moon and stars shed my bright
causing the majestic pines to cast such mystic sombre shadows.
The unbroken stillness, save by the carriage wheels and an
occasional remark from some one of our party. O! there
is so much wild, solemn grandeur, in this dim deep
forest. I have often felt weary and solitary in crowds but
never in the forest. I passionately love valleys whether the
green plain, lofty mountain, gentle rivulet or foaming
cataract, all alike are beautiful. The birds timing their
sweet songs, the soft breeze whispering among the trees, every
plant and leaf seems to have a voice and they all unite
in one harmonious song of praise to the 'Great Giver' of
our good and perfect gifts.

Tuesday March 15th. I have just returned from
holding office to my Sister's husband. Tomorrow he starts
to visit a home in the "far west" and in a few weeks, my
dear, and only, Sister will follow him, leaving her home
and kindred all for love of him. I shall be very lonely when
she is gone. They are young and hopeful, may the future be as
fair and bright in realization as their fondest anticipations
have pictured it. May they always remain young in feeling
and their hearts never grow cold in contending with the stern
realities of life. Life is all untimed as yet before them. May
their trust be firm in "Israel's God"; and their faith grow
brighter and brighter till the perfect day.

Sunday March 13th Mr. Kiefer called to-day. He seems
like a very intelligent fine man. He has a mill somewhere
not far from here. His family reside in Salt. He says he
could not for a moment think of bringing them here in this
out of the way, outlandish place. I believe he is about right.
It is five weeks ago to night since I came here, it seems
much longer. I get a little lonesome sometimes but such
feelings are transient. The thing I mostly regret is the want of
religious Society here. I now deeply regret it on account of
my brothers, but an "All wise" one saith, and what can I
that I should complain. "I know all things shall work
together for good." I have had a girl for a week, but I
do not like her. She talks almost incessantly. I cannot stand it.

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... of Heaven's fit and
my presence. O: guide me right. Thou
... I wish to love thee with all my heart. O: guide and guard
for I am so weak, so frail, so utterly incapable of doing and
right action. I must retire for I am weary and would Iain
become for a while oblivious to passing events. Good night
dear Journal.

a well known
or station. He is a great
pleasure from the public charge, the flowers by the way,
fount, on the unfathomable sea. He loves the beautiful whether in
nature or art. His life is a quiet dreamy spell. His books
is an industrious, rich, economising, common; a thorough housekeeper
but not over intelligent; but I suppose he can do thinking enough
for both. So they live a quiet unexciting life.





Wednesday March 10th George Cromwell has brought his
wife here to-day. I hope she may like her new home. I am not
particularly prejudiced in her favour at first sight. But
first impressions are often erroneous. I hope I may like her, for
I have no companions here. I introduced her to her new
home. 'Tis a dismal looking place; but a cheerful temper can
do much towards making it a happy pleasant home.

Thursday 10th I received two letters to-day, one from Emma
Goble. She writes well. I love to read her letters. She is a dear
good girl. one of my childhood's friends; And one from Aunt
Eliza Danson. I love her she is kind-hearted and strong
amidst many troubles and discouragements & do right.
May God Bless her.

Friday 27th. It is six weeks to night since I came here
it has seemed a long time and yet I intended doing
many things I have not done; I find I have not had time
for; And I find I have not had inclination or industry
sufficient for. I must be more energetic and industrious
for the future. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit,
loving the Lord."

Saturday 28th I have not done as much
today as I intended too. Was by late when I got up this
morning. I must try and rise earlier. I have so often resolved
to do so; and as often after a few mornings returned to my sloth
habit. I am almost discouraged by my own course. I
will not make any more resolutions to break; but I will try





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without^{the} to get up earlier. Maybe I have depended too
much upon the snow act of forming a resolution. How much
easier it is to form resolutions than it is to carry them out.

Wednesday 30th Today I came to the mill. It is nearly
a mile from our house to the mill, so far the boys will have
to be boarded in this house which is near by it. We have a
girl engaged to come out Monday to cook for them till then I
think I can manage it is so much expense for the mill to stop
while they go to their meals. So I shall have two houses to
keep instead of one. It will be good exercise for us going from
one to the other. I think it is more pleasant here than when
we live. We are going to move here altogether as soon as we
can get a horse sledge enough to hold us all.

Thursday 26th Called to-day on Wrd Cromwell. I like her
better. She seems like a quiet neat little person. It has been
a beautiful day the ice bound reign of old winter has at length
passed away before the genial breath of spring. Glad, joyous spring
I dearly love spring. Everything both animate & inanimate seems
telling a song of rejoicing.

Friday 27th Wrd Cromwell called to-day and we
visited the mill, such a continual whir & buzz of machinery
it all looks so complicated. 'twas amusing to watch it work
I like to see it. I have written a letter today to Emma Goble
I received one this morning from J. S. I love to get letters
from my friends, I know them they have not forgotten me.

Saturday 28th received a letter this morning from my dear
Cousin Jo. with a pressing invitation to visit them next summer



will will visit me in Cleveland and return with me
or I should dearly love to go; but how can I. I love my sweet
family so very much; Mother's hand I forgotten "Glorious
Old Torrington" as Will says "is a beautiful place. I could
spend a delightful summer there. 'Tis a pity duty and
inclination do not always point our way.

Sunday 29th Today Father, Adairson & I went for a walk,
we went about two miles through the woods to a Mr. Mabel's they
live in a small rough shanty in the woods. I wonder how they
got in there for I could not see any way, a person could possibly
be taken in they seem quite contented and happy. I believe
there is far more happiness in some of these backwoods huts
than in any many a stately mansion. I like the woods better
than the best I could like a little Gothic Castle with murels.

windings and intricate labyrinth; with massive doors and
ponderous gates, a dense and irregular mass, such as the
"Middle Ages" produced. In a deep forest the winding paths
and circuitous roads of which none could find but those
accustomed to them. In such a castle and such a road
with a few loved ones would I dwell, but I will quit such
Jewish castle building. But to us walk, in returning from
Mr. Mabels we stopped at a tolerably sized framed house inhabited
by one Burns. I was glad to have; such a dirty house, such
filthy people I should be sorry to see often. We came on down
by the Mill and stopped at Mr. Cromwells, and dined with them
a proceeding I was not at all amused by for my long walk had
made us excessively, and yet not so hungry. Such a difference

between these two houses the one void of almost any necessary
fatty and disgusting. The other far smaller and less commodious.
most comfortable & pleasant. Mr & Mrs Cornwell came home with
us and spent the evening so has passed away another Sabbath
day. Oh how much more profitably it might have been spent.

