



**Transcription of the diary of Louisa Jane Trumbull, November 3, 1829- June 25, 1837**

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JENNY'S FIRST JOURNAL, November 3 1829-May 20 1834

1829

[inside cover] Louisa Jane Trumbull was born October 12th 1822, Worcester. Commenced November 3rd 1829. Completed May 20th 1834. Containing 92 pages. Journal No. 1.

[p.1] Nov 3rd 1829. (Born October 12th 1822, Louisa Jane Trumbull) As the other girls have got journals I thought that I would have one too, as Mother desired me to write what happens every day. I think I shall go to Miss Bancroft's school today with my sister Caroline.<sup>1</sup>

Nov 7. I am going to draw my little brother Joseph today; because George drawed him yesterday, and it is my turn today. Sarah reads in the testament. Joseph reads in two syllables.

Nov 8. Mother has got a new pair of bracelets which Elizabeth made for her. School will begin on Monday. Oh dear! What shall I do? I am sure I don't want to go to school to learn Geography and History! Miss Chamberlain makes me learn six pages in History and one page of Geography.<sup>2</sup> I am going to study Colburn's Arithmetic.

Dec 5th. I went to Mrs. Vose's this afternoon and had a very good time. Caroline and Elizabeth have gone to the Miss Kinnicutts this afternoon.<sup>3</sup> We made some molasses candy and it is very good.

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<sup>1</sup> "Lucretia Bancroft, age 26, daughter Aaron and Lucretia Chandler Bancroft. Her father is senior minister of the Unitarian church, where the Trumbulls worship. Her school is in the family dwelling at 47 Main Street, near Thomas, a bit of a walk from the Trumbull's house. (Street numbers are from the 1829 Village Directory; they bear no resemblance to Worcester today.)

<sup>2</sup> Nancy Stone Chamberlain, age 18, daughter William and (2nd wife) Dolly Chadwick Chamberlain. Her school is in the family residence at 13 Front Street, which runs parallel to Jenny's street, an easy walk.

<sup>3</sup> Frances Sophia Vose is Jenny's second cousin. She is a young mother of two, wife of Attorney Edward Vose, and resides very close by on Green Street. (Frances is from Natchez, Mississippi, where her father is engaged in trade.

Dec 6th. Mother says that we may get Sally [the hired girl] to make us some squash and pumpkin flap-jacks if she wants to. I went to meeting today and dined at Aunt Bradishes. It rains this afternoon very hard and I rode home with Hester Newton.<sup>4</sup> I have got one dollar. Father is cashier of the Central Bank. Mother has got a new hat with three plumes; the hat came from New York.

Dec 12th. As Joseph was going out he fell down and cut his upper lip quite badly. I have made my doll a very pretty pélisse [a cloak] with points before and behind. Mother invited Dolly and Elizabeth Burnett and Miss Chamberlain to come and see us but it rained so hard they could not come. I go to Miss Chamberlain's school.<sup>5</sup>

1830

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When she and her two sisters reached courtship age, they were sent from their home in the slaveholding south to live in Worcester with their grandmother, Hannah Paine Bradish, to find suitable northern husbands.) The Miss Kinnicutts—Harriet, age 26, Amy, 25, and Catharine, 14—and their brothers Thomas, Francis, and William removed from Seekonk, Rhode Island, to Worcester in the 1820s. The girls occupy a house owned by Attorney Pliny Merrick, next door to the Vose family.

<sup>4</sup> Aunt Hannah Paine Bradish is Jenny's great-aunt, sister of her Grandmother Trumbull. She presently is renting half a fashionable new brick house at 62 Main Street (between Central and Mechanic). Describing the building in the 1820's, a local antiquarian noted: "The north part was occupied by Mrs. Bradish and her three charming granddaughters; the south part by Mr. Elisha Flagg [the owner]." Chamberlin, "Worcester Main Street," p. 110. Hester Newton, age 6, daughter Rejoice and Rebecca Lincoln Newton. Her father is a prominent attorney, her mother a sister of Governor Levi Lincoln. The Newtons took Jenny home after the afternoon sermon. They reside near the Trumbulls, at 5 Front Street, in an imposing mansion.

<sup>5</sup> The girls are Dolly 4 ½ and Elizabeth 3, daughters Luther and Eliza Chamberlain Burnett, nieces of Jenny's teacher Miss Nancy Chamberlain. These families reside nearby the Trumbulls, on Front Street, where they are next door neighbors.

Jan. 17th 1830. Aunt Paine is dead; she died January fourteenth.<sup>6</sup>

[p. 2] February 25th 1830. I went to the Lyceum lecture; the subject was Chronology.<sup>7</sup>

*Mrs. Trumbull, May 27, 1830: "Jane & Sarah commenced at the infant school the past week."*

May 31st 1830. Grandmother and Aunt Perkins went to Boston this morning.

September 8th 1830. The Fuseliers from Boston came to this town (Worcester) last month and pitched their tents on Frost hill nearly opposite our house. Caroline and I played in the wood house chamber and made tea and had beans for bread, and we called beans without being shelled cake. Mrs. Doane has got a child; it is a boy. Father is having a summer house made. This is a great deal for me, but I have not held it finished.<sup>8</sup> There was a boy come to our house with Mr. Allen and made Joseph and John a shovel and they dig in the dirt.

September 18th 1830. I have got a new little brother who was born in September 13th. The quarter examination will take place in a fortnight.

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<sup>6</sup> Her great-aunt, Elizabeth Chandler Paine, age 65, wife Judge Nathaniel Paine (who is Grandmother Trumbull's brother). This family resides nearby at 89 Main, corner Pleasant, on a large farm. The side also includes a separate law office.

<sup>7</sup> Massachusetts Spy, September 22, 1830, published a notice for the Lyceum Society, an "Association for Promoting Popular Education." The paper did not cover lectures. Christopher Columbus Baldwin, January 10, 1834: "Lectures are delivered before the Lyceum weekly. They began in November, 1830, and have been continued to this time. Tickets to hear them are one dollar a year, and the money applied to the purchase of books. . . All classes of society belong to them. Lecturers take on any subject they please. Josiah Holbrook is the reputed father and inventor of this system of instruction." Diary, p. 258. Also see William Lincoln, History of Worcester, pp. 275-276.

<sup>8</sup> The Fuseliers' visit is not reported in the Massachusetts Spy or noted by Mr. Baldwin. Elizabeth Callahan Perkins Doane, daughter-in-law of Jenny's Great-Aunt Sarah Perkins. After her first husband, James Perkins, died (sometime in the 1820s), Eliza married Right Rev. George W. Doane, D.D., L.L.D., Bishop of New Jersey.

October 20th. Father and Mother think they shall call the baby Charles. I was eight years old this month. Grandmother and Aunt Bradish and Elizabeth went to Lancaster Wednesday [to visit relatives] and are to return this evening. Mother, Sarah, and I went to ride in Mr. Balch's carryall yesterday morning. We saw a poor old man laying on his pack on the grass asleep. Elizabeth, Caroline, and I are going to Miss Earle's school next term.<sup>9</sup>

October 23rd 1830. George [12] belongs to a company by the name of the Worcester Guards; their uniform is white pantaloons, blue jackets and yellow buttons; they trained today. George says it is the last time they will train this year. Next spring they are to have white feathers with red tops. Mrs. Rose and Josephine are going to Salem this winter.<sup>10</sup> Grandmother has got a very sore mouth and tongue.

October 24th 1830. Last evening Elizabeth [14] had some of her friends to spend the evening, they had nuts, raisins, and wine. I went to walk this morning with Caroline and Frances Merrick.<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> Ebenezer H. Balch is a young widower. It is not clear why he took them to ride. Eliza Earle advertized her school for young ladies in the Massachusetts Spy on October 27, 1830 (and following). She cannot be identified from vital records.

<sup>10</sup> Harriet Paine Rose is Mr. Trumbull's cousin, daughter Dr. William and Lois Orme Paine, born November 21, 1779. Josephine is her younger daughter. They are going to visit relatives, most particularly her daughter Harriet Rose Lee. While Mrs. Rose now lives in Worcester, in a house her father fitted up for her at the corner of Main and School Streets, for many years she lived on the island of Antigua. In 1802 she married a (slave holding) West India planter, Joseph Rose. Mrs. Sturgis related that Mrs. Rose came to Worcester "not because it was her native town, for she had been born in one of the numerous places her parents had resided in during Dr. Paine's banishment from the United States, but on account of wishing to be near her father and mother in their declining years." She came also for health reasons: seven of her nine children had died in Antigua's steamy climate. She moved to Worcester with her English husband (who died in 1826), daughters Harriet and Josephine, sister-in-law Rachel, and slave Mary. Mrs. Rose would remove to Salem after her father's death in 1833. "Old Worcester 1," p. 407.

<sup>11</sup> Frances Fiske Merrick, age 11, daughter Attorney Francis Taliaferro and Mary Buckminster Fiske Merrick. They live next door to the Newtons on Front Street.

October 27th 1830. I have been sick some time this autumn with a fever but I am better now. Sally and John [2] have been to Athol [her hometown] and staid a fortnight. They came home last night. John has grown very handsome since he left home. I cannot write anymore now as it is time for me to go to school.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "The 12th of September 1830 Charles was born. At the expiration of a fortnight Sally proposed taking John to Athol to visit her friends. Feeling full confidence in her care we consented. We knew that he would be more safe with her than at home without her, and wished to gratify her desire to go. They were absent two weeks."*

*"Before a week had elapsed my dear Jenny was attacked with a fever. I had her placed in my room. The first night I took my infant into my own bed & gave her up to my nurse. The night I passed in anxiety and watching the poor sufferer startled in her sleep and exclaimed in unconnected sentences which so distressed me that I feared the worst. . . . I had my poor Jane put into my bed and there found what her breathing, administered her medicines [bit] my own hand, and in this situation watched till relief much lasting satisfaction. She was pained and reasonable even when suffering great pain. One morning after having passed an uncomfortable night & feeling relieved partially I said you do not forget to pray! The sweet countenance I cannot forget or the answer, 'Mother I have just said the little prayer for a sick child. I am a great deal better.' As I watched her when sleeping beside me I recollected with unspeakable satisfaction many little instances of her strict adherence to truth & of her uniform and scrupulous moral rectitude."*

October 28th 1830. Mr. Washburn is married. Mrs. Towne has got a baby and so has Mrs. Rice; Mrs. Towne thinks that she shall call hers Sally Robinson and Mrs. Rice that she shall call hers George Tilly.<sup>12</sup> Sarah and I went to see Mrs. Towne's; it is a very pretty one indeed in my opinion. Sarah went to our school this afternoon.

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<sup>12</sup> Attorney Emory Washburn married Mary Ann Guiles of Walpole, New Hampshire. He was a graduate of Williams College, and in 1828 opened a law office in town. Mrs. Sturgis: "Mr. Washburn was one of that group of lawyers in Worcester who made the 'Worcester Bar' so famous, for there was none more so outside of Suffolk County. Judge Barton, Pliny Merrick, B.F. Thomas, Charles Allen, Emory Washburn, and others . . . were renowned

The workingmen's ball is to be tonight and it is to be at Mr. Stockwell's tavern or, as is sometimes called, at the Central Hotel. Mr. Burnside delivered a lecture last Wednesday and Elizabeth and George went. Mr. Hill is going to be married in December to Miss Clarke of Princeton.<sup>13</sup> I am going to make a needlebook at the end of this term. I must now go and hold the baby.

October 29th 1830. Mr. Washburn has brought his wife to this town (Worcester) and they board at Mr. Foster's till next spring when they are going to housekeeping; we have some hopes of having them live in the house that Mr. Vose formerly occupied; they have been down once or twice to examine the house. Mrs. Washburn looks very much like Mrs. Lee.<sup>14</sup>

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all over the State for their legal learning. . . ."Old Worcester VII," p. 80. Sally Robinson Towne, daughter William Moore and Frances Robinson Towne, born November 4, 1830, and named for her mother's deceased sister Mrs. Butman. They live two doors down, at 13 South Street, in a house rented from Jenny's father. William, an attorney and son of the prominent Charlton attorney, Salem Towne Jr., graduated from Amherst in 1826, studied law with John Davis and Charles Allen of Worcester, and commenced practice in 1828. Attorneys Towne and Washburn have offices in the Old Compound at 90 Main Street. George Tilly Rice, son George Tilly and Elizabeth Chandler Blake Rice, born October 27, 1830. Mrs. Rice is a daughter of Hon. Francis and Elizabeth Augusta Chandler Blake, Mr. Rice is a merchant. The Rices share a large double brick dwelling on lower Main Street with Attorney Isaac Davis and wife, both couples having recently married.

<sup>13</sup> Central Hotel is at 63 Main Street, a little beyond the intersection with Central, and at this time has the largest hall in town (supposed by Brinley Hall in 1836). Samuel M. Burnside, who delivered the lecture, is an attorney, one of the famous "Worcester Bar." Rev. Alonzo Hill married Francis Mary Clark, December 29, 1830. He graduated from Harvard in 1822, studied theology and was ordained in Worcester in 1827.

<sup>14</sup> Alfred D. Foster's dwelling is at 76 Main Street, opposite Governor Lincoln.

Grandma has gone to Boston. E. Hamilton has begun a little school and has got ten scholars; she has a great many more promised to her in spring.<sup>15</sup>

December 17th 1830. I am having a new gown made; it is to be trimmed with dark green braid. It has snowed some so that sleighs could go pretty well.

1831

May 6th 1831. Mother, [p.4] Grandmother, Caroline, and myself went to Greenfield the 11th of this month and had a beautiful time. I went to drink tea at Aunt Stone's. And I went, too, to make calls with Aunt Lucy and Grandmother; we called to see Mrs. Christhil and had a very pleasant call; she is an English lady. In the afternoon we went to call upon Mrs. Newcomb and several other persons. Mrs. Newcomb gave me some very pretty shells which I gave to George. Grandmother and Aunt Stone went to Deerfield and saw the house which the Indians attacked some time ago.<sup>16</sup>

Yesterday we came home; we were obliged to get up at 11 or 12 o'clock at night [for the stage] and it was very unpleasant. Aunt Elizabeth has got a baby; it is a daughter, it is very pretty child

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<sup>15</sup> Elizabeth Blair Hamilton, daughter Sewall and Nancy, is 15. Opening a school at her young age was no doubt due to her family's straightened circumstances. Her widowed mother rented house on Mechanic Street, for herself and her four children, and also took in borders.

<sup>16</sup> Aunt Frances Arms Stone is Mrs. Trumbull's aunt, third wife of her mother's brother Alpheus. Aunt Lucy is Mrs. Trumbull's sister, born March 9, 1789, and her life-long helpmate. Mrs. Newcomb is Sarah Wells Alvord, wife of Attorney Joseph Warren Newcomb, relations of Mrs. Trumbull's sister Susan Ripley and childhood friends of Mrs. Trumbull and her sisters. Mr. Newcomb graduated from Williams College in 1825, studied law with his father, with Worcester attorneys Rejoice Newton and William Lincoln. In Deerfield they visited the John Sheldon house, built 1691 and torn down 1848. Its door, preserved in the collections of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, was deeply scarred by hatchets during the 1704 Indian raid.



and it is so good it is not any trouble.<sup>17</sup> I have had a very bad crick in my neck which has put me in considerable pain. Aunt Bradish is better than she was when we went away.

Cousin Lucy Stone has been here and staid only two days. Cousin Sarah Perkins has been here and staid the same length of time.<sup>18</sup> Elizabeth has gone to Boston to bring Grandmother home.

Sally has made a visit to Athol and staid a fortnight. Elizabeth, Mother, George, and I did all the work while she was gone. I am going to the fair of the Mite Society.<sup>19</sup> Mother thinks some of going to Greenfield this autumn to see Grandmother Clap. The baby was a year old yesterday. We some expect Grandmother sometime in the course of next week. She is coming tonight if nothing happens to prevent I expect.

*Mrs. Trumbull, October 19: "The children have all enjoyed the day finely, what with cattle show for boys and children's fair for girls all have come home delighted. E & C were engaged in the sale of articles at the tables & all seemed so much satisfied with their sales I was more than compensated for any trouble."*

*Mrs. Trumbull (recollections): "The evenings after school when books and work were brought, the table drawn close to the fire, and lamps placed to favour all. Elizabeth with directions, helping and doing. George, Caroline, and Jane each with characteristics well remembered, the younger children in their beds, sometimes baby in sideboard drawer when nurse was away."*

*October 12 1831 Jenny turned nine years old.*

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<sup>17</sup> Aunt Elizabeth is Mrs. Trumbull's younger sister, born October 9, 1801, and married to Rev. Wales Tileston of Charlemont. Their first child, Rebecca Elizabeth, was born July 7, 1830.

<sup>18</sup> Lucy Stone, 35, is Mrs. Trumbull's cousin, daughter Dr. John and Sally Barnard Stone. Cousin Sarah Payne Perkins, age 13, daughter James (deceased) and Elizabeth Callahan Perkins. Her mother is now Mrs. Doane of New Jersey. Sarah and her brothers reside in Boston with their Grandmother Perkins.

<sup>19</sup> The Mite Society is a charitable organization. Members sold hand-made items at fairs and donated the proceeds—or "mite"—to a worthy cause.

1832

Jan 22 1832. I have been to Mrs. Well's this [p. 5] last quarter and like her pretty well.<sup>20</sup>

Cousin Charles Ripley has been here and staid nine days.<sup>21</sup> Caroline and Elizabeth and George went to Millbury with him and spent seventy-five cents; they had a very pleasant time they said. The next day we were inoculated for the kind pox and my arm looks very well. I have been to Holden to see the factory which Father runs in company with two or three other gentlemen and was very much pleased with seeing it.

The smallpox now prevails here and there was an old woman died of it in our neighborhood and was left out one night by the burying ground in the coffin. The people who have this disease are conveyed up to Mr. Wing Kelley's in an old booby-hut of Mr. Congdon's.<sup>22</sup> There was a man

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<sup>20</sup> Massachusetts Spy. August 3, 1831: "Mrs. A.M. Wells's Academy. The First Term of this School will commence for the reception of Young Ladies in Worcester, on Monday, the first of August next. Instruction will be given in the English studies generally; in the French and Latin Languages; in Music, Drawing, and Painting." The school is in the old Gardiner Chandler mansion on "Nobility Hill" (95 Main Street, nearby the Trumbulls). In 1831 eleven gentlemen—Attorneys Rejoice Newton, Isaac Davis, John Davis, George Tilly Rice, and Alfred D. Foster; Judges Pliny Merrick and Thomas Kinnicutt; Governor Levi Lincoln; court clerk Abijah Bigelow, businessman/investors Benjamin Butman, and Simeon Burt—purchased the property, "for the purpose of establishing in the mansion a first-class private school for the education of young ladies." Quote, Paine, Recollections, p. 128. While prestigious—Governor Lincoln at least once held a ball for the graduating class—the school had financial difficulties. In 1832 or 1833 Grandmother Trumbull wrote to Jenny's sister Elizabeth: "I think you have a bad time at your school. I am truly sorry for Mrs. Wells and much fear that she will not be able to keep her school. Poor Mr. Wells also. It must be new times for him." Lincoln Family Papers. Mr. Baldwin mentioned attending a school fund raiser in 1832. When she failed, it was carried on by Mr. & Mrs. Wright. February 5, 1834, Massachusetts Spy published notice of the sale of the mansion to Judge Ira Barton, for \$5,100.

<sup>21</sup> Charles Ripley, son of Mrs. Trumbull's sister Susan, is on college break.

<sup>22</sup> Samuel Congdon owns a livery stable on the north side of School Street. Wing Kelley resides near the corner of Grafton Street. (Abigail Kelly Foster is his daughter.)

come from Boston to take care of them. Grandmother Trumbull is not well at all, she has been very sick this winter and is now very febrile.

There is an old Frenchman been round town and he came here begging for as he said "work and victuals"; he went to this old woman's house (who died of the smallpox) the night previous to her death and laid down in her room and her daughter could not get him out, and he said that he was not afraid of her and went and took hold of her arms.

Grandmother Clap is better than she was in the fore part of the winter but is now quite feeble.

Elizabeth is going to keep school for us and Caroline is going to assist her. Saturday we helped mother clean up the parlour and Caroline and I cleaned the andirons and Caroline cleaned the door latch so well as to see your face in it. All the schools are now stopped and we are eight of us at home.

*Mrs. Trumbull, August 9, 1832: "We had a severe trial during the winter with alarm occasioned by the small pox appearing in town & at one time appeared in an alarming extent but through the goodness of Heavenly Father the disease was stayed and only two deaths occurred & both of those were in rather bad habits. At one time we fancied our dear Joseph was suffering from symptoms & had all the family inoculated over again. All our town schools were suspended for more than a month. I then had 8 children at home at once, their busy time before & after their minds found sufficient employment. E. kept school for some time for the younger ones. My sister Ripley's eldest son made us a visit during his vacation from Amherst College, all enjoyed this much. It was during the excitement of the small pox, but it did not prevent their enjoyment. The sleighing was fine & our horse found employment for his limbs. Several satisfactory riders were highly enjoyed."*

Uncle John Paine has been moved from Miss Kennedy's to Mr. Nowell's; he is not quite so well as he has been and Mother, Grandmother, Sally, George, Sarah, Joseph, and myself have been up to see him since he has moved up there.<sup>23</sup>

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<sup>23</sup> Her Great-Uncle John Paine, age 69, is Grandmother Trumbull's brother. Sally Kennedy, age 58, daughter John and Mary, made a career as housekeeper and/or nurse. She lives near the Paine estate—the Oaks—on Lincoln Street, north of center village. The Nowells also live in that area. John Paine has suffered a complete loss of memory.

Mrs. Washburn has got a little daughter; it is very small and it has nothing but skin and bones for it has no flesh on it. They think some of calling it Mary Ann for Mrs. Washburn.<sup>24</sup>

We have all had some beautiful New year's presents from Boston; Caroline has had a beautiful Annual called The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not and George with The Pearl. Joseph and John two beautiful horses. I with a history of New England, and Sarah with stories about the elephant.<sup>25</sup>

January 23rd. I am now going to write the characters of the children, vis. E.T., worker authority. G.C.T., saver of wood, rice eater. C.B.T., neatness, brass cleaner. I.J.T., nearsighted, pudding eater. S.P.T., jumper, scratcher. Joseph T., wood saver, corn sheller. J.T., hard worker, feather. C.P.T., pleasantness, curly hair. (*Elizabeth is 15, George Clap 13, Caroline Burling 11, Louisa Jane, 9, Sarah Paine, 7, Joseph, 5, John, 3, and Charles Perkins, 1.*)

We are reading The Talisman which is very interesting. Also Voyages and Travels by Mrs. Jameson (the late Miss Thurtle) and are very much interested in it. I have been washing today and so has Elizabeth. I have had a new Album, a present from Mother, [who has] some thoughts of going to Boston next Saturday.

[p. 7] February 5th 1832. Today the weather has been so unpleasant we could not go to meeting and we were obliged to stay at home and content ourselves as well as we could. Mrs. Wells is to begin her third quarter tomorrow and Elizabeth and Caroline are going to her school. The schools are to begin tomorrow and they are all going but myself and the little baby. Yesterday Mother went to make a few calls and drank tea with Sarah at Mrs. F. Towne's.

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<sup>24</sup> Mary Ann Bird Washburn, daughter Emory and Mary Ann, born November 24, 1831.

<sup>25</sup> Letters in the Lincoln Family Papers indicate Cousin Sarah Perkins regularly sends gifts to her Trumbull cousins. Grandmother Trumbull and her sister Widow Sarah Perkins routinely instruct Elizabeth and her siblings to write proper thank you letters in response. (There is an enormous disparity in wealth between the two families; "gifts" include outgrown clothing.)

Sarah [7] can write her name pretty well when she tries and she makes some good figures on her slate. Mrs. Wood keeps the library and Saturdays we go and get books; they are very interesting. And yesterday I went to get some books which are very pretty and interesting.<sup>26</sup> George has got some bulbs which look very flourishing.

February 19th 1832. Mother has been to Boston with Father on Saturday last and returned on Monday morning at twenty minutes past ten. The snow entirely went away before they got to Marlborough. They found Grandmother very feeble but rather better.

We have got five little pigs in our barn and the baby [Charles, 2], when he went to see them, called them "kittens." They are all as white as snow and look more like rabbits than anything else. Mrs. Washburn's baby is as well as usual and grows considerable.

Tonight as we were coming home from school we had very good slides on the ice and we all got ourselves quite warm with the exercise of running on the ice. This afternoon I went with Sarah and Joseph to school and sewed. I had a very good time in sliding and at school. John [3] goes up to Miss Hamilton's school on the hill and likes it much, he behaves very well and is very well contented. I have written a great deal now.

[p. 8] March 5th 1832. I have now got a few leisure moments and will improve them by writing in this journal. Father and Mother have been to Boston lately to make a call so as to see Grandmother. They started from here at half after one o'clock (at noon) and arrived in Boston at half past nine in the evening. Mother and Father walked five or six miles.

*Mrs. Trumbull, August 9, 1832: "In February on Saturday of the first or second week [when she is eight months pregnant] we set off after dinner & arrived. . . as the clock struck 9. Our mother was in bed & had given up as for the night, but we were ushered into her quiet sleeping room & she was much gratified with seeing us. Her voice was feeble & she bore every mark of extreme*

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<sup>26</sup> Sarah B. S. Woods, between Jonathan Wood, bookbinder/instructor. Mrs. Wood is a school teacher and Lyceum Society librarian. The library and school are located on the second story of a two-story brick block on the south corner of Main and School Streets.

*debility, but a cheerful countenance welcomed us to her heart. During the night there came a sudden change of weather & rain fell in torrents. When we met in the morning the prospect was so bad all decided our comfort demanded our speedy departure for home. . . . At 10 o'clock we were on our way home after the blessings and good wishes of our friends who kindly gave speed to our departure. We soon had rain & the most chill waters, the snow and ice rapidly began to rise in icicles, every moment made our way more tedious. Fatigue to extreme almost exhausted me when we reached Marlborough about 5 o'clock, more than half the way on bare ground for the last 10 miles. We walked in the mud for several miles. At Marlborough we found our prospect still worn & decided to put our tired bones at rest & wait morning light. At 7 we got a chaise and bent our course homeward where we arrived about 10, almost overcome with the journey.*

Miss Mary Foxcroft is going to have a party and she has just been in here to borrow some whip glasses and the like.<sup>27</sup> Elizabeth is invited but I do not know as she will go, I think though that she will. I have just wrote a letter to Grandmother Clap and I am going to write a letter just as soon as I can to Grandmother Trumbull.

The other day John and I went over to Mrs. Chamberlain's and Miss Chamberlain [the teacher] gave John a beautiful butterfly which looked just like a live one. She also gave me an apple and John one too, and sent one home to the baby (Charles) she gave me also a very pretty little workbasket to remember her by. She is going to take a school where Mr. Hernshaw used to keep his office in part of Mrs. Denny's house and where Miss Denny used to keep her shop.<sup>28</sup> I expect that John will go to her but I do not know whether he will or not.

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<sup>27</sup> Mary, daughter John (deceased) and Charlotte Heywood Foxcroft, lives next door and will turn 16 on March 12, probably the occasion for her party. In a letter written in 1825, a year after Mr. Foxcroft died, Grandmother Trumbull commented how nice it was for the Trumbulls to have such pleasant neighbors, suggesting they moved here after his death. While her husband left real and personal property, Mrs. Foxcroft takes in boarders to help meet expenses.

<sup>28</sup> Daniel Denny, who died in 1822, owned a house at 83 Main Street. He had a card manufacturing business, with an office in the house and a shop to the rear. His family remained there and daughter Elizabeth used the office for a fancy goods store.

The 22nd of February I went to Mrs. Flagg's and I had a very beautiful time. Elizabeth and Caroline went to a ball, which was at Mrs. Bigelow's, and had a very pleasant time.<sup>29</sup> There is a town meeting today and the bell rung for it, just now, a minute or two ago.

Louisa Jane Trumbull's journal, Worcester, Massachusetts

[p. 9] March 18 1832. Mrs. Abbott has got a baby.<sup>30</sup> We have had some quite warm weather lately but it is colder now and today it snowed quite hard.

The other day Mrs. Wells sent Elizabeth and Caroline home at noon and told them never to stay at noon again, what for we could not think of till they remembered that one of the boarders (Miss Henshaw) knocked down the stove funnel with a shovel and then went and told Mrs. Wells that the girls knocked it down and it was occasioned by their making such a noise, when in fact she knocked it down herself and the young ladies made no noise more than usual. Mother wrote her a note and she took no notice whatever of it. Mother wrote her a second and last night she answered it. Tomorrow the girls are going to school again if it is pleasant.

We have had a fire here a week or two ago. It was burnt by Mr. Miller who inhabited the house. He made his escape but has been caught and they are now trying him or bringing in the

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<sup>29</sup> Sarah Chamberlain Flagg, daughter William and Betsey Curtis Chamberlain, is taciturn Nancy Chamberlain's half sister, married to Elisha Flagg, a commercial baker (and co-occupant of the brick duplex on Main Street where Mrs. Bradford presently lives).

Sophia Stowell Bigelow lives nearby on Grafton Street. Her husband Lewis is a highly regarded carpenter. Their daughter Maria is Elizabeth Trumbull's age.

<sup>30</sup> John Bourne Abbott, son Reverend John S.C. Abbott and wife, born February 26, 1832. Rev. Abbott is pastor of Central Church (Calvinist).

witnesses. He is to be tried in the court of April next. He cried, it is said, when he was caught. They found him washing dishes in a victual cellar.<sup>31</sup>

John (who was three years old last July) goes to school and can spell cat, dog, cow and say some of his letters. Grandmother Trumbull's mouth is entirely well and she says "that when the travelling is good and an event happens, which she has not informed us of, she shall come home." [The event is another birth.] Mother says if she [Grandmother Trumbull] is willing that I may go to Boston with her to make a visit.

Elizabeth and Caroline, Mother some thinks of letting them go to Greenfield to go to school. Caroline wishes much to go but I don't [p. 10] think Elizabeth does very much. They are going to the high school (which is a boarding school) and they are going to board there.<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>31</sup> Massachusetts Spy, March 14, 1832: "FIRE. On the morning of the 11th inst., at about 4 o'clock, the inhabitants of this village were alarmed by the cry of fire. It proved to be in a small Dwelling House, situated between Front and Mechanic streets, belonging to Capt. Luther Burnett and occupied by Widow Catherine Johnson. When first discovered, it had made such progress that it illuminated the whole village, and the house was entirely destroyed . . . The house was surrounded with other buildings, and connected, by a wood-house, to another dwelling house; but, by the prompt and spirited exertions of the engine companies and citizens, the flames were prevented from communicating to any other building. . . There are circumstances which leave no doubt on the public mind, that the fire was the work of an incendiary. Suspicions rest on a person by the name of Miller, who was discharged from Gaol the day before, and a reward of \$100 has been offered for his apprehension and conviction."

<sup>32</sup> This school opened in 1828 and closed in 1845. The girls attend under principal Rev. Henry L. Jones. Massachusetts Spy, October 20, 1830 advertisement: "Greenfield High School for Young Ladies." The list of "prominent characteristics" included: "(1) "All pupils from abroad are required to board at the institution. The reason of this is that the education contemplated is not limited to instruction. Our plan embraces physical and moral, as well as mental culture. . . ." (2) "The course of study is systematic, and complete in itself. . . ." (3) "All our teachers are solely and steadily devoted each to one or more specific branches, to which, from nature and previous discipline, they are specially adapted." (4) "Emulation is deadened. . . ." (5) "Our pupils are accommodated with rooms warmed by open fires, fitted in all respects for lodging and studied, and occupied each but by two inmates." It cost \$150 per year, with additional charges for instruction in Latin, French, Music, Drawing and Painting, and Needlework.



There did not anyone go to meeting today but George and Father, for it was so unpleasant. Mother thought that we had better not go or we should [sic]. Aunt Bradish has caught a dreadful cold which she thinks she got sitting up after she was undressed without her shawl on. George has got a dreadful sore arm in consequence of his being inoculated. It is better now than it has been. Charles' humour has been very bad lately but Dr. Green left something here which has nearly cured him up. Sarah and Joseph can write their names quite well as they have learnt to do so at Miss Chamberlain's school.

April 12th 1832. I have the pleasure to write that I have a little sister who is to be named Susan. We all want to have her named Susan Ellen but Mother says it shall be simple Susan. She has a great deal of hair and I think that Charles and Susan are the handsomest children Mother has got. Mrs. Foster has a daughter who is to be named Rebecca.<sup>33</sup> Mrs. Johnson is with Mother now. The baby has got Mrs. Foxcroft's cradle to lay in and she looks very pretty in it.

*Mrs. Trumbull, August 9, 1832: "The 20th of March I was made mother of a fifth daughter, a beautiful & promising child who we call Susan for my beloved sister. My restoration was unusually rapid and all things seemed to prosper with us. Our dear Mother who had been severely ill during the cold weather was so anxious to be with us and the third week in April she came, & although the day was stormy was not made more sick, she seemed delighted with our addition in number & enjoyed the healthful aspect which our dwelling presented."*

Grandmother and Cousin Margaret and Cousin Fanny Forbes are coming to our house on Monday. Cousin M. and F. are going to stay one day and Wednesday those two are going home.<sup>34</sup> I expect I shall go to Boston to make a visit with Grandmother when she goes.

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<sup>33</sup> Rebecca Faulkner, daughter Alfred and Lydia Stiles Foster, born April 1, 1832.

<sup>34</sup>The Forbes girls are relations. Widow Sarah Perkins' sister-in-law, Margaret Mitchell Perkins, married Ralph Bennet Forbes of Milton, son Rev. John and Dorothy Murray Forbes, in 1799. They had six children — Robert Bennet (born 1804), John Murray (born 1813), Mary A. (born 1814), and Thomas T., Margaret, Emma, and Frances (birth dates not given). The family is extremely distinguished and highly regarded in seaboard circles and in the world of international commerce. Milton historian Albert Kendall Teele, identified males in the family as Harvard educated and professionally successful, residing at Milton and Jamaica Plain, St. Augustine, Florida, and Bordeaux,

Elizabeth and Caroline are going to the Greenfield high school this [p.11] summer. It is a boarding school.

May 3rd. Grandmother Trumbull has come home and Cousin Margaret and Cousin Fanny escorted her home. It rained (the day that she came) very hard indeed but fortunately neither Grandmother nor my cousins caught cold. Grandmother brought us each a very pretty book for which we [are] very much obliged to her. When I was three years old Grandmother took me to Boston and I had a very good time. I cannot remember the particulars as I was very young and it is six years ago.

Elizabeth and Caroline went to Greenfield to go to a boarding school (at Mr. Jones's) Friday morning. They were escorted by cousin Caleb Howe and had a very pleasant journey and arrived safely there at 8 o'clock on Friday evening.<sup>35</sup> We have heard from them once. They say they admire Mrs. Jones. Aunt Susan [Ripley] has sent us some maple sugar for which we were very much obliged to her. She sent a great box full and we are going to send a piece to [the Perkins family in] Boston as they do not have it there and they are very fond of it.

We have had our little girl come [from Greenfield, probably an orphan]. She came Tuesday afternoon alone in the stage. Aunt Susan said she gave her a few things and she wrote a line on the two Mr. Alden (the stage driver) to take particular charge of her and she arrived here safely

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France. The Forbes are also extensively covered (including transcriptions of business and family correspondence and memoranda) in the Cabot family genealogy.

The Forbes family figure prominently in the Trumbull girls' refinement as young ladies, as it was to this household that the girls were sent to become acquainted with the wider world and gain exposure to the highest society. Mrs. Forbes was a widow when Jenny began keeping journals, her husband having died in 1824. Fanny is very fond of her and of Emma. Margaret seems to be more disciplined, Fanny quite frail, and Mary a beauty most often absent from home during her visits). Bennet and John enjoyed highly successful careers, Bennet in international trade and John in railroads; Thomas died a young man at sea in China.

<sup>35</sup> Caleb is 22, son of Mrs. Trumbull's aunt and uncle, Jonas and Hannah Buckminster Stone Howe.

on the first day of May. She has begun to read and spell to Mother and she thinks that she is very forward for her age. She has [p. 12] begun to sew today. Her name is Nancy Brown.<sup>36</sup>

I have begun to go to Mrs. Wells's school. I sit with Josephine Rose. Mrs. Wells, where there has been sisters, she has put them together, where there has not, she has put one large girl [Josephine, 17] and one small girl [Jenny, 9] together, and I sit with J. Rose.

Mary Chandler has gone home, she went this morning. Mother says she shall miss her very much. I think I shall but I hope sometime she will come back.<sup>37</sup>

May 23 1832. I went to walk the other day and got a few chuckleberries. I did not have a pleasant time though, at all. We have had a present from Ellen Bigelow, she has given us a most beautiful bunch of flowers which Grandmother has put into the two flowerpots.<sup>38</sup>

Last night we were visited by an "unexpected" and "unwelcome" visitor, vis.: "a snowstorm." To be sure it did not snow so much as to make sleighing but it snowed. Our subject for composition was "Address by the Mayflower to a snowstorm" and we might write either in prose or poetry.

We have had a visit of a day from cousin Mary Forbes.

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<sup>36</sup> Nancy remained with the family at least through 1841. Like the Trumbull children, she attended school, received presents and new clothing, went out riding, was nursed in sickness, attended festivities, went on family visits. But she also had specific household duties of a hired girl. She was a quasi-daughter and probably remained with the family until marriage.

<sup>37</sup> Mary Ann Chandler, daughter Gardiner Leonard and Lucretia Callahan Greene Chandler, born June 13 1799 and died 1861, unmarried, in Salem. Her grandfather built the mansion where Mrs. Wells keeps school. This branch of the family resided in Boston and Salem.

<sup>38</sup> Ellen Bigelow, 24, daughter of Attorney Lewis and Harriot Edwards Bigelow of Petersham; she is probably living with relations in town.

Uncle doctor Paine is very sick indeed and Mrs. Tucker has come to Worcester. James Paine has got the measles and Elizabeth Paine has symptoms of them. They expect she will have them and William and Mary and Sibel and then they will be almost all of them sick.<sup>39</sup>

L.J. Trumbull

Grandmother went to Boston last month.

[p. 13] July 13 1832, Friday afternoon. Tuesday morning July 9th 1832 Grandmother Trumbull died at Jamaica Plains in Roxbury at Aunt Perkin's country seat. She was sick but one day and died at half after four o'clock Tuesday morning. Sunday she was dressed and Monday she kept her bed. Thursday morning Mr. Tom Caton (the sexton of Worcester) went down to Boston and last night he brought her here. The funeral was here from the old South Meetinghouse. She was buried by the side of Grandfather as that was his wish when he died. The funeral was this morning. Dr. Bancroft made the prayer. Cousin Emma and Cousin Margaret were not at home when she died. We have had 2 or 3 letters from them. They said they had cut off all her hair as almost everyone would wish for a lock.<sup>40</sup> The girls (Liz and Cali) will of course feel very bad not to have been here at the time of the funeral. Calvin (Mrs. Perkins' coachman) has been here twice since she died, once he came (the day that she died) with a letter for although they sent one by

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<sup>39</sup> Mrs. Tucker's return to Worcester highlights her father's critical condition, for their relationship had long been strained. Esther Orne Paine Tucker had married her very wealthy cousin Joseph Cabot of Salem in 1785. When he died a young man, she returned with her two sons to her father's household, the Oaks. But after years of Dr. Paine's rejecting suitors, Esther moved back to Salem where in 1811 she married widower, Ichabod Tucker (whose wife, Maria Orne, died in 1806). This match highly displeased her father and sons, though it is not clear why. Like her first husband, Mr. Tucker was Harvard educated and an attorney (though not of the same lofty social stature or inherited fortune).

James Perkins, 4, Elizabeth Orne, 5, William Russell, 9, and Mary Pickard, 2, are the children of Frederick William and Anne Cushing Sturgis Paine, grandchildren of Dr. Paine. Sibel is probably a young girl in the family, like Nancy Brown in the Trumbull household.

<sup>40</sup> Locketts of hair were typically placed in a brooch or other piece of jewelry, worn in mourning and kept as a remembrance of the deceased.

the mail they were afraid it might be miscarried). Then he came this morning with Mr. Eaton. Aunt Perkins is quite overcome with it.

Mr. Nowell [the care-giver] said that a minute or two after he had told Uncle John he cried as if his heart would break, but after that he seemed to forget all about it. Mother has gone up to see him this afternoon.

L.J. Trumbull

*Mrs. Trumbull, July 13, 1832: "Every thing has been done as we thought she would have desired. The funeral attended at 9 o'clock this morning from the South Church. Dr. Bancroft read an appropriate Psalm and made an impressive prayer. The corpse was brought up in the night, the still bright moon witnessed & made the scene more impressive if possible. No alteration in her countenance but appeared in a placid sleep. I could hardly realize in the expression that the vital spark was extinct so quiet and natural were all the features. My poor husband is in deep affliction it until this day since her decease could not shed a tear, his sufferings were too great for utterance no lamentation escaped him. His grief seemed all within. May our Heavenly Parent keep and support him and in this event may he feel a nearer alliance to the God of all our mercies who does not willingly afflict his children. Eight years in March since we paid the last tribute of duty to his father, since which we have had many adverse fits of sickness in our family & have by divine mercy been supported & raised to activity & a measure of health."*

[p. 14] Sally has been to Athol to make a visit of one or two days. She took Charles [20 months old] with her. Aunt Lucy has come from Greenfield. She has now been here a fortnight. The term of Mrs. Jones's school is out but the girls are to stay another term.

The cholera is now making its appearance. It has raged in Montreal and is now in New York. The comet is most here but lately. (Since the death of my dear Grandmother) we have thought of neither, nor of any consequence father is not at all well and before the news of Grandmother's death reached here he was quite sick. Calvin came (and so did the letter) at nine o'clock at night but Mother did not tell him until the morning.

*Mrs. Trumbull, August 21, 1832: "It has been a sad season for us. My dear children absent & the near approach of the dreaded cholera added to the decease of our mother. My sister Lucy has been with me and contributed greatly to my comfort."*

Poor little, dear Susan is all coming out with the humour, has been quite sick, but she is a great deal better now. She is very fond of Aunt Lucy. She has not been christened yet.

Mrs. Burnett is dead. Mr. and Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Flagg and Mrs. Flagg had joined our church and Mrs. Burnett for a long time was very sick and Thursday morning she died. Her poor little girls must feel dreadfully. I dare say Mrs. Flagg will adopt them.<sup>41</sup>

We of course feel very sad at Grandmother's death but we must think it is all best and look to God for our consolation in all our trials for all things are for our good. We may feel assured that she is now happy as she was such a good woman.

[p. 15] August 27th 1832. Nancy has been quite sick but she is better now and takes care of the children. Sally is very sick. She is rather better today, but I was obliged to stay at home from school to help mother. Aunt Lucy remains with us still and I hope she will stay a good while longer. I go to Miss Blair's school now and so does Hester Newton and Sarah Trumbull.<sup>42</sup>

Miss Murray is come.<sup>43</sup> I went to meeting all day yesterday and took John [age 4] all day. Mr. Allen of Northboro preached. I like to go to Miss Blair's school very well. Mrs. Wells has got 20 scholars of which 9 are boarders, the rest day scholars.

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<sup>41</sup> Elizabeth Chamberlain Burnett was 32, her daughters 5 and 7. Mrs. Flagg is Elizabeth's sister Sarah. The girls may have lived with the Flaggs until their father remarried, in 1836, as it was not customary for a man to maintain housekeeping without female assistance.

<sup>42</sup> Hannah Blair is probably a relative of the Chamberlains and may be keeping school in their house (her surname is the middle name of Elizabeth Chamberlain).

<sup>43</sup> Lucretia Murray, daughter John Murray and 3rd wife Lucretia Chandler Murray, born June 1762 and died August 30, 1836, unmarried, at Leicester. Her father came from Ireland to Rutland, Massachusetts where he was "one of the colonial noblemen"—highly successful as a merchant, politician, speculator, and money-lender—that is, until the Revolution when his stout loyalist sympathies required that he flee. Lucretia's mother was a daughter of John and

L.J. Trumbull

Yesterday (Sunday August 26th) Sarah was 8 years old.

September 20th 1832. Sally has got well now and so has Nancy. Miss Blair has been very sick with the dysentery and we have had a week's vacation, but now we go to school and all is again "health and happiness" at school. Yesterday Mother and Aunt Lucy went to Rutland (at Uncle Dr. Frink's) and drove themselves, they went and came back the same day.<sup>44</sup> In a week they are going to Greenfield to bring Elizabeth and Caroline home. Aunt Lucy is not coming back again with mother. Susan is going with them. She went to Rutland with them yesterday.

September 28th 1832. Today Mother, Aunt Lucy, and Susan were to have gone to Greenfield, but Susan is dangerously sick, and Mother has got an awful cold. I do not know [p. 16] whether Mother will go to Greenfield or not this autumn. Aunt Bradish is also very sick with the bowel complaint. Miss Murray has not gone home yet, nor I do not know when she will go.

It was muster last week and as it rained so hard there will be another after Cattle Show. The Cavalry came and stood before our house and performed all their exercises. They have begun to put up the Cattle Show pens already. I did not go to school today for mother thought I could help her about Susan. Sarah has however gone to school and I do not know but what I shall go this afternoon if Mother thinks it is best for me to do so.

Poor Catharine Kinnicutt is in a dreadful situation. She says "I hope I shall live to see Elizabeth Trumbull!" So she must be perfectly sensible of her situation. The high school's examination is Monday, and Wednesday the term closes. I do not know but what the girls will come alone if Susan does not get well enough to go next week.

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Hannah Gardiner Chandler, sister of the gentleman (another colonial nobleman) who built the mansion where Mrs. Wells keeps school. Quote, Chandler, Genealogy, p. 247.

