AMONG OURSELVES:

TO A MOTHER'S MEMORY

Being a Life Story of Principally
Seven Generations,

Especially of the Morris-Trueblood Branch, including not only
Descendants of Benoni and Rebecca (Trueblood) Morris,
but their Relatives and Connections; to all of
whom, with other Family and Personal
Friends, it is Affectionately Inscribed.

BY

SARAH P. MORRISON

VOL. II

Catherine and Her Surroundings

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PREFACE.

The Rose-colored Pencil—such may be regarded as endued with sensibility—continues its loving duty of preserving and revealing, for true hearts, Annals of true lives.

Each Book while intended to be complete in itself, will contain some references to the preceding, as well as intimations of what is to follow.
Catherine and Her Surroundings
CATHERINE AND HER SURROUNDINGS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

(Copy.)

H—F—S— Fine Fishing, Hunting
Proprietor. and Bathing.

Hotel de Montross.
Accommodations, etc.

BILOXI, MISS., MAR. 23, 1902.

My Dear Cousin Sarah—Your letter and your little
book of genealogies were forwarded to me at this place
& I read both with great interest. With few of my
relations have I more pleasing memories of my boy-
hood than that portion of whom you treat in the book.
When I was but a boy, my Father took sister Martha
in his buggy — & I rode in state on horse all the way
from *Newport to Old Blue River. It was our first
distant visit for both and was fairy land all the way —
& when we arrived at the hospitable homes of our
kindred, the loved and lovable people we there met,
have ever since filled a warm place in my heart. Your
description of the old Trueblood home revived a thou-
sand memories, all of them pleasant. They & the
goodly people and their descendants will ever find a
place in my heart — & delightful in memory while life
lasts. Better still — I look forward hopefully to a

* Now Fountain City.
renewal of all these holy friendships in that far away
country whose borders we have almost reached. The
friendships I cherish most are those which reach beyond
the narrow limit of our lives. Your pictures of Uncle
Benoni and all the surroundings of his happy home are
clear. I regarded him as a wonderful genius.

Your dear Father made a great impression upon my
youthful imagination. I have always been in love
with Cousin Margaret. She was an ideal of a lovely
woman. If I knew her address I should be tempted
to write her. I well remember all. How I admired
"Jep"—as he drew the lines upon his two fiery
chargers—and sailed by every boy upon the road.
How I should love to see Cousin Jo.—I expect she has
not yet lost the life & spirit that made her friends
whomever she met. I can see the dimples in her
cheeks and chin—which began to laugh before the
words she uttered. But I must not gossip any more.
They were the delicious days of boyhood which have
done me good all my years—(now past 76) and yet
full of life — & love all its beautiful things — and regard
all but types of the untold and untellable charms to be
renewed later. I will not make any criticism of the
book — It may be lacking in its order — and complete-
ness — but you did not have the data for completeness,
from a legal standpoint. I am now resting — and am
enjoined from any literary work for a whole year. My
25 years of continuous labor as Lit. Ed. & Treas. (?)
of the Inter-Ocean well nigh broke me down — I did
not so much realize it — as did my friends. So in Jan.
I resigned & I doubt whether I again enter upon such
arduous duties.
My dear wife is with me and has grown strong & well in this healing air — & its wealth of flowers. We well nigh live out of doors — and much of the time on the Gulf. We have been coming here for 20 yrs — in winter — but I usually have only stayed 3 or 4 weeks.

It is a lazy place. Nobody does anything to-day — which can be done as well to-morrow. Thanking you for your letter and your book, with love,

Your Cousin,

O. W. Nixon.

P. S.—I am just in recpt of a letter from Brother Wm. Penn, & he sends me enclosed some "stub pens," as he desires to be able to read my letters. You may have trouble of the same kind.
CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE IN SALEM.

Sophia—Characteristics of the Children—The Family Record—Contemporary Events—Levi Coffin and "Old North"—Our Tribute to the Wars—"The Little Schoolmaster."

Sophia was the first child born in Indiana. Of so pleasant and cheery a temperament, so happily disposed, so well balanced, it seemed as if Rebecca, who had been much tossed about, had at last settled into her wonted quiet. As dear Wilhelmina Bell Jones said of her mother after her birth and her own safe deliverance, that she used in her diary the language: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—Ps. 116:5.

Sophia was the actively good child.

Nixon, the serene, contemplative, poetic nature.

Jeptha, with hardy exterior and impetuous spirit, into whose fiber had apparently been wrought the struggle of separation between the old life and the new, was the aggressive, stirring, journey-boy; a puzzle at times to his mother, and perhaps on that account more favored by his father.

But Sophia! Behold this dear child's unfolding. Sagacious and trusty; conscientious and devoted; will-
ing, ready, sufficient; a worker, good at everything; useful. Happily tempered, with steady, clear brain, healthy pulse, square brow and merry eyes—they had her father's twinkle, though I believe her own were grey. The quick utterance of her rather large, flexible, pleasant mouth; her cheery countenance and pretty ways, and unselfish nature, commended and endeared her to everyone. She seemed proof against despondency, complaint; and even when later her trials might well have been deemed most severe, never seemed at any time to question the will and goodness of God. She had really the manful soul of the family, with a body compact like her father's, and a spirit at once humble and cheerful, encased in the triple armor of faith, works and love.

Only one serious accident occurred in the bringing up of the large family; for account can not be taken in this life of hurts to the inner nature, through mistakes in government, through temper or what not, marring by the molding the pliable human clay. Only one accident—a very serious one, indeed—and that to her. Sophia, presumably somewhere under two years of age, was left before the fire, tied in a chair, and in some way fell, her right hand on the coals. It was frightfully burnt, her fingers being permanently injured and drawn. It must have been an awful calamity at the time, and the mother was well beside herself. But it healed thoroughly, and never seemed to affect the skillfulness of the member. There was a certain swiftness in her manner of working, no matter what at. An inherited adroitness possibly, for it was very noticeable. She had been well instructed, and was naturally of so
well poised and cheerful a disposition, she took her misfortune most philosophically, never alluding to it in any way, nor put out by it, nor embarrassed by look or comment. She had work to do, no matter who was looking on, and she did it just as if her hand was all right, like the other.

Catherine was probably somewhere in her eighth year at the time, and had been left with her. Ida corroborates what has been given, saying: "It has always been my understanding that mother, when a baby, was left in a chair in front of the open fire-place and fell with her hand on the coals, with the result as seen. It never seemed to be in her way about her work, as she always seemed to do everything in the nicest way; but she said she could never write a pretty hand as the rest did, though her writing was very plain. I used to think her button-holes were works of art; I never saw any others so perfect." Ida's letter is interesting throughout, upon other subjects will be given later.

Sophia, then, by her square brow, clear eye, and mobile mouth, predestinated to be the best thinker, speaker and planner.

Nixon, with his high forehead—reminding one of Whittier—for high thought and contemplation.

Jeptha, for will and action.

Joanna, for expression, order, dispatch and grace.

Robert, for conviction, and the mechanic's eye and hand, and generosity like his father's.

Mary, also, for her manual ability, clearness of expression and judgment.

Of others as occasion develops.
(Copy of Family Record, from Benoni Morris' Bible.)

**BIRTHS.**

Benoni Morris, Son of Mordicai and Abigail his wife, was born 30th of 10 mo 1784.

Rebecca Trueblood, Daughter of John Trueblood and Jemima his wife, was born the 17 of the 5 month 1787.

Katharine Morris, Daughter of Benoni and Rebecca, was born 1st of 9th mo 1812 Pasquotank County North Carolina.

Phinias N. Morris, Son of Benoni and Rebecca, was born 17 3 mo 1814 Pasquotank.

*Jeptha Morris, son of Benoni & Rebecca, was born 24 of 7th mo 1816 Randolph County.

Sophia Morris, Daughter of Benoni & Rebecca, was born 28 of 9 mo 1818 Indiana.

Thomas Morris, son of Benoni & Rebecca, was born 18 of 10th mo 1820. Indiana.

*Joanna Morris, Daughter of Benoni & Rebecca, was born 9 of 10 mo 1822.

Robert Morris was born 31st day 12 mo 1824.

Mary Morris was born 16 day 2 mo 1827.

A girl and a boy, and three times a boy and a girl. Eight in all. Four girls, four boys.

No deaths yet — not one. Every child a well one.

"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

—*Ps. 127:5.*

And Rebecca — what a heritage she had given to the world; bearing a child every two years, through a period of fifteen years!

*Since deceased.
At the marriage of Joanna, with the father and mother, sisters and brothers, 14 grandchildren sat down and ate together.

Catherine's date is of the war of 1812.

Nixon carries a family name, "Phineas," grandma's grandfather's on the Trueblood side. He has the only double name.

"The same year the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, a Dutch man-of-war landed at Jamestown in Virginia twenty negroes, who were sold as slaves."—Bancroft, Vol. 1, p. 176.

This was just two hundred years before the birth of Thomas, 1820. About the time of his advent, Levi Coffin had begun his efforts to ameliorate the condition of slaves in North Carolina, with so much success that his Sunday School, which only aspired to teach them to read, had the threat of the Laws of North Carolina brought against it, and had to be discontinued. Masters complained that it made their slaves discontented.

In '22, Joanna's date, many Friends from New Garden found even that place growing too hot for them, and moved to "The West, The Far West." It was six hundred miles. The manner of moving is graphically described by Levi Coffin in his Reminiscences: Camping out nights, with their huge watch-dog guarding them; hunting deer and other game, as wild turkeys, and cooking by the way. He visited Salem, having two uncles resident there. *Susan Trueblood, with her niece, Mary Thompson, lives nearly opposite the old Coffin place. She knew Annie had painted a picture of it. And Mrs. Coffin, Charlie's

*Since deceased.
mother, from Bloomington, said he had the picture. A one-story brick, picturesque, on the high road to Salem.

Whitewater Yearly Meeting House was built in ’23, the year before Robert’s birth—’24.

Mary was born in ’27, the one exception to the regular two years between the children.

Aunt Joanna said they, the children, heard talk about the Underground Railroad and heard the papers read. Not all the time, but from conversations now and then they learned much.

As they came on the stage of action, these children heard slavery discussed from the standpoint of Human Rights. They heard of Levi Coffin’s attempt at New Garden; of Manumission Societies first started there for the gradual freeing of slaves. Children could well wonder.

The parents and friends spoke gravely of the situation “at Home”—meaning, of course, North Carolina—daily becoming worse. They did not then surmise the evil was to invade with relentless foot, protected by Law, even “free Indiana.” Nay, in the strife to reach in Civil War even after them— their flesh and blood—in sacrifice to the bloody Molech of war, though spared by miracle all through three dreadful years, to at last spill out life’s current needlessly in Cuba, at San Juan’s fateful Hill, because “somebody blundered.” His dear wife could not bear to leave his poor body so struck down from fullness of life to sudden death, and sending an immune undertaker from New Orleans—where they first met—had brought home to Pittsburg all his country left for her and their children.
Catherine and Her Surroundings

The Unreturning Brave.

(A Translation from the Agamemnon of Æschylus.)

Such were the sights, the sorrows fell
About our hearth — and worse, whereof I may not tell.
But, all the wide town o'er
Each home that sent its master far away
From Hellas' shore
Feels the keen thrill of heart, the pang of loss, to-day,
For truth to say,
The touch of bitter death is manifold!
Familiar was each face, and dear as life,
That went into the war;
But thither, where a warrior went of old,
Doth nought return;
Only a spear and shield and ashes in an urn!
For Ares, lord of strife,
Who doth the swaying scales of battle hold,
War's money-changer, giving dust for gold,
Sends back, to hearts that held them dear,
Scant ash of warriors, wept with many a tear,
Light to the hand, but heavy to the soul;
Yea, fills the light urn full
With what survived the flame —
Death's dusty measure of a hero's frame!

"Alas!" one cries, "And yet alas, again!
Our chief is gone, the hero of the spear,
And hath not left his peer!"

"Ah, woe!" another moans, "My spouse is slain,
The death of honor, rolled in dust and blood."

Morshead's Version,
From the London Friend.

Captain T. W. Morrison, 16th Infantry, U. S. A.
Dear Toff!
"My earnest sympathy with you in your deep sorrow can not, I know, lighten it, but I trust you will each realize the best help according to your need. War is cruel and its results are terrible. It does behoove us to work more than ever before for the establishment of the government of the Prince of Peace, and I am glad of the promise given, that of the increase thereof there shall be no end.  

Rachel Baily Hill."

(Widow, Daniel Hill.)

(Another letter will be given later.)

There was a most remarkable foretelling of Joseph Hoag's, some time along these years—as far back as 1803; but later (1843) he wrote it down, saying he had had no idea of doing so for many years, until it became such a burden that for his own relief he wrote it. But vision was mercifully veiled as to particulars. The full text is given in the noble book, "Southern Heroes," by Fernando Cartland, pp. 32-3. It predicted the Civil War and the freeing of the slave; divisions in church and elsewhere; and empire and Papal rule. Enough, if leaving the hidden things to the Mighty Disposer of events, we know our duty, as those tried ones, day by day. But the handwriting was plain on the wall, and he was a fool who did not read the signs of the times.

Letters still went between. Rare visits were made. E. Hicks Trueblood in his letter, Fourth month 14, '99, refers to his grandfather's diary for the fact that Joshua and Anderson Morris, from Pasquotank county, N. C., were to see them at one time. "These were boys then, the sons of Joshua and Thomas, and nephews of my grandmother, about the age, I think, of Jeptha and Nixon," says E. Hicks.
Benoni's Thomas must have died quite early; only one personal remembrance of him can be given. Yes, in "1839, 8th mo. 22, aged 18 years and 10 months." There will be mention of him in another place.

But they were now an unbroken family, the children going to school—first to the Grammar School, then to the Seminary. The older ones, first to Patrick, then to "The Little Schoolmaster," who also taught at the former place before the Seminary came into existence; Patrick having interims of other avocations. "The Master," as he was called, proved to be rather more than common. What he lacked in years, he made up in gravity and learning, and, we would think, in severity, i. e., towards offenders. He was not fond of dunces. Trifling he did not tolerate; evil he would not have. But the diligent, loyal pupil found him a master indeed—helpful, untiring, devoted. He had a way of finding out what was in one, and success in bringing it out. He was an untiring student himself, and under his administration the Seminary flourished beyond even sanguine expectation. He could scarcely be spared, but when he had gained some means, he went—perhaps according to a long-cherished plan, a hope—to Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. After graduating, he returned and married into one of the prominent families, and was as favorably regarded and as useful as often falls to such a lot. His name was Morrison, and among his pupils, with many others of their Quaker kith and associates, and others from the town and country around, were the Morris children.
CHAPTER II.

THE MASTER.

Family and Schools—Letters of Uncle Jeptha and Robert Morris—'In Memory'—Cousin Lizzie—Extracts from Newspaper Articles, and Letters by Dr. A. W. King, James G. May and Huston—Corroborative Account by Benj. Brown, Concluding with Another Woman's Will, and Matters Connected Therewith.

Uncle Jeptha writes May 19, '94: "Thy Father was born near Chambersburg, Pa. When he came to Salem to teach he was 21 or 22. His first was at Morrow Township then a very bad neighborhood that he had to quit before the time. This I got from Old Jimmy Sparks who said he went to him though some years older than thy Father. He taught in the old Grammar School house until about 1830, when the Seminary was built.'"

Prof. James G. May writes: "About 1824 the Morrison Family came to Ind.—a few miles northwest of Salem, and in 1825 his (Father's) introduction to the people of Salem occurred, he being about 19. In 1824 on 16 Section, Brown Township, Washington Co., Mr. Morrison read the law governing election of
three Congressional Trustees for control of school funds from lease of said section—then teacher at Walnut Ridge.''

Think of him, the modest youth, but conscious of nascent powers! This notice follows:

"'Ind. Farmer of Mar. 5, 1825.'—"Salem Grammar School Trustees have engaged Mr. John I. Morrison, Monday, Apr. next, Latin, Greek, Math., &c., will be taught as well as the various branches of an English Education. Hugh McPheters, Esq., Treas.; B. Bradley, Clerk.'"

Besides the Trustees already mentioned, Dr. King gives the names of "Dr. Chas. Hay, Father of the present Sec'y; John H. Farnam, Sam'l Peck and Benj. Parke. It was said that they employed the Principal on the express condition that he should retain the position so long as he pleased them, . . . without regard to chronic grumblers. That the satisfaction was mutual, the unprecedented growth and popularity of the school for a quarter of a century fully attested. Southern Indiana and northern Kentucky were tributary to it, and many students came from other States. Probably no other school of like grade in the West attained so enviable a reputation or sent into the world so many men of honorable names."

[A long list follows of the older boys and girls who were in attendance during the 30's, and later many famous Indiana names.]

The "School House" was a small one-story brick, east of Salem, on the brow of a hill overlooking what was then known as "Pitt's Bottom," and used for school, church and other purposes.
The sources of all the wisdom contained under this head, cannot, in all cases, be distinctly given. A great deal has been published by old pupils and friends—notably in the Salem papers—at Old Settlers' meetings, still continued: Barnabas C. Hobbs in Memorial Address; Prof. John L. Campbell, of Wabash, in his address there recently; Prof. James G. May in frequent former writings; Erastus Huston, and later, Menaugh, and Dr. A. W. King.

Not for a moment, in appearance even, would S. make light of the times, the manners, the personnel of the actors of those days of fruitage for future years, especially of the life-work and daily labors of an honored and most dear father. A great deal must be omitted, but not this letter of Uncle Jeptha's—now recently gone—which gives items of family history:

"I don't know when they came to the Ridge. The first I knew about them—the two old folks—your Father and one Uncle and Fanny. Uncle was a trader on the River" (Ohio) "with old DePaw. I went with Father in the carriage for the two old folks. Fanny had come to fix the house.

"After Fanny married, your father married. She (the *wife) did not live very long. A plain stone marked 'A Christian' is all there is."

He says he "looked for Robert's grave several times." It is near the entrance of the old cemetery. S. has frequently seen it, and read the still plain old inscriptions, both of that and the father's, side by side. The two were copied from their tombstones for S., by

*She was a lovely lady, but a hopeless consumptive when they married.
Prof. Charles Morris, uncle Robert's son-in-law and husband of Laura. They are as follows:

In Memory of
ROBERT MORRISON,
who died Aug. 26,
1832,
aged 86 years.

(Also)

In Memory of
ROBERT MORRISON,
who died Aug. 1st,
in Calidonia, Sullivan Co., Ia.
& was re-interred here Dec.
13th, 1833. Aged 34 years.

They were early laid there.

It is to be presumed that Fanny's husband bought their lot farther on, after the graveyard had been extended. By the time the mother came to be buried, there was probably not room for her grave beside her husband, Robert, Sr., and son, and there would naturally be a prejudice against a second re-interment for the last named; and the tombstones were set so deep they seem to have almost defied time. She was living — her last years at Fanny's, and doubtless, according to her wish, was lain in her lot. She died softly in her own room there — the first death Sarah ever witnessed, passing away at a good old age, as she had often prayed — in sleep.

While Uncle Robert Morris writes, Feb. 22, '97: "I cannot give you any information about Robert Morrison's coming to Salem," which Uncle Jeptha has given "I have a faint recollection of seeing him at our house at one time. I think he was quite small and his
wife a little chunky woman. And how John I. came to be such a fine figure and Auntie Russell such a noble looking lady, and the other members of the family perhaps somewhat like them, seems a little out of the usual order. Then when I come to think of home, Samie takes his shape from the other side of the house.”

The sister Fanny, already mentioned, married Col. Wm. H. Carter. From Pioneer Pickings, No. 41, reference is made to a copy of the Western Annotator, Aug. 25, '32; among other items he is mentioned as Clerk of the Court.

He had never brushed his own coat before coming to Salem. He came a widower with one little girl. She had dark hair, creamy skin, her little mouth with drooping corners, as early acquainted with grief. The father died early, leaving Fanny heart-broken for life. Sarah remembers seeing him once during his last sickness. How sad it all seemed, and how awe-struck she felt. She has heard Fanny fainted away at his death; this her mother told her, she believes. They had hard work to bring her to, and for which she scarcely forgave them, but she lived for her two dear little girls.

Lizzie, dearest Cousin Lizzie, of Pacific Grove, was the little stepdaughter referred to.

She writes March 31, 1899: “I think I must have been about six or seven years old” [when she came to Salem], “judging from the little Scotch plaid cloak and velvet hat I wore, ... and perhaps ten or twelve when my father was married” — [the second time to Fanny].
Dr. A. W. King, in Salem Reminiscences, writes thus to the *Democratic Sun*:

"My earliest recollections of Washington Co. Seminary date back to about 1831, when as a barefooted boy of six years I entered its primary department. John I. Morrison was principal. . . . Morrison was tall (thin), slender," [He was a long time getting his full stature], "straight as a soldier, dark complexion, jet black hair, heavy projecting eyebrows, and very deliberate and dignified in his movements. His voice was rich and sonorous, with just enough of the nasal to render his articulation perfect. While he was very kind and genial, you would not dare to slap him on the shoulder and call him 'old pard.'"

He continues, telling about the girls sweeping and dusting the rooms; the boys building the fires and carrying wood and water—each boy to carry at least one stick! About the "copies" set and the "quill pens" made; about the ferule, one of the insignia of the teacher's office in those days and seldom out of his hand. "This, in company with the beechen rod, was the terror of offending boys and girls." [The girls might have had slight experience, though I think it doubtful, with the ferule, but never with the other.]

A personal application of the latter led Dr. King to a memory which he was asked to forgive . . . so gentle the father became, and so forth. In a P. S. in his letter of reply, he thus pleasantly and most sensibly and shrewdly gives expression to his ideas upon the use of "the rod."

"If I in any way created the impression that I considered your father unduly severe in his discipline,
I wish to disabuse your mind. He never punished me half as much as I deserved; though boys feel their importance and often pose as martyrs, instead of criminals—in the sense of law-breakers—as they are. I well know if we boys had had our deserts, Prof. Morrison's threshing machine would have been in perpetual operation. His apparently austere exterior covered one of the kindliest of hearts. It has long been a question with me whether the abolition of corporeal punishment in schools—a practice that savors of barbarism—has raised or lowered the standard of moral discipline. I think that no school...within a quarter of a century, can make a better showing in the way of scholarship as well as sturdy, high-toned character in its pupils, than Washington Co. Seminary under the old regime, when the rod was used with moderation and judgment."

This which follows is probably by Huston:

"Here are the names of some of the men who received their education at John I. Morrison's Grammar school. Read the list, and see if you ever heard of them before." (Another long list follows.) He continues: "There are men living who have made laws for us, and others who have advocated them at the bar; there are doctors who have healed the sick and preachers who have expounded the gospel; but is there a man who can truthfully say he has done as much for humanity—for Salem—as once our great friend and teacher, John I. Morrison?"

Do not despise this somewhat prosy and prolix account of the Little Master's forebears and belongings, for they, as he, are most intimately connected with Catherine's future history and destiny.
A corroborative account of the Morrison Family, with some additional items furnished by Benj. Brown and his niece, Miss Ella Daniels, when, on account of an accident, he was himself unable to write:

"Grandfather and Grandmother Morrison were both born in Ireland, although Grandfather was of Scotch descent.

"Grandmother's father's name was John Irwin.

"After their marriage they lived for two years in Armagh County, Ireland. They then came to America with their first child, Ellen. This must have been about the year 1789 or a little later.

"Eleven children were afterwards born in America. Seven of them grew to man and womanhood. We are under the impression they first settled in Cumberland Co., Pa., near Shippensburg. Six weeks after landing, twins were born, whom they named Aaron and Samuel, after two Quaker gentlemen. (!) They lived upon the estate of these gentlemen (two bachelor brothers). They were very kind to the family, and it was at their request the children were given their names. Aaron grew to manhood. Samuel died when about fourteen.

"* Nancy was born Apr. 13, 1792, in Cumberland Co.

"Elizabeth was born Apr. 12, 1794, and died (at Knightstown, Ind.) Oct. 11, 1880, aged 86 years. Inscription on stone: "He giveth his beloved sleep." Fanny and Robert came next, but we are not sure which was the older, but think Aunt Fanny must have been." [Yes, I think so.] Yes.

"During this time they had removed to Franklin Co., Pa., near Chambersburg.

* Benj.'s mother.
Here the youngest John Irwin was born.

In 1824 the family came to Indiana, where they found a home a few miles north of Salem, in Washington County.

Aaron had gone to Ohio.

Ellen having married Mr. Gibbs remained in Pa. To her were born five daughters and one son. Aunt Ellen must have been 75 years of age at the time of her death.

Nancy married Daniel Brown in 1828 and settled at Pea Ridge (?), Jackson Co., Ind. Her family numbered six. She died October 28, 1878.''

He speaks of Elizabeth and Russell living first on Walnut Ridge, Ind.

In another letter he says 'Robert died out on the Wabash River.

He was engaged to be married to a young lady and died at her father's. And he was asked if he had any request to make. And he replied, he would like to be buried in Salem. And your father had the body removed to Salem. This I know, for the men stopped at our house on their way out.'

His brother Robert was Father's ideal of perfect physical manhood.

*Another "Woman's Will."

As I have most of Cousin Ben's correspondence upon the subject at hand, we will ask him to introduce his story. He is obliging and good-tempered, and will

* A reference to Mary Trueblood's, vol. 1, p. 61.
not be offended, though surprised, and the last person—like his Uncle John in that—to desire notoriety.

Ben so resembles Father as S. can earliest remember him; and Jenny, Grandma and Aunt Nancy, as Sarah recalls their image—long unseen—she has hit upon this happy way (by the picture) of showing, better than she had hoped, some-how they must have appeared.

And Ella, if she will excuse, the long-dead sister's child, so under their sheltering wing of love, somewhat as some of us older ones may once have been.

In the letter,

"Manchester, Iowa, March 2.

"My Dear Cousin Sarah"—He speaks of "having fine sleighing now. The first we have had this winter. If you were here this afternoon would take you a sleigh ride. Jennie has been quite well this winter. Maggie has lived in Crawfordsville ten years. She has two children, girl and boy. Her girl graduates in the Public school this summer. Ella has been teaching school in Washington, Ill., for eleven years. Has been home resting for the last year. She thinks of teaching again. . . . We will send you a little write up of our folks later on. [This has already been given as about Uncle Robert.] We will send you some or a copy of some letters Ella wrote to the American Consul at Dublin, Ireland, about that estate of Grandmother Morrison. We thought we would just investigate the matter and know if there was anything there for us. Will you folks be willing to pay your part. The amount the Attorney asks to investigate the matter. The cost will not be very much for each
one. We will know then whether there is any money in the Bank or what has become of it. We want to hear from you soon. If you have any plans to offer please send them. All send love, your cousin, "Benj. Brown."

The next —

"Mar. 23.

"Your letter containing Five Dollars. We will write to the Consul this week, and will report to your folks when we hear from the Consul.

"Benjamin Brown."

In Ella's round, plain hand of the letter of Feb. 6, '99, the question first arises: "Do you remember anything of a copy of a Will Grandmother Morrison held? At one time she had all arrangements made with a man in Salem who was going to Ireland to look after it for her. He exacted more than she was willing to give, and she gave up doing anything. The copy of the Will must have been among the papers at Col. Carter's."

Yes, Sarah remembered. Grandma Morrison had a little trunk—hair, Sarah thinks, with brass tacks or buttons. It contained—who knows? But the Will, certainly, i. e., the copy—Grandma's copy. She had a lawyer employed. He was ready to start—to Ireland, with that paper in his hand! He said: "Mrs. Morrison, if I get the money, I suppose I may keep half." Would she stand that? Not she! She snatched the paper out of his hand—she tore it in two—she threw it in the fire—her little fireplace—that was always burning. It was consumed in a moment—and—the
man didn’t go! Would n’t we — children — have hated to be that man?

‘Auntie’ knew about the Will, Aunt Betsey—(Elizabeth). She told us about it, and later more substantially to Sarah. A mighty sum, then considered, in Bank—The Armagh Bank, Ireland. Nothing could be touched until the youngest son was of age. And they—Grandma and her husband—came to this country before. More than £60,000 long ago. But were there two copies? For there was another story, that the Will, a copy, got lost with dear Cousin Liz’s love-letters—‘scattered over Salem,’” she said. Did Grandma make that simply a test? Where is the Will?

United States Consulate,
Dublin, Feb. 4, 1899.

Your letter of 21 ult. received today and handed to our attorney to whom we refer such cases. We will advise you in due time.

Yours truly,
Joshua Wilbour,
U. S. Consul.

Consulate of the U. S. of America,
at Dublin, Feb. 17, 1899.

Miss Ella F. Daniels, etc.:

Dear Madam—I handed your letter of the 21 ult. to my solicitor and I send you his reply on the other side. I may say that attorneys here will not give opinions on cases unless their fees are paid.

I may add that in most cases where money has been for such a long time unreclaimed it is not easy
to recover it. If you wish investigation made you should give the name of the person leaving estate, and the name of bank if possible. We could then have records searched and report in the matter. All researches, copies of papers, etc., cost money in this country. Consequently if you wish investigation made you should remit amount asked for to me.

Yours truly,
Joshua Wilbour,
U. S. Consul.

Dublin, Feb. 16, 1899.

Joshua Wilbour, Esq., U. S. Consul:

Dear Sir—Please inform Miss Daniels that we will make a full report upon the legal questions she asks concerning the recovery of money, if she remits you the professional charge of £2—2—0.

Yours,                              J. J. O’Mearra,
                                    Solicitor.

(Copy of 2d letter written to U. S. Consul.)

Manchester, Iowa, U. S. A.
March 23, 1899.