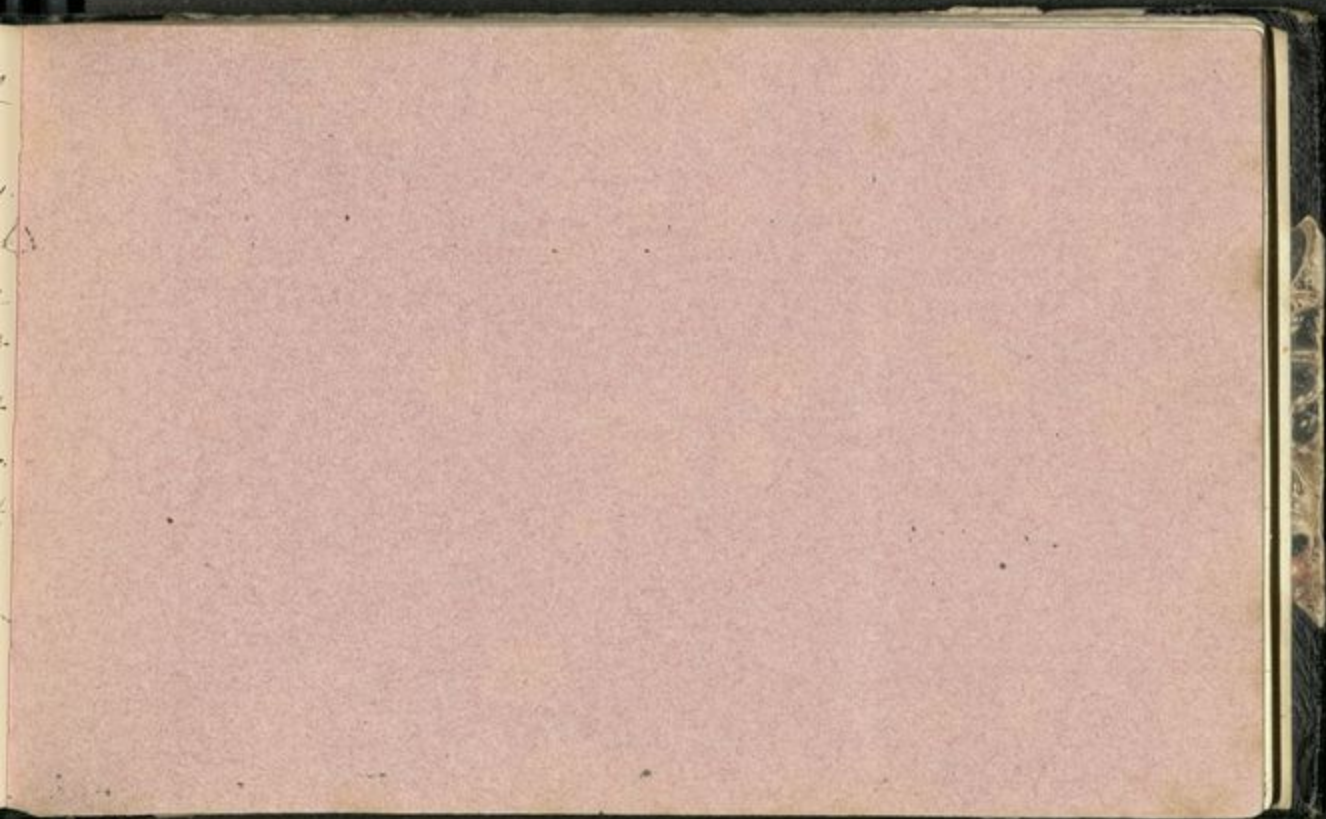
Monday 30th I came up to the mill about 5 o'clock
this morning I wish I had time and energy to take such
a walk every morning I believe it would do me good
phew! I hate time for I generally sleep through it so pleasant
to take another nap in the morning I am naturally too
indolent to rise early. That is a provenance. Disappointed
the girl that was coming this morning is sick sent after
another just ten minutes too late she had gone away & such
employment I am sure but what can't be cured must be endured
I might as well laugh as cry.

Tuesday 31st As usual today Father intended going for a girl but has been too busy at the mill. has concluded to wait & go to-morrow. I hope he may succeed. A very beautiful day. Miss & Mrs Cornwall called this morning they had been for a walk.

Wednesday April 1st Father has been successful today in getting the promise of a girl to come to-morrow. I hope she will not disappoint us. I received a letter from Cousin Rachel. She does not write very well but she is a kindhearted girl I like to hear from her. But it is very cold to night and I must hacket and retire Good night.

Thursday 2nd. Disappointed again. The girl Father engaged yesterday has not come, no invitation. I wonder what has become of her. I have not heard from her since last fall.

Friday 3rd Father has gone to Wrentham today I would like to have went with him but that was an impossibility. I hope he will not be gone long. Daniel brought from the office this evening a letter from Susan. It is



My sister's husband a letter, he has bought a small farm near
Detroit and sends for Lissa. she will be disappointed. she has fancied
and dreamed so much of a home in the 'wild western Prairies'.
Herman thinks he ought to preach, he seems to feel deeply to his study &
he is loath if he neglects to do so. I do not know, I could say nothing
against it for he seems to feel constrained to proclaim the gospel. he
has good natural abilities & some talent for a spontaneous speaking
but not much education. His mind is circumstantial. he has best
advantages. do much do as he thinks he ought. May God direct him.

Sunday 4th wrote a letter to my friends for his just a week since
I received here to a pleasant visit to our friends, but it would be a
much greater visit to see them often. Sunday 5th It is forenoon
when father is away I am anxious for him to come home I
want to hear the news from the station. It seems like hearing from home
Another Sabbath Day has passed away soon to return home again. I
would I could better improve time for my mission.