<sup>44</sup> Dr. John Frink, whose first wife was Mrs. Trumbull's cousin Lucy [Isabella] Stone, daughter John and Lucy Fletcher Stone. She had three children, two of whom died young, and she died in 1788. He married Nancy Cunningham of Spencer in 1808.

Ben Tucker is dead!<sup>45</sup> He died of the scarlet fever. Previous to his sickness Mrs. Tucker had it, he watched with her day and night, carried her broths and in short did everything he could do. While she was yet weak from the effects of her late illness he was taken. The night that he died she was prevailed upon to go to bed. The physician gave him some medicine to make him go to sleep and set for him. In the morning they went to him and thought he was asleep. They immediately sent off the Dr., who said he was almost gone, but yet refused to give him anything to try to revive him. They shook him and could not wake him and after a while found he had died in the night time. The dose the Dr. had given him “made him sleep never to wake again.”

I have drawn, painted, and printed a map at Miss Blair’s school. It is a map of New England. I am going to send it to Grandmother Clap. It is my first attempt. Mrs. Gardiner Paine has got a baby, it is a son and is to be named Nathaniel for his Grandfather. He is a fine, fat, healthy boy as ever I saw.<sup>46</sup>

About a week or two ago Mother had a little tea party which consisted of Aunt [Hannah Paine] Bradish, Miss [Lucretia] Murray, Mrs. [Harriet Paine] Rose, Mrs. [Elizabeth Perkins] Sturgis, Miss [Eliza] Sturgis, Cousin Nancy Paine, Miss [Elizabeth Paine, Cousin Sarah Paine, Mrs. [Louisa] Trumbull, Miss Lucy Clap, Jane Trumbull, and Miss Sarah Trumbull. There were some invited who did not come, namely, Mrs. Gardiner Paine, Mr. Gardiner Paine and young Mr. Nathaniel Paine. There was one who was not invited but who nevertheless came, I mean Miss Elizabeth Paine.<sup>47</sup>

Miss Rose and Josephine Rose have returned from Salem and Mrs. Rose has commenced housekeeping again. Betsey Harrit who used to live here is their help. Josephine Rose and John Lee [her sister’s husband] have both had their profiles taken with their dress and all on. I have written two whole pages in this book this morning. I must therefore stop writing.

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<sup>45</sup> Benjamin, age 29, adopted son of Esther Paine’s second husband, Ichabod Tucker.

<sup>46</sup> Nathaniel Paine, son Gardiner and Emily Baker Paine, born August 6, 1832.

<sup>47</sup> The guests are all relations. The uninvited guest is Nancy Paine’s daughter, age 6.



Louisa Jane Trumbull, September 27th 1832

[p.20] Thursday, October 18th 1832. Monday morning, Oct. 8th 1832, Elizabeth and Caroline arrived after an absence of six months at the Greenfield High School for Young Ladies. They came up with Mr. Henry Newcomb.<sup>48</sup> They started at five o'clock Sunday evening and got here at one o'clock Monday morn. Elizabeth is going back in three weeks from yesterday. Last night Mr. Jones [the principal] came here and it was decided that she should go back.

Joseph [age 6] belongs to a company of boys but they have not decided upon a name yet for it. Joseph says he thinks it will be called Artillery Company. Miss Blair [the teacher] is going to be married in a week or two to Gen. Thomas Chamberlain. I do not know who will take her place. Elizabeth and Caroline have been to ride out a little way since they have been at home. Elizabeth has been to see Catherine Kinnicutt, she found her low indeed. I cannot write more only to say that the 12th of this month was my 10th birthday. I must now go to bed.

November 7th 1832. This morning Elizabeth went to Greenfield. I got up at 5 o'clock and Elizabeth got up in the middle of the night, when the moon shone bright and she thought it was morning but found out her mistake and got back into her bed again!!! Miss Blair was married last Wednesday evening a week from today!!!!!!<sup>49</sup> Her successor, Miss Knightrs, seems to have taken a great dislike to me, she is so cross I do not think I shall go to her anymore!!! I can't write with such pens.

Louisa Jane Trumbull Journal, aged ten years 6 months April 2nd 1833

[p. 23; sic—she skipped numbers 23 & 22 in paginating] Worcester, December 9th 1832. Aged ten years, Louisa Jane Trumbull. Sunday. We have not been able to go to meeting because it was so unpleasant but George and Father went this morning. I have had such a cold that I have not

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<sup>48</sup> Henry Knox Newcomb, son Richard E. and Phoebe Newcomb of Greenfield, is 36, an attorney, brother of Attorney Joseph Newcomb, and a childhood friend of Mrs. Trumbull.

<sup>49</sup> October 30, 1832, Hannah Blair married Thomas Chamberlain, a 49-year-old widower with eight children.

been out for a month until Friday, when I and Sarah went over to Aunt Bradishes and drank tea and staid in the evening until eight o'clock. John is all dressed up in his jacket and trousers.

The 29th of November was Thanksgiving but Mother did not make any pies and puddings because Tuesday and Wednesday before Thanksgiving Miss Mary Stiles came here to make John a suit of clothes which, by the way, set horridly.<sup>50</sup> This morning Sally put on John's jacket and trousers upon Charles (as Mother has fixed John another pair) and brought him upstairs; he looked like a little monkey all dressed up.

The morning after Elizabeth left us to go to G..d poor Catharine Kinnicutt [age 17] breathed her last. Josephine Rose put on mourning for her but yet she goes to parties. When she lay in such agony (that none of her friends could wish her to live in such agony), then she [Josephine] would not go to balls, but as soon as she was dead she put on her weeds and went to balls and parties.

Father has bought a piano and Caroline plays upon it and is now taking lessons of Mrs. Harris and is giving me lessons in music.<sup>51</sup> I practice the lessons on the piano now. Miss Rose and Mrs. Harris have tried it and think it a very sweet toned instrument. It is one of Chickering's and cost about two hundred and forty dollars. I am going to write in this book a little every day.

[p.24] Worcester, December 29th 1832. This afternoon George drove Mary and Elizabeth Jennison with Sarah and I down by the Worcester turnpike in the sleigh and had a very pleasant ride. This is the first time that I have got into a sleigh this winter. The Jennisons were very much pleased with their ride, I should have thought by their actions, for they could not talk they were so delighted.<sup>52</sup>

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<sup>50</sup> Mary is 26, daughter Jeremiah and Abigail Stiles. Her father, a painter, is dead and the family has scant resources. In 1837 she will marry Attorney Henry Newcomb.

<sup>51</sup> Charlotte Thayer Harris, daughter of Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, where she received her training. Her husband is Clarendon Harris, bookseller and printer. Her sister Sarah, age 27 and very ill, lives with them.

<sup>52</sup> Mary Ellery, age 9, and Elizabeth (birth not recorded), daughters Samuel and Mary G. Ellery Jennison. Mr. Jennison is cashier of Worcester Bank. They live nearby on Main Street.

Tuesday was Christmas and Aunt Bradish requested me to set down what was the weather on Christmas Holidays because she said that "folks" said "that whatever the weather was on them days, the twelve months of the next year would be." So I guess I will set them down. Wednesday December 26 was rather pleasant and rather dull and cold. Thursday Dec 27 it snowed. Friday 28th was a delightful pleasant day. Saturday 29th it was very mild and pleasant. I cannot write any more so I shall stop.

Louisa Jane Trumbull

1833

January 22nd 1833. The first thing I have any recollection of was my sister Elizabeth's tumbling me into the fire. She was told by the nursery maid to let me sit in the little chair until she came up, when she would allow her to hold me, but Lizzy was in too great a hurry to wait a minute and she united me but did not hold me, so of course I fell into the fire; at first she put on camphor which took the skin off, when George got a pitcher of water and flung onto me. He then ran and called Sally Earle (the nurse) who was then eating her breakfast. The scar is still on my forehead.

Miss Sarah Thayer, Mrs. Harris's sister, breathed her last on Sunday evening. She has been sick for almost three years.

February 7th 1833. Yesterday we committed to the earth our little darling Johnny, who expired in the arms of our dear Mother, Sunday [p.25] last, at 8 o'clock of the dropsy of the chest. Just twenty-four hours before he died, his countenance changed, and Mother called Father to the bedside, and said that she should feel better satisfied to have the Dr. see him, but she had no idea of danger (because he had told her that they were all so) until the Dr. came into the room, when she saw by his looks, that he was very anxious about him. He had had the canker rash, and had got so well, that after dinner he came down and staid until tea.

Mother told him that Dr. Greene gave him medicine to take to make him better, and when he got so he could lisp his prayer, one night after he had said it, Mother told him that God had made him better, and that he must be very thankful. He at the time seemed to take no notice at all of it, but sometime after he raised himself in the bed and said, "Mother I say Dr. Greene is not

God.” He had been told, that Dr. Greene had given him medicine to make him better, and that God had made him better, and he thought of it some time, and at last came to the conclusion that Mother had deceived him.<sup>53</sup>

He was buried yesterday, at three o’clock, in the new burying-ground, in a black coffin. The coffin was put in a box, which was the town custom. They always do so in Greenfield, and it was done by Mother’s particular desire. [The funeral was from this house. Mr. Hill made an excellent prayer, in which he mentioned Grandmother Clapp, Elizabeth, and Cally]. Besides Father, Mother, and the rest of the children, and [p.26] the other relatives, and mourners.

Sunday, Mother sent down to tell us that Dr. Greene had said there was no danger of catching it, so we spent the greater part of that day with the darling boy. He has always been very fond of Caroline for one New Years Day, when he was but five months old, she came in and said to Father, “I wish you a happy new year!” So Father took him in his arms and held him up to her and said, “Here is the new years present,” so Caroline has always considered him as her boy. In the course of Sunday afternoon, she went down a minute for something and he turned his little head and said, “Where is Cally? I want her.” When Father led him up to school, he would turn his little head round and smile, and say nothing. I have seen him do it myself, and never shall I forget his looks at those times. I saw him Monday morning. He was dreadfully pale, and his lips were very white. I kissed his sweet forehead, it was cold, and felt like marble, and a sweet smile was on his pale lips. He was in dreadful suffering all the time, I never saw such sufering in my life.

He died in dreadful agony. He was in the crib in the front chamber. Mother washed him and with Sally’s assistance laid him out. Mother and Sally put him into the coffin. No indifferent hand ever touched the darling child, and we all feel happier to think so. He seemed to be perfectly sensible of his situation, and several times said [p.27] “I will die, I shall die.” The last

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<sup>53</sup> Dr. John Greene is the leading physician in Worcester, the third generation of physicians in the family (and last, he had no children). He was born April 19, 1784, son Dr. John and Nancy Barber Greene. Dr. Greene trained at Brown and Harvard. He resides with wife Dolly Curtis at 57 Main Street in a large brick mansion.

words the lovely boy ever said were "I die. I die. Oh dear, I die." He was in Mother's lap and he looked at her and said, "What is it that I see?" She then told him that it was the lamp and the can. "No, no, that is not what I see." It is probable that he saw higher and more elevated things than any mortal being ever saw. It is probable that he is now a little angel singing the praises of his Almighty God, and Father. He was four years, six months, and three days old when he died (February 3rd 1833). Mr. Hill has been very kind to us since we were visited with this affliction. Susan was christened Tuesday by Mr. Hill, when he made a prayer.

February 8th 1833. John was always very fond of music, and when Caroline was practicing on the piano and singing, he would sing with her, and say, "Oh have are you going sheet obin, hat makes you so proud and to shine?" He always said so, and that was all he knew about that, but he would hum a tune with Caroline, and he could sing with her, "On the mountain top appearing, to the sacred herald stands." He had a sweet voice and I think he was very fond of singing.

George is rather better today, and Joseph is about as well; they are very feeble, and have a great appetite. Caroline is not very well, and Dr. Greene has just been in, and has left some papers for medicine for her.

I do not think I have ever written that Uncle John [Paine] was dead. He died December 23rd 1832, and was buried from the meetinghouse, Christmas day, at 3 o'clock. The [p.28] prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. Bancroft. He died on Sunday, and was buried the next day.

Johnny was very fond of him I think, and whenever the horse and chaise, or sleigh were tackled he would say, "May I go ride, see Uncle John?" He had a little pair of boots, but little darling, never lived to wear them but a few times, they being fixed up for him this winter. If his shoestring was taken out, or lost, and his apron torn, or his handkerchief lost, "Gord Rard" (meaning George Ward) and "John Turner" and "Gord Otis" did it.

When he was first taken sick with the canker rash he did not wish to have Dr. Greene. Mother asked him why. He said "he put bugs up my arm." When Dr. Greene vaccinated him, he told him

that it was a little bug and he was afraid he would do it again. He wished to have Dr. Blood; but Dr. Greene gave him sugarplums which reconciled him to him.<sup>54</sup>

Last night we received a letter from Elizabeth. I never read such a beautiful letter in my life. She seemed perfectly calm, and composed. Oh what a dear girl she is! I hope that I shall sometime or other be as good as she is and a blessing to my dear Father and Mother, who have done so much, and are continually doing so much for me.

John wanted to be rubbed or scratched all the time, and he would beg Mother to claw him and he would say “your nails are not good nails. Send to Miser Hobbs, get him to cut off your nails [and] put on some better ones.” Mr. Hobbs was a carpenter who lives down by our [p.29] house in the house where Cousin Frances Vose formerly resided.

Mr. Charles Stiles has buried two beautiful little girls of this dreadful disease, and Mr. Calvin Hatch one little girl, Mrs. Hadaway one little boy, and the one spew boy of this most dreadful of all disease.<sup>55</sup> Dr. Greene said he should rather have the smallpox go through a family than the canker rash. Grandmother Clap buried two of the canker rash, and Aunt Lucy was laid away for dead, and now she lives, and is well. Charles [age 2] keeps talking about John, and Sally was just now boiling a piece of pork, and she gave Charles a little piece, and he said, “Johnny wants some. I’ll give him some of mine.” Sally asked him where Johnny was. “All sick in the bed, poor Johnny.” He saw him at here he was dead, but I suppose he thought he was asleep. It makes Sally feel dreadfully to hear him talk so.

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<sup>54</sup> Dr. Oliver Hunter Blood, who later became a dentist. He was born in Sterling in 1799, graduated from Harvard in 1821, studied medicine with Drs. John Greene and Benjamin Franklin Heywood of Worcester, and commenced practice in late 1825 or early 1826. In 1828 he married Dorothea Ward Blake, daughter Hon. Francis and Elizabeth Augusta Chandler.

<sup>55</sup> In January of 1833, Samuel and Ruth Hathaway lost son Hiram, age 2, and Charles and Lucy Stiles lost daughter Charlotte. The other deaths Jenny named were not recorded.

I think he enjoyed himself as much as ever a child did in the world. The only school that ever he liked to go to was to Mrs. Allen's, the carpenter's wife.<sup>56</sup> She was very kind to him and she was very fond of him, and he of her. Every morning when he went to school, he went right into the kitchen and opened the stove door, and there was a nice little cake for him. One day when he was not very well Mother kept him at home, and before long he was down there at school, in the kitchen, to look for his cake in the stove oven.

When he [p.30] went to Miss Hamilton's, Sally was obliged to hive him off with anything the house afforded. He would go to Mrs. Foxcroft's [next door], and keep rapping on the door, until Elizabeth Foxcroft [age 15] came to the door, when he would go in, sit down, and talk, and tell her of everything he had heard us say at home. She was very fond of him, and everyone who knew him loved him, I believe. He always seemed to be rather backward about learning, but lately he seemed to get along better than he had before. He could just spell a few words, such as "cow," "how," "boots," "cat." When he had a new pair of boots, Miss Hamilton learned him how to spell "boots." He was a very kind-hearted child, and if you took anything away from him, he would not cry, but go to doing something else.

Sally has been everything to us, and Mother says she does not know what she should have done without her. She staid up here that Saturday night that dear little Johnny was taken sick, until three o'clock in the morning, when we went down to see to Charley as she was afraid he would wake up and cry; and Sunday, she said she heard almost all day. When Mother was holding him once in the afternoon, he wanted Sally (who had gone down after something). Mother told him that if Sally staid, she must go. He said, "I want you both. I want one to hold me, the other to look at." Just now, the little children came home from Miss Hamilton's school, but our [p.31] sweet little Johnny was not with them.

We used to think he made a great deal of noise; oh! if we could only hear his little step, how thankful we should be. Yet why should we wish him back again, for we have reason to think he is now happier than we could ever have made him.

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<sup>56</sup>This is the wife of J.B. Allen who lives nearby on Green Street.

*Mrs. Trumbull, February 8, 1833 [She wrote pages about John's illness and death, including]:  
"Oh how much have we enjoyed this child . . . A drop of the chest was what finally affected him,  
though the fatal canker rash was the first cause & his debilitated from the blow predisposed to the  
disease."*

February 9th 1833. Wednesday it was very unpleasant; it snowed all day until Johnny's coffin was let down into the ground, when the sun broke through the clouds and everything looked beautifully. [She crossed out: Perhaps it was Johnny's happy little spirit so bright.] This morning Josephine and Mrs. Rose came here to see Mother. Joseph and George are a great deal better, and George sets up the greater part of the day. I went down this morning to purchase some steel for Caroline. The snow was rather deep, but I got along pretty well. Mother says that she should not be surprised if Aunt Lucy should come up tonight, for Caroline (when John was so sick) wrote to her to have her come and help us. Mother wrote not to have her come last night but it will not get there until tonight. Mother says she hopes she will not come for the travelling is so bad that she would rather have her come some other time. Elizabeth said if Mother thought best she should come [p.32] up with her.

February 10th 1833. Just a week ago from today Johnny was alive, but suffering in dreadful agony, and now he is in heaven with God, and his holy angels. He was taken away before he had ever committed any sin, from this sinful world to a place "where there shall be no more pain or sorrow nor any separation." Lord may we all be enabled to say "Father thy will, not mine, be done." "The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be his holy name." George is a great deal better today, She says Joseph. They have both eaten a piece of roaster beef today, and seemed to relish it very much. We have not any of us been to meeting today.

John Greene Heywood is very sick indeed. Dr. Greene (for whom he was named) was in here this morning; he said that he had convulsive fits and he did not think he would live more than two or three hours. He has been sick for six weeks today. He had had the canker rash but so lightly that they did not know anything about it, but he caught cold and that made him a great deal worse. Dr. Greene was going to Boston the other day and he asked him what he should get for him. He said a drum. He would always go to school if he could only have some military thing about him. I



have seen him a great many times go into Mrs. Dr. Greene's and get a cake, and come out and eat part of it, and put the rest in a little knapsack which he wore on his back.

February 11th 1833. John Greene Heywood died last night at eleven o'clock.<sup>57</sup> Joseph and George are quite smart [p.33] today. Dr. Greene has not been in today, but he does not come only every other day. Caroline has been to Dr. Park a quarter.<sup>58</sup> Last week she did not go but this morning she went and began a new quarter.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "Cally has a fine opportunity for improvement, is one of a class of seven attending the instruction of Dr. Park."*

In April Mr. and Mrs. Wright are coming here and are going to keep school where Mrs. Wells once kept.<sup>59</sup> Father and Mother think some of having Sarah, and myself, go to them. In ten weeks Elizabeth will come home!! Oh!! How glad I shall be!!! . . .

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<sup>57</sup> John Greene, son Benjamin F. and Nancy Greene Heywood, born May 24, 1828 and died February 10, 1833, age almost five. Nancy Heywood is Dr. John Greene's sister.

<sup>58</sup> Dr. John Park, M.D., was a well respected gentleman. After a brief stint as a surgeon in the U.S. Navy, he established the Boston Lyceum for Young Ladies, which during its twenty years of operation was well positioned and highly regarded. He removed to Worcester in 1831 where the family resided on lower Main Street. Mrs. Sturgis remembered two daughters, Mary Ann, who married a prominent attorney, and Louisa, who became an author. (A third died young.) Dr. Park earned high praise from historian William Lincoln, who explained: "His classes have been so limited, as to admit of that oral communication which best imparts knowledge, and of the direct influence of a gifted mind, rich in learning and experience, to form pure moral character and strong intellectual character." Girls were sent to Worcester from all parts to study with Dr. Park. Quote, Lincoln and Hersey, History of Worcester, p. 257.

<sup>59</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Wright removed from Groton to Worcester in April of 1834, for the purpose of teaching school. Mr. Baldwin noted that Mr. Wright was a native of Westford, and a member of his graduating class at Harvard. John Wright married the daughter of the late Judge Prescott of Groton, whom Mr. Baldwin described as "a lady of fine mind and accomplishments." Diary, p. 273. Mr. Wright later would have charge of the Latin Grammar School in Worcester.

Massachusetts Spy, February 19, 1834: "Worcester Female Seminary. The Spring Quarter of the Worcester Female Seminary under the instruction of Mr. Wright, will commence on Monday, the 14th day of April next. Instruction

February 12th 1833. Mrs. William Greene died this morning.<sup>60</sup> She has been since June so sick that she could only be moved from one bed to another. She has had a very long and tedious sickness. She has had a cancer.

Dr. Greene has been here today. George is a great deal better and so is Joseph. They have both sat up all day. Their appetite is very great. Dr. Greene says that the first pleasant day George can go down to the bank if he rides and if the room be kept warm. It is a fortnight yesterday since he was taken sick. George has begun to make a scrap book and so have I. I have just written a composition which I believe I will copy in here that I may have it to read at some future time.

### *On Letter-Writing*

Everyone knows that to compose with elegance is a great accomplishment. When you write a letter it must be as perfect in all [p.35] parts as you can possibly make it. The subject must be sensible, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner you are capable of. Before you write a sentence examine it to see that there is nothing improper or vulgar in it. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, crooked lines, and great flourishes, is inelegant. When a letter is written thus the common apology is, "You must excuse the writing. I have a very bad pen." Or, "I am in a great hurry." I have somewhere seen something on this subject of few lines of which I will now quote. "Remember that your letter is a picture of your brains and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world or the pity of a friend."

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will be given in all the higher branches of English education, together with the Latin, French, and Italian Languages, Drawing, Painting, and Ornamental Needlework. A few young Ladies can be accommodated with board, upon reasonable terms, in the family of the Instructor."

<sup>60</sup> Julia, wife William Greene, died February 12, 1833, age 47.

This is the first composition which ever I wrote, February 13th 1833. George and Joseph are gaining more and more every day. Their appetite is so great that they applied to the Dr. for a cure. The little Heywood boy is to be buried this afternoon at two o'clock. He was four years and nine months old. Susan is not well at all today. Sarah Butman today thanks fever rash very badly although she is not considered dangerous. She is rather better to go. Charles Ward is not at all well. Sarah Ward says he does not seem to get along at all well.<sup>61</sup>

I am going to try to write in this journal every day. Aged 10 years 4 months.

[p.35; sic] February 14th and 15th. Yesterday I did not have any time to write in my journal so I thought I would write it in today. Mrs. Gardiner Paine and Cousin Sarah have just gone away from here and while they was here Elizabeth Foxcroft came to see how Joseph and George did. And Mrs. Frederick Paine is now here in the parlour with Mother while we are up in her chamber.<sup>62</sup>

George has this day begun to keep a journal. Susan is not at all well but Mother is in hopes it is nothing more than her teeth. George went downstairs yesterday for the first time since he was taken sick. He is much better today. Joseph has not been downstairs yet, but he is much better.

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<sup>61</sup> Sarah Lavinia, adopted daughter of Benjamin and Sally Robinson Butman, baptized in 1827. The family also included an adopted son, George Ferguson and Mr. Butman's niece Elizabeth Ferguson of Plymouth. He was a merchant and developer. His wife Sally died in 1828; he remarried the year following. They live within easy walking distance from Jenny.

Charles Chandler, 4, and Sarah Chandler, 15, are children of Samuel and Sarah Chandler royalist. Their mother, only child of Charles and Sarah Mower Chandler (and descendant of Ward John Chandler), inherited a 350-acre farm in Worcester including land on lower Main Street, where they live, not far from the Trumbulls.

<sup>62</sup> The husbands of Mrs. Trumbull's visitors, Gardiner and Frederick Paine, are cousins of Mr. Trumbull. Emily Baker married Gardiner, son Nathaniel and Elizabeth Paine, in 1831. Ann Cushing Sturgis Paine ("Nancy"), daughter Hon. Russell and Elizabeth Perkins of Boston, married Frederick William Paine in 1822. Cousin Sarah Paine, age 38, is single and resides with Gardiner and Emily relatively close by; Mrs. Frederick Paine, who resides at the Oaks, is a carriage ride away.

Sarah has just begun to keep a journal or, rather, she began to keep one a few weeks ago. Joseph is now crying for something to eat and Caroline is going down to bring him up something.

Little Benjamin Heywood (Mrs. Levi Heywood's child) [age 3] has had the canker and is now very sick with the secondary attack. He had got so well that he ran out doors. He has great difficulty of breathing. Now I suppose he caught cold, but dear Johnny never was exposed the least in the world in that or in any other case. Mother is in very poor health although she is better than she has been for this some time. Our beloved and Honored Father's health is pretty good. Yesterday he went to Holden after tea and after a hard day's work.<sup>63</sup>

Louisa Jane Trumbull

[p.36] February 19th 1833. I have not had time to write in my journal for this some time but now as I have got a sore finger and cannot sew, I will write. February 16th I went down street and changed the library books. February 17th we all went to meeting. February 18th, nothing of any consequence occurred. Today Joseph and George are a great deal better. George Corbett [age 11] was Saturday night taken very sick. It is the third attack of the canker rash. He has got the dropsy in the head. He is crazy and they can hear his screams at Mrs. Newton's.<sup>64</sup> Mr. C. Stiles's children died of the canker and the skin was all off but the outside. Their sufferings were very great.

This afternoon I believe I shall go down street to get my Album which I left at Miss Knight's school. Charles has got a hoarse cold and Sally says it will take but very little more cold to give him the lung fever. In seven weeks Elizabeth will be here and we shall count the weeks and days until she once more comes home.

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<sup>63</sup>Massachusetts Spy, March 7, 1832: "Wanted at the cotton factory of V.S. Kimball & Co., Holden, five or six families, that can come well recommended, to whom liberal wages will be paid monthly. Apply at the mill or to G.A. Trumbull, Worcester."

<sup>64</sup>The Corbetts live next door to the Newtons, and Jenny is probably writing about the boy's illness because Hester Newton is her friend, not because the Corbetts are part of their social circle. George's father Otis is a watchmaker and jeweler. (George survived this illness.)

February 20th 1833. Last night I had the croup and at about three o'clock, I coughed so bad that Caroline very kindly offered to come and tell Mother. So she got up and Mother told me to come into her chamber and got out of bed and got a spoonful of paregoric and told me to get into her bed and then I took squills and antimony and epicac. And Susan laid by me and she would look at me and then turn round to Mother and then again to me, to introduce me to Mother. I never knew such a pretty little bedfellow as she is in my life.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "February 20th. Last night I was much agitated by an attack of croup which Jane was seized. I got up and gave her an emetic, put camene on her throat which relieved her breathing, and before morn she was quiet. Charley too had a similar attack. Both are comfortable today."*

The snow has almost gone today but sleighs go [p.37] through the street. Yesterday afternoon George had a dreadful headache. Mr. Thomas Eaton's wife is dead; she died of a consumption. She formerly lived with Mrs. Salisbury and has got one child named for her. She was forty years old and died some time last week.<sup>65</sup> George is felling some letters for Father today.

This morning Nancy went to her drawer for her knitting work and out jumped Mrs. Tabby [the cat]. She had spent the night there. Sally heard her last night and thought she was under the bed and looked but could nowhere find her. The pig fever seems to be prevailing now in our household and Derlat(?) was quickly summoned but, being very much frightened, she hastily took her leave pronouncing the case desperate.

George is much as usual and Joseph is also except when he is seized with the disease, which as I before remarked was now prevailing in our house. Charles is a great deal worse than he was yesterday and today has had cayenne and rum on his neck which I had on last night. It felt as hot as could be and smarted dreadfully. Poor little Johnny had a great blister on his poor little breast and it was as raw as could be.

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<sup>65</sup> Ruth Flagg married Thomas Brown Eaton in 1814; in 1824 they named a daughter after Elizabeth Tuckerman Salisbury.

February 22nd 1833. Today is Washington's birthday. There is not to be a ball because there have been so many cotillion parties lately.<sup>66</sup>

Joseph came downstairs yesterday for the first time since he was sick. Mrs. Newton and Miss Lucy Lincoln came here this morning. Mrs. Pliny Merrick also.<sup>67</sup> She said that her sister Mrs. Crocker's child had had the canker rash for eight weeks and had got well as usual when she was taken with the secondary attack [p.38] and they thought she was in a consumption. She is about five years old; her name is Frances. Mrs. Merrick said also that it was as difficult to force down medicine as it was nourishment. I meant to have written that it was as difficult to force down nourishment as it was medicine. It refused anything to eat and was nothing but skin and bones. Mrs. Miller's child is also very very sick. Its mother has not had a single night's rest all winter. They think it is in a decline.

I am beginning to study French under my dear sister Caroline and I like it very much indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Wright are coming here the first of April but are not to begin school until the 24th day of that month.

Louisa Jane Trumbull

February 25th 1833. Yesterday we all went to meeting. The day was very bad and the traveling was very hard. Mother felt very anxious about the Paine's for they were not any of them at meeting. When she asked Rebecca Curtis who was sick, she said that Dr. Greene had been there

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<sup>66</sup> Mr. Baldwin: "It has been customary in this town, as it has all over the country, to regard the evening of the twenty-second of February as a season of merrymaking, it being the anniversary of the birth of George Washington." Diary, p. 275.

<sup>67</sup> Rebecca Lincoln Newton, wife Rejoice Newton, is a daughter of Levi and Martha Waldo Lincoln; Lucy is her adopted sister. Mary Rebecca Thomas Merrick, wife Pliny Merrick, is a daughter of Isaiah Jr. and Mary Weld Thomas. The women are from good families, and are married to prominent and influential men. Mr. Newton is a graduate of Dartmouth (1807) and Mr. Merrick a graduate of Harvard (1814), both are attorneys, and political figures. (At this time Mr. Merrick is attorney of the Commonwealth). The Newtons, as noted, live on Front Street, the Merricks on Chestnut. It appears that Lucy Lincoln lives with her sister Newton.

to see Dr. Paine. So Mother and Father thought that they had better go up and see how he did, and so in the afternoon after meeting Sarah and I with Father and Mother went up to see how he was. Father said he never suffered so much in his life, the wind blew [so] dreadfully. Uncle Dr. was nicely, he had not been so well for this great while. Cousin Nancy had a dreadful cold.<sup>68</sup>

Benjamin Heywood is rather more comfortable today. Charles is not at all well. [p.39] He will, when Sally is bringing in the washing machine, say "I can bring it in. I can get it in." He says he will get all the frogs and toads and put them on the sofa and give them "bread and butter and pinsegosic [paregoric]."

The other day, or rather Saturday, Charles went to ride in the sleigh with Father and Caroline. In the morning Sarah went with him and at noon I went with him. He did not talk while he was riding but just as soon as we stopped at the bank George got out and Father was not quite ready and so he [Charles] kept saying "go in once more, tell him come in Faber's [Father's] sleigh." And then when he saw Mr. Harris [the bookseller and stationer] he said, "there's a man," and then Mr. Harris laughed. Charles skin seems to have all come off. A little while ago his flesh felt as hard and now it feels as soft as can be.

In six weeks Elizabeth will be here. Oh! How delighted I shall be! Mr. and Mrs. Wright say they shall keep [school] both morning and afternoon because it is easier to keep the boarders in school than out. I sincerely wish that they would begin at seven o'clock in the morning; it is so much better to study early, I think. Joseph is not very well now but he stays upstairs. George is well as ever. He rides round and seems to be as well as ever. Susan is pretty well now although her teeth trouble her some. Caroline continues to go to school. Sarah stays at home from school. Sarah,

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<sup>68</sup> Rebecca Curtis likely works in the Paine Household. Dr. William Paine, son Timothy and Sarah Chandler Paine, is one of Jenny's most illustrious Worcester relations. He graduated from Harvard in 1768, studied medicine in Salem and in Scotland, opened a practice in town, and in 1773 married Lois Orne of Salem. Like his father, and many Paine and Chandler relations, he was an outspoken loyalist. In the Revolution he served as surgeon-general of the British army. After the war, he settled in Salem and practiced medicine until 1793, when his father died and he took possession of the Worcester family estate, the Oaks. At the time of this entry he is nearly 83 and ill (he died in April). Nancy, who has a cold, is Dr. Paine's daughter-in-law, wife of Frederick William Paine (the households share the homestead).

Caroline, and myself all sleep together in the kitchen chamber. Father has the rheumatism some tonight.

[p.40] I have written another composition which I will now copy, February 28th 1833.

*On Slaves and Slavery*

Slavery is now only tolerated in the Southern states. In the Eastern and Middle states it is not allowed. Slaves were first introduced by the Dutch who brought twenty over to Virginia after that state had been settled a few years only. It is contrary to the laws of justice and humanity, and people who have or pretend to have a free government ought to be the last ones to allow or even to hear of such an inhuman thing as slavery. It is certainly a disgrace to the Southern states that they do not abolish, or rather that they allow, the slave trade to be carried on. The English settlement on the coast of Sierra Leone was formed expressly for the purpose of civilizing the negroes. The principal objects in the settlement of Sierra Leone has been accomplished. It contains about 17,000 inhabitants, principally negroes. The principal town is Freetown. Here there are churches formed and schools kept for the improvement of the children. The colony is in a very flourishing condition. Not less than 10,000 negroes have been liberated and sent to this colony. The landing of these cargoes is often a very affecting scene. The poor creatures delivered from the hold of a slave ship, faint and emaciated with hard treatment and disease, when received with sympathy by the inhabitants among whom they may find a brother, a sister, a wife, or a Father and Mother, are overwhelmed with feelings which they find it difficult to express.

Cousin Sarah Paine has composed a piece of poetry [about] when she was a little girl which I will now copy.<sup>69</sup> [Jenny does not do this.]

[p.41] March 5th 1833. Sunday Joseph had a very bad headache, but today he is quite himself again and has been down today to dinner. Mrs. Wheeler is very sick indeed and has not tasted

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<sup>69</sup> Sarah Paine, daughter Nathaniel and Elizabeth Chandler Paine, is her mother's cousin; she is four years older than Mrs. Trumbull and 28 years older than Jenny.



anything since last Wednesday. There was one woman who watched with her who put sixty dollars in the savings bank from her watching. She has had watchers for every night for three years. There was a report that she was dead but it was false.<sup>70</sup>

Caroline is so kind as to continue to give me music lessons, and I should think she would get out of patience with me for I believe I am very hard of understanding. Caroline is writing her composition in her book and Sarah is writing, like myself, in her journal. For about four or, at the farthest, six weeks dear dear Elizabeth will once more be here. How delighted I shall be. I really believe that she has said the time out for how long it is since she went.

Mrs. and Miss Josephine Rose were in here this morning. Mrs. Rose said Uncle Dr. Paine was very weak and that last night he got up at one o'clock and did not go to bed again all night. Susan is not at all well or, rather, she was not very well tonight but now she is sleeping sweetly in her cradle. Mother is not well although she calls herself well, but she does not look well I am sure.<sup>71</sup>

I did not put in that piece of poetry because I thought (or rather my dear Cally thought for me) that it would only be filling up my journal for nothing. Father thought that he should go to a book auction, but he has given that up now, for he is so sleepy that he says he "can't go."

George has not gone to school yet, but he is going to Greenfield soon to go to Mr. Coffin's school, who keeps a very good school indeed.<sup>72</sup>

Mother is [p.42] afraid I am cold or that my eyes are weak or some other reason. Therefore, although I should like to write more yet in compliance with my beloved Mother's wishes, although I should be glad to write more were it not for that.

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<sup>70</sup> She died two days later, age 77. Elizabeth Lynde Wheeler's husband is Theophilus Wheeler, long-time Register of Probate. They live on Main Street, across from the court house.

<sup>71</sup> Mrs. Trumbull's entries indicate she was suffering extreme fatigue from caring for ill family members, and was still deeply mourning little Johnny's death.

<sup>72</sup> James H. Coffin came to Greenfield to be principal of a boys' school in August of 1829, founded in 1828 by an Episcopal minister and incorporated in 1832 as Fellows Academy.

March 13 1833. I have written a composition which I will now copy. I remembered it from Mr. Hill's sermons of last Sunday.

*Upon the Necessity of Religion*

In high, and low, in civilised and uncivilised life we find that people worship something. They all look up to something to worship and feel it is above them in everything. Religion is particularly necessary in high life, where people live very luxuriously, as they have many more temptations than people in low life do and they have much more time which, if not employed in the service of God, will very likely be spent in sinning against Him or His holy laws. People who live without religion feel that there is something which is wanting for their happiness and they seek for it in worldly things, but their search is vain for they find it not. They may purchase houses and lands and plant vineyards and be very rich, but still they are not happy and they had miserable lives, for if they are not religious they are far far from being happy.

March 14th 1833. Yesterday Joseph was taken very sick indeed and the night before he vomited very much and was obliged to take medicine, but today he is dressed although he still remains very very weak. The least thing upsets him and Mother says "she never knew such a disease." George is pretty well today but he has dreadful headaches very often. Mother is quite well for her today, but she has headaches [p.43] very often and certainly is a very great invalid. Father's health has been very good this winter and has not had his customary gout turns for this some time. Ever since he put on the tar he has only had a few slight touches.

In four weeks from yesterday our dear Elizabeth will be home. The music teacher of Greenfield (who also taught Caroline), Miss Lodge, and a very young lady whom Elizabeth rooms with named Mitchell are to come with her and are going to stay that night and perhaps the next day at our house. Caroline is now at school and is not very well; she is obliged to take elixir pro and steel. She and I are going to the Lyceum lecture this evening. It is to be delivered by Mr. Williams and when I come home I shall write down about it.

Sarah has now a very sore arm indeed and is obliged to take Erthops mineral and cream tarter. Charles has not had anything of his humour, which he used to have so much, and is now almost as fat as ever. Susan is quite well now, but she has not been very well lately. Mother is in hopes that Sally will not go to Athol this spring (as Sibel, her sister, is very desirous that she should go and live there). We should miss her very much if she were to go.

I get along very well with my music. Ellen Bigelow came here yesterday afternoon and drank tea. Mother told her she should be very happy to have her come and practice on the piano and she practised yesterday all the afternoon. But she has not been today. Caroline and I are going out this afternoon down street and I do not know but what we shall go to [the piano teacher] Mrs. Harris's and Mrs. Pliny Merrick's.<sup>73</sup>

Louisa Jane Trumbull, aged ten years and 4 months and a half

[p.44] March 22nd 1833. The twentieth of this month our dear little Susan was a year old. We had a feast and I was the one who invited them. We had all the children and I invited Ellen Bigelow but she did not come for it was very unpleasant. The Equinoctial storm has commenced Wednesday, and today (Friday) it is very pleasant indeed. Ellen Bigelow is coming down here today. She is going to stay a fortnight or longer.

The other day Charles ran out into the road and got stuck; he said that he was catching Johnny. He saw a little boy in the road and he said it was his brother. Elizabeth will be home in three weeks from yesterday. How long the time will seem. Joseph is pretty well today, but the least thing upsets him. George is pretty well except his eyes which are very sore. When they are well, he is going to Greenfield to go to school to Mr. Coffin.

March 27th 1833. Joseph has had another sick turn today, but it is not so severe as some which he has had. He has got a new journal which he is very much pleased and he writes remarkably well. I superintend his writing. George is pretty well now. In a fortnight from tomorrow our dear sister Elizabeth will once more be in her home.

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<sup>73</sup> Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Merrick are neighbors, residing on Chestnut Street, not too far from the Trumbull's house.

Caroline continues to go to school as usual. I believe Mother means that I should go to Mr. and Mrs. Wright's school but I do not know. Sarah, when Elizabeth comes home, is to be delivered [p.45] into her care; she is to make and mend her clothes, but as to teaching her I cannot say whether she will or not. Charles is pretty well and I hope he will continue so.

Susan continues very well. On her birthday we all put in some money and bought her first pair of shoes, which she now wears and which become her very much. Mother has made her a couple of gowns for her birthday present. She is going to have a couple more. I am going to write another composition if I can, to put in my journal.

April 1 1833. Joseph was this morning taken with another of his sick turns, which is much worse than any of his former ones. Dr. Greene came here this morning to see him. He said that he must take steel; Mother gave him some soon after he had gone away and it has made him worse. Father brought home some oranges for him but, poor boy, he cannot eat them. At least if he is not wonderfully better tomorrow [sic]. George continues as well as ever except his eyes which are very sore.

In a week from Thursday Elizabeth will be here once more!! How I long for that time. Caroline goes to school now. I do not, however. The academy in this town is now painted. Mr. and Mrs. Wright are coming up today from Groton. I am now going to copy a History of our dear brother Johnny in here. Mother composed it a few days ago. She gave me leave to copy it.

[p.46] I arose in the morning each child was then dress'd  
Some went to their studies some liked their work best  
Sat down by my window my babe on my knee  
But the prospect that cheered me no more can I see.

Beside loved Father hastened round  
The child I mourn with active bound  
The weeds to pick and stones to gather  
Regarding neither wind nor weather.

His hat of palm and frock of blue

His snow white foot without a shoe  
And if he got a fall perchance  
He'd jump and end it in a dance.

His little hoe and trowel using  
But never "Favor's" call refusing  
Archly he sought for leave to pick  
The lovely rose and bright tulip.

The little spot his Father gave him  
He'd weed and then his roots examine  
So curious all to see and know  
That rarely one was left to grow.

When breakfast Sally called was ready  
With hop and jump not always steady  
Up stairs he ran in breathless haste  
Each one he'd warn to come and taste.

And when at last all did assemble  
His neighbour near he made to tremble  
That active foot could not be quiet  
And though at table tongue would riot.

"I ont a tato I ont some meat"  
Once and again he'd oft repeat  
We tried in vain his noise to check  
But next with food our plates he'd deck.

And water too he sometimes spattered  
Upon whose place it nothing mattered  
But soon we see his breakfast done  
His chair is left new work begun.

At length the hour for school comes round  
The search and call our yard resound  
He comes but not with joy and glee  
His spirits cost tis plain to see.

And now the ginger men and boys  
Bunches of grapes and various toys  
All held as bribes the child to win  
He looks but 'tis to plead again.

“I’ll be good” or “Let Donny lay  
And only boy ill not be all the day.”

[p.47] But after bribe and promise many  
He starts with step so slow and weary  
His head aside and oft turned back  
To see what’s left on dusty track.

When once he reached the school room door  
Forgets the dread he felt before  
And cheerfully submits to sing  
To read and spell and march in ring.

But when the clock strikes twelve at noon  
His steps more quickly turn toward home  
And in he comes all sorrows fled  
And begs us for a bit of bread.

The dinner finished school time come  
The house resounds with busy hum  
Now Joseph you may lead your brother  
Says George to Jane, Aunt Lucy rather.

When school and supper both are done

Then all must join in one more run  
Before to bed I call away  
And bid them rest till morrow day.

The nightgown bring my child I bid  
But when it comes the child has hid  
Go then and search and find out whence  
Ah now I see my Johnny there.

And after all the play is done  
He's placed in bed, ah, dear loved one  
Sweetly he lisps his prayer to Heaven  
With smile returned the kiss I'd given.

[p.48] April 2nd 1833. Joseph is better today and I drew him out in the yard this morning and he seems better than before he went. We have not heard from Elizabeth this great while.

April 4th 1833. Today is Fast, but as usual it rained so I have not been to meeting. Caroline went this morning and George carried both her and Mother in the chaise. The sermon was upon Temperance. Mr. Hill made the sermon. This evening Mr. Spurr is to deliver a lecture upon Temperance.<sup>74</sup>

*A composition by Jane Trumbull Upon Benevolence*

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<sup>74</sup>Temperance was the largest and most widespread reform movement in the county. Many temperance conventions were held in Worcester, and it had strong overall community support (it was especially popular among women), but local voters (men) were actually quite divided in their stand on the issue. Some, like the well-educated diarist Christopher Columbus Baldwin, believed the movement was excessive and hypocritical. He wrote: "I am not a member of a temperance society, contenting myself with the practice of virtue without extra preaching it to others. It is one of the faults of the day to occupy so much of our time in recommending the practice of virtue that we have not time left us to perform it." Diary, pp. 212-213. The most zealous advocate in town, John B. Gough, was a reformed alcoholic who became an international inspirational speaker.

Real benevolence is a very great virtue. But there are many rich people who give money to the poor, but if they do not do it from good motives it is no virtue in them. But a real benevolent person gives to the poor and deprives herself many things that she may give part of her little store to those who are even poorer than herself. Some persons are not able to give money to the poor. But benevolence consists in many things besides money. To one bowed down to the earth with sorrow and a person that is not rich can give them words of consolation and bind up the broken heart. While in his affliction he would not be so grateful to one who gave him money as to the one who consoled. To a benevolent person it is a great pleasure to give anything away to the poor when they are in distress, [p.49] sick, or in trouble. But we should not boast of our benevolence for were it not for God we should have nothing to give away and we should humbly thank him that we are allowed to be instruments of good to our fellow creatures.

I cannot write anymore I am so very tired.

April 9th 1833. This morning George came in and said "If anyone is to be pitied it is Ellen Bigelow." Mother said, "what is the matter now?" He then informed us that her mother had committed suicide. Sunday the family all went to church. At noon they had no dinner, and supposing their mother had lain down, they went again in the afternoon (Mrs. Bigelow being a great invalid, never went to meeting). At night they returned and got tea ready. One of them went to call their mother, but she was not to be found. They all proceeded to search when they at last found her hung in the garret!! Mr. Butman heard of it and told Ellen that he had heard that something was the matter with her family and she had better go home and see what had happened. Ellen had been very lately dangerously sick and he feared if she told her about it she would be unable to [p.50] return. He told Father of it. I think it was very wicked for her [Mrs. Bigelow] to do as she did for she ought to have trusted to God and not to have put more trust in Him [sic].