Mr. Joshua Wilbour, Dublin, Ireland:

Dear Sir—Yours of Feb. 17th received. I remit the amt. asked by your solicitor for answers to ques-
tions in regard to estate. The estate in question is that of John Irwin of Armah Co. Ireland. He left a Will stating the property was to be divided when the youngest son reached majority. We have understood
that the money was left in the Armagh Co. bank, as I wrote you, but may be mistaken. [Sarah thinks not, she heard too much about it, there.]

If you will search the records there, the Will no doubt will be found to explain all.

My great grandmother Ann Irwin, daughter of the above mentioned John Irwin, married Robert Morrison, and after marriage lived in Armagh Co. for a few years, then coming to America with their eldest child.

We do not know the year they were married, but as nearly as we can calculate they must have reached America about the year 1789. My great Grandmother at that time possessed a copy of the Will. She, however, never received her share of the estate.

Please make investigation in the matter and report.

Yours truly,

ELLA F. DANIELS.

Sarah doubts if she should have these letters, as there was a request to return sometime, which she did in the last case. She wishes she had that one; she recollects the concluding characteristic Scotch or Irish sentence of—"throwing good money after bad," which wound up the kindly advice—unless she had more evidence—of not pursuing the matter farther, "as it would be," etc. He went to considerable extra trouble, sent copies of, I believe, eight Wills, some even from adjoining counties, but I stick to Armagh! How often have I heard it! They all gave the Pennsylvania or old country flat sound to the second a, "Armagh." "Where is your ma?" always said Father. "How is
“your ma?” always asked Mrs. Dr. Wylie, herself also from Pennsylvania.

But here is Cousin Ben’s last letter upon the subject:

**Manchester, Iowa, May 28.**

*My Dear Cousin Sarah*—Will you ever forgive me for not writing sooner? Well, we have just heard from the Consul at Dublin and will send you (etc.)

You will see that it was all a delusion. Our grandmother never had any claim in that County. If she had any claim in Ireland, it was in some other County. I think now your Father knew there was nothing in it. [Because S. told of his laughing when we expatiated upon it. But so he did when we said, “*Which King?*” when he had told us Grandma claimed to be descended from one of the kings of England. Ben’s letter goes on:]

You will see by the different Wills that it is not what we were searching for, and without we can get better proof than we already have, the quicker we drop the matter the better. [Sarah sticks to Armagh! There was a little girl came from there, a washwoman’s daughter, she said a John Morrison died there, who had the largest funeral had ever been there; but when *this* was mentioned, some question was raised as to veracity. But Ben continues:] We have often heard Mother speak about there being a Will, but we do not know that she ever saw the copy that was claimed Grandmother had. [Ah! this came directly after what he said about Father.] If you have any new light to throw on the matter, send it along. Perhaps we are to blame for your folks paying your money out.
We will all be a little wiser if we are not any richer. [He thinks there is no such thing as money reverting to the crown. But Sarah certainly heard that. Barnabas Hobbs, when he was about to go on his peace service to crowned heads in Europe (or was it not after?) doubted this, when mentioned. He thoughtfully said Wills were very carefully recorded there. It would certainly be recorded somewhere. And Sarah hoped he would look the matter up, sometime.]

Ella Daniels wrote again a time or two about looking up the Irwin genealogy; searching in certain out-of-the-way books which she found "very interesting." Sarah had no natural bent that way, and did not dream then that she would ever be upon the identical quest; but in Burke's Landed Gentry of England, obligingly lent from the Morrisson-Reeves Library here (Richmond) she copied for future reference, the Irwin line, and one branch of the family is mentioned as going from Scotland to Ireland (to live). (Vol. I, Among Ourselves.)

A little genealogy may conclude this chapter.

"Lineage. — The name of Irwin, Irwyn or Irvine, appears to have been of long standing in the south and southwest of Scotland.

"When Robert Bruce took the field against Edward I. for the crown of Scotland he appointed William de Irwin his armor-bearer, gave him his own device or arms, viz., 'Three holly leaves,' and made
him a grant, by charter under the great seal of the forest of Drom or Drum in Aberdeenshire. Thus originated the great house of IRVINE of Drum, so highly allied and so conspicuous in the family records of Scotland. Tradition tells of a bloody feud between them and the Keiths, hereditary grand marshals of Scotland." [But afterwards the names are united.]

But we must get on. It is the Irish branch we are after.

CHAPTER III.

Square Friends—Catherine’s Going to Yearly Meeting—to Westtown.

Thou art the King of mercy and of grace,
Reigning omnipotent in every place;
So come, O King! and deign
Within our hearts to reign,
And our whole being sway;
Shine on us by thy light,
And lead us to the height
Of thy pure, heavenly day.

—John Calvin, 1537.

This man had his own servant burnt—common opinion. History disputes this. See Memorial Introduction to Mrs. Browning’s poems. Mrs. Browning thought he had it done. Theodore Tilton—“Though certainly Calvin did not burn Cervantes.”

It was the fashion of the times.

“In non-essentials, liberty;
In essentials, unity;
In all, charity.”

—Standard of Friends, Gurney.

Friends disowned members for marrying out of meeting.

It was the fashion of the times.
"With malice towards none;  
With charity towards all."

—Abraham Lincoln.

He was assassinated.

_It was and has been the fashion of the times._

"There shall be war no more."

—Prophecy.

But to kill fellow-men in war is yet _the fashion of the times._

Peace declaration of George Fox to Cromwell when offered a captaincy: "I have lived in virtue of that life and power that takes away the occasion of (or for) all wars."

The only copy of the British Friend S. had seen was at Wilhelmina Bell’s, in California, who was then unmarried and living in her own house with her bachelor brother. He took the paper, and called himself "a Square Friend." S. had written to inquire about the Monthly Meeting and temperance work in San Jose. John Bell, in the capacity of clerk, had replied that they were always glad to welcome "well-concerned Friends." Cousin Lizzie, with whom S. was, thought the expression of welcome rather dubious, and would have dissuaded her from going, but another letter came full of cordiality, upon the strength of which "Cousin Sarah" went, nothing doubting, and she and Wilhelmina were warm friends from the first. The brother, however, had such a concern for the
dress and speech of the "visiting Friend"—whether it extended to manner he did not say—that he labored to conform her to a more Quakerly standard. At last, when his soul became vexed within him, he told her—out before Wilhelmina—that there was no telling what he would do if she would only do according to his idea! At the possible risk of losing his not very large fortune—one or the other of them—they both laughed merrily at this, for, while they were very willing to be sisters, they did not require a brother between. So, at this last, the visiting Friend, thinking it was now her time for some decided action, made out a series of counts against "John Bell, who called himself 'a Square Friend'"—showing his unfitness for the title. The nephew, George Wakefield, possibly with pleasant malice, assisted in the heading and some information, as well as Wilhelmina, as S. knew nothing of law terms, nor had heard any gossip.

Counts Charged Against John Bell.

1st. John Bell, on account of not wishing his clothes washed by John Chinaman with other Johnys, is convicted of a want of brotherly love unbecoming in a Square Friend.

2d. On account of not being willing to send his collars to a worthy woman-Friend to be washed, but in wishing *George, a young relative, to take them to a Chinaman, to have a gloss put upon them, is convicted of worldly vanity, deeply unbecoming in one whom all truly concerned Friends reasonably expect, on account

* His nephew.
of his position, to set a suitable example before young persons.

3d. On account of disparaging remarks upon a *tone* in speaking, convicted of teaching otherwise than according to the ancient and long established custom of true, *i. e.*, Square Friends.

4th. On account of not eating at the house of a humble Friend of such things as were set before him, alleging as a reason that things were not suited to his tastes, convicted of a habit of pampering a carnal appetite to such a degree as to disdain plain food — a course deeply to be regretted in anyone by all true, *i. e.*, Square Friends.

Another count might be given, but the above it is believed will be sufficient to convince all rightly concerned Friends that John Bell, in departing from ancient Quakerism in the above named particulars, is a dangerous example, not only to young persons of birthright membership, but to all also who have in any way come into the Society, and especially need sound precept and example.

Since the preceding was penned, by preferring the word *until* instead of *till*, and by urging a traveling friend to eat of beef because it was *finely chipped*, this Friend, namely John Bell, has shown a love for superfluities even to the extent of entrapping the unthinking and unwary, a course deeply to be regretted, and the unsuspecting are warned that whatever his professions are, he is not, in the opinion of those who have heard him upon these occasions, a true, Square Friend.
Since reading this charge to the Friend, he has in the presence of witnesses confessed himself humbled and sorry; therefore concerned Friends hope there is ground for amends, and accordingly commend this Friend to the watchful care of (Square) Friends.

Although he took this in good part, not getting offended, for he was a gentleman, he retired from the field, as others, before and since, who have entered "woman's sphere" with one to the manor born.

But he has married a widow with two little girls, and the sometime visitor is sanguine enough to believe he is now a round man, with the corners smoothed into a happier domesticity. She knows one point of sympathy—about hand-shaking, which he characterized, when promiscuous, as "vicious." The weekly and bi-weekly onslaughts upon her suffering member elicits this protest, and this is her present mode of gaining a better hearing.

S. does not know that Friends had any special denominational paper, except, of course, in the Mother Country, until '45, when "The Friends' Review," now converted into "The American Friend," and edited by the able Rufus Jones, was their valued official organ. Books rather than papers furnished their reading matter, and helped the forming of opinion and belief.

"Do not know how far back Friends' Review commenced, but know Father and Mother took it when I was a girl. Charles began to take it right after we were married, and took it for years. Afterwards the
Some other papers must have partially supplied the place, notably those favoring the freeing of the slave, the earliest of them started by, edited, and most largely assisted by Friends, i. e., S. supposes so. (She will contradict herself if she finds she is not right.) For such papers were started very early in New Garden, N. C., and at Mt. Pleasant (was it not in Ohio?), Quaker settlements, and by Friends. Osborne is a chief name in this connection belonging to the latter place.

*The American Friend*, or rather *The Friends' Review*, was received not only into homes in North Carolina and generally where Friends were in considerable numbers in the South, or had emigrated from the parent meetings, but as far as Nantucket and along the coast of the Atlantic, North, and in the Western Wilds, then, in '45, fast ceasing to be so, and very generally in Indiana, whither a larger percentage came, and continues, than in any other State in the Union. *The Friend* was always of sound theology from Friends point of view, advocating firmly and clearly, with backing of ancient authority and Bible quotation, their special doctrines, namely, of the guidance of the Holy Spirit; of Peace; of silence as a necessary part of worship; of the priesthood of believers, instead of one to minister alone; of the call to women in the ministry, and their equality with men in the church, as well as other tenets held by evangelical bodies generally, with the exception of the outward rites of baptism and
the Lord's supper, believing them early discontinued in outward form, but administered to believers spiritually by Christ through the Holy Spirit. To all of which should be added, their legal right of marriage in meeting, and the substitution of affirmation, in courts of justice, instead of legal oaths.

Home papers from "Old North" were received as in '30, '32, '39, but were of a very different character, being secular merely; they will be noticed farther on. Very likely they were subscribed for by some of the pioneers of Salem and the Blue River connection from the first. Benoni would wish to hear what was going on at "Home," and, with Nathan, Rebecca and others, of the welfare of some not yet come out of bondage, spiritual.

The leaning of Friends was rather towards free grace as held by the Episcopal and Methodist churches, than to the predestination of Calvinism, as then exemplified by Presbyterians of the Old School and Baptists, called "Hard Shell."

They singularly fell into formalism, and though singing, and reading of the Scriptures—surely in meetings for worship are authorized by the Bible and weighty authorities in their early history—this of music I remember reading in Barkley and Allen Jay confirms it—they had fallen into general disuse and were not encouraged either by their meetings, and of course not by their officials—at least to any effective degree—while Dress, after the peculiar Quaker mode, which however had its slower changes as time went on, and Address, the use of what was called in accordance,
the plain language, i. e., "thee" and "thou," in the place of the common "worldly" you, were strenuously insisted upon, and became subjects of discipline, as may be known by their practice and official utterances when they spoke ex cathedra at the Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings.

(Sarah will give a personal reminiscence later.)

"Holding to the Holy Spirit and neglecting the Spirit's written utterance, they became," according to Prof. Russell, of *Earlham College, "Mystics in part and fell into formalism and error."

The Friends in the South and West—except in Ohio, I'm told—were not as a general thing extremists, but many became so—formalists; very conservative respecting externals and doctrines peculiar to Friends. "Wilberites" they were called, followers of John Wilber. They claimed and were, generally speaking, Orthodox, but extremely conservative. It was the fashion of the times.

Wilberism prevailed in the East, especially in Philadelphia, Sarah has the impression.

Also a refining of plain Biblical narration into spiritual meanings, and by consequence, or with it, a silence upon, if not denial of the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the body was held among them, which was shared in more or less by many former Friends, not so rigid as they in some respects. This Ruth Ann Wiggins confirms. She remembers hearing such a sermon when a young girl, and others.

*Now of Chicago University.
But there was another false Doctrine promulgated nearer home, perhaps a rebound from the other, touching the divinity of Christ.

The mother, Rebecca, inclined, at least, to the former. The father, Benoni, not to the latter in belief really, but the rigidity of the former made the liberty held by the latter pleasant in comparison. It was perhaps a difference of temperament to some extent, influenced by subtile threads of association.

S. is aware she is on very thin and slippery ice in treating of these particulars; her own knowledge being about nil. While quite willing to be corrected, she begs to be excused from undertaking treatise on Theology, as she does not expect to study it in the next world; she feels she has not time for it here. She never cut through a hard shell in her life, and always preferred some one's else cracking to her own, but was always very fond of kernels (provided non-military).

The Friends' Review — when it started — suited Rebecca's quiet, contemplative and somewhat austere habit of mind. While Benoni, valuing it for its information, and as an educational factor in family and society in things both religious and intellectual, was disposed to be somewhat lax as to externals, even reaching belief. He was a man of large sympathies, while Rebecca held herself aloof from "worldly" society, with very few exceptions, as all outside the pale of the Society were then called, though scrupulously doing her duty towards any dependents, or sick, or otherwise needy, no matter of what denomination, or even without any religious faith, if such a thing can be. Benoni found some of his most valued friends, not
Friends at all, at least in name, and made no concealment of his leaning toward the "Hicksites" so called. They became a small and *weak, uninfluential body there for a time compared to the "Orthodox," * i. e., "My Doxy," in which were nearly all the family connection and chief emigration from North Carolina. At the time of the separation there, they were pretty equally divided.

The road from Salem to the meeting house, and to Canton, bordered on land largely possessed by Friends. They had large families, were knit together by many ties, and Benoni went with his own family dutifully past the Hicksite meeting—(Sarah understands that they had forcibly taken possession of the old meeting house, the others building one, a mile beyond)—except at one time (what shall I say?) when he was too strictly dealt with; for it is a chief thing in a family to be united, and a good thing for children to be under firm discipline. So they went to meeting (and took, when it came, the *Friends' Review, that well edited, influential paper, a credit to the Society, and a denominational and religious stay to the family). Several of them then with homes of their own, and all grown. But in the meantime they had anti-slavery papers and books, and brought up their children as well as they could, sending the older ones to Morrison, the younger to Patrick, or sometimes during a severe season having them study at home. But what should be done with Catherine, who was too young to marry and was really such a girl as ought to have an opportunity to make

* Not so very, Sarah has found out.
the most of herself, and still now plainly needing something speedily to steady her "gay" disposition — inherited from her father.

Two large measures were agreed upon by the father and mother, with a unanimity born of dissimilar motives in some respects, and yet carried by their united affection and ardent hope for the weal of their dear daughter, daily becoming more beautiful, and therefore, to their minds, especially the sedate mother's, in greater than ordinary peril, to whom handsome was as handsome does, and Catherine's make-up she could not get at satisfactorily somehow. The girl was a very witch at spinning, on both large and small wheel; she could weave, too. Her work was really valuable, but those things were not to be done all the time, and it would not do to keep a growing girl at them too steadily. But the ordinary routine of daily domestic life, as cooking, dish-washing, sweeping, etc.—it was more to look after her than to do them. Ah! how many a mother has said this and acted thus, and failed to early confirm her daughter in the habit of responsibility in necessary, minor, it is true, but essential duties. But in any large operations, as where a beef or porkers were to be disposed of for winter use, she would work untiringly, and with remarkable skill and dispatch. She did not seemingly purpose to abandon or slight her assigned daily tasks, but she neglected or forgot, to think something else of more importance, to have her mind turned on the instant to something outside. The farm work would have suited her infinitely better, and perhaps indoor occupation, Nixon.
She liked to roam about at will—what child does not? But she took naturally to managing horses, caring for cows, noticing all young things, as calves and colts, and seeing after the milk, churning and butter, which she moulded beautifully. Her step was of a Dian lightness, her form becoming queenly, her carriage superb. Her complexion most healthily rose and white. Her eyes blue and changing as the sky. Her hair abundant, long, fine and silky. Her nose a beautiful Grecian. Her brow, her profile, perfect. Her pretty head well poised. She was full of airs and graces at home, yet almost entirely unconscious of her wealth of charm, for Friends were careful at all times of speech, especially praise, fearing to excite vanity; and as for beauty, they looked upon it with almost disfavor, so greatly was it feared for the possessor as a snare. So this young creature, beautiful in form, feature, carriage, with a thousand charms, without a female companion of near her own age at home, blooming as a flower in the wilderness, was dimly conscious of unfolding, unknown powers; and if it had not been for the fond pride of a still judicious father, must have taken on some bitterness. But he always counseled respect to the mother, and patience, and set the example in his hearty way. She loved her brother Nixon dearly. He was a pleasant lad, and, she often afterwards said, "such a gentleman." He was oftentimes the gentle, needed check upon her high spirits, and her mother's great reliance in this respect, who, conscious of fault toward her daughter, tried by faithful endeavor to remedy their mutual, partly natural, difference. Only once had Rebecca, it is believed,
attempted to coerce a nature so different from her own. She deeply regretted it, for as things, right in themselves, become wrong when violently carried out, the attempt was entirely futile, and partially alienated the affection of her child, though early in life.

This picture, with a rose-colored pencil, if any think overdrawn, is by a daughter's hand, who would fain atone for her own undutifulness. The only part-satisfactory reparation she feels she ever made, was, she gratified her mother's heart and dearest wish in becoming, as she did by "convincement"—dear old word!—a member of the Society of Friends with her, and soon a minister, having united with them in mature years.

The first plan referred to was that Catherine should go with her father on horseback to the Yearly Meeting at Richmond. That fairly took her breath away. She knew something of what it must have cost her mother to consent. Then the getting ready. The father's purse was open. She was about sixteen, someone has said. She wore a beautiful changeable silk pelisse or riding habit; but, alas! it rained; the colors ran together. It was completely ruined. This she told herself, though what was done, if anything, to remedy the disaster after they reached Richmond, history has not informed, whether it was replaced, or they laughed it off as they rode together, as they had many a thing they could not better otherwise.

It is to be supposed it was laid by for the return home possibly, and in her modest short dress, which
probably her father’s saddle-bags had carried, she enjoyed herself to her heart’s content and her fond father’s pride.

That was enough in those days to last a long time. She had seen the power and dignity and beauty of Friends. A breath from Philadelphia had reached her in the refinements of rich silk and broadcloth and speech and manner. The sweetness of London Yearly Meeting had been there in benediction and beneficent presence. There had been companionship of Southern kindred, a softening and refining and elevating influence throughout. But it would never do to stop here. The girl would be discontented. She was not old enough to settle down. Somehow she did not seem suited to her conditions. She liked farm life, the freedom and large range, but within things were in danger of being not so satisfactory. And it began to be known that Catherine Morris was to go to the famous Westtown Boarding School, near Philadelphia. Her father was intending to take her himself. “What! How? Across the country in the carriage?” “Yes, that was it; himself in the carriage.” The parents had said to themselves it could be done. Her capabilities deserved it. It would be the making of her. It would be a great incentive to the other children. It was a great thing, however, to contemplate. A great undertaking, even the preparation when entered upon, but when everything was completed and the time arrived, the family carriage, thoroughly overhauled, was called into requisition; lumbering, stout, roomy and respectable; and the strong, reliable horses, and all the intri-
cate harness which Benoni understood so well; and strings and cords and ropes and straps, over and above daily need "in case of accident." And the little hair-covered trunk brought from the garret for the first time since they had come from North Carolina—"Perhaps thee'll want a new one when thee comes back;"—but this furbished up, the brass buttons burnished by one of the little boys, and a missing one or two replaced by the Superintending Nixon, was a very pretty looking trunk indeed, with the lock and key as strong and good as ever! It was full to its utmost capacity, containing the strictest of wardrobes, everything substantial, everything made according to approved Friends' pattern. This with some storm protectors was strapped on stoutly behind. Benoni had his traveling bags and leggins and cloak stowed in the box of the seat. He might need them on his return, if not before. They did not take up much room, besides a stout, heavy shawl and cloak for Catherine. She was sure she would not need either. Then carpet—no, saddle-bags—with things for ordinary use by the way; besides a carefully prepared hamper (?) of substantial eatables for their journey, and considerable food for the horses extra for noontide meals, "and in case we get into a pinch." The back of the carriage is full now, the day has arrived, the last meal, for how long?—together partaken, the hour of departure—of separation—has come. The mother has done all she can think of, and sits apart, pale and spent. They are ready. The children still press an apple, a cookie, upon the laughing, tearful Catherine. The final kiss and embrace is given. The mother questions her heart, and Catherine hers, as they
cling together. The father has to call—a little tremor in his voice, and a tear forming in his merry blue eye—will they both go, or both stay? Catherine breaks away, runs, kisses the children who would still detain her, and jumps up in her place by her father. He is in his seat, the reins in his hand, the whip beside. The start is made. The gates are open—are closed. Nixon goes a piece of the way—to Salem with them. It is hard for Catherine and him to part, for it is no summer jaunt they are taking. It is understood she is to stay two years. Those left behind seem to have nothing to do for a while. Those going, a little after Nixon leaves them, nothing to say. They pass through Salem, they make and receive final farewells. They are on the way to Louisville, and so lost from sight—for how long?

"Do not know what caused Catherine to go to Westtown, but have the impression that Mordecai Morris had some influence—but don't know that I am right. MARGARET ALBERTSON."

THE JOURNEY.

Incidents of pioneer travel have been so variously given, there is a sameness even in thrilling narrative of encounter and massacre with the Indians. But that time had passed from Indiana and Kentucky. They were Friends, a passport almost everywhere in those days. They were now upon a more traveled way, and constantly tending toward greater civilization—very
different from the first journey — of which only the two or three scraps of personal information *already given remain.

At the time of this, their second long journey together, she is a companion indeed to her father. She is now eighteen, a woman grown, though neither of them fully realize it. His hopes for her are far beyond what she knows. As she speaks artlessly of the dear ones from whom they have so recently parted, of the landscape over which they pass, of Louisville and of Philadelphia, and what Westtown will be like, he looks still farther into the future, and sees her fitted for the sphere she may enjoy and adorn. But of this no word. Shaking himself, he enters into her thoughts, tells her of Louisville, of when they will probably be there. There are no engines to look out for, no signs warning of trains at cross-roads, no telegraph wires or poles. Only dim thoughts of such things in some hair-brain skulls. But there is a steamboat. The father has been on one several times when down to the River, as going to New Albany and Louisville was called. Catherine will not be afraid? Not she! Afraid with her father! "Will the horses give no trouble?" Not to speak of. They trust, with some trembling, when the time comes, to the hand that has fed them. And so on they go.

But Louisville has grown even since last year. The sights there cause Catherine's heart to swell. She would live in a city. "'No, thee wouldn't. Or if thee did, thee would get tired enough of it.'" Cath-

*1st Vol., Out of North Carolina.
Catherine would like to try it, after Westtown, awhile. "Thee forgets about slavery." "Wait till thee sees Philadelphia. The streets so straight, some of them so built up and so clean." So they go on, on through the beautiful country. "The Knobs," at New Albany, towering above the Ohio, they see; and the Beautiful River—what a sight is that! and then the steamboat and the ride on the water. "Sick?" "Not a bit of it!" "Thee's the right kind of a traveler," says the happy father. On, on; beautiful roads, sometimes none, but beautiful, beautiful trees, some new to Catherine.

Riding on verdure, and day after day more to wonder at and admire.

They have gone a long time. The horses strain in the long, upward way. Her father is silent. She in reverie. The woods close around, beautiful, solemn, how thick and dark! and they come to a standstill. Catherine starts a little. "What is it, Father?" with a slight sense of uneasiness, for they have not spoken for a long time and it is so solemn and dark.

"Catherine, I can't see my way. Somehow I have lost my bearings."

The panting horses stand. He gets out to look about a little. She does not feel alarmed. He has had to find his way more than once. She has been used to woods. Her father will find a road presently, or the way out, for they are in the heart of dense woods in the mountains. But he is plainly bewildered, and does not conceal from her that he is lost. This is bad enough. The day is declining, but the woods are too thick for a ray of sunshine. After trying for some
time, he takes a resolution. He tells her he will make a circuit, for her to sit still and hold the horses. He will not be gone longer than necessary, but it will be some time; for her not to be afraid, he will surely come back, but for her not to move from the place. She gives him a smile, he places the reins in her hands.

He is gone a very long time.

Do the horses become a little restless? She does, a little. She had not counted upon his not returning before the sun should go down. The shadows certainly deepen. He may be lost from her. Not able to find the way back; with this thought more than her own fears, for she is a courageous girl who has never been afraid in her life, she begins to call. "Father! Father!" Her voice strong and clear, thrills through the wood. "Father! Father!" The horses listen. "Father! Father!" Still he does not come. The silence grows dreadful—the trees, and the deepening dark. "Father! Father! Father!" She calls, and calls, and calls. She calls at first with cheer, then with terror, for him—for herself. Horrible apprehensions take hold of her. He is certainly lost. She can unharness the horses and tie them to trees, but what shall she do with herself? "Father! Father! Father! Father!" She sobs, she prays. "Father!" She almost lost her voice, as hoarse with unusual exertion, in fear, she calls and calls. "Father! Father!" It was of no avail. The night is coming on. Was not that he? On this side? On that side? In front? Behind? "O, Father!" "O, what shall I do?" "Father!" When he slowly emerged from the woods. He had found the way out.
"I am coming, Catherine; I'm coming. Why, thee's hoarse. Thee should not have feared." He has taken the reins; but first he pressed her to his breast. "Daughter! We have to go back a good ways." She is not afraid now. "Did thee think I would lose thee?" Beautiful figure of Divine protection! Like as a father pitieth (cherishes) his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear (reverence) Him.

"I recollect of hearing of thy mother going to Westtown School and of course they went by private conveyance, and it is in my mind that we heard they got on the wrong road and traveled a long ways without finding their mistake.

"Westtown School stood very high in those days, I suppose, and was a Friends' School, therefore they wanted thy mother to have the benefit of it.

"4-14-'99, E. Hicks T."

(Written for Uncle Jeptha by someone.)

Salem, Ind., Jan. 15, 1901.

I received your letter some time ago, and was very glad to hear from you.

You spoke about your mother going to school at Westtown. Father and she went with me to Moresville, Morgan County—father got lost from her in going from Moresville to Indianapolis. It was then a thick underbrush country, and father left her while he went to a log cabin some distance away to inquire the way out, and when he started back he started the wrong way and she hollowed until she raised the woman who
lived in the house, but he found the carriage track and followed it until he found it. His face was so red when he found her, that she thought he was covered with blood. Your mother wrote some verses about father getting lost then. I thought I had them but cannot find them anywhere.

I cannot write now, I have lost the use of my right hand and arm.

I am still boarding in town, my health is very good except the same cough. The folks at the hotel are very good to me. I bring my supper out at noon and do not have to drive in the dark.

From your uncle, Jeptha Morris.

[Aunt Joanna told S. they got lost several times.]

A very wonderful thing about it is, after such a strain upon the nerves, she was still always devoid of fear. She was not afraid of things, of people, of circumstances, of consequences. She has been heard to say she was afraid of nothing but a drunken man. She had a very childlike faith; really no fear, in a sense, of God. It was all love; perfect love casteth out fear. But on to our story.

In the Catalogue contained in the old History of Westtown Boarding School occurs the name of Catherine Morris, of Salem, Ind.; date of entry, 5th mo., 1830. She was one of the third thousand. Sophia Morris, of ——, Ind. 11 mo., 1835, the girls Joanna Morris, of ——, Ind. the 4th thousand. Robert Morris, of ——, Ind. The boy, 3d thousand, and Mary Morris, of ——, Ind., 5 mo., 1840, fourth thousand. Making four of the same family who entered
During an interval of ten years. When we consider the distance, the mode of traveling and the expense, we can see something of the persevering effort and self-denial and appreciation, on the part of the parents in accomplishing so much. That their children met their expectations, and those of their painstaking teachers and of other friends, will appear in the narrative.

Of the letters which passed between Catherine and her home and a few friends, we only have those to her. They come in place here. A book of letters.

The first flight from the home nest is necessarily of deep significance to those concerned. The way is untried, the distance is great, the child is alone. It is the first long absence, and father and mother and brothers and sisters and associates have their share of solicitude and longing. There is a lack, a loss, and still an added interest; a new zest in looking forward. How will Catherine appear when we see her again? She will be larger? More beautiful? Older. How will what she knows affect her? Her sanguine father indulged in none but rainbow visions of what Catherine would be. Her mother trusted fervently the training she had failed to accomplish, would now take hold, but she did not say so much, her heart went out to her daughter as never before. Her student-sister, her yoke-fellow brother, all who could, wrote in reply to the never-to-be-forgotten first letter; and the twenty-five cents of postage carried one folded and sealed, and freighted with messages, news, home love, all that they could bestow, and which made her heart overflow to receive. Would we had her's!
CHAPTER IV.

The Home Letters of '30, to Catherine at Westtown, and One ofProbably '31.

First Series.