Tuesday 7th April. Received to-day two letters two from
August he is still in Walsingham. I wish he would do something
for himself. He has not energy or ambition enough to do anything
for himself or anybody else I fear. Also a letter from Emma G.
A Mr Clark is thus from Rochester giving Concerts I would like very
much to attend some of them. but Alas! I am in Walsingham
She says they have so little room and so much company her
mother wishes us to make arrangements to bring Jessy home & am
sorry I am so anxious he should continue at School. Besides
I am afraid I cannot attend properly to him & Newton both. I cannot
bear the idea of his coming in contact with all these profane rough
men I cannot keep him altogether from them. but "All things
work together for Good." So I will do the best I can. Thus God
direct us.. Sunday night 12th. Another Sabbath with its record of
good and evil, has closed. passed seems to return. Father can

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home late last night. Alfred and Jessy both came with him. Today we have all been together for the first time since Lisa was married; the 15th of last May, nearly a year ago. I shall have now five letters to make, and care for. It will augment my cares considerably, but I can do it. "Better wear out than rust out." I must cultivate more energy & perseverance, know patient earnestness. O! that I could thrust them all to the fountain of peace and holiness. Father of mercies preserve them from sin and sorrow. May thy guardian care be round about them and shelter them from any evil thing. O! make them thine. " heirs of that inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Monday 13th The girl father engaged last week came today she says the reason she disappointed the father was sick. I don't like her first appearance. She is too put and consequential but maybe she will improve. Received this evening an "April foot" letter from cousin Will in answer to one I sent him last year.

Tuesday 15th Today Sarah left I am glad she is gone we
could not have peace while she remained. I like the girl came yesterday
better Charinda Smith, is her name, she is quite the reverse of Sarah
is demure and quiet. She surely speaks. I hope she will do well. I have
almost come to the conclusion if you want anything done, do it yourself.
Called this afternoon on Mrs Cromwell & returned a book I borrowed
some time ago. "The Life of ^{the first} Mrs Jackson" What a noble true hearted
woman. She has long since gone to her reward, and her glorified
spirit is doubtless raising anthems of praise to the Great I Am; with
many a ransomed Burman, whom she has instrumental in leading
from the darkness of Burman heathenism to the knowledge of the true
Jesus God. She died among those for whom she had sacrificed
her best days. with no dear friends near to hold her last moments
but a convoy of bright angels waited to convey her free'd spirit
thence she should know no more heaviness or pain. They laid

her beneath the "Dopia tree," in a strange land; far from her
kindred and home.

Friday 17th Received a paper & note today

from J. S. G. requesting an answer to his letter. I must write

from Saturday 18th wrote this evening to Anna G. & Mrs Cole
of sleepy sunset retire.

Monday 21st Charinda went home yesterday
morning promising to be back in time for supper and has not come
yet. 'Tis too provoking. What are such girls good for. Father has bought
another one & will send for her in the morning.

Tuesday 22nd Sent this
morning for the girl & succeeded in getting her. her name is Elizabeth
Dorion. a clever, tidy looking girl. I do hope she will do better than the
others is so wearying this continual change & trouble about servants.

Wrote this evening to J. S. G. I do not see anything improper in my conduct
with him in old friend of my childhood.

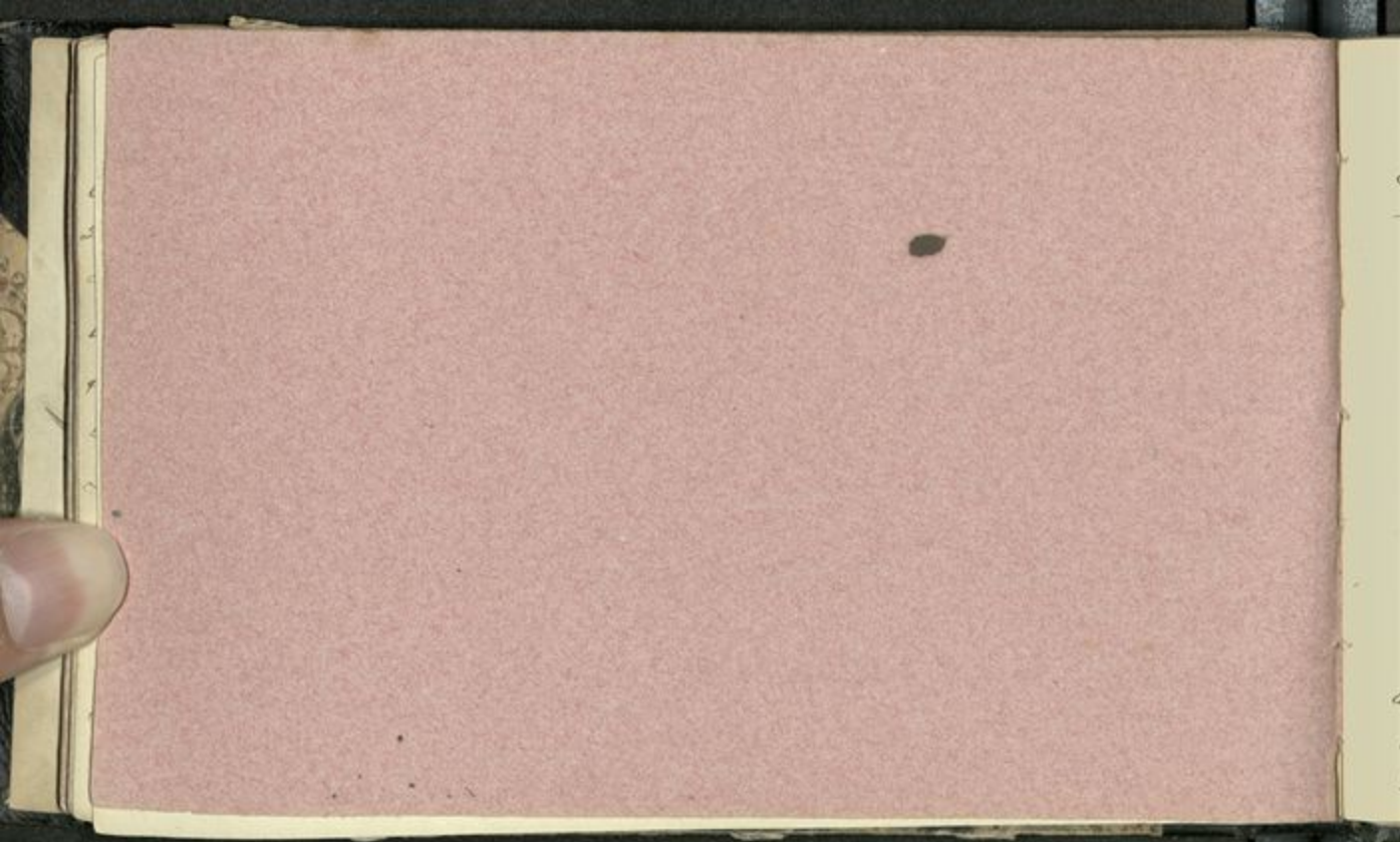
Friday 24th Today Lisen went away. I shall be so lonely now I
have no companions here but father and the boys. Dear Sister May
your path be all the way bright and joyful. May you have many
happy days and fortitude and patience for all the dark ones. Her
marriage was the first link that was broken in our household
bonds; and then our Mother died and passed away from all the cares
and troubles of this life the other just commencing them. Who will be the
next: what changes will another year produce? We can't tell.