Poor Ellen!! I pity her most sincerely and I pray God that she may be comforted in this her heavy affliction. I should have thought that the family would have missed her before night. Mother says she had a very wicked husband. He ran away to Ohio and left his wife and children wholly destitute. And it is likely that a weight of trouble and sorrow oppressed her so much that she



wickedly determined to take away her life which God had given her; and so her poor children!!  
What will become of them!!!!

Joseph is very well today. Sarah and George also. Caroline continues well. Charles the same. As for Elizabeth, she will be here on Thursday. I am pretty well and so is Susan. I cannot possibly write more.

April 13th 1833. April 11th Elizabeth our dear dear sister returned. There was a young lady (Miss Mitchell was her roommate) came with her and spent Thursday night with us. Miss Mitchell's Father, well, with his daughter and so they were protected. They rode on the outside from Templeton to Holden. Thursday afternoon, Mother told the girls that it would [p.51] be not very convenient to have them come here on Thursday afternoon and that she should be very happy to have them come this afternoon and drink tea. I hope they can come, but as it rained so hard this morning, I do not know as they will come.

Elizabeth was so kind and thoughtful as to purchase Sarah and I a beautiful little pair of bellows. They are like other bellows only so little. They are very handsome and I am very much obliged to her for mine as I am sure. Caroline has got a very handsome present, but I do not know what the name of it is. Elizabeth thinks some of taking Sarah and myself, and teach us to learn, as Mr. Wright would do I think. But if she does not wish to I shall go to Mr. Wright I suppose. I have written this day I think considerable for me, so I close.

April 18th 1833. Elizabeth and Caroline have gone to the Lecture, which is an association of ministers of this county and gentlemen go and speak.<sup>75</sup> Father has gone down street after them. Mother is laying down. Susan is sweetly sleeping in the cradle and I thought I might improve myself no better than in writing in this book of mine. Miss Stiles [seamstress Mary] came here yesterday and today and is coming tomorrow. We are fitting George up to go to Greenfield.

April 22nd 1833. Joseph had yet another sick turn, but it is not quite so severe as they have been before. [p.52] Mother had a bad headache yesterday, but she is quite well today. There was a

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<sup>75</sup> Massachusetts Spy, April 17, 1833, published a notice of the annual meeting of the Worcester County Unitarian Association, to be held at the Unitarian Church on April 18th. The paper did not cover the meeting.

contribution for purchasing books for the Sunday school, but I do not know how much there was collected, but there was a great deal I presume.

Uncle Dr. Paine breathed his last on Friday afternoon at four o'clock. His internment takes place on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mr. Chandler and his daughter Mary Anne are now in town. She is very unwell and Cousin Henry says she cannot live more than three months.<sup>76</sup>

April 24th 1833. Sunday evening. I commenced going to Mr. Wright's school on Wednesday last. I like him very much. He was formerly a lawyer. Caroline goes to a Dr., Elizabeth has been to a clergyman, and I go to a lawyer. Sarah does not attend as her health is not good enough to permit it. Mother will not go to Greenfield until June.

*Mrs. Trumbull: May 25th "Darling Susan I have given to Sally to wean. Monday she was 14 months old and on that morning I nursed her for the last time. My health is so miserable I am forced to do this much against my wish. I had hoped to nurse her through the summer."*

Father went up to the farm this afternoon after meeting. George's eyes are a great deal better. Mr. Wright says he remembered the time when people used to say "George his eyes" instead of "George's eyes." Mrs. Wright is very pleasant. Miss Bradle is the music teacher. Caroline takes lessons of her. Mr. W. has quite a full school, I think, to set out with. He has over thirty scholars, five of which are boarders. Miss Osgood teaches French and [p.53] assists in English also.

Aunt Bradish has a very bad cold and is confined to her room. Saturday afternoon Sarah & I went to Mrs. Jennison's and spent the afternoon.<sup>77</sup> We had a very pleasant time indeed. We have

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<sup>76</sup> Gardiner Leonard Chandler, son Gardiner and Hannah Green Chandler, and Mary Anne reside in Salem. Jenny noted visits by Mary Chandler several times. Cousin Henry, son Nathaniel and Elizabeth Chandler Paine, is 28, a lawyer, single and living at home. The Salem relatives are probably staying with Henry's family (Mr. Chandler is his uncle, Sarah—who survives this round of illness—his cousin).

<sup>77</sup> Mrs. Jennison is the mother of friends Mary and Elizabeth. She probably served the girls tea, helping them practice this ritual of polite society.

not heard from our dear Grandmother for a long time. When Elizabeth came home, however, she wrote to Mother, "I hope her life will be long spared to us." Caroline is going to have a vacation soon, of which I suppose she is very glad. Not hurt what she likes her school, hut after so long a period of study no wonder she wishes for a short cessation of it. Poor Ellen Bigelow has obtained a private school in Athol I hear and has a full school, but the truth of it I know not.

Mr. Gherardi is raving distracted.<sup>78</sup> He is coming on [from New Orleans] but his poor wife is obliged by her friends to stay where she is. Uncle Dr. Bancroft said she would be as well off as to making her living as she would if she came on. Poor woman!! Mrs. Davis [her sister Eliza] says that her school is very full. I can write hardly anymore today. I have not been at all well and could not go to meeting all day, but this evening I feel quite well and intend to go to school tomorrow. I have the St. Antirais fire very badly now and I am in dreadful agonies. I feel as if I was on fire.

[p. 54] May 25th 1833. Elizabeth talks some of taking me to ride this afternoon but I am not sure that I shall go. I attend Mr. Wright's school now and like it very much. We have got a new scholar. She boards with Mr. Wright & is from Lynchfield. Her name is Miss Elcea Anna Maria Bancroft. She came Miss Osgood's brother died and she went home and was gone a week but last Monday lately back. She is, of course, very sad and is dressed in very deep mourning. My pen was so bad I could hardly write before but it is rather better now. My ink too is very poor and I do not think this leaf of my journal will do me much credit.

Miss Prescott (Mrs. Wright's sister) has a primary school which consists of S.L. Butman, P.N. Moore, M.E. Blood, S.P. Trumbull, M.J. Wright.<sup>79</sup> It is three dollars a quarter. Mr. Wright's is

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<sup>78</sup> Donato Gherardi of Northampton married Jane Putnam Bancroft, daughter Aaron and Lucretia Chandler Bancroft, October 10, 1825. He was in international trade; bankruptcy apparently caused his breakdown. Jane kept school to try to provide for her family. She lost several children to disease in the unfamiliar climate, and in 1839 succumbed herself, age 41.

<sup>79</sup> Miss Prescott is keeping her school in the same building as Mr. Wright, the Gardiner Chandler Mansions. Students include a daughter of the Wrights, Jenny's sister Sarah, age 9, Mary Elizabeth Blood, 4, daughter Dr. Oliver Blood, and Sally Lavinia Butman, roughly 6, daughter of merchant Benjamin Butman. P.N. Moore is not identified.

seven. Yesterday carried Miss Bradlee (the music teacher) to Millbury. Yesterday as Cally was stepping out of the chaise her clothes caught and she fell and hurt herself very much. S.L. Butman spilt an ink bottle on her frock and spoilt it entirely. She never can wear it again. Her mother has told her she should not write again this season if she spilt ink again, so I suppose her writing for the present will be neglected. We have got about thirty-five scholars I should think. Mr. Wright has I think a great many scholars for the first "set out."

[p. 55] Worcester, June 2nd 1833. Today I have been to school or at least this morning. This afternoon I spent very pleasantly at neighbor's. Mrs. W. Towne's. Elizabeth, poor Elizabeth, has had another sick turn! Last night the [Dr.] came and we felt more medicine for her. Joseph, poor soul, has had another of his turns but it was not so severe as his former ones have been. He was taken this morning and is now quite well. Sarah was taken sick at school on Thursday last with a very bad headache and came home and has been sick ever since. Last evening she had one of her teeth pulled by Dr. Greene. I go to school now as usual. Sarah attends Miss Prescott's school and likes [it] very much, as do I. Elizabeth has been so very kind, unwell as she is, to make me a pair of brown linen cuffs for which I am very much obliged to her.

Mrs. Towne has got two very fine children. The eldest one, a daughter, the youngest is a son.<sup>80</sup> Miss Osgeod (the French teacher) is a very fine girl, is only seventeen (quite young for a teacher), very pleasant and very amiable. I love her dearly though some of the girls I believe dislike her! Her brother died very lately and she is in very deep mourning. It is not quite dark and so I must stop.

L.J. Trumbull, ten years of age.

[56] June 7th 1833. This page in my journal will be filled with an account of the death of little Thomas Kinnicutt.<sup>81</sup> His father and mother went to New York with him and from there

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<sup>80</sup> William and Francis Towne's children are Sally Robinson, whose birth Jenny noted in 1830, and William Salem, born October 23, 1832.

<sup>81</sup> Thomas, son Thomas and Harriet Paine Burling Kinnicutt, born August 12, 1828 and died at Fall River, June 2, 1833, age 5. The child's mother is a granddaughter of Jenny's great-aunt, Hannah Paine Bradish.

proceeded to Ware where her sister resides. In the stage he was taken sick at his stomach and vomited very much but they thought nothing of it, hardly, supposing it to be caused by riding in the stage. They however stopped at a hotel and sent for a physician. This happened on Friday afternoon at three o'clock. The next day (Saturday afternoon) at 3 o'clock he drew his last breath and on Sunday morning at nine o'clock they were obliged to bury him. All the people were very much frightened. He was buried at Ware in their family tomb. Mr. & Mrs. Kinnicutt came home on Wednesday. What a desolation there must be for her. He was just Johnny's age and a very pretty boy. His constitution was naturally delicate and he always was very weak and sickly. I must now go to school.

Sabbath evening, June 30th 1833. I have not, I believe, yet mentioned that poor little James Brazer is dead. He died of the canker rash, or rather, his mother lived. He had been here to make a visit and from here went to Providence where of the scarlet fever. It seemed as if he went to die with her. He was a very fine boy, her oldest and her only son. Frank Kinnicutt has been very sick with scarlet fever but he is now better and almost well.<sup>82</sup>

*Mrs. Trumbull (June 18): "I shall leave George to attend school a few months. The thought of leaving my son is to me a sad one, but still I am confident it is giving him a greater prospect for improvement if he is disposed to profit by his advantages."*

Mother and Susan with George, Mrs. (Gardiner) Paine, and Master Nathaniel have been to Greenfield and after an absence of three weeks Mother and Susan returned yesterday noon in the stage. Mrs. Paine came home Friday morning with her husband and son. Cousin Gardiner went for his wife on Sunday morning last, but the weather being unpleasant Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, he did not start until Thursday and staid over Thursday night in Leicester and got here before breakfast Friday morning in the stage (horses crossed out). (I ought to have said Mrs.

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<sup>82</sup> James, son James (deceased) and Caroline Burling Brazer, died June 7, 1833, at Seekonk, age 10. Mrs. Brazer married 2nd William Kinnicutt in 1830. She is another of Mrs. Bradish's granddaughters. Attorney Francis Kinnicutt is William's brother, age 33.

Paine came in a chaise.) Mother started on Friday and went with Aunt Susan to Amherst where they staid the remainder of that day.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "After dinner Charles carried his mother & me to see the colleges and into his room. We were gratified with our ride and also with exhibition of minerals apparatus, etc."*

The next morning (Saturday) Mother and Susan started from Amherst at about four o'clock (in the morning) and arrived here between one and two (at noon). Mother was rather fatigued but thinks the journey did her good. Susan can stand alone and is just beginning to talk. She is grown very homely but we think she is pretty because she is so good and behaves herself well. They were all very much pleased with her in Greenfield. Mother went out to Charlemont while she was at Greenfield to see Aunt Elizabeth. They had while there a great many strawberries.

Sally is now very sick indeed and has had the Dr. Dr. Greene is at Philadelphia now so she has had Dr. Heywood.<sup>83</sup>

Mr. Newton has got the colick. He has been subject to it since he was a boy. Therefore Elizabeth Parker heard our Sunday school class instead of having Mrs. Newton hear us.<sup>84</sup>

[58] Dr. Bancroft has gone to Cincinnati (Ohio) and will stay three months. Mr. Hill preached all day and in the morning chistened little Sarah Reed Merrick who behaved like a little lady and never made the least noise.<sup>85</sup> Mr. Hill took his text from Matthew 16 and chapter 27 verse: "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels", then he shall reward every man according to his works." I felt very faint this afternoon but feel quite well now.

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<sup>83</sup> Benjamin Franklin Heywood, son Benjamin and Mehitable Goddard Heywood. In 1815 he received his medical degree from Yale; from 1815 to 1835 was in partnership with Dr. John Greene.

<sup>84</sup> Elizabeth Parker is Mrs. Newton's niece, age 16. She and her sisters Martha, almost 18, and Sarah, 11, have lived as daughters in the Newton's household since their mother died in 1822 (from complications in childbirth). Their father is a prominent attorney in Charlestown.

<sup>85</sup> Sarah Reed Merrick, daughter Francis T. and Mary Buckminster Fiske Merrick, born October 22, 1832.

Fourth of July there are to be grand doings here! There is to be a ball given in the evening. Elizabeth was invited. In this month was our own dear brother Johnny born. Had his life been spared till this month he would have been five years old. But I will not wish he was here because he is so happy now that it would be selfish to wish him back. Sometimes I have wished that I, too, were dead and with my dear little brother and my dear grandmother, but I know it is wicked and wrong for me to wish so, and therefore I will patiently wait till "the Lord shall come to judge the quick and the dead." "Till the last trump shall sound and all shall be brought together." Perhaps he is some bright little angel singing the praises of his Almighty God and Father!

At first I thought it was very hard to part with him forever and so it was, but I know he was gone to a blissful place where he never would know sorrow and I tried to dismiss such thoughts from my mind. No! No! Dear, dear brother we shall not part forever but for a short time. I am again in Heaven! Well shall we each other. I pat my them, you, your lovely one well, meet [p. 59] meet determined so shall as I am that we met, not hereafter by only say, shall I say yet am death. Perhaps this night may be the last that ever I shall see on earth!! For so sudden is death. He was snatched away so suddenly, we may not, I/any to be taken, so suddenly! Yes I may and perhaps I shall be. "For we know not what a day may bring forth." Some persons dread death but I am sure I do not. When I saw my sweet brother dead he looked so calm, so lovely, so peaceful, that I could not help wishing that I also was dead and with him. I am going to ask mother if I may go to the burying ground where Johnny is laid that I may see where he is put. When I die I wish I could be laid by his side. Though I suppose it will make no difference where I am laid, or rather my body, for my soul will, I hope, wing its way to Heaven and the abodes of everlasting bliss. I have written, it is true, a very great deal, but whenever I talk or write about my dear brother I always write more than I had ought to. I hope my resolutions will be of good use. Indeed I am going to try and cure all my faults, both great and small.

Yesterday afternoon I spent with Elizabeth Hull. Before I went there I called upon the Misses Dansler. They are with their mother and brother boarding at Mr. Hobart's. They are from Savannah and are very pretty girls I think. The eldest thinks of going to Mr. Wright's school. We have got a new music stock, 3 pages and a half.

[60] July 4th 1833. Thursday morning. Since I last wrote we have had sickness in our family again. On Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock as Mother took Susan after she had had her morning nap from her cradle, Susan flung herself back into Mother's arms. She was in a convulsion fit. Mother ran downstairs where Susan had two more fits, then she went up again where she had another, so she had four in the whole. Nancy ran down to the bank and told father who sent for Dr. Heywood and Dr. Blood and she is now a great deal better though she is still sick. Sally is also sick. Mother thinks she is in a consumption. Sally Earle is here now.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "In the course of the afternoon I noticed that faithful Sally looked rather miserably upon inquiring found she had been sick all my absence. From regard to my feelings had kept it to herself thinking she might get better. Sabbath I had a physician who pronounced a confirmed dyspepsia and that she was unfit for exertion."*

This morning Elizabeth and Caroline went to the meetinghouse but Sarah and myself went to Uncle Nat.'s [Judge Paine] and saw the procession pass by their house. Miss Grout gave us some very nice currant wine. Mrs. Gardiner Paine and her son were also there; Elizabeth Paine with James and Julia was there. Cousin Nancy has another son who is to be named George Sturgis and is to be baptised on Sunday next.<sup>86</sup>

Just one year from this day did Sally, John, and Nancy go up to Uncle's to see this procession go by. We know not how many more of us may be dead before another celebration of Independence will come round. Nancy went up to Robert Parker's to see them both she and Joseph dined there. I have some thoughts of spending this afternoon with Maria Allen together with my sister Sarah.<sup>87</sup>

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<sup>86</sup> James, 5, and Elizabeth, 7, children of Frederick William and Anne Cushing (Nancy) Sturgis Paine. Julia is no doubt a hired girl. Son George Sturgis, was born June 4, 1833.

<sup>87</sup> Robert Parker is a woodworker. His work shop is on Front Street, near the Trumbull's residence; not clear where they reside in 1833. Maria Allen, daughter Charles and Eliza N. James Allen, is 7. Her father, a lawyer, enjoyed a long judicial and political career. They reside nearby, corner Main & South.



This morning as some men were firing a small cannon (out of the street) it burst and tore one man's face off. I have since heard that this same man was dead.<sup>88</sup> Yesterday [p.61] it rained so much that it seemed as if everything would be completely flooded.

August 10th 1833. Since writing last in my journal we have had a fortnight's vacation and another quarter has begun, but I do not go as my feet are very sore. Mr. Wright has got forty-one scholars. All the seats are occupied excepting again.

*Mrs. Trumbull, July 31, 1833: "Sarah has again commenced school. Jane from the troublesome affection in her feet must be at home this quarter."*

Elizabeth is now in Boston. She has been there about a month. I had a letter by mail from her this morning. She is very well and in fine spirits. Mrs. Doane is coming out to see her children soon. The last week in this month Cousin Margaret [Forbes], Aunt Perkins, Cousin Sarah [Perkins], and Sister Elizabeth are coming up here. I shall be very glad to see them.

I have had a party lately and had the Miss Blakes. Mother let me ask S. Parker, H. Newton, S. Burnside, H. & F. Ward, and S. & C. Blake, but S. Parker and H. W. and S. B. did not come.<sup>89</sup> I forgot to say I asked Mary and Rebecca Dansler, two sweet girls (southerners) boarding at Mr. Hobart's. They went to Boston last week but are coming home in a week or fortnight.

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<sup>88</sup> Massachusetts Spy, July 10, 1833: "Fatal Accident. A young man named George Hill lost his life by the bursting of a swivel on the morning of the 4th instant at White & Boyden's factory in Worcester."

<sup>89</sup> It is a party of young girls, all relations. Jenny invited Hester Newton, daughter Rejoice and Rebecca Lincoln Newton, age 10; Hester's cousin Sarah Parker, daughter Leonard Moody and Martha Lincoln Parker, age 11; Sarah Burnside, daughter Samuel and Sophia Burnside, age 10 or 11; Harriot and Frances Ward, ages 12 and 9, daughters Samuel and Sarah Chandler Ward; Sophia and Charlotte, ages 8 and 10, daughters Joshua and Sally Blake of Boston.

*Mrs. Trumbull, July 31, 1833: "Saturday I gratified Jenny and Sarah with having some of their friends to drink tea. It was the first time I had given them this indulgence since the death of our darling Johnny, & to me there was much to draw me back. I was with them and aided in their childish amusement but the recollection of my former days came over me like a chilly wind in a warm sun, & so this chill does often come and always when I witness gaiety."*

Susan has lately been rather unwell and last night she was very sick. As the other children have gone to meeting, it being Sunday, but as my feet are so sore I cannot walk so far.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "August 16. It is Cally's vacation and I find great assistance from her. She makes herself useful in washing windows, cleaning stairs, putting the parlor in order, etc. etc. all of which lessens my labour. . . . Elizabeth is still in Boston and writes us her health is much improved. George is very happy. . . . Jane is at home, her feet not allowing her to walk to school."*

*"Me thinks some of fat off time (if I live to see it) I may like to look back upon the events of a day as many of the past fortnight have been spent. In the morning light finds Susan ready to be up and soon hands me dear wee in. . . After, once too is not long silent and Sally sneaks Nancy to take Matilda and down to historian little again I get up to make ready the breakfast of up her to go in the forenoon. . . nigh as a caul cap soap. I then dress Susan and call the provision children, so S'ay sup to the table with her cup and spoon & make the last preparatory to going to breakfast, call all the tribe & sit down between 6 and 7. Then father gets the horse ready. Meanwhile his hands are busy clearing away & doing the morning work at half past 8 I go into the chaise with Susan, Hf. T., and Joseph. Leave Mr. T. at the Bank and drive Joseph to all schools. . . . Then I loaf my driving down precious to take the reins and drive home. Here is Sarah waiting to go to her school and Jane to go and accompany me back. So round I go and leave Sarah. Then we return & I leave my place in the chaise for Sally who often takes Susan and Charles and lets Jane drive her a long ride. I go into the house & here find many things to do, the dinner to prepare etc. etc. They return with my ready to assist me I unharness the steed and let him loose in the yard. By this time & Susan's passion snaps and then comes the warm business of dinner which fine with its knows I got to spell the ladle. After dinner I get a little rest & leave the kitchen to Nancy. By tea time I get quite rested & after the evening repast removed the & babies*

*put to sleep we finish the evening very pleasantly by all assembling in the parlor to hear Cally play & sing, and then go to bed sufficiently fatigued to ensure a sleeping night.*

Dr. Bancroft is now at Cincinnati. He has been gone a great while. The last time his family heard from him he was very well and went every day to the funerals of those who die of the cholera. We do have the very worst pens in this wide world. I cannot write well with them and I am not going to try. Miss [Lucretia] Murray is now here. Caroline had a large bundle of music from Cousin Sarah Perkins a short time ago. Aunt Perkins is uncommonly well, Liz writes word.

[p.62] September 9th 1833. A week from today Elizabeth, Cousin Sarah, and Aunt Perkins came from Boston in the Cutler's carriage. Aunt stayed at Aunt Bradishes but Sarah at our house. They intend going this morning but as it rains they will not. We have had a very pleasant visit from them. Elizabeth and Sarah, attended by Cousin Charles Paine, have rode on horseback twice and for the second time they rode yesterday.<sup>90</sup>

Mrs. Ingalls' cousin Anne Bancroft, daughter Rev. Aaron Bancroft of this town, died of the yellow fever in New Orleans last month.<sup>91</sup> Dr. Bancroft is expected home this week.

Cousin Sarah Perkins has been reading Peveril of the Peak with Elizabeth and myself. This is the first novel I have ever read. Cousin Sarah was so very kind as to bring me two books. One of them was The Soldier's Bride and the other was The Charmed Sea. Sarah has two also, one called Ella of Garveloch and the other Weal and Woe in Garveloch. Susan has got a beautiful little dog. Charles has got one large horseman, two small ones, and a little lamb. Joseph has got 6 horses, 2 dogs (1 meant 6 pairs of horses), a camel, a camelopard, and a sheep. Caroline has got 3 pieces of music and a book called The Gallery of Graces, a book with pictures in it.

Cousin Sarah is perfectly crazy she is so anxious to go home, as she wishes to see Miss Fanny Kemble, the famous actress and is an intimate friend of Cousin Sarah's. She wears Miss Kemble's

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<sup>90</sup> Charles is 29, son Nathaniel and Elizabeth Chandler Paine.

<sup>91</sup> Anne was 24. Her husband Charles Ingalls is a professor at Jackson College, Louisiana.

hair in a locket constantly. I ought to have [p.63] mentioned that Miss F.K. has very coarse hair indeed, but it is of rather pretty colour being of a dark brown.<sup>92</sup>

Cousin Margaret Forbes was prevented from coming as Mrs. Gorham (Miss Abbott, that was) was visiting there.<sup>93</sup> I have been to Millbury in Aunt Perkin's carriage, Elizabeth and Cousin Sarah with Joe on the little seat went in the chaise to show Calvin (her coachman) the way. Aunt with Neddy, Fanny, and Cousin Frances Vose and myself went in the carriage.<sup>94</sup> As the morning was remarkably fine we had a delightful ride. I have also been to Shrewsbury with Elizabeth, Susan, and Cousin Sarah in the chaise. We had a very pleasant ride, at least I did. I am going to try and write this as full as I can for I hate to cast on such a horrid looking page and if it is not full the next time I write I shall have to write on this page the next time I write.

Sally has gone home. Her brother came after her with a horse and chaise. We miss her very much indeed. Aunt Perkins and Cousin Sarah with Elizabeth and Caroline went to Mrs. Rose's and drank tea yesterday afternoon. I don't think I have anything else to write except to say Miss Strong is to board at Mrs. Foxcroft's and our poor old cow has been horridly hurt by George Foxcroft's dog, but I will tell the particulars the next time I write as this page is full.

[p.64] October 8 1833. Tomorrow is Cattle show and of course it will be a busy time. I have been up to the Town Hall two times to help the girls in making decorations and ornaments for the pillars and windows of the Town Hall where they are to dance. They always have a ball Cattle show night or at least the first set do, but they always have had their balls and public parties at

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<sup>92</sup> Frances Anne Kemble is 24, daughter of English actor Charles Kemble. She first toured America in 1832 and became the nation's darling. In 1834 she would marry a wealthy southern slaveowner, but soon divorced him and returned to England an anti-slavery spokesperson.

<sup>93</sup> Mrs. Gorham is Margaret Forbes' cousin, daughter Dr. and Mary Perkins Abbott of Exeter, New Hampshire. Her father is President of Exeter Academy, her mother is a daughter of James and Elizabeth Peck Perkins of Boston.

<sup>94</sup> Neddy and Fanny are the children of Edward Joseph (deceased) and Frances Sophia Burling Vose; their mother is Aunt Perkins' granddaughter.

Mr. Estabrook's Hall. So they have been at work to make the evergreen wreaths. I am going to see them either today or tomorrow.<sup>95</sup>

*Elizabeth Trumbull [undated letter to George, at Fellenberg Academy]: "One week from Wednesday is Cattle Show and I am very sorry you are not here to participate in the amusements of the day. The ball is to be in the lower Town hall, supper in one of the upper ones, and the other for the ladies drawing room. They have sent to Boston for three dozen hair sofas and carriages. You must know, out of spite the tailors and others of that set hired the hall of Estabrooks, who was mean enough to let them have it; although he knew he had always had it [the Cattle Show ball]. In consequence the managers were compelled to procure the town hall and as they [the tailors and others of that set] hired all the carriages, they [the managers] were obliged to send to Boston However I presume it will be enjoyed all the better for being in a different place."<sup>96</sup>*

Elizabeth [age 17] is going for the first time. Her dress is a white muslin over a white silk. It is made with short sleeves and then she wears long white kid gloves. She has got an elegant pair of cameo earrings and a pin of the same. The price of them was almost twenty dollars. Father of course goes with her. The night after cattle show Lizzy and Father are going to Mrs. Lincoln's.<sup>97</sup>

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<sup>95</sup> Christopher Columbus Baldwin: "According to custom there was a grand ball in the evening. It has for the last ten years, with one exception, been held at the Central Tavern, kept now by Jonas Estabrooks. . . But this year the hall was engaged to another set of dancers and we were compelled to seek out a new place. We finally took the Town Hall and arrayed it for the purpose. The ladies with diverse gentlemen were a long time in fixing it up. The columns were wound with wreaths of laurel and the windows and doors hung with festoons of the same materials. Curtains and pots of flowers, with many pretty little conceits and devices invented by the ladies, were arranged to produce the best effect and to set off their charms to best advantage. The north upper hall was turned into a dressing parlor for the ladies and the south one for the supper table. The supper was provided by James Worthington, keeper of the Worcester Hotel." Diary, p. 236.

<sup>96</sup> Lincoln Family Papers.

<sup>97</sup> Governor and Mrs. Lincoln traditionally hosted a grand party at Cattle Show, an event that marked the height of the social season. The roster of members in the Worcester County Agricultural Society is a who's who of high society. Governor Lincoln is president at this time (he held this office from 1824 and 1832). "During all the years of his Presidency, the Governor's house was always filled with distinguished strangers who could be persuaded to partake of his lavish hospitality. Chamberlin, "Worcester County Cattle Shows," p. 203.

Hon. John Davis was nominated governor at the late convention and not one man objected. I hope he will be governor I am sure.<sup>98</sup> Dr. Bancroft returned [from Ohio] some time ago. When Mother & Elizabeth went to see him and his wife, he kissed them both and was much pleased to see them.

[p.65] This morning at half past nine o'clock Miss Estabrook was united to Mr. Conant of Sterling by marriage. The service was performed by Mr. Willard, minister of the Baptist church of this town. Miss Estabrook has resided with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Davis (her sister) for several years.<sup>99</sup>

Next quarter I am in hopes I shall be able to go to school.

I ought to have mentioned, I suppose, that they are to dance in the lower hall. Under the place where the musicians are to stay there are to be put implements of agriculture, as it is called the Agricultural ball. Elizabeth dreads it very much and no wonder, as she has never as yet been to anything of the kind. Last night we sent George some grapes.

Thursday, October 10th 1833. Last night Elizabeth and Father went to the Cattle show ball. Elizabeth had on a white silk under dress with a white muslin over it. She had short sleeves and

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<sup>98</sup> Christopher Columbus Baldwin: "Another Convention at Worcester! This is the third grand State Convention at this place since the first of September; each assembly consisting of from three to five hundred delegates. The present body has assembled for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor of the Commonwealth. Gov. Lincoln having been elected nine times successively . . . publicly announced his determination not to stand as a candidate again. The business of this convention, therefore . . . is to select his successor. . . [T]hey nominated Hon. John Davis, which I have no doubt he accepted and with sincere regret. He resisted the first invitation, and was persuaded to stand almost upon compulsion. How little mercy politicians show one another." Diary, p. 235.

<sup>99</sup> Edwin Conant is an attorney who studied law with Rejoice Newton and William Lincoln, and in 1833 opened a practice in Worcester. Reverend Frederick A. Willard is a graduate of Amherst College and Newton Theological Institute, and was elected pastor of the First Baptist Society in 1832. Attorney Isaac Davis, nephew of Attorney and Governor John Davis, and an attorney, married Mary Holman Estabrook in 1829.

long white kid gloves. White silk stockings embroidered, with blue black satin shoes completed her attire.

This morning with Aunt Bradish, Mrs. & Miss R. Rose, & E. Paine, I went up to the town hall to see the evergreen wreaths, which looked elegantly. You could have no conception of it until you had seen it. The music was from Boston!<sup>100</sup> The supper, prepared at Mr. Worthington's [p.66] Hotel, they said was splendid. Elizabeth ate only one whip [a soft dessert]. Elizabeth danced every time but once. Cattle show I went to see the manufactures and among many other things was an elegant basket with flowers on it of different colours made of shells, done by a young lady in Westborough. There was also a very good of shells for the hair. Neither were for sale however. Elizabeth on the whole had a rather tame time. Father of course, as I said before, went. Tonight Elizabeth is going with Father to a ball at Mrs. Lincoln's. Elizabeth's dress was in some way or other spotted, which has injured it very much.

Cousin Sarah Paine has returned from Boston but her health is very poor. I fear she is not long for this world. She is going today or has gone to her father's, as she formerly resided at her brother's.

Mrs. Hill is very unwell, is now in Boston for her health. Mr. Hill feels anxious about her and well he may for everyone thinks she will be here long.

There were no agricultural implements anywhere in the room for all it was the report. The second class, not content with getting the hall, got all the carriages so they [the managers] were obliged to send to Boston for two and one of the livery stables had just got a new carriage and horses so the first class had three.<sup>101</sup> Besides this, they broke the lamp before the [p.67] Town Hall. So

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<sup>100</sup> Mr. Baldwin: "There were many more than an hundred ladies and gentlemen present. The hall was large enough to permit eight sets of cotillions at once. . . . Our musick on the occasion consisted of a Base-violin, a Kent bugle, clarionet, octave flute and two violins." Diary, p. 237.

<sup>101</sup> Mr. Baldwin: "The party assembled for the dance at seven o'clock in the evening. The ladies were collected by the managers. This has been always the practice since I have lived in Worcester, which is ten years last June. Hacks are hired at the expense of the person providing the supper, and one manager in each hack goes to each house, receives

John Anger and Cousin Charles Paine slept in the Town Hall the night after the evergreen was put up for they were afraid they would come and tear down the wreaths. They did more than all this!! They went round one night to the doors of several gentlemen and pounded with clubs and sticks their doors. They did not meet!!! Dr. Fiske (the gentleman who has such a fine garden and nursery) had promised them his dahlias and some other flowers belonging to him and they went there to his garden and were going to root them up and destroy them, but Dr. Fiske screamed out to them and they went off.<sup>102</sup>

Our well is in sad condition. Nancy was drawing water and the stone come off and went down the well and broke the bucket to pieces. Father says he does not know what will be done for he says he does not know how we shall ever get it up or how it can ever be got up. We sent over to Mrs. Foxcroft's for our water.

Miss Bradlee [the music teacher] was at the ball and also some of the boarders.<sup>103</sup>

We have heard from Cousin Sarah [Paine] twice since she went down [to her father's]. They got down very well and comfortably. We are all well.

*October 12 1833 Jenny turned eleven years old.*

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the lady or ladies, and carries them to the hall, where the other managers are in attendance. And at the end of the dance, they go home in the same way." Diary, pp. 236-237.

<sup>102</sup> Dr. Oliver Fiske is 69. Mrs. Sturgis: "The Fiske estate was a little to the south of the meeting house, and up on the hillside stood a wooden house painted white, having a pleasant and rural appearance from the street, nestled among the trees, while a pathway bordered on each side with flower beds led up to it, and a lawn covered with trees extending some distance to the north of the house sloped down to Main Street." "Old Worcester III," p. 479.

<sup>103</sup> Elizabeth shared this information with her young sister, as Mrs. Bradlee is something of a controversy among older members of their circle. Elizabeth wrote to her brother in November that the town was divided between anti-Bradlees and pro-Bradlees, and that: "We should be discarded as perhaps belonging to the better half for we treat Mr. Wright's family as we always have done and still invite Miss Bradlee, when Mrs. Lincoln excludes her from all her parties. I shall leave Cal to give a description of the whole affair and her own feelings (into the bargain) as she defends her with great spirit." Lincoln Family Papers.



[p.68] October 23rd 1833. Today is Cattle show in Greenfield. Yesterday was examination at Mr. Wrights. Everyone that went were very much delighted and I am thankful. The day was very unpleasant. Mr. & Mrs. Newton with their daughter Hester and their son Lincoln started, or are to start, for Greenfield today. Aunt Perkins sent us some very nice sweet potatoes. We have had our quinces sent Aunt Perkins a bucket full. Sarah Perkins is going to New Jersey to see her brother.<sup>104</sup> Cousin Margaret [Forbes] is at New York. Bennet Forbes was here a short time ago and stayed only one night. Elizabeth has been up to see the Hospital, was much gratified. She has been also to call upon Miss Woodward.<sup>105</sup> Mother has made me a bearskin cape out of a long tippet. Sarah and Cally are to have one of the same material, only it is to be made of a muff.

Worcester, October 29th 1833. Cousin Sarah Paine is much better. I went to see her yesterday afternoon and Uncle Nat. Paine insisted upon my staying to tea!!!<sup>106</sup> I read to Cousin Sarah, Cilley Savage was what I read, taken from "an unpublished novel." She was much, very much pleased with it. I went over to Cousin Gardiner Paine's this morning. I found [p.69] Cousin Sarah there. Poor little Natty Paine, who is a sweet little fellow, is not at all well.

We have got another new horse. They say he is a good saddle horse, but Lizzy never has tried him. Elizabeth is not at all well. I hope she will be better soon. Mary Chandler has been to Aunt Bradishes to make a short visit as she stayed only four days.<sup>107</sup>

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<sup>104</sup> Journal entries and letters indicate Mrs. Doane's children from her first marriage remained in Boston when she remarried; apparently at this point one of them is now with her in New Jersey. It is probably Henry, the only brother who did not graduate from Harvard.

<sup>105</sup> This is the Worcester Lunatic Hospital, which opened in 1833, and is on Summer Street, on a hill east of the commercial center village and not far from the Trumbull's house. Urania Woodward whom Elizabeth calls upon is a daughter of hospital superintendent, Samuel B. Woodward. Dr. Woodward holds a medical degree from Yale.

<sup>106</sup> Nathaniel Paine is 74 at the time, and Sarah is 39. For eleven-year-old Jenny, taking tea alone (without the presence of her mother or older siblings) with such a prestigious relation as Judge Paine had to have been wonderfully exciting.

<sup>107</sup> Elizabeth Trumbull wrote of this to her brother: "We have got a new horse and chaise. He is a beautiful saddle horse, but in the chaise very slow. His color is deep bay with a long tail. Though very small, the handsomest horse in town." Lincoln Family Papers. Mary Chandler, noted earlier, is a young adult relation visiting from Salem (age 34).

This page and the one before this are so badly written that I am almost ashamed of myself and I don't know what ails me that I write so very bad. I shall I believe on the next page write a piece of composition which I wrote a short time ago. Cousin Henry Paine says that he keeps a journal.<sup>108</sup> I shall go to school a week from tomorrow. Natty Paine [age 2] runs alone and it looks very funny because he is so very small. He, however, is rather tall.

I feel as if I should fly today. Mrs. Butman has been here this morning. She asked Sarah to go and spend the afternoon with her daughter as she (Sarah Butman) has got a very lame knee. Aunt Bradish drank tea with us yesterday afternoon!! I went in there this morning but Catherine [the hired girl] would not call her so I did not see her. We have got a woman to wash today. Her name is Sally Moore, a white woman.

[p.70] My Friend,

The subject of my composition being Patience. I believe I will write you a few lines as I wish to point out to you some of the principal cases where Patience may be seen to the most advantage. In the life of our Saviour we have a striking example of Patience. Anyone but Jesus would have been discouraged, but he patiently persevered and his actions were crowned with the most glorious success. Some people may not naturally be possessed of patience but by strenuous exertions everyone may be able to acquire some degree of it. Patience may be seen as strikingly on the bed of sickness as in any other situation. It is certainly very essential to the happiness of everyone. I never saw any person more patient than our friend Louisa H. (whom I presume you remember very well). She cheerfully bore with all her troubles without one murmur and always was so cheerful and pleasant that everyone noticed and remarked upon it. With this I shall close. I shall write you more frequently than I used to do as I now go to school and we write letters for composition which I like quite as well if not better than I do themes. I remain ever your affectionate friend unto Miss Elizabeth B., Perkinsville, N.H.  
Louisa Jane T., 2nd quarter, No. 1.

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<sup>108</sup> Henry, age 29, is a twin son of Judge Nathaniel Paine, and a lawyer.

[p.71] November 1833, 3rd day. All are well. I have not been to meeting all day. Mr. Hill in the morning preached a sermon about music, in the afternoon a gentleman [preached] whom the girls did not know. This evening Mr. Perry is going to commence his singing school, of sacred music of course.<sup>109</sup> We heard from George last night by Mrs. Newton [just back from Greenfield], from George all were well. Wednesday school begins. Pens are so bad no sort of sense on writing except to say we have got Sally Moore to wash for us every week for the present.<sup>110</sup>

The other night we, or rather Father, received a letter from Sally's sister Sibel saying that Sally had not seen any of the letters that we had written to her but the family, or rather herself, had read them!!!! I certainly think it is the most outrageous thing that ever was overheard.

I never knew such awful horrid pens as these stubs but I am in hopes that the rest of this page, in fact the rest of this book, will look better and be written as well if not better than the best that is written in this book or this journal which is in fact a book. I must now stop for the present at least "as I have other engagements." . . . "Who can tell when to rejoice in this fluctuating world? Every wave of prosperity has its reacting surge and we are often overwhelmed by the very billow on which we thought to be wafted to the haven of our hopes." Irving's *Conquest of Granada*.<sup>111</sup>

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<sup>109</sup> Emory Perry came to Worcester with his wife Arabella shortly before the date he opened the school. He is a singing teacher and musician of wide reputation.

<sup>110</sup> While the Trumbulls relied on live-in help, like many other households they also hired day help to assist with chores. Laundry—the least desirable and lowest paying work—was often handled by day workers. Jenny's earlier comment that Sally Moore is white relates to the fact in Worcester laundresses were most often women of color.

<sup>111</sup> Jenny does not mention it but on November 4 and 5, National Republican presidential candidate Henry Clay visited Worcester on his way to Hartford. Mr. Baldwin reported much fanfare and display including: "In Elm Street, that passes to the west by Governor Lincoln's house, was placed a cannon with orders to have it discharged twenty-four times upon the arrival of Mr. Clay. . . There was a party in the evening at Gov. Lincoln's, to which the whole public had the opportunity of going; and from the looks of the people there, one would suppose that few let slip so good a chance. The house was literally crammed." Diary, pp. 243-246

[p.72] Worcester, Friday afternoon, November 1st 1833. Day before yesterday Mrs. Foxcroft's sister Miss Sally Heywood died [age 54]. She had been to Rutland and Holden and returned Saturday and Sunday she was taken with bleeding at the lungs and sent immediately for the Doctor and Wednesday she was a corpse.

The other day, it was Tuesday morning, I sprained my ankle very badly. Sarah at noon went home to get my dinner. At noon there was a violent hurricane and Sarah did not come with my dinner so I had to stay from morning dinner I eat my breakfast till night when I drank or rather eat my supper. We had a roast goose for when Tuesday and another today from the farm, both of them however come from there. Tuesday Cousin Sarah [Paine] spent the day here.

Catherine [Aunt Bradish's hired girl] was married Monday night by an itinerant Catholic priest who came from Hartford. Catherine has got some rooms in the Distillery that was.<sup>112</sup> Josephine Rose went. I wish I could have gone. Cousin Sarah Paine also went and staid all night and in the morning came over here and Mother told her and pressed her so much to stay that finally Cousin Sarah consented.

*After Sarah's visit, Elizabeth Trumbull wrote to brother George: "Catherine is married and has removed to a house in the distillery, Mr. McKennah for a neighbor. Aunt Bradish was determined she would invite no one out, Mrs. [name unintelligible], but when the time came, in marched Mrs. and Miss Kinnicutt the first. Every Frank [idiotic?] said Josephine and Sarah Paine. Aunt Bradish chucked louder than ever and bawled with, 'I had no hand, in writing anybody,' which made the company all feel pretty cheap. All but Frank asked Catherine if they might come and of course she could not say no, but he came without leave or license. They were married by a Catholic priest from Hartford dressed in the most splendid manner, and the pleasantest man that ever lived!"<sup>113</sup>*

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<sup>112</sup> The Distillery, located at Washington Square (a bit south of the Trumbulls), is a two-story wooden building that housed 200-300 people. At some point it was renamed the Arcade.

<sup>113</sup> Lincoln Family Papers.

Aunt Bradish is very pleasantly situated for the winter, for only think she has got Mrs. Blake with her. I could hardly [p.73] believe my ears when I heard of it.<sup>114</sup> Mrs. Wesson has a daughter, but none of us have been down to see her and her “hopeful daughter.”<sup>115</sup> Mrs. School has begun and I like to go very much indeed. I have written as much as I can conveniently so goodbye for the present, friend Journal. Worcester, Massachusetts, 1833

December 25 1833. Today is Christmas. I have not written in my journal for more than a month and I have got so much to write that I do not know where to begin. Since I last wrote we have had a girl, an Irish girl, but she is very dirty and she quarrels with Nancy a great deal and Mother is not going to keep her. Her name is Catherine Rays. She is very pleasant but the kitchen is a most horrid sight.

Mrs. Tucker has been in town for some time and stayed a few days here. She went away a short time ago and yesterday morning she went to her husband who lives in Tennessee. She has had a very affectionate letter from him in which he says he is a member of the church and belongs to the Temperance Society, and he besought her to come to him. She also received a letter from her two nephews who told her that if she would come, if her husband treated her improperly they would see her safe back again. They are two very fine young men and [p.74] were always very fond of her.<sup>116</sup>

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<sup>114</sup> Mrs. Elizabeth Augusta Chandler Blake, widow Hon. Francis Blake, is a very genteel lady. Immediately following her husband's untimely death in 1817, Mrs. Blake took boarders. Mr. Baldwin toiled with her from June 1823 to October 1827, and described her house as a hospitable mansion. (Taking boarders is a strategy for economic security and company, even among women of means. Eliza Bancroft, wife of Rep. John Davis took boarders when he was away in Washington.) When Mrs. Blake's children grew up, she gave up housekeeping. At this time her youngest son is at Harvard, seven children had married, and single son Francis (who would marry Jenny's sister Caroline) is working in Boston. Mrs. Sturgis remembered Attorney Blake as “one of the most eminent lawyers in Massachusetts, and considered the handsomest man of the day.” “Old Worcester I,” p. 408.

<sup>115</sup> Catharine, daughter Charles and Mehitable Frost Wesson, born October 26, 1833.

<sup>116</sup> She is a daughter of Aunt Bradish's housemate. Juliana Blake, daughter Francis and Elizabeth Augusta Chandler Blake, born October 8, 1798, and married September 5, 1819, Charles Carver Tucker of Virginia.

George has been home and is at home. He has been here more than three weeks and would have gone back Tuesday but it was so unpleasant he did not go. Elizabeth has been to ride once with Mr. William Lincoln to West Boylston. Day before yesterday with Mr. McFarland to Westborough.<sup>117</sup> Last night Mr. Lincoln and Mr. McFarland came down here and the latter said he was going to deliver a lecture at Northboro and Liz said she thought the whole town better go and Mr. Lincoln said he would carry her. Liz thought he was joking but she put on her pelisse this morning in case he should come and just now he drove up and they have gone. Cousin Charles Paine is going but I don't know how many he will take. Miss Liz. Brown is to be married tonight to Mr. Appleton Lesure.

Father has got a very bad cold and the rheumatism. Mr. [Rejoice] Newton is very sick. Mr. [Samuel] Ward is very sick. Mrs. Foster, S. Burnside's grandmother, is very sick. Mr. Trumbull is very unwell. Dr. [George] Chandler is very sick today.<sup>118</sup>

1834

Jan. 5 1834. Yesterday afternoon I spent at Aunt Bradishes. I had a very pleasant time indeed. They have not yet heard from Mrs. Tucker.