[An Introductory Note.]

How shall the Letters received by Catherine while at Westtown be disposed of? They are principally from her own family, largely from her father, and range from '30 to '32. They are too interesting to be passed over, too voluminous to be read entire, and still who can abridge them? S. has tried in many ways—thought each time she partially succeeded, and again and again has felt her efforts abortive. Selection will not do, nor suppression. She can not remand them—i. e., has not the heart—to an appendix, nor has the ability to make them into notes, therefore gives them—at least this series—in order, with occasional slight omissions. A good deal of matter is thrown in, in the way of comment, narrative and incidental items. Those interested in the entire correspondence will not be displeased with repetitions and monotony, as phases
of a more leisurely age; while others may prefer to gather special bits here and there, as suggested by the running commentary.

Letters of 1830.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, INDIANA,
the 27th of 7th Mo., 1830.

Dear Child—Thou mayst think we are too deliberate in writing to thee, although it is not for want of thought or affection. We can inform thee that we are all in reasonable health, except little Mary whose health has been delicate for several days past. We should have been glad to have heard from thy brother Jepthah before we wrote to thee, but we have nothing except a verbal account that he was well. We believe that there is not any particular complaint amongst our relations. Thomas Albertson deceased and was buried a short time after thee left home, and Sarah Trueblood a short time afterwards. Father was absent only six weeks and five days. The reading of thy letter was a satisfaction to us all, particularly to hear that thee was well and likely to be satisfied.

Aunt Mary stayed with us while thy father was gone, and wishes to be remembered to thee whenever we write. We wish thee to be attentive to thy studies, remember that the time is very short that we have to improve. The children have all been very regular in their attendance at school. Nothing more than common has occurred since thee left home, except that
C. Pool and cousin Elizabeth have informed the meeting of their *intentions, and I suppose not sooner than thee expected. We wish thee to write to us as often as thee thinks proper. We shall expect to hear from thee about once in three months. I believe we have nothing more to say at present.

Thy affectionate Mother and Brother,

REBECCA & NIXON MORRIS.

N. B. James White and Sarah are desirous to be remembered to thee—both very weakly.

Dear Catherine—Thou art frequently the subject of my thoughts, yet I believe I can say with pleasure they have been pleasant from the time I left thee, when looking back and believing thy situation to be so desirable; I hope thee will remember the salutary opportunities we had on the road, and remember that none of us can always be blest with one continual flow of spirits in any situation, but hope thee will not repine or despair when the reverse comes which will happen more or less whilst we are probationers, recollect that all thee can think of us and thy former companions will avail nothing. We are doing well and ardently wish thee may make the best use of time. It was well that I left the carriage for I came through a part of the Ohio that was low, wet country and abundance of rain, bad roads, high waters, so that it would have been impracticable for me to get along any other way but on horseback and then had to swim several times. It would be

*Of marriage.
endless for me to enumerate the interesting curiosities of antiquity and so forth on my return home. Suffice it to say that I arrived safe and sound and found all well seventh day evening after all were gone to bed. The same day swam a river and traveled sixty miles. My health never was better than since I saw thee. I got home in time for harvesting which I esteem a great favor, it being as good as usual and as fine a time as we ever had throughout. Please to remember me to the Superintendent and such as may recollect and speak of me as I have forgotten all their names. In increasing esteem and love my dear daughter,

I remain thy friend and Father,

Ben’o Morris.

Salem, Indiana, 9 Mo. 19, 1830.

Dear Catherine—We received thy acceptable letters mailed 7 mo. 32 & 9 mo. 2, which were truly satisfactory and we rejoice at the continuance of thy health. It is a generally healthy time in this place. I was out at White Lick about two months ago, by reason of the death of our friend Joseph Draper, he was taken with a cramp cholick and died in thirty hours. I took out a letter with the account, and one from Jepthah at the same time I put one in the office for thee. The inhabitants have been more sickly in that part of the country than in this place, but I found dear Jepthah well and in good spirits, attending to his business with Jesse Draper, one of the finest kind of young men. William Lindley from Lick Creek, with a number of others stayed with us first day night of the Qr. Meeting. He
CATHERINE AND HER SURROUNDINGS

says his half sister talks some of coming to Westtown School but is yet uncertain. We wish thee in thy next letter to give us further information about the school. Whether thou hast made or intends making Botany, Rhetoric and Chemistry a part of thy studies. I have been unable to answer many questions that I have been asked for want of this information. Also thy duty as a student for one day, as near as thee can relate. Thy numerous friends and relations are daily inquiring about thee. Sarah Barton requests a word of encouragement from her to thee, to be industrious and show at thy return what thee went for. There is now a vacation with our school. Morrison was here a few days ago and wished to be remembered in our next letter, and says he feels the same interest for thy advancement as when thee was with him. Reed's school is out at Paola, and he has come to Salem for the purpose of going in conjunction with Morrison, which we all expect and wish to take place. Morrison's bill against me for tuition was $20.00. His wife is still wasting. She is now at Dr. Bradley's, and will there likely breathe her last. She has not for some weeks been able to ride out. J—— S—— about the same as when thee left. W—— B—— is likely to recover from his strange way. He begins to mingle with People again, and strange to tell, Sarah Albertson is so far on the mend as to ride out to meeting and visit her Friends. She attended a long sitting first day of the Qr. Meeting and told me at the rise without any inconvenience. Martha is doing as well with her family as we could expect. Mary washes for us one day in the week, and is a very good girl we think, susceptible of great im-
provement and a comfort to her mother. No new cases of sickness amongst thy relations and acquaintances in this place. We have lately heard from North Carolina. Health as good as usual in that country. We have understood that B. Albertson has sold his land and intends moving this fall. We had very warm weather about the time thee informed us you had in that country, though not of long duration. It is now very cool, some frost last week. The drouth still continues. We think it has been the dryest time in general we ever saw. It is supposed corn crops are cut off one-half. The drouth commenced about the time I got home, which afforded opportunity for saving small grain, hay, &c., to the best advantage, and being in general good we think the country will be amply supplied with provisions. There have several changes taken place in Salem. E. Patrick has moved, and Prints another paper in Salem, the same conducted by Allen. We are now sure of all the news. Lindley and Albertson have sold to Job Forsey. Edmund Newby has bought out Wm. Lindley and he is now waiting for the rise of the Ohio River to move to Illinois. We have made inquiry, none in this place coming to that country this fall. I hope thee will no longer let the thoughts of home impede the progress of thy studies. We intend frequently to write, and should more time elapse than thee anticipates between letters, be assured nothing interesting has occurred, for in case of that kind we should feel under an obligation to write immediately. I will now conclude and leave the balance of the sheet for thy mother and the children, in love and Fatherly affection,

Farewell,  

Ben'o Morris.
Dear Child— It seems that thou hast many advantages; thou hast good examples before thee and on either side; I wish thee to make necessary improvement from these thy choice companions; remember that these pleasant hours of retirement are for but a short duration. I hope thee will be careful to employ thy leisure hours in reading the most useful books. It is very pleasant to us to know that thou art regular in attending meetings as well as school. I can answer for the children here at home, they are always ready to accompany me to meeting. Jeptha it seems is left to his own choice in this respect to attend meetings or not, to chuse for himself good company or otherwise. Thee recollects the committee that was appointed by the Yearly Meeting to attend the Monthly and Quarterly meetings. They were at White Lick about two weeks ago, and John Pool told me he saw Jeptha and he was well. He has not mentioned thy name or any of the other children in either of his letters. Abijah Jones and John Pool desired to be remembered to thee in our next letter. They were here with us over night, together with a number of others whose company and good advice were very satisfactory to us. Aaron White reached home in about seventeen days without difficulty that we know of from Pasquotank to Milton, with his uncle and aunt and their family. M—— W—— is in a strange way. It seems she has quite neglected the care of her family. I suppose thou didst know something of her mind's being previously deranged in this way. I have no prospect of attending the yearly meeting this fall. I have no assistance in the family more than when thee left us, but I am quite reconciled to
thy being gone, provided thou art making good use of thy time. The children are all very attentive to their studies, and they were all well pleased at the reading of thy letter. Thomas and Joanna still improve a little in reading, and little Mary has learnt all her letters; (about 3). When Sophia was done reading thy letter to Mary, she said, "read more about sister Catherine." Aunt Mary is here at present and wishes us to write a few lines for her. She wishes thee to be encouraged, and to employ thy time to the best advantage. In so doing thee will have cause to rejoice in future days. She expects to start to Yearly Meeting day after tomorrow with Charles and Elizabeth. Uncle Nathan's folks are all well except little Margaret, who has been unwell several days with a fever and a swelling in her throat. Anna Lindley has got so far recovered as to get out again to meetings. She publicly said she was thankful to have a seat again amongst the living and a hope of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Thy cousins are all in usual health, M. Cox, P. Cooper, S. White and Uncle James T., including all their families. I believe Charity Arnold is well and expects to go to the Yearly Meeting. Deborah Hobbs is in a delicate state of health. I think thou hast not complied with B. Parke's request to write to them. I think thee would be answered with pleasure.

From thy affectionate mother,

R. Morris.

**Dear Sister**—Thou seest the sheet is already filled up and I have no room to write. It will take thee some time turning it about to learn its contents.

Phineas N. Morris.
Comments Upon the Letters.

Letter 1st: "Dear Child." So sweet to be gathered under the mother wing. A common expression among Friends of the older time was, "Under the wing of Ancient Goodness," from the 91 Ps., 4th vs. He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shalt thou trust. The oldest away from the home nest is to be considered a little child again. She is not put away for younger ones by that dear mother.

"Thy affectionate Mother and Brother." The writing is in Grandma's rather formal hand, and the composition is evidently her's, for the most part. Each sentence complete. Every item of homely news given in sufficient words. Nothing superfluous. No gossip. Sententious advice. Using "we" instead of "I," as engaging the brother in mutual expressions of love, and with beautiful affection more to be understood from that expressed. The anxiety about Jeptha simply expressed; the fact of only a verbal account, but a withholding of blame beautiful both in expression and conception.

Grandpa's letter, equally good in its characteristics, fills the inside (two) pages, and showing the old-time folding which was an art before the use of envelopes. The direction, "Catherine Morris, Westtown School, Chester County, Philadelphia, 20 miles west of," and the official (on one side) "Salem, Ind., July 29," and "25 cents," not stamped—written, the paid postage, and the torn out place where the seal of sealing wax was.

"Salutary opportunities" were times of silence, for worship or for religious conversation, and possibly some
Scripture reading if they had with them a small copy or portion of Psalms probably.

The next letter is from the father, first, this time. His allusions to Jepthah at White Lick are cordial. He has no fears evidently for the growing boy, who needed perhaps a change from home restriction and whom he has judiciously placed. — "Botany," "Rhetoric," "Chemistry." They must have been talking with "the Little Schoolmaster;" he is interested in his pupil, and open to new opportunities—as her father—of extending his knowledge of latest works and school improvements. Yes, Morrison has been there a few days before. It is good for him to get from the sick room as well as school, and be with hearty people and breathe sweet country air.

The mother's letter of nearly the same date, takes the remaining third page and what is not occupied on the back and sealing of the letter, i.e., the 4th page. Her name is not crowded in, but curiously occupying space at the side of the bottom of the 1st page. Nixon, who signs himself by his first name in full, occupies the side of the mother's 1st page, and shows his characteristic quaintness of expression in a few words of pleasantry about the well filled sheet. News is the interesting thing; they are not given to unnecessary introspection.

About two months intervene between the first writing from home, and the same interval of time between that first letter and this. But what has the mother, so careful in expression, to say about Jeptha in this? She takes comfort in Catherine's attendance upon meetings, and in the children's loyalty to herself
respecting the same; but Jeptha was at liberty. She clearly, though she is careful not to say, thinks especially hazardous away from home; and she confides to the daughter away his remissness—though she does not give it a name—in not speaking of his brothers and sisters. Beautiful reserve and guard of expression. She evidently labors to do no injustice, and yet is deeply moved and hurt for this from their brother also away from home. This balancing of paternal care, this difference in temperament; why cannot parents understand that the very complement they are to each other, must show in different dispositions in their offspring? That one parent is bound to find one child more easy to get along with, more conformable to his disposition, while the other finds the temperament of another best fitting hers? It is heaven-ordained. Beautiful harmony in variety, if so be it is understood—intelligently acted upon. And what a blessing to the children, and relief from otherwise interminable misunderstandings, fret and discord. These children though so many—so much required of them, so many strictures in various ways of economy—did not become quarrelsome. They had no such example set, suppressed or otherwise, and they saw respect given and self-restraint voluntarily imposed, and learned accordingly. Their parents were unselfish in the first place, devoted to their interests, and set examples which every one of them to themselves acknowledged worthy their following. Catherine wrote home a little sooner—shown by her date, which her brother gives—than they to her. The mind of the one away is not occupied as those at home with their various duties. The com-
pany and good advice mentioned were religious. Such visits were infrequent and highly prized. Relatives often conducted such strangers from place to place and house to house, and the time was thus one of double satisfaction and joy—as with the Jews at their high festivals. For a woman, a mother, to neglect the care of her family was indeed a strange way—unnatural, and to the careful, painstaking, conscientious, tender Rebecca, very dark. That confession of Christ, unusual, generally taken for granted—not talked about—made the more profound the impression.

Sarah Barton was Mrs. Judge Parke's and Mrs. Sturges' maiden sister. No one ventured or thought to call her an "old maid." Perhaps the term was not used then, but reserved for a more flippant age, now passing. It is now "bachelor girl" instead, originating, does it not, in college degree? Martha Albertson, with a large family of little children, suddenly bereft, has no support scarcely; perhaps a little farm and the humble house. She has a call to the ministry, (or was that an earlier Martha? No; Martha was older than Mother). As there were two boys immediately after Catherine, Rebecca had less help indoors, and missed her more.

The Aunt Mary mentioned in Vol. 1st, is a stand-by, a beautiful character; ready, in quietness, to fill every place of need, and still, when not called out, a keeper at home in her brother's house. Most exact in her own sphere, least exacting to others. A constant attendant at meetings.

Every available space in this letter is filled.
Dear Sister—I now have the pleasure to inform thee that we are all well and would be glad to hear from thee, and hear how thee comes on with thy studies and how thee likes the school. I can inform thee that I have got home from White Lick and found all well. I can inform thee that I was taken sick out there, and father heard of it and started after me, and I was on the mend. It was about a month ago. The family & the neighbors took all the cair* that could be expected of them. There was several of the people offered to take me in their houses but I thought it was not best. I do not go to school now, no I do not expect to go any this winter. Times is going on about the same. I believe I have nothing els to write at present. I remain thy affectionate brother on til life or death.

Jepthah Morris.

Salem, Ia., 11th Mo. 14th, 1830.

Dear Sister—We have applied to the office a great many times for a letter from thee, in vain. We should be glad to know where thee is, what thee is doing, and what thee is thinking about. I can inform thee, with pleasure, that we are all well and thankful to say we have been throughout the season. It has been a considerable time since we heard from thee, and we were in hopes we could before we wrote again. Susannah White, Milo Prichard, Charity Arnold, Deborah Hobbs, Isabel Albertson and almost all the rest of our friends

*Southern pronunciation.
desire to be remembered by thee. Little Mary grows very fast and is as lively as a cricket. She talks a great deal about Sissy, and when any of us displease her she says she will tell her. Whenever we write to thee she tells us to write something about her, and to please her we write a few words. Joanna wants me to write something about her, but I hardly know what to write, but she is well and learning very fast. We do not wish thee to come home before thy time is out, but as soon as thee learns enough and can learn no more give us word and we will get father off to fetch thee home. The Sabbath School has been attended through the summer and I expect will be through the winter. We are very anxious to hear from thee and all about thee. When thou writest tell us if thou pleasest something more about the country, school and place where thou livest. [Perhaps taking on some of Phila. stiffness.] We would be very glad to see thee, though we do not expect to for some time to come. Cousin Charles says he intends writing to thee before long, and no doubt but thou wilt be pleased to receive his letter. I send thee a few pieces of hair, and to let thee know whose they were I tacked them on with different pieces of silk: Mother's with black, mine with red (!), Joanna's with yellow and Mary's with green. I believe I have nothing more to write at present. Remember my love to thee. Farewell.

Aunt Mary sends her love to thee.

Sophia Morris.

Dear Sister, I found a piece of thy hair in the little box on the shelf in my room, which looks very natural. [And how natural, this!]
Dear Catharine—It is with pleasure that we now have an opportunity for the first time to write by a friend who will likely hand thee this letter, and from whom thee will no doubt enjoy pleasure in conversing with about the many little incidents too tedious to communicate in this way. Michael [?] will be gratified in giving thee a general detail of things as far as his knowledge extends. We may again inform thee that our health has been good throughout the season, with the exception of Jepthah. He had an attack of the fever out at White Lick, thee knows of which we wrote about a month ago. I set out immediately for that place and found him on the mend. His sickness was severe only about 4 days. We had medical aid and every attention that could be afforded by the family and neighbors. Kelly Worth and others offered to take him to their houses, which kindnesses he and the widow frankly acknowledged but declined to accept. I on my part shall ever remember those Christian people with gratitude for their benevolence to my Dear Son. Jepthah's conduct at White Lick has been manly, he has the good will of all his acquaintances which are not a few. Tho' in consequence of the sickness which has prevailed I have sold my Interest in that country and set out for home after my staying with him for one day. Performed the journey in three. He mended all the way and is now quite well. This may be called a healthy season in this part of the country, yet we have to inform thee of a number of deaths. Mariah Morrison & J—— S—— which thee might reasonably expect. G—— B—— and wife which may with equal ease be
accounted for, as thou will remember he was one of the most disapated men of our country. His last state was worse than the first. We have since my return from White Lick been all at home together. The two trips to that place and one to Jeffersonville is the only traveling I have done since I got home from the eastward, nor have I any prospect of going much from home soon, perhaps my next long journey will be for thee. I have not changed my prospects in regard to the time of thy continuance in that desireable situation, confirmed in the belief that if thou makes the best use of time that it is the best treasure we can confer on thee. I would rather at present hear thee thought the time almost too short than too long for thy continuance at school. To be sure thy company even now if convenient would be more desireable than pen could describe, but not compatible [comparable, of course] to what I think it will be if thy fortitude and perseverance will enable thee to hold out faithful to the end, and as we think we have no need to remind thee of the peculiar advantages of a good education, believing thy age and opportunity has afforded thee ample knowledge of those great and inestimable blessings which so many of us are destitute of. We have all been amply satisfied in hearing from thee, believing thee so far to be doing as well as we could expect, and may inform thee thy brothers and sisters are. None of them have been to school any of this session as yet, but we think they are as good children for their books as we ever saw. If I continue at home I think they will go but little this winter; believe that Thomas, Joanna and Robert learn faster than if at a crowded school at this season of the
year. I have spent considerable time instructing of them since absent from school. They frequently have their Books in a day, and many times after supper will immediately retire to the dining room and have a lighted candle on the little table, and each one seated round with a complete Buz (!) before we know what they are about. Mary sometimes in the midst of them with her Book whispering something. We have made out extremely well in our domestic affairs, both in the house and out. There is a great contrast in this fall and last. It is yet dry and been but little frost, together with perfect health, has afforded us every opportunity we could ask or wish for business.

Dear Child, thou art often the object of our thoughts and conversation, tho' never regretting thy absence, hoping that it may be for thy comfort through life and peace beyond time. Never be weary in doing good; perhaps thou art now laying a foundation that will be a lasting support to thyself and a help to others that can never be afforded such opportunities. Remember that we should do to all as we should be done unto. So as thou hast thy opportunity of instruction from those that have made good use of time, so freely thou receives, freely give.

We have left out many small things that we should have inserted had we no one to refer thee to. We have also been several times to the office, hoping to find a letter from thee before this opportunity. Should thee not before, please to write immediately after the reception of this, it being the 2d since we heard from thee. Thy Aunt Mary is now with us, and other company which are gone to bed, after which she com-
menced writing but excused herself in consequence of her eyes. Her love for thee is the same that it ever was, which she wished me to insert with ours.

James Trueblood and wife wishes to be remembered.  

Benoni Morris.  
Rebecca Morris.  

This last letter is also a very full letter, and seems to be sent by a private hand. (It would otherwise have cost double postage, 50 cents.) The father occupies a full sheet. Jeptha has been in good hands and in that sickly part of the country has had a fever. See the willing boy, the fond father. "I set out immediately." How he praises his dear son. How grateful for all the warm large-heartedness of the people of the neighborhood. And Jeptha is at home again and writes to her! How easy when the heart is willing, when soft it overflows and the father rejoices in his joy. "Father heard of it and started for me." The boy is melted down. He unites himself with all of them. "We are all well." His heart is tender—"thy affectionate brother until life or death!" he has faced that grim emergency, and has a thankfulness to be still in the land of the living. He has found out earth has nothing so good as family affection. The Father rejoices in all. And Sophia has her letter of two pages, so the budget. The mother writes "Dear Child," again, and a second time in this letter, but the letter, full of interest, is in the father's penmanship. They are united in this heavenly love to their little flock, and their names are signed with one pen.  

Benoni Morris.  
Rebecca Morris.
Salem, Indiana, Washington Co., 27 of the 2nd Mo. 1831.

Dear Sister—We received thy letter and was glad to hear from thee. I am now well and going to school and I think that Morrison takes more pains with us than ever he did before and I think I learn faster than heretofore. We have a large school. There is about eighty scholars. We have had a great deal of snow and cold weather. There has been about two months that it has not thawed any hardly yet. Not much rain here this winter. The last two weeks has moderated so that the frost and snow most gone, so that father began to plough his clover field yesterday. About two months D——S—— went off one afternoon without letting any person know anything about it and has not been heard of before about a week ago, he wrote a letter to his wife that he was at Cincinnati and wrote for her to come to him. I believe I have nothing else to write at present. I remain thy affectionate brother,

JEPHTAH MORRIS.

A later letter from Jeptha!

This letter is inserted here to finish Jeptha's story of self-mastery at that early forming time.

He is over that boyish wishing to be his own man. His father has succeeded. His mother can rest now. Happy home picture! Is there anything beyond it upon earth? Is it not a picture of sweet heaven? He writes of the farm affairs. Takes an interest in his father's prospects of crops, etc.

Sophia has written her first full letter. She is not generally of many words. Has too much to do at first
Catherine and her surroundings

Leaves it to others, except a few lines of personal expression. She has her wit, too. She uses "ed" "est" at the end of her verbs, perhaps Catherine has written that is the Philadelphia, Westtown correct fashion. O, no! Avaunt, worldly word! "Custom," "Manner of friends"—"there," and the young sister at home is of course the first one to catch the new idea. She expects to be able to talk with C. "Yellow and red and green, tabooed colors, hardly allowable—in anything." True, in the rainbow and clouds and flowers, but Friends—more particular—instead of all those beautiful dyes.—Well, it i.e., the drab is beautiful upon delicate white and rose of the human skin. "Remember my love to thee," the sweet expression frequently occurs, reminding in its childlike simplicity and grace of that one between Frances Willard and her angel sister Mary, "I forgive you and thank you," as they laid down to sleep in like innocent childhood.

The care of health is shown in these letters to be a prime consideration and next to the reciprocating of affection and the right use of time and opportunities at school. They at home are thankful to hear of Catherine's good health. The home crowded school-room is an objection. A sound mind in a sound body is regarded as the summum bonum. Motives of economy and the state of the roads doubtless influencing in the decision.

The children studying at home during the wintry season "as good children for their books as we ever saw." They may not have been always able to cross the branch of Blue River lying between them and town. Frequently later, even higher and better constructed
bridges than they had then, were swept away. How well prepared the sagacious father is to be their instructor—in a different fashion from "the Master," doubtless, but with his untiring father affection, his wit, his shrewdness, and great natural ability and unquenchable appreciation for learning. He was almost a mathematical genius—as we have already seen. (Vol. i.)

It is easy to see where the Mother begins.

"Dear Child."—"The golden rule," but it is hard for Rebecca sometimes to put herself in another's place. She could not take on Benoni's light-heartedness and had not his generosity of temperament.

The letters of '30 have been given in full as opening up a new theme and affording the family an opportunity to do their own speaking, revealing a little of the conduct of Westtown at that early time, and giving a view into the familiar epistolary style of the period, and by all these means advancing the narrative.
CHAPTER V.

LETTERS OF TWO WESTTOWN SCHOOLMATES FROM THEIR HOMES TO CATHERINE STILL AT WESTTOWN—AND THE HOME LETTERS OF '31.

SECOND SERIES, FIRST PART.

SOLEBURY, 12th Mo. 10th, 1830.

Dear Catherine—I have been waiting with all the patience I possess to hear from you expecting some of my schoolmates would have written, but as yet have been sadly disappointed, not having received one line from any of my Westtown associates. I expect thou hast been so engaged in thy studies and other concerns that thou seldom thinks of me thy absent friend, but with me the case is far otherwise, tho' I am far from you in person, my mind is often with you reviewing the days that are past and dwelling with pleasure on many occurrences that transpired, tho' I have much reason to fear that I did not embrace every chance that lay in my power to improve myself and lend assistance to others, which I now see when it is too late to remedy my faults. O, how frequently I wish I could spend my time in such a way as to bear a survey without a sting of remorse.

[Dear girl! Sarah remembers her mother speaking of her with affection.]
How many people would be good only they are kept down by the flesh. But after how glad they would be if they had only risen above whatever the fault was. If we have not in the past—if we have regrets, remorse, unavailing sorrow and contrition of heart, is it not that we may in future do no more after that sort? And that what we have done and have been, and now are so altogether different, may lead us to be pitiful, forbearing, kind to those who are down—who went perhaps just a step farther than we did—kind to those who are struggling, those who need an incentive to rise? O, for the encouragement such could and should give the dismayed, the discouraged, the despairing! The world would be better, more smiled upon by heaven. Is it not so? Think on these things. [The letter continues:]

I wrote to Bulah W. Reese some weeks ago and gave it to (?) expecting A. Brown, she was coming to Westtown shortly, but the last accounts she had not gone. I am very sorry, I wanted to hear so badly about several things, and I now propose asking a number of questions in hopes thou wilt favor me with an answer: 1st, has there been any alteration in the school since we left, if not how do you like the arrangement which was made just before we came away—how large is the school at present—do the scholars behave themselves without giving much trouble to the teachers? I think should (be) for where there are so many, order becomes really indispensible in my judgment, and I think if the girls were all of them to see it so, there would be much less occasion for collecting them than
there was when I was with them. I shall not soon forget how often we were collected on account of mis-
behaviour. I know I was not so circumspect as I should have been myself. Who were appointed Moni-
tors in our places—how are the Bucks County girls liked amongst you? I think thou wilt be pleased with
R. E. if thou art acquainted with her. What company are they in and are they together—which of my
friends have left the school—how come you on in grammar school—have you generally concluded to use
the nominative thou in place of the objective thee? I hope you have, I consider it much prettier, say nothing
of correctness, tho' I only use it occasionally myself, but had I continued at school I think I should have
practiced it also.

Have the lectures commenced—by whom are they delivered, and what are they lecturing on? How dearly
I should love to hear some of them. I expect they are interesting and instructive. Is L. Evans still there, if
so give my love to her and tell her I wish she would write to me. I feel a lively interest in her as well as
for thyself, believing you were sensible of the impor-
tance of a good education, by which you were induced
to leave your homes and come such a distance to receive
it, and I fully believe you will never have cause to regret it, however great the privation may be for the
present. Has N. A. Watson returned? if she has, please give my love to her and tell her she must not
forget to write.

Dear Catherine, I left my book containing botanical
names. I think my name was not in it, but perhaps thou wouldst know it; if so I would take it kind of
thee if thou wouldst take it in thy care, or give it to R. Eastburn for me. I thought when I left perhaps I should return, but I now have no prospect of it. I am pleasantly fixed this winter at home, and am paying attention to my studies. I do not wish to return to school (for home has enjoyments nowhere else to be found), but I want to see you very much and should love to pay a visit to you. Give my love to H. and M. Roberts, H. Allen, B. Reeve, and all enquirers. J. Lafetiä, if she has not left school. Are you having the enjoyment of the invaluable blessing of health? I have been very well since I saw thee and am growing very fleshy. It is time for me to draw to a close ere thy patience is exhausted with my inquisitiveness, but I hope thou wilt excuse me as I have not had one line from thence, although I am so interested in your proceedings and welfare. I hope thou wilt not think I was induced to write merely for the purpose of obtaining information—it was not my only motive, I can assure thee. I feel an affection for thee which distance cannot lessen, and if we never more should meet on earth, may we be engaged to inherit eternal happiness through the mercy of him who died for sinners—there only friends can meet to part no more, where all tears are wiped away, and peace forever reigns eternal in the Heavens. Please give my best love to H. Saunders and S. Paul, and tell them I should be glad of the opportunity of answering favours from them. Please write soon and endorse them to Buckington Post Office, Bucks County. S. A. F— was well the last I heard from her.

Thy affectionate and sincere friend,

S—— B——.
Esteemed Friend — Unless I answer thy letter this day it will not be in my power to say I answered it the same year it was received, laying aside the shorter periods of weeks and months. Thine was duly received though it has not been duly answered; but thou wilt certainly forgive my negligence when thou art informed of my indisposedness to write since my return, and I am at this time incapable of raising my arm to the desk.

We reached home the fifth day following our departure from Westtown after a very pleasant ride, the weather being exceedingly fine; found my relations and friends generally enjoying excellent health, and have (when my health would permit) been much engaged in attending to household goods and kitchen furniture; not, however, wholly neglecting my studies.