Sunday 26. Expected to hear Mr. Cary preach today but he disappointed
us Mr & Mrs Cornwall dined with us and this afternoon came to the
ville that a way to spend the Holy Sabbath. Please God forgive and direct
us to give us a realizing sense thy law pressure and omnipotence. He also
warns us in humble submission at thy footstool to make us live
near His throne: not to live there. I wish we should always live thus
so immediate of Him.

Friday 24th Today Lissen went away. I shall be so lonely now I
have no companions here but father and the boys. Dear Sister May
your path be all the way bright and joyful. May you have many
happy days and fortitude and patience for all the dark ones. Her
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bond; and to them "our Mother" did not pass away from all the cares
and troubles of this life the other just commencing them. We will be the
next: what changes will another year produce? We can't tell.

Sunday 26. Expected to hear Mr. Cary preach today but he disappointed
us Mr. & Mrs. Cornwell dined with us and this afternoon came to the
ville what a way to spend the Holy Sabbath! Pleased God forgive and direct
us. O! give us a realizing sense thy love presence and Omnipotence. Lead
us to show in humble submission at thy footstool O! make us true
nearer Thy Cousin; us to be Thine. Forbid we should always live thus
as sinners of Thine.





Friday May 1st It has been several days since
I have written any in my journal, I had not had
time within here I felt like writing. Wednesday the 29 April
a most fearful accident happened in the Mill. A man
was instantly killed. Slain in - He was taking a bit
any from the saw when it caught instantly drawing him
on the saw and with his body quite into & throwing him
in a fearful smothered mass to the end of the mill.
It was an awful thing, beyond what they seem saw anything
so horrible. Truly in the midst of life we are in death.
He was in perfect health and strength in an instant
concluded into Glory what a solemn consideration
without a moment's delay, cut off in the first period of
manhood. How precarious is the tenure by which we hold our

lives. God grant it may be a warning and admonishment
to many. The same evening I received a letter from Sister
She had arrived in safety, I hope she may like her new home
and be very, very happy in it. This evening I have written
to her and also to Cousin Rachel. I am very tired
and sleep and must retire immediately. Good Night

It is the Sabbath day so quiet, and peaceful, I love
earnest quietude Jesus & Newton are reading all are still. This
calm, holy, Sabbath day. What a glorious type of heavenly rest.
Away worldly cares and hopes: intrude not upon the sanctity of
this holy day. Day of rest: peaceful rest: Yesterday morning I wrote
a letter to Aunt Eliza and in the evening I received one from
Cousin Jo & one from Cousin Goble. Dear kind letters.





Wednesday 5th wrote to Emma Bible. 'tis just three months
since I came to Walsingham. The 6th of last February it
has not almost very long.

Friday 8th wrote today to Cousin Jo how very much
I would like to see her, dear kind cousin.

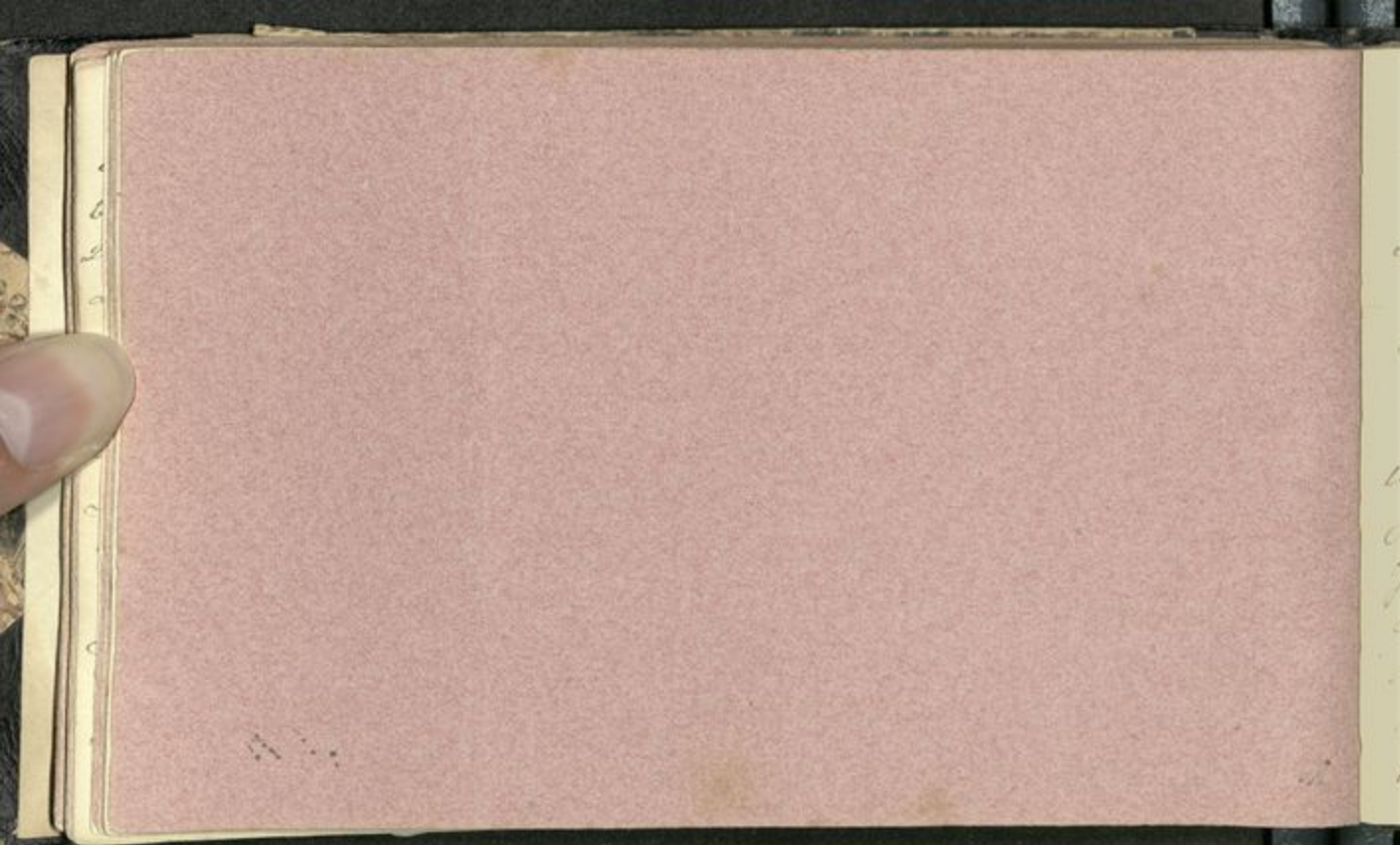
Sunday August 13th 1857. It has been a long time since
I wrote in my Journal. The habit of writing here each
day once broken up is hard to resume. Much has happened
since last I wrote here. We are removed in our new house
'tis very comfortable & convenient. Daniel went to Leamouth to
school the 15th last May. We hear from him often. His
wife not come home till October. Cousin Rachel & Dawson
has been here for five or six weeks, but she is getting home