[p.75] Jan 5 1834. Elizabeth went to ride a short time ago with Mr. McFarland to Northboro and they went to a cotillion party and Elizabeth had a very good time. Cousin Charles Paine

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<sup>117</sup> William Sever Lincoln, son Governor Levi and Penelope Winslow Sever Lincoln, born November 22, 1811, future husband of Elizabeth Trumbull. He is a lawyer, educated at Bowdoin College (at the request of his Uncle Enoch, Governor of Maine). He graduated in 1830, studied law with his uncles, Rejoice Newton and William Lincoln, and was admitted to the bar in 1833. Andrew Davis McFarland, son William Jr. and Anna Davis McFarland, born November 7, 1811. At this time he is studying law with John Davis and Emory Washburn.

<sup>118</sup> George Chandler and Samuel Ward are relations. George, age 27, son John Wilkes and Mary Stebbins Chandler of Pomfret, is a physician. He earned his medical degree from Yale and in 1833 was appointed Assistant Superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum. Samuel Ward, age 41, is the son of Samuel and Abigail Ward of Vermont, grandson of Samuel Ward of Lancaster. He is a very wealthy merchant (his wife Sarah Chandler's inheritance) and the father of several of the Trumbull girls' friends.

went with Miss Giles. Sally Moore came here yesterday and helped Mother about the baking, for Catherine has gone away. She behaved very badly before she went away and Mother said she would not have her here.

Elizabeth had Ann & Penelope Lincoln, (invited the two Parkers)—Elizabeth Parker & Sarah C. Ward here the other evening. She also had Cousin Charles & Cousin Henry Paine, Waldo Lincoln, and Mr. McFarland.<sup>119</sup> The latter is very fond of musick and he made Caroline a present of “Isabel,” “Home(?),” and “O No We Never Mention Her.” They are all three very pretty pieces I think.

When Elizabeth and William Lincoln went to Northboro to hear Mr. McFarland deliver a lecture they did not go the lecture and Cousin Charles Paine did not take any lady but went with Mr. McFarland to Mr. Orne’s and from there to the lecture room. So Liz and Mr. Lincoln drank tea alone. Mr. Newton is a great deal better and has rode and walked out several times. Mr. Ward is better and is going to the store on Monday. Father’s cold is not much better. He has had a slight touch of the gout. Dr. Chandler is better. Daniel Wheeler failed a week or two ago. Last week D. Heywood failed but is to begin his business again tomorrow morning.<sup>120</sup>

[p.76] January 5th 1834. Another year has gone and we are now entering upon a new year. During this last year there have sixteen of our parish been laid in the grave. There is not so many as did the last year nor the year before that [died]. Mr. Hill preached us this morning a beautiful sermon. He mentioned the number of deaths and then said “I will not enlarge upon this subject

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<sup>119</sup> Except for Andrew McFarland, these are relations. Twins Charles and Henry Paine, age 29, are sons of Judge Paine. Anne, 15, Penelope, 18, and Waldo, 20, are Governor Lincoln’s children. Elizabeth Waldo Parker, 16, is the daughter of Leonard Moody and Martha Lincoln Parker. Sarah Chandler Ward, 16, is the daughter of Samuel and Sarah Chandler Ward.

<sup>120</sup> In the fast-growing but uncertain economy of the 1830s, businesses routinely failed. Daniel Wheeler is a son of Theophilus Wheeler, Register of Probate. Daniel G. Wheeler & Company, merchants, are listed at 85 Main Street, in a building they share with Attorney Thomas Kinnicutt, owned by Charles Allen. Daniel Heywood has a drygoods store next door, 87 Main Street, in a building owned by Judge Paine.

as it will open fountains of grief.” He thanked our Creator that death had not come so frequently in our houses as it has in former times.

A year from this time my little brother played with us and said “happy new year.” But now where he is? Not in the parlour, no but in the dark cold chambers of the grave. Perhaps even now regarding us from the habitations on high, an angel in the presence of Almighty God. He died before he knew what sin was, before his infant soul had spurned the word of God. “He died to sin he died to care. But for a moment felt the rod. Then springing on the viewless air, spread his light wings and soared to God.”

Some persons think that the spirits of departed friends hover around us. I know not why we should not indulge the thought as it is pleasant and I do not think it will do any harm to indulge the thought. I pray God that when next new year’s day comes around we shall not have to cause to lament the death of another of our fireside circle. Ten of those out of the sixteen were young children and one was my sweet brother John. I have written all I can very conveniently and so for the present I shall stop.

[p.77] January 28th 1834. Our quarter at Mr. Wright’s was out yesterday and Mr. Wright gave us today for a holiday. I have spent a very happy day today, in fact I have not been so happy as I have been today for this long while. I will now write how I have passed my time. I got up this morning at eight o’clock and after eating my breakfast I washed up the breakfast things and then sat down to my work and sewed until twelve o’clock. I then put up my work, swept the kitchen, prepared some bread and milk for Susan and Charles. I then made my own & Joseph’s bed and fixed up my room. I then eat my dinner & afterwards warmed my india rubbers and put on my cloak and bonnet and went up to call for Mary Jennison to go down street with me.<sup>121</sup> We went down to Mr. Harris’s and bought me a lead pencil & Sara a book. I then went to Mr. Dorr & Howland’s and bought a slate & slate pencil for Nancy.<sup>122</sup> I then returned and gave Sarah her book & Nancy

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<sup>121</sup> This is her friend Mary Ellery Jennison, now 10.

<sup>122</sup> Clarendon Harris, bookseller and stationer, 54 Main Street, across from Central. Dorr & Howland, booksellers and bookbinders, 35 Main, between School and Thomas.



her slate with which they were much pleased. I then read some in the Juvenile Repository and have spent my evening writing in my journal.

I suppose one reason of my being so happy today is because I have tried to be as pleasant as I possibly could and I think I have succeeded tolerably well. Sometimes I feel almost discouraged about trying to be pleasant but I know that if I persevere I shall at length accomplish the glorious event for which I have so long toiled and toiled in vain.

*(At this point Jenny begins to use pages out of sequence)*

[p. 80] January 31st 1834. Cousin Charles Ripley has spent a week with us. He and George went to New England Village [North Grafton] and to Millbury. George is going to spend the winter at home. There is a man at Mr. Estabrook's who is going to sing some comical things this evening. Elizabeth went to ride with Mr. Lincoln to Northborough to hear him deliver a lecture. Sarah has got a new journal. Caroline has been down street this afternoon with Francis Merrick.

Father has this night dissolved partnership with Mr. Leonard Moore.<sup>123</sup> Father and George have gone down to see that man of which I have just spoke or rather written. His name is Finn. George & Caroline go to the singing school. I and Mary Jennison sit together at school this term.

Mr. John Davis is our governor. Gov. Lincoln is nominated to go to Congress in Mr. Davis's place.<sup>124</sup> It is rather strange that Mr. Lincoln has in everything even to his being in partnership

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<sup>123</sup> Not reported in the Massachusetts Spy.

<sup>124</sup> Governor Lincoln is the senior gentleman; Mr. Davis follows in his footsteps. (See Lincoln & Hersey for details of their long careers as public servants.) Mr. Baldwin supplies an interesting picture of them: "His Excellency Gov. Davis was this day [January 21] sworn into office. I saw him and Gov. Lincoln together before and after the ceremony took place. The two gentlemen, in their minds and manners, are the antipodes of each other. Gov. Lincoln is formal and ceremonious, both in his individual and official character. He submits himself in all conditions and circumstances to the rigid laws of propriety. He never deviates from this rule. He conforms always to public taste and public opinion, and where these are in fault he has the firmness of character to put them right . . . His dress and

with Mr. Washburn succeeded Mr. Davis, while Mr. Davis has stepped into his shoes. We have got a musical box. It plays two tunes and they are both waltzes.

February 4th 1834. Elizabeth and Caroline are going to spend the evening at Judge Paine's. Mrs. Washburn has another child!!! Mrs. Blake's son Harrison is very unwell indeed and is coming home from college. Mrs. Blake is going up to Mrs. Rice's to take care of him.<sup>125</sup> I do not know what Aunt Bradish will do when she goes.

I have taken the Swiss waltz. I think it is very pretty indeed. I stayed at [p.81] noon today. [Next follows a line of Greek symbols, the words "the wife of Socrates and a very great sold," and a tiny sketch of two buildings and trees.]

Mrs. Washburn's baby is a boy. His name is Charles. Mrs. John Davis has another son.<sup>126</sup> She cannot nurse it but there is a shoemaker's wife taking care of it three or four miles out of the street. It is just as old as Mrs. Washburn's.

[p.78] February 15th 1834. Last evening I spent at Mrs. Bigelows [on Grafton Street]. We had in the evening flummery, whips, English nuts, walnuts, apples, oranges, and raisins. We had a very pleasant time indeed. Caroline was invited but she had a cough and so she could not go. I promised Sarah Rebecca Parker something and I also promised that I would write it down so that I could not forget it possibly. This afternoon I spent at Mrs. Newton's. Had a very good time.

Day before yesterday George was in the chaise down by the blacksmith's when the horse was frightened at a heap of ashes and ran over a large water wheel and that tipped the chaise over and the horse run and dragged George along. It was very hard and crusty and it hurt him badly. His

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personal appearance are always neat and fashionable. Gov. Davis has no ceremonies for anybody, either in private or public life. It would, perhaps, by some be called simplicity of manners . . . He is extremely unostentatious, and without any show of vanity." Diary, p. 264-265.

<sup>125</sup> Mrs. Blake's son, Harrison Gray Otis Blake, is almost 18 and at Harvard; he recovers.

<sup>126</sup> Charles Berdoy, son Emory and Mary Ann Washburn, and Andrew McFarland Davis, son John and Eliza Bancroft Davis, both born on December 30, 1833.

arm and ankle were sprained very badly. [When] Elizabeth Barrett was taking a walk last night some men came up in a chaise; the horse was going quite swiftly and the man in pulling the horse back ran over her.<sup>127</sup> She did not come into school because her wrist and ankle are sprained. Her cloak was tore from top to bottom. It was a very handsome satin one lined with ermine. I have made sad work with my writing.

[p.81] February 22nd 1834. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We are, or rather the townspeople are, going to have a ball here Monday. They thought it would not be proper to have it Saturday evening so they deferred it until Monday. Elizabeth I believe is going. Mother now tells me to go to bed so I must stop.

L.J. Trumbull

[p.82] Worcester, Saturday evening, February 22nd 1834. Another week has passed away and another evening devoted to writing in my journal has come round it seems fit and proper that I should review my conduct of the past week and to form some good resolutions for the preceding. Have I improved any? Am I a better child? If so I have not lived in vain. If not I have offended my Maker and Preserver. May the next week be passed more profitably and may I be daily preparing myself to meet the great and universal Judge at the last day before the Judgement seat of Christ. May my conduct on this earth be such that I can meet death with composure and with pleasure. My reflections this evening are more, much more pleasant than the one before. I have, I think, in part at least overcome the petulant disposition which I think is my chief and principal difficulty. I have at least found out one thing. When I feel angry and ready to give some sharp answer, I keep still and do not say a single word. I have found this a very effectual method to conquer my disposition and I shall try and persevere and at length I hope to become a pleasant girl.

Aunt Lucy Clap came here last Tuesday night because they thought we were sick and Mother is going to make her stay a good long while. I have written my journal almost through and I shall have a new one soon.

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<sup>127</sup> Elizabeth is a boarding student at Mr. Wright's school.

Mr. Wright is going to have a school next summer and [is] going to have, or rather ask, ten dollars a quarter. Now he asks seven. [p.83] This and yesterday morning I have been to walk with Harriet and Frances Ward, Anne Earle, and Sarah Trumbull. Yesterday morning we went down by the bridge and came round up by the mill. We had a very pleasant walk indeed. This morning we went down to the lower end of the street and we met Sarah Parker & Hester Newton, Mary Jennison and Caroline Heywood.<sup>128</sup> We had a very good walk, at least I did. Elizabeth Barrett got run over a little while ago and her arm is very much hurt. She does not come down into school yet. Miss Osgood the French teacher will I suppose remain with Mr. Wright, but I do not know. We have now got twenty-two scholars on an average.

Mr. McFarland spent the evening here last night. Miss Orne, his intended's sister, is dead. Miss Read's mother is dead and was buried this morning.<sup>129</sup> Cally and George went to the Town Hall tonight to go to singing school but Mr. Perry is not going to have one this night because the walking is so very bad.

I have taken the Swiss waltz a day or two ago. I study natural philosophy. We study at Sunday school Hannah Adam's letters on the gospel. I like to study it very much indeed. Mr. Knight is going either to keep school in the school two which he now has or else he is going to have some other. Mr. Flagg (the boarding house) is going to live there & pay 400 dollars rent.

[p.84] Worcester, March 27th 1834. The fourth quarter of Mr. Wright's school was finished on Tuesday, day before yesterday. He is going to begin another school on the 14th of next month

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<sup>128</sup> On her first walk, the bridge is probably the canal bridge at Washington Square, an area developed with manufacturing. Walking companions include two daughters of Samuel and Sarah Chandler Ward — Harriet, age 12, and Frances, age 9. Anne Earle is 11, daughter of John Milton and Sarah H. Earle, Quakers from Rhode Island who live near the Wards. Mr. Earle is editor of the Massachusetts Spy. Jenny's sister Sarah is 9. On the second, Jenny and her sister met friends in the vicinity of the intersection of South and Main Streets, not far from the Newton's Front Street house and Mary Jennison's house on Main Street. Dr. Heywood's daughter Caroline lives quite a way up, at the corner of Main and Central. Aside from Sarah Trumbull, the girls are 11 and 12 years old.

<sup>129</sup> Miss Abigail Curtis Read, daughter of Ebenezer Jr. and Sarah Read. Her mother died February 19, 1834. There were five children; Abigail, 17, is the oldest, the youngest is 4.

and he will keep in the old Bank. Miss Spooner is going to open a school here and will keep in the old schoolroom. She is to bring six young ladies from Boston with her and she and they will board with Mr. Flagg. Mrs. Sarah Ward is going to move into the house where Mrs. Vose lives and she and her children and little girl are going to board with them. Miss Mary Chapman & brother are to board with Mr. Elisha Flagg.<sup>130</sup>

Mrs. Wright has another young one, a daughter, and they cannot move so soon as they expected to. They will live in one of Mr. S. Salisbury's houses.<sup>131</sup> Mr. Burnside delivers the last Lyceum lecture this evening. Ann Lincoln is here practising a duet with Cally. Miss Stiles was here last week and is here this [day] making the boys and father some clothes. Father went to Boston on yesterday noon and I believe he is coming home tomorrow night. Mr. Merrick is taking charge of the Bank while Father is absent. I have written this most horribly.

Cal wrote Sal. Beck a letter plaguing her about C\_\_\_\_E\_\_\_\_ and carried [p.85] it to singing school and gave it to her and asked her to burn it up, but she would not and she lost it in the street and Mrs. Nobody's [the name Newton is crossed out] boy picked it up and when Mrs. N. went downstairs she found it in their hands and she took it and showed it to all the family. And when Sal. Beck came down she showed it to her and tried to shame her, but she said she was not ashamed and she said that her sisters talked about the young gentleman and she had as much right to talk about the boys as they had.

Martha Parker is engaged to Frank Kinnicutt. Mr. Folsom boards with Mrs. Maccarty!!! Liz and Cal got up this morning at six o'clock and at half past six they got into the chaise and carried Sally Moore home. She lives 4 ½ miles out of town. They got home at half past eight. The subject of Mr. Burnside's lecture was the Jesuits. It was well composed but miserably delivered. It as yet

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<sup>130</sup> It is not clear who this; it is highly unlikely that it would be the wife of Samuel Ward (who is alive and wealthy), mother of some of Jenny's friends. Mary Chapman, nearly 31, and brother Samuel, nearly 27, children of Abel and Pamela Chapman.

<sup>131</sup> Julia Maria, daughter John and Susan Wright, born March 21, 1834. Mr. Stephen Salisbury has lately erected a row of four (attached) brick dwellings across from the Court House on upper Main Street, two stories in height. He is easily the wealthiest gentleman in town.

remains a mystery why Mr. Folsom boards with Mrs. Maccarty but I suppose ere long we shall know. She says that she does not wish to have people know it at present, but they will know sometime or other.<sup>132</sup>

[p.86] March 28th 1834. This morning Liz and Cousin Charles Paine went to ride on horseback. They went at about half past nine and have not yet got home although it is nearly half past eleven. Mr. McFarland came here soon after they had gone and asked if Miss Elizabeth and Miss Caroline were at home, and I told him so no he went off, and I heard he had asked the Jennisons to go, and as he was in a large carryall and I suppose he was going to take a good many girls. Charles, Sarah & I and Mary & E. Jennison have been to walk this morning. Sarah & I are invited to spend the afternoon and drink tea with M. & E. Jennison and we are going. Liz spent the evening there last

It is vacation now and I have a very good time. Yesterday Sarah & I and Liz and Cousin Sarah & Mrs. Gardiner Paine and Ned Vose drank tea with Aunt Bradish, had a very good time indeed. Father got home from Boston on Thursday at four o'clock, so that in fact it was on Friday. We are all well excepting Mother who has a very bad cold. I have been to walk every day since Tuesday.  
Louisa Jane Trumbull

[p.81] March 29 1834. As I am filling up all places I suppose this must not be left empty. When father went to Boston there was a man in the stage who was a member of the Graham system so-called, because a man by the name of Graham founded it. They don't eat any meat or drink coffee, tea, or spirits, and they do eat rice, water, bread, and milk, and potatoes, all vegetables and natural productions. They have a tavern in New York called the Graham house on this system. This man said he and his wife and child had not eat any meat for two years. Only think of it.

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<sup>132</sup> Martha died October 2, 1835, before they married. Frank married her sister Elizabeth. George Folsom is a young attorney, and a native of Maine. He graduated from Harvard in 1822 and commenced practice in Worcester in 1832 but several years later removed to New York City. His landlady, Rebecca Maccarty, is the widow of Attorney Nathaniel Maccarty.

[p.19] May 1st 1834, Mr. McFarland and Miss [Susan] Orme are married and she sent Mother a large slice of wedding cake.<sup>133</sup> We have had our back room painted green and 2 kettles set and a fireplace made so that it looks very well indeed. Aunt Bradish has had her house painted inside and out.

*Pages 87-90 have been ripped out; p. 91 begins a list of books she has read, which ends on p. 93. It appears to be dated October 6, 1834. As her second diary begins June 1, 1834, she either compiled the list over a long period or added it to the first volume as a postscript. Diary entries following it appear to be attempts to remember the books for the list; the sequencing is puzzling. Possibly the ripped out pages represents her first attempt at the list.*

My Early Days, by Walter Ferguson, a very beautiful book  
Peveril of the Peak, 1st volume  
Peveril of the Peak, 2nd volume  
Peveril of the Peak, 3rd volume, by the author of Waverly Kenilworth etc.  
The Soldier's Bride and Other Tales, by Mr. James Hall  
Temperance Tales, being many stories in one book  
My Mother's Gold Ring  
The Little Boy & His Mother  
Tracts & Essays, being many stories in one book  
Wild Dick & Good Little Robin  
Stories of Poland, by Robin Carver  
The Sofa, by W. Cooper  
The Affectionate Brothers, by Miss Hofland  
Arthur Monteith, by Mrs. Blackford  
The Eskdale Herd-boy, by Mrs. Blackford  
The Factory Girl  
Tracts and Essays, many stories in one volume  
The Listener, 1st & 2nd volumes, by Caroline Fry, excellent  
Juvenile Repository, 1st & 2nd volumes, by a lady, nonsense

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<sup>133</sup> Susan is the daughter of Josiah Orme of Salem; this marriage was not recorded.

Animal Instinct, by M.B. Kousse (?), 1 volume  
History of Elephants, by the author of Entertaining Knowledge  
Voyages and Travels in Europe, by Mrs. Jamieson  
Voyages and Travels in Asia & America, by Mrs. Jamieson  
History of New England, by Lambert Lilly, 1 volume  
Brambletie's Memoirs, 1st & 2nd volumes, written by himself  
Maccriodine Hall, 1st, 2nd volumes, by Sir Walter Scott  
The Water Spirit, by the Baron la Motte, 1 volume  
Cecelia, A Drama, by Madame Campan, 1 volume  
Aglae, A Tale, translated from the French, 1 volume  
Memoirs of Madame Boland [for Roland], by herself  
The Pearl, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th volumes, little grammarians  
The Juvenile Forget-me-Not, by Mrs. S.C. Hall  
Shepherd of the Pyrenees, by Mrs. Sherwood, 1 volume  
The Little Woodman, by Mrs. Sherwood, 1 volume  
The Errand Boy, 1 volume, by Mrs. Sherwood  
Memories of John Knox, by himself  
For Each and For All, by Harriet Martineau  
The Hill and the Valley, by Harriet Martineau  
Brooke and Brooke Farm, by Harriet Martineau  
Times of the Saviour, by Harriet Martineau  
Parents Assistant, vol. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, by Maria Edgeworth  
The Absentee, by M. Edgeworth  
Leonora, ditto  
The Modern Jeselda, by ditto  
Emile de Coulanges (?), by ditto  
Juvenile Repository, 3rd volume  
Madame de Fleury Matilda and Dunbayne, by Ann Radcliffe  
Cottage Sketches, by the author of Talents Improved  
Lilid and Skadi, by Arthur Austin (?)  
Expedition of Humphrey Clinker, 2 volumes



Life of St. Paul, by George Littleton  
Burke of the Sublime and Beautiful  
History of United States, by Goodrich  
History of England, by Robinson  
Right names by a person without a name, one volume  
Diary of a Late Physician, 2 volumes  
Sabbath Recreations, by Miss Emily Taylor  
Woodward's Narrative, by himself, 1 large volume  
Demetrius, 2 volumes  
The Fool of Quality, 4 volumes  
Instructive Rambles, 1 volume  
Biblical Dialogues, by S. Rowson, 2 large volumes  
Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott, 2 volumes  
The Pirate, by Sir Walter Scott, 2 volumes  
The Betrothed, by Sir Walter Scott, 2 volumes  
Beauties of Sterne, one volume  
The Barber of Seville, by Mr. Bishop, one volume  
History of Animals, by Peter Parley

October 6 1834

Since the last part of September 1833 I have read Tales of a Grandfather, 1st volume, by Sir Walter Scott; Tales of a Grandfather, 2nd volume, by Sir Walter Scott; Life in the Wilds, volume by Harriet Martineau; The Beatitudes, by the author of Lessons Without Books, 1 volume; The Life and Death of Eliza Thornton, 1 volume, by a gentleman; Biography of Distinguished Reformed and the Reformation, by Mr. [unintelligible]; a true story by the author of The Decision, 1 volume; [unintelligible], by [unintelligible] a moral tales, 1 volume; Fruit and Flower or the Melville Family; The Drowning by Obstinacy Punished, by T. Dick; Susan Robert Fowle [sic]; History of Capt. Bligh's Crewet, by himself; The Storm, by the author of John Williams and Alice [unintelligible]; The school tales in one book, Little Henry and His Bearer; The Son of a Genius, 1 volume, by author of The Officer's Widow (?); The Robins, by Mrs. Trimmer, 1 volume.

October 8th 1833 (continuing the list of books read) Adelaide, The Intrepid Daughter by Mrs. Tufanel(?); author of Son of a Genius; A Nutshell of Knowledge, by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, author of The Ship; William Weston, Attributes of God; Bear and Forebear; The Well-Spent Hour; Melincourt, 1 volume; Melincourt, 2nd volume; Paul and Virginia Hedge of Toms; Mr. Pope & his family; Juvenile Miscellany; Lessons Without Books; Ella of Garveloch by Miss Martineau; Weal and Woe in Garveloch by Miss Martineau; The Charmed Era by Miss Martineau; Infant Lessons; Peter Parley's Winter Evening Tales; My Early Days, by Walter Ferguson; Peril of the Bleak, in 3 volumes by Sir Walter Scott.

*(interleaved in the journal are several entries that postdate this volume; they are placed in the transcription where they belong chronologically)*

## JENNY'S SECOND JOURNAL

June 1834-April 4 1835

Louisa Jane Trumbull, commenced June 1834. Finished April 4th 1835.

1834

June 1834, eleven in the morning. Aunt and Cousin Sarah Perkins came here Tuesday of this week and left this (Saturday) morning. Ellen Bigelow continues with us.<sup>134</sup> Her arm is very sore and Dr. Greene says it is owing to a disease of the spine which occasions an affection of the heart. She is a dear good girl and I love her better than ever. Mr. A. McFarland and his wife are going to take tea with us this afternoon.

Sarah E. Noyes left this morning with her Mother for Newburyport, her home. Her father died about four months ago. Her mother was very much out of health and thought a journey would do

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<sup>134</sup> Ellen remained for more than a month. During her visit, Christopher Columbus Baldwin noted a ride on horseback with Ellen, Elizabeth, and Mrs. John Putnam. "We had one race after we got out of the street, but putting horses to the top of their speed with ladies upon them is rather dangerous. We got back safely." Diary, p. 313.

her good and she has spent the last two months here with Sarah. They boarded at Mr. Isaac Flagg's.<sup>135</sup> She is a nice girl and I shall miss her sadly. I have the rheumatism in my back and have got a huge plaster on.

Mother is very weak, she does not get her strength at all. The baby is very well.<sup>136</sup> I did not see her till she was a week old. Mrs. Johnson only staid five days. Sally Earle is with us now but cannot stay much longer. Our own good Sally will not come back till July and then will only make a short visit.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "My nurse left me on Sabbath morning, was with me but 5 days. Since then I have with the attention and assistance of my daughters done all for her and myself; . . . Cally has taken upon herself the charge of my room. Jane is pleased with tending her near sister Sarah, makes herself very useful in many different ways, & is very obliging."*

The last time we heard from George they were all well. Lizzy is better than she has been but not so well as we should be glad to have her. Cally began a new quarter at Dr. Park's Monday. It is a real treat to go to his school I should think. I now know how much to prize schools. Saily is going in to drink tea with Miss Foxcroft this afternoon. She is going to have all the little girls of Sarah's age. Joseph has been very [p.2] unwell the last month, he has not been to school for a fortnight. He has had a great deal of the headache. Charles goes to school. He is as handsome as ever. He has five or six warts one on top of the other on his forefinger. It troubles him very much. [Aunt] Lucy is not very well, she has a cold. The youngest has not yet been named. I wish it could be named Ellen for our dear Ellen Bigelow. She wants it should very much but I am afraid Mother will not be willing.

L.J. Trumbull, Worcester, Mass.

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<sup>135</sup> Massachusetts Spy, October 20, 1830: "Genteel Boarding House. Isaac Flagg, late of Beverly, has taken the large mansion house recently occupied by the Hon. Daniel Waldo, situated one door north of the Worcester Bank, where he can accommodate permanent and transient Boarders. For private families or individuals, wishing to enjoy the advantages of a country air, the situation is peculiarly favorable. Traveling parties are solicited to patronize this establishment."

<sup>136</sup> Jenny's sister Isabella Frink was born May 20, 1834.

Thursday night, August 1834. Since I last wrote many important things have happened. Sally has been here and staid a month. Mother and the baby went to Greenfield with Nancy and Aunt Lucy, and the baby came back sicker than she went. Grandmother has named her Isabella.<sup>137</sup> Ellen leaves us for Bangor tomorrow morning. How sorry I am. If I ever loved anyone I love her. Susan has been quite sick but is quite well now. Nothing in particular has happened to Charles excepting that his wart disappeared one morning. Joseph has had several of his headaches lately. Sarah, let me think, nothing in particular has happened to her.

But there has a great deal happened to me. In the first place, then, one morning I went to church as usual and when the long prayer [commenced], I sat down [when it] was half through for I felt tired. Soon after, the meetinghouse assumed the appearance of numerous diamonds and soon after that I fainted. Ellen, dear good kind Ellen, and Father with Mr. Burnet got me out on the entry and [p.3] laid me down on the floor. Mr. James Greene then came out and they gave me camphire and water.<sup>138</sup> For twenty minutes I was senseless. I then was taken by Mr. James Greene and Father into a chaise and brought home and they ended my fainting fit. No, that was not the end of it. The next day was the first day of Mr. W.'s quarter and I went to school and went a week, then I was so unwell I could no longer hold out and stayed at home since just about or very nearly a month. Caroline continues to go to Dr. Park. She will miss our dear Ellen as much as I do, probably more, as she has been more with her and is nearer her age.

George [age 16] has travelled round a good deal lately. He and ten of his schoolmates with one of the teachers sat out a few weeks ago, dressed in linen, on foot to go down the river and take their observations. They went to Hartford, New Haven, and New York, so I think they have been a good journey. They went up the Hudson to Troy. He has had a very pleasant time indeed and says he never shall forget it so long as he lives. His eyes have been very weak lately, but they are quite well now.

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<sup>137</sup> Jenny's grandmother named the baby after her own daughter Isabella, who married Dr. John Frink and died a young woman. All the Trumbull children have family names. Caroline Burling, Sarah Paine, Isabella Frink, and Mary Abbott are named for four particular relations; Jenny and the others have combinations of family names.

<sup>138</sup> Mr. James Greene is an apothecary (druggist), son Dr. John and Nancy Barber Greene, born December 23, 1802.

Elizabeth rides a great deal on horseback. She and Ellen, Mr. Richardson and Mrs. Towne went to Millbury on horseback last night.

The other night we had a very severe thunderstorm. It lasted three hours [p.4] from nine in the evening till twelve. Mr. Knowlton and Mr. Chamberlain were here when it first began and when they heard father was not at home they stayed till it was over. Aunt Bradish has been very ill, she is now slowly recovering. Elisha Flagg has been very ill, he is also gradually getting well.<sup>139</sup> Mrs. Hill still continues in a very feeble state of health. I fear she is not long for this world. Mr. Perry has been very dangerously ill. He was, however, at church today so I suppose he has got well.

When Mother was gone to Greenfield I had a famous party. I had twenty girls. I had a sorry time, too.

*October 12 1834 Jenny turned twelve years old.*

Sunday evening, November 23rd 1834. A long, very long time has elapsed since I last wrote in my journal. Of course many things have happened to our family. Those which I can best recollect and which are of most consequence I shall now write.

Elizabeth is on an excursion to Northborough on horseback. Sometime ago [she] bruised her foot, or rather her ankle, upon her saddle and, neglecting to take care of it, she caught cold in it and has been kept at home with it for some time. She has, however, got quite well now. She has this winter a green merino pelisse trimmed with black velvet, a little blue-black velvet bonnet trimmed with yellow, a chalky calico green and blue-black silk. She went to the Cattle show ball and wore over a white silk, a buff thin dress with a satin stripe in it.

George returned from Greenfield about a month or six weeks ago. After he had been home about a week or fortnight, Mr. Lee asked him to go away with him.<sup>140</sup> In the first place they went to

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<sup>139</sup> Elisha Flagg, 14, son Elisha and Sarah Chamberlain Flagg.

<sup>140</sup> John Lee, husband of Jenny's second cousin Harriet Rose; a Salem businessman who travels a great deal.

Northborough and they expected to go to Warren and Taunton. They have not returned as yet and we have not [p.5] heard from them. We expect them home sometime this week or next.

Caroline is finishing her education now. Her last quarter with Dr. Park is out into about a month. She has begun to go to dancing school. Mr. Weaver keeps the school and has about twenty-six scholars. She also attends Mr. Perry's private singing school. She does and has for some time past, set in the singing seats. She has received an invitation to go to Boston with George from Aunt Perkins. She is dressed this winter in a claret coloured cloak trimmed with velvet of the same colour. A claret silk and a claret merino, also a blue merino.

Sarah is attending Mr. Wright's school this quarter. Her term is nearly half out. She has received a kind invitation from Aunt Susan to come to Greenfield and spend a month. She grows amazingly and is nearly as large as I am. She is dressed this winter in a light coloured cloak.

Joseph has now got the whooping cough, not very badly however. He has lately been very subject to the headache so that he could not eat anything but what was very simple without being made sick. Last evening, for instance, he ate a few raisins and was in consequence sick with the headache this morning. His dress this winter is a plain Rob Roy coat & fur cap. Charles, Susan, and Isabella have also the whooping cough very badly.

I am attending Mr. Wright's school now. I like it tol tol [sic]. I also go to Mr. Perry's private singing school which I like very much indeed. I am dressed this winter in a claret coloured pelisse with velvet of the same colour, a claret coloured watered silk bonnet lined with blue watered silk, a black merino and blue & green silk & dark calico dresses.

[p.6] Monday evening, December 1st 1834. Yesterday there was an eclipse of the sun occasioned by the moon's coming between the sun and the earth. At Charleston in South Carolina, also in many of the other southern states it was total for the space of a minute and a half. Many scientifick gentlemen went to the south for the purpose of witnessing the eclipse, also of making astronomical calculations. It is the last one that will be visible during this century. Our meeting

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was postponed till evening. It happened in the afternoon beginning at about one and lasting till after three.

Sarah Parker told me something which she called a very good joke, how she happened to know anything about it I cannot divine. She said that George Phelps, Charles Eaton, and some other boys, in number amounting to five, smoked their glasses blacker than night and thought they would go together down to the railroad and get on an elevated spot where they could see to better advantage.<sup>141</sup> Well! They got all ready and when they arrived at the place of their destination, they took out their glasses and lo and behold every particle of black was rubbed off and there they were away from home without any lamp to smoke their glasses with. If there ever was to be another eclipse in their lifetime I hope and trust they would not any of them be such fools as to put smoked glasses in their pockets unless they expected to see nothing but plain glass when they took them out.

Mr. Hill preached in the evening, he preached about the eclipse. His text was “the sun shall go down at noon and the earth shall be darkened in the clear day.” We had remarkably good singing I thought, but some thought otherwise.

L.J.T.

[p.7] Friday evening, December 19th 1834. Last evening we went to singing school. The first Lyceum Lecture was delivered by Mr. Ira Barton.<sup>142</sup> Mr. Perry hired the upper town hall for twenty-four Thursday evenings and was to give \$1.50 each evening. We met there four or five times and the lectures commenced. The first evening we had sung from six to seven when we heard the Lyceum people coming into the lower hall. Soon after, two or three gentlemen (members of the Lyceum) came up and requested an audience with Mr. Perry, which was granted. Soon after Mr. P. came back and said, “the story is Mr. Barton has very weak nerves and that we make a most terrible noise which troubles him most amazingly.” We all sat still till someone

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<sup>141</sup> These boys are peers of Jenny’s older siblings, 17 and 18 years old.

<sup>142</sup> Ira Barton is an attorney newly practicing in Worcester; he studied law with Levi Lincoln. He would be appointed Judge of Probate in 1836, when Nathaniel Paine retired.

moved we should adjourn for an hour till the lecture was completed. The vote was passed and we adjourned for an hour. The next day R. Park, the president of the society, visited Mr. Perry and said that if we would have the singing school for one Tuesday evening that the Lyceum would try and have it some other time as they don't have anything to pay for the lower hall. We had it for one Tuesday evening and they said nothing about it. We had it for another Tuesday eve. Still they said nothing and Mr. Perry told us to come on Thursday. We went and soon after we had begun to sing Deacon Butman, one of the selectmen, came and said we must stop, or rather we might sing that night as much and as loud as we pleased but we should not do so another night. So down he went. Mr. Perry sat down & said he had leave to sing but probably it would be called revenge. He said he felt pretty noisy at Bonney's, so we adjourned till further orders. We were told a few days ago that we were to meet to be sure, but had not met but attended and enjoyed ourselves highly. The second lecture was by Mr. Abbot. The third, Abial Jacques. [p.8] The fourth, Mr. Washburn. The fifth, Dr. Woodward. The sixth, Mr. Conant. The subject of the first was the education of young men, the second, the farmers of New England, the third, witchcraft, the fourth, the working men, the fifth, the rise and progress of medicine, the sixth, tobacco. I have not been to one single one of them.

L.J. Trumbull, Worcester

1835

February 7 1835. Since I last wrote we have entered upon a new year and many things have happened to make us all in afterlife look back upon this year as there have many things happened in our family which before we knew nothing of. First, father has failed.<sup>143</sup> I need not say this is a new and important event in the history of our little family circle. I shall make no remarks upon this for they require none save to say that Father is universally pitied.

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<sup>143</sup> There is nothing in the Massachusetts Spy about this, though the newspaper in 1834 is filled with complaints about how Jackson's economic policies—including closing the national bank—were ruining the nation's once-booming economy. His policies caused the Panic of 1837 and the ensuing depression. Mr. Trumbull is one of many casualties.



*Mrs. Trumbull, April 9, 1835 (summary entry): "My poor husband after toiling and saving for twenty years has by unforeseen events lost his all and we are now left poor with nine children dependent upon our exertions. When the truth burst upon him the shock was tremendous. With his nice sense of right & dread of debt, his suffering was great, but on the whole his demeanor has been much more tranquil and submissive than I should have anticipated. The shock produced a violent fit of gout which confined him for more than a week to the house, during which time his suffering was intense part of the time."*

Secondly, Elizabeth Trumbull is engaged to be married to William Lincoln, and that they may live long and happily together is my sincere prayer.

Thirdly, Father has had the gout in both of his feet. Mother took the sole care of him and George was cashier of the bank.

Fourth, Caroline has been to Boston and staid a month. She took musick lessons of Charles Zeunam(?), who is considered the best musick master in Boston. The tuition for each quarter was \$35.

*Mrs. Trumbull, April 9, 1835: "Caroline made a visit in Boston of a month, took musick lessons with the hope she might instruct at a future time."*

I have been sick but am now getting better. Mrs. Gardiner Paine has a daughter. Aunt Frink of Rutland is dead.<sup>144</sup> Aunt Bradish has been very sick but is now much better. Carry and I were invited to spend the evening at Mrs. Foxcroft's last evening but Mother thought we better not go. Mrs. Towne has a party on Tuesday next. Frances Merrick and Waldo p.9 [Lincoln are engaged.<sup>145</sup> I had a long letter from Ellen Bigelow Monday evening. George is going to visit

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<sup>144</sup> Ann Elizabeth, daughter Gardiner and Emily Baker Paine, born January 29, 1835.

Nancy Cunningham Frink, second wife of Dr. John Frink, died January 31, 1835, age 56.

<sup>145</sup> These are long-time family friends (see earlier notes). Governor Lincoln's son Daniel Waldo is 36, Frances Merrick only 16. They would marry November 30, 1841.

Boston in a short time. When the weather gets a little warmer I shall probably go to Greenfield and stay about a month. I wish much to go for I am sick of the noise and crying of our little children and glad shall I be to go there where in the quiet of Aunt Susan's family I shall for a short time at least escape that noise which is daily and hourly made by each child from Sarah down to Isabella.

Yesterday we had a slight fall of snow. The weather still continues quite cold. How I long for the pleasant months of spring and summer. I shall (probably when I feel some better than I now do) go up to Mrs. Towne's where I intend spending a week or two, and I am to sew for her. She said she would give me twenty-five cents, but mother says I must not take money. If I cannot, I am sure I shall not waste my strength, little as I have got, in sewing for anyone save myself. So unless I have some prospect of remuneration, be it ever so small, for my services, go I shall not.

I do not go to school now. Even when I am well there is no one to attend to me and I shall probably grow up and live in ignorance knowing no more than I do now. When I go to Greenfield I probably shall attend to my studies more than I do now.

I am now a member of a sewing society. We carry our own work, meet once a fortnight. I have been but once, then it met at Mrs. Heywoods, last time at Mrs. Jennisons. I don't think I shall go anymore. Isabella has begun her hideous yells.

L.J.T., 1 o'clock at noon

[p.10] Wednesday afternoon, February 11th 1835. Nothing of special moment has occurred since I last wrote. I do not feel much better and I begin to be afraid I never shall get out again, as I have been completely isolated from the world without for the space of a fortnight and three days. Caroline had a small portion of boiling hot water emptied on her foot this noon, but she has now got quite over it by the help of a little laudanum, and is going to singing school tonight. What would I give or rather what is there I would not give to go with her!

A man by the name of Porter paid us a call the other day. Carry played to him, he thought it was beautiful and as he went out he said to Caroline, "If you will only learn my little girl to play as

well as you do I will give you a five dollar bill!" What an errant fool. As soon as I can I mean to go round and drink tea with everybody that I can do so without an invitation.

I have today received my usual scolding not unaccompanied with blows and thumps from Sarah. I know not which I wish most, that I should leave town or that Sarah should do so. Since my late sickness I have been unable to defend myself from her persecutions. Add to all this she thinks or says she does, that I am the faulty one!!! And much would I give that for one day Mother could witness how much she troubles and belabours me. Of all the punishments that [p.11] could be inflicted upon me, none could be equalled or begin to be equalled by obliging me to live with her. She will, she must grow up the pest and horror of decent society. Her daily tormentings are more and worse to me than all the pains that sickness ever could inflict. That she may reform and never treat anybody or anything as she has me is my sincere prayer. May no one ever inflict as much pain on her as she has inflicted on me and if there is anyone can find the heart to do so (and I much doubt it) she will then know how much I suffered and may perhaps be sorry for the many hours of trouble and pain she has caused me. But enough of this. If anyone ever should read this they may think I am a fool to be ruled and troubled by Sarah, but now I am so weak I am unable to do as I used to—try and defend myself from her. For I feel not that love which one sister should feel for another, but I cannot love anyone be it who it may who is in reality my enemy. She is in fact the only, only one that ever treated me so cruelly and the more I think of it the more dreadful does it appear to me. Yes, dreadful, for one sister to torment and offend one as she does me. For this more than for any other reason do I wish to leave the land of my nativity, the place of my birth and is it not a curious and painful reason. I wish to go from my home to escape the tongue and hands of Sarah!!

[p.12] Wednesday, February 25th 1835. The Foxcrofts give a party this evening. Liz, George, and Cally are invited. The two last I suppose will go. Monday afternoon, Penelope and Ann Lincoln & Frances Merrick drank tea with us and George & Waldo Lincoln spent the evening. Sunday William drinks tea with us. Saturday morning Mrs. Harris came down here and brought me a box of guava jelly. Friday afternoon Liz & I called at Clark's with Mrs. Governor Lincoln. Sunday before last I had a call from Dr. John Greene. I received orders to stay in the house and drink Thorough (?), won't tea. The Friday before I spent the day with my dear Mrs. Towne. Her

party, which was the Tuesday of that week went off very well. I enjoyed myself very much the day that I spent there. Elizabeth has had the toothache and ague in her face. She is much better now.

There has been two four-day meetings of the Methodists and George has been every evening. Caroline is very well. I am not much better. I shall go to G. before long and hope that my journey will conduce in some degree to my health.

Caroline has received a beautiful present from she does not know who. Two beautiful books, one called *The Young Lady's Book*, and the other *The Keepsake*. Exactly a week after she had received the books, she received a bundle of music from the same person. In the inside was written "please receive this from a friend not known." [p.13] She of course feels a curiosity to know who this friend is, but we shall probably find out sometime or other.

Aunt Bradish is much better. Mrs. Blake will return in about a month. Mrs. Gardiner Paine is quite comfortable. Her baby will either be called Elizabeth Ann or Ann Elizabeth.

I have not been out for nearly a fortnight and I shall not probably go out till May or June. I know not what to do with myself. Father went to Millbury last night with Mr. Towne. George will go to New York soon as a clerk, that is as soon as a good place can be obtained for him.

Thursday noon, March 12th 1835. Yesterday was probably the last day of sleighing we shall have for some time. Everyone was out enjoying themselves. The day was beautiful and not a cloud was in the clear blue sky. The silvery snow had covered the face of all nature and the air resounded with the merry jingling of the sleighbells. Sarah, Nancy (pleasant company surely), and I, driven by George, took a ride in the morning. In the afternoon Elizabeth went to Westborough with William and Caroline with Cousin Charles Paine [as escorts]. There was a very large party went with them. Elizabeth Burt in the afternoon about two o'clock, drove up here in a sleigh stage nearly full of girls, to ask me to take a ride, but for various reasons I declined accepting her polite invitation (though I wished to go horribly).

Isabella is quite sick. Susan and Charles have both been indisposed, but are tolerably well now. Last Friday Elizabeth and I went to ride in the chaise and had a delightful drive. Sunday it will [p.14] have been six weeks since I have been sick. I am now reading Pope's Works, which William sent to me, and as far as I have read like them very much.

The pirates who were sentenced to be hung on yesterday have obtained a reprieve of three months from the first of this month in order to allow time to collect documents which will throw light on the subject. This is supposed to be owing to Mrs. Child, a lady of Boston who went to Washington to intercede in their behalf.<sup>146</sup>

Lieutenant Governor Armstrong has appointed the ninth day of April next for a day of public fasting, humiliation, and prayer for the good people of this Commonwealth. Aunt Bradish has not got out yet.

March 14th 1835. Last evening when Father came home from the bank he said Dr. Coe's eldest daughter (I mean the eldest daughter that is at home) was very sick with the lung fever and was not expected to live through the night. This morning George told us that at six o'clock last night Miss Sally Eaton went into Mr. Langer's to buy her shroud but she lived till this morning. Poor Caroline! Little did I think when I saw you at singing school six weeks ago that it was for the last time. She was a Lyceum lecturer on Thursday about a week ago. On next Thursday she will be an inhabitant of the cold and silent grave!! She was only fourteen or fifteen years old, about the age of our Caroline. She played on the pianoforte and was at school with me several quarters. I cannot realise that she is no longer alive. But it is doubtless best that she has [p.15] died and may her friends and relations be enabled to say, "Father, thy will not ours be done."<sup>147</sup>

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<sup>146</sup> Massachusetts Spy, March 11, 1835 reprinted from the Boston Traveller a report on the crew of the Pinda who were accused of robbing the ship Mexican. "The pirates who were sentenced to be executed Wednesday, have been reprieved for three months from the first instant, to allow time to obtain documents, which it is thought will throw some light on their case. It is said the prisoners are indebted to a lady of Boston (Mrs. Child), who proceeded to Washington to make intercession on their behalf." Probably Lydia Maria Child, advice writer and abolitionist.