Last first day I went to see S. Balderston, the first visit I have paid since my return, though frequently solicited by my acquaintances. I always considered that if anything weighed so heavily upon my mind at home that I was not contented, it would be in vain for me to try to be more so abroad. If I enjoy company as much as some, certainly, do not indulge in it as much, excuse my digressions. So I will return to S. B. She is in good health and fine spirits, she had undertaken the tuition of her Uncle's three daughters and another little girl from some distance. Her school room is one apartment fitted up for that purpose in the 2d story of her uncle's dwelling. She said she had written to thee; in that instance — she had not been as remiss as myself.

I had not heard of the death of M. Cooper until the reception of thy letter; of course it surprised me much.
I was sorry that superstition throws her baleful influence over thee so. I had hoped at that enlightened period her power was so relaxed that thee was not one whom she dare call her subject (?)

[Was dear religion thus spoken of—Catherine’s real change of heart and purpose in life commended by her father?]

Had I never been at Westtown I should not know how pleasant it would be to be absent a day as thou wast at B. Sharpless.

I wrote to M. B—— some time ago but have not received an answer; if thou shouldst see her or write to her, please remind her that I have written and expect an answer. Please present my respects to Mistress Lydia and also to those girls who favored me with theirs, not forgetting H. Smart and S. Scattergood. Tell H. if she were as smart as her name she would write to me, and S. if she were as good she would likewise. If they will condescend I will endeavor to answer them. When thou writest please inform who all the teachers are and in which rooms they teach. Has H. Allen gone home? How many scholars, &c., &c.

The clock has just struck 12. Oh, how busy you are at Westtown, one running down stairs, another up. Some going into the collecting room, others running to and fro in the gallery, &c., &c., while I sit here not at all alarmed, because the clock has struck. Indeed it is so still here that a lover who was trying to compose for his sweetheart might envy me, nor would Newton disdain it when he was seeking the quiet in order to prove a problem.
I am not going to Buckingham this winter, my eldest sister is there, my other sister and my brother are at Sandy Hill Seminary, so thou will perceive I am the only child at home. I hope ere this thou hast had intelligence from home to revive thy drooping spirits.

My love to R. Eastburn. I do not know what the practice may be in your part of the country, but in this it is a universal custom among the lower order of society to shoot a great many guns off at the close and commencement of each year, and they have commenced, as stormy as it is.

Write soon, yea, very soon. Excuse defects, &c., &c. With respect, S—— A—— F.

(Sealed with a wafer.)

[Sarah does not know this name, though may have heard it.]

Another letter from the former friend, later:

Solebury, 2nd Mo. 9th, 1831.

Esteemed Friend — I fear thou has begun to conclude that I was not (a) going to answer thy very acceptable letter of the 29th ultimo, which is far from being the case. I wrote an answer shortly after I received it, and have kept it a long time waiting for a private conveyance to carry it to Philadelphia, and thinking it would now be old I thought I would write another and send it by stage.

I was at E——’s and saw them start for Westtown, but they went unexpectedly. I did not hear it in time to bring thy letter for them to take. I do not wonder
thou wast disappointed when thou received my letter instead of one from home, for I have experienced and dare say thou hast found out, that a letter from home affords more pleasure than from any other source whatever. That pleasure I hope thou hast had ere this. Let us bless that Providence who has seen fit to place us in this happy land where the art of writing has become so general that regardless of distance, although the waves of the mighty ocean were to separate us, we can address our dear friends and exchange sentiments as readily as if we were enjoying their beloved society.

[It continues:] I am glad to hear you are coming on so well, and particularly pleased with the manner in which your company is fixed. Select society is far preferable. I thought of dividing before I left school, and feel glad you have done it. I often thought of the(e), L. E. and A. Evans after I left, thinking you would sometimes feel lonesome.

I have seen Rachel E—'s sisters since their return. They gave me a very interesting account of their journey and visit to the school, with which I was much pleased. I feel sometimes as if I should return, tho' I have but little prospect of it at present. Yet I think I should be more happy than I was before on account of our company assuming such a different aspect. I could hardly reconcile the idea of returning as it was. I understand P. A. H— is much esteemed by the girls, and think her a girl of merit myself.

I am much obliged for the information which thou has furnished respecting Monitors. I think they will do very well. I suppose Mercy B—- is also appointed.
I should dearly love to attend some of the lectures this winter, they must be very interesting. Do you attend more to the study of Chemistry and philosophy than we did in the summer? I think it would greatly facilitate your progress to hear lectures frequently delivered on them.

I often think of you when on a feather bed, and wonder if you sleep warm on your matresses this severe cold weather; and how do you fare in that cold gallery? It is enough to half freeze you I think. There is such a body of snow on the ground that I reckon you are not compelled to traverse the garden. We have excellent sleighing, and to all appearance it will continue a length of time.

I was sorry to hear of the death of our little school mate. Thou must have felt it keenly, for I think if I remember right, she was thy bed fellow. I am acquainted with H. Gillingham, and think she will suit Westtown very well. I saw S. A. F—— this week. She was well and seemed in good spirits.

I hope thou wilt write shortly. The one thou hast written was very interesting, and thou needst not fear but what they will always be so to me, since I have been an inmate of the school and shall long feel interested in it and in your transactions, but I fear mine will not be equally so to thee, as thou art not acquainted with our family and therefore can have no particular interest in hearing from us. I wish thou wast, I would dearly love to receive a visit from thee ere thou goest home. I am agreeably engaged in teaching my cousins with a little boarder, make four scholars, very different, and altho' they occupy much of my time and
attention, yet I have some leisure time to devote to my books, and spend it often very agreeably. Adieu, my dear Catherine. I remain thy sincere friend,

S— B—.

I would like to know whether M. A. Watson has returned again. Please give my love to all my good old friends, and inform me which of them are gone. I expect the school is so altered it has little of the appearance it had when we left.

( Westtown Stage Office, )

( K 4th St., No. 18. )

Home Letters of '31.

The principal writers in the 1st Series have been the father and mother and Jeptha, with an occasional one from Nixon and Sophia. In the 2d Series the father and mother continue, with Nixon, who has developed into a better penman and to whom Jeptha has seemed to yield, and Sophia, and one from Joanna, probably a little girl's first effort, farther on.

The letters for the beginning of 1831 from home bear respectively the dates:

\[
\begin{align*}
1 \text{ Mo. } 22. \\
2d \ " \ 15, \ two \ copies \ of \ the \ same. \\
2d \ " \ 16. \\
2d \ " \ 20. \\
2d \ " \ 21. \\
2d \ " \ 22. \\
\end{align*}
\]

All in apparently one enclosure by private conveyance.

The first written by the father and signed

Benoni Morris.
Rebecca Morris.
To which Nixon adds a concluding page, and Sophia with a few lines fills in the little remaining space. See in it the father’s use of capitals—sometimes retained for large ideas—and the full, overflowing, yet generally correct, expression. This he got from association with learned men, and his constant reading of best books, though himself unlearned.

Salem, Indiana, 1st Mo. 22d, 1831.

Dear Daughter—We have searched the Post Office until all are ashamed of going to inquire for letters and have received none since the 1st of 9th mo., for which reason we know not how to account for. Curry informs us of one mail being deficient in bringing papers from Philadelphia. We take that as a hope for the best that thy letter may be miscarried in the same mail, believing that if thy health has continued thou wouldst not neglect us so long. We in hoping for the best will address thee as if all was well, which we all ardently wish shortly to hear. We have enjoyed as good health as we ever did throughout the season. Doctors have had less than usual to do, except vaxinating; we have all had it; they have been so liberal as to invite as many as would come to receive it gratis. Yet there are a few that have been so indifferent as to neglect those kind offers. Consequently, it has at length made its way into Salem, but not among any of thy acquaintance. There is a large family by the name of A——, one and a half miles east of Salem, that have it at this time. They caught it from two travelers, one of which died with the same three weeks ago. It is yet raging in Louisville, altho’ health is good in the Western
Country, except the above mentioned calamity. We again have to inform thee of the death of more of thy acquaintances. Wm. Hoggatt, of Peola, and Jehosaphat Morris' wife is no more. I was at Peola six weeks ago and saw Wm. attending to his business in ordinary health, who lived but a few days after. Margaret died about two weeks ago; Francis Hooker's eldest daughter a few days before that time. There has been considerable loss sustained by fire in the Town of Salem. I. Thomas' blacksmith shop was burned with all that could be consumed by fire, six weeks ago. The loss was $300. J. Henderson's old dwelling and the large Frame house adjoining which contained E. Patrick's printing office, shared the same fate, 12 mo. 21. A small building belonging to the Widow Badger adjoining was pulled down to stop the progress of the fire. The loss is estimated at $1,500. Patrick being entirely destitute of means for a livelihood, all the printing apparatus with considerable provisions, &c., being consumed and loss to the public. There was a subscription immediately opened and so liberally subscribed to that he has been to Cincinnati to procure a new press. It is likely that others who lost will not be forgotten. It is something singular there was no family in either house, not another house in the place of any description nor even those at any other time when such a thing could have happened. Henderson had recently moved in his new house, and Tanahill who worked with Patrick at the printing business was taken with his family a few days previous into the country for fear of the Small Pox, as he had been amongst it. His family occupied the first story of the
printing house where the fire broke out. This occasion has aroused the inhabitants of Salem. They unanimously petitioned and the Legislature have granted an incorporation. Bought an engine, had meetings to form fire companies and prepare buckets, hooks, ladders, &c., in short there has been more done in a few weeks than an age would a performed had nothing occurred to have aroused them from their false security. I think when they get the necessary implements to contend with fire and large cisterns with other water works that are now talked of they will far surpass the numerous inhabitance with all their great wealth and slaves at New Orleans. Our boys about five o'clock awoke as usual at the time of the last fire and gave the alarm. I immediately got out of bed and hurried to the scene, and notwithstanding the severe cold morning, everything bound up with ice, there appeared to be one continual flood of water rushing to the adjoining buildings. Everyone doing with all his might, yet so much order observed not one was hurt except a young man, Henderson’s apprentice, that was sleeping in the house and the fire was over his head, who sprang from his bed and rushing out with Cabinet work without shoes on until his feet were much hurt with the cold.

Dear Catharine, were I to commence incerting the love and Fatherly affection I feel for thee at this time this sheet would not be sufficient, therefore as I am alone and bound to leave some room for thy Dear Mother, Brothers and Sisters, in sincere love with a word of encouragement, farewell.

Benoni Morris.
Rebecca Morris.
Dear Sister—This being first day evening and I having just returned from Quarterly Meeting I believe I cannot better employ it than in remembering my love to thee. We have had tolerable cold weather for the last few days. We had a tolerable full meeting to-day, there being a considerable number of friends from Lick Creek. Although it has been a considerable time since we heard from thee, yet I may reasonably suppose (not from) lack of thought or affection. It has been very healthy this season and we have had some very cold weather, especially on the morning of the fire, when the mercury was said to stand at 8 degrees below zero. We believe all thy relations are in reasonable health. Although I informed thee in our last letter that I did not expect to go to school any this winter, yet I go at present as I did not have much to do at home. A considerable quantity of snow has fell here this season, yet not to exceed three inches in depth it thawed so fast. I must inform thee of some late marriages that I suppose thee would hardly think of, viz: (?) N—S— to H— B— and W— P— to M—H.— The latter handed in their paper but there not being a general unity that they should perform, they discontinued their intentions until a short time after when they got Cressy to marry them according to law (!) at the house formerly occupied by Major Little, unknown or unthought to anybody else. Thou recollects that we informed thee in our last letter that Cousin Phineas Albertson and his family were expected here. They arrived here a short time after we wrote, all in good health, 7 daughters and one son. Abagail
has set up a school in the little school house near Doct. Albertson's.

We think it likely that thou wilt see some of thy acquaintances in the seventh month, as William Hobbs has a prospect of attending the meeting at Philadelphia. He says he will come and see thee. As I have nothing more to say at present I conclude in brotherly love and affection.

Farewell,

NIXON MORRIS.

Dear Sister—In token of love I will simply inform thee we never miss a day without making thee the subject of part of our conversation. The children all remember their love to thee, and especially Mary, who often says Sissy will bring her something. We are all at home together and none go to school except—Nixon and Jepthah.

SOPHIA MORRIS.

1st Mo. 22, 1831.

Just compare these dates: The 1st of 9th Mo. Five months of waiting, of suspense! Then the scant consolation from the good postmaster. But see their hopeful turn, and their confidence in her. Yes, indeed, they are hoping for the best.

"'Had it'—not smallpox, but 'vaxination.'"

Look at the liberality of those people. Yet a few neglect through indifference, and mischief results. Why cannot the people learn to take care of the few who make mischief?

See the neighborly generosity again in case of the fire. How quickly they put themselves in another's place, not waiting for friendliness to grow cold and motives for withholding to set in. And see the beau-
tiful impersonal way of saying *they*, too, had a share in the good deed—a giving their word that it would be attended to. See their promptness in appealing to higher powers for better security. Their oneness in preparing, with laudable pride, for the future. And the country stability—no one losing his head in the emergency, each one doing his part.

Nixon: "Not much to do at home." How well ordered, within as well as without, when this can be said of a family of *eight*. (Is not one chick, at most, Society's darling model family now?) He tells about the put off marriage, but does not make his own comment. That is Quaker training.

The next is from Sophia, with an effort at copying on the "15 and 16." The second copy is better, more regular than the first, but like many similar attempts, not entirely finished.

Though all the letters are precious to those most immediately concerned, the frequent repetitions and prolix narrations of what cannot, per se, be interesting, or has now, after so many years, lost its interest; and the crudities of youthful effort, before a style of penmanship and language has been formed; it was at first thought would all lead to a culling. But these very imperfections are pleasing when reviewed as past, and contrasts, in those who afterwards attained unusual skill in penmanship, and several of them also in style of expression. For such, then, whose interest and regard demanded the whole, it was thought to relegate them to an appendix to be preserved simply, and where they could be dipped into at pleasure by those desiring to do so. But a second reading has changed that per-
haps laudable decision, as they seem to increase in interest, and events were transpiring needful to be read for the understanding of the narrative. It has therefore been determined to give them generally entire, as the previous series, and seriatim, with a similar running commentary, that those who wish may read all, in course, and any who do not, yet wish to see for themselves, may make their own selecting.

Second Month 15, 1831.

Dear Sister—We now intend to let thee know that we make use of every opportunity which presents itself to our view. We are all generally well, which is a great blessing, and all at home to-day except Nixon and Jepthah, who are at school. It is a very rainy day, and the snow just melting, which makes it very muddy and disagreeable. We have had a very cold and pleasant winter and the ground almost continually covered with snow, though not at any time exceeding six inches in depth, and more slying (!) than I ever knew. Joseph Johnson expects to come on to Philadelphia with his grandson in a short time. He was in Salem yesterday and said he was waiting for the Ohio river to get clear of ice. I commence again, this being the 16th of the month and little Mary's birthday. She says she must have four apples, because she is four years old. She is sitting here now eating them. I expect thou hast plenty of apples there. Mary is well and happy, full of talk and play, and grows fast as ever. Robert also is well and hearty and active as ever. Thomas and Joanna have been attentive to their books this
winter, although they do not go to school. E. Patrick has just opened a school in Salem, and I expect some of the children will go as soon as the weather becomes warmer. There has been a sudden change in the weather now; instead of raining, almost everything is frozen. Thou hast informed us of the increase of your school. I want to know if there is still room for more, as I should like to be with thee if there was a suitable chance for me to come. Father and Mother say they would be willing. I want thee to inform us of every visit thou takest from Westtown. How many times hast thou rode over on horseback? I am doubtful thou wilt forget to work and how to ride, having no need of practice except for exercise, so we want thee to make use of every convenience. Thou art so happy as to have everything provided for thy convenience, even meeting so near that thou canst attend without any difficulty. Joseph has continued longer here than we expected in consequence of the ice, which gives us more time to conclude our letters. The weather continues warm and there is every appearance of spring. I remain thy affectionate sister, farewell.

I conclude this letter the 28 day.

(2 copies.)

SOPHIA MORRIS.

[The good, happy, sensible young girl; how our hearts warm towards her.]

Another dear letter is begun by the mother, continued by the father. He indeed puts himself in Catherine's place. Then the sweet preachment following, flowing from a father's love; and the schoolmaster
again, though he does not personally appear, for inquiries are made of apparatus unusual in even County Seminaries.

Salem, Ind., 2d Mo. 20th, 1831.

Dear Child — We received thy letter dated at different times in the 1st mo., which was truly satisfactory and a relief to our minds, not having heard from thee before since the one thee wrote on thy birthday [Sept. 1st]. Our health and the health of our neighbors yet continues good. The Small Pox has disappeared from this section of the country, but not abated in Louisville. We suppose thee to be in health, nothing being inserted to the reverse in the above mentioned letter, the contents of which was too grateful for any complaint. Altho' thee forgot that one particular, we think no doubt all is well. The pains thou hast taken to let us know thy situation, and the good effects we hope will result from the advantages thou wilt receive from that institution, affords us much pleasure. Thee informs us of only one deviation which made it necessary for thee to have a seat on the *silent bench. This is not more than we anticipated, knowing thy former disposition to be light and airy. We think from this and the few hints from Mrs. Lydia, thou art in a good way to let the childish notion, which thou wilt agree with me thou hast abundantly proved, too, in days that are past, suffice, and for the future endeavor to make amends. I have great cause to be charitable and make a liberal allowance for those of tender years. I know

*S. has heard this was imitated by Mt. Holyoke. She had there that one acquaintance, too.
the force of those glancing landscapes which present to my view in my juvenile days, but nothing would be further from me than to advise those who are now subject to such views to forsake that solidity of deportment which is so becoming to all ages and sects (?) for that which can only produce pain and discontent.

It was truly grateful to hear Lydia's statement of thy being a strict observer of the Institution, and that thee had given her full liberty to correct in every respect, although thou wast not equal in advancement to some others, thou learned faster than heretofore. This is encouragement; we hope thou wilt take it as such and do the best thee can, and be satisfied. This is all any of us can do, and no doubt by observing these thy progress in the end will surpass thy expectations and the expectation of thy friends. We are also thankful to hear of thy content, and that thee can have the opportunity of a little riding, sleighing, &c., amusements we know thee was so fond of. Thou speakest of being uncomfortable at times; perhaps not more than what is congenial (?) to human nature in the best of situations, as thee never writes without informing us of some peculiar kindness from thy new friends. Thomas Lindley a few days ago returned from New Orleans; he was 30 days from there home. More detention and loss of Boats by ice this winter than ever known before. One famous Boat, Amazon, commanded by Capt. Paul, the man that was Captain of the Constitution, which I went in last winter, was sunk by coming in contact with the Washington. She remains at the bottom of the Mississippi, with a full load of Flour and Pork. These disasters have not yet come
in the papers. Should it be convenient for thee and some of thy associates living to the West, perhaps L. Evans, which thee speaks of to leave the institution at the same time, I think it would be very pleasant after separating from so much good society to have a companion if only for a few days. The time is a great ways off to name such a thing, but nothing can be effected at so great a distance by correspondence in a short time.

Dear Catherine, this being first-day I have stayed at home for the purpose of communicating a sense of my feelings to thee. There is never a day passes but thou art a subject of my thoughts, and can cheerfully inform thee that I never before felt better satisfied than since thou hast been in thy present situation. I think it will be time so well spent and contribute so much to thy future happiness. This is what we all aim at, though too many pursue the opposite course, and prefer what they mistake for pleasures of the world which terminate in despair. There is no permanent pleasure for me in anything but well doing. I hope for myself, and especially so for thee, that we shall never get weary in trying to perform [our duty?] in all things. I feel such a stream of love to flow towards thee, that I shall want words to convey it. Thou hast so abundantly manifested thy esteem for us, and indications of improvement in all things, that I feel bound in tender regard to communicate the language of encouragement, believing thou hast resolved to spend no time in vain. This thee will find will leave no time for idleness, the fruits of so much pain and discontent. I know not when we shall be done making enquiry about the Insti-
tution. Please to inform us what apparatus you have (unusual in common schools) for the use of philosophy, geography, astronomy, &c., &c.) Although I have mentioned something about thou having company when thee leaves the Institution, I wish not to be understood that I want thy time there curtailed, believing thee can learn double the second year thee has been able to learn the first. As I have left the local news for the children, in unceasing love and affection farewell for the present.

Benoni Morris.

[The kind father; no child could forfeit such love. How sweet his confidence! They are reasonable—do not find fault with their child because in some branches she does not come up to what others do. She has her own peculiar gifts. They call the candid teacher’s confidence, encouragement. Entering into her recreations, how truly kind and paternal—unlike some, eh?]
CHAPTER VI.

A Letter to Catherine at Westtown from one of the Seven Albertson Daughters—Also One from Her Teacher, Morrison—And a Continuation of the Home Letters of '31—Concluding with a Characteristic Incident and Sequel.

SECOND SERIES, SECOND PART.

WASHINGTON ACADEMY IND.
22nd. 2nd. Mo, 1831.

Respected Cousin—Altho' years have elapsed since we conversed together, permit me to address thee in an epistolary way, until distance admits of personal interviews. Father's family (both married and single) arrived in this vicinity the 22 of 11th month last year, in 30 days from Gilford: we are in the midst of our relations & acquaintances, and are pleased with the acquaintances we have formed since our arrival. We had as pleasant a journey as ever was traveled of the same distance; fine weather, good company, &c.; as good roads as could be, considering the inequalities of the earth's surface, &c.—We have visited some of our relations but they are so numerous we shall be several months in finishing, unless we are more expeditious
than we have been. The weather has been very cold & snow on the ground for about 9 weeks it is not quite gone yet, tho' the roads are getting muddy in consequence of some moderate weather and gentle rains. It has been a fine season for sleigh-riding, & also for walking on the ice & snow to meeting, &c. But the pleasant walks and sleigh-rides are now impracticable, and will remain so until Old Time makes an alteration in the weather. Several of us have been at thy father's: Little Mary reminded me of thee so much that I often called her Catharine. They all look well; I lately saw them at meeting. Father lives at the place formerly occupied by Joseph Cadwallader—I am teaching school near Uncle B. Albertson's & am boarding with them. Sister Catharine and Peninah follow the tailoring business and Martha makes bonnets: Mirian married a Card last summer from Franklin County, N. C. They live near B. Pritchard's; he is a farmer, not a member of the Society of Friends, tho' he goes with her to meeting. Thy cousin Elizabeth Pool lately had her foot badly scalded as she and Charles were making sugar; but I understand it is getting well tolerably fast. I have not been to see them nor cousin Nathan's family yet.

Blue River Monthly Meeting is larger than we expected to see it; business goes on lively. The Quarterly Meeting in last month was smaller than common, owing to 4 monthly meetings being taken off to compose a new Quarter at White Lick—

There has nothing occurred since we arrived here, worthy of particular notice; no marriages among Friends except that of Nathan Symon & Hannah
There is some prospect of John Nixon and Charity Arnold marrying at some future period—Deborah Hobbs is here & is well; she sends her love to thee. Please to write to J. Johnson if thou hast an opportunity, and be not afraid of tireing me by a prolix description of Westtown and any other places thou hast visited, together with a list of thy studies, &c., &c. Accept my love with that of all my Father's family and believe me to be thy sincere cousin

Abigail Albertson

2, 25, 31. From her teacher Morrison. Too much Latin, too little ease, but the genuine instructor peeps out.

Salem, February 25th, 1831

My Dear Pupil, You will not be surprised when you find these lines are from your old Preceptor. It affords me great pleasure, in recurving to former days, to find that a scholar for whom I entertain a particular regard should now enjoy advantages for the acquisition of knowledge superior to those which could have been expected from my feeble abilities. I hope that you may place a proper estimate upon these privileges. That you will neither disappoint my expectations nor the expectations of your friends. On the proper improvement of your time may depend not only your respectability and happiness in this life but also, which is of infinitely greater concern, your eternal welfare—Remember that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom.
My Dear Catherine, I feel too much interest for you to neglect the present opportunity to suggest a few things which may be of service to you in your present highly important and responsible situation. I am conscious of my inability to write anything worthy of your attention, but as objects of little or no value in themselves considered, are sometimes highly prized merely because they had been once the property of a dear friend—I hope what I shall offer will on this account recommend itself to your consideration.

In the first place, then, in your present situation being deprived of the counsels of your dear parents, who feel the most tender solicitude for your welfare—It becomes to regard with the most scrupulous attention the admonitions of your instructors but above all to seek counsel from the Lord who alone is able to direct all things.

2d. Yield implicit obedience to the rules and regulations of your institution—They are framed for your benefit and not for the benefit of your Instructors.

3d. Be careful what company you keep—much depends upon this—you will find some, no doubt, who are more disposed to trifle away their time than to improve it. Keep such at a distance.

4. Study thoroughly whatever you undertake—disdain to be a superficial scholar—Remember what the poet says—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing—
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring—
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain—
But drinking largely sobers it again."—
5. Depend not too much on your instructors—They may do their duty, but unless you exert your own mind you cannot expect to be benefited to any great extent by attending to their instructions.

6th. Let your time be fully and profitably employed. I do not mean to say that you should always be engaged in study, for the mind needs relaxation as well as the body—but that you should make such a distribution of your time as to appropriate every moment to some valuable purpose—reflect much on all your studies.

I write with the consent of your Father and leave room for him to write a few lines if he deem it necessary. Accept my best wishes for your continual health and safe return.

I remain your sincere friend and affectionate Preceptor,

John I. Morrison.

[The little Schoolmaster! He has become her old preceptor!]

Sarah's mother read her a letter, beautiful in sentiment and manly expression from him, in which he requested of her mother the privilege of corresponding with her daughter. After mother read it she said with a triumphant air, "Was not that a nice letter for a man to write?" and folded it away as if it were too precious to be longer seen. Where is it? This was I believe a year or two after his death, and she seemed as if it revived in her the sense of the fragrance of his deathless affection.
Nixon writes in a finely improved hand. A cousin appends a few lines, and the mother fills two ample pages—perhaps with some insertions of the father's—signing alone, Rebecca Morris.

SALEM, INDIANA, 2d Mo. 27th 1831.

Dear Sister, It having been so long a time since we heard from thee thy last letter gave us more satisfaction than any thou hast wrote yet, especially to hear that thou wast well and going on with thy studies. We can say with pleasure that we still keep in tolerable health. We have had a good deal of very cold weather this winter but it is getting warmer for the last few days and is now quite moderate to what it has been. So much snow has fell here this winter and the ground has been so constantly covered and getting frozen so deep that it is now thawing and getting very muddy. I still continue going to school and study reading, writing and arithmetic, which take up pretty much all my time, this session ends in four or five weeks from this time. We have a tolerable large school yet not so large as it has been. I think the longer Morrison teaches school the more interest he feels in the improvement of his school. I suppose there is no danger of thee getting tired of reading, but as there has already been so much said, for my part I shall conclude.

From thy affectionate and dutiful brother

N. MORRIS.

SALEM, INDIANA 2 Mo. 28th, 1831.

Beloved Daughter—This being second day morning and things are going on as usual at home. The chil-
dren all at school. Except Sophia and Mary. The boys to Morrison, and Thomas, Joanna and Robert to Patrick. Aunt Mary is just gone home. It is with pleasure that I can say we are all well Including thy Aunt and Uncle's family and all the rest of our Relations. We are all well Pleased at receiving and Reading thy very acceptable letter tho 1 mo. 5, we hearing nothing for more than 5 months, but expect thee had wrote as thee informed us thee had. I am well pleased with thy increasing progress with thy studies and I hope thee will be incouraged to persevere as thee says thou art very happy, except being absent from us, but as we can give thee satisfactory information about ourselves our friends and neighbors I hope thee will let nothing trouble or discompose thee about home. I have had cause to reflect and be sorry for thy going there, I hope by this time thee has learnt good order and will have no more use for the silent seat. This is no more than we expected, well knowing thy ill-learned practices at school where all talk as much as they please (!).

[Such the custom then.]

Dear Catherine, be honest and obedient and thy reward will be praise.

I would like to know if you have any in school that are not friends and whether they use the Plain language, for I have been asked this question and could not tell our friends who are often inquiring about thee whenever I meet with them, how thee comes on with thy studies.

Dear Child, it was very pleasing to see in a few lines from thy teacher as she thinks thee may make a useful scholar. Mary is here with her pen and paper
asking me many questions and pressing me for answers, which makes me almost forget what to say. I think sometimes should be glad if Sophia was there with thee if there should be a convenient opportunity for her, but this would be a trial indeed without her my true friend, and Mary says she must not go away, and those papers have to go on very early to-morrow morning. So I must conclude, thee must except this instid of a visit from us. I wish thee to write by Joseph if not sooner, Aunt Mary requested me to say for her as she had not time this morning. There are a number of thy friends Requested to be remembered to thee Aunt Betsy White in particular, as Cousin Abigail's was sealed before she knew it, with this I conclude, ever affectionate mother,

Rebecca Morris.

How sensible they are! Absence alone, with expectation of speedy return, not sufficient cause for unhappiness. She—Rebecca—is severer upon herself for any lack of good order C. has shown. What daughter could resist her appeal?

The plain language? The dear Rebecca was something of a formalist; association and Bible language were important factors. How warm her approbation of her faithful young Sophia. Blessed be such daughters lifting mothers' otherwise too heavy burdens. Putting their strong, willing shoulders to the domestic wheel and keeping it ever out of the rut.

The young by their exuberance almost seem to ask for pruning, though at the immediate time they weep and seem to bleed; they recover astonishingly quick
and flourish all the more, until themselves recognize the friendliness of the edge that would simply lop off their little blemishes. Catherine was to get plenty of it in another as well as this school. What of the next she is to enter will be an important question or topic. Not all along, but was it not thought of at least after her return—a smaller or larger school?

SALEM, INDIANA, 5th Mo. 1, 1831.