sick. & will I suppose go home this week & then I shall
be alone again till some one has compassion on me
& cannot stay with me. I get weary & lonely sometimes
and wonder when will it end. I have been quite ill
for two weeks. I am better now but not truly recovered.
How rapidly time passes the summer is almost gone.
We have established a Sabbath School. I hope it will
succeed well & receive good results from it. I have
an interesting class of little girls. We read something
to improve and elevate the minds of both parents & children.
Father has gone today to hunt a girl. I really wish we
could get some one we could trust. I have written a
letter this morning to J. G. G. & Cousin J. I received
one last week from Cousin May & one from Emma G.

August 25th 1857. My dear neglected journal how shall
I excuse my negligence and carelessness. It has been so long
I do not feel like writing a poor excuse. I thank the
"Great Spirit" I have quite recovered from my illness
It is pleasant cool weather My "Forest Home" is very
beautiful these long bright summer days. But sometimes
I get weary & lonely away off here in the wilderness. I
will strive to banish such feelings. I have a dear dear
home and sunshiny very much to be thankful for besides
I know in whatever lot I am I must strive thereunto
to be content. It is only once in a while I get lonely & I miss
Cousin Rachel has good home I went with her as far as
Port Burwell the first time with one exception I have been
out since I came here. I wonder sometimes what people

are doing and thinking of out in the world. I do not
care much about going, yet I would like in a while
to go out of the woods. But I dare say I am just as well
at home. I am sorry Rachel has gone. we have met
with a serious loss. her old maid friend Miss Wendell
is married and gone. She visited me about once a week
awaiting the birth of her grandchild in general and the
people of Walsingham in particular. Yesterday morning
her brother an old bachelor was here. he asked the liberty
of coming some Sunday & bringing his flute with him
I think I shall set my cap for him. Mr. Osburning an
old widower with two children comes quite often he brings
me fruit & Books which I am very thankful for. I had
a letter last week from Liza she has a son a month





shot his name is Arthur Evans. I have written to
her & Cousin Mary this morning. I must quit
scribbling by household duties claim my attention
I have got the shrewdest girl smart at her own business
with. Get with difficulty I can tell sometimes whether
she knows or not.

August 31st The last day of Summer. Another year
will soon be numbered with the things that have been
It has not been altogether an ^{happy} Summer. Most
of the time I have really enjoyed living here. This is
a beautiful bright morning. All nature is uttering
an evening hymn of praise to the "Author" of so much
beauty. And thank God my heart is in unison with
with the glorious thanksgiving anthem. I thank

"The Great Giver" for health, home, & friends.
I pray God I may always have a grateful thankful
heart for all the rich blessings I enjoy.

This earth seems too beautiful to be the scene of so
much sin & sorrow. — "I would I could always
feel thankful and happy as I do this morning. But the
"heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."
I will strive to pray that I enter not into temptation.

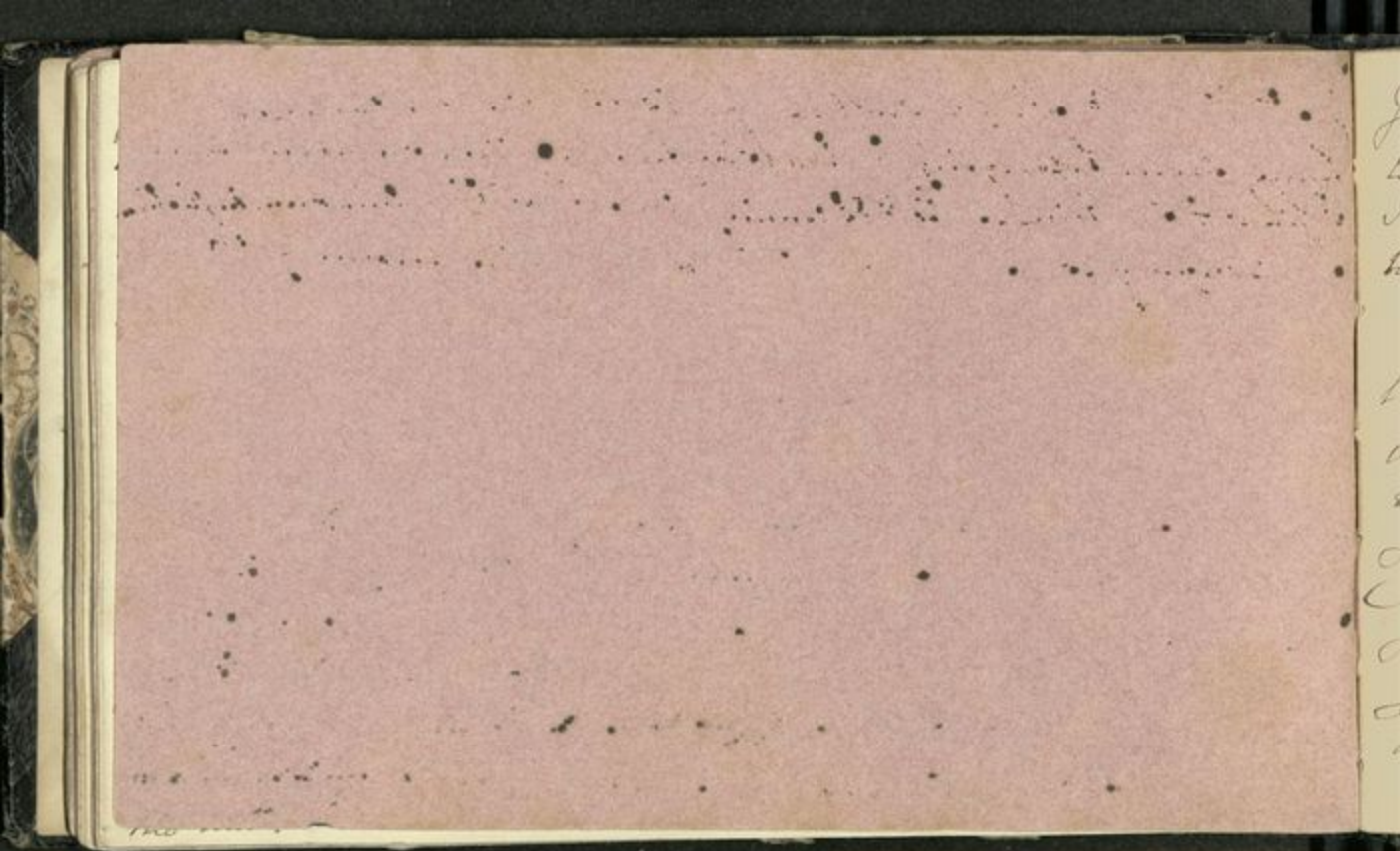
Tuesday Sept. 11th It has been very warm for a week
it seems as if by some freak of nature August is in the place
of September this year. It is not like Autumn today. Last
Saturday evening we were much surprised at the arrival of
Uncle Asa Wolcott from Paris. Our friends occasionally find