<sup>147</sup> Dr. John Coe's daughter Caroline died March 14, 1835, age 15.

Elizabeth and I went to ride this morning and found the roads very muddy but take it altogether I had a very pleasant ride. She saw Sarah Bancroft [daughter Rev. Aaron] and she told us a piece of news: that Sarah P. Perkins was engaged to George Cabot and that it was formally announced.<sup>148</sup> Mrs. Blake is expected in a little while, the last of this month I suppose she will be here. I shall be very glad and I should think Aunt Bradish would be delighted. A few days ago I saw Mrs. Gardiner Paine (when I went to ride) in the street, at the lower end too. I should think she must be crazy [she has just recently had a baby].

Mrs. McCloud, a lady from Scotland, came to Boston a short time ago—last summer or the summer before that. She was a vulgar woman, painted herself etc. Kept school. Last summer her son of twenty-one came to Boston and flirted about in great style. Wore silk stockings and kid gloves, white ones too. Mrs. McCloud went to Mr. Appleton, a rich gentleman of Boston, to ask him to get her son into some business. “No,” said he, “I shall do no such thing. A young man who dresses as he does, why when I came to this place I came before a load of pigs and I have made all the money I own.” Mrs. McCloud retired in a great rage.<sup>149</sup>

Mother is baking today. Isabella is quite sick. Caroline has been at work in good earnest today, swept, dusted, and put in perfect apple pie order George’s, Mother’s, and our chambers. She is quite smart when she’s a mind to be.

[p.16] Thursday noon, March 19th 1835. Tomorrow is dear little Susan’s birthday. She will be three years old. I can hardly realise it. Yesterday afternoon Liz and Cal were invited to Mrs. Conant’s to tea. Liz went but Caroline could not on account of singing school, but as there was not any she spent the evening there. Sarah drank tea at Mrs. Butman’s. Monday, Ann and

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<sup>148</sup> Jenny’s cousin Sarah is 17; George Cabot, son Henry and Anna Sophia Blake Cabot, is 18 and at Harvard in 1835. The Cabots are a prestigious merchant family of Boston and Salem, thickly connected through kinship and economic ties to the mercantile elite community that includes the Perkinses. The marriage does not happen. George Cabot studied law after graduating, then traveled abroad for four years, until poor health forced his return; he never married. Sarah Perkins marries Henry Russell Cleveland of Lancaster in 1838.

<sup>149</sup> A Boston relation must have told her this; it was not in the Massachusetts Spy.

Penelope Lincoln drank tea here. Isabella seems quite unwell. Monday mother cut her hand most shockingly. I had a present this morning of three cents from Father.

Friday morning, March 20th 1835. Susan is three years old today and in the year she has grown so much. How I happen to know is this way. When she was a year old we made her stand up against the wall and measured her and put a mark on the paint. When she was two we did likewise, and also today.

Ann Lincoln has been down here this morning to ask Lizzy and Caroline up there to tea this afternoon. They were asked there yesterday but the walking prevented their going. They will go, however, this afternoon. Caroline is working a lamp rug with floss silk. The figure is a wreath of flowers and in the center a butterfly.

I have the rheumatism in my right arm. I don't feel much better and I do not get my strength at all, but Mother says when the weather is more settled and the walking and traveling good I can go out doors and then, and probably not until then, I shall be better. I have rode out several times but I don't think I feel any better for it and I am afraid I do feel worse. Liz has promised to borrow Traits of Nature for me this [p.17] afternoon at Governor Lincoln's so there will be something for me to amuse myself with.

We have not heard from Ellen lately, since the first part of February. She will go to Peoria with her sister who is to marry Mr. Harding in May. She will I suppose make a short stay in Worcester before she goes. Miss Spooner and Mr. Knowlton are to be married this spring and are to live in Athol. He has taken Mr. Miles's place as lawyer and postmaster there. Mr. Miles has gone to Millbury to live and is in partnership with Abraham G. Randall, a lawyer of that place. Andrew D. McFarland has opened a law shop here, his wife continues very low indeed. Aunt Bradish is not well yet. Mother asked her to tea this week but the walking and weather were too bad for her to come. I have just finished three interesting books: Evelina, Antiquary, and Heart of Mid Lothrian. I like them all well and hope to have some more to read soon. Liz and Cal are going to ride this morning. They are all rigged, ready to go.

George went to the Catholic meetinghouse on the 17th instant or St. Patrick's day. He said it was well worth your while to go. Isabella seems to be quite sick. Susan is quite well. Charles ditto. Joe also indeed. Father got one of his boots this morning for the first time. It seems like Saturday to me today. This week has passed so swiftly that I can hardly realise it has gone never to return again. Miss Willard and E. Foxcroft came here Wednesday.

[p.18] Friday evening, March 20th 1835. Mr. Lincoln B. Knowlton was joined to Miss Charlotte O. Spooner in the holy bands of matrimony on last evening. Mother this night received by post an obituary of Mrs. Nancy C., wife of Mr. John Frink. This was probably sent by [son] William Frink and the direction is in the handwriting of the direction on the mysterious presents Caroline has lately received. So we are all confirmed in our supposition that he sent the books and the music. Not feeling so well this now, I was persuaded by Mother to go to bed at half past one in which place I remained very comfortably until four o'clock when I got up. Mr. Richardson is going to Boston in a day or two and Father has given him a list of musick which [when] he [is] there to purchase for her [Caroline].

We are all very quiet just now as Isabella Frink, Susan, Charles Perkins, and Joseph are safely deposited in their nests for the night. Sarah and mother sit reading very composedly, Father sleeping in his favorite rocking chair, while I finish the group in the parlour. Nancy and the cat hold undisputed sway in the kitchen. Liz, George, and Caroline being at Mrs. Lincoln's. The hour is past nine but on account of my rest in the middle of the day I have no inclination for going to sleep, therefore much less to go to bed.

Poor Caroline Coe was buried on the seventeenth instant. Before her death she was perfectly sensible to her situation and asked her mother "after such a gay life as I have had how can I prepare for death in so short a time?" Before her spirit winged its way to Heaven she called all her brothers and [p.19] sisters to her bedside and after bidding them farewell made them promise that they would renounce their former habits and become more sober and serious. They all promised. When she came to her brother William, who is a very wild young man, she asked him if he would also promise her, but he answered her not for fifteen minutes. When someone in the room asked him if he heard his sister when she spoke to him he said yes, that he did, and after



the space of about five minutes more in which she appeared to be considering whether he should promise her or not, he did promise her. When she was dying the room was crowded to suffocation. It is to be supposed it was the wish of the family that there should be so many of their acquaintance there at such an awful time, for after she—C.R.C.—was dead her mother said she was very sorry she had not sent for Charlotte Blood who was one of Caroline's particular friends. Thursday she went to Lyceum lecture and carried on as she always did, and after lecture she walked some way with Charlotte Blood and got her feet wet and went home and without drying her feet sat down at her piano and played for an hour in a room without a fire. The next morning as may well be supposed she did not feel very well, but meant to drink tea with Sally Hathaway. She was worse in the middle of the day but the doctor was not sent for till Monday. As soon as he saw her he pronounced [p.20] her to be very dangerously ill. Sally Hathaway saw her on Monday but said she did not think she appeared very sick. She died Saturday morning. Her age was fifteen. She was about C.B.T.'s size [sister Caroline], blue eyes and dark brown hair, her complexion was rather dark than otherwise, she was very good natured and obliging and on the whole a very pretty girl, but she is dead and peace to her ashes.

Sunday, March 22nd 1835. The day is among the worst ones we have had this year. None of the family have been out on account of the inclemency of the weather. Yesterday was quite warm though there was a moisture in the air which was very disagreeable. Elizabeth washed the windows which improved the appearance of the room mightily. Caroline went to singing school last night. It generally meets Wednesday evenings but the evening has been changed. Mr. Perry's youngest child (Jane Arabella) [11 months old] has got the lung fever and is quite sick. I am reading Traits of Nature now and like it very much.

The [Sewing] Society meets here in a fortnight or ten days. I do not expect to enjoy myself much, but as I have never yet had them, I might as well get through with it now and then I shall not be obliged to have them again as I don't mean to belong any longer.

Caroline gets along very well indeed. Isabella seems to me rather better today but she looks very pale. Susan has had her hair lately cut and she looks funny enough. I have a weeping sinew on my left hand which [p.21] today pains me very much. We are all tolerably well except poor Bell.

We do not hear from Boston very often but Cousin Nancy told Sarah the other day (when she was in the street) that she had heard lately and that S.P.P. [Sarah Paine Perkins] was really engaged to G.C. [George Cabot]. The last time we heard from Greenfield they were all pretty well. I know not when I shall get there. Sarah and Susan went into Aunt Bradishes yesterday afternoon. She was as well as common. Mrs. Blake is expected in the course of the week. She will be a great comfort to Aunt and I long to have her come, she is an easy jolly person as I ever knew in all my life. Elizabeth has been reading Wacousta, or the Prophecy. She likes it very much. It is beautifully written in Cooper's style but the tale itself is horrid in the extreme. The travelling is still very bad.

There is a new novel come into town, The Insurgents. The scene is laid in Worcester, Springfield, and Northampton. It is supposed by many to be written by William Lincoln the elder. He took it up one day and read about thirty pages in it, threw it down and said if anyone accused him of writing it, he would challenge them. It was a current report here that Louisa Jane Park and Jos. G. Kendall were engaged but afterwards it was said to be false. Miss M.A. Park although she has been engaged four years has not yet changed her name to *Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Thomas*.<sup>150</sup>

Dr. Park has got two scholars only, Miss Willard from [p.22] Uxbridge who boards at Mrs. Foxcroft's and Urania Woodward, daughter of Mr. Woodward who has the charge of the hospital. Cousin Sarah Paine is, I believe, pretty well for her. I have not seen her for two months. It is seven weeks today since I have been sick. In that time I have hardly seen anyone out of the family. Hester Newton, Sophia Burnside, E. Hull, and Sarah Flagg have not been near me. Sarah Parker once, C. Heywood also once, M. Bigelow once, M. Jennison twice. Though to be sure E.H. and S.P. Flagg I suppose did not know I was unwell. I long for summer, the long, long lightsome summer days.

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<sup>150</sup> Mary Ann Park is engaged to Attorney Benjamin Franklin Thomas, son Isaiah. He graduated from Brown in 1830, studied law at Harvard and with Pliny Merrick, and was admitted to the bar in 1833. The couple would marry in October.

Monday morning, March 23rd 1835. Though I have little or nothing to write yet as writing and reading are my chief, I may say only, amusements and as I have read till I am somewhat fatigued I have nothing better to do than to write down what chances to pop into my head. And first let me say that since my sickness began I have become more and more attached to dear little Isabella. I think I never knew such a sweet little girl. None can long live in the house with so good a child without insensibly becoming attached to them. She seems to be some better today. She bears her illness with much patience and does not cry so much as would naturally be expected. She will be very handsome when she grows up and is now very pretty. Mother thinks she will look like Charley.

This afternoon Ann and Penelope Lincoln, Frances Merrick, Sarah C. Ward, and Miss Thayer are invited here. They all come but Miss Thayer.<sup>151</sup>

[p. 23] Tuesday afternoon, March 24th 1835. Mr. Wright gives up his school at the expiration of this term which will be this week Saturday. Mrs. Wright will take 15 or 18 scholars. I have heard both numbers but I do not know which is correct or in fact if either are so. George & Waldo Lincoln spent the evening here. George Butman also. Mrs. & Sarah Butman came down here this morning. Mrs. B. said she had the rheumatism and the doctor had recommended walking by way of exercise. She invited Elizabeth to take tea with her this afternoon.

Mother intended going out this morning for what purpose it may be as well to briefly state. Caroline [not quite 15] wishes to get something to do by way of obtaining her support and thinks she could keep school as well as she could do anything as she is well qualified for so doing. So this morning when Mrs. B. was here she asked her opinion of the plan and she said her husband had agreed to send Sarah [age 7] to Mrs. W. but she presumed Mrs. W. would be glad to have her go to anyone else as her number was limited [and] she would probably prefer having the larger scholars. She thought it a good plan. Mother went to Mrs. Charles Allen's. She said Mr. A. was not in town and she could not say whether E. and M. both could go but that Maria [almost 9] certainly should. She then went to Mrs. Isaac Flagg's, she proposed that Sarah should go at which I am much delighted. Dearly as I love her, I cannot help being happy to attend the

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<sup>151</sup> There are multiple "Miss Thayers" in town.

same school as I do. She went also to [p. 24] Miss Sarah Flagg's and she said she should admire to have Elizabeth go but that they were going to Amherst to live and of course she cannot come. She asked me to go to A. and stay a week or so with her daughter and I think I shall go if I ever have an opportunity.

Elizabeth and Caroline have gone to ride this afternoon. They were invited by Cousin Charles Paine but they went in an immense concern owned, I believe, by Mr. Condogon [the stabler]. I felt much better this morning, but I feel rather tired tonight than otherwise. Cousin Sarah Paine is not well. She has the rheumatism and can hardly walk. I pity her from the bottom of my soul.  
L.J.T.

Wednesday, March 25th 1835. Frances Merrick has been here to ask Caroline and Elizabeth to drink tea with her tomorrow afternoon and George to spend the evening. I suppose they will all go if nothing happens to prevent. E. & C. went to Westborough yesterday. They went in the great sleigh all of them were seventeen all in all. They had a very good time indeed and did not get home till even o'clock. Caroline and I did not get up this morning until quarter past nine as we were both tired and sleepy. Mother this morning received a letter from William Frink. Elizabeth has the toothache dreadfully and has now got cayenne pepper etc. on her face. George has gone to mill. Mother is baking today. Father went to Holden last night, started at two in the afternoon and got home at seven in the evening. [p. 25] Caroline is busily working on her lamp rug. Sarah is reading the Massachusetts Spy. Joe and Charles are (thank fortune) at school. Susan is as usual fussing about the kitchen and Isabella is asleep in her cradle.

Friday morning, March 27 1835. Caroline begins her school the first Monday or the sixth day of April and for the present while we shall want fires she is going to keep in this house and I suppose will keep in the front or more probably speaking the best parlour. She is going up to Miss Sevilas

Stowell's this afternoon to have a dark calico gown cut and basted which she will wear for a common gown or as a school gown more properly. It is very foggy today but Elizabeth and Sarah have been to Mrs. [Edwin] Conant's this morning. Mrs. McFarland spent yesterday in town at Mrs. Dr. John Greene's.

I went up to Cousin Sarah's Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock and staid till nearly half past four. I had an excellent time. As I had not seen Cousin Sarah for so long we talked incessantly. Yesterday (Thursday) morning I went to a variety of places, to Mrs. Lincoln's to return some books we had borrowed there, to Mrs. Flag's to tell them that Caroline's school would begin at such a time, and to ask if Hannah Barton was coming. Mrs. Flagg said they had not decided, I mean Mr. & Mrs. Barton, whether she should come, I mean Hannah [age 9]. And to Mrs. Hathaway's to ask them if they did not wish to send Ruth [age 13]. [p. 26] Mrs. Hathaway said she would consider of it and send us word. The tuition is five dollars a quarter.

Elizabeth is going to Mrs. Butman's to tea this afternoon. The girls heard yesterday that Mrs. Blake had been at home [with Aunt Bradish] two or three days but we have not seen or heard from her, which I think is rather singular considering all things. We have not heard from Boston since Sarah [Perkins] has been engaged, which I think seems very singular.

I am reading Camilla by Miss Burney, authoress of Evelina and Traits of Nature and I don't like it so well as I do either of the others. Anne Lincoln tells me it is full of troubles and from what little I have read in it I think it must so be. Elizabeth thinks she shall go to church on Sunday notwithstanding what a cold she caught the last time she went. Mr. Hill is quite sick and Dr. Bancroft preached all last Sunday.

Charles Paine said that when they went to Westborough Tuesday at night, when they returned the tollgate was shut and they called to [tollkeeper] Mr. Bixby "fire" and almost everything, and at last called "murder" and all the family came running downstairs with their lamps in their hands. When they came away they sung out "good night good night, and is it so and must we from old Bixby go. Hurra Hurra, our respects to Mrs. Bixby."

Old Nathan Blackman went to Mrs. [p. 27] Wilder's one Saturday to see a cooking stove and happened to see Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Wilder's mother, and was much pleased with her and the next

evening (Sunday) spent the evening there.<sup>152</sup> Monday evening (they had a few friends to spend the evening and) someone knocked at the door and Mrs. Wilder went to the door and N.B. asked if he could have a private conversation with Mrs. Burt. She told him they had company in the parlour but asked him in. He said no but left a packet which he wished to be given to her mother privately. Mrs. W complied with his request. But Mrs. B. said there was no privacy between them and opened the packet and there was his profile and some verses offering himself to her.

She declined of course.

[p.28] Sunday morning, March 29th 1835. Yesterday the weather was quite warm and pleasant and Mother thought if I could go to ride a very little way I might possibly feel some better. So at about ten o'clock I rode as far as the bank and do not think I felt any worse for it. Mrs. Blake got home last Monday and she has not as yet darkened our house or rather our doors. Caroline went to singing school last evening. Mr. Perry's child is very much worse, it has been insensible for the last two or three days and was not expected to live through last night. Mr. Dunbar kept the singing school in Mr. Perry's place. The travelling is very bad indeed and the mud is deep and the Millbury stage instead of getting in as usual at two did not get in till after three yesterday afternoon.

Sarah C. Ward told Carry last night that when her Father heard Caroline was going to keep school said he should send Harriet and Frances \[ages 10 and 13\]. Mother has concluded to let her have her chamber as a school room and she begins a week from tomorrow. S.C. Ward is coming here to spend the evening tomorrow.

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<sup>152</sup> Nathan Blackman, a widower, is probably in his seventies. Mrs. Wilder is Celia Burt, who recently married David Wilder.

Mr. Wright finished his school yesterday.<sup>153</sup> Dolly C. Burnett [age 10] got the prize for most merit, and Elizabeth O. Paine [age 9] for best behaviour. They were given by Sarah C. Ward and were both keepsakes.

Mrs. Towne has been very dangerously ill of a fever and I believe is not well yet though some better. William was here yesterday afternoon. He told mother he had followed her advice and had drank neither tea nor coffee the last week and had had [p.29] the headache every day most dreadfully but that he did not think it was a fair trial and should persevere in it for a month. Caroline, Sarah, George, and Joe have gone to church today. Elizabeth has not been since she caught such an awful cold in the meetinghouse. I have been sick two months today. I begin to be discouraged and fear I never shall get well again. I have a plaster on my side and in one place it has taken the skin off.

There is but very little going on in Worcester just now. In fact, there has not been much going on all winter, all has gone on in the same old course as regular as clockwork.<sup>154</sup> It is cold and

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<sup>153</sup> He planned to close his school two years earlier. In a letter written shortly after Cattle Show in 1833, Elizabeth Trumbull wrote to her brother George: "Mr. Wright will leave in the spring, though not entirely on account of his [the scandal involving music teacher Margaret Bradlee], as he has expensive a family (Mrs. Wright's mother and two sisters being entirely dependent upon him) that he is continually incurring expenses which his income will not allow him to defray. They have but two music scholars and Mr. Tucker hires them and for the instruction of those two she receives only her board." Mention of the new music teacher, Mrs. Tucker, suggests the Wrights succumbed to objections to Miss Bradlee. Lincoln Family Papers.

<sup>154</sup> In fact, enormous controversy was brewing. April 1, 1835, Christopher Columbus Baldwin: "At the March town meeting a vote was carried by the town to instruct the selectmen not to approbate any innholders for licences to retail ardent spirits. This comes out of temperance reform, and is now the subject of deep interest. The town is divided into three parties, viz. the rigid advocates of temperance, the friends of retailers, and the neutrals, who will not belong to either party. Our innholders find themselves closely (neatly out by the votes of the town and have had a caucus, at which they determined that they would not take out licences for any purpose, but would take down their signs and close their houses on the 1st of April." Diary, p. 347. This is the incident that led to gentlemen fist-fighting in the streets.

unpleasant today and as the last Friday in this month was woefully showery. April, the approaching month, will I suppose be so likewise. Father saw Mr. L.B. Knowlton either yesterday or the day before that.

Monday morning, March 30th 1835. It is as bad a day as I almost ever knew. Wind, snow and all that is disagreeable. Mr. Fuller, Charles Paine, and Sarah Ward engaged to spend this evening here and play whist but as the day is so unpleasant I do not imagine S.C. will come even if Mr. Fuller and Cousin Charles should do so. Mr. Eli Brande Sanger and Mr. Fergus are coming heresome day this week. Mr. Fergus gives lessons on the pianoforte and Mr. E. Sanger plays on the flute.

I went to bed last night at eight o'clock and from that time till eleven I was in agony. Did I think I should suffer so for a year I should pray that I might die, for surely death instead of being the king of terrors would be a kind hand releasing us from p[30] our sufferings at least it would be to me. Mother tells me Caroline was so for a year and I know she lived yet I cannot imagine. What is the use of so much suffering I do not pretend to think, but this much I do know, that many hours of such suffering I never can live through. And how any one, be they who they may, is authorized to be cross etc. Last night I thought I would give anything if I could die and I am not far from thinking so now. I have given up all my former hopes and ideas of making a visit to Greenfield, for I always was and am still more so now of opinion that home is the best place for sick people and so there are all my expectations at one blow dashed to the ground.

The Society will meet here the day after tomorrow but I shall not pretend to see the girls unless it is Mary E. Jenison. Caroline said last night she thought we had better send word to them, I mean the members of the Society, that I was not able to have them meet here but if I am to be sick a year what use would there be in so doing? *Happy happy thrice happy* are the early dead and if I knew I should die without having more pain I should think myself a happy person. Life for me has no charms if with life there is sickness. For two months I have been sick and borne it with all the patience I was mistress of and when I thought it time to be getting well to think that for p[31] days, weeks, nay months longer I must suffer I must say my patience, my fortitude have all given way and till I am numbered with the dead my prayer will be that God in his mercy



would take me to that place where we are told there shall be no suffering. My life never has been happy enough to make me regret leaving this world and now I may almost say I loathe my life. To me death has few if any terrors (but sickness, I cannot tell how many it has) for me. To write more would be useless. I may live to see the day when I shall once more be well but I very much doubt it.

Elizabeth had a dreadful toothache last evening but is better today. She says she thinks like enough she shall be married in a year. May her life be happy. I will not pray that it be long for I think long life (without health) is not to be desired. If mother ever suffered as much as I did last night before her marriage how she could ever wish to bring children into the world with a prospect of having them suffer equally I cannot imagine. Perhaps she forgets it all, but my memory I think will not be so faulty. I hate to give up the idea of going to Greenfield but I am determined I never will go from home with even a faint prospect of being sick as I must necessarily be a burthen. How I dread the idea of [p.32] going to bed again tonight. Sarah is at this moment laughing or ridiculing the idea of my crying last night when I was in agony. All I wish to punish her for it is to have her pass such a three hours as did I, or I should like to see how she would bear it. I wonder if anyone ever really loved Sarah.

Tuesday morning, March 31st 1835. I felt much better today than I did yesterday and wish I could go out but Caroline says it never will do and that I shall not go if anyone in the house possess any influence over me. The day is better than yesterday was but there is a warm damp wind that is very unpleasant, so Cal tells me.

Father last night produced a paper from his pocket and said if anyone would read it he would give them a five cent piece. Here is a copy, it is an excuse for absence from school. "Cep atom to gou a turtuin. Kept at home to get to taturin." This master as may well be supposed could not read it and asked the lad why he did not come to school and he answered "Cause I stayed at home to git taters." It is said that this is true and that it was done by his mother and she did it as well as she was able.

Mr. Sanger Elbridge came here last night and brought his brother (Rufus Sanger) with him. He said he had hunted all over town for him but could not find him. Mr. Fuller [p.33], Charles Paine, and Sarah Ward did not come last night. Carey received two numbers of the Boston Pearl, a paper published in Boston, from William C. Fink. His name was not attached to it, but it was in his handwriting. Aunt Bradish is pretty well now but she has not been out yet. We have none of us seen Mrs. Blake yet, Joseph excepted. He went there Sunday night and Mrs. Blake never asked how any of us did. Caroline had some new musick come last night. Sarah is going down street this morning. We have not heard from Greenfield or Boston lately, which I think is rather strange. I mean that we do not hear from Boston.

Wednesday afternoon, April 1st 1835. I have just arisen from the tea table. Yesterday afternoon Sarah and I took tea at Mrs. Samuel Burnside's. Sophia Burnside's daughter, (age 13) had a large party—invited 22 or 23 girls. I had a tolerably good time. This afternoon the Society met here. I am some tired but not so much as I expected I should be.

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Newcomb are to be our neighbours. They live in Mr. Tower's house, moved yesterday and today. Elizabeth and Caroline have gone to Uncle Nathaniel Paine's to tea and to spend the evening. Caroline went to the Sewing Society and from there to Cousin Sarah's [Uncle Paine's daughter].

Caroline begins her school Monday and is to keep in Mother's chamber, that was in the room over our common parlour.

*Mrs. Trumbull, April 9, 1835. "The past week Caroline commenced school for Jane, Sarah & one other scholar. I have given her my chamber for a schoolroom and fondly hope she may succeed in this endeavor to assist herself."*

Have seen nothing of [p.34] Mrs. Blake as yet. She used to visit us much in old times, in by-gone days. What her reasons are for absenting herself from the house I know not, neither do I care.

Ruth Hathaway gave me a lock of her hair this afternoon.<sup>155</sup> The day is very pleasant and tomorrow promises to be the like. We have seen many people pass by with their goods and chattels, among others Mr. Robert Parker's.<sup>156</sup> He is going to live near us. What is pleasanter than pleasant neighbors?

Thursday morning, April 2nd 1835. I feel quite rested this morning. Mary and Elizabeth Jennison and Caroline Heywood have been here this morning. The Jennisons came to ask Sarah and I to take tea with them. We are going.

Yesterday afternoon I heard Sarah Parker [age 13] say to Ruth Hathaway, "Aunt Newton thinks Mrs. Wright's school will be better and cheaper at ten dollars than Caroline Trumbull's at five," prefaced by, "I don't wish to discourage you, if you are really going." This was said to Ruth who has thought of attending Carry's school. Mother wrote a note to Mrs. Newton and she came here this morning and had a private interview with Mother and Cally. She was attended by the imp of a Sarah Parker. Though I know much that passed on both sides, I can write but very little of it. Sarah R. Parker says that she never mentioned her Aunt's name at school with regard to Caroline. Sarah C. [WR] p.35] has sent word, as we heard that S.R. Parker said her Aunt despaired Caroline and she (SRP) hated her. S.C. For said that she had had a furious battle with Sarah with regard to Caroline. But I have written enough on this subject. Suffice it to say I am determined that I will from this day cut her acquaintance completely.<sup>157</sup>

Frances Fiske Merrick has been here this morning and Ruth is coming here tonight. Caroline wishes to ask her if Sarah told her. As Sarah says, Ruth told her instead of [her] telling Ruth.

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<sup>155</sup> This is a token of affection. Ruth is almost 14, about a year older than Jenny.

<sup>156</sup> Jenny is referring to April 1, moving day. The date is a carry over from the agricultural cycle: farmers most commonly secured hired hands from April 1 to November 1, the prime farm season. Like January 1, April 1 was also a time for balancing accounts and beginning anew. Robert Parker is a woodworker, with a shop on Front Street.

<sup>157</sup> This represents a serious breach of friendship. Mrs. Newton is Jenny's Sunday School teacher and the aunt of Elizabeth's fiancé. Her daughter Hester has been Jenny's close friend since they were very little. Sarah Parker and her sisters have been friends with the Trumbull girls since they came to live with their aunt 1822.

Saturday morning, April 4th 1835. Mrs. Stephen Salisbury has a son. It was born Monday last and weighs 8 pounds and a half. Mrs. James Greene has either a son or a daughter, I don't know which.<sup>158</sup> Sarah spent yesterday afternoon here with her little friends the Allens.

Thursday when I got home from Mrs. Sam. Jennison's, as I was getting out of the chaise I fell down and hurt me horribly but I am much better today. I am now reading Romance and Reality, and of what passes in our own immediate family circle I have no doubt written much that it would have been proper to have omitted. And on the other hand I have neglected to transcribe much which I should have done.

In keeping a journal I at first did it because my sisters kept one. Afterwards [p.36] I wrote because it was the wish of my mother and now it is done not only to serve as means of being employed about something useful and proper, but because it is a source of pleasure to me. "In after life," said my Mother, "you will read with pleasure what you are now writing." And even now I am much interested in what I wrote a year or two ago. My first journal or diary was commenced November third 1829 and completed May twenty-first 1834. This one was commenced June 1835 [sic; 1834] and finished April the 4th day 1835. In the pages of these two books there is probably little, perhaps nothing, that would amuse any save myself. But as they were written for no one save mine if they amuse my mind or gratify mine eye their purpose will be accomplished. Therefore I begin my next book as I began my last in many respects. My purpose being (as may be very plainly seen by reading it) to keep an account of the most important things that happen in our family, together with the births, deaths, and marriages of our friends and acquaintances. The writing to take the whole book together is very poor but as I can read it myself it little matters whether anyone else can, it may on the contrary be a fortunate circumstance.

*Here Jenny begins to use pages out of sequence.*

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<sup>158</sup> Stephen, son Stephen and Rebekka Scott Dean Salisbury, born March 31, 1835; John, son James and Elizabeth Greene, born April 2, 1835.

[p.27] Monday evening, April 20th 1835. Mother has been unable to procure me a journal and happening to see a small place not yet written upon I concluded it would be as well for me to fill it up. I have suffered much today and this morning took gin and was actually drunk till dinner time but this evening I feel quite bright, would I could also say I feel quite well, which is far from being the case. I have a violent pain in my stomach. Our cow was last night delivered of a calf which I have not as yet seen. The cow it is said will give fourteen quarts a day, seven at every milking, morning and evening. I hope it will prove correct I am sure.

[p. 78 & 79, 1st journal] May 4th 1835. Seeing a vacant page I conclude it is best for me to fill it as I have finished my second journal and mother has been unable to purchase me another, but I hope soon to be provided with one. Caroline with much kindness brought me four oranges today for which I am much obliged. I hope sufficiently so. I feel rather better today than I did yesterday, though poorly enough. "Happy are those princes," exclaims the worthy padre Tray Antonio Agapido(?), "who have women and priests to advise them, for in these dwelleth the spirit of counsel." "It was stated in a discourse recently delivered before the members of the American Institute that there were annually consumed in the United States, more silk than all the wheat, corn, rye, oats, flaxseed, biscuit, potatoes, and hops, which are exported will pay for, by nearly two millions of dollars! Think of this ladies and beware how you extend the dimensions of your sleeves, or we shall be obliged to add cotton to the appalling lot!" New York Mirror. . . . [Not transcribed is text copied from the paper about Napoleon and his love letters.]

[p.19, 1st journal] May 4th 1835. To fill up a vacant space I write these few lines. How very true it is that there are seldom if ever instances where messengers are wanting to convey evil or unpleasant tidings. In the words of Mr. Irving, "Evil tidings never fail by the way, though lack of messengers; they are wafted on the wings of the wind, and it is as if they were birds of the air would bear them to the ear of the unfortunate." Thus says he in his Conquest of Granada and we find it to be so.

*Pages 37-40 is a list of books she has read; it overlaps considerably with the one in her first journal.*

LOUISA JANE TRUMBULL'S THIRD JOURNAL,

May 8 1835-June 6 1836

[p.1] Wednesday, May 8th 1835. I have been sick for a long time but yesterday and today I have felt really quite comfortable. I have had Dr. Greene twice to see me. I have not been out yet but I hope to go soon; as the weather seems to be improving. Wednesday evening Miss Ann Lincoln had the kindness to send down to see how I was. I shall not forget it very soon. Wednesday afternoon Miss Frances Merrick called. She was very pleasant indeed. She has begun to go to Dr. Park's school again at which many people will be much surprised if nothing more I should think. Miss Anne Lincoln goes to Mrs. Wright's school. She likes her and her school very much indeed.

George Lincoln is going to sea very soon. He will be absent two years at the least. He feels very bad about going, as one would suppose. It must be very sad to leave one's friends for so long a period. He may never see them more. God grant this may not be the case. He is very much improved and everyone seems very much pleased with him. William [Lincoln] has gone to New York but he returned this week although I have not seen him. Waldo [Lincoln] has been to Boston and to Exeter. He went to find out, if possible, who wrote a piece in the Exeter Newsletter extolling Mr. Folsom and abusing his family.

Mrs. Foxcroft has a new boarder, a tall young lady of the name of Randall. She is sister to Mr. Randall of Millbury and is here for the purpose of attending Dr. Park's school. She is engaged. Charlotte Foxcroft is engaged to William N. Greene.<sup>159</sup> This has excited surprise in the minds of many who could not for a long time believe she would throw herself away upon such a fellow for she is considered, and I think justly, as a very fine young lady in Worcester. The Reverend Mr. Willard, after an engagement of five years, has been married and last Friday he brought home his

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<sup>159</sup> William Nelson Greene, son William E. and Abigail Nelson Greene of Milford, born February 23, 1804, an attorney. This engagement was broken; in 1838 Charlotte married Moses D. Phillips, a bookseller. Charlotte, daughter John and Charlotte Foxcroft, born April 2, 1812, is an older sister of Mary, Elizabeth, and George already mentioned.

fair bride. She is small and from what I have seen of her I should say her whole appearance is that of a boarding school miss. She is not pretty.<sup>160</sup>

We have many new neighbours. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Newcomb are the most valuable.<sup>161</sup> Their little son has been ill with the scarlet fever, but is much better now though his mouth and throat continue to be very sore indeed. Yesterday Miss Amy Kinnicutt came here to see how I was. I was much obliged to her for her kindness. Aunt Bradish was in at noon yesterday. She seemed to be quite well. She walked to church half a day Sunday, which was really quite an undertaking for the poor old lady.

[p.2] Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb came in last evening but they did not stay but a short time. Mrs. N. is in a family way. Elizabeth Foxcroft is now in Boston but she will return before long with Sarah Haskins her cousin who is to stay with them some time this summer. Sally Earle is now with us. We are at this time cleaning house. Sally goes in July to nurse a woman, one of our neighbors, the wife of a tailor. Her name is Riddle.

Elizabeth spent three or four days with Mrs. McFarland last week. She had a delightful time. Mrs. Mace will present her family with a baby before long. Also Mrs. Swan and Mrs. Conant. Mrs. Blake does not come here but seldom. Mrs. Catherine McKeamy (Aunt Bradish's former hired girl whose Catholic wedding aroused such interest) will be confined very long. Sarah once observed when young "that it seemed to be baby time." And she could err truly say so now for it would be difficult to mention many who are not in a family way. Mrs. Stephen Salisbury and her young son made their first call a few days ago since he entered the world. They went to Mrs. Bancroft's and next will go to Mrs. Newton's.

The grass really looks quite green but I never knew such a backward, cold spring before. Mrs. James, Mrs. Charles Allen's mother, has been very low and they did not think she would ever

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<sup>160</sup> Reverend Frederick A. Willard married Mary Davis, daughter Seth Davis Esq. of Newton, May 1, 1835. A few months after marrying they removed to Newton where he assumed pastorship of the First Baptist Society.

<sup>161</sup> Noted earlier, Attorney Newcomb and wife moved to Worcester from Greenfield in 1834, where he formed a partnership with William M. Towne.

recover. But yesterday her heart that if she was as comfortable today as she was yesterday they hoped she might get over it. Martha Parker is very slowly getting better. Harriet Burnside has got the St. Vitus's dance though not very badly I understand.

We expect to see Aunt and Sarah Perkins in the last part of this month or the first of the next. This will afford us much pleasure. Young Mr. Stone came here a short time since but he staid only a short time though mother urged him very much indeed to make a longer stay.

Caroline has a new scholar, Susan E. Brigham. Next quarter she will have four besides [sister] Sarah—Sarah Butman, Sarah Bancroft, Sarah Flagg, and Susan Brigham.<sup>162</sup> She feels more encouraged of course. I am thankful her prospects grow brighter.

George will go to New York the first of June with George and John Frink. Poor William Frink [John's brother] has failed. I am sincerely sorry for him. Charles Brooks has also failed on account of the dishonesty of his partner. Poor young man. Everyone seems sorry for him that I have heard say anything concerning him or his misfortunes.<sup>163</sup>

Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett live in part of Mr. Willard's house. They take their milk of us, and the Newcombs [p.3] also. Mrs. Vose has moved. She lives in part of Mr. [Ira] Barton's house and she likes it very much, rather better than boarding I suppose. Mr. and Mrs. David Wilder have taken her place at Colonel [Samuel] Ward's. Mr. and Mrs. Dix live where the Jennison's used to. David T. Brigham, wife, and child, board with them. Mrs. Maccarty boards at Mr. Isaac Flagg's [a boarding house]. She likes boarding very much indeed; better than housekeeping I believe.

I have seen Cousin Emily Paine's baby once. It is very fat and a picture of health. Cousin Sarah is very fond of it. I am sure it is fortunate that she is. She is pretty well now and has walked to our

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<sup>162</sup> These girls are probably all 8 to 10. Sarah Bancroft, daughter auctioneer Timothy W. Bancroft and wife Sarah, is 10. Ages of the others cannot be determined. Sarah Butman is about 8 (baptized in 1827).

<sup>163</sup> Massachusetts Spy, April 17, 1833, published a notice of dissolution of the partnership of Charles Brooks & L.C. Spooner, "expired by its own limitation" (notice is dated April 1).



church once this season. We have had a short call from Ellen Bigelow. She remained in town but one day. She was on her way to Petersburg to attend the wedding of her sister Elizabeth who was married to Dr. Harding. They were then all three with Caroline Bigelow to go to Peoria in Illinois. We had a slice of the cake with the compliments of Dr. and Mrs. Harding.

Julia Greene, daughter of Squire Greene, has gone to the Greenfield High School. She went this week on Tuesday. I have had beautiful present of The Works of Alexander Pope given me [by] my brother (in anticipation of his departure). I shall ever preserve it as a memorial of him and as a proof of his kindness to me. Mr. Hill invited me to go there and spend a day or two when I was able. I hope to go by next week. Cousin Nancy Paine too has asked me to spend a day with her, which I hope soon to be able to do. Mrs. James Greene has a son which she calls John, for the Doctor.<sup>164</sup>

Isabella [almost one] sits alone and is really quite a young lady. I love her better and better every day. Poor little thing has an awful ringworm on her chin. Excepting that, she is quite well.

Mr. Perry has finished his first quarter of private singing school. He has an union one which meets the first Sunday evening in every month. So this one all the parishes pay part of the expenses. They are building the vestry for the South Church. I think it will ruin the appearance of the building. Major [Samuel] and [sister] Miss Mary Chapman board at Dr. Heywood's. Why they moved from Elisha Flagg I never have heard.

Almost the only food I eat that I really love are oranges. Caroline made me a present of four beautiful ones a few days ago and George got me two this morning. I hope to be in Greenfield by the first of June certainly. I shall go with Mother and Isabella.

[p.4] Dr. Park gave Caroline a very kind invitation to go to his school from eight till nine in the morning and study her Latin and Italian. She accepted of course and goes every morning. Sarah

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<sup>164</sup> Julia Elizabeth Greene, age 19, daughter William E. and Julia Greene. Julia's grandfather is the Trumbull's physician. John Greene, son James and Elizabeth Greene, born April 2, 1835, grandson of Dr. Greene.

Ward also goes and pays ten dollars a quarter. She has got twelve scholars. I hope she feels happy in teaching them after having surrendered her integrity to obtain them.<sup>165</sup>

Elizabeth Paine has got a beautiful wax doll as large as a baby that is a fortnight old. It is most elegantly dressed and opens and shuts its eyes. It was sent to her from London. She has got a great collection of toys but this, I believe, is considered the handsomest plaything. I also have a beautiful doll far handsomer than hers. It is much larger, has beautiful blue eyes and five teeth. It is named Isabella Frink Trumbull [her sister]. Her doll was given her by a friend. Ours was given by a much greater friend, even our God.

Elizabeth made me some beautiful blancmange [sic] this morning. William S. Lincoln has just been here. Mr. Richardson is to be married in November to Miss Lucy White of Watertown. His house is now underway. It is on Lincoln Street, an uncomfortable place enough in winter I should imagine. Mary Bigelow has gone to Windsor to spend the summer with her sister Susan, wife of Dr. Greene.<sup>166</sup> Mrs. Adams and children are in town now. Mr. Fuller is to be married in the fall to Miss Sabine of Providence. Mary Coe has returned from Portland where she has been this great while. Mr. Enoch Flagg with his family have moved to Amherst. But I shall not miss [his daughter] Elizabeth much for she never came to see me as often as I should have thought she would from her living so near to me as she did. When they went Mrs. Flagg kindly invited me to come and stay a week with her daughter and I think very likely I shall accept her invitation with much pleasure, of course. Anne Lincoln [sister William, Elizabeth's fiancé] sent Susan a short time since a cape and mittens of nankin trimmed with blue, very pretty indeed I think.

Had today been very pleasant I had contemplated taking a ride but it was so unpleasant I must ever wait till a fairer day. We have no fire today in our parlour as Liz and Sally cleaned the room yesterday and the fire would make very sad work with all they had done. Elizabeth is a real driver when she is at work. She is one of the "go ahead" sort.

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<sup>165</sup> Jenny is referring to the incident she related earlier about Caroline's school.

<sup>166</sup> Susan Bigelow, married Charles G. Greene of Vermont, November 10, 1831. Charles Greene is probably a son of Dr. Benjamin Greene.

George Bancroft has another son which is to be called for John Bancroft. This gratifies the feelings of Aunt Bancroft very much, as must be expected.<sup>167</sup>

[p.5] Mr. Wright has twenty-two scholars. She has accommodations for twenty-five. If I write every day as much as I have written today I shall soon be obliged to have another and yet another journal. This will for today suffice.

May 9th 1835, Saturday morning. Last night we had a white frost and today the weather seemed quite cold again. Father is going to Holden this noon and if the wind does not blow I am to go to ride half a mile.

They are now at work on the Catholic church. It is to be finished in July. It will be very handsome, Waldo Lincoln says, as he has seen the plan I suppose he knows. The street it is on is called Temple Street. The railroad and the Brigham house are also to be finished the same month, July.<sup>168</sup>

Today the Light Infantry are to train. They have some splendid new uniforms. William Lincoln is Colonel. He is coming into town today. I hope he will make Elizabeth's life as happy as possible. She is a dear good girl and deserves to have a good and kind husband. She received a letter from him last night in which she tells me he "wished her to let him know how dear Jane

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<sup>167</sup>The baby is named for Mrs. Bancroft's father, John Chandler. The baby's father, George Bancroft, son Reverend Aaron and Lucretia Chandler Bancroft, born October 3, 1800, graduated Harvard 1817, attended the University of Gottingen in Germany, toured Europe twice, and became a well-known historian. In 1834 he published his first volume of the History of the United States. He would later serve as Secretary of the Navy, Minister to the Court of St. James, and Minister to the Court at Berlin. George married Sarah Dwight, who died in 1837; he married 2nd Betsey Davis Bliss, widow of Daniel Webster's law partner.

<sup>168</sup>The 'Brigham house is Governor Levi Lincoln Main Street mansion, which David T. Brigham converted to a hotel to serve patrons of the Boston-and-Worcester Railroad. It stood across from Foster Street, the newly cut access road to the railroad depot. It was first called 'Worcester House,' later renamed 'Lincoln House' for the governor. This elegant mansion had long been the hotel of elite social life in Worcester (at the date of this entry it is still occupied by the Lincolns). The Governor's family moved to a Greek Revival mansion he built on Elm Street (now Country Curtains at Old Sturbridge Village).

was." I like him better every time I see him and consider him the pleasantest gentleman of my acquaintance.

Elizabeth and Sarah Flagg spent the evening last evening with us. I did not see them however, as I retire early. I really think Sarah might have waited till I was able to be visible. But I do not think I shall die of grief on account of it.

Sarah Perkins has written once or twice lately. She acknowledges her engagement with George Cabot, says she has been engaged all winter and by the time it was acknowledged had become quite used to the relationship. Aunt Perkins by the last accounts was in remarkable good spirits but her eyes were very weak and she had entirely lost the hearing of one of her ears. I hope her eyes will soon be better and that her deafness is only a temporary evil. She seems very much pleased with her granddaughter's engagement. The extreme youth of the parties, she writes, is her only cause of regret.

Julia Greene was taken into our church a few Sundays since. She is rather young, being only nineteen. Sophia Burnside called to see me yesterday afternoon but Sarah was so rude as not to ask her in, therefore I did not see her. "Alonzo H. Hill went to church a few Sunday's since for the first time. He several times said "there there" during the service. He would, I presume, have behaved very well had he not seen his father in the pulpit. Caroline has a dreadful cold and cough.

Penelope and Anne [Lincoln] were in for a few minutes last evening. They move next week on Wednesday [from their Main Street mansion to their new mansion on Elm Street]. Sincerely do I pity them on that day, they will have a hard time methinks. [p.6] Charley [her brother] paid Mrs. Foxcroft a visit last night without our knowledge and this morning at Dr. Park's Miss Randall told Caroline that he said that the new scholar was sister to Sarah Flagg!! Susan Brigham studies French as well as Sarah T. Mary Foxcroft has been quite unwell but is quite well now. She came in here this morning to borrow a nutmeg. I am happy to say we had some in the house.

Josephine Rose and Dr. Chandler settled about their engagement last fall when she visited Worcester.<sup>169</sup> I shall be glad when she is married and fairly settled down amongst us. She is a clever girl and I like her very much but she is not overstocked with sense. This is not her fault, however, and nothing should be ever said about any of our imperfections save those which it is in our power to make way with. And Josey cannot help this surely. She is amiable and that goes a great way.