Dear Sister—It has now been a week since we received thy very acceptable and satisfactory letter, dated 3 mo. 30th, 1831, by the attention of J. Johnson. We also received one dated 2nd mo. 16th, 1831 which was no less satisfactory and to which we have not as yet written an answer, and one by the attention of J. Wright, which makes the third we have received since we wrote last. Nothing gratifies me more than to hear of the continuance of thy health when so far from home. I find but one fault in thy writing and that is bad spelling. I do not suppose it is for the want of knowledge, but for the want of care. I consider this, as one of the most important studies in our language. A person cannot be good at anything else if he is not good at spelling (!). This is what I call very pleasant weather, though it is tolerable warm and looks some like rain. This is first day and all the family have gone to meeting except Thomas and myself. As thou saidst you had a very fine eclipse of the sun on the 12th day of the 2nd month. We can say the same; and a most glorious sight it was. It showed the wonderful works of Providence. The summer session of the Washington County Seminary commenced on the 4th day of
this month, under the care of J. I. Morrison. I com-
menced at the commencement and have been going
ever since, but do not expect to go all the session. The
school consists, now, of about eighty-six scholars and
is still increasing, but I suppose it is but a small num-
ber in comparison to the West-n boarding school. I
well remember the many dialogues we used to have
upon various subjects and would be glad to have many
more! but I expect thou art doing as well there as thou
couldst do anywhere else; providing thou makest good
use of thy time. I must inform thee that I had the
pleasure of attending the quarterly meeting this spring.
Mother and myself were all that went. We had very
pleasant weather all the time we were gone. Joseph
Cadwalader has got back to this country again; he
said he saw thee when he was there. I may now
inform thee that Oliver Lindley has married Priscilla
Coffin and John has married Ellen Miller for the pur-
pose of going to Illinois. As it is about time for me to
conclude, I will leave the balance for father.

From thy affectionate brother,

PHINEAS N. MORRIS.

Nixon begins on a foolscap sheet and writes a page
and a half. One would almost think his letter from
the father, so almost identical in expression; but
Nixon's praise and solicitude were very dear to Cath-
erine. Their dispositions chimed—she, daring, fear-
less, light and airy; he, contemplative, quiet, retiring.

There were only two terms during the year; long
they were and seemed.
The father's pen is again employed for most of the remaining available space, with the united signatures:

Benoni Morris
Rebecca Morris.

Beloved Daughter, The above mentioned letter has been truly interesting and satisfactory to us all, we think thou art determined to lead a new life and become useful, which no doubt may be effected by watchfulness and due application to thy duty always bearing in mind that nothing short will insure safety. although thousands have resolved and covenanted, as I believe thou hast done and thought themselves on a permanent foundation and prospered while everything appeared to terminate in their favour but when the great Shepherd was pleased to try their faith by withdrawing his presence, reverse of fortune or any of those provings that are suffered to overtake the Christian traveler, how many have relapsed and gave up the all important cause. I don't mention these things with a belief that it has been thy case, but with a hope that they may serve to strengthen when no help appears near. I have no doubt but we are all intended for some good work. I feel happy in the belief that my greatest duty in the present stage of life of all worldly concerns is to endeavor to lay a foundation for my dear children's present and future happiness. It was not because I loved one more than another that I have afforded thee the opportunity thee now enjoys. I love each as tho it was the only one and nothing in my power will ever be withheld that can contribute to your advantage, (consequently I want thee not to be dissatisfied about thy
expenses, use economy but whatever is really necessary I want thee to have, in short, my confidence in the management of the Institution leaves me without a doubt of any superfluous charges although so many of our best Friends could not see the utility of our spending so much as they thought unnecessary on thee, no doubt partly on account of our limited circumstances which would have been a sufficient objection to most any other parents.) I can truly say I have never regretted the undertaking, we have been abundantly blessed with health &c never aspiring to anything. I now feel encouraged, and at liberty to inquire how thou expects to become useful when thou returns to mingle with us again without a wish for thee to sacrifice one good inclination. I am free to propose thy becoming a tutoress to thy little Brothers and sisters. Shouldst thou be satisfied to accede to this, thou can I hope be of material advantage to the family. I may inform thee that I have purchased 5 acres of land for which I gave $200 a great price but nearly paid for, it being the beautiful little square of wood-land adjoining the S. E. corner of our farm, formerly owned by Harrison. should the above proposal be in accordance with thy wishes, it is my intention to build a snug little school house on sd. land. I have sold Henry Lang timber enough off the same to pay for one half of the brick it will take if appropriated to that use. The inhabitants on this side of the creek are fast increasing. It will improve more than the other side this summer, tho' should there not be one except our own family to compose the school, it will be much better than the crowded Seminary which they are confined to at this time.
Friend P—and myself have had considerable talk about building a school house in company. He offers to go his part, also in sending to the eastward for a tutoress. Neither this nor the same situation for the house can as yet suit us both. Please write us an answer immediately on the reception of this, which will probably decide whether I am to yield or go on alone. The last I would prefer.

I have observed in the writings of the most eminent men of the U. N. S., that nothing was more applicable for retaining what is learned than for a student to take a school immediately after completing their own education. T. Jefferson through great difficulty obtained his education and pursued this course, and said nothing was equal to it for male and female. It is now late, thy mother sisters and brothers have long been in bed and asleep though it has departed from me.

In love farewell  

BENONI MORRIS  
REBECCA MORRIS

Nixon Jepthah Sophia Thomas Joanna Robert and Mary have all been lively and behaved well to-day. Wm. Hobbs staid with us one night the week before last. He continues in the expectation of coming to see thee in the 7th mo. who will likely bring thee letters from home.  

B. M.

He says there will be some women friends come, I know not who.

SALEM, INDIANA, 7th Mo. 5th, 1831.

Dear Sister—Thou art daily the subject of my thoughts. Thy friends are undoubtedly interested in thy prosperity and success: they are frequently in-
quiring about thee: when we heard from thee: how thee gets along with thy studies: when thou art coming home. Some of them say they would be very glad to see thee. We can say once more that we are all in reasonable health. I believe I can say the same as far as my knowledge extends in regard to thy relations and acquaintances. We commenced wheat harvesting yesterday and got nearly half done. We had considerable rain here last night. We began to cut wheat again this morning but it soon began to rain again and has been raining almost constantly ever since, had it not been for this I expect we could have finished harvesting to-day. This is the first rain of any consequence we have had in some time. Nothing more for the present. Farewell.

10th. of same month.

My Beloved Sister—Not having a convenient opportunity to finish last third day, I commence this morning giving thee a description of the things about home. This is first day morning and things have been and are going on as present at home. Father Mother Jepthah and Thomas have gone to meeting. This is a most beautiful morning. The sun shines bright and the wind blows cool. Afternoon: Sophia, Thomas and Joanna have now gone to Sabbath School as usual. Robert goes in general but he did not want to go today. The Presbyterian Camp Meeting (!) held near Salem week before last consisted of a great many people. One among the number by the name of Eunice Vancleave died there, she had all the appearances of health until she swooned away in her chair. Farewell for the present.
5th day, 14th. This is fifth day and Sophia and myself have just returned from meeting. The first thing that I shall attend to this evening will be to take down all the mispelled words as thee requested In thy last letter. In the beginning when thee was writing "Father wants to know what employment I should choose," thee spelled the word choose "chose." When thee said "it seems uncertain whether I shall ever reach home," thee spelled the word uncertain "uncear-tain," the word scholars thee spelled "schoolars." In speaking of the number of friends that were without a copy of the old and new testament, thee said "this report does not mention there names." Thee spelled the word their "there." It was spelled afterwards in the same manner. In spelling the word proceed, thee spelled it "procede," it should be proceed. In writing I have no doubt but I spell many words wrong. Thee spelled the word wrong "rong." I believe I have nothing more on the subject.

As to the fruit this season we have a fine prospect of apples, a few cherries, an abundance of currents. There will be very few peaches if any in the neighborhood this season. I have not seen a single one. I informed thee some time ago of a couple of marriages, I may now inform thee of two more. James Trueblood from Lick Creek and Martha Albertson, daughter to Cousin Phineas Albertson, were married last fifth day, also Samuel Ballard a young man from White Water to Millicent White on the same day and in the same meeting. John Nixon and Charity Arnold published their intentions of marriage last monthly meeting. Several more are talked of. Thou wilt probably have
Catherine and Her Surroundings

an account of them in our next. I leave the rest for those who wish to write.

From thy affectionate Brother,

Nixon Morris.

[The spelling came out all right with such a teacher!]

7th Mo. 15.

Beloved Catharine, Altho we cannot expect what we anticipated and gave thee reason to expect we hope thee will accept of this as a substitute, it is owing to some result of Phila. Yearly Meeting that Wm. Hobbs declines visiting that country this summer which will render [reduce?] the large bundle of letters to one single sheet, yet we think thou wilt be satisfied when the contents will inform of nothing unfavorable of what is interesting to thee at home. Thou wilt remember of receiving bundles perhaps as unexpected as this, unaccompanied by one of thy old acquaintance. There may yet some like unforeseen present itself, but should there not, look and press forward with a cheerful hope for the appointed time which will soon arrive, when I thy unceasing Friend and Father, expect to embark to re-establish thee in unison and social intercourse with thy old friends and juvenile companions again. The object of thy concern for the little time yet to elapse, we firmly hope will be to prepare thyself to be useful to those who can never have the opportunity thou now enjoys. I have mentioned our design in regard to the school to no one out of the family except S—— P——, who says he will do what he can to support thee. He appeared well pleased, and said he had
not a doubt but thy turn and qualifications would be
well adapted to the cause and that such a person was
much wanting and would always receive encoura-
ment in Salem. Should Mrs [pronounced Mistress] 
Lydia feel free a word from her in thy next would be
kindly received. Thee speaks of some inconvenience in
writing letters we dont recollect of seeing any mention
of the first day of the week being so [?] employed in
that way, is nothing of practiced at Westtown. How
do you spend those long days? thou says you have no
idle time. Not that I wish to be definite in the detail
of that day. Dear Daughter thou scarcely is now aware
where great care is necessary to preserve health, altho
you may have a good nursery and every attention there
is nothing like a preventative. We yet continue the
use of salt and water occasionally. have had no need
of a doctor except Jepthah at W. Lick, since we saw
thee the strongest and only medicine is starvation [!] 
which I found necessary to resort to about 2 weeks ago
for one day and my health never was better confirmed.
These are simple though more effectual than means
from the most skillful physician
affectionately farewell,

Ben’o Morris
Rebecca Morris

Dear Sister, as it has been some time since we
received thy very acceptable letter, I expect thou art
almost impatient to know something about home. As
there a little room left for me, I will just inform thee
that Mary was not well yesterday but is lively and
smart to-day. I saw Aunt Mary at meeting, she said
she was unwell of the headache but not confined. Cousin Susannah White has got another son; all the rest of thy relations are well as far as I know. Nothing more at present

SOPHIA MORRIS.

(The father 3 inside pages.)

7 Mo 31st 1831

Beloved Daughter—As nothing has transpired since our last more than ordinary, we have but little to inform thee of. We can only write as though we were talking to thee about some unimportant subjects, after telling thee we are all well. We have succeeded well in harvesting although the rains have been almost incessant every day. Morris Nixon Jepthah and even Thomas have been useful and attentive to their business throughout. The three first almost equal men with the mowing sythe cradles hooks binding &c. Thomas, that I expected nothing from, voluntarily stayd from school and for several days was quite useful. It would do thee good to see the increasing strength and good spirits of our little company. I have hired but little and never had more satisfaction in harvesting. The boys appear animated with the idle that in a year or two more they will be able to take the responsibility of the farm. We frequently hear from the old country where we were born. The latest news informed us of nothing remarkable, only the wheat crops were in many places entirely cut off. I think it was stated my brother reaped none at all. It is something remarkable there should be so many failures in that once fertile country amongst the best of farmers. Our wheat crops were light owing to the fly rust spot &c. Oats are
good and the prospect of corn flattering. Hardy Bass died about one week ago aged 97 years. Thee will remember this old man dressed flax for us some years ago, probably the oldest man in the County, was half Indian and left a full-blooded Indian wife, who says she is a hundred and twenty. He was her second husband. We understand that I. & B. Lindley and their wives all have the ague. Their mother has visited our country and now at Booth's. He was here a few minutes and said she was quite unwell with another heir which was Born at their house. We knew nothing of this opportunity when we wrote our last. I was informed of it about the time for thy letter to be mailed, but thought best to let it go as this would be too long a coming. The Conal (Col.) says he would be happy to call and see thee, but don't know that he will have the opportunity. He is going to Phila. to purchase goods for the purpose of putting his sons in business at Whitelick. Thy mother says she don't feel like writing, being some onwell with the headache this first day evening. Sophia Joanna and Mary I think are returning from the Sabbath School. I believe I hear Mary's Prattling in the vineyard. Thomas and Robert did not go to-day. Robert speaks highly of himself of spelling at the Seminary. One time he has said that he was above Thomas and Joanna and a number of others much larger than himself. Nixon commenced writing this evening but declined for want of matter. They all say they have nothing to write. To-morrow is our election and if nothing worthy of notice occurs I must drop my pen for the same reason. 3d. day 2d. I was at the election last evening and heard of the death of
Joseph Parker's wife who lives in Pasquotank. Also that it was very sickly again at White Lick. Doct. Garret and wife have both deceased and several others in that section of the country whose names I do not recollect. This letter thee wilt accept as a token of love from thy Friend and Father Beno. Morris, who wishes to leave nothing undone that will contribute to thy happiness.

(Something, 2 or 3 lines in pencil, nearly obliterated.)

(Hardly to be deciphered.)

I think it is very strange
say you have nothing
not enough to write, perhaps J? syl?
you by asking you same question
and requesting you to give them their full
names. 10th & 11th, I hope thee will have a

[On the 7, 31, the father, writing a second time, signs with his hand alone, — affection, and sent]

by private conveyance,
Jonathan Lyon.

It was like the father to say "Mrs." ("Mistress," pronounced), "Lydia," a title then given to dignify or in *gallantry. His was more probably the latter — while most scrupulous in his conduct especially to women — his was frank and jovial. Long after when he was visiting "the old country," as he called his beloved native State and particularly birth-place, near Elizabeth City, he found an old friend — a widow —

* In the good sense.
with an only daughter and a companion a dependant. A girl of considerable ability in house-wifely accomplishments and breeding. He jokingly said to the young lady in the presence of her friend that if she would return with him to Indiana he would find a fine husband for her. The girl probably feeling her position apt at any time upon the death of her patron to become more uncertain, immediately laughingly took up with his offer. After considerable badinage had passed between them they entered into a serious conversation upon the subject. The result was her life benefactor fitted her out with a very creditable wardrobe. Gave her some money, twenty-five or fifty dollars perhaps to go on. Gave her new friend sufficient to pay her way and perhaps something for her besides. She accompanied him north, made her way by her needle, and in time married into one of the well to do families of Salem, and had bright children and a nice home of her own.
CHAPTER VII.

THE HOME LETTERS TO CATHERINE AT WESTTOWN CONTINUED.

SECOND SERIES, THIRD PART.

A short letter—1st page—from Nixon. All the rest of available space by the father’s long one, signed,
BENO. MORRIS,
REBECCA MORRIS.

Date SALEM, INDIANA 10th Mo. 21, 1831.

Dear Sister, It has now been nearly a week since we received thy very acceptable and satisfactory letter 7th mo. 16th. It was long looked for but the more joyfully received. We went weekly and almost daily to the office but were disappointed and father hardly ever went to town but what he was told to look for a letter. We can again inform thee that we are all well which we consider as a great blessing. It is gratifying to us to hear the same from thee. It is a general dry and healthy time and the weather uncommonly pleasant. This is 5th day night and all the family have gone to bed but Father mother and myself. This is a most beautiful, clear bright pleasant moonshiny light (n-) and no more than we have had for some time back. I
believe we have had frost almost every night this week. This is what is generally termed Indian Summer.—I now go to school and I expect to go all this session. I believe the school is about as large as ever—and smaller scholars Thomas Joanna and Robert go also. They all commenced writing this session and just informed me before they went to bed to write something about them and inform thee that they were writing, (in school.) I would write more but it is getting late and father wants to finish this letter to-night and take it away in the morning. Please to excuse me for not correcting thy misspelled words as thee requested. I dont know as there are any but I should examine if I had time. Please to correct all mistakes thee finds in this

From thy loving and affectionate brother

NIXON MORRIS.

[On the side.] I thought I was done but seeing this letter put me in mind of more. — — died about i month ago, the old man White in Salem a little after Jordan Giles night before last, all fine useful men. Doct. Hay is married to one of the Lenard(s) S— P— intends to be in that country this winter on his way to see his father. He expects to be in Phila.

[At the top.] I hope thee will have a laugh when thee reads this last (!)

The Father's Letter:

My Dear Daughter. It is now 10 o'clock and I am seated alone in the cook room a happy all have retired to bed in health and quiet the subject of thy teeth being the first that claims my attention. I have
consulted with Doct. Newland and Hay. they say that nothing is equal to plugging if it can be effected to stay in its place, if not to the defected parts removed and to be careful in dieting (we) by no means take acids or any thing but what may be termed a abstenumious living for a considerable time after an operation of either clensing or plugging (!) I yesterday had an interview with Doct Joshua Webster son of I Webster that lives 18 miles from Lancaster (Pa) he tells me he had been a student at Westown. I think about 10 years ago. He speaks highly of the institution. He is a Dentist by profession has plugged several in Salem and all appear to do well. I was with him again today and he very kindly offered me a note. the words are these you will have to depend much on what the Dentist says is best. You should therefore be careful to whom you apply. Fitch of New York is often in Phila. If he cannot be found Williams is very good. Should any of thy acquaintances feel interested in Wms he intends leaving Salem in a few weeks to spend the winter in the Miss. His advice was the same as above. Thy mothers and my own is to counsel with thy friends and pursue whatever course will most likely preserve thy teeth and as thou art far from home for them to be as moderate as possible. Thou requested information of what would be thy probable expenses. This is the letter that I intended to write the like request of thee. I can only inform thee that when we left Indianapolis I had a little the rise of $200 I left $100 at Westown and arrived home with $15. I believe thou hast been frugal dear Catherine, for thou surely never manifested it so much in all thy life as when traveling to that
Catherine and Her Surroundings 127
country. but we are at a loss to know what kind of
dresses are introduced or what you put on them to
amount to $5.(!) We have said but few words about
thy getting a cloak or coat and thy mother's now
asleep. I think if thee will ascertain what thy expenses
there will likely be and send the amount in thy next
letter and what one will cost, then we shall be better
able to give thee an appropriate answer as it will not
likely be of much use before thee gets home. My
reason for wanting to know as soon as this is that I
want if I can raise money enough to have the company
of Nixon in traveling that long road again. Jephthah
and all the children even little Mary with their mother
[the frugal Rebecca!] appear interested in getting him
off which we shall likely decide on immediately after
reading an answer to the above. We can also give a
difinite answer about a passenger than at present or
perhaps thee will be able thyself after reading this and
knowing what will be thy baggage. I have no knowl-
edge whether it will be increased with Books or not.
This I know if Nixon should be gratified with coming
and continues well and a growing he will increase the
weight some tho' he dont grow as fast as Jephthah and
there will be the saddles and bridles though I would
send by other conveyance if they were all the objection
for the sake of good Company. [The generous Father!]
The spoke of her coming about Livonia this rout would
be impractable with a carriage. When I come home
my intention is to come through Kentucky or Rich-
mond I—— R——ed has spoken to me to take a pas-
senger tho I bound myself under no obligation nor
should I hesitate to determine in the negative to ac-
commodate one of thy acquaintance whose company through I believe would make thee happy.

Thee mentioned something about remaining 2 weeks longer than thee expected for company this would be gratifying to me if convenient but we must not forget that we are farmers and that my presence is necessary at harvest even if I have it at home and that I only arrived in time before which was put off one week on account of rain. I wish to leave Westown a week or 10 days sooner if the waters are such that I can make an earlier start in the Spring believing it will take us that much longer to come home. It is perfectly natural for thee to want to know how we are situated which thee will try while reading the above to realize. For the present our occupation is nothing new before we commenced the building of the house I wrote thee about some time ago. Allen began to lay up the brick walls sixth day and if the weather and health continues will probably complete his work next week. The land, Brick, laying them up and Peck, Mason and all paid also part of the carpenters Bill which is the greater part of the expense. These things come lighter by reason of good health. I believe I was never better able to work nor more willing. The next thing we want to know how thy feelings continue. and if after thy return thee will be willing to walk with the little ones to sd building for their instruction. They are every day talking about it, and call it Catharine's school house. Mary no longer calls thee Sissy but sister Catherine and thinks more of the school next summer than any of the others. Thy Mother and Aunt Mary attended Yearly Meeting. they rode in a
carriage in company with Sarah and Rebecca Albertson and arrived safe home with — — last seventh day about dark. She saw — — and had some talk with him. His daughter Rebecca not at meeting.

Anticipate no trouble Beloved Catherine in regard to days that are past or (what are) in future. To the day is sufficient for the evil though thy friends begin to say What a little time — when it seemed a long time — I was taking thee away to stay from home and now the time most come for me to start out again I am glad to (believe) thee thinks of us — when waiting we have been highly favored. It will be almost a miracle if . . . have to pass between us. Let us . . . prepared for the worst but always hope for the best as the most gloomy prospects (are) often experienced to be blessings in disguise I believe I could write all night farewell With love

He must have written late into the night and what a budget of news it is. Nixon had evidently had something on his mind which he was not at liberty to divulge — but it is out now and the innocent commonplaces of his letter understood. What a theme his going with his father for Catherine and what an interest she is for all the children. No more Sissy from even little Mary, but Sister Catherine and the School House.

Sister Catherine’s School House! They see themselves under the guidance of her, gentle shepherdess. Will their dreams be realized? What does she think
of it? Is she forgetting they are farmers? Has she dreams too, possibly different?

It is a great venture to place the oldest in a far off school with exceptional advantages. Two years of rapid growth in a conservatory, this woodland nymph has been; how has it affected her development? Will she scorn the soil that nourished her earlier growth, and pine amid homely surroundings and reach after the refined environments she has lately had about her? And wither in the too fresh air of her country home?

Beautiful letter of a sound mind and wholesome nature.—Of overflowing tenderness and fatherly grace tempered by the wit and wisdom of a sweet spirit, only to be read aright by hearts that can mirror its placid depths and from their own experience drop a plummet through the clear waters of its deep affection.

Comical enough, the glance at the condition of dentistry in those days. One may give a pleasant laugh at them, and at the audacity of the covert charging Westtown (!) with folly (!!) and want of simplicity (!!!) —term dear to the then Quaker mind — in the matter of a dress that costs — unheard of sum in simple Western annals — $5! But of all things, the adroit weaving of subject after subject so as not to distress or startle, and the sugar-coated pills, or rather plums after a little necessary medicine or caution, all so skillfully blended. The many sweets with the little bitter — it may well challenge competition, even imitation. No counterfeit can sample it — no plagiarist could make. The mother's directness — reserves — would not do here. She was plainly unable for the task and went wisely to bed, and the father with the cementing power
of fearless love so dresses each theme and skillfully unites the necessary limits of each—his means and Catherine's necessities—his plans and her desires—his hopes and her doing—they can be but one in object and aim.

Salem, Indiana, 12 mo. 31st, 1831

Beloved Sister, Thee stated in thy last received by us yesterday that thou didst not receive our letter as soon as it arrived but thee may rest assured it was not the case with us: thy letter was long looked for and consequently the more joyfully received when it came especially to hear that thee continued in tolerable health. We enjoy the like blessing except a little bad cold in consequence of damp weather. Another year has rolled over our heads and this being the last day of this year and also Robert's birth day I have thought to employ it in answering thy acceptable letter. I still continue at school as I observed in my last. I believe the school is about as large as ever but it does not consist of the same scholars for there are not many that go now who went at the commencement of this year. Some go out upon the world and give place to others. A number of thy old acquaintances that went to school here when thee did have now gone out to take their stand in the world. Thomas Joanna and Robert went to school at the commencement of this session but I do not expect they will go any more this winter. They are all very ambitious in regard to learning at home, especially at writing of which thee will probably see some before thee gets done reading. Little Mary is
also very expert in getting pieces by heart, which she does by hearing the other children repeat them
Farewell for the present,

THE WESTTOWN LETTERS, THIRD SERIES.

Time and Tide wait for no man: Inexorable dates parted Nixon's last letter in two. He re-commences, having concluded the Old Year, and thus rushes in the New. The Father and Mother too write on the latter date.

1st Month 1st, 1832.

My Beloved Sister, We are again permitted to see the beginning of another year, but whether we are permitted to witness the end of it, is not for us to determine. We have however saw the end of the preceeding year and let us ask ourselves whether we are any wiser than we were at the commencement. Yes this question ought to be asked by every individual at the end of every day. It used to be the practice among the ancients if they passed a day unimproved to write down, I have lost a day ["Perdidi —" the Master.]

We have long conversed at a great distance apart but the time is drawing to a close when we shall if nothing happens to any of us, meet with joy and converse about things which cannot be related with the pen. The following are some of thy errors in thy last. For hour of time "our" for mulberry "mulbery." As it is getting late I have not taken much pains in corrections. Please to peruse this letter attentively and send back whatever thee finds wrong in thy next. As thee requested us to fill up, I have endeavored so to do. It is now nearly 12 o'clock, accept this from thy affectionate brother

P. N. Morris.
Salem, Indiana, 1 Mo. 1st. 1832.

Dear Catharine—We took thy acceptable letter out of the office the hour of its arrival last 6th day, the contents of which afforded us more than ordinary pleasure, but much regret thy not having the necessary operation performed on thy teeth whilst in Phila. thy visit there and the kindness conferred on thee by thy numerous friends whose names thee mentioned we shall with gratefulness remember. We think if thy walking alone without necessity was prudent. thou informed us of nothing inconsistent in sd. visit. thy thoughts were perfectly correct when musing on what would have been our surprise had we met thee. Could we have been sensible of thy situation at that time it surely would have produced great excitement until thy return to mingle with company of safety again. Hast thou not heard of serious outrages committed on young females in some of the Eastern cities, not one year ago the papers were teaming with accounts the most alarming and distressing nature, such as young girls of high standing in society being outraged by ruffians and carried off and not heard of more, for the truth of these assertions we are unable to determine. I only mention them for thy consideration with the hope that thou wilt be cautious of such ventures for the future for we should be glad to know how to give counsel for thee to proceed in thy several requests but [not] knowing situated as we are must refer thee mostly to thy own feelings and the advice of thy Teachers, but are anxious to hear of thy teeth being preserved which I suppose will necessarily make another visit to the city. The time I should suppose would depend much on circum-
stances that is company conveyance &c. We think thou hast taken a very appropriate time for the one already made. I have no doubt of the operation on thy teeth making thee sick as thee anticipated or be severe at all. Did I not inform thee in my last that I had my teeth cleared by Dr. Webster (from that country) He done that which should have been done 20 years ago (!) and I sustained no pain at all (!) As to thy attending the Quarterly Meeting we have no objection could it be performed without much expense, and more particularly, diverting thy mind too much from thy studies. Now we hope thou wilt be favored to pursue what will be most to thy advantage after informing thee that Nixon yet expects to come with me as soon in the spring as the case will admit, and of course we must all go to the City. Should thee go previous to my coming I should be glad if convenient thee would visit the family of the Edwards who showed me no little kindness when there, also Jonathan Evins, this aged Friend I saw at the Yearly Meeting in Virginia in 1813 but contracted no acquaintance with him. I was twice at his house. he appeared more like a Father than any stranger I ever met with, his Daughter was no less pleasant. Should thee have an introduction thee will find him a plain grave old friend with but few words and sound in judgment. In short my mind was so operated on by the dignity and deportment of this man that to this day it is frequently involuntarily impressed with the thought of him when unguardedly drawn into unprofitable conversation. Jane Bettle was equally kind and could I say the same of —— —— I could speak well of all my acquaintances
in Phila. I should insinuated (?) something about thy name before had I not been doubtful about thy embarrassment believing thee would like myself thinking no other place was like Bettle’s, Jane being the only person among so many ten Thousands that ever had been at our place of residence or that I had the smallest acquaintance with, nothing more at present about this unfriendly man at least more so to me than I think consistently can be practiced by a Christian, a stranger who had no interest but friendship alone for visiting his house. I hope his conduct was different towards thee, and that thee will find other places should thee be in the city previous to my coming to take up thy abode. Dear Catharine events of magnitude continue to transpire in succession as time rolls on. Sarah Hite (?) was the mother of a fine Son now about 2 months old which was elevating to all parties but how soon our joy may be turned into mourning she left (it) together with all her friends 4 weeks ago 22 years. I think I never saw greater marks of fortitude and resignation than was manifested in her numerous Friends and Relations. The appearance of her Father and Friend of mankind brought to my mind the words of David when he laid aside his mourning which he wore in the time of his son’s sickness and called for refreshments at his death. I could enlarge on these sacred examples and precepts but think it unnecessary, as we can all have access to them where ever our lot is cast. The incessant march of this pale messenger in its universal travels continues to visit the place of our birth. I have now to inform thee that my Beloved aged Father is no more. He departed this life the 3d of 11 mo. in the
83d year of his age. I wish I was able to give thee a further description of his latter end but as usual my Brothers are slow in writing. I have heard that his illness was of short duration. The first knowledge we had of it came in the Elizabeth City Star a paper printed in the Seat of Pasquotank County. Thee requested advice about writing to Jd. Parke. We think thee cannot do him Justice without. He expects it no other way but by mail. We wish thee to commence on one immediately on the reception of this and forward it as quick as possible and by no means to pay the postage. This would be thought unfriendly (!) We shall expect to hear by the next day thy complying with our last request. Our love to all, particularly to Jane Bettle and more improve the little remainder of time afforded thee in that Institution to the best advantage and no doubt we shall be abundantly satisfied at thy return.