us, even in Walsingham. Last Sunday father & I went out
for a ride and called at a Mr. Clark's about two miles
from here. A milk owner. They seem well informed, intelligent
people. I received letters last week from Cousin Jo, Lissa,
and J. G. G. with the last an invitation to attend the
Provincial Fair at Braintree this month. I should
very much like to go but I think I shall decline the
invitation. I cannot very well leave home. The girl I have now
is so very slow and inefficient. — Mr. Q. by his late widow's
friend wrote a poem in my album. Original I presume for I am
sure no one else could write such "incomprehensible" poetry. It is
beyond my comprehension altogether. He commences by saying he
should not mourn for departed friends. Meaning I supposed his
first wife. The second verse I cannot for my life make out what the poem
means at all. The last verse comes to the point most decidedly. The burden

of it is "Can you load and with your help and" Poor man I
am afraid I can neither load him or help him. He is
positively the sweetest nice old man I ever knew. The idea of
hidown and ten children! quite too formidable a prospect
for him and. I must quit scribbling some girls are waiting in
the kitchen with Series to sell.

Monday morning Sept 31st It's so cold this morning I
am obliged to sit close by the stove. I supposed Nature had
discovered her mistake in substituting August for September
and is rectifying it with a vengeance. I received a letter
last Thursday from Emma Gold. Friday father started
for Blenheim I should have went with him if I could
have home when he does I suppose he will return Wednesday
or Thursday. I am anxious for him to come. I want to hear
the news.





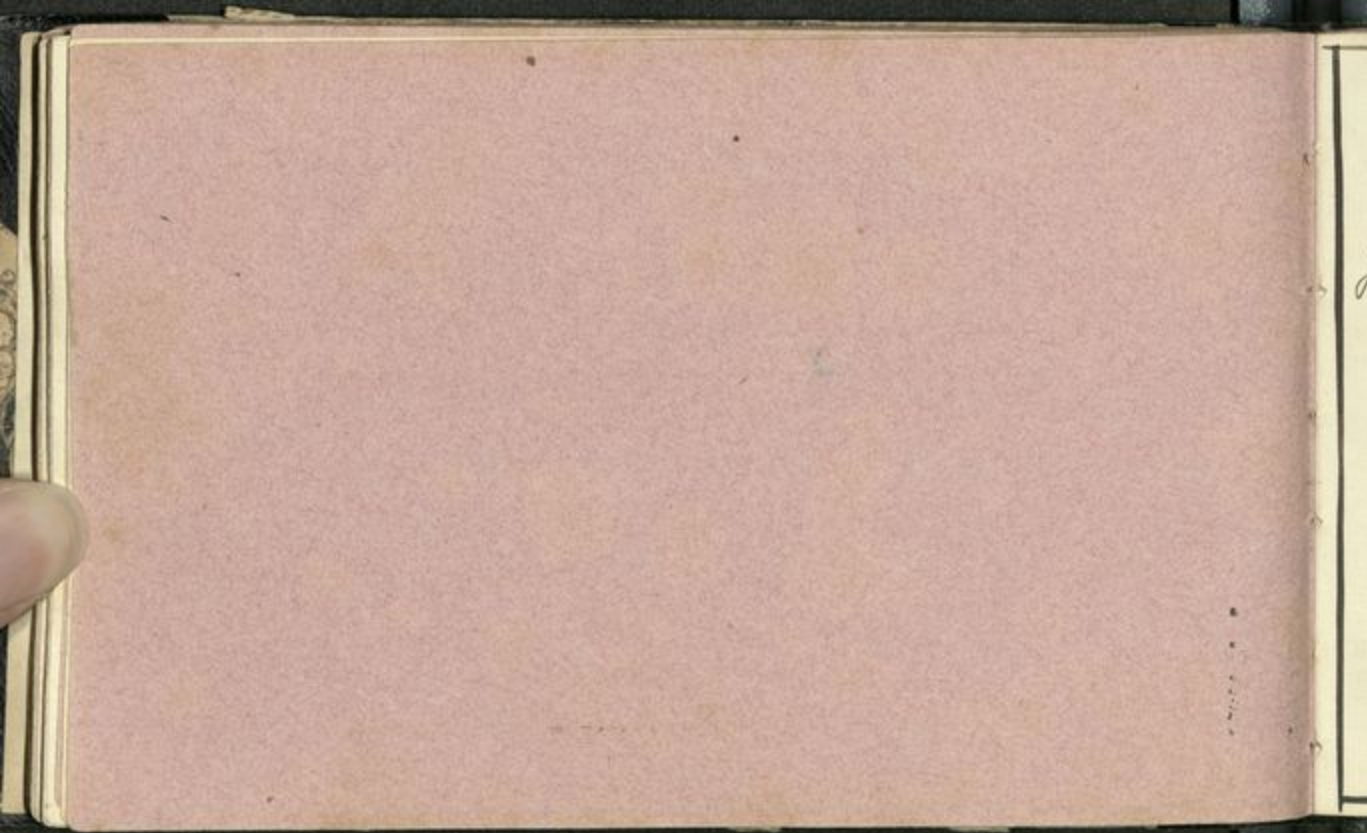
Yesterday Mr. Kiefer called he is the only Gentleman I
have seen belonging to Walsingham since I came here
I liked to see him. Mr. Dunning was here too. What an imposition
his company is. I must write a letter this morning to go

Tuesday Sept 29. Father returned from Bherkin
last Friday he brought me a letter from Mrs. Goble she
would have returned with him had not the Fair been so
near at hand. It begins to look like Autumn. "Autumn at
noon." Ours! I am somewhat this morning, too foolish
I am I will go to work and stop thinking, only
I can't stop thinking. What a strange world this is
sometimes all bright glorious sunshine & then clouds
and storm overclouds us

Thursday Morning Jan 14th 1858.