Louise Marie is married to a Mr. Schenck and has two fine children, a son and daughter—twins. I can hardly believe it when I remember going to school with her. Elizabeth Sikes too has married and has several children. She formerly resided in Shrewsbury but now in Worcester. Her husband Mr. Pratt has formed a partnership in law with Colonel [Pliny] Merrick.<sup>170</sup>

Lucretia Bancroft gives up her school in Boston in the month of June and comes here to live. They some expect a visit from [her sister] Jane Gherardi this summer.<sup>171</sup> If she does not come Lucretia will go on to see her next winter. Mrs. G[herardi] writes her school is very flourishing and she shall make a great deal this year. She writes mother occasionally. I was named for her so Mother must have felt much affection for her as she did and does now.

Sarah Ward and Harrison Blake are engaged. I do not think such a deceiver and liar is fit to be a minister's wife.<sup>172</sup>

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<sup>169</sup> Josephine Rose, who lives with her mother in Salem, is engaged to her third cousin Dr. George Chandler (mentioned earlier), Assistant Superintendent of the State Lunatic Hospital. (At Dr. Woodward's retirement, he would become Superintendent.) They marry in 1842.

<sup>170</sup> In earlier years entries on marriages, births, etc. were confined to members of the family circle and immediate neighbors. Now Jenny includes others she knows independent from kin and neighborhood, like Louise Marice, many of whom cannot be traced through available sources. Elizabeth S. Sikes of Worcester and William Pratt of Shrewsbury married in 1830; they have two children—Henry Sikes, age 4, and Clara Caroline, age 2. Mr. Pratt graduated from Brown in 1825, studied law with Pliny Merrick, practiced law in Shrewsbury until 1835.

<sup>171</sup> In 1829 Lucretia kept school in Worcester. Upon returning, she opened a boarding school for young ladies, which she kept until 1845, when she married the father of two students, Welcome Farnum (a wealthy manufacturer from Waterford). Jane Gherardi, noted earlier, is in New Orleans, trying to support her family alone, her husband having lost his mind over failed business ventures.

<sup>172</sup> He is 19 and she is 18; they marry in 1840.

Elizabeth Barnard that was wife of Mr. Osgood of Templeton died a short time since. She had not been married but a year. She suffered very much I suppose. Young Mr. Samuel Warden is married to a sister of Robert Parker's wife. Surely she must have been in a strait to have married such a looking mortal. He is really a shock. Norton Goddard has opened a bake shop near us which I presume will prove very convenient.<sup>173</sup>

When William [Lincoln] came from New York he brought with him *Journal of Frances Anne Butler*. He entered the parlour and put the two vols. on the table. "There," said he, "are two books. Read them; when you have done put them in the fire or do anything you want with them but [p.7] I never desire to see them again." I have read them and never saw or heard such a complete farrago of nonsense in my life. Two words she often has in her book which are not found in any dictionary. They are dawdled and pottering. The Colonel [William Lincoln] has just been here but I was so unfortunate as not to see him.

Dr. and Isabella Dana live in Boston.<sup>174</sup> His business is pretty good, better even than he anticipated. Lucretia Palmer is married and lives in Taunton. Charlotte Spooner is married to Lincoln B. Knowlton and resides in Athol. Sarah E. Noyes has written to Sarah Flagg once. She is still in Newburyport. Would that I could once more see her bright black eyes. Aunt How spent a night with us in January and while she was here I caught a cold which has been the origin of my sickness.

We have had a very large caravan here, called the Zoological Institute. The horses were all splendid greys. In number they amounted to one hundred and twenty. They alone were a splendid sight. I was prevented by rain from attending. George and Joseph, however, went and were much pleased.<sup>175</sup>

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<sup>173</sup> Eliza Barnard Osgood, wife Dr. Jonathan W.D. Osgood, died April 13, 1835, age 24; they married April 29, 1834. No information on Mr. Warden and wife. Augustus Norton Goddard, age 24, son Isaac, who becomes proprietor of the Washington Square Hotel. This bakery is probably in that vicinity.

<sup>174</sup> Isabella Dana is a relation, granddaughter of Dr. John Frink.

<sup>175</sup> The *Massachusetts Spy* did not report on this.

Nancy [the hired girl] and Charles are going to call upon Sally Earle this afternoon. The common is entirely fenced in and none but foot passengers find an entrance. There is a road cut directly through Aunt Bradish's garden. But it is not finished yet. It will ruin the appearance of her place as it is not cut straight and by her wood house she will not have any land. She feels very bad about it, as she well may. Aunt Bradish was in this morning with little Francis Vose [her grandson]. She is quite well. Charles Paine has nearly put out his eye. He was working at a fruit tree and one of the branches went directly into his eye. He had to Dr. Greene three times one day. Today he can open it. Caroline has gone there this afternoon to tea. Elizabeth and William have gone to Mrs. Conant's. Sarah has gone to take tea with Sarah Butman. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have been here this afternoon.

George took me down by the red mills to avoid the soldiers but coming back we encountered the whole company. The horse behaved pretty well but I wished the company at home where they belong.

Greene Street has increased amazingly in the course of a year. The houses seem to be formed and placed here by enchantment. I can hardly realise the change which has been affected. In fact the whole town has altered very much. Old houses are continually [p.8] coming down and new ones as continually filling their places. Worcester is a very large place and in my own humble opinion a very pleasant one. It is an old but true saying 'There's nae place like home.' Let us wander as much as we will from the home of our infancy, there will be moments when we shall pine for home and the recollections of it will be to us as the 'is the traveller of the desert when parched with thirst he thinks of the well where refreshed himself in the morning. The scenes of our childhood, when we see them after a long sojourn from them, are peculiarly interesting. The little garden we were wont to work in at our leisure hours, the old familiar trees grown dear to us by the associations connected with them, but above all the venerable school house where day after day and week after week we conned our lessons. These with a thousand other things we beheld then the many changes which have happened, the death perhaps of those near and dear to us, cross our minds and the bitter tear courses down our cheeks.

It is at this period of the year that the remembrance of my much loved and never to be forgotten brother [is foremost]. For at this time he was in his garden digging and working as if for his life. And rarely did he suffer his plants to come to maturity. Every morning with trowel in hand the seeds were all dug up to see how they got along. Dearest boy, even now I see thee with my fancy's eye. Then he sought for leave to pick every flower that blew [sic]. Those of all our gardens were often missed for dearly did he love them. He was a lovely child. Elizabeth, poor girl, was at Greenfield at the time of his death. All the rest of us were at home. Oh, why might he not have lived to have blessed us, to have gladdened the hearts of all who knew him. Johnny it was hard part. It was hard to kiss for the last time those lips, to lay that head in the desolate grave. But it would have been harder had thy life not been one stainless life, pure and innocent as when it first came from the hand of its Creator. This has ever been a great consolation to me when thinking of the early death of John. It was a severe blow to mother but she bore it with Christian fortitude and resignation to the will of God. Time the great comforter will heal the wound [p.9] which Death the great destroyer has inflicted. Oh God, when I die may I be received at thy right hand and meet my dear family there. Hear me and grant me this my most earnest prayer. I shed tears while I write. Johnny peace to thy ashes and as thy life on earth was without blemish may you be even as one of the angels of God singing praises evermore.

L.J. Trumbull

Sunday evening, May 10th 1835. Caroline is to appear today in her new bonnet which cost three dollars and seventy-eight cents. It is trimmed with blue ribbon which came to forty cents. Mrs. Butman last night sent me some preserved pineapple and I have just written her a note of thanks. Charles Paine's eye is some better. My ride yesterday did not do me any good and I hope it did me no harm. The air today feels very pleasant but the day is not as pleasant as it might be.

Monday afternoon, May the 11th. It has ever been my dear Mother's desire that every day something should be written in our journals and therefore I am prepared to write in mine although I have little or nothing to write. William and very possibly Elizabeth will go to Greenfield in the course of this week as he is obliged to go on business and she wishes much to accompany him. I have written therefore a few lines to Grandmother. Cousin Henry and Mr. Barton spent last evening here. William always drinks tea with us on Sunday. Charles Paine rode



out this morning so I suppose he is much better. Mary and Elizabeth Jennison have just called. I had to entertain them both as Sarah was in school. I don't see what Lizzy came for. Mary took home my album. I have just finished Vilages Belles which I like very well. Anne [Lincoln] sent her love to me yesterday. Sarah Paine has been quite unwell and was so yesterday. Elizabeth Paine has begun to study Latin. Her father reballed at first but at last concluded it was best to consent. William Paine we hear has improved very much.

Sarah Flagg brought me fate flower this morning—I find Lizzy is to marry a man of religious principles, Cally a merchant, and I a pedlar. Poor I come off rather badly. Liz I don't know who hers can apply to but Caroline's must mean William Frink and as to mine I know nothing, peddlars excepting there is an intimate sign of them, peddlars more particularly. Oh of what shocking, shocking writing but my pen is not very good and though I am not I feel as if I was in a hurry. The day feels like summer but I hear nothing of my riding out as I had fondly anticipated. The disappointments of life!

[p.10] Tuesday afternoon, May 12th. Last night Father went to West Boylston and Holden and did not get back till between one or two o'clock. Mother and George sat up for him. Elizabeth took me to ride this morning and I feel very much better for it. The Misses Wardo called this morning but our ladies were not visible, nor did not choose to be.<sup>176</sup> I went to Aunt Bradishes this afternoon to carry the paper, found them very well and quite pleasant. Cousin Sarah's girl—Caroline—as gone; so Aunt Bradish escorted cousin Sarah to Mrs. Vose's where she is spending the day. Cousin Harriet has been very sick but is better now.

Andrew Mac[F]arland, George, and William L. with Elizabeth have gone to Millbury. I hope they will have a pleasant time I am sure. William invited me to go to ride but as I had been [riding] this morning prudence made me say "no thank you" though I confess my wishes would otherwise have induced me to say "yes thank you."

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<sup>176</sup> Three elderly and somewhat eccentric spinster sisters whose brother Daniel Waldo is married to Governor Lincoln's sister Martha. Elizabeth is engaged to their nephew. Daniel and the three "Misses Waldo" are among the wealthiest people in town.

William and Lizzy leave tomorrow for Greenfield. "What a blank it will create, your absence, Miss Lizzy. Ah truly pathetic and tragic in the extreme." Ridiculous nonsense equal only to Fanny Kemble's productions. Mrs. Charles Hamilton caught a cold at church and has not been out of her room for five weeks until today.<sup>177</sup> Liz went to see her today as well as her dear Mrs. Conant [who is eight months pregnant].

I may possibly spend the day with Mrs. Hill tomorrow, in that case I imagine Journal will be untouched. What the reason is that I have written this page so very badly I cannot ascertain or if I could it would probably be as bad if not worse than none. I am reading *Clan Albin*. Here let my nonsense for today cease.

Wednesday noon, May 13th. Mr. McFarland yesterday gave Elizabeth and Caroline a beautiful pencil case. William yesterday gave Lizzy a beautiful light calico dress. They went this morning at half past five o'clock. I did not see them this morning but bade them goodbye last evening.

Sarah R. Parker and Hester Newton came to see me last evening. The society meets this afternoon at Ruth Hathaway's. I wish much to go and feel perfectly able to but Mother says no. Next week on Wednesday if the day is pleasant I go to Mrs. Hill's, expect to enjoy myself [p.11] highly.

William Stearns is now in town and is very crazy. He was last night during the whole of the night on the common throwing stones and was very wild indeed. Aunt Bradish was in this noon. Mother urged her very much to stay to dinner but did not succeed. The day is beautiful and I think I shall go out in the course of the afternoon.

Isabella has a horrid ringworm which pains her very much. Excepting that she is quite well, dear little one. Susan is as pretty as we care about having her and very interesting. William [Lincoln] is evidently very fond of her and they read a fine frolic together last evening. Charles still goes to

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<sup>177</sup> Eliza, wife of Charles A. Hamilton, a storekeeper (in partnership with his father Asa) and also treasurer of Worcester County Institute for Savings. They reside at 65 Main Street, a dwelling they share with his parents, and have three young children.

Miss Hamilton. Joseph is yet with Mr. Lasell.<sup>178</sup> His master reports he never was doing so well before. Sarah is studying French and I believe likes it very much. I feel much better today and begin to flatter myself I shall be in Greenfield by June. Caroline is going this afternoon over Gov. Lincoln's house. George is going to mill this afternoon. Elizabeth has fortunately an excellent day and I hope will arrive at her journey's end in safety; inglorious as it is not to meet with an adventure.

Our spring has put forth many leaves and really looks beautifully. The trees are but just opening their buds, and though the time has come when the fruit trees are usually casting off their flowers, yet now, not even a plumb or peach has put forth a single blossom. Father, and almost everyone, says the continuance of the cold weather is probably owing to the mass of snow which accumulated in the regions north of us during winter. Such a season as this, I am sure, if ever known before, is not common. The weather has been uniformly cold, raw, and uncomfortable, without a single really spring-like day till yesterday, which was mild and delightful. But enough of this and as I have written all I think worthy of writing I cease till morrow-day.

Louisa.

Thursday noon, May 14th. The rain is fast descending and the day very unpleasant. Therefore I cannot go and see Katy as I intended. Yesterday afternoon went to Aunt Bradishes. Saturday I am going there to tea. Tuesday the Misses Waldo called. Anne Lincoln came here yesterday and brought Joseph a dissected map of the world [a puzzle]. She is going to stay at Colonel Merrick's. Sarah Flagg this morning asked me if I had [p.12] heard about a crazy young man who was now about town. She said he came before their house last night. They concluded he had lost some friend and was deranged on that account as he had a crape on his arm. He had a bible with him and would read a little out of it and then kneel and pray. He went into Deacon Butman's store and said "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed is the name of the Lord." There is no doubt but what it is the poor unfortunate William Stearns. We expect Liz tomorrow. I miss her very much indeed. I went to school an hour this morning and have begun to study French.

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<sup>178</sup> Warren Lazell teaches at the Thomas Street School, corner Thomas and Summer. He began there in 1828 and taught for eighteen years.

Friday afternoon, May 15th 1835. As the day has been very unpleasant, the scholars have none of them been to school. It is clearing off this afternoon. I should not be surprised if Lizzy and William did or did not come tonight, but I do not think they will. I hope we shall see them however this night. William Stearns is to go to the hospital. He told Father if he was in mourning for Lafayette. He said people might think it was rather too late but he said he did wrong at first and on further reflected have found myself in the wrong. I think it is very proper for me to do all I can atone for my not doing as I should have done. So said he "I went into a shop and told them I wanted some very nice Italian crape and they let me have it for five cents." He says that in Boston you can buy things for what you choose.

George is going to a place five miles within Norwich on business for Father, possibly he will go to Norwich and see Thomas Robinson who has a son named George A. Trumbull Robinson. Caroline has been suffering with a dreadful cough and cold but is now much better. Miss Randall is not engaged, as was reported, but it is her sister who is to be married to a physician. I should have been out today had it been pleasant. I was going to Miss Johnson's to get her to fix a green bonnet for my every day bonnet for this summer. Mother has been at work today on a gown of Nancy's. Mrs. Mac[F]arland is fast getting better. I am rejoiced to hear it. Wednesday I go to Mrs. Hills, tomorrow to Aunt Bradishes (if fair).

[p.13] Thursday noon, May 19th. It is a very lovely day and I wish much to go out and I think I shall before my head rests on my pillow. Judge Paine went away yesterday noon and is to be gone all the rest of the week. He is going to attend Probate Court in Lancaster and Templeton. Caroline has gone to dine there. Liz and she drank tea there last night. Cally is reading Village Belles to her and she is very much pleased with it.<sup>179</sup>

Thursday of this week Gardiner [Paine] and his wife and two children as well as little girl Eleanour are going to Dedham on a visit of a week.<sup>180</sup> George came home last night and with

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<sup>179</sup> Sarah is not well; during her father's absence, various relations are looking after her.

<sup>180</sup> They are going to visit Mrs. Paine's parents, Eliphalet and Anne Eaton Baker of Dedham. A family member mentioned once in passing that this trip occurred with great ceremony every year. The little girl Eleanor would be the

him a man by the name of Vernon S. Kimball who is at the house. He leaves, however, tonight for home. Mr. & Mrs. Abbott of Exeter are coming to town on Thursday or rather Wednesday night.<sup>181</sup>

Cousin Nancy [Paine] came down last night to ask Mother to go there and dine or drink tea or spend the evening, just which would be most convenient. She also invited me to come and see her next week. So I have put off going to Mrs. Hill's until Monday and at night on Monday I am to go to Cousin Nancy's and stay all night and spend the next day. I expect to have a delightful visit.

Liz came from Greenfield on Saturday and reached here at about nine o'clock. Although the weather was so very unpleasant they had a delightful visit. Yesterday afternoon I drank tea at Mrs. Bradishes and had a very pleasant time.

Mrs. Salisbury's young son was baptised on Sunday afternoon, for his father of course he was called Stephen, simple Stephen. The prayer hymns and even sermon were appropo to the occasion, which I think is rather singular.

Sunday afternoon Father took me to New Worcester. I had a delightful ride although I got very tired indeed. Last night there was a bundle from Boston [from Perkins relations] containing various articles of dress for our family. Elizabeth called to see Mrs. Willard yesterday and found her not at home. Aunt Susan [Ripley] sent us a large supply of maple sugar from Greenfield which was much to be nicer than ever we had had before. I sent [William's sister] [Pen Lincoln] a piece. I found both to go to Greenfield. We shall not probably leave till the middle or latter part of June. Isabella has a dreadful sore face, poor little thing. I should have gone to ride this afternoon but the horse and chaise were in use, gone off.

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equivalent of Nancy Brown in the Trumbull household; a young child taken in who is schooled and nurtured but also helps like a hired girl.

<sup>181</sup> Dr. Abbott, noted earlier, is President of Exeter Academy; wife Mary, daughter James and Elizabeth Peck Perkins, sister-in-law, sister-in-law of Aunt Perkins.

Miss R. has left Worcester to attend her sister's wedding. I never went to one in all my life.

[p.14] Friday afternoon, May 22nd 1835. So long a time had elapsed since I last wrote in this journal and so many things have happened in the meantime that I hardly know where to begin and think it is often the case with people situated as I am at this time, but to the point:

Wednesday was an excessively hot day and we all put on our summer clothes. At noon or about two o'clock, as Cousin Sarah and Caroline had before agreed, the latter went into Aunt Bradishes to attend the former home. George carried me to Cousin Sarah's [Sarah Paine] in the chaise, and Cally read all the afternoon. I have been there ever since. Returned this morning at eight o'clock, Father came for me. I have had a delightful visit and [she have] all been very kind and attentive to me. Cousin has a very nice little girl. The Judge [Sarah's father Nathaniel] got home this noon. There was a report round town that he had broken his leg but [that was] without any foundation.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Lincoln had a party but Lizzy, being sick with a dreadful headache, did not go. Thursday Mr. [Gardiner] and Mrs. [Emily] Paine, with two children and little girl, in a covered wagon set out for Dedham. In the morning it was quite unpleasant but cleared up at noon. Caroline dined at the Judge's [Nathaniel Paine] Wednesday night. Mr. & Mrs. Abbott arrived; all of four family were invited but Caroline & I alone alone took tea at Cousin Nancy's. Father took me this morning up there. I admire Mrs. Abbott. She thinks Col looks as dear grandmother Trumbull did when she was her age, and Charley as Father did when a child. I have written this monstrously crooked but it matters little methinks. Mr. Hill was in at Cousin's on yesterday afternoon and made a very pleasant call.

On Wednesday afternoon a child of Mr. Tucker's was nearly killed by a loose horse attached to a wagon.<sup>182</sup> They at first thought the vital spark was extinguished but now they hope it will recover.

Lizzy has gone to ride attended by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Sanger and Mr. Perry are to spend this evening with us. We shall hope not be disappointed and that they will come as they have said. Mr. White of Watertown and I. Mr. Richardson spent last evening here. I had not the pleasure of seeing them. Monday I go to Mrs. Hill's and the rest of the week I spend with Cousin Nancy. I

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<sup>182</sup> This is probably a child of Benjamin B. Tucker, who resides nearby on Front Street.

anticipate much enjoyment from my visit. Vegetation has made rapid progress within the last two or three days. My pen has got entirely worn out so I lay it down.

Louisa

[p.15] Sunday morning, May 24th 1835. Saturday (yesterday) at about eleven o'clock Lizzy and I got into the chaise; first we went to Cousin Nancy Paine's and borrowed of her Recollections of a Housekeeper. She gave us a beautiful piece of cake. When we came from there we went to Mrs. McFarland's. When we got nearly there I began to feel very sick. We had a very pleasant call. Mrs. Mac. invited us to spend the rest of the day with her. She also invited me to come and stay a week or so with her. When I got home I was put immediately to bed. My head ached to distraction. At five o'clock I got up. I am much better however today and mother spoke of my going to ride before meeting time. Penelope Lincoln drank tea here last evening and William spent the evening. Mrs. Swan has a little daughter. It came into this world Thursday night. Mary Denaldy is now in town. She is engaged to William Fisk.<sup>183</sup> Dr. Chandler has been to Salem and stone one day. I am going to Mrs. Hill's tomorrow if I am able. The next time I write here I shall probably be at Cousin Nancy Paine's. Caroline drank tea with Cousin Sarah yesterday. She is reading Village Belles to her and Sarah likes it very much. Our calf has taken his departure.

L.J. Trumbull, Worcester

Thursday morning, May 28th 1835. I am now at Cousin Nancy Paine's. William brought me up here on Monday morning. Tuesday I spent at Mrs. Hill's. She said she should invite me to spend next week with her but she was going to clean house. Mr. Hill went to Boston on Tuesday morning. Yesterday Sarah took tea here, in fact she dined. Joseph came here last night. Sady brought me a note from Cally. I wrote a few lines to Mother by her. William Paine has not gone to Boston yet; but he goes next week. He is very much improved since I last saw him and I like him much. George Paine is a dear little fellow. Mrs. Swan intends calling her little daughter Elizabeth Bond. George is going to New York next week.

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<sup>183</sup> Elizabeth Bond Swan, daughter William H. and Hepsibeth, born (vital records) July 25, 1835 (perhaps this is the baptism date). Mary Delano is her sister. William Fiske, who is almost 39, is son William and Francis Rice Fiske, grandson of Reverend Nathan and Sarah Hill Fiske of Brookfield. There is no record of this marriage in Worcester. The Swans are near neighbors of the Paines on Lincoln Street.

I have had a very delightful visit here and shall always remember it with pleasure. Susan Brigham has gone to Shrewsbury and is to stay the remainder of this week. Cousin Frederick went to Boston yesterday to attend a dinner given by Mr. Winthrop. I suppose Aunt and Sarah [Perkins] will be with us next week. I am to go home Saturday afternoon if it does not rain and perhaps I shall even if it does. Awful pen!

Saturday morning May 30th 1835. I have been here (at Cousin Frederick's) all this week & have had a very pleasant visit indeed. Cousin Nancy has been all kindness to me & Cousin Frederick also. We have played checkers a great deal and now I can play quite decently. Mrs. Holmes has gone away and cousin has no great girl. I wish some till our family very much and I probably shall see them this evening as I propose going to see a good afternoon. After Sarah went away on Wednesday I really felt quite homesick and had high aches so, but I on the whole have been very well contented. I feel much better than I did when I came here, the change I suppose is one reason. And every day I have walked more or less. This I am convinced has done me much good. Mary Stiles worked here yesterday. She said she had heard that George was a Calvinist, that while he was in Greenfield his Aunts and Grandmother had done a great deal to bring him over to the Calvinistic doctrine and they had influenced him a great deal and since his return to Worcester he had attended Calvinist church & been thoroughly converted!!

I have today not only read but copied an epitaph on Mrs. Fay and a piece of poetry on F.W. Paine & wife, all by Mr. Silas Fay of Worcester. The spelling is better than I should expect and the writing tolerably decent. This is the last time I shall ever write in this Journal in this house I suppose. William Paine goes to Boston on Monday. I suppose Aunt & Sarah will be here next week & George will probably leave us for N. York. Cousin's family are all well. God grant I may find our family so. I have got some little presents for all the young fry.

Mrs. Swan is quite comfortable. About a week before her child was born Eliza Ann reported round town that "Mother has got two little babies at home but one is dead." What induced her to do it no one knows. Mrs. Delano is now with her as well, Mary Delano.



[p.17] Unfortunately I have blotted my book. The pens I have here are unparalleled for their awfulness. The splits are about a half way up the pen and I can hardly write with them. I suppose we shall go to Greenfield in half way fortnight. I shall admire to go but this week's experience has convinced me that it is a possible thing that I may be homesick. After all there is no place like home be it ever so homely. I feel as if I had been absent from home a month instead of a week and I wish more than I can express once more to behold them.

L.J.T., Lincoln Street, Worcester

Sunday morning, May 31st 1835. I am once more established in my home. I came home last night. [Sisters] Liz & Sue came for me. Mary Delano came in yesterday morning [at the Oaks]. She said Mrs. Swan was very comfortable. I went to Mrs. Hill's and found her cleaning her front entries. She looked very tired & sick. Mrs. Goodwin & her youngest daughter Mary Jane were going there last night to make a visit of three weeks.<sup>184</sup>

Sarah Sturgis is to be married in a week or two to Frank Shaw.<sup>185</sup> She is going to dine here only. Cousin yesterday received a letter from Emma Forbes saying she & Aunt would be here on Monday and would return in the course of the week. She said nothing about Sarah's [cousin Sarah Perkins] coming but I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing her.

Mother went out last eve to purchase various things which George must have when he goes to New York. Father gave me a toothbrush. Isabella, dear little soul, knew me last night as soon as I appeared. We are all pretty well.

Sarah spent yesterday at Cousin's and Joseph drank tea. Hamilton A. Hill [age 3] spent yesterday at Cousin's. I perfectly hate the child. George S. Paine [age 2] is a perfect beauty and is evidently

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<sup>184</sup> Mary Jane, daughter Isaac and Elizabeth Goodwin, is 4, youngest of six. The Goodwins and Hills both reside on Lincoln Street. Possibly Mrs. Goodwin is going as a nurse?

<sup>185</sup> Sarah Blake Sturgis, daughter Nathaniel Russell and Susan Parkman Sturgis (her father being a son of Russell and Elizabeth Perkins Sturgis, grandson James Perkins Sr.), m. Frances George Shaw, June 6, 1835. In the Civil War, their son Robert Gould Shaw commanded the Massachusetts 54th (Colored) Regiment, and died in the assault on Fort Wagner in Charleston Harbor, July 18, 1863. This is the regiment commemorated in the Civil War monument on Boston Common.

his father's favourite. Mary [age 5] is a nice child and takes a great deal of care of George. She is very evidently her mother's favourite. William got a pair of white rabbits yesterday, and gave two shillings for them. They are sweet & pretty.

[p.18] Monday noon, June the first day, 1835. I attended church yesterday morning. Dr. Bancroft preached and a poorer sermon I never heard. Mrs. James Greene's child was christened John. Mother and Charles went to meeting. I thought there were a great many people there. Cousin Gardner [Paine] and his son Nathaniel came here yesterday afternoon after church. Henry Paine came here in the evening. We had blancmange. Mrs. Newton and Lucy Lincoln called after tea. Martha Parker seems better now the weather has come.

Elizabeth had a letter from Josephine Rose last week. She says her "Aunt Rachel has been confined to her room the last month and the greater part of the time to her bed. She has been miserably all winter, had a constant complaint in her head and face. Her mouth has been so sore she was in agony whenever she took anything or when she touched her tongue to the roof of her mouth. She did not speak to be understood for 15 days but she is now upon the mending order as they say, but has not come down yet." I think this fit of sickness will in the long run be of service to her. The Dr. called her disease scrofula. She does not mention the Dear Dr. Chandler. I understand he is very wrathful when she is mentioned to him. What the reason is I never have heard.

Mary and Wells Alvord are at Mrs. Newcomb's now.<sup>186</sup> Mrs. Butman has a piano and Sarah is to take music lessons. Caroline Stowell is very crazy.<sup>187</sup> They wished very much to get her into the Insane Hospital in this town but she would not be admitted. We expect Aunt [Perkins] and [Cousin] Sady [Sarah] this afternoon. It rained hard this morning but I think on the whole it is quite pleasant.

Caroline is very well and hearty, gets along very well in her school. Elizabeth is also well. George has many sore fingers. I get along so so. Gave my room a most famous cleaning this morning.

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<sup>186</sup> Mary and Wells Alvord are Mrs. Newcomb's sister and brother.

<sup>187</sup> Caroline Stowell, daughter Peter and Elizabeth, is almost 34.

Sarah is just as she always is. Joe on the whole behaving worse and worse every day of his life. Bell's [Isabella] face much better. Sunday handsomer than [p.19] when I went to Cousin Nancy Paine's. She however has not advanced much in height. Charley attended church all day yesterday; set in our pew and behaved tolerably "decent."

As soon as I am able and get my wardrobe in readiness I go to Greenfield. Mother says she shall not have me wait for her as it is so uncertain when she will be able to go. It is a great undertaking for her to go and take the young lady [Isabella].

L.J. Trumbull, Worcester.

The first day of glowing summer, Thursday evening. Aunt Perkins and Cousin Emma [Forbes] have arrived but no Sarah [Perkins].

Tuesday morning, June 2nd 1835. Emma came in after tea yesterday but at seven Calvin came for her in a hack and carried her to Cousin Nancy Paine's. Aunt is now in here. Sarah [Perkins] is at Cambridge with Mrs. Cabot. The boys are with Dr. and Mrs. Follen in Watertown. Dr. F. has all his expenses paid, his carriage and horses, besides two thousand dollars a year for taking care of them.<sup>188</sup>

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<sup>188</sup> Mrs. Eliza Perkins Cabot, daughter Thomas Handasyd and Sarah Elliot Perkins, and wife of Samuel Cabot. She is a cousin of Sarah Perkins' deceased father James.

"The boys" are Edward Newton Perkins and Charles Callahan Perkins, sons of James and Elizabeth Callahan Perkins, who with Sarah have been in their grandmother Perkins' care since their widowed mother remarried. Their placement with Dr. Follen is significant. Dr. Charles Follen is a German intellectual and radical, born September 4, 1796. At 29, he fled to America, learning English on his voyage over. He arrived in New York with letters of introduction from the Marquis de Lafayette, who had advised him to seek employment in the Boston area. While in New York he first sought out writer Catharine Maria Sedgwick, whose novel *Redwood*, he read in passage. She introduced him to her old friend and fellow author, Eliza Cabot, daughter Samuel and Sally Barrett Cabot of Boston (she was then 38). Charles and Eliza married in 1828; their only child Charles Christopher was born in 1830. In Cambridge, Dr. Follen immersed himself in the liberal Unitarian community, published volumes on the German language (which was then little studied in this country), and taught German part-time at Harvard. In 1830, the year his son was born, he was ordained a Unitarian minister by the Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing, became a United States citizen, and through the generosity of friends he was appointed full-time faculty at Harvard. His father-in-

While at cousin's I read *Home*, by Miss Sedgewick, *Trial and Self Discipline*, by Miss Savage, and *The Sceptick*, by Mrs. Follen. I admire them all very much. They are a series illustrating christian truth and are edited by Henry Hare. There is another just published, *Scenes from Real Life*, by Joseph Tuckerman of Boston. The children are all so so.

Mary and Elizabeth Jennison came here yesterday in the afternoon. Mary and her mother are going to Providence on Thursday for a visit of three weeks [to relations].<sup>189</sup> Charlotte Foxcroft and [her cousin] Sarah Haskins also called today. I like the latter very much from what I have seen of her. I should say she was a pleasant young lady. Mrs. Newcomb and [her sister] Mary Alvord also called, but I hardly saw them. Aunt Liz is very well, in excellent spirits. Am happy to see her so well as she appears to be. Caroline and Eliza were invited to Mrs Butman's last night but did not go. Caroline and I are to take tea at Aunt Bradishes this afternoon. Liz and mother were invited but mother cannot and Liz will not, so Cal and I have determined to go. I was particularly invited.

[p.20] Wednesday evening, June 3rd 1835. Yesterday took tea at Aunt Bradishes. Emma [Forbes] today came and called to see us this evening. She invited me to go to Milton on a visit of a month. I accept[ed] of course and on Saturday I leave Worcester for the first time without my

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law, merchant prince Thomas Handasyd Perkins (related through marriage), and others agreed to pay his salary for five years as Professor of German Language and Literature. They probably expected Harvard to take over at that point. However, at the end of that period, Dr. Follen's ardent support for William Lloyd Garrison, publisher of *The Liberator*, and to the principle of immediate abolition, cost him his job. Harvard terminated him after spring semester in 1835. At that point, his admirers (essentially the same powerful people) arranged for him to oversee the education of James and Charles Perkins, the two youngest sons of a recently deceased wealthy Boston merchant, James Perkins (who was a nephew of Thomas Handasyd Perkins). As Henry related in her diary, the arrangement gave him use of the Perkinses' house, carriage, and horses, as well as an annual salary of \$2,000 in exchange for his part-time work. Unfortunately, his unusual approach to education ended not in termination in December of 1835. However briefly, the Perkins boys were taught by an intellectual German scholar, who through marriage to Eliza Cabot, was also their relation. Stephen Nissenbaum, *The Battle for Christmas* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1997), pp. 180-183; Briggs, *History and Genealogy of the Cabot Family*, pp. 595-596.

<sup>189</sup> Mrs. Jennison, Mary Gould Ellery, is the daughter of Edmund Trowbridge and Catharine Almy Ellery of Newport.

mother. I anticipate much pleasure from my visit. I shall not probably write again in this until I arrive in Milton. Mother has gone to Cousin Nancy Paine's this evening [the "Oaks"]. I am glad of it for I think it will do her good to mix a little with some of her fellow mortals. Father has come home tonight with a headache and has gone to bed. Liz and Will go without my taking a ride to Boston next week. George will go soon to New York and he will go alone think of it sees seeing him take his departure. Cally has a very severe cough but has nevertheless gone to a lecture at our church, which is to be delivered by Mr. Brazer. Sady has accompanied her. I have seen them off. Joe, Charley, Suzy all, also. Isabella's face rapidly getting better. Nancy fat and hearty.

We have a pig! Our horse is the same plodding good old soul as ever. The cows health is very well. We have two or three nights lost our milk, probably stole by some of the inhabitants of the Arcade.<sup>190</sup> Cat is thriving. Hateful things are cats in my opinion, [word unintelligible] all most to death and to death, but there is some rest for everyone in the grave, and often in a nice bed.

Thursday afternoon, June 4th 1835. Emma has spent the day here, is now lying down. I admire her already, little as I know her. Mother, too, is very fond of her. Mrs. Mac[Farland] has been here this afternoon. Also the Messrs. Frinks. They said George must be ready to start on a moment's warning any time after next week a Tuesday. Have been writing to [mother's sister] Aunt Susan. Aunt Bradish, S[arah] Perkins, Mrs. [Elizabeth Chandler] Blake and Cousins Sarah and Emma [Forbes] are to take tea with us. I go [to Milton] on Saturday.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "On the 2nd of July George started for New York in company with Dr. Frink & son of Rutland. His intention is to obtain a situation in some store & fit himself for future usefulness. His habits and uniform character hitherto give us much confidence in him, but notwithstanding this we cannot but think of him with a degree of anxiety upon entering such a place as New York. Heaven protect & preserve him will ever be my ardent prayer. . . . For a month he sought in vain for a situation and at length with the assistance and advice of his friend John Frink he obtained a place with Wright, Winslow & Stebbins, dry goods wholesale dealers. He has remained with the same firm gaining perfect satisfaction by his steady adherence to duty and strict good principles."*

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<sup>190</sup>The Arcade, as noted, was an old wooden building at Washington Square, occupied at this time by Irish families.

[p.21] Tuesday morning, June 5th 1835. This is the last day I shall spend in this dear old house for (probably) about a month. On my return I may find it very much altered, and it may happen that some of these much loved relations who now surround me may have gone to their long last home. God in his great mercy grant this may not be the case. It may be that I shall behold their faces for the last time on Saturday morning. It may be I shall never behold Worcester or anything it contains again. This is the dark side of the picture. Let us look again and see if some light may not gleam among all this darkness. It may be on my return all the family may be better than they now are. It may be that my health will be restored.

*Jenny was sent to relatives in Milton and the Boston area with the hope she would recover from persistent and debilitating illness. Mrs. Trumbull wrote in her journal: "The 7th [of July] Elizabeth, Caroline & Mr. Lincoln went to Boston to accompany Jenny home after an absence of five weeks. Poor dear child, many anxious hours have I watched for your breathing the past winter, and now the happy tidings of recovery are sweet indeed. I cannot express all my sensations when thinking of this precious child, ever affectionate, considerate, conscientious to a nicety, thoughtful of the wants and suffering of all the human family, anxious to do her duty, and faithful, industrious, and scrupulously saving, yet generous and noble spirited without the shadow of selfishness. God grant she may be spared to bless us in our journey."*

Milton, June 10th, Thursday morning. Well I am really here and settled. On Saturday morning last at six o'clock I stepped into Aunt Perkins's barouche and bade adieu to the dear friends I have loved so much and so well. We passed by the annuity of the Irishmen at work on the railroad and more miserable hovels I never saw. No opening or window save the door, a barrel answering the purpose of a chimney. The sides of the house had sods upon them, yet it is said that they are better off than in Ireland, because here they can get food.<sup>191</sup>

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<sup>191</sup> More than 100 Irish came to Worcester in 1826 to dig the Blackstone Canal, and they stayed and built a community. Hundreds more came to lay tracks for the Boston-and-Worcester Railroad. The primitive housing Jenny describes is surely that of the newly arrived individuals.

We arrived at Westborough at half past seven where I saw my baggage and Mr. Burt deposited on the top of the stage.<sup>192</sup> We arrived at Framingham at half past nine where Emma insisted upon my lying down. We dined at half past eleven, Emma saying she advised it to be called a late breakfast. We had a tolerable dinner consisting of as tough beef and veal as ever a knife encountered. Asparagus good, potatoes indifferent, fine butter bread and cheese, iced water, fine custards as I ever eat, [and] a pie. At one we set off again. Stopped at Needham and had a glass of water that was hotter than fire and finally arrived at Pine Bank [the Perkins' country estate at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury] at half after three. Here I had another lay [p.22] down upon [cousin] Margaret's bed.

George Cabot drank tea there and I was very much pleased with him. He is very handsome. But eighteen years old yet engaged to Sarah P. Perkins. Sarah and the Cabot family are going to the white hills in July. Mary [Forbes] came with the [hired] man Gray for us in their carryall. We had a delightful ride here [to Milton] and I was not as fatigued as the well ones. Mrs. Forbes had a bad cold but is now better. Margaret said she thought I must be about five years old and was much astonished at seeing, as she said, a woman, and thought it must be someone else. Mary is very handsome I think. Fanny [their sister] very nearsighted. I have seen little or nothing of her.

*At this point Jenny has left the Perkins' country retreat, Pine Bank, to stay with her Forbes relations at their family homestead, "Milton Hill."<sup>193</sup>*

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<sup>192</sup> Mr. Burt is presumably a fellow traveler, possibly Simeon Burt of Worcester.

<sup>193</sup> The Forbes' Milton residence changed over time; sorting this out is helpful for understanding Jenny's movements. The Brush Hill estate, on the western edge of town, belonged to the Forbes family in the eighteenth century and was acquired through inheritance by Dorothy Murray Forbes—wife Reverend John Forbes, daughter James Murray, and niece Elizabeth Murray Smith, whose husband established the estate. When Widow Smith remarried, she transferred interests in Brush Hill to nieces Dorothy Forbes and Elizabeth Robbins. It was occupied by the Murray/Forbes family until 1783, when it was rented out, the Forbes having moved to Cambridge and then to France. In 1805, Edward Hutchinson Robbins—husband of co-inheritor Elizabeth Robbins—bought out Dorothy Forbes' interests and removed his family to the 150-acre estate. Henceforth, Brush Hill was the Robbins family homestead. When the Forbes family returned from abroad, they established a new homestead on Milton Hill, in the northeast part of town, which is where Jenny is visiting.

Sunday morning I wrote to my much loved Mother, after which I dressed and sat down and read until the young ladies returned from church. Then dined, after which went to church. Much pleased with the minister, Mr. Cunningham.<sup>194</sup>

When we returned found Stephen Higginson was here.<sup>14</sup> Bennet [Forbes] also came out and drank tea. Ate tea Fanny rode to town with Bennet and Mary went with the man [Gray]. They went to Northampton Monday. Mrs. Gorham came out [from Boston] Sunday with Gray who carried Mary in.<sup>16</sup> She has been here ever since. I like her very much.<sup>195</sup>

Monday morning sewed and read. In the afternoon Mrs. Danforth and her daughter took tea here. One of the young ladies looked as if she had been made in a hurry to send of an errand down a pump [sic]. In the evening Daniel Gilman came out. Tuesday went with Emma to Mrs. George Bond's, Mrs. Thomas's, Mrs. Taylor's, Mrs. Russell's.<sup>196</sup> In the afternoon Mrs. Robbins and daughter and Sally Perkins drank tea here. Rose Russell called to see me and Emma kept her to tea. Wednesday morning went with Emma to cut buttons. Also went to Dr. Holbrook's.<sup>197</sup> In the afternoon it rained so stayed at home. Yesterday Aunt and Sarah P. Perkins spent the day

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<sup>194</sup> Reverend Francis Cunningham, who would marry Mary Forbes. Mary was extremely wealthy in her own right; when she died she left her fortune in trust for the residents of Milton.

<sup>195</sup> Stephen Higginson is a member of an illustrious Cambridge family and is related through marriage to the Perkinses and Cabots. Robert Brent Forbes is nearly 31. In 1811 (age 7) he was on a ship bound for Europe that was captured by the British. At 13 he went to sea and became, according to Milton historian Albert Teale, a "brilliant" captain. He left this career and married, in 1834, Rose Green Smith. At the moment Jenny is writing, he is building an international trade business. He would become, by 1840, head of the largest American trading house in China. Mrs. Gorham is the daughter of Dr. and Mary Perkins Abbott of Exeter.

<sup>196</sup> The only one of these society ladies I can identify here is Mrs. Lydia Smith Russell, daughter James, and widow Jonathan Russell. Her husband, a native of Providence, graduated from Brown in 1791, and enjoyed a successful career as a foreign diplomat. Afterwards he settled in Mendon, and served as a representative to the General Court. He was involved in a scandal to discredit President John Quincy Adams, which ended his political career. He died in Milton, February 16 1832. Mrs. Russell's father owned an estate on Milton Hill (near the Forbes) where she resides. The Taylors are intermarried with the Ornes and Cabots.

<sup>197</sup> Mrs. Robbins, wife James Murray Robbins. Her husband is a merchant and historian. Rose is Rosalinde, daughter of Mrs. Russell mentioned in this entry. Dr. Amos Holbrook, age 81, settled as a physician in Milton after service in the Continental Army.



here. After they [p. 23] had gone, Emma, Mrs. Gorham, Mrs. Forbes, and myself went to ride. We went to Quincy and had a very pleasant ride.

This morning Joseph Cabot came here.<sup>198</sup> At about ten, Mrs. Forbes, Emma, this same Joe [Cabot], Willy Willis, and I set out for a ride. We went to Brush Hill to see Mrs. James Robbins. Came home, dined. After dinner I had a nap, then wrote to mother, now in Journal. This morning had a letter from Mother, all were well. Expect to see Lizzy [Trumbull, her sister] and William [Lincoln] either this or next week. My hand begins to ache.  
Jane.

Monday morning, June 14th. All has gone on well since I last wrote. I am much better than when I came here I think. I feel stronger. My appetite is good and regular and I hope to return home different with regard to health than I was when I set out. Friday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Dexter and Mrs. C. Gardner drank tea here.<sup>199</sup> George Cabot and Sarah P. Perkins came out at seven in the evening and as it rained hard at ten o'clock they stayed all night and left Saturday morning at ten of the clock. He spoke several pieces elegantly.

Saturday Mrs. G., Emma, and I set out for a ride. We went to the Tide mill in Dorchester to take a salt bath but the bathing house was destroyed so we rode on. I saw a ship, a sight I never saw before. Also the glorious sea. There was a good air and the sea breeze seemed to instill a vigour in my limbs and throughout my frame. When we got home, dined. There was a dreadful thundershower in the afternoon. The thunder was very terrific. Drank tea without company. After tea went to Dr. Holbrook's and stayed half an hour, came home. Soon after, at ten of the clock, bid all good night. Sunday, beautiful day. Went to church in the morning. Very warm.

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<sup>198</sup> Joseph Sebastian Cabot, age 38, son Joseph and Esther Orne Paine Cabot of Salem and grandson of Dr. William and Lois Orne Paine of Worcester. He graduated from Harvard in 1815, studied law with the Honorable Leverett Saltonstall (Salem), but decided to follow his father in a career in foreign commerce. When trade declined relating to the War of 1812, he went into banking and politics. By inheritance and his own merits, he is extraordinarily wealthy. Cabot genealogist: "His personality was magnetic and his manner charming," Briggs, p. 645.

<sup>199</sup> Mrs. C. Gardner is a sister-in-law of a Perkins relation, Mary Louisa Gardner Cushing. The Dexters have not been identified.

Came home. Dined, went to church again. Mr. Lothrop preached, good sermon. Sorry did not hear Mr. Cunningham. Am a member of Emma's class at Sunday school so I stayed and recited

[p.24]. Came home and found Bennet [Forbes] and his wife, also two Spanish gentlemen. Both could speak French but only one English. Much amused. Drank tea. Company went off and I adjourned to Queen's [Margaret's] room. Spent a pleasant evening. At half past ten had beautiful supper and retired at eleven, had a beautiful night. Got up this morning, breakfasted and sat down to my work in the Queen's room. Sewed some little time, then walked with Queen on her private promenade, had a beautiful walk and got my feet delightfully warm. Today is quite cool but pleasant. Emma and Mrs. G. walked out too. Mrs. G. goes on Tuesday (her day) home. I am sorry for I like her very much and am very sorry for Peg's [Margaret] sake who is very fond of her.