Ben’o Morris
R. Morris

Kindness of S—— P——

There is a good deal in these letters formal, unnecessary, trite, but the father’s frequent ones so abound in sagacious observations, in judicious praise, in unfailing abounding love, they are models of sense, thought, expression, warmth, frankness, delicacy, tact. They are the utterances of a shrewd mind, of steadfast affection, of judicious counsel, of unfeigned love, what could ever turn so sweet a perennial fountain of domestic virtues into troubled waters making it cast up sediment of angry passion and expression? Reverses late
in life have done it, signing away in an unguarded moment at the behest of rascality the careful competence of years has done it. Grief for children, especially such misfortunes as are sometimes permitted to come upon the living; but not these things touched him injuriously, though of them he may have had later a share.

We come now perhaps to the last.

These letters have been preserved through who can tell what vicissitudes of fire and flood and sickness and theft and movings and death. They are yellow with age, torn, bits lost, have been exposed, some of them, to palpable ill usage, accident, neglect. They have lain by for more than sixty years, the pens that inscribed them have perished long ago, the hands that wrote them, with one exception, are crumbling in the grave. [Later.—None now. Joanna who wrote a noble hand and possessed a literary style an orator might have envied, she too is gone, July 1902.] The eye that first read them has faded and closed forever to all earthly things. Of all of that large family, but three [Later—but one—solemn thought! Robert. Jeptha deceased the year before] remains, only one in vigor, all having spent their three-score years and ten. Has Providence preserved these letters, thus long and far for no purpose? She who perused them with such avidity. Who was the object of so much affection, tender solicitude and pride—how often when other human aid failed her and her present (surroundings) seemed bitter, her earthly future dark, how often may she not have after watching and exertion and duty, retired to this treasure-trove and lived again and gained
nourishment from the loved past and forgetting herself, her then present dispiriting surroundings, be by the side of that tender father again, bask in the light of his eye, grow light-hearted in his warm protection! She guarded them. They have been kept to this time — when it may be there is one — when there may be some — beginning to be worthy to handle them.—To read for the first time all these far away utterances of voices stilled. To know at last the sweet thoughts that once glowed in hearts that have long since spent their last beat, and to receive as a sacred legacy this memorial of their — with us — imperishable names.

Salem 2d. Mo. 21st. 1832

*Dear Catharine*— An unexpected opportunity presented which hastened me from Salem to give thee some information about home. We are all well and know of no sickness except Thomas Lindley's wife who is now confined much in the same way that she was in Salem some years ago they now live at Little's old place near Benj. Albertson's as time will not afford the children much opportunity, I must write something as if it came from them, we have been favored to pass almost another rigorous winter with all the blessings incident to human nature my thoughts have often been turned to thee with feelings of sympathy and love which pen cannot describe. Thou hast acted the part of a dutiful child sister and friend in reciprocating the kindness of keeping up a lively correspondence since thy sojournig in that distant land. The
time expected is now approaching for us to meet again, but will probably be longer before thy arrival home than thou anticipated. a few days after our writing by S—— P——, I received a letter from my brothers inviting me to visit the old country on business and could in the same time with less expense, take N. C. in my journey in coming to W. Town which would afford thee more time at school did I not believe that it would be thy choice to leave the Institution at or near the appointed time and add five hundred miles to the Journey to see the place of our nativity. the time of our getting home will be the same to go or come by it. I intend to pass through Springfield, where we sojourned two years preceding our removal to Indiana. With this arrangement of making one Journey in place of two will save me more than one thousand miles traveling and afford thee and Nixon the pleasure of seeing the place where you were Born, where sojourn when infants and many of our old surviving Friends who will well remember you tho' you can have no knowledge of them. The time being most expired improve every moment, in haste farewell.

Benoni Morris.

Dear Sister — As the conductor of our letter expects to start early to-morrow morning and we did not hear of it until to-day, we have not much time to write much, but perhaps thou wilt be glad to receive a few words. this has been a beautiful yet cold day. We hope to receive one or two letters more before father and Nixon start toward Philadelphia. Nixon is now at school and I expect will not be at home in time to
write any. Robert Mary and all the rest of us want to see thee very much. Mother is busy and wishes me to give her love to thee. Sophia Morris.

I this day heard that S—— P—— took the Northward rout from Cincinnati which makes it doubtful about thy letter by him coming shortly to hand as we anticipated when he left here, tho' we hope ere long to hear from thee in a letter to us or Jd. (Judge) Parke.

B. M.

(Kindness of C—— T——.)

[What a planner father is! He is in some excitement, the thing is so sudden, but it does not cloud his clear, active brain.]

Last letter, yes, last presumably he says "3 Mo 25. 32. time shortened one mo next 3d (day) to set out for W. T. slowly."

Salem, 3d Mo. 25th. 1832.

Beloved Daughter—We have had the pleasure of perusing thy letter directed to and taken out by Parke last sixth day evening and were truly surprised to find thou hadst not received neither one from our neighbors ——— or ——— the contents of which I thought more important than any preceeding, altho I shall omit repetition under the impression that they have come to hand before this time but should this not be the case it will only be another manifestation of this world's uncertainties, they being in whom I had as much confidence as thou hadst in those intrusted letters with
which rendered under the disagreeable suspense of more than five months without hearing one word from thee. I think thou hast taken a wise course to put the best construction on things impossible to guard against. hadst thou two more years to continue at W. T. I think I should put but little dependence in private conveyance.

Now my Dear Catharine what wilt thou think when I speak of curtailing the time of thy continuance at school (perhaps one mo.) notwithstanding the rigorous winter, spring has afforded us an opportunity of getting nearly one mo. beforehand with our business time being precious and our presence so necessary in harvest we have opportunities next third day to set out on a slow march for W. T. so that whilst thou art reading these lines it will be as easy for thee to guess where we are as for one now to insert. after informing that I expect to spend one week in the vicinity of Milton and Richmond and by no means to drive so incessantly and hard as when I went with thee. Thou shouldst also make allowance for the inclemency of the weather, high waters, &c. &c. perhaps it will be well on the reception of this to inform the Superintendent of our prospects as he may wish to supply thy place by taking in another student. Should there be any branch of science which thou hast on hand and not completed put it in the best order for thee and Nixon to amuse yourselves on while traveling and after your arrival home. I am now probably about to conclude my last address to thee in this way. it is with sincere love and good feelings that I recommend thee to stability and firmness with a lively hope that thou wilt be favored to leave all thy new
Friends and acquaintances with gratefulness and a heart ready to say Lord help me to gather up the fragments that none be lost. Farewell for the present.

Ben’o Morris

All well

Rebecca Morris.

Salem Indiana 3 month 25 1832

Dear Sister—It is now raining. Aunt Mary was here last week. This is first day, Aunt Mary, Mother, Nixon and little Mary are gone to Meeting. Joshua Trueblood Senior and his wife were here last night and Mary rode behind with her (?) on old Kitty and went to John Coxes. I am well. Joanna (Mother). I will send thy Request and thee must attend to the instructing thy Brother as thou art Better informed.

Yes, these are preserved for the too late—as far as they are concerned—appreciative eye. For the too late tendered heart, the too late time and opportunity of rendering gratitude and justice.

Esau sought carefully and with bitter tears for a renewal of that birth-right he had so indifferently let slip from his thoughtless grasp. But he may have been the better man for the immense sense of the lack than with the careless possession. It is better to learn by loss than not to value at all. So encouragement to spendthrifts of every kind is in Sarah’s thoughts as she mentally compares her school accounts with her mother’s! such at least may think they would do better.
They have acquired—it is to be hoped—at least a reverence and loyalty for those who delved that they might enjoy; who denied themselves that they might have abundance, who were frugal that they might have fuller life, who economized that they need not.

And if those who have gone before are permitted to know of the ones they were so interested in, and still may view their progress. O, what can add a sweeter drop to their draught of bliss than to know they are by what they have been and done, still an incentive unspeakable to similar nobility and some achievement? They will sometime know. Courage! For there is to be a meeting of which earthly re-unions are a faint type and a home-gathering of which the earthly home is but the shadow. The reasoning is a priori, these perishable memorials must have been saved for good.

OBITUARY.

JOANNA M. PARKER.

Joanna M. Parker, daughter of Benoni and Rebecca Morris, was born in Salem, Washington county, Indiana, 10th month 9th, 1822. She was one of eight children. Her brother, Robert Morris, of Salem, Indiana, alone survives her. On account of smallpox prevailing in our midst he was denied the privilege of joining in the last sad rites to-day. When but thirteen years of age she was sent to Westtown, Pa., boarding school. After two years of study there she entered
Friends’ boarding school, under the superintendency of Barnabas C. Hobbs, at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, where she completed her academic work. She was married to Philip D. Parker, 9th month 11th, 1851, and came a happy bride to the Parker homestead, two miles southeast of this city and there lived for forty-five years. Her husband, with whom she lived in sweetest companionship, died in 1889. On account of declining strength in 1895 she came to live with her daughter, Sophia P. Nixon, in Knightstown, where she died 7th month 18th, 1902. She passed through the valley and the shadow of death with resignation and restfulness, ever giving the comforting evidence that she was led "beside the still waters." She was a lifelong member of the Friends’ church and lived a trusting Christian life. Her expressions of sympathy for the suffering, and benefactions to the poor were many, though seldom offered through public channels. They were often given so quietly that only the grateful recipient knew of them. She was especially interested in and devoted to the Foreign Missionary work, and was ever practically helpful. Her presence at the meetings was always an inspiration to loyalty to our representatives in foreign fields. A neighbor who lived near her for years once said that it was the gentle quiet home life of this mother that first awakened a desire in her to become a Christian. No greater tribute could be paid her than this. Her last message was an expression of thoughtful, tender love for her neighbors and friends whom she could not see on account of the prevailing epidemic. She manifested her good judgment to the last minute of her life, desiring that no one should
needylessly expose himself to danger even though she went unattended by loved ones to the grave.

It is truthfully said that a mother's love in many ways is more touching than any other. It has more of the immutableness of divine goodness. It is a love which began with our very being and follows us all our days, which no waywardness can alienate, which burns undimmed to the last hour. And will it not survive the grave, and the tie be strengthened rather than dissolved? A precious thought for the children who today are bereft of such a mother and friend! Amidst all fluctuations of other friendships hers never changed. And while in tenderest sympathy for these, we rejoice that it was our privilege to know this gentle, strong Christian woman, whose life here has ended in a quiet rest, a peaceful sleep.

MARY B. CHARLES.
CHAPTER VIII.

The Going Home—Expenditures—Expositor—Books of Writings.

Imagine Catherine upon the reception of the last home letter! It is well said there are some things better imagined than described. But anyone who can recall some vivid impression in youth, some great surprise involving conflicting emotions, can have some conception of the varied feelings that arose in her breast. First affecting her immediately and her plans first and last. She could hardly believe her eyes. Was it really so? It was as if she had been carried in a dream or by some magic of necromancy a month forward, and felt the whirl of the transition without a moment’s time to adjust herself to her new condition. What was it for? But her father explained, most tenderly, too, according to his wont. But it was so sudden. Was there some other reason? Were they afraid to trust her any longer? What had she done? Had the teachers, her teacher or the Superintendent written anything? But she found out they were nearly as much surprised as herself and much more disappointed. Was she disappointed?—In some things. But O, to see her loved father so soon, and her dearest brother and mother and Sophia and little Mary and all; and so soon be on the way home! She would wish to fly now she knew she
was going, but she must be patient and let her dear father have his visit. If she had only known! How could she ever finish this important thing? Do that, and the hundred little things that must be done, and then so many must be left undone. To part with her loved mates and leave them behind. Really to be snatched as it were out of the midst of them. For everything to go on just the same and she away—in this one respect it was like death—awful thought! But it would make a difference to some—that was something like death, too. It certainly made an unwonted stir in that not-to-be-stirred place. "Catherine Morris is going away'—"Very soon.' "How soon?" "Her father is on the way'—"May be here almost any time.'"

Embraces become closer and more frequent. Some tears amid smiles are shed. Unwonted privileges were granted. With arms around each other Catherine and her mates paced the halls, or walked here and there those walks Catherine would soon pass over no more. There was a "Yes" to almost every indulgence asked. There were tender conferences with favorite teachers. The Committee august had been informed. The Treasurer committed himself to making out the two years' account and to deduct the percentage of one month from the last quarter's advance.

Catherine either got or had a little "Extract Book," as it was called, in which her choice friends wrote in their best hand some choice selections. She had a *copy of that long poem on "God." She put some finishing

* Or was this later?
touches to drawings. She hurried with her Algebra. She completed her herbarium of which she was justly proud. She made those indispensable purchases, principally presents for each one at home, but some tokens of love and friendship for those from whom she was soon, too soon, to part. She did all she could and more than she should, and when her father and Nixon came in sight—but who can tell? “Father!—dear Father!” He is repaid. Not one atom does all he has done weigh—unspeakable his bliss. “And this is—yes, it is—dear Nixon! But how grown and changed—so manly!” There are not many such moments of unalloyed happiness in life. They held her, the beautiful girl—woman indeed, they realize now—in their arms, her bloom paled a little with agitation. They kissed her sweet, trembling lips—her beautiful cheek and brow. She laughingly brushed her joyful tears away. Her arm in her proud father’s, her hand in her dear brother’s, she led them—they enter in.

And the consideration shown her loved guests! But they must not tarry long—over night, probably—a part of a day.—Yes, a little stop over in Philadelphia. Her father really needs to feel his purse will be spilled out there—“for Catherine.” “Would ‘Mrs. Lydia,’ if she needs to do any little commissions, honor them by accompanying them so far? The luggage can go anywhere, outside if it needs to follow, or Nixon can walk a few miles. If not Mistress Lydia, some mate of Catherine’s. Either or both. It would be very pleasant to all concerned.—As many as the carriage will hold, and that will be three on each seat and one on each side! Nixon is a steady boy, and nothing
would please him better than to walk a few miles with one or two of Catherine's particular friends, two if the teachers insist, and then I could take my turns," says the happy father, gallantly. If Nixon is a little sheepish, he is a handsome lad, almost grown. He smiles—he is used to his father. Catherine has not forgotten how to drive—"'Eh, Catherine? The horses are about as fresh as ever—neither the worse for the journey.'" But not all this before the Superintendent, teachers or Committee. Only a part.—The father is a shrewd man, knows people. Is a great favorite wherever he goes—with all, young people—boys as well as girls. He has a house full of them at home, and makes himself one of them. He tells the Superintendent, the teachers, the Committee—whatever of them meet him and see them off: "This is only the beginning." He intends "sending more—maybe all the family! They will have to enlarge the building if all his connections should come." But the good-byes! We may be sure "Mrs. Lydia" was there. Nos. "842" and "843," and as many more as was thought best. Tears—laughter—never to be forgotten sighs and embraces—whispered words of love. The mementos have been exchanged: Carefully wrapped away. Ditto that wondrous sampler. The best dresses and other things carefully folded. The trunk—a new one, larger than the little hair one but nothing of a "Saratoga"—all locked and corded. The father has gravely shaken hands with the Superintendent: not without emotion have been his intercourses with the higher powers there. Nixon has performed his modest part. "How can these girls part? I think, Nixon, we will have to take
them both.' Catherine's friends break away with blushes and little laughs, but their tears begin to come. Catherine springs in. She gives a last look — another — a word or two — a last touch! But all things have been ready — Nixon and his father hastily take their places — one last clasp of the hand, and away they go.

They leave Philadelphia. They pass the mountains.

"No getting lost again, Catherine!" "Ah, Father!"

"No more getting lost, Catherine?" "Ah, Father!"

The account of Catherine's Westtown expenditures may be here given. Read it, ye careless daughters! Read it, spendthrift Sarah! How would your school accounts look spread side by side along with this? The father had it at convenient hand most probably, and when the proper leisure presented, beguiled some hours by the way having his children read it. Catherine would scan it with an interested eye. Nixon, too — the items of tuition especially involving descriptions of the books Catherine had perused, especially those involving Friends' doctrines. Probably Catherine read aloud in those charmed cadences of the finished reader which had seldom fallen on their ears before, and never in her tones.
<table>
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<td>To 1 quarter Board and Tuition</td>
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<tr>
<td>8mo 16</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>&quot; 1 quarter Board and Tuition</td>
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<tr>
<td>31</td>
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<td>¾ yds. a c1 a 24, 3 yds, Muslin 48,</td>
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<td>Chemistry 62 ½ Geogr C Exercise 15, Philosophy 62 ½</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Combs 27 Paper 6 Pen &amp; Ink 3 mo 50</td>
<td>.83</td>
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<td>Postage 17, Shoe a/c etc. 1.60</td>
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<tr>
<td>12mo 6</td>
<td>1 ¾ yds. Bombastett c</td>
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1831

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<td>1mo 18</td>
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Amt. Carried Forward $100.69
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<td>Piece Book 25, Comb 12, Hooks &amp; eyes 2, Yarn 6.</td>
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<td>Pen &amp; Ink 3 months 50, Postage 59.</td>
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<td>3 mo 16</td>
<td>2 yds. nankeen @ 20.</td>
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<td>4 mo 16</td>
<td>½ Piece of Pungee.</td>
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<td>1 quarter Board &amp; Tuition.</td>
<td>20.</td>
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<td>Astronomy 25, Botany 12½ Blank bk 12½, Exposito 62½.</td>
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<td>Indian ink 12½, Paint Brushes 12½, Paste board 6.</td>
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<td>Gum arabic 6, Copy Bk 10, paper 12, Hooks &amp; eyes 4.</td>
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<td>Muslin 16, Tape 3, Gloves 37, Pen &amp; Ink 3 mo 50, Postage 33.</td>
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<td>Geography 50 Blank Bks 18½ Rhetoric 62½, Pencil, paper 13, hooks &amp; eyes 5, Tape 3, Silk 9, Cotton 6.</td>
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<td>Cash pd. For 8 yds Bombasett @ 31½.</td>
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<td>11 mo 11</td>
<td>Cl a gave Catharine when going to Phila</td>
<td>3.</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>1 quarter Board &amp; Tuition.</td>
<td>20.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Algebra 75 Ciphering Book 87½, Paper 4, Silk 4.</td>
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<td>Cotton 2, pins 2, Chints 26, Pen &amp; Ink 3 mo 50.</td>
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<td>Postage 45 Passage 1.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>2 mo 29</td>
<td>Bible 87½, Piece Book 12½, Paper 17.</td>
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<td>Hooks &amp; eyes 12 Tape 10 reland (?) 7 Pen and Ink.</td>
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**Amt. Carried forward** .................................................. **$208.40**
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</table>
If the Book Expositor (Evans) is the one referred to in the account, and it would seem so, it is probably the edition of 1828, published in Philadelphia by Kimber & Sharpless, No. 10 South 4th. St. Children's work, most probably, has effaced the previous name of the owner, as there is pencil scribbling upon the blank pages as well as signs of laborious rubbing out.

The full title is a full one as follows: An exposition of the Faith of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, in the Fundamental Doctrines of the Christian Religion, principally selected from their early writings. By Thomas Evans.

"Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine."—Paul to Titus. Phila Kimber etc

It is affecting to read the weighty utterances of the many venerated names which follow one another as a solemn procession or panorama of witnesses to the truths they held so dear, and to know that not only they, but Westtown has been accused of heresy.

If Catherine imbibed anything whatsoever of false doctrine, it seems safe to believe she did not receive it from the teachings of this book. But the subject of doctrine does not generally trouble the young. It is in after life the matter comes to the surface and sometimes makes grievous work.

Extracts from the minutes therein contained are given here as showing the scope of the whole:

"In a Meeting of the Representatives of the Religious Society of Friends commonly called Quakers in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and the eastern
parts of Maryland and Virginia, held in Philadelphia the 19th of the 10th month, 1827—

The Committee to whose consideration was referred the preparing or collecting into one view, such a brief exposition of the fundamental principles held by us as might evince to candid, unprejudiced minds, that they are the genuine doctrines of the Christian religion, promulgated by our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ and his Apostles; having examined a compilation from the writings of our primitive Friends illustrative of those principles which they held and labored to spread in the world, and which we as a religious body have always professed and most surely believed; the work, after careful attention, was approved; and the author Thomas Evans, is at liberty to publish it: it being hoped that it will be beneficial, not only to the members of our own Society, but to such others as are desirous of correct information and a clear understanding of the coincidence of sentiment and unity of faith, which has continually subsisted in and among our worthy predecessors, and the faithful members of our Religious Society, down to the present day.

Extract from the Minutes,

JONATHAN EVANS, Clerk.''

GOING HOME—HOMeward BOUND.

It seems a pity she could not have finished that one month's time, but was either obliged to hasten unduly or drop or leave unfinished some important matters. But so far as her writings show there is no evidence of this or either haste or crudeness. She was
a most accomplished penman. Her letters home must have been specimens of perfectness. Her Books in Arithmetic and Algebra are marvels of neatness and order, as well as showing the various styles of headings, Old English, German Text, and adorning of otherwise plain lettering. What achievement, the goose-quill in a skilled hand could accomplish! She could make flourishes as well as any one, but that is not what is referred to: But a skillful work, more after the style of illuminated letters, filling in with unrivaled precision and beauty large letters used in headings, much like fancy printing. That was what it was, printing with the pen; but as much more beautiful by hand, as the pen and ink drawing is more prized as compared with print. She also had in her Extract Book some drawings in India Ink. That pigment being then much used. But she excelled in the drawing of flowers. She was passionately fond of botany, and really knew much that was then known at least in this country, respecting the science and was at home in it. She was also a trained reader, i.e., she knew how, and according to the times and Quaker standards was a beautiful, healthy, accomplished young woman; and seeing her native State by the way, she was going home to teach her young brothers and sisters, to lighten her mother's tasks, to fulfil her father's hopes, to show—not that she thought of or her friends thought of her "showing off," but by being what she was—to show what great advantages can do in two years' time and less for a young country girl. But how much her dear parents had done for her. Not the money so much, but the time, the consideration, the care, the
caution, the devotion, the love never failing, always warm, always ready, always answering to need and circumstance, always providing, always foreseeing, always planning the best. Can she ever leave their sheltering wing, and who so bold to dare take their place to her of earthly protection and providence?

There follows an account of perhaps current expenses and "Journey from Pasquotank County to Salem, Indiana, 6th month 3d" (*Amanda?) Symons Creek meeting and dined at Joseph Elliots, proceeded to Little River—got as far as Caleb Whites and took up for the night—

4th Got as far as Thomas Whites, he invited us to call and we stayed a little while after dinner. Proceeded to Gatesville and took up at Gittums tavern.

5th To Winton on the C(K)anawa River ferried the river, breakfasted at Wms tavern, 12 miles from Gatesville. Bryan to Cross Roads 28 miles, where we took up for the night—40 miles

6th Found the Roanoke 4 miles from Bryan and proceeded to Enfield and breakfasted at Baileys, 10 miles, took up at Stones 20 miles from Enfield—40 miles

7th to W

As they went through Washington City going or returning, she and her father called upon the President

* This was on the side; might have been for reference, to try a pen—probably—or penned in an idle moment.
—Jackson—(her father was a Whig), who made her sit in his chair. This she told long after; also that in North Carolina her old black Mammy took her in her arms and would kiss her again and again.

Also preserved with the letters are little books; one called Extracts in which her schoolmates penned brief sentiments generally of some fine author all in exquisite penmanship, none however surpassing Catharine's, these, upon grave subjects principally, as approved by Westtown regime, as

"Remember me"
"Moonlight"

An Inspiration
"Adieu
"For Catherine"
"Religion"
"Renouncing the world—Come my fond fluttering heart”—

[Ah, Sarah learned this long after, at Oxford, O.]
"Lines by Anna Grant on the death of her husband and three children."

The long and magnificent poem on "God" is also among these memorials but upon legal cap and copied by herself much more recently, perhaps at Knightstown. This poem and some of Nixon's as well as other family letters will be found later.

There is also a book of the names of plants—Lynnean System—the only one then in vogue. (In this country.)

A leaf has been cut out.
Then follows some verse, didactic, "On the government of our thoughts," seeming to be a series of extracts, or possibly with some original composition. A date occurs 9 mo 20 1830. An old-fashioned pin—a very different thing from the smart modern one—holds these leaves together: the head and all seem made of one piece: the head being rounded and pointed a little at the top. Next follows a page of money values. 12. 5, a date perhaps, and last, 3 rules for spelling. This the last and unfinished.

Also some fragmentary leaves from a larger book, (medium size).

The subjects are: The Grave, in large running hand.

Pages 11, 12, 13, a poem of Montgomery's, ending "Prepare to meet thy God."

14. Friendship, by Dr. Johnson. In beautiful Capitals shaded and filled in with lines of dots, etc.

15 and 16. Musings, in an ornamented scroll filled in with shading of India Ink. Date 1 mo. '32.

21, 22. Ode to Sickness, in running hand.

The Funeral, coarse hand, as was formerly called the larger running hand.

37. Thoughts in a Place of Worship, by Hannah Moore, large coarse hand and smaller back hand.

She had beautiful books of Arithmetic and Algebra full of exquisite writing, the examples copied out in full without a sign of blot or erasure. The heading in German Text—Old English—large and faultless Capitals, and a large free or running hand. No two alike, and others of plain large letters with pretty filling in with India Ink and of perfect minute designs.
The second little book is small Album, contains original expressions of love and regard. One of these has such a sweet natural note it seems nothing but the Supreme emotion could have dictated its delicate yet ardent expression:

Farewell gentle Catherine May thy guileless heart never know sorrow & may the choicest blessings of heaven be showered upon thy innocent head

Norfork May
1832

Also upon the reverse:

Should Miss C. Morris or any of the family ever visit the South E. part of Virginia the undersigned will be much gratified by rendering them any accommodation in his power.

Norfork May 5. 1832

S. has been there but knew naught of this. The hand that penned it must have been either tremulous with age or still in death.

All these, with the letters, mother kept in an ornamented box with a fanciful fastening. She had a beautiful little book, she valued among her special treasures, called The Language of Flowers. It had a highly embossed cover and gilt edges, and was illustrated with some graceful prints in colored designs of some favorite flowers. This in all probability was purchased or presented later, as also some large exquisitely engraved Books of magnificent Flowers also in colors, probably English publications.
The Moss Rose is thus fancifully accounted for in the little Language of Flowers. (Only the conclusion is given:)

"The Angel and the Moss Rose.
—"Then said the Rose with deepening glow,
'On me another grace bestow.'
The Spirit paused in silent thought—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws:
And robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that Rose exceed!"
CHAPTER IX.

THE COMING HOME—REALLY AT HOME—THE TEACHER AND LOVER.

They have accomplished the Southern visit. Some would have kept Catherine if they could. The father has realized more and more the preciousness of the treasure he has. They have again the boat-ride—up this time the Beautiful River. Catherine is by everyone everywhere admired, but by none more than the loyal father and brother. They enjoy everything, and the more individually because together, yet all are glad they are nearing home. They see the Knobs; Louisville, where they stop to rest the horses, and lay in the yearly home supply. Louisville—how large it has grown! The father is glad he has the quiet, composed Nixon along. The horses and Catherine, too, share in his gentleness. They are at last on the homeward stretch. Some settlements have enlarged since Catherine passed that way. Others are sprung up.

The father points out all this to Catherine. Here was unbroken forest; there only a house or two, etc. After half a day and more—"Can thee see a few houses beyond, and then a few more?" "Does thee know where thee is, Catherine?" "Is it Salem, Father?" The father smiles, Nixon answers, "It is indeed, Catherine." "There is—and—and—and—."
Blue River—the mill—the church—the Court House— the public square. They cannot get out of town without being seen. And there is—? "Jeptha!" "Well done, boy!" "How many days has thee been watching?" as the hearty hand-shake passes between them. Catherine leans out. He kisses her, blushing, on horseback. He had intended not to, but that leaning out was irresistible: he grows suddenly bold; he doesn't care who saw. But they must not tarry, so he rides by her side, then by his father's, and flies on to open the outer gate, for the mother is waiting—watching—and the children, at home.

**Really at Home.**

If the meeting of the Father and Brother with Catherine at Westtown was such a source of happiness; and even the parting with Westtown and all its associations mingled with more pleasure than pain; what shall be said of the time when the carriage enters the home domain? When there was Jeptha here and Robert there, and Joanna or Nixon and Thomas to meet the carriage, as having passed the two outer gates it drew up the broad lane and stopped at the north yard gate, where the mother, faithful Sophia and the little Mary stood reaching out to receive Catherine once more! She is covered with kisses; she is folded in her dear mother's close embrace, they cannot speak; she is hugged by the children over and over again. The father and Nixon stand by, brushing away a furtive tear. "Why do you cry?" says little Mary. Joanna jumps for joy. Even the mother does not try to quiet the happy clamor. Jeptha has been mindful of the
horses, but the father must see to them; faithful fellows they have been, and done their part—borne us safely home.

As soon as they have been attended to and are eating in placid content in their familiar stalls again—they have also been welcomed by the family and familiar whinnies of their kind, to which they have responded—and Catherine's trunk brought indoors—her bonnet was long ago removed—and various other things set a little out of the way, an unbroken band they assemble round the family board again; father and mother, the four boys and four girls, Aunt Mary, who has stayed with them during the father's absence, and a cousin—twelve in all. Is there a scene on earth to equal it, as they bow in reverent silence thanking God, and then partake of their joyful meal? What a contrast to Rebecca, Aunt Mary's condition—a childless widow in her brother's house; but no tear or sigh from her dampens their joy; she enters into it, she has a share in all that concerns them; she lives now for others, a blessed woman henceforth to all that know her.