It has been a long time since I have written here. I have got quite out of the way of writing like a household to even write a letter any more. I really do not have time for writing my household duties claim my almost undivided attention. I have no girl now but Mrs Layton assists me. She is a dear kind woman. I like her very much. Daniel has taken a school about 14 miles from here I hope he will succeed like the other boys are at home. I have written a letter this morning to Cousin Jo. She is married and is from Mrs Thomas Montague & a Cousin I say you be happy.





Died.

December 17th 1856. Harriet K. Robertson wife
of Enoch Robertson aged 39 years & 9 months.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth"

July 31st 1858. Daniel K. Robertson son of Enoch
& Harriet Robertson aged 10 years & 6 months.

"He is not here but is risen"

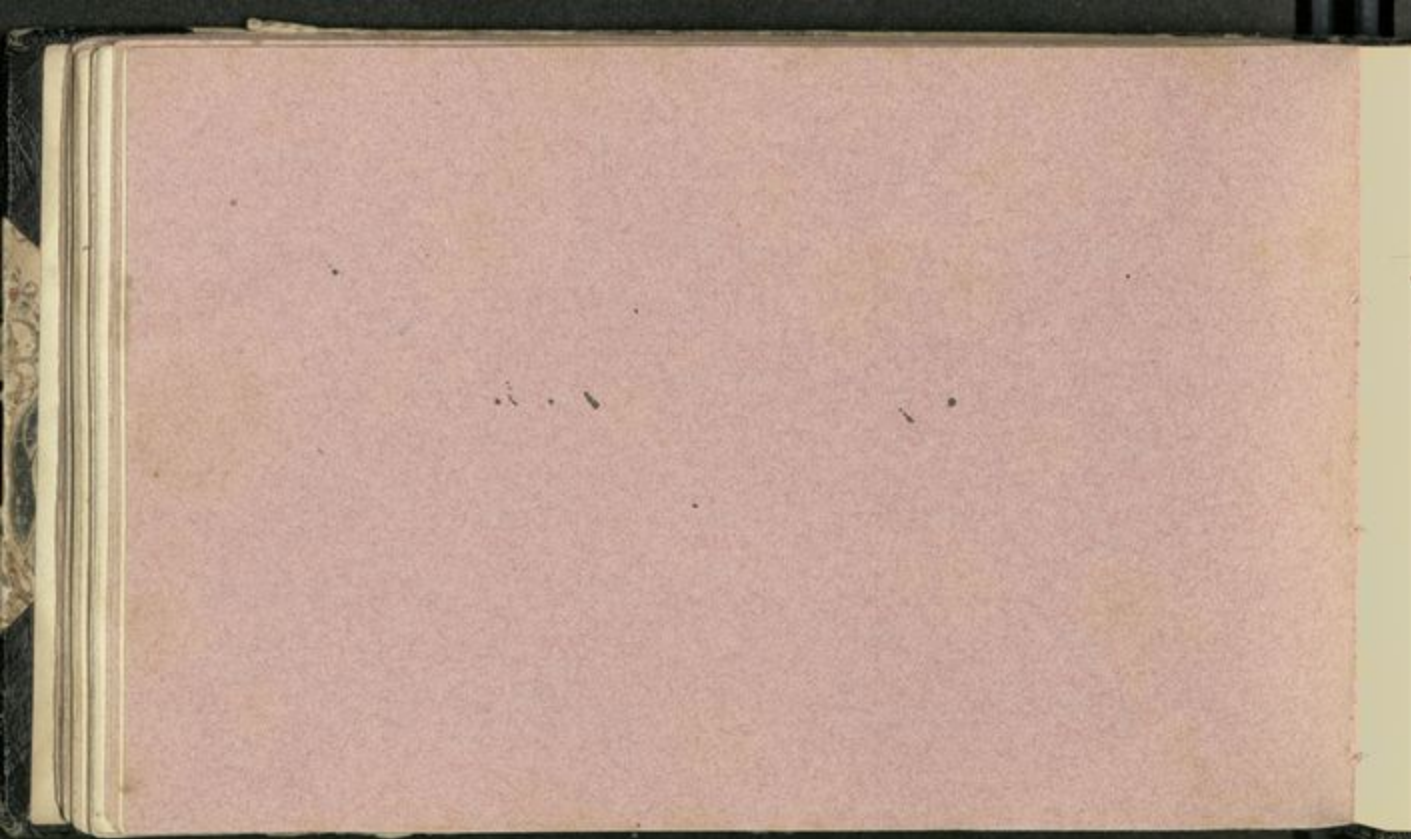
O! death where is thy sting! O! grave where is
thy victory!

Diary

Oct. 12th 1861. at Washington U.S.
Presper Robertson 4th Syphilitic fever aged
17 years 10 months.

Alfred P. Robertson at the ^{12th} Accasion
Hospital Washington D.C. of Small Pox
April 24th 1863. Aged 21 years 10 months 8 days.





Married,

By the Rev^d Wm. Harland at the house of
the Bride's father in Walsingham Mr. Jasper G.
Goble to Rosetta, eldest daughter of Enoch Wetherston of
Walsingham September 15th 1858.