Have not heard again from home. I am getting rather impatient. Liz I hope to see tomorrow. Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. G. go to Watertown tomorrow to see Mr. Cushing and lady.<sup>200</sup> I intend passing the morning with Queen, afternoon with Rose Russell.

I know not when we shall go into town [Boston]. I hope soon for I really want some stays. Miss Lake is to cut me some as she is a professed stay maker. When I go into town hope to have the pleasure of seeing Harriet Sturgis who I was very much pleased with when I saw her in Worcester.<sup>201</sup> Shall write to Cally this morning in all human probability. Surrounded as I am by kind friends I still wish to see my own loved family. However I am not homesick and hope and trust I shall not be. The poor Queen seems quite dismal today, would do something to amuse her were it but for an hour. I have not spent a cent of money yet. But shall without doubt spend it all in purchasing materials for my stays. I suppose I have written all I have got to write so I think it would be not a bad plan certainly for me to lay down my pen and resume my work. Jane T.

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<sup>200</sup> John Perkins Cushing, son, Robert and Ann Maynard Perkins Cushing, born April 22, 1787, and wife Mary Louisa Gardner daughter Reverend John Sylvester Gardner, rector at Trinity Church in Boston; Perkins relations.

<sup>201</sup> Harriet Sturgis, a grandchild of Russell and Elizabeth Perkins Sturgis.

[p.25] Tuesday evening, June 16th 1835. Yesterday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Miss Carey with Miss Lyman drank tea here. This morning Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Gorham left us. They were to make a call at Mr. Cushing's in Watertown, dine at Uncle Tom Perkins' [in Boston] and then Mrs. Gorham was to be carried to Brookline where she is to stay till Saturday when she leaves there for Exeter; her home.<sup>202</sup>

Miss Catharine Robbins [of Brush Hill] has spent the day here. Emma went with me a mile and a half (on our feet) this morning. I got much tired but laid down immediately after dinner and did not arise till nearly five, when I found Mrs. John Forbes had arrived. She is a dear little woman and I begin to love her already. George Cabot and Sarah P. Perkins rode out on horseback and drank tea; indeed, they have not left here yet. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham also drank tea here.<sup>203</sup>

No news from home. I wrote to Aunt Bradish two pages and Mother one yesterday. Sarah Perkins says I am going to Nahant and they are going when it is warm enough although I suspect at least four ever having warm weather. This pen is so poor and I feel so stupid I shall soon give up attempting to scratch, merely saying that Emma has gone to a society meeting of some kind. Mrs. Forbes will return by eight o'clock I imagine.

Margaret gave me a pair of drawers today. I love her very much. She seems to have lost all affection for anyone. She expected Mrs. Gilman here today to make her a visit but she has not come as yet.<sup>204</sup> I pity her very much indeed in fact no one could be with her long and not feel much pity for her. Emma I regard with sentiments of the deepest affection. The kindness she has

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<sup>202</sup> Harriet Lyman, daughter Joseph and Ann Jean Lyman—her mother being the daughter of Lt. Governor Edward Robbins and wife Elizabeth Murray of Brush Hill. Mrs. Gorham is Mrs. Forbes' niece. Uncle Tom Perkins is Thomas Handasyd Perkins, the eminent merchant, born December 15, 1764 and married Sarah Elliot. Mrs. Cabot whom Jenny mentioned earlier in her visit is his daughter.

<sup>203</sup> Mrs. John Forbes is Sarah Swain Hathaway who married Mrs. Forbes' son John Murray. He is 25 and in the railroad business, with offices and residence in Boston. When in Milton, the young couple resided with his mother and sisters at Milton Hill. (Already he is extremely wealthy; later he would give the land for Milton Academy.)

<sup>204</sup> Probably Sarah Gilman, wife Joseph Gilman of Salem; the couple has two children.

bestowed upon me since I have been here will never be effaced from my remembrance. Not a word from Mary and Fanny. Mary is a beauty, Fanny I have hardly seen. Maggie [Margaret] says she is very kind and good to her and takes care of her. Mrs. Forbes gave me a cordial reception on my arrival and I felt disposed to love her very much at first sight.

Oh, would I could have a letter from home! If it were but one line I should be thankful for it, provided it contained news of the health of those I love so well. And even if it contained bad news I hate to be in suspense. Oh write to me!

[p.26] Friday morning June 13th. Here I am again seated at Cousin Emma's writing desk intending to write in this journal and I hope I shall be able to expect something. I believe I wrote last Tuesday evening and since then considerable has happened worthy of some little notice in this book. Wednesday morning Mrs. John Forbes and Emma took a ride on horseback. Emma and her sisters have a horse named Snowdrop, a very good name for he is as white as snow. Mrs. Forbes has one very black named Diebernon. And Mrs. Forbes senior has one named Wany. They had a very pleasant ride they said. I spent the morning with Queen Margaret and a very pleasant time I had too.

In the afternoon went with Emma to give a black woman three dollars. We found her house and herself in a very comfortable, tidy state but she had a daughter very sick. The money was sent by the members of the Village Benevolent Society. As Emma is the treasurer she gives the money. The poor woman seemed very grateful. She had seven children, five of whom died within the last eighteen months. And a short time since her husband fell from his wagon or was turned over and broke his leg. We feel the comforts God has given us and know how to value our blessings more perfectly when we have such a picture as this presented to our view.

We went to Mrs. Russell's and had a pleasant call. Mrs. R. and Rose came home with us and stayed till tea time. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing [of Watertown] came here Wednesday afternoon.

Thursday morning got up, breakfasted, then dressed at nine. Emma and Margaret on the front, and Sarah and I on the back seat of the carryall drove from the door of Mrs. Forbes' house. We

arrived at Pine Bank at half past ten after a delightful ride. Found Aunt P. with a slight cold and Sarah in town [Boston]. Madge and I went upstairs and I helped her to set up housekeeping. She gave me many things. Came down, ate a piece of sponge cake and talked an hour or so. Soon Emma, Sarah F., and Lizzy Gorham drove up, for Emma had left us at [Pine] B[ank] while she went to get Mrs. G. who was to dine at Aunt's.

[p.27] When we were through dinner Sadi [Sarah Perkins] drove up, she looked very well and very pretty. After dinner went upstairs and sojourned half of an hour. Came down and Sally [Sarah Perkins] took me all over the grounds. Oh how beautiful, how perfect it was. We went down by the waterside and sat an hour or two, then went round the grounds again and got the man to clean out the boat. Then Sally and I stepped into it, rowed round a little while and came up to the shore and took in Mrs. Sarah Forbes.<sup>14</sup> We rowed all around the lake and it was truly sublime. The water was very calm. Came back just in time for tea. Sarah gave me some beautiful flowers which I brought home to Mrs. Forbes. Took tea, after had our carriage ordered and we stepped in, leaving poor Maggy [Margaret] behind who did so want to go. Poor creature, I pitied her and always will pity her. She had a delightful ride home. Aunt Perkins gave Emma some of that which Mother sent her. We had a lamb so stupid I forgot to say what gave her, maple sugar, dear delicious maple sugar. It is prized. I travelled about considerable, from Greenfield to Worcester, from Worcester to Boston, from Boston to Roxbury, and from Roxbury to Milton.

Tuesday morning, June 30th. It is now ten days since I wrote in my journal and very many things have happened in that time which are great events in my life. On Tuesday morning last Aunt and Madge drove up in the barouche and said they had come to carry me home with them. I went. In the afternoon Sarah [Perkins] left us for Watertown where she was to spend some time. We had no company that day. Wednesday morning Madge and I rode into town.

So I have seen Boston. I have seen the state house. It is a magnificent edifice in its magnificence. It is in Beacon Street. I have seen St. Paul's church. I have seen its grandeur. It is in Tremont Street. I have seen Trinity Church, sublime in its sublimity, grand in its Boston Common, lovely in its loveliness. I have seen Masonic Temple. Trinity church is in Summer Street.

I went to Mrs. Foster's and bought myself a pair of stays [p.28] which cost me 9 shillings. Then to Mrs. Barnard's to see Lucy Stone. I found her better but still weak and feeble. She went with me to Mrs. Bennet Forbes's in Temple Court. I also went to see Mrs. and Betsey Sturgis.<sup>205</sup> They insisted on my going there to dinner to see before I went home and spend the time with them and starting for Worcester from their door. I shall certainly go. Mrs. Sturgis is well save a cough. She is coming to Milton to spend some time; they expect her every day. I went to Isabella Dana's and found her in Central Court. She looks nicely, was much pleased with my calling to see her. The Doctor [her husband] was not at home. Came home and dined. After dinner Charley came out to Pine Bank. He is very stout. Stayed to tea and came on horseback. Thursday morning Aunt Perkins went into town with me again. We made no calls as Aunt P. went shopping. She bought me four cambric handkerchiefs. While we were gone Emma Forbes and Mrs. John [Forbes] and Mrs. Forbes came out with a letter for me from Cally. She says it is uncertain whether William goes to Boston and entirely so when he leaves this town. The last part I cannot understand.

Friday morning nothing of importance occurred. In the afternoon Aunt and I seated ourselves in the barouche and drove to Watertown. We first went to Mr. Cushings but did not see the greenhouse. We saw a Chinese with black hair braided and hanging to his feet. Mrs. Cushing said they had a younger son whose hair was not longer than to reach his shoulders so he took a piece of black ribbon and tying it on made it do to drag on the ground. From there to Mrs. Gardner's where we stayed only a few minutes, from there to Dr. Follen's where we drank tea and had a very pleasant time too. Saturday [Sarah Perkins] came home. George Cabot, Edward, Charlie, and Henry dined and drank tea with Aunt Perkins. Mrs. Danne [their mother] is in tears worse than ever.

Sunday I went to church with Aunt. Monday took a long ride and when we returned found Emma and Mrs. Forbes. They [p.29] dined here and at four o'clock Peggy and I accompanied them home [to Milton Hill]. Last night the three Miss Russells came in and invited me to go there Saturday afternoon.<sup>206</sup> This morning have done nothing but write in Journal.

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<sup>205</sup> Lucy Stone, noted earlier, is a relation on Mrs. Trumbull's side (age 39). Mrs. Sturgis is Mrs. Forbes' sister, Elizabeth Perkins. (Her daughter, Anne Cushing Sturgis, married Frederick William Paine of Worcester in 1822.)

<sup>206</sup> Amelia, Ida, and Rosalinde Russell, daughters Jonathan Russell.

Wednesday morning, Milton, July 1st 1835. Mrs. Edwin Conant of Worcester has a daughter.<sup>207</sup> It came into this world of trouble, of trial and so forth, on Monday the 22nd of June. Father is much better and went to the Bank Monday the 22nd. Mother has had quite a pleasant little visit from Mr. Tileston [Mrs. Thurber's brother-in-law]. Sarah Flagg has fallen down and injured a nerve. Caroline's first quarter ended last week and for her pains she is to have nine dollars and twenty-three cents. Joseph Eaton is dead.<sup>208</sup>

The shameful people of Worcester are going to do nothing about celebrating the fourth of July, the anniversary of that memorable and never-to-be-forgotten day when the American colonists threw off the yoke of British tyranny and declared themselves to be free and independent of Great Britain.

Mary Ward is engaged to a brother of Dr. Greene's who lives at the South. Mr. William Jennison too is engaged, to that gawky strait-armed being who bears at present the name of Elizabeth Wheeler.<sup>209</sup> People in this world do have most singular tastes and I am sure it is a very happy thing that we do not all think alike.

Mrs. Wilder and her Mother have gone to New York as well as Isaac Davis and his wife.<sup>16</sup> Miss Parkhurst says she is determined to get Mr. Folsom—a modest, unsparing creature!!! How delightful it is to see such unsophisticated artlessness!!!!

Monday evening I played billiards with Emma. She beat me of course. It was my first attempt but I hope it will not be the last. I admire the game very much indeed. I shall probably be in Worcester next Wednesday morning.

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<sup>207</sup> Elizabeth, daughter Edwin and Maria Conant, born June 21, 1835.

<sup>208</sup> Joseph Chadwick, son William and (2nd wife) Hannah Chadwick of Worcester, born July 1, 1810 and died June 18, 1835.

<sup>209</sup> Mary Ward, daughter Artemas and Elizabeth Phillips Ward, would marry Melitiah B. Greene in 1837. Jenny has the name wrong for William Jennison's fiancé. He married Mary Lynde Wheeler, d. Theophilus Wheeler, Register of Probate. William is 45 in 1835, Mary 36.

The railroad between Boston and Worcester is to be open throughout on Monday [July 4] and the gentlemen of Boston are invited to go down and dine with their Worcester friends.<sup>210</sup> Dr. Holbrook [of Milton] thinks of going. They leave Boston at half past nine Monday morning and reach Worcester in three hours. They will stay there two or three hours and ride back in the afternoon. I may go to Worcester in the railroad car.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "The railroad was opened on Saturday the 2d for passengers & on Monday the following the directors & corporation generally made a call in Worcester, partook of a collation & returned in the afternoon. Many strangers were attracted by the novelty & the town was crowded through the day. Great expectations are entertained that this facility will increase the business and importance of our town."*

Yesterday morning Mrs. Forbes and myself, driven by Fanny, went to Brush Hill [to see Mrs. Robbins]. There and Emma went on horseback. Mrs. Harris and her two daughters [p.30] were staying with Mrs. Robbins, who asked me to come up and see them.<sup>211</sup> I do not suppose I shall be in Milton long enough to avail myself of her kindness. We then went to Mrs. Baldwin's to see Captain Howard's wife. Both ladies were very pleasant and gave us some beautiful roses. Mrs. B. invited all the Forbes family and myself to spend the evening with her. I did not go however, as it was quite a long walk and I knew she asked me only because she felt obliged to. We had just risen from the dining table when the stage drove up and Mrs. Sturgis alighted. She is to make a little visit here. Today is the first of July and cold enough to freeze one. Yesterday afternoon George Cabot and Sarah P. Perkins drank tea here.

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<sup>210</sup> Christopher Columbus Baldwin provided more details. July 4, 1835: "The road was publicly opened today, and the first train of cars reached Worcester at half-past ten in the forenoon. The streets were thronged with people from the adjoining towns at an early hour, and these, with our own population, presented a larger multitude in the town than I have ever before witnessed. Few of them had ever seen carriages move by steam, and their curiosity was very great. The sides of the road were lined with people for nearly a mile, all equally eager to have a glimpse of the novel and marvelous spectacle." Diary, p. 355.

<sup>211</sup> Mrs. Harris is wife of Dr. Thaddeus Harris, who trained under Dr. Holbrook and then married his mentor's daughter.



I spent the evening with Peggy [Margaret]. She gave me a blue-black silk apron. She is a dear good soul and I love her very dearly. Emma I consider as good as person as I ever met with. The kindness she has shown to me the last month never will be effaced from my memory. I have enjoyed my visit here highly and shall always look back to it with unfeigned pleasure. Mrs. Forbes you can hardly know and not love. For me, I feel the deepest affection and gratitude for every member of the family, and God grant I may ere I die have the power to show my gratitude to them all in something more than mere words.

Last night I dreamed Emma and myself were seated on the banks of Jamaica Lake when I discovered Emma was endeavoring to poison me. At this moment I gave a horrible yell which, partly waking my fellow lodger, she seized hold of me which, frightening me the more, I doubled my cries. Emma then dragged me out of bed by main force and stood holding me in her arms. My shrieks soon brought Mrs. Forbes and Peggy to our room. I nearly fainted, and repeatedly cried "Shall I die! Shall I die!" Dear Emma feels rather the worse for the wear today I think.

[p.31] Milton, July the second, Thursday morning, AD, eighteen hundred and thirty-five. Yesterday in the morning Sadi and Elizabeth Hubbard rode out here and stayed about an hour. Mr. Charles Turner came at noon and gave Mrs. John [Forbes] and Miss Fanny their musick lessons. Emma and Mrs. John went at half past three to a dinner given by Mrs. Jonathan Russell. And at six in the afternoon I went in to take tea. Bishop Fenwick, Dr. Holbrook, Eliza, and Maria Fales, Mr., Mrs. Shaw and daughter Sarah, Susan Sturgis, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Wells, Monsieur Bestodano and Senor Campana, Mrs. Russell and her daughters Amelia, Ida, and Rosalind, with Emma, Mrs. John and myself made up the party. I had quite a pleasant time. Before I went I had a game of billiards with Mary Forbes.

Wrote a long letter home yesterday in the evening. I have not heard from home for some time. God grant they are well and happy. Last morning Mrs. Smith, Ida and Amelia Russell, the two Spanish gentlemen, spent the evening here. Emma has this morning gone to town in the stage to see Mrs. Snellman who is probably there at this time. I have eaten no breakfast and of course can't relate the events of today. Mrs. Sturgis is here yet. L.U.S. is the first person.

Milton, Tuesday morning, July the 7th 1835. Emma got very tired in town last week and came home quite sick. But the next morning was as well as ever. Thursday last Aunt Perkins, Sady [Sarah Perkins], and George Cabot drank tea here. Aunt gave me five dollars to pay my expenses home and left a feast for Aunt Bradish which I am to carry to her.<sup>15</sup> Friday morning little or nothing I believe, save that Emma and Mrs. Forbes went to Roxbury in the we did and Mary, Mrs. Forbes, and I took a long ride after tea and a pleasant one too. When we got home, went to walk with Mrs. John and Emma, a mile or so. Had a delightful time as ever was known.

Fourth of July, Edward Lyman came out here and he, George Higginson, Emma, Mrs. John, Fanny, and Mary, and I went to Blue Hill. We could ride about four miles and walked [p.32] to the top; so I rode 8 miles and walked two. The view was beautiful and the day very warm. When we came home we found Miss Harriot Lyman here. George H. dined here. We saw the balloon here very plainly although it was foggy and misty. Thought I was invited to Mrs. Russell's I did not go. I was also invited to Brush Hill but remained at home. Sunday I did not go to church all day. After tea Mr. George Bond and his wife, and Mr. Charles Bond, Miss Tilden, and Stephen and George Higginson came and invited us all to take a walk with them. Mary and Mrs. John went and Emma, Fanny, Miss Lyman, and Edward Lyman were to join them soon after but Miss Lyman did not want to and we had to stay at home. George Cabot and Lady came out and stayed an hour or two. Edward Lyman went about eight. The walking party spent the evening here. Yesterday morning Miss Lyman went at home. We did not go to ride, but Emma and Mary went on horseback after tea. Mr. Nicholas Gilman and his brother were here last evening. Bennet was out and lodged here.

This morning Fanny has gone to Nahant and Emma to Boston. I am going to buy Mother a gown which I hope she will be pleased with. And Emma is to get some patterns today. William [Lincoln] and [Elizabeth] are coming Wednesday and going home Saturday and I go with them. I go to Mrs. Sturgis's Thursday morning or Wednesday night. To have not written in my journal for a long time I see. I played billiards with all of July. I am happy to say I am very well and happy. Emma and all of them in fact are as kind as possible to me and I feel their goodness more than I can express in words. Aunt Perkins seemed very well Thursday indeed. I have been

weeding in Mary's garden today and like it much. I feel very nicely indeed. Hope to hear from home.

[p.34] Thursday, July 25th 1835, Worcester. Well! I am in Worcester once more, I am rejoiced to say, for pleasant as was the time I passed from home I feel as if I was glad to see all my dear friends once more. I have been at home some time, it being a fortnight tomorrow since I arrived. We came up in the railroad cars and I liked them very much. Lizzy Paine and Cousin Frederick went down the day we left. I bought Mother while in Boston a handsome French calico for five dollars. She has not as yet had it made up. I have written to Emma since I returned and today Lizzy wrote to Mrs. Forbes [Emma's mother]. Cousin Lucretia with Charlotte and Sophia Blake are now in town. They are to remain through September.<sup>212</sup>

I drank tea yesterday with Hester Newton who had quite a large party. I enjoyed myself very much. [Hester's cousin] Martha Parker looks so shockingly that when I first saw her I did not know her, she was so altered. The family think she will get well, but for one I should not be surprised at any time to hear she was no longer an inhabitant of this lower world. [Her sister] Sarah Parker is now in Shirley and has been there a fortnight or three weeks. Returns, however, tomorrow.

Wednesday I drank tea at Mrs. Lincoln's with Elizabeth. In the morning we made several calls and did some shopping. Tuesday in the afternoon drank tea with Dolly and Lizzy Burnett at Mrs. Wright's. Had quite a pleasant visit. Monday I believe I remained at home. Sunday in the afternoon to church. Tomorrow Sarah is invited to Maria Allen's. Aunt B. and Mrs. Blake returned from Lancaster last Saturday after a visit of nearly a fortnight. Aunt B. moves in September into part of the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Macarty. Mother, for a wonder, walked out last night. And this morning she is confined to her room with a violent headache. Mrs. Newcomb has a daughter, came into this world last Monday.<sup>213</sup> Cousin Harriet Kinnicutt

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<sup>212</sup> Lucretia Bancroft has returned to live in Worcester. Charlotte, nearly 15, and Sophia, 10, are daughters of Joshua and Sarah Stanton Blake of Boston. They are likely visiting their Aunt Blake, widow Hon. Francis Blake.

<sup>213</sup> Sarah Alvord, daughter Joseph Warren and Sarah Wells Alvord Newcomb, born July 19, 1835. Thomas, son Thomas and Harriet B. Kinnicutt, born July 13, 1835.

has a son, born a week from last Monday. The first is to be named Sarah Alvord, the second Thomas or Tommy. God bless them.

*October 12 1835 Jenny turned thirteen years old. Although Jenny made no mention in her journal when the event occurred, on October 23rd her sister Elizabeth and William S. Lincoln were married. Mrs. Trumbull noted: "The marriage of Elizabeth, October 23rd 1835, with William S. Lincoln. This ceremony was performed by Dr. Bancroft in the presence of most of the cousins of the family. They set off the same morning for Greenfield where they made a short visit as intended, then rode down the Connecticut & were absent a week. After returning they went to Millbury to board."*

1836

[p.35] Worcester, January 19th 1836. Since I last wrote in this journal I have been to Greenfield. I went in company with Mr. [Joseph] Warren Newcomb, his son, and Sarah Harrington. We had a very pleasant journey and I found all glad to see me. After I had been there a week or two Charles Ripley went to Louisville to study the law. John Ripley is in Mr. Alvord's office as clerk. He was satisfied and so was his employer. I became acquainted with many pleasant young ladies while there. Sarah Ripley became very fond of and obtained a promise from her she would make me a visit this winter; but as yet I have seen naught of her. I took six lessons in music of Catharine Stone.<sup>214</sup> After I had been in G. five weeks, mother and Bell came for me and after making a visit of two weeks I returned with them.

Sarah and Caroline while I was there attended a dancing school kept by Mr. Smith. The exhibition ball was a few evenings after my return. I attended and was much gratified. Poor Martha Parker closed her mortal career the evening of the day I reached home [October 2].<sup>215</sup> Mr. Hill preached the Sunday after her burial a funeral sermon. Caroline went to the cattle show

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<sup>214</sup> John and Charles Ripley are Aunt Susan's sons; Sarah Ripley is her 13-year-old niece, daughter Franklin and Charlotte. Music teacher Catharine Stone, age 45, is the daughter of James and Sarah Billings Stone of Greenfield.

<sup>215</sup> Martha Parker died October 3, 1835, age 20.

ball. Mrs. Blake and Aunt Bradish have moved to the house Mrs. Macarty formerly occupied which is moved back upon the hill.<sup>216</sup>

Lizzy and William were married the 23rd of October last. They went after their marriage to Springfield, Greenfield, and Northampton. Were gone one week. Mary Ann Park and Mr. Ben Thomas are married and live on Lincoln Street. Mary Foxcroft and Nat. Eaton also, and board with Mrs. Stearns.<sup>217</sup>

I went to Millbury when Liz received company. George was with us at her wedding. I went with him, as far as Hubbardston with them.\* Charles Paine took Penelope [Lincoln] and the bride and bridegroom with Anne [Lincoln] and Cally, had the barouche of Condgen's.

Mr. Brigham has opened his house. Mr. Richardson and his wife are married and board there. Mrs. Towne has broken up housekeeping and gone there with her children.<sup>218</sup> Caroline has moved her school to a room in Spurr's new stone block.

\*On Elizabeth's wedding day George and I in one chaise, Penelope, Penelope Lincoln & Charles Paine in another, Elizabeth & William Lincoln, Anne Lincoln, and Caroline rode in the barouche. Joseph on the box. We went as far as Hubbardston. The cake was perfectly splendid and all went off quite well. George staid with us but a few days.

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<sup>216</sup> This is the pre-1750 Maccarty mansion, which originally stood just north of Governor Lincoln's Main Street house (which since 1835 is a hotel); in 1836 the Maccarty house was moved back to make way for Brinley Hall. This area continues to be developed with new roads and buildings.

<sup>217</sup> Mary Ann Park, noted earlier, married Benjamin Franklin Thomas, October 1, 1835; Mary Foxcroft, daughter John and Charlotte, married Nathaniel Eaton, son Nathaniel and Mary, October 12, 1835.

<sup>218</sup> George W. Richardson is an attorney from Watertown, with an office in the Brinley Block. Mrs. Towne's moving into the Worcester House with her children is a mystery; local sources indicate her husband is alive, engaged in manufacturing.

[p.36] May 6th 1836. It is now a long time since I have written aught in these pages and nearly one year since I commenced this book, and how much has happened since that time. I think I will devote the remainder of this page to an account of the last moments of our deservedly lamented friend Mrs. Warren Newcomb. She has had a cold and cough all winter and has been advised several times to wean her baby. She has for a month preceding her death been more sick and been confined to her house, though not to her room. Nancy [the little girl in the Trumbull household] was there on Saturday and saw her and said she was looking pretty well. The next Wednesday or Thursday, Mother went in to see her and how much we were surprised, when she returned, to hear how very dangerously ill Mrs. Newcomb was. Friday night her mother and sister arrived. Saturday morning they decided it was best to speak to her of her situation. Her husband accordingly told her that Drs. Woodward & Blood had said they could do nothing more for her; she never could be any better.

She was at first very much surprised; said she had no idea but that she would get well. But she regained her composure, expressed herself perfectly resigned to the will of God, sent for her clergyman, had her child named for herself, gave her to her sister, made known all her desires and bade adieu to her relations. She said she had nothing to reproach herself with but trifling with her health by going out this winter as she had done and nursing her child against the advice of her friends. Mother saw her Saturday afternoon. She smiled and called her by name; this was at 4 o'clock and Mother said she looked as if she were dead. A short time after that Dr. Woodward came in, as she sent for him, saying she felt better and thought she might yet live. She did seem better and they gave her stimulants again, which they had let off. [p.37] They began to hope, but they were doomed to be deceived. On Sunday morning at 4 o'clock she was no more. With her cheek on both her hands she breathed shorter and shorter and it was more like falling asleep than death. They hardly knew when she ceased to breathe. Her remains were taken to Greenfield, her native place, for internment. "We shall see her face no more." The places that once knew her will know her no more.<sup>219</sup>

Mr. Newcomb boards at Mrs. [Rebecca Lincoln] Newton's and Mr. Bartlett the printer has taken the house they formerly occupied. Mrs. Bartlett the printer's wife is dangerously ill with lung

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<sup>219</sup> Sarah Wells Alvord Newcomb died March 6, 1836, age 29.

fever and pleurisy, has been sick several weeks. Mrs. Clarke our near neighbour is very ill, consumption. [Name unintelligible] says her husband has given her life up entirely.<sup>220</sup> She has been sick ever since she was married, which was a short time after Elizabeth was.

Mrs. McFarland is failing rapidly. She cannot live much longer. They thought her dying last week on Saturday. Mr. Hill says he passed one of the most delightful hours of his life in her room a short time since. She is perfectly resigned. In answer to his enquiries, if she should recover if she would be glad to live longer, "I should be disappointed should I recover" was her reply. Her husband seems to care no more for her than for his dog and sometimes I am inclined to think not so much. People say a week ago he called on Arethusa Chamberlain. This I cannot think is true however. I hope it is not.

Cousin Nancy Paine has another daughter. She was here a week since with her baby. She looks miserably but has a fine healthy child. Mrs. Lincoln's family have returned and moved into their new house. Mrs. Davis has just arrived. Mrs. Hill has a daughter.<sup>221</sup> She is very ill, some say with scarlet fever, but I cannot believe it. At any rate she is quite sick.

[p.38] William lives still in Millbury. He has had thoughts of coming to Worcester to live but has now decided not to. His future place of residence is uncertain. Elizabeth has been with us nine weeks and has been sick nearly all the time, in fact for six weeks all of the time. She is now some better, though not able to go back to Millbury. She is spending a week at Mrs. Governor Lincoln's.

Mrs. Salisbury gives a large party tonight.<sup>222</sup> Caroline has just gone in a hack with Mrs. Lincoln. I was invited. This is my first invitation to a party. I declined, of course, as Mother thinks I had

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<sup>220</sup> Mrs. Clark is Lucy P. Hastings, daughter Simeon and Lucy, born November 30, 1815, married Lysander C. Clark, November 23, 1835; she died September 4, 1836, age 20.

<sup>221</sup> Ann Cushing Paine, daughter Dr. Frederick William and Ann Cushing Sturgis Paine ('Nancy'), born March 5, 1836. Frances Ann Hill, daughter Alonzo and Frances Mary Hill, born April 16, 1836.

<sup>222</sup> Rebeckah Scott Dean Salisbury, wife Stephen Salisbury. They reside on upper Main Street at this point, in a new brick row house owned by Mr. Salisbury.

better not appear [in society] for two or three years to come and I think it is better not to go until I have finished going to school.

Father has been tolerably well lately. Mother is miserably. She works too hard for her health. But I hope her journey to Greenfield this summer will do her good. She takes Sarah and Isabella with her. George writes us tolerably often [from New York City, where he works]. He seems to be thinking a good deal of home but I hope he is not homesick. I have a long letter from him a day or two since, he was very well. He has decided he cannot visit us this summer as we had hoped he would.

Caroline has begun her quarter again and keeps in our house in the room over the kitchen. She has for her scholars Sarah Bancroft, Sarah Butman, Sarah Trumbull, Susan Brigham, Mary Chapin, Eliza Coe, Susan Trumbull. I study French, History, Chemistry, Astronomy, Reading, and that is all and I find it a plenty to take up my time with the sewing I find it necessary to do.

Mr. Shepherd and family have moved into the house Mrs. Vose formerly lived in near us.

By the way, Mrs. Vose is engaged to be married to Mr. Vail the Episcopalian minister in this town, a gentleman four or five years younger than she is.<sup>223</sup> She lives in the other side of Aunt Bradish's house and does not like the [p.39] place at all though she says the house is well enough.

Aunt Bradish has been very ill with a cold and cough, confined to her room and bed. Caroline was there yesterday. She is much better and had just eat her dinner of egg, pork, and a slice of toast. She is very much dissatisfied with her situation on Mount Despair [the old Macarty place], as Cousin Harriet Kinnicutt has named it.

We heard from Greenfield yesterday. All were pretty well—Grandmother Clapp better than Aunt Susan who writes in poor spirits. John [Susan's son John] has got into the bank and was

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<sup>223</sup> Mrs. Francis Sophia Vose married Reverend Thomas Hubbard Vail, June 9, 1836.



going to Boston with Mr. Deane, Mr. Ripley's clerk. He will board in Mr. Franklin Ripley's family.

Joseph leaves Worcester for South Boston the first day of June [to attend school for moral discipline]; he will probably be there a year before he comes home to make us a visit. Isabella is a perfect little beauty in my opinion. Susan is my bedfellow and is quite a nice girl though rather lazy, I must confess, about sewing.

Aunt Perkins is a good deal worried about the boys as Dr. Follen has given them up on account of George Cabot's interference and she cannot get anyone to take care of them. Mr. Doane wishes to get them with him so as to get their board, this measure I hope he will not effect. [Their brother] Edward sets down his foot and says he shall go to Europe. Charles and Henry know Mr. Doane too well to go to him. They are all with [their sister] Sarah in Burlington [New Jersey] visiting their mother.

Sarah [Perkins], so Cousin Nancy Paine says, is behaving too independently. She was as crazy about Mrs. Wood as she was about Fanny Kemble. Some people say she went so far as to go on the stage in the Odeon (?) and before all the multitude kiss the fair lady. This I hope is not true.

Hannah Prescott has been very ill with lung and pleurisy fever, for eight weeks she has only got up to have her bed made, but they think she is getting better slowly. [p.40] I hope she will soon recover.<sup>224</sup>

Cousin Nancy Paine has had a letter from Mrs. Abbott who kindly asks me to visit her in Exeter this summer.<sup>16</sup> Cousin Nancy says if I am a rational being I shall go for I shall have a most capital time. Of this I have no doubt but it is not decided whether I shall go or not. Aunt Perkins says she shall come to see Aunt Bradish this summer.

Elizabeth Foxcroft [who lives next door] has had a cough and cold for some time but had got better, so she went to meeting. Caroline went in to see her, but although she was downstairs she

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<sup>224</sup> Hannah Prescott is the widow of Honorable James Prescott of Groton.

did not see her. I don't understand what the reason was nor does it matter. She had the lung fever and Dr. Greene attended her. Seeing one day many people about we thought she must be more sick and sent Nancy in to see how she was. What was our grief and surprise to hear the young friend was no more.<sup>225</sup> Mother and Caroline went immediately to see Mrs. Foxcroft. It seems poor Elizabeth had got much better so she sat up and jumped out of bed without any assistance. That fatal day was the only one she had not set up and she was not quite as strong as she had been before. Dr. Greene was there at half past twelve and as he left the room said, "Well, I do not see but you are getting along very well indeed; and you may go to Keene in a fortnight." Quarter of an hour after, a change came over her, her breathing was dreadfully obstructed. "I cannot breathe so much longer," said she and died. Mother asked them if they sent for the Dr. "No," said Mrs. Foxcroft, "we had time for nothing but to stand round her bed and see her die." Her death was occasioned by a sudden rush of blood upon the lungs. Mr. Kendall last Sunday delivered an address at the Sunday school on her death. She was his Sunday school scholar. Mr. Hill preached Sunday [p.41] sermon on the occasion of her death from the text John 14th chapter and 18th verse. "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." Miss Nancy Hayward at the time of E. Foxcroft's death was considered the sickest, and the week after she was a corpse.<sup>226</sup> How melancholy it is!

Nat. Eaton and his wife [the deceased's sister Mary Foxcroft] are going to board with Mrs. Foxcroft and [their sister] Charlotte is going to Keene, as she had engaged to return and it would break up Miss Fiske's school should she give up the charge.

Saturday afternoon, May 7th 1836. The afternoon is cloudy rainy and unpleasant and I shall be at home the remainder of the day. Sarah had asked Clara Gherardi to spend this afternoon with her. She is making [her aunt] Mrs. [Eliza Bancroft] Davis a visit. It is so unpleasant I suppose Elizabeth was here on horseback this morning before breakfast. She says she feels as well as she did when she went to Mrs. Lincoln's. Cal. was going there to tea this afternoon but the weather will of course prevent.

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<sup>225</sup> Elizabeth Haskins Foxcroft died April 19, 1836, age 18.

<sup>226</sup> Nancy, daughter of Daniel and Mary Beals Heywood, died April 25, 1836, age 47.

We are cleaning house and necessarily very busy. Nancy is going to Miss Knight's school next Monday. She will go only in the afternoon and it will be something of a relief to get her off for half a day even. Mother has engaged a little Irish girl to live here, Mary Daveler by name, but I don't know when she will come. She will be quite a little help to us I presume. Cousin Sarah Paine is tolerably well for her and has walked out a number of times this spring.

I went in the month of January to Millbury [to see Elizabeth and her husband William Lincoln], Wednesday and staid till Sunday morning. Caroline and Sarah went the week before on Tuesday and came home, Cal Friday and Sarah Saturday. I enjoyed my visit very much indeed. She has a pleasant room, very prettily furnished—green carpet, chairs with cane bottoms, very handsome bureau, beautiful table, pretty looking glass, and neat washstand. She has a coal stove and one night all night the thermometer was at 100 a pretty hot fire, in my opinion too much so for comfort. [p.42] But everyone to their own tastes, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow, which by the way Miss Isabel Hill has revised into "let every person pursue the bent of his own genius as the elderly matron observed when she saluted her vaccine favorite." She has boarded with Dr. Moore and does not like them very much. What would we not all give to have them come to Worcester to live. Though we ought to be contented to have them live anywhere where William can do so well.

George is since the first of January 1836 to have 300 dollars per year, which will just about make the two ends meet. I hope he will prosper. The Frinks, he says, have been more than brothers to him and he always speaks of them with great affection.

We are all comfortably well I believe. Sarah Bancroft was married some time in the first part of this year to Mr. Blake, a widower with two children, the elder 13 years old, and has gone to Brattleboro to live.<sup>227</sup> She visits Worcester the latter part of this month I believe. I have read a good deal this winter, particularly in the last long vacation. I can write no more as time presses.

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<sup>227</sup> Sarah Bancroft, nearly 35, daughter Reverend Bancroft, married John R. Blake of Brattleboro, January 21, 1836. He is the son of John Wheland Blake (deceased), and nephew of Hon. Francis Blake of Worcester (deceased).

Saturday morning, May 21st 1836. Poor Mrs. McFarland died a week or two since.<sup>228</sup> Her husband has a note in the Sunday after her death written in this manner: "An individual here presented dead an upstart true or braces that the death of his wife may tend to the improvement of his spiritual nature." Dr. Bancroft preached and made the prayer. He prayed that he might not sink under this afflicting event. William told me, the day after Mr. Dowley told him, that he [Mr. McFarland] ought to have said "that he might not sink under the remembrance of his behavior to his wife." She appeared much affected at church and I understand Mrs. Orme [the deceased's mother] says there never was a kinder more devoted husband than he has been. It may be he has behaved well at home and made business as an excuse for being [p.43] at home so late. Mr. Hill preached in the afternoon and mentioned her most beautifully. She was 26 years of age. The following is written by Rev. Colton and has just been published. It is beautiful and I will give it a place here.

Shall we see one dying so young, and with so many objects as attach her to life, and not be reminded of the hastening hour when we must follow her? Shall the admonition that tenderly speaks from her grave be lightly regarded? Shall the religious displaying the light of her resignation and triumphant hopes continue to be a stranger to their hearts? If one so good could not die without the light of a Saviour's love how shall we in our sins of a deeper shade meet the King of Terrors? Ah! There is only one being that can sustain in that last hour of need; only one that can furnish, in this extremity of nature, a refuge for the soul. This one has been long near us waiting to be gracious; he has tarried without, seeing for admission to our confidence till his locks are wet with the drops of the night. Happy he who admits this Saviour to his inmost heart; death may then break down and lay in ruins this mortal frame, but the spirit will have given it "the rest."

We had a fire here last evening but I cannot write more this morning. I drank tea with [sisters] Caroline and Susan at Mrs. Gardiner Paine's on Thursday. Cousin Frances [Burling] Vose is to be married to Mr. Vail the 17th of June. His mother is to live with them. Cousin Sarah Paine and I are going to drink tea with Aunt Bradish this afternoon. [Jane Bancroft's daughter] Clara

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<sup>228</sup> Susan Orne McFarland died May 11, 1836, age 26.

Gherardi is coming to see Sarah. We had a bundle from Aunt Perkins containing things for Mother. We shall have one from Sarah [Perkins] I suppose soon.

The [Perkins] boys and [their sister] Sarah are coming home soon and Aunt P. was to move to Pine Bank last Thursday. Hannah was no better.<sup>229</sup> Aunt was to leave two women with her and I suppose she would be as well as where Aunt Perkins before. She cannot I suppose continue much longer. Sarah [Perkins] wrote, "Should Hannah die there before I return I never can forgive myself." But Aunt P. said she thought her dear child would see her alive. I hope she will yet get well.

[p.44] May 28th 1836, Saturday noon. The Baptist meeting house was destroyed by fire on the morning of last Saturday. The fire broke out at quarter past one and in half an hour not a timber remained standing.<sup>230</sup> The neighbouring houses were in great danger. Mr. Howe's tavern, Mr. Brigham's [the Governor Lincoln mansion on Main Street] and Cousin Gardiner's [on Elm Street] houses caught several times. Mrs. Warden's [on Pleasant Street] being very near the pitch tar from the pine boards with the intensity of the heat. The society had just made an addition to the Sabbath school library of several volumes and being the time of the anniversary nearly all of the books were in, between 70 & 80 volumes I hear. But what seems an aggravation is that it was without doubt the work of an incendiary. There had been no fire there for a great while and no light since the Wednesday before. It broke out in the vestry which was at the east end of the building. The selectmen of the town have very properly offered a reward of 1000 dollars for the discovery of the person or persons who did the deed. I hope they will be discovered I am very sure.

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<sup>229</sup> This must be a nickname for Aunt Perkins' daughter Sarah Paine Perkins; she did not have a daughter christened Hannah.

<sup>230</sup> Historian William Lincoln: "1836, May 21. About 1 o'clock of the morning, flames broke out in the Baptist Meetinghouse, and spread so rapidly, that in little more than half an hour not a stick of timber of the church was left standing. The origin was attributed to an incendiary." Lincoln and Hersey, *History*, p. 301.

Charles has the measles as well as a scalded foot. Miss Mary Stiles is here making him some clothes. We had a letter from George last night. We expect William Frink this way today or tomorrow. George has given up all thoughts of coming east this season.

June 6th 1836. Cousin William Frink was here several times last week. He came on to go with his Father to New York. Dr. Frink lodged here Thursday night. Uncle Kiah [Stone] was here Thursday and staid until Saturday morning when he left Worcester for Rutland.<sup>231</sup> It was very pleasant to witness the meeting between Dr. Frink and Uncle Stone, they shook hands more than a dozen times and talked the whole evening of old times. Dr. Frink, Mother says, was a great bean in his young days. He is a very pleasant old gentlemen and very active for so old a person. [p.45] We had pleasant accounts from George by Cousin Frink.

Joseph [age nearly ten] left Worcester for South Boston last Wednesday. Mr. Bancroft, who he went under the care of, said he was happy and pleasant going down but he seemed to feel pretty badly when he put him on board the omnibus. He is going to Mr. Well's school for moral discipline. I trust it will do him good. We have not yet heard from him.

Mrs. Vose becomes Mrs. Vail on Thursday June 9th. Father, Mother, Caroline, and I are honoured with invitations. She is to be married in the evening at 8 o'clock. Her intended husband is several years younger than she is. His mother is to reside with them.

John Lincoln is much better and is to be moved from the college room as soon as the wind changes, and as soon as he is a little better is to come to Worcester. Governor Lincoln came up from Washington. He intended returning on Saturday but has not yet left on account of the indisposition of [his son] Waldo who has a slow fever. He has watched every night or part of every night with his brother and has got completely worn out.

Charles has had the measles and [is] much better now though his cough is still troublesome. Susan and Bella have the symptoms of them today. I suppose Mother will go to Greenfield as

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<sup>231</sup> Kiah Stone is Hezekiah Stone, Mrs. Trumbull's uncle, age 67, and never married. Dr. John Frink is 73 at the time of this entry. They are brothers-in-law.

soon as they get through with them. It is a dreadful disease. William Frink says he shall send Caroline some music soon!! He says George can come east this season perfectly well. I do wish he would but I suppose he will not come until he has been there a year. Thanksgiving I hope we shall see him.

Louisa Jane

#### LOUISA JANE TRUMBULL'S FOURTH JOURNAL,

June 23rd 1836-June 25 1837

[p.1]

June 23rd 1836. It is bed time in Summer but feels more like winter. Cal., Mother, and I have been sitting over the kitchen fire since tea listening to the entertaining conversation of Mr. Isaac Bartlett.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Vose was married to Mr. Vail on June 9th. Cal, Father, and I went. Bishop Griswold performed the ceremony and very miserable. It was quite a large wedding and the cake was first rate. [Cousin] Charles Ripley lodged here last night and this morning left Worcester for Greenfield with Sarah, who anticipated much pleasure from her visit. Uncle Kiah Stone made us a visit a few weeks ago.<sup>1</sup> Said a day and two nights.

Sophia Burnside died last Thursday night (just one week since) at 12 o'clock and was buried the next afternoon at three.<sup>232</sup> From the time she was considered dangerously sick she did not speak. All she took was brandy, which seemed to distress her dreadfully. No one knew what was the matter with her but I heard it was canker rash.

We had a letter from Joseph today. The first we have had since he went to South Boston, which was the first day of this month. He has been sick three days with the headache, was homesick at first but has got very well contented. A good evidence was, he said, [that] until he set down to write he had no idea he had been there so long or we should have heard from him before. He likes Mr. Wells, the school, the boys, and everything very much. He sent for figs, gingerbread money, and a brush for his hair. We had a letter from George the night before. He was well but

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<sup>232</sup> Sophia, daughter Samuel and Sophia Dwight Burnside, died June 17, 1836, age 14.

had been sick and confined to his room three of four days. He has decided he cannot come east this season. How sorry we all of us are!

Charles, Susan, and Isabella have all had the measles. Nancy too. She has not got over them yet. Came downstairs today for the first time and sat an hour or two. Mr. McFarland was taken sick Monday night with bilious colic. Dr. Greene says it will be a miracle almost should he recover. How I pity his poor mother. She has had everything to contend with I am sure. The weather is dreadful. We have had very few pleasant days all this month, which is almost always beautiful.

[p.2] June 24th. It is evening. We have a fire and unpleasant weather continues. I have put my charge [little brother] Charley to bed, written a long letter to Sarah [her sister, in Greenfield], and now will write here. I took a long ride with Lizzy yesterday morning and in spite of the weather we had a very pleasant time. William has got a horse that trots most beautifully. Father has a present of two most beautiful dogs, pointers. They are names of both are Colonel. They came this morning. Poor Mac finished his earthly career last night at 8 o'clock and is to be buried tomorrow morning at 11.<sup>233</sup> Mother calls me to my pencil and to go to bed so I can write no more.