"Catherine! Catherine!" The children follow her about, as willing vassals a princess. She must see everything. "Let me help." "No! thee must rest." "Rest! I am not tired, only of sitting." The horses, the new colts, the cows, the new calves, the lambs, the chickens. Every child has a horse or colt; a favorite cow or calf; a hen, with her brood; even a pig some claim. Catherine must see all. She must have the best. She must make her choice. Her mother has been saving this for her. Her father has been training
this young filly for Catherine — Catherine hangs upon its neck. Sophia has something nice to share. Jeptha will ride with her upon his fine young horse; see how he arches his neck! Nixon shows her this and that improvement about the place — some in anticipation of her coming. How much smaller things seem to Catherine. "Except you," she says, reaching her arms around her brothers and sisters. But the house, the yard, the vineyard, the near fields. How Jeptha has grown, and Sophia! "O what a pity about Sophia's hand!" "I do not mind," says Sophia, softly. "If thee can do as much as Sophia, thee will be a smart girl," says the mother; and the father, "Sophia is the main stay about the house." "And Jeptha outside," says the mother, "and Sophia does equally well with her studies." "Thou must help me," Sophia says; "I have many things to learn." "O yes, thee is to teach us all," says little Mary. Catherine jumps her up and down. Joanna and Robert chime in, "We are all going to thy school." "Well, don't jump so," says the mother, who really must have some quiet. "I am going to thy school, too," says Mary. Catherine snatches her up and kisses her; Mary, shy of the beautiful strange sister, puts her chubby arms around her neck as if finding a new little mother. "Yes, indeed," says Catherine, "and I'll whip all the bad ones!" and the delighted Mary clings all the closer. "Don't choke thy sister so," says the mother, "she can scarcely breathe." But Catherine squeezes her the tighter.

When Catherine opens her trunk and they see her books, her herbarium — it is a very fine one, the work
beyond praise; her sampler, and all the beautiful headings and figures and exquisite writing in her books of Arithmetic and Algebra, and the climax of all, her paintings, they are dumb with admiring astonishment; there is no more spirit in them. Sophia can never equal these things she knows, but she is glad of a sister Catherine. And then when they see the manner of her mounting a horse from the ground, and her way of holding the reins and sitting and going, they can simply, as with all Catherine can do, but admire and love. The mother sees the beautiful sewing, and order about all her belongings; and they all hear, as with a new pleased sense her reading, far beyond anything they have before known in its ease and grace and clearness.

And then the pens she can make! "Catherine Morris' pens" became famous; "Why, they were better than Morrison's!" *Rodman later came to her when he had a special letter to write! And she has not forgotten to spin. Who can make the even thread throughout that Catherine can, and who can do it so quickly and easily as she? This is flax on the small wheel. The mother feels a load lifted. She thanks God in her heart. She did not understand her daughter. But those wise and faithful teachers have found out and helped her develop her unusual gifts. May they not prove a snare! And on the large wheel—who has the walk of Catherine? She steps back and forth spinning those long perfect threads as if it was but play, and so it is to her. She never tires. She is so straight she is accused of leaning backwards. Her

*Of the gun—trained for West Point by John I.
step could not be freer if she had never touched carpet or civilization. And she has not forgotten to weave. All these exercises come to her as natural as breathing, but cooking and sweeping and dusting and dish-washing, housework in general—the mother is now almost glad to see a deficiency in something, though she would have the oldest daughter take the lead. But it is not in her, i. e., not as a steady, constant thought. Sophia would yield. Catherine would relieve her of harder things; but if Catherine is to teach, what is the use of making a change when a change clearly would not be for the best? "She can help," says the mother to Sophia, "but with company coming and so many visits as we are having, since she is to teach, we had better keep on just as we have been unless thee is tired and wishes a change?" "No, Mother," says Sophia, "Catherine has all those beautiful things, it is not in reason that she can do everything. If she can help in the spinning and when we have extra things to do, it will be a great thing, and as she is to teach she must have some time and her mind free from these trifling cares. She is willing and can help thee and me whenever we need, but we had better do as we have done;" so the mother-girl, and the mother acquiesces. So Catherine and all of them except these two, and Jeptha who relieves the father more and more of outside cares, go over to look at the school house. "It is very nice, Father. Thy thought and care are plain to be seen. And it has been a great expense, besides the land." The father is repaid as he sees her going about in it and looking carefully at details; but the new land pleases her more, for she looks at that without care;
and a secret anxiety which she would not have her dear father know, momentarily oppresses her in the thought of being the teacher. She does not stop to analyze the feeling—she could not. She would think herself ungrateful. But the new land pleases her more. She would rather go about and see the improvements and alterations about the farm. And teaching, O of course, but she has no plans particularly about her school to be, of so many grades, etc. She gets them all to writing at home directly, and shows them about drawing and mixing paints, etc. Would teach them botany, but that seems rather premature, when they need to be at reading. O yes, she shows them how at odd times, but spelling and arithmetic and geography, she does not begin, or care to; tiresome things those, she thinks—all of them at once every day to the teacher; she has forgotten how much more so to the learner! Grammar is different; she is glad she has been taught to speak correctly. They all do to a degree, but her "thees" and "thous" come Philadelphia like, in proper place. And she shows the willing children many things, and they all ask her, refer to her as authority in everything. All this is very pleasant.

But the thought of those things at regular hours all day at school weighing on herself alone, damps at times even her light spirits. She is now fully grateful to those skillful, patient, kind teachers who have taught her so much. She knows she has been well taught, but withal she does not put on airs of importance. Her airs are natural, now borne with more womanly grace and dignity. Her heart has been tendered, but O she loves to be at home! It would be pleasant to keep on
this way. Helping mother, saving Sophia lifts and steps. Running to the father about the farm, now and then. Walking with Nixon. Riding with Jeptha when they wish a smart gallop, or race—low be it spoken! But the father trusts her and the mother is not disturbed. Playing in mad frolics with Thomas, Robert and Joanna, and letting little Mary do what she will with her. O it is pleasant to be on the farm and to be at home. And get so many cuts of yarn done a day, and see company and visit. What is the use of anything more? But the children must learn. She has been to Westtown, and there is the school house. She is glad, though, of this interval of irresponsibility, of leisure and domesticity. The days fly, but she is not one to borrow trouble. Everything is wonderfully brightened by her presence. It was perhaps the happiest time of their lives; the home sky unsullied by a cloud.

Her old teacher calls to see her. He is larger, older, very much of a gentleman, very good-looking indeed. Really at times puts Catherine in a little awe, as before her going away, who hardly ever has that feeling. It is pleasant, though, to hear him talking to her father, and so appreciative and deferential to her mother, and to see his interest in his pupils. They are very much pleased with him and delighted with the manner in which he invites their questions, and he has a wonderful fund of human knowledge. He would compare favorably with any of even the Westtown teachers. Catherine thinks one would not feel ashamed of him even there, or even in Philadelphia! Imagination could no farther go. Well, he was born in Pennsylvania, and is a college graduate. And his dress
suits him so well. Catherine thinks he is not quite as easy as some she has seen in the South. There was such a charm about some of them. "No account in the world," her father has said about some of them, and she supposed it was so, but gave a little sigh. He did not stay very long that time—just long enough to make them all wish for a return. And he did return, not too soon, just when they had begun to think it was time.

In the meantime cousins and others had called; visits had been made and exchanged. Catherine had been at Uncle Nathan's, Uncle Jimmy's, and around generally. They had been to Salem at times, and even paid a visit to the school soon after her coming. It was vacation now. The Master was the "Master" there indeed, just as he was before, only his position was now fully assured; his sway easier. Clearly there was no one like him, and after he had been again, and stayed to tea, "supper" they said in those times; after mother had asked him twice, and unbent more and more; and Mary had sat on his knee, and he had told the boys about his fishing when he was a boy, and his shootings at a mark when he was a young man, and said what a comfort such a girl as Sophia was at school—he had never once looked at her hand; and how the boys gave him no trouble at all, and were going steadily on; and what a bright little girl Joanna was, if they did not mind she would be the flower of the flock, and Joanna ran and hid, and he looked at Catherine as he said it, slyly, and she laughed a little and blushed.

And after he had come and come, and walked about with them all, and knew every tree every place, and so
much about land—"except working it," said Jeptha, after he was gone—his father laughed at this a little, but said if Jeptha worked as hard with his hands as he did with his head, he would do well; and could survey, just think of it, with all his other wonderful store of knowledge! "That is something thee can't do," said one of the boys to Catherine. "I believe I will have him teach me," said Catherine; "I believe I would like it." "Do," said her father, laughing, "and we will have the farm made over." "It is good enough as it is," said the mother, to which Nixon agreed, while Mary said, "Thee's been to school enough. I won't have thee going off any more with Morrison, I want thee with me;" for he had walked with Catherine from town a few times, and had last accompanied her to the spring. Her father who had called Mary away, said after he had gone, "Where wilt thou see such a proper man!" and she had said—the image of him by her side, carrying the bucket oblivious of its weight though full, and bending just a little towards her, "Where, indeed?" The father looked hastily around; no one happened to be in hearing, and said, "He has asked thy mother and me for thy hand!" Poor Catherine!—Had she heard aright? "Father!" she gasped. She had not known that was wooing. "Yes," said her father, "and it is for thee to decide, but nothing in a hurry." "And Mother?" "Yes, he informed us both of his long attachment, and asked to be permitted to pay his addresses to thee. But take time to think it over, I see it is a surprise to thee." "Yes," breathed Catherine, "I did not think—that was what he meant." "That is because he is such a
man. He would not speak until he thought thee liked him, and until he had spoken to us. Thee does like him, Catherine, he is such a gentleman. But thee need not answer me; think it over. He will not call before evening.' "Evening!" "But thee is not obliged to see him, or to decide at once. Thy mother and I wish thee to have fullest liberty, and so does he. He will wait as long as thee wishes.' "And the school?" "Maybe thee can be useful in a larger one," said the father, with the merry twinkle in his blue eye, "and we have to find another teacher for the little school house." "And you can spare me, Father? Mother, does she wish me—is she tired of me?" "Not too soon, dearest Catherine; we would keep thee awhile, and as long as it suits thee, as thee is happier to stay. But if thee would be happier, Catherine, and to make a good and uncommon man happier, and have a larger sphere of usefulness: it is for thee to say, to ask thy own heart. I would not influence thee. We have been pleased with thy way with the children. They will all be better and improved from thy example. I was a little concerned, I will confess to thee now, lest thou would find the change too great on coming home, but have been pleased to see thy efforts and thy success. The children will always be the better for thy going; and every one speaks well of thee, which thou must know is an unspeakable gratification to thy mother and me and relations. Thy ways are not like thy mother's, and it may be well. Variety is good. I am glad thee has my temperament, and takes things easier; and John Morrison's graver disposition can stand a little of thy lightness without harm, if it is to be. But I would
not influence thee. Thou art our oldest child; we have peculiar bonds in thee. Do not think thou art not wanted. There is a place for each one as long as we live, and we are surely as favored a family as often falls to the lot of man." "I will go up stairs," said Catherine. "Yes, better go to thy own room now, and then walk out awhile. It has been rather sudden, I know." The mother met her on the way. "I see thee has heard. Thy father has told thee," said she, with a troubled face. "Yes," said Catherine, bursting into tears. "It is very sudden to thee," said the mother, "and to me." "Do not try, dear child, to speak;" and Catherine went flying on. After she had cried convulsively for a while, her mother was heard about in the other rooms; when the sobs had partially subsided, she came to the door. "Do not try, dear Catherine, to decide. It need not be for a year, if it is to be at all. I should be unwilling to consent to thy going until thou had been at home that long—enough to learn thy own mind, to learn some things about a house, and to have thy liberty to go about among our relations and friends." "I feared you were tired of me, Mother," and the simple, tender heart again overflowed. "No, Catherine, rid thyself of that impression. I said to him, as to thee, I would keep thee a year, and then let thee make up thy mind, so rest thy mind in peace. Thee likes him, Catherine?" "Does thee not like him, Mother?" "He is a very uncommon man, Catherine, but he is not a member."

When Catherine went up to her room, she went to think, to escape, but first she cried a good long cry; this was after her first involuntary sobs and after her
mother had gone down again; then she got up and looked at herself again and — laughed! Then she sat down and cried; then she thought; then she looked at herself and laughed; then she cried again and looked at herself again, and laughed again and thought again. In this way she passed about two hours, thinking more and crying less and laughing softly, until she cried no more and only smiled, and drew her unwrinkled brow into a little frown now and then, and pursed her dainty lips, and held her chin in her hand and glanced at the glass, and began to pace the room. Then she bathed her eyes a long time, looking into the glass every now and then. Then she bathed her face, which was or had been a good deal flushed. Then she dressed her hair. Then after another glance, she slipped down stairs down to the spring for fresh water, and staying there a while to set the milk-house in better order, carefully changing the position of crocks or a pan or two, and see how much cream there would be for her butter-making in the morning, she brought up a bucket of fresh water. Then she went out to the barn, and wandered around, and came back refreshed, and took sewing and sat down with her mother. The children, except Mary who had been asleep, had been on a long ramble with the father. The milking, the supper passed as usual. After sunset, the twilight came on. The children were in the garden with Sophia, except the two older boys, who had gone to town for the mail and paper. It was dark. A step was heard. "Has thee decided yet?" said her father, arresting her flying steps, as she was about to leave the room. "Benoni!" said the mother. "No!" said Catherine, for he had
—Morrison with him! "Decide now," said that individual, drawing her hand through his arm and drawing her out into the starlight. Not a word passed between the father and mother. When they came in it was with the children; — it was all over. Catherine would be his wife — sometime. In some such way — for this has been a rosy pencil, indeed.

I am afraid the father and lover were too eager; that they were really afraid to leave her to herself long enough for her to know her own mind. They thought in an affair of the heart, as well as other things, they knew what was best for her. She needed just such a husband, they thought.

Other suitors there were who might step in if they saw any loop-hole of advantage. She must be affianced quickly at any rate. O, what a delicate thing for experienced men combining against a young girl's heart! It was too advantageous in every possible way to be missed. So men go on. Sometimes not only men, but mothers planning, plotting, scheming, watching, all against a young girl's heart. The whole enginery of experience, coup d' etat maneuvering, against a young girl's heart. She is surprised, confused, flattered, every motive is brought to bear. Ridicule, if necessary, of what might be a dearer object. —All her fears of an unlucky future crowded.—All her pride of appearance summoned. No cord of advantage left untouched, and all the while the Divine plan of Intuitive Choice ignored. Who can look on unmoved when a young girl who does not know herself, does not know her pursuer, but marries to be free — because she is expected to — is sensitively open to
the thought of coldness coming between herself and a loved parent. Marries to escape a prospect of commonplace existence, when she is tingling with unused possibilities. But what is to be done? Love her, pet her, keep her if best at home. Devote life to her: never fail. Not indulgence in any least harmful thing, but love! love! the expression of it in word, look and embrace, and my word for it she will not disappoint.
CHAPTER X.

Engagement—Schoolmate Letters—A Chicago Quaker Home—"Sister"—The Other Sister.

Conceive then if possible the long cherished daughter, respecting whom so many hopes have been built; who is the pride of a happy father, the tender solicitude of a careful mother, the gifted sister of a loyal band of younger brothers and sisters, who have been looking forward with child's delight to having her for their own teacher; conceive the startling change of program in their waking dreams when they are told she is—to be married!—to their teacher—Morrison! They look at her; is he not too old? He is 26 or 7, she not 19; but he has been a teacher so long, she not at all. He has been married. And the school house? Catherine's school house, that they were going to? It seems like treachery, though they do not formulate the idea into speech. Then they are not to take those walks? What is to be done with it? They do not know that they like Morrison. This is his coming into the family more than they knew, or rather taking Catherine away from them, out of their plans. Nixon has his thoughts, and Jeptha, and Sophia, but the younger children are perplexed, swayed in feeling by the father's pleasure and the mother's gravity. It will not be a marriage in meeting. Rebecca feels that deeply. That will be a
strange thing. Feels beforehand the Quakerly silence and comments, and the town gossip. But these are very much modified by the high regard John I., "the Master"—the "world" says—is held in by all classes, none more warmly than Friends. There is much sympathy for him everywhere. He is a young widower. His wife was doomed, a confirmed consumptive when he married her. His parents were advanced in life, for he is the youngest of even a larger family than Catherine's. His own character is grave, he needs something different from himself. She will brighten his home. She can assist him in many ways. He does not think so much how. He needs her, not only for himself but in his plans. They talk much together of things to be in their home. Of books to read. He gets the newest, on Philosophy, Astronomy; they will read to each other. She understands the Orrery, and can explain eclipses, the tides, and so forth. That will be something new. They talk over her paintings. He sees her herbarium, her written books, her penmanship. She makes pens for all of them, for him. She sews more than in all her life before. He sits by her side and reads to her, talks to her, listens to her, looks at her. He is so sweet and gentle, he wins on the mother more and more; wins on her in spite of herself, or the hardship of taking her daughter just when she thought she had her, and cut short her year of freedom at home. But he has always something worth hearing. He can't be puzzled at anything in the scope of learning. They try him on every hand. He always knows. Geography? he knows the world. Astronomy? he knows the heavens. Mathematics? he can not only do every
problem, but show every step, every reason why. And History? yes, he knows all that. Philosophy? he can tell all about it. Grammar? he knows it all. His voice is pleasant. His appearance all that could be desired, either by a young girl's eye or older people. His manners, modest and yet easy. He is reverent, irreproachable. A born instructor and commander, and now a very earnest lover. The wooing speeds; Catherine gets ready. Sophia soon will be the eldest daughter at home. Nixon will perhaps miss her most, but it is not as if she was going away some place to live. She is very much attached to him, and very much of a Quaker maiden.

Of an afternoon or evening as Catherine sat at her sewing — no machines then! — she was as meek a fiancé in appearance, and afterwards wife, as one could wish to see. And she read or let him read portions at least of her schoolmates' letters, one at least received during the courting time.

But first the old people have been over to look at a cow. Perhaps with a tender feeling all around that they will have one of her father's own for the blooming country girl who drinks milk not coffee as they. John's mother — they call him "John I." in Town — saying, "My Dear," to her husband, touching him gently on the sleeve and asking as they look politely at the animal, when requested — "She will do, don't you think?" And if Catherine was there, as she must have been, bestowing upon her cordial glances of love and admiration, for engagement was very sacred to the Scotch and Irish Covenanter heart; and desiring to become better acquainted with the reserved mother, who sees however
they are true gentlefolk, and that is some comfort. It was an innocent device of John and his mother, their errand, and there was no lack on their part in the carrying out. But alas, the father quite old, died in August, and his death was probably a suitable excuse for hastening the wedding.

Home Prospect Hill near Smithfield
Jefferson Co
7th. mo. 21. 1832.

Far was it from my intention My dear Kitty when I last saw the light of thy countenance that a long time should elapse before I greeted thee in an epistolary manner but for some months after thy departure I was prevented from writing for want of information how to direct and when thy very interesting and acceptable epistle came to hand remedying this lack of intelligence I had and have since had so many things to engage my attention that hitherto I have had no opportunity to execute my design of acknowledging its reception.

Perhaps thou wilt recollect one year had then nearly expired and for some weeks previous to our receiving thy letter the subject had been in agitation whether we should or should not return home at its termination.

It seemed for a time to be almost settled that we should both remain some longer yet it was left to our own judgment and inclination to determine which we should do and the result of our consideration was D. would come home and I stay Concluding that I had better forego the trial of her leaving me &c. as I thought or hoped I would be more than recompensed for any little trouble of this kind by the advantage farther
opportunity of improvement would be to me — accordingly we sent this conclusion respectively to our friends at home and D. had received a letter from her father a short time before the arrival of thine setting her a(t) liberty to meet her father in Baltimore and return home with him at the same time I received one from my father informing me that he expected also to be at Baltimore and intended coming down to Weston to pay me a visit — consequently D. set about preparing to leave and I contentedly settled down to study with the expectation of staying but the very day thy letter arrived which was the 7th day previous to the 5th day D was to start I got one from father written in the mountains on the way to Baltimore stating that from the presence of the Cholera in New York and the strong probability of its very soon reaching Pha. I would prefer returning with him he would provide a way for us to do so. here I was placed in a state of anxiety and suspense which I never before had had to experience. it then resting on me to decide whether to go or stay if I stayed and anything serious should occur by this awful disease reaching my friends at home or Weston then I should have to reflect on myself and as I had not been preparing or my studies to leave then and of course would have to break off very abruptly from my studies and associates I thought if I left and nothing should occur I would always have to regret it. I therefore remained in doubt and anxiety until the next 4th day when my dear father arrived and soon relieved me by concluding after consulting Super and finding it on certain conditions admissible that I should come with them and if circumstances admitted return
soon after our Yearly Meeting — accordingly I prepared and next morning after a parting opportunity with the girls every one of which we bade farewell and kissed we departed accompanied by pappy in the old stage— remained in P. until 7th day morn when we got on board a boat and departed from the Pensylvania shore with mingled emotions which I need not attempt to describe but which I have no doubt thou experienced thyself so I refer thee to thy own feelings when thee left thy friends in that land—after riding on the Delaware for some hours we arrived at New Castle and then got in a rail road car, 8 of which were all fastened together to convey the passengers across to the Chesapeake a distance of 16 miles, and set out going at the rate of 15 miles an hour without a single horse the place of which was supplied by a locomotive steam power—the number of passengers that day was unusually large and one Car carried 16 inside and some on top I should love to describe our inside company but for brevity’s sake will just say it fell to mine and sister Ds. lot to be seated on one of the facing seats between two gentlemen each of whom had his rib (!) sitting on the opposite seat the one which I was in contact with and his lady had but very recently been made one and it much amused us to watch their movements who by-the-by we thought (at that time) were love sick characters not knowing they were married then. When riding on the bay in the afternoon Deborah was quite sick with the tossing of the boat and unfortunately had no Capt. C—— to walk with on deck else perhaps she would not been sick much as it appears walking with him has so salutary an effect on some
friend of ours I have some misgivings about this said Capt C— should like to be favored with the perusal of his compo. no doubt "'twas written in a style equal to the sublimity of the subject" (a by word of ours I mean the preceding quotation taken from a letter addressed to S—— R—— by Brother H——) Well I hope before sister Kitty turns to a C—— she will recollect it produces very sour fruit — but to return to Baltimore where we spent very agreeably several days and then in company with E. Bates, fathers, R. Updegraff and several other friends turned our faces westward and after 11 days arrived at home having had a remarkably pleasant journey. When we reached home I was favored to find all my friends and relations well but had deeply to sympathize with D. who was obliged to enter a scene of affliction her sister R and cousin B. both being extremely ill and as she was not apprised of their situation until she reached the house it was more trying to her (when her father left home they were in a very comfortable way the Dr able to ride out &c and they had not received the information of their relapse until they got home.) I have since we came home several times visited her and find her very assiduous in her attentions to her afflicted relations and I think she is thankful she has the opportunity of shareing in their afflictions and administering to their necessities at first it seemed a great trial to her but she has now become more accustomed to it and resumed her usual cheerfulness—seems happy and glad she is at home—mingling with them since I hope made some impression on me to see them so reduced and helpless and recollect when I last saw them particularly Benjamin that they
or he was in all the sprightliness of youth cheerful lively and active, has in it something humbling, and to see amid all their severe sufferings how resigned how far from murmerring is instructive. they both look remarkably innocent (?) on 2nd day last ’twas thought Benj. would not live many minutes but he has again a little recruited and the last account they were both thought to be better. Since I came home have seen a large number of my friends and acquaintance and enjoyed myself much—attended Yearly Meeting where we were favored with the company of several valuable friends among whom was Jacob Green from Ireland a sweet meek-spirited man who was our dear deceased friend Jonathan Taylor’s companion when in that land. he expects to attend your Yearly Meeting and I hope thee will have an opportunity of being in his company. I cannot meet this time there as we used to plan but am going to send this by my cousins Joel and Lewis Wood who may be substitutes I hope thee will see them thee has often heard me speak of them I think Joel has just got home from the other side of the big hills has been to Burlington to school—had he come a few days sooner he might have seen Walter Carpenter who perhaps thee may recollect was his old *traveling companion*—he attended our annual assembly and I spent some time in the course of the week in company with the circle (excepting Joel) who crossed the Mountains together when D. and myself took our journey to a strange land.—So far as I am capable of judging we had a good meeting—much excellent council and advice and so forth by the fathers and mothers in Israel with whom there appeared much
concern to rest on behalf of the "young and rising generation" (a large proportion of whom composed the meeting this year—) that they might come up filling their ranks in righteousness—Oh my dear C in how responsible a situation are we placed for surely if these opportunities and privileges are not improved and prized it will add to our condemnation—Among all others that I met with at that interesting time was long B—S—who thee may be assured gave me much satisfaction by his accounts of my old sister Kitty—had spent several days at her father's lately—said—ah! I guess he did say about her—no wonder he called at Weston a year or two since and wished to see C. Morris as she was from Indiana—really 'twas not so bad of Bennj—I have mentioned that when I left W. I expected to return there this fall—but I now think it not likely that I shall—circumstances do not seem to admit—the Cholera has since we left there prevailed alarmingly in P. and a number of the surrounding villages and although it seems at this time to have greatly subsided still it is not deemed best for me to venture—and there are some other objections as strong as this—I may confess I do not feel the same anxiety that I did when I first left there to return still if my parents and friends were to think best of my going I should willingly comply as I am anxious to pursue my studies and intend to do so this winter in some way if I do not go to Weston—I rec'd a long and affectionate letter from our mutual friend P. H. S—a short time since—they still remain at school and it appears but few have left on account of the prevailing epidemic It will seem remarkable if it does not reach them—I can I
hope say I am thankful I am under my own father's roof at this time considering how much anxiety and uneasiness it has spared myself and friends that I came home when I did — Please direct to Smithfield Ohio

Well honey the will observe my herald is so filled with information that I have no room for sentiment or love so thee must excuse me this time perhaps I may do better next—if this should find thee at Richmond I hope thee will try to see my cousins, who expect to attend Yearly Meeting and thee will much gratify me if thee conveniently can to write by them if not please write soon and tell me all about matters — D would send love if she knew I was writing perhaps she will write if she does not thee may know it is not for want of inclination but on account of the situation of the family please excuse this and believe me thine

Sincerely and affectionately

Althea 842

(Isabella Ladd)

842 "

to

619 (Catharine Morrison)

Catharine Morris

For d. by L Wood

Salem

Indiana

The marriage was set for September, which "Althea" may not yet have positively known of.

Sarah visited this dear lady, then Isabella Jones, at her request in her own home in Chicago at the close of the Hebrew Summer School (Dr. Harper's), then
held at Morgan Park. It was a lovely home, and Isabella a lovely lady: the two daughters, unmarried, were away during the day, and, I believe, also taught in some boys' mission school at night. One of them, Maria, had written a charming idyl—"The Quaker Wedding,"—turning into verse the incidents of their Father's courtship and marriage. He was now a typical Quaker gentleman of the old school. Isabella had Sarah look into the fairy boudoir, so it seemed to S., where the Quaker maiden held converse with the Muses. It was the farthest possible remove from her own retreat, where she sat at home, or wherever she happened to be at the time, to evolve something or nothing from her mental laboratory. Not a scrap was to be seen suggestive, but order and neatness reigned with the quiet. Isabella had her—Sarah—rest on the exquisite lace-covered bed, sacred to the sisters. They had a common sitting room adjoining, with a bath room also exquisite, which made up their suite of apartments.

Everything was in keeping down stairs; the plain, daintily served tea; the nice old father with his polite ways, and the grand Isabella, in strict Quaker dress, cap, 'kerchief, and plain, ample flowing skirt. She was sweet, dignified cordiality, whether at home or on the sidewalk, as with a young nephew or grandson she accompanied Sarah to the station, waiting with her until joined by her friends. Passing along the sumptuous Avenue, she would say, "I visit here," "and here," as if she thought Sarah would be pleased to hear. "Thee can come here," she had said to Sarah, after her first visit from Friends' meeting, when her
sister took her to her house, also by invitation; so it came, S. made her start for home from her's. S. said, "O I am afraid I forgot to spread up again the lace coverlet." "I will do it," she said. Her air throughout was that of grand and sweet placidity. To Sarah's weary faculties, she was as one to lean against. She invited Catherine to their Golden Wedding. Something prevented these dear friends from meeting then. They have met now, each of their life-companions having gone a little before, as if to wait for them.

In the two letters from Catherine's two most intimate school companions each uses the endearing title of "sister" as well as several other pet names. The title was not then used so commonly by all classes or nearly so, who wishing a *via media* be-"sister's" every woman who has appeared in a religious, temperance or other reform meeting.

A fragment written years ago, upon being called "Sister Morrison" by a stranger.

"Sister," endearing word! When I understood for the first time I had a little sister I sat quickly down upon the floor to take her in my arms. The love with which I enfolded her then was as though I wrapped my heart around her. In my inmost heart are my sisters still. My love for them the most unchanging, the purest in disinterestedness my heart through changing years has known. When I must part from a sister, unknown day! I shall lose of myself and go upon the earth with more of the sense of being only a pilgrim here than I can now realize. I sometimes think of those days to come. Of that irrevocable silence to any call
or word of mine. And when I think, I desire to be so true, so good, so loving, so all that I can possibly be to my sisters that I shall not need to think if I had only said that word, only written that sentence, only done that thing, only looked at her so, only embraced her as she should have been, and listened to her, and drawn out her thought, and made her know that my heart answered to her every feeling. Oh, can I ever by all I can do make up for times when I have not been thoughtful, not been kind, and show I am more now than I, it may be, would have been had I not some things to regret? Can I so do still and while they do live that it will be sweet peace when they leave me?

So Sarah the oldest wrote, unmindful of the Latin proverb,—All men think all men mortal except themselves.