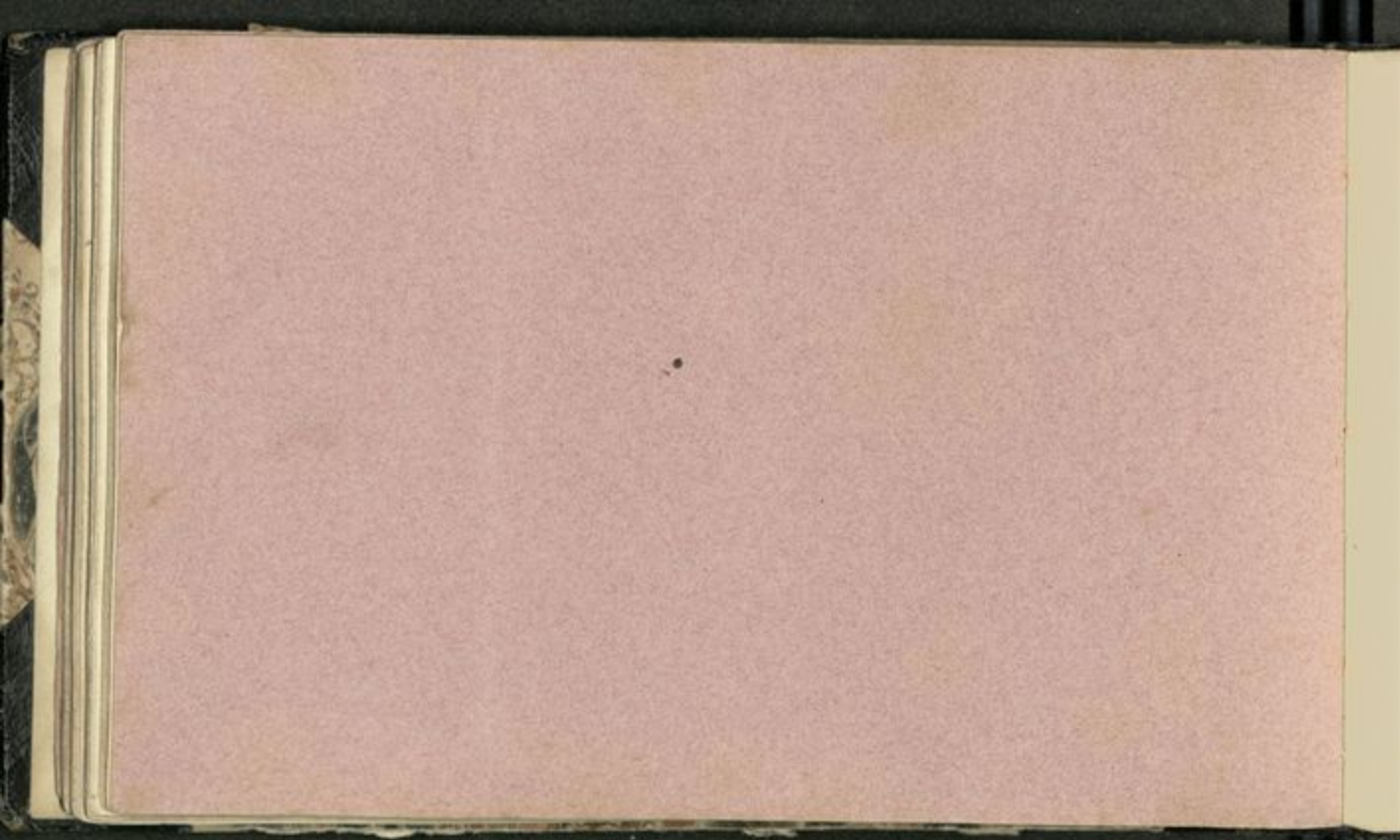
" "



















December 30th 1858.

I am all alone tonight here in my room
I hear the wind sighing a requiem over the almost departed
year, and the rain pattering against the window pane. What
memories are stirred? How vividly the past is coming before
me? Scenes of my childhood & youth are fresh in my memory.
The mention of an old school mate brought to my mind scenes
& events I had almost forgotten. The old school house, the
bright young faces daily gathered there; and the clear
running brook where we played in the sand & sailed miniature
boats. Happy days of childhood how like a dream you
have passed away. Later our unbroken household band
too will never all meet again on earth. We are scattered

far and wide; and two and lying side by side beneath
the cold ground, what a change a few years has made!
Why O! why, has it been so? Why has death claimed the
purest & the best? Why should my Mother, my dear, dear
Mother have been taken away from her children; and
my noble, darling brother in the first prime of his young
manhood, all his promise of usefulness blighted. Why
should he have been called thus early! While so many
are living, and would fain lay down the burden of this
life and rest. Father of Mercies teach me to bow in submission
and say "Thy will be done." Make me feel the "Great Father"
had need of him, and it was not meet he should remain
longer here. Enable me to look away from the sufferings





Let indeed here and the deep shadow those two graves
have cast in our hearts, to the Crown & robes of Light.
"For thanks be to Israel's God," they were both ready
to go. So their death had no terrors. They sleep in
peace till the last great day. Then we shall all
meet again. God grant we may each one of us
have on a robe of righteousness. Being washed and
made clean in the blood of the Lamb.

March 1861. I have been this morning looking
over "My Journals". I can not quite make up my mind
to burn it, so I will write another page now. I have been
married two years and a half. My married life has so far
been very, very, happy. We are united in heart and feeling
as well as hand; and hand in dear little prattler, our
dear little girl to snuggle as tight as ever. We have seen
spoken to each other in angry words, and God grant to
never more. We want a house, a little home of our own,
and I think I should be almost perfectly happy. But
as long as we have each other, the darling babe & health,
we can be happy. I feel anxious for my brother my dear
dear, brother. They are except Alonzo at School in Cleveland



and I hear getting on well with their studies especially
Lacey & Newton. How I long to see them, they have neither
Mother or Sister to do anything for them. God bless and keep
from temptation my darling Motherless Brothers. I can pray
for them.





Ribbon 1/-

80 : 13

To & from Walsingham

0 : 26

Grandey Wagon tyre 6/-

0 : 75

Lecky harness 2/-

0 : 25

Dec 15 Fur for caps 4/-

0 : 75

Jan - Limes for Stone

0 : 54

Jan 31 Harness at Princeton

0 : 75

cord for Sockets 1/-

0 : 13

April

Watch Crystal 2/-

0 : 25

Green Beland 3/4

0 : 42

Strings for chain 3/-

0 : 25

March. Expenses to & from Norfolk.

4 : 75





Sept. 15th 1858

Paid Tho^d W. Hamilton 25.00

Paid at Vienna 1.00

Toll 2/- 0.25

Sept 16th at Oylmer 2.13

Toll 0.38

" 17. " 0.13

" Barber 0.10

Grocs 1.00

Apples 5.56

20 Paid Toll 0.60

Sundries 0.28

" at Shamersford 0.75

\$11.48

Oct 1st Making Coak 4.00

" 5 Making Runways Spring 0.50

" 19 Eye Salve 1/6 0.10

Miniatures 3.75

pbboon 7/- 0.60

\$20.79