July 3rd. It is afternoon, Sunday, and hot enough to roast one, though I have not suffered so much with the heat today as I have for the past week. I have been really quite sick for 10 days and therefore have not been to meeting all day but I have read two of J.S. Buckminster's sermons, which are beautifully written. We had a letter from Cousin Sarah Perkins last Wednesday accompanying a band box of beautiful clothes. She says Aunt is well excepting deafness, which troubles her exceedingly. Poor Hannah has been more comfortable for ten days and has gained some strength. They do not know whether it is one of the flattering caprices of consumption or the evidence of returning health. She will be a dreadful loss to Sarah. Emma Forbes has returned from New York. William, Lizzy, and Rover [their dog] drank tea here last night. She is going to stay at Mrs. Lincoln's until Tuesday, when she is coming here and after spending the remainder of the week with us she goes to Millbury where she has not lodged for four months. William's brothers Levi and George Lincoln are at home now. John [Lincoln] is better but has not yet gone

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<sup>233</sup> Andrew D. McFarland died June 23 , 1836, age 26.



to Cambridge. So on Thursday when the governor is expected to return they will all meet once more. We had a letter from George Thursday. He was well. Caroline is not well. She has six scholars. Susan [name unintelligible] takes music lessons of her. I have not walked out for a fortnight.

Last Tuesday Liz, Susan, and I went to West Boylston to see Eliza Curtis who used to live with Mother and was married here. She has five children, a pretty house very nicely furnished and, better than all the rest, the kindest husband that ever was. They used to live on a beautiful farm but he sold it because the [p.3] work so hard and would not keep anyone to help her. Last summer she was not very well and he took her to Saratoga Springs where they said they passed three weeks delightfully. We had a very pleasant time indeed.

We had a letter from Sarah last Friday. But it was not worth anything—she did not say anything of her health, her journey, and how she was pleased with Greenfield and Greenfield people. Mr. Tileston [Jenny's uncle, husband Elizabeth Clap] has returned. Mr. Wells told Mr. Emery that he wished for no better boy than Joseph.

Sally Earle was here 3 ½ days last week. She cleaned the parlour, both entries, mother's chamber, the bedroom, besides washing the front chamber windows, fixing up the woodhouse chamber with mother, and sweeping my chamber. Also she washed the front parlour windows. We thought for the time she was here she accomplished a great deal. I hope she will come and wash for us Thursday and stay here during Aunt Perkin's visit. Nancy [the young hired girl in the Trumbull household] has got better of the measles but does not go to school. Her sickness has worn Mother entirely out.

The Union church is to be dedicated to the service of God on Wednesday morning next at eleven o'clock. Mr. Benjamin Thomas delivers the fourth of July address tomorrow. I wrote a long letter to George yesterday. I have sent it by Charles Eaton who goes tomorrow and have asked George to get me a shell comb like Caroline's and three yards of light green summer ribbon for each of us.<sup>234</sup> Mrs. Felton is sewing over a dunstable bonnet for me which is to be cottage shape. It was to

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<sup>234</sup> Charles Eaton, age 19, their neighbor Mary Foxcroft Eaton's brother-in-law.

be done last night. The children are all pretty well. I am now taking nine pills per diem which I call something of a little dose.

Monday morning, July 11 1836. Mother is miserably. She has almost given up her visit to Greenfield until September. I am in hopes we shall persuade her to go to Hopkinton Springs as a few days will. She thinks a mineral bath may be of service to her. She and myself drank tea last Thursday at Cousin Nancy Paine's, a thing she has not done for a great while anywhere. The same afternoon she had two dresses fitted for her at Mrs. Goodnough's—a brown silk and a buff calico.<sup>235</sup> Cousin Nancy looks miserably. They are very much crowded in the house they now occupy.

[p.4] Last Monday I did not go out at all. Tuesday Lizzy and I drank tea at Mrs. Gardiner Paine's. I had a very pleasant time. Her baby is very fat, walks but does not enter at all into conversation. Wednesday Lizzy and Clark drank tea with Aunt Bradish and called to see Mrs. Vail. Friday I spent the afternoon at Mrs. Samuel Allen's.<sup>236</sup> The Star was quite a number of young folks there and I had a pleasanter time than I thought I should. Saturday I attempted again to drink tea with Cousin Sarah Paine, [but] she was at Cousin Frederick's. Aunt Bradish drank tea here Saturday, the first time since she moved from our neighborhood [to the old Macarty place], which was in last November. I went to meeting yesterday forenoon. Mr. Hill preached, and very well I thought. L.J.T.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "Caroline closed her little school which had occupied her from April 1835 to August 1836. Soon after her eyes became troublesome and we found any application we made of no effect and she went to Boston in January with George (who had made us a visit of five weeks on his way to New York to resume his business) to consult Dr. Reynolds. She enjoyed her visit highly and returned to us after an absence of a month. Made use of leeches and other applications without any good effect and is now unable to use them at all. This great privation she bears with more resignation than I could have expected."*

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<sup>235</sup> Neither Mrs. Felton, the hatmaker, nor Mrs. Goodenough are Worcester natives.

<sup>236</sup> This is Maria A. Merrick, wife Samuel Allen. Daughter Frances Williams, age 12, is close to Jenny in age. The Allens reside on lower Main Street, near the corner of Pleasant Street.

Worcester, Tuesday, August 2nd 1836. A week or two has passed since I last wrote here. Nothing remarkable has occurred and I now sit down with little to write. I have at last got my new bonnet. It is Dunstable straw, straight cottage, lined with silk white. It is trimmed with light green ribbon with a very narrow white edge. A frill and the ribbon passed round the crown with a knot at the left side gives a pretty good idea of its appearance. George bought my ribbon for me and showed by the purchase that he had an excellent taste. I paid for it, 1.50. I had three yards. George has also bought for me a beautiful silk cambric for which I paid 1.75. Mrs. Felton's bill was 1.87. I have been quite extravagant this summer, not so either, for all I have bought I really have needed very much.

John Ripley [her sister Susan's future husband] has had an operation performed. His palate was very large [more like two] and split in two pieces. His speech was therefore very much impeded and it was a source of great mortification to him. Aunt Susan writes as in her letter dated last Tuesday a week after it was done. "Knowing that you will feel anxious until you hear how we are I improve my first leisure to say that John is doing as well as could be expected. He bore the operation wonderfully well. He has suffered [p.5] more since than he did at the time. He was not permitted to take the least nourishment or swallow the least from Monday till Wednesday morning. His suffering from thirst alone must have been extreme, but he has borne it all with great fortitude and patience. He has not yet been permitted to speak or utter a sound. He has rode out and walked about yesterday and today. We are not sure but there will have to be a slight operation before it entirely closes. Drs. Dean and Stone are both sanguine as to the result, that it will provide successful." Sarah is at Charlestown where she is enjoying herself and [is] in good health and spirits.

Aunt Elizabeth was at Greenfield last Tuesday. She was enjoying Sarah's visit, seems gratified she could make her the visit. It is the first of Mother's daughters that have ever been to see her. Sarah's appetite is very good and she is lively and cheerful. They went the day before John was operated upon—I mean S. and Aunt Lucy. Aunt P. says she has got along with less fatigue than she expected. Grandmother did not see John for a week. Thomas assisted in nursing etc. and was an excellent good boy. Aunt Bancroft had dropped in and set an hour with the Grandmother of

the operation. It diverted Grandma's mind aptly Aunt S. felt glad Aunt B. was there. Morning continues as usual; she is much better than she was all last summer for which we all ought to be very thankful. Next week Aunt S. hopes to see mother with as many of the flock as she can bring. Mother will probably go next week (Thursday I am in hopes), myself and Bell with her. I am waiting rather impatiently for next week. Long to go G. and hope Mother will stay 3 or 4 weeks. I fear she will not stay more than a fortnight. All is as usual at Uncle Stone's. Alma is at home very much improved. She does not return till September.

[p.6] Sarah and Aunt L. will return the forepart of this week to Greenfield. We shall see them all. Sarah I suppose will return with us, we hope improved in her health. I shall write tomorrow about New York. The day after from South Boston. Each day I doubt not I shall find plenty to write if I did but attend to my journal, which I am sadly remiss about. Cal is quite sick today. I have felt miserably all day but better much tonight.

L.J. Trumbull

Worcester, August 5th 1836, Friday afternoon. First of all let me write of George. In his last letter dated July 25th which Mr. Blake brought he says "You are all asking me to write about myself, now that is a very barren subject, being that same clumsy person as the clumsy awkward old fellow cut out for an old bachelor that he was called in Worcester eighteen months ago. He never could find out anything interesting himself; being that he goes straight along working, eating, and sleeping without mingling in the pleasures and dissipations of the place where he resides and of course there can be nothing to say about him except that he eats, works (and that not play work) and sleeps and that his greatest pleasure is the perusal of letters from home of which he solicits frequent and liberal consignments." Mr. Blake says some of the time while he was in N.Y. George seemed in good spirits, at others very sad. He spoke of the possibility of his giving us the pleasure of his company in October. I trust he will come.

Father it is possible may obtain the situation as cashier in the (new) Citizen's Bank. Mr. Butman is president. The capital is 500,000.00 & a million of money. He has applied for the cashier ship

and receives his answer tomorrow.<sup>237</sup> Should he receive it, between the time of his giving up the Central and entering the Citizen's he would go to see George with Mother and Caroline. They will probably make their journey next month if at all. I trust they will do so.

Caleb Clap, an own cousin of Mother's, has just called her with a Mr. Hoskins.<sup>238</sup> They came today from Greenfield and brought us a letter from [sister] Sarah. Her letter is dated yesterday and she writes [p.7] to Mother "I arrived at Greenfield last evening at about eight o'clock. I left them all well at Charlemont. Aunt E. [Elizabeth Clap] Trelton had not been quite as well as usual for a day or two before we came away but has got quite smart again. John [Ripley, son Susan] had another operation performed on Saturday last. He was well as I expected to see him and I don't know but better."<sup>29</sup> She omitted to tell us what the grandman did, that he had attempted to speak but it pained him so much he did not succeed. Gentlemenor [Clap] is very well. Aunt Lucy [Clap] also. S. says she had a pretty good time at Charlemont [with the Tilestons] but was somewhat homesick at first. She is longing to see Mother and myself as well as little Bell. I hope we shall go by next Thursday. I should like Mother would promise me to go by that time but she will not as it is uncertain.

We had last week a letter from Aunt [Perkins] dated July 27th in which she says, "Emma [Forbes] and myself made a visit to South Boston to see Joseph. I had intended never to have discharged this burden from my mind, but two days since by Sarah's visitation it has become again. As Mr. Wells was suffering with a severe sick headache we did not see him. Wishing to see Joseph alone, to be better able to [learn] if he was satisfied with his situation, I desired him to come to me. I took him into the carriage and had a conversation of twenty minutes with him. He looked well, was dressed neat and clean, he did not appear much excited at seeing us. You know he is rather reserved. I gave him the bundle you sent some time since and he appeared glad to get it. I asked him if he was contented. He said yes. I feared to question him farther, fearing the thoughts of home might disturb him he is only 10. I hope to go again as I wish to make some

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<sup>237</sup> George Trumbull was elected cashier on October 3, 1836, a position he held until retirement, October 6, 1858. (He was succeeded by his son-in-law John C. Ripley.)

<sup>238</sup> Caleb Clap is a son of Joshua and Abigail Bemis of Vermont, Joshua being the twin brother of Mrs. Trumbull's father.

inquiries respecting the progress he makes in his studies. The situation of the house is extremely beautiful. The harbor and the surrounding country are before you, varied and lovely."

After asking after Aunt Bradish she says, "If I fear I shall not see her very soon. Indeed I sometimes think I never shall. My [health] is very [p.8] troublesome, and I am so nervous as at times to be hardly able to hold my pen and the fear of being sick from home overpowers my wishes to attempt a journey." Hannah [Bradish] has gone to Pine Bank. I fear she never will leave there. Sarah [Perkins] has gone to Burlington [New Jersey, to see her mother] for a short visit.

*October 12 1836 Louisa turned fourteen.*

October 31st 1836. A long time has past since I last wrote here. Many events have of a necessity occurred. Mother, Isabella, and myself went to Greenfield the last part of August. Isabella was sick almost the whole of the time and Mother had a tedious time enough. She only stayed ten days and returned with Sarah. I had been sick for a week and was not able to undertake the journey which at the best is tiresome enough. I remained three weeks longer and when I came home Aunt Lucy [Clap] came with me. She caught a violent cold on the way and was sick confined to her bed part of the time for a week.

*Mrs. Trumbull: "Sarah went with Charles Ripley to Greenfield early in the summer of 1836 & remained until I made my visit in August accompanied by Jane and Isabella. The former I left for a visit and Sarah returned with me."*

About a fortnight after we came, John Ripley had another stitch taken. All their hopes were blasted by the stitch breaking out the second night and it must be long ere it will heal. He has not yet spoken. I long to hear that he has done so. A week after Thomas [Ripley, John's brother] came and staid only five days. It was cattle show week and we hoped he would have enjoyed himself. He came Monday, Tuesday we went to the Antiquarian House with him and he appeared much gratified with all that he saw there. The portrait of Mr. [Christopher Columbus]

Baldwin (deceased) which is now in the house is an exact likeness.<sup>239</sup> I think I never saw anything more perfect.

Cattle show it rained all day. Mother, Caroline, and Father went to the ball and enjoyed it much. Friday of the same week Mrs. John Davis gave a party. Mother and Caroline were there. It was a very pleasant party I believe. The next Tuesday we went to Dr. Sylvester Graham's introductory lecture. I liked him very much indeed. Thursday Mrs. Lynch had a party. Caroline was there and enjoyed herself.

Friday Frances Merrick had all the young people, one of them was Miss Caroline. [p.9] The next Tuesday Mrs. Butman had a party. Mary Chandler came over the day before and invited Cal to go home with her. They both went to Mrs. Butman's. They had dancing and both enjoyed it very much. They left here Wednesday. [On] Thursday Mrs. Burt asked the young part of the population.<sup>240</sup> I heard there were not more than six ladies there.

Sunday our organ was played upon for the first time. It is the most splendid one I have ever heard. It is very large and I think very well adapted to the site of the house. It was made in East Medway and cost 2,050 dollars. Mr. Fargus plays upon it and I should think was a most finished performer.

Thursday Mrs. Pliny Merrick gave a ball said to be the best party given in W. for this long while.

Col. Trumbull the celebrated painter from New York was over here last week and staid two days here at the Worcester house. He is about 90 years of age, a hale hardy old man.<sup>241</sup> Father called to

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<sup>239</sup> Christopher Columbus Baldwin served as librarian of the Antiquarian Society from 1829 to his death, August 20, 1835, when the stage he in which he was riding overturned on the Cumberland Road to Zanesville, Ohio (he was going to look at Indian mounds).

<sup>240</sup> Mrs. Maria Cooley of Longmeadow, daughter Colonel Burt, married widower Benjamin Butman in October of 1829. Anna Robinson married Simeon Burt, October 25, 1821.

<sup>241</sup> This is John Trumbull, born 1756 in Lebanon, Connecticut, son Jonathan and Faith Robinson Trumbull. He is a Harvard graduate, is part of the illustrious Connecticut branch of the family that produced two governors, and is related to the Worcester Trumbulls. Their common ancestor is Joseph Trumbull, son John and Elinor Trumbull of

see him and was glad that he did so. He has a record of the Trumbull family, a copy of which he is going to send on to Father. He called to see Dr. Bancroft who presented him with a Life of Washington. He was one of Washington's aids. He is now engaged upon several historical paintings.

Father went to New York a week since last Tuesday, on business for the Citizens Bank of which he is now the cashier. George was glad but of course much surprised to see him. I forgot to say Father and Caroline went to New York. They went Wednesday and came home the next Monday night. They enjoyed their visit very much. They expect George home this fall. Elizabeth is now in Millbury. She has changed her boarding place, is now with Mr. & Mrs. Hull. From all that she says I should judge she was perfectly satisfied.

[p.10] While Thomas [Ripley] was here he went with Sarah and Aunt Lucy in the [railroad] cars as far as Westborough, were very much gratified. Last week Aunt Lucy with Susan spent the day with Liz at Millbury. The pleasure of Susan's visit was marred by her pitching down stairs. George is well but very thin. I do so long to see him. Caroline returned from Lancaster last Saturday. She had a beautiful visit [with relatives]. Mr. Chandler brought her home. I am in hopes I shall begin to go to school next Monday to Mr. Phipps.<sup>242</sup> Sarah also will go if I do. Joseph [who is at school in Boston] should have done from said work. He will go out so serious as we have not since, as we probably the last and Bell are ill had been twice [sic]. Susan is my child again. I find her a nice bedfellow. Charles and Edward are the same old sixpences. Nancy also. I have been washing all this morning and my fingers feel rather unlike writing. I have been miserably all last week and did not go to meeting all day yesterday.

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England who emigrated to the colonies and settled at Roxbury in the 17th century. The painter is a grandson of the first Joseph's son Joseph; George Trumbull is the great-grandson of the first Joseph's son John.

<sup>242</sup> In the Spring of 1836, Mr. Robert Phipps commenced a school for young ladies in two large rooms on the third floor of the Butman Block on Main Street. Mrs. Sturgis remembered the front room being a school room, and the back room being a gymnasium. For recitals. Staff included French and drawing teachers. Some other students attending are Jenny's peers, Sarah Parker and Hester Newton, Jenny's younger cousin Elizabeth Paine, and Elizabeth Wheeler and Elizabeth Hubbard, both 17.



Aunt Bradish has had a bad cold but is now very comfortable. Mrs. Blake than told her she is going away, but Aunt Bradish says she has no more idea she does not think than she has of going. The evening before she had spent with Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Blake of Boston and was feeling pretty well-to-do in the world. Cousin Sarah Paine is very well. She spent Tuesday afternoon when Mary Chandler was here. Mary read Byron to her and read better than I ever heard anyone before, much to Cousin Sarah Paine's delight, edification, and so forth.

Henry Chamberlin is engaged to Miss Clark, daughter of the Unitarian clergyman who was formerly settled in Princeton and now in Uxbridge. She has been for a year to Dr. Park and boarded at Mrs. Hill's, it was there he became acquainted with her. She is a very fine girl and I hope will be happy. [p.11] Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson have a daughter born October the seventh. She is very comfortable the last time I heard from her.<sup>243</sup>

We are in the expectation of more company [another baby] before a very great while, much to my disappointment as I had most hoped that business was over and done. I do not know how soon but if it appearances are not most astonishingly deceitful it must not before a very long time I am sure.

Mrs. Pratt lives in the same house with Dr. Blood. By the way Dr. B. has a son at last which was taken with the lung fever a fortnight since, but is now well. The day after it was taken Mrs. Pratt's baby was also, and died on Saturday. Dr. Workman was the physician.<sup>244</sup> He gave the child an emetic. It was too weak to bear it. I am told Mr. Pratt speaks pretty sharply, which I think is unkind as no one would do it without thinking it was for the best and the life of the child was in no physician's power to give certainly.

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<sup>243</sup> Henry Chamberlin is engaged to Miss Clark, daughter of the Unitarian clergyman who was formerly settled in Princeton and now in Uxbridge. She has been for a year to Dr. Park and boarded at Mrs. Hill's, it was there he became acquainted with her. She is a very fine girl and I hope will be happy.

<sup>244</sup> Elizabeth Pratt's husband William is an attorney; the death of her child is not recorded. Dr. Blood's son Oliver is an infant, born July 26, 1836. The physician, Dr. William Workman, received his medical degree at Harvard in 1825, and studied medicine with Dr. Seth Washburn at Greenfield and Dr. Flint at Northampton. He began his practice in Shrewsbury and removed to Worcester in 1835.

November 1st 1836. 12 o'clock and our ironing being just done I am seated to rest myself a little. Penelope Lincoln and Frances Merrick finish today a book they have just been reading, *The Three Eras of Woman's Life*. They are going to make a visit in Salem shortly with Mrs. Brazier.<sup>245</sup> Josephine Rose has been in town since the first week in October. She came the 4th of that month. She looks as if she were sick and when I saw her was quite low spirited. Cousin Nancy Paine says she is in better spirits now and seems in better health than she did when she first came.

Mr. Shepard our neighbour has been quite sick with a fever. I have not heard for several days, the last time we sent in he was much better. We had a letter from George yesterday. He was well. He mentioned he had written to me and given it to Mr. Jesse Goodrich who has not yet arrived. In that I hope he will say something of the time of his intended visit. Joseph has written [p.12] that he must come home in December. I do not know whether Father will conclude to have him or not.

Our annual Thanksgiving is on the first day of December next. I hope George, Joseph, and Elizabeth will all be here to enjoy it with us. Cordelia Felton has been married this month or two and gone to Bangor; her husband's name is Chamberlin, cousin of Henry H. Chamberlin's I believe.<sup>246</sup>

We have not heard directly from Aunt Susan for three weeks, which seems quite a long time. Mr. Charles Snead from Greenfield is in town and told Father yesterday all were well, but that is not like hearing particularly. No news however is good news. I hope so in this case.

Charlotte Foxcroft has returned from Keene [where she attends school] and is now in town. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel [Mary Foxcroft] Eaton live with her mother and Mr. Phillips boards there.<sup>247</sup>

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<sup>245</sup> Mrs. Brazier is Penelope Lincoln's aunt, Anne Warren Sever, who married Reverend John Brazier of Salem in 1821. Frances Friske Merrick, Jenny's close friend, would marry Penelope's brother Daniel Waldo Lincoln in 1841.

<sup>246</sup> Charles (age 21) and Henry are brothers. Charles was of Bangor, Maine, when they married, but children's birth records are in Worcester beginning in 1837.

<sup>247</sup> Mr. Phillips may be Edward Phillips of Sturbridge, one of the founders in 1832 and a trustee of the Manual High School in Worcester, an institution under the patronage of the Baptist denomination and with county-wide support.

Mrs. Ira Barton could not accept Mrs. Merrick's polite invitation for Thursday evening on account of the peculiar state of her health. She is a member of the moral reform society. No wonder, then, all her sense of decency and all her delicacy, if she ever had any, should be gone or if it remains should be so blunted.

Caroline received an invitation from Mr. Blake to go to Millbury this afternoon but as she had engaged to go to Cousin Sarah Paine's she declined of course.

Mother is trying suet tallow or some such thing which is wonderfully disagreeable to my nasal organs. Aunt Lucy has been out to walk this afternoon by the [State Lunatic] hospital. Sarah and Susan have also taken a tramp down street.

Mother when she was in New York bought a piece of copperplate with which she is going to cover the sofa, make a counterpane for her chamber, and cover six chairs. She also bought Caroline and Elizabeth each a fashionable parasol. Sarah a raw silk fancy handkerchief, Nancy a nice large red woolen shawl with a wide border, she bought me a common wrought shawl which George sold her from his [New York City] store at cost of \$3.75. [p.13] It was small and I felt confident a blanket shawl would be more useful to me inasmuch as I have no cloak and Mother carried it to Mr. Sanger's who said he sold the same sort of shawl for 4 dollars. She gave him the shawl, half a dollar, and took for it a blanket shawl, green and white, the largest size and one which she knew I liked very much. It has been very useful to me already and will I presume be still more so this winter.

November 4th 1836. I have just done reading The Three Eras of Woman's Life by Mrs. Elizabeth Eliza Smith, in one volume. I like it very much indeed. William was in town yesterday. He said Elizabeth was well and was coming up today. She has not yet made her appearance. We had quite a snowstorm yesterday. It has nearly all melted however and left it quite muddy that I think is preferable to the dust with which we have been much annoyed for some time past.

Aunt Lucy had a letter from Aunt Susan [Ripley] Tuesday evening. They were all well, Grandmother having recovered from her cold. John [Ripley] never was in better health, he is in

good spirits but they have not yet heard his voice. It is four months since the operation was performed, the first one. Since then he has had two others and Aunt Susan says he was thinking of submitting to another in the course of two or three weeks.

Sarah Allen and [Justin] Jones were married a week ago last Monday.<sup>248</sup> There was a very large wedding, over one hundred people were asked and over eighty were there. Aunt Susan went. John and Thomas kept house while she was gone. Aunt Lydia made the cake which was very nice. They have gone to Cleveland, Ohio, where they intend to live. They passed through New Haven and called on Aunt Susan's oldest son [Charles Ripley]. Lucy Stone is very sick with a bowel complaint and they have very little hopes of her recovery. Aunt and Uncle are with her night and day.

[p.14] Tuesday, November 10th 1836. Sarah and myself began going to Mr. Phipps' school on yesterday. He has other school scholars. He has a very scornful way about him I think. However I imagine I shall like him very much. He has at their school and keeps his pupils constantly occupied. He is said to draw most magnificently. Mr. Stephen Salisbury says he knows no one before Mr. Phipps whose drawing would bear to be looked through a microscope. He has promised his young ladies that the one who makes most improvement this quarter shall have a prize, which is to be a large drawing by himself. He is married and has one child. He is an Englishman by birth. His mother was a French woman. He has therefore had great advantage for getting the French pronunciation. He reads and writes French as fluently as he does English. So much for our teacher.

Worcester, November 22 1836. I like Mr. Phipps better and better every day I go to school to him. I began to draw last Wednesday and think I shall like it very much. I sit with Sarah Parker who is very gracious.<sup>249</sup> How long it will last [her graciousness] I am at a loss to determine.

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<sup>248</sup> In Greenfield vital records: Justin F. Jones married Sarah Franklin Allen, daughter Sylvester and Harriet Ripley Allen, October 24, 1836. Sarah is Aunt Susan's niece.

<sup>249</sup> Mrs. Newton's niece Sarah Parker and Jenny are the same age, 14, and have known one another since they were little girls.

I went to Lyceum lecture last Thursday evening with [Sarah's cousin] Hester Newton. Mr. Curtis held forth. His subject was popular delusions. He spoke of the three great bubbles—viz.; the great desire for searching for gold which lasted during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; of the banks of the Mississippi bubble which was first set on foot by the Scotchman Law; and of the south sea bubble in the reign of William and Anne [of England]. I liked him quite well, full as much as I expected. The next one is to be delivered by Mr. Simmons, professor of Elocution in Cambridge, upon Elocution. He has attended one and will two more on the same subject. I hear he is a most splendid speaker and reads Shakespeare to perfection.

Elizabeth was up Sunday and was well. She came at eleven in the morning and went directly to the governor's where she dined, went to church in the afternoon, and after drinking an early tea with [word unintelligible], so we saw little or nothing of her. [p.15] I had a letter from George last week in which he said it was very uncertain when he should visit us. He hoped to see us all the last of December. We had hoped to have had him with us Thanksgiving, which is Thursday the first of December, but it will be Thanksgiving whenever he comes. Joseph will make us a visit of a week at that time. I have not seen him since the first day of June. Caroline's eyes are about the same. She is now using some eyewater, which she hopes will relieve her.

Wednesday evening, November 30th 1836. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. We are expecting Joseph every minute. George surprised us by his presence on Thursday evening last and will remain with us until January much to our delight. He is well and looks better than I had expected to see him. He is very handsome and "quite a youth" as Aunt Bancroft said. Mrs. Charles Allen has a son, also Sarah Bancroft that was and [is] now Mrs. Blake of Brattleborough.<sup>250</sup>

School has not kept today and I have been at work for Caroline upon a nightdress. She will probably go to Boston in a few weeks and George with her. George Corbett died on Saturday last after a long sickness, inflammation of the brain I think it was.<sup>251</sup>

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<sup>250</sup> Charles and Eliza N. James Allen had twin daughters, Caroline and Catharine, born January 11, 1835. Mr. Allen is an accomplished lawyer and politician.

<sup>251</sup> George Corbett, son Otis and Mary S. Corbett, died November 26, 1836, age 14.

Miss Moore is coming Friday of this week to make Mother a calico gown. She lives in our neighborhood on Temple Street and is a Roman Catholic. We have had our piano tuned today by Mr. Fargus, organist at our church. Mr. Torrey has taken the Worcester House.<sup>252</sup>

I froze last winter two of my toes and they are now troubling me very much as they are much swollen and itch and burn most tremendously. The railroad cars are in and no Joseph. I shall feel anxious until we hear from Susan Boston. Elizabeth [Willard] came are going to dine at Governor Lincoln's tomorrow who is going to Washington the day after. Aunt Bradish and Mrs. Blake are well. I have not seen Cousin Sarah Paine for two or three weeks but I hear she is well. Sarah Hamilton was yesterday carried home from school sick with the croup. Last evening she breathed easier. Her father is quite sick with a fever.<sup>253</sup> There is nothing new in the village that I know of so adieu adieu.

[p.16] Worcester, Thursday noon, April 13th 1837. Elizabeth and William are still living in Millbury. They are boarding at Mrs. Hull's and like their boarding place better than the one they before lived at, Dr. Moore's. Elizabeth is pretty well but still subject to headache, her old enemy. They drink tea with us every Sunday and sometimes come up in the course of the week. This last is no very frequent occurrence. George after making a visit of a month with us went with Caroline to Boston the 28th of last December. He remained in Boston until Saturday the 31st and then started in the cars for Providence, from which city he went to New York that night in the steamboat. We do not hear from him very often, but he is well and people who have seen him say he has grown quite fat. Caroline stayed in Boston three weeks. She consulted Dr. Reynolds on the subject of her eyes. He gave her a wash and an ointment and seemed to think in five or six months her eyes would be quite well. In the meantime she must not use them at all.

Worcester, Sunday afternoon, April 16<sup>th</sup> 1837. Cal complied with his directions, but her eyes are no better. She does not yet use them at all and sometimes I fear she never will. I have read very little this winter as I have been not only seamstress but scribe of all the family. I have read to Caroline and Mother *The Disowned, Cyril Thornton, Ladore, A Legend of Montrose, Bride of*

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<sup>252</sup> "This did not happen."

<sup>253</sup> Sarah Abbott Hamilton, age 9, and her father Charles both survived this illness.

*Lammermoor*, and I am now reading *Belinda*. Sarah began going to Mr. Phipps' school the first of this month. She has just commenced Latin.

Joseph went to Greenfield the third week in January and got home the 4th of this month. He wished to have Thomas [Ripley] come with him and make a long visit but Aunt Susan could not spare him. Joseph would have stayed longer, Aunt Susan having consented to keep him. Mr. Coffin, whose school he attended, moved to Ogdenburg in the western part of the state of New York. No one came to take the school in his stead and as I had no employment we thought best to have him come home.

Charles Ripley made us a visit of four days in January last. One day he spent in Millbury. He is now studying law with Messers. Wells and Alvord of Greenfield. I don't know when it is his intention to go to the West. I believe he has decided he cannot spend another [p.17] winter in Massachusetts. John Ripley has had four operations performed on his throat while I was there. He now speaks as well as anyone. Aunt Lucy is going to Montreal this summer to visit Aunt's, cousins etc. by the Clap side as they are all very fond of her and she of them. I presume she will enjoy herself. Aunt Susan is as well as usual. Aunt Lizzy [Tileston] has another son, is now about the house and in very good spirits.<sup>254</sup> Her husband was dismissed [from his parish] a week or two since and I suppose they are now in Williamsburg. What their plans are for the future I do not know if indeed they have any. I pity Aunt E. I am sure for being yoked to Mr. Tileston. I do not love him very much. Joe tells me he spoke very disparagingly of Unitarians. He is a fair specimen of the bigoted sect to whom he belongs; and with Aunt Lucy would be enough to set one house on fire certainly.

Catherine Stone is in Boston taking lessons on the guitar, at her brother Alpheus' expense who is now in Georgia. He is anxious his three sisters should go there and open a school which they intend doing next autumn. Alma is competent to teach Latin and French, Harriot is adequate to

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<sup>254</sup> William Stone, son Wales and Elizabeth Clap Tileston, born November 26, 1836.

the charge of instructing in English, while Catherine plays upon the piano, organ, and guitar.<sup>255</sup> Grandmother has received her pension. She is quite well this spring.

Sarah Perkins with her mother at Burlington [New Jersey] where she will remain until June, when the Cabots family are going to Europe. She is convinced a deep plot is laid between Aunt Cabots and the Blakes to get possession of her fortune by her [marrying] George Cabot. The Perkins says, let what will happen that union never will take place. Aunt Perkins says she has led a life of seclusion since Sarah's absence [as] few think it an object to intrude on the old and infirm. Margaret [Forbes], who has been sick for eight months past, is still in Milton. She is yet very feeble. Elizabeth Chandler is with Aunt Perkins and is very kind and attentive.<sup>256</sup> She is very much devoted to her school, seldom getting home until half after two o'clock.

[Jenny's brother] George, who has a friend in Bristol [Rhode Island], told us when he was here he should go and see him and while there cross the ferry [p. 18] and go to see the Perkins boys who have been [in Burlington, New Jersey] with their Mother for some time past. He has been and dined with them and Aunt P. says they were right glad to shake him by the hand.

Speaking of bad eyes, Aunt says Catherine [last name unintelligible], who was a teacher in a family in South Carolina, has been obliged to return on account of her eyes. Her father has lately failed and there are things connected with his failure which will make it impossible for him to obtain employ. This is a deathblow to the prospects of his children. What is to become of their family Heaven only knows. Aunt Perkins does not seem in good spirits. She rides out every day and occasionally goes to Milton.

Aunt Brandish is much better and intends walking out when the roads are a little more settled. Caroline goes there to tea once every week and often two or three times. The last time she was there Mrs. Blake told her that her children had begged her to live with them or board somewhere

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<sup>255</sup> These are children of Mrs. Trumbull's uncle, Alpheus Clap, and wife Rachel Willard Stone. Rachel is 25, Almy is 22, and Harriet is 17. Alpheus who is paying for lessons is 23.

<sup>256</sup> Elizabeth Frances Chandler, age 26, daughter Gardiner Leonard and Lucretia Callahan Greene Chandler of Salem. In age, she is a peer of Aunt Perkins' grandchildren.



in town [Boston], but she had told them she was confident she never should be so happy as she was in her present situation and she should never leave Aunt Brandish. Cousin Frances has a fine son named Thomas Christopher. I believe they have about decided to go to Cambridge. The people offer him a salary of \$500 and the Episcopalian fund will give him the same sum.

Rhodes B. Chapman who is in the bank will move into the house on Mt. Despair [the old Thaddeus Macarty place] as soon as the Vail's are gone. I suppose that will be some time next month. He told Cal yesterday that in January he did not think he should live a fortnight.

May 4th 1837. Aunt Perkins a fortnight since invited me to make her a little visit at Pine Bank. This invitation I was truly happy to accept. I made myself ready to leave Worcester on Friday last. The rainy weather prevented my going. The plan was for me to go in the morning [railroad] cars with some friend who should deposit me at Mrs. Sturgis's where Aunt Perkins would send for me. Monday found me seated in the [railroad] cars under the care of Mr. Burnside. It was cloudy when we set out and half an hour before we [p.19] reached Boston it rained very hard. Mr. Burnside put me into a hack which were two Irish people and one American man. The hackman was preparing to start when I asked him if my trunk was on. He said no, and went for it. I felt rather unpleasantly to be riding in a hack not my own with no one to protect me. However the distance was short. It was so unpleasant in dust in Boston not for me as she had intended. I remained at Mrs. Sturgis's that day and night. Miss Betsey does not step upon her foot as yet. It is nearly six months since she injured it.

There was a fire in Boston Monday afternoon and two in the night, one in Congress, the other in Washington street. The house Miss Bent occupied was destroyed. Mr. George Higginson spent Monday evening at Mrs. Sturgis's. While there I was [sic] read Women by Margaret. In the beginning of the third volume there is the most impious anecdote I ever heard. The person who wrote it is a clergyman. Tuesday morning I went to see Cousin Lucy Stone.<sup>7</sup> Catherine Stone is boarding in Essex Street, Boston. She is going home in a few weeks.<sup>7</sup> At twelve Aunt came for me and at Mrs. Reber's we took in Cousin Emma [Forbes]. She has been at Pine Bank ever since Aunt moved out, which was on Thursday last. She heard in Boston [that] Mrs. Abbott of Exeter has a bilious fever and in the afternoon rode over to Milton on Sarah Perkins' horse to

consult with her mother as to the expediency of her going to Exeter.<sup>8</sup> She has decided not to go at present. Cousin Margaret [Forbes] is about the same. She walked out yesterday in the afternoon. Cousin Bennett [Forbes] has gone to Philadelphia and Sarah P.[Perkins] will return with him. They are expected today and Aunt and Emma have gone to town for Sarah.

Yesterday I read to Aunt from Grund's America. It is very interesting. He speaks very highly of the Americans, particularly the ladies. He thinks them patterns of wives and mothers. I am of opinion he praises [p.20] us rather too much. He says the dress, furniture, and carriages of our people are remarkable for their republican plainness. This is a mistake, for in New York the servants of the wealthier citizens wear liveries. This certainly is not precisely republican simplicity. Again he says a miss of respectable parents is expected to be well acquainted with Latin and Greek, besides the English branches, to which the more gifted add Hebrew and the higher branches of mathematics. He expatiates largely on the beauty of the ladies and recommends the attention of poets and painters to their beautiful feet and ankles.

I have been this morning with Cousin Emma over the grounds [of Pine Bank].<sup>8</sup> Everything is beautiful. I have been very happy this morning enjoying in Queen Margaret's chamber. I have been very lazy the three past days, however I have sewed myself very much and when I am from home I think that is the main point to be kept in view. I shall do more, however, in a few days. At present I wish for nothing more than to look around this paradise on earth.

A girl came here yesterday to beg Aunt to let her take the boat and row herself over the water. Such, Aunt says, is the force of example.

I left all well as usual at home. Aunt Bradish was about the same. Mrs. [Frances Sophia Burling Vose] Vail thinks when the weather is warmer she will get about the house.<sup>8</sup> She probably never will be as well as she was before this illness. I am better than I have been for a week. My cold still troubles me however. I do not expect to be free from a cold all summer. I certainly have had one for two months. "Hard times" is in almost everyone's mouth. It cannot be wondered at surely.  
Pine Bank, Wednesday.

[p.21] Pine Bank, May 28th 1837, Sunday morning. Wednesday afternoon Misses Elizabeth, Sarah, and Charlotte Forbes with Miss Susan and Catherine Lyman drank tea here. Thursday it rained but Aunt Vail went into town for Cousin Sarah [Perkins]. She had not arrived. Emma read alone to Aunt The Cry of the Last Minstrel and The Ancient Mariner. Friday Aunt and Cousin Emma went for Sarah. She did not come. In the afternoon Mrs. Bennet Forbes called here and said they would not be here until this (Sunday) morning. Yesterday morning Cousin Emma went in the chaise to Cambridge to see Mrs. Lyman of Northampton. After we had dined all three went over to Milton and drank tea. Cousin Margaret had been before for a few days past. She went rode out that morning and walked a short distance in the afternoon. Met at Judge Jackson's.<sup>257</sup> Miss Smith called at Milton while I was there. She said she wished much to see her friends in Worcester and intended making a visit there in Autumn. Aunt and Emma have gone in for Cousin Sarah. I have written a long letter home, the first one since I left home. I have not yet heard from Mother. Hope soon to do so as I wish to know how Aunt Bradish is getting along. I have been reading Home or the Iron Rule by Miss Sarah Stickney. I have been very happy the past week, although the weather has not been very unpleasant, but that we were satisfied with having a good fire pleasant company. Not forgetting the books we have read. We have now a book of traditions of old families, among which are those of the Forbes's.

I yesterday saw Cousin Sarah's portrait. It is very like her and a beautiful picture. Cousin Nancy Paine said the figure was very bad and I was not prepared to like it so extremely. I know nothing of painting of course. Cousin Margaret says she should infer from the picture that Cousin S. was a very tall damsel.

L.J.T.

[p.22] Milton hill, June 15th 1837. I intended going home last Wednesday. Aunt and Sarah [Perkins] were going to Worcester and the plan was for me to go with them. Instead of that, Emma was so kind as to ask me out here. So last Tuesday afternoon Aunt brought me out. She stopped for an hour on our way at a dentist's and got her teeth tightened and suffered a great deal of course. The next morning she got up feeling nicely. Her arm had not pained her the night

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<sup>257</sup> Honorable Charles Jackson, who married Amelia Cabot Lee, daughter Joseph and Elizabeth Cabot Lee, who died in April 1808. Males in the family studied law with Mr. Jackson.

before. On setting down to breakfast her teeth all came out. Sarah tried to persuade her to put off her journey but she was determined to go. Emma had a letter from Sarah a day or two since. Aunt had suffered a good deal with her arm and was nervous. They had a pleasant ride down, having a nice book with them. They found Aunt Bradish better than they had any right to expect. They were staying at our house as Mrs. Blake had injured her hand. Wednesday last I went with Cousin Margaret and the two Lymans to Brush Hill and spent a very pleasant day with Mrs. Robbins. I got well acquainted with the Lymans and liked them very much indeed. Susan the eldest is a beauty and Kitty is a merry little thing as ever breathed.

Thursday Mrs. Lyman and Mrs. Robbins spent the day here, and Mrs. Carey and Miss Martha Lyman drank tea. Friday and Saturday nothing very remarkable happened save Friday the Lymans went to Brush Hill and Emma and Mrs. Forbes went with them and drank tea there. Saturday Mrs. Clark and her husband drank tea here. Sunday morning I did not go to church but took a short walk with Cousin Margaret. I am not Bennett and Mr. Edward Lyman took their luncheon here and drank tea at night. I went to kneeling meeting in the afternoon. Mr. Allager of Chelsea held forth. And at night I took a walk and found some very nice sweet-scented grass. Monday morning Fanny [Forbes] and myself went to ride in an open wagon and had a charming time. In the afternoon Mon. and Mrs. Carey and their two children drank tea here.

Last [p.23] Saturday Mr. Cushing came bringing Margaret some beautiful strawberries. Tuesday Fanny drove out Mrs. Forbes, Margaret, and myself in the carryall and had a very nice ride. Wednesday morning Fanny and I went to walk. I had a pleasant walk but I felt rather tired. Then in the afternoon Mr. John Forbes and his wife came home. They have been to Philadelphia, New York, etc. Stopped in Worcester Tuesday night. They said Aunt came home Tuesday. Annie Robbins came here yesterday with her father and is to stay until Saturday. She is the only child and very much indulged. She is very fat and not overinteresting in her manners. She has gone this afternoon (Thursday) with Emma to Pine Bank. Mrs. Forbes gave me yesterday some grass cloth for nightcaps and today she gave me some silk, which I shall have me [sic] for Isabella. Margaret has given me a pair of drawers, a flannel petticoat, a pocket handkerchief, two pairs of gloves, a nightcap, a tippet, three or four skeins of silk, some tambour thread, enough calico to

make two bags, and an emory strawberry. Fanny gave me two side combs and one other, wrought shell and very handsome.

The day Sarah [Perkins] went to Worcester, her engagement came out with Mr. Henry Cleveland. I have seen him almost every day while I was at Pine Bank, that is to say after Sarah came home, but I was decided in my own mind not to hint anything in my letters home or to anyone else, as it was none of my business and I was to know nothing until I was told. The day Aunt went away Winifred [household help] brought over my work box and she said Mr. Cleveland was going to Worcester on Saturday and was to take Sarah's clean clothes. That day we heard of the engagement. He keeps school in Boston. He is about thirty years of age. Sarah was nineteen last January.

I expect letters from home by Emma tonight. I have been and am very happy here. Cousin [p.24] Margaret is very nearly the same. I have had very pleasant hours with her during my visit. I never enjoyed myself more or as much from home as I have the three weeks past. I have heard once from home, all were as usual. I long to see dear little Bell with her bright blue eyes and her curls, but I have been thinking it was possible Mother cut off the latter since I have been from home. If she has I shall not get over it for some time.

Pine Bank, June 25th 1837. Sunday afternoon. Emma brought me a letter as I had hoped. Aunt came out that afternoon to tea. Mother said I might stay until Mrs. Sturgis went to Worcester, which would be in the course of a few weeks. They enjoyed Aunt's visit and both Sarah and Mr. Cleveland very much. She adds "Mr. C. has won all our hearts and we hope to see him with Sarah again in the course of the summer." All were well, Bell quite happy under Sally's government. Hannah Rich was at our house during Aunt's stay and relieved Mother much by her assistance. Sarah was very busy in school. Then Saturday after I received a few lines from Mother. Bennet Forbes called to see her the Wednesday before. There is a prospect of Miss Mary Springs (a ward of Dr. Robbin's) being with Dr. Park this summer. It will depend upon their being willing to pay a high price, the present pressure of times having alarmed the Dr., he has lent a willing ear to the plan fearing his ends might not meet this year. All were well. No more now.

END OF JENNY'S FOURTH (AND FINAL) JOURNAL IN AAS COLLECTIONS.

Document in the file (single page) reads:

May 1829, Sarah commenced Miss Chamberlain's school, not yet five years of age until August 26. Did not know all her letters.

Jane pd months bill .50

Jane do August bill, [unintelligible] in any book 1.50

May 1829, 1 yrs tuition at Miss Bancrofts 24.00

1832 Miss Well's bill, 2 quarters 14.00

1833 Mr. Wright's bill 7.00

The Brush Hill estate associated with the Forbes family in the eighteenth century came through the inheritance of Reverend John Forbes' wife Dorothy, daughter James Murray and niece Elizabeth Murray Smith, wife of the man who established the homestead. When Widow Smith remarried, she transferred interests in Brush Hill to nieces Dorothy Forbes and Elizabeth Robbins. Members of the Murray/Forbes family resided there until 1783. It was rented to tenants, the Forbes having moved to Cambridge and then abroad, until 1805, when Elizabeth's husband Edward Hutchinson Robbins bought out his sister-in-law's interests and removed his family to the 150-acre farm in the northwest corner of town. He fixed it after years of neglect and, henceforth, it was Robbins family homestead. The Forbes family established a new homestead on Milton Hill, which is where Elizabeth and Jenny Turnbull stayed. This information is helpful in understanding Jenny's movements during her 1835 visit.