A lady is not as a general thing called by her last name. I know to "sister" people is the custom in some churches.

Endearing name indeed, but how vulgarized when used simply as a word to indicate no matter how slight bond of kindred idea, or to avoid saying "Mrs." or "Miss." "Sister" from persons who do not think of making the slightest sacrifice to oblige you, much less share their good with you. But with these more rare, not only because the time was less prodigal of words, but because Friends were enjoined to simplicity of Dress and Address. Not only were detraction, tale-bearing, gossip, warned against in their Discipline, but idle talk, trifling, jesting, at least not suitable, were discouraged among them. They were not only a clean-mouthed people, forbidding profanity, oaths, swearing,
but by-words, repetitions, nicknames, were all out of favor among them. Their expressions were of meaning; they did not talk for the sake of talking. "Small talk" was unknown among them. Their yea was yea, their nay, nay. Their word equal to bond or oath.

In these letters we get the unguarded heart-language of innocent girls, who are very fond of each other, and have lived in boarding-school intimacy for nearly two years. And though they never expected another eye to see these pleasantries passed upon one another; there is with it a habit of restraint, in their case preventing a going too far; the reserve is as delicious as the disclosures. They do not tear a passion to tatters, wreck language or indulge in gush. There is a sweet sunniness of temper, a regard for their older friends, a respect for their religious assemblies and a warmth of family affection beautiful to contemplate. If misfortune falls, they bow to the stroke and stand to their post. They reverence paternal authority and the Church. They are the old-fashioned girls, beautiful with innocence and health and sweet spirits. They are as wholesomely fresh as the dawn. Their utterances are pure as the carol of birds. Their hearts are like limpid springs, bubbling with life and clear as the heaven they reflect. There is no mawkishness about them, no affectation, no deceit. They have never read a word in their lives that made them less pure, nor heard a syllable. Their archness is nature's delicacy. They are children in guile. They are earth's angels, to help the world believe in heaven.
In another typical home than that previously described — more of nature's own, which will be elsewhere more fully dwelt upon where Aunt Margaret Lloyd *Morris, cheered in her widowhood by her only child Edith, had returned to live with her sister Ruth and her venerable mother near Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, Sarah with her mother met the other long-time School friend.

She was also a woman of distinguished appearance and mental weight. The connection was with the mother, Ruth Lloyd, whose brother was Elisha Bates, so that Sarah has seen the two tried girl-friends of her mother. The Yearly Meeting time was not so favorable to personal interviews, and perhaps a little falling off of regard to the brother on account of his alleged erroneous belief in an important particular, may have been a little cloud between the friends; but Sarah can recall the venerable Ruth Lloyd's expression of countenance, and the force of her language, as afterwards in her quiet readings she was about to replace his book upon the shelf, she remarked with quiet dignity, and it may have been with some sorrow in the tone: "They say he is unsound, but" — with her finger in the book where she had been reading, "I am not able to find it." As if the truth was her dearer quest, and yet she would not have a dear brother blamed if the truth did not require it. And still Sarah had the impression that the consensus of opinion of Friends who were sound, was that Elisha Bates taught heresy, was heady, and would not listen to the church, or to reason, a shrewd man, who caused faction and did a vast deal of harm.

* Lately deceased.
The letter following was begun a little before the marriage and finished after, but was not mailed until October. It is from the second dearest school-girl companion at Westtown, and was probably the first letter received by Catherine in her own little first new home.

It has been thought best to give these letters also entire, as has been done previously. Some may hurry over a part another would dwell upon. Taken as they are written, they may challenge comparison with modern composition of like character, and no doubt were a much greater source of pleasure and entertainment amid the simple enjoyments of the old or the cozy new home, than we at this day of rapid transit and prompt mail delivery can well imagine. Not that they were paraded, but a letter was an event in those days, and disclosures of confidence were religiously kept in the family. Please remember they are legacies—revealed to be preserved.
CHAPTER XI.

SECOND WESTTOWN SCHOOLMATE'S LETTER—SOME OF JOHN I.'S BOOKS—SAMMY AND E. HICKS TRUE-BLOOD'S LETTERS—A MEMORY—CONCLUSION.

Mt Pleasant 9th Mo. 8th (1832)

My Very dear Sister— I have long been intending to answer thy kind and sisterly letter of 7th mo. last but numerous things having occurred which were beyond my power to govern I have been obliged to postpone it until now however I must indulge the hope that thee will not feel disposed to centure or blame me for my seeming neglect. Now I must in my turn give thee a little history of our trip home. We left the 26th of 7th mo (which was on 5th day) B. W. Ladd came the day before to accompany us—fortunately none of the dear Brethren went so we were just left to enjoy the fine morning and build as many Castles in the air as our fond and ardent hearts could invent—we spent a part of three days in Phil. and on 7th day morn set off for Baltimore—were accompanied to the Wharf by Sammys worthy son William! we went on board a fine and quite commodious boat where were about 160 passengers many of whom we supposed to be flying from the city on account of the disease which walketh in darkness and indeed it has proved itself to be similar
to what is emphatically expressed in the sacred volume to be the Pestilence "that Walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon day." It has been raging in P. awfully, dreadfully; but the last accounts from there it was considerably (abated?) but still increasing most fearfully in Baltimore!— but to return to my journey— We arrived at B. about 5 oclock— where I met my beloved father— spent nearly one week here—and then set our faces homewards. We enjoyed ourselves much while there— visited the museum &c &c but I must not omit to mention becoming acquainted with diverse young friends and some I can assure thee are "as nice as ever they can be"— but as this is a "disallowable subject" I must not enlarge on it— There were three carriages in company so thee may be sure we enjoyed their society almost beyond bounds—we attended a number of meetings which were appointed by my dear Father and another friend and really they were (if I may say it) excellent. nothing very interesting occurred— save now and then the beautiful prospect. We reached home in 11 days from B. in good health— but alas! how sadly were my fond hopes blasted— I found my beloved Pa. and Cousin B. S. B. violently ill— so much so indeed that I had not the least hopes of seeing them alive at the present time— but they still continue to suffer extreme and at times almost insupportable pain— but we are sometime brought to the cheering conclusion that they are really better, whether this is verily the case or not we are not able to discover.— I have not been out on a visit since my return, and indeed I dont feel as if I should ever care about it again or not — home has so many charms for me tho'
so deeply afflicted — Oh! my dear C. can it be that we are now separated so "far, far?" — it seems but a moment (as it were) when guarded walks of dear Westown ah! 'tis a mournful reflection together in Sisterly affection — know how dearly I loved thee no I never shall forget my feelings so dejected — it seemed to me my g taken — but time in his rapid flight keenness of the smart — and in a few we the happy — tho "wild girl" — yet not by any my dear friend — Little fat Sally Morris pa M. Boone M. Scull N. Borton and the Jersey company — "O has thee ceased to feel an interest in monitorial concerns?" I presume not: therefore I will tell thee who they have in our places — Sarah Richardson, Jane Jones, Rachel Griscom & K. Sloan! R Leeds and Jane Craft expected to bid farewell to their Weston friends in three weeks from the date of their letter and doubtless ere this are beneath their dear fathers roof! — Phoeb will go the 15th of next mo — I handed thy letter to Mary and she appeared much pleased that thee had not forgotten her. Miss L. requested me to remem- ber her to thee when I should write and tell thee she wanted thee to write to her.

Well what is this about "Cap. C——?" Ah my dear I think thee has a little betrayed thyself — the piece of compo he wrote for thee no doubt was "wholy concerning thyself." but let me caution thee against being so easily captivated by the artful addresses of young men — remember — now I dont pretend to blame
thee dear for speaking too warmly on his amiable manners &c—but only wish to know if thee

Oh the Brethren! the Brethren what stumbling blocks ye are!

9th mo. Well honey, I cannot think of sending this sort of truck without adding a line or two by way of apology for neglecting to send it to the office for so long—in the first place I may say—that the necessary cares and business of Y. M. prevented me for more than a week—after which the extreme illness of Sister Pa & Dr B. S. B—rendered it wholly out of my power to devote a moment, even to the employment congenial to my inclination—So my dear thee can readily excuse all "defects and blemishe on the scale of inexperience"—Well what more have I to say? Why lest thee should charge me with being uncandzd I must (as I promised I would) tell thee that (J——S——) thee doubtless remembers the name—is paying his addresses to a young lady in Salem Ohio—and if reports are true—it will be a match! Thee will think this strange I expect—but I know nothing about it except what I have heard—so thee may believe it or not, just as thee pleases—he was here last night and stayed all night—but I did not think to ask him! ha, ha—what nonsense! Oh! does thee remember that 7th. day after we had been in the wash house—how violently it snowed and was so cold—and what we talked about? I have thought of it a thousand times since—Well that very day somebody passed by W. and never called and—but I cant tell thee now—wait till we meet at Indiana Y. M. and then I can tell thee a "heap."
O dearest I hope before thee turns to be a "C——" thee will consider the — hush — Well so I will — please write soon will thee? my respects to "Cousin Charles" & "wife"— also thy parents and brothers and sisters—
In much haste very affectionately thine

Catharine Morris
Salem Ind
Mt Pleasant O
Oct 5

("Sister")— only genuine affection as here, or regard founded upon real admiration of character, or fellowship in a common interest, or united devotion to a cause, can excuse the use of a term so expressive of close relationship, and so admirable in itself, but so often abused.

Some of John I.'s Books.

Catherine certainly saw these books — if not before, very soon after their marriage, for they were the solid beginnings of her husband's valued library, but how much she dipped in them we cannot tell. That she arranged them prettily in the case and kept them neatly we may be sure.

Two volumes of "Cambridge Mathematics" bound in calf. "No. 1, Algebra, Geometry.
    " 2, Trigonometry, Topography."
This on the back; within "8.00," (eight dollars) the probable price for the whole work.
Then thy dear name and hand, beloved Father!
"J. I. Morrison
Miami University."
What a proud hour of youthful aspiration was that to thee! "Nov 11th 1827"

And then a flourish —

"Elements of Algebra
by
S. F Lacroix

Translated from the French
For the use of the Students of the University at Cambridge, New England
Cambridge, N. E.
Printed by Hilliard and Metcalf
At the University Press
Sold by Hilliard, Cambridge, and by Cummings & Hilliard.

Then the next page. The setting forth of the right and claim of the proprietors in the District Clerk's Office of Mass.

Next page a short Advertisement and so on; Contents and the Book.

"Preliminary Remarks upon the Translation from Arithmetic to Algebra."

Dost thou remember any preliminary remarks in thy Algebra, Reader? or was the plunge similar to pours in intermediate times in a noted Water Cure establishment? "What are your pours?" asked the new attendant. "Pores?" said the hapless crouching victim thinking of exposed surface. "Yes, your pours? What number?" The victim making a desperate
effort after forgotten physiology though not seeing why that should be required, gives up—"I do not know"—when the attendant vanishes, sheet in hand, returns in a moment, dashes the cooler, then colder contents of two buckets over the shrinking form who knows now another kind of pours! But how gentle this Transition! If mathematics—figures—have no bowels one mathematician had. Would, says the sympathizer with Walter Scott's Margory Fleming, there had been apparent Transitions from 5 times 5 to 6 times 7 and 7 times 8 and all the knots of that table of mental hard tack which she, dear child! all dunces will unite in saying this, called allowably "infernal." If ever this one of them gets time this side of space in time, it is such a one's intention to give a glance into "Preliminary Remarks" just to see how much less a dunce said dunce would have appeared had a certain Algebra had the like. In like manner the pages of the book are turned and coming to Calculus—dropped.—But re-opened, besides "Notes" at the back of the Book "upon certain names and definitions" is found on a blank leaf the significant question and answer:

"Can Common Schools of our State be made to supply the wants of the people? Yes."

Was that problem which he (Father) evolved then, a crotchet in that forming brain?

The 2d Volume. A tiny worm has begun its speedy ravages, boring straight down into the time-stained leaves and ensconced into one such retreat has thought to live on and grow fat. But an indignant hand has routed him. And this question is propounded to the reader,—How is it, or how has it come, that a volume
which has been preserved for 70 years or more, should now seem suddenly doomed to destruction? It has been in many hands, ruthlessly used by time, in unused book cases, stowed away indifferently in garrets, and now placed temporarily in a clean closet has been invaded by moth? Answer who can.

This 2d volume has the same name, date and place, with the addition of "Oxford, Ohio," and again the name in a still fairer hand and larger, and with some graceful, fanciful strokes around.

It is entitled "An Elementary Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry and on the Application of Algebra to Geometry (etc. as before), 1820, selected from the Algebra of Bezont.'" The book has quite as much as it promises, for half way through there is a similar "Treatise on the Application of Trigonometry to Orthographic and Stereographic Projection, Dralling(?) Mensuration of Weights and Distances, Navigation, Nautical Astronomy, Surveying and Levelling," together with the tables usually accompanying such a work.

Here then in compact compass is a complete system of Mathematics. No buying of new books; no turning from one author to another; just a steady upward grade with landings at different stages to breathe the faculties as it were, affording a time for refreshment, rest, and a backward glance at the extended view spread out for the mental vision, before addressing oneself to renewed efforts in overcoming heights beyond. It may not be the best. It certainly was good for the time, and helped one clear-headed, earnest student, with a sound mind in a sound body, to gain
such a comprehension of the science of Mathematics, that, graduating in one year, he seemed equally at home in this department. How much knowledge he had before going—how much he added afterwards—his teachings and positions and study must declare. As with this Branch of learning so with Ancient Languages—as Latin and Greek were then called—and Philosophy or Physics as we would now say. Two books of each similarly bound. The cost perhaps similar—clear, beautiful type. The two volumes of the "Græca Majora" in large lettering with copious selections from all the best Ancient Classics: His son used it at the State University, his daughter many years after, amused at the lively sallies of the Cyropædia. Yes, these eyes have shed tears upon those time-yellowed pages over the death of Socrates, the parting of Hector and Andromache, the sorrows of Ulysses, Penelope and Telemachus.

Laying these aside, the Philosophys are at hand.

The first Volume has J. I. Morrison
M. A.
1828
(with the peculiar flourish.)

The second, considerably thicker, the same, the flourish a little varied.

Of course much is out of date. As the visible world is better comprehended, things seemingly complex become simple. But there is one thing may challenge the utmost of modern knowledge and skill, and that is the diagrams. The fineness, delicacy, exactness, clearness, seem a lost art. Was the paper better,
or the eye clearer, or the hand more painstaking, faithful, and steady? And the print! Take a modern text book, i.e., one of recent date, and place it along side these pages. This is larger, heavier, clearer, and their eyes were better, they were not strained by indiff erent or small type.

This if correct may be accounted for by the fact that things then were more generally good, bad or indifferent, without the endless gradations we have now. The higher text books were for generations, as we have seen—must be the best of everything to last, and cost accordingly. Everyone could not get them, they were printed for those who were presumably to be scholars; but now we have the Common School, which that dear Father helped so largely in his own State to make; and could we get rid of the greed of those whose chief end is to make books to sell, we might have fewer and those better lasting. Sarah feels that what she said is true, and that still paradoxically printing is a higher art than ever, and the whole guild of book-making advanced immeasurably beyond the past, and yet—Was it because much was done by patient living hand, that is now accomplished by flying automatic machinery?

Sarah would be ungrateful not to say that she saw the Book display at the Art Exhibit in Richmond, some time ago; both print and binding were equal or beyond anything she had before seen, and she would rather have her book bound as it will be, than in calf-skin like the Græca Majora! It was over-heavy, too. That type would stare her out of countenance, but it suited them. The conclusion is, we are not our Fathers!
Another thing. These authors knew English because they knew Greek. They were Classic scholars and their English shows it, luminous, unaffected, chaste.

Turning over the book the Art of *Flying* is reached, and here the mind revels in various anecdotes, allured by the pleasing style page after page. Then Meteors in Chap. 2. Stony Bodies where standard measure will be found, and the nice calculations of the French Academicians with their meter or metric system which we have not adopted yet.

We are not so very much ahead after all, considering our advantages, of the student of Oxford 70 years ago, are we?

From time to time he collected copies of most of the Classics—they said "Ancient," then. He had a very fine small copy of the Iliad, gilt-edged, with dark leather binding, and for the frontispiece, the swift-footed Achilles in spirited action. It was a thing to hear him roll the hexameters in scanning of an evening, from this. That Catherine, from the Quaker view that all war is wrong, regarded with disfavor, or thought less of such than her husband, who, though naturally of a gentler spirit, disassociated from its sanguinary accompaniments that which may well be thought of as the far off echo of a minor roll of martial music, not in itself necessarily wrong, can only be suggested here. The number of teachers is increasing who fervently desire, with Dr. Ballentine of the State University, (living when S. was in college), that text books might be used breathing less of the spirit of war—though he was not a reformer to bring the change about, except by the most gentle example and mild precept.
To Father's books again.

He had a thick little gilt-edged Greek Testament, which he carried with him on the Sabbath to the house of God. It had the legend in the three tongues—Latin, Greek and English, "The languages of earth are many; of heaven, but one." Also the *Septuagint in two small volumes, red cloth. These he gave Sarah with his own hand; and once, when Barnabas Hobbs was at our house in Indianapolis, said in his presence to her, that he willed her all his classical books. These named are all in good preservation; and many others, as Alice, the book-lover, has cared for most of them. He had some knowledge of Hebrew, though how acquired I cannot tell. But I remember once when Judge Hughes came to visit him in Salem, he explained to him how he could not make the letters of that difficult alphabet satisfactorily, until he made a pencil with one side sharp and the other blunt, or square, with which he said he succeeded very well! As S. never succeeded in sharpening pencils any way, she never made that attempt.

Hume's histories of England, ponderous volumes with their fine engravings of kings and queens, were one of our recreations in childhood. It was later we learned of his infidel tendencies.

Goldsmith's works, too, we reveled in. The Bee, The Traveler; Animated Nature, we studied. But fiction I think we did not get into until later. Both Quaker and Presbyterian being then, as Maurice Thompson said in Writers' Convention at Indianapolis, some years ago, he was, respecting dialect, "'agin' it."

* Both small print! Foot-notes generally in very small type.
These may not have been all the books he had, at first, were not, but they form a part of the strong meat, with a little spicy flavoring that early fed that young, vigorous intellect. He kept in pretty constant practice for twenty-five years, and though his son—when he once detected him in a false quantity—said that he "saw now to the depths of father's knowledge!" the occasions were rare when he and his learning were at fault. He bought the newest works in science and literature out, and with his father-in-law, Benoni Morris, choice volumes from sales of libraries, etc. He had Dicks' works, later famous, who located Heaven or the Great White Throne in the Pleiades in the star Alcyone, 'round which astronomers believed the Universe to revolve; Brewster, Buckland, Lardner; in one of which Davis' Safety Lamp, then newly-discovered invention appeared, and many, many others, as these successively; some weighty Presbyterian publications, Fisher Ames, Scott's Bible, Rollins' History, Plutarch's Lives, and later Aaron Burr (?) So long as he lived he was a purchaser of books, though sparingly after his children began to get their own and some of them to accumulate good selections towards forming personal libraries. And though they bought so many going to school, and some of them teaching, it was his custom even late in life to hasten home with a new volume, show it, and upon appreciation to say, "You can have it," thus ceasing to write his own name in them. He seemed not to care to possess exclusively. This is anticipating, however.

It is safe to add that The Bible, the Psalms in Rouse's metrical version and the Catechism were foun-
dation parts of the family store, as afterwards when his children were learning the latter—for which a prize of a new Bible was offered in the Presbyterian Sunday School—he was able to supply any deficiency in their memory.

When Sarah was down at Salem, both in the meeting at Blue River and at Highlands, so different—formerly she would say—in feeling, her introduction in each place began with "This lady's Father," followed by vivid expressions of appreciation of his widespread influence for good. Sammy Trueblood at Blue River was the first one, reminding in his yet vigorous manhood of one of those giants of the forest still left towering above younger growth, as if to show what the strength of the past, pristine vigor has been. The way he taught his Bible Class was an inspiration. His wife too—Priscilla Cadwaledar's niece—was a true help-meet, and not behind him in devotion to the interests of the Church; both witnessed by Sarah during her attendance upon the meeting—(she was taken to their pleasant old home by them)—and especially during the Quarterly Meeting, when the severe illness of their daughter would have been a sufficient excuse for absence in any reasonable mind. The mother, however, knew her daughter in a tender husband's care.

This letter answers Sarah's letter of inquiry, previously mentioned, as far as at present ascertained:

Salem, Ind., 10-28, 1899.

Sarah P. Morrison.

Dear Friend—Thine of 12th inst. was duly received and appreciated. We recur with pleasure to thy trip here three months ago and hope it may be sometime repeated.
We have delayed writing on account of my own and other members of the family—Ada was down ten weeks and I have been seriously ill five weeks or more. Another thing, I wanted an opportunity to see more of the relatives and Hicksite friends in regard to Aunt Pricillas prophecies in regard to the cholera and other things. I cannot get any trace of the book indicated as a journal. One of the relatives told me there was a journal kept until after her marriage with J—C—and during their unpleasant separation he got hold and burned up all her notes and she became discouraged from ever trying it again. She undoubtedly had a gift in that direction in her more favored days. I will give one little incident. A man who was addicted to gambling horse racing and drinking lay sprawling on the floor one Sabbath morning, got up and said "I'll go to Quaker meeting to-day and hear what they have to say." After being seated, she rose up and uttered his identical words—He kept going to meeting and got to speaking as a minister—I think never recorded. I was only seven years old in time of the unfortunate separation and knew but little except from hearsay.

Those old pioneer Carolinians disgusted with the institution of slavery emigrated to this country under very trying circumstances. Some in horse carts, some in wagons, some on foot carrying a knapsack and settled in the green woods of this country, clearing small fields and building cabins as they were able. established one large meeting called Blue River, a small one named Poplar Grove. Another called Mount Pleasant. A few of the early settlers were quite well to do. Mathew Coffin and Zecheriah Nixon purchased
or entered over two sections each but they were some of the leaders in the separation. Aunt Pricilla to use a homely phrase as some of them used to say—wore the bell—and all of Grand Father Coffin's went with the Hixites except Mother Deborah Wilson. The faithful ones who clung to the orthodox faith were William Hobbs, Henry Wilson, James White, Nathan Trueblood, Dr. B. Albertson, Benjamin Prichard and others. When the separatists took the meeting house from them, built the present house which has been repaired and worked over frequently on the original frame and is still used as thee knows probably.

The building up of this dear meeting as thou art pleased to call it, has been a bright mark in this country and turned out many men and women of God to go out to bless the world in a great many places. One peculiar characteristic has been its educational interest, and as far back as I can remember and a great deal farther the meeting has been blest with a living ministry. I do not know whether I have mentioned all thee wished to know or not, but if we make any further discoveries will let thee know.

Priscilla joins in much kind regard.

Truly, Samuel Trueblood.

From E. Hicks Trueblood:

I believe I have not answered what thee asked about Aunt Priscilla Cadwalader, and I know more by hearsay than any other way. In her time she was reckoned a great Prophetess. One of her Prophesies was of the division in the Society of Friends, and another of the war of 1860-64, and another of some other future war
when nation would fight against nation which may be being fulfilled now. I do not know what Prophesy thee has reference to. One circumstance I will relate thee may have had in mind. A—— P—— said to his wife the first day morning he was 70 years old: "I am 70 years old to-day, I will go to meeting and hear what the Quakers have to say." He had not been in the way of attending meetings. At meeting that day Priscilla came over in her sermon the exact words he had said and it had a good effect on P——, so it has been told me. He attended meeting regularly after that and became a minister in the Society.

Priscilla said she heard the cannon of war and the men marching to and fro over our land—that the conflict was near at hand and in that great conflict the slave would become free.

Now what I have written may not be verbatim, but nearly as I can recollect as it has come down to us. I hope thee is progressing with the book, the year will soon be out (his letter bears date Nov. 2, 1899), and thee gave thyself a limit of one year I believe; but even if it takes five years, I wish to encourage thee to the work—a work that no one else can do. Discouragements no doubt come, but try not to take them on thy shoulders until they block thy path. Sometimes we see things ahead, that when we get up to them are mere shadows. My family joins me in love. I shall direct this to Knightstown, not having heard of thee going back to Indianapolis. Please let us hear from thee at any time. Very cordially.

Once as Sarah was about to pass through a chamber in the large house, her mother met her at the door with
a smile and a finger on her lip. They entered the room together, and there, lying fast asleep on the bed, was a beautiful lady richly attired in shining black silk, with such a complexion and figure as Sarah had never seen before. Her cheeks were rosy from sleep. Her dark hair smooth upon a polished brow. Her plump white hand resting easily upon her rounded, majestic form. Her mother probably told her who it was. Sarah remembers but the incident, but she almost knows it was the lovely Priscilla. Her mother was no doubt the very one for the delicate task of shielding beauty in distress, she was so fearless in every way and easy.

Precious Mother! One might say, would that that puissant fiber (physical courage) so marked in thee, had been twisted into the grain of a less favored oldest Daughter!

CONCLUSION.

For the benefit of others and those who read Volume 1st, may be added a few notes:

John T. White's second wife, Hannah Parker, was sister to Philip D., consequently sister-in-law to Aunt Joanna and Hannah Newby, wife of Isaac. There were four children, Joel, Fanny, Benj. (Benajah named for the father; there was also a brother Benajah married, with family. Both he and noble wife, Deborah "Cousin Debbie" deceased), and Allen. Fanny, a special favorite of Sarah's, died in young girlhood. Joel also after happy marriage with Anna Rathbone of New York, greatly and long lamented. Benj. is mar-
ried, has a family, and lives in St. Louis. After an interval of several years Allen married his brother's widow, an elegant, most capable woman and devoted mother. They live in Knightstown, have three children now grown, Frank, Fred and charming Nellie, trained and of ability all of them.

Mrs. Harry (''Cousin Mary'') Watts, of Knightstown, is one of Sarah's three beautiful friends there. The name of one is no longer written upon earth. The other has appeared conspicuously in a recent chapter. Mary is niece of Uncle Philip Parker. She, too, has dear children, who say ''Cousin Sarah.''

No invidious distinctions have been intended. In some cases, acquaintance has been slight, etc., as information not furnished in time, and so on.

Hannah White not only proved a mother indeed to Morris and Frank, left motherless at an early age, and her own scarcely less dear children, but in the Church entertaining strangers, given to hospitality, living a blameless life of cheerful activity among neighbors and friends, now in green old age, straight as a noble pine, has been a succorer of many and of me also.

Cousin Frank White, of New York City, wrote Sarah a pleasant letter in subscribing for her book and called her attention to misspelled words throughout Vol. I, of ''Mordecai'' and ''Francis''. Sarah pleads guilty to the former;—thinks perhaps it now dawns upon her that she had written the address ''Frank'' instead of the proper—queer but correct expression—surname. How slow some people are to get an idea! But if Sarah should undertake to tell her wrestlings with the orthography of her native tongue, time and
printers' ink would fail. She may divert a listless hour, if ever she undertakes a Vol. III, recounting her woes in that respect, in a special chapter, entitled—

"Misery Loves Company!"

Here may be a suitable place to make some other corrections.

"Try, Try Again!"

Alice's Valentine—that her heart may be

—As mirror clear
  Without a fear
  Tho' fortune lower;
  Pure as a pearl,
  Tho' round may whirl
  The world, as wind 'round flower.

"Grandfather Joshua" was really the father-in-law of Uncle Jimmy, E. Hicks Trueblood's father. Sarah gave the title from E. Hicks' stand-point.

There is some variation in the accounts of the Morgan Raid. The time of stay, incidents, and their number—some going as high as eight thousand. But in the main, events all agree.

Vol. II.

The name given as Lafettia in the letter, was given "Lefetra," and changed as looking more like the copy. But a reference to the Westtown Catalogue of the date
has the former, but not the latter. It was too late to mark the corrections in the proof back again to Lafetra, hence this note.

Also: It is pretty certain Aunt Mary Albertson never was a pupil at Westtown. There may be some explanation for the name — her's then — Mary Morris, occurring in the Catalogue. Either another person or by mistake, as she never was there, so say those who ought to know. A lawyer is needed to prove an alibi. There are at least three in the immediate family connection. Between Uncle Robert's "How can you say" — and Westtown authority, what can Sarah do?

The picture of old Westtown School, is as last seen by Catherine when with Sarah a delegate to the National W. C. T. U. Convention, held in Philadelphia in 1886. The new building was going up by its side. It was to be taken down in the Spring. Mother died the following November (1887).

This which follows was copied to go with the stories of Grandpa and Mother getting lost on the way to Westtown. Somehow it got lost, and found may do to conclude the matter of corrections:

Dr. Ludlow Potter, of Glendale F. College, Ohio, gave this anecdote of getting lost, as an illustration of the weakness of human nature in supposing position or official rank of any intrinsic importance.

After a prolonged sitting of a Southern Presbyterian Session, the belated Clerk — "Stated Clerk," as he was then called — found himself on his way home truly at sea, in the vast forest extending everywhere. As
the shades of night came on, he began calling: "Lost! — The Stated Clerk of North Carolina! Lost! Lost! The Stated Clerk of North Carolina! Lost!"

But to enjoy it as S. did, one must see Mr. Potter, as he was then called — then a rather slight, light-complexioned man, with pale blue eyes and funny smile, trying to keep himself from laughing too much — himself the most retiring of men; and probably slyly giving a lesson to Miss Importance, which she was innocent of receiving then, but which he may have believed would some day be personally appreciated, as it is — now.

Good-bye, Cousins!

A card from cousin Margaret Albertson, bearing date 9-22, 1902, concludes: — "Robert (Morris) and I are all left of the two families, and perhaps we shall never meet until we join the rest 'over there.'"

Certainly a fit ending for Vol. II.

Again, Cousins, good-bye.

(Yearly Meeting.